

Bibliotheca Universitaria.

PHILATELIC SECTION



With a quick movement she drew down Dorothy's fur collar, exposing her face. "Voilà!" she cried, "one of the enemy—the daughter of Douglas!"

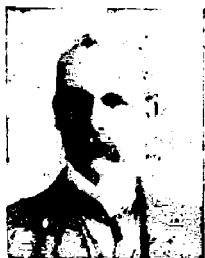
See "THE RISING OF THE RED MAN."

From the original painting by E. F. Skoner.

6 ranford 2392

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".



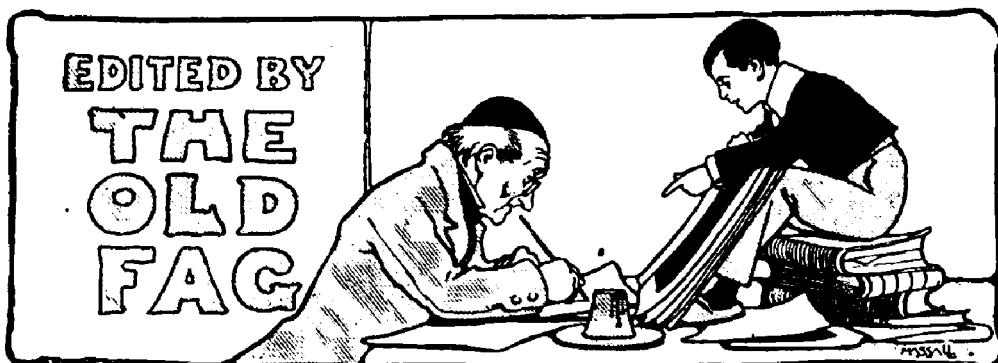
E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor.



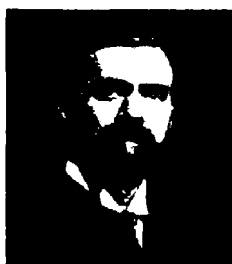
C. B. FRY.
Athletic Editor.



HAYDON PERRY.
Cycling Editor.



VOL.



EDWARD STEEP, F.L.S.
Natural History Editor.

VIII.

OCTOBER, 1902, to MARCH, 1903.

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7 to 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

INDEX.

	PAGE
ABERDEEN. By Gildart J. Walker	403
ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES. From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.	31
ANOTHER PANTHER ON THE BOUGH. By Tom Browne, R.I.	516
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By the Editor	94, 190, 286, 382, 479, 573
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By C. B. Fry	29, 149, 270, 340, 431, 531
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By Haydon Perry	145, 374, 447, 552
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. By E. J. Nankivell	59, 163, 242, 328, 413, 525
ARTIST AND THE ART EDITOR, THE. By Harry Rountree	420
ATHLETIC CORNER, THE. By C. B. Fry.	
THE USE AND ABUSE OF STRENGTH DEVELOPERS	27
SOME FOOTBALL MODELS	146
FOOTBALL CROWDS	267
ABOUT BREATHING	337
THE PRACTICE OF BREATHING	433
HINTS ON ACCURATE KICKING	529
BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL. By Mrs. Delves Broughton	310
(With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.)	
BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK, THE NEW	437
BOY'S LIFE AT SEA, A. By J. E. Patterson	
III.—UNDER POORER CANVAS	44
IV.—AS AN EMBRYO STEWARD	313
V.—BEFORE THE MAST	553
(Illustrated by George Hawley.)	
BOYS, SOMETHING ABOUT. By a Girl	82
BRUSH WITH THE LUNGOORS, A. By E. Cockburn Reynolds	246
(With Illustrations by the Author.)	
"CAPTAIN" ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS	276, 349
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. By the Photographic Editor	83, 181, 375, 467, 560
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85, 183, 279, 376, 470, 563
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS	91, 177, 278, 365, 469, 568
CHARMING A CROCODILE. By H. Hervey	414
(Illustrated by George Soper.)	
CHASE OF HARE WITH BEETLES, THE. By Vive La France	489
(Illustrated by Harry Rountree.)	
CHIVALRY OF TERENCE, THE. By John Methuen	438
(Illustrated by Harry Rountree.)	
COAL MINE, DOWN A. By A. O. M.	465
(Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.)	
COMMENTS ON THE COMPETITIONS	96, 192, 288, 384, 480, 576
CONCERNING CHRISTMAS CARDS. By Paul Preston	257
(With Illustrations.)	
COW-BOYS AT WORK. By Stanley Carter	393
(With Illustrations from Photographs.)	
CROSSBOW MAN, A. By W. G. Simmonds	386
CYCLING CORNER, THE. Conducted by Haydon Perry.	
SOME 1903 MACHINES	371
RULES FOR TOWN RIDING	445
MORE RIDING RULES	549
DICK TURPIN AND CO. By Alfred B. Cooper	195
(Illustrated by F. W. Burton, A. Forestier, F. Barnard, S. E. Waller, etc.)	
DICKENS THE BOY. By Walter Dexter	216
(With Illustrations from Photographs and Old Prints.)	
DIFFERENCE, THE. By W. B. Ellis	375
DRYSDALE'S FRIEND. By Fred. Swainson	131
(Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	
"ERMACK." THE RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER	398
"ERROR: WATERMARK 2." By Arthur Stanley	49
(Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	

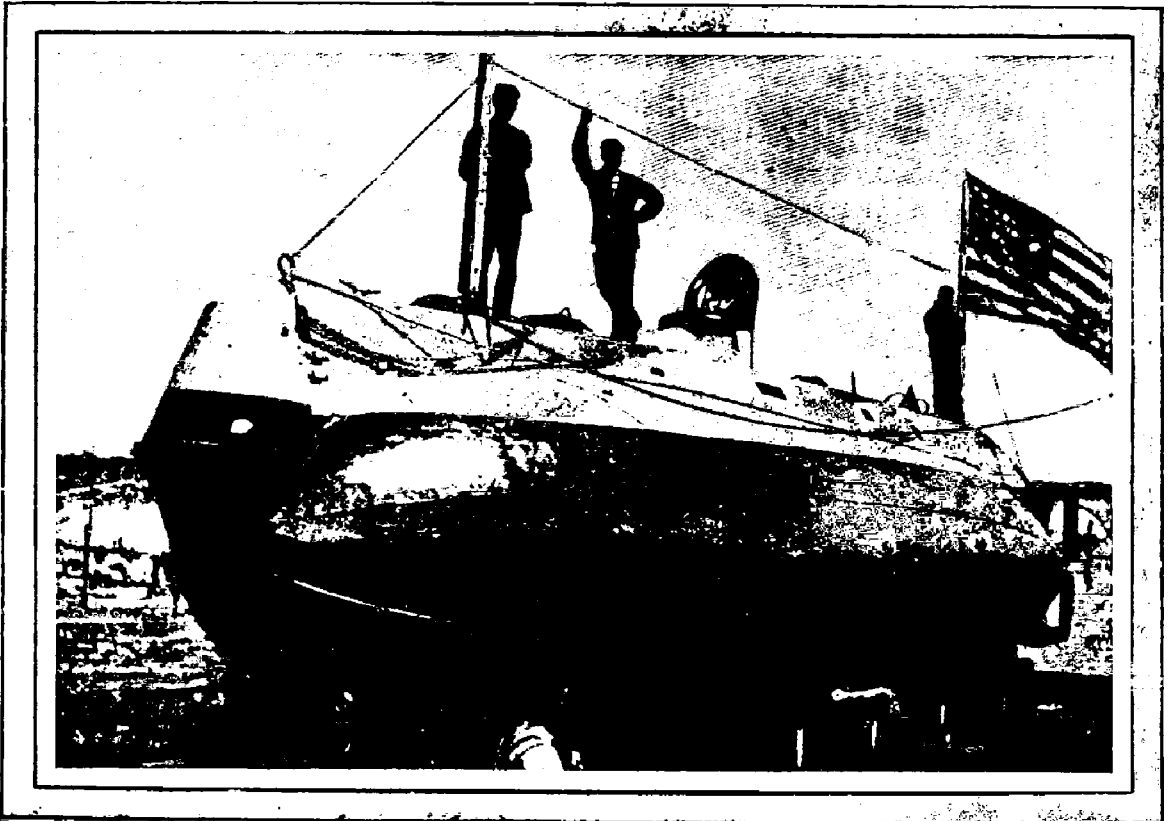
INDEX.

iii

	PAGE
FAT BOY, THE. By Edwin L. Read	22
FOREIGN CHILDREN. By Arthur Stanley	97
FELL AND ELLIS. By Fred. Swainson (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	387
FRONTENAC: THE SAVIOUR OF CANADA. By Cyrus Townsend Brady (Illustrated by Howard Giles.)	505
GELERT CUP, THE. By Harold Bindloss (Illustrated by George Hawley.)	483
GOOD OLD MARSTON! By the Rev. Peter Higgins (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	426
GREENWICH HOSPITAL, THE PAINTED HALL OF. By H. S. Jeans (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	272
HARRISON'S SLIGHT ERROR. By P. G. Wodehouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	305
HOUSE-BREAKER, THE. By Onslow Deane (Illustrated by Tom Browne, R.I.)	261
HOW PAYNE BUCKED UP. By P. G. Wodehouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	23
HOW WE BEAT CULVERTON ST. JUDE'S. By J. B. Hedge (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	358
INDOOR CRICKET GAME, AN. By Margaret K. S. Edwards (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	493
ISABELLA. By Sybil Reid (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	502
LAND OF THE THRON-DUCKS, THE. By Alexander McDonald, F.R.G.S. (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	342
LIBRARY CORNER, OUR	260
LINES. By Arthur Stanley	289
LONDON AND PARIS—A COMPARISON. By O. Friederici	323
MATHEMATICAL ODDITIES. By Stanley B. King	368
MERCY: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY. From the Painting by Sir John Millais, Bart., P.R.A.	324
MICK THE CHIMPANZEE	112
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES. By Percy Collins (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	421
MONKEYS REASON, DO? By Professor R. L. Garner (Illustrated by E. Cockburn Reynolds.)	113
MOONS THAN OURS, OTHER. By Walter George Bell (With Illustrations from Photographs and Diagrams.)	127
MY CHRISTMAS POEM. By Alfred B. Cooper (Illustrated by Harry Rountree.)	244
MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION. CAPTAIN CUTLER. By Hedley V. Fielding	444
MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN SHAKESPEARE. MARCUS BRUTUS. By Clifford Francis	336
MY FIRST COMMAND. By Harold Bindloss (Illustrated by George Hawley.)	150
NATURALISTS' CORNER. Conducted by Edward Step, F.L.S.	180, 260, 356, 464, 562
OUR RED-HEADED KID. By Frederick Walworth (Illustrated by C. W. Hawthorne.)	119
PANTHER ON THE BOUGH, THE. By Professor R. L. Garner (Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.)	517
POACHER TRAPPED, THE. By J. Connell (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	75
POULTRY-KEEPING FOR PROFIT. By C. D. Leslie (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	369
QUEER CLUE, A. By S. A. Parkes (Illustrated by Paul Hardy.)	222
RAILWAYMAN'S SUNDAY, THE. By W. J. Roberts (With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.)	366
REDWOOD FOREST, CALIFORNIA, SCENE IN	410
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS:	
AUGUST	96
SEPTEMBER	192
OCTOBER	288
NOVEMBER	384
DECEMBER	480
JANUARY	576
	1, 991, 205, 291, 448, 533
RISING OF THE RED MAN, THE. By John Mackie (Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.)	576
SCHOOL LAYS AND COLLEGE LYRICS. By C. L. McCluer Stevens	36, 178
SHIPWRECK, A TRUE STORY OF A. By Melcina Seton Christopher (Illustrated by George Hawley.)	329
SPIDER WATER, THE. By Frank H. Spearman (Illustrated by Norman H. Hardy.)	316
SPORTS, STRANGE. By Harold Macfarlane (Illustrated by Rex Osborne.)	512
STAMP COLLECTOR, THE. Conducted by E. J. Nankivell.	
TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS	55, 160, 325
THE ROMANCE OF STAMP COLLECTING	239
WHAT TO COLLECT	411
How to Buy Stamps (With Illustrations.)	522
STONE AGE, THE. By L. Sargent	249

TALES OF INDIA. By F. P. Gibbon	PAGE
I.—CLAUDE BOLDAE'S RIDE	60
II.—THE ATTACK ON THE BUNGALOW (Illustrated by Warwick Goble.)	168
"THE OLD FAG." EDITORIAL	92, 188, 285, 380, 475, 569
TO AMUSE THE LADIES. By R. S. Warren Bell (Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.)	229
VENDETTA. By Reginald Wyon (Illustrated by H. A. Hogg.)	81
VIKINGS. By C. Howell	492
VOYAGE, A MAD. By Skipp Borlase (Illustrated by George Hawley.)	404
WAR MEDALS. By Harold J. Shepstone (With Illustrations from Photographs.)	16
WELCH'S MILE RECORD. By P. G. Wodehouse (Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.)	164
WITH THE LITTLE CORPORAL. By N. R. Martin (Illustrated by George Scper.)	39
WRANGLER, THE SENIOR. From <i>The Arrow</i>	74
FELLOW PARIAN, THE. By E. Cockburn Reynolds (With Illustrations by the Author.)	495
ZOO VILLA, CHRISTMAS IN. By Hall Thorpe	236
ZOO VILLA, LIFE AT. By Hall Thorpe	157

A SUBMARINE BOAT IN DRY DOCK.



THIS IS THE "HOLLAND," SIMILAR IN DESIGN TO THE FIVE SUBMARINES RECENTLY BUILT FOR THE ENGLISH NAVY. SHE IS 53 FEET LONG AND 11 FEET IN WIDTH, AND HAS REMAINED UNDER WATER FOR 24 HOURS, HER CREW OF SIX MEN AND TORPEDO OPERATOR FEELING NO ILL FROM THE SUBMERSION.

From a Photograph.

THE RISING OF THE RED MAN

A ROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION


BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE GREAT LONE LAND.

 It was the finest old log house on the banks of the mighty Saskatchewan river, and the kitchen with its old-fashioned furniture and ample space was the best room in it.

On the long winter nights when the ice cracked on the river, when the stars twinkled coldly in the blue, and Nature slept under the snows, it was the general meeting place of the Douglas household.

Henry Douglas, widower and rancher, was, perhaps, one of the best-to-do men between Battleford and Prince Albert. The number of his cattle and horses ran into four figures, and no one who knew him begrudged his success. He was an upright, cheery man, who only aired his opinions round his own fireside, and these were always charitable. But to-night he did not speak much; he was gazing thoughtfully into the flames that sprang in gusty jets from the logs, dancing fantastically and making strange noises. At length he lifted his head and looked at that great good-natured French Canadian giant, Jacques St. Arnaud, who sat opposite him, and said—

"I tell you, Jacques, I don't like it. There's trouble brewing on the Saskatchewan, and if the half-breeds get the Indians to rise, there'll be——" he glanced sideways at his daughter, and hesitated—"well, considerable unpleasantness."

"That's so," said Jacques, also looking at the fair girl with the strangely dark eyes. "It is



all so queer. You warned the Government two, three months ago, did you not, that there was likely to be trouble, but still they did not heed? Is not that so?"

"I did, but I've heard no more about it. And now the Police are beginning to get uneasy. They're a mighty fine body of men, but if the half-breeds and Indians get on the war-path, they'll swamp the lot, and——"

"Shoo!" interrupted the giant, again looking at the girl, but this time with unmistakable alarm on his face. "Them Injuns' ain't going to eat us. You've been a good friend to them and to the *metis*. So?"

Jacques St. Arnaud had been in the rancher's service since before the latter's child had been born down in Ontario, some eighteen years ago, and followed him into the great North-West to help conquer the wilderness and establish his new home. He had a big heart in a large body, and his great ambition was to be considered a rather terrible and knowing fellow, while, as a matter of fact, he was the most inoffensive of mortals, and as simple in some ways as a child.

"Bah!" he continued after a pause, "the *metis* are ungrateful dogs, and the Indians, they

are mad also. I would like to take them one by one and wring their necks—so!”

The rancher tried to conceal the concern he felt. His fifty odd years sat lightly upon him, although his hair was grey. His daughter had only been back from Ontario for two years, but in that time she had bulked so largely in his life that he wondered now how he could ever have got along without her. She reminded him of that helpmate and wife who had gone hence a few years after her daughter was born, and whose name was now a sacred memory. He had sent the girl down East to those whom he knew would look after her properly, and there, amid congenial surroundings, she grew and quickened into a new life. But the spell of the vast broad prairie lands was upon her, and the love for her father was stronger still, so she went back to both, and there her mind broadened, and her spirit grew in harmony with the lessons that an unconventional life was for ever working out for itself in those great, unfettered spaces where Nature was in the rough and the world was still young. She grew and blossomed into a beautiful womanhood, as blossoms the vigorous wild flower of the prairies. When she smiled there was the light and the glamour of the morning star in her dark hazel eyes, and when her soul communed with itself, it was as if one gazed into the shadow of the stream. There was a gleam of gold in her hair that was in keeping with the freshness of her nature, and the hue of perfect health was upon her cheeks. Her eighteen years had brought with them all the promise of the May. That she had inherited the adventure-loving spirit of the old pioneers, as well as the keen appreciation of the humorous side of things, was obvious from the amount of entertainment she seemed to find in the company of Old Rory. He was an old-timer of Irish descent, who had been everywhere from the Red River in the east to the Fraser in the west, and from Pah-ogh-kee Lake in the south to the Great Slave Lake in the north. He had been *voyageur*, trapper, cowboy, farm-hand in the Great North-West for years, and nothing came amiss to him. Now he was the hired servant of her father, doing what was required of him, and that well. He was spare and wrinkled as an old Indian, and there was hardly an unscarred inch in his body, having been charged by buffaloes, clawed by bears and otherwise resented by wild animals.

“Rory,” said the girl after a pause, and the softness of her voice was something to conjure with, “what do you think? Are the half-breeds and Indians going to interfere with us if they do rise?”

“Thar be good Injuns and bad Injuns,” said Rory doggedly, “but more bad nor good. The Injun’s a queer animile when he’s on the war-

path; he’s like Pepin Quesnelle’s tame bar at Medicine Hat that one day chawed up Pepin, who had been like a farther to ‘im, ‘cos he wouldn’t go shares wid a dose of castor-oil he was a-swallerin’ for the good of his health. You see, the bar an’ Pepin used allus to go whacks like.”

The girl laughed, but still she was uneasy in her mind. She mechanically watched the tidy half-breed woman and the elderly Scotchwoman who had been her mother’s servant in the old Ontario days, as the two silently went on, at the far end of the long room, with the folding and putting away of linen. Her eyes wandered with an unwonted wistfulness over the picturesque browns slabs of pine that constituted the walls, the heavy, rudely-dressed tie-beams of the roof over which were stacked various trim bundles of dried herbs, roots and furs, and from which hung substantial hams of bacon and bear’s meat. As she looked over the heads of the little group on the broad benches round the fire, she saw the firelight and lamplight glint cheerfully on the old-fashioned muskets and flintlock pistols that decorated the walls—relics of the old romantic days when the two companies of French and English adventurers traded into Hudson’s Bay.

She had an idea. She would ask the Sergeant of Mounted Police in charge of the detachment of four men, whose little post was within half-a-mile of the homestead, what he thought of the situation, and he would have to tell her. Sergeant Pasmore was one of those men of few words who somehow seemed to know everything. A man of rare courage she knew him to be, for had he not gained his promotion by capturing the dangerous renegade Indian, Thunderchild, single-handed? She knew that Thunderchild had lately broken prison, and was somewhere in the neighbourhood waiting to have his revenge upon the sergeant. Sergeant Pasmore was a man both feared and respected by all with whom he came in contact. He was the embodiment of the law; he carried it, in fact, on the horn of his saddle in the shape of his Winchester rifle; a man who was supposed to be utterly devoid of sentiment, but who had been known to perform more than one kindly action. Her father liked him, and many a time he had spent a long evening by the rancher’s great fireside.

As she thought of these things, she was suddenly startled by three firm knocks at the door. Jacques rose from his seat, and opening it a few inches, looked out into the clear moonlight. He paused a moment, then asked—

“Who are you, and what you want?”

“How!” * responded a strange voice.

* Form of salutation in common use among the Indians and half-breeds.

"Aha! Child-of-Light!" exclaimed Jacques. And into the room strode a splendid specimen of a red man in all the glory of war paint and feathers.

CHAPTER II.

TIDINGS OF ILL.

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun."

Merchant of Venice.

"HOW! How!" said the rancher, looking up at the tall Indian. "You are welcome to my fireside, Child-of-Light. Sit down."

He rose and gave him his hand. With a simple dignity the fine-looking savage returned his salutation.

"The master is good," he said. "Child-of-Light still remembers how in that bad winter so many years ago, when the cotton-tails and rabbits had died from the disease that takes them in the throat, and the wild animals that live upon them died also because there was nought to eat, and how when disease and famine tapped at the buffalo robe that screens the doorways of the teepees, he who is the brother of the white man and the red man had compassion and filled the hungry mouths."

"Ah, well, that's all right, Child-of-Light," lightly said Douglas, wondering what the chief had come to say. He understood the red man's ways, and knew he would learn all in good time.

But the chief would not eat or drink. He



AND INTO THE ROOM STRODE A SPLENDID SPECIMEN OF A RED MAN.

would, however, smoke, and helped himself from the pouch that Douglas offered. He let his blanket fall from his shoulders, and underneath there showed a richly-wrought shirt of true barbaric grandeur. On a groundwork of crimson flannel was wrought a rare and striking mosaic in beads of blue and yellow and red. The sun glowed from his breast, countless showy ermine tails dangled from his shoulders, his arms and his sides like a gorgeous fringe, and numerous tiny bells tinkled all over him as he moved. His features were large and marked, his forehead high, and his nose aquiline. His Mongolian set eyes were dark and full of intellect, his expression a strange mixture of alertness, conscious power, and dignity. He was a splendid specimen of humanity.

He filled his pipe leisurely, then spoke as if he hardly expected that what he had to say would interest his hearers.

The half-breeds, led by Louis Riel and Gabriel Dumont, had risen, he said, and large numbers of the Indians had joined them. Before twenty-four hours there would hardly be a farmstead or ranche in Saskatchewan that would not be pillaged and burnt to the ground. He, Child-of-Light, had managed to keep his band in check, but there were thousands of Indians in the country, Crees, Salteaus, Chippeywans, Blackfoot, Bloods, Piegans, Sarceos, renegade Siouxs, and Crows who would join the rebels. Colonel Irvine, of the North-West Mounted Police at Fort Carlton, had already destroyed all the stores, and, having set fire to the buildings, was retreating on the main body.

Douglas the rancher had sat quietly while the chief told his alarming news. He hardly dared look at his daughter.

"I have been a fool!" he said bitterly. "I have tried to hide the truth from myself, and now it may be too late. Of course it's not the stock and place I'm thinking about, Dorothy, but it's you—I had no right——"

"Oh, hush, dad!" cried the girl, who seemed the least concerned of any. "I don't believe the rebels will interfere with us. Besides, have we not our friend, Child-of-Light?"

"The daughter of my brother Douglas is as my own child," said the chief simply, "and her life I will put before mine. But Indians on the war-path are as the We'h-ti-koo,* who are possessed of devils, whose onward rush is as the waters of the mighty Saskatchewan river when it has forced the ice jam."

"And so, Child-of-Light, what would you have us do?" asked Douglas. "Do you think it possible for my daughter and the women to reach the Fort at Battleford?"

* Indians of unsound mind who become cannibals.

But a sharp tapping at the door stopped the answer of the chief.

Rory shot back the bolt and threw open the door. A fur-clad figure entered; the white frost glistened on his buffalo coat and bear-skin cap as if they were tipped with ermine. He walked without a word into the light and looked around—an admirable man, truly, about six feet in height, broad-shouldered, narrow-hipped, and without a spare ounce of flesh—a typical Rider of the Plains, and a soldier, every inch of him. In the thousands upon thousands of square miles in which these dauntless military police have to enforce law and order, the inhabitants know that never yet has the arm of justice not proved long enough to bring an offender to book. On one occasion a policeman disappeared into the wilderness after someone who was wanted. As in three months he neither came back, nor was heard of, he was struck off the strength of the force. But one day, as the men stood on parade in the barrack square, he came back in rags and on foot, more like a starved tramp than a soldier. But with him he brought his prisoner. That was the man, Sergeant Pasmore, who stood before them.

He inclined his head to Dorothy, and nodded to the men around the fire, but when he saw Child-of-Light he extended his left hand.

The Indian looked straight into the sergeant's eyes.

"What has happened?" he asked. "Ough! Ough! I see; you have met Thunderchild?"

The sergeant nodded.

"Yes," he said, with apparent unconcern, "Thunderchild managed to put a bullet through my arm. You may give me a hand off with my coat, Jacques. Luckily, the wound's not bad enough to prevent my firing a gun."

When they removed his overcoat they found that the sleeve of the tunic had been cut away, and that his arm had been roughly bandaged. The girl was gazing at it in a peculiarly concentrated fashion.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Douglas," he said, hastily turning away from her. "I had forgotten it looked like that, but fortunately the look is the worst part of it. It's only a flesh wound."

The girl had stepped forward to help him, as if resenting the imputation that the sight of blood frightened her, but Jacques had anticipated what was required. She wanted to bring him something to eat and drink, but he thanked her and declined. He had weightier matters on hand.

"Mr. Douglas," he said, quietly, "I've told my men to move over here. You may require their services in the course of the next twenty-

four hours. What I apprehended and told you about some time ago has occurred."

"Pasmore," said the rancher, earnestly, "is there any immediate danger? If there is, my daughter and the women had better go into Battleford right now."

"You cannot go now—you must wait till to-morrow morning," was the reply. "It's no use taking your household goods into the Fort—there's no room there. Your best plan is to leave things just as they are, and trust to the rebels being engaged elsewhere. I believe your warriors, Child-of-Light, are in the wood in the deep coulee just above where the two creeks meet?"

"That is right, brother," said the Indian, "but what about Thunderchild, the turncoat?"

And then Pasmore told them how he had gone to Thunderchild's camp that day to arrest the outlaw, and warn his braves against joining the rebels, and how he had been shot through the arm, and only escaped with his life. He had come straight on to warn them. In the meantime he would advise the women to make preparations for an early start on the morrow. Food and clothing would have to be taken, as they might be away for weeks.

Then, while Dorothy Douglas and her two women-servants were already making preparations for a move, a brief counsel of war was held. Child-of-Light, when asked, advised that the Mounted Police and those present should next day escort the women into Fort Battleford, while he and his braves ran off the rancher's fine herd of horses, so as to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy.

Pasmore said that this was exactly the right thing to do. He also intimated that there was a party of half-breeds, the Racettes and the St. Croixs, coming by trail at that very moment from Battleford to plunder and pillage; they would probably arrive before many hours. He had, however, taken the precaution of stationing men on the look-out on the neighbouring ridges.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Jacques, springing to his feet. "It is the neck of that St. Croix I will want to wring. It is two, three years ago now he say he will wring mine; but very good care he will take to keep away. Ah, well, we shall see, my friend, we shall see!"

Child-of-Light stole out to his men in the coulee, and Jacques and Rory went to the stables and out-houses to make certain preparations so that they might be able to start at any moment. The windows were boarded up, so that if the half-breeds came no signs of life might be observed in the house. Douglas saw that certain loopholes in the walls commanding the lines of approach, which he himself had made by way of precaution when danger from the Indians had

threatened in the old days, were reopened and plugged in case of emergency.

As for the sergeant, he had not slept for three days, and was too utterly tired out to be of any assistance. He had done what he could, and had now to await developments. The fire was good, and he had dropped, at the rancher's request, into a comfortable high-backed chair in a corner, where he fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORM BREAKS.

MIDNIGHT, and the rancher had left the house to assist Rory and Jacques with the sleighs, which had to be packed with certain necessaries such as tea, coffee, sugar, bread and flour, frozen meat, pemmican, culinary articles, snow-shoes, and ammunition.

Dorothy, having made all the preparations she could, had re-entered the kitchen. The first thing that drew her attention was the sleeping figure of the sergeant in the chair. She was filled with self-reproach. Why had she forgotten all about this wounded, tired-out man? Why did she always seem to be holding him at arm's-length when there was, surely, no earthly reason why she should do so? His manner had always been perfectly courteous to her, and even deferential. He had done her father many acts of kindness, without as much as referring to them, and still, with a spice of perversity, she had always shrunk from appearing to notice him. She shrewdly suspected that his present life was not the sort of one he had been accustomed to, that, in fact, he belonged by birth and upbringing to a state of things very different from hers. He looked wretchedly uncomfortable, and, doubtless, as his limbs seemed cramped, they were cold. She would find a rug to throw over him.

She picked up one, and, with a strange shyness that she had never experienced before, placed it carefully over him. If he awoke she would die with terror—now that he was asleep and did not know that she was looking after his comfort, she experienced a strange, undefinable pleasure in so doing. It was quite a new feeling—something that filled her with a vague wonder.

And then he suddenly opened his eyes, and looked at her for a few moments without stirring.

"Thank you," he said simply, and closed his eyes again.

She could have cried with vexation. If he had been profuse in his thanks she would have had an opportunity of cutting him short with some commonplace comment.

"Hadn't you better lie on the couch, Mr.

Pasmore?" she said. "You don't look as if you fitted that chair, and it makes you snore so."

She had hardly thought herself capable of such perfidy, but she did not want him to think that she could be altogether blind to his faults. He sat bolt upright in an instant, and stammered out an apology.

But she cut it short. She resented the idea that he should imagine she took sufficient interest in him to be put out by a trifle.

At that very moment there rang out a rifle shot from the ridge just above the wood hard by. It was followed by another at a greater distance.

"There!" said the girl, with a finger pressed against her lower lip, and a look as if of relief on her face. "Now you will have some work to do. They have come sooner than you expected."

He scanned her face for a moment as if to note how this quick call to grim tragedy affected her. A man of courage himself, he instantly read there possibilities of a very high order and exceptional nerve. There was nothing neurotic about her. Whatever the wayward imaginings of her heart might be, she was a fresh, wholesome and healthy daughter of the prairie, one whose nerves were in accord with her mind and body, one for whom there were no physical or imaginary bogeys.

"It won't frighten you, will it, if we have to turn this kitchen into a sort of shooting gallery?" he asked.

She smiled at the very familiarity with which he handled his subject.

"It will be unpleasant," she replied simply, "but you know I'm accustomed to rifles."

"You don't seem to realise what a rising means amongst savages," he continued. "You must never lose your head, whatever happens, and you must never trust anyone outside your own family circle. You must never let yourself fall into their hands; you understand me?"

"I understand," she said, facing him unflinchingly, "and I have my rifle in case of emergencies."

"You are stronger than I thought," he said thankfully, looking at her for the first time with unmistakable admiration.

The rancher entered the room. He had always been noted for his coolness in time of danger. He looked quickly at his daughter, and was wonderfully relieved to see her take the situation so quietly. He kissed her, and said—

"Now, my dear, you'd better get into the other room till this affair is over. There's no need to be alarmed."

How he wished he could have believed what he said!

"I'm not frightened, dad, a little bit, and I'm going to stay right with you and load the guns."

"Lower the lamp," cried Pasmore, suddenly.

In another minute each man was glancing along the barrel of his rifle out into the clear moonlight. They faced the entrance to the valley up which came the enemy. It was a dimly defined half-circle, with a deep-blue, star-studded background. A fringe of trees ran up it, bordering the frozen creek alongside the trail. Stealthily stealing up, they could see a number of dark figures. Every now and again, from the heights above on either hand, they could see a little jet of fire spurt, and hear the crack of a Winchester as the Mounted Police on the look-out tried to pick off members of the attacking body from their inaccessible point of vantage. But the half-breeds and Indians contented themselves with firing an odd shot in order to warn them off. They would deal with them later. In the meantime they came nearer.

"Ah, St. Croix, old friend! It is my neck you will want to wring, is it? Eh, bien!" And Jacques chuckled audibly.

"Now, hold hard, and wait until I give you the word," said Pasmore, quietly.

The rebels, of whom there might be some thirty or forty, now came out into the open and approached the house until they were abreast of the out-buildings. In the clear moonlight they could be seen distinctly, clad in their great buffalo coats, with collars up over their ears, and bearskin and beaver caps pulled well down.

At a signal from their leader they raised their rifles to send a preparatory volley through the windows.

"Now then!" thundered Pasmore.

Four rifles cracked like one, and three rebels dropped where they stood, while a fourth, clapping his hands to the lower part of his body, spun round and round, stamping his feet, reviling the comrades who had brought him there, and blaspheming wildly, while the blood spurted out between his fingers. At the same moment, several bullets embedded themselves in the thick window shutters and in the walls. One only found its way through the dried mud between the logs, and this smashed a bowl that stood on the dresser within two feet of Dorothy's head. She merely glanced at it casually, and picking up the basket of cartridges, prepared to hand them round. With fingers keen and warming to their work, the defenders emptied the contents of their magazines into the astonished half-breeds and Indians. It was more than the latter had bargained for. They made for an open shed that stood hard by, leaving their dead and wounded in the snow.

"What ho! Johnnie Crapaud, you pig!" cried Rory, withdrawing his rifle from the loophole, and applying his mouth to it instead. "It's the Red River jig I've bin dyin' to tache ye for many a long day."

had just been withdrawn. So lucky or good was his aim that he struck the mud in the immediate neighbourhood of the hole, and sent the débris flying into the French-Canadian's mouth. Jacques spent the rest of his time when in the house watching for a long-haired half-breed with a red sash round his waist, who answered to the name of St. Croix the elder.



At the same moment Jacques caught sight of his old *bête-noir*, Leopold St. Croix the elder, and, not to be outdone by his friend Rory in the exchange of seasonable civilities with the enemy—although, when he came to think of it afterwards, he might as well have shot his man—he was applying his mouth to his loophole to shout something in the same vein when the quick-eyed Leopold fired a shot at the spot from which the gun-barrel

FOUR RIFLES CRACKED LIKE ONE, AND THREE REBELS DROPPED WHERE THEY STOOD.

Ping, ping, ping, zip—phut—cr-runch! and the bullets played a very devil's tattoo upon the walls and windows. The enemy were still five to one, and if they could only succeed in rushing in and breaking down the doors, victory would be in their hands. But to do that meant death to so many.

Another half-hour, and the firing still continued, though in a more desultory fashion. It was a strange waiting game, and a grim one, that was being played. The defenders had shifted their positions to guard against surprise. Douglas had in vain begged his daughter to leave the room and join the women in an inner apartment, but she had pleaded so hard with him that he allowed her to remain.

As for the sergeant, he was outwardly, at least, his old self. He was silent and watchful, showing neither concern nor elation. He moved from one position to another, and never pulled the trigger of his Winchester without making sure of something. With the help of Douglas he had pulled on his fur coat again, as the fire was going out, and he was beginning to feel the cold in his wound.

"I can't make out why Child-of-Light hasn't come up with his men," he said at length, "but, anyhow, he is sure to turn up—"

He paused, listening. Then all in the room heard the *chip-chop* of an axe as it steadily cut its way through a post of considerable size. The rebels were evidently busy. Suddenly the sound stopped.

"They're preparing for a rush," observed Rory. "What I'm surprisit at is ther riskin' their ugly carcasses as they do."

"Sargain Pasmore—Sargean?" cried someone from the shed.

"Aha! he has recognised your voice," said Jacques. "He is as the fox, that St. Croix."

"Well, what is it?" shouted the sergeant.

What the half-breed had to say rather took the sergeant aback. It was to the effect that unless they surrendered within a few minutes, they would all most assuredly be killed.

Then for the first time that night Sergeant Pasmore betrayed in his voice any feeling that may have animated him.

"Go home, Leopold St. Croix," he cried, "go home, and those with-you before it is too late! Go on to the Fort and ask pardon from those in authority, and it may yet be well with you. For as soon as the red-coated soldiers of the Great Queen come—and, take my word for it, they are in number more than the fishes in the Great Lake—you will be shot like a coyote on the prairie, or hanged by the neck, like a bad Indian, on the gallows-tree. That is our answer, Leopold St.

Croix; you know me of old, and you also know how I have always kept my word."

There was a dead silence for a minute or two, and whilst it lasted one could hear the embers of the dying fire fall into ashes. On a shelf, an eight-day clock ticked ominously; the girl stood with one hand upon her father's shoulder, motionless and impassive, like some beautiful statue. There was no trace of fear of any impending tragedy to mar the proud serenity of her face. At length the sound of voices came to them from outside. It grew in volume and rose like the angry murmur of the sea. Pasmore was looking through a crack when the noise of the chopping began again. In another minute there was a crash of falling timber.

The sergeant turned to the girl.

"Miss Douglas," he said, "will you kindly go into the other room for a minute! They have cut down one of the large posts in the shed and are going to make a battering-ram of it so as to smash in the door. Come this way, all of you. Two on either side. That is right. Fire into them as they charge!"

CHAPTER IV.

HARD PRESSED.

THE half-breeds and Indians, keen and determined as they were to effect an entrance to the house at any costs, were not without considerable foresight and strategy. But their feint failed, and when they did make a rush with their ram two or three of them were picked off. The survivors dropped the ram, and made a dash across the open for the stable.

Pasmore, telling the others to remain at their loopholes, went to a room at the end of the long passage, Dorothy following him.

The rebels must have applied a match to some of the inflammable matter, for in another instant the growing, hissing roar of fire was audible.

"It will spread to the house in a few minutes more," remarked the sergeant, quietly, "and I'm afraid that will be the end of it."

But he had already seized an axe and was opening the door.

"Shut the door after me and go to your father," he exclaimed.—"I'll cut-down the slabs that connect it with the house. Child-of-Light may come up yet. Good-bye—in case of accidents."

She caught him by the arm and looked into his face.

"You can't do that—you must *not* do that! You are sure to be shot down."

"And I may be shot if I don't." Forcibly, but

with what gentleness the action permitted, he disengaged her firm white hand.

"You can't use an axe with that arm," she pleaded, all her old reserve vanishing.

"I can at a pinch," he replied. "It is good of you to trouble about me."

He slipped out and pulled the door behind him. The look he had seen in her eyes had come as a revelation and given him courage.

She stood for a moment speechless and motionless, with a strained, set expression on her face. It was old Rory who aroused her to the gravity of the situation. He came running along the passage.

"Come hyar, honey, and into the cellar wid ye," he cried. "There's more of the inimy comin' along the trail, but there's still a chanct. Nivir say die, sez I."

As if roused from some horrible dream her feverish energy and readiness of resource returned to her.

"Come into the next room," she cried to Rory; "we can see the oil-house from the windpw. He is out there pulling down the stockade and we can keep them back from him. Quick, Rory!"

Like one possessed she made for the first door on the left of the passage.

Along the trail came the new lot of half-breeds and Indians to the assistance of their fellows, or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, to see to it that they did not miss their full share of the plunder. Roused to fresh efforts by the sight of the others, those on the spot fairly riddled the doors and windows of the house. The bullets were whizzing into the kitchen in every direction, splintering the furniture and sending the plaster flying from the walls until the room

was filled with a fine, blinding, choking dust. It was impossible to hold out much longer. The final rush was sure to come in a very few minutes—and all would be over.

Pasmore had cut off the house from the burning shed by hewing down the connecting wall, while Dorothy Douglas and Rory, by firing from



"YOU CAN'T USE AN AXE WITH THAT ARM."

a side window, had kept the enemy from approaching. After what seemed an age, Pasmore rejoined them.

There was a pause in the firing, then a hoarse

murmur of excited voices came from the sheds. It rose like a sudden storm on the Lake of the Winds. There was a wild volley and a rush of feet. A dark body smashed in the casement and tried to follow it, but Rory's long knife gleamed in the air, and the intruder fell back in his death agony. Rory seldom wasted powder and shot at close quarters. The sergeant looked at the girl strangely.

"Come with me to your father," he said hoarsely.

"Is it the end?" she asked.

"I fear it is," he replied; "but we'll fight to the finish."

He opened the door and led the way out.

"I must go to the others," he continued. "Rory can guard this end of the house. Will you come with me?"

"Yes, and remember your promise—I am not afraid."

"I am," he admitted, "but not of them."

They reached the kitchen, but he would not let her enter.

"Stay where you are for a moment," he commanded firmly.

He found Douglas and Jacques still holding the doorway, though the door itself, and the table which had been placed against it, were badly wrecked. A breed had actually forced his body through a great rent when they had rushed, but Jacques had tapped him over the head with the stock of his rifle and cracked it as he would have done an egg-shell. The lifeless body still filled the gap.

"Bravo, gentlemen," cried the sergeant, "we shall exact our price. If we can only stand them off a little longer——"

The words died on his lips as a rattle of musketry awoke somewhere in the neighbourhood of the surrounding ridges. It grew in volume until it seemed all around them. Several bullets struck the house that did not come from those immediately attacking. A series of wild whoops could be heard from among the pines on the hillside, and they came nearer and nearer.

"It's Child-of-Light and his Crees!" cried Pasmore. "He saw the new lot approaching and waited until they fell into the trap. Now he has surrounded them."

"Thank God!" cried the rancher, and never had he breathed a more sincere thanksgiving.

The breeds and Indians made back for the out-buildings; then, realising that sooner or later these must prove untenable, they scurried for the pine wood on the hillside. But now Child-of-Light and his braves were on the ridges and a desperate running fight ensued. Not more than a dozen of the enemy managed to get safely away. For

hours afterwards they held their own from the vantage of the rocks and pines.

When those in the house realised that all immediate danger was over, they took the change of situations characteristically. The rancher went quietly to find his daughter. She showed no signs of any reaction, although perhaps she had a hard struggle to conquer her feelings. Jacques wanted to sally out and seek for Leopold St. Croix, so that they might settle once and for all their little differences, but Sergeant Pasmore vetoed this. There was other work to do, he said. It was no use remaining at the ranche; the women must go into the fort at Battleford—if, indeed, it were possible to get through to it.

As for Rory, he had gone to the stables and seen to the horses and the dogs that were to pull the sleighs; these latter, by the way, were a remarkable lot, and comprised as many varieties as there are different breeds of pigeons. There were Chocolats, Muskymotes, Cariboes, Brandies, Whiskies, Corbeaus, and a few others. During the fight they had kept wonderfully quiet, but now they seemed to know that it was over, and began, after the playful manner of their kind, to indulge in a spirited battle on their own account. Rory snatched up a whip with the object of seeing fair play.

An hour later and a strange scene that kitchen presented, with its wounded, smoke-stained men, its shattered doors and windows, and splintered tables and dresser. The four Mounted Policemen had come down from the ridges where they had so harassed the enemy, and were now receiving steaming pannikins of coffee.

Child-of-Light had just come in, and told how to the north Big Bear and his Stonies were lurking somewhere, not to speak of Thunderchild and one or two others, so it would be as well to try Battleford first. His braves at that moment were pursuing the fleeing breeds and Indians, but he had ordered them to return soon in order that they might remove the dead and wounded from the ranche, and then see after the stock belonging to their brother Douglas. It had been as Sergeant Pasmore had said—they had seen the fresh enemy coming up and delayed their attack until they could surround them.

But grey-eyed morn had come at last; the sleighs were packed and brought round to the door. It was time to make a start.

CHAPTER V.

TO BATTLEFORD.



It was quite a little procession of jumpers and sledges that set out from the rancher's that morning after the fight. First went the police, each man on his little box-like jumper with its steel-shod runners drawn by a

burly half-bred broncho. Next came Rory in a dog-sled cariole, with his several pugnacious canine friends made fast by moose-skin collars. They would have tried the patience of Job. They fought with each other on the slightest pretext from sheer love of fighting, and knew not the rules of Queensberry. If one of them happened to get down in one of their periodical little out-breaks, the others promptly abandoned their more equal contests to pile on to that unfortunate one.

The rancher and Dorothy came next in a comfortable sleigh, with large buffalo robes all around them to keep out the cold. Then came the two women servants in a light wagon-box set on runners, and driven by Jacques. A Mounted Policeman in a jumper formed the rear-guard at a distance of about half-a-mile. The wagons were well stocked with all necessaries for camping out.

It was a typical North-West morning, cold, bracing and clear. The dry air stimulated one, and the winter sun shone cheerfully down upon the great white land of virgin snow.

There was a sense of utter solitude, of an immensity of space. There was no sound save the soft, even swish of the runners over the snow, and the regular muffled pounding of the horses' hoofs.

Within the next hour so buoyant were Dorothy's spirits, and so light-hearted and genuine her outlook on things in general, that Douglas began to wonder if the events of the previous evening were not, after all, the imaginings of some horrible nightmare.

On, on, over the plains of frozen snow. The sun was so strong now that Douglas was obliged to put great goggles over his eyes, and Dorothy pulled a dark veil down over hers, for fear of snow-blindness. They had left the flat prairie behind, and were now in the bluff country which was simply heights and hollows lightly timbered with birch, poplar and saskatoon bushes, with beautiful meadows and small lakes or "sloughs" scattered about everywhere. They passed many pretty homesteads nestling cosily in sheltered nooks; but no smoke rose from their chimneys; they all seemed to have been deserted in a hurry. Their occupants had doubtless fled into Battleford. What if they had been too late to reach that haven of refuge!

At noon the travellers stopped in a little wooded valley for dinner. It was more like a picnic party than that of refugees fleeing for their lives. The Scotswoman actually made a dish of pancakes for the troopers, because she said there was one of them who reminded her of her own son, whom she had not seen for many a long day. The sincere thanks of the hungry ones were more than recompense for the worthy dame.

They all sat down on buffalo robes spread on

the snow, and Dorothy was immensely taken with the gentlemanly, unobtrusive way in which the troopers waited upon the women of the party. But they were all mostly younger sons of younger sons, and public school men, so after all it was not to be wondered at. The high standard of honour and duty, and the courage that was a religion animating the force, was easily accounted for. She began to understand how it was that some men preferred such a life to that of the mere quest for gold.

Everyone seemed in the best of spirits. Wounds were not mentioned, so it went without saying that these, owing to the healthy bodies of their owners, were giving no trouble. The only interruption of a non-harmonic nature was when a burly Muskymote dog of Rory's team took it into its head that a little Tête-noir dog had received a portion of frozen fish from its master out of all proportion to its inconsiderable size, and, as soon as Rory's back was turned, showed its disapproval of such favouritism by knocking the favoured one down, and trying to bite off the tips of its ears. As the other dogs, with their peculiar new Queensberry instincts, at once piled on to the one that was getting the worst of it, Rory had to put down the chicken leg he was enjoying to arbitrate with his whip in the usual way. He gave the jealous Muskymote an extra smack or two for its ill-timed behaviour as he thought of that chicken leg.

To Dorothy's no little surprise she found Pasmore unusually communicative. Despite his seeming austerity, he possessed a keen vein of humour of a dry, pungent order that was eminently entertaining. To-day he gave vent to it, and she found herself laughing and talking to him in a way that, twenty-four hours before, she would not have deemed possible.

Dinner over, the horses were watered—they had now cooled down—the culinary articles were stowed away, pipes lit, and preparations made for a fresh start. It would be necessary to move with extreme caution, as they were not more than twelve miles from Battleford, and the enemy were pretty sure to have their scouts out.

On again through the still air, and between the winding avenues of birch, poplar, and saskatoon bushes. Nothing to be heard save the occasional call of the grouse in the bracken, and the monotonous chafing of the harness. At dusk they arrived within a mile or two of the little town, and halted.

A fire was lit in a deserted farm-house, and a good drink of hot tea put fresh life into them. There was trying and dangerous work to be done that night; they would require to be well-prepared.

An hour later, when the moon began to show

over the tree-tops, the entire party moved out silently by a little-used by-path towards Battleford. A couple of troopers went on some considerable distance in front, and one on either flank, with strict instructions to create no alarm if possible in meeting with an enemy, but to at once warn the main body.

And now on the still air came a weird, monotonous sound, rising and falling, as does that of the far-off rapids, borne on the fitful breath of the Chinook winds. *Tap tap, tap*, it went, *tum, tum, tum*, in ever-recurring monotonies. As they stopped to listen to it, the girl realised its nature only too well. It was the tuck of the Indian drum, and the Indian was on the war-path. As they walked on they could hear it more plainly, and soon the sound of whooping, yelling human voices, and the occasional discharge of firearms, fell upon their apprehensive ears.

"They've bruk into the stores, an' are paintin' the town red," explained Rory. "Guess they're hevin' a high ole time."

And now they could see a red glare tinging the heavens above the tree-tops. They ascended a hill to the right, and, looking down on the valley of the Saskatchewan, a truly magnificent but terrifying sight met their gaze.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GRIM BLOCKADE.

THE GREAT chief Poundmaker and his Stonies had broken loose, and, after looting the Hudson Bay and other stores in Battleford, were indulging in a wild orgie. Some of the buildings were already burning, and the Indians, mad with blood and fire-water, were dancing wildly around the spouting flames that lit up that pine and snow-clad winter scene for miles.

Some of the warriors, more particularly round the burning buildings, had donned uncanny masks that took the shape of buffalo and moose heads, with shaggy manes, horns and antlers, and, horror of horrors, some of them, silhouetted blackly against the fierce glare, showed themselves to be possessed of tails that made them look like capering demons.

Pom, pom, pom, went the hollow-sounding drums. Round and round danced the wildly-gesticulating, imp-like crowds. They yelped and howled like dogs. They brandished tomahawks and spears, all the time working themselves into a frenzy. It more resembled an orgie of fiends than of human beings.

"It is horrible," exclaimed Dorothy, shivering,

despite her resolve to face bravely whatever might come.

Within half a mile of the burning township, looming up dimly over there among the trees, was the new village of Battleford, and further back still, hardly discernible, lay the Fort. Within several hundred yards of the latter, under cover of hastily improvised trenches of bluff and scrub, was a cordon of half-breeds and Indians, by no means too strong and not too well posted, for one of the Police had already managed to elude the careless and relaxed watch, and join the besieged ones. Under the circumstances it was impossible for the defenders to make a sortie, as this would leave the bulk of the refugees unprotected. All they could do was to hold their position and wait patiently until help came from Prince Albert and the south.

What the rancher's party had to do was plain, *i. e.*, separate, and endeavour, in ones and twos, to pass the rebel lines and enter the Fort. Fortunately they could all speak the curious patois of English, French, and Cree that the enemy used, and therefore they had no need to be at a loss. Moreover, with beaver-skin caps, and long fur coats down to their heels, with the addition of a sash round their waists, they were in no way different from hundreds of others. Dorothy noticed that even the Police had adopted means to conceal their identities so far as appearances went.

Sergeant Pasmore did not take long to make his plans. He did not ask for any advice now, but gave his orders promptly and explicitly. It would be better that they should all endeavour to pass through the enemy at the same time, so that in the event of an alarm being given, some of them at least might be able to push on into the Fort.

Mrs. Macgregor and the half-breed woman were sent away round by the right flank under the charge of Jacques, who was to go ahead and try to pilot them into the Fort in safety. The Police were to move round on the left flank.

As for Douglas and his daughter, they were to go down separately to the foot of the ridge, walk leisurely through the scattered houses, evading as much as possible the straggling groups of rebels, and make towards a certain point where a series of old buffalo-wallows would to a great extent prevent their being seen. He warned Douglas against keeping too near his daughter. He, being so well-known, would be easily recognised, and their being close together might lead to the capture of both.

Douglas at first demurred, but presently saw the force of this advice. It was a hard thing to be separated from Dorothy, but he realised that otherwise he might only compromise her safety, so he kissed her and went in the direction the

sergeant pointed out. Pasmore and his charge were now left quite alone. There was a dead silence for some moments.

"I think we'd better go," he said, at length. "Now, do you feel as if you could keep your nerve? So much depends on that."

"I'm going to rise to the occasion," she answered smilingly, and with a look of determination on her face. "Let us start."

"One moment—you mustn't show quite so much of your face—it isn't exactly an everyday one. Let me fix you up a little bit first."

She looked at him laughingly as he pressed her beaver cap well down over her smooth white forehead until it hid her dark, arched eyebrows. He turned up her deep fur collar, and buttoned it in front until only her pretty hazel eyes and straight white nose were to be seen. Then he regarded her with critical gravity.

"I wish I could hide those eyes of yours," he said, with whimsical seriousness. "You mustn't let any young Johnny Crapaud or Indian see them any more than you can help."

They descended the bluff and walked silently together for some little distance through the thicket of birch and saskatoon bushes. They were now close to the garden of the first straggling house, and they could see dark figures moving about everywhere. He pointed out to her the way she would have to take.

"Now, au revoir," he said, "and good luck to you."

They shook hands, and she wished him an equal luck. "You have been very good to us," she added, "and I hope you will believe that we are grateful."

He took off his cap to her, and they went on their separate ways.

Now that the girl had gone so far that there was no turning back, she rose to the occasion as she said she would. She faced the ghastly sights with much of her father's old spirit.

She put her hands in her large side pockets and lounged leisurely past the gable end of a house. A half-breed woman, carrying a large armful of loot, met her on the side-walk. In the moonlight the girl caught the glint of the bold, black, almond-shaped eyes and the flushed face. The woman was breathing hard, and her two arms encircled the great bundle. She shot a quick glance at Dorothy. She was more Indian than white.

Only that the rebels that night did not see with their normal eyesight, the girl realised that she would have been detected and undone.

Two drunken Indians came walking unsteadily towards her, talking excitedly. Though quaking inwardly, she kept straight on her way, imitating a man's gait as much as she could, for with those

long buffalo coats that reach to the ground, it was impossible to tell a man from a woman save by the walk. The moccasins made the difference even less. But the Indians passed her, and she breathed more freely. Several people crossed and recrossed her path, but beyond a half-curious look of enquiry, they did not trouble about her. She passed a store in flames, and saw a number of breeds and Indians yelling and whooping and encouraging an intoxicated *metis* to dash into it at the imminent risk of his life to fetch out some article of inconsiderable value as a proof of his prowess. As she passed on she heard a dull thud, and, looking back, realised by the vast shaft of sparks which rose into the air that the roof had fallen in. Jean Ba'tiste had played with Death once too often.

Sick with horror, the girl hurried on. A few hundred yards more, and she would be clear of that awesome Bedlam. She had to pass between some huts, one of which she could see was in flames. Hard by she could hear the sound of a fiddle, and the excited whoops of dancers. The Red River jig was evidently in full blast. She turned the corner of a corral and came full on it. Several people were standing apart round a bare spot of ground. A capering half-breed, with great red stockings reaching above his knees, with blanket suit, long crimson sash, and red tuque on his head, was capering about like a madman. His partner had just retired exhausted. He caught sight of Dorothy, and peered into her face.

"My faith!" he exclaimed; "but we shall dance like that—so? Bien!"

He made a grotesque bow, and seizing her by the arm, pulled her into the clear space facing him.

CHAPTER VII.

DETECTED.

FOR the moment a horrible sickening fear took possession of Dorothy when she found herself thrust into such a very prominent position. It was quite bad enough to have to pass through that scene of pillage and riot, but to pose as the partner of an excitable half-breed in the execution of the Red River jig was more than the girl had bargained for. The fantastic shuffling and capering of the long-legged *metis* were wonderful to behold. The tassel of his long red tuque dangled and bobbed behind him like the pigtail of a Chinaman imitating a dancing Dervish. His flushed face, long snaky black locks, and flashing eyes all spoke of the wild fever in his blood and his Gallic origin. Still, the girl noted he was not what might be termed an ill-looking fellow; he did not look bad-

natured, nor was he in drink. He was merely an excited irresponsible.

The barbaric, musical rhyme on the cat-gut took a fresh lease of life; the delighted spectators clapped their hands in time, and supplemented the music with the regulation dog-like yelps. The Red River jig consists of two persons of opposite sex standing facing each other, each possessed with the laudable ambition of dancing his or her partner down. As may readily be imagined, it is a dance necessitating considerable powers of endurance. When one of the dancers sinks exhausted and vanquished,

another steps into the breach. When Dorothy had made her appearance, a slim and by no means bad-looking half-breed girl had been unwillingly obliged to drop out of the dance. The bright eyes of the new arrival had caught Pierre La Chene's fancy, and, after the manner of his kind, he had made haste to secure her as a partner. Pierre was a philanderer and an inconstant swain. The dark eyes of Katie the Belle flushed with anger as she saw this strange girl take her place. She noticed with jealous eyes the elegant fur coat which the other wore, the dainty silk-sewn moccasins, the natty beaver cap, and felt that she herself, a leader of fashion among her people, had yet much to learn.

Dorothy stood stock still for a moment while her partner and the spectators shouted to her to begin. A wrinkled old dame remarked, in the flowery language of her people, that, as the figure of the girl was slender as the willow, and her feet small and light as those of the wood spirits that return to the land in the spring, surely she could out-dance Pierre La Chene, who had already outworn the light-footed Jeanette and the beautiful Katie. Pierre shouted to his partner to make a start. Surely now she must be discovered and undone!

Then something that, when one comes to think of it, was not strange, happened—Dorothy rose to the occasion. She had danced the very same fantasia many a time out of sheer exuberance of spirits, and the love of dancing itself. She must dance and gain the sympathy of that rough crowd, in the event of her identity being discovered. There was nothing so terrible about this particular group after all. They were merely dancing while the others were going in for riot and pillage. There was something so incongruous and ludicrous in the whole affair

when one comes to think of it, was not strange, happened—Dorothy rose to the occasion. She had danced the very same fantasia many a time out of sheer exuberance of spirits, and the love of dancing itself. She must dance and gain the sympathy of that rough crowd, in the event of her identity being discovered. There was nothing so terrible about this particular group after all. They were merely dancing while the others were going in for riot and pillage. There was something so incongruous and ludicrous in the whole affair



THE INDIANS PASSED HER AND SHE BREATHED MORE FREELY.

the odd, wayward, fun-loving spirit of the girl, of late held in abeyance, asserted itself, and she forgot all else save the fact that she must do her best to dance her partner down.

Her feet caught the rhythm of the "Arkansaw Traveller"—that stirring, foot-catching melody without beginning or ending—and in another minute Dorothy was dancing opposite the delighted and capering half-breed, and almost enjoying it. With hands on hips, with head thrown back, and with feet tremulous with motion, she kept time to the music. She was a good dancer, and realised what is meant by the poetry of motion. The fiddler played fairly well, and Pierre La Chene, if somewhat pronounced in his movements, was at least a picturesque figure, whose soul was in the dance. So amusing were his antics that the girl laughed heartily, despite the danger of her position.

It was evident that Pierre was vastly taken with his partner. He rolled his eyes about in a languishing and alarming fashion; he twisted and wriggled like a contortionist, and occasionally varied the lightning-like shuffle of his feet by kicking a good deal higher than his own head. He called upon his partner to "stay with it" in almost inarticulate gasps.

"Whoop her up!" he yelled. "Git thar, Jean! Bravo, ma belle! Whoo-sh!"

It was a very nightmare of grotesqueness to Dorothy. The moonlight night, the black houses and pines looming up against the snowy landscape, the red glare in the immediate foreground caused by the burning buildings, the gesticulating figure of her half-breed partner, the excited, picturesque onlookers, the vagaries of the fiddler and the never-ceasing sound of the Indian drum, all tinged with an air of unreality and a sense of the danger that menaced, made up a situation that could not easily be eclipsed. And she was dancing, and trying to make herself believe she was enjoying it, opposite a crazy half-breed rebel! She recognised him now as the dandy Pierre, the admiration of the fair sex in his own particular world on the Saskatchewan. If only any of her people could see her now, what would they think of her?

But was this wild dance to go on for ever? Already she was becoming warm in her fur coat, despite the lowness of the temperature. There was a limit to her powers of endurance, albeit she was stronger than the average girl. The onlookers, charmed with the grace of this unknown dancer, were noisy in their applause. She must feign fatigue and drop out, letting someone else take her place.

With an inclination of her head to her partner she did so, but he, doubtless captivated by the

dark, laughing eyes he saw gazing at him above the deep fur collar, did not care to continue the dance with someone whose eyes might not be so bewitching, and dropped out also. The half-breed girl, his former partner, who up till now had contented herself by gazing sulkily from lowering brows upon this strange rival, was at last stirred by still deeper feeling. She came close up to Dorothy, and gazed searchingly into her face. At the same moment they recognised each other, for often had Dorothy admired the full, wild-flower beauty, the delicate olive skin, and the dark, soulful eyes of this part descendant of a noble Gallic race and a barbaric people, and spoken kindly to her. The half-savage Katie had looked upon her white sister as a superior being from another world, and had almost made up her mind that she loved her, but she loved Pierre La Chene in a different way, and when that sort of love comes into one's life, all else has to give place to it. With a quick movement she drew down Dorothy's fur collar, exposing her face.

"Voila!" she cried; "one of the enemy—the daughter of Douglas!"

It was as if the rebels had suddenly detected an embodied spirit that had worked evil in their midst, for the music stopped, and the excited crew rushed upon her. But Pierre La Chene kept them back. Those proud, defiant eyes had exercised a singular charm over him, and when he saw her face he almost felt ready to fight the whole crowd—almost ready, for, like a good many other lady-killers, Pierre had a very tender regard for his own personal safety. Still, he cried—

"Prenez garde—tek caar! Ma foi, but she can dance it! Let us tek her to Louis Riel. He is at the chapel. We may learn much."

With her keen instincts, Katie saw the ruse.

"She has the evil eye, and has bewitched Pierre!" she cried, and made as if to lead her old lover away.

But Pierre's response was to thrust her violently from him. Katie would have fallen but that Dorothy caught her,

"Oh, Katie, poor Katie!" was all she said.

And then the half-breed girl realised the evil she had wrought, and shrunk from the kindly arms of the sister she had betrayed.

"To Riel with her!—to Riel with her!" was the cry of the fickle malcontents, and, with a yelling following at her heels, Dorothy was led away.

John Macbr.

(To be continued.)



DUNBAR MEDAL.
THE FIRST MEDAL
CONFERRED ON THE
RANK AND FILE IN
THE BRITISH ARMY.

WAR MEDALS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS RELATED BY
HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

And Illustrated from Photographs.



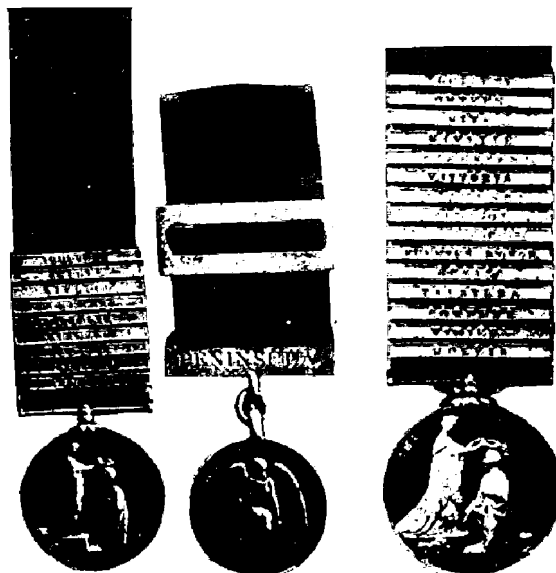
CHARLES I.
ROYALIST BADGE.

"A moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole,
It does not look likely to stir a man's soul.
'Tis the deeds that were done 'neath the moth-
eaten rag,
When the pole was a staff and the rag was a flag."

IS the deeds that were and are being done which give to medals their principal interest. And I must admit that until it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of an enthusiastic medal collector I was not aware of the interest surrounding these miniature monuments of silver and bronze—monuments representing deeds of daring on many an historic battlefield. It was an enjoyable evening that I spent inspecting the collection and listening to the many anecdotes told of the journeys and trouble undertaken in securing specimens, and of the high prices paid for rare medals.

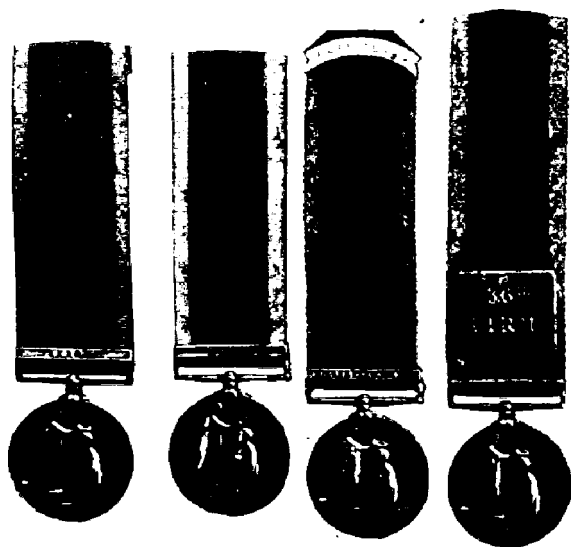
The collection, though not the largest, is nevertheless a very fine one, as those who have studied the hobby will agree after glancing at the numerous medals which illustrate this article, which were, with one exception, taken from those in the collection. We notice among others the Dunbar medal, which was practically the first medal conferred upon both officers and men in the British Army. It was given in commemoration of the defeat of the Scots at

Dunbar on the 3rd September, 1650, and is remarkable for the superb likeness it bears of Cromwell when Lieutenant-General. We also give an illustration of the Royalist Badge of Charles I. Astonishing as it may appear, it was not until nearly two hundred years after the issue of these that any general distribution of medals by command of a sovereign took place.



NINE-CLASP PENINSULA AND WATERLOO
MEDALS GIVEN TO THE SAME MAN; THESE
TWO ARE WORTH 22 GUINEAS.

A PENINSULA
MEDAL WITH
15 CLASPS.
ONLY TWO
WERE ISSUED.



PENINSULA MEDALS.

THESE MEDALS WERE NOT GIVEN TO THE MEN UNTIL 45 YEARS AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT!

Napoleon commented upon this, for it is recorded that when he surrendered himself on board the *Bellerophon*, and was received by a Captain's detachment of the Royal Marines, after acknowledging the salute he minutely inspected the men, and having remarked that they were very fine and well-appointed, the ex-Emperor added: "Are there none amongst them who have seen service?" Upon being informed that nearly the whole of them had, he exclaimed: "What! and no marks of merit?" The officer explained that it was not the custom to confer medals except upon officers of the highest rank. "Such is



BHIRTPOOR.

EARLY INDIAN MEDALS.
(CAPTURE OF DEIG.)

THREE-CLASP.

POONA.

not the way to incite or cherish the military virtues," was the reply of the great warrior.

Medals have been distributed to the British troops for victorious engagements and campaigns since 1793. It is interesting to note that the Peninsula medal, for military services between 1793 and 1814, was only issued by the Queen in 1847, about forty-five years after some of the engagements, and was presented to every surviving combatant. This medal carries a number of clasps for as many separate engagements, the first of which is Egypt, 1801, and includes the clasp for Maida in Sicily, and the Peninsula engagements ending with Toulouse; also the American battles, Fort Detroit, Chateauquay, and Chrystlers Farm. The inscription on the medal reads, "To the British Army." On the obverse we see the Queen in the act of crowning the Duke of Wellington, who is in a kneeling attitude. The ribbon is red, with blue edges.

The Peninsula and Waterloo medals seen in our illustration were given to the same man. The former, it will be noticed, boasts nine clasps—a magnificent fighting record. We also reproduce a photograph of a Peninsula medal with fifteen clasps, the largest number of bars known to have been earned by any recipient, kindly lent to us by another collector. Only two such medals were issued, and naturally they are very valuable. Indeed, it is exceedingly doubtful if a fifteen clasp Peninsula could be obtained for love or money. Nine clasp medals fetch from nine to thirteen guineas, according to their interest. Another medal for Waterloo was conferred upon a lieutenant in the 25th Foot. Only two of this regiment were present. The medal was purchased for £12.

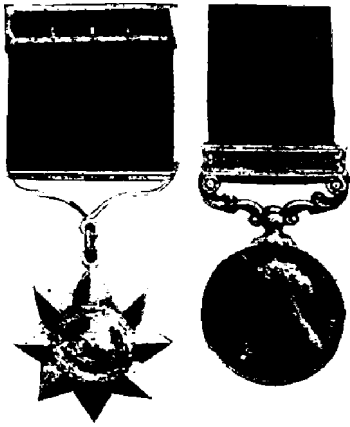
proached, one should fire and run back to give the alarm, while the other stood firm. In the grey dawn a squadron of French cavalry, that had crept up unperceived, dashed at the two men. Jackson fired and ran, as ordered, to give the alarm. A score of horsemen in a moment were round him, slashing at him as he ran. He received fourteen sabre cuts, but, staggering, and with uniform drenched in blood, he yet ran on and succeeded in fulfilling his mission. Walton, in turn obeying his orders, stayed at his post, a sturdy, red-coated figure, standing steadfast in a whirlwind of galloping horses and gleaming, hissing sword strokes. The brave fellow parried each blow as well as he could, and replied, when possible, with a vengeful bayonet thrust. The combat lasted for some breathless, desperate minutes; then, the British infantry running up, the French horsemen galloped off, leaving Walton still standing, with iron loyalty, at his post.



FIRST AVA MEDAL. A UNIQUE DESIGN.



THESE HISTORIC MEDALS WERE AWARDED TO A MAN WHO RODE " INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH " WITH THE SIX HUNDRED.



ORDER OF MERIT AND MEDAL FOR
DEFENCE OF CHITRAL.

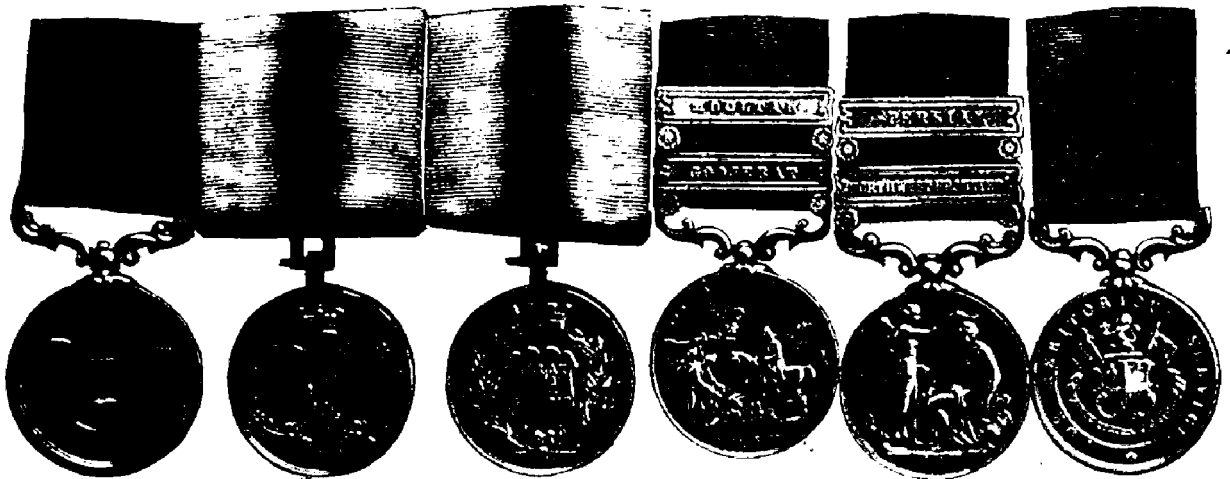
His cap, knapsack, belt and musket were cut in a score of places, his bayonet was bent double, bloody to the hilt and notched like a saw, yet he himself was unhurt. Surely no soldiers ever earned a decoration more nobly than these two privates?

In the collection there is an officer's Badajoz

gineers, or infantry, and twenty-four years in the cavalry; but the qualifying term was afterwards reduced from twenty-one to eighteen years, and from twenty-four to twenty-one. Fifteen years later, in 1845, came the medal "For Meritorious Service" for sergeants, recommended by the Commander-in-Chief.

The first Ava medal is an interesting design, being descriptive of the land and times, showing the sacred White Elephant of Ava crouching before the victorious British Lion, behind which is the Union Jack flying in the breeze. Behind the elephant is the Burmese flag, drooping, signifying submission, the inscription in Persian being "The Elephant of Ava submitting to the British Lion, 1826."

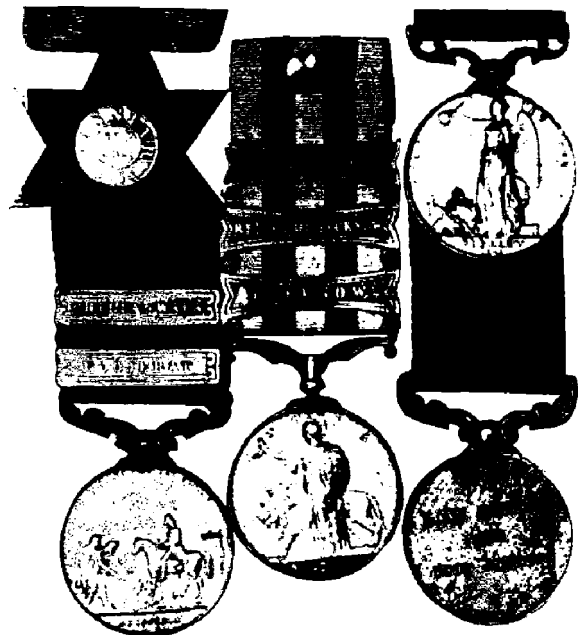
Coming to more modern times mention may be made of a fine group of four medals awarded



SIX MEDALS AWARDED TO AN OFFICER OF THE SAPPERS AND MINERS.

medal, in connection with which the following story may be told. The day after the assault, two Spanish ladies, the younger a beautiful girl of fourteen, appealed for help to two officers of the Rifles, who were passing through one of the streets of the town. Their dresses were torn, their ears, from which rings had been roughly snatched, were bleeding. To escape further ill-usage they thus cast themselves on the protection of the first British officers they met, one of whom was Captain Harry Smith, of the Rifles. Two years later he married the younger of the two ladies. Captain Harry Smith, in after years, served at the Cape as *Sir Harry Smith*, and this Spanish girl, as *Lady Smith*, gave her name to the historic town which *Sir George White* defended with such stubborn valour.

Fifteen years after the battle of Waterloo, the "For Long Service and Good Conduct" medals were inaugurated by William IV. To gain the coveted distinction it was necessary to complete a service of twenty-one years in the artillery, en-

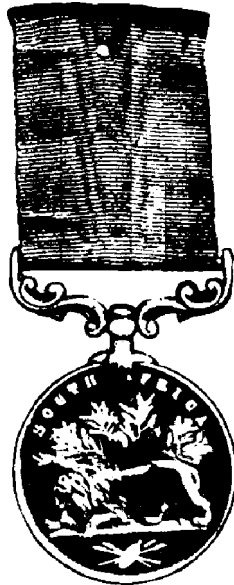


FIVE INDIAN MEDALS AWARDED TO A SERGEANT OF THE 9TH LANCERS.



TO A LADY NURSE.

to a man who rode into the "Valley of Death" with the 600. The Crimean medal, with its pale blue ribbon with yellow edges and silver clasps with acorn ornaments, is a beautiful design. The Indian



TO A LADY NURSE.

Mutiny medal is another particularly noteworthy award. On the reverse, Britannia stands with the laurel in her outstretched hands and the invincible lion by her side. It has white ribbon with two red stripes. In the collection referred to there are two peculiarly interesting groups

of medals—one a group of six conferred on an officer of the Sappers and Miners, covering an unusually long period of active service, from Ghuznee, 1839, to Persia, 1856—a seventeen-year fighting record; the other a group of five awarded to a sergeant of the 9th Lancers. We notice the Indian medal has three clasps, Delhi, Relief of Lucknow, and Lucknow.

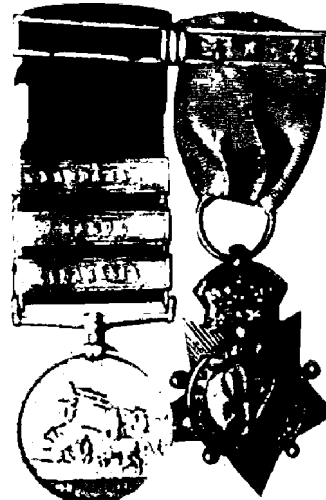
To describe every medal in the collection would be impossible here. One wonders how they were all got together. To reiterate all the collector has told us would, perhaps, be a breach of confidence. Needless to add, he got his collection together with a great deal of labour, patience, and no little worry. As to the expense—well, it is a hobby that only those with fairly substantial purses can, to any extent, indulge in. Indeed, it is doubtful if the medals scattered over these pages could be purchased for £2,000, and even then it might entail a ten years' hunt before some of the rarer specimens were secured. It is interesting to note that one of the highest prices ever given for a war medal was £245, which Colonel the Hon. H. F. Eaton paid for a medal given by Francis II., Emperor

of Germany, to the officers of the 15th Light Dragoons for their conspicuous valour at Villiers-en-Couche, a century or so ago. A lump of gold equal in value to this medal would scale something like 4½ lb.

If the stories which the dealers could tell of the fruitless journeys they have undertaken with the hopes of securing rare specimens, the kind of receptions they have enjoyed, and the risks they have exposed themselves to in the prosecution of their hobby, were gathered together, they would bulk out into a most readable volume of romance. An enthusiastic collector recently told the writer how he heard of a certain individual who possessed a very interesting group of medals which he was willing to dispose of. He journeyed down to a town on the south coast to seek the man in question, only to find that he had pawned them. Purchasing the ticket he made his way to the pawnbroker, and demanded to see the medals. To his astonishment he discovered that the pawnbroker had parted with them. There and then the dealer demanded a cheque for the difference, and with a shaking hand the pawnbroker wrote him a

cheque for nearly £150, almost five times the amount he had loaned on the medals.

There is also a humorous story of a man travelling all the way to Scotland in hopes of securing a rare medal, only to be shown the old sword with which its owner had won the coveted decoration, and to receive a startling



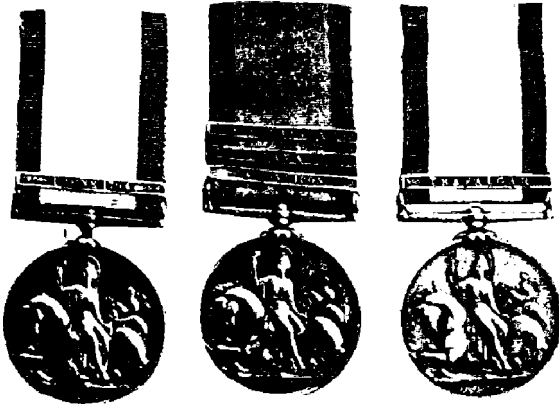
TWO MEDALS GIVEN TO A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN.

hint to the effect that, unless he cleared out of the house very quickly, he would feel its edge himself!

Two of our illustrations are medals conferred upon a lady nurse. One is a South African medal, believed to be one of



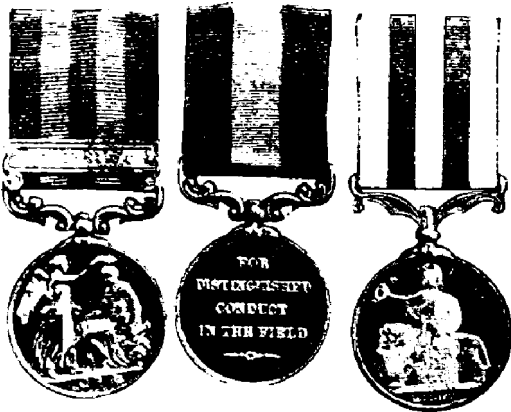
TWO INTERESTING DECORATIONS GIVEN TO A SERGEANT FOOTMAN FOR 31 YEARS' SERVICE.



NAVAL MEDALS AWARDED TO MEN WHO FOUGHT AT TRAFALGAR AND ST. SEBASTIAN.

six presented by Queen Victoria to a nurse who served in the Russo-Turkish war, in Egypt, and in Armenia. The two given to a Roman Catholic chaplain are very interesting. The one on the right is the bronze star for Lord Roberts's famous march from Kabul to Kandahar. Of interest, too, are those presented to a Sergeant Footman for 31 years' faithful service in the Army.

Our sailors as well as our soldiers have been decorated. The Trafalgar, the three-clasp, and the glorious First of June, are three noteworthy

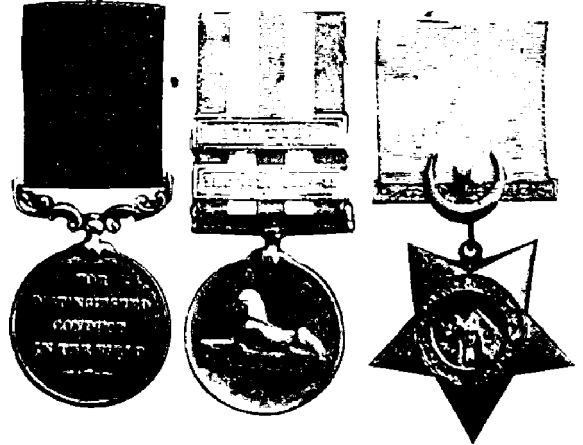


PERSIAN AND INDIAN MEDALS AWARDED TO AN OFFICER.

examples. The Trafalgar was conferred upon an officer on the *Royal Sovereign* who served under Admiral Collingwood. He received nearly forty wounds, and lost the sight of one eye. When in charge of a small detained Greek vessel he had the misfortune to be wrecked off the Island of Cyprus, where he fell into the hands of the Turks, who held him prisoner until 1809. He was granted a pension of £10, and was presented by the Patriotic Society with a sum of money. The Glorious First of June medal is illustrative of the first crushing defeat delivered by British seamen upon the French fleet.

Other interesting medals in the collection are those in a group consisting of the Order of Merit,

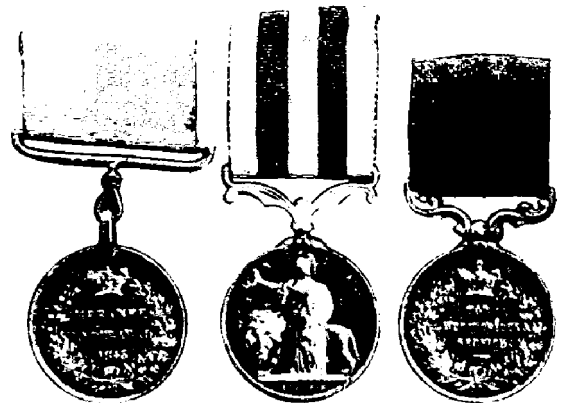
the V.C. of the Indian Army, and the medal for the Defence of Chitral. The recipient of the order for the Defence of Chitral is mentioned in Sir George Robertson's book, "Chitral"; his gallantry was rewarded with the decoration in question under a general order in 1896. The meritorious conduct which won the medal for Central Africa, under general order 614, was "conspicuous gallantry in action at Kisungu, on Lake Nyassa, Central Africa, during December, 1891, after the death of the late Captain C. M. Maguire, in defending and eventually floating the steamer *Domira*, which for seven days lay



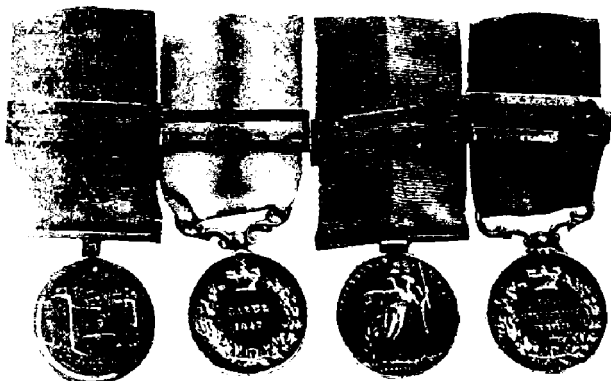
AN EX-SERGEANT'S FIGHTING RECORD—FOR DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT AT ABC KLEA.

aground under a heavy fire within fifty yards of the stronghold of the Yao Chief Mankanjira, and subsequently in the defence of Fort Johnson against Mankanjira's allies."

Hard by are medals won by a native officer, consisting of the Gold Order of British India, the 3rd Class Order of Merit, the three-clasp Mutiny and Afghan medals—a rare group. Another set, in fine condition, was that awarded to a colour-sergeant of the 64th Regiment, who was one of the first men wounded at Oude.



WON BY A LIEUTENANT AND QUARTERMASTER WHO SERVED HIS COUNTRY 30 YEARS.

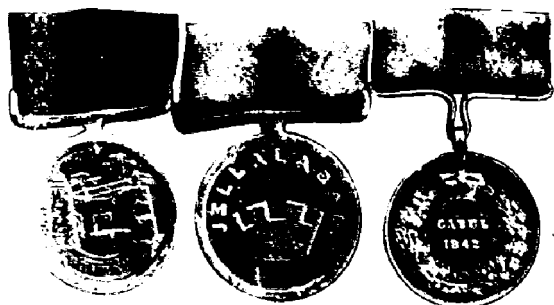


A SERGEANT-MAJOR'S GROUP. THESE FOUR MEDALS COST £37 10s.

The medals "For Distinguished Conduct in the Field" carry with them many interesting records of bravery. One exists in a group primarily belonging to an ex-sergeant of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the medal in question being awarded for bravery at Abu Klea on the 17th January, 1885. "When the Arabs had penetrated the square he specially distinguished himself by repeated acts of bravery and personal gallantry," and was later awarded a commission as lieutenant in the Inniskilling Fusiliers.

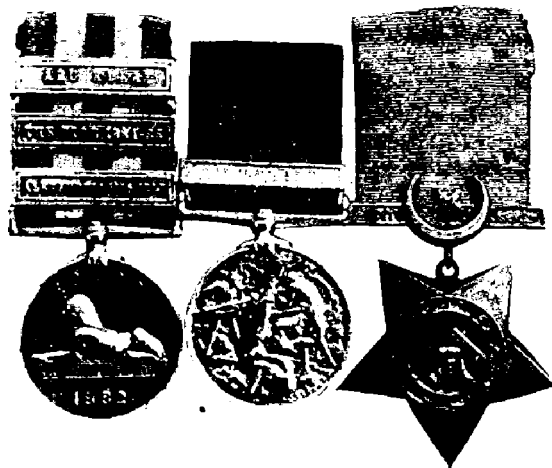
Another group of three were conferred upon a lieutenant and quartermaster for service with the 22nd in Scinde, 1842-3; in the campaign 1844-5 in Southern Mahratta, including the taking of Punella and Pownghur; with the 82nd in the Mutiny, including Windham's operations at Cawnpore; defeat of the Gwalior contingent; destruction of Fort Tuteha; action of Kala Midder; occupation of Furuckabad; defence of the Jail; and operations at Shahjehanpore. Altogether this officer served his Queen and country for thirty years. Reference may also be made to a group of four conferred on a sergeant-major of the 13th Light Infantry. This set was secured at an auction for £37 10s.

As examples of medals conferred upon Naval Brigades, we have a three-clasp medal for the Egyptian campaign, and the West African medal with clasp for Liowandi, 1893, awarded to the same man. Only thirty-four men took part in the latter expedition, and how many survived



AWARDED TO A COLORE SERGEANT.

is not within the writer's knowledge. There is a curious history attaching to these medals. They were left by the recipient, when his ship was ordered into the Channel for cruising, with a relative, who placed them for safety in a pudding basin on the dresser. One day she unwarily showed them to a chance acquaintance, with the result that, when the owner returned, the medals were gone. Subsequent proceedings proved that the chance caller had sold one at a time to a general dealer for 19s., giving what purported to be a copy of his discharge and representing himself as the owner. Unfortunately for him he proved to be a discharged sailor, and had used the same date as that on his own discharge for the forged copy. The medals were sold by the general dealer to a fishmonger, who parted with them to a jeweller in Portsea. By the latter they were passed on to another jeweller, from whom



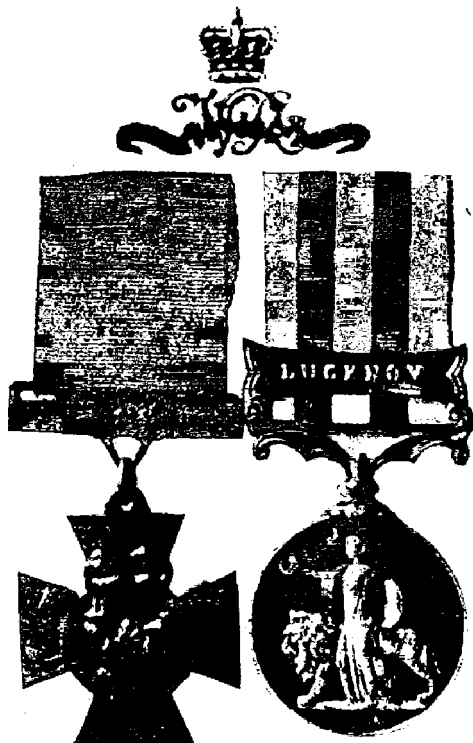
THREE NAVAL MEDALS WITH AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

they were bought for a sum equalling some twenty-five times the amount for which they were originally sold.

Lastly comes the Victoria Cross, the presentation of which as a reward for deeds of exceptional gallantry was inaugurated in 1856. It consists of a Maltese cross of bronze, attached by the letter V to a bar, on which a sprig of laurel is embossed. On the obverse, in the centre, are the British lion and crown, and, beneath, a scroll bearing the inscription "For Valour." The ribbon of the Army is red, while for the Navy it is blue. All white soldiers are placed on an equal footing as regards eligibility for this coveted badge, as neither rank, long service, wounds, nor any other circumstances whatever, save conspicuous bravery, can establish a claim to the honour. We illustrate a Victoria Cross, together with a Lucknow medal. This particular cross bears two dates, a rare occurrence, and was given for "At Lucknow carrying a bag of powder

through a burning village, and mining a passage to rear of enemy under fire. First to enter Jugdispore and helping to carry a wounded officer (Ensign Erskine) in retreat from Arrah."

It is a known fact that the cost of these crosses to the Government is about four-pence three-farthings per medal, yet a few months ago one changed hands at Sotheby's for a hundred guineas! It had a remarkable history. It was won by the late Colonel R. H. M. Aitken, more than forty years ago, for gallantry at Lucknow, but was never worn by him. In some unaccountable way the medal was lost before it was presented to



A VICTORIA CROSS AND A LUCKNOW MEDAL.

the brave soldier, who received a paper substitute, which was, later, replaced by a duplicate of the vanished medal. Nothing was heard of the missing cross until it made its appearance in an auction room in company with other war relics, when it was knocked down for £105. Many a Victoria Cross has changed hands for £25, though some have been picked up for a five-pound note. The value depends upon the interest of the action and the other medals which accompany it.

[The photographs of medals illustrating this article were taken by Mr. Sandell, Upper Norwood, on "Cristoid" films.]

THE FAT BOY.

PERHAPS an account of the Fat Boy, who lived in Willingham years ago, would interest readers of THE CAPTAIN. This wonderful boy was born on October 31st, 1741, and was of an extraordinary size for his age.

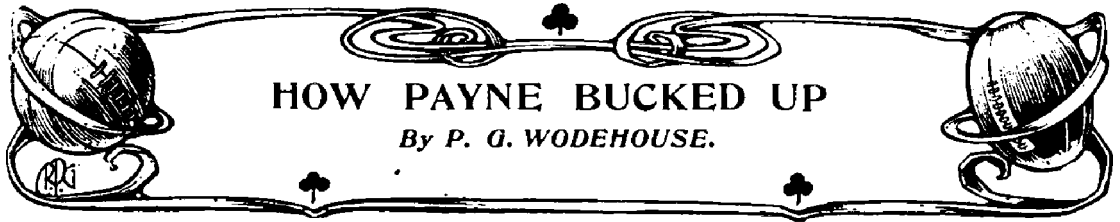
He did not become well-known outside the village until a surgeon, Mr. Dawkes, of St. Ives, Hunts, examined and measured him upon hearing about him. The surgeon went to see the boy, who was named Thomas Hall, when the youthful wonder was two years and ten months old. These were his measurements. Height, 3 ft. 8½ ins.; neck, 14 1-5 ins.; waist, 23 1-5 ins.; thickest part of thigh, 14 3-10 ins.; his weight in his clothes was 4 st. 2 lbs. He was extremely strong. Mr. Dawkes saw him take up, and throw from him, quite easily, a blacksmith's hammer weighing 17 lbs. The parents said that he went to school with other children, and if a boy made him angry, he did not fight him with his fists, but collared the offender and dashed him to the ground by sheer strength. He served boys three times as old as himself in this manner. His voice was like a man's, and his brain power was equal to that of a boy years older. Mr. Thomas Hall, his father, was a small man, and Mrs. Hall, his

mother, was of middle size. The boy did not live many years, but died on September 3rd, 1747. Some of the inhabitants proposed that a monumental stone should be erected in memory of him, so one was placed over his grave, with an inscription in Latin on it. The following is a translation:—

Stop traveller,
and, wondering, know
Here buried lie the remains of
THOMAS,
the son of Thomas and Margaret,
HALL;
who
not one year old,
had the signs of manhood:
not three,
was almost four feet high:
Endowed with uncommon strength,
a just proportion of parts,
and a stupendous voice:
before six
Died,
as it were, of an advanced age.

He was born in this village Oct. xxxi., mdcccli.
and in the same departed this life Sept. iii.,
mdccxlvii.

EDWIN L. READ.



HOW PAYNE BUCKED UP

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

I.

IT was Walkinshaw's affair from the first. Grey, the captain of the St. Austin's fifteen, was in the infirmary nursing a bad knee. To him came Charles Augustus Walkinshaw with a scheme. Walkinshaw was football secretary, and in Grey's absence acted as captain. Besides these two there were only a couple of last year's team left—Reade and Barrett, both of Philpott's house.

"Hullo, Grey, how's the knee?" said Walkinshaw.

Grey delivered a favourable bulletin, and asked for news.

"How's the team getting on?" he said.

"Well, as far as I can see," said Walkinshaw, "we ought to have a rather good season, if you'd only hurry up and come back. We beat a jolly hot lot of All Comers yesterday. Smith was playing for them. The Blue, you know. And lots of others. We got a goal and a try to *nil*."

"Good," said Grey. "Who did anything for us? Who scored?"

"I got in once. Payne got the other."

"By Jove, did he? What sort of a game is he playing this year?"

The moment had come for Walkinshaw to unburden himself of his scheme. He proceeded to do so.

"Not up to much," he said. "Look here, Grey. I've got rather an idea. It's my opinion Payne's not bucking up nearly as much as he might. Do you mind if I leave him out of the next game?"

Grey stared. The idea was revolutionary.

"What! Leave him out? My good man, he'll be the next chap to get his colours. He's a cert for his cap."

"That's just it. He knows he's a cert, and he's slacking on the strength of it. Now, my idea is that if you slung him out for a match or two, he'd buck up extra hard when he came into the team again. Can't I have a shot at it?"

Grey weighed the matter. Walkinshaw pressed home his arguments.

"You see, it isn't like cricket. At cricket, of course, it might put a chap off awfully to

be left out, but I don't see how it can hurt a man's play at footer. Besides, he's beginning to stick on side already."

"Is he, by Jove?" said Grey. This was the unpardonable sin. "Well, I'll tell you what you can do if you like. Get up a scratch game, First Fifteen *v.* Second, and make him captain of the Second."

"Right," said Walkinshaw, and retired beaming.

Walkinshaw, it may be remarked at once, to prevent mistakes, was a well-meaning idiot. There was no doubt about his being well-meaning. Also, there was no doubt about his being an idiot. He was continually getting insane ideas into his head, and being unable to get them out again. This matter of Payne was a good example of his customary methods. He had put his hand on the one really first-class forward St. Austin's possessed and proposed to remove him from the team. And yet through it all he was perfectly well-meaning. The fact that personally he rather disliked Payne had, to do him justice, no weight at all with him. He would have done the same by his bosom friend under like circumstances. This is the only excuse that can be offered for him. It was true that Payne regarded himself as a certainty for his colours, as far as anything can be considered certain in this vale of sorrow. But to accuse him of trading on this and, to use the vernacular, of putting on side, was unjust to a degree.

On the afternoon following this conversation Payne, who was a member of Dacre's house, came into his study and banged his books down on the table with much emphasis. This was a sign that he was feeling dissatisfied with the way in which affairs were conducted in the world. Bowden, who was asleep in an armchair—he had been staying in with a cold—woke with a start. Bowden shared Payne's study. He played centre three-quarters for the Second Fifteen.

"Hullo," he said.

Payne grunted. Bowden realised that matters had not been going well with him. He attempted to soothe him with conversation, choosing what he thought would be a congenial topic.

"What's on on Saturday?" he asked.

"Scratch game. First v. Second."

Bowden groaned.

"I know those First v. Second games," he said. "They turn the Second out to get butchered for thirty-five minutes each way, to improve the First's combination. It may be fun for the First, but it's not nearly so rollicking for us. Look here, Payne, if you find me with the pill at any time, you can let me down easy, you know. You needn't go bringing off any of your beastly gallery tackles."

"I won't," said Payne. "To start with, it would be against rules. We happen to be on the same side."

"Rot, man; I'm not playing for the First." This was the only explanation that occurred to him.

"I'm playing for the Second."

"What! Are you certain?"

"I've seen the list. They're playing Babington instead of me."

"But why? Babington's no good."

"I think they have a sort of idea I'm slacking or something. At any rate, Walkinshaw



A STORM OF YELLS AND COUNTER YELLS.

told me that if I bucked up I might get tried again."

"Silly goat," said Bowden. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to take his advice, and buck up."

II.

HE did. At the beginning of the game the ropes were lined by some thirty spectators, who had come to derive a languid enjoyment from seeing the First pile up a record score. By half-time their numbers had risen to an excited mob of something over three hundred, and the second half of the game was fought out to the accompaniment of a storm

of yells and counter yells such as usually only belonged to school matches. The Second Fifteen, after a poor start, suddenly awoke to the fact that this was not going to be the conventional massacre by any means. The First had scored an unconverted try five minutes after the kick-off, and it was after this that the Second began to get together. The school back bungled the drop out badly, and had to find touch in his own twenty-five, and after that it was anyone's game. The scrums were a treat to behold. Payne was a monument of strength. Time after time the Second had the ball out to their three-quarters, and just after half-time Bowden slipped through in the corner. The kick failed, and the two teams, with their scores equal now, settled down grimly to fight the thing out to a finish. But though they remained on their opponents' line for most of the rest of the game, the Second did not add to their score, and the match ended in a draw of three points all.

The first intimation Grey received of this came to him late in the evening. He had been reading a novel which, whatever its other merits may have been, was not interesting, and it had sent him to sleep. He awoke to hear a well-known voice observe with some unction: "Ah! M'yes. Leeches and hot fomentations." This effectually banished sleep. If there were two things in the world that he loathed, they were leeches and hot fomentations, and the school doctor apparently regarded them as a panacea for every kind of bodily ailment, from a fractured skull to a cold in the head. It was this gentleman who had just spoken, but Grey's alarm vanished as he perceived that the words had no personal application to himself. The object of the remark was a fellow-sufferer in the next bed but one. Now Grey was certain that when he had fallen asleep there had been nobody in that bed. When, therefore, the medical expert had departed on his fell errand, the quest of leeches and hot fomentations, he sat up and gave tongue.

"Who's that in that bed?" he asked.

"Hullo, Grey," replied a voice. "Didn't know you were awake. I've come to keep you company."

"That you, Barrett? What's up with you?"

"Collar-bone. Dislocated it or something. Reade's over in that corner. He has bust his ankle. Oh, yes, we've been having a nice, cheery afternoon," concluded Barrett, bitterly.

"Great Scott! How did it happen?"

"Payne."

"Where? In your collar-bone?"

"Yes. That wasn't what I meant, though. What I was explaining was that Payne got hold of me in the middle of the field, and threw me into touch. After which he fell on me. That was enough for my simple needs. I'm not grasping."

"How about Reade?"

"The entire Second scrum collapsed on top of Reade. When we dug him out his ankle was crooked. Mainspring gone, probably. Then they gathered up the pieces and took them gently away. I don't know how it all ended."

Just then Walkinshaw burst into the room. He had a large bruise over one eye, his arm was in a sling, and he limped. But he was in excellent spirits.

"I knew I was right, by Jove," he observed to Grey. "I knew he could buck up if he liked."

"I know it now," said Barrett.

"Who's this you're talking about?" said Grey.

"Payne. I've never seen anything like the game he played to-day. He was everywhere. And, by Jove, *his tackling!*"

"Don't," said Barrett, wearily.

"It's the best match I ever played in," said Walkinshaw, bubbling over with enthusiasm. "Do you know, the Second had all the best of the game."

"What was the score?"

"Draw. One try all."

"And now I suppose you're satisfied?" enquired Barrett. The great scheme for the regeneration of Payne had been confided to him by its proud patentee.

"Almost," said Walkinshaw. "We'll continue the treatment for one more game, and then we'll have him simply fizzing for the Windybury match. That's next Saturday. By the way, I'm afraid you'll hardly be fit again in time for that, Barrett, will you?"

"I may possibly," said Barrett, coldly. "be getting about again in time for the Windybury match the year after next. This year I'm afraid I shall not have the pleasure. And I should strongly advise you, if you don't want to have to put a team of cripples into the field, to discontinue the treatment, as you call it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Walkinshaw.

On the following Wednesday evening at five o'clock, something was carried in on a stretcher, and deposited in the bed which lay between Grey and Barrett. Close scrutiny revealed the fact that it was what had once

been Charles Augustus Walkinshaw. He was slightly broken up.

"Payne?" enquired Grey in chilly tones.

Walkinshaw admitted the impeachment.

Grey took a pencil and a piece of paper from the table at his side. "If you want to know what I'm doing," he said, "I'm writing out the team for the Windybury match, and I'm going to make Payne captain as the senior

did not occur. The school, in spite of its absentees, contrived to pull the match off by a try to *nil*. Payne, as was only right and proper, scored the try, making his way through the ranks of the visiting team with the quiet persistence of a steam-roller. After the game he came to tea, by request, at the infirmary, and was straightway invested by Grey with his First Fifteen colours. On his



"I KNEW HE COULD BUCK UP IF HE LIKED," SAID WALKINSHAW.

Second Fifteen man. And if we win I'm jolly well going to give him his cap after the match. If we don't win, it'll be the fault of a raving lunatic of the name of Walkinshaw, with his beastly Colney Hatch schemes for reforming slack forwards. You utter rotter!"

Fortunately for the future peace of mind of C. A. Walkinshaw the latter contingency

arrival he surveyed the invalids with interest.

"Rough game, footer," he observed at length.

"Don't mention it," said Barrett politely. "Leeches," he added dreamily. "Leeches and hot fomentations. *Boiling* fomentations. Will somebody kindly murder Walkinshaw!"

"Why?" asked Payne, innocently.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF STRENGTH DEVELOPERS.

By C. B. FRY.

JUDGING from the fact that rather more than two-thirds of the enquiries addressed to this Corner of the magazine have reference to physical development in its various branches, I think it may be useful to collect a few considerations on the subject.

One of the first points to grasp thoroughly is that there is an intimate connection between strength and general health. It is perfectly ridiculous for any one who wishes to cultivate his physique to devote his attention to developing his muscles, while neglecting the ordinary rules of health. It does not matter whether you are training on some special lines for a particular athletic feat, such, for instance, as a sprint race, or whether you are merely following some system of physical culture with a view to developing your muscular system all over—it stands as an absolute certainty that you must, quite apart from your exercise, lead a perfectly healthy life in order to succeed. If a man eats too much, drinks too much, and keeps late and irregular hours, or otherwise disobeys the laws of health, he does himself harm which cannot be cured by the possession of a pair of grip dumb-bells. A man who over-eats and takes exercise is likely to be in a better condition than a man who over-eats and takes none; but the proper way to escape the evil effects of over-eating is not to use dumb-bells, but to adopt moderation in food. And in any case the whole basis of physical development is the general health, a good digestion, pure blood, and wholesome tissue. Exercise, of course, contributes to the general health; but it is absurd to go in for muscle building while neglecting the simple rules of health. This may appear fairly obvious; nevertheless, I have come across people who pay no attention to the principle implied.

Physical Development is a Gradual Process
—you cannot rush it.

Next, I would call your attention to a very important point. Whatever appliance for physical development you use, whether you go in for ordinary gymnastics or for one of

the various patent machines, you must, if you wish to obtain a good result, follow a proper system of exercises in the proper manner. Physical training, of whatever kind, is a gradual process—you cannot rush it; you must work regularly for a considerable time, and you must do the right amount of work on each occasion. This has been proved beyond doubt. There is no such thing as physical development by fits and starts; it is no good working with spasmodic energy for a couple of days or so, and then knocking off for a week, and it is no good doing a tremendous amount of work one day and very little the next. The amount of work should be regular, and it should be graduated. That is to say, you should do a certain amount every day, or every other day, and keep it up regularly. Probably several months will elapse before you find much improvement in yourself, but impatience is useless, because you cannot hurry the result. Moreover, it is of the utmost importance not to confine yourself to one particular exercise; you should follow a systematic course. Each exercise develops a certain muscle or group of muscles; so if you confine yourself to one exercise, or pay more attention to it than to others, you simply develop one muscle or set of muscles disproportionately. All the professors of physical culture insist upon the importance of following systematically a course of exercises which collectively bring into play all the muscles of the body. The proper course to follow, suppose you devote half-an-hour a day to exercise of this sort, is not to spend the time upon one or two exercises, but to go through the whole lot, devoting a few minutes to each.

Now, if you wish to exercise yourself with a strength developer or with dumb-bells, merely for the sake of a little exercise, it does not very much matter whether you follow a system or not, but if, on the other hand, you are aiming at possessing a well-developed body, that is to say, at having your whole muscular system well developed, you must follow a course of exercises so arranged that all your muscles are brought into play. From this you will see that it does not matter so much what kind of strength developer you

use, as whether or not the course of exercises supplied with it is well arranged and complete or not. I need hardly caution you against the mistake of providing yourself with a strength developer, and setting to work upon it, guided merely by your own fancy. If you do you are morally certain to develop some muscles and not others. Most of the strength appliances which are now sold are excellent, because they are specially designed to provide a course of systematic exercise. The descriptions or charts of the various exercises should be carefully studied and followed, for most of them are compiled and arranged with a thorough knowledge of the muscular system and its requirements.

One of the commonest mistakes made by those who do not follow a systematic course of exercise is to develop one muscle distinctly at the expense of another. Most of the muscles of the body are arranged in pairs, which are meant to work together. For the proper movement of any limb, it is essential that not one muscle but a pair of muscles be well developed. Perhaps the best example is the arm. Here you have the biceps and the triceps. The contraction of the biceps bends the arm, that of the triceps straightens it. Now, suppose a man has a very well-developed biceps but a weak triceps, he will, so far as his arm alone is concerned, be able to pull very strongly, but to push only weakly; he might be able to pull himself up to a bar with the greatest ease, yet be unable, standing on his head, to lift his own weight off the ground on his hands. As a matter of fact, this is a very common instance of disproportionate development among those who use dumb-bells in a casual and unsystematic way; the reason is that they fall into the habit of using the dumb-bells in such a way that the biceps is brought into play against the weight of the bell in bending the arm, whereas in straightening the arm they let it fall by its own weight instead of straightening the arm by the thrusting power of the triceps.

Do not Develop one Muscle at the Expense of Another.

A slight experiment will prove to you how easy it is to fall into a disproportionate use of the biceps and the triceps; and the same holds good of other pairs of muscles, though not perhaps in quite so exaggerated a degree.

It is just this development of one muscle at the expense of its mate that constitutes

being muscle-bound. The stronger of the pair, owing to insufficient resistance on the other side, appears to grow into a state of perpetual semi-contraction, which is much the same as if the muscle grew shorter; consequently the free play of the limb is impeded. Being muscle-bound is, therefore, merely the extreme of developing one muscle or set of muscles at the expense of another. This emphasises the importance of following a complete course of exercise which develops all the muscles symmetrically.

This brings me to another point. I am frequently asked whether the new system of physical development by means of strength appliances of various kinds is better than the older form of gymnastics, where the parallel and horizontal bars are used. It seems to me that a developer, properly used, and a gymnasium, properly used, bring about pretty much the same result. On the whole, I should be inclined to say that gymnasium work on a proper system, under the eyes of a competent instructor, cannot be improved upon.

Strength Developers can be used in a Wrong way.

But, on the other hand, many of those who attend gymnasiums, instead of following a comprehensive course of exercises, confine themselves to a few exercises which they like especially, with the result that their development is disproportionate. It must be remembered that those among the new school of physical culturalists who claim that strength developers are better than gymnasium work, do so merely on the ground that developers are more convenient and more easily adjusted to a complete system of exercise. They claim no superiority over scientific gymnastic instructors, but say that in many cases gymnastics are harmful, because they are not used in the right way. Of course strength developers, too, can be used in a wrong way.

To turn to another point, correspondents are continually asking me whether the use of dumb-bells, Indian clubs, and elastic strength appliances are good for training, for running and jumping, or for cricket, or for football, or for rowing. Now the proper object of all such appliances is the systematic development of all the muscles all over the body, or, in certain cases, the development of a particular set of muscles which is defective. Success at a particular game or sport, on the other hand,

depends on particular muscular aptitudes required in that particular pursuit. No one can make himself a better cricketer by the use, say, of dumb-bells, except in so far as dumb-bell exercise improves his general health and strength. Speed comes from the practice of sprinting, skill in batting from practice in batting, but, nevertheless, a man who is well developed muscularly all over is in a better position to improve himself in special pursuits, such as sprinting or batting, than one who is not.

It is now recognised that a judicious use of gymnastic appliances of the developer description is of great value in cases of malformation or defective development of the body. But in such cases the utmost caution is necessary to avoid wrong exercises, or anything in the shape of excess. Indeed, any one who employs developers as a cure for such misfortunes should take skilled and competent advice and proceed warily. But properly used, such appliances have produced most satisfactory results.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. L. N.—I am afraid I cannot give you any useful advice about increasing your weight. You see, if you take plenty of exercise and are in good condition, you are sure to be about your proper natural weight, and if you try to increase your weight artificially, the chances are you will do yourself more harm than good. Of course, 8st. 7lb. is rather light for a back. By the way, you do not say whether you play Association or Rugby. But in any case there have been plenty of men who, though light, have been successful backs at both games. A light man can be as clever as a heavy one in tackling and kicking. He is liable to be rushed, but he can often make up for his deficiency in weight by being extra nippy.

Ambitious.—A professional cricketer usually begins with an appointment as ground bowler to a club. He finds out what clubs want bowlers and applies to the secretaries. Some secretaries take men merely on the recommendations produced, others have the bowlers down to look at. The Kent County Club takes a great deal of trouble to discover and look after promising young bowlers. If you think your club would give you a good recommendation, or, indeed, in any case, you might write to Mr. T. Pawley, Secretary of the Kent Cricket Club, Tonbridge. If you go in for Indian clubs, do not use heavy ones, and learn a proper set of exercises. I recommend "Indian Club Exercises," by C. E. Lord, a little pamphlet published by Lund, Humphries and Co., 5 Amen Corner, E.C.

G. O.—An all-round cricketer is one who can both bat and bowl. As I only bowl now once in a blue moon, I do not think I have any title to a place in the list.

Todmorden.—I shall be happy to do what you ask if you do what you say.

R. N. Cluer.—Your bowler seems to have let the ball slip out of his hand, so that it dropped in the middle of the pitch and stayed there. I do not

see how it could be a no-ball. The umpire might perhaps call a wide on account of the ball not being within reach of the batsman; it would be difficult to prove such a decision wrong. On the other hand, suppose the batsman ran out of his ground down the wicket and claimed his right to have a hit at the ball as it lay? That is what happened once in a County match, but the matter was complicated, because the bowler ran after the ball, picked it up before the batsman could get to it, and threw the batsman's wicket down. There was a tremendous argument about the case, but I forget what the final decision was.

Old Etonian.—I have not the least idea how the members of the I Zingari Club are elected. I have never heard that the club pays any attention to the fostering of cricket in foreign parts.

Sussexite.—For whitening cricket boots use either ordinary pipe-clay or Blanco. Lockwood is, I think, on his day, the fastest bowler in England at present. On the whole, I should say that M. A. Noble, the Australian, is the best all-round cricketer playing. As the best all-round fieldsman I should select G. L. Jessop. On present form V. Trumper is the best bat in the Australian Eleven.

N. L. P.—When a batsman lets his bat fly out of his hand in making a stroke, it is usual, after he has waited a second or two in order to show that the stroke is finished, to consider the ball dead. If the batsman is in doubt, he should ask one of the fieldsmen to give him his bat, or else ask the captain of the fielding side for leave to fetch it. If the batsman walked out after his bat immediately on letting it go, and the wicket-keeper put the wicket down, the umpire would have to give the man out.

B. E. Knapp.—Sorry to hear of your accident; it is very awkward to disarrange any of the complicated mechanism of the knee. Mind when your knee gets well not to put much strain on it at first. Take some bicycle rides and some good walks before attempting games. You are quite right—there is plenty of good and enjoyable cricket outside first-class. There are, of course, many excellent cricketers who have not time to play for counties, but who, if they did, would prove successful. I am glad to receive so interesting a letter as yours. The Australian team is a very strong one, but I do not think it is really superior to the best English team. The English eleven suffers a great disadvantage from not playing together regularly.

Irishman.—It looks to me very much as though you ran on the first day without sufficient practice during the previous three weeks or so. Muscles do not become stiff unless they are suddenly put to unaccustomed work. It is just the same with cricket and football. Every one is stiff after his first day at net practice and after his first football match of the season, but as soon as the muscles get into working order the stiffness wears off. The only proper cure for stiffness is gradual training of the muscles in the work you want them to do. But the best way to get rid of stiffness when you have got it is to take a hot bath, or, better still, a Turkish bath, directly after exercise, and then be thoroughly well rubbed down and massaged. A superficial rub is not much good; the muscles need thoroughly kneading.

A. H. Cooper, A. E. J., M. K. H.—As my replies to you deal with the scientific side of cricket, look for them here at the beginning of next season. They will be of more use to you than at this time of the year.

C. B. F.

(Several Answers are Held Over).



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodbury Company.



SOME INCIDENTS FROM MONTENEGRO.

I.—CONCERNING A STRAYED GOAT.

THE INNOCENT cause of the catastrophe I am about to relate was a goat.

A Montenegrin shepherd boy was guarding his flock on the Albanian frontier, not far from the town of Podgoritza, when he noticed all of a sudden that one of his goats had strayed over the border. In these lands, the inhabitants have a marvellous power of communicating with each other at extremely long distances; often men may be seen talking to one another at a distance of three or four miles, or even more. So the shepherd boy, seeing some Albanians on a neighbouring hill, called out to them: "Chase me back my goat."

They, however, answered:

"If thou art not afraid, go fetch thy goat back thyself, for we are not thy servants."

The boy, therefore, who was but thirteen years old, took his rifle, and crossed over after his goat. Hardly had he come within range, when the crack of a rifle rang out, and the boy fell, shot through the head.

This cowardly deed had, however, been seen by other Montenegrin shepherds, and that night a small party entered Albania, and, surprising three Albanians sleeping in a hut on the hill, shot them.

It may be here remarked that in these vendettas it is not necessary to kill the actual perpetrators of the deed; to murder any man of their family or tribe is considered sufficient revenge. The life of a man of high birth, or of noted bravery, is counted as an equivalent to the lives of four or five common men. Women and children are always spared, but a boy, directly he can carry a rifle and stand up to the kick of it, which he begins to do at a ridiculously early age, affords as good a revenge as a grown man.

Three or four miles distant from Podgoritza, along the high road to the lake of Scutari, there lived a wealthy miller, of great repute among the people, and the Albanians settled on him as their next victim. They came to his house by night, and, climbing on to the roof, removed a few tiles. They saw the miller sleeping in the room underneath, and shot him in his bed.

The Montenegrins soon had an opportunity

for a crushing revenge. It was during the month of fasting, when the Mohammedans eat nothing by day, but at sunset meet and feast together in huge sheds till the break of day. On one of these occasions the Montenegrins stole across, and, surprising such a gathering, accounted for seven or eight Albanians.

Montenegro, as well as Albania, is divided into clans, with chieftains, and the members of each clan claim the same blood relationship with the chief as with one another. Now it so happened that a young bugler of the standing army belonged to the same

a party of Montenegrins set out the same night to take a fitting revenge for the insult offered to the royal house. Otherwise, the Prince punishes in the most vigorous fashion those who are caught crossing the frontier on such blood-thirsty missions.

But no more fitting persons for purposes of vengeance-taking could be found than an unlucky handful of unarmed fishermen, who were shot without compunction.

The Prince now gave strict orders for the feud to cease, which orders, as far as the Montenegrins are concerned, have been obeyed—up to the present.



"NOT SO EASILY DOES AN ALBANIAN DIE."

family as the Princess of Montenegro, and, moreover, was born in the same village, which lies near the Albanian frontier, where the previous murders were committed. The youth was home on leave, and was standing one evening in his father's doorway, when shots suddenly broke the calm of the evening, and he fell back dead into the house.

At this time the Prince was staying at his palace at Podgoritza, but a few miles from the scene of this murder. It is said that he was so incensed that he actually *ordered* an example to be made of the Albanians, and

Naturally, the Albanians did not leave matters at this stage, and the last episode happened very shortly afterwards close to the suburbs of Podgoritza. One day a number of them came to market, fully armed, as is their custom. This right is allowed them by the Montenegrins, who say that they do not fear an Albanian, armed or unarmed, and that he may bring a cannon with him to market, if he wishes. On the other hand, when the Montenegrin goes into Albania on a peaceful errand, he must leave his arms at the frontier.

Under cover of the darkness, the Albanians

slunk out that very night and hid themselves in two hollows by the roadside; they had heard that a Montenegrin official of high standing would pass that way, and he was their intended victim. However, events turned out differently to what they had supposed, for a patrol of four gendarmes passed along the road. As they approached the place where the Albanians were lying in ambush, one of the gendarmes, oddly enough an Albanian in the Montenegrin service, was marching slightly ahead. On his hearing what seemed to him a suspicious sound, he turned, and said half-jokingly to his comrades:

"I hear a queer noise; perhaps our last hour has come."

At the same instant, two volleys broke the stillness of the night, from the front and rear of the little party, and the man with the joke newly on his lips was shot mortally in the throat; he rushed forward, crying, "Not so easily does an Albanian die," and, after firing two shots from his rifle, fell dead. Another of the gendarmes was hit four times, but he managed to discharge the contents of his gun from the spot where he had fallen. The other two, one absolutely unhurt, and the other only slightly wounded in the hand, dropped their rifles and fled. Two Albanians died in their homes during the next few days from wounds which they had received, but the gendarme with the four bullets in him is still living, and has resumed his duties. The town was naturally alarmed at the heavy firing, but the Albanians managed to effect their escape.

At the stringent orders of Prince Nicolas, the feud then ceased for a time, but the Montenegrin shepherds still wore their coats, which are made of sheepskin, with the wool inside, a sign that they had not forgotten. In the summer a relation of the murdered Albanian gendarme, also a naturalised Montenegrin, crossed the border one day presumably alone, and, coming to an open tract of land, saw some Albanians at work. Selecting a victim, he took careful aim and fired, but only inflicted a slight wound.

The Montenegrin at once took to flight, and was pursued by the rest of the Albanians, who caught sight of him, and likewise managed

to wound him. Though badly hit, the Montenegrin eluded his pursuers and reached the River Zeta, which is the border between the two countries. But he was now too weak to enter the kind of canoe which he had used to paddle himself across, and so hid himself in the willows overhanging the river. There chanced to be coming along in a different direction an Albanian of another clan, and he spied the unlucky Montenegrin hiding in the bushes. He had heard firing, and saw the Montenegrin bleeding. So, putting two and two together, he took aim, and shot the wounded man dead. Then, waving his hand to the other Albanians, he went on his way well pleased with himself.

So, in this vendetta, Montenegro is still one to the bad.

A rather characteristic result of this last episode has been the setting of the Montenegrin law in motion. Not, as would be commonly supposed, to bring the murderers to justice, but to find out if the dead man had any accomplices in his raid across the border. If any could be found, they would be most severely punished, probably receiving ten years' imprisonment, not for having invaded friendly territory, but for having deserted their comrade, and leaving him to his fate.

Thus is the vendetta legally encouraged and cowardice punished therewith (by law).



A TYPICAL ALBANIAN
WITH HANDJAR IN HIS
MOUTH.

From a Photo.

II.—CONCERNING A COW.

IF Keco had not been so inordinately fond of his cow, this story would, in all probability, never have been told. But pride and love of boasting have led to all the prophesied copybook endings. Keco, though he has not yet fallen a victim to his pride, is bound to do so before long.

It came about in this way.

Keco is a poor Montenegrin peasant, living at Fundina—a small village on the Albanian frontier, and the site of the famous battle fought against Turkey thirty years ago—and is possessed of "one ewe lamb," though in this case it takes the shape of a cow.

The cow gave more and better milk than any other in the whole district, and Keco could not refrain from spreading this fact

abroad. At the weekly market in the neighbouring town of Podgoritza, to which the peasants of the entire surrounding country flock, Montenegrin, Albanian and Turk alike, Keco loudly sang the praises of his cow.

"Who hath a more wonderful cow than mine?" he would say to the little group of peasants around him at the market; "taste this milk or this butter, and confirm the truth of what I say."

But Ismail, a Turk from the village across the border in Albania, heard this, and envied Keco his possession so much that he could think of nothing else by day, and dreamt of the cow by night.

At last he could stand it no longer, and, creeping across the border one night, stole Keco's cow and took it back with him to his own village. Keco's anger and despair can be well imagined; he was as a man demented, but that was nothing compared to the helpless fury which possessed him when Ismail approached him on the next market day, saying:

"Thy cow is all that thou hast said of it, Keco. It yieldeth more milk than other cows, even in my district, and of a far better quality. It was too good a cow to remain longer in thy possession, so I have taken it."

For many minutes Keco fought with himself, his hand straying to his revolver, and his eyes blinded with anger. But Ismail knew that in Podgoritza he was safe. No man ever dares to shoot in that town. It means instant death to the murderer, or, should he escape, by the shadow of a chance, almost as bad a fate eventually overtakes him in a long term of imprisonment in chains.

So Keco swallowed his wrath and went to the town captain to tell his story. Law proceedings were instituted, which dragged along wearily for many months, after the most approved fashion of

civilisation. Keco and Ismail met weekly at the market. With a refinement of cruelty, Ismail always told the outraged Montenegrin the amount of milk yielded during the past week, the still unvarying excellence of its quality, and much other information which enraged the impatient Keco not a little.

The months passed by, and presently Ismail told Keco that his cow had now got a little calf.

This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Keco, being no nearer to obtaining his property by law than before, decided to take the matter into his own hands.

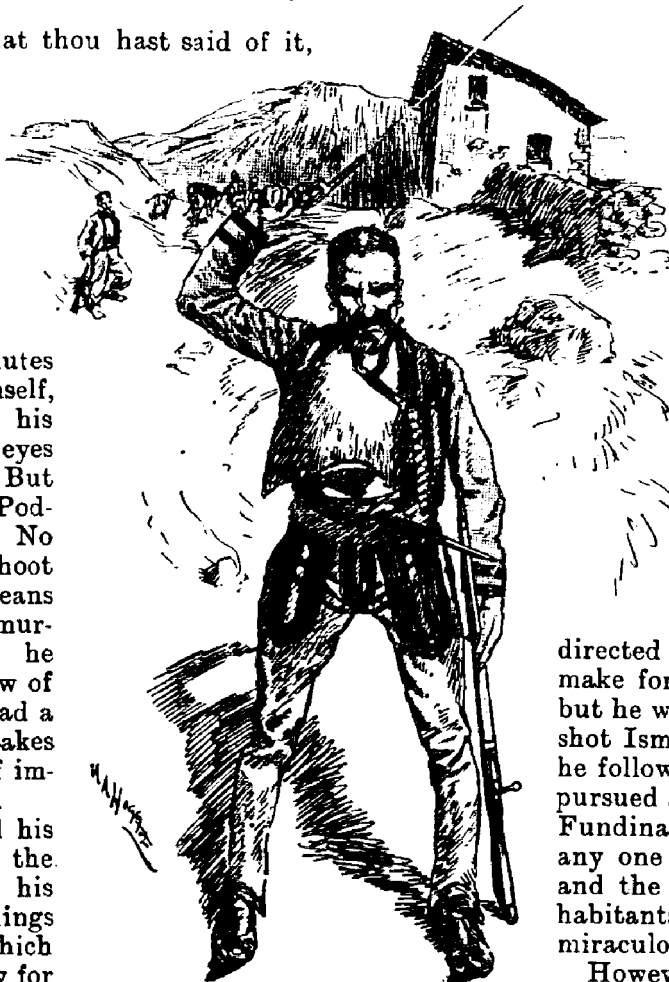
Choosing two companions, likewise from his village, he crossed the border by daylight, and entered the village of Ismail at midday. Such a deed of reckless daring is almost without parallel in local history.

Finding Ismail's house, Keco walked in and took his cow and calf away before the

eyes of the inmates, who were literally petrified with astonishment, so much so, that they were unable to raise the alarm, or call Ismail and his son, who were at work in the fields outside. But Keco, overjoyed at regaining his cow so easily, fired his revolver several times into the air in sheer bravado, thus alarming the entire village, who rushed into the street, rifles in hand. Getting clear of the houses under a shower of bullets, Keco

directed his companions to make for home with the prize, but he waited, and deliberately shot Ismail and his son before he followed the others. Though pursued a long way, all reached Fundina in safety, which, to any one knowing the country and the deadly aim of the inhabitants, is little short of miraculous.

However, facts speak for themselves; there were Keco, and his companions, and the



KECO FIRED HIS REVOLVER SEVERAL TIMES INTO THE AIR.

cow and calf in safety at Fundina, and Ismail and his son lying dead across the border. The fame of Keco's deed spread throughout the land, where such deeds are understood and appreciated.

We had heard the story long before we reached Fundina on our journeys in Montenegro, and so approached the place with a fitting feeling of awe. But, when we saw Keco, we found him sadly lacking in the outward and visible signs of a warrior. He is a small man for this land, no longer very young, and extremely haggard. His hands trembled so that he could scarcely roll a cigarette, and it was not until we had talked with him that our respect for him rose again to its previous height.

Since his memorable raid to regain his own, his life has not been safe for a moment by day or night. The insult to the tribe of Albanians with whom Ismail lived, was too great to be ever forgotten. Montenegro and Albania are essentially countries of the vendetta, and no worse one exists than that on the border.

Keco knows that he must die, but it is not death that he fears, as he told us.

"We must all die once," he said. "I have no children, and my wife I have provided for."

He has built her a house of stone, and it is now a modest little wayside inn where she can live in comparative comfort. With the methodical care of a man who knows that his days are numbered, he has planned and arranged everything for the future, and quietly awaits his end.

Why does he not sell his property in Fundina and fly the neighbourhood? There are towns in Montenegro where his life would be comparatively safe. Why wait and court death? These are questions that will rise to the lips of everyone who reads this story. Let Keco answer them himself. He is only one of the many living in such positions with one foot in the grave.

"If I fly, I am no longer a brave man, I am no longer a hero, and people would forget my deed. Furthermore, the vendetta would fall on the heads of my brothers and other relations living here. They must then die for my cowardice."

It is a pathetic picture, a quaint mixture

of vainglory and self-sacrifice, another form of offering on the altar of that most exacting and pitiless of gods, "Honour."

So Keco lives on, waiting for the bullet that will end the trials and troubles of his earthly life, but as a brave man, and taking every precaution. Twice he has been attacked. The first time he was alone in the fields, when he was fired at from a long range. He immediately took his rifle, and, by a circuitous route, endeavoured to cut off his assailants on their way back. Another brave deed, for he went alone; but he only succeeded in sighting his enemies in the distance and giving them a few parting shots.

Again, one evening, on emerging from his house, accompanied by his wife (who never leaves his side after dark) and trusty dog, the dog began barking furiously, and was with difficulty held back. Then he saw seven Albanians lying in ambush within thirty yards of him! But they decamped without firing, for they were afraid of hitting the woman as well.

It is curious that where these wild, lawless people fear neither God nor man, to kill a woman is an unpardonable, nay, unthought-of offence of unspeakable shame! Should a woman be killed even accidentally in the course of a vendetta, it would lead to the utter extermination of the tribe connected with the act. Even friendly clans would join in the general crusade against them.

So it is that Keco's wife follows him at dusk as faithfully as his dog.

Another precaution adopted by Keco is to change his sleeping place. He sleeps in a different part of the little house every night, or makes his bed among the bushes outside. For the Albanians come often at night and climb on the roof of their victim's house, or rather hut, and, removing a few tiles, shoot the sleeping man in his bed.

When Keco goes to market he is always accompanied by some of his fellow villagers. So but a few moments' thought will explain the haggard face and shaking hands—for this has been going on for months.

Under such circumstances, the bravest man would become a victim to nerves, as poor Keco has.

Perhaps the end will be welcome when it comes.

SCHOOL LAYS AND COLLEGE LYRICS.

By C. L. McCLUER STEVENS.

I.

PRACTICALLY every one of our great public educational establishments possesses its own set of school songs. In many instances these boyhood ballads have been handed down orally from generation to generation, precisely as, among the ancient Greeks, were the heroic ballads of pre-Homeric days. In other cases they have been preserved—and buried—in ponderous school histories, which nobody ever reads. Some few sets, again, have been gathered together in one large volume, and set to music; while yet other instances occur where the words alone have been printed, in tiny but costly books, for private circulation.

One of these latter lies open before me as I write. It is entitled "Sedbergh School Songs," and it is bound in parchment and gold, and printed on paper as smooth as velvet and well-nigh as thick as cardboard—altogether as dainty a morsel for a bibliophile to linger over as could well be imagined. It is fitted, too, with a metrical preface, which is so prettily and daintily done that I have ventured to annex, from its wealth of iambs, a poor dozen of lines, and utilise them as a sort of introduction to the poetical part of this present article.

The writer very properly leads off by lauding his little collection of lyrics to the school-boys for whose delectation they were originally written. Then, waxing reminiscent, he proceeds plaintively:—

But what of those whose boyhood lies
In the dim land of memories?
If ever, friends, there come to you
Thoughts of the old amid the new,
And what you were when life was young,
And woods were green, and songs were sung,
And what you hoped to be when you
Were man, and what you meant to do;
If e'er for you such fancies raise
The ghost of long-forgotten days,
Then, for the sake of "auld lang syne,"
Take up and read these songs of mine.

And so say all of us. The boy usually loses by projecting himself, or attempting to

project himself, into manhood. The man in variously gains by permitting himself to become, if only for one brief hour, a boy again. And in no wise can this be accomplished better than by conning over these old school songs, instinct with young life, and breathing in each and every line the spirit either of the playing fields, the class-room, or the college green.

Take, for instance, the famous "Willow the King," sung, recited, and chanted by whole generations of school-boys. Note the lilt of the lines: and then imagine them roared lustily, yet tunefully, from a dozen score of youthful throats:—

Willow the King is a monarch grand,
Three in a row his courtiers stand;
Every day when the sun shines bright,
The doors of his palace are painted white;
And all the company bow their backs
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax.
So ho! So ho! may the courtiers sing,
Honour and life to Willow the King.

Then cometh along the "Leathery Duke," seeking entrance at the palace door. But—

Willow the King stepped forward bold
Three good feet from his castle hold;
Willow the King stepped back so light,
Skirmished gay to the left and right.
But the duke rushed by with a leap and a
fling—

"Bless my soul!" says Willow the King,
So ho! etc.

Crash the palaces—sad to see—
Crash and tumble the courtiers three!
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,
Down on the grass his respected head;
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,
Up in the air his respected toes.

So ho! etc.

Of an entirely different type is the old Harrovian ditty entitled "Euclid," recalling as it does memories of the days when we struggled vainly with the mysteries of the "Pons Asinorum," ignorant, happily, of the horrors of that

terrible "Fifth Book" to which it led. And that "little black demon"! Is there one boy or man that reads these lines who does not know—and hate—the elusive imp? And then, again, who but a school boy would dream of evolving a comic song out of a mathematical problem?

O, have you, with Euclid before you,
Full often despairingly sat,
The Fifth Proposition before you,
Your mind getting blank as your hat?
To the little black demon you owe it,
The corner at C is his den;
He waits till you fancy you know it,
Then makes you forget it again.

O, worse than the rock to the seaman,
O, worse than the blight to the tree,
Is the face of the little black demon,
Who lurks in the corner at C.
He hops and he jumps without reason,
All over, and under, and through,
And grins as he teaches his treason
To logic, and Euclid, and you.

How sides, by a curious juggle,
Together are less than the base;
How parallel lines, with a struggle,
Succeed in enclosing a space;
Then mixing up angle and angle,
Puts lines where no lines ought to be,
And leaving your mind in a tangle,
Goes back to his corner at C.

There are several more verses, the moral eventually pointed being that the little black demon, after the fashion of his kith and kin the world over, will, if boldly faced and properly tackled, cease from further troubling.

Not the least interesting among school lyrics are those which recall, for the benefit of present scholars, the presence at the college, in days gone by, of "old boys" who afterwards became famous. Harrow is especially rich in these ditties, many of them being excellent in their way. One of the best, perhaps—as it certainly is, at all events, the most popular—is that known as "The Byron Lay"—the title a quaint play upon words, as will be seen by referring to the opening line:—

Byron lay, lazily lay,
Hid from lesson and game away,
Dreaming poetry all alone,
Up-a-top of the Peachey Stone.
All in a fury enters Drury,
Sets him grammar and Virgil due;
Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't
have,
Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood, steadily stood,
Just by the names in the carven wood,
Reading rapidly, all at ease,
Pages out of Demosthenes.
"Where has he got to? Tell him not to!"
All the scholars who hear him, cry;
"That's the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,
That's the lesson for next July."

The above two verses give a good idea of the general scope and tenor of this curious poem, and have, therefore, been specially selected for quotation; but they also possess an esoteric interest, in that they show how, even at this early period of their respective careers, poet and statesman had begun to develop the special traits which were afterwards to make them famous. The "Peachey Stone," it may be mentioned, takes its peculiar name from one Dan Peachey, a well-known character and school-servant of the latter part of the eighteenth century. There have been several Drurys masters at Harrow, but the particular one whom Byron is alleged to have angered was Dr. Joseph of that ilk, whose connection with the school extended from 1770 to 1805. He it was of whom it is said to this day that he ruled over the most patrician school assemblage on record, and one which included five future prime ministers.

Another of these "old boy" songs, that used to be very popular in days gone by, is called "Grandpapa's Grandpapa." The first stanza will serve as a sample of the whole:—

Do you know, grandpapa's grandpapa
Had of study so unquenchable a thirst,
That he went off to Harrow, fa la la!
And was placed in the Lower Lower First.
How the buttons on his blue frock shone!
How he carolled and he sang, like a bird!
And Rodney, the sailor boy, was one,
And Bruce, who travelled far, was a third.

The history of a famous college is often embodied in one or more of its songs. At Sedbergh, for instance, the scholars tell how:—

In fifteen hundred twenty-eight,
Floruit Sedberghia;
When Royal Henry swayed the State,
Floruit Sedberghia;
Came Master Roger Lupton down
From Eton, in his provost's gown,
And built a school in Sedbergh town,
Floruit Sedberghia.

And so on, through a round dozen or more of stanzas, telling how the scholars sided with the

King during the troublous times of the civil war, and how in consequence the school was closed by the Puritans, and of its varying fortunes after that.

A similar ballad of older date is also sung at Harrow, and is an exceedingly great favourite with boys and masters alike. It deals with the exploits of "Lyon of Preston," the worthy yeoman who founded the school, and two typical scholars.

Lyon of Preston, yeoman, John,
 Many a year ago,
 Built on the hill that I live on
 A school that you all may know ;
 Into the form, first day, 'tis said,
 Two boys came for to see ;
 One in a ribbon, red, red, red,
 And one in a blue—like me !

The song goes on to recount how he of the red ribbon shirked his work, idled at play, and was soundly flogged by "Yeoman John" for his pains ; since when all Harrow boys, profiting by this sad example, have been good boys.

Lyon of Preston, yeoman, John,
 Died many years ago ;
 All that is mortal of him is gone,
 But he lives in a school I know.
 All of them work at their football there,
 And work at their five times three ;
 And all of them, ever since that day, wear
 A ribbon of blue—like me.

Yet another quaint old Harrovian ballad of this type is entitled "Queen Elizabeth," and purports to set forth a conversation between the same "Lyon of Preston" and the virgin monarch. The first four lines, which are repeated as a chorus at the end of each verse, are as follows:—

Queen Elizabeth sat one day,
 Watching her mariners rich and gay,
 And there were the Tilbury guns at play,
 And there was the bold sea rover.

Then approaches, with much ceremony and doffing of headgear, doughty John Lyon, who, as becometh a man of action, plunges at once into the middle of things.

"Queen," he says, "I have got in store,
 A beautiful school from roof to door ;
 And I have a farm of acres four,
 And a meadow of grass and clover.

So may it please you, good Queen B.,
 Give me a charter, firm and free ;
 For there is Harrow, and this is me,
 And that is the bold sea rover."

Queen Bess not only granted the applicant's prayer, but appointed "Yeoman John" first headmaster of Harrow.

"Bad little boys," quoth she, "at school
 Want a teacher to rede and rule,
 Train a dunce and you find a fool,
 Cattle must have their drover.
 By my halidome, I propose
 You be teacher of verse and prose."
 (What's a halidome? No one knows—
 Even the bold sea rover !)"

Nor were the claims of play overlooked, although her compliance in this respect rather impinges upon the chronological accuracy of the poem ; cricket being, of course, an unknown quantity in Queen Elizabeth's time:—

"And this is my charter, firm and free,
 This is my royal, great decree—
*Hits to the rail shall count for three,
 And six when fairly over.*
 And if anyone comes and makes a fuss,
 Send the radical off to us,
 And I will tell him I choose it thus,
 And so will the bold sea rover !"

Of an entirely different type is the ballad of "Jack and Joe." Originally emanating from Harrow, it is now fairly familiar to most public-school boys. There are various versions, all of them more or less lengthy ; but the lesson inculcated is summed up in the four verses quoted below:—

Jack's a scholar, as all men know,
 Dreams in Latin and Greek,
 Gobbles a grammar in half a day,
 And a lexicon once a week.

"Fame," says Jack, "with the mind must go,"
 Says Joe, "with the legs and back ;"
 "What's the use of your arms?" says Joe.
 "Where are your brains?" says Jack.

Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack.
 Settle it, books and play ?
 Dunce is white, and pedant is black,
 Haven't you room for grey ?

Let neither grammar nor bats be slack,
 Let brains with sinews grow,
 And you'll be Reverend Doctor Jack,
 And you'll be General Joe !

WITH THE LITTLE CORPORAL



By N. R. MARTIN.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I HAVE marched with the Emperor through half the capitals of Europe. I have seen crowned heads and princes tremble at the sight of the little man, but, in spite of the glory of those later days, they were not so happy as the time when the little Corporal led the ragged army which first overran Italy. Then he knew every face in his army, and had a word for all those fierce Republicans who fought so well. But when he became Emperor we saw little of him. He gave his orders through his Chief

of Staff and the Marshals, and many who fought and died for him under the Empire had never seen his face. Even to those of the later generation of soldiers who had seen him he was not much more than a stern, grey figure in whose train victory seemed to follow. I have actually heard young recruits wondering whether the Emperor was a brave man. Ah! if he had only left diplomacy to diplomatists and civil government to civilians, and remained on the old intimate terms with his soldiers we would

have conquered the whole world for him—as we did do half of it.

In 1796 I was captain of a company of Grenadiers. It was a tough business for a young man of twenty-five to handle those fierce Republicans. They believed in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality so firmly that they would obey no orders save on the battlefield, and even then forsooth they would have disobeyed any order to retreat. Happily, I had with me, as sous-lieutenant, my young brother Antoine, and his presence made my work easier. The soldiers called him "the child," and made so much of him that to save trouble I usually made him the medium of my orders to the company. They were so amused at the idea of being commanded by a boy of eighteen that they actually condescended, not to obey, but to comply with some of his orders. Fortunately, the condition of the Army was such that many orders were unnecessary. I could give no orders about pitching tents, for we had no tents to pitch; I could not insist on a soldierly appearance when I knew very well that there was not a whole uniform amongst the company, and it was quite unnecessary to give any orders about foraging, for if the men did not forage they would starve, as the Directory could afford us no stores save ammunition. And, as to marching, my Grenadiers needed no orders on that point if there was an enemy to attack or a town to be looted. Sometimes, indeed, I ventured to inflict a punishment after some glaring breach of discipline, but I had to be exceedingly careful that I did not come in conflict with my company's ideas of Republican honour. Thus one morning, when my company was mustered, I found that one of my best soldiers, Pierre Chabruel, was incapably drunk. "Leave him on the ground, Jean" (they called their captain by his Christian name), cried one of the company, "he will sleep it off, and be with us ere the morning is over." "No," I answered, "tie him to a tree. We will leave him behind. As he is not ready to fight he shall not fight to-day." The men shouted assent, and Pierre was tied to a tree. When our day's fighting was over I had him released. He was so chaffed by the men on his return to camp because he had missed the day's skirmish that he was afterwards one of the soberest and most reliable of my men. And, brave fellow, he bore me no grudge for his punishment.

However, the main trouble I had with my men was through their incorrigible habits of

duelling. Not content with the fighting they had in the daytime, and there was no lack of it, they scarcely passed a night in camp but one or more of my men were involved in some fray. My company prided itself on its strict Republicanism, and the men had a wonderful knack of finding fault with other soldiers' Republican sentiments. An absurd number of duels were fought because some one agreed or disagreed with some resolution of the Convention, or because someone else either praised or blamed Marat or Robespierre. I used to remonstrate with the men. "If you kill each other at this rate," I said, "what will become of the Army? Haven't you enough fighting with the enemy to content you?" "Jean," they would reply, "we must at all costs protect our Republican honour."

At last one evening, as we sat chatting round our camp fires, General Bonaparte rode up. "Captain Brieux," he called in that grim voice of his, and I leapt to my feet and saluted. The General dismounted, and, coming to me, took me by the ear. I never felt so frightened in my life as when he looked up into my face with those cold, stern eyes. "I hear that your company are a set of duelling rogues. There has been enough killing of Frenchmen by Frenchmen. The next man in your company who fights a duel shall be hung, whether he be captain or drummer-boy. Do you hear that, rascals?" And he turned to the men. "Long live the little Corporal" was the answer. Sergeant Calas stepped up to the General, and, patting him on the back, cried out, "He is a man—this little Corporal of ours."

The General remounted his horse without another word, and rode away. I must admit that I was uneasy, for, though my men were a set of disobedient rogues, I loved them as only a captain can love his first company. That night I sat by the camp fires and spoke to the men about the advisability of caution when arguing with men of other regiments. They only laughed at me, and one cried out, "Who fought Captain Voiron because he said that his company was braver than ours?" "Men," I answered, "in that case I represented the honour of the company, and if anyone else insults the company it is my business, as your officer, to answer for you."

Perhaps, because I had not set them the best of examples in the past, the men took little notice of my remonstrances. I am sure that the General's threats of death if they

fought duels had not the slightest effect upon them. If he had threatened to send them back to France it would have been a different matter.

The next day we marched against the Austrian General, Beaulieu, and after some skirmishing drove him back to the line of the river Adda. As we bivouacked for the night my young brother Antoine came to me, and sorrowfully showed me his boots. They had come absolutely to pieces with the day's march. We had no supplies with the Army and the men were marching bare-foot. "What am I to do?" said Antoine; "an officer cannot go shoeless." Happily, in the course of the day's march we had come across an inn, and my men had laden themselves with bottles of wine. I thought for a moment, and then I said, "Take three bottles of wine and go to the bivouac of the Hussars. Some officer or man may have a spare pair of boots—the cavalry, at least, are not bare-foot. Perhaps you may make an exchange."

He took the wine, and set off on his expedition. Those who fought in the carefully organised Grand Army of later years may not be able to understand this destitution, but the Army of Italy had no supplies save those which they captured from the enemy. I have heard the men of a company call "Aristocrat" after their captain because he wore a clean shirt for once.

An hour or so after Antoine had left me a captain of Hussars came and roused me from my sleep by the camp fire. "What is the matter?" I grumbled as I awakened. "Your brother Antoine has killed a lieutenant of ours in a duel, and has been placed under arrest by the Provost Marshal."

I was awake in a moment, and sprang to my feet. "The young fool," I said. "What made him fight?"

"Heaven only knows. He had just exchanged three bottles of wine with me for a pair of old boots, when Montlucon, who was once a schoolmaster, observed that Julius Cæsar was a greater captain than General Bonaparte, and your brother threw a boot at his head. After that a duel was inevitable. Perhaps they would not have hurt each other much, for we were waiting to stop the duel directly one of them was wounded, but Montlucon slipped as he lunged, and spitted himself on Antoine's sword."

"Does the General know, then?" I said.

"Yes, unfortunately he came up just as the body was being carried away, and when he heard that your brother belonged to the

very company he had warned yesterday, he swore that he would bring him to a court-martial and hang him as high as Haman."

"Where is Antoine, then?"

"He is under guard at the Provost Marshal's quarters. If we, in our regiment, can do anything for him, pray command us."

"There is nothing," I answered, "unless you could make matters lighter for him at the court-martial."

"We will see what we can do. Montlucon was a good comrade, but his temper was quick." And the worthy captain went away trying to think of other provocations which the dead man might have given Antoine.

My men gathered around me, discontented and grumbling. "If he hangs Antoine," said one, "we will hang the little Corporal."

"Silence, dogs!" I cried, "it is through your misbehaviour in the past that my brother is now in deadly peril. If General Bonaparte does not pardon my brother, the fault is yours. Do not add to your offences by using mutinous language regarding our General, who is only doing his duty."

The men, abashed, slunk away to their fires, and I paced up and down alone all the night. I could think of no way to save Antoine. The General had particularly warned my company against duelling, and the next day an officer of the company had deliberately disobeyed his orders. I felt sure that General Bonaparte would keep his word, and that he would not be sorry to make a conspicuous example. However, there was time before us, for, till Beaulieu's army was defeated, a court-martial could scarcely be held. I could only hope that in the meantime something would happen which might induce the General to be merciful. At last the grey dawn came, and in the bustle of preparation for battle I had for a time to forget my brother's fate. My men, for once, were obedient. I think more because they sympathised with me than for any other reason, but when I looked at them, as they mustered for battle, I thought they seemed gloomy and discontented. They were evidently sulking—the arrest of their pet officer had pained them. There was none of the loud talking and joking with which they usually greeted the cheerful prospect of a fight. When the General rode along our lines before the battle the rest of the regiment cheered him, my company alone was silent. He noticed it—those calm eyes missed nothing—and I thought to myself, "There goes another chance. From this moment

have conquered the whole world for him—as we did do half of it.

In 1796 I was captain of a company of Grenadiers. It was a tough business for a young man of twenty-five to handle those fierce Republicans. They believed in Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality so firmly that they would obey no orders save on the battlefield, and even then forsooth they would have disobeyed any order to retreat. Happily, I had with me, as sous-lieutenant, my young brother Antoine, and his presence made my work easier. The soldiers called him "the child," and made so much of him that to save trouble I usually made him the medium of my orders to the company. They were so amused at the idea of being commanded by a boy of eighteen that they actually condescended, not to obey, but to comply with some of his orders. Fortunately, the condition of the Army was such that many orders were unnecessary. I could give no orders about pitching tents, for we had no tents to pitch; I could not insist on a soldierly appearance when I knew very well that there was not a whole uniform amongst the company, and it was quite unnecessary to give any orders about foraging, for if the men did not forage they would starve, as the Directory could afford us no stores save ammunition. And, as to marching, my Grenadiers needed no orders on that point if there was an enemy to attack or a town to be looted. Sometimes, indeed, I ventured to inflict a punishment after some glaring breach of discipline, but I had to be exceedingly careful that I did not come in conflict with my company's ideas of Republican honour. Thus one morning, when my company was mustered, I found that one of my best soldiers, Pierre Chabruel, was incapably drunk. "Leave him on the ground, Jean" (they called their captain by his Christian name), cried one of the company, "he will sleep it off, and be with us ere the morning is over." "No," I answered, "tie him to a tree. We will leave him behind. As he is not ready to fight he shall not fight to-day." The men shouted assent, and Pierre was tied to a tree. When our day's fighting was over I had him released. He was so chaffed by the men on his return to camp because he had missed the day's skirmish that he was afterwards one of the soberest and most reliable of my men. And, brave fellow, he bore me no grudge for his punishment.

However, the main trouble I had with my men was through their incorrigible habits of

duelling. Not content with the fighting they had in the daytime, and there was no lack of it, they scarcely passed a night in camp but one or more of my men were involved in some fray. My company prided itself on its strict Republicanism, and the men had a wonderful knack of finding fault with other soldiers' Republican sentiments. An absurd number of duels were fought because some one agreed or disagreed with some resolution of the Convention, or because someone else either praised or blamed Marat or Robespierre. I used to remonstrate with the men. "If you kill each other at this rate," I said, "what will become of the Army? Haven't you enough fighting with the enemy to content you?" "Jean," they would reply, "we must at all costs protect our Republican honour."

At last one evening, as we sat chatting round our camp fires, General Bonaparte rode up. "Captain Brioux," he called in that grim voice of his, and I leapt to my feet and saluted. The General dismounted, and, coming to me, took me by the ear. I never felt so frightened in my life as when he looked up into my face with those cold, stern eyes. "I hear that your company are a set of duelling rogues. There has been enough killing of Frenchmen by Frenchmen. The next man in your company who fights a duel shall be hung, whether he be captain or drummer-boy. Do you hear that, rascals?" And he turned to the men. "Long live the little Corporal" was the answer. Sergeant Calas stepped up to the General, and, patting him on the back, cried out, "He is a man—this little Corporal of ours."

The General remounted his horse without another word, and rode away. I must admit that I was uneasy, for, though my men were a set of disobedient rogues, I loved them as only a captain can love his first company. That night I sat by the camp fires and spoke to the men about the advisability of caution when arguing with men of other regiments. They only laughed at me, and one cried out, "Who fought Captain Voiron because he said that his company was braver than ours?" "Men," I answered, "in that case I represented the honour of the company, and if anyone else insults the company it is my business, as your officer, to answer for you."

Perhaps, because I had not set them the best of examples in the past, the men took little notice of my remonstrances. I am sure that the General's threats of death if they

fought duels had not the slightest effect upon them. If he had threatened to send them back to France it would have been a different matter.

The next day we marched against the Austrian General, Beaulieu, and after some skirmishing drove him back to the line of the river Adda. As we bivouacked for the night my young brother Antoine came to me, and sorrowfully showed me his boots. They had come absolutely to pieces with the day's march. We had no supplies with the Army and the men were marching barefoot. "What am I to do?" said Antoine; "an officer cannot go shoeless." Happily, in the course of the day's march we had come across an inn, and my men had laden themselves with bottles of wine. I thought for a moment, and then I said, "Take three bottles of wine and go to the bivouac of the Hussars. Some officer or man may have a spare pair of boots—the cavalry, at least, are not barefoot. Perhaps you may make an exchange."

He took the wine, and set off on his expedition. Those who fought in the carefully organised Grand Army of later years may not be able to understand this destitution, but the Army of Italy had no supplies save those which they captured from the enemy. I have heard the men of a company call "Aristocrat" after their captain because he wore a clean shirt for once.

An hour or so after Antoine had left me a captain of Hussars came and roused me from my sleep by the camp fire. "What is the matter?" I grumbled as I awakened. "Your brother Antoine has killed a lieutenant of ours in a duel, and has been placed under arrest by the Provost Marshal."

I was awake in a moment, and sprang to my feet. "The young fool," I said. "What made him fight?"

"Heaven only knows. He had just exchanged three bottles of wine with me for a pair of old boots, when Montlucon, who was once a schoolmaster, observed that Julius Cæsar was a greater captain than General Bonaparte, and your brother threw a boot at his head. After that a duel was inevitable. Perhaps they would not have hurt each other much, for we were waiting to stop the duel directly one of them was wounded, but Montlucon slipped as he lunged, and spitted himself on Antoine's sword."

"Does the General know, then?" I said.

"Yes, unfortunately he came up just as the body was being carried away, and when he heard that your brother belonged to the

very company he had warned yesterday, he swore that he would bring him to a court-martial and hang him as high as Haman."

"Where is Antoine, then?"

"He is under guard at the Provost Marshal's quarters. If we, in our regiment, can do anything for him, pray command us."

"There is nothing," I answered, "unless you could make matters lighter for him at the court-martial."

"We will see what we can do. Montlucon was a good comrade, but his temper was quick." And the worthy captain went away trying to think of other provocations which the dead man might have given Antoine.

My men gathered around me, discontented and grumbling. "If he hangs Antoine," said one, "we will hang the little Corporal."

"Silence, dogs!" I cried, "it is through your misbehaviour in the past that my brother is now in deadly peril. If General Bonaparte does not pardon my brother, the fault is yours. Do not add to your offences by using mutinous language regarding our General, who is only doing his duty."

The men, abashed, slunk away to their fires, and I paced up and down alone all the night. I could think of no way to save Antoine. The General had particularly warned my company against duelling, and the next day an officer of the company had deliberately disobeyed his orders. I felt sure that General Bonaparte would keep his word, and that he would not be sorry to make a conspicuous example. However, there was time before us, for, till Beaulieu's army was defeated, a court-martial could scarcely be held. I could only hope that in the meantime something would happen which might induce the General to be merciful. At last the grey dawn came, and in the bustle of preparation for battle I had for a time to forget my brother's fate. My men, for once, were obedient. I think more because they sympathised with me than for any other reason, but when I looked at them, as they mustered for battle, I thought they seemed gloomy and discontented. They were evidently sulking—the arrest of their pet officer had pained them. There was none of the loud talking and joking with which they usually greeted the cheerful prospect of a fight. When the General rode along our lines before the battle the rest of the regiment cheered him, my company alone was silent. He noticed it—those calm eyes missed nothing—and I thought to myself, "There goes another chance. From this moment



I DARE NOT LOOK BACK TO SEE HOW FEW WERE LEFT TO FOLLOW ME.

the General will regard my company as mutinous."

When at last the battle began, the Austrian advanced skirmishers were soon driven in, and

retreated over the Bridge of Lodi. Then our army was face to face with an unfordable river, crossed only by a narrow bridge. Forty pieces of artillery swept the bridge and its

approaches, and sharpshooters concealed on the river banks kept up a perpetual fire. I noticed that some of the older soldiers of the army looked significantly at each other, and shrugged their shoulders. If we were to defeat Beaulieu that bridge must be taken. At first General Bonaparte ordered up our artillery to try and master the enemy's fire. But at every attempt to put a gun in position the enemy's well-served fire concentrated upon it. Several of our guns were dismounted, half a dozen caissons were blown up, and it became evident that if the bridge were to be taken our infantry must do it. I saw regiment after regiment form in column, and charge towards the bridge; but they never reached it. The heads of the columns were literally blown away ere they reached the approaches, and the men, panic stricken, turned back. How many fine regiments I saw cheerfully march past to return a few minutes later a huddled mass of fugitives! At last the General came and spoke to our colonel. Half of our regiment was formed in column, and with its colonel at its head marched steadily to its inevitable doom. My company was in the half of the regiment which remained. We saw our brave fellows reach the approaches. The smoke cloud lifted, and we saw some of them actually on the bridge, and then the smoke cloud came down again. In a minute or two fifty men out of six hundred fled back to us from that hell of fire. The General spoke a few words to Berthier, and then, dismounting, placed himself at our head. "Grenadiers," he cried, "there is the key of Italy—follow me." Part of the regiment hesitated, as well they might, but I shouted to my company, "For Antoine's sake follow the little Corporal," and my men with one great cheer rushed forward, the rest following behind. Happily, the smoke cloud still hung over the bridge, and we were on the approaches ere the enemy had seen us. Then the grape shot swept through our ranks like a scythe. I ran side by side with the General—my men were scarcely behind. We mounted the pile of dead and dying which almost choked the bridge. Happily for us, the dead bodies had acted as a sort of breastwork as we approached, and in a measure broken the force of the enemy's fire. So we went on, unharmed—or through that leaden tornado. I dare not look back to see how few were left to follow me.

My only thought was "Heaven preserve the General." And then, by some miracle, we were across the bridge, and the survivors of the regiment were bayoneting the Austrian gunners at their guns. Before the Austrian infantry could advance to the relief of their artillery we had seized the guns and turned them on the enemy. If Beaulieu had posted one regiment to protect his artillery the Bridge of Lodi would have never been won. Before the Austrians could attack the handful of men who had seized the guns, Berthier hurried regiment after regiment across the bridge to reinforce us, and in an hour the Austrian army fled from the field. Directly the issue was secure General Bonaparte came towards the remainder of my regiment. I say my regiment—for I went into that battle with a dozen senior officers, and came out of it in command. My company started on its charge a hundred strong; there were but ten left now. "Captain Brioux," said the General gravely, "how many are there left of your fine fellows?"

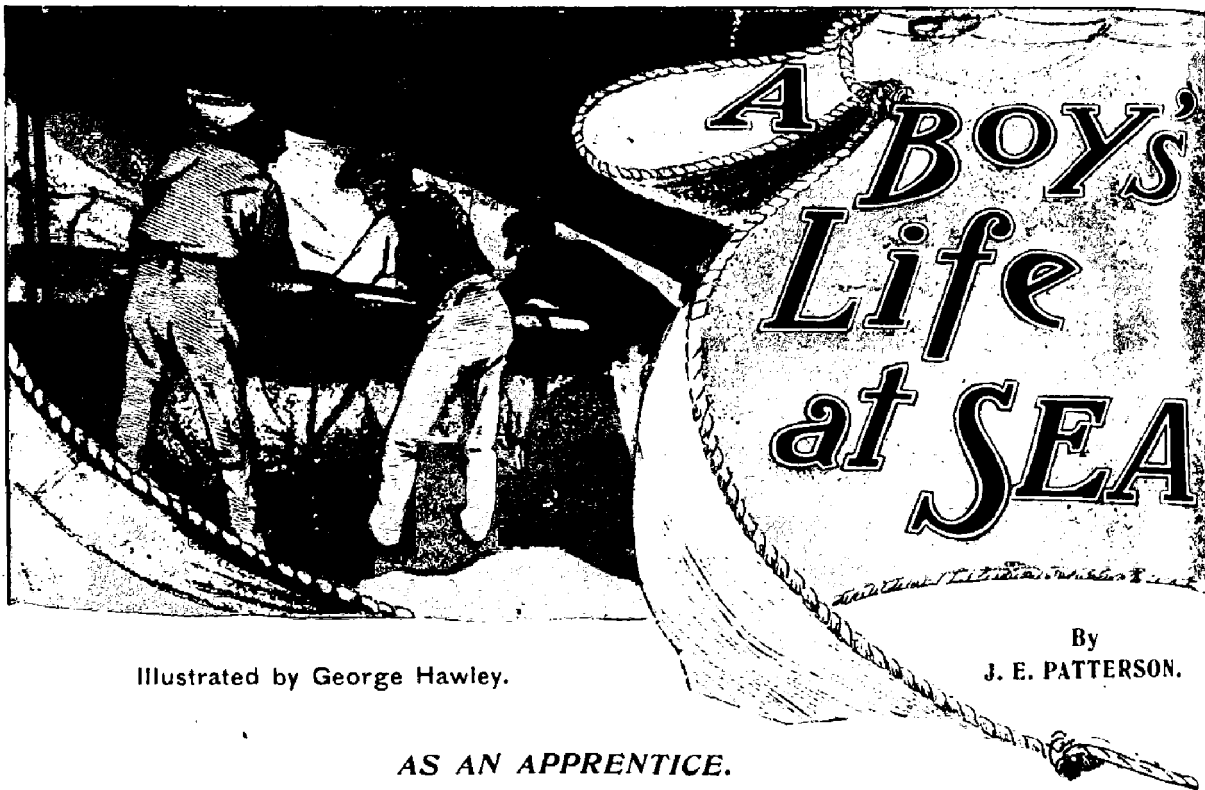
"Ten of my company, General," I answered, "and three hundred of the regiment."

I thought the General shuddered, but before he could speak Sergeant Calas stepped from the ranks. "General," he cried, "we have given ninety men from our company for you to-day—give us our lieutenant. Antoine in exchange, or win the next battle yourself."

The General looked at me for explanation. "Antoine is my brother, sir, who is under arrest for duelling."

"I will order your brother to be released, Colonel," said General Bonaparte, "but remember, now that you command this regiment, I will hang the first man in it who draws a sword on another Frenchman, even though you win me twenty battles." And Sergeant Calas did not wait till the General was out of hearing before he burst forth, "Ah, he is a man, this little Corporal. I call that a cheap bargain for the company."

Since then I have followed the great Emperor through victory and through defeat. I have seen him at Austerlitz and at Leipzig, at Wagram, and at Waterloo. But the memory which is most vivid and most cherished is that of the little Corporal leading my brave company through the hell of fire on Lodi Bridge.



Illustrated by George Hawley.

AS AN APPRENTICE.

III.—UNDER POORER CANVAS.

FOR the hardy lad prepared to rub along roughly during three or four years, and with parents who can spare but little for his training in the school of bread-earning, this is the best phase the sea has to offer him—that is, in deep-water vessels which cannot be termed clippers, yet are as far removed from being “rattle-traps.” The boy’s life in small schooners, little brigs, and the like, is dealt with further on, where coasting is given as a contrast to the foreign-going here shown. Hence, to the apprentice, this is the only other distinct phase there is under square sails.

In this case, as Shylock says, “ships are but boards”; not that all clipper ships are iron even to-day. There are still a few smart wooden barques and small ships—strongly built, well and gracefully rigged vessels that are always engaged in carrying clean cargoes, and quite worthy of being termed clippers in their way. Craft of this kind mostly belong to the old-established “lines.” But whether they are owned by old or comparatively new firms, or by great or small ones, the premium there required with an apprentice is considerably less than in a fine big East-Indiaman; though some well-found barques of a thousand tons or so are regularly kept in that trade. This descending in the scale of premiums is naturally the rule throughout the merchant service.

In the better class of these smaller vessels the boy’s life is much the same as in a large iron-clipper, the only difference being a lessening in strict routine and a corresponding increase in homeliness—the temperament of the master considered; for, as will readily be seen, whether she be a smack of a hundred tons or a “swell” deep-water-man of two thousand five hundred tons, her internal character entirely depends on what kind of man her master is. Some captains are the finished autocrats, both of the table and the deck, which the Merchant Shipping Act, the law of custom and necessity, and their peculiar positions combine to make them. Others have so little individuality, are so colourless in temperament, that their chief mates absolutely dominate them—sometimes for the good of the ship, but, naturally, not always. Between these two extremes there are many grades.

Vessels go and come again without an ill-word ever passing amongst the “after-guard”; granted, these be rare. In and about some cabins peace is a stranger. These form the other limited extreme, and between the two comes the great majority that are so like the commonality of homes—the scenes of recurring turmoil and quiet. Of this phase of life at sea a formidable chapter could easily be written; but the foregone will perhaps form a key to much that need not be penned here, and does not so directly touch the boy who would make the ocean his life-calling.

Say the youngster has got into a barque of eight hundred tons, owned by an average firm in the matter of supplies. He has made his trial-trip in a brig to a Mediterranean port and back, in the summer months, signed his indentures, and is now away with coals for the River Plate. The "chanties" have been sung, the sails set, and the barque is doing a comfortable seven knots per hour before an easterly breeze that will carry her into the north-east trade wind—perpetual summer ahead, fair weather around her, and our English winter growing further and further astern. The things which a young sailor boy must first learn are the same everywhere, in a steam ship or in a "wind-jammer," as the case may be. Those matters have been mentioned, and need not be repeated here, where the lad is being taken in a stage of advancement.

The "old man"—which is the common nautical equivalent of captain—is of the grunting kind: short, wiry, and spare; hair of an iron-grey, eyes the same: he is always smoking when not eating or asleep, restless, and so uncertain that the officer of the watch is continually on the alert for his illogical appearance, a spasmodic coming and going that is silence itself during the night, but never free of grunts or expletives in the daytime; a creature who, to judge him by his movements, never seems to sleep; who, whilst in an apparently sound slumber, will jump from his berth, spring lightly up to the poop, and cheat a squall with all the open-eyedness of a cat watching a bird.

His mate is a pleasant enough man of some thirty-five years, who would be easy-going but that he dreads the eye and tongue of the "old man." The second mate is a young steam-boat sailor, making this voyage for the purpose of passing for a mate's certificate on returning home again, and is quiet for the reason of his being in somewhat strange quarters, and not yet the master of surroundings as required of him by his position.

Second mates are mostly young men in the transition state, or elderly ones whose ambitions are dead. Occasionally, a broken-down master or mate is found in that unenvied post, thus in daily receipt of the treatment they, in all probability, once lavished out to others. The meaning of this is: in well-nigh every ship afloat the second mate is much as a buffer between two opposing forces. On one side the men, even those of his own watch, look on him with suspicion, distrust and some contempt; an attitude that is, in most cases, decidedly unjust and illogical. To the master and mate he is usually a vent for ill-feeling under ordinary circumstances, and a butt for bad temper when

things go wrong; mishappenings being commonly laid on his shoulders, even when a fact has to be distorted for that purpose. Let this prepare my boy reader to meet what must inevitably be his portion for a time, if he contemplates becoming a ship's master.

We will suppose that the officers are Englishmen, the "cook-and-steward" a native of Erin, the carpenter—always called "Chips"—a Scotsman, the bo'sun a German, two of the A.B.'s Scandinavians, one a negro, and the balance uncertain—perhaps British, perhaps only partially so—and we have our young apprentice with an average crew in an English ship of the poorer kind; not that the best or the worst are much, if any, differently manned. And scarcely is there a deep-water-man afloat without a "character" in her company.

With these the lad finds his time well occupied. If he be not of the shrinking sort he soon learns to let the master's grunts and reproaches go in at one ear and out of the other without leaving much trace behind. At the mate's hands he fares better; with him he learns his work quicker, because of having it more gently driven into him. At the second mate he can but wonder a while, pitying in his wonderment, and not understanding owing to his former thinking that all officers are persons commanding respect. The men amuse him, and their rough deference touches his pride. His food is made up of much the same items as already enumerated, less the fancy portions. His fellow-apprentice soon becomes his chum; being brothers in misfortune, they grow brotherly.

The many weathers he experiences during the voyage make the one great duty of handling the sails a commonplace that often grows very wearisome, and sometimes extremely trying to his young muscles. Here more dirty work falls to his share than either on a steamer, a large deep-water-man, or did on his trial trip on a smaller vessel. His indentures being signed, he cannot "back out"; every hand, even that of the novice, is sadly needed, and he must do all he possibly can. Thus in foul weather he has to go aloft with his practised shipmates; in better times he gets more than a fair share of tarring, greasing, paint-work cleaning, and all such tasks as do not require special skill. Of course, later on he will see others, probably a younger apprentice and an ordinary seaman, do this work whilst he is engaged in some of a better class.

Foreign ports are reached, where other British vessels lie, and in the evenings he goes aboard them, and compares notes with the apprentices there. Every port and every nationality have the charm of freshness and interest for him.



CASTING THE LEAD.
Drawn by George Hawley.

His trips on shore are memorable events, open-eyed and sometimes open-mouthed strolls that result in a few cheap curios and a verbal volume of wonderful tales to tell the people at home. Then the return passage begins; and though the outward one was in no sense a time of feasting, he now learns the food-difference between the two.

Provisions fall short—the common, not a rare occurrence on a homeward passage; for this reason: the majority of vessels are provisioned for the bare length of their expected voyages: steamers can replenish almost weekly, but the less happily conditioned “wind-jammer” must set out with a good surplus of food over the amount required for the ninety days which she may be on her passage. And she may lie in calms not allowed for, or battle against headwinds, whilst her crew are being half-fed.

Thus the sailor lad first learns to know the pinches of hunger, the suggestively terrible privation of shortening water, the unpleasantness of partly-polluted meat, the occupation of clearing weevils from his biscuits before he can eat them, in addition to the general poor feeding that comes of a lack of provisions and an uncertain number of days to be covered before more stores can be got.

Yet, for such is the nature of the average boy who goes to sea, and remains at the calling elected, the moment he has “cargued a square feed” on his native soil, he is once more a pronounced item in the genus boy—ready for any joke or mischief. So, when he makes the usual visit home on the second day in harbour, his curios in a dry-soap box, he forgets to do more than refer to his late privations when spinning the yarns he has stored up for the occasion. This, most likely, comes about at the old-fashioned tea-table, where, in a jocular mood, he shows the admiring family how the lead is cast at sea; he secures a fathom of thread, puts knots in it to represent marks (of which he, as yet, knows nothing reliable), fastens one end to a piece of buttered bread—the buttered side downwards—swings it as the leadsmen does his lead, and drops it into the sugar basin. The butter, he explains, “stands for the grease at the bottom of the lead, and the sugar is for the sort of bottom on which the lead falls.”

Each lead, from the longshoreman's four-pounder to the deep sea sixteen pound lead, is oblong, round, or octagonal, and has a large dent in its lower end for the purpose of holding the “arming” (Russian tallow, mostly), to which the mud, sand, or gravel of which the sea floor there happens to consist, will stick, and be seen on the lead being hauled on board.

The marks on the line are curious; the new recruit must commit them to memory, just as he does the points, half and quarter points of the compass; and he will be wise if he makes haste in the task. The most curious part of this lead-line marking is that there are marks without marks—that is, every fathom (two yards) has a name but not a mark: thus—the first mark is a small piece of leather held between the strands of the line, and is two fathoms from the bottom of the lead (it was from this that Mark Twain (two) took his pen name, he having so often heard it called out by the leadsmen on the Mississippi, as will be seen in an explanation further on); the next mark is a three-ended bit of leather, and it indicates that number of fathoms; a small piece of white rag marks the five fathoms; the seventh is known by a couple of cocconut fibre yarns, and the tenth by a piece of leather with a hole in one end; the thirteenth is a small rag of blue bunting; the fifteenth is same as the five; the twentieth is a bit of twine with two knots on it, each knot representing ten fathoms. After this, the line is marked merely by fives and tens—the first being white rag, and the latter having a knot added for each consecutive ten.

Along the first twenty fathoms those undistinguished by marks are known by the name “deeps”—that is, “deep one,” “deep four,” “deep six,” and so on. When the leadsmen finds his plummet in eight fathoms of water he calls out “By the ‘deep’ eight!” When the depth accords with a mark on the line, he does not use the “by,” but announces “Mark five!” “Mark seven!” or “Mark twain!” (two), as the case may chance to be.

All this the youthful sailor will need to know early, unless he does not mind being looked on as a laggard in learning his duties. If he considers his future career he will not allow such to happen; for he must remember that competition is as keen at sea to-day as it is on shore, also that modern appliances to sea traffic necessitates *brains* to command distinction. Again, he should not forget that owners (as seamen always term their employers), by means of reports from their captains, rarely fail to keep a close watch on the progress of each apprentice. All owners are ever on the look-out for smart and resourceful masters; and the lad who proves himself earnestly bent on winning promotion, when his indentures have expired, is sure of recognition by his employers. Until his “time” is out he must rest satisfied with the gradual rise to being eldest apprentice, as the others give way before him; then will come his turn, and his success chiefly depends on his own exertions.

One advantage—which, paradox though it may seem, is not an advantage in the matters of pay and position—enjoyed by the lad in this poorer way of seafaring, is that the size and class of his vessel causes her to go to more out-of-the-way ports than are visited by large clipper ships. Hence he sees a greater variety of peoples, places, customs, than does the apprentice who boasts a finer ship and a smart uniform. Counteracting this, and as a further

off-set against the future higher pay and more respect given to the officer of a clipper, the socially low grade apprentice has to grow inured to longer passages, slightly worse food, less gentlemanly officers, greater danger—because of being on a worse rigged vessel in the matter of cordage and sails—in bad weather, and not such comfortable sleeping quarters as are enjoyed by the lad whose parents can afford to pay £30 to £80 premium for him.

(To be continued.)



A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA.

A "CHIEF OFFICER" writes as follows from Colombo:—"As regards your article in THE CAPTAIN for January, 1902, on 'A Steamship Apprentice,' I wish to inform you that the remuneration offered to a mate or master does not permit him to save for old age. A lad after serving, say, from four to six years in a sailing ship, passes for second mate. He may, or he may not, get a job as third mate at the princely sum of £4 a month. As second, he will get from £6 to £7, and as mate £10 per month. He is not always in constant employment, and if he takes a holiday he gets no pay. In the mail lines a youngster starts as fifth officer at £5 per month, which is swallowed up by tailors' and washing bills, as he must keep up an appearance equal to the master. After twenty years he may become a crusty old commander, too late to save much money for old age. It is a continual grind, year in and year out. For those who marry, what a life of slavery, pinch and pinch to keep up appearances! The sea is not worth what we obtain from it. A man remains so long chief officer now that he is old before he becomes master, and is unable to bring up his family decently. In proportion to their responsibilities, the master and officers are not well paid. When out of employment the

majority are just hard up. How can a mate's wife live on half-pay—£5 a month? It is about time the country took the matter up. We have men-of-war, but not enough men to man them; and gunners are not made in five years. At present the British Mercantile Marine is manned with foreigners. Why? Because British sailors want better quarters, better food, and better pay. During the last twenty years every trade and profession has been advanced in pay, while we stop still. I hope the country will wake up to its danger, and make sea-life attractive to the best class of boys, not the scourgings of the streets. We shall then get some fine seamen, and a reserve to man our warships. We cannot turn a force on board men-o'-war in the same way that soldiers were found for South Africa. We must have gunners, and the fleet which has them will win the day. Boarding and cutting are over—it is the shots that will now tell. There is a Commission to sit on the manning and pay of the Mercantile Marine, and I hope some men will speak up and not be afraid. I put every lad off going to sea, because for the few plums there are it is a rotten life.

"P.S.—Ships are built so large now that, whereas ten years back more masters, mates, and engineers were required, one ship now takes the place of three."

ERROR: "WATERMARK 2"



I.

WE had three epidemics at Kingswell in my time—to wit, measles, mumps, and stamp collecting—all comparatively harmless maladies. About the first two, the less said the better, perhaps; I will dismiss them, therefore, with the single statement that I was not affected by either, and didn't want to be. But the stamp collecting mania I had very badly indeed, and I am not at all inclined to regret it, for it caused me a great deal of pleasure while it lasted, and gave rise to an incident, or series of incidents rather, which infused a most refreshing strain of excitement into the usual monotony of school life.

How many fellows, while that terrible epidemic raged, who had previously been considered fairly sensible for their ages, shirked cricket on glorious summer afternoons to sit in stuffy rooms, and ruin their eyesights by staring through lenses at plate numbers, perforations, surcharges, *etcetera*, and how they disgusted their hitherto unaffected comrades by conversing in philatelic "shop" simply bristling with mysterious references to "Victoria, ninepence on tenpence, brown on rose," or "Watermark, crown and C. C.," *etcetera*!

THE STORY OF A STAMP BY ARTHUR STANLEY.

"I say, have you seen Marsden's blue three-cornered Cape?" I once said to an extremely cynical youth named Digby.

"No, but I've seen his grey, rectangular mackintosh!" was the ironical response.

I responded to this rebuff by quoting some lines Mervin, our form master, had once applied to Digby, when that excellent youth, in a hasty moment, had remarked that he thought "cricket was beastly rot—like most other things!"

"Ah, what will you be at fifty
If nature keeps you alive,
When you find the world so bitter
At the early age of five!"

replied Mervin. But Digby couldn't appreciate the parody because he hasn't read a line of Tennyson in his life—he thinks it's beastly

rot. However, in spite of his sneers, the stamp fiend had got him in a grip of iron. I soon heard that he was studying hard at Stanley Gibbons' catalogue, so as to set up as an authority on philately as a rival of myself. For I had always been the recognised *connoisseur*; Mr. Mervin himself had consulted me on more than one occasion. He, too, was a philatelist, and it was whispered (I need hardly say untruthfully) that his collection had been enriched to an enormous extent by stamps which he had confiscated from boys whose zeal had led them to bring stamps into class, concealed in various books, whence they had unexpectedly fluttered forth, like some queer species of moth, to the intense mortification of the owners, and the intense amusement of everyone else present.

Of course I pretended to think that I had nothing to fear in Digby's rivalry—a rivalry which was stimulated by the fact that he was a boarder and I a "daisy," or day boy.

"It's beastly awkward for me your hating Digby so much," said a fellow boarder of his to me, "because I like to keep in with both of you if I can."

"My dear fellow," I replied, "you don't suppose it troubles me in the least what Digby does, or says, or thinks?"

"You fly into a rage whenever I mention him, anyhow; and he hates you, and he says you'll be horribly jealous about his Philatelic Society."

"His *what*?"

"Why, we've started a Philatelic Society at Willoughby's, and elected him president!"

"Oh!"

"I thought I'd mention it to you, because perhaps the 'daisies' won't like to feel out of it."

"The 'daisies' won't start any societies, old chap. We leave that sort of rot to the boarders. All the same, it's awfully good of you to mention it!"

The news soon spread abroad of the founding of a Philatelic Society, and the day boys were burning with envious anxiety to get level with "those beastly Wallabies," and, moreover, it was agreed that the post of president was to be filled by the youth who could first wheedle his parents into consenting that the meetings should be held at their house. In spite of my supreme indifference as to

what Digby said, or thought, or did, I thought it worth while to mention the subject to my father at the earliest opportunity. To my intense surprise, he readily consented, remarking, as he did so, that he didn't suppose there would be more than one or two meetings at the most. I am inclined to think he regretted having consented so readily when, on the following Saturday afternoon, our house was invaded by a dozen enthusiasts, who lost no time in proceeding to do justice to the spread which the maternal hospitality had provided for them. Tea being over at last, we adjourned to the room in which the meeting was to be held.

"Before we do anything else, gentlemen," I said, when all had taken their seats, "we will see what's inside this parcel. It's addressed to me, and—yes—it sounds as if it contained stamps."

"Average value, sixpence per million, I expect," remarked Saunders.

"Shut up. Perhaps they're a present from Vaughan's pater."

"Rats. From the Wallabies, more likely."

On removing the brown paper a cardboard box came to light, which proved to be

packed full of the very commonest stamps—current issues of Great Britain, Germany, France, *etcetera*—whilst on the top



A THOUSAND OR MORE STAMPS WHIRLING THROUGH THE AIR LIKE SNOWFLAKES IN A BOISTEROUS WIND.

there lay a card on which was inscribed "A present from *the* Kingswell Philatelic Society.—R. Murray Digby, President." If we could have got hold of R. Murray Digby at that moment it would have been a very bad thing for him indeed! As it was, I expressed my resentment of his insolence by dealing the box a right honest buffet (I was in my own house, remember) which sent a thousand or more stamps whirling through the air like snow-flakes in a boisterous wind!

"You utter maniac!" exclaimed Newton, breaking the silence that ensued.

"You might help to pick them up, at least," said Saunders, as he valiantly dived under a sofa.

For the next few minutes we were all on our knees gathering up the scattered stamps, the while my companions reproached me in bitter terms.

"I say, Vaughan, this isn't a bad one, is it?" asked one of the members, scrutinising a stamp which he had just discovered.

"What glorious luck!" I exclaimed, as soon as he showed me his "treasure trove." "I bet Digby didn't know this was here."

It was a New South Wales "laureated issue," threepence face value—colour, green. It was in very good condition.

"It's got that rummy 'old' look about it that good stamps generally have," said Perry, the finder of it. "What's it worth, Vaughan?"

"They'd rush you three or four bob at a dealer's," I replied.

"Which means that they'd give you about one and six for it," said Newton; "not much catch after all!"

"I say, Vaughan, old man, give us a short lecture on it."

"By jove, so I will. Take your seats, gentlemen, please!"

I opened my catalogue at "New South Wales," and I flatter myself that the lecture panned out very instructive. The audience was most appreciative, and when I described the engraving of the issue as "somewhat primitive," I allowed the members to spend some time in very candidly criticising the work of the artist who designed the stamps, and the "engraver who engrove them."

"To put the matter concisely, gentlemen," I said, on resumption, "the Government should have ordered the execution of the man who executed the order." After a round of well-merited applause I passed on to the minor varieties of the issue.

"This stamp has been issued with a double-lined '2' for a watermark, this being an ex-

ceedingly scarce 'error.' It is catalogued at fifteen pounds."

"Half a shake, Vaughan," said Perry. "See if *he's* got a watermark, will you?"

"Two million to one it hasn't!" I replied, as I held the stamp to the light. The reader will be prepared to hear what I saw, and will therefore not be surprised. I was dumbfounded—staggered! I wondered if I was going to suddenly wake up and find myself in bed. Saunders caught sight of the watermark soon after I did, and was the first to recover his power of speech.

"It's it! It's it! It's it!" he yelled, as everyone came flocking round and gazed and gazed at the "double-lined two" (for there it was, as plain as a pikestaff) in astonishment and ecstasy far too intense for words.

"What are you going to do, Vaughan?"

"Send it back to him, of course! At least, I shall let him know about it. He's got any amount of 'oof,' I know, but I don't think this was intentional."

Several of the members were in favour of saying nothing to Digby about his mistake, but these were very soon overruled. So we set to work to compose a letter to him, and after we had put our heads together for some minutes our epistle was finally drawn up in the following form:—

"The Pollard Elms,"

Kingswell,

May 23rd, 1896.

DEAR SIR,—

In the name of the Kingswell Town Philatelic Society, I have to thank you for your handsome present, especially for the valuable New South Wales error. The other stamps being of very little value from a philatelic standpoint, we have decided to make them the nucleus of a collection of 20,000, with which we believe it is possible to get a deserving boy into an asylum, or, possibly, a reformatory. We have decided that, when we have achieved this end, you yourself shall be the object of our charity, if you do not previously get yourself into one or the other.

Yours faithfully,

MAURICE G. VAUGHAN.

President K.T.P.S.

R. Murray Digby, Esq.

With the drawing up of this crushing message, our first and last meeting concluded. The following Monday morning I was at the school early, and met Digby, as he emerged in cynical silence from Willoughby's, and urged him to take his stamp back. To my surprise, he retained his usual tone of lofty indifference.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, "haven't I made you a present of it? You know I wanted to do away with the ill-feeling that exists between us."

I was too well acquainted with him to believe that, but still, I confess, I could not see what his game was.

"You see," he continued loftily, "I specialise 'U.S.' and don't care a brass farthing about Colonials. And you know the value of the thing's nothing to me!"

I thanked him profusely, and lost no time in describing the interview to my circle of philatelic cronies, who one and all agreed that I had better sell the stamp before Digby changed his mind. I therefore wrote a hasty letter, during morning school, on the back of some Latin verses, to the firm of Cathcart and Co., stamp dealers, of Corthall Court, London, enclosing the already famous stamp, which I offered to sell for five pounds.

On my way home that day I dropped in at the principal newsagent's and ordered a volume of Henty, for which author I knew Digby to entertain a secret partiality, to be sent to him at Willoughby's. It would mean a week's pocket money, but then there was my share of the five pounds to come.

II.

THE NEXT day was a broiling hot one. I sat dozing over my Virgil, thinking what a howling shame it was to keep boys imprisoned on such a day, and rousing myself at the expiration of every minute to cross it off on the clock face which I had drawn on my book. I think this process must be terribly cruel to Father Time, because it is the slowest possible way of killing him. It would have been far more interesting to apply myself to the honeycombs and bees (it was the fourth Georgic), but it would have been bad form, in my opinion, in those days. Suddenly the door of the class-room opened, and one of the prefects, named Parker, entered. He approached the master, and spoke to him in an undertone.

"Vaughan."

"Yes, sir." I was awake now—wide awake!

"Will you go with Parker to Dr. Willoughby, please."

"Yes, sir."

"I say, Parker, what on earth does he want me for?" I asked, directly we got outside the class-room. "I've got nothing whatever on my conscience."

"That's *one* consolation for you."

"Is he wrathful?"

"Furious."

"Do you know if he's had a letter?"

"A visitor."

"A visitor? What does he look like?"

"Not unlike a detective," quoth Parker unkindly.

"Have you heard Willoughby address him?"

"Yes. Mr. Cathcart!"

"Oh, snakes!" I stopped and stared at Parker with blank despair in my heart, and depicted on my face.

We walked on for some time in silence, and at length came to the door of the doctor's private library; here Parker stopped and scrutinised me with an expression of suspicion mingled with amusement on his face.

"I say, young man, I thought there was nothing on your conscience?"

"There isn't, but——"

"What?"

"I can't tell you, I'm afraid."

"Well, go along in, at any rate. Don't tell any more lies than you can help—it won't pay in the long run."

Gently I rapped on the door, and received an invitation to "Come in." I tremblingly accepted it.

Dr. Willoughby was leaning back in an armchair nursing his right leg, as was usual with him when in deep thought. Near him sat a middle-aged man with a very dark beard and moustache, and eyes that seemed to pierce you through, so black and keen were they.

"Vaughan," said the Doctor, fixing a very penetrating gaze on me. "This is Mr. Cathcart, of Corthall Court, London."

It was lucky Parker had prepared me for this, or I might have compromised myself by starting, or blushing. As it was I bowed gravely to Mr. Cathcart, who favoured me with a nod in return, and then glanced meaningly at the doctor. His behaviour left no doubt whatever in my mind that there was something "fishy" about my stamp.

"Did you write to Mr. Cathcart offering to sell him a stamp for five pounds?" asked Dr. Willoughby.

"Yes, sir."

"Was this the stamp?" The doctor handed me my poor old "error," and I instinctively held it up to examine the watermark. The "two" was still there, but the lines were much thicker, and there was a general appearance about the stamp as if someone had dropped a blot of grease just over the watermark.

"Might I be permitted to ask the young gentleman a few questions?" asked Mr. Cathcart.

"By all means," replied the doctor.

"Do you notice anything funny about the watermark?"

"Yes. It has a blurred appearance."

"How long has it had the blurred appearance?"

"Not long. I first got the stamp on Saturday evening, and it was perfectly distinct then."

"Oh! Did you take the trouble to examine the watermark before you sent it to me yesterday morning?"

"No. I didn't think it

possession on Saturday last?" he added, turning to me.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you see, Mr. Cathcart, this er—er—hall-mark was probably forged before it came into this boy's hands."

"Very likely, sir. The important part is that it *was* forged!"

"By gum!" I murmured, despite the doctor's presence.



"WAS THIS THE STAMP?"

worth while. Watermarks don't generally alter much, do they?"

"Not genuine ones."

"One minute, please, Mr. Cathcart," chipped in the doctor. "Are we to understand that the stamp only came into your

"No, by *oil!*" laughed Mr. Cathcart. "The figure has been drawn—very neatly drawn—with a *very fine pen dipped in oil!*"

I certainly never felt a bigger fool in my life than I did at that moment, and I don't suppose I ever looked a bigger one either. I

was crushed—overwhelmed with a keen sense of how completely Digby had taken me in!

"Vaughan," said Dr. Willoughby, nervously fingering a pen, "how did this stamp come into your possession?"

I told him the stamp's history, but did not mention any names. I merely stated that the stamp was a present from a friend of mine.

"What is his name?"

"I'd prefer not to tell you, sir!"

"Very well, then. Of course no one would expect the oil not to run. It was a practical joke, probably, don't you think, Vaughan?"

"I am sure, sir," I replied. "I'm certain it was not meant to—to——"

"Exactly so," said the doctor. "Some boys go a great deal too far over practical jokes. My boys have a Philatelic Society—h'm, yes—Digby, yes—good draftsman—caricaturist—fine pens, yes—uses crow-quills, I think they call them! Well, Vaughan, I don't think I want you any more, but you'll see Digby soon? Very good. Send him to me here as soon as morning school's over! Perhaps, Mr. Cathcart, you'd like to look over the school while I settle this little affair. Very well. I'll place you under the guidance of one of the prefects, who will take you to my house afterwards."

Directly the doctor had finished speaking I wished Mr. Cathcart good morning, and once more breathed the pure, free atmosphere of the corridor, feeling like a creature escaped from the jaws of death!

Arrived back in my class-room, I was the recipient of enquiring glances from all and sundry; to these glances I replied by pointing at Digby and demonstrating by expressive dumb show what I expected would soon befall him. At length the lesson was over, and, as there were several of my Philatelic Club in the form, I was surrounded and made to relate what had taken place in the library.

"Shut the door, somebody," I bawled, "and don't let any Wallabies escape!"

My command came just in the nick of time, for Perry seized hold of Digby just as the latter was slinking out.

"I say, Digby, Wallaby wants you, 'now, in the library," I said.

"Oh! Of course, you sneaked, being a 'daisy.'"

"I didn't do anything of the kind. Old Wallaby spotted you—he knows you're about the only chap in the school capable of it."

"Of what?" asked Newton.

"The New South Wales—the watermark was fudged—drawn with oil. Don't lynch him, you fellows—leave him for Wallaby!"

"See what comes of trying to take a rise out of 'daisies,'" laughed Saunders.

"The most pitiable part is," I said, "that the dealer chap is hugely amused. He says it's the clumsiest attempt at a forgery he ever came across!"

"It utterly did *you* in the eye, anyhow!" was Digby's parting shot, as he departed with cynical stoicism in the direction of the library.

"Now he's gone," said Perry, "I don't mind saying that I think it was beastly smart of him. I say, let's call him 'Oily,' shall we?" We did so, and the sobriquet stuck to him for the rest of his school life.

A few minutes later Newton and I strolled moodily down to the playground; we were both thinking of our share in that five pounds—which would never be a reality. On our way we had to pass the door of the doctor's sanctum, and, as we did so, a short, sharp report rang suddenly through the startled air. We both stopped and listened.

"I don't wish to be unsympathetic," said Newton, laughingly, "but I'm rather inclined to think that the Wallabies haven't scored so heavily after all. What ho! Sounds like a young firework display, doesn't it?" And we passed on, reflecting that transgressors never prosper for any length of time.



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

CONDUCTED BY

E. J. NANKIVELL

TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.

RECENT events in South Africa have induced a great many stamp collectors to turn their attention to the collection and study of the stamps of our new colonies. As a result, the stamps of the Transvaal have become great favourites with many of our most eminent specialists.

From 1877, when the British first took over the government of the country, till 1881, when it was restored to the Boers, it was a very fashionable country with the leading collectors of that day, but when the Restoration came, and it dropped back from the rank of a British colony to that of a foreign country, most collectors sold out and forsook it.

Now that it is once more, and finally, restored to the British Colonial list, it is again coming rapidly into favour, and deservedly so, for its chequered postal history is full of philatelic interest. Indeed, it may safely be said that it has a unique philatelic interest. It is a country that thoroughly repays study, for the simple reason that it cannot be wisely collected without study, and as it is the few only who have the time and the brains to study, the few eventually profit by the ignorance of the many. The average dealer's knowledge rarely extends to Transvaals; hence the many bargains that are being continually picked up in the early issues of this country, by those who have properly studied them.

It is said to be a difficult country. It is a very difficult country for the brainless. But for the collector of average ability and experience who will patiently study his stamps, it is second to none, and as an investment, despite the rise in prices during the last two years, it is full of opportunities, even to the beginner.

As it is mainly for the beginner and average general collector that I write in *THE CAPTAIN*, I will endeavour to simplify the collecting of Transvaals. I have specialised in this country for over twenty years. I took it on when others were giving it up, and in all those years devoted to an unfashionable country I have learned the value of taking up a country and sticking to it. The collector who is continually changing from one country to another does not give himself time to thoroughly understand any one. The successful collector is he who, whatever else he may collect, has one favourite country for continuous study.

The first Postmaster-General of the Transvaal to introduce the use of postage stamps was Mr. Fred. Jeppe. He suggested, by a rough sketch, the first postage stamps, and through the agency of a brother in Mecklenburg, Germany, he got the plates prepared by an engraver named Otto. The plates were sent out to the Transvaal with a supply of ink, and people who knew precious little about printing of any sort, started printing the required supplies of stamps. Hence the rough character of the early stamps of the South African Republic.

The issues of the Transvaal divide themselves naturally into four most interesting groups, viz.:—(1) The First Republic; (2) the First British occupation; (3) the Second Republic; and (4) the Second British occupation.

The stamps have no indistinct or perplexing watermarks, no endless varieties of perforation, and no tireless plate complexities. They can be reduced to a very simple A B C. Beyond that simple A B C the specialist may pursue his researches, as he pleases, into

interesting varieties of printing, paper, and surcharge. But even these varieties may be reduced to a clearly defined list. With the exception of the stamps of the First Republic the issues are simple and straightforward, and even the issues of the First Republic may be easily mastered by patient study. Do not attempt at the commencement to puzzle out the varieties of paper and printing that mark off the early issues.

THE FIRST REPUBLIC.

The First Republic issued in all four values, viz., 1d., 3d., 6d. and 1s. All are found imperforate and rouletted, and the 1d. and 6d. are also found perforated.

Set aside a page for each of these values. Whenever you come across a value that clearly differs in shade, or roulette, or paper, from those you already have, add it to its page. In this way you will gradually accumulate most of the varieties, which subsequent study, with the more advanced help to be found in advanced catalogues, will enable you later on to separate into issues and printings. If you will be content to accumulate in simple values in this way first, you will find the eventual task of specialism an easy one.

One Penny, red; Type I. In this value will be found varieties of paper, from *pelure* to thick, coarse paper; varieties of printing, from the fine, clear printing of the German engravers, to crude, blobby local work; varieties of shade, from pale red and vermilion to an intense crimson; and varieties of imperforate, rouletted, and perforated.



TYPE I.

Threepence; Type II. There is not so great a range of varieties of either paper, printing, or perforation in this value. There are papers of thick, superior quality, thin paper, and *pelure*, but no coarse, thick paper; nor is there any marked range of variety in the printing. But there are many varieties of shade, and as a commencement it will be the safest plan to take only *used* copies, giving the preference to those cancelled with concentric circles in blue ink. Avoid all cancellations that are very sharply



TYPE II.

printed, for they are mostly bogus. The genuine cancellation is somewhat blurred and rough. This is the only stamp of the Transvaal of which a reprint is known. Hence it will be safer for the beginner to confine himself to undoubted *used* copies, distinguished by the blue concentric-circle cancellation.

Sixpence, blue; Types I. and III. The two types of the 6d. are those of the ordinary Type I., and one issue of the same design, but with the eagle as in the 3d. value, i.e., with closed instead of outspread wings. The variety with closed wings is very scarce. Take *used* copies only until you are able to distinguish the forgeries, avoiding, as before, sharply printed cancellations. In this value is to be found a great variety of paper and printing, and it will be met with imperforate, rouletted, and perforated 12½. If you come across tempting copies of unused, with full gum, note that you will find some with a yellow streaky gum. They are early local prints, and, therefore, worth securing.



TYPE III.

One Shilling, green; Type I. The stamps of this value are well worth picking up quickly, as they are ridiculously undervalued by the market. There were in all only five different printings of the 1s. of the First Republic. The quantities printed were: 1st, 8,560; 2nd, 4,040; 3rd, 4,040; 4th, 8,000; 5th, 12,000; so that it will be seen that the full total amounts only to 36,640 stamps, and that some of these should be great rarities; yet they can be picked up for a few shillings each. Compared with similar stamps of more popular countries they are worth as many pounds. There is not much range of varieties in this value. There is a thick, hard paper, with yellow streaky gum, which is the first printing; then a blotchy, darker green; and then a thin paper, but no *pelure*. There is a yellow-green, not included in the foregoing reckoning, of which we know little, but suspect that it was a printing made on the eve of the British occupation. Apparently few were put into circulation, the bulk being subsequently surcharged "v. R. TRANSVAAL." There are varieties of imperforate and rouletted.

Place your imperforate stamps on the upper half of the page, and the roulettes on the lower half, and you will soon get to know what roulettes are common and what are rare.

1870 to 1877.

- 1d., red; all Type I.
- 3d., mauve; all Type II.
- 6d., blue; Types I. and III.
- 1s., green; all Type I.

(To be continued.)

Notable New Issues.

British Somaliland.—The *London Philatelist* is informed that the current Indian stamps have been overprinted "British Somaliland," in two lines in black, in sanserif capitals, for use in this territory. The values and colours are as follows:—

- ½ anna, pale green.
- 1 anna, carmine.
- 2 annas, violet.
- 2½ annas, blue.
- 3 annas, brown orange.
- 4 annas, slate green.
- 6 annas, pale brown.
- 8 annas, dull mauve.
- 12 annas, brown on red.
- 1 rupee, carmine and green.
- 2 rupees, yellow, brown and carmine.
- 3 rupees, green and brown.
- 5 rupees, violet and ultramarine.

Chili.—The stamps of the new series ordered from the American Bank Note Company are coming out very slowly. The 5c. was chronicled in the February CAPTAIN (p. 436), and all we have had since are the 1c. green and 2c. rose.

Colombia, Antioquia.

—Colombia with its many separate stamp issuing provinces and towns is the most prolific stamp-producing



country of South America. The latest to hand, from Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., is a new set for Antioquia. The low values, 1c., 2c., 3c. and 4c. are of the design of the 3c. illustrated, the 2½c. and 5c. have separate designs, as illustrated, and the higher values of 10c. and upwards have a portrait, as illustrated. The stamps are lithographed locally. According to *Ewen's Stamp News* there is an error in the sheet of the 2c., the fortieth stamp being a 3c. instead of a 2c. Collectors should secure the error in a pair. The full list of the series is as follows:—

- 1c., rose.
- 2c., blue.
- 2½c., violet.
- 3c., green.
- 4c., purple.
- 5c., red.
- 10c., lilac rose.
- 20c., pale green.
- 30c., rose.
- 40c., blue.
- 50c., brown on yellow.
- 1p., black and mauve.
- 2p., black and rose.
- 5p., black and dull blue.
- Error of colour.*
- 3c., blue.

Cook Islands.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform us that the colour of the 2½ value has been changed from rose to blue, the Postal Union colour. No wmk. Perf. 11.

France.—The design of the middle values of this country has been redrawn and modified. The square label, containing the word "Postes" and the figures of value, has given place to a neat shield with the figures of value only, and the word "Postes" is removed to the top border, and the figure of Liberty is more clearly and sharply outlined. The 10c., 20c., 25c. and 30c. have all been issued in the improved design, but I have not yet seen the 15c.



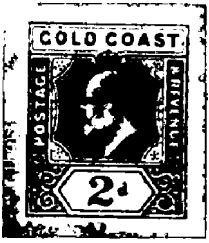
Gambia.—Though I have only seen a few of the values with the King's Head I understand the whole series is now in use. The designs of the last Queen's Head issue remain unchanged with the exception of the substitution of the King's Head for that of the late Queen Victoria. Wmk. CA., and perf. 14,



as before. The full list of values and colours is as follows:—

- ½d., green.
- 1d., carmine.
- 2d., orange, name and value in mauve.
- 2½d., blue.
- 3d., magenta, name and value in blue.
- 4d., brown, name and value in blue.
- 6d., olive green, name and value in blue.
- 1s., bluish lilac, name and value in green.
- 2s., slate gray, name and value in orange.

Gold Coast.—The Queen's Head has given place to the King's Head on the current series for this colony, otherwise the designs are unchanged. In most of the stamps the colouring is somewhat deeper in shade. Wmk. CA., and perf. 14, as before.



- ½d., purple, name and value in green.
- 1d., ,, ,, ,, carmine.
- 2d., ,, ,, ,, vermilion.
- 2½d., ,, ,, ,, blue.
- 3d., ,, ,, ,, orange.
- 6d., ,, ,, ,, mauve.
- 1s., green ,, ,, black.
- 2s., ,, ,, ,, carmine.
- 5s., ,, ,, ,, violet.
- 10s., ,, ,, ,, brown.
- 20s., brown and black on red paper.

Great Britain.—The 10d. stamp with the King's Head has been issued, thus completing the Coronation series. On comparison with the Queen's Head 10d. it will be seen that many little variations have been introduced in the process of redrawing. The word "Postage" has been removed from above



the head and the whole inscription "Postage and Revenue" is now placed under the head. The upper corners of the rectangle containing the crown, head, and inscription have been rounded. Wmk. Imperial crown, perf. 14.

10d., purple and lake.

Grenada.—Mr. J. W. Jones has shown me some of the new King's Head stamps for this colony, which we illustrate. The general design is the same throughout the series, but there are minor differences. In some the figure of value is on a plain shield, in



others on a lined or shaded shield, and in others the figure of value is in white on a shield of solid colour. Wmk. CA., and perf. 14, as before.

- ½d., lilac, name and value in green (plain shield).
- 1d., ,, ,, ,, carmine (lined shield).
- 2d., ,, ,, ,, brown (value in white on lined ground).
- 2½d., ,, ,, ,, blue (value in white on blue ground).
- 3d., ,, ,, ,, orange (plain shield).
- 6d., ,, ,, ,, green (value in white on lined ground).
- 1s., green ,, ,, orange (plain shield).
- 2s., ,, ,, ,, blue (plain shield).
- 5s., ,, ,, ,, carmine (value in white on carmine ground).
- 10s., ,, ,, ,, mauve (plain shield).

Malta.—A provisional 1d. stamp has been provided here by surcharging the 2½d. value in black with the words "One Penny." An error of "Pnney" instead of "Penny" is chronicled. *Ewen's Weekly News* says this error was caused by an "e" being shaken out of the forme of type by a passing trolley. The letter was picked up and replaced after, instead of before, the double "n."

PROVISIONAL.

"One penny" in black, on 2½d. blue, shades.
Error—"One pnney" in black on 2½d. blue.

Niue.—Three of the current New Zealand stamps have been surcharged for use in this island, which is under the administration of New Zealand.

"NIUE ½ PENI" in red, on ½d. green.
"NIUE TAHA PENI" in blue, on 1d. carmine.
"NIUE 2½ PENI" in red, on 2½d. blue.

Northern Nigeria.—I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. for a specimen of the King's Head issue. The King's Head replaces the late Queen's, otherwise the designs of the Queen's Head series are retained, and the colours and values are also the same. Wmk. CA., and perf. 14, as before.



- ½d., purple, name and value in green.
- 1d., ,, ,, ,, red.
- 2d., ,, ,, ,, yellow.
- 2½d., ,, ,, ,, blue.
- 5d., ,, ,, ,, brown.
- 6d., ,, ,, ,, violet.
- 1s., green ,, ,, black.
- 2s.6d., ,, ,, ,, blue.
- 10s., ,, ,, ,, brown.

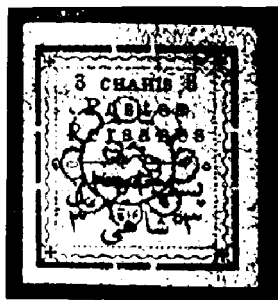
Orange River Colony.—Messrs. Bright and Son send me the current Cape of Good Hope 1d. stamp, figure of Hope standing, overprinted with the words "Orange River Colony" in the same fancy type used for over-

printing the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. Cape stamps. Messrs. Butler Bros. inform me that this provisional was issued on June 6th. A new 6d. value has been provided by overprinting a supply of the Orange Free State 6d. blue, with the initials "E.R.I." and "6d."

Penrhyn Island.—This island, which is under the administration of New Zealand, has been supplied with postage stamps by surcharging three of the current issue of New Zealand in tall, thin sanserif capitals.

"Penrhyn Island $\frac{1}{2}$ PENI" in red on $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green.
 "Penrhyn Island TAI PENI" in black, on 1d. carmine.
 "Penrhyn Island $2\frac{1}{2}$ PENI" in red on $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue.

Persia.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me a curious series of type-set labels from this country, which I illustrate. The design is made up of French and Persian inscriptions in a heavy square frame, printed on a ground of fancy pattern in very pale yellow,



or pale blue, and surcharged with a device containing a lion in rose. The stamps are on wove paper, and are imperf.

ON PALE YELLOW GROUND.

- 1ch., grey.
- 2ch., red brown.
- 3ch., dark green.
- 5ch., red.
- 10ch., olive yellow.
- 12ch., ultramarine.

ON PALE BLUE GROUND.

- 1kr., purple.
- 2kr., olive green.
- 10kr., deep blue.
- 50kr., red.

St. Vincent.—I have received and illustrate the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. value of the King's Head series, for which I am indebted to Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. The series chronicled as issued on June 25th is as follows:—



- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., purple, name and value in green.
- 1d., purple, name and value in carmine.

- $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., purple, name and value in blue.
- 3d., purple, name and value in olive.
- 6d., purple, name and value in brown.
- 1s., green, name and value in carmine.

Seychelles.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. and Messrs. Bright and Son have shown me a new set of provisionals. The surcharge is in black in similar type to the provisionals of last year.

- 2c., in black, on 4c., carmine and green.
- 30c., in black, on 75c., yellow and violet.
- 30c., in black, on 1 rupee, mauve and deep red.
- 45c., in black, on 1 rupee, mauve and deep red.
- 45c., in black, on 2r. 25c., mauve and green.

Straits Settlements.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me the 1c., 3c., 8c. and 30c. of the King's Head type, as illustrated. These are all that are yet issued of the new type for this colony.



- 1c., green.
- 3c., purple, name and value in orange.
- 8c., purple on blue paper.
- 30c., slate, name and value in carmine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

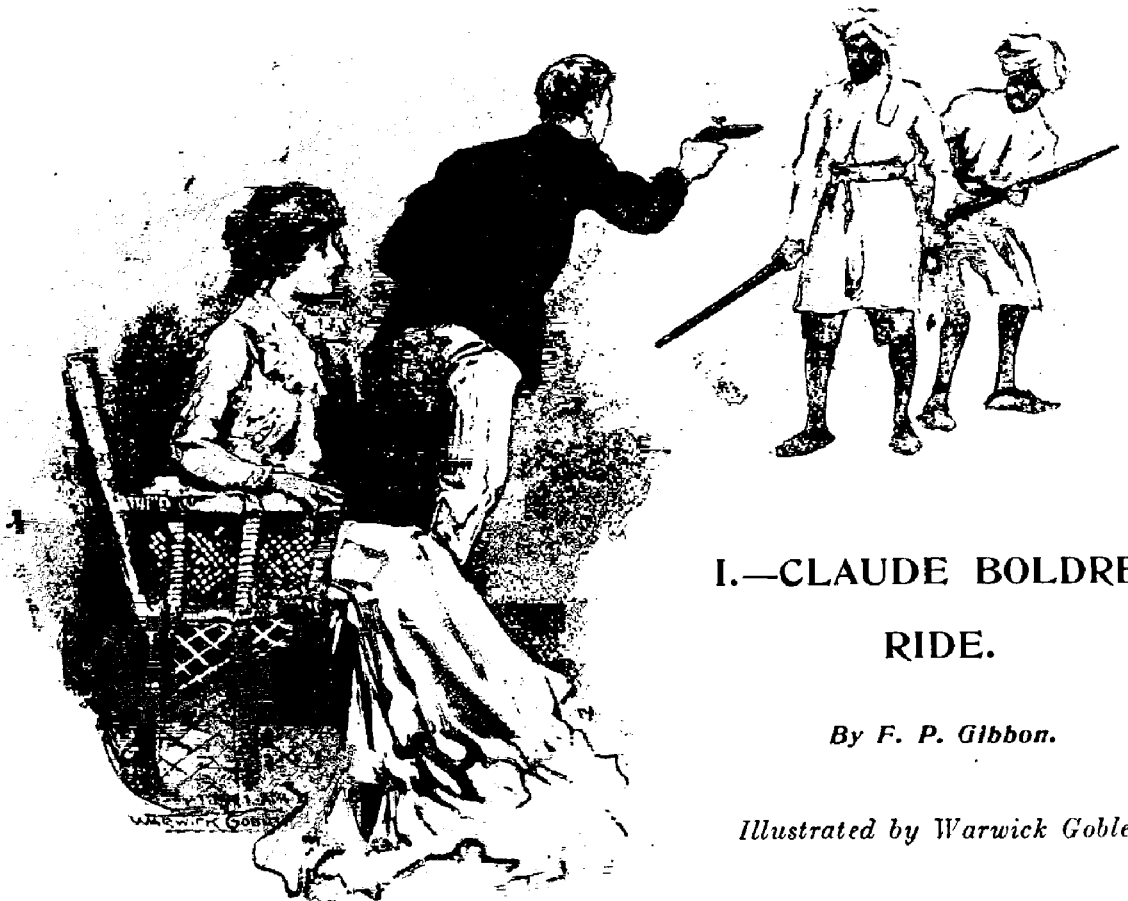
T. A. D.—The Prince Consort Essay was simply a specimen stamp that was engraved in 1851 to accompany a proposal, submitted by Messrs. Archer and Branston, to print the postage stamps required by the Inland Revenue Department, on the surface printing principle at the rate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per thousand. The copy of the Prince Consort Essay, which accompanied the proposal, was simply a sample of what could be done by the surface printing, as a cheaper process than that of steel plate printing, which had been adopted. Essays have no catalogue value.

G. V.—Genuine first issue Samoans may be distinguished from the reprints by their defective perforation. The sheets were in two rows, and the outer edges were not perforated. Consequently, no genuine first issue Samoan is found perforated all round, top sides and bottom. The reprints, on the contrary, are always perforated all round.

T. B. S. B.—Cayman Islands stamps were not issued till 1900. Your album was probably printed before that year. Hence the omission. New countries can easily be provided for by an interleaf of thin paper.

"Glasgowegian."—There are many varieties of the South Australian, 6d. blue, wmk. Star. The dark blue of the first issue is imperforate, and is catalogued at 3s. 6d. Then there is the slate blue of the Colonial print also imperforate, catalogued at 20s. used. And, following these, a great many varieties of roulette and perforation, all wmk. Star.

TALES OF INDIA.



I.—CLAUDE BOLDRE'S RIDE.

By F. P. Gibbon.

Illustrated by Warwick Goble.

I.

"THE PATER'S angry about something," Claude Boldre whispered.

They were looking down from the verandah of their bungalow this morning in early summer. Parade was over and the officers of the 115th Bengal Native Infantry were returning from drill. Colonel Boldre gave his horse to the *sais* and joined his wife and son.

"What's the matter, Harry?" Mrs. Boldre anxiously enquired.

"More bad news, little woman. The Benares regiments have joined the mutineers, the Ludhiana Sikhs going with them, and one or two regiments in this province have revolted."

The 115th was stationed at Balandghar, a town of the western Punjab. Claude had been born in India, but had been at school in England for

some years. In a few weeks he was due to return there.

"You think our men safe enough, don't you, pater?" he asked.

"I believe the 115th will remain true if all the rest fail," was the Colonel's proud reply. "Look at their glorious record. There are not many regiments that can boast Meanee, Sobraon, Aliwal, and Gujerat on their colours."

"There are too many Sikhs in the corps now, though," Major Wood gloomily observed. "Give me the men who've fought on our side for half a century. I don't like these new-fangled, semi-barbarous Sikh, Gurkha, and Pathan recruits—races we've been fighting against not very long ago. It's only natural they'll want to pay us back."

"I don't agree with you, Wood," the Colonel asserted. "The Sikhs fought us gallantly and

we beat them fairly, and brave men will like us none the less that we beat them."

"It's the same at school," Claude chimed in. "When two fellows have had a fair stand-up fight and both of 'em are plucky, they don't bear malice, but like one another all the more."

"That's right enough," the Major persisted. "But a few years ago the Sikhs ruled this country and lorded it over Pathans and Jats, Hindus and Mohammedans. We've hardly pacified the Punjab yet, and of course they'll seize the first opportunity to regain their power."

"Come, Wood, old man, you mustn't be a croaker," the Colonel interrupted, for this was a subject upon which the Major could hold forth for hours. "Our men are all right; only this morning they expressed their readiness to march against Delhi if need be. To-morrow, my dear, I must leave you for the whole day, as I must ride to Kunar to inspect the detachment guarding the treasury there, and find out what their spirit is. They're mostly Sikhs."

In the early hours of the following morning Colonel Boldre took leave of his wife and son. Producing a couple of pistols, he handed one to each, saying:—

"There's no knowing what may happen, Mary, and you'd better have these if the worst comes to the worst. Keep a brave heart, little woman, for I shall be back to-night all right."

"I wish you hadn't to go, Harry," Mrs. Boldre wistfully declared. "God grant that you may come safely back! Claude and I will be safe enough among our own men who have known us for so long, but I can't trust those wild Sikhs amongst whom you are going."

Mrs. Boldre was the only Englishwoman in the cantonment. Two of the captains were married, but luckily their wives and children were safe at Simla. Two hours after the Colonel's departure, whilst Claude and his mother sat talking of the years during which they had been separated, a noise of running feet was heard in the passage and a couple of armed sepoy burst into the room. Claude sprang in front of his mother and levelled his pistol at the intruders.

"Down, down!" cried the foremost, pulling up short. "The regiment is about to rise and we come to save you—I and Prem Singh, my son."

Mrs. Boldre recognised the speaker as *Subadar* Bahadur Singh, one of the senior native officers. The young sepoy hurriedly spread on the floor the contents of a bundle he had brought, and the *subadar* urged them to put on the native costumes with all speed. Picking up the feminine attire the English lady hastened to her room, whilst Claude, assisted by Prem Singh, donned the short blue pyjamas, the *choga* (a long

outer coat), the Sikh shoes, and white *pagri*. There was no time to stain their skins.

Then the door opened and Claude stared. Could this be his mother? He regarded her critically, from head-wrapper and veil to the tiny shoes that peeped out beneath the *ghagra* (petticoat) of madder brown, and whistled softly.

"Quick! quick!" the old Sikh impatiently exhorted them. "We have not a moment to spare."

The servants were all absent, an ominous sign, and yet lucky, as the four were enabled to slip out of the house unperceived. Awaiting them within the lime thickets were half a dozen Sikh sepoy, men of Bahadur Singh's own village. One of these ran forward and whispered in an excited manner to the old *subadar*, who, leaving the road, hastily made for some bush and struck through the woods in a north-westerly direction.

"Tell us now, *subadar*, what has happened?" the boy asked. "Can we do nothing to save the others?"

The answer was supplied from afar. From the direction of the parade ground a solitary report was heard, then all was silent. The fugitives listened intently, and suddenly the silence was again broken by the rattle of a fierce fusillade, that ceased as promptly as it had begun. Then they heard faintly yells and mad shouts of triumph from the rebel regiment.

"They have slain the officers," said the old Sikh simply. "They are as changeable as the favour of a king. Yesterday they meant to be loyal; this morning a rumour spreads and a message comes, and yesterday is forgotten. Had the Colonel Sahib been here, perchance he might have held them in, for many of us loved him, and still more were afraid of his eyes when he looked us in the face. But they were bound to rebel—a little sooner or a little later!"

The face of the English lady grew pale as she thought of the band of brothers that had served under her husband, and her heart went out to the wives at Simla.

"But does it mean," she asked, finding difficulty in the mere utterance of the horror, "that the officers are murdered? Could you not have saved them also?"

The Sikh *subadar* shook his head.

"There are but eight of my own men," he replied. "What could we do? I sent one to warn Wood Sahib whilst we went to save the Colonel Sahib's wife and son. Perhaps Wood Sahib would not listen to my messenger, for he trusts the *poorbeahs** more than he trusts us."

"But what about my father?" Claude asked the question, for Mrs. Boldre dared not allude

* A term applied to the Oudh sepoy, meaning "The men from the East."

to the subject nearest to her heart lest the reply should confirm her worst fears.

"God knows," said the Sikh. "We Sikhs love him, and the Treasury Guard are all Sikhs, so perchance he will be safe. The rest of my countrymen at Balandghar, excepting my own men here, have been over-persuaded and threatened by the *poorbeahs*, else they would not have joined the rebels. At Kunar that cannot happen, for there the *poorbeahs* are few."

II.

THEY proceeded in silence for some distance.

"Cannot the *memsahib* walk faster?" the *subadar* enquired of Claude. "When we get further away from town we can make or steal a litter and carry her."

Mrs. Boldre, a little woman who had been a Simla belle when the Colonel married her, and was still beautiful, overheard the remark and bravely attempted to quicken her pace.

"But why are you leading us in this direction, Bahadur Singh?" Claude asked, having thought the matter over for some time. "Why not east towards Kunar?"

"Because, Claude Sahib, the rebel dogs will make for Kunar to sack the treasury, and they will search for us in that direction, guessing that we should make for there. Then should we assuredly have been caught, for a *memsahib* cannot easily be disguised, and we should all be slain."

"And why, Bahadur Shah, are you taking this risk for our sakes? Do you, then, love the English?"

"Nay, I love them not, but I love thy father. The English are brave and just to all, but they do not understand us, and only Henry Larens and a few others can see through our eyes, and those few we love and would follow to the death. I fought against thy race in '46 at Aliwal and Sobraon, and again in '49 at Chillianwallah and Gujerat, and we found the British brave and generous foemen. At that last battle I nearly slew thy father—three of us all skilled swordsmen and he single-handed. Yet he strove against us valiantly and almost prevailed, but I cut him down."

Claude had never heard the story before, and listened intently. The old soldier continued:

"When the British became our masters and our young men began to enlist in the regiments of the *Kumpani Bahadur*,* I recognised thy father, and enlisted under him and brought him

* "The Great Lord Company"—the East India Company.

recruits, for he fought as I never saw man fight before. Therefore I love him and risk my life to serve him. Also, Bahadur Singh is true to the salt he has eaten."

The woods having been left behind, the fugitives followed an unfenced road that led, now across cultivated fields, and now over common lands sparsely decked with low bushes. A few days ago the corn had been swaying in green and golden waves, pleasant alike to ear and eye as the wind swished through the stalks. But the glory of the fields had fallen before the unsparing sickle. Here the bare stubble alone was left; yonder the wheat lay in sheaves awaiting the clumsy bullock-carts that plied to and fro.

The Jat and Mohammedan cultivators rested from their labours to stare at the unusual procession, and stolidly resumed their work. In the east the rivers might be running red, but they had to live by the sweat of their brows. The sun was pitiless, and the wind like a blast from a furnace. Native pluck and a strong constitution had upheld Mrs. Boldre far longer than she had dared to hope, but she could go no further without a rest. While she and Claude sat beneath the shade of some roadside mulberry trees, Bahadur Singh made his way across the stubble towards a large farmhouse, in the hope of purchasing the materials for a litter. He soon returned with a *dhooli*.

"Come," said he, "we will carry the *memsahib* yonder. The *zamindar* is a good man and will give us food and milk, and will sell the *dhooli*."

The women of the house took Mrs. Boldre into their apartments, and when she had eaten they persuaded her to lie down and sleep. Claude and the Sikhs regaled themselves upon *chapattis* and *ghee* (cakes and clarified butter) and clotted milk. The boy then accompanied the Jat farmer to his threshing floor, where the oxen were treading out the corn, dragging over it a heavy wooden framework covered with thorns and stones, and as he regarded the peaceful scene it was hard to realise that he was a fugitive in danger of his life.

Three hours they rested and then set off again, the *zamindar* accompanying them across his fields to point out the nearest route, and they parted from the kindly Jat with regret and gratitude. In the cool of the evening Mrs. Boldre insisted on walking once more to relieve the bearers.

"Where do you intend to take us, Bahadur Singh?" she asked.

"To Miranbeyla, where there is an English officer and a police post. We should reach the town in a couple of days."

There was little repose to be had that night, and the sun again rose in a cloudless sky. Mrs. Boldre and Claude were weary and footsore, and

would gladly have rested had not Bahadur Singh urged them onwards. They were less alive to the danger now that the surroundings seemed so peaceful, and their fears for themselves had been deadened by the shock of the heavy blow they had suffered. By now they had entered into a wilder country, the level cornfields, with their glaring patches of yellow mustard-blossom, having given place to a treeless plain, bounded by a grey-blue line of distant hills, and dotted here and there with stunted bushes.

"What is it?" Claude suddenly exclaimed.

Prem Singh had stopped short, and his face expressed alarm. From behind some bushes a hundred yards away four well-armed men had risen to their feet, and now bore down upon them with swaggering gait. Even the boy had no difficulty in recognising them as Pathans, for he had seen many of the borderers in Balandghar itself. They were dangerous men, who held human life as nought, and Claude was alarmed. He knew that while they despised he Hindus, they hated the Sikhs and *Feringhis*. Finger on trigger the four came blustering up to the party and coolly asked their business.

"Why, that's an Englishman!" one of the questioners exclaimed before any reply could be given. "And a *mem-sahib*, too, or I'm a pig-eater! What are ye accursed Sikhs doing with them? Do ye mean to slay them?"

"Yes, assuredly," Bahadur Singh replied. "They do not speak our tongue, and believe we are leading them to a place of safety, but—"

Instead of completing the sentence, the *subadar* winked at the Pathan.

"Ho, ho!" cried the tribesmen. "Ye faithful Sikhs! Had we worn the *Kumpani's* uniform we

should have been loyal to our salt. We are not Sikhs."

Prem Singh made a hasty movement as if to resent the insult, but seeing that his father remained impassive, his hand fell to his side. One of the Pathans approached Mrs. Boldre, and, lifting the veil, peered into her face. Then, with a malevolent grin, he drew his long knife from



CLAUDE SENT THE FELLOW SPRAWLING.

its sheath and made a sign of cutting his throat with slow and expressive gesture. This was too much for Claude, who threw caution to the winds.

He sprang at the brute—and Claude Boldre was a boxer and an athlete. A left-hander over the mouth, followed quickly by a blow with the right under the ear, sent the fellow sprawling, big and strong though he was, for the boy's attack was altogether unexpected. As Claude lunged forward to give force to the second blow, his toe

caught against a lump of jutting stone in the road, and, as the man fell, he stumbled atop of him.

The furious Pathan still held his knife; before the boy could recover his balance, he wriggled from beneath, heaving Claude to the ground, and, rasing himself to a sitting posture, aimed a vicious blow at him with the keen blade. At the same instant his nearest companion, bending down, slashed at the English boy from above. By a rare bit of good luck neither Pathan perceived the other's intention, and the ruffian below struck just as the arm of the man above got in the way. The wrist was cut almost to the bone, the knife dropping from the Pathan's grasp, and as the first brute, disregarding his comrade's injury, prepared to strike again, a pistol cracked and a bullet took him in the shoulder. Mrs. Boldre's presence of mind had not deserted her—the mother's instinct being more prompt to act even than that of the trained soldiers. She had pulled the trigger and saved her son from certain death. Before another blow could be struck, the muzzles of the Sikh muskets were at the ruffians' heads, and Claude quickly rose to his feet.

"Shoot the dogs!" said Bahadur Singh to his men.

"No, no," cried the English refugees, "let them go!"

"They will raise the countryside against us," the *subadar* objected.

"We cannot murder them in cold blood, Bahadur Singh," Claude emphatically asserted.

"Bah!" sneered Prem Singh, "they are only Pathans. What matters it whether they live or die?"

"It won't do," said the boy. "Look here, make them swear they will do nothing to hinder us if we let them go."

The Sikhs grinned and looked at one another.

"The oath of a Pathan!" they laughed. But, accustomed to heed their white leaders, the sepoy's obeyed. Scowling sullenly, their assailants took the oath, and quickly disappeared in the direction whence they had come.

For some little time the fugitives plodded on in silence, Prem Singh a few hundred paces in advance. Suddenly the scout gave a warning yell and came bounding towards them. As he ran three reports were heard in rapid succession, and the smoke rolled upwards from some bush about six hundred yards ahead.

"Quick! towards those trees!" he cried, pointing to the adjacent mango-tope. "The Pathan hounds have called out their clansmen and are lying in wait for us."

III.

THE fugitives ran towards the cover afforded by the mangoes, and the Pathans, seeing that their surprise had failed, came forth. Spreading out, they approached their intended victims with characteristic caution.

"Ah, Claude Sahib," the *subadar* murmured, "we shall have to fight for our lives. Had you but governed your impatient English temper this would not have happened."

"But the dog insulted my mother."

"True, that is hard to bear, but not so bad as to be slain—and that is what will happen to us all."

Claude saw that his mother's weapon was properly reloaded, and that she was placed in the position of greatest safety. Each sepoy got behind a tree trunk and awaited the attack with twitching fingers. The brigands apparently numbered about thirty, all well-armed, lawless ruffians who lived by force and cunning. They made sure of their prey. It was always a pleasure—and in fact a virtuous act—to kill a Sikh or *Feringhi*, and perchance the Englishman and woman had money and valuables, and certainly the Sikh muskets and bayonets would be very useful. Yes, they were going to make a good haul and no mistake.

The Sikh sepoy's were grim and quiet. Most of them had been in tight places before, and the love of combat was born in them, though one or two could not help regarding the situation and the odds against them very gloomily.

Prem Singh opened the ball, and, his first shot striking a Pathan in the chest, the foemen's strength was reduced by one. The attackers replied vigorously, but the Sikhs had the advantage of cover and *Havildar* Kesar Singh, younger brother of the *subadar*, was the next to bring down his man. The brigands drew nearer and nearer, creeping along the ground, taking cover behind stones and bushes, and peeping through to fire.

A third and fourth Pathan were soon placed *hors de combat*, and immediately afterwards one of the Sikhs was badly wounded in the side, and a bullet in the forehead killed a second. Claude took the dead sepoy's musket and joined in the firing, for his pistol was useless at the range. By now the enemy had opened out, forming a semicircle round the clump. They did not complete the circle because on one side the ground was open, lacking cover of any description.

A bullet struck one of the trees an inch above Mrs. Boldre's head. The brave little woman never flinched, and, seeing that the wounded sepoy could no longer use his gun, she took the weapon



THE PROSTRATE SIKHS SUDDENLY TURNED ON THEIR ELBOWS AND Poured FORTH A DEADLY FUSILLADE.

and insisted on joining in the defence in spite of Claude's entreaties that she should not expose herself.

And Claude to his amazement found that his mother was by no means ignorant of the use of a rifle, the veteran *subadar* nodding approvingly as he witnessed the pluck and skill of the *memsahib*.

A tall Pathan stood up and shouted :—

"Deliver to us the Englishwoman and boy and we will allow you Sikhs to go free."

Kesar Singh's musket supplied the answer to this demand, and the fellow rolled over. Though our friends had inflicted a much heavier loss than they themselves had suffered, the result of the affray seemed only a question of time, for now the Pathans would not stir from behind their cover, but patiently awaited their chance. Suspense was worse than the actual fighting, and Claude was beginning to lose heart, when a bright idea occurred to him. He quietly communicated the same to his comrades.

"Look here, Bahadur Singh," he whispered, "they will certainly shoot us all down in time at this rate. I have thought of a ruse to draw them out of their cover. How would it be if most of you were to fall down one by one as if killed or wounded? Then they will try to rush the place! You see what I mean?"

The Sikh smiled grimly and smacked his lips :—

"Good! good!" he cried, "thou art a general, Claude Sahib." And the others muttered their approval.

At the next shot the veteran flung up his arms, and, uttering a groan, toppled backwards. He contrived to fall, however, with a tree trunk in front of him for shelter. A few moments later another dropped to the ground and then another, until only Kesar Singh, Claude, and Mrs. Bolde were left to conduct the defence. The Pathans gave vent to yells of cruel glee, and at a given signal rose and rushed towards the mango clump, brandishing their long knives.

When the Pathans were but thirty paces away, the prostrate Sikhs suddenly turned on their elbows and poured forth a deadly fusillade. Half-a-dozen Pathans fell at once; the others, taken absolutely by surprise, hesitated, waiting for a leader brave enough to set them the example and complete the rush. This gave the sepoys time to reload, and as four men were accounted for by the second volley, the remainder turned and bolted for the nearest scrub, losing another of their strength before they reached its shelter.

"Fix bayonets! Follow them quick!" Claude yelled. "Two of you guard the *memsahib*." Placing himself at their head he led the bayonet charge, but Prem Singh outstripped him and

was first upon the brigands, before the latter had recovered from their confusion. A wild volley greeted them, but the bullets whistled above their heads and not a sepoy was touched. The gallant Sikhs were not to be denied. Outnumbered though they were, they knew well that the Pathan cannot stand the bayonet, and they fought like demons. In a few moments the place was clear, few of the fierce tribesmen escaping to tell the tale. As is frequently the case with a bayonet charge delivered at exactly the right moment, hardly a casualty occurred on the attacking side. Bahadur Singh and one other Sikh, however, sustained slight flesh wounds from the Pathans' vicious knives, but they laughed as they bound up the cuts. Claude escaped without a scratch.

The journey was quickly resumed, Mrs. Bolde giving up the litter to the wounded sepoy. All villages and habitations were avoided; during the heat of the day they sought shelter and repose, and walked through the greater part of the night. Next day Miranbeyla appeared in sight, and very welcome to the wanderers was the first glimpse of its mosque and minarets. But as they entered the town one glance was enough; the state of the place stood revealed! This was no harbour of refuge, no place of safety for the weary and anxious fugitives. No sooner were they perceived than the uproar increased; a crowd of shouting tribesmen gathered about them with menacing gestures, and the Sikhs, fixing bayonets, closed round their charges and prepared to sell their lives dearly.

"Down with the infidels!" the mob screamed. "Slay them!" And stones and brickbats began to fly around.

Where were the officers and police who should have been their protectors? Evidently they had departed or been destroyed, for the stores of the Hindu shopkeepers had been looted, the gaol doors broken open and the prisoners released. The mob was only waiting for a leader to fire the first fatal shot, and the small party would be doomed.

That leader soon appeared in the form of a ruffian in police uniform.

"Kill the Sikh dogs!" he cried, "but spare the *Feringhis* that we may have sport with them."

Setting the example, he fired at Bahadur Singh. But the bullet passed through the veteran's turban, leaving him uninjured. The Sikhs attempted to clear a path with the bayonet. As the mob fell back, howling with rage as the tongues of cold steel darted hither and thither, suddenly, above the tumult, the ringing of horses' hoofs was heard upon the stones, and half a dozen burly cavaliers forced their way through the mob, striking right and left with their long whips.

"Make way, there, dogs!" they cried "Way for Husain Shah!" and the mob parted as the waves fell aside from the bow of a ship.

The leader, a handsome old Pathan with a red-dyed beard, forced his way to the side of Bahadur Singh; and the savage yells sank to low mutterings, and firearms and missiles were lowered. Evidently this was a man of authority.

"What do ye here, Sikh?" he peremptorily demanded. "And who are these white people?" The *subadar* briefly informed him of the state of affairs, and asked where the British officers might be found.

"They have been recalled to Peshawur," was the reply, "and some of the men have deserted and are here inciting my people, the dogs!"

He turned his horse to face the disappointed mob, and, standing in the stirrups, proceeded to address it. "Know ye then, men of Miranbeyla, that these *Feringhis* are under my protection. Not a hair of their heads must be touched! Ye fools, to think that the might of the English Raj is broken because a few thousand *poorbeah* swine have revolted! Whilst *Jan Nikkulseyn* remains Lord of Peshawur, the sword of Husain Shah is at the service of the British."

"*Peshawur has fallen, and Jan Nikkulseyn is slain!*" shouted one of the traitor policemen from the rear of the crowd, from whose mass a confused murmur went up. The Pathan chief started as though stung, and his excited horse plunged and reared so that the mob recoiled. Claude understood only too well the import of these tidings.

IV.

"L IAR!" hissed Husain Shah. "*Jan Nikkulseyn* will have thee hanged yet, thou hound. Believe not their lies, my children, else will ye surely suffer when *Nikkulseyn Sahib* has time to turn his attention to Miranbeyla, for well we know that his hand is heavy. Think ye that the British could hold Peshawur for a single day had they not a power that ye do not understand? Wait and see, and if they be indeed driven from Peshawur, then I, Husain Shah, will lead you to war; and the rich plains of the Punjab and the cities of the East will fall easy victims. But *Jan Nikkulseyn* is my lord and master, and while he commands, my right hand is his."

Turning to Claude, he continued:

"Follow to my house, and I will protect you there."

The horsemen clearing the way, the brave Sikhs closed up behind the two English people, and though the rabble scowled, they made no attempt to hinder.

Husain Shah was a kind of Pathan squire, and the great man of Miranbeyla. His resolute bearing overawed the rioters. Colonel John Nicholson, the great Deputy Commissioner, whose wonderful influence was keeping that most turbulent of districts in comparative order throughout this anxious time, had come across Husain Shah in the way of business a few years before. The Pathan had been a robber-chieftain, but, though his life was forfeit, Nicholson had spared him, seeing that he was not a bad sort in spite of his peculiar views on honesty. It was not gratitude for the Englishman's generosity in giving him his life that occasioned the Pathan's admiration and devotion, but the skill and boldness with which Nicholson had followed him, with a handful of troopers, into his mountain fastness, and taken what was imagined to be an impregnable fortress. Surely, thought Husain Shah, the man who could do this was the greatest man in the world!

Then the erstwhile robber watched John Nicholson, and wondered. He saw that he brought peace where there had never been peace before, and established order and respect for the law where law and justice had never been known. He found that scores of fierce tribesmen like himself, throughout the wildest country in the world, quaked in their shoes with a wholesome dread before this quiet man, and yet trusted and loved and looked up to him as children look up to their father.

For John Nicholson had never failed in what he had attempted, and no one knew the limits of his power. They believed there was no state of affairs too difficult for him to grapple with. Peshawur, at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, was then, as it is now, the Gate of India, and with him there were Herbert Edwardes—that scarcely less famous frontier officer—and Brigadier Cotton, the gallant and wise soldier in command of the military station. The power that held Peshawur, be it Pathan, Sikh, or British, would be regarded by hundreds of thousands of lawless tribesmen as the power that governed the Punjab. Once the British were driven from Peshawur, the Afghans and other Pathan tribes all along the extended frontier would rise; the Punjab would be ablaze—and on the steadiness of the Punjab rested all hope of quelling the mutiny.

You can see, then, that the presence there of Edwardes and Nicholson was understood as a sign that the British were still paramount in India. That the four sepoy regiments at Peshawur would join the mutineers was hourly expected by the waiting hordes of Afghans, Sikhs, and Punjabis, who were eagerly looking on, ready to join forces against the whites. But so

long as the handful at Peshawur was able to overawe the sepoys and to act—as did Edwardes and Nicholson—as though they had an army of 100,000 men at their backs, administering justice as firmly as though they had been in England, the tribesmen hung back, “willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.”

Now Husain Shah understood a great deal of this, and moreover he cherished a firm conviction that his hero, *Jan Nikkulseyn*, was more than human and was bound to win in the long run. More than once he had seen him in desperate and apparently hopeless situations, from which he had always emerged victorious. So Husain Shah believed that this born leader of men had a few trump cards up his sleeve. Therefore, partly through fear of him and partly through love, he decided to place his influence on the side of the British.

Our friends were not further molested, and reached the walled enclosure surrounding the chieftain's house without mishap. Here a difficulty arose. Husain Shah emphatically declared, and clinched his statement with an oath, that he would allow no Sikh swine in his home. Naturally suspicious of the good faith of a Pathan, the refugees declined to enter without their brave protectors, and as they persisted in their refusal Husain Shah was forced to give way. He conducted them through the low, arched passage, guarded by iron gates, that led into the enclosed courtyard, where halters creaked and grated as the tethered horses turned uneasily to inspect the intruders. The old Pathan sullenly motioned the Sikhs towards a covered corner, and ordered his men to bring fodder from the roof for bedding. Mrs. Boldre and Claude were then led through one of the inner doorways, and a couple of rooms overlooking the courtyard were placed at their disposal. Meat and drink were presently brought, and they were not sorry to find repose on the comfortable string beds.

Early next morning Claude was aroused by an uproar without. Hurriedly descending, he found the Sikhs on the alert. It appeared that the rabble of the town, led by the rebel policemen, and incited by the released gaolbirds and other *budmashes*, had marched out to demand the slaughter of the strangers. They protested that Husain Shah was detaining them for purposes of his own, and many of the chieftain's own retainers were amongst the mob.

Accompanied by his nephew, *Najja Khan*, and four troopers, who were bound to him by blood ties, Husain Shah went out to reason with them.

“Ye dare then to disturb me in this unseemly way?” he angrily demanded.

“Oh, Husain Shah,” they replied deprecatingly,

“why dost thou not lead us against the infidels? The *Feringhis* have been driven from Delhi, and thousands of them slain. Peshawur will be ours in a day or two, and *Jan Larens** is already a prisoner. Lead us against the English, that we may sack the rich cities and rule the Punjab.”

“Ye have been stuffed with foolish lies,” the chieftain sternly replied. “*Jan Larens* still rules the Punjab and *Jan Nikkulseyn* is at Peshawur, so all is well with them. The British are our masters still.”

“It is a lie! Bring forth the accursed Sikhs and the Englishwoman and lad, or we shall raze thy house to the ground!”

For half an hour they wrangled and argued and abused one another, but at length the chieftain's influence and words appeared to prevail, and the mob dispersed, though still far from satisfied. Husain Shah reported the result of the interview to Claude and Bahadur Singh.

“I cannot hold the *budmashes* in much longer,” the old Pathan admitted, shaking his head in despair. “I have had to promise them that within five days I will prove to them the power of *Nikkulseyn Sahib*. By the end of that time nothing will hold them in, and your lives will be sacrificed to their fury.”

He paused, and his hearers knew not how to reply.

“Canst thou ride, young *sahib*?” he asked, and Claude assured him that he could.

“Then thou must ride to Peshawur with *Najja Khan*, and bring us help. A handful of Englishmen will be enough, for if they see but the sign of *Nikkulseyn Sahib*'s power, my influence will do the rest, and the lady and the sepoys can be escorted to Peshawur without trouble.”

“Nay, I shall not leave my mother. Can you not send a messenger?”

“The *sahibs* at Peshawur would think it a trap. There have been too many treacherous messengers of late.”

“But if I write a note they will see that it is all right.”

“Many men can now write in the English tongue. The only course I can see is that thou must go thyself. I swear by the Prophet that I will protect thy mother, and so will these Sikhs, who, after all, are very valiant men, though infidels and hateful in Allah's sight. I swear to thee that for the sake of *Jan Nikkulseyn*, who spared me, I will fight for thy mother and guard her with my life.”

“Go, Claude,” Mrs. Boldre urged. “It is our only chance. Duty bids you go, for we are responsible for the lives of these brave Sikhs who have risked everything for us. If the worst comes to

* Sir John Lawrence.

the worst, I know what to do. I command you to go, Claude."

There was no choice but to obey his mother. The horses—lean, tough brutes, not showy, but good for any distance—were soon saddled and mounted. Bidding his mother farewell—perhaps for ever—and shaking the hand of grand old Bahadur Singh, Claude was soon clattering up the mountain road with Najja Khan at his side.

"Five days, remember!" the chieftain called after them; "if help does not reach us then, the dogs will not believe in the might of the *sahibs*. Do not spare the steeds."

V.



OUR two cavaliers pressed their horses forward until they had left Miranbeyla far behind, when they settled down to a steady trot. Najja Khan was a taciturn man of about thirty, powerful and hard-bitten. At a glance one could see that he would make a useful friend or a dangerous foe. Once or twice Claude tried to engage him in conversation, but elicited no response save grunts and monosyllables. Only one remark did the Pathan vouchsafe during the first day's ride. As they prepared the evening meal, he looked the boy up and down and observed:

"You ride well, *sahib*. We shall arrive in time if Allah wills."

By noon of the following day they had covered two-thirds of the distance, and, having ridden during a good part of the night, Claude expressed his need for a rest. His comrade grunted and stretched out his left arm. Following the indication the boy perceived a narrow stretch of green, the foliage that marked the winding course of a stream over which they would have to pass. In another half hour their road began to slope gently towards the water, and the green riband stood disclosed as a well-wooded and fertile valley, whose tree-tops alone had been visible from afar. They forded the broad bed of a shallow river whose waters now trickled with refreshing murmur through and over a waste of pebbles and boulders, waiting for the monsoon rains to change them to a roaring flood. The horses having been watered, Najja Khan left the track in order to select a sheltered resting-place beneath a group of apricot trees. He then tethered the steeds and offered to keep a look-out whilst Claude stretched himself on the ground. The boy was son asleep.

A shout from the watcher roused our hero to a state of drowsy consciousness. A report like a thunder-clap completed his awakening, and, looking round, the startled lad beheld some half-

dozen frontiersmen peeping from their cover, muskets at the *present*. His companion was still seated close at hand, but now his arms were held stiffly above his head in token of submission. A thin trail of smoke was curling upwards and dying away behind the trees. They were trapped! Nothing was to be gained by resistance, and Claude's hands also went up in obedience to Najja Khan's advice.

Their arms were quickly tied behind their backs, and their captors proceeded to examine the horses and estimate the value of the spoil.

The robbers had stalked the strangers from afar, and, under cover of the trees, had crept unperceived to within two-score paces of Najja Khan, whose warning shout to Claude had come too late, a chunk of lead from the nearest man's jezail having ripped its way through his turban and bored into the trunk above his head. Then his hands went up.

The Pathans were not long in seeing through Claude's disguise. They gruffly demanded to know the business on which the two were bent, and Najja Khan stated the nature of their quest, demanding their release in language more forcible than polite, threatening them with the combined vengeance of Nicholson and Husain Shah.

"*Nikkulsey*n Sahib and Edwardes Sahib are helpless," the leader replied, "and in a few days they will be dead men. But is Husain Shah of Miranbeyla your master?"

"He is, and I am Najja Khan, his nephew."

The brigands conferred before the leader spoke again.

"We are Kubla Khan's men, and he is kinsman to Husain Shah. He is across the border, but we will take you to his village and ye shall go free or be shot, as he wills. Attempt to escape and ye shall assuredly be shot."

That Kubla Khan was kinsman to Husain Shah was lucky, but Claude felt savage. Even should they be set free, another day would have been wasted, and all chance of reaching Peshawur in time would have vanished. As he thought of Miranbeyla and what might happen there he was inspired by a mad desire to slay these men who were imperilling his mother's safety.

The arms of the prisoners were unbound, and they were allowed to mount their steeds, their weapons, of course, being taken from them. The highwaymen seemed in no hurry, and the village of Sehwan was not reached before evening. The captives were thrust into a room and guards placed without.

A good part of the night was spent by our hero in a vain attempt to devise some means of escape, but, worn-out nature at length asserting itself, the boy followed the example of his swarthy comrade in misfortune and fell into deep slumber.

He was awakened by the entrance of Kubla Khan, a well-knit, muscular man, black-bearded and gaily dressed. He greeted Najja Khan as a kinsman, and asked him to tell his tale afresh. This done, he walked up and down the room deep in thought. At last he spoke.

"Your hope is vain. *Jan Nikkulseyn's* reign is over. News has this morning reached us that the sepoys at Nowshera have revolted and murdered their officers, and that the 4,000 men at Peshawur will join them to-day. What chance will the handful of whites have? No, the British rule is a thing of the past, and we Pathans must play for our own hands—help the sepoys to destroy the British, and then take our share of the spoil from the rebel dogs."

"Let us make the attempt to reach Peshawur, Kubla Khan. If we fail thou art no worse off. If we succeed, and *Nikkulseyn* once more shows that he is master, that will stand thee in good stead."

"*Nikkulseyn* is lost, I tell thee, and what to do with the English lad I do not know. I have no wish to slay him, but if my men say he must be killed, then shot he will be. Thou, Najja Khan, mayest return to Miranbeyla."

He led the prisoners into the open, where a number of his followers were gathered together. Many horsemen from the district and Afridis and Waziris from across the border had come to place themselves under Kubla Khan now that the British Raj seemed doomed, and the number rapidly increased as the report spread that Peshawur was in the hands of the mutineers.

Claude understood enough to know that his life was at stake and that little hope of mercy was to be expected from these grim men. It was a horrible thing to contemplate—to stand there as a target on this glorious morning when life seemed so good. For the pride of his race he would not allow these ruffians to see he was afraid. The council was short, instant death being the verdict. Though Najja Khan protested with great vehemence, his threats were

laughed at. Claude was placed against a wall, and then curiously enough he began to lose his fears for himself, as a picture rose before him of his poor mother at the mercy of those savages of Miranbeyla. The crowd gathered to witness the execution of one of the dominant race, jeered at Najja Khan, who, no longer taciturn, raved and threatened vengeance on the assassins.

"Cease thy noise," grunted a Waziri, who had just arrived at the head of a score of cavaliers. "Thou babblest of Husain Shah, who is but a live ass, and of *Nikkulseyn*, who is a dead lion. Yesterday morning was he slain, he and Edwardes and Cottön Sahib, with all their people."

"The news is true then?" cried



CLAUDE SAW A SOLITARY HORSEMAN FLOGGING HIS STEED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN ROAD.

Kubla Khan, and the last spark of hope died in Claude's breast.

"Allah knows it is true. That is why I am here to go with thee to Delhi, Kubla Khan, to enter the service of the Mogul. The Peshawur sepoys were only waiting for the

Nowshera regiments to give the sign, and yesterday they slew the handful of *Feringhis*. Shoot the infidel cub and let us be gone!"

"Aye, shoot him quickly," Kubla Khan gave order. "He is a brave lad, but it is Allah's will. Pity that he is not one of us."

A shout interrupted him. Turning sharply, Kubla Khan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indecision. Shading his eyes, he gazed earnestly across the valley. Claude looked up, wondering what had happened, and saw a solitary horseman flogging his steed

down the mountain road that led into Selwan.

"Surely," cried the robber chief, "it is Zaman Khan back, from Peshawur! He will tell us all about the killing."

"He only brings stale news," growled the Waziri. "Shoot the dog."

"Nay, wait a moment," laughed Kubla Khan. "Let us hear him first. Perchance? who can tell, with *Nikkulsey*n to contend with?"

The rider was soon within hailing distance, and his comrades rushed towards him, crowding round the lathering pony.

"What news, Zaman Khan?" they cried. "Is it all over at Peshawur?"

"In truth, it is all over," the messenger replied, urging his unwilling steed through the mob. Then he cried aloud, and no provincial mayor could have exceeded his look of importance:—

"Hear, O Pathans, the news that I bring! *Nikkulsey*n *Sahib* has disarmed the sepoy!—disarmed four regiments without a blow! He has drawn the fangs of the snakes and made them harmless. Great is *Jan Nikkulsey*n, and surely Allah is with him!"

The horde of Pathan horse and foot stood stupefied by the shock. Only Kubla Khan remained cheerful as he mentally trimmed his sails and prepared to tack.

"But we have heard that *Nikkulsey*n is dead," protested the Waziri, unable at once to credit the marvellous news.

"Then ye have heard lies, for I myself saw it," the messenger replied. "Regiment after regiment he brought up to face the guns, and they laid down their weapons like sheep. Truly, no man may prevail against *Jan Nikkulsey*n."

"Saddle your horses, my children!" Kubla Khan sang out. "Get your arms and food and follow me to Peshawur. I go to enlist under *Nikkulsey*n *Sahib* to fight the rebel dogs, and there will be much loot at Delhi."

Claude's heart gave a bound, but Zaman Khan shook his head.

"Nay," said he, "all the tribes are going to Peshawur in their thousands, with arms and horses. I passed many on the way, for there is no talk now of fighting against *Nikkulsey*n."

"All the better!" the Pathan chieftain declared.

"But they will not enlist them. 'No,' say Edwardes and *Nikkulsey*n, 'we are strong enough to do without you now, for ye would not help us when we seemed weak.' They are only enlisting those men who showed their loyalty all through, and they will be rewarded. Truly, he is not a man!"

"But if I bring him a hundred warriors, well

armed and mounted, surely he will let us fight?"

"Nay, he knows thee, Kubla Khan. We must be women and bide at home."

"We will try our luck. Unbind the young *sahib*: we will escort him safely to Peshawur to show that we love the *Feringhis*."

A glorious inspiration came to Claude as he stood listening.

"Kubla Khan," he eagerly cried, "do you wish to please Colonel Nicholson?"

"That do I! I wish to serve under him and earn good pay and plunder from Delhi. We dare not fight against the English now, so we must even fight for them."

"Then I will show you how to gain his favour so that, I doubt not, he will enlist your men."

"Tell me then, *sahib*."

"Turn back with me to Miranbeyla and rescue the *memsahib* and the loyal sepoy there. Husain Shah and Najja Khan and their men will join you when they hear the news, and you may escort us to Peshawur. Husain Shah stands in favour with the great *sahib*, and I will speak on your behalf, and tell how you have succoured us."

"By the beard of the Prophet, the young *sahib* speaks sense!" Kubla Khan cried to his followers. "All good Pathans who wish to gain honour and plunder in the wars, to horse, and follow me. By favour of the young *sahib* we shall yet sack the palaces of Delhi!"

"Make him swear to speak for us," the tribesmen answered back. "Will he promise that we shall be enlisted?"

"Nay," said Claude, "that I cannot do. But I shall speak well of those who will help me, and request Nicholson *Sahib* to enlist them. I doubt not he will do so when he hears that you have succoured the *memsahib*."

"Take our names; draw up a list!" the eager Pathans cried. "So that our names be not overlooked."

Kubla Khan and Najja Khan took the names of the men who pressed forward, and Claude wrote them down. Before two hours had passed they were able to turn southwards with a following of a hundred horsemen, mounted on every description of steed, and bringing every variety of weapon. But they were strong men and good riders, and Claude experienced a thrill of pride, for was he not virtually in command of the force.

VI.

FROM his earliest boyhood, from the first glorious ride astride of his own pony, Claude's fancy had painted some such picture as this. In imagination he had seen himself riding to the rescue at the head of



"WE ARE SAVED,
MOTHER, SAVED!"

his warriors, and had dreamt of the delights of a triumphant entry; and the clattering of four hundred hoofs behind him thrilled the boy through and through. Another night had come and gone; another morning and glaring noon, and they were within twenty miles of Miran-beyla. Claude had taken quite a liking to Kubla Khan, who rode at his side. This Pathan was very different from Najja Khan, being talkative, frank, and swaggering. He gloried in escapades that might have brought him to the gallows, never dreaming of anything dishonourable in his trade.

"You English are all mad," he observed. "Why do ye trouble to interfere with our blood-quarrels? *Jan Nikkulseyn* has promised to hang me, and perchance he will do so when we get to Peshawur—but I think not."

"Who comes here?" put in the watchful Najja Khan.

A youth riding towards them had wheeled

swiftly to the right, and was watching them closely.

"He is my cousin," Najja Khan exclaimed, and hailed the stranger. Recognising Claude and his comrade, the boy warily approached.

"Husain Shah has sent me to hurry you, Najja Khan. The *budmashes* can no longer be restrained. Hasten! there is great danger."

Without a word Claude dug his spurs deep into his horse's side, and bounded forward. The rest grimly followed his example, and the good steeds gallantly responded to the call.

"We cannot hold out much longer, Bahadur Singh," said Husain Shah, "but if thou survivest

tell *Jan Nikkulseyn* I was his man to the end."

"I know not *Nikkulseyn Sahib*," the Sikh grunted, as he brought down his man, "but I am a soldier and know my duty. Waste not your ammunition, my children."

"May God reward you for brave men," said the Englishwoman. "If we live, John Lawrence shall know and ye shall not go unrewarded."

"Nay, there is little hope," said the Pathan. "They have piled wood against the house where we cannot reach them, and soon we shall be burnt out."

"We must make a sortie," said the Sikh. "Scatter them and bring in the wood before they can recover. There is little fuel hereabouts, and they will have difficulty in finding more. Ready, my children!"

The valiant old *subadar* gave the word and the defenders dashed out with bayonet and sword. But what was the matter? Their assailants were streaming away from the wood pile and there was none to oppose the sortie.

Above the tumult could be heard the thunder of galloping hoofs, and in another moment they perceived close at hand a squadron of Pathan horsemen. Fearing these were British the *budmashes* had scattered, but now, recognising their own race, they ran to meet the newcomers, whilst a number surrounded Husain Shah and the Sikhs with cries of triumph.

But through the mob, scattering them right and left, swept Claude and his cavaliers, and the rabble at length realised that they were baulked.

Taking in the situation at a glance, Najja Khan rose in his stirrups and pointed towards the expolicemen.

"*Jan Nikkulseyn* has destroyed the rebels!" he shouted. "Seize those traitor dogs!"

Pathan-like, anxious to be on the winning side, the crowd grasped their late ringleaders, crying:—"We are Husain Shah's men!" and whilst the *budmashes* sneaked furtively away, the warriors amongst them called upon Husain Shah—at whom they had been firing a few moments ago—to lead them against the rebels. Without losing a moment Claude had ridden up to the *subadar*. "My mother, Bahadur Singh," he gasped, "where is she?"

"Safe in the house, Claude Sahib."

"Thank God!" The crowd parted before him as he galloped through.

"We are saved, mother, saved!" he cried, springing from his horse as she ran towards him. "A hundred men will escort us to Peshawur."

We can imagine the joy of that meeting, and how each told the story of the past week. Meanwhile, Kubla Khan's men and horses were being refreshed, and Husain Shah was enrolling his retainers. For the old chieftain longed to take the field once more, and was willing to overlook the late revolt, that he might make the better show at Peshawur.

"Ye dogs!" he thundered. "Did I not tell you that mortal man cannot prevail against *Jan Nikkulseyn*? Ye deserve to be shot, but, as he spared me, I also will forgive this affront. By sunrise to-morrow bring your horses here; prepare food and sharpen your swords, for we have work before us."

The news quickly spread throughout the district, and by sunrise more than one hundred mounted men had enlisted under Husain Shah. An *ekka*—probably a stolen one—had been procured for Mrs. Boldre and the wounded Sikhs, also horses for the other Sikhs, and in the cool, early morning a start was made for the "Gate of India."

Three days later their destination was reached, and Mrs. Boldre, Claude, Bahadur Singh, and the three Pathan leaders were ushered into the presence of General Cotton, Edwardes, and Nicholson, who were deep in consultation, maps and plans being spread all around.

"Mrs. Boldre! Thank God! We heard you were killed," Edwardes exclaimed, and springing to his feet he advanced towards her with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Colonel Edwardes, have you news of my husband?"

"He is safe. The Sikh detachment at Kunar obeyed him, saved the place, and dealt a blow to the traitors."

For the first time during the terrible days since the outbreak at Balandghar, Mrs. Boldre broke down.

General Cotton quickly despatched a messenger to the Residency, where the few English ladies were safely housed, and Mrs. Boldre was conveyed thither. Claude was all this time fascinated by the handsome presence of the great Nicholson, who, having shaken hands with Husain Shah, glanced coldly at Kubla Khan.

"Ah," said he to the latter, "hast thou come to be hanged?"

"Surely, if it please the *sahib*."

Claude told the tale of their trials and difficulties, and pleaded strongly that Kubla Khan might be allowed to serve the Government.

"Edwardes, what shall we do with the scoundrel?" laughed Nicholson.

Instead of replying, the Peshawur Commissioner turned to Claude.

"You say that Kubla Khan hastened to Mrs. Boldre's rescue as soon as he heard your tale?"

"Yes, sir—at least, as soon as he heard you had disarmed the sepoys here."

The three officers who had saved the frontier by their master stroke, looked at one another and laughed. Edwardes* addressed the Pathan in Pushtu.

"I think we understand one another, Kubla Khan"; and the Pathan grinned slyly.

"Come and look at his men, Nicholson. If they are any good we had better reward him, for in these days no one who serves Europeans must go unrewarded."

They went out to inspect the two bodies of cavalry.

"They'll do," Nicholson decided after a good inspection. "There's some good stuff there and we'll draft the lot into Hodson's Horse.† Husain Shah, we grant you your commission as *Risaldar*, and Najja Khan as *Jemadar*. Your men shall form a troop in the same regiment, *Jemadar* Kubla Khan. Strive to be worthy of your commission, and the past will be forgotten. To-morrow you go down to Delhi."

The Pathans raised a cheer at this longed-for news, and Kubla Khan gracefully returned thanks. Edwardes then addressed Bahadur Singh and his loyal handful. He publicly thanked them and promised to report their conduct to Sir John Lawrence, and the Sikhs knew that *Jan Larens* never forgot to reward services

* Though General Cotton was senior in military rank, Colonel Edwardes was above him by reason of his political office as Commissioner. Nicholson, the youngest of the three—for he died at the age of thirty-four—was looked up to by the noble Edwardes and the good and wise Brigadier, as well as by the Pathans, because of his extraordinary power and genius. With smaller men the situation might have given rise to jealousies and bickerings, but these three were heroes.
† Now the 9th and 10th Bengal Lancers, a grand regiment raised at Peshawur in the way described. Also known as "The Indian Cossacks."

rendered. Nicholson turned to Husain Shah and Najja Khan and spoke apart to them.

"What think you of the English boy, Najja Khan? Will he make a soldier?"

"That will he," was the taciturn man's reply. "He rides like a Pathan, *sahib*, and is bold as a lion. He is a born leader of men—I saw that when he turned Kubla Khan southwards on the spur of the moment."

Nicholson strode up to Claude, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, looked him in the face. Claude quailed before those eyes, for the soldier seemed to peer into the depths of the lad's heart.

"Would you like to go to Delhi, youngster?"

"Rather, sir! Give me the chance!"

"You have done well. I'll give you a temporary commission as lieutenant with your Pathan friends. It will depend on yourself whether the commission is confirmed. You start to-morrow for Delhi. You'll see me there before long, I hope."

And Claude did see him again, in that glorious but mournful hour when John Nicholson—the greatest soldier in India—stormed the walls of Delhi, and fell amid the shouts which proclaimed his victory.

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

THE following appeared in the July number of *The Arrow*, the magazine of Owen's School, Islington:—

Ebenezer Cunningham is our latest School hero, and it will be of interest to our readers if we give an account of his career, especially as so many inaccurate accounts have been published in the daily papers.

Mr. Ebenezer Cunningham is the son of Mr. George Cunningham, and was born in London in the year 1881. He received his early education at two or three different schools, until in 1893 he gained an Owen's Entrance Foundation Scholarship, the result being that his after education from the age of twelve until he was nearly nineteen was received at this School.

In 1895 he passed the Cambridge University Junior Examination in First Class Honours, obtaining distinction in Arithmetic, French, German, Mathematics, and Shorthand. In 1896 he passed the Senior Examination in First Class Honours, distinguishing himself in Arithmetic, French, German, Mathematics, and applied Mathematics. In 1897 he gained an Intermediate County Scholarship, being nearly three hundred marks ahead of any other Candidate apart from age allowance, and being specially reported on by the Examiner as follows:—

"He has real Mathematical ability, has evidently been well taught, and should have a future before him."

In 1898 he became Captain of the School,

where he was always noted for good all-round ability. Whilst at school he took the following prizes:—

In 1894.	Form IV. A.—Mathematics Prize.
" 1895.	" V.—Second and German Prizes.
" 1896.	" VI. B.—Second and Mathematics Prizes.
" 1897.	" VI. A.—Second and Mathematics Prizes.
" 1898.	" VI A.—Head Prize and Science Prize.
" 1899.	" VI. A.—He was engaged in special Mathematical work and was therefore not classed.

In the year 1899 he took an open Mathematical Scholarship of £80 at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was also awarded a Foundation Exhibition by his School (value £40 per annum—increased afterwards to £50), and a grant of £50 a year for three years in connection with the Senior County Scholarship Competition. Mr. Cunningham was the first recipient of the Adams Prize, founded as a memorial to Professor Adams, the discoverer of Neptune. Whilst at School he took great interest in gymnastics; boating has been his recreation at Cambridge, and so well has he succeeded in this that his success has been claimed as a triumph for sport—some papers reporting that "the Senior Wrangler this year is Mr. Cunningham, the well-known oarsman." His private tutors at Cambridge were Dr. Hobson and Mr. Baker.

THE POACHER TRAPPED.

A ROMANCE OF WOOD AND WATER.

By J. CONNELL, Author of "The Confessions of a Poacher."



HAZELBUSH HALL, one of the finest mansions in Scotland, stands on the right bank of the River Annan. Its noble park, of six hundred acres, is famed for its ash, chestnut, and fir trees; and the estate, of which it forms part, consisting of arable land, forest, and moorland, extends to over ten thousand acres. At the time at which our story opens, this splendid property was owned and occupied by Mr. Reginald Sydney Booker, a retired member of the London Stock Exchange, who was an intense lover of sport, and a close preserver of game. He was a married man with three children.

The Annan rises in the high-lying country to the north of Dumfries, and is a swift-flowing stream. In dry weather it is usually shallow; but, after a few hours' rain in the highlands, becomes a raging torrent. On a morning towards the end of April, 1892, Miss McKechnie, the nursery governess, took Mr. Booker's children for a walk. These were two girls and a boy, Ethel, Harold and Millicent—aged nine, seven and five years respectively. The day was beautifully warm and bright, but for more than a week the weather had been wet, with the result that the river was now in flood.

It happened that the party approached the bank at the lower side of a bend in the stream. At this point the water hurled itself against its earthen enclosure with terrific force. The torrent seethed, and yawned, and laughed in billows



ANOTHER STUMBLE WOULD HAVE MEANT DEATH.

of snow-white foam; the sunlight played on the plunging mass, making the spectacle a grand one. With the object of giving them a better view, Miss McKechnie took the two younger children by the hand, and advanced to within two feet of the edge of the bank. She had hardly done so, when the ground underneath her feet gave way, and all three were precipitated into the water. The bank had been undermined by the action of the torrent, and the surface, being

held in its place merely by the matted roots of the grass which grew on it, only required a slight additional weight to cause it to collapse.

At the point where the accident took place the water was ten feet deep. In the down-stream direction, however, it rapidly grew shallower. When Miss McKechnie touched bottom she found that she had been carried by the torrent into about four feet of water. She soon steadied herself, and, on looking around, saw drifting towards her the younger of the two children. She quickly snatched up the little one, and bore her to the bank, which at this point was low. Nervous and half-dazed, she would probably have been unable to perceive the boy had not his whereabouts been indicated by the elder girl, Ethel, who was running along the bank, forty yards lower down, and uttering piercing shrieks. Hurrying in that direction, Miss McKechnie soon caught sight of the little fellow, who was being carried helplessly along. At one moment his head was above water, at another his feet. Jumping in a few yards ahead of him, she made for a point towards which he was being borne; but, happening to tread on a slippery stone, she stumbled, went under water, and, when she recovered her footing, found that he had drifted past her. A second time she sought the bank, and, remembering that there was a deep hole a little lower down, redoubled her speed. Again she plunged in ahead of the drowning child, breathlessly awaited his approach, seized him when he came within reach, and, again stumbling, went under for the third time. With great tenacity she held on to her precious burden, and raised him out of the water just in time to find herself clasped round the waist, and the child taken from her arms by a young man whom Ethel's shrieks had attracted to the spot. Another stumble would have meant death to both, for she was quite close to deep water, and was all but exhausted.

All were soon on dry land, out the boy was, to all appearance, dead. The young lady swooned, but soon recovered. The man placed the child face downwards on the grass, with the arms folded underneath the forehead. By judicious pressing of the abdomen and loins, the water he had swallowed was expelled, and artificial breathing induced. At length the boy opened his eyes and moaned painfully. He was at once taken to the Hall, and, although he suffered for a few days from shock, he was soon well again.

And now a few words with regard to the man who completed the rescue. His name was Tom Alston, and he had been in the employment of Mr. Booker as assistant gardener for some three months. He was six foot two in height, and possessed an athletic figure. A mass of wavy auburn hair crowned his high and prominent fore-

head, and his countenance almost always wore a smile indicative of good humour and good nature. As the coke fires of his greenhouses necessitated his attendance in the garden at the back of the mansion as late as ten o'clock at night, he was entitled to several hours absence from duty in the course of the day, and almost the whole of his spare time he devoted to fishing the Annan. The graceful sweep of his line was the admiration of the whole valley, and, indeed, to watch him fishing was always a valuable lesson in the piscatorial art. The landing-net he despised as an implement of the clumsy, and, without its aid, brought salmon of forty pounds weight to grass. Walking in the water up stream, immersed almost to the waist, and, therefore, invisible to the fishes, he threw his bait twenty yards in front, and waited for the water to carry it down. Unlike most anglers, he avoided the deep holes, knowing that whilst many fish lay there, they were mostly those whose stomachs were full, and that the hungry ones, which alone were likely to bite, were to be found in the shallower water.

On the day following that of the accident, Mr. Booker thanked Alston for the part he had taken in saving his child. Alston, however, disclaimed any degree of merit in connection with the rescue. He insisted that the whole credit of the performance was due to Miss McKechnie, whose gallant conduct he described in vivid terms.

A few days later Miss McKechnie also came to thank Alston for "saving her life." She declared that she could never have reached the bank but for his assistance, and that, even if she had done so, the child must have died. At the beginning of the interview she was very earnest and serious, but her demeanour changed as the conversation progressed. She was very beautiful. A brunette, slightly above medium height, lithe of figure, and with clear-cut features, she possessed those eyes, suggestive of intelligence and fondness, which one so often meets with among women of the Celtic race. Alston was not slow to note all this. His usual genial smile overspread his countenance as he remarked that "pretty girls were not so plentiful nowadays that we could afford to drown them," and Miss McKechnie retired from the greenhouse carrying in her mind a picture of an athletic form and handsome face.

Alston's duties compelled him to make the journey from his cottage to the Hall at least twice each day. After the interview just reported, it was noticed that Alston generally made his afternoon journey to the great house about the time Miss McKechnie walked out with her young charges. For the present, however, no more than a few smiles and words of friendly salutation were exchanged between them.

Mr. Booker employed four gamekeepers—head-keeper Haddow, with Jamieson, McDonald, and Davidson for assistants. The duties of these men were very light. About once a year, perhaps, a poaching party from Dumfries swept over the estate, but during the remainder of the time the keepers walked about the woods, looking for nobody in particular.

Haddow possessed two retrievers, which nearly always accompanied him. He soon had reason to conclude that Alston was an intense lover of dogs, for, whenever they met, the latter never failed to share with his canine friends the contents of the basket in which he carried his food. The result was that the retrievers would soon temporarily desert their master in order to receive the caresses of Alston.

Summer passed, and August with its grouse-shooting arrived. For "The Twelfth" Mr. Booker had a party of friends down from London, numbering seven guns, to share his enjoyment. A few of the younger labourers employed on the land were told off to act as beaters, and every preparation was made for a good day's sport. As no suspicious circumstance arose to give cause for disquietude, and the shooting was to commence early in the morning, Mr. Booker and his guests retired rather early on the night of the eleventh. Next morning, all arrived at the appointed rendezvous, and here the first circumstance of a suspicious character became known.

Four men, including one of the keepers, declared that they had heard shots fired during the night. Although plied with questions and helped with suggestions, no two of them could agree as to the direction from which the sounds proceeded; but all declared most emphatically that they had heard the shots. Nothing further could be learned from them, and so a start was made for the moor. Soon the guns were placed in position by the head-keeper, and shooting commenced.

Before twenty minutes had elapsed there was a call for head-keeper Haddow. He repaired to the spot to which he was beckoned, and there, beyond all doubt, were a number of grouse feathers stained with blood which was obviously fresh, proving clearly that a bird had been killed at that spot not many hours before. This discovery gave rise to much conversation and speculation among the beaters and keepers, and before the feeling of surprise it occasioned had died down, another bunch of feathers, similarly smeared with blood, was found on the heather.

It is sufficient to say that during the day over twenty bunches of feathers were found by the beaters, placing beyond all doubt the fact that at least that many birds had fallen to some gun

or guns during the previous night or early morning.

About a fortnight after "The Twelfth" and its celebration, the labourers were again, one morning, in a state of commotion. Shots had been heard on the moor during the previous night. Search was made, and fresh feathers were again discovered. The keepers were called together by their employer, and directed to keep a better look-out. This cost them many sleepless hours, but, after keeping up the vigil for a week without making any discovery, they relapsed into their normal habits.

About this time another circumstance transpired which caused considerable discussion. In the woods, and sometimes very near the Hall, the keepers began to discover tufts of feathers underneath the trees. Sometimes they were pheasant's feathers, sometimes woodcock's, sometimes wild pigeon's, but all showed that in some mysterious manner birds were knocked off the trees at night. Often too, on the fields adjoining the woods, patches of fur were found, proving that rabbits or hares had been killed there by a dog. A closer watch was kept, but for some time no light was thrown on the mystery. For a couple of weeks the keepers sat up all night without making any discovery. At length their perseverance met with some reward. Whilst hiding in a brake, one fine moonlight night, under-keeper Jamieson saw a greyhound approaching him. The dog "worked" the field like a setter, and not without result, as the squeal of a rabbit proved. Where he came from, or went to, Jamieson could not tell. He said that the dog was of a pure white colour, and that its powerful build suggested that other blood besides that of the slim greyhound race ran in its veins. Three weeks elapsed before any fresh fact came to light. Then head-keeper Haddow saw, one evening, before the night had quite fallen, a greyhound chase and catch a hare. He ran up with the intention of securing the latter; but when he attempted to touch it, the dog flew at him, and speedily put him to flight. He had plenty of time and opportunity to observe that this dog, also, was large and strong-limbed, and that it was of jet-black colour. For some days this incident formed the subject of conversation of all the men on the estate, from the master downwards. No such dogs had ever before been seen in that part of the country. One labourer suggested that there was probably a gipsy encampment in the woods, hidden away among the undergrowth, and that the dogs belonged to it. This explanation appealed so strongly to Mr. Booker that he immediately collected twenty men, and had the woods

thoroughly searched, without, however, discovering anything. For two or three weeks nothing further transpired. Then the following incident occurred.

About ten o'clock one night, one of the female servants employed at the Hall took it into her head to inhale a breath of fresh air before going to bed. She walked, slowly and noiselessly, some two hundred yards to the edge of the nearest wood, and, standing under the overhanging branches of the trees, contemplated the scene around her. The moon was up, but was obscured by clouds, with the result that the night was rather dark. Whilst in this position she was terrified by the sharp report of a rifle, fired from the undergrowth, within ten yards of her, which brought a pheasant tumbling down to her feet. Immediately afterwards she heard a rustling among the shrubs, and saw the figure of a man coming towards her, evidently for the purpose of securing the bird. The maid ran towards the Hall, and, as luck would have it, encountered on the way one of the head-keeper's dogs. She immediately shouted "Haddow, Haddow," and was at once answered by that individual, who happened to be close at hand. She hastily described to him what had occurred, pointed out the spot where the shot was fired, and ran indoors to procure assistance. Haddow, with his two retrievers, proceeded to the place indicated, blew his whistle vigorously, and set the animals on to find the poacher.

Help arrived in a very short time. The dogs entered the wood, but returned within a minute. This puzzled their master, for he knew that their scent was very keen, and that they ought to have found the intruder. He again urged them on. This time they were longer away, but returned as before, without giving tongue. Among those who came to Haddow's assistance were Mr. Booker, two gentlemen visitors, the butler, a couple of stablemen, and Alston, who, it was understood, had just come away from his greenhouses. After a search of some twenty minutes, the effort to find the trespasser was given up in despair, and the party collected to-

gether to discuss the situation. Several of the men had given vent to their opinions, and Alston, who spoke in rather a loud voice, was in the act of giving his, when a terrible uproar a few yards off arrested the attention of all. It was almost instantly discovered that Haddow's retrievers were fighting a strange dog, and before ten seconds had elapsed the terrible shrieks of one of



THE STRANGER WAS A VERY LARGE DOG OF THE GREYHOUND SHAPE.

them announced that he had received some fearful wound. The other retriever also emitted some yells, but kept up a sort of defensive resistance, running hither and thither to avoid his antagonist. At this point one of the gentlemen present had sufficient presence of mind to strike a match, and apply it to a newspaper which he drew from his pocket. The night was calm, and the light thus afforded enabled all present to perceive that the stranger was a very large dog of the greyhound shape, of a deep yellow colour, and having a broad patch of black on the left ribs. All pressed forward, and Alston whistled in the way one usually does when calling dogs. The in-

trapper immediately took to his heels, and disappeared in the darkness. One of the retrievers was found with a mortal wound in the throat, while the other was severely bitten. The members of the party looked at one another in astonishment, then spread over the adjoining grounds, and, after a fruitless search of half an hour's duration, met at the door of the Hall, and retired for the night.

Astonishment, not unmingled with amusement, pervaded the employees of the estate during the week that followed. Haddow, however, was furious over the loss of his dog, which, of course, had to be destroyed on the spot, and vowed vengeance against the disturber of his tranquillity. Mr. Booker also showed marked signs of irritation. The love of the chase is one of the strongest passions of the human mind, and it is a well-known fact that some of the mildest of men become harsh, and even cruel, when their sporting pleasures are interfered with.

For several weeks after the encounter described above, the keepers saw or heard nothing of an annoying character. This quietude, however, was not to last. Whilst making his rounds one evening, under-keeper Jamieson heard a shot fired within fifty yards of him. He immediately blew his whistle, and rushed through the wood in the direction from which the sound had proceeded. Two of his colleagues who happened to be near blew their whistles at almost the same moment. Jamieson was a quick runner, and soon came up with a man in the undergrowth, who, however, the moment he came to close quarters, dealt him a blow in the jaw which knocked him insensible. When he recovered consciousness, he informed his colleagues that his assailant was a very tall man, wearing a long dust-coat, and a cap such as is often affected by tourists. The lapels of the latter were tied underneath his chin, and, with the assistance of a band across the nose, completely hid the countenance. The depredator had disappeared. Although Jamieson was not permanently injured, he had sustained a very serious shock, and this gave rise to much ill-feeling against the stranger among his colleagues and himself.

Mr. Booker began to entertain fears that the mysterious proceedings would end in something like murder. He, therefore, without informing anybody of his intention, proceeded to Glasgow, and put himself in communication with the chief of the detective force, who, fortunately, was able to place at his disposal an officer who, in his early days, had had close relations with gamekeepers and poachers. The detective set to work very cautiously. After making himself acquainted with the facts already related, he caused enquiries to be made on the surrounding preserves. On only

one of these, and that immediately adjoining Mr. Booker's, had unauthorised shooting been heard. On the estate in question very few men were employed, and all were natives of the place, who were known to possess neither dogs nor guns. Mr. Booker, on the other hand, employed a number of men who came from a distance. The detective thereupon informed Mr. Booker that the offender was one of his own employees. The keeper, Jamieson, was next taken in hand, and questioned closely as to the height, weight, and general appearance of the man who assaulted him. A careful consideration of the information thus obtained convinced Mr. Booker that there were but two men in his employment to whom the description would apply. These were a ploughman named Maxwell, and the gardener, Alston. The two men were very similarly built, but, whilst Maxwell was stiff and slow of movement, Alston was as active as a cat. Suspicion, therefore, fell on the latter.

Acting on the detective's advice, Mr. Booker took the farm-steward into his confidence, and arranged with him to have Maxwell sent on occasional errands which would make it impossible for him to return until a late hour. On these occasions the keepers were directed to keep a particularly close watch.

On the second night of Maxwell's absence, shots were again heard. All thoughts were now concentrated on Alston. The keepers were directed to merely watch his movements and, for a time at least, make no attempt to capture him. He was watched leaving his house for his greenhouses, and he was watched home after he had made up his fires for the night. On one occasion he was seen to be accompanied by a large dog of the greyhound type; but no illegality was then observed. It was known that he cut through a portion of the woods on his way home, but he did not always traverse exactly the same path. When fully convinced of his guilt, head-keeper Haddow determined to entrap him. Instead of posting his men wide apart, as he had done previously, he placed all four at one spot, and resolved to await Alston's coming. Four nights passed over, on two of which distant shots were detected, and, on the fifth, a shot was heard within a short distance; a minute later, a tall man walked up to the group of keepers, who were hidden behind some bushes.

All four immediately rushed at him. Two of them he knocked down in as many seconds, but the third, Jamieson, grasped the gun which he carried, and the fourth, Haddow, pulled the tourist's cap from his head and face.

"We've got you, Alston," he shouted, "it's no good your fighting."

Alston shook him off and wrenched the

gun from Jamieson. For a moment he looked dangerous; but, as the keepers, acting under instructions, made no attempt to touch him after he had been identified, he relented, and in a few seconds remarked: "Well, I suppose the fun is at an end. I knew it could not last for ever." On the suggestion of Haddow, the party proceeded to the door of the Hall, and Mr. Booker was called out. That gentleman stormed for a moment at Alston, accusing him of treachery and ingratitude, and then directed the keepers to hand him over to the police.

Meanwhile, the report had spread among the inmates of the Hall that the poacher was in custody. Among those who went out on the lawn to see what he was like was Miss McKechnie. She arrived just in time to hear Mr. Booker give the order, and see Alston walk off surrounded by keepers. Then she turned suddenly to her employer.

"Mr. Booker, do not be harsh. Do not send a man to jail for the sake of a few hares and birds. Remember how many you give away, and how little you value them when they are dead. Do be merciful. Forgive him for my sake."

"For *your* sake! And how does this affair concern you?"

"Mr. Booker, I owe him my life. I am thinking of that, whilst you are thinking of your few head of game."

"Hear me, Miss McKechnie. This man has betrayed my confidence. He has kept the estate in a turmoil for months. He has kept my men out of their beds at night. He has severely assaulted one of my keepers. He has done his best to spoil the one pleasure of my life. He deserves no consideration at my hands, so to jail he shall go!"

"Deserves no consideration at your hands! To whom do you owe the life of your son and heir? The hand that struck your keeper saved your child. When you kiss the boy to-morrow, you

will, perhaps, remember that the one to whom you owe him is in jail by your orders. You remember the loss of your hares, but you forget the recovery of your son. Generous Mr. Booker! I will say no more." And she retired to her room.

Two minutes later Mr. Booker rang for a servant. "Run after Haddow as fast as you can. Tell him to bring Alston back here at once," was his order.



"DO NOT SEND A MAN TO JAIL FOR THE SAKE OF A FEW HARES AND BIRDS."

The man did as directed, and, twenty minutes later, Alston and the keepers were at the door. Miss McKechnie had been recalled in the meantime.

"Alston," said Mr. Booker, "there are more sides to your case than I at first perceived. Go home to your mother to-night, and come back to-morrow at eleven o'clock, bringing your dogs with

you. This young lady has interceded for you. Haddow and you men, go home to your beds. Leave this case in my hands."

Alston bowed and smiled; Miss McKechnie covered her face with her hands, and wept; Mr. Booker retired indoors.

Alston took Miss McKechnie in his arms, and imprinted a kiss, passionate and tender, on her lips.

"Jinny, I should have spoken earlier. I intended to do so when the sporting season was over. Get you ready, my lass, for a journey. We will leave here in a few days." He kissed her again, and went homeward.

At eleven o'clock next morning, Tom Alston stood at the door of the Hall. He carried a small rifle, .22 calibre, the barrel of which was very thick, and was accompanied by a large dog of the greyhound type, of a brindled colour. The four keepers arrived about the same time. Soon Mr. Booker appeared.

"Alston, you may consider this affair at an end, but you must leave my employment."

"I meant to do that in any case, sir, in a month's time."

"I told you last night to bring your dogs along this morning. How is it you have not done so?"

"I have done so, Mr. Booker."

"Where are they then?"

"They are here," pointing, with a smile, to the brindled dog.

"What do you mean?"

"I never had more than one dog."

Then head-keeper Haddow spoke.

"Who owns the black dog that I saw kill a hare one evening about two months ago?"

Alston answered, "I do."

"And who owns the white dog that I saw catch a rabbit?" asked Jamieson.

"I do."

Mr. Booker: "And who owns the yellow dog with the black patch on his side which all of us saw the night the retriever was killed?"

Alston, still smiling: "I do."

"Where are they?"

"They are here," pointing to the brindled animal.

"What do you mean?"

"I will explain. The black dog was simply this dog smeared with soot from the chimney. The white dog was the same rubbed with the whiting. The yellow dog was again the same, smeared with yellow ochre, and the black patch was soot. I could paint him twenty different

colours, and clean him each time with a farthing's-worth of soft soap."

"And what is his natural colour?"

"The colour you now see."

"What's his breed?"

"He's a mixture of boarhound and greyhound—a real scrapper."

"Are you going to take him with you?"

"Of course I am. He is my companion and friend. I will never willingly part with him."

Haddow: "If that yellow dog we saw was yours, why did he run away when you called him?"

"I did not call him. I whistled to him. I taught him when he was a baby to understand a whistle as an order to go home, and indoors. If I had called him he would have come back and killed your other dog, and fought the whole crowd if necessary. A dog can be taught anything. Your retrievers have often come up with me in the woods, and, instead of attacking me, fawned on me. Animals will always love and obey those who treat them well."

"Are you still going to continue poaching?" enquired Mr. Booker.

"I am not sure. You see, I have been more successful here than I expected to be. I have poached a wife."

"Alston, let me ask you a final question. How comes it that a man like you should stoop to dishonesty?"

"I am not dishonest. The law of the land declares that game is not property, and that the man who takes it is not a thief. If the hares or birds on your estate cross the boundary (as they often do) they are no longer yours. Wild animals are, according to law, the property of all mankind. When the landowners were the sole legislators, they tried, by means of a system of licenses and trespass acts, to establish a proprietary right in game. Animals in a state of nature can neither be controlled nor identified. Therefore, they can never become private property."

"But you know that I spend a great deal of money on the preservation of game. Why do you try to spoil my chief pleasure? I love sport."

"So do I. That is why I threw up a good situation in Glasgow to come here. We are built very much alike. I am a sportsman in moleskins, you a poacher in broadcloth."

"Well, Alston, I will not argue further. You have saved my son. I will always remember that. Go away—marry the sweetheart you have 'poached.' When you have fixed on the wedding day, write to me."

And Alston did—much to his advantage.

SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS.

BY A GIRL.

A BOY is a strange mixture. Strange, inasmuch as he is a compound of faults and virtues, in which "self" takes a prominent place. In him we see obstinacy and a determined strength of resistance against, perhaps, his better judgment; yet at the same time he weakly gives way to an influence either for evil or good; condemning at once the sensitive boy who feels "homesick," he is the very one to rise in anger if anyone says aught against his *own* home. He expresses his contempt for cowards and cowardly actions; but do we not sometimes see him ridiculing the weak and helpless, thus showing himself to be a moral coward?

But perhaps one of the greatest faults and the most despicable in a boy is the way in which he views a *girl*. I am speaking of an "ordinary" boy—a specimen often found in this unchivalrous twentieth century; the plain, honest speaking, rough English boy, alas! often too rough and jarring to the sensitive mind of a young girl. What if she is a little nervous and romantic? Is it not a man's place to comfort and protect the weaker sex? It ought to be considered a privilege, accorded only to man, to be constituted the protector of women, and the boy makes a *great* mistake who believes a girl beneath him, because she is not so physically strong as himself.

A true specimen of a boy is found at that period of his life when he finds himself a stranger in the midst of many. I am referring to the "new boy." Many and various are the remarks made concerning him. If he answers the multitude of questions with frankness and coolness, he is not unfrequently denounced as "cheeky" and "coxy," and loud hints are uttered about a "peg." Yet if, on the other hand, he hesitates and evinces nervousness, he is at once thrown aside in contempt as a "muff," and, until he has fought down that reputation, often with his *fists*, his very life is a burden. If this new boy is exceptionally clever, he is generally disliked; for the vast majority of boys nowadays are not particularly troubled with brain power. Yet, woe betide the boy who is in any way a dunce! He comes in for heaps of chaff from his smarter

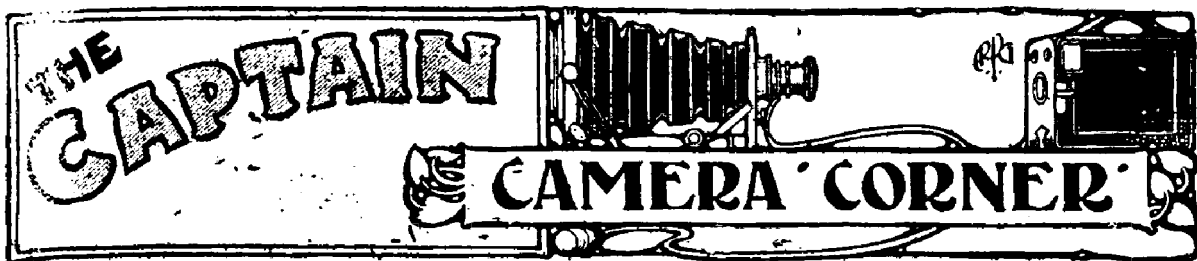
school-fellows—and the average boy's chaff is a very direct, blunt article.

But if a really manly, high-spirited boy comes amongst them, who, above all, takes a high place in cricket and "footer," he soon finds a welcome, in a boy's own particular manner, awaiting him. I think that a number of boys of the present day only want *snubbing*. Many of them are fairly clever and original, and "up" in most games; yet, how often is a boy's character almost spoilt by the coyness which invariably follows a success, and it is not very often that parents check this fault in their boys.

Perhaps the most important and unsparing critics of a boy's nature are his *sisters*. However much boys may despise them for want of daring and pluck, and for their inferiority to themselves (the boys), yet the world would go very unevenly were it not for those girls, who, while taking their brothers to task unmercifully, never fail to "lift" them over an awkward hitch in school, college, or business life. It is those sisters that manage the stiff bit of Latin, or an interminable "prop." in Euclid; the sisters who agree to forego the cherished book or frame, and unselfishly give the money to their scapegrace brother.

Yet, however many faults they have, boys are essential in a household; without their teasing, rollicking ways, their merry, hearty carelessness, and their impulsive affection, the house would seem strangely empty and silent.

Perhaps the hardest time in a boy's career is the day he leaves home (no longer a boy, yet hardly a man) to take his place amidst the hurrying throng of people who pass incessantly through the world. No wonder his throat feels dry, his voice husky, as he turns to say "Good-bye," for perhaps never again will he feel the home influence, and the willing help of the mother, who alone understands her boy. *Now* he has to make his great resolution—for the Future. No longer is he "tied to his mother's apron-strings"; yet, often in after life—perhaps, when in debt or sorrow—he remembers the sweet words of comfort she used to speak, and he is sad because he can never again come under the shelter of the old home.



MORE NOTES ON DEVELOPERS.

LAST month we gave simple instructions for making up developers and some rules to be observed in the using of them. We will now discuss the constituents of a developer and their action in development. The real developer, or, in chemical parlance, the "reducing agent," is pyrogallic acid, familiarly known as pyro. A solution of this in plain water rapidly absorbs oxygen from the air and becomes a muddy brown solution which will impart a very deep brown stain to anything with which it comes in contact, more especially such organic matters as the gelatine of a dry plate or the human skin. This staining is much quicker in its action if the solution is slightly alkaline; it is somewhat retarded if acid is added. This solution would also, if sufficient time were allowed, develop a photographic plate, but the time occupied would be out of all reasonable limits. In order to prevent the staining action sulphite of soda is used, and with pyro the function of the sulphite is to prevent the brown stain. Acid of any kind added to the developer is for the purpose of preserving the solution. A neutral or slightly alkaline solution of sulphite of soda will not preserve the pyro solution very long. Metabisulphite of potash is an excellent preservative of pyro because it is an acid sulphite and contains free sulphurous acid, which is easily recognised by its smell. This acid is volatile, and therefore the metabisulphite should be used fresh and carefully stored in an air-tight bottle. Metabisulphite acts both as a preservative and stain preventer. You will observe in the formulæ we gave last month that metabisulphite is used in the No. 1 solution, and sulphite of soda in the No. 2 solution. This is necessary because the quantity of metabisulphite in the diluted developer would not be sufficient to prevent the stain during development.

Carbonate of soda, which is kept in a separate solution until used, is the accelerator and is employed to hurry up the action of the pyro, so that the time of development may be kept within practical limits. Any other

alkali may be used instead of carbonate of soda, but it is the cheapest, is just as effective as any of the others and is certainly the safest to use.

Potassium bromide with good plates and proper exposure is not really necessary. Its action is twofold; it retards the development and is therefore called the restrainer; it lengthens the time of development, and a developer containing bromide has a higher development factor than one in which no bromide is used. It is necessary with plates which have a tendency to fog, and in cases of over-exposure. Bromide has very little effect if added after development has started, but if you know that your plates or films have been over-exposed, bromide added to the developer at the commencement will certainly give you brighter and cleaner negatives. The influence of bromide varies considerably with different kinds of developers. It has the greatest effect with low-factor developers, such as hydroquinone and strong pyro; and with such rapid developers as metol, weak pyro, amidol, and rodinal, the influence of bromide is not so great.

We have taken pyro as a type of developing agent. As you are aware, there are many others—as, for instance, hydroquinone, metol, ortol, kachin, eikonogen, and so on to the end of the list. All these substances are actual developers and take the place of pyro, and require an accelerator in the same manner, but not in the same degree. Sulphite of soda also works somewhat differently with these developers, excepting hydroquinone, in that it acts as an accelerator as well as a stain preventer. In the case of amidol, sulphite alone is necessary as an accelerator.

The proportions of these ingredients to the bulk of the developer are varied; the pyro may be used from 2 to 8 grains to the ounce, the developing factor becoming less as the proportion becomes higher; in other words, the stronger the solution in pyro the quicker the development. The proportion of sulphite to give a black image is about 20 grains to the ounce, though it is rarely used as strong

as this, a more usual strength being four times that of the pyro. The proportion of bromide used is generally from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ the amount of pyro. *Potassium* bromide should always be used.

In our own work we keep all our ingredients in separate solutions. Pyro is stored in a 10 per cent. solution, as recommended last month; bromide also is in a 10 per cent.



THE CANADIAN ARCH IN WHITEHALL.

Photo by F. S. Wootton. Taken with Spiers and Pond's "Student" hand camera.

solution; sulphite of soda and carbonate of soda are kept in 20 per cent. solutions—i.e., double the strength of the pyro and bromide solutions. In the case of sulphite, which rapidly spoils on exposure to the air, the solution is kept in small bottles, the contents of which are soon used after being opened. These small bottles are filled right up to the mouth with freshly-made solution, and corked up with india-rubber stoppers.

To make up a good useful developer from these solutions, we take 6 drams of sulphite of soda solution, 6 drams of carbonate of soda solution, $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams of pyro solution, and make up to 4 ounces with water. This is a very rapid developer, and 4 drams of the carbonate of soda solution may be used instead of 6 in cases where sufficient exposure has been given, development proceeding more leisurely in consequence. The development factor is not altered unless bromide is added, but the image takes longer to appear and also longer to complete. These solutions are also useful for other purposes, to which we may refer on another occasion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Oxtab-Cantonian.—(1) We strongly deprecate the use of a combined toning-and-fixing bath, but if you persist in following that method you must use a paper which is suitable, as the Paget, according to your own statement, is. The only explanation as to why the Ilford paper does not tone well in that bath is that it is of a different manufacture and made for different treatment. (2) It is not absolutely necessary to fix plates or films in the dark room, but they certainly must be protected from all strong light until they are fixed. **Arthur Bottjer.**—Sorry we cannot use your photographs. The photograph of the globe is certainly very good, but we cannot repeat it in *THE CAPTAIN*. The next time you send any photographs will you please write the title, with your name and address, on the back of each. Other correspondents please note. **H. Morris.**—Yes, the lens should be exactly opposite the centre of the plate. It is, however, far more important that the lens should be at the right distance from the plate, so as to give a sharp image. **R. A. Gandy.**—Your skit on the operations of photography has some merits, but in this corner we deal seriously with photographic operations. **F. S. Wootton.**—Many thanks for your photographs. We are using one of the Canadian Arch herewith. Considering the difficulties, owing to the crowded state of the thoroughfare, we think it a very creditable production. **Stanley B. King.**—Exposure meters are of two kinds, the first and cheapest variety being scales printed on cardboard somewhat after the method of the slide rule, the second and more expensive variety having an actinometer in connection with the scales. The cheapest efficient one of the first class is Cadett's and of the second: Watkins's, which is made in various forms from one shilling upwards, and Wynne's, which costs about six or seven shillings. Instructions are sent out with every kind.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to H. R. McDONALD, Lincoln House, Herne Bay, Kent, for his essay printed below.

The Corinthians.

HAVING read with pleasure the several interesting and instructive articles, by various football enthusiasts, that have recently appeared amongst THE CAPTAIN Club contributions, it occurred to me that a word or two concerning my favourite "footer" team—the Corinthians—would not come amiss; hence the following.

This deservedly famous amateur organisation, whose home engagements, as all the world knows, are played on the splendid and spacious turf that obtains at Queen's Club, West Kensington, is one whose matches are wonderfully attractive to the spectator who likes dash and brilliancy, coupled with accuracy, rather than a too scientific display, the which is nowadays so apt to be overdone and carried to excess.

The club during some twenty years of existence can boast of a record, both as regards its players and results, that would be a credit to any league team at the top of Division I.; although, as is the case with all football clubs—be they great or be they small—bad seasons have been experienced; but these, happily, have been few and far between.

Inscribed upon the International roll of fame are the names of no less than eighty-four Corinthians, of which illustrious band sixty-seven represented England, eight Scotland, a like number Wales, while one did duty for the Emerald Isle. Of the sixty-seven who played for England, forty-one gained caps against Scotland. Pretty good for one club, isn't it?

But that is not all. It generally happens—and this year is no exception—that a Corinthian captains the English eleven. Could mortal footballer wish for—or, indeed, attain—greater honour?

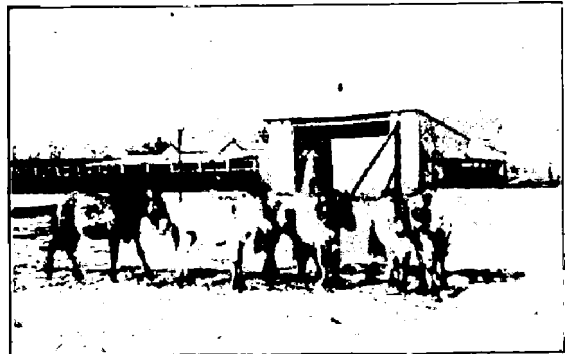
What a galaxy of talent the patrons of the Queen's Club men have displayed to them when their champions are pitted against some doughty professional opponents! There is the one and only "G. O.," England's greatest centre forward. Such a man for making openings and feeding his wings, this Smith, yet all is done with so much ease and certainty that it looks quite simple—to the man in the crowd.

Next, perhaps, in popularity, comes Fry, a double International, a triple Blue, the finest back in the South, and the greatest authority on sport in the world. (The 'Spurs of Tottenham will be pleased to answer questions on this subject should any reader feel inclined to ask a few.)

Much more might be written about this team of giants, from the brilliant dribbles of Foster to the marvellous saves of Wilkinson; but enough has been said, and for Captainites who desire a closer and personal acquaintance there is always—Queen's Club.

May all success attend the C.F.C. in the future and may many be the "caps" yet in store for its versatile members!

H. R. McDONALD.



WILD HORSES FROM MONGOLIA, NOW TO BE SEEN AT THE LONDON ZOO. TWENTY-SIX WERE RECENTLY BROUGHT TO EUROPE AT A TOTAL COST OF £5,000.

Photo by H. J. S.

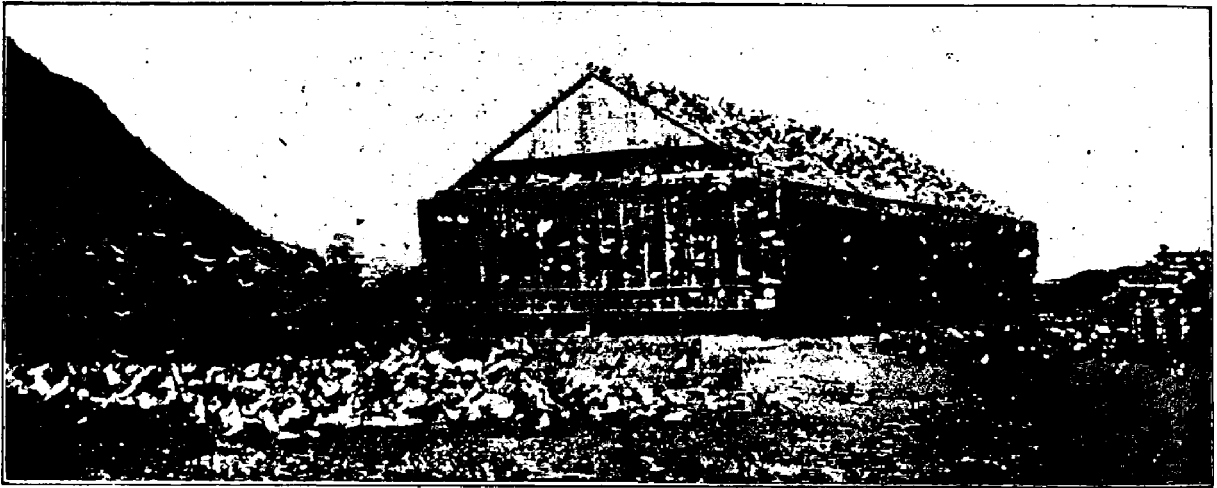
A Torpedo Attack.

No sound must break the stilly night,
No light shine through the gloom;
Darkness and silence must attend
Our glory or our doom.

Strike home! Strike home! Strike swift and sure;
Strike ere we are perceived;
Strike ere their pattering pom-pom shells
Our kinsfolk have bereaved.

There come a thud and a muffled roar,
Th' explosion rends the sea,
A bright-lit mass of crackling flame
Outlines our enemy.

going to extremes, and lead me to the conclusion that they might find more scope for their inventive genius if they were sent to Bedlam. Of all editors, the editor of an evening paper is perhaps the worst. Nowadays you do not shoot a goal at football; you either "notch a point," "net the 'sphere' or 'leather,'" or "beat the custodian." Custodian = goalkeeper (old style). A kick-off is put down as "setting the sphere a-rolling," and if you miss a shot you "fail to find the net." In cricket, a batsman is a "wielder of the willow," and a bowler is "a trundler." These and many other such expressions make it impossible for anyone, barring a lunatic, to enjoy reading the account of a cricket



A VIEW OF AN AMERICAN PIGEON RANCH. IT CONTAINS OVER 12,000 PIGEONS.

Photo by E. H. Maude, Los Angeles, California.

Too late—too late, your guns have spat
Their tardy hail of lead,
Your swift destroyer long ere now
Back to her friends has fled.

Once more within our friendly lines
We slink like venom'd snake;
We've risked our lives now once again
For our dear England's sake!

While out upon the waters black
A thousand victims die,
Offered to the dark god of wars—
Bewailed by widow's sigh.

H. W. S.
(Midshipman, R.N.)

Are Editors Going Mad?

THE above heading need not frighten you, Mr. O. F., for it is not of such sensible editors as yourself that I am going to write. In the present-day rush for novelty and something catching editors are

or football match. To me, at least, it seems that an editor is making a fool of himself when he tries to be funny. The incidents might be funny, but they are awful in print. One editor, who ought really to be a Member of Parliament, wrote: "A good way to prevent such an accident as happened to the lady parachutist at Sheffield, who had never made a previous ascent, would be to pass a law that no one be allowed to parachute unless they had done it before." I wonder if editors really think people will believe the stories put under the heading "General News" (short for general nuisance)? I don't, for one. Do you?

I am,
ONE-WHO-DOESN'T-LIKE-TO-SEE-ANOTHER-MAKE-A-FOOL-OF-HIMSELF.

A Definition.

"MAMMA," said little Johnnie, "what is a quadruped?"

"Oh," said mamma, "it's much the same as a forfeit."

JOAN STELLING.

Omne Ignotum pro Magnifico."

SOME youths, when they survey, from the depths of their far-reaching Eton collars, thy inert mass bristling with its irregular verbal quills, O Latin! in pitiful epistle entreat at home, "Mother! Need I learn Latin? What good is it? What use to me when I'm a man? (Fine thought that, "man.") Book-keeping, now, or shorthand even, are better far."

Anon, 'tis learnt, perhaps by some with joy, that upstart shorthand essays to educate the youth whom sterner Latin hath made cower. Whose is the fault, for fault there is? Mayhap it is that that word "educate" is wrongly understood. Neither knowledge or technique completes the full meaning of that word. To educate is not to fill a brain. Rather it is to cultivate it, to make a man from "whining schoolboy," to teach him method, celerity of thought, decision, purpose; from which can come in later years the minor details learnt by practice, those skulking-horses, book-keeping and shorthand.

And who to educate more fit than thou, O Latin? In mastering thy anatomy does not one acquire all the above virtues, and yet more? 'Twas none less eminent than Oxford that in years gone by to all her sister Universities gave forth her fiat never to forsake thee, upholding thee as the one who should best polish yet untutored minds and make for us men. Thy bones look dry, but once they're mastered as if by magic thou art clothed with all the splendours of a living flesh. Then, probing deep into the very entrails of thy being, what treasures there reward the labouring searchers!



A FULL-GROWN OSTRICH. THIS BIRD STANDS 8FT. HIGH AND WEIGHS 300 POUNDS.
Photo by Edwin Cawston.



A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT OF AN OSTRICH IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE.
Photo by Edwin Cawston.

Gems that are gems indeed, despite the thick coating of familiarity which hides their lustre. Horace and Vergil, names so familiar, and so dearly hated, are peers, and more, of our own Moore and Milton.

Ah, Latin! how thou art maltreated. School-boys in the classic operating theatre dissect thee with their awkward non-deft fingers how they will. Hapless, helpless doctor, who kens thee to thy very marrow, endures most exquisite pain. In very truth, 'tis well for thee thou art dead. Yet thy remains, Prometheus'-liver-like, but grow afresh each time the murderous pecking ceases. But, what of ye, effeminate, who will not peck? Forsooth, 'tis a sad age we are coming to when the "Hopefuls" of Britain quake and shiver at the sound of "mensa."

O quid agis? Which may be interpreted, "What are you up to?"

J. L. RAYNER.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

BEFORE entering upon my subject I must make it known that I am no blind idolater of Napoleon, but one who, after some study, has come to the conclusion that Napoleon, in spite of his faults, is truly worthy of admiration.

The greatest soldier that the world has yet seen, Napoleon was more than soldier; he possessed the abilities of an administrator, of a statesman, of a legislator, and of an author, in the highest degree.

Because Wellington conquered at Waterloo,



HODJA : TURKISH PRIEST STANDING AT THE DOOR OF A MOSQUE. THIS PHOTO IS UNIQUE, AS TURKISH PRIESTS NEVER ALLOW THEMSELVES TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED. THIS IS REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR OF "*Vendetta.*"

it has been asserted that he was a greater general than Napoleon. Can anything be more absurd? One might as well call the incapable Schwartzenburg greater than Napoleon. Is not Hannibal greater than Scipio? Napoleon, in addition to his purely intellectual qualities, possessed a tireless energy of spirit, and a body almost as indefatigable as his mind. He revelled in hard work; he did everything with all his mind, and was accordingly respected, feared, and loved by all his servants in proportion as they themselves did their duty.

It has been said that Napoleon was incapable of inspiring or feeling affection. Such a statement is untrue, for, although Napoleon's nature was cold and reserved, he yet loved, and was loved. Who was Letetia Ramolina? Few know, but was not "Madame Mère" known throughout Europe? What man ever received

a greater testimony of friendship than that given to Napoleon by Muiron? Muiron sacrificed his life, his youth, and his ambitions to save the life of his friend Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France. As Gray says :

"In this neglected spot is laid
A heart once pregnant with celestial fire.
Hands which the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to living ecstasy the lyre."

Of Napoleon's power of loving, I need only mention that, when unmoved by defection and treachery, and by an empire falling to ruin, he was able to weep over Duroc, slain at Bautzen.

Surely that little Corsican, who was a Caesar, Diocletian, and Hannibal rolled into one, who built up and overturned thrones at his pleasure, and who quelled the revolutionary fever and yet spread its principles throughout Europe, surely that man was, and is, a hero, a man to be admired.

One who possesses every virtue, but is lacking in courage, can never be really admired. The charge of being deficient in personal courage has been brought against Napoleon. Such a charge is a libel; there was never a braver man than Napoleon. His conduct at Lodi and Arcis-sur-Aube proves that he possessed dashing courage: calmness in time of danger is more valued than ordinary fighting courage, and Napoleon possessed the former to such an extent that "Napoleonic calmness" has become proverbial.

Finally, is not Napoleon's face the best known in the world, and are there not more books concerning Napoleon than about anyone else?

H. F. WALKER.

Love Me — Love my Dog.

(From an Album.)

When Muriel first kept a dog
I was a silly noodle,
And racked my brain
But tried in vain
To find some rhymes for Poodle.

And then, alas, 'twas just as bad
(At rhyming I'm a dull dog.)
I searched my mind,
But could not find
A word to rhyme with bull-dog.

But now my task is not so hard--
For rhymes are more and merrier,
I heard her say
The other day,
She'd bought an Irish Terrier.

THEO. CRAWFORD.

Games in France.

CONTRARY to public opinion in England, the average Frenchman is an athletic individual, football and bicycling being very popular in France, also running and hockey.

Association is catching on very much, and the Paris team played a good game with the Marlow F.C. at the Crystal Palace last Easter Monday. International matches have been played with Dutch, Belgian, Swiss, and Austrian clubs. Rugby is also played; the Civil Service F.C., Croydon F.C., Harlequins, Wasps, Guy's Hospital, and Trinity College, Cambridge, have visited Paris. The Racing Club de France won the final of the Championship of France, beating the Bordeaux team by two tries to nothing.

Hockey has made much progress this year. The only International matches were Paris v. Brussels, the first match resulting in a draw and the second in a win for Paris.

The schools are taking on games to a great extent, and in a few years will undoubtedly produce Frenchmen capable of holding their own against any athletes of Europe or America.

Old Fag, I am sure you sympathise with those who have struggled to raise France in her rank among the nations by strengthening her men with honest and manly exercises. "FLEUR DE LYS."

Bexhill.

WHERE did you go for your holidays? "Did you like it?" "Oh! where is that?" Such were the exclamations with which I was besieged on returning from my summer vacation.

"Where did I go?" *Bexhill*. No, it is not on the East Coast, neither is it in Wales, as some one suggested to me. I will tell you where it is. On the south coast there is a small place called Hastings, which, although it is on the South-Eastern Railway, has something of a reputation as a summer resort. So you probably know it. Now, near Hastings is Bexhill. The distance is just four miles. If you should go to either place do not walk to the other. If you do you will regret it. It is, as I said before, four miles; four miles on the map. But the map is flat,

which this walk is decidedly not, so that you really walk considerably more than four miles, mostly over rough and pebbly ground. I will not attempt to describe my experience; it is indescribable. I will just give you this hint—go by train, motor-car, or boat; whatever you do, don't walk it.

Bexhill is divided—very sharply divided—into two parts, viz., "Earl de la Warr's estate," and the rest. This is, or was, another case of the rest being nowhere, "Earl de la Warr's estate" being everywhere. Wherever you go you meet that inscription. On the Earl's estate the cheap tripper is seldom seen. A very simple method is adopted for keeping him away. There is a



MILITARY CADETS PRACTISING DUELLING OUTSIDE A FRENCH BARRACKS.

rule forbidding the playing of any musical instrument other than by the bandsmen. This rule does for the cheap tripper, for what is he without his mouth-organ, concertina, trumpet blast, and last, but not least, his own vocal powers? By a wide stretch, the word "musical" is made to include all these.

The greatest attraction of Bexhill is its splendid orchestra, maintained by the Earl at his own private expense, and conducted by Mr. J. M. Glover. It is not a big orchestra, but it boasts some of the best musicians I have ever heard. They are far and away above the average town band, or, indeed, military band. I am convinced that many people go to Bexhill to hear this orchestra. The finest classical music or the most popular of modern music—it all comes alike to them. Each is played as it should be, and gives the greatest delight to a music lover.

I am going to Bexhill again the first chance I get.

ALAN LESLIE SNOW.

Palmistry.*(From an Album.)*

A lady, whose temper was meek,
 A palmist consulted last week,
 I don't know what took place,
 But it's easy to trace
 The "lines of her hand" on his cheek!
 THEO. CRAWFORD.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

H. W. S.—Glad to hear of your appointment in the Navy. The Club has several gallant middies in its ranks, and you are now enrolled a member as well. When I went out to Egypt, two years ago, there were thirty middies in the liner I travelled by, bound for ships in the Mediterranean Squadron. Some of them indulged in cigarettes and liqueurs *after lunch!* I hope there are not many middies who try to ape their seniors in this way. I like to see a boy remain a boy until he is really a man. Your poem contains good lines; I am quoting six verses. Try your hand at another naval ballad—and good luck to you!

"Ya Zur."—The Photographic Editor will look through your essay and give you a word or two of criticism. We have no room for an essay of this length, as the Ph. Ed. covers most of the necessary ground in his monthly article. We have to deal with so many topics every month, that only a moderate amount of space can be afforded for each. Let me impress on all you C.C. contributors that your essays, etc., *must* be kept *short*.

Theo Crawford.—You have a trick of rhyming, but you seem to expend it on much the same topics. Go further afield for subjects.

E. Hartley.—Should like to see further essays by you on rather more practical topics than "Castles in the Air." I appreciate this personally, but I don't think my readers would care much about it.

Frank B. Norton.—When I had space to use your wicket-keepers' championship I came to the conclusion that the idea would be rather belated, as the 1902. season is now over and your contribution refers to 1901.

"Busy Bee."—You must put more "meat" into your essays if you wish to appear in these pages. Your article, "A Novel Picnic," has absolutely nothing in it. "Pigeon-Racing" is a little better, but not much. You must remember that I have a very large number of "C.C.C." to choose from, and, therefore, only accept the cream of them. Don't be discouraged, but, in future work, try to be as original as possible and tell us something that is quite fresh. See "Youngster" paragraph in September criticisms for further hints. I wish other contributors wrote as neatly as you do.

"W. Bee."—Your style is crisp, and you should improve with time and care. Mind your spelling. There are no such words in the English language as "available" or "buisness."

Frank Vernon.—Essay has bright points, but does not, as a whole, reach a very high standard of humour.

Cadet.—Try me with some other kind of contribution.

X.Y.Z.—The story shows you to have a knack of putting your ideas on paper in a concise and

readable way, but you'll have to think out better plots than this if you wish to succeed. Also, don't take liberties with personalities. It is quite easy to guess the identity of the Yorkshire amateur whom you call "Robinson." If I had published your tale, "Robinson" would not have been too pleased to see himself taken to task in the way you go about it.

H. Platt.—Clever, but not quite suitable. Lines a bit shaky, result no doubt of your having to draw while in bed.

L. Reed (VALETTA).—Will use temple photos when space permitteth.

George Whitelaw.—Your improvement is encouraging. Shall endeavour to insert one or more of your sketches, as we can find room.

H. O. Foster.—Your photographs are not deeply enough printed, nor are they evenly toned, and several of them are not quite in focus. Always hold your camera perfectly steady even when snapshotting.

D. J. P. Lloyd.—Your snapshots are very clever. See answer to above.

H. Wileman.—Hope to use one of the snapshots of Blundell's school in a future number.

A. T. P. Tully.—Your maze is fairly ingenious and I will endeavour to find some little corner for it, but cannot say when it will appear.

R. Day.—Your last drawing not up to standard. Too much hurried. Do pay more attention to drawing (from the life).

Morris Perrott.—You still persist in niggling and scribbling in the shading anyhow; otherwise there is a marvellous improvement in your drawings, especially the one entitled "I reckon he's dairy fed." I greatly admire your persistency.

Photo (DERBY).—Unfortunately the snapshots are not clear enough. See answer to H. O. Foster.

W. A. Adams (BELFAST).—Sketch clever, but you want more practice. Handwriting capital, and quite suitable for a lawyer's office. You are Clubbed, as requested.

W. O'Daly (DUBLIN).—Your pen-and-ink sketch shows very good modelling and colour, and if you would only pay more attention to the drawing of faces and feet you would turn out very much cleverer work than you do.

H. T. Stebbing.—Your Brownie snapshots are spoilt in the developing. Read our article in the "Camera Corner" for September.

Art Student (HOLLOWAY).—Your drawing, "Divided Attention," which you say is your first attempt, is certainly very good, but if you will study the line work of Mr. Gordon Browne, Mr. E. F. Skinner, and others, you will notice they don't put in a lot of scribbles to fill up a background. Note this, and also the fact that I should like to hear from you again.

Contributions have also been received from A. Albrow, "Dreamer," "Clingo," H. Greenwall, Eljaysee, "Rip-Rap," D. A. McDonald, N. E. Marshall, H. G. McHugh, H. L. Debrée, Tennyson II., P. Dacre, S. H. Brewis, S. D. J. H. Skuse, "Ambitious One," "Denbigh," J. S. Cox, S. G. Dutton, Syd. Smith (Australia), T. Allwork, Chaplin, "A Blue," Albert G. Scott, M. J. Levi, F. Greatrix, J. B. O'Neill, Norman P. Hill, C. L. Reinmann. (Some of the contributions sent by the above-named will be criticised next month. A number of accepted contributions are held over through want of space.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

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 postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Oct 18th.

The Results will be published in December.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Hidden Towns" (FOURTH SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Household Words."—Here are twenty names of articles, callings, &c., to each of which you must attach a name so well-known in connection with the same that it may be called a "household word." For instance: Cricket—*Grace*; ale—*Bass*; almanac—*Old Moore's*. Put down the name which you consider to be the most widely-known in connection with the article, &c. Copy out this list—do not cut it out.

Cocoa.	Soap.
Seeds.	Swimmer.
Humour.	Shawls.
Carpets.	Actor.
Clocks.	Mountain.
Ocean.	Fairy Tales.
Thief.	Highwayman.
Scent.	Castle.
Lake.	Pudding.
Painter.	Singer.

PRIZES.—Goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s. The lists coming nearest to the names chosen by the majority will be regarded as the best.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-three.
Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 3.—"Book Titles."—Write a sentence of not less than fifty, and not exceeding one hundred, words, of which the following is an example:—

"As *Adam Bede* was coming out of *The House on the Marsh* he was Called Back by *Captain Kettle*, who asked him if he was *One of the Six Hundred* who had sailed round *The Wide, Wide World* in a *Phantom Ship* with *Many Cargoes*."

And so on. Do not use any of the titles in the sample sentence we have given. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Missing Landscape Competition."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a picture from which parts of the landscape have been omitted. All the competitor has to do is to put in the missing parts so as to make the whole thing complete. Use pencil only. No shading. The complete picture will be given in our December number. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"Drawing of a Hand."—Make a sketch of a hand in pen, pencil, or water-colours, *from the life*. The design may be any size you like. PRIZES.—Three Sets of Drawing Materials, value 10s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: February 12th, 1903, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. Mark Comps. "October."

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The July School Magazines contain many little lists of "Boys Leaving," and here and there one comes across the names, too, of masters who are leaving. In *The Wasp*, the magazine of Mr. Mackie's house, Sedbergh School, I read that Mr. Mackie has accepted a living at Filton, in Gloucestershire, and that the house he has so long controlled will be henceforth known as "Mr. Martyn's." I append an extract from the valedictory letter addressed to the boys by Mr. Mackie:—

Through these 20 years 225 boys have come to the House, every one of whom has put down his name in my "House Book"—the handwritings are very various, and the details are interesting. Out of this number there are 5 Turner's, 4 Robinson's, 4 Middleton's, 3 Dunn's, 3 May's, 3 Smith's, and 31 other pairs of brothers, making 84 boys who were brothers, whilst 10 more had brothers in other Houses. There have been 17 Heads of the House, all of whom are hard at work in the world at their profession or business, 4 being schoolmasters, 2 in the army, 1 a clergyman, 1 a clerk in the House of Commons, 1 a judge in India, 1 a rising barrister, 4 in business, 2 at the University, and one still with us.

It is very pleasant to note how Mr. Mackie has kept his eye on old pupils: this is the end of his letter:—

May you who still remain here, "Lift up your eyes unto the hills," as we who have left Sedbergh shall often do in heart and memory; and as you so do, remember "whence your help comes," even from Him, who made them and made you, who stands round about *you* as the hills stand about your dear old House, "who will not suffer your foot to slip, and who will guard your going out and your coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

We can quite imagine, on reading these ennobling words, what manner of man the Rev. John H. Mackie is, and how excellently he must have ruled his house and performed his other duties at the fine old school of Sedbergh. Very fitly may be applied to him the lines from *The Scholar*, quoted by the editor in another part of the magazine:—

"Yet leaving here a name, I trust
Which will not perish in the dust."

A Poet in *The Taylorian* (Merchant Taylors') breaks into verse as follows:—

THE GNU ARRIVAL.

Dear Mr. Editor, do you
In balmy June frequent the Zoo?
If not—perhaps you've heard the Gnu—
It must instruct, it may amuse.
A baby Gnu's arrived—or may be
I ought to call it the Gnu baby.
Poor little stranger! if you gnu
How grey's our English sky, how blue
GNumidia's heaven, you would exclaim,
"A perfect nuisance and a shame
"That I was born a captive Gnu,
"And gnurtured at the London Zoo!"
Cheer up, gnu-come; suns shall shine
Colours in *gnuances* shall combine
To paint the sky, the hearts to cheer
Of myriad trippers, hurrying here
To offer you with zeal officious
The penny bun, the gnut nutritious.

X.

Taking up *The Lorettonian*, the magazine of another good old Scottish school, I find a neat little article on the bird's-nesting achievements of Loretto naturalists. In reading it one is reminded of the rambles of Drysdale, naturalist-in-chief to "Eliza's":—

One nest of sparrow hawks (*H. Nisus*) has been found containing five young ones, which were all taken, and are now in a thriving condition behind the Barracks. Two nests of kestrels have also been found; the localities being the old ruined castles of Fa'side and Crichton. Numerous owls' nests have been discovered, chiefly those of the long-eared owl, young ones of which variety are now being reared in the School.

The eggs of the tawny owl also have been procured from Crichton and Gifford, where a nest of the hooded crow was taken at the same time. The boys who visited the Bass Rock in the break made a fairly good haul, the eggs being chiefly those of the guillemot, razorbill, puffin, gull, and kittewake.

A nest of kingfishers has been unearthed, but unfortunately it contained young ones in nearly full plumage.

The shore nesting has been fairly productive. Numerous tern's, ringed dotterel's, and lark's eggs were found at Aberlady, Gullane, and North Ber-

wick, and eider ducks breed in fair numbers along the same coast.

One nest of chiff-chaffs, and one of tree creepers were found in the beginning of May.

A nest of the red-backed shrike was said to have been found near the Pentlands, but as it has never been known to breed this side of the border, it is rather unlikely that it was one.

A writer in *The Arvonian*, the magazine of the Carnarvon County School, divides possessors of cameras into classes, thus:—

(A) *Photographers*, i.e., people who try to obtain photographs which are at the same time pictures, and also technically good.

(B) *Dabblers*, those who aim only at technical excellence, and when they have found out a method which gives good results, lose all interest, and only take a photograph occasionally, just "to keep their hands in."

(C) *Messers*. These generally show some enthusiasm. They will attempt anything, expose plates recklessly, slop a little developer over them, carelessly go through the other processes, and produce at the end a print which might be supposed to represent chaos, but which, as likely as not, is supposed to represent a cow.

(D) *Frauds*. These people get cameras, put plates in, expose, take out the plates, send them to Messrs. X. and Y., and get back prints, which they show round to their admiring friends as *my* photographs.

The "Frauds," the writer adds, are not worth consideration, but the "Messers" are deserving of a large amount of pity, though to be envied because they are so easily pleased. *Arvonian* and other readers who come under this sad category are informed that the Photographic Editor of THE CAPTAIN CLUB on photographic subjects when a stamped envelope is enclosed for his reply.

In *The Stortfordian* (Grammar School, Bishop's Stortford), a well-put-together little paper, I find the following "Examination Vagaries," which is the learned way of saying "Howlers."

The eldest son of the King of France was always called the Dolphin.

William Rufus loved the tall deer as if they were his mother.

"Muscle and the Boy."—A contributor to the *Truro College Magazine* writes very sensibly of "Physical Culture," his opinions coinciding largely with those of Mr. C. B. Fry:—

Many think that in order to have great strength one must only possess a huge biceps, and that this will most easily be produced by a few minutes daily exercise with a pair of dumb-bells. But it does not follow that a man is strong because he has large muscles: indeed, many of the finest athletes have comparatively small muscles, and the perfect muscles are neither of great size nor very hard, although they are certainly not flabby nor over soft. Then again,

very little good will be done by the use of dumb-bells unless the exercise is very systematically performed morning and evening, and much more than five minutes per day must be devoted thereto to produce any decided improvement. Even when this is all attained, such gain in strength would be useful only for weight-lifting and other such trials in which sheer strength is alone required; it would not be of much service in sport, skill in which is with most men the objective of all physical development. In order that the use of dumb-bells may be effective, the whole mind must be thoroughly concentrated on the exercises at the time of performing them, and when the novelty has worn off it requires a great amount of determination to keep this up. How much more satisfactory if similar or better results can be obtained by more natural means?

He proceeds then to point out how plenty of fresh air, breathing exercises, and wholesome diet will impart strength to the body and tend to develop the muscles generally.

We must always be ready to take exercise in the open air whenever an opportunity presents itself. It does not much matter what form the exercise takes so long as it ensures quick bodily movement. But whatever it is, there must be no slackness; even in walking, which is considered by many authorities an ideal exercise, the pace should always be brisk, or little benefit will be achieved. Of all exercises, perhaps, swimming is the most perfect, for there all the muscles of the body are brought into play.

I should like to go on dipping into more magazines, but my space is limited. Perhaps next month I will give some of the others a turn.

"Latin."—J. L. Rayner administers a very just rebuke, in his C.C. Contribution, to those boys who try to shirk learning Latin. A study of the classics forms a granite foundation to the intellect. "The boy who loves Homer and Vergil makes friends for life," says Mr. Herbert Paul, in his *Men and Letters* (a book I can heartily recommend for school libraries—for the benefit of the older and more thoughtful boys). "They remained with Tennyson till his death. They moulded and coloured his verse."

Tennyson would never have written the following sonorous beautiful lines (see commencement of "Ænone") if he had not been a classical scholar:—

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadow-edges, midway down,
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning: but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

Naturalists' Corner.—I have arranged with Mr. Edward Step, F.L.S., the well-known writer on Natural History, to conduct this new department. Mr. Step will give advice, both by post and in the magazine, as to the care of pets, and will also deal with Natural History generally. I have long felt that we ought to have a feature of this kind, and now it is going to come into active operation.

"Mohawk" Bicycle Competition.—Congratulations to Egbert S. Robertson, winner of the valuable prize offered by the "Mohawk" Company. I see in the Competition Editor's comments that Miss Maud Lyne ran the winner very close; I congratulate her, too, on her skill, and condole with her on her defeat. The winning list of extracts from Mr. Haydon Perry's articles will be published shortly.

"John Smith's Menu."—This competition elicited some very practical and also some very amusing efforts. The latter were largely pictorial, and I hope to reproduce a few of them later on. It will be remembered that John Smith had to get all his food "out," and was allowed a shilling a day for this purpose. Here is his "menu" as drawn up by Nathan Zelinsky, prize-winner in Class II:—

JOHN SMITH'S MENU.

<i>Breakfast. (Pearce and Plenty.)</i>			
Two eggs, poached	1½
Bread and butter	1
Cup of coffee	½
		3d.	3d.
<i>Dinner. (Lockhart's.)</i>			
Peas and potatoes	2
Meat	2
Glass of ale	1
		5d.	5d.
<i>Tea. (Pearce and Plenty.)</i>			
Cup of tea	½
Bread and butter	½
		1d.	1d.
<i>Supper. (Lockhart's.)</i>			
Tinned salmon	1½
Bread and butter	1
Cup of coffee	½
		3d.	3d.
			1s.

Before closing up this "Editorial" I must explain that my programme for this

volume has had to undergo one or two slight alterations with regard to the present number. The first adventure of "Hera the Hindoo" will appear in our issue for November, as, too, will a long, complete story by Mr. Fred Swainson, entitled "Drysdale's Friend." "Rough Justice," the school story announced for this number, will appear later on. Next month Mr. Nankivell will continue his articles on the stamps of our new South African colonies, which are now so popular among collectors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. W. Abbott.—From your letter, in which I note you are desirous of obtaining a position as an apprentice in the merchant service, I presume you are wanting to enter steam right away. In the ordinary way you would have to serve three or four years before the mast in a sailing vessel, and then, by the time you left, you would go up for your second mate's certificate, and so work your way up to be master. There are, however, a certain number of steamship lines which do take apprentices on, and I will therefore advise you to write to the following, enclosing a stamped envelope for full particulars:—The Navigation Department, White Star Line, Messrs. Ismay, Imrie, and Company, Liverpool. Also to the same department of the following lines:—Messrs. Bibby, Bros., and Co., s.s. Bibby Line, Liverpool; Donald Currie and Co., Union Castle Line, 3, Fenchurch-street, E.C.; Thomas Wilson, Sons, and Co., Hull (Managers of the Wilson Line); Messrs. Elder, Dempster and Co., Africa House, Water-street, Liverpool (Managers of the Beaver Line); and also the New Zealand Shipping Company, Ltd., 138, Leadenhall-street, E.C. In all cases write a brief note stating exactly what you want; if it is your intention to take up a seafaring life, and go direct into steam, you ought to get satisfactory replies from some of these firms. The premium, of course, varies. You are rather old, but your age is all right, as you ought to be able to be a second mate by the time you are twenty-one or twenty-two. Should you, on the other hand, wish to go to sea before the mast, you will find advertisements in the daily papers, where the large shipping firms (sailing) state they have vacancies.

H. W. Bradbury (KENNINGTON).—I have consulted our "doggie" expert about your black-and-tan terrier, and he tells me that it is rather difficult to prescribe for him without seeing the dog, but should say the old chap has three complaints—indigestion, eczema, and toothache, all probably the result of age. He may be wrong about your dog's teeth, but the mumbling of his mouth and gnawing his feet looks suspicious. Wash his mouth out with diluted Condy's Fluid, and see if any teeth are loose. If so, draw them with as little pain as possible. It's easily done if the loose tooth is a fang—and it is a good plan to wear a glove. But don't touch any tooth that doesn't "rock" easily. Indigestion: Feed him on bits of raw, lean meat. No sweets, no cake, no pastry, and no potatoes. But as much carbonate of bismuth as you can pile on a threepenny-bit, twice a day after meals for four days, won't hurt him. For the eczema you should bathe the affected parts twice weekly with Jeyes' Fluid—a mild solution. Black-and-tan terriers are an eczematous tribe when

they age. I doubt if you could quite get rid of it. On second thoughts, our "doggie" expert thinks the dog is probably rheumatic—*keep him warm and dry*. Don't bother him, and with gentle exercise and luck he ought to be happy for a long time yet.

Ambitious.—You will find the particulars you require about the preliminary medical examination in an article we had on the subject of "Medicine as a Profession" in our issue for November, 1899. It is quite possible to pass all the examinations and do all the necessary hospital work in Birmingham, and you could obtain particulars concerning the hospital course from any of the large Birmingham hospitals. I believe "Queen's" is the best-known for this purpose. Certainly you could pass the preliminary before you give up your present position, but afterwards you would have to devote all your time to your medical work, or nearly all. Qualifying for the medical profession nowadays means five years' hard work and a good deal of money, but of course some hospitals are less expensive than others.

W. D. Mallet.—In reply to your question, I should advise you to join the London Rifle Brigade Cadet Corps, 30, Bunhill-row, E.C. The subscription is 5s. per annum, the uniform costs £3 16s. 3d., and it will cost you about £1 when you go into camp. Morris Tube practices and ammunition cost 1½d. for seven rounds. Drill nights, Monday and Wednesday, at 6.30 p.m. Folders are allowed, but not spectacles. For further particulars write to the Sergeant Instructor. You are not old enough to join a Volunteer Corps, the youngest age at which one may join being seventeen. I do not know of any corps that only costs about £2 inclusive.

Thorold H. Pentony.—I should say that your canary is suffering from asthma. The age of the bird would account for its not singing. The feeding is all right, but you might try either Hyde's or Carter's mixed seed. I am afraid there is no cure for the asthma, although I have found Parish's Chemical Food for Birds a capital thing for strengthening them and enabling them to get over their moult and throw all weakness away. Put two or three drops in its drinking water, and do not use sugar in its food.

Jack L.—Handwriting is very largely a matter of temperament and circumstances. You are in a hurry to get your thoughts down on paper, and so you write in a hurry. I don't blame you, but if you wish your handwriting to suffer less adverse criticism, you should make new copies of your letters. Having put down what you have to say,

there will be no need for hurry over the second draft.

R. F. K. writes:—"I have been a regular subscriber to *THE CAPTAIN* for the past three years, and should like to mention the benefit I have derived from Mr. Fry's athletic notes. Following his training time-table, I succeeded in winning a challenge championship cup, and among other things I have accomplished the hurdles in eighteen seconds, over the regulation height and distance. I attribute my successes solely to Mr. Fry's hints."

Babe (SUNDERLAND).—Yes, my dear, I know you are a staunch reader of *THE CAPTAIN*, and have been so, I believe, from the beginning. I hope you will always be one of our most faithful readers, even when your hair (which you have recently put up) is snowy white!

A. T. Belfrage.—You can obtain information about Cooper's Hill from the Secretary. Tell him you would like a prospectus. Address: Lieut.-Col. Boyes, Royal Indian Engineering College, Cooper's Hill, Staines.

"Eks."—Clubbed. If you want an answer from Mr. Fry you must write to him direct, care of this office. I may tell you, though, that Mr. Fry generally recommends 11b. dumb-bells for most people, and especially for a boy of fifteen.

J. George Kelly.—The only way to keep rabbits from nibbling the wood is to nail strips of tin on all the exposed edges. It is not possible for them to nibble the sides of their hutch if these are quite smooth.

A. V. H. and Others.—(1) All you have to do to become a member of *THE CAPTAIN CLUB* is to take in the magazine regularly. (2) No, Mr. Fry doesn't write for any other boys' periodicals.

Natalian.—I do not propose to start a *CAPTAIN* ribbon because most of our readers have already got ribbons in connection with the various schools they go to.

A. B. C.—Clubbed. "J. O. Jones" will probably appear in book form next year. The author is revising and lengthening the story. **Britain.**—If you want to be an official representative you must send your name and address.

L. Dunstan and "Maysie."—Many thanks for your very nice letters.

Letters, etc., have also been received from "Un Garçon d'Irlandais," A. G. Pearce, R. A. O. Chipp (smart boy!), F. J. Wicker (clubbed), F. L. Christie, "Denbigh," "Felix" (clubbed), "A. H. G.," "D'ye ken?," W. D. Newton.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of *THE CAPTAIN CLUB*, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Bursleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of August Competitions.

No. I.—"Mohawk" Bicycle Prize.

WINNER OF "MOHAWK" BICYCLE: Egbert S. Robertson, Afton, 78, Thornlaw-road, West Norwood, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Maud M. Lyne, 2, St. John's Villas, Cheltenham; and Alfred G. Pearson, 24, Glencon-street, Newington, Hull.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. H. Smith, Wm. Simmons, E. H. Rhodes, Laura Mellor, L. E. V. Tiffen, Charles Murray, Jack V. Pearman, Elsie Shelton, Marion Wolferstan, C. D. Elphick, A. A. Cameron, H. Williams, W. Pleasance, Percy B. Norris, Harold Scholfield, A. E. Jackson, John B. Edgar.

No. II.—"Hidden Towns." (SECOND SERIES).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s: Charles Horridge, 101, Oxford-street, Preston, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. F. Scholfield, Eccleston Park, Prescott; and H. J. Wallis, 67, Fallsbrook-road, Streatham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ethel J. Shelton, T. Saunders, Ernest Bollands, Florence Hostson, T. R. Davis, Winifred D. Ereaut, Chas. Leigh, H. B. Farrant.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s: Gerald von Stralendorff, 12, Lord-street West, Southport, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: F. R. Ackland, 148, Cheltenham-road, Bristol; and Walter Moody, 7, Trinity-parade, Frome, Somerset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. G. Coleman, H. R. Massingham, Victor Towers, R. C. Thomson, Val Murray, E. T. Fairlie, Reggie Bowles, R. N. Davis, Agatha Young, Arthur Bottjer.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s: A. J. Thomson, Saughton-road, Corstorphine, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Edwards, John W. Best, Arthur French, R. N. Abbay, Gerald Napier, Amyas Phillips, J. Best.

No. III.—"John Smith's Menu."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 5s: T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Stanley Wilson, 8, Oakhurst-grove, E. Dulwich, S.E.; Maurice P. French, Abbeystone, Queen's-road, Bournemouth; T. Allwork Chaplin, 141, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Herbert J. Wallis, Laura Mellor, Dora Reid, John B. Edgar, James H. Walker, L. H. Buckle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Nathan Zelinsky, 7, Nicholas-street, Mile-end, E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: R. C. Wood-

thorpe, 4, Bede-terrace, Whitley Bay, R.S.O., Northumberland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur S. Lewis, Alfred Grigsby, J. R. Wiggs, G. E. Arrowsmith, P. Ramsay Laird, P. Waterhouse, G. Sunderland, R. Malby.

No. IV.—"The 'As you Please Office.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 5s: Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill-street, Alton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Alfred Scholfield, The Thorns, 6, Gardner-road, Prestwich, near Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Avril, Wm. L. Taylor, Laan Mellor, Herbert J. Wallis, Edwin H. Rhodes, Edith O. Welford, John G. Peters, J. W. Connell, May M. Stafford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s: Oswald C. Bush, 1, Clarence Villas, Perry Hill, Catford, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Walter Hartill, Manor House, Willenball, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Wilfrid H. Bathe, G. Ansten Taylor, H. W. Bradbury, Wilfrid Lee, M. Schindhelm, G. Sunderland, M. Sunderland.

No. V.—"Missing Landscape Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Leonard J. Smith, 24, Gladstone-place, Aberdeen.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. Crossley, 2, Moorcliffe, Savile Park, Halifax, Yorks.; Frank Overton, 2, West View, Grove-street, Hull; Edith Baines, Summerfield, Morley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. G. Walker, F. Gratrix, Everest Windsor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Sydney L. Jones, 11, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: D. Wheatley, 20, Dryburgh-road, Putney, S.W.; W. V. Temple, 49, Greatbank-road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead; H. H. D. Simmonds, Lanowlee, Pell-street, Sandown, Isle of Wight.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy B. Norris, J. Cassella, G. Buckle, Elsie Shelton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: E. A. Dodd, Northfield, Durham-avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. Alexander, Maraton, Frome, Somerset; Edwin George Wildin, Hawthorne Bank, James-street, Stoke-on-Trent; A. Story, Hambourne, Caterham Valley, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: D. Legge, C. E. Osborne, F. F. Morgan.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE AUGUST COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—This was exceedingly well done. As a large number of competitors made practically identical selections, it was naturally somewhat difficult to decide upon the winner. In point of style, however, Egbert S. Robertson, the winner of the bicycle, had but one dangerous rival—Miss Maud Lyne—and it was only after much consideration and analysis of the two lists that I was able to fix upon the winner.

No. II.—The most difficult pictures to solve this time appear to have been Nos. 2, 6, and 8, a large majority of competitors having "Blackburn" for No. 2, and "Blackpool" for No. 6. Some good suggestions for No. 8 were Sittingbourne, Frog's Hall, Hopton, Skipton, and Frogmore.

No. III.—Most of the competitors showed considerable

acquaintance with London Restaurants at which strict economy can be practised. The winning lists in Class I. were decidedly clever and artistic.

No. IV.—The idea of the "As You Please" Office seems to have been popular, and, from the point of view of the individual, a large number of competitors gave excellent reasons for its adoption. Most of them would arrange their day so as to obtain exercise and recreation in the evening in summer and in the afternoon in winter, at the same time getting as much work as possible done in the morning all the year round.

No. V.—Proved popular, so we are setting another.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

FOREIGN CHILDREN.

(After a poem by R. L. Stevenson.)

Little Hindoo, Cingalese,
Little sallow-faced Chinese,
Little Indian, Crow or Sioux,
Oh, don't I wish that I were you!

You can have some ripping sprees
At your homes beyond the seas;
Following the tiger's tracks,
And turning turtles on their backs!

You can sprint a hundred miles—
Sit as bait for crocodiles
In the river-border's slime
For a quid or two a time!

You have tons of fruit to eat,
I am fed on tenth-rate meat;
You can slack in wigwams cool
While I am getting whacked at school!

Such a life is jolly fine!
Not so beastly slow as mine!
You can't tell how much you've scored
In being born somewhere abroad!

Little Turk or Japanese—
Any little beast you please!
I don't care an atom who,
But *don't* I wish that I were you!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



"HOUP-LÀ! PIFF-POUM!" YELLED THE DWARF.

Drawn by E. F. Skinner.

(See page 104.)

THE RISING OF THE REDMAN

AROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

This story concerns the adventures of a wealthy rancher, named Henry Douglas, his daughter, Dorothy, and their friends, during the rebellion—organised by the fanatical Louis Riel—which broke out in the north-west of Canada during the spring of 1885. The tale opens with a night attack on the rancher's homestead by a party of half-breeds, the defenders of the house consisting of Jacques St. Arnaud (a gigantic French-Canadian), Rory (an old farm-hand), Sergeant Pasmore (of the North-West Mounted Police), and Douglas himself. The "breeds," though they meet with a desperate resistance, at length force an entry into the house, but in the nick of time Child-of-Light, a friendly Indian chief, arrives with his "Crees," and saves the situation. The rancher's party then makes its way hurriedly across country to the police fort at Battleford. When, however, the party breaks up into ones and twos, in order to enter the fort unobserved by the rebels surrounding it, Dorothy is forced by an excited half-breed to dance with him. The man's sweet-heart, who is furious with jealousy, recognises Dorothy and discloses the girl's identity to the crowd, whereupon Dorothy is seized and hurried off to Louis Riel.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE JUDGMENT HALL.

NOW that Dorothy knew the worst was about to happen, she, strangely enough, felt more self-possessed than she had done before. These rebels might kill her, or not, just as the mood swayed them, but she would let them see that the daughter of a white man was not afraid.

In that short walk to the chapel she reviewed her position. She hoped that by this time the others had managed to reach the Fort. If they had, then she could face with comparative equanimity what might happen to herself. Her only fear was what her father, in his distress on hearing of her capture, might do.

Fortunately it was not far to the chapel which Riel had converted into his headquarters. Indeed, he was only paying a hurried visit there to exhort the faithful and long-suffering *metis* and Indians to prompt and decisive action. He in-



tended to go off again in a few hours to Prince Albert to direct the siege against that town. Only those who had witnessed the wantonness and the capture of the "white witch" followed. Most of the rebels were too busy improving the shining hour of unlimited loot. A half-breed on one side and an Indian on the other, each with a dirty mitt on Dorothy's shoulder, led her to the Judgment Hall of the dusky prophet, Louis David Riel, "stickit priest," and now malcontent and political agitator by profession. This worthy gentleman had already cost the Government a rebellion, but why he should have been allowed to run to a second is one of those seeming mysteries that can only be accounted for by the too clement policy of a British Government.

Dorothy and her captors entered the small porch of the chapel and passed into the sacred edifice. For one like Riel, who had been educated for the priesthood in Lower Canada, it was a strange use to put such a place to. The scene when they entered almost defies description. It was crowded with breeds and Indians armed to the teeth with all manner of antiquated weapons. Most of them wore blue copotes and kept on their unplucked beaver caps or long red tuques. Haranguing them close to the altar was the great Riel himself, the terror of the Saskatchewan.

He did not look the dangerous, religious fanatic that he was in reality. He was about five feet seven in height, with red hair and beard. His face was pale and flabby, and his dark grey eyes, set close together, glowed when he spoke and were very restless. His nose was slightly aquiline, his neck long, and his lips thick. His voice, though low and gentle in ordinary conversation, was loud and abrupt now that he was excited.

He was so carried away by the exuberance of his own eloquence when Dorothy and her captors entered, that he still kept on in a state of rapt ecstasy. His semi-mystical oration was a weird jumble of religion and lawlessness, devout exhortation, riot, plunder, prayer, and pillage. He extolled the virtues of the murderous Poundmaker and Big Bear. He said that Mistawasis and Chicastafasin, the chiefs, and some others, were feeble of heart and backsliders, for they had left their reserves to escape being drawn into the trouble. Crowfoot, head chief of the Blackfoot nation, was protesting his loyalty to the Lieutenant-Governor, and his squaws would one day stone him to death as a judgment. Fort Pitt, Battleford and Prince Albert must shortly capitulate to them, and then the squaws would receive the white women of those places as their private prisoners to do with as their sweet wills suggested. Already many of the accursed whites had been slaughtered, as at Duck Lake, for instance, but many more had yet to die. They must be utterly exterminated, so that the elect might possess the land undisturbed.

At this point he caught sight of the newcomers. At a sign from him they approached.

"Ha!" he said, with an unctuous accent in his voice, and rubbing his hands like a miserable old Fagin, "Truly the Lord is delivering them into our hands. What are you, woman?"

But beyond her name Dorothy would at first tell him nothing. Her captors briefly stated the little they knew concerning her presence in the town. The self-constituted dictator tried bombast, threats and flattery to gain information from her, but they were of no avail. His authority being thus disputed by a woman, and his absurd self-esteem ruffled, he gave way to a torrent of abuse, but Dorothy was as if she heard it not. It was only when Riel was about to give instructions to his "General," Gabriel Dumont, and more of the members of his staff and "government" to instantly cause a search to be made in the camp for those who might have been with the girl, that she said he might do so if he chose, but it would be useless, as her friends must have entered the camp an hour ago.

"Hear to her, hear to this shameless woman!" cried the fanatical and self-constituted saviour of the *metis*, gesticulating and trying, as he always

did, to work upon the easily roused feelings of his semi-savage following. "She convicts herself out of her own mouth—she must suffer. She is young and fair to look upon, but she is the daughter of Douglas, the great friend of the English, and therefore evil of heart. Moreover, she defies me, even me, to whom St. Peter himself appeared in the Church of St. James at Washington, Columbia! Take her hence and keep her as a prisoner until we decide what fate shall be hers. In the days of the old prophets the dogs licked the blood of a woman from the stones—of a woman who deserved better than she."

With a wave of his hand the arch-rebel, who was yet to pay the penalty of his inordinate vanity and scheming with his life, dismissed the prisoner and her captors. He instructed an Irish renegade and member of his cabinet, called Nolin, to see to it that the prisoner was kept under close arrest until her fate was decided upon—which would probably be before morning. Nolin told some of Katie's relatives to take charge of Dorothy. He himself, to tell the truth, did not particularly care what became of her one way or the other. Already this gentleman was trying to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare.

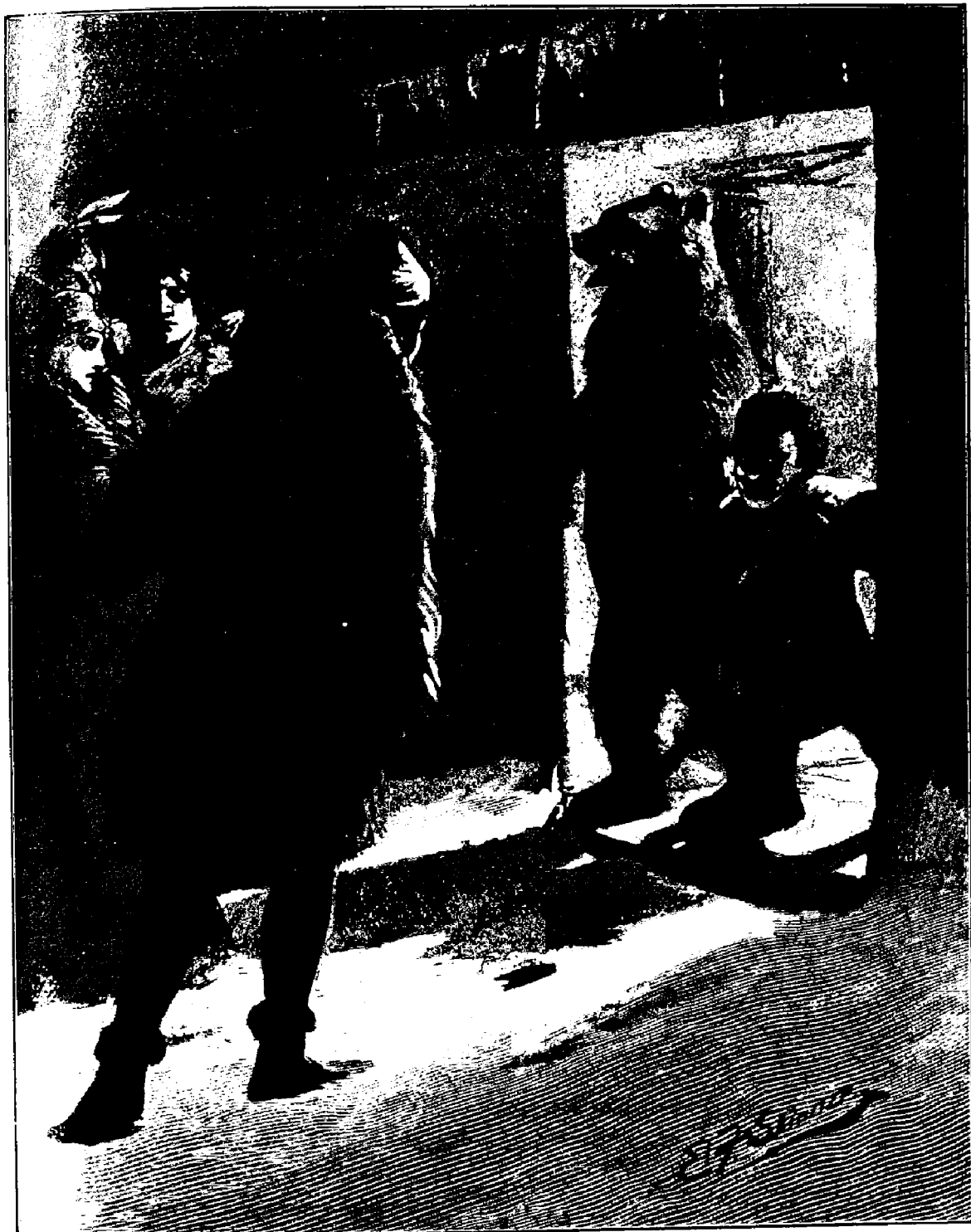
Dorothy looked around the improvised court-house in the vague hope of finding someone whom she might have known in the days of peace, and whose intervention would count for something. But, alas! the vision of dark, cruel and uncompromising faces that met her gaze, gave her no hope. They had all been wrought up to such a high pitch of excitement that murder itself was but an item in their programme. Her heart sank within her, but still her mind was active. She was not one of the sort who submit tamely to what appears to be the inevitable. She came of a fighting stock—of a race that had struggled much, and prevailed.

Katie's male kinsman, the huge half-breed and the officious redskin, again seized Dorothy and hurried her away, followed by the curious straggling mob. Arrived, at length, at a long, low log-house on the outskirts of the town, they hammered on the closed door for admittance.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DWARF AND THE BEAR.

DOROTHY noticed that there was a light in the windows of this house, and wondered how it was that the occupants seemed to be quietly staying at home while evidently all the half-breed inhabitants of the town were making a night of it. She also noticed that when her guides had knocked they drew somewhat back from the doorway, and that the motley crowd



"WHUR-R! WHAT YOU WANT HERE?"

which had been pressing close behind followed their example. They also ceased their noisy talk and laughter while they waited for the door to be opened. Only Katie, the flouted belle who had been following them up, did not seem to possess the same diffidence as the others, but stood with

one hand on the door, listening. Dorothy became strangely curious as to the inmates of this isolated house.

A strange shuffling and peculiar deep breathing were heard in the passage; a bolt was withdrawn, Katie drew quickly back, and next

moment the door was thrown open. A flood of light streamed out, and two weird and startling figures were outlined sharply against it. Instinctively Dorothy shrank backwards with a sense of wonder and fear. Standing on its hind legs in the doorway was a bear, and by its side a dwarf with an immense head covered with a great crop of hair, and with long arms and a broad chest which indicated great strength.

"Whur-r! What you want here and at this hour of night, you out-throats, you?" asked the outspoken manikin in a voice of sufficient volume to have equipped half-a-dozen men.

"A sweetheart for you, Pepin. A sweetheart, *mon ami*," answered the big breed, in a conciliatory voice.

Dorothy nearly sank to the ground in horror when she heard this rude jest.

"Bah!" cried the manikin, "it is another female you will want to foist off upon me, is it? Eh? What? But no, *coquin*, Pepin has not been the catch of the Saskatchewan all these years without learning wisdom. Who is she—a prisoner? Eh? It not that so?"

"That is so, Pepin, she is preesonar, and Riel has ordered her to be detained here. Your house is the only quiet one in the town this night, and that is why we came. Tell Antoine to be so good as to stand back."

Antoine was the bear, which still stood swaying gently from one side to the other with a comical expression of enquiry and gravity on its old-fashioned face.

Pepin surveyed the mob with no friendly scrutiny.

"What you want here, you *canaille*, *sans-culottes*?" he demanded. And then in no complimentary terms he bade them begone.

The crowd, however, still lingered, with that spirit of curiosity peculiar to most crowds; so the dwarf brought them to their senses. Suddenly poking Antoine in the ribs, he brought him down on all fours, and then, brushing past Dorothy and her captors, and still leading the bear, he charged the mob with surprising agility, scattering it right and left. It was evident that they stood in wholesome dread of Pepin and his methods. Then, coming back with the bear, he put one hand on his heart, and with a bow of grotesque gallantry, bade Dorothy enter the house. The Indian he promptly sent about his business with a sudden blow over the chest that would probably have injured a white man's bones. The red man looked for a moment as if he meditated reprisals, but Pepin merely blinked at the cudgel, and Man-of-might, with a disgusted "Ough! ough!" changed his mind and incontinently fled. Dorothy's captor, Pierre La

Chene, and Katie, alone entered the dwarf's abode.

It suddenly occurred to Dorothy that this was the Pepin Quesnelle of whom and of whose tame bear Rory was wont to tell tales. Dorothy noticed that Katie had a brief whispered conference with the truculent Pepin before entering. The result of it was somewhat unexpected; the half-breed girl took Dorothy by the arm and led her into a low room, which was scrupulously clean, at the end of the passage. There was no one in-it. Katie seemed strangely nervous as she shut the door, and the girl wondered what was about to happen. Then the half-breed turned suddenly and looked into her eyes, at the same time placing one hand upon her wrist.

"Listen," she said, "I thought I loved you, but you have made me mad—so mad this night! Now tell me true—*vérité sans peur*—you shall—you must tell me—do you love Pierre?"

If it had not been for the tragic light in the poor girl's eyes, Dorothy would have laughed in her face at the bare idea. As it was, she answered in such an emphatic way that Katie had no more doubts on that point. Then Dorothy asked the latter to send Pierre to her and to be herself present at the interview.

Katie at first demurred. She was afraid that the interview might prove too much for the susceptible frail one. But she brought him in, and when Dorothy had spoken a few words to him, the fickle swain was only too anxious to make it up with his real love. This satisfactory part of the programme completed, Katie packed him off into the next room, and then, with the emotional and demonstrative nature of her people, literally grovelled in the dust before Dorothy. She stooped and kissed her moccasined feet, and called on the girl to forgive her for her treacherous conduct. But Dorothy raised her from the ground and comforted her as best she could. To her she was as a child, although perhaps her passion was a revelation that as yet she but imperfectly comprehended. But Katie was to prove the sincerity of her regret in a practical fashion.

"Where are your friends?" she asked. "Tell me everything—yes, you can trust me. By the Blessed Virgin, I swear I will serve you faithfully!" She raised her great dark tear-stained eyes to Dorothy's.

The girl instinctively felt that Katie was to be trusted. The only question was, could she count upon her discretion? She felt that she could do that also; she knew that in a matter of intrigue the dusky *metis* have no equals. The chances were that the others had reached the Fort; if so, no more harm could be done. Briefly she told Katie about those who had started out

with her to steal through the rebel lines to the English garrison.

"If Jacques and the women went in the direction you say," said Katie, "the chances are they have got to the Fort. It matters not about the Police and Rory—they can look after themselves. I doubt, however, if your father and the sergeant have got through. You will stay in this house while I go and see. I have many friends among our people; the hearts of some of them not being entirely with Riel, they will help me. I shall take Pierre. Pepin and his mother you need not fear—they are not of the rebels; they have lived too long at Medicine Hat with the whites."

And then she went on briefly to explain how Pepin was a man renowned for his great wisdom and his cunning, as well as for the bodily strength which had once enabled him to strangle a bear. Still, his one great weakness was conceit of his personal appearance, and his belief that every woman was making a dead set at him. He also prided himself upon his manners, which were either absurdly elaborate or rough to a startling degree, as the mood seized him, and as Dorothy had seen for herself. His mother, whom she would see in the next room, was rather an amiable old soul, whose one providentially overpowering delusion was that Pepin was all that he considered himself to be. She regarded most young unengaged women with suspicion, as she fancied they looked upon her son with matrimonial designs. Katie knew that the old lady was at heart a match-maker, but, with the exception of herself, who, however, was engaged, she had found no one good or beautiful enough to aspire to an alliance with the Quesnelle family.

Dorothy felt vastly relieved at hearing all this. Then Katie took her by the hand, and, telling her to be of good courage, as she had nothing to fear, led her into the next room.

"A good daughter for you, mother," she said smilingly to the dame who sat by the fire.

The old white-haired woman, who was refreshingly clean and tidy, turned her dark eyes sharply upon the new arrival. Whether it was that Dorothy was prepossessed in her favour and showed it, and that the old lady took it as a personal compliment, or that the physical beauty of the girl appealed to her, is immaterial; but the fact remained that she in her turn was favourably impressed. She motioned to a seat beside herself.

"Sit hyar, honey," she said. "I will put the kettle on the fire and give you to eat and drink."

But the girl smilingly thanked her, and said that she had not long since finished supper. In no way loth to do so, she then went and sat down

next the old dame, who regarded her with considerable curiosity and undisguised favour. Katie, seeing that she could safely leave her charge there, spoke a few words in a strange patois of Cree and French to Pepin, and, calling Pierre, left the house.

Dorothy glanced in wonder round the common sitting room of this singular family. It was a picturesque interior, decorated with all kinds of odds and ends. There were curios in the way of Indian war weapons, scalping knives, gorgeously beaded moccasins and tobacco pouches, barbaric plumed head-dresses, stuffed birds and rattlesnakes, butterflies, strings of birds' eggs, and grinning and truly hideous Indian masks for use in devil and give-away dances. At the far end of the room was a rude cobbler's bench and all the paraphernalia of one who works in boots, moccasins, and harness. Thus was betrayed the calling of Pepin Quesnelle.

But it was the man himself, with his extraordinary personality, who fascinated Dorothy. He was standing with his hands behind his back and his legs apart, talking to the sulky, uncompromising half-breed who had brought her there. He was not more than three feet in height, and he seemed all head and body. His arms were abnormally long and muscular. He had a dark shock head of hair, and his little black moustache was carefully waxed. His forehead was low and broad, and his aquiline nose, like his jet black, almond-shaped eyes, betrayed an Indian ancestor. His face betokened intelligence, conceit, and a keen sense of sardonic humour; still, there was nothing in it positively forbidding. To those whom he took a fancy to, he was doubtless loyal and kind, albeit his temperament was of a fiery and volatile nature. In this he showed the Gallic side of his origin. It was very evident that, despite his inconsiderable size, his hulking and sulky neighbour stood in considerable awe of him.

"Pshaw! Idiot! Pudding-head!" he was saying. "But it is like to as many Muskymote dogs you are—let one get down and all the others attack him. What, I ask, did your Riel do for you in '70? Did he not show the soles of the moccasins he had not paid for as soon as he heard that the red-coats were close to Fort Garry, and make for the States? Bah, you fools, and he will do so again—if he gets the chance! But he will not, mark my words, Bastien Lagrange; this time the red-coats will catch him, and he and you—yes, you, you chuckle-head—will hang all in a row at the end of long ropes in the square at Regina until you are dead, dead, dead! Think of it, Lagrange, what a great big ugly bloated corpse you'll make hanging by the neck after your toes have stopped twitching, twitching, and your

face is a beautiful blue. Eh? *Bien!* is not that so, blockhead?"

And the dwarf grinned and chuckled in such a bloodthirsty and anticipating fashion that the girl shuddered.

Bastien Lagrange did not seem to relish the prospect, and his shifty eyes roamed round the walls.

"But the red-coats, how can they come?" he weakly asked. "Where are they, the soldiers of the Great Mother? Riel has said that those stories of the cities over seas and the many red-coats are all lies, and that the Lord will smite the Police and those that are in the country with the anthrax that kills the cattle in the spring. Riel swears to that, for St. Peter appeared to him and told him so. He said so himself!"

"Bah, idiot!" retorted Pepin, "if it is that Riel is on such friendly terms with St. Peter, and the Lord is going to do such wonderful things for him, why does not the Saint give his messengers enough in advance for them to pay the poor men who make for them the moccasins they wear? Why does he suffer them to steal from their own people? Pshaw, it is the same old tale, the same old game from all time, from Mahomet to the present down-at-heel! But courage, *mon cher* Bastien! I will come and see you ch-chk, ch-chk!"—he elongated and twisted his neck, at the same time turning his eyes upwards in a horrible fashion—"while your feet go so . . . so,"—he described a species of *pas-seul* with his toes. "Is that not so, Antoine? Eh?—you beauty, you?" and here he gave the great bear, that had been gravely sitting on its haunches watching him like an attendant spirit, a sudden and affectionate kick.

To Dorothy's horror the great brute made a quick snap at him, which, however, only served to intensely amuse Pepin, for he skilfully evaded it, and, seizing his stick, at once began to dance up and down. The cunning little black eyes of the beast watched him apprehensively and resentfully.

"Aha, Antoine!" he cried. "Git up, you lazy one, and dance! Houp-là!"—the huge brute stood up on its hind legs—"Now, then, Bastien, pick up that fiddle and play. That's it, piff-poum—piff-poum! Houp-là! piff-poum!" and in another minute the man and the bear were dancing opposite each other. It was a weird and uncanny sight, the grotesque dwarf, with his face flushed and his hair on end, capering about and kicking with his pigmy legs, and the bear with uncouth waddles waltzing round and round, its movements every now and again being accelerated by a judicious dig in the ribs from Pepin's stick. Bastien Lagrange fiddled away as if for dear

life, and the old dame, her face beaming with pride and admiration, clapped her hands in time to the music. Every minute or two she would glance from her son to Dorothy's face to note what impression such a gallant sight had made.

"Is it not *magnifique*? Is he not splendid?" she asked the girl.

"He is indeed wonderful," replied Dorothy, truthfully enough.

Despite the suggestion of weirdness the goblin-like scene created in her mind, the grimaces and antics of the manikin, and the sulkily responsive movements of the bear, were too absurd for anything. She thought of Rory's story of how the "b'ar" resented being left out of its share in Pepin's castor-oil, and was so tickled by the contrast of their present occupation that, despite herself, she broke out into a fit of laughter. Fearful of betraying the reason of it, she began to clap her hands like the old lady, which action, being attributed by the others to her undisguised admiration, at once found favour in their eyes. Dorothy began to imagine she was getting on famously.

"Honey," cried the old lady, raising her voice and stooping towards the girl, "I like yer face. Barrin' Katie, you're the only gal I'd like for Pepin. I reckon we'll just stow you away quietly like, and then afterwards you kin be his wife."

But the prospect so alarmed Dorothy that her heart seemed to stop beating again. At the same moment Pepin showed signs of fatigue, and the music stopped abruptly. Antoine, however, in a fit of absent-mindedness, kept on waltzing around on his own account, until Pepin gave him a crack over the head and brought him to his senses.

"Come hyar, Pepin," cried the old dame. "Mamselle is took wid you. I think she'd make you a good wife, my sweet one."

Dorothy grew hot and cold at the very thought of it. She really did not know what these people were capable of.

Pepin approached her with what he evidently intended to be dignified strides. For the first time he honoured her with a searching scrutiny. Poor Dorothy felt as if the black eyes of this self-important dwarf were reading her inmost thoughts. She became sick with apprehension, and her eyes fell before his. In another minute the oracle spoke.

"No, *ma mère*, no," he said. "She is a nice girl upon the whole; her hair, her figure, and her skin are good, but her nose stops short too soon, and is inclined to be saucy. Though her ways are sleek like a cotton-tail's, I see devilry lurking away back in her eyes. Moreover, her ways are those of a *grande dame*, and are not our ways—she would expect too much of us. She



"NO, MA MÈRE, SHE IS A GOOD GIRL ENOUGH, BUT SHE WILL NOT DO."

is a good girl enough, but she will not do. *Voilà tout!*" And with a not unkindly bow the *petit maître* turned his attention to Antoine, who, during the examination, had taken the opportunity of seizing its master's cudgel and breaking it into innumerable little bits.


Dorothy breathed again, but, true to the nature of her sex, she resented the disparaging allusions to her nose and eyes—even from Pepin. What a conceited little freak he was, to be sure! And

to tell her that she *would not do!* At the same time she felt vastly relieved to think that the dwarf had resolved not to annex her. The only danger was that he might change his mind. His mother had taken his decision with praiseworthy resignation, and tried in a kindly fashion to lighten what she considered must be the girl's disappointment. Meanwhile Lagrange, judging by his lugubrious countenance, was evidently pondering over the pleasant prospect Pepin had

predicted for him. The dwarf himself was engaged in trying to force the fragments of the stick down Antoine's throat, and the latter was angrily resenting the liberty.

Dorothy was becoming sleepy, what with the fatigue she had undergone during the day and the heat of the fire, when suddenly there came three distinct taps at one of the windows.

CHAPTER X.
THE UNEXPECTED.

 I was fortunate for Antoine the bear that the taps at the window came when they did, for Pepin with his great arms had got it into such an extraordinary position—doubtless the result of many experiments—that it would most assuredly have had its digestion ruined by the sticks which its irate master was administering in small sections. To facilitate matters, he had drawn its tongue to one side as a veterinary surgeon does when he is administering medicine to an animal. On hearing the taps the dwarf relinquished his efforts and went to the door. The bear sat up on its haunches, coughing and making wry faces, at the same time looking round for moccasins or boots or something that would enable it to pay its master out with interest, and not be so difficult to swallow when it came to the reckoning.

The dwarf went to the door, and, putting one hand on it, and his head to one side, cried—

"Hello, there! *Qui vive?* Who are you, and what do you want?"

"All right, Pepin, it's me—Katie."

The door was thrown open, and the half-breed woman entered. At her heels came a man who was so muffled up as to be almost unrecognisable. But Dorothy knew him, and the next moment was in her father's arms. The dwarf hastened to close the door, but before doing so he gazed out apprehensively.

"You are quite sure no one followed you?" he asked Katie, on re-entering the room.

"No one suspected," she replied shortly. "Jean Lagrange has gone to look out for the others. I fear it will go hard with the shermoganish unless you can do something, Pepin."

Dorothy had been talking to her father, but heard the Indian word referring to the Police.

"I wonder if Mr. Pasmore has got through to the Fort, dad!" she said suddenly.

"I was just about to tell you, my dear, what happened," he replied. "I was going quietly along, trying to find some trace of you, when a couple of breeds came up behind and took me prisoner. I thought they were going to shoot me at first, but they concluded to keep me until to-morrow, when they would bring me before

their government. So they shut me up in a dug-out on the face of a bank, keeping my capture as quiet as possible for fear of the mob taking the law into its own hands and spoiling their projected entertainment. I hadn't been there long before the door was unbarred and Pasmore came in with Katie here. He told me to go with her, and, when I had found you, to return to where we had left the sleighs, and make back for the ranche by the old trail as quickly as possible. He said he'd come on later, but that we weren't to trouble about him. Katie had made it right, it seems, with my jailers, whom I am inclined to think are old friends of hers."

"But why couldn't he come on, dad, with you?"

There was something about the affair that she could not understand.

"I suppose he thought it would attract less attention to go separately. I think the others must have got safely into the Fort. It seems that since they have discovered that some of the English are trying to get through their lines they have strengthened the cordon round the Fort, so that now it is impossible to reach it."

"It's not pleasant, dad, to go back again and leave the others, is it?"

"It can't be helped, dear. I wish Pasmore would hurry up and come. He said, however, we were not to wait for him. That half-breed doesn't look too friendly, does he?"

"Pepin Quesnelle is, so I fancy it doesn't matter about the other," replied Dorothy.

The rancher turned to the others, who had evidently just finished a serious argument.

"Pepin," he observed, "I'm glad to find you're not one of those who forget their old friends."

"Did you ever think I would? Eh? What?" asked the manikin cynically, with his head on one side.

"I don't suppose I ever thought about the matter in that way," said Douglas, "but if I'd done so, I'm bound to say that I should have had some measure of faith in you, Pepin Quesnelle. You have known me for many years now, and you know I never say what I do not mean."

"So! . . . that is so. *Bien!*" remarked Pepin, obviously pleased. "But the question we have had to settle is this. If we let your daughter go now, how is Bastien here to account for his prisoner in the morning? He knows that one day he will have to stand on the little trap-door in the scaffold floor at Regina, and that he will twirl round and round so—like to that so"—picking up a hobble chain and spinning it round with his hand—"while his eyes will stick out of his head like the eyes of a flat-fish; but at the same time he does not want to be shot by order

of ~~the~~ or Gabriel Dumont to-morrow for losing a prisoner."

"Yes, they will shoot—shoot me mooch dead!" observed Bastien feelingly.

"So we have think," continued the dwarf, "that he should disappear also; that he go with you. I will tell them to-morrow that the girl here she was sit by the fire and she go up the chimney like as smoke or a speerit, so, and that Bastien he follow, and when I have go out I see them both going up to the sky. They will believe, and Bastien perhaps, if he keep away with you, or go hide somewhere else, he may live yet to get drown, or get shot, or be keel by a bear, and not die by the rope. You follow?"

"Where ees ze sleighs?" asked the breed, taking time by the forelock.

They told him and he rose with alacrity.

"Zen come on quick, right now," he said.

Douglas was pressing some gold into the old dame's hand, but Pepin saw it.

"Ah, non!" he said. "There are bad Engleesh and there are good Engleesh, and there are bad French, but there are also good French. The girl is a good girl, but if Pepin cannot marry her he will at least not take her gold."

The old dame, as usual, seconded him.

"That is right, Pepin," she said, "I cannot take the monies. Go, my child; you cannot help that my son will not have you for a wife. Some day perhaps you may find a hoosband who will console you. Adieu!"

Dorothy had again put on her fur coat, and, bidding the good old lady an affectionate farewell, and also thanking Pepin, they prepared to set out again for the deserted homestead in the bluffs.

"You will send the sergeant on at once if he comes here, won't you, Pepin?" said Douglas to the dwarf. "Perhaps it is as well to take his advice and get back as quickly as possible."

"Come now," remarked Pepin, "you must go. If you wait you may be caught. Bastien will lead you safely there. Adieu!"

He opened the door and looked out. Antoine moved to the door with a moccasin in his mouth. Dorothy said good-bye to Katie, who would have gone with her, only Pepin would not allow it. As Dorothy passed the latter he was evidently apprehensive lest she might be anxious to bid him a demonstrative farewell, for he merely bowed with exaggerated dignity and would not meet her eye.

"There arɛ lots of other men nearly as good as myself, my dear," he whispered by way of consolation.

By this time the last of the frenzied mob was looking for somewhere to lay its sore and weary head, so the open spaces were comparatively clear of rebels. In a couple of hours another dawn

would break over that vast land of frozen rivers and virgin snows to witness scenes of bloodshed and pillage, the news of which would flash throughout the civilised world, causing surprise and horror, but which it would be powerless to prevent. By this time the stores which had burned so brilliantly on the previous night were dully glowing heaps of ashes. The tom-toms had ceased their hollow-sounding monotones so suggestive of disorder and rapine, and the wild yelpings of the fiend-like crew had given place to the desultory howling of some coyotes and timber-wolves that had ventured right up to the outskirts of the village, attracted by the late congenial uproar. They were now keeping it up on their own account. Further away to the east, in the mysterious greyness of the dreary scene, lay the Fort, while in the ribbed, sandy wastes around, and in the clumps of timber, the cordon of rebels watched and waited.

As the fugitives looked back at the edge of the bluffs to catch one last glimpse of a scene that was to leave its mark on Canadian history, a rocket shot high into the heavens, leaving behind it a trail of glowing sparks and exploding with a hollow boom, shedding blood-red balls of fire all around, which speedily changed to a dazzling whiteness as they fell. It was a signal of distress from the beleaguered Fort to any relieving column which might be on its way. Then away to the north, as if to remind man of his littleness, the Aurora-borealis sprang into life. A great arc or fan-like glory radiated from the throne of the great Ice-king, its living shafts of pearly, silvery and rosy light flashing with bewildering effect over one half of the great dome of the heavens, flooding that vast snow-clad land with a vision of colouring and beauty that brought home to one the words—"How marvellous are Thy works." No wonder that even the Indians should look beyond the narrow explanation of natural phenomena and call such a soul-stirring sight *the dance of the Spirits!*

But there was no time to lose, for should they be taken now their lives would surely pay for their rashness. They threaded their way among the wooded bluffs, avoiding the homesteads, and once they nearly ran into a rebel outpost standing under the trees near which two trails met. They made a détour, and at last, on crossing over a low ridge, they came upon the deserted homestead where they had left the sleighs, horses and dogs.

Everything seemed quiet as they silently approached, and Bastien seemed considerably astonished when he caught sight of the signs of occupation by the enemy. He, however, felt considerably relieved, for Pepin's pleasant prognostications were weighing somewhat heavily

upon his mind. As for Dorothy, she felt strangely disappointed when she found that Sergeant Pasmore had not put in an appearance, for somehow she realised that there was something mysterious in his having stayed behind. They were passing an open shed when suddenly a not unfamiliar voice hailed them.

"The top av the mornin' t'ye," it said, "an' shure an' I thought I'd be here as soon as you."

It was Rory, who, after many adventures in dodging about the village, and seeing Jacques and the two women servants safely past the lax cordon of rebels, without taking advantage of the situation to take refuge in the Fort himself, had come back to his beloved dogs with a presentiment that something had gone wrong with the others, and that his services might be required. He was singularly right.

Bastien nearly jumped out of his blanket suit with terror when he heard this strange voice. He had seized poor Dorothy with reckless temerity on the previous night when he was surrounded by his own people, but now that he had to deal with a white man he was not quite so brave. But Douglas speedily reassured him, and he busied himself in hitching up a team.

The rancher and Rory speedily compared notes.

"It will be light in another hour," said Douglas, not a little impatiently, "and I can't make out why Pasmore doesn't come on, unless he's got into trouble. As you tell me, and as he would know himself, it would be useless trying to get to the Fort. I don't like the idea of going on ahead, as he told me to be sure and do, while he may be in need of help."

"It's mortal queer," observed Rory, "that he didn't come on wid you." He turned and addressed Bastien, who, having hitched up two teams, seemed in a great hurry to be off. "Eh, mister, an' what may you be sayin' to it?"

"I tink eet ees time to be what you call depart," was the reply. "Eet ees mooch dead ze metis will shoot us if zey come now."

He glanced apprehensively around.

"It's the other man who came with Katie to the place where they had me prisoner, and who remained behind," explained Douglas. "He told me he'd come on."

The half-breed looked surprisedly and incredulously at the rancher. Dorothy had now joined the group, and was listening to what was being said.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Bastien, "but ees eet possible that you not know! Katie she haf told all to me. Ze man you declare of he will no more come back. Ze man who made of you a preesonar, have to show one on ze morrow, but eet matter not vich, and dey arrange to show ze ozer man! He take your place; he mooch good

fellow, and zey shoot him mooch dead to-morrow!"

And all at once the truth—the self-sacrifice that Pasmore had so quietly carried out—flashed upon them. It was a revelation.

Douglas understood now why it was the sergeant had told him to hurry on, and not wait.

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETREAT.

HERE was a dead silence for about thirty seconds after the half-breed had revealed the truth regarding Pasmore's non-appearance. Douglas wondered why he had not suspected the real state of affairs before. Of course, Pasmore knew that his guards had only consented to the exchange on condition that he was handed over to the bloodthirsty crew on the morrow!

As for Dorothy, she realised at last how she had been trying to keep the truth from herself. She thought of how she had almost resented the fact of Pasmore having more than once faced death in order to secure the safety of her father and herself, although the man was modesty itself and made it appear as if it were only a matter of duty. True, she had thanked him in words, but her heart upbraided her when she thought of how commonplace and conventional those words must have sounded, no matter what she might have felt. She knew now that Katie must have found and spoken to him, and that her father's liberty probably meant his—Pasmore's—death. How noble was the man! How true the words—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

It was Douglas who first broke the silence; he spoke like a man who was determined on a certain line of action, and whose resolve nothing should shake.

"I feel that what this fellow tells us is true, Dorothy," he said; "but it is utterly impossible that I can have it so. Pasmore is a young man with all his life before him, and I have no right to expect a sacrifice like this. I am going back—back this very moment, and you must go on with Rory. Pasmore can follow up. You must go on to Child-of-Light, who will take you safely to some of the settlers near Fort Pitt. As soon as the soldiers get here they will crush this rebellion at once. After all, I don't believe they will harm me. As for Pasmore, if they discover that he is one of the Police, he is a dead man. Good-bye!"

The girl caught him by both hands, and kissed him.

"You are right, father, you are only doing what is right," she said, "but I am coming with

you. I could not possibly think of going on alone. We will return together. You will go on and take Pasmore's place—it will be all one to his guards so long as they produce a prisoner—and he can make good his escape. Lagrange here, who had charge of me before, can imprison me along with you, and the chances are



DOUGLAS AND RORY HAD SPRUNG ON HIM
SIMULTANEOUSLY.

they will be content to keep us as prisoners. It will also save Lagrange from getting into trouble later on."

e J. Skinner

"Ah! that ees mooch good," broke in the breed, who had caught the drift of the last proposal. "Oui, that ees good, and then they will not shoot me mooch dead."

Old Rory gave a grunt and eyed the hulking fellow disgustedly. "It's nary a fut ye'll be goin' back now, an' I'm tellin' yees, so it's makin' what moind ye have aisy, sez Oi."

He turned to the rancher and there was grim determination in his eyes.

"An' as for you goin' back now, shure an' it's a gossoon ye'll be takin' me for if ye think I'll be lettin' yees. It's ten chances to wan them jokers'll have changed their sentymints by the time ye git thar, and will hould on to the sarjint as well as to you. It's mesilf as is goin' back if ye juist tell me where the show is, for I knows the whole caboodle, an' if I can't git him out o' that before another hour, then Rory's not the name av me. You juist——"

But he never finished the sentence, for at that very moment two or three shots rang out on the still night. They came from the neighbourhood of the town.

"Summat's up," exclaimed Rory. "Let's investigate."

The three men seized their rifles and ran up the ridge that overlooked the bend of the trail. They peered into the grey moonlit night in the direction of the township.

At first they could see nothing, but a desultory shot or two rang out, and it seemed to them that they were nearer than before. At last, round a bend in the trail, they caught sight of a dark figure running towards them.

"It must be one of the Police or Pasmore," said the rancher.

At last they saw this man's pursuers. There were only three of them, and one stopped at the turn, the other two keeping on. Now and again one of them would stop, kneel on the snow, and take aim at the flying figure. But moonlight is terribly deceptive, and invariably makes one fire high; moreover, when one's nerves are on the jump, shooting is largely chance work.

"'Pears to me," remarked Rory, "thet this 'era ain't what you'd 'xactly call a square game. Thet joker in the lead is gettin' well nigh played out, an' them two coves a-follerin' are gettin' the bulge on 'im. Shure an' I'm thinkin' they're friends av yourn, Lagrange, but they wants stoppin'. What d'ye say?"

"Oui, oui—Oh, yiss, stob 'em! If they see me ze—what you call it—ze game is oop. Yiss, they friends—shoot 'em mooch dead."

The tender-hearted Lagrange was a very Napoleon in the advocating of extreme measures when the inviolability of his own skin was concerned.

"It's a bloodthirsty baste ye are wid yer own kith an' kin," exclaimed Rory, disgustedly; "but I'm thinkin' the less shootin' the better unless we wants to hev the whole pack after us. No, we'll juist let thet joker in the lead git past, an' then we'll pounce on thim two Johnnies before they can draw a bead, an' take 'em prisoners."

No sooner said than done. They ran down the shoulder of the ridge, and, just where the trail rounded it, hid themselves in the shadow of a great pine. In a few minutes more a huge figure came puffing and blowing round the bend. They could see he had no rifle. The moonlight was shining full on his face, and they recognised Jacques. He did not see them, so they allowed him to pass on. In another minute his two pursuers also rounded the bend. One of them was just in the act of stopping to fire when Douglas and Rory rushed out.

"Hands up!" they shouted.

One of them let his rifle drop, and jerked his hands into the air at the first sound of the strange voices. But the other hesitated and wheeled, at the same moment bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

But Douglas and Rory had sprung on him simultaneously. His rifle was struck to one side, and he received a rap on the head that caused him to sit down on the snow feeling sick and dizzy, and wondering vaguely what had happened.

On hearing the commotion behind him, Jacques also stopped, and turned. He came up just in time to secure the better of the two rifles. The gentleman who had sat down against his own inclination on the snow, was hauled on one side, and while Douglas, Jacques and Lagrange stood over the prisoners, Rory again ascended the ridge to find out whether or not any more of the enemy were following.

In a few words Jacques told Douglas his adventures since he had left them on the previous night. He and the women had reached the British lines in safety, and shortly afterwards the Police also arrived. The Fort, however, was most uncomfortable. There were about six hundred men, women, and children all huddled together in the insufficient barrack buildings. After waiting for a few hours, Jacques began to wonder what was delaying the others, and to think that something must have gone wrong. He was not the sort to remain inactive if he knew his services might be required, so he evaded the sentries and stole out of the Fort again to find his missing friends. Luck had so far favoured him, and he had wished many of the rebels good-night without arousing any suspicion as to his identity, when unexpectedly he stumbled against a picket. It had doubtless got about that there were

spies and strangers in the town, for when they challenged him his response was not considered satisfactory, and they ordered him to lay down his rifle and put up his hands. He made off instead, and, by dodging and ducking, managed to escape the bullets they sent after him. He had lost his rifle by stumbling in the snow, but he was fleet of foot, and soon managed to get ahead of his pursuers. He knew where there was a rifle if only he could reach the sleighs. He had hardly expected such good fortune as to fall in with his party again, having feared that they had been captured by the rebels. He advised Douglas to get back to the ranche by a little-used circuitous trail, as now it was pretty certain that the whole township was aroused, and the rebels would be out scouring the countryside for them in another hour or less. The only consolation that lay in the situation to Jacques was that he would now have an opportunity of seeking out and finally settling his little difference with his *bête-noire*, Leopold St. Croix.

Rory came down from the ridge and reported that it would now be madness to attempt to carry out their programme of going back, as the entire settlement was aroused, and there was evidently some little fight going on amongst the rebels themselves. Douglas, he said, could not return to Pasmore's guards and offer to exchange himself, trusting to their friendship for Katie, for everyone now would see them; they might only precipitate Pasmore's fate, and probably get shot themselves. They must get back to Child-of-Light.

It was certainly a distressing thing to have to do after all they had gone through, but the worst part of the whole affair was the thought of having to return leaving the man who had risked his life for them at the mercy of the rebels.

But it was folly on the face of it to go back to Battleford. Still Douglas hesitated.

"It's too much to expect one to do to leave him," he said, "but I'm afraid we're too late to do anything else."

As for Dorothy, she looked sick of it all, to say the least of it.

"It's too terrible, dad; too terrible for words, and I hardly thanked him for what he had done!"

"Nonsense, Dorothy! He knew we were people who don't go about wearing our hearts upon our sleeves. Besides, the chances are that Pepin or Katie will stand him in good stead yet. Besides,

they may take it into their heads to hold him as a hostage."

"Pardon, *mon ami*," said Jacques. "I think it is this of two ways. Either we go as Rory here says, or we stop and go back. As for myself, it matters not which—see,"—he showed some ominous scars on his wrists—"that was Big-bear's lot long time ago when they had me at the stake, and I was not afraid then. But I think it is well to go, for if Pasmore is not dead, then we live again to fight, and we kill that idiot St. Croix and one or two more. *Bien!* Is not that so?"

"That's the whole affair in a nutshell," said Rory. "Now the question is, what we're going to do wid them beauties? It would hardly do to leave 'em here, an' as for Lagrange, he knows that them in Battleford won't be too friendly disposed to him now, so 'e'd better come, too."

"That's it," said the rancher, "we'll make these two breeds drive in front of us with the spare sleighs—they can't leave the trail the way the snow is—and anyhow we've got arms and they haven't, so I fancy they'll keep quiet. When we get some distance away we may send them back as hostages for Pasmore. Let us get ready."

The horses were speedily got into the sleighs, and in a few minutes the procession was formed. As for Rory, he had some little trouble in starting, for his dogs, in their joy at seeing him, gave expression to it in their own peculiar way. A big Muskymote knocked down a little Corbeau and straightway began to worry it, while a Chocolat did the same with a diminutive Tête-noire.

The order was given to pull out, and away they went again in the early dawn. Rory had not gone far in his light dog-sleigh before he pulled alongside the rancher.

"I say, boss," he said, "I ain't juist agoin' wid you yet awhile. I know iviry hole an' corner of them bluffs, an' I'm juist makin' for a quiet place I knows of, close by, where I'll be able to find out about Pasmore, and p'rhaps help him. As for you, keep right on to Child-o'-Light. I'll foller in a day or so if I kin, but don't you trouble about Rory. I'se know my way about, an' I'll be all right, you bet."

John Macbr.

(To be continued.)



MICK THE CHIMPANZEE.

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.

DO MONKEYS REASON?

By
Professor
R. L. GARNER.

Illustrated by
E. COCKBURN
REYNOLDS.



PROFESSOR R. L. GARNER IN THE COSTUME HE WORE
IN THE JUNGLE.

Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd. Copyright.

STRICTLY speaking, the term "monkey," as used by specialists of the present day, only includes one group of the great simian family, but the popular use of it includes apes, baboons and lemurs as well. While there is a considerable gap separating each group from the others, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss those points that distinguish one type from the other; but instead of that to call them all monkeys and to recount some of the many acts of those animals, regardless of their genus, which clearly show that the faculty of reason often guides them to very definite ends.

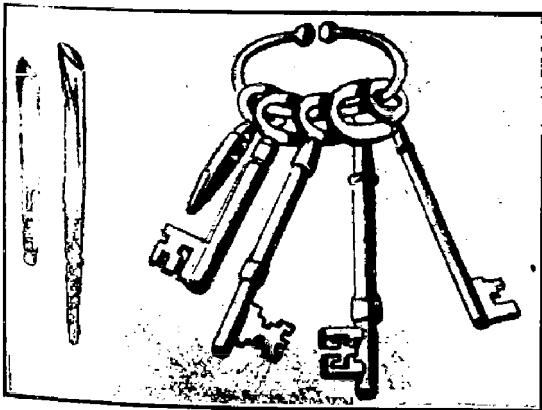
A trader of my acquaintance, now living in Africa, has a fine young chimpanzee, which has been in captivity for about four years and

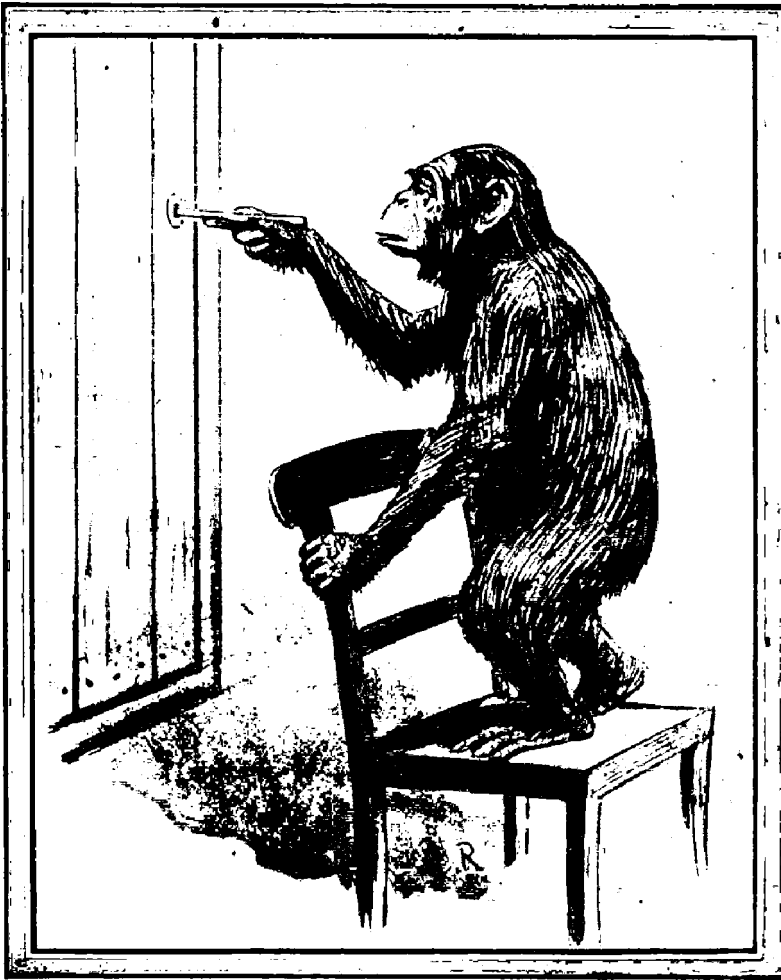
most of that time in the possession of the man to whom I refer. The name of the ape is Mick, and he knows his name quite as well as his master does. But that is not remarkable, as dogs, cats, and various other animals often do the same. The ape in question not only shows a high degree of commonsense and sharp faculties of perception, but he also displays real logic and inventive genius. His perception of form enables him to select, without aid, any one

of a bunch of five keys, three of which are so nearly the same in size and shape that they can only be distinguished by the design of the slots in the wards; and the trader himself cannot otherwise distinguish them without difficulty. The models of the keys are shown in the accompanying drawing.

The first three of these belong respectively to the house, shop, and store; the fourth is that of a small cupboard or locker, and the fifth belongs to the trader's private box or trunk.

The ape does not know the names of the different locks to which the keys belong, but when any one of the five locks is indicated to him he will at once pick out the right key and without prompting fit it into the lock. When I saw him he had not then acquired the knack of turning any of the keys in the locks except the fourth one, which required but little skill, and as this is the key that is of special interest in this article we shall notice it first.





MICK WAS MOUNTED ON A CHAIR, WITH A SMALL STICK IN HIS HAND, STEALTHILY WORKING AT THE HOLE IN THE LATCH.

Instead of a lock of the ordinary kind, having a sliding bolt, the cupboard was fastened by a latch which was attached to the inner side of the door, the end being caught into a slot. The plug key was simply a small round shaft of iron with a handle at one end and the other end reduced to a square which fitted into a hole of the same shape in the pivot end of the latch.

With the key the ape had no difficulty in opening this door, and his master frequently permitted him to do so as a mere matter of amusement: but without the key he was quite unable to open it. He tried in vain to fit his finger into the keyhole, but it was too large, and after an infinite number of failures he gave up trying, and for a time made no further effort to open it.

On entering the house one day, however, the trader found the door of the locker standing open, and after all efforts to ascertain who had left it so he failed to convict any one.

The steward, cook, and house-boy all declared their innocence, and after the usual admonitions to them the matter was dropped. Within the next three or four days the same thing occurred as many times, but in each case everyone who had access to the house denied the guilt.

It was suggested that some one of the yard-boys must have done it, but the fact that only a small part of the contents of the locker had been taken each time was sufficient to weaken that theory. The trader informed the steward that he would be held responsible for it and fined every time it again occurred. The result was that within three days the steward was docked three shillings; but the culprit remained undetected. The steward, in his dilemma, set the house-boy to watch. The boy was concealed in an adjoining room where he could see the cupboard without being seen, and as an incentive to vigilance the boy was promised a reward of a shilling if he caught the burglar and a flogging if he failed. The day passed by and the door was not found open. This fact caused suspicion to fall upon the boy as the guilty party. The poor lad protested his innocence, but it was difficult to convince the steward or the cook that he was not guilty.

On the following day the boy was again set to watch, and about three o'clock he discovered Mick, mounted on a chair by the cupboard door, with a small stick in his hand, stealthily working at the hole in the latch.

A signal was given, and the steward suddenly came upon the scene in time to see the guilty ape, with some parts of a roast fowl in one hand and a few boiled potatoes in the other, climb down from the chair and escape through the front door, by which he had entered.

The stick was found lying on the floor, and on examination it was readily seen that the end of it had been gnawed by the teeth of the animal until it fitted into the keyhole sufficiently well to lift the latch.

After his secret had been detected, Mick was frequently allowed to make and employ a key of the kind, and the deliberate manner in which he selected a stick for the purpose

plainly showed that his choice of size, shape, and hardness of the raw material could only be the result of a distinct preconception of the size, form, and use of the instrument required.

When he desired to make a key he promptly went to the galley, where he selected from the cook's firewood a suitable stick, and with his strong teeth gnawed it into shape. Of course it was roughly done, but it shows that he tried to reduce it to the form and size of the key-hole, and as it accomplished the purpose for which it was intended it cannot be regarded as anything less than a success. The result was that the latch had to be removed and a lock put on in its stead.

The mere idea of the use of a key is, of itself, sufficient to show that the mind of the animal was capable of a certain degree of reason in associating the thing with the act and foreseeing the result. Such a feat could only be accomplished by an active mind, but any animal that is capable of devising and making a key, however simple, and then putting it to its proper use, could only do so by the exercise of an order of reason far above that commonly ascribed to animals of any kind.

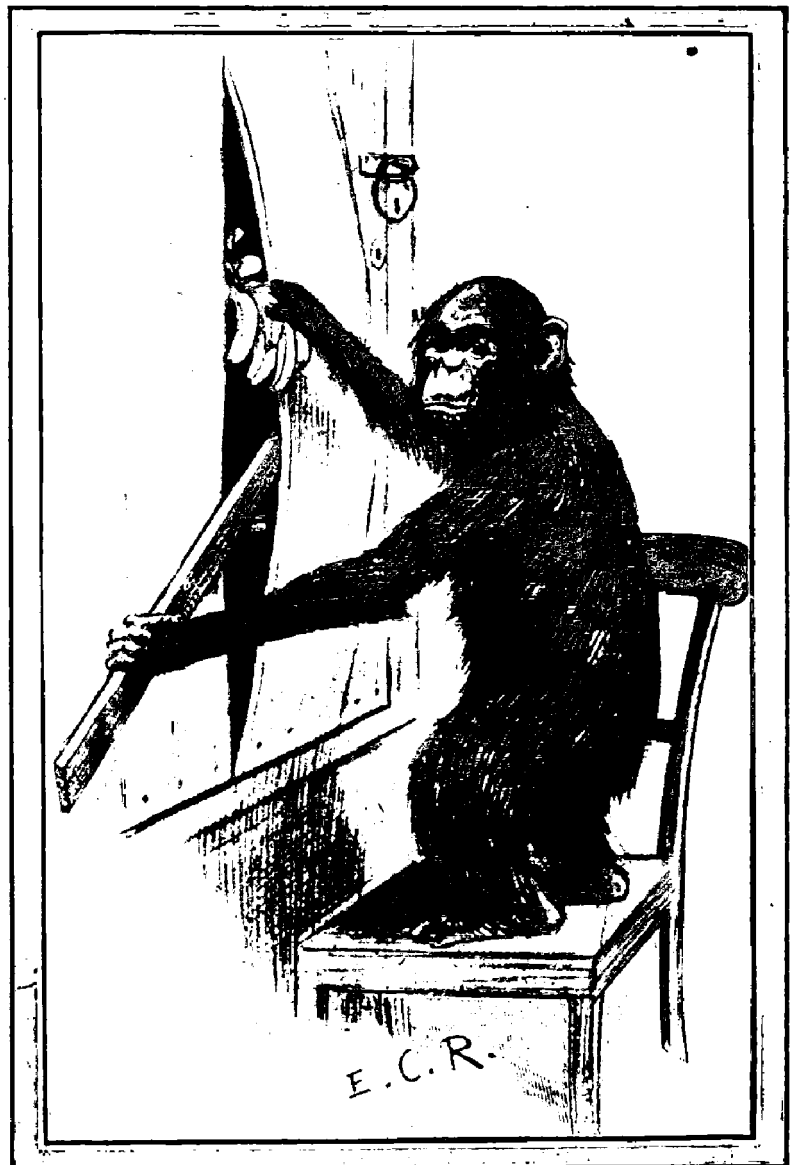
After the latch was removed and a lock substituted for it, Mick's genius was again called into action. Between two of the boards, of which the cupboard door was made, was a crack nearly half an inch in width, and over this was pasted a strip of paper on the inside of the door. This paper was found torn and the ape was at once suspected. He was soon detected trying to prize the boards apart.

In this operation he used a thin piece of pine board taken from the side of a soap box. The lever was not strong enough to effect his purpose, and he only succeeded in mutilating the edges of the crack; but the plan and method of using a lever for such a purpose plainly indicates that he had an incipient idea of one of the first principles of

mechanics, and the fact of its being done by a monkey instead of a man does not make it any the less an invention nor require any less genius to apply it.

Mick was in the habit of eating at the table with his master, and had been taught to use a knife, fork, and spoon. He did not like to use them and often declined to do so, but when he rebelled his master made him leave the table. Then poor Mick became very meek, begged to be restored to his place, and submitted to the ordeal of being a civilised ape; but he plainly showed his dislike for such formalities.

When a meal was ready the steward always announced it by striking a small gong which



THIS WAS MICK'S IDEA, BUT HE DIDN'T QUITE SUCCEED IN CARRYING IT OUT.

formerly hung on a rack in one corner of the dining-room. The ape was not long in grasping the meaning of this ceremony, and the sound of the gong soon became associated in his mind with something to eat. No matter where he was or what he was doing, the instant he heard the gong he left everything, hastened to the dining-room, and took his place at the table.

One day, when Mick's appetite was far ahead of the clock, he seized the maul, struck the gong a few sturdy blows, and then climbed up into his chair at the table. It was not near the time for any meal, and he found nothing on the table. For a time he waited in the evident hope of being served, but no one came to his relief. At length he became impatient, climbed down from his chair, took the maul and again began lustily beating the gong. He persisted in this until the steward responded to the summons and

gave him something to eat.

When Mick wanted anything to eat and could not otherwise obtain it, he fre-

quently resorted to the use of the gong as an easy means of doing so; but it finally became such a nuisance that it had to be hung beyond his reach, and it was after this that he learned to open the locker.

Mick was not only clever and original in matters which concerned his own needs or comfort: he was also possessed of a strong sense of humour, which he often evinced in the form of a practical joke. He usually played his jokes upon his master, the steward, cook, or house-boy, but never upon any one whom he disliked. Even in his jokes the faculty of reason was so evident that no one could doubt its presence and activity. Such logic of method and precision of execution can only be described by the term reason.

One very clever joke, of which his master was the victim, was not original with Mick, but having himself been the victim of it he caught the true spirit of it and turned the weapon upon its own inventor.

Mick always joined his master in his afternoon tea, and had become almost as strongly addicted to the beverage as the trader himself had. This light repast was usually served in the shop or store where the master was engaged in his routine duties, and the ape rarely failed to be present to share the contents of the tea-pot. No matter how much sugar was

put into his tea, the ape always begged for more, until the beverage was sometimes reduced to syrup.

On one occasion, when Mick persisted in begging for more sugar, the trader took a quantity of salt from an open bag near by and put it into the ape's tea, thus converting the latter into a strong brine. The ape took a sip of the decoction, ejected it from his mouth, and made a wry face at it. The master and the natives laughed at the joke, and Mick climbed down from the counter and left the shop.

Not supposing that the animal had sense enough to notice the act of salting the tea, the trader had made no effort to conceal it; but Mick was less stupid than his master had thought him to be. The next day, when tea was served, the ape was on hand to receive his, but



WHEN MICK WANTED SOMETHING TO EAT HE USED TO HAMMER THE GONG LUSTILY.

did not ask for more sugar. He quietly took his seat on the counter and drank his tea. The trader prepared his own cup and then turned aside to serve a customer. In an instant the ape reached behind the counter, and, seizing a handful of salt from the bag, put it into his master's cup.

The shop boy and some of the natives saw him in the act and quickly called the trader's attention to it; but it was too late, and the little joker was gone from the shop before his master quite understood what had happened. In a few minutes the ape, with a roguish leer on his face, peeped into the shop and gave a grunt of satisfaction. The man took the joke in good part, as he should have done, and admitted that Mick had had the best of it.

One morning, a few days after this event, the ape stealthily entered the dining-room when no one was present, mounted the table, which was prepared for breakfast, and emptied the contents of the salt-cellar into the sugar-bowl. He was not caught in the act, but the print of his feet on the table-cloth was a circumstance which convicted him. However, he was not punished for the deed.

Although baboons are far lower than apes in the mental scale, there are some brilliant exceptions among them, and in my studies of the simian race I have often been surprised at their powers of perception and reason.

The captain of a steamer on the coast of Africa kept one on board ship for about three years. He was of the mandril type, and was called Jim. He occupied a small cage made of a pine box with some vertical slats of hard wood nailed on the front of it. This was kept on the saloon deck, near the chart room and the captain's cabin. The door of the cage was at first fastened with a hasp and staple and a plug of wood; but in course of time the baboon learned to remove the plug and release himself. When he escaped from his little den he set out for a Bank Holiday of his own kind. Over the awnings, through the rigging, up the shrouds, and down the guys the merry little sinner went with the speed of a



HOW THE BABOON USED TO CONCEAL HIS METHOD OF ESCAPING FROM THE CAGE.

bird. Sometimes half the crew on watch chased him in vain until he, tired of his lark, surrendered of his own accord.

The plug was replaced by a twisted wire, and still he escaped. The carpenter examined and overhauled the box, but again he escaped. The door and slats were found to be intact, but by some means he got out half a dozen times and had his frolics. A steward was placed on deck to watch him, but the baboon made no effort to escape. Two or three days passed by and the little captive submitted to his fate and made no attempt to get away. The steward abandoned his watch, and that day the baboon was found to be again at large.

The mystery was that the cage was intact, and it seemed impossible for him to pass through the narrow spaces between the slats. No one about the deck ever saw him trying to get out, but it was certain that he could and did get out.

The animal was returned to his cage, and again the same day escaped. The next day the steward concealed himself in the chart room in order to watch Jim through a porthole, but

the wary animal could see him through the glass and made no attempt to get out.

The steward observed that the baboon was watching him as closely as he was watching the baboon, and in order to obviate this he spread a paper over the glass so that the animal could not see him. In the paper he made a small hole through which he could observe the animal's movements. Everyone was kept off the deck, and for a time the steward patiently watched, but the baboon was as quiet as a toy.

At length he cautiously rose up and peeped out through the bars in all directions until he was satisfied that no one was about. He then proceeded to deliver himself from his irksome little prison, and within a minute was once again flying about the deck and rigging of the ship.

The steward could scarcely believe his own eyes, and the captain was incredulous of the report he gave of the method by which the baboon escaped. In order that the captain might see for himself the baboon was caught and replaced in the cage and the captain took his place in the chart room to watch him through the hole in the paper.

The decks were cleared, and soon everything was quiet. Jim surveyed the deck as far as possible through the bars of his cage, and, observing no one about, sat down on the floor of the box, put his feet against the lower end of a bar, and then with his hands caught an adjacent bar on each side and, heaved away with all his strength. In this simple manner he forced the nail from the edge of the board that formed the floor of his cage, though of course the nail remained firm in the hard oak bar. Pressing the bar aside, Jim then crept through the opening thus made. Then, in order to hide his secret, he sat down on the deck, placed the nail in position, put his feet against the loose bar, caught hold of those next to it, and pressed it firmly back into its place.

This was so neatly done that in examining the cage no one had observed that the bar had ever been removed.

I regard this act as one of the most unique and intelligent that I have known to be performed by any animal without training. It involved the highest faculties of the brain, and reason is the only name which can be applied to it.

TWELVE TIPS TO CYCLISTS.

Compiled by Egbert S. Robertson.

The following is the Winning List of Selections from Mr. Haydon Perry's articles in Volume VII. for the "Mohawk" Bicycle Competition.

I. (page 463).—Provide yourself with plenty of brake power.

II. (page 83).—Have the best of everything if you can afford it.

III. (page 274).—Tyre repairing materials should be seen to be complete before starting out.

IV. (page 183).—Do your cleaning as soon as possible after the dirtying has come about.

V. (page 372).—Everyone, strictly speaking, should travel with all the necessities to cope with any ordinary roadside disaster.

VI. (page 181).—The question of clothing. This should be light, strong, porous, and preferably of wool or some closely similar substance.

VII. (page 181).—The main thing is to avoid chills, whether arising from clothes saturated with rain, or from the cooling of excessive perspiration.

VIII. (page 275).—For one suffering from sleeplessness there is nothing that has come

within my experience that is at all "in it" as a curative measure to compare with a short cycle ride taken late at night.

IX. (page 275).—At all times when the weather is doubtful, or when it is what is sometimes called "treacherous," it is advisable to have something to fall back upon, especially in high summer, when most fellows very properly ride without a waistcoat.

X. (page 463).—The brake on the back wheel should be handled very alertly, and should be called upon to do most of the work required. But the brake applying to the front wheel ought on no account to be neglected.

XI. (page 182).—If the machine has been at rest all the winter—and, although I never advise this, I know perfectly well that some riders make a practice of it—it should be thoroughly cleaned *internally* as well as *externally*.

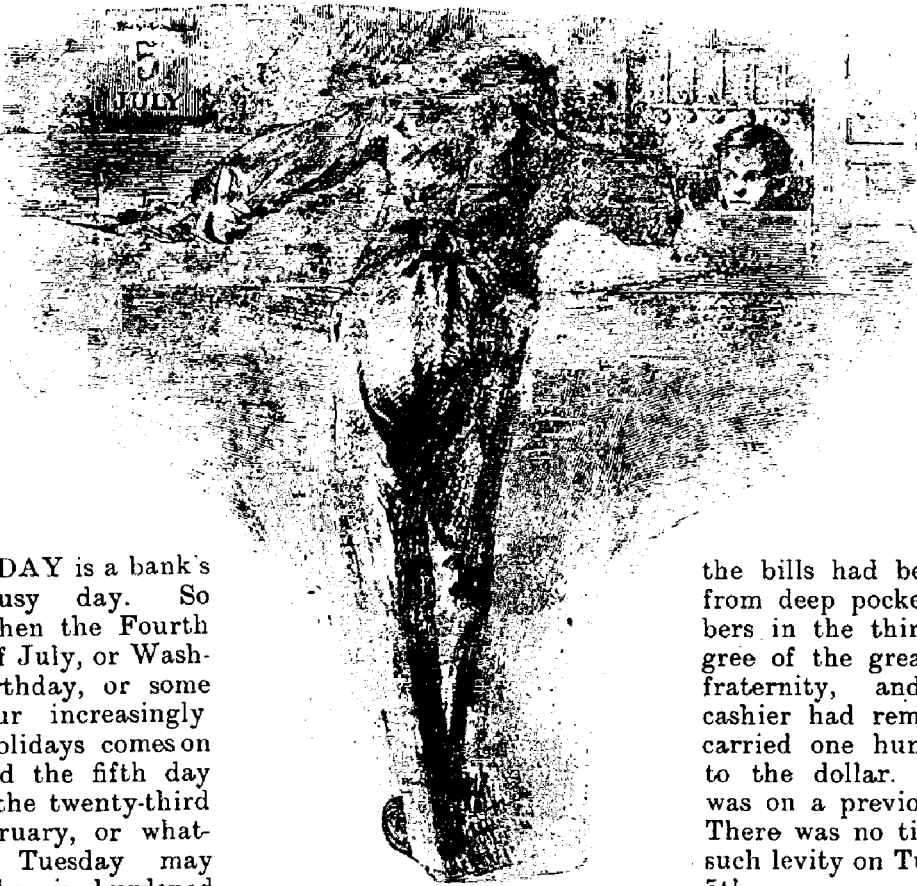
XII. (page 274).—For night riding, of course, it is more than commonly necessary to have a trustworthy mount, and to have it well equipped for breakdowns at a time when no aid may be obtainable are more serious than ordinary mishaps.

OUR RED-HEADED KID.

AN AMERICAN BANK STORY.

By FREDERICK WALWORTH.

Illustrated by Charles W. Hawthorne.



MONDAY is a bank's busy day. So when the Fourth of July, or Washington's Birthday, or some other of our increasingly numerous holidays comes on Monday, and the fifth day of July, or the twenty-third day of February, or whatever day Tuesday may chance to be, is burdened with the labour of three days and a half, the bank clerk takes off his coat and his cuffs, and prepares for a tall exhibition of elementary arithmetic.

It is not well to ask a favour of the cashier on such a Tuesday.

Bob turned up at the bank on Tuesday, July the fifth, and his reception would have disheartened a person lacking as tough an integument. As it was, Bob didn't seem to realise he had been turned down. Mr. Martin the cashier, had his coat off and both hands working like an electric fan in a mass of filthy bills which Uncle Sam should have redeemed and turned into *papier-mâché* hats and vases long ago. The day was unseasonably warm, and the cashier's collar slapped limp and gluey upon his apoplectic neck.

At intervals he turned his head away and said something not meant for the teller's ears while he sprinkled the reeking mass with rose-water from a bottle on the counter. Most of

the bills had been dragged from deep pockets by members in the thirty-third degree of the great unwashed fraternity, and, as the cashier had remarked, they carried one hundred scents to the dollar. But that was on a previous occasion. There was no time for any such levity on Tuesday, July 5th.

"Please, sir, I'm lookin' for a job."

We all heard it, but its origin was not immediately apparent. The cashier continued counting dirty bills. Mr. Harvey, the teller, glanced at the cashier and returned to his books. Tom, who was "on the ledger," paused with a cheque in his fingers and his pen on the line, took one swift look in the direction of the sound, evidently saw nothing, and proceeded to enter the cheque. The rest of us were engaged with mercilessly multitudinous cheques and seemingly endless columns, and did not even pause. The cashier had informed us that if we wanted anything to eat that night before we caved in, we had better "hit it up pretty lively."

"Mister, I say I'm lookin' for a job."

This time we all stopped, supper or no supper. The cashier looked up angrily and beheld a small boy, not over-washed, villainously red-headed, and, judging from the age of his face, stunted in his growth. His eyes

did not reach the level of the counter. It was after four, and the doors had been locked for an hour. He must have arrived *via* the window.

"I'd like to run your errands," he elucidated pleasantly.

"We have no place for you," said the cashier shortly, and in a tone which made further conversation on the subject ludicrous.

The boy retreated to the window and sat down on the sill. At five he was still there. He didn't even whistle. He simply stayed with us, his eyes roving around the bank and taking stock, as it were. At six he had not departed.



"YOU DIDN'T SLEEP ON THE STEPS?"

We were working furiously. Tom had a ten cent. difference and was growing grey hunting for it. I was some hundred and fifty odd dollars out, and was rapidly losing my reason. Jim hadn't his cheques even entered yet, and was apparently going to sleep standing. Arthur had his balance, and from the top of a stool was yawning, and between gaps smiling sweetly at my vocabulary and egging me on. By seven we were all waiting for Jim. He had his footings he said, and thought he had a difference, but wasn't sure

how much. At this brilliant announcement Tom took Jim's books and straightened things out. By that time it was seven-thirty, and I for one was limp with hunger.

Fortunately, the cash was two dollars over, and we closed up for the night. As the cashier philosophically observed, if the bank was ahead two dollars there'd be no trouble finding out who was short.

As we turned out the lights and shut the shutters we came upon the boy still sitting in the window. Tom asked him who he was, and he said his name was Bob. He gave no sign of needing sympathy expressed in either words or cash. Rather he gave one the impression of being excellently well able to care for himself. He left the bank with us, and we separated in a wild rush for something to eat.

I was the first to reach the bank next morning, but Bob was waiting on the steps outside. He came in with me, helped me open the windows, and would have accompanied me inside the cage had I not remonstrated. I was not sure whether he thought he belonged to the bank or the bank belonged to him, but it was one of the two. He took the rebuff, however, with a resigned philosophy, and seated himself as before in the open window. When Tom arrived he stopped short on seeing the boy.

"Well, kid, been here all night?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yep," replied Bob.

"Where?" asked Tom at this startling announcement.

"Out front," replied the boy.

"You didn't sleep on the steps?"

"Yep."

"Had any breakfast?"

"Nope."

"The deuce! Have anything to eat last night?"

"Nope."

"Why, great Scott!—you must be near starved."

"You're dead right," said Bob.

Tom hurriedly brought out a coin and gave it to him, telling him to go across the street and fill up. The boy obeyed without wasting any time, and Tom came inside.

"Did you hear what that kid said?" he asked me. "How about his sleeping on those stone steps without anything to eat? It makes me cold inside to think of it."

The cashier and Mr. Harvey had both arrived when Bob returned. Tom related the conversation, and the cashier spoke not unkindly to the boy.

"What are you doing around here?" he said.

"Lookin' for a job, sir," said Bob solemnly. "But I told you we had no place for you," said the cashier.

"Well, I thought I'd just hang around an' see if somethin' didn't turn up," he replied.

He seated himself in the window and proceeded to "hang around."

His first official recognition came about ten o'clock, when the cashier gave him a sight draft to take around to Jim Clark for acceptance.

"Get him to write his name on the face of it," he explained, as Bob left.

Twelve o'clock came and he had not returned.

"Takes that boy a good while to go round the corner and back," observed the cashier.

"I didn't like his looks first time I saw him," said Harvey. "He looked sort of slow to me."

It may be stated here as well as elsewhere that Harvey's intellect has never been known to produce an original idea. Certainly he has never expressed one. Inside the bank he is the cashier's "me-too" in all things, however great or small. Outside he fills a like position for any one he chances to meet. Harvey is loosely put together, and walks from his knees, as though he feared a good full swing might shake a leg off. Now it is a singular fact, but I have never known a man who walked from his knees who amounted to a row of brass tacks with the heads off.

Harvey's parents have never ceased the habit of calling him "Sammy," and either he has conscientiously lived down to the name, or the name has conscientiously lived down to him. Every night after bank hours he rides his wheel slowly and gingerly a given distance for exercise, but always declines invitations to drive, because he says he never feels comfortable with a horse; they are such uncertain creatures. He has like views of sailboats.

However, to give the angel his due, he is a fair accountant and draws a good salary, which goes to show that in this perverse world of ours it isn't always the man who commands the money. I, for instance, was getting only about half as much as Harvey.

About 12.30 the telephone bell had an unusually violent spasm, and I answered the call. Jim Clark requested, in no vacillating spirit, that we call off our dog. For a moment I thought Mr. Clark was suddenly gone in-

sane, and I was rapidly formulating plans to hold his attention while I sent for Williams, the constable, when I remembered Bob.

"There's a boy over here with a draft," pursued Mr. Clark; "says he's from the bank. I don't owe the money, and I won't accept the thing, an' he says he'll stay with me till I write my name on the face. Says you people told him to. Send somebody over here an' get him, will you?"

I had to go over and bring Bob back, as he declined to be "called off" by means of the 'phone. He told Mr. Clark he wasn't that easy.

Everybody in our town knows everybody else—at least by sight; and previous to his advent at the bank Bob had not been one of the population. Whence he came he declined to state, simply saying he "come in a box-car."

Aside from what we dubbed his "carrot patch," he was by no means brilliant, or otherwise attractive; in fact, he was distinctly the opposite. But for deadly tenacity of purpose, as Tom remarked, "he'd beat the prize bull-terrier in a bench show."

So far as we could learn he had made no other endeavour to get a place. He came to us first, it may be by chance; he liked our looks, and he stayed with us like a Vera Cruz flea.

After his encounter with Mr. Clark he considered himself a regularly constituted member of the bank force, and wore a constant and extensive smile, which varied only in degree, and at times threatened to engulf his countenance. The cashier surrendered at discretion, and gave him a dollar, telling him to make it last till Saturday. This he apparently did, for he never admitted being hungry from that time forth.

That evening Jim and I hunted up Tony, the combination janitor and watchman, who slept in the bank, and arranged that Bob should bunk with him. Bob took kindly to the arrangement, and Tony was glad enough to have his company at night and help in cleaning up after bank hours. His weekly wages were fixed at two dollars by Mr. Martin, and when Bob was handed the money on Saturday he nearly burst with pride over his affluence. Where he got his meals at this time we did not know; probably at some cheap restaurant. Subsequently he was more or less adopted by Tony and his wife.

To say that he made himself indispensable would be stating plain unvarnished truth. Jim and I early agreed that if Bob was

"fired" we'd have to resign, or, what was equivalent, interview the directors with a view to a raise. Up to his advent the running of the bank's errands had devolved upon us, and we were loath to return to any such arrangement. Also, as Bob lived at the bank he always had the windows open and the place ready for business when we arrived. This gave us an additional five minutes in bed each morning, and during the winter this is not a thing lightly to be despised. The bliss of waking up in a room where you can see your breath, and are morally certain your water pitcher is frozen over, even when it isn't, of looking at your watch and finding that you have seven whole minutes more! Champagne is not like it.

However, Bob had been with us nearly a year, and had, as I say, made himself indispensable to Jim and me, before he succeeded in attaching himself to the bank as one of the permanent fixtures. After the events I am about to relate the directors would have put up with the loss of the cashier, or Harvey, or even me, before they would have let Bob go. He's with us yet, and will be till either he or the bank gives up the ghost.

Our bank is the only institution of the kind in the vicinity. North one must go six miles, south twenty miles, and west twelve miles to find another place of deposit, and to the east is the Atlantic Ocean. This being so, the bank is unusually prosperous for a country institution, paying regular dividends of twelve and thirteen per cent. to its stockholders. It is run conservatively, and is as sound and safe as United States 4's—almost.

Our trouble began with the failure of the Tidewater Trust Company of New York. This bank was our city correspondent, and with it we had on deposit some \$40,000, drawing a low interest and available immediately in time of need. This amount was nearly four-fifths of our ready cash to meet the demands of depositors. The bulk of our deposits was, of course, invested in short-time paper, not available until maturity—and not always then—and some of the assets was in the form of real estate, inconvertible except at a heavy loss. There was something like \$10,000 cash actually in the bank to meet \$200,000 worth of deposits, and the day when the New York papers announced the failure of the Tidewater saw the beginning of the only run our bank has ever experienced. That it stood the strain was due entirely to Bob.

Fortunately the knowledge that we were badly caught in the Tidewater failure did not become generally known until the afternoon,

and the \$10,000 held out till we could close the bank doors at three. I was dismally doing my work that night, wondering where I could get another place if the bank went under, when I became aware of Bob at my elbow. He looked more doleful than I felt.

"Oh! cheer up," I said; "it may not be true. You look as though you'd just been measured by the undertaker."

He looked at me solemnly, as though not certain of my sanity.

"We'll pull through yet," I said.

"Hu'h," he grunted; "I ain't worryin' none about the bank. Mr. Martin 'll tend to the bank all right."

The cashier was to Bob a bulwark of infallibility.

"I seen me dad this afternoon," he added dismally.

"Well, that's good," I said; "bring him round and introduce him. If he's anything like you, though, tell him not to make a long call," I added. It is never well to let a boy get the idea he is indispensable, even when he is.

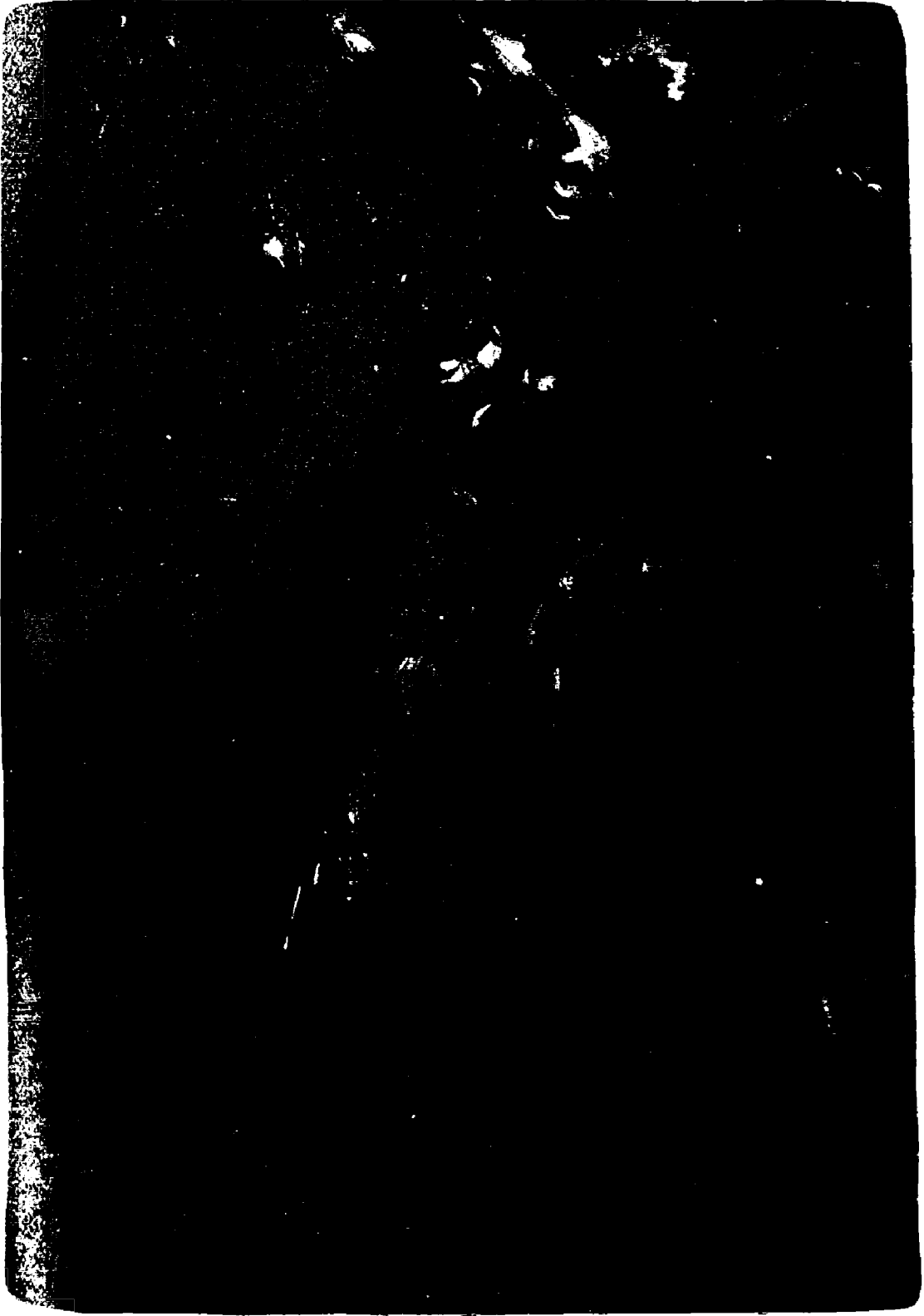
"He didn't see me, though," Bob continued, ignoring my levity. "Wonder how he follered me clean here. Thought I'd shook him off for good. I bet he ain't bummin' round here for no good, neither."

"You unfilial little barbarian," I said. "You don't seem incrustated with smiles at the advent of your long-lost parent."

"Think you're funny, don't you, Hu'h?" said Bob, and left me, and I promptly forgot his dad.

There was a convocation of directors in the bank parlour that afternoon which immediately converted itself into a committee of the whole on ways and means. Mr. Martin had sent off telegrams to half-a-dozen of the nearest banks asking assistance and offering to deposit bonds as security. Ten thousand dollars was obtained in this way from the Beach Grove Banking Company, and came in on the last train south that evening. The only other bank able to help was the Longford First National, which offered \$20,000 if we would come and get it. The last train to the west was gone, and there was no train back that night.

Longford is twelve miles west of our town over bad roads. If we could get this \$20,000, the cashier believed it would tide us over and restore confidence in our ability to pay dollar for dollar. If we did not get it the bank must close its doors by twelve next day almost to a certainty. Some one must drive across to Longford with the bonds and return with



THE "HOLD-UP."

the money before the bank opened next morning.

Our part of the country is as safe as another; but under the circumstances, when the composite eye of the community was centred upon the bank, it would be impossible for one of the bank force to leave town without the object of his mission being immediately surmised. And in our town it is a common saying that a dollar bill looks to some folks as big as a ten acre lot. So it was not a hilarious party which drove west late that evening. There was too much at stake.

We had a two-seated buckboard and a good team. The cashier and I sat behind, with the bonds in a valise between us. When we were ready to start, Bob climbed up beside the driver on the front seat.

"Here, Bob," said Mr. Martin sharply, "we can't take you."

"I got to go," said Bob simply, and he went. Mr. Martin may have realised that since he had decided to go it would be impossible to leave him behind. He would have materialised at Longford from some impossible part of the vehicle as sure as we had tried it.

The cashier had two revolvers and I had one. The other one of the four always kept in the bank could not be found when we were ready to start. However, we didn't use those we had. We reached Longford in good time, and drove directly to the bank. The cashier had been advised of our coming by telegram, and was waiting for us. We handed over the bonds, received the cash in small bills, and started back in good spirits.

It was near two in the morning when we approached our town. I had had a hard day's work, and confess to having been nearer asleep than awake. Still I heard Bob say to the driver:

"If anything happens you give the horses one almighty cut an' drive for town, an' don't stop till we get there—see?"

The driver laughed.

"Don't get scared, kid," he said. "We're most home now."

About one minute after this things happened.

The buckboard stopped with a jolt, and I came back to the melancholy things of earth, which I found to consist mainly of the wrong end of a .44 calibre revolver. Mr. Martin was seeing similar sights on his side of the vehicle. I am not the hero of this narrative, and I freely confess that I put up my hands—good and high. I didn't want whoever had the

other end of that gun to entertain any doubts about my intentions. I was anxious he should know I was peaceful—extremely so. What the cashier did I do not know, but I have my suspicions. At the time my own troubles were the paramount issue. That .44 bore an almost speaking likeness to a thirteen-inch gun, and I was completely certain if it exploded it would blow the whole upper half of me off into stellar space. I know exactly how those Sepoys felt before the British gunners pulled the lanyards. The upper half of me didn't want to go.

I felt the valise lifted from my side, and then we were told to drive on and not look behind.

"It won't be healthy for you," said a voice.

Bob had vanished. He sat in front of me, but I had not seen him go. The driver said he had slipped to the ground the moment the horses stopped, and we pleasantly surmised he had been worse scared than we were. We drove into that sleeping town with our horses in a lather, and within the hour parties were out raking the country for the perpetrators of the "hold-up." We decided there had been three of them. One had seized the horses and the other two had attended to the cashier and me.

The president and directors absolved us from all blame after hearing the story, but Mr. Martin sat at his desk with bowed head. He had been with the bank for twenty years, and to know that the institution was doomed, and that he was at least partially responsible, was a hard blow. I felt bad enough myself, but it must have been harder for him.

I had known some blue times before, and have known some since; but for concentrated aniline and indigo, that morning holds the palm in my experience. We were all dead tired. We had worked under the strain till we were mentally and physically incapacitated, and then had worked on till our nerve was gone. Then, too, it was at that fearfully devitalising time, the hour before sunrise. If you have ever gotten up at three of a winter's morning to go duck-hunting, and, after walking ten miles with a ten-bore gun, have found no duck, you can get some idea of our depression. Also we had had no breakfast.

Things were undoubtedly bad, but if the sun had been up I think we should have found some means of escape after all. But in the dead, cold gloom of the hour before dawn, I felt about ready for my coffin, and the rest looked it. Every time the door opened we looked eagerly up, hoping even when we knew

there was next to no hope, and each time it was to be disappointed again.

So two eternal hours passed. Harvey was wandering around and acting like a she-ass, of course, telling Martin not to mind, and it couldn't be helped, till it was a wonder some one didn't kill him. I considered the matter with a feeling that it would at least create a diversion and relieve the suspense.

Jim and Arthur were discussing the "hold-up," and telling each other what the cashier and I should have done. Their conversation did not interest me. They had not experienced the thirteen-inch gun. Tom didn't say a word; didn't even look at us. I always did think he had good horse sense, and now I knew it.

Half-a-dozen of the directors were sitting around, talking spasmodically and in whispers, and minutely examining the cracks in the floor. I remember thinking that when a gang of directors got together and didn't make any more noise than that, there was some mighty heavy sledding ahead, and no signs of snow.

I tried to sleep, but couldn't. I had too much to think about. There was nothing ahead but three or four hours more work, and then closing the doors and leaving the old place, with the government commissioner in charge, and starting out to find a new job several steps down the ladder. Not a cheerful prospect.

The outer door opened. I didn't turn my head. The spring that worked my hope machine was played out. Then I heard an unusually profane yell from Tom, and he went by me and out of the cage door like a half-back carrying the ball. I took one look toward the door and followed in similar fashion.

What we saw was a tramp carrying a satchel—the satchel. Behind him was another nursing a badly cut up right hand and exploding steadily in highly-coloured language. And behind both came Bob, with a revolver at full cock and his face a pea-green yellow. It took us about forty-eight seconds to tie those tramps hand and foot, and Bob



AND BEHIND BOTH CAME BOB, WITH A REVOLVER AT FULL COCK AND HIS FACE A PEA-GREEN YELLOW.

put down the gun and came inside with the satchel.

"It's all there, Mr. Martin," he said. "I caught 'em 'fore they got it open. An'—I guess I'll sit down."

He collapsed into Martin's chair, and that was the first we knew of his wound. We got him out on the floor and opened his shirt, and Martin looked mighty lumpy in the throat while we were doing it. I'm not saying how I felt. I thought the kid was done for. He had a blue-black spot high up in his left shoulder, and he'd bled about all there was in him I should think.

Harvey came out from somewhere and got ready to faint, and Martin sent him off for Doc Richards, and Tom told him to be "pretty sudden about it." At such times seniority of office doesn't count.

The directors were treading on one another to fetch water and produce handkerchiefs, and the president drew out a silver flask and we gave Bob some brandy. That revived him, and he tried to get up.

"I ain't hurt much," he protested. "I just feel sorter empty—that's all."

He fell back weakly, however, and lay quiet for a moment. Then he grinned happily and said:

"I knew dad 'd be up to some meanness. He don't miss any chances."

"You'd better not talk, Bob," said Martin. "Not now. Wait till the doctor comes."

"I ain't hurt, I tell you," said Bob aggressively.

"Say, it was great," he said presently, with another grin. "I just walked in on 'em while they was pryin' the satchel open, an' I says, 'Put up your hands, dad, I got you,' an' instead o' puttin' up the way the books says they does, he pulled a revolver an' shot me. But say, I fired 'bout the same time, an' knocked his revolver all to chunks. Gee, it was great——"

He stopped again from sheer weakness. Then he looked up at Martin on his knees beside him and said:

"Next time I'm goin' to drive, Mr. Martin. If that blame driver had cut the horses like I told him to we'd 'a come through all right."

"Very well, Bob," said Martin, and I think he meant it.

"There wasn't but two of 'em," continued Bob, "an' the other one was scared cold, so I just give him one to pick up the satchel an'

march an' he didn't wait for the count neither. An' dad knew when he was licked, too. Say, they was easy, wasn't they? That's him now, ain't it?"

He was bleeding to death, and I thought the doctor would never come. It seemed pretty tough luck after what he'd done. His parent was lying on his back, cursing like an Irish gatling-gun, and when I got to the point where I had to do something or make a fool of myself I hunted up Williams, and we kicked them both on to their feet and put them in the lock-up.

When I got back the doctor was making his examination. It was a solemn crowd that stood around and watched him. Bob was the only cheerful one in the lot. Fortunately the bullet had gone clear through, so there was no probing to do.

When the last bandage was fixed, Bob tried to get up again, and had to be held down while Doc Richards explained to him that he would probably bleed to death if he didn't lie still. Then we put him on an improvised stretcher and took him up to Martin's. I waylaid the doctor.

"Will he get well, doc?" I asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, "I think so. He lost a lot of blood, but he's pretty tough, and with Mrs. Martin and the girls to nurse him he'll be around before long."

I waited till I got a block from the house, and then turned loose one long uproarious yell, and doubled for the bank with the news.

"Well, say," said Tom, "isn't that kid about twenty-four carats fine though? Lay on MacDuff! He'll be president of a bank while we're still footing columns. You see if he isn't."

"I always did think that boy had something in him," said Harvey. "He sort of looked like it to me first time I saw him."



OTHER MOONS THAN OURS.

By WALTER GEORGE BELL.

*Illustrated from Photographs
and Diagrams.*

A STORY is told of a lecturer in Norfolk who had expounded, by aid of many apt illustrations, the influence of the moon in causing the tides. Then up rose a farmer in his audience and dumbfounded him by declaring that he had been at some pains to look into the matter for himself, and had found that they had excellent tides on that coast even when there was no moon at all. "Out of sight, out of mind"—an old, well-worn proverb—fitly describes the muddle into which this worthy inquirer into nature had fallen; for, of course, even though the moon is invisible from the earth—or new, as it is termed—it is in its ap-



THE DARK LUNAR PLAINS WERE AT ONE TIME BELIEVED
TO BE SEAS.

pointed place all the time: its attraction in no way depends upon its light.

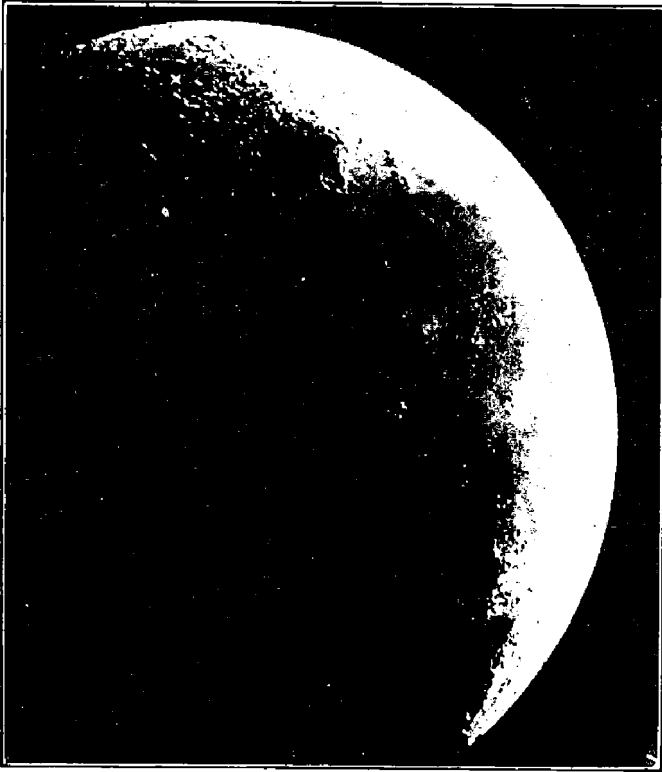
Disastrous it would be for this world of ours if by some incomprehensible means our satellite were rolled away into space so that we knew it no more. For the lighting of our otherwise dark nights with its silvery glow is by no means the best service that the moon confers on the earth. It is chained to this world by an invisible, immaterial bond, yet one stronger by far than any links that could conceivably be forged—the irresistible chain of gravitation. Our earth, being much the larger body of the two, draws the moon to itself and so restrains its tendency, if it were not so restrained, to move away; but to a smaller extent the moon also attracts the earth.

The solid land is far too dense in structure to be at all sensible to this influence on its surface. Not a grain of sand upon the sea-shore is piled upon another by the attraction of the moon, great though it is in bulk; but the case is different with the moving waters. As the earth turns upon its axis and oceans are brought round towards the moon, the attraction of our satellite draws the ocean towards itself, and away from the shore, to which it recedes again in due course, and thus are created the all-important tides.

Now, supposing that one dark night when the moon was new it not only went completely



IMMENSE VOLCANOES CROWD TOGETHER NEAR THE SOUTH
POLE OF THE MOON.



FOUR DAYS AFTER SUNRISE ON THE NEW MOON.

out of sight, as, indeed, it does, but also out of existence, as the Norfolk farmer of the story in his abstractedness of mind seemed to have imagined. What would happen? You would wake in the morning to find a queer state of things. Big ocean liners coming up on the tide in the Thames and Mersey, bringing merchandise from every quarter of the world, would lie stranded wrecks, for the tide would have run out never to return. Other ships, to be numbered by thousands, loading or discharging their cargoes within the docks, would be locked in, to lie there and rot, because they could never get out to sea. Everywhere, the pull of the earth on the oceans being equal at all points, the seas and erstwhile tidal rivers would henceforth maintain one dead level.

London and Liverpool, as ports, would be destroyed, and their prosperity gone. Many a harbour on the coast would be useless. Vast areas of country which depended on water transit would be ruined; and it is not too much to say that the face of the inhabited world would be altered—if the moon were no longer in our skies.

As the moon draws away the waters from one port and fills up the rivers and harbours of another in regular ebb and flow, so it releases the shipping, and thus the world's traffic is borne. All the stability that the

shipping industry now enjoys depends upon our satellite never failing in its course round the earth.

What I set out to do in this paper, however, is not to deal at any length with our own moon, but with other moons, more numerous, but much less familiar to us. So far are they out of sight and out of mind that I fancy a great many people grow up quite unaware of their existence. We monopolise the name of "the Moon," for our satellite, as though it was the only one. This is far from the case. It looks to be the largest object dominating the heavens at night, equal with the sun, but that is only because it is so near to us—a mere matter of a quarter of a million miles. In fact, it is the smallest object visible to the naked eye in all the hosts of the skies. Other worlds near us have moons attending them, greater in number than our own, some of them much greater in size, others much smaller; only a little curious interest in astronomy and the possession of a telescope are needed to reveal them.

You cannot mistake Jupiter when he is shining brightly at night. This he does for some months in the year. When favourably placed for observation he is the most brilliant of all the star-like points in the skies, for he is the largest of all the planets, more than a thousand times the size of the earth from which we look up at him. Take out a strong field glass and turn it towards him. Now what do you see? There are four smaller star-like points near him: four moons which come at once into view, though not with equal distinctness.

Here, in the field glass, you have a miniature representation of the solar system itself, the great sun in the centre, and the planets—our earth among them—revolving round him. If you can imagine an observer standing far out in space he would see the sun and his family something like that. All four moons move round Jupiter in regular progression, obeying the same law of gravitation that keeps our own moon in companionship with the world.

Europa, the second of Jupiter's moons, is almost exactly the size of our moon, and each of the others is larger, but owing to their distance from us, which at their nearest approach is five times that of the sun, it is not possible to trace their geographical features. Faint markings have been detected, which however, tell nothing.

Imagine yourself transferred to Jupiter, and from his great globe looking up to the heavens. How different the outlook would be. Not one moon, but four are moving across the skies—moons of different sizes, all



JUPITER'S FOUR MOONS WERE DISCOVERED WITH THE FIRST TELESCOPE EVER MADE.

travelling at different speeds, so that in a few hours the whole aspect alters, and their beautiful order seems instead a hopeless tangle. The nearest goes right round the planet in one day eighteen hours twenty-two minutes of our time, and the one most distant needs little more than one-half the period of our laggard moon.

It was from Jupiter's moons that we first received the message that light takes time on its journey, and is not instantaneous, as was long supposed—it flashes along at such a tremendous pace that a beam will seven times encircle our world at the equator in a single second.

To everyone's intense surprise Jupiter was found so recently as 1892 to possess a fifth satellite. On September 29th, Professor Barnard was exploring with the 36-inch refractor at the Lick Observatory, California, at that time the most powerful telescope in the world. Its huge lens was turned up to Jupiter, and through the eye-piece he scanned the belted planet, glowing with a dull orange tint, and, searching its immediate neighbourhood, observed, standing out brightly against the darkened background of the sky, the four moons revolving round him.

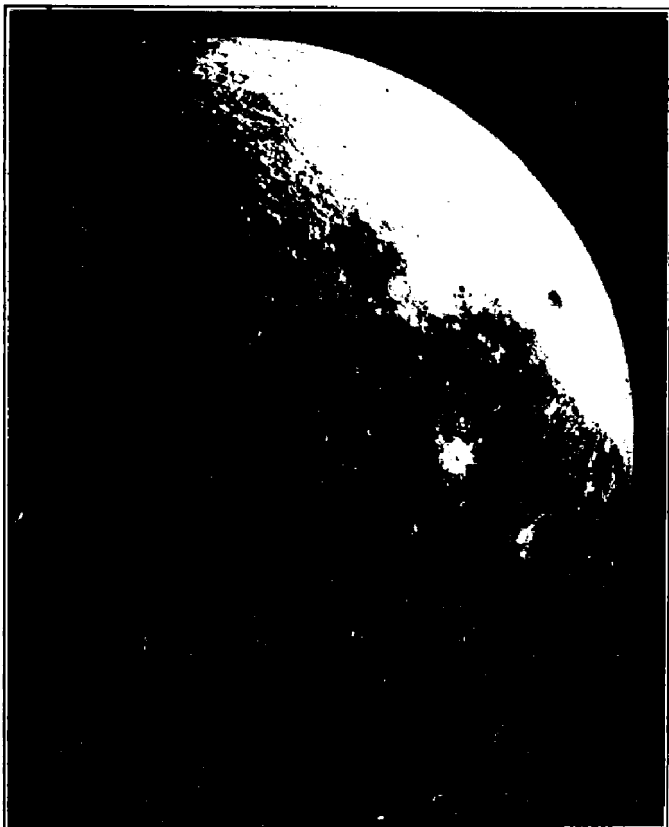
For a time nothing unusual was seen, but by and by a very tiny faint point of light came out quite close to the planet's edge, near the equator, moved a little way from it, closed up again, and was lost to view. On subsequent nights at about the same hour these movements were repeated; the faint star again as mysteriously appeared and disappeared. It was, in fact, no star, but a tiny moonlet; and as the nights lengthened Barnard had the satisfaction of seeing his new discovery come

out as usual at one side of the planet, and six hours later reappear on the other side, thus proving indisputably that it was a moon making its circuit of Jupiter.

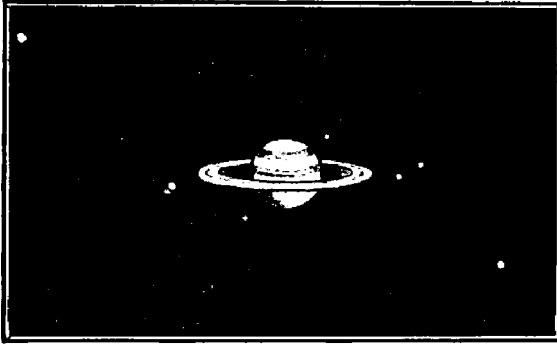
It travels at a terrific rate, passing completely round the planet twice in twenty-four hours. The little moon is much too small to be accurately measured, but from the amount of its light its diameter is estimated not to exceed one hundred miles.

Nearer to the sun than Jupiter, moving in an orbit between him and the earth, is our nearest neighbour, Mars, a planet which some people will have it is inherited by beings a good deal more intelligent than ourselves. With that daring speculation I have nothing to do, but only to tell the story of the romantic discovery of his moons. Until the year 1877 Mars was universally believed to be a moonless planet. It has been carefully scrutinised for centuries by studious observers, and had Mars possessed a satellite only one hundredth part of the bulk of our own familiar moon it could not have escaped detection.

Consequently it did not seem a very hopeful task to find moons for Mars, when, in



AS THE LONG LUNAR DAY PROGRESSES THE CRESCENT ENLARGES.



SATURN, THE RINGED PLANET, HAS EIGHT MOONS.
SEVEN ARE HERE SHOWN.

1877, Professor Asaph Hall, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, set his wits to work upon it. In two respects he was favoured. For one thing, he had at his hand an extremely powerful telescope in the 26-inch refractor of the observatory, and Mars was then at almost his nearest point to earth; nearer than he comes on more than two or three occasions in a century.

He searched for one moon. Success beyond his wildest anticipations crowned his labours, for before long he discovered not one moon, but two.

They are the smallest and most eerie little things that the solar system has yet disclosed to us, and it is little wonder that these pigmies remained unknown so long, for from measurements of their brightness it would seem that they can only be about ten miles across—indeed, Diemos, the outermost of the two, is estimated by some astronomers not to exceed five or six miles. And their movements are as wonderful and unexpected as themselves. Phobos, the inner moon, is distant only 3,700 miles from the surface of Mars—little more than half the distance from London to Cape Town—and flies completely round the planet three times a day.

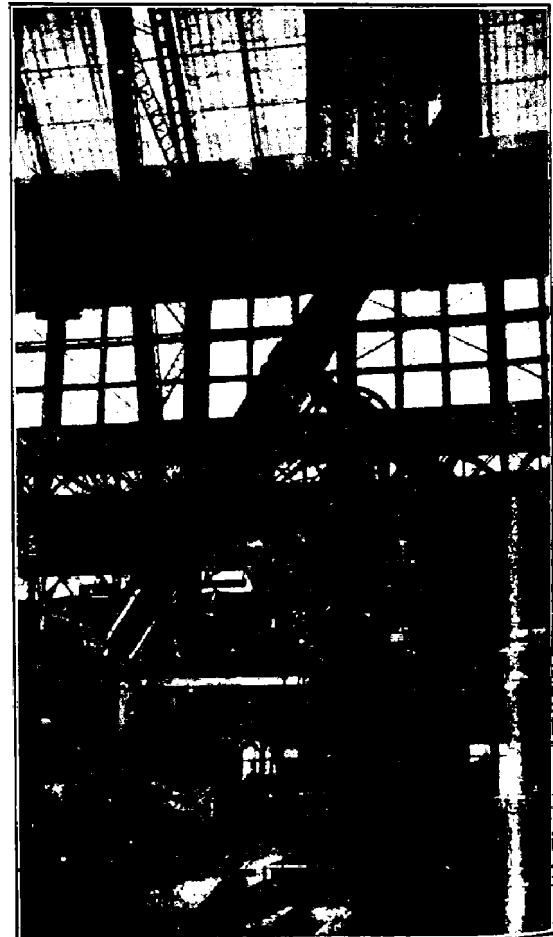
To any inhabitants there may be on Mars. Phobos will seem to move backwards across the sky, while the slower-footed Diemos, taking thirty hours eighteen minutes to make one revolution, travels in the opposite direction. It would be not a little confusing to people used to the sober movements of our own satellite to have a moon popping up and dashing off round the skies three times a day, especially when there is a second moon going off another way.

Nothing in these little Martian moons themselves is more remarkable than a piece of literary prophecy in which their existence was foretold. Exactly one hundred and fifty years before—in 1727—Dean Swift published

Gulliver's Travels. Readers of that admirable work of pure fiction will remember how Captain Gulliver, after his adventures with the Lilliputians, went to the flying island of Laputia, inhabited largely by astronomers. Swift thus describes what his imaginary astronomers saw:—

"They have likewise discovered two lesser stars or satellites which revolve around Mars, whereof the innermost is distant from the primary planet exactly three of its diameters, and the outermost five; the former revolves in the space of ten hours, and the latter in twenty-one and a half."

This prophecy, with its air of simulated exactness, intended as a bit of fun aimed at the astronomers of his day, is the more remarkable, because not only did Swift foretell the existence of the two moons, but their distances and periods, if not exactly those of Swift's description, agree with it in being less than any before known in the solar system.



THIS FINE INSTRUMENT, THE 40-INCH REFRACTOR OF THE YERKES OBSERVATORY, WISCONSIN, U.S.A., IS THE MOST POWERFUL TELESCOPE IN THE WORLD.

Saturn, the ringed planet, moving in an orbit beyond that of Jupiter, can boast the most magnificent retinue of satellites of all the worlds composing the solar system. Eight moons attend him, and, indeed, a ninth has been suspected, a number much greater than can be attributed to any other planet.

Of course they were not all found together. One by one, with intervals of years, as larger and still larger telescopes came to be constructed, they have been brought to man's knowledge. Huyghens discovered the first in 1655, with a telescope made by his own hands, and four others were known by the end of the seventeenth century. The eighth and last—a very small moon, revolving at considerable distance from the planet—was found simultaneously by two astronomers, Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, and Professor Bond, of Cambridge, Mass., on the night of September 19th, 1848.

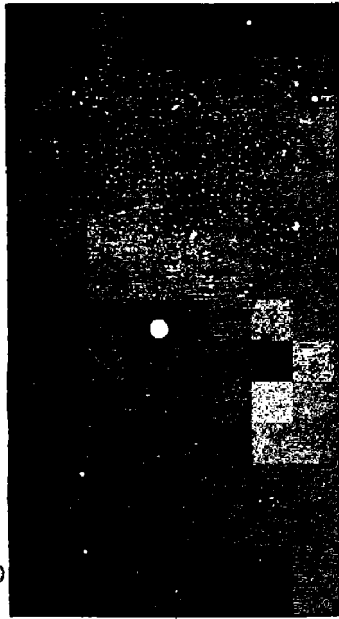
Far out in space revolve the two Arctic planets, Uranus and Neptune, unknown to the ancients, and which vastly extend the dimensions of the solar system beyond what were believed to be its limits. One striking peculiarity marks the motions of their moons. Instead of revolving on a level plane round the planet from west to east, as do all the others, they are tilted almost to a right angle, so that their motion carries them over the north and south poles; and not only this, they move backwards! Why, no one has yet been

able satisfactorily to explain. The fact is there, and it is one of the many unsolved problems of astronomy which any one taking up its study seriously may work upon for a solution.

Uranus lies 1,780,000,000 miles from the sun, Neptune another thousand million miles farther off, so it may readily be imagined we are not on such terms of intimacy with their satellites as we are with our own moon. Only the largest instruments will show them, and in these they appear as merely the faintest star-like points. Four moons have been discovered circling round Uranus; the two innermost estimated to be each about 500 miles in diameter, the outer ones nearly twice as large.

Neptune is only attended by one moon, so far as astronomers know, though, judging by analogy, there are likely to be others which are too faint, owing to the planet's immense distance, to be visible in the largest telescopes yet constructed.

The moon systems of our sun's planets are not made complete without mention of the fact that the two innermost planets, Venus and Mercury, which revolve between the earth and the sun, are without moons at all. Why this should be offers an abundant field for speculation, but nothing of value can be said upon it. Only the fact has to be recorded as additional testimony to the great variety to be found in the solar system.



THE FOUR MOONS OF URANUS
ARE ALL SMALLER THAN OUR
EARTH'S SATELLITE.

DRYSDALE'S FRIEND



A TALE OF ELIZA'S.

By FRED SWAINSON.

Author of "Acton's Feud," "Smith's House," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

I.

JOSEPH WORKINGTON, Elizabethan captain, was pulling easily down the Lodden in the June dusk. Jack Bignell, the ex-captain, had come over to Eliza's for the match, School v. Old Elizabethans, and Workington had sculled him up to Hurlstone to catch the evening express to town. He had Carver's blessing on this piece of courtesy towards an old captain in the shape of a special *czeat*, and after seeing his old friend into the station gates, had walked leisurely back, embarked, and was now pulling easily towards the school boathouse. Workington met no one on the river. The school boats, of course, were housed long ago, and Workington, enjoying the solitude, kept the middle of the stream and sculled luxuriously down. He was in no hurry. Between every half-dozen strokes he let the sculls drip idly and, almost as his friend Drysdale might have done, watched the bats flitting erratically overhead and jibbering angrily and shrilly when they met, or watched the quiet fluffy owls hawking slowly and noiselessly over the ragged thorns which fringed the river's lip. Workington heard the quarter-after ten striking from the school clock when he entered into the boathouse reach, and looked carefully among the Elizabethan fleet for an opening into which he might thrust his own ship. He found an unoccupied stake at last, and was making his way cautiously to it when he heard the splashing of a pair of sculls below the boathouse, and then a voice, "Upson, ahoy!"

Workington knew that the school boatman would have retired at least an hour ago. "That yell bespeaks ignorance of the local custom," murmured the captain as he made fast. "Of course he isn't one of ours."

"Upson, you blockhead!" shouted the voice angrily. "Why didn't you answer my hail! Can't you ——?" The rest of the speech was lost in the splashing as the newcomer pulled vigorously to the place where he had caught sight of Workington unshipping his forgotten rudder. He had evidently mistaken the captain for Upson. On the dark of the river the captain could dimly see a boat pulled furiously towards him, and before Workington could recover from his astonishment the sculler caught his left-hand scull in the boats, snapped it cleanly in two at the blade, and, slewing his boat round from this unexpected leverage, nosed her madly against the piles. As a climax to this sweet little piece of oarsmanship, the sudden bump rolled him neatly off his thwart, and he plumped roundly into four feet of Lodden water.

"Whisky," muttered Workington, as he clutched him neatly by the collar, "though he'll have got his fair share of water now." The captain dragged the fellow, who sputtered water and oaths impartially, upon the bank and watched him with disgusted curiosity. The fellow was certainly drunk. The foolish *forcible-feeble* way he tried to clear his eyes from the water streaming down his face was proof sufficient of that, but Workington hardly believed his own eyes when he recognised that the dripping lout hiccupping before him was an Elizabethan. "Hawes!" said the captain, standing back a yard in his astonishment.

Hawes stood up at his name and peered stupidly at his companion. "Workington—you confounded—ass—why—did—you knock me into—the—water?"

The captain stepped back as the fellow aimed a savage blow at his face, and Hawes fell heavily to the gravel, where he lay making pig noises. Workington was in a quandary. What was Hawes doing on the river at that time of night?

Had he an *exeat*? If the dripping fool at his feet had none it would probably mean expulsion for want of one, and, *exeat* or no *exeat*, there was no hope for him if he were seen by any master in all the infamy of his fuddled dishonour. Even in the minor case Hawes had little chance, for he was fathoms deep in Carver's black books already. Workington looked at the idiot, bubbling as he wallowed, with disgusted thoughtfulness. Should he pull him by the scruff of the neck far enough away from the water to prevent his falling into it again and then leave him to the fates, or should he try to pilot him safely indoors?

Workington had no cause to love Hawes. Hawes had been a scoffer at him and his captaincy, and had filled fellow Fifth-formers with his own animus. But the captain felt a kind of disgusted pity for the helpless fool at his feet. "I must get him in somehow."

He got hold of him by the collar and lifted him steadily to his feet. "Have you got an *exeat*, Hawes?"

Hawes condemned *exeats* in an even precise flow of invective, and the captain felt his gorge rising as he cut across the vile words.

"Cut the swearing," he said, sternly, "or I'll tip you into the river again. I'll see you home."

"Don't want you to see me home. I'm—I'm going home. See——"

The wretched fellow lurched off into the fields at a shuffling shamble, and the captain followed, not unthankful that Hawes could roll along by himself and that he could keep behind. Hawes kept a miraculous balance, though every moment he looked like pitching forward on his head, and Workington wondered what would be the upshot of it all. As Hawes was going to shuffle into the High, Workington caught hold of him by the arm and said slowly, "Hawes, have you an *exeat*?"

"Not me," said Hawes, lurching on.

Workington felt that if he could only get reason into the fellow, he might see him safely into Smith's—Hawes' house—and, keeping a steady arm on him, might, when the man opened the door, pilot him to his den on the plea that Hawes was a trifle unwell. Workington even smiled momentarily to think that this would be literally true. Once in bed Hawes would have to be left to himself, and fate. The man might notice or not; probably would not say anything if he did. One thing though the servant dare not do. He must not pass in a fellow after lock-up without an *exeat*. Hawes' chance turned on that. The captain therefore gripped him by the collar and again asked, "Have you an *exeat*, Hawes?"

"Not me," said Hawes.

"How are you going to get in then?"

Hawes, who had been aimlessly trying to free himself from the captain's grasp and to stumble onward, pondered the question with maudlin intensity. "Why, knock," he said, with a fatuous chuckle.

"We'll go to Smith's the lower way—not through the High," said Workington.

Hawes turned round savagely, shook off the captain's restraining arm, and said furiously, "What — have — you — got — to — do — with — it — anyway? I'm going to—Smith's"—he couldn't say Smith's, by the way—"so I am. Let go!"

Hawes would not be saved. He reeled in sheer perversity into the High, and called the Elizabethan captain as many choice names as he could bring out of his muddled head. As he stood swaying in the middle of the street and shouting his opinion of Workington, a few passers-by came to a standstill and stared curiously at the foolish figure in the road.

Workington turned sharply on his heel, realising that Hawes was indeed doomed now. The captain had not gone a dozen yards towards Worsfold's, when he saw a couple of gentlemen in evening dress step swiftly off the pavement into the road. He heard a well-known voice ring out clearly, "Workington!"

It was the Head!

"Yes, sir," said the captain saluting, as Carver and Bultitude came up.

"Who is that fellow, Workington?" said Carver in his coldest, steeliest voice.

"Hawes, sir."

"Bring him here."


Workington strode after Hawes, and Hawes was staring stupidly into the Head's face before he had time to protest.

"Strike a light, Bultitude, please," said Carver.

By the sputtering light of Bultitude's vesta Carver examined the erring Hawes. There was no mistaking the misty, swimming eyes, and Carver's face set like flint as he looked. "Go home, sir," he said, with that icy intonation which stung like a scorpion. Hawes touched his cap mechanically and lurched deviously away. He understood nothing. Carver watched him for half-a-dozen yards and then said sharply, "See him home, Workington."

Workington took him to Smith's door. "What did you say to Carver about me, eh?" said Hawes, as he was handed in.

II.

 N the morrow Frederick Hawes was expelled. A telegram was sent to his people which made a whole family miserable for months, and in the evening Hawes, with Dermot O'Rourke, gym.

instructor, as a guard of dishonour, entrained at Paddington and went home to his family in Devonshire. Hawes remembered little about the evening before. In a burst of foolish *bravado* he had sculled down to Hornby, played billiards, and imbibed liquor. Then he had bucketed up the river to the boathouse, and had met Workington, *who ran him in*. Hawes was quite sure about that. Workington had run him in. The captain had hauled him under Carver's very eyes, gripped him by the collar and paraded him for inspection, and Carver had performed the unhappy dispatch.

Hawes snatched half-an-hour with his friends after dinner and gave them his version of the affair, and his friends, Fifth for the most part with a sprinkling of lower Sixth, mourned with him and confounded Workington in the same breath.

This, read by the light of your knowledge, sounds sweet, doesn't it?

Now Workington was not a popular captain, and he succeeded one, Jack Bignell, who had been popularity personified. Bignell, from the Elizabethan point of view, was the perfect captain. Scholar, athlete, good form, the son of a gentleman who was the son of a gentleman, the power and the glory of his captaincy sat as lightly on him as the cap on his curls. Bignell had that happy, light touch, the outward ease and grace, the gift of doing the right thing in the right way, at the right time. Workington was not quite a Bignell; he had his limitations. He was a fine, a sound scholar *and*—I had almost written "but"—he had attained to this scholarship by real hard work. Whilst Bignell, Bernard, Cove and other Elizabethan lights were piling on the runs, grinding up the Lodden, squashing over the sodden fields in February drizzles, or pounding cheerfully through a heavy footer game, Workington was busy with extra books and pen and ink. True, last year he had played a marvellous half-back game for Worsfold's, and Roberts had put him in

the eleven then and there, and his performances at centre-half were counted to him for righteousness, but this was Workington's solitary contribution to the athletic side of school life. Now, whether this is as it should be or not, the mere average is never in love with the scholar *pur*, but the mere average worships the athlete. Why, Bignell's ties were copied by the swell brigade, but it was more because Jack was a school hero



THERE WAS NO MISTAKING THE MISTY, SWIMMING EYES, AND CARVER'S FACE SET LIKE FLINT AS HE LOOKED.

than because he never made a mistake with his reds and greens. No one copied Workington, though it might have been profitable to many. Bignell had been liked by everyone whose likes or dislikes were of any account, but no one had ever liked Workington, bar Drysdale, who couldn't count for much, being three par's mad,

and—strange thing—Bignell and Cove, who had met Workington once in the way of business and had liked him ever since.

But though no one accountable liked Workington there was not one Elizabethan who didn't respect him. You were bound to respect Workington. Why, here was a fellow who went into a house like Worsfold's, rowdy and rotten, a by-word, whose name raised a sneering laugh, whose nickname was The Sty, and lo! within six weeks Worsfold hardly knew his own herd and his own piggery. Swain, who had rotted the house for a couple of sweet years, was fired out—there is a legend that Drysdale held him up with one hand whilst he battered him with the other—and Hart took his scent bottles, his curling tongs, and his own lovely self home, before Workington had entered on a second term of authority. Hart preferred the bosom of his family—a dotting mamma—to the comforts of Worsfold's with Workington in charge. Rid of his two prime black sheep Workington led the rest of his flock along decency's path, and kept it there rather more than less. Worsfold was currently supposed to see a halo round Workington's head.

But, though you might respect him, the grim, dour, unemotional Workington did not fill the bill to the school's eyes as the brilliant Bignell had filled it. The loafers, the swells, the cuff-and-collar brigade, the half clever and the three-quarters fool murmured. Why not Cove? He was the only fellow to attempt to fill Jack's shoes. Who was Workington? A double distilled smug, a mere average polished by unheard-of grinding, a fellow who spoke some barbarian dialect when he first bloomed in the Elizabethan garden, who crawled into Eliza's under cover of a foundation scholarship—Elizabethans never were partial to the scholarship crew—and was riding out of her on an Oriel! What was he but a mere pot-hunter?

The news that Hawes' expulsion had been brought about by Workington's hauling him up for Carver's inspection, sent a thrill of anger through Eliza's. Captain or no captain, that was not respectable, and then the smouldering dislike with which Workington's captaincy was borne, broke into a flame of active opposition. Smith's house made a point of groaning when Workington went by, his fellow monitors were frostily polite, or unaware of his presence. He received by post about a dozen consignments of *peaches*, and, lest he should miss the allusion, one consigner had added a few green haws. Every Fifth fellow deserted the pavement for the road when the captain was seen on the flags, as a pointed protest, and parodies and original poetry had quite an innings at his expense.

Two friends Workington had, Cove and Drysdale. Cove combated the idea that the captain would peach, but Drysdale, when he found Workington recked little of what the school thought, never troubled his head about the Hawes affair. He knew his friend. The captain, true to his motto of *Never Explain*, remained wrapped in silence. (The motto is a good one—an excellent one—but it takes time to see its worth, and meanwhile it is weary waiting).

At the end of the week from the time when Hawes had been sent down, Workington's name was synonymous with meanness, and Hawes' chums felt it was time to proceed to more active measures. Burleigh, Hawes' bosom friend, Iredale of Kingsfield's house, Irving and Hawke had been standing at Smith's gate as the captain had gone by in solitary, unmoved aloofness, and the quartette had scowled heavily as one man. Burleigh, for of the quartette this history deals only with him, was a tall heavy fellow in the Fifth, one of the good average type of athletes. He was in the XI., where he fielded rather well at cover, and he played a decent half-back game for his House. Hawes and he were as David and Jonathan, and perhaps of all the school he alone resented Workington's supposed peaching from personal reasons. The school looked at it as a matter of form. He never had liked Workington, but now his dislike took an additional sharpness.

"He's no feeling," said Hawke. "I don't think he cares a tinker's cuss for all the school thinks, says or writes."

"What he wants is a sweet thrashing," said Burleigh. "And before he gets it to be told what it's for. If something isn't done to the boulder he'll be running us in if we blow our noses."

"He's an awkward customer to tackle," said Irving.

"Faugh!" said Burleigh, with contempt. "He's never had anyone to stand up to him. Worsfold's were always putty."

"You're the man to open his eyes to the error of his ways," said Hawke.

"By closing them for him," said Iredale with an obvious gibe.

"Would you mind milling with him?" asked Hawke curiously.

"Not a bit," said Burleigh, "I'd jump at it. Fred would have milled him quick enough if he'd had me fired out, and I'd do as much for Fred. But I can't get to close quarters with him. He lies so blessed low."

"If he milled, he'd lose his captaincy," said Iredale, thoughtfully.

"Not a bit of it," said Burleigh. "He's Carver's man. If I hit him, *would* he fight? that's the question."

"From the look of his jaw I'd say yes," said Iredale. "But I think you'd tan him."

"Well, if I catch him where it's safe for me—and him—I'll do it," said Burleigh. "I owe that to Fred. I'll find out where he lounges on half-holidays and meet him half-way."

"When?" asked Iredale.

"No time like the present," said Hawke sententiously. "If C. B. could get a straight left on the dial we'd make someone happy in Devonshire. Send him a message by wire."

"He ought to be hounded out of Eliza's," said Burleigh with concentrated venom, "but if we can't do that, we need not make it a sweet place for him to live in. I'll prow! round and see where he earths."

"Remember me, Charles," said Iredale. "I've a large sponge."

"I'll let you know," said Burleigh, laughing, as he moved into Smith's.

Burleigh devoted some little time to finding out what was Workington's usual lounge on half-holidays, and to this end he put a few tentative questions to fellows of Worsfold's house.

"Workington?" said Pember, a clever, rowdy Worsfoldian. "Oh, he sculls up the Lodden, casts anchor in some backwater, and commences grinding. He's reading the Hundred Best Books."

Burleigh made a grimace.

"He has been seen comparing the ineffabilities of his own excellences with those of the paragons in Smiles' Self Help and Culture series. Are you thinking of joining him and making a little party of two?" asked Pember with a mocking grin.

"No," said Burleigh, "I wasn't thinking of that sort of party. But, you know, 'somewhere up the Lodden' is a trifle vague. I can't go nosing into every backwater like a retriever after a lame duck."

"I see you want him rather badly. Here's his fag. Gates, where is Workington off to this afternoon?"

"Drysdale's due to tea with him at five," said young Gates, looking up at the large Burleigh and at Pember with surprise at the question—the surprise of the youth who knows his men—"and that means that they're going to stroll up the towing path together. Drysdale's prowling round the spinneys thereabouts just now."

"Thanks," said Burleigh as Gates scuttled away. "The Bughunter wasn't wanted, but it doesn't matter."

"Anything good on, Charles?" asked Pember, quizzingly. "Can I assist?"

"Think not, Pem. Quite a private matter."

Pember was sharp and he said cooingly, "He was a brute over the Hawes business."

Burleigh scowled heavily. "Going to see if we can make him see it."

"Mill?" asked Pember rubbing his hands. "Clover!"

"You're mum, old man?" said Burleigh.

Pember laid his forefinger along his shapely nose and said nasally, "You bet! Some of us here will sing anthems if you lay him out."

"Have your top notes ready for five then," said Burleigh as he moved solidly away.

Burleigh, delighted at his prospective good luck in running Workington to ground so soon—good quiet ground too for a little mill—went back to Smith's and dropped a little note to Iredale. Iredale's house, Kingsfield's, was half a mile away, and Burleigh, who thought he had exerted himself sufficiently for the time being, posted himself at the window on the look-out for some youngster who would take the note to his chum. Burleigh had a sly vein of malice running through his other amiable qualities, and he waited and watched until he saw a youngster running violently on business in a direction diametrically opposite to Kingsfield's. Burleigh's whistle pulled up the youth. The senior addressed him in a gentle voice.

"I want you to take this note to Iredale. He—"

"I say, Burleigh, I'm in an awful hurry," said young Fell, who had seen Burleigh's note, held between finger and thumb, with a fag's dismay. "Have to go down the High for Breeze."

"Catch," said Burleigh, sardonically, disregarding the youngster's bleat, and watching the envelope flutter peacefully below. "Be sure you give it him." Burleigh then pulled himself within his den and left Mr. Arthur Fell *planté là*.

Now Fell, through thinking of his own hard case, had not properly caught the name. "And there's no beastly address either." Fell looked up to see if Burleigh were still there, but seeing no one, went on his way growling.

He called at Bultitude's and gave the note to Drysdale. Mr. Arthur Fell had the general impression that Drysdale's was the name mentioned. Uttered quite gently from a height, the sound is not unlike Iredale, as you will see, if you try them together.

Drysdale read the letter through without immediately understanding it was not meant for him. It was short but compact.

DEAR J.—

Bring your large sponge. Workington's due with his chum the Bughunter, along the towing-path near the woods. About four is the time. Will you

be there to second me? It will sound more ship-shape if you are. I think that if Fred could see Mr. Prig Workington when I've done with him this afternoon he'd feel satisfied. I suppose Drysdale 'll know enough to carry his chum home on his back? At four.

Yours very fit *mente manueque*,
C. BURLEIGH.

Drysdale read the letter through again and understood it to the uttermost. He sat on his table, legs dangling, thinking deeply, whilst Fell

"I don't, old man," said the naturalist, quietly.

"I'll answer for Mr. Burleigh. Think I'll grind down Hornby way, then. You're due at Worsfold's to tea, Jack?"

"Don't wait, old man," said Drysdale slowly, "if I don't turn up in time."

"Is it politics?" asked Workington, in his quiet, dry way.

"We'll call it politics, *pro tem*, Work, but another name's nearer the mark. You shall have the whole budget, the why and the wherefore, to-night."

III.

DRYSDALE, in that five minutes' brown study in his den, had made up his mind what to do. He had thought the thing over carefully, and he felt that what he was going to do was right. He was going to fight Burleigh. It was characteristic of this extraordinary youth that, having once made up his mind to do a thing, he thought no more of it. So immediately after dinner he fished out his rod, unhooked his creel—the sight of Drysdale's creel never aroused derision—bought a pound of cherries, and sallied up the towing path. Drysdale knew the bed of the Lodden rather better than most fellows knew their own bedroom floor; he knew the deep, deep pools where you could dart in the punt pole and it would come spinning up again without touching

bottom; he knew those strange, mysterious holes which the current will work on the river's floor where the barbel lie deep down; he knew, and kept it very secret, the otter's hold under the labyrinth of rusty willow roots; he knew the favourite swims for perch, and the patch of reeds, where, on the bleak December day, a brace of jack was a certainty to the skilfully dressed gudgeons. He had the addresses of half a dozen trout, not one less than the seventeen inches, and he meant to introduce Miss Hilda Arlington and her persuasive Kendal-



"CATCH," SAID BURLEIGH.

stared round the naturalist's walls. Fell was in no hurry: fags never were when they got inside Drysdale's museum.

Drysdale at the end of five minutes said, "Fell, you'd better take this on to Iredale. There is no answer." He put Burleigh's note into a new envelope, stuck it down, and Fell went off slowly to Kingsfield's.

Drysdale saw Workington and said he was sorry but he had to meet Burleigh that afternoon. "You'll hardly want me then, Jack," said Workington with his usual smile.

dressed flies to them one day. Drysdale kept all good things for his friends, even to catching water-mussels.

Every coarse-fish fisher knows now what can be done with cherries as a bait. Drysdale knew it before any of them, and it was an idea of trying for a barbel with this strange lure that had sent him up the Lodden post haste after dinner. He was intent on business when Burleigh and Iredale came up.

"There's Bughunter, at the end of his line," said Iredale, with a sneer at the placid naturalist. "Where's the other?"

"He'll not be far away," said Burleigh. "Alone, Drysdale?"

"I won't be a minute," said Drysdale, not turning round his head—he knew his men—"I think I've a visitor——" He struck sharply, and instantly there came up crisply and clearly the merry music of the reel. The top joint nearly made an O, but Drysdale relieved tension with a little law. Mr. Barbel did his best, but it was not quite enough, and before his little audience of two, interested in spite of themselves at the sure and certain way Drysdale "played his game," the naturalist had a four-pound barbel gasping on the grass. "Yes, it will be four," he said, as he slid the gasping fish into the creel. "Now, if that had been a trout you'd have seen some sport. I shouldn't have had him out under ten minutes, if he hadn't broken me. These kick once and then cave in."

Drysdale unfastened his cast, reeled up, disjoined his rod, slipped each length carefully into the canvas, tied up and laid rod and creel aside. Then he said slowly, looking Hawes' friend straight in the eyes, "Workington's not coming, Burleigh."

A quick glance shot between Burleigh and Iredale, a glance of surprise that Drysdale had divined whom they wanted, and, on Burleigh's part at least, a flicker of anger that Workington had escaped them.

Drysdale cut across their amazement steadily. "He's not coming, but wouldn't I do instead, Burleigh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Burleigh, gaping.

"Why, you came up here to fight Workington, didn't you? He's not coming. Didn't—doesn't—know the honour you'd in store for him. I want to mill in his stead."

"How did you know, Bughunter?"

"Charles," said Drysdale, in that full steady voice, through which ran a little tingle of scorn, "Fell brought me the note in mistake for Iredale."

"You were a bounder to read it, Bughunter," said Burleigh, savagely.

"That's all right, for I'm going to mill with the other bounder who wrote it, Chawles."

(Burleigh hated being called Chawles, and in justice to him he did not look the breed.)

"I've got nothing against you, Drysdale," said Burleigh, perplexed.

"You hadn't against Workington, but you were going to thrash him all the same."

"He got Hawes expelled. Fred was my chum."

"Rot!" said Drysdale, with uttermost scorn. "Hawes was a fuddled fool that night. You were going to fight Workington for the sake of your friend; I'm going to mill you for the sake of mine. If Workington were caught at this sort of fooling he'd lose his captaincy."

"Wish he did," said Iredale fervently.

"He won't, though. You'd better peel, Burleigh. The arrangement was for Iredale to time, wasn't it? More ship-shape, you know," said Drysdale with the quiet sarcasm he could summon at need.

"It's all rot," said Burleigh, in discontent, half out of his coat. "There's no reason for me to mill you."

"Isn't there?" said the naturalist, acidly. "I don't fancy being called bounder, as a pet name. You must eat *that*, or fight."

"Get out of your coat, then," said Burleigh, savagely.

Drysdale looked round and said suavely, "I feel fit, Burleigh, *mente manue*."

"All fights are good reading," says some one in authority, and when there is a fight told by a Borrow or a Doyle, you can see it's true. That curious mill, Drysdale v. Burleigh, did not last long enough to give scope for much fine writing; it was all over in five minutes. Burleigh was a good man, one of O'Rourke's elect, just falling short of the top class by being a little slow, and this defect Drysdale had remedied by his chaff. Burleigh felt stung to the quick by the open scorn of the naturalist, and he translated his quick anger into quick deeds. Drysdale had had the rudiments of the noble art from Dermot, and he had acquired from the life he lived a marvellous quickness and accuracy with his hands; but, above all, he had heaps of pluck. Of Drysdale it could be said, indeed, that he did not know what fear was. So when Burleigh squared up to his opponent he was meeting that dire customer, "the natural fighter." The unacademic method of Drysdale's attack in itself nonplussed Burleigh. No man, thought he, would give his head away as Drysdale did without some deep design; therefore Burleigh, despite his burning heart, did not dare to take the chances. He was cautious. Now, above all things, he should not have been that. A little hurricane might have blown Drysdale out, but mere conventional give

and return was of little use here. Drysdale broke through Burleigh's defence with a real stinger, and before Iredale had time to recover from his astonishment, the beastly little "mouse" was fast gathering under his chum's eye. This totally unlooked-for result touched Burleigh to the quick. He went for the naturalist fast and furiously, and Iredale began to smile. Then, for one moment, it seemed Drysdale was at Burleigh's mercy. He lunged heavily with his left and Iredale gave up the naturalist for lost. Drysdale ducked as quickly and neatly as any tricky lightweight. Burleigh's arm shot over his shoulder; he lost balance and fell heavily to the ground. There was an odd little sound, something like the snapping of a stick, and Burleigh sprang up dazed. "I've hurt my arm, Jack," he said.

Iredale looked at his chum's white face with a curious fear. He had heard.

Drysdale said, "You've broken your arm, Burleigh; I'm awfully sorry."

It was true. Three inches above the wrist Burleigh had broken a bone, but I believe, at that moment, disappointment that he had not pummelled Drysdale was uppermost in his mind. The almost incredible duck of his adversary made him imagine there was some underhand trickery in it all, and when Drysdale offered to help him home, Burleigh savagely declined assistance. Drysdale got into his coat, gathered up his rod and creel, and walked slowly back to school. He went to Workington's to tea, and the Elizabethan captain opened his eyes in unfeigned astonishment when Drysdale got to the end of the tale.

"Dry, you are the oddest fellow in Eliza's. No one but you would have stood up for me like that; he might have mauled you no end."

"I don't think so," said Drysdale, quietly. "He carries all the marks, and somehow I'd never any doubt but that he was in for a thrashing. Jove! he deserved one."

"I'll tell you one fellow that will feel almost as sick as Burleigh, Dry. That's Cove."

"Poor old Cove. Yes, I guess he'll be pretty well cut up at the loss of his best man. I bet he'll scowl at me when he meets me."

"Burleigh was a decent bat, good cover, and a fine change. Cove will be sick. Will Iredale say anything about it, think you?"

"Well, Work, I did get home on his chum once. He'll have to explain that to all enquirers. The beaks will have the usual explanations—an accident, of course—and that will do for them. The explanation will happen to be true, which is rather funny."

"What should I have done if the beggar had struck me?" said Workington, grimly.

"You'd have knocked him down sooner or later,

old man," said Drysdale, confidently. "By the way, Work, you used to field cover rather well when you were a kid, didn't you?"

"I've forgotten," said the captain. "It's a long time ago. Why?"

"Now look here, cap'n. I've an idea for you. You're not in good odour over the Hawes business."

"I know that," said Workington, bitterly.

"The fellows are all idiots," pursued the naturalist, calmly, "and have to be humoured. Hawes, Iredale and Burleigh have done their best to make your name a byword for all that's mean in Eliza's, but I have a tip for you which will make 'em—the fellows—tumble over each other in order to black your boots."

"Name," said the captain, with an incredulous smile.

"Take that Burleigh's place. It would be a pretty revenge, a neat little back-hander on the whole gang," said Drysdale. "Go to Lord's, old man, and then they'd be only blind who'd sigh for Jack Bignell. I know what you can do. Remember your half-back game that corked Bignell into the neck of the bottle. A man who can hold Bignell at footer would be the equal of a Burleigh at cricket."

"That isn't logic."

"There is no logic in these matters, Work. Cove will give you a trial. There's a month yet; field like a demon—I know you when your back's up—get Lurgan and Christopherson to trundle to you at the nets—I'll answer for you when your bat's down. Why, man, I hate cricket, but if I wanted to go to Lord's I'd be in the XI. next year. Some fellows can do anything they want to do. You're one. Now you see the fascinating completion of our little move! They meant to wreck you and they get wrecked themselves," concluded the naturalist with his finest smile.

The Elizabethan captain considered the matter in all its bearings, as was his custom. This took some minutes, but at the end he made his friend happy. "I'll have a try," he said.

The naturalist said no more; he knew what Workington's grim chin meant, and like a wise man did not stale the idea by talking further of it. "Look here, Work, I've got a dead beauty to show you." Drysdale opened his creel and showed his friend the barbel. Then the rest of the talk was fin and feathers, and the lore of the lake side and of the woods.

Workington tendered a modest request to Cove on the morrow, and that worthy scowled heavily. He felt that Burleigh left an aching void in his chosen band and had heard dimly that Workington was concerned in his disappearance for the cricket season. Cove liked Workington, but he was Eliza's cricket captain, too, and he would

have played an Elizabethan with a record as black as a thunder-cloud if he had thought there was good cricket in the villain. That was why Cove's name goes down to posterity along with Bignell's and other demi-gods'.

But Workington cheered him up. The scholar brought on to the shaven turf the same dour earnestness, the same inflexible determination that had lifted him up to top of the school. He was nearly murdered at cover, but he never flinched. When the ball travelled like a scarlet thunderbolt he stopped it in the true Jessopian manner—he said he was afraid to move—or when it was beautifully placed so that he ought to have missed it by a foot, his hand would shoot out, and it went hurtling back to the keeper with a sting as delightful to the stumper as it was disconcerting to the bat. Lurgan and Christopherson entered into coaching him at the nets with the delight of men who felt that there was honour and profit to be gained from the work, and Cove, at the end of a fortnight, tried him in the eleven. Workington was told that his fielding was good, but his batting deplorable. The school saw that his fielding was good and the same jolly patter of clapping broke out around the field, when Workington began to stop the runs, as had accompanied Jack Bignell's efforts at the same point. Workington's cover fielding became a topic. Could a fellow who could field as well as Bignell have peached on Hawes? The Burleigh and Iredalian version became doubtful, and when Workington held three catches, well-oiled lightning each, in one afternoon, their version became flat heresy. As I have said before, mere learning leaves the British youth cold; you could ignore Workington the scholar, but Workington the superb cover was not ignorable. He became a personage.

Cove, after tremendous discussion with Lurgan and Christopherson, gave Workington the eleventh place. This bald statement cuts a long story short, but Wisden, in a few well-chosen words, says what was thought of his performance at cover at Lord's. He blocked also for one hour for one run, whilst Cove smote. The school were as proud of his one as of Cove's ninety.

Burleigh, nursing his arm in a sling, spent an unhappy time. Drysdale's cheerful smile or frank non-recognition was the very flower of his torment.

IV.

DRYSDALE had arranged himself a sweet little programme for the Lord's match—at Eliza's. Drysdale never made the journey up to town to see the school dance on the prostrate carcase of the enemy; the school

cricket possessed not the least attraction for him. It never had. In a sense Drysdale had been very unpatriotic. Absorbed in his own crazes he had no time or thought for any other. A visit to Lord's was a fetish with the rest of the school; they migrated there almost *en bloc*, each man adorned with a pink rose in his button-hole, and Elizabethan feelings effervescing in his bosom. And after the cricket was over, there was a week-end in town, for nineteen-twentieths of them had invitations from uncles and aunts and chums' parents if their own people did not happen to be in London. The Lord's three days was a function not to be missed by any fellow who cared for fun or form.

Drysdale never went. He stayed behind and enjoyed a saturnalia after his own heart: a carouse among the woods, spinneys, coverts, among the late broods, the butterflies, the beetles, and the shy beasts. His greatest treasure, a Purple Emperor, had been caught while Elizabethans were picnicking at St. John's Wood.

The naturalist had seen one rocketing tree-high, with the swift, darting flight of the breed, and he had longed for a flight a little nearer earth. He came next day with a net as high as a haystack on the off-chance that he might see the beauty again. He took his stand to windward of a deceased sheep, knowing well enough that the carrion was responsible for his majesty's appearance. There he stood, his heart almost in his mouth from nausea as he kept vigil, like a true knight, around the unsavoury shrine. But he had his reward. A butterfly that seemed to have stolen all the colours of the rainbow and the sunsets came within range and Drysdale swept him home. And Drysdale knew he would have missed that, if he had gone to Lord's. He never even thought of going after, though he had to fight hard to defend his position from enthusiastic Elizabethans of his own build, who said he wasn't respectable and tried to prove their thesis on his body. Drysdale said openly he hated cricket, that he wasn't going to tog himself up to bawl over every hit an Elizabethan made, or to howl derision when the Others fluked balls through the slips. Now, at Eliza's he had a marvellous three days to himself. No call-over, only a solitary dinner at Bultitude's to attend to; he got his tea, or did without, as fancy or distance determined, and he came home to roost not one minute before ten. He had Bultitude's to himself. This was in his young days, and the programme was not materially different now.

Eliza's was deserted by nine o'clock in the morning. Drysdale had promised the sergeant that he would come down to the range and put in an extra little piece of firing, for Bisley was very near and the sergeant was getting pardon-

ably anxious. Drysdale was Eliza's crack shot, thanks to old Arlington's wiggling about a fellow not doing his best for the school, and he had a great reputation as last year's winner of the "Spencer" to uphold. The sergeant was proud of the naturalist, and spoke to him—and of him—as one crack shot to another. So Drysdale, before the dew was off the grass, strode to the butts, his Lee-Metford see-sawing on his shoulder at every stride. The naturalist's eyes were as keen and true as a hawk's, and when he cuddled his rifle and glanced along the blued tube, you could have wagered that his sighting shot would find the bull. The shoot over, the naturalist and sergeant talked professionally, arranged their ideal teams, rejecting one who *would* tail off at the longer ranges, bringing in the fellow who took time to find the way in, but, once in, kept there. "To-morrow, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes, same time," said Drysdale. "I'll pill away at the maximum to-morrow. Keep the gun, sergeant."

The old soldier took the Elizabethan's rifle tenderly, as though it were Dresden ware, and trudged off home. "If there were another of his sort!" he said, longingly. "But it's all dog-rotted cricket, here." The sergeant held that cricket spoiled the hand for the rifle.

Then Drysdale wandered off into the woods. The nesting season was over, but the naturalist found half a score yellow hammers commencing preparations for a second brood, and the hedges and undergrowth were alive with fluffy, immature, unsophisticated young. No wonder the little brown weasels, whose curious, corkscrew, hopping run had nothing unsophisticated about it, looked fat. The pair of brown kestrels, who beat over the fields along the towing path with the regularity of soldiers on sentry go, were in the sky, sailing pirate-like through the deserted blue, now anchored in mid-air, poised on a trembling wing above some field mouse astir in the grass, now hawking swiftly above the peopled hedges. A trustful greenfinch ventured out to cross to its own hedge; there was a sweeping rush of the little fierce hawk, a dolorous chirp, and the kestrel sailed triumphantly into the spinney. The hedge had paid its toll. Now that the pirates had gone the swallows and martins wheeled out, the young plainly distinguished by their amateur flight. The great swifts came, coursing one inch from the Lodden's breast, then rising like a rocket into high heaven; with quarter of a mile sweeping curves they girdled the fields, then shot home to their nests in the walls of the old boathouse. Drysdale always wondered how they could check a hundred-mile-an-hour flight within a foot and not dash themselves to pieces against the stones. The starlings were running in the lately mown

fields, in families of six or seven, and every other bush had its complement of young yellow-breasted robins. The sights and sounds of a July day filled the naturalist's heart with a curious kind of exultation; he tramped miles, peering into the hedges and ditches for prey or information, and grubbed an hour and a half among the old cavernous willows for a chrysalid of the goat moth. He got one. He found a young jay terribly bedraggled and forlorn, looking over-beaked for his weight, and Drysdale transferred him to an empty cage in the menagerie. He hoped to pull him round. In the evening he lay out luxuriously in the long lush grass, watching the night-jars pitching and rolling over the sycamores, the bats gyrating in the violet sky, squeaking angrily as they met, and the dull soft flight of a mousing owl. The night was so still that he could hear the rabbits scuttering as they played on the banks near where he lay, and, afar off, he heard the pulsing of some northward-bound express; it seemed like the throbbing beat of some heart almost at his side. Then, when the sky was glistening with the cold stars, he went in. It had been a perfect day.

On the morrow, Colonel Arlington and Hilda came down. The colonel puffed his cigar solemnly, whilst Drysdale at the maximum range worked from outer to inner, from magpie to bull, and, having found the bull, kept it. "I think he'll do, sergeant," said the old soldier as Drysdale rose.

"I've no fear," said the sergeant. "It's only a matter of counting by fives."

In the afternoon Drysdale got out his lightest rod and introduced Hilda and her Kendal-dressed flies to the Lodden trout. Drysdale sculled, keeping his boat steadily in the backwash, whilst the girl cast into the racing waters of the weir pool. The colonel, net in hand, smoked and said nothing. He was thinking, as he looked at the torn, sizzling water rushing past, how the girl owed her life from other churning waters to the pluck of the youth who now flicked his sculls so lightly into the eddying wash. The sport was good. Hilda drew one lovely two-and-a-half pounder gently home to the harbourage of the net, and a second, which might have kicked the beam at six ounces less, took the lure with a paralyzing rush. It was pleasure to watch the girl bring him across. You could see him flashing madly through the black waters, from point to point, and always his rushings diminishing as Hilda judiciously weaned him from his extravagant runs. He fought to the last, and when he lay gasping and glittering within the net, you felt you were in at the death of a king. "A brace of beauties, Jack," said the girl, with a little catch of delight. "How number two *did*

fight. And to think you've kept these for me."

"I couldn't have brought them in," said Drysdale, humbly, "besides, I've the chub."

"Chub," said the girl in scorn, "you throw a brute of a fly at *them*, and they bolt it without consideration. Then you draw them in hand over hand. It's rather like winding wool."

"I'll pull across," said Drysdale; "there's a gentleman under the willow roots there."

"Oh, Jack, it's four o'clock already. I must see your pictures by daylight, and there's the zoo, you know. I must see that. I think I'll wind up, please."

Drysdale sculled leisurely down stream, ran into the boathouse, and so home. Hilda examined the pictures, humbly, for she knew that here her talent was as the candle to his sun, whilst the colonel fingered curiously the naturalist's books. He didn't understand the pictures. Drysdale, piloting the pair round his menagerie, brought a shy *coronella* to inspection; a short, stumpy, sulky adder, squat and vicious; his badger, Mrs. Bultitude's cat (undergoing repairs), his jackdaws, and magpie. The birds came lovingly when they heard his voice, and the badger grunted not unpleasantly. Hilda cooed with delight at them all and the colonel pulled his moustache and looked at each specimen and its owner in frank amazement. Drysdale was beyond him.

"Jack," said the girl, without looking at him, "have you any starlings now?"

"One," said Drysdale, with a smile.

"Can it do what the others did?" said Hilda.

"Rather," said Drysdale. A glossy-throated starling, sharpening its yellow, needle beak, flittered joyfully to the bars as the naturalist ran his fingers across them.

"Three cheers for Hilda," said Drysdale.

The bird beat its wings rapturously to its sides three separate times, lifting its pretty head into the air and shrilling with delight.

"Ah," said the girl with a catch of the breath, "he has earned his reward, too. May he go?"

"He's been waiting for your coming."

Hilda opened the cage and threw the little bird into the air.

Then to the station, where father and daughter took train for town. It had been a perfect day—a very perfect day.

It was still only six o'clock as Drysdale went home. Leaving the station, he bought an evening paper to see how Eliza's was faring



DRYSDALE SCULLED, KEEPING HIS BOAT STEADILY IN THE BACKWASH, WHILST THE GIRL CAST INTO THE RACING WATERS OF THE WEIR POOL.

generally, and more particularly as to his chum Workington. The paper gushed.

"St. Elizabeth's victory is due to Cove and Workington. The last-named, whose cover fielding was a feature of both innings, came in as the Elizabethans last hope. His side was then eighty-five runs in arrears, and things looked blue for the pinks. Workington made no attempt to score. He simply stonewalled, and defied every change of bowling. Cove hit off the runs, affording an exhibition of almost perfect cricket. It was a tenth wicket partnership which will live for many a day in the memory of those who were privileged to see it. So will the

reception of the two heroes. They made their way through a lane of cheering . . ."

Drysdale almost shouted with joy. He went back with quickened step, and as he turned into the High he almost cannoned into Burleigh, whose face wore a thundercloud as he caught sight of the naturalist. But Drysdale was not, at that moment, in a very noticing mood. "We've won, Burleigh; Cove and Workington have done the trick. What luck that Workington was put in. If there had been any other last man——!"

Burleigh had turned as white as a sheet with hatred and jealousy. He already knew the result, but to have his attention called to the prowess of the man who had taken his place was more than he could well bear. He flung the paper, which Drysdale had generously thrust upon him, into the road, and went on. If his right arm had not been slung helplessly to his side he would have struck Drysdale then and there. As it was, he was one mass of outraged pride and tingling envy.

Drysdale had consigned the memory of his *fracas* with Burleigh to the limbo of the past, but the coming full tilt into this seething mass of hate sobered him a bit. "Still sore," he said, watching Burleigh. "Now, I had forgotten it—almost. Been better form if I'd remembered."

To Burleigh, since he had broken his arm, life at Eliza's had been one long misery. He had seen his bitter enemy moving out of the shades of Coventry into the smile of popularity, but it was gall and wormwood to see him take his own place of honour, and, bitterest draught of all—to see him more than fill it. He enveloped Workington, whom he had set out to crush, and Drysdale, who had baulked him, in a mist of hatred and bitterness. He would not see that he had been hoist with his own petard, and that the gods had merely sent him justice. When he got to his own den in Smith's, where he had been chewing the cud of bitterness for two days—the surgeon would not hear of Lord's for him, even if he had cared to go—he felt that nothing would be too mean, nothing too low for him to stoop to. Only he could inflict on either Drysdale or his friend some of the bitterness which filled him.

Drysdale paid a visit to his stable "to bed them down," as he phrased it, before he turned in finally for the night. Every hutch, run and cage was open; not a bird was left behind the bars; his weasels, his voles, his rats had vanished; of all his varieties he only found his badger fast asleep on the straw, and his *coronella* too sluggish to move. The viper was wriggling on the ground with her back broken; Drysdale pityingly put

his heel on the evil head and killed her. The naturalist looked round wonderingly for an explanation, but found none; the cottager had seen no one, had heard nothing. Intense anger, the Berserk rage, made Drysdale cool and collected.

"An enemy hath done this thing," he murmured, calmly. "All in good time I shall find out." He thoughtfully shut in *Meles* and *Coronella* and went home to Bultitude's. His face was very white indeed, but his heart was black as ink.

Drysdale welcomed Workington back that night in his own den. The friends had put a little of their feelings into the grip of their hands, and Workington talked modestly of Lord's. "Hast thou had a fruitful time, old friend?" asked the captain, gaily.

Drysdale ran over his perfect days. But his voice took a shade of anger as he told Workington of his looted menagerie.

Workington looked gravely at the ominous glitter in his friend's eyes. "Any clue?"

"None."

"Any suspicions?"

Drysdale said nothing.

"Not Burleigh!" said the captain, springing up in an access of fury as he read something on his friend's face.

"I don't know, Work, for certain, but I shall find out. I am sure I shall find out. And then—and then . . . all in good time . . ." Drysdale stopped suddenly as a knock fell on the door.

The caller was Burleigh. He had come almost as a materialisation of their thoughts, but it was Burleigh, not easily recognisable at first glance. The slung arm identified him. He was capless, his hair was almost erect on his head, perspiration streamed down his face, a face distorted with uttermost terror, hate and pain. His eyes, almost leaping from their sockets, glittered as with delirium, and he stood swaying, fighting for his balance, in the middle of the room. He stretched out his left hand to Drysdale and said with a gasp: "*Your snake has bitten me.*"

Drysdale stood stock still. The secret was out already. At that moment he could have found it in his heart to fell the sputtering wretch to the ground. Workington laid a firm hand on his shoulder, and said in a curious, high-strung voice, "Drysdale, steady, old man."

The touch recalled him. He said to the swaying youth before him, "You miserable, cowardly hound."

Burleigh sobbed despairingly. "Oh, heaven! I'm going blind." He staggered where he stood.

Workington darted across and laid him gently on the floor. "What's to be done, Jack?"

Drysdale dropped his mask of disgust, and, kneeling down beside the stricken wretch, said: "Where is it?"

Burleigh thrust forth his left arm. The chums tore off his coat; the arm was swollen to the shoulder.

"Get some brandy," said the naturalist, and Workington vanished on the word. Drysdale got out his .880 ammonia, and, as he injected the potent alkali into the tiny punctures where his

stay where he was—on Drysdale's bed—and probably he'd be violently sick. (*Inter alia*, he was.)

"Numbed to the clavicle," said the surgeon. "Jove! he'd had a bad two hours before he went to young Waterton-Buckland Drysdale. That youth knows his way about, though."

Drysdale and Workington watched over their stricken enemy until morning, and then, when Smith came in to call in his own, they went to bed.



"YOUR SNAKE HAS BITTEN ME."

viper had struck her fangs, Burleigh almost screamed with agony. The nearly raw brandy which the captain poured down his throat was almost as bad, but it was necessary. Drysdale then used permanganate of potash without stint, made his handkerchief into a tourniquet and screwed it well above the bite. "Now that's all that can be done," said Drysdale, "though we'd better have the medico for form's sake."

The doctor came, but said Drysdale had already done what was necessary. Burleigh had better

Burleigh had had a shock which laid him on his back for a week, which gave him time for thinking, and Workington and Drysdale called every day, though Drysdale pretended that his interest was purely professional. Burleigh was sent home as soon as he could walk to the station, but he asked to see the two chums before he went.

"Jove! I hope it's not going to be a couldn't-die-without-confession business," said Drysdale uneasily. "I don't bear him any grudge now. Mrs. Viper settled all my accounts, and over."

"We'll go," said Workington. "It will do Burleigh good."

Burleigh had lost a stone within the week. He looked fearfully ill. But he would own up that in a fit of ungovernable hate and rage he had tried his best to destroy Drysdale's menagerie. Whilst he fumbled with the viper's case the reptile had fastened on his wrist. He had shaken her off and in terror and rage had stamped on her. He thought Drysdale had picked him out on the High to crow over him about the Lord's match.

"I hadn't really," said Drysdale. "I had forgotten our row at that moment."

Burleigh stared. "I had thought about it every hour since we met on the towing path. By the way, Workington, did you get Hawes expelled?"

"No," said the captain, looking him in the eyes. "Hawes ran—would run—into Carver's arms. But let that rest. Would you tell me why you came to Dry, here, when you were bitten? That's the mystery."

Burleigh's wan face flushed. "I knew he'd do his best and I knew he knew snakes."

Drysdale blushed. "All right, Burleigh, you know something of 'em now."

There was a little awkward silence for a minute and then Burleigh said, "By Jove! what a gorgeous bounder I've been since the beginning."

"Never mind that, old fellow, you don't look one now," said Drysdale.

And there certainly never was a fellow who looked less like "bounding" at that moment than Burleigh.

THE CYCLING CORNER.

SOME ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mastiff (BRIGHTON).—Speaking generally it is a mistake to patch up chipped enamel. It always shows unless the whole thing is re-done, and that is expensive. If you do patch, the metal underneath should first be made spotlessly bright and perfectly dry. I am glad that, although you see its faults, you don't despise the old machine. My favourite mount to-day is in its fifth season. Although it exhibits many signs of age, its bearings are still in their prime, and that is the all-important matter. I have done a little cycling in the neighbourhood of Brighton in company with a sister of mine, and we both formed an opinion of the rides which bears out your own. As for the puncture difficulty, if you have good materials, it is largely a matter of patience. "Tacky" in this connection means of such consistency as to adhere firmly on first contact. Generally speaking, large wounds require longer time than little ones, but for a mere pin-hole you may safely give the solution a quarter of an hour to dry. Remember, too, that the use of French chalk assists the patch to "creep," as the powder acts as a lubricant between rubber and rubber. The waste solution on the inner tube can be removed by repeated application of the palm of the hand, just as you can dry ink with the fingers if you have no blotting paper. Of course it is not a cleanly process, but everything must be sacrificed to the success of the operation. As for height of frame, it depends entirely upon "fork measurement"—a term which explains itself. The measurement is taken inside the leg while the rider is standing erect upon the ground and wearing no shoes. Roughly speaking, this quantity minus about ten inches will give the best height of frame, but the make of saddle and the length of crank are manifest factors in the calculation. In the case of riders of exceptional height it is inadvisable to have the full frame indicated, because of the difficulty of finding a second-hand purchaser for it when done with. I like certain makes of cross frame, but it depends entirely which. An "amateur," in

the connection you indicate, means a person who does not accept a money reward of any kind for his or her achievements. In many instances—and yours, I feel sure, would be one—the difficulty can be got over in the following way: Buy yourself a present with the money, obtain a receipt for payment, and show it to the committee managing the affair. But in matters relating to art, as distinct from sport, it is surely something of an honour to cease to be classed as an amateur. You have not bored me in the least, and I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.

Wild Rose (YORK).—A very good choice. Probably 24 inches would be the best, certainly not more than 26. I strongly prefer the class of tyres that are not wired on. The ease or difficulty of removing and replacing a wired tyre—save in certain specialities where the wire is not "endless"—is a matter of luck, some being very much better than others. Have a gear-case by all means; it must be of metal and oil-retaining. I am not sure that the firm you mention are in a position to comply with the last-named condition. They used not to be. Your best plan in that case would be to order the machine without a gear-case, and get the Carter firm to build you one afterwards.

Free Wheel (TAIN, N.B.).—I don't approve of applying free wheel arrangements to machines not specially designed to receive them. You would find the Bowden brake a capital adjunct. There is no need to fear the scraping off of enamel, as the result of the action of a good rim brake. The same action will keep the bare metal bright. Yes, the Highlands afford grand touring ground.

B. S. E. G. (TORQUAY).—It is not reasonable to expect a really trustworthy mount at so low a price, especially if it is fitted with all modern adjuncts. I am sorry that I must, for many reasons, adhere to the rule of not replying through the post.

HAYDON PERRY.

(Several Answers held over.)

SOME FOOTBALL MODELS.

By C. B. FRY.

THE BEST way to learn a game or to improve in it is by copying the methods of good players; or, rather, let us say, by accurately observing these methods, digesting them, and then reproducing them. The value of such imitation is shown by the facts that where there is one good player there another grows, that a town or school possessing a good player once continues to turn out good players afterwards, and that the special excellence of the model can often be traced in special characteristics of his successors. That you cannot learn how to play a game from a book is not quite true. You can learn a great deal about cricket and football from books. But the actual doing the thing, a stroke at cricket, a kick at football, the cast of a trout fly, is much more quickly and more accurately taken in by the eye that sees the thing done than by the eye that reads a mere verbal description of it, however adequate. So, when offering advice on how to play the game, it is better to write down some suggestion of the individual player than to expound general rules of conduct. I offer, therefore, some remarks more or less descriptive of the play of several noted footballers.

Where shall we begin in a football team? Well, I think with the centre half-back, whose play affects both the forwards in front of him and the backs behind him, and is, so to speak,

THE NUCLEUS OF THE PLAY OF THE WHOLE SIDE.

You nearly always find that in the selection of an International team it is the centre half that gives the selectors most trouble; so much depends on this position. Of recent years the player chosen to represent England against Scotland at centre half has been Frank Forman, who last season was captain of the Notts Forest team. At one time he played half-back on the wing for his club, and another time full back; but he is more valuable at centre half than elsewhere. In build he is tall, slim and rather leggy, somewhat in contrast with the usual build of half-backs, which is of the sturdy, thick-set order. He is not, strictly speaking, fast, although his long stride carries him well over the ground, and gives him a good reach in tackling; he moves indeed rather with the stride of the long-dis-

tance runner than of the sprinter. But in football, except in the case of the outside wing forwards, it is not sheer speed that tells so much as quickness in turning, in stopping, in dodging, in starting and in correcting a movement in the wrong direction; and it is this sort of quickness, together with

A PECULIAR KNACK OF BEING IN THE RIGHT PLACE BEFORE THE BALL HAS GOT THERE,

that you notice in Frank Forman. However fast the game flows backwards or forwards, he is up with it or back with it without any apparent bustle or hurry, and he covers a deal of ground on both sides of him. He is notable for covering ground thus, without losing his place; a most valuable characteristic in a centre half. You notice, in watching him, that at one moment he tackles the inside forward on the right, at another the inside forward on the left, and yet manages all the time to be sticking to the opponent who is the special mark of the centre half, namely, the centre forward. The centre forward who gives him most trouble is not one like G. O. Smith, or Beats, of Wolverhampton, who keeps in his place and feeds his wing men, but the centre forward like McColl, or Brown, of Southampton, who hangs well in front, if possible behind the half-backs, ready to receive a pass and sprint through. Nevertheless,

IT NEEDS VERY SMART PLAY BY THE THREE INSIDE MEN COMBINED TO GET THE BETTER OF FORMAN,

so cleverly does he anticipate the moves of the game, and steal marches on the plans of the enemy. You will notice that when his own goal is being attacked he is right there helping the backs, keeping the forwards off them and ready to put in a long swinging kick, clearing the ball away well down the field, not down the centre, but towards the right or left wings. Yet when his own forwards are attacking, he moves up behind in close connection with them, acting, as it were, as a kind of forward in reserve; and when he happens to get the ball either by intercepting it or by hooking it away from an adversary's foot, he does not shift it with an aimless kick,

but slips it forward along the ground with a kind of push to one of his own side, picking, almost without a glance, the man best placed to develop a dangerous attack right away. He is intelligent all the time, and seems to use his brain without pausing to think. He does not do a brilliant thing and then knock off, but pegs away efficiently and evenly all the time.

YOU ARE LIABLE TO MISS HOW WELL HE DOES ONE THING BECAUSE HE DOES EVERYTHING SO WELL.

He is a brilliant player, but not by flashes. And note how cleverly he follows up, if the chance occurs, to put in a long, low shot at goal. The ordinary good half-back is, as a rule, better either in attack or in defence; it is rare to find one like Forman, equally good in both.

The wing half-back on either side has a less difficult task than the centre, for at worst he has only two men to watch. But he, too, should be able both to attack and to defend. He must work in the closest unison with the back behind him; and he has to pay particular attention to the outside forward, usually a fast sprinter. Needham might be selected as the pattern wing half, but he is almost too much of a genius. Better for our purpose perhaps is Wilkes, of Aston Villa, a dogged, worrying, persistent, cut-and-come-again player; clever and neat of foot, but a sturdy, determined tackler. He is of the medium size, stalwart and active, heavier to meet than to see. In defending he seems to be thinking less of himself than of his back. He goes for the forward with the ball, leaving the back to intercept the pass. If he misses his tackle he does not stop, but is round again worrying for it; if he is beaten by a pass he is after the ball at once, helping the back, but

ALWAYS WITH AN EYE ON THE MAN HE HAS JUST LEFT,

and ready to intercept a return pass. Mark you, he never stops, but works and works. Like Forman, when he gets the ball he slips it accurately along the ground to his own forwards. And in dealing with the sprinting wing man, he is very clever at taking the shortest line to cut him off. And the whole time he is making it easy for the back behind him to put in an unhampered, deliberate kick.

A splendid back to set behind these two halves would be Crompton, of the Blackburn Rovers. He is of the proper build for a

back, just above medium height, powerful and with plenty of weight; active and free moving if not fast. He excels in the two main requirements of a back, sure, determined tackling, and sure, long kicking. He is strong in his play throughout. Watch him in a rush of forwards, and he is not brushed off the ball or caught off his balance. Where he sets his foot, there it stays; and the ball stays too, to be disengaged and cleared in an instant. He does not tackle with

THE WARY WORRYING METHOD OF A HALF-BACK, but takes his man with a straight rush, a rush that rarely misses its object, and even if it does is not emptied in the air, but effects some sort of impediment; not a rush that leaves him out of action, out of contact with the ball and man. When he gets a hold on the ball he is sure; his tackle is not abortive; and after disengaging the ball he manœuvres it free for his kick unhampered by fluster or muddle. Working behind his half-back, he so places himself as to be always in front of the hostile forward; there is no short way round him—you must go through him or on a wide detour. When he puts in his kick it is a strong one and carries far, not a weakling or a fozzle. What he does is done outright and is finished. He has a free swing of the leg, and a heavy foot, and takes the ball on the volley or stationary with the same cool precision. In a jumble near his own goal he takes the upper hand and emerges; he is watchful, unhurried, and to the point. Compared with a back like W. J. Oakley, he does not perhaps place the ball so easily for his own forwards; he drops it for them to rush rather than sets it nicely at their toes. But

SOUNDNESS AND STRENGTH ARE THE MAIN POINTS IN A BACK,

and in these he excels. He had a good partner last year against Scotland in Molyneux, of Southampton, less brilliant, but a sure and harmonious worker, always backing up ready to cover a slip, and leaving none of his own proper work undone; judgmatic, too, and serviceable in clearing the ball with a driving thrust of the forehead, lifting it almost as far as a moderate kick.

In goalkeeping nowadays there are many masters; George of the Villa, Foulkes of Sheffield United, Kingsley of Newcastle, Sutcliffe of Millwall, Robinson of Southampton. Let us take the last as worth watching. Note a point in his play apart from the saving of

goals; when he kicks off from the six yards circle he nearly always drives the ball to the half-way line, out towards the wings for choice, whence the opposing defence can less readily return it. This long kicking saves not only the backs from the trouble of kicking off, but the whole side in point of ground gained. In taking shots he faces, if he can, square with the line from whence the ball is coming, and always, if he can, receives it with both hands,

MAKING A SAFE NEST FOR IT WITH HANDS,
FOREARM AND BODY TOGETHER.

His margin for error is as wide as possible; yet how plumb the ball is gathered! Even if the shot is along the ground he is on his knees, almost sitting on his heels, making another sort of safe nest. For shots he cannot gather thus amply, he has for choice a pair of catching hands. Only when the ball is wide of him, or he has not time to catch, he drives it with a sweeping upper-cut of the clenched fist, or at worst tips it up over the bar. The use of the leg, or the foot, or the gymnastic sprawl, are only for stresses of great difficulty, forced *tours-de-force*. Nor does he hesitate to dive for the ball as a Rugby half-back falls on it, collecting it from toes of charging feet. If the ball is in the air outside goal, say from a corner-kick, he does not hesitate to rush out and punch it away, knowing that his hand can reach higher than any one's foot or head. He is cool but full of fire, watchful as a wicket-keeper, with a true eye and an instinct for where the ball is coming almost before the shot is taken.

The outside wing forward has little room from side to side, hemmed in on one hand by the touch line, but he often has straight room in front of him, and hence his need of sprinting power. For a model you might take W. Hogg, of Sunderland, sturdy and swift, hovering on the horn of the crescent of play,

CLEVER TO TRAP A PASS IN HIS STRIDE OR TO
RETURN IT DOWN A NARROW CHANNEL,

and speedy for the straight run through that carries the ball almost to the corner flag, taking the defence off its guard and setting it out of gear. Perhaps he slings the ball across the goal-mouth from the corner, perhaps he middles it before to give the other wing a chance; perhaps he swoops inward on a curve and takes the shot himself. The limits of his position are narrow, but he studies diversity of movement, changing his plans from time to time lest the defence forestall his attack. And for all his

speed with the ball on the run he is not set to a bee-line sprint, but controls the ball with his toe, feints, dodges and manœuvres. He avoids close play, and if he gives a short pass it is to shoot forward ready to receive the ball again and take it clear. Ever ready with the individual run, he is not selfish nor apt to miss the telling moment for parting with the ball. His long shots from the wing are rare: rather he drops the ball in for others to take and shoot.

For an inside man we might choose Bloomer, of Derby County, his partner against Scotland last year, but Bloomer is a genius of uncommon methods and difficult to follow. We might choose Harry Wood, of Southampton,

A WONDERFUL FEEDER, BOTH OF HIS WING MAN
AND OF THE CENTRE,

passing now short, now long, but always feeding someone, picking the best opening or making a good one by drawing an opponent before parting with the ball. He has not a trace of Bloomer's swooping, dangerous *élan* in the last fifteen yards near goal, he has no great pace, but he is always making himself easy to pass to, placing himself well and thinking of others. He is ever fitting himself in with the rest, making the Chinese puzzle of short passing look simple. And in the closest passing he aims to put the ball forward and through, so that the receiver may take it on the run without pausing in his stride. Or again, we might choose Settle, of Everton, a canny, quiet player, difficult to shift from the ball, yet manœuvring in the narrowest of spaces; one who seems to twist and turn, yet really preserves a straight line of progress. He is accurate to a hair with his passes, and shoots hard and low for goal the moment an opening shows:

HE DOES NOT PASS AND REPASS AND THUS MISS
THE CHANCE.

He is a feeder of others, yet very quick to take his own openings, not giving the ball away to a comrade less well placed than himself.

Of centre forwards there are not many of whom models can be made. Sagar, of Bury, is effective, but individual; a great goal-getter but more a centre wing man than a centre pivot. There is Sandy Brown, of Portsmouth, the Scottish centre forward last year; a prolific goal-getter, not from the swift sprint-through of Sagar, but from clever placing of himself in goal-mouth, from smart trapping of

the ball followed by instantaneous disentanglement, and the lightning drive into the net; or from a short run up and opportune ram of the forehead. Then there is Beats, of the Wolves, a first-rate pivot for the forward line to swing on, feeding unselfishly to right or left. And another good centre of perhaps more all-round value as a model, even if less effective in a team, is Calvey, of Notts Forest. A clever, unselfish passer, who keeps his place well, and sets his wings going with patient skill, he is nevertheless always open for a heavy rush through by himself. He bustles the defence and goes straight and shoots hard; he has weight and uses it, yet is not clumsy or bull-like. Then there is G. O. Smith, of whom much might be told; but he, too, is difficult to follow.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Workfirst.—I do not in the least resent your criticism of my article. I quite agree with you that among boys success in games is valued at an exaggerated estimate in comparison with success in work. But this does not affect my point, which was that a boy at school can get the fullest possible value out of work and yet be as successful in athletics as his physical capacity admits of. I do not say that a boy may not get good out of more than six hours work a day; nevertheless I still consider that if a boy works six hours a day with his mind thoroughly concentrated on his work, taking, that is, the fullest mental value of his time, six hours is enough. There is such a thing as mental economy, and there is a limit of the acquisitive powers of the mind per diem. I daresay you regard me as nothing else but an athlete. As a matter of fact I am far more interested in mental than in physical attainments, and spend a great deal of my time in study. It may also interest you to know that at school I several times took first prize in the sixth form, and also won most of the school prizes for classical subjects. I mention this in order to show you that my point of view is not of the unadulterated athlete. My opinion about work and athletics at school is this, that athletics are not overdone; too much time is not spent on them; but work is underdone, not because too little time is spent on it, but because the time allotted to work is not fully and properly used. You will observe that the question whether athletics are overdone is different from the question whether boys have an exaggerated opinion of athletic success.

William Lowenburg.—If you knew how many invitations I receive to be patron or president, or vice-president or something of the sort of boys' clubs, you would hesitate to offer me yet another billet. Of course, I do not really mind; but it seems rather absurd to be president of a club about which one knows absolutely nothing.

G. Hopley.—(1) Yes, wides and no balls are counted against the bowler in the first-class bowling averages. (2) Haigh is quite a different bowler from Hirst; you cannot really compare them; the former has certainly been more successful this year, but then the wet wickets we have had are better suited to him than to Hirst. (3) In my opinion Ranjitsinhji at his best is a better bat than Trumper. But you must remember the former is an old friend of mine. The two players differ considerably; both are at their best

so good that to enquire which is the superior is a mistake. (4) Yes, I think Braund is the best short slip at present playing.

S. Punch.—To join the CAPTAIN CLUB apply to the Old Fag. April is, I think, the beginning of THE CAPTAIN year. You will find the laws of Association football in the Athletic News Football Annual, price 3d. at any bookstall. The goalkeeper may not carry the ball for more than two steps. But he may run up the field bouncing the ball on the ground: this, however, is not a very valuable manœuvre; he can run, bouncing the ball in this way, as far as he likes within his own half of the ground. I do not know how to keep the leather of goalkeeping gloves soft, except by warming it in front of a fire and rubbing it. Grease, of course, is no good. But why not use thin woollen or cotton gloves? These give a better grip, I think. The only way to strengthen one's nerve for goalkeeping is to play in as many exciting matches as possible. And you must make up your mind not to be nervous; the will is the great medicine for the nerves. But physical fitness counts a lot.

Percy Davison.—Whether football would be bad for asthma I cannot say. I should advise you to consult a doctor. Certainly you ought to avoid getting chilled after a game. In the case of a batsman backing up too far and the bowler putting his wicket down, it is immaterial from which side of the wicket the balls are removed. For a boy of nine years old, of normal growth, I should say a pitch of 18 yards is about right for bowling practice; with a small ball of course.

H. N. G.—Of course if you have a weak heart and enlarged veins you must be very careful about the exercise you take. But if you are physically fit for the Yeomanry there cannot be much wrong with you. I do not think that light dumb-bells or Indian clubs would hurt you, nor yet light gymnasium work. The great thing, of course, is not to do too much at a time.

Left Back.—I do not know whether I am going to play centre-forward. There are many good goalkeepers, and I do not know which is the best. I like cricket and football equally well each in season. I think Needham is a very fine half-back. I think that on the day of your sports you ought to eat light food, but nourishing, and I think a great many other things besides. My brain is in a whirl with thinking.

G. C. K. S.—Not being a lawyer, I am unable to inform you whether, in the event of the club being insolvent, the secretary is responsible for the club's debts. I do not know whether the fact that the secretary being a minor affects the case. Congratulations on your success in cricket. I hope your running will be equally successful. I admire your handwriting very much.

E. Vivian (ST. IVES PREP. SCHOOL).—Thank you, lad, very much for your photograph, which I have placed honourably upon my mantelpiece. You seem to me to have a clinking little team, and, were I down near you in Cornwall, I should certainly come and see it play. Yes; good fielding counts a lot, doesn't it?

H. Scholfield.—Glad you agree. For further remarks upon the point see answer to "Workfirst," above.

A number of answers are held over.

C. B. Fry

My first Command

By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

HE vessel this story relates to was neither a slaver-hunting gunboat nor dashing frigate, but a smart cutter yacht which had won prizes at local regattas until better boats were

built to beat her and Wilson's elder brother bought her a bargain. Still, on the first memorable occasion we navigated and nearly lost her the *Ruby's* youthful crew had their fill of excitement before, as much by good luck as management, they came ashore.

I was about seventeen at the time, and, aided by Wilson, who was younger, had constructed several death-traps out of orange boxes, barrel hoops, and canvas, in which we went sailing, until our parents, fearing for our lives, assisted us in the purchase of a centre-board dinghy. This happened after Wilson boldly put to sea in our home-made vessel, and was discovered homeward-bound by his brother, who cruised in search of him, pushing the water-logged craft before him while he waded waist-deep along the bottom. Leyland studied navigation at a boys' nautical college, while why Wilson, senior, shipped us as crew for a voyage down the Welsh coast, or our guardians permitted it, I cannot remember. Perhaps he could not get anybody else, and my own had not seen the *Ruby*.

In any case, one cold night before the Whitsuntide holidays we stood exultant in the *Ruby's* cockpit. She lay straining at her cable with a rush of sand-filled water sluicing seawards past her in a broad tide channel, which winds among the shoals of Liverpool Bay. Two miles away, and across a great bank of sloppy sand which stretched out into the Irish Sea, the lights of a fishing town blinked through the haze the east wind drifted along the Cheshire shore. Seaward.



the sky was clearer, and the thin crescent of a new moon hung above the tumbling waters. There was a moderate sea running outside, and a strong, nipping breeze. A boat from a schooner, anchored near, lay alongside, and as he dropped into it the *Ruby's* owner said to me, "I'll be back again with the oil and other things in an hour or two, and we won't start until to-morrow. If the breeze freshens give her a little more cable. You can't well come to grief here, or I wouldn't leave you."

Wilson, senior, being over thirty, had evidently forgotten the capacity of some youngsters for coming to grief anywhere; but we felt proud of ourselves as we watched the boat plunge away, leaving us in charge of a real sea-going, racing cutter. We sat in the cockpit and shivered for a time, watching the tall topmast swing raking across the stars, and listening to the roar of surf on leagues of hammered shoals. It sounded very like processions of locomotives crossing a distant bridge. Then we began to feel lonely, for the wind moaned eerily across the great empty sands, and set the halliards drumming against the mast, while we remembered we lay two miles from the mainland, with no chance of reaching it until the flood tide made. The *Ruby* was a deep, narrow craft of eight tons yacht measurement, with heavy spars, and decked all over save for an open well, perhaps six feet long, to stand in.

"If she broke her chain, or anything, this wind and tide would drive her out to sea, in spite of us," Leyland said dubiously, when an hour had passed. "It's freshening, too."

"What's she going to break her chain for?" asked Wilson, sarcastically. "Of course, there might be tidal waves and tornadoes, but if I wore rows of brass buttons and got scared at nothing, I'd stay at home and help the nurse."

There was a splash alongside as the speaker ducked, and the *Ruby's* mop disappeared astern, while, knowing we could not afford such expensive amusements, I threatened to use the iron tiller in case of hostilities. We were all of us a little worried, and very cold, for the boat was a long time coming, and we went barefoot, partly because Leyland said the navy blue-jackets always did so, while Wilson, senior, objected to what he called shod hoofs scratching his varnish. Also, the wind was freshening, and the *Ruby* rolled, swaying her tall mast to and fro, and dipping her bowsprit into little splashing seas.

"You had better pay out a few fathoms of cable, and don't make a mess of it," I said in a tone of authority. The pair crawled for-

ward along the slippery slanted deck, and I heard them fumbling round the bitts, which are square timbers the anchor chain is fastened to. Then the latter began to run "clink-clink" through the pipe from below, and the boat ceased plunging as she drifted astern, until Leyland's voice rose up. "Get a turn. You want to check her neatly while I clap on the chain-stopper."

"Chain-stopper your uncle!" said Wilson. "You read that in a book. This isn't a full-blown square-rig merchant ship."

Just then the yacht rolled viciously, and they apparently fell over each other, while I jumped to my feet at the sound of another splash, and Leyland cried again, "You've kicked one of my new boots in, cook you! Get into the punt and catch it, skipper."

I had, however, sense enough to decline to chase anybody's new boot in a tiny dinghy late at night in a jump of sea, and what they did next I never exactly knew, though each of them afterwards demonstrated it was the other's fault, but I ran forward as for my life when a whirring rattle commenced. The fresh breeze and tide together were sweeping the yacht away, and the heavy chain was running out fathom by fathom. A cable lies in coils in the boat's bottom, and the end being seldom reached is not always, as it should be, carefully made fast. As I flung myself down on the narrow wet deck forward, Leyland, shouting vigorously, was being dragged out over the bows by the chain, and it was only when I grasped his legs he let it go. He declared afterwards he felt broken in two. More fathoms rattled out, and after nearly losing a finger trying to get slack enough to throw a loop or bight round the bitts, I shouted, "Jump below, Wilson, and twist a turn round the mast. Sit on it, Leyland, while I jam it with my foot."

The only result, however, was a score across my sole, and a piece ripped out of Leyland's pantaloons, while next moment there was a cry from Wilson, "Too late. It's all gone!" and, striking me hard in passing, the last link splashed into the sea, leaving us adrift without an anchor. The *Ruby* swang round, and commenced to blow away towards Ireland, and we looked at each other aghast until, when Wilson came up, Leyland said sullenly, "This idiot is responsible. He kicked my new shoe in."

"Hung his boots to ventilate upon the bitts," commenced the other scornfully, but I broke in, "You can settle all that afterwards. Get below and find the hemp rope and the kedg."

They disappeared, and I ripped clear the tiers which held the mainsail to its gaff and boom, then ran to the mast-heel, and endeavoured to hoist it. The sail was a big racing one, the spars heavy, almost beyond the strength of a shivering lad clinging with his bare feet to a slippery, slanting deck to do anything with, but by degrees I got the throat end of the long gaff up, and a balloon-like mass of canvas thrashed and thundered, its lower folds hurling up bucketsful of very cold salt water.

There was no doubt that the others meantime worked hard to find the kedge (a small anchor used to assist the main one), for I afterwards discovered the ruin they wrought in their efforts; but when they came up with it we had drifted out into open water, where two kedges would not have held us, and I shouted, "It's no use now. Take the helm, Wilson, and keep her before the wind. Leyland, get hold of the topping-lift, and pull the boom well up."

Twenty minutes passed before we got the heavy boom, or spar along the sail's foot, topped clear of the seas, and the canvas partly set. We should have reefed it, but that was too much for us in a rolling boat, and lying down until white foam sluiced boiling along one depressed rail, the *Ruby* sped out into the night, while the lights of the fishing town faded behind her. Then we all felt helpless, and even more lonely.

"Wind's dead off shore," said Wilson, struggling with the tiller. "She would never beat back against the tide, even if we could reef and set the mainsail, or find the channel—which we couldn't. We can only run downwind, and try to fetch Beaumaris. No other place to get into with this breeze, eh, skipper?"

"Correct," I said, ruefully, "and Beaumaris is over forty miles away. I'll run the jib up and light the binnacle."

Setting the *Ruby's* jib was a different matter to handling the pocket handkerchief we used on board the dinghy, but it was done with the help of Leyland, who several times nearly dived into the swath of foam the keen bows swang giddily out of; but a sense of exhilaration commenced to thrill us when we saw the black curve of canvas race splashing through the froth, and then heave up streaming into the air again. A tolerable sea was running, but now we knew the worst we felt slightly comforted. We crawled below to light the binnacle, or little compass lamp, and the *Ruby's* four-foot-high saloon was a picture. The paraffin stove reposed in one

corner upon its head, and sooty grease was trickling over everything. Our provisions rolled to and fro among it and bilge water, as did Wilson senior's portmanteau, while the rest of the floor was strewn with ropes, blocks, rowlocks, a rusty kettle, and sundries dragged forth from the lockers.

"The other idiot did it in his flurry. There'll be trouble when Wilson sees the mess we've made," said Leyland.

It was easy to lay the binnacle down beside the helmsman, and give him a course from the coaster's almanack for Wales, but it needs training to steer correctly even by a big ship's compass, and our tiny one whirled round on its axis at every heave. So I explained to the helmsman vaguely, "Don't let her go south of west, and we can't well miss the Carnarvonshire mountains when daylight comes. They're—how high is Snowdon, Leyland?"

"Don't know; didn't come here to do geography," answered the nautical student; "but the books say it's perilous to jibe a small fore-and-after when running hard by your lee. We are running by the lee, aren't we?"

We were, with the great black mainsail swinging above us like a half-inflated balloon, and ugly curling seas chasing us astern, while the brine shot up in cascades each time the bows went down, but, and because the man or boy who can handle a small open boat under canvas can, with a brief experience, handle any craft so far as his strength will serve, Wilson could steer. He knew, and we knew, that if he blundered when the yacht rose dripping on a white comber's crest the heavy boom would swing crashing over, and probably leave us without a mast, but he had learned the trick of the tiller sailing tiny dinghies, which is a thorough, if somewhat dangerous, school. So we drove on down the coast of Wales, passing unpleasantly close to a coasting steamer, whose tall, black side loomed above us like a wall as she rolled another fathom of it clear. Bright light streamed out from a tier of blinking ports, and she looked big and safe and solid, shearing resistlessly through the seas, while, lurching half-hidden between them, we envied the people on board her.

"It was Leyland's foolery that brought us here. What does he go hanging his wretched boots upon the bitts for? Still, there's no use growling now," said Wilson, leaning on the tiller. "Don't you think some hot coffee would come in handy?"

We all thought so, and Leyland held the stove fast, which was not easy, while I bailed

up some of the sooty oil from a corner with a tablespoon, and after several miniature explosions at last produced a canful of grimy fluid, which we passed first to the helmsman as coffee. We were thankful to get out of the saloon.

"I've tasted as nice black-draught, but it's warming," he said. "Won't you take the tiller? I can see six compasses jumping, and my right arm's coming off."

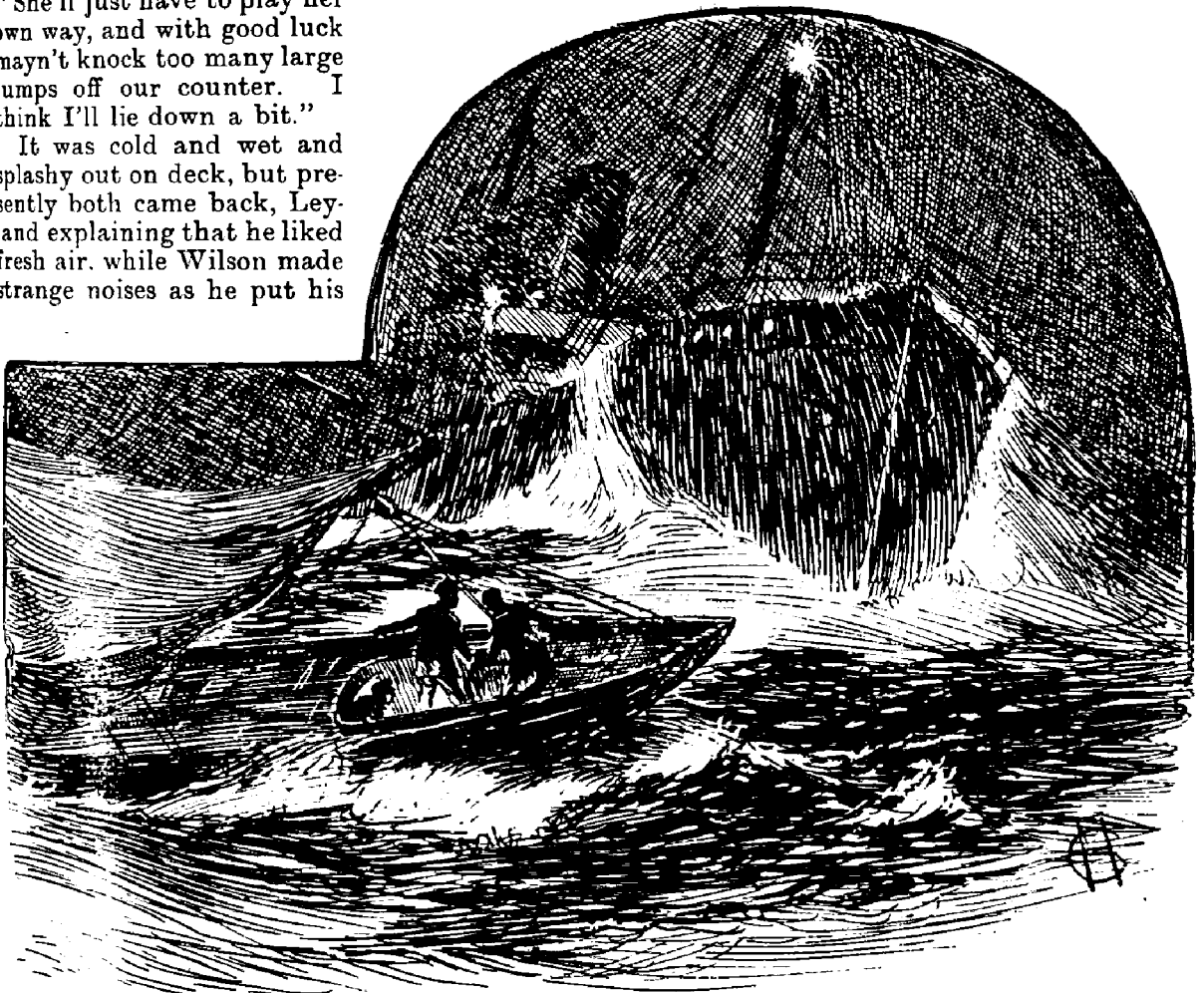
"Yes," I said. "You and Leyland had better get the dinghy in, or try to fasten a bucket astern of her."

Clinging with both hands to the long tiller, while the foam splashed up about me or boiled past below, I watched their struggles. A dinghy towed by a yacht running hard before the wind generally charges up on the larger vessel apparently in an attempt to jump on board her, but our half-swamped boat was too heavy for them to lift out, and as she reeled up and down the sea-slopes, the risk of jumping into her was heavy. So Wilson said, "She'll just have to play her own way, and with good luck mayn't knock too many large lumps off our counter. I think I'll lie down a bit."

It was cold and wet and splashy out on deck, but presently both came back, Leyland explaining that he liked fresh air, while Wilson made strange noises as he put his

head over the rail. Even the inexperienced amateur sailor seldom suffers from sea-sickness while kept busy on deck, but it is trying to anyone to lie still in a stuffy hole in a wildly lurching craft. At intervals, as happens with the east wind, heavier gusts drove bitter spindrift rattling about us, and whitened the sea, pressing the yacht down until the ridges of water that raced up astern stood high on either side of the narrow rushing hull. Some came on board, seething deep into the cockpit, and drenching us thoroughly, while my crew pumped hard; but there were lulls again, during which, though trusting the vessel, I grew more uneasy. It would be awkward if we drove down on the reefs of Anglesey before daylight broke, for, under her half-set canvas, the yacht would only run before the wind.

But at last, when we were all wet and chilled to the backbone, about the time when a strong man's vitality sinks to its lowest, the breeze commenced to fall, and, calling Wilson to the helm, I crawled into the saloon, to



PASSING UNPLEASANTLY CLOSE TO A COASTING STEAMER, WHOSE TALL, BLACK SIDE LOOMED ABOVE US LIKE A WALL.

tired to grow sea-sick before I fell asleep. A thump on the deck awakened me, and, turning out with a splitting headache, I saw dim green water heaving under the growing light, with hillsides rising above it out of haze ahead. One lower than the others I recognised as the hog-backed Island of Puffin, which guards the entrance to the Menai Straits, and we had made a good shot for Beaumaris, which lies a few miles up the channel. There was little wind, but the boom of the long heave piling itself upon battered stone rang ominously out of the haze. "The flood tide will be running now, and whisk us through the sound," I said. "Help me to set the mainsail."

Wilson roused Leyland, who lay huddled, a moist and somewhat pitiful object, in the cockpit, with his head on a rusty chain, and, for it was daylight, we soon set the whole sail. Then, swinging drowsily to the cradle-like lift of swell, the yacht crawled on towards the island until we could see the white spray leap up from its ledges, on which the ground sea broke heavily. "There wouldn't be much of her left if she went ashore. Hardly any wind to help us, and the tide's going in like a mill race," said Wilson, uneasily.

Steep crags now rose on either side, the swell rumbling about them, and tumbling nastily as the tide drove it through the narrow channel between. Perhaps most readers know that as the tides swing to and fro along our coasts they do not only rise and fall upon the beaches, but, round headlands, in sounds, channels, and river mouths, form swift streams which run occasionally eight miles an hour. The flood was then pouring inland, bearing us with it even faster than we liked. The rocks shut the wind off, the tall, white canvas flapped, and the boat slid now sideways, now stern-foremost, while we said little as we watched each upward rush of foam and the backwash streaming down the stone, until Wilson growled, "If she hit any of those ledges swimming wouldn't be much good."

I did not answer as I gazed at a big stone beacon, which, standing out in the channel, seemed forging towards us through a wreath of foam. If we could pass on its western side there was deep water into the sheltered straits, but between it and the island the tide boiled furiously over a reef. It drew rapidly nearer, the sail flapped idly, and I said, "Jump into the dinghy, take a line from the bowsprit, and row your hardest. She'll either roll over or smash her bottom in if she strikes yonder."

With a great show of hurry they dropped into the punt, and made the line fast, but it is difficult for the inexperienced to tow a larger vessel with a boat. So the line, slipping over the dinghy's stern, ripped forwards until it hurled Wilson backwards upon Leyland, and nearly capsized her, while, at the next stroke they made, the tightening rope jerked the tiny craft back right under the bowsprit, and Leyland's cap fell in. They pulled perhaps a minute before a turn of the hemp caught Wilson's oar, nearly dragging it away from him, while, before he could disentangle it, the yacht forged up on top of them, and they were caught under the wire ropes which stay the bowsprit. And all the time the beacon drew nearer, and horribly nearer, and it was evident we were going the wrong side of it.

"It will be all up in a few minutes if you can't do better," I, shouted, bending over a great sculling oar in the stern rowlock, and shooting the dinghy clear the rowers providentially managed to keep ahead with the line. They made an interesting picture, and I can see them yet, swinging backwards at the oars, with the perspiration streaming down their set faces, and Wilson's lips drawn back from his clenched teeth. Behind them troubled water sank and heaved, while the roar of the tide on the reef almost drowned the rattle of the stout ashwood in the rowlocks. They were pulling for their lives, which, perhaps, gave them a strength beyond their years.

My own eyes felt as though they were coming out of my head, my mouth seemed dried up, and my throat stuck together, for it needed a grown man to handle that heavy oar when perched on a long duck's-tail counter that tilted and heaved. But we were making a little, for the pillar hung tall and threatening over our beam, as though, when the crash came, it would drive right through the *Ruby's* middle, and I remember trying to shout, and only making a cackling in my throat. The others understood it, and were doing their best, guessing what would happen if that was not sufficient. Could they keep a strain on the rope another half-minute we might pass clear; otherwise, yacht and crew would be ground up together on the surf-licked stone.

They did it gallantly; the pillar towered just level with the *Ruby's* stern, and, not caring to glance at it, I bent double over the oar until there was a breathless howl from Leyland, and, looking up, I saw the danger drive away behind us. We were swept clear



—
 COULD THEY
 KEEP A STRAIN
 ON THE ROPE
 ANOTHER HALF
 MINUTE WE
 MIGHT PASS
 CLEAR.

by the flood tide into the Straits of Menai. Then I sat down on the counter, and nearly choked, while in the dinghy which the line jerked back towards the yacht Wilson thumped the spluttering Leyland hard upon the back until, when they were alongside, he stooped and thrust his head into the water. After this he poured a capful down the back of his companion's neck.

"I've cricked my spine, split off all my buttons, and rubbed a hole in my hands, but we've cheated the reef," he gasped. "Leyland's so proud of himself that I've had to cure him of a swollen head."

Ten minutes earlier the skipper, at least, had felt abject, much like a criminal awaiting execution; now we felt like admirals, and, determining to enter Beaumaris in style, set both the staysail and lofty topsail. Warm sunlight crept across the woods and hills of Anglesey, a smooth swell splashed lazily along the sheltered beaches, while anyone can sail a yacht with a gentle, fair wind. It is when she plunges under shortened canvas into big breaking combers that seamanship comes in, and in our case we had only to keep the boat running during the night, without jibing her, down wind, which at times, however, was difficult enough.

We drifted round the end of Beaumaris pier, picked up somebody's mooring buoy, and made fast to its chain, for Wilson said, "I don't think anyone would have the heart to turn us off without an anchor, and we wouldn't go if they did."

As we thankfully furled the canvas, a long-shore man pulled past in his punt, and, looking at us, asked: "You wass come from Liverpool in last night's breeze; who wass bring you?"

"We brought ourselves," said Leyland, proudly; and the Welshman commented, "Deah, deah! you wass get drowned certain some day," as he paddled away.

"I think I could eat something," said Leyland presently; and Wilson repeated, "He thinks he could! It's perfectly sure I am, and if there's anything good in Beaumaris I'm going to get it. Jack took the oil tin, so heave me up the small water jar, and I'll bring some stove paraffin."

"You had better send him a telegram first thing," I said.

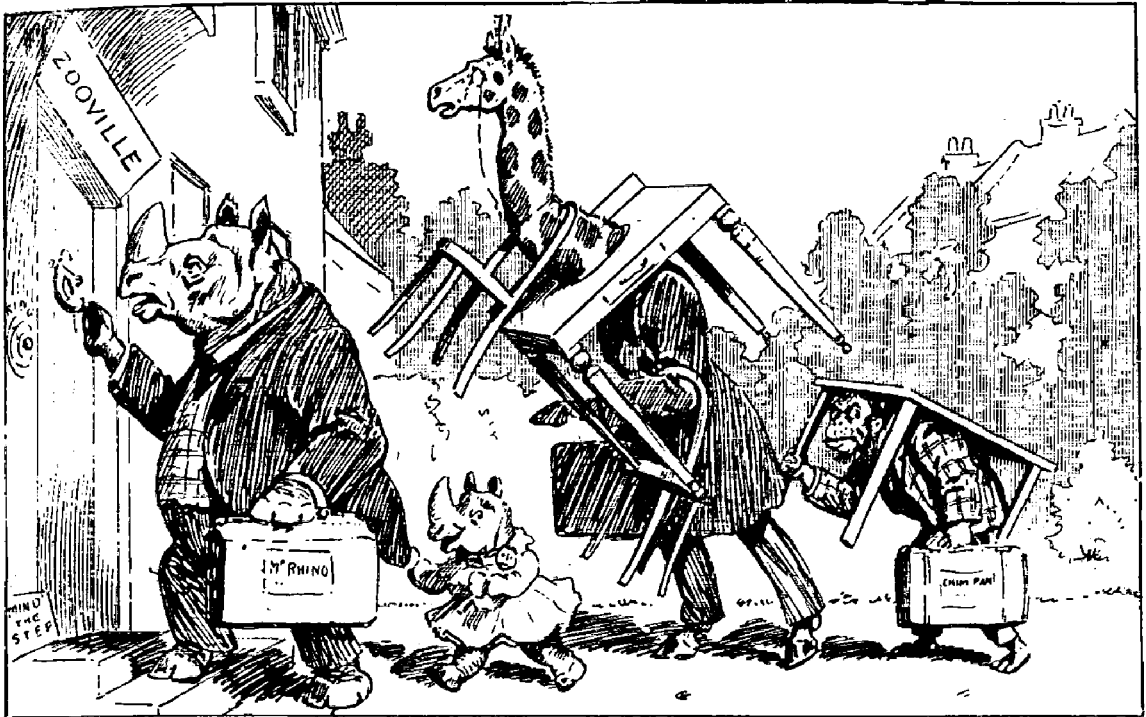
Wilson evidently did so, for, after we had spent the day in cooking and endeavouring to render the *Ruby* comparatively clean, and had been turned off three different sets of moorings by indignant owners, his elder brother came down by the passenger steamer. Surveying his vessel disgustedly, he said, "A pretty mess you have made of her, and it's a special mercy you didn't drown yourselves. A good anchor and cable, besides the new mop, gone, three locker lids broken; paraffin in the water jar, and grease all over—well, I suppose you're not particular."

"You needn't look at it in that way," said Wilson, junior, stiffly. "You might be thankful we saved your boat, and are here at all. If it hadn't been for the way we handled her we wouldn't be. Instead of growling about trifles, a decent fellow would say we deserved some credit."

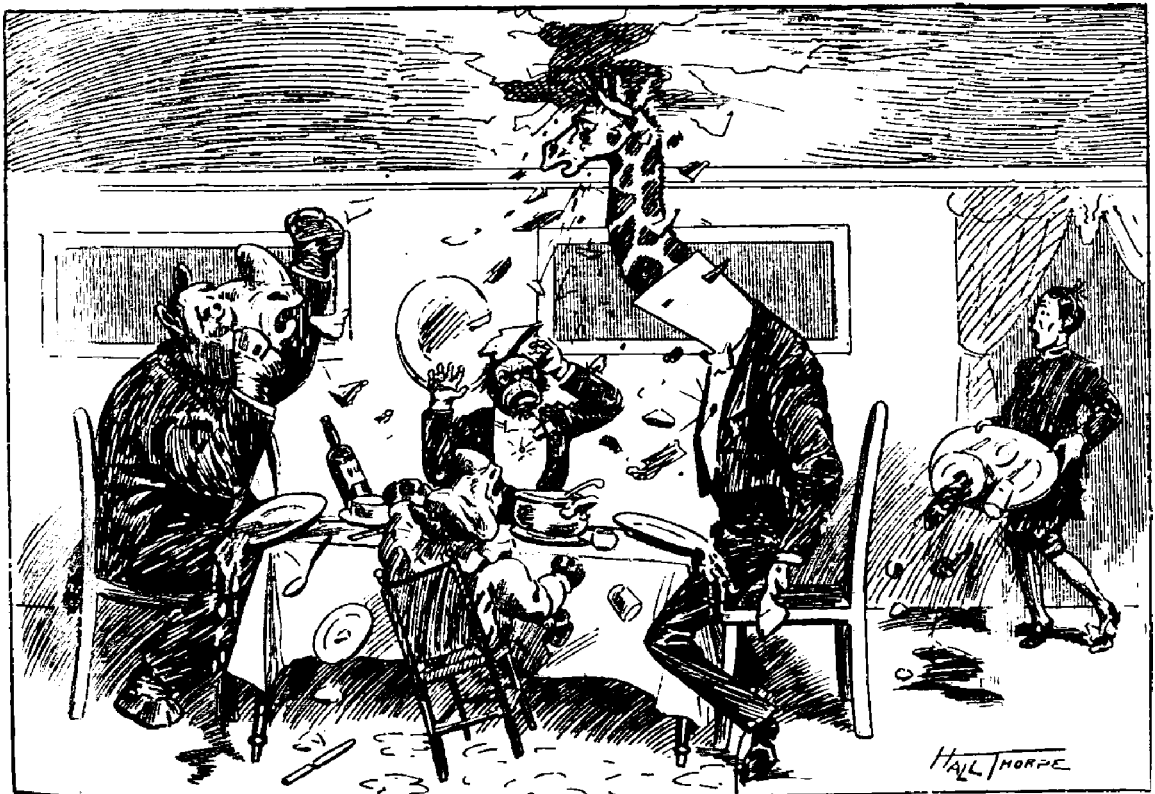
"You'll get all you deserve," answered the elder brother, with a twinkle in his eye. "Especially when your father lays hands on you. Your mother, who might have known better, sat up all night mourning for you. I suppose five pounds' worth of anchor and chain is a trifle to millionaires like you, and, as to the credit, one would fancy that Providence, which protects the foolhardy, deserved a share of it, too."

Two of us have sailed other waters and much larger ships since then, but we have none of us forgotten the wild night run on board the *Ruby*, when, against my wishes, I first took command.





Zoo Villa, Regent's Park, London, June, 1902.—"Dear Old Kangaroo,—Such a time! As representatives from all parts of the world were visiting London at Coronation time, old G. Raffe, Rhino and his youngster, a few others, and self, thought we'd go, too. We got some tame friends at the Zoo to take a house for us, and when we got to London we started getting the furniture in. [N.B.—Observe yours truly at the back with table and a bag containing fur brush and other little necessities.



Old G. Raffe found the parlour roof a bit low, and his head injured the plaster. Otherwise we rather liked the place. Nice bit of garden behind.



But the night was the time. Old G. Raffe had a nightmare, and startled us out of our first sweet sleep with a fearful grunting. Guess his feet felt cold.



He wanted to get out and fetch a policeman, and it took our united efforts to keep him in bed.



I tell you, dear Kang, when the end of that bed gave way, I began to feel anxious.



A policeman, attracted by the row, came up, but he couldn't help us! I think you were wise not to come, old man. G. Raffie says he's going back by the first boat. Don't believe he will. Love to 'Possum and Co.—Your own CHIM PAN.

(Further Adventures Next Month.)

THE STAMP COLLECTOR

CONDUCTED BY

E. J. NANKIVELL

R.P.G.

TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.

(Continued from page 59.)

FIRST BRITISH OCCUPATION.

WE now come to the period of the first British occupation, chiefly distinguished for its surcharges of "V.R. TRANSVAAL" on the types of the First Republic.

1877. Let us take first the stamps which were surcharged all in capitals. As a commencement the British authorities apparently overprinted the stock which they found on hand, for we find these first overprintings on stamps which we recognise as the last printings of the First Republic.

We surmise that the first overprinting was done in red ink, and that this colour, being too indistinct, was discarded, after a few sheets had been printed, in favour of black ink. Consequently red surcharges are very scarce. The 3d., 6d., and 1s. values all exist surcharged in red.

Then came the black surcharge, of which we get 1d., red; 3d., lilac; 6d., blue; and 1s., yellow-green. The imperforate stamp in each case is the normal issue.

Varieties are numerous. There are fine and wide roulettes, inverted surcharges, the letters "V. R." and "TRANSVAAL" about 4 mm. wider apart, stop omitted after "Transvaal," stop omitted after "R" of "V.R.," pelure paper, and one or two other minor

varieties, all of which the beginner will do well to ignore unless copies come unasked, for they are all ruinously expensive. The be-

ginner, in fact, will do well to confine his attention exclusively to the normal stamps, as set out by me.

IMPERFORATE.
Surcharged in red.

	Unused.	Used.
3d., lilac	—	—
6d., blue	—	—
1s., yellow green ...	—	£5

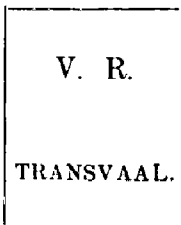
Surcharged in black.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d., red	6	0	12	6
3d., lilac	80	0	30	0
6d., blue	—	—	30	0
6d., blue on rose ...	50	0	20	0
1s., yellow green ...	60	0	35	0

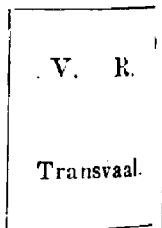
1877-8. Coloured papers. Surcharged in capitals and small letters.

Types V. and VI. overprinted on a fresh printing from the old plates of the Republic made on coloured papers. In this issue the overprint is altered from all capitals to capitals and small letters. The two types—Roman and Italic V.R.—were used on the same sheet. The Roman "V.R." is the commoner type. As before, the 1d. and 6d. values are of Type I., and the 3d. of Type II.

Varieties: There are again many varieties such as stops omitted after "V" and "R" of "V.R.," surcharge inverted, and surcharge omitted, but the great rarity is the word "Transvaal" set up as "Transvral," which is found only on the 1d. red on blue. An unused copy of this variety now fetches from £150 to £200.



TYPE IV.



TYPE V.

Roman V.R., i.e., overprinted in black with Type V.

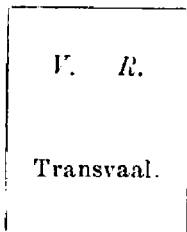
IMPERFORATE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1d., red on blue	2 10 0	1 5 0
1d., red on orange	0 5 0	0 7 6
3d., lilac on buff	0 15 0	0 7 6
3d., mauve on green	—	1 0 0
6d., blue on green	3 5 0	0 17 6
6d., blue on blue	2 0 0	0 15 0

Italic "V.R.," i.e., overprinted with Type VI.

In this Italic "V.R." series there is no 6d. blue on green, and the varieties, so plentiful in the Roman "V.R.," do not recur in the Italic "V.R."

The varieties are fine and wide roulette and surcharge inverted.



TYPE VI.

IMPERFORATE.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., red on orange	30 0	30 0
3d., lilac on buff	40 0	15 0
3d., mauve on green	—	15 0
6d., blue on blue	—	20 0

1879. August to September. Coloured papers, continued.

Further printings from the old plates, 1d. Type I., and 3d. Type II. Surcharged in black with Type VII., in which it will be noted the letters "V.R." are smaller and closer together. The notable variety in this issue is the small capital T to "Transvaal, which is found in both the 1d. and

both the 3d. values. It occurs four times on each sheet, and is very scarce.

IMPERFORATE.

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1d., red on yellow	1 10 0	1 5 0
1d., red on orange	1 0 0	1 5 0
3d., lilac on green	1 10 0	0 17 6
3d., lilac on blue	1 5 0	0 12 6

Notable New Issues.

The new King's Heads are steadily supplanting the late Queen's. The old designs are mostly retained with as little change as possible in substituting the King's for the Queen's Head. Canada, which was going to be first with a King's Head issue, has as yet taken no steps towards providing a new issue. Bermuda promises a surprise in the shape of a design something after the style of the current Turk's Island stamps, with ships in a large circle in the centre of the design.

Jamaica is credited with the intention of issuing a series with the arms of the colony, and the United States postal authorities are preparing a series of new designs. The first of the new series, the design of which has been accepted, is for a 4c. stamp with a portrait of General Grant (head and shoulders) occupying the central portion of the design. In a panel at the top is the inscription, "Series of 1902." At the ends of the panel are the heads of eagles facing outward. Under the portrait is the name "Grant," with 1822, the date of his birth, and 1885, the date of his death. The inscription, "United States of America," figures of value, a group of flags and other ornamentations, indicate much more elaboration of design than we are accustomed to in ordinary United States stamps. From the date of the series it may be inferred that we shall have the new stamps this year.

British Central Africa.—The colour of the current 1d. value has been changed from ultramarine with a black centre to red with a purple centre.

India.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send me three values of the new series with the King's Head, 3p., ½a., and 1a. These three stamps were supplied to the various post offices throughout India, and issued simultaneously on the Coronation Day, August 9th. They are the old designs with the King's Head substituted for the late Queen's. The colours are also as before. Wmk. star. Perf. 14.



3p., grey.
½a., pea-green.
1a., carmine.

Leeward Islands.—This colony apparently intends to pave the way for the new King's Head stamps by surcharging its surplus stock of Queen's Heads for use as lower values. I have received the 4d., 6d. and 7d. of the

current series surcharged "One Penny." On the 4d. and 6d. the surcharge is in two lines with a very thin bar through the original value. On the 7d. the surcharge is in two lines, and a heavy bar cancels the original value. The surcharge is in black.

"One Penny" on 4d. lilac and orange.
 " on 6d. lilac and brown.
 " on 7d. lilac and slate.

Mauritius.—The restless postal authorities of this colony are always playing pranks with their postage stamps. The latest change is a vertical overprint in black, "Postage and," at the left, reading upwards, and "Revenue" at the right, reading downwards, of which Messrs. Whitfield and Co. send me copies. Henceforth, according to an official notice, "Stamps heretofore used as postage stamps only, as well as further issues, whether surcharged or not with the words 'Postage and Revenue,' may be used for postage and revenue purposes." That being so, it is hard to see the reason for the surcharge.

Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. also send me two new stamps of the current arms type, viz., 8 cents, dull pale green, on buff paper, with value in black, and 12 cents, grey-black on white paper, with value in carmine.

Montenegro.—This very mountainous little principality has issued a new series of stamps of uniform design, with an up-to-date portrait of the reigning Prince. The currency on the stamps has been changed from *novcics* to *heller* and *kruna*. No. Wmk. Perf. 13. Some perf. 12½.

- 1 heller, light blue.
- 2 " rose lilac.
- 5 " green.
- 10 " rose.
- 25 " dark blue.
- 50 " grey blue.
- 1 kruna, brown lilac.
- 2 " light brown.
- 5 " yellow brown.



Natal.—This colony has provided itself with a striking new design with the King's Head. Instead of accepting the same stereotyped design as the smaller colonies, the postal authorities in Natal prepared a design of their own, which Messrs. De la Rue have engraved. The King's Head is in a circle on a ground of solid colour which is printed in a



brilliant colour in strong contrast to the rest of the design. So far only three values of the new series have been issued, viz., 3d., 6d. and 1s.

- 3d., grey, centre purple.
- 6d., dull green, centre chocolate.
- 1s., pale blue, centre carmine.

St. Lucia.—The ½d. and 1d. values with the King's Head substituted for the late Queen's have been issued here.



- ½d., purple and green.
- 1d., purple and carmine.

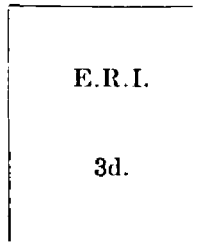
Transvaal.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send us a set of the new series with the the King's Head, as illustrated. The design is a very pleasing one, and the printing of the head in one colour and the rest of the design in another, adds to its effectiveness.

The lower values up to 2s. are inscribed "Postage—Revenue." The three high values have the word "Postage" on each side of the design. Wmk. CA., perf. 14.



- ½d., green, head in black.
- 1d., carmine, head in black.
- 2d., violet, head in black.
- 2½d., blue, head in black.
- 6d., orange, head in black.
- 1s., sage green, head in black.
- 2s., brown, head in black.
- 2s. 6d., black, head mauve.
- 5s., purple on yellow, head black.
- 10s., purple on red paper, head black.

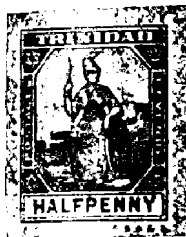
This new set, it will be observed, lacks 3d. and 4d. values, which have since been provided locally by surcharging some of the 3d. and 4d. stamps of the late South African Republic with the initials E.R.I., and the value below. Obviously new stamps for the omitted values will have to be added to the King's Head series. The complete list of stamps of



the South African Republic overprinted E.R.I. to date, therefore stands as follows:—

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. on 2d. brown and green.
- 1d., carmine and green.
- 3d., purple and green.
- 4d., sage green and green.

Trinidad has changed its current type $\frac{1}{2}$ d. value from grey to green, the Postal Union colour. Evidently it has no present intention of changing to a King's Head issue. The figure of Britannia, seated, on the current series, is a reversion to the type of the much-prized



rare early issues.

REVIEW.

The 1903 edition of Part I., British Empire section, of the Stanley Gibbons stamp catalogue, has just been published. Its publication is always regarded by dealers and collectors as a philatelic event of considerable import, for Gibbons' prices practically determine prices throughout the stamp trade. Hence, there is a rush for copies directly it is announced as ready. The dealer starts re-pricing his stock by it, and the collector scans its pages to see if his particular favourites have gone up, or if those he wants to buy are still at opportunity prices. As to the prices in this new catalogue, all that can be said

is that some are up a little and some are down a little, but there are no sensational changes. Despite all the warnings about a coming rise in Queen's Heads, they show little advance, and it would be absurd to expect otherwise. Only the easily gulled have been rushed into immediate big purchases of Queen's Heads. What rise they may have will be gradual. The King's Heads appear as the novel feature of the catalogue. Some countries have been re-written in the light of the latest researches, and some dates of early issues have been changed in the light of later information. In cataloguing Labuan and North Borneo rubbish, the few stamps that have done postal duty are priced separately from the mass of stuff cancelled to order in London for sale to stamp flats.

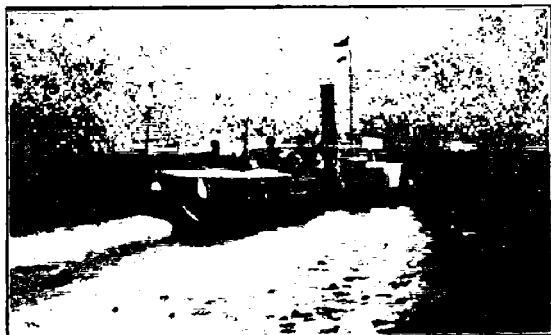
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Young Specialist.—For choice you would be safe in specialising Gambia. Only a few of its early issues are yet high priced, and the later issue of the beautiful embossed series is still low priced. Five years hence they will probably be worth at least four times their present prices. Lay in as full a collection of shades, used and unused, as you can afford.

G. C. M.—Unused for investment are, in my opinion, always to be preferred to used. In the first place they are in prime condition as issued, in the second place they are far more certain to rise in value, and in the third place a collection of unused always looks best. Nevertheless, from a pure collecting point of view used are frequently far more interesting, there being so much to be learned from clearly dated postmarked specimens.



P.S. "WALTON BELLE."



P.S. "WOOLWICH BELLE."

Kodak snapshots by E. M. Leman.

WELCH'S MILE RECORD.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

HOW long the feud between Welch and his house-master Merevale had been going on is uncertain. Probably it had started from a remark that Merevale made about Welch after the final house-match of the previous summer, when, owing principally to his mismanagement of the bowling—he was captain of Merevale's—Perkins' had won by a wicket. Merevale was a quick-tempered man with a rather rich vein of sarcasm in him, and his comment on Welch's performance was pungent and personal. He delivered it as the latter was coming up the pavilion steps after the match. The pavilion was, as was usual on the final house-match day, packed with lookers-on, all of whom heard the remark, and the majority of whom laughed audibly. Nobody could be expected actually to enjoy this sort of thing, but anybody else but Welch would have forgotten the incident next day. Welch, however, was one of those people who, though they look as if they were morally pachydermatous, really feel everything. He hated being laughed at. The result was that he nursed his grievance against Merevale until it became a sort of second nature to him to be at daggers drawn. That was the flaw in Welch's character, a character in other ways distinctly up to the average. He was inclined to sulk in these sort of emergencies.

It was now nearing the end of the Easter term, and the air was thick with sports and rumours of sports. Welch was a fine runner. The mile was his distance, though, like most milers, he also dabbled in the half. He had the easy springy stride which marks the runner with a future as distinguished from the runner who does great things at school but nothing afterwards.

The interest of a school in its sports is generally rather in the prospective times than in the actual struggle for first place. It usually happens that one runner is first favourite, while the rest enter principally for the look of the thing and the chance of second prize. It was so with the mile. Given anything but the worst of bad luck, a sprained ankle or a fall, for instance, Welch could not help winning it. It only remained to see

whether he would do a record. The record for the mile at St. Austin's was an exceptionally good one—four forty-four and a fifth. Mitchell-Jones, afterwards president of the O.U.A.C., and winner of many and various desirable trophies on the track, was responsible for it. He had done it in his last year at school, ten years before, and nobody had come near it since. A respectable four fifty-eight or nine was the average time. Last year Drake of Dacre's house, with Thomson of Merevale's a foot behind, had covered the distance, amidst tremendous enthusiasm, in four minutes and forty-eight seconds. It was generally felt that this had reached the high water-mark. Then rumours began to be spread abroad about Welch's form. Two of the junior school had timed him surreptitiously before breakfast one morning, and he had done his mile in four forty-seven without turning a hair. In ordinary football clothes, too, not running clothes at all! The school allowed the usual discount necessary in dealing with junior school statements, and resolved to keep its eye on Welch. He ran a mile three times a week, always before breakfast. On the third day after the two juniors had made their report, several seniors, sportsmen in whose eyes sport ranked before sleep, got up early with reliable watches, and strolled about until Welch appeared. A little group formed at the scratch to see him off, several enthusiasts pacing him for the last lap. Three stop-watches of unimpeachable reputation agreed on four forty-five as the time. As there was still a week before the sports it seemed almost certain that he would be able to rub off the last remaining second of Mitchell-Jones's time, and so hand his name down to eternal fame as the holder of the St. Austin's mile record. The school was excited. Welch went to bed early on the night before the sports. He felt he owed it to the school to take no risks. For the past week Elliman's had flowed like water, pastry had been regarded with an aversion that amounted to loathing, and Merevale had even gone to the length of allowing him toast instead of bread, a great concession. Welch thought this a very graceful act on Merevale's part. He fell asleep that night

wondering vaguely if he had not better make advances in the matter of the feud, and place matters once more on a peace footing.

He had been asleep four hours or more when he woke with a start. Somebody had entered his cubicle, and was shaking him by the shoulder. A hastily-formed impression that this was the advance guard of another dormitory making a midnight raid was dispelled by the rasping sound of a match on its box. Then it flared suddenly, and when his eyes had become accustomed to the light he

saw that it was Merevale. Merevale, in pyjamas and a Balliol blazer, with a look on his face so ghastly that it woke Welch far more effectively than the shaking had done.

"Welch," whispered Mr. Merevale, as the match gave a dying flicker.

"Yes, sir."

"Get some clothes on. Get your running clothes on. Don't make a noise. I don't want the rest of the dormitory to wake. Then come to my study. And be quick. Don't make a noise."

He stole silently out again. Welch heard him, open the door which separated his private house from the boys' half. Then he began to dress in a dazed way, wondering all the time what was going to happen. It must be something important, or Merevale would hardly have dragged him out of bed like this at one o'clock. He had looked

pretty bad, thought Welch. Why? And why running clothes? And why—a hundred things. Well, he would soon know.

He was not sorry to be out of the room and in the passage. There is always something very unpleasant and eerie in the sound of other people breathing heavily in the dark when one is awake oneself. Queer little

moans and grunts and sighs were uttered from time to time as he groped for his running things and put them on. It was very cold, too. Altogether a most unpleasant situation. Why, why, why, he asked himself again.

Suddenly somebody began to talk in his sleep. The sound acted on Welch like an electric shock. He was surprised to find how near he had been to falling asleep again. He was quite awake now, and he made his way stealthily to Mr. Merevale's study.



"GET YOUR RUNNING CLOTHES ON. DON'T MAKE A NOISE."

Merevale was waiting there for him. There was a candle burning on the table. It cast an indistinct light, and made the house-master's face look worse than ever.

"Welch," said he, "listen to me. Sit down. Now, in the first place, are you quite awake?"

This was exactly the question Welch had

been asking of himself. Could he be awake?

"Yes, sir," he said.

"Quite awake? Then listen to me. Welch, I am going to ask you to do rather a big thing. Do you know where Doctor Adamson lives?"

Adamson was the doctor who ministered to St. Austin's when it was sick or when it thought it was. He lived in the village, and from St. Austin's to the village is just a mile

"Marjorie is very ill. Diphtheria, we think."

Welch was on his feet in a moment at that. Marjorie was Merevale's ten-year-old daughter. The house worshipped her to a man, and with reason, for the Mere Kid, as she was called, was a patriot and sportswoman to her small finger-tips, and wore out vast supplies of gloves annually in applauding the doings of her house in the cricket and football fields.



"TIME?" HE GASPED.

by road. The road is well laid, and as nearly level as a road can be.

"Yes, sir," said Welch. He began to understand dimly.

"You could find the house in the dark? Good. Then listen. I want you to run your very hardest to Adamson's and give him this note. Tell him to come at once. It's important. Very important."

Welch's face became one large mark of interrogation. Mr. Merevale explained.

"Your bicycle, sir?" he said.

"Punctured yesterday. Not another in the house." Welch was silent.

"Can you do it in time? In another quarter of an hour it may be too late."

Welch did what every other member of the house would have done. He held out his hand for the note.

"It's just twenty-five past," said Merevale, as he let him out of the front door. "Can you get there by half-past?"

"Easily, sir," said Welch, and started.

Doctor Adamson was returning from a night visit to a patient, when, just as he reached the door of his house, he pulled up in blank astonishment. Down the road to the left, from the direction of St. Austin's, a white figure was running at an extraordinary pace. The doctor's professional ear recognised the heavy breathing of a fine trained runner who has all but run himself out. For a moment he was profoundly puzzled.

"Training! At this time of night! Can't be. By jove, he's making for my house. Must be something wrong."

"Here," he shouted, "this way. I am Doctor Adamson, if you are after me."

Welch wheeled round in the direction of the voice, and staggered up to the dogcart. "Note," he gasped, "Merevale." He was terribly tired in spite of his training. "Time?" he gasped.

The doctor whipped out his watch.

"The exact time is eighteen seconds to the half-hour. Half-past one practically. Now, let's see what it's all about."

He frowned as he read Merevale's letter. "Diphtheria. H'm. Thinks it's diphtheria. Can't be anything else by the symptoms. Jump up, young man. We must hurry."

But Welch could not move. He lay by the side of the road and panted. The doctor was a powerful man. He sprang down, and lifted him in his arms. It took him two minutes to carry him into the house and place him on a sofa. Then he returned to the dogcart. He gathered up the reins again and turned the horse's head towards St. Austin's.

Merevale was standing at the front door.

"That you, doctor?" he said. "Thank God you were in. Come on quickly, man. She's worse."

"How about the horse?" asked the doctor. "He won't improve the flower beds if he gets on to them."

"Never mind the flower beds. Let the beast roll in them if he wants to. This way."

Doctor Adamson rose from his inspection of the patient, and turned to Merevale with a smile. "I think it will be all right," he said, "I am in time by exactly five minutes."

"I must be going back to my other patient now," said the doctor an hour afterwards.

"Your other patient?"

"The runner."

"Oh, Welch."

"Welch is his name, is it? I used to know some Welches in Somersetshire. Wonder if it is the same family. I suppose you realise what you owe to him?"

"Yes, by jove," said Mr. Merevale. "If you will give me a lift, doctor, I'll come back with you now and see him."

Welch did not break the record on sports day, as he was too knocked up to run at all, and the race went to Roberts, of Dacre's house, in the very mediocre time of five one. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that in his run that night he must have been a clear second inside Mitchell-Jones's historic time, making all allowances. The occasion is also kept green in his memory by a silver cup, the exact double of the school mile cup, which Merevale presented to him as a memento of the occasion.

Welch did better times after he left school, but, as he very justly observes, that was the best mile he ever did, or was ever likely to do.

And Merevale is of much the same opinion.



TALES OF INDIA



THE ATTACK ON THE BUNGALOW.

By F. P. GIBBON.

Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.

“**M**ORNING, Bill; this is fresher than down in the plains!”

The speaker, a broad-shouldered, well-knit lad of sixteen, of pleasant appearance, if not exactly handsome, regarded with a twinkle of fun in his eye the person greeted. “Bill” was attired in half the garb of the British soldier—that is, the lower half. From the waist upwards he had no covering but his own tough skin, and a coarse towel with which he was burnishing the same. He drew himself up as the boy spoke, and his heels, being bare, met without the customary click.

“That’s so, Master Jack, and it’s more homelike here nor down there, but nothin’ to what it is Simla way. You might think you was near Coniston itself barrin’ that everything’s bigger.”

Jack Ashley sat on a boulder and watched the trout motionless among the pebbles at the bottom of the clear pools. Higher up a sycamore in full leaf bent over the stream, and this he regarded with an interest almost affectionate.

“That’s homelike, Bill,” he said, and nodded towards the tree. “Doesn’t that sycamore remind you of the one just below your dad’s cottage, by the bend of Yewdale Beck?”

“It’s the very spit of it,” Bill agreed. “When I first came to Injia’s coral strand, I expected to see palms and cocoanuts, Injian corn and rice-fields, nutmegs, bananas and such-like spices. But Simla was the first place I went to from Calcutta, and it made me fair homesick when I saw primroses and violets and heard the cuckoos and thrushes.”

Jack was the son of Captain Ashley, a “political” in the North-West. Bill Coward, private in the “Loyal Rutlands,” was the captain’s orderly and the son of a tenant of Jack’s grandfather. The boy had lately returned from his school in England. Noting that his wife was feeling the effects of the heat, Captain Ashley had accepted the offer of a bungalow at Kulu, on the hills of the Buner frontier. Major Standring, who had given the invitation, had been surveying, accompanied by a Pathan orderly and two Gurkhas. He was now called to Simla and would be away for two or three weeks. Looking forward to a well-earned holiday, Captain Ashley had barely seen his wife installed when a *chawprassie* brought a note bidding him speed to Peshawur on a case of importance. Major Standring, himself on the point of departure, called

his friend aside and offered to leave the two Gurkhas as a guard. Though no danger was anticipated, the border was always subject to fanatical outbreaks, and a turbulent spirit, known as the Mullah, Imam-ud-din, a man "wanted" for many murders and raids, had been seen abroad again. Our story opens on the morning after the arrival at Kulu.

"What queer fellows the two Gurkhas are," Jack observed. "I was watching them ragging Todar Mull, the bearer, just now."

"Rummy blokes!" replied Bill, who, though a dalesman by birth, had spent a good part of his twenty-three years in London or in the army, and had almost forgotten his native dialect. "But they're all there when there's a row. They're the only bloomin' niggers I know" he continued, as they walked towards the bungalow, "what you can believe and what are honest—though Dogras ain't so bad."

"You can't trust the others, then?"

"Not much. Paythans, and Sikhs, and Brahmins and such, no fear! I've seen too much of 'em. Not but what they're jolly good fighters, 'specially Sikhs, but you can't never believe a word they say. I've fought side by side wi' 'em all, and Johnny's the pick. He's a fair knock-out in a scrap, is Johnny Gurkhy, though quiet enough at other times, and he'll eat and drink and smoke like a Christian."

"Pathans are mostly a bad lot, aren't they?" Jack asked.

"There's good and bad, and they can be jolly chaps when you're out for a lark wi' 'em. Good sportsmen are Paythans. Sikhs ain't. A Paythan 'ud risk 'is bloomin' life to steal a rupee, but a Sikh's a regular miser. They starve themselves to save their pay unless the officers watch 'em. Why, I knowed a officer once what had a champion gamecock,* and the Paythans of his corps used to borrow it to lick the village cocks, and they were as proud of it as the Taffies are of their goat. One day a Sikh trooper of the regiment come along, and, no one lookin', he pinches that there gamecock and wrings his neck and cooks 'im. He could ha' got a better-eatin' fowl for nothin' almost. He was no sportsman. A Paythan might have stolen it, but he'd never ha' bin so measly as to eat it.

"Now, Johnny Gurkhy's quite different. You can trust him anywhere and he's always up to a lark. He's quite a moral bloke compared to Paythans and Sikhs, but he has his faults. He's a beggar to kill when he's roused, and he's got a good conceit of himself and wants takin' down now and again, and he's thick-headed, though a smarter drill than any. And there's one bad 'abit he has, sir, as none of the others has. When

* A fact.

he's bin learned to read and write he goes and scribbles things on doors and walls, same as board-school kids. 'Tommy Joves is a ugly idiot,' and that kind. Vulgar, too, you know."

Jack nodded. By now they had reached the compound, and a signal from his mother in the verandah sent the boy in to breakfast. After the meal, Mrs. Ashley lay down again to relieve her headache and Jack sought out his friend Bill, whom he soon found busy with hammer and nails, knocking up a few boards to repair a dilapidated hen-house. They had only been talking for a few minutes when Mrs. Ashley's dusky body-guard hove in sight.

With the Gurkha swagger upon them, like a couple of guardsmen in Hyde Park, the little mountaineers sauntered towards them. They were clad in dark green with putties and thick boots, and their round caps bore the metal emblem of the crossed kukris with a "5" between. The smaller, about twenty-four years of age, his flat face marked with the mark of Sitala (the small-pox goddess), bore the three stripes of a havildar; the other, a lad of eighteen, was a private.

"*Ram-Ram*," said Jack, as the riflemen saluted.

"Guid mornin', sir," said the sergeant.

"What is your name, havildar?"

"Ranbir Gharti, sir."

"And yours?" Jack enquired, turning to the other.

"Hoot mon, the laddie's a feckless loon and kens nae English," said the havildar. "Rifleman Bhem Sing Thapa is his name and rank."

Jack stared at the speaker; Bill dropped the hammer from his hand and the pipe from out of his wide-open lips.

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped the private, picking up tool and cutty. "This 'ere's the fust time I've met a Gurkhy from the banks of the Clyde!"

"Who taught you English?" Jack asked when he had recovered from the shock.

"Sergeant McTaveesh, sir, a verra canny chiel whose life I saved. We were breegaded tae-gither and he said he wad lerrn me to speak English as nae ither Gurkha can if I'd tak pains, and the ither hielanders helpit me."

"Well, they've succeeded," laughed Jack.

"And hoo d'ye ca' yersel', me lad?" asked Ranbir of the astonished orderly. William puffed stendily at his pipe as he looked the Gurkha full in the face.

"My name's Bill Coward, Johnny McGurkha, me son," he replied at length.

"Beel Coward!" Ranbir exclaimed, opening wide his oblong eyes. "*Beel Kafar!*" (*Kafar*

means coward.) He turned to his comrade, jabbered in an unknown dialect, and presently both roared with laughter, repeating the words "*Beel Kafar*" over and over again.

"*Kafar hunnu bhanda manru ramro*" screamed Bhem Sing Thapa, quoting a Gurkha saying, meaning "It is better to die than to be a coward," and the two were in ecstasies over their exquisite joke.

"Look here, you grinning idols," quoth Bill, angrily, "quit laughin' or you'll know that 'coward' ain't me nature if it is me name. You Johnnies make such a fuss over a bad joke that you miss a good 'un."

"Forgie us, Maister Coward," said Ranbir with an amiable grin, "we ken weel that it's naething but a name. Bhen Sing is an eediot."

"Well, McRanbir, you're the rummiest bloke I ever seed. It was Scotch McTavish taught you, not English," laughed Bill.

The Gurkha's eyes blazed at this imputation against his chum.

"Indeed," said he, "I'm thinking ye canna speak English yersel'. He tauld me that the Southrons were ignorant and warned me no to eemetate their accent. 'Feckless loons,' he ca'ed them always."

"Bill," broke in the boy, "I want to go fishing. Will you come with me?"

"My orders is not to leave your ma," said Bill, "and I don't mean to, thank ye all the same, Master Jack. Take the McRanbir."

The havildar accepted the invitation with delight, and they quickly set out, Jack with rod and flies, Ranbir carrying a shot-gun for game, and a substantial lunch. They wandered up stream, trying one pool after another, but the fish were not in the right mood. The "McRanbir" proved an amusing companion, full of droll anecdotes, introducing the inevitable McTavish at every turn. Having discussed the cold chicken, they crossed a low range to try another stream to the north, a bigger tributary of the Indus. Here they had better sport, and, after bagging half a dozen speckled trout, packed up the rod and prepared to retrace their steps. As they turned, the Gurkha nudged his companion. A number of tribesmen were making their way towards a clump of trees a third of a mile from where they stood. Ranbir told Jack that under those trees was the shrine of Chota Kolobai—the saint's tomb where the wonders were always worked before the tribesmen rose.

The havildar was excited and Jack thought he detected a pleased expression in the Gurkha's face. But what would a rising mean to him—no troops within a day's march, only a little police-post a mile away? He knew how easily the frontier caught fire, and had heard his father

speak only the previous night of the ruffianly Imam-ud-din, who hated the infidel so fiercely, a man who was equally mad and bad, and whose madness strengthened his influence.

"Imam-ud-din!" whispered Ranbir tremulously.

They were lying down now behind the boulders of the river-bed. Less than a hundred yards away stalked a tall and stout old man, his head adorned by a gaudy, striped *pagri*, and his face by a flowing grey beard. Cruelty spoke in the hawk-like eyes and nose and the full sensuous lips. At a respectful distance followed many more. Entering the grove, they were lost to sight.

"Let us creep nearer," whispered Ranbir, "and listen to their plans. Take off your boots."

At the Gurkha's suggestion Jack took off his boots, tied the laces and slung them round his neck in imitation of the havildar; then both crept on all fours to the base of a little knoll, and skirted this until they were close to the outermost trees, where they could hear a discordant voice rising to a shriek, or falling to the low tones of persuasive eloquence. They could also see the top of the tomb that was now little better than a creeper-covered mound.

A clump of trees, surrounded by tangled undergrowth, lay between them and the meeting. Without a word Ranbir crawled towards this, and Jack was following, when, with a whirr like the magnified noise of a wooden toy, a silver pheasant rose from her nest, into which they had almost stumbled. The harangue ceased as if by magic, and the squatting audience sprang erect. Jack and Ranbir remained on their knees, holding their breath, and the boy feared that the noise of his heart thumping against his ribs must be heard. The hesitating tribesmen surged forward.

"We maun e'en run for it," whispered the Gurkha.

Bending low, they turned and scuttled away. At least, Ranbir Gharti did, but Jack Ashley caught his unprotected toes in a rope-like creeper and sprawled upon the ground. Before he could rise the fierce old *mullah* was kneeling on his back, while others held his squirming legs and arms.

"Bind him," cried the mullah, "and kill the other pig."

Before he grasped the fact that the English boy was not with him, Ranbir had covered thirty yards. He turned back, and the light of resolute courage in his eyes was savage in its intensity. Too late, though.

Between him and his comrade interposed the frontiersmen, brandishing their swords and knives. Ranbir let fly with both barrels of the

sporting gun and rushed upon them like a tiger-cat before they could recover from the effects of the spreading small-shot. His kukri flickered around their heads and the mob recoiled, dazed, so rapid were his dodging strokes.

"Run, Ranbir! Save the mem-sahib!" Jack screamed. "Run!"

A hand was clapped roughly over his mouth. For a second the Gurkha hesitated, when a cry from the mullah decided him.

"Let not the *kafir* escape. Shoot him!"

The havildar dodged in and out of the trees and bushes while the bullets whizzed around him. At length he gained the open hill-side and was out of range, for the tribesmen, dreading to close with that vicious weapon, preferred to stop and fire. And soon they squirmed beneath the scorn poured upon their heads by Imam-ud-din, the wrathful.

"What shall we do with the Feringhi?" sulkily interrupted one. "Slit his accursed throat?"

"Not yet," said the mullah. "Unbind his legs and keep him by my side. Men of Buner and Swat, ye can no longer hang back. We have declared war, and the first victory is with us. It is an omen."

"It is a boy and a Gurkha against a hundred," muttered a tall Pathan, in an undertone.

"The men of Chota Kolobai will go with me to the Feringhis' bungalow while the others speed

to the Kulu *Thana* (police-post), slay the police and burn the hut. Thou, Akbar Khan, and Shere Ali and Mulraj, run like deer along the border and say that we have taken the plunge and they must keep their promise. By now the Khan of Malikhel will have raised the green standard and Fort Jirghan will be surrounded."

"We go," said the three young men, girding up their garments.

Jack Ashley would have been more frightened had he been able to reflect upon the situation calmly. The adventure had been so sudden and unexpected that he could scarcely realise the posi-



BEFORE HE COULD RISE THE FIERCE OLD MULLAH WAS KNEELING ON HIS BACK.

tion he was in, at the mercy of this bloodthirsty fanatic. His thoughts were lifted from the contemplation of his own danger by the mullah's commands. What could they mean to do? Rush Fort Jirghan—twenty miles away? Then it must be a general rising. And his mother? Would Ranbir's warning give her time to flee? Scarcely that, he feared, as Imam-ud-din promptly led his twenty men towards Kulu at a trot.

The fanatic's foul aim was to commit his followers by the murder of the English lady, for he knew that, such a deed once perpetrated, there

could be no drawing back. An unsuccessful attack on Fort Jirghan might be pardoned, but the men of the border would know, when their heated blood should cool, that punishment *must* follow a murder so vile, and then they might as well be hung for sheep as lambs.

Jack was pushed and dragged along in their midst, and when within a short distance of the house, three men went forward to spy out the land (for the sun had set), presently returning with the news that the thick shutters were clamped down and the garrison prepared. A short distance from the house and on the opposite side of the road stood an ancient, weather-beaten dak-bungalow, for years unused. Thither the prisoner was taken; his ankles were bound once more and he was left with the mullah and his two nephews, while the others surrounded the house to snipe at anything that might show.

The old rascal was by no means a coward when he considered courage necessary, but he knew enough to keep out of danger when he could inspire others to work his evil designs. Moreover, he knew that his death would mean the collapse of the rising, and his hatred for the infidel was real. A man presently came in to report that the house was well defended and that two of the attacking party had already been shot.

"I fear we must wait until the *thana* is destroyed and our friends rejoin us," he said. "We shall soon be inside then."

The purpose of Imam-ud-din in sparing Jack's life soon revealed itself. Squatting on his haunches, the old mullah addressed the standing boy.

"Dost thou care to live?"

"Certainly," Jack replied, with as nonchalant an air as he could assume.

"If thou canst persuade thy mother to surrender, I will spare both your lives."

"I will attempt nothing of the kind."

"Then thou shalt die."

"Very good—but some one will pay." Though Jack spoke bravely, his heart was thumping away again, and small blame to him.

At a sign from the mullah Ismail Khan drew forth a cord, looped it about the boy's forehead, and began to twist the ends round the haft of his knife. The room was dimly illuminated by a bit of candle left in the neck of a soda-water bottle, relics of civilisation that contrasted oddly with the barbarous proceedings.

"Wilt thou do it?" asked the mullah, smiling cruelly.

Jack's face was white, but he hissed "No" through his set teeth.

Ismail Khan twisted the cord leisurely and with an air of enjoyment. The lad gave a moan;

the anguish was intense. The mullah made a sign and the cord was slackened.

"Dost thou still refuse?"

"Yes, you ugly brute, I do!"

"Continue, Ismail Khan."

Smiling evilly, the torturer bent down to his uncle and whispered. The mullah nodded approbation.

"Thou art right," he said, and turned to Jack again.

"For the present the torture is finished. As soon as the moon rises thou shalt be taken to gladden the eyes of thy mother and in her sight tortured until she surrenders. Then shall you both be slain, and the Faithful will have to rise in self-protection."

Jack had had a taste of torture, and, picturing the scene to come, he trembled in every limb. He knew his mother would offer her life to save him, and his hope was that one of the Gurkhas would mercifully put a bullet through him. His thoughts were distracted by a remark from the mullah.

"Look out of the window, Ismail Khan. Is there no glare in the sky? The *thana* must be ablaze by now."

The nephew gazed into the night and shook his head.

"They are slow dogs," the old man growled impatiently.

"Look again!" he ordered presently, and once more Ismail Khan thrust his head through the hole and leaned out.

"Allah be praised," he cried. "There is a bla—"

A gurgling noise and the ruffian tottered backwards, swayed, and fell with a thud on the matted floor. Then through the doorway came Ranbir Gharti with a rush, his kukri glistening red in the candle-light as the Pathans stared open-mouthed at their comrade's corpse. Nur-ud-din drew his sword and attempted to parry the Gurkha's blows, and the mullah flew at Jack. The boy was on his feet, but his legs were bound. He ducked beneath the blow and jumped forward, his head butting the fat mullah in the stomach. Imam-ud-din staggered and rolled over, winded. At the same moment Ranbir cut down his opponent and with two more strokes severed Jack's thongs. The affair had passed off without noise, and the pair stole out of the building, keeping close under the shadow of the walls. Our hero was still shoeless—his strong boots having been confiscated by a tribesman, who, though on pleasure bent, had still a frugal mind.

Stealthily they crossed the road and crept under the shadow of the bordering shrubs. A dozen men were scattered round the house. Before



WARREN GABLE

A SHAFT OF LIGHT SHOT INTO THE NIGHT AS THE DOOR OPENED, AND THE TWO DASHED INTO SAFETY AMID THE NOISE OF FIRING FROM REAR AND FLANKS.

wind and was pursuing them, while the sentries were active. From another direction came the sound of many voices; the rioters returning from the massacre at the Kulu *thana*, and a group of Pathans, peering into the shadows, wondering what had caused the alarm, blocked their way. It must be a frontal attack or death, for there was no time to attempt stealth. They rushed upon the group, Jack firing point-blank, Ranbir striking right and left. The garrison was likewise on the alert. A shaft of light shot into the night as the door opened, and the two dashed into safety amid the noise of firing from rear and flanks. Exactly what had happened they never knew—whether they had annihilated the group or had merely astonished them was more than they could say. But Mrs. Ashley was not slow to discover the blood welling from her son's left arm, and Ranbir presently became aware that a slug had entered the fleshy part of his thigh.

Private William Coward doctored them in rough and ready fashion.

"You were right, Bill," observed Jack, as his cut was bandaged, "Johnny is a fair knock-out when it comes to a scrap."

It was no time for fuss or demonstrations of joy, for the real attack was about to begin, and now that the savages had returned from the murder of the native police, the bungalow's assailants numbered three-score at least.

Like all buildings on that stormy frontier, the bungalow had been constructed with an eye to defence. The

walls were thick and the shutters proof against the missiles of the borderers. The flat roof was sheltered by an embrasured parapet, and it was here that the three soldiers and the schoolboy took their posts, lying at full length and biding their time. In the room from which the trap-door opened stayed Mrs. Ashley, protected by a valiant Mussulman *khansama* (a kind of steward), and a frightened bearer (*valet*), both armed. The remaining servants were huddled together in a state of collapse.

The English lady chafed at her uselessness, and regretted that her services were not required in these days of cartridges. Her headache was gone and her heart was brave, and now that Jack

the moon had risen the wily Gurkha had easily broken through; to get back would be harder, for there was danger from friend as well as foe.

Bill had given the Gurkha a couple of pistols, as he refused to burden himself with a rifle. These he now handed to Jack, who had no weapon.

"How did you slay the wicked mullah, sahib?" he asked.

"I did not kill him. I don't think he's hurt much."

"What!" cried the little man in anguish.

"We've left him there alive! Oh, sahib, why did you not tell me?"

Warning yells from behind decided their course of action, for Imam-ud-din had recovered his

was back—against all hope—there was light on the horizon.

Crack! A puff of smoke obscured the loophole beside Bhém Sing, and the attack had begun. Swarming on every side rushed the fanatics, yelling to terrify their victims.

"Let it spread, Bill!" shouted Jack. "They're near enough; give 'em the double barrels."

"Right you are, sir," and the pellets were soon spreading, while the Martinis of the Gurkhas got hotter and hotter.

"We ha' stopped 'em, Beel," screamed Ranbir.

It was true. The space close round the bungalow was clear and open, and, Asiatic-like, the tribesmen had instinctively sought cover, retiring behind bushes and tree-trunks, and from these shelters they returned the deadly fire, their bullets whistling overhead or flattening against the parapet.

"They won't dare make another rush yet awhile," Bill asserted as he changed to the sporting rifle again.

"Eh, mon," observed the havildar as he slipped a cartridge in, "you and me, Beel, wad ha' got inside that time, wad we no?"

"We should so, sonny, but them blokes 'aven't the grit of the likes of me and you, McRanbir."

"We ha' frightened the puir bodies fine," said the Gurkha, firing as he spoke. "Yon's a near squeak, Beel."

A bullet had torn the crown of Bill's helmet.

"A miss is as good as a mile, Mac," said the private, calmly.

"Ah, *Beel* the *kafar* is no *kafar* at all," Ranbir assured his compatriot, and the two laughed merrily.

Jack had been steadily pegging away, the moonlight enabling them to see their assailants, who were gradually edging further and further into the background, in spite of the mullah's fervent expostulations. Suddenly the whole force, as if moved by a common impulse, turned and disappeared.

"They can't be bolting, Bill, can they?" asked Jack.

"Not much. I guess they're going to confab and hatch some plot. 'Ave a smoke, Mac?"

An hour passed in weary and anxious watching and still the foe gave no sign, and not a sound could be heard. Midnight had long passed, though, before the garrison began to hope that the mullah had departed in search of more easy prey. Ranbir offered to go and stalk the Pathans to learn their plans, but Bill, who had assumed command, would not hear of it; they could not afford to lose either of the Gurkhas, who were not only safe shots, but whose dexterity with the kukri would be invaluable should their foes break in.

Suddenly little Bhém Sing's rifle cracked again, Ranbir's followed immediately, and a dozen crawling Pathans rose from behind bush and tree and dashed across the open space.

For hundreds of yards they had wormed their way upon their stomachs, hoping that the garrison had been lulled into a false security. The flashes of flame from the roof evoked no answering fire. With nerves deadened by *blang* and opium, these twelve men had been worked up to a pitch of frenzy by the mullah, and had sworn to lead the way for their comrades. One after another fell, but six reached the door, where the defenders on the roof could not get at them without exposing themselves.

The door resisted their efforts for a little time, and Bhém Sing cleverly reduced the number to five. Still, they had no backers, for the Pathans knew that many lives must be lost in crossing that space. When the door was at length battered in, the Pathans found their progress stayed by a barricade of furniture, and Bhém Sing, Bill and the *khansama* with the shot-guns slipped down and knocked over the whole five.

But the door was battered in and the barricades displaced. A little courage only was needed and the Pathans would be inside. It was now time for Mrs. Ashley and the servants to mount to the roof. Still the tribesmen gave no sign.

The grey light that comes before dawn crept along the eastern horizon, the moon's splendour was waning, and the chilly night air grew still more keen. There was a sudden cry from *Todar Mull*, the bearer, and the quick-eyed Bhém Sing got in a shot at the last of a number of men who had just passed through the doorway. At first the garrison had been posted to all four points of the compass; since the door had been forced all eyes had been fixed and rifles trained on the open space between the entrance to the house and the road side of the compound. Noticing this, a few had stolen round the house from the far side unperceived until too late. Jack and Bill fled to the trap-door and at once the whole body of assailants, led by the mullah himself, swept forward, unchecked by the Gurkhas' Martinis. Bill motioned to Jack and the *khansama* to hold the trap-door whilst he and the Gurkhas trained their rifles on the entrance to the room below, which was presently filled by yelling Pathans. The three blazed away, but the rush could not now be stayed, and the trap-door was dropped with a clang.

Now the Pathans were sure of their prey, but who would be the first to attempt the roof and meet certain death? Yes, they had the game in their hands if half-a-dozen could be found willing, in cold blood, to give their lives for the cause.



THE FOREMOST PATHAN STOPPED. WHY WAS THE MEM-SAHIB MAKING SIGNALS?

"Cowards! then set fire to the house," they heard the mullah shout.

There was plenty of fuel outside, but who would risk leaving the house after so much trouble to gain a safe shelter? The tribesmen got out of hand, and in spite of the mullah's wrath began to ransack every corner of the house for loot, turning drawers and bags and chests inside out and quarrelling over the contents. At length Imam-ud-din persuaded a few of the Faithful to collect a pile of inflammable material in the room below the trap-door.

"More Pathans; near a hundred!" said Ranbir, suddenly craning over the parapet and pointing along the little valley formed by the stream.

"The old villain has routed up the villages!" exclaimed Jack.

The pale grey that had stolen over the sky was giving place to a lighter shade, and the moon's glory had faded. In its turn the white deepened into yellow, and crimson and orange mingled with the gold. On a distant hill the tops of the dark firs were lit up and long shadows began to stretch away from their feet. A diamond light flashed in the west, where a ray had caught a snow-capped peak. Over the low eastern range came the first glimpse of the sun, and at the same moment Todar Mull cried:

"Look! What is that?"

They gazed towards the south-west, where the hills rose and fell in billowy masses, and the bearer continued: "Over there! where the road crosses the ridge! It glittered like glass catching the setting sun."

A curious feeling had stolen over more than one, an intense state of mind, not to be explained by the words of Todar Mull—and all the while the ruffians below were not idle.

"Look, there it is again!"

Like the winking of a heliograph something flashed across the uplands: moving, twinkling points of fire—and then the glitter was lost again. But Bill knew what it was.

"Cavalry, by gum!" he cried. "English, too! It's the Lancers from Pindi. Oh, lor, let's hope old Im don't see 'em yet, nor that gang comin' along over there, and they'll nab the lot."

As the sun rose the mullah had set fire to the heap below and the smoke came floating through the unshuttered windows. Jack groaned with vexation. Another twenty minutes and they would be saved—or have perished in the flames. Bill whispered to Ranbir, who nodded and passed the word to Bhém Sing. The three doffed their jackets, while the others wondered.

"Lift up the trap-door—quick!" said the private.

Mechanically Jack and the khansama obeyed

and the plucky three jumped down. Gunstock and kukri whirled about the heads of the few who were feeding the fire, and in a moment the room was cleared, with two killed and the mullah wounded, so unprepared were they. Before the looters understood, Bill and the Gurkhas had scattered the burning pile, beaten down the flames with their jackets, and thrown the embers through the window. Then Bill gave the word and Bhém Sing scuttled up the ladder.

In the excitement Ranbir had forgotten his wound, even after the mad jump, but now the pain overtook him and he sank to the floor. Seizing him round the waist, Bill dragged him up as the Pathans rushed in. Bhém Sing hauled them over the edge, and the trap-door fell back.

"They've near done for me," said Bill, as he rolled over, and Ranbir murmured "*Beel the kafar*," and fainted away.

"Where are you hit?" Jack anxiously asked, and Mrs. Ashley hastened to assist.

"Bullet in my back," Bill grunted. "Never mind me. Look to it that the beggars don't get up."

His warning came too late. Already the Pathans, emboldened by the knowledge that they had disabled half the fighting strength, had burst open the trap-door, and, firing a volley into the air, had begun to swarm up the steps, half hidden by the smoke. Jack, Bhém Sing and the khansama attacked the stormers and sent two or three headlong back. But two had gained the roof and were making for Mrs. Ashley when Jack left his post to defend his mother.

The foremost Pathan stopped. Why was the mem-sahib making signals? A quick glance and he had dropped to the ground, yelling and gesticulating, and the mullah's hurrying reinforcements spun round in alarm. The reckless shout died away on their lips. Barely five hundred paces away a score of English lancers were emerging at a quick trot from the dip that had hidden them from view, the shouts and reports having drowned the clatter of the hoofs.

The wary tribesmen would hardly have been brought to such a pass had they suspected danger. They knew there was but this one regiment within reach, and never doubted that every man had been sent to Jirghan Fort, as would indeed have been the case had not Captain Ashley begged for a single troop. With the swiftness that comes to such as lead a life of danger, the frontiersmen took in the situation at a glance. Behind them and to the left, the country was open and unfenced. A mile to the right was broken, rocky ground, and thither the rest of the cavalry was making to cut off their retreat. The Englishmen had also been over-confident, thinking that

their foes would flee on sight, and that twenty men would suffice, not only to save the besieged but also to drive the Pathans into the arms of their comrades.

"They are but a handful!" cried Imam-ud-din, limping from the house, "the first who runs will I surely shoot."

In desperation his followers prepared to meet the shock, and as the trot changed to a canter, and the canter quickened to a gallop, they emptied their pieces haphazard. But the couched lances, the bronzed, set faces and resolute eyes of the Englishmen, the quivering nostrils of the chargers, as full of mettle as their riders; even the jingle of the martial trappings—all these combined to upset and demolish the faith that for a moment had upheld the Pathans. Hardly a saddle was emptied by the wild volley—and, having induced his dupes to bar the way, the mullah was already slinking off towards safety.

Then came the impact. With a fierceness born of painful anxiety, Captain Ashley outstripped his men, and, slashing right and left, cut down

two of the bravest Pathans. Down went the rioters before the long lances that rose again as the points were cleared, and again fell to the horizontal as the steeds plunged forward. The Pathans broke.

Too late! Between them and safety the main portion of the troop had wheeled, and now bore down upon them from the flank, and the tribesmen threw down their weapons in obedience to the call. The mullah was not one of these. Death he preferred to capture, and most of all he desired safety, but the choice was not with him. Little Bhem Sing had followed from the house, and, tripping the rogue, held him until the troopers rode up.

The rising collapsed as quickly as it had begun. As for the mullah, Iman-ud-din, he was tried for five separate cold-blooded murders and hanged as a warning and example to evil-doers.

The two wounded men were on their legs again in a few weeks, and Bill Coward is now enshrined in the stout little heart of Ranbir Gharti, side by side with his other hero, "MacTaveesh."

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Nov 18th.

The Results will be published in January.

(For further conditions see October number.)

No. 1.—"Hidden Towns" (FIFTH SERIES).—

On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Contractions."—Send on a post-card a list of what you consider to be the *twelve most frequently used* contractions, such as *i e.*="that is"; *P.M.*="afternoon"; *doz.*="dozen." Don't mention these three. The prizes will consist of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Drawing of an Umbrella."—Make a sketch of an open umbrella in pen, pencil or water-colours. The design may be any size you like. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

VOL. VIII.—23.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"A New Year Carol."—Write a carol of not more than four verses of eight lines each on the subject of the New Year. THREE PRIZES OF BOOKS to the value of 6s., to be chosen by the winners.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"An Ideal School Day."—You will observe that, in replying to "Workfirst," Mr. Fry states it as his opinion that six hours mental work are enough for any boy. Now, without being bound by a like opinion—you are to use your own judgment—draw up a time-table of how you think a school day should be spent *in the winter*. Begin by allotting an hour for rising, state times and length of meals, hours of work, hours of outdoor exercise and indoor recreation, and, finally, the hour for bed and "lights out." THREE PRIZES of 7s.

P.S.—We shall be glad to award a magazine volume published by Messrs. Newnes to the schoolmaster or other person over the age of twenty-one who sends in the best time-table. Envelopes in this case should be marked "Comp. No. 5. Over-Age."

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—See notice in October number. Time limit for this month's competitions: March 12th, 1903. Mark Comps. "November."

SCHOOL LAYS AND COLLEGE LYRICS.

BY C. L. McCLUER STEVENS.

II.

AS may well be supposed, a large proportion of school songs deal with games. The famous "Willow the King," which has been already dealt with, is perhaps the best known of this class; but "Larry" runs it a close second. There are in all four verses to this effusion, of which the two first are as follows:—

Who is Larry, and what is his sin?

What has he done to be so discredited?
String, and leather, and air within,

Never an ounce of brains inherited;
Up and volley him into the sky;
Down he will tumble by-and-bye;

Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him
Doesn't he like a journey high.

Tie up his throat, or he feels the air;

Very unwise, to lounge and tarry is;
Give him a kick, and it sets him square,

Kicks are physic for such as Larry is;
Over the grassy marsh and mud,
Like a bubble of soap and sud,

Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,
Till he is down with a thump and a thud.

Next to cricket and football, so far as regards the number of songs written in its honour, comes the ancient game of fives. Uppingham has a peculiarly racy ditty anent this fascinating pastime, of which the first and last verses are quoted:—

Oh, the spirit in the ball,
Dancing round about the wall!
In your eye, and out again
Ere there's time to feel the pain,
Hands and fingers all alive,
Doing duty each for five.
Oh, the spirit in the ball,
Dancing round about the wall!

Poets sang it long ago,
All the fight and all the woe,
Geryon and thundering Zeus,
Hundred-fisted Briareus,
Argus, with his million eyes,

Oh, 'twas but a game of fives.
Oh, the lordly game of fives!
Oh, the spirit in the ball,
Dancing round about the wall!

Harrow, Rugby, Rossall, and Eton, have also each their own "Fives Song," but lack of space forbids notice of any save that peculiar to the last-named college:—

Smooth and square and dry the wall;
White, elastic, round, the ball;
Two on that side, two on this;
Two hands each to hit or miss—
Two hands each to hit or miss.
What more need we to possess
Two good hours of happiness?

The song, after recording the glories and mischances of the game through many stanzas, proceeds to point the moral, thus:—

Oft you'll think, in after lives,
What is life?—A game at fives:
Partners to their partners true;
Courteous to their rivals, too—
Courteous to their rivals, too.
Here and there alike the aim—
In the end to win the game!

Oft in life you'll meet with knocks
'Gainst a harder "pepper-box";
Fingers scraped, and fingers bruised;
Ball and player roughly used—
Ball and player roughly used.
Till "cut down," or slow or fast,
Into "dead man's hole" at last!

Another Eton favourite is "The Silver Thames":—

Down he plunges, king of waters, foaming over
Boveney Weir,
Dear to swimmer, dear to rower, dear in spring
in summer dear.
Other streams for other oarsmen—all our homage
this one claims,
Gliding through the grassy meadows, broad and
bright, the silver Thames.

Yes, we learn to love our river, ever dearer day
 by day,
 Be the spring serene or stormy, be the summer
 blue or grey!
 Leave the student all his learning, leave the
 dry-bob all his games,
 Leave the wet bob all he asks for, leave him
 but the silver Thames.

Now let us quote the first and last verses of
 Rossall song:—

Let others be proud of their schools endowed
 With the wealth of a bygone day;
 For Eton is fair, and Harrow is rare,
 And Winchester old and grey.
 But I know a school by the salt sea-pool,
 And none might dearer be;
 So give me the dear old school, my lads,
 O, it's Rossall school for me!

Siberia's plain is a wide domain,
 And prairies are vast, I ween,
 And Marlborough Downs have their greys and
 browns,
 And Rugby close is green.
 But I know a field to which all must yield,
 And none might dearer be;
 So give me the Rossall playground, lads,
 O, it's Rossall ground for me!

Quite a curiosity among school ballads is
 that sung at Sedbergh in eulogy of the Tuck
 Shop. The emporium referred to, was, it
 should be explained, located, at the time the
 litty in question was written, in a disused
 cricket pavilion:—

Say, have you seen the enchanted pavilion,
 Flouting its windows and flaunting its flues?
 Tuck for the masses and tea for the million,
 Tariff so tempting to help a chap choose.
 Surely some wizard hath managed the mystery,
 Banished the bats from the grasshoppers' club,
 And, in defiance of natural history,
 Made the poor cricket grow into the grub.

And so on through a dozen or more verses,
 finishing up with the following:—

Why, 'tis immense, cosmopolitan, wonderful,
 From every country some offering comes.

Paris? You see the whole place of its plunder
 full;

Turkey? Just taste the sultanas and gums;
 Switzerland? Here you will find all the best of
 it;

Italy? Try "tutti frutti," mon cher;
 Mexico, Cuba, Peru, and the rest of it?

Cokernut eggs are laid mostly out there.

Finally it may be remarked that the one
 subject which has inspired probably nineteen-
 twentieths of all the other rhymes ever written,
 is left, for the most part, severely alone by
 school poets. Only at Harrow, so far as the
 writer can discover, is there sung one single,
 solitary ditty dealing with love and lovers. The
 title of this unique effusion is "She was a
 Shepherdess," and the gist of the story is in
 the two stanzas given below:—

She was a shepherdess, O, so fair,
 Many a year ago,
 With a pail and a stool and tangled hair,
 Down in the plain below;
 And all the scholars would leave their play,
 On merry King Charles's own birthday,
 And stand and look as she passed that way,
 And see her a-milking go.
 "But none," she said,
 "Will I ever wed,
 But the boy who gets the Gregory prize,
 And crosses his t's and dots his i's,
 Down in the plain below."

So the Gregory prizeman won the maid,
 Many a year ago,
 And the bells were rung and the service said,
 Down in the plain below;
 And the cows gave double their milk that day,
 And merry King Charles came down to stay,
 And the fags had a general "hip hooray!"
 As they saw her a-milking go.

One would like to imagine that some old
 love idyll, dating back perchance to the days of
 shepherdesses and merry monarchs, were en-
 shrined in this quaint little ballad. Strict
 regard for chronological accuracy, however,
 compels the statement that the Gregory scholar-
 ship was only founded so recently as 1840



NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

AS announced last month, the Old Fag has asked me to do what I can in the way of advising you when in trouble concerning your pets. In using that last word I want it to have the widest meaning possible, and to cover not only guinea-pigs, white mice and silkworms, but also butterflies and moths, snakes, crabs, beetles, fishes—and, in fact, any living creatures you may be interested in. Whatever difficulties you may be in regarding them, let me know, and I will do my best to help you out. I do not pretend that I can always give you just the advice you want, but I promise to do my best to that end.

The Old Fag has handed to me some of the letters addressed to him containing queries of this nature, and he thinks that when you know he has got a tame naturalist on the staff some other readers may find that they want similar advice to that given below.

Cat Fancier.—(1) The best inexpensive work we know on the subject is "Domestic or Fancy Cats," by J. Jennings. It is published by L. Upcott Gill at 1s. (2) Unless the cat has been accustomed to the order of the bath as a kitten, you will find that dipping it in a basin of water will afford more amusement to onlookers than to the one who undertakes the job. On the first occasion it would be safer to use a wet and soapy sponge, afterwards removing the soap with the sponge and plain tepid water. Dry with a soft towel, taking care to rub the fur from the head backwards.

Chunks (SITTINGBOURNE).—(1) No; we cannot "recommend you the best shop in England for rats and mice," because we do not know it. Any respectable dealer in live animals may be relied upon to get you what you want; and it is always better in such a case to deal with a local man. (2) Sale of stamps. Here again, we cannot pick out any particular firm as the best for your purpose. Apply to one of those that advertise in **THE CAPTAIN**.

A. M. R. (CANTERBURY).—(1) The raw silk from your silkworms has practically no commercial value, as the manufacturers would only buy in large quantities. (2) I am not at all sure that silkworms will eat the leaves you name, and could not tell you without experiment how such diet would affect the colour of the silk produced by them. Silkworms, like most other caterpillars, have their special likings in the matter of food plants, and will usually starve

rather than eat any others. You may try them but do not carry your experiment to the length of withholding their proper food if you find they do not eat the substitute. (3) No; unless the raw silk has been spun into thread it is too fine to be used.

Clara Thursby (DINGWALL).—The fresh water tortoise differs entirely from the land tortoise in its food requirements. The latter though commonly sold for the purpose of catching "blackbeetles," would turn up his nose at such diet, he being a strict vegetarian. Buy your water tortoise, in a state of Nature, living upon small fishes, tadpoles, water snails, worms and water insects of all kinds. If you give him beef, see that it is raw and lean, and cut into thin shreds to look like worms. Perhaps what you gave him was cooked, and dropped in the water where he did not see it. Dangle a shank in front of his nose, and keep it moving to simulate life. If this fails you must catch some live creatures from the nearest pond, and put them in the water with the tortoise. Unless he is a very bad way he will go for these, and recover his health.

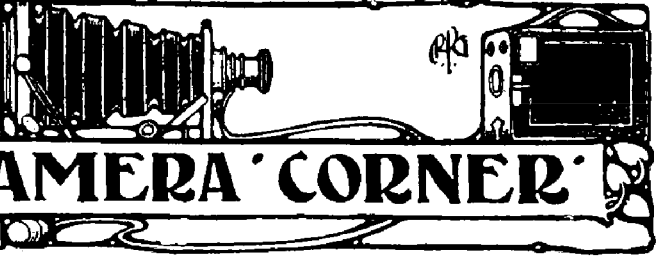
Rags and Tatters (DINGWALL).—(1) A frequent cause of tame animals eating their young is their being too much looked at. The mother and young should be allowed to remain undisturbed, even by the glances of their owners for several days, and the father should be shut off for several weeks. You will probably see in this answer the reason why your waltzing mouse always ate their young.

Heather (WEYBRIDGE).—From your description of the rough dry skin, etc., it is quite clear that your supposed frog is really a toad, but you need be in no alarm, for the toad stories you have heard are all bunkum. Toads do not "spit fire," or bite. He will do well in the fern-case; but unless the ferns are swarming with insects—which is not likely—he will starve feeding. Give him *live* worms, caterpillars, woodlice, etc. He will not eat dead or moving less food.

P. Higham (CLIFTON).—Sorry I cannot commend you a good general book on the subject of pets. When such a thing has been attempted the ground covered is so wide that most of the information is too meagre, and otherwise unsatisfactory. Doves and gold-fish have so little in common that they require treatment in separate volumes.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER



WE have had so much correspondence this month that our space is nearly filled with answers, which we trust will be useful to many others besides those who sent in the questions. We would note that the method of developing by time, which we specially mentioned in our September article, and of which we gave examples, seems to be gaining rapidly in popularity. Kodak Limited have now introduced a machine for developing in daylight their spool films. The machine which they have now put on the market will take any size of film from the No. 1 Brownie to the No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak. The exposed spool is put in and the black paper

wound off on a spindle actuated by a handle which comes through to the outside of the trough until the word "stop" is seen. Then a piece of orange-coloured celluloid with a corrugated india-rubber edge is covered over the film, a light-tight cover is placed over all, and the handle turned again, the trough having previously been filled with developer. By turning the handle for five or six minutes, the film is kept moving round and round in the developer, which is then poured off, the fixing bath taking its place in the trough; the handle is then again turned until the film is fixed. We have seen some negatives which were developed in this way, and they were certainly very good.

Another trough for developing by time, which is made for either plates or films, is sold by Messrs. Houghton and Sons, of High Holborn, W.C., and is called the "Tyma." In this case, however, it is necessary to insert the exposed plates or films in the trough either in the dark-room or in a changing-bag.

NEW PRINTING PAPERS FROM PARIS (Richard Lenthardt).—We thank you for the specimens of printing papers which you send. They are very interesting and show considerable possibilities from an artistic point of view. We like especially numbers 4, 19, and the one with the pencil number only on the back. No. 30 may be useful for some effects, but No. 1 presents very little novelty. We shall be glad to receive further particulars concerning these papers and the possibility of obtaining them commercially in London. We are reproducing two of your prints in order to illustrate the effects of different printing surfaces.

SENSITISED POSTCARDS (Rogans).—Postcards with a sensitive surface, the same as bromide paper, can be obtained from most dealers. Kodak and Velox are two of many names under which these cards are put on the market. There are also special solutions sold in small quantities to enable you to sensitise your own cards, if you prefer it, manufactured by Messrs. Marion, of Soho-square, W., and Messrs. Fuerst, 17, Philpot-lane, E.C., to mention two. It would not be advisable to endeavour to make brown or



NEW PRINTING PAPERS FROM PARIS.
Photo Richard Lenthardt.

black pictures by modification of the method given in *THE CAPTAIN* for October, 1901.

TONING P. O. P. (L. Barnard).—In the February number this year we gave very full instructions for toning P. O. P. prints. We will, however, repeat the formula for the toning bath, but must refer you to that number of *THE CAPTAIN* for the method of working. Buy loz. of sulphocyanide of ammonium, and 30grns. of bi-carbonate of soda. Dissolve these in 20ozs. of water, and keep in a clean bottle, well corked, and label "Sulphocyanide Solution. 1 in 20." Also buy one 15grn. tube of gold chloride. Dissolve the contents of this in 15ozs. of water, place in a clean bottle, and label "Gold Solution. loz. equals 1grn." When you are ready to tone, take loz. of the sulphocyanide solution, 13ozs. of water, and 2ozs. of gold solution. This will be sufficient to tone about thirty quarter-plate prints.

GLAZING P.O.P. PRINTS (No. 2 Plico, Anerley).—(1) The streak across the photograph might be the result of so many causes that it

is impossible for me to tell you exactly what happened. (2) P.O.P. prints which are to be glazed must be soaked for five minutes in a solution of ordinary alum, strength 1 in 20, and then rinsed in several changes of water. Take a piece of glass with a good surface and thoroughly cleanse it from all dirt and grease. Dry it on a clean cloth, lay it on a clean piece of blotting paper with the best surface upwards, and sprinkle on it a little powdered talc, which is sometimes called French chalk. Spread this evenly all over the glass, rub well in, and with a perfectly clean cloth polish off any excess. Put the glass with the prepared surface upwards in a dish of clean water. Now take your wet print and drop it edge downwards into the same dish of water, and bring the surface of

the print into contact with the prepared surface of the glass under water. Next lift the two out together, and with a soft squeegee gently press together, working from the centre to the edge. The glass should be a little larger than the print. Superfluous moisture should be blotted off, and the glass, with the print sticking on it, placed in a current of air to dry. When absolutely dry insert the edge of a pen-knife under the print, which should leave the glass freely and with a

gloss on it corresponding to the polish of the glass. Ferrotypes plates may be used instead of glass, and they require no preparation. They do not give such a good gloss and must be handled carefully, or they are apt to buckle. (3) This question is somewhat ambiguous. Personally we prefer a plate camera, but it is entirely a matter for the user to decide for himself. It is always possible to use cut films in a camera made for plates, and with plates you have a far wider range of choice than with films. (4) This question is also rather vague. It is

impossible to tell how long an exposure would be required for taking a photograph at night-time unless one knows all the conditions—to name a few of them, the sensitiveness of the plate, the aperture of the lens, time of year and state of atmosphere. However, it may be useful for you to know that the night pictures which one sees in the shops and at the exhibitions are usually obtained by giving a short exposure on the scene just before sunset. The camera is left in position, and the plate is again exposed for a comparatively long time after the lamps have been lit. A wet day is usually chosen for this kind of picture, as the reflections from the wet ground help considerably to the effectiveness of the picture.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.



A CLEVER PHOTO PRINTED ON ROUGH MICHELET PAPER.
Photo Richard Lenthardt.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

ONE YEAR'S Subscription to THE CAPTAIN is awarded to P. McARTHUR STEWART, Aidenburn, Kilcreggan, N.B., for his essay printed below.

Bridges.

HOSE indispensable structures, bridges, are of great antiquity, dating from the time when the Romans held Britain. Many specimens of Roman bridges are still to be seen in this country, but they only cross small

streams and seldom span more than 70ft. They are all constructed of stone and are on the key-stone principle.

A French architect named Perronet was mainly responsible for the introduction of the modern system of bridge structure.

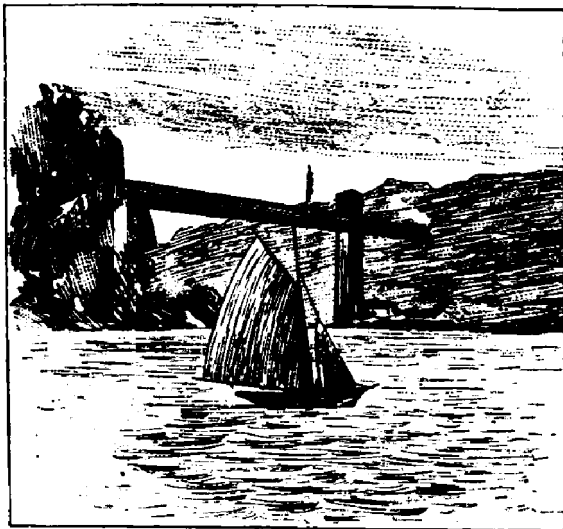
There are many varieties, including the tubular and the suspension. The best known specimens of the former kind are the Britannia, across the Menai Strait, and the Victoria, across the St. Lawrence, in Canada. The former was designed by Robert Stephenson, the son of George Stephenson, of railway fame, and connects the island of Anglesey with Wales. The late Queen Victoria crossed over this bridge on her way to Ireland in 1839. The Victoria Bridge in Canada is nearly six times as long as the Britannia.

Suspension bridges, as their name implies, depend on two enormous chains. There are many celebrated specimens of this style, among them the Niagara, the Brooklyn, the Cincinnati, and the Buda-Pesth. Of these the Brooklyn connects the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the Buda-Pesth the towns of Buda and Pesth, whilst the Niagara runs from the American to the Canadian bank of the river, and is 200 yards below the Falls.

The Menai and Clifton are the best known

suspension bridges in Britain. The former crosses the same strait as the Britannia, and is not far from it.

The Forth and Tay Bridges are Scotland's premiers. The Forth is the most gigantic and majestic structure of its kind in existence. It was begun in 1883 and took almost seven years to complete. The last rivet was put in by King Edward, then the Prince of Wales. There are two enormous spans of 1,710 feet, each from the mainland to the islet of Inchgarvie in the middle of the river. Some idea of its size may be gained

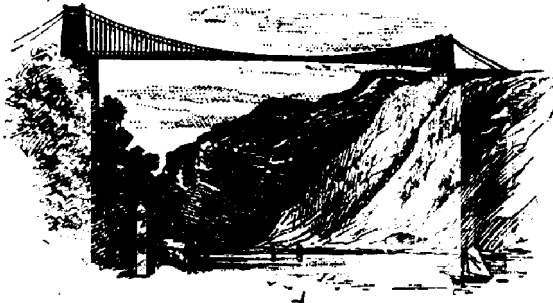


THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE ACROSS THE MENAI STRAIT.

by the fact that a squad of painters is continually at work on it. They start at one end and do not reach the other end till five years have elapsed, when they begin to work their way back again.

The Tay Bridge is designed in a totally different manner to the Forth, but it is longer than the latter. Its ill-fated predecessor was blown down on a stormy Sunday night, the 28th December, 1879. A train was crossing at the

time, and it was precipitated with all the passengers into the seething waters below. The superstitious people of the district thought it



THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

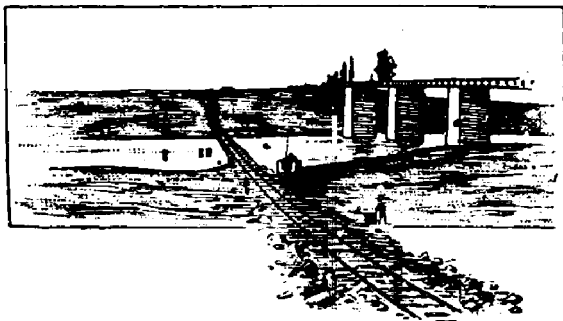
was a just punishment for travelling on the day of rest. But a new and stronger structure was erected, which has not yet succumbed, and, let



A FAMOUS OLD COUNTRY BRIDGE. THE BRIDGE OF INVERCAULD, N. B.

us hope, never will succumb to the fury of the elements.

The Tower Bridge, which crosses the Thames at



A BRIDGE ACROSS THE MOGGER RIVER BLOWN UP BY THE BOERS, AND THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE MADE BY THE BRITISH.

London, was commenced in 1886, and completed in 1893.

The longest bridge in the world is the Lion, which is in China, and crosses an arm of the

Yellow Sea. It is supported by about 300 large stone pillars, and is said to be five miles in length.

In America, "skeleton" railway bridges are much in favour. They are made of spans of wood, and offer no resistance to the wind. Part of the equipment of the Engineers in the Army is collapsible boats. When a river is to be forded, these boats are tied together and over them planks are laid. Thus a "pontoon" bridge is formed, over which the remainder of the soldiers pass, dry-shod.

P. McARTHUR STEWART.

A Visit to a London Hospital.

THE other day one of the "governors" took me over St. George's Hospital. Though not, perhaps, the largest of the hospitals in London, it certainly stands the best as far as actual position is concerned. This year is one of special appeal to the public generosity, and a notice to that effect has been fixed, in large red letters, on the exterior of the building. The hall is very spacious, and seats are provided there for visitors. On one side is the secretary's office, a business-like looking room containing some fine oil paintings of English nobility who have been patrons of the hospital.

Beyond the hall are two or three rooms, into which the police carry the accidents, for more of these cases find their way into St. George's than any other hospital. I noticed about a dozen or more men waiting to have their hurts dressed in the surgery. Facing one on passing through the hall is a large room where the committee meet for their board meetings every Wednesday. Downstairs in the basement are the students' rooms, where they attend the different classes and lectures. Upstairs on the next three floors are the wards.

One is immediately struck by the bright, cheerful look of these, the absolute cleanliness, the air of comfort everywhere. There is no crowding of the beds, arranged as they are at wide intervals round the room. A long table stands in the middle, and on each one I saw the most beautiful flowers and plants. All the patients appeared wonderfully cheerful. In one ward a little group of men were sitting round a fire, and one told us that he had come into St. George's because he had heard how carefully looked after everybody was there!

Visiting the wards is very interesting and fascinating in a particular way. It is not calculated to produce a happy effect upon the visitor, for one's heart aches for some of the people who look so ill, and who will never, with all the most

careful nursing in the world, be well enough to go outside again. One feels the other and dark side of life when looking at these sad sights, and one feels grateful to have been blessed with that great gift, good health.

The good women who spend their lives as hos-



ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.
Photo F. C. Turner.

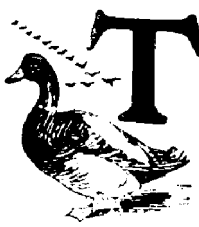
pital nurses really are heroines in the true sense. Theirs is the noblest of professions—the saving of life.

Every one of them looks so happy and contented, bringing sunshine, with their kind attendance and smiling looks, to the sad lives of the sick under their care.

N. C. O.

Broadland Scenery.

THE view of the Broadland from Great Yarmouth from a G.E.R. carriage is a view of flat and almost incessant green, after the waters of Breydon are passed. On this large expanse hundreds upon hundreds of wild duck may be seen, in their season. These birds keep together in small groups varying from five to eight. One moment a flock is seen sailing peacefully on the water which surrounds the mud-flats; then the report of a gun is heard and the water is tinged with red around the flock, which scatters in all directions, leaving its dead or wounded comrade to the tender mercies of a retriever, which swims after the bird as soon as he sees its head and body turn over—motionless for ever. Breydon passed, we come to fields upon fields of young wheat, and meadows with cows and sheep, which slowly canter away when the train approaches. Far in the distance are windmills and old farm-

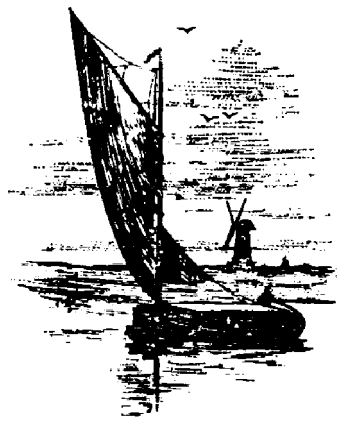


houses. All is peaceful and quiet in the early summer sun. Above in the unbroken blue the birds raise their morning song to the heavens—a song which is borne on the soft western breeze to the ears of enchanted listeners. Their lovely notes and the soft whirring of the corn seem like sounds that are not earthly—like the piping of Orpheus of old.

There are always wherries on the Broads and rivers of Norfolk. The scenery would not be complete without them. They seem to mingle in the life, all Nature, the reeds, the water, and the flowers. The wherry is the most graceful of all water-trading conveyances.

The river, which cannot be seen for reeds, on the horizon is marked by the movement of these craft, seemingly wending their way among the meadows and the innumerable wild flowers. Their tall masts stand out boldly and majestically on the sky line, and their dark brown sails are the watermarks of Norfolk and Suffolk. It is an interesting sight to see them go under a bridge. A minute before they are sailing quickly, borne by a strong tide. They near the narrow stone arch, the sail ropes are loosened, the mast drops, and they glide leisurely underneath. The Broads look more

pretty at one time than another. Some people think that they look prettier at sunset, others in moonlight. There, in the Broadland, the face of Nature is always beautiful, day and night, sunshine and storm. Yet, as the glorious orb of day sinks in the crimson west, one is fain to say



ON THE BROADS.

that, at this time, the loveliness of the rivers is shown at its full splendour, and this is the scene: The red light of the setting luminary, the royal majesty of the sun, is spreading over all the low-lying horizon. The water laps against the sides of the yachts and wherries, and gurgles as it pursues its onward course down-stream. All life is still. The birds have ceased to raise their song, and nothing is heard but the swaying of the trees, bending slowly in the light breeze. As the last beam of glorious light flashes on the shining leaves of Nature, the sun sinks beneath the horizon, and soon leaves Night on the Broads.

J. GARRATT, JUN.

Magic in Numbers.

NUMBERS possess certain peculiar properties apart from the ordinary manipulations we learn by arithmetic. The most curious number is certainly 9. Most of us will know already that the sum of the digits of a multiple of 9 is also divisible by 9, and if we take any number and subtract from it the reverse, then the result is divisible by 9. For instance, take 26,301 and subtract 10,362; the result is 15,939 and $1 + 5 + 9 + 3 + 9 = 27$, a multiple of 9. When we multiply 37 by 3 or any multiple of 3, the result is always a row of the same figures, thus $9 \times 37 = 333$ and $27 \times 37 = 999$. A square number cannot terminate with an odd number of ciphers. Thus 4,000 cannot be a complete square. No number can be a square



THIS MONSTER FISH IS THE LARGEST EVER CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE. IT WEIGHS 384LB., AND WAS CAUGHT OFF THE COAST OF CALIFORNIA.

which terminates with 2, 3, 7 or 8. Any number divided by 6 leaves the same remainder as its cube divided by 6. Some very simple arithme-



THIS GIANT SEA BASS, WHICH TURNS THE SCALE AT 370LB., WAS CAUGHT WITH ROD AND LINE IN THE RECORD TIME OF 2 HOURS 17 MINUTES.

tical problems will puzzle the hearer not a little. Here is one which sounds difficult. If a brick weighs 4lb. and half of its own weight, find the weight of a brick and a half. The answer is, of course, 12lb. Another by Ozanam is this: If a goose weigh 3lb. and a quarter of its own weight, how much does it weigh? When I gave this to a very clever arithmetician, he answered at first that it couldn't be solved. The answer is 4lb. Try those with your friends, and nine out of ten will give it up or answer wrongly. Another puzzler is this: A boy went to the bank to cash a cheque, and by mistake got the number of pounds in shillings, and the shillings in pounds, the pence remaining the same. He then found that he had 2s. 6d. more than twice the amount of the cheque. Find the amount of the cheque. The amount is £5 11s. 6d., and $£11\ 5s.\ 6d. = 2(£5\ 11s.\ 6d.) + 2s.\ 6d.$ There are dozens like this, and they serve to provide entertainment along with arithmetic.

NIGER ET ALBUS.

A True Ghost Story.

I HAVE never seen a ghost, and until I have, shall never quite believe in the existence of ghosts. I say quite, because a few days ago I heard a remarkable story in connection with a number of ghosts! The lady who told the tale was on a visit to Stonehenge, and one evening, when examining the ruins, she met two lads there. She spoke to them about the stones, and in course of conversation the elder one related how, one evening last summer, they were both standing in this same place, when suddenly, a little in front of where they were, white figures appeared, as it were, from out of the earth. They were the forms of women; clad in white flowing dresses, their long golden hair hanging down, they clasped each other's hands and danced in a large ring. All at once a man on horseback rode into their midst, and immediately all the girls disappeared into the ground and the rider along with them. Both boys were positive as to the truth of this story, and showed my friend the exact spot, where, sure enough, was a circle of large white stones. The lady had been reading up the old Welsh legends, and was at once struck by the resemblance the boys' story bore to one quaint tradition. Centuries ago an old King of Britain invited Hengist and Horsa to dine with him, and arranged with them that they should discard their shields for the occasion. At a given signal, during the feast, every Briton slew the Saxon who sat next him. Only one man escaped, and he fled into the church where the priestesses were dancing to warn them of their danger. With great heroism he defended them for some time from the infuriated Britons, but at length the ground opened and all the virgins and their brave defender disappeared into the earth.

It seems strange that the boys' story should tally so closely with the real legend and that their ring of stones should be in the identical spot where the temple stood and the women were dancing.

SPERANZA.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

D. H. Denslow.—Very clever, but not suitable.

A. B. Rosher.—Not good enough for reproduction.

W. H. Adams (BELFAST).—Honestly and without prejudice, I cannot say the drawing you send points to the fact that you will ever be great as an artist. Your future success depends upon how much you practise and persistently drawn from Nature. Stamps sent.

O. Friederici (BOULOGNE).—The line drawings which have caused you such an infinite amount of trouble are still too much niggled. Better study the pictures of some well-known black-and-white artists. You require practice in technique more than anything else, and to be successful with the pen you must have plenty of patience.

An Admirer of "The Captain" (TRINIDAD).—The two photographs of Trinidadian scenery are quite hopeless from a reproduction point of view. Send us something of a more distinctive nature, such as a main street in San Fernando, or some object of your everyday life *apropos* of the West Indies.

S. C. Stevens.—Your cat sketches are decidedly funny, but you want heaps of practice yet. I should advise you to write to the Editor of the *Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician*, 37 and 38 Temple House, Tallis-street, London, E.C., who, I am sure, will give you all the information you require regarding an oil engine.

Phil. S. Bell.—Yes; the comic dogs this month are an improvement. Don't wash over a pen drawing with Indian ink; put the tint on with a blue pencil. You will note in the September number that Mr. Warren Bell has complied with your request.

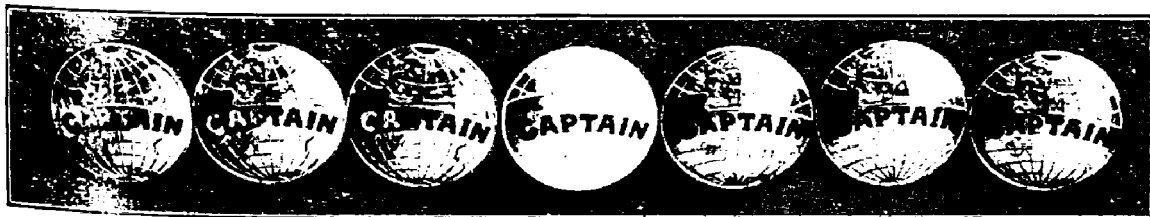
Dum Spiro Spero.—Your drawing "Remount," although no use for the C.C. pages, shows decided ability and freedom with the pen. At the same time, I should not advise you to go in for black-and-white work as a profession, as I consider it is very much overdone already.

John Sterling.—Sketches much too hurried. This sort of thing won't do, you know. Study the art of taking pains, and read the O. F.'s "Editorial."

D. G. Duff.—The photographs you sent of Scottish scenery are not clear enough. Perhaps you can let me see something better another time.

H. Goodbrand.—Photo not clear enough.

A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, Natural History &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burlington Street Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

People who win prizes in THE CAPTAIN, boys who win prizes at school and scholarships at Universities, men who rise to the top of great business houses, men who assume the lead in political matters, and men who win battles—all these people are quite different from the boy who has just sent me a CAPTAIN Club essay on the subject of "Perseverance." There is a certain amount of merit in the essay, a certain amount of thought, and a certain amount of style, but, goodness me! it would have contained twice as much merit, thought and style if this boy had *taken more trouble with it*. I will give you a few examples of what I mean.

Go to a Free Library and turn up Meissonier, the great military painter, and see how he went to work. It wasn't a case with him of being content with excellence, for his aim was absolute perfection, and thus it comes to pass that pictures by that artist little more than ten inches square are worth a hundred guineas an inch.

Read, too, of Sidney Cooper, who painted more cows and better cows than any other man who ever lived, and who could sell his painted cow for fifty times as much as the farmer could sell the real animal for. How was it? He tells us in his autobiography how he used to go out into the fields to draw a cow, and would often have to wait for hours before the cow returned to the position it was in when he started his picture. But nothing daunted him. He meant to paint cows better than anybody else, and he did it.

Then there was Turner, the greatest landscape painter that ever lived. Did he stumble across success one day all by accident? By no means. He used to lie on his back in a punt for hours together gazing at

the white clouds that floated over the blue. Doubtless passers-by thought what a lazy man he was, but he himself knew that he was learning to paint those wonderful cloud effects which are the admiration of all the world. It is said that he set out one morning early, when he was quite a young man, with some of his brother artists, who were bent upon filling their sketch books with any material they might happen across. Turner sat down by the side of a pond, and the others went on. When they came back in the evening he was still sitting there, and every now and then threw a pebble into the water.

"We have had a splendid day," they exclaimed. "See, we have filled our sketch books. What have *you* done?"

"Well," said Turner, "I have done one thing. I have found out exactly how water looks when you throw a stone into it."

When the late Sir John Everett Millais was nine years of age he won the Medal of the Society of Arts, and at sixteen carried off the greatest prize of the year—the Gold Medal of the Royal Academy. In the same year his first picture was hung.

The story goes that at the awarding of the first medal mentioned, the Duke of Sussex, who presided, called out, "Mr. John Millais." There was a pause, and then the Duke called out again, "Mr. John Millais." Still there didn't seem to be any answer to the summons, and so at last the Duke exclaimed, "The gentleman seems to be a very long time!" A hearty laugh ran round the hall, and the Duke, peering over his table, discovered a mere child standing on the other side of it—such a little boy, indeed, that at first the Duke's head had escaped the Duke's notice! The end of it was that "Mr. John Millais" had to get on a chair to receive his medal.

Now mark this: of course Millais was a boy of unusual talent, but if he had merely possessed talent and not used it with all the power in his body and mind he would never have risen to be President of the Royal Academy, and one of the greatest painters of any age. He spent as much time and pains—nay, more—on the back wall in the Huguenots as he did upon the beautiful faces that look out of his pictures. It is better to paint one good picture in six months than one fairly good picture a month. It is better to write one good essay in a week than six indifferent ones. If you young competitors, whether it be for school prizes, or CAPTAIN prizes, or University scholarships, will only concentrate yourselves on that one thing, and throw your whole soul into it, you will find that it will pay you far better in the long run than if you do a lot of things in an average manner. This is an age of specialism. Let a man do one thing very well nowadays, and there is plenty of money awaiting him as well as a high place in the world's esteem.

I will give you another notable example of industry. Mr. W. W. Jacobs' stories in the *Strand Magazine* are the best of the kind that have ever been written. For pure, undiluted humour I consider he stands first of all the humourists in this country—I might almost say, in the world. Now, how has this man achieved this position? He was a clerk of some sort when he took to writing tales. Do you think he scribbled them off anyhow, splodged them into an envelope, addressed them to the editor of a magazine, and expected a big cheque by return of post? Not a bit of it. Listen to what he recently said to an interviewer:

"I like to spread a story over a month, though the actual writing may not occupy more than twenty or thirty hours. Sometimes, however, my stories hang about until at last a sense of shame compels me to finish them. . . . If I do a good day's work, I write a thousand words; sometimes, however, I do three hundred words and tear them up. . . . Writing to me is very laborious work, and the mere physical fatigue has a tendency to make my sentences, perhaps, somewhat short. I correct a good deal on my manuscript at times, and sometimes, though I hate it, re-write pages which need it. Then I send it to be typed. . . . Sometimes, though, I am so behind-hand that I have to send my original manuscript to the printer. That is, perhaps, not so bad as it might be, for every word is written out in full, as I never abbreviate."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and the result of this patient industry is that every month a huge public derives immense entertainment from Mr. Jacobs' tales in the *Strand*.

"Do Monkeys Reason?"—Still another example of tireless patience and perseverance is afforded by Professor R. L. Garner, who has favoured me with some biographical facts about himself from which I extract the following:—

I was born in Abingdon, Virginia, U.S.A., February 19th, 1848. At sixteen years of age I ran away from home, joined the Confederate Army, and served until the end of the war, when I entered the Jefferson Institute at Blountville, Tennessee. After attending there for two years, I went to Kentucky and began life as a teacher. This profession I followed for almost twelve years.

During all my life I have been a lover and student of animals and their habits. In 1885 I first became



MR. E. F. SKINNER, ILLUSTRATOR OF "THE RISING OF THE RED MAN," WHO DRESSES THUS TO GET REALISTIC EFFECTS.
Photo by G. Cusden.

convinced that monkeys could convey definite ideas by means of sounds. In 1890 I first began a series of methodical experiments with monkeys by using the phonograph in recording the sounds, and I may number among my advocates from that time Mr. T. A. Edison, who has ever since been deeply interested in my work. After two years of arduous effort at my own expense, I set out to Africa, and began the study of the great apes in their wild state. For this purpose I devised a cage (which has since been used by others as an original idea), and with that I went into the great forest, and lived alone among the wild

animals. During my sojourn there I saw and learned many things which no other student of nature has ever seen.

For twelve years I have devoted my entire time, energy and funds to the object in view, and to that end have left undone nothing that I could do to effect my purpose. I have made three voyages into Africa in the pursuit of my work, and shall soon enter upon my fourth. I have suffered more from hunger, privation and hardship than any human being can ever describe, and I am still willing to lay the last blessing of my life upon the altar of my faith, and will bring to my feet the last craven who would challenge the sincerity of my purpose or the facts that I have discovered and announced.

School Lays and College Lyrics.—A correspondent signing himself "Floreat Sodalitas" sends me the school song of Skinners' School, Tunbridge Wells. This was written by one of the masters, and the music was supplied by another. I give the first verse and chorus:—

Now hands about, good Leopards all,
And sing a rousing chorus,
In praise of all our comrades here,
And those who went before us;
For to this lay all hearts beat true,
The gallant hearts that love us,
So fortune fend each absent friend
While there's a sun above us.

Sing, Leopards, sing,
Floreat Sodalitas,
Little matter well or ill,
Sentiment is more than skill,
Sing together with a will.

Floreat Sodalitas, 'dalitas Pardorum.

"Leopards" is the name given to the Skinners' boys.

In connection with Mr. Mackie's story we give a picture of the artist who is illustrating it, Mr. E. F. Skinner, as he dresses himself in order to get realistic effects. The habiliments in which Mr. Skinner is clothed were presented to Mr. Mackie by an Indian chief. Mr. Skinner stands in front of a long mirror and draws in the correct detail from his own reflection. This is another example of doing a thing thoroughly.

The Christmas Number of THE CAPTAIN will appear on November 22nd, and will contain, as usual, a large amount of seasonable matter. Among the principal features will be an article on highwaymen, entitled "Dick Turpin and Co.," by Alfred B. Cooper, with some remarkable full-page illustrations; Mr. S. A. Parkes, our railway expert, will contribute a yarn entitled "A Queer Clue"; there will be an article on Christmas Pictorial Cards, and another on the "Very Latest Inventions," by J. A. Kay. One of the most

Christmassy things in the number will be a capital paper called "Dickens, the Boy," by Walter Dexter: all sorts of tales about Dickens' boyhood are here given, with illustrations of his various residences. Among the artists represented in our Christmas Number I may mention the names of Frank Dadd, R.I., the late Fred. Barnard, A. Forestier, Wal Paget, Tom Browne, John Hassall, Louis Wain, S. E. Waller, E. F. Skinner, T. M. R. Whitwell, Hall Thorpe, and George Hawley. Among the fiction will be a story from the pen of the author of "J. O. Jones," entitled "To Amuse the Ladies." I hope it will amuse you young gentlemen as well.



A GOOD SNAP OF K. S. RANJITSINHJI, BY GUY EVERED.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wilfrid Jones.—Yes, my son, I agree with you that it is an excellent plan never to put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day, and there are several things which conduce to make the average schoolboy live up to this maxim. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," was a piece of advice I received from a maiden aunt when I first went to school. She pressed a bright crown piece into my hand at the same time. The dear lady had a good deal of common-sense—what a wonder-working thing a bright crown piece is! When I arrived at school I found that putting off until to-morrow what I ought to have done to-day meant staying in for forty minutes before dinner and possibly for two hours on Saturday afternoons, and so then I perceived the excellence of my maiden aunt's advice.

G. H. Buckland.—(1) All regiments of the Regular Army are liable to be sent abroad. The regiments you mention went on foreign service in 1889. (2) In the Household Cavalry a corporal receives from 2s. 8d. to 3s. a day, in Cavalry of the Line about 2s. 6d., and in other corps from 1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d. :—

sergeant receives from 3s. to 3s. 6d., about 2s. 8d., and 2s. 4d. to 3s. 4d., respectively, according to the regiment. (3) I have heard of soldiers doing very well in regimental schools, where the tuition is of the best. There are three certificates given for proficiency—viz., first, second, and third class. (4) You will find a recipe for removing warts in **THE CAPTAIN** for July, 1902, in reply to "Yermak."

T. E. Lister (HOVE).—(1) If your father is a private gentleman, the R.M.A. course at Woolwich will cost about £150. You can obtain full particulars regarding entrance into the College from the War Office gratis. (2) No, you cannot live on your pay in any branch of the R.A., although it is possible to do so in the R.E. The cost of the R.E. uniform is about £80. (3) If you go to Woolwich it depends upon how you pass whether you will be eligible for the R.E. or R.A. Your choice of any particular branch, too, is ruled by the number of vacancies there may be. (4) Tonbridge is a very good school, and the fees there are about the same as at Cheltenham.

James W. Johnson (CREWE).—I should recommend "The Art of Illustration," by A. Horsley Hinton. It is published by Dawbarn and Ward, 6 Farringdon-avenue, London, E.C., and costs 3s. net. Use Gillott's 659 crow quill pen, Higgins' or Reeves' artists' black ink, and Bristol board, all of which can be purchased at a good artists' store. You will do well to remember, however, that there are things in black-and-white drawing which cannot be taught, but are only to be gained by studying the best men.

Yeoman (UPPER FOOTING).—I should not advise you to join a Mounted Infantry corps, as it would be more expensive than the Imperial Yeomanry, and the Government do not provide a horse. Write to Major the Hon. E. J. Mills, D.S.O., Adjutant of the Bromley Squadron, West Kent Imperial Yeomanry, 31 Threadneedle-street, E.C., mentioning **THE CAPTAIN**, and he will be pleased to give you all the necessary information concerning this corps, which I think will suit you in every way.

Fig.—Clubbed. I don't know much about hockey, but I should say that in a "mixed" game the men wouldn't like to play up to their full strength. I think it is better for girls to play by themselves. It may be all right for boys and girls to play together, though, especially as in country places that's often the only way of getting two full sides. However, I'll hand your letter to Mr. Fry and you can see what he says. Your writing will do nicely.

H. T. Charleton (ASHTON-ON-MERSEY).—I am sorry not to be able to tell you how to obliterate print without damaging the paper. I should think it might be done with the aid of certain chemicals, but even these would have a tendency to dissolve the paper. Ink and typewriting may be erased with india-rubber, but printed matter is irremovable by this means, as the letters are to a certain extent impressed into the paper.

J. Wilson Campbell (BLACKPOOL).—I think you will find the two following books very useful: "Briefs for Debate," by Brookings and Ringwalt, and "Pros. and Cons.," by Askew. They may be obtained for 1s. 10d. and 1s. 8d., post free, respectively, from Messrs. Parker and Co., 31 Bedford-street, Strand, W.C. You should procure a list of rules from a debating society already in existence, and gather hints from it.

Alan S. Lloyd.—You couldn't fit very fast engines into a hull only eighteen inches long. An engine for a hull of this length would cost 14s. 6d., and you could obtain it from Stevens' Model Dock-

yard, 22 Aldgate, London, E. The smallest hull this firm make to sell separately is twenty-eight inches in length, and costs £1. An engine for the same can be purchased for 18s.

Civilian.—At your age I should recommend you to join a volunteer battalion, not a cadet corps; in fact, you are too old for the latter. I do not think you would care for the Royal Fusiliers. There is the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, of Great Scotland Yard, S.W., and one or two others, but I should advise you to follow the course suggested to "Tredegar," August, 1902.

"Only a Girl," and Others.—Many thanks for your letters about "J. O. Jones." I am pleased to say he made a host of friends during his six months stay with us. The story, you may like to know, will be published in book form next February by Messrs. A. and C. Black, Soho-square, London, W.

Curious (KENTISH TOWN).—(1) Clubbed. (2) Write to Mr. C. B. Fry, care of this office. (3) "Plato, Books I.—IV.," three shillings; More's "Utopia," eighteen-pence (Scott Library). (4) "Butterfly and Moth Collecting," 1s. 2d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, W.C.

Cestria.—(1) I cannot say yet when the full list of Club Members will be published. Certainly not before the supplementary lists are finished. (2) It will cost about 12s. to have three **CAPTAIN** volumes bound—i.e., 1s. 6d. each for the covers, and 2s. 6d. each for binding.

Edwin J. Luckett (MARGATE).—Yes, the models of L.N.W.R. and G.N.R. expresses, manufactured by the Clyde Model Dockyard, are all tested under steam, and I am sure you will be well satisfied with any model locomotives you purchase from this firm. Send for their catalogue, post free, 4d.

Volunteer.—The London Rifle Brigade will suit you down to the ground, it being the only London corps in which you do not have to sign on for any special period. See reply to "Tredegar," in the August number.

Humber Bicycle Comp.—We regret that the name of Stanley J. M. Twohy, to whom was awarded a consolation prize, was published as B. Barnes, which is the name of his house at Christ's Hospital.

Young Fag.—Glad to hear from you. More stamps whenever you like to send a stamped envelope for them. In reply to your kind enquiry I beg to say that I still have to warm my own slippers!

Microbe.—Clubbed. Very nice of your sister! Reading Henty will do you good. Over-much reading is, of course, detrimental to health. Don't neglect games for it.

Harry Roberts.—You need not have a license for an air-gun if you confine its use to within your own house and grounds. **F. L. Christie.**—

Fasten the autographs in your album with mounts in the same way as you would stamps. **Inquirer** (GLASGOW).—Communicate with Mr. Tagg, Tagg's Island, Thames Ditton, Surrey, re canoes, etc.

Jonathan Slow.—(1) "Swimming," by Archibald Sinclair and William Henry, price 10s. 6d. (Badminton Library.) (2) Get your Indian ink from an artists' colourman's shop. **Rube Grey.**—

You can get a hektograph from Richford and Company, 153, Fleet-street, London, E.C. **W. E.**

Turner.—If the story merits publication the illustration of the same is usually left to the Art Editor or the Publisher. **C. H. M. R.** (BRISTOL).—(1) No. (2) See reply to "Curious." (3) Not yet. **S. E.**

Wall.—There are no **CAPTAIN CLUB** colours. **Flyer.**—Write to Mr. Haydon Perry, c.o.

CAPTAIN Office. **Bobs.**—See reply to "Pip," July, 1901. **M. D. Walker** (ABERDEEN).—Yes, I will put something in it. Enclose stamps for return **Edmund Wye.**—Your writing is very clear and contains plenty of character. Sorry I cannot print the verses. **D.**—Thanks for your letter and suggestions re Lifeboat, etc. Charming foggy down by the canal now, eh? **H. D. Jones.**—Thanks for your suggestion. I shall keep it by me.

Medallist.—Your suggestions are most sensible, and I shall give them my careful consideration. **Official Representatives** Appointed.—Herbert G. Pearse (Dublin), W. F. Croft (Peterborough).

Letters, etc., have also been received from H. W. F. Long, W. A. Woodhouse, "Nemo" (Clubbed), H. F. Mackie, and others whose names will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of September Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Towns."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: H. G. Davies, Trelawne, Middleton-road, Muswell Hill, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Charles Horridge, Oxford-street, Preston, Lancs.; and Gladys Morris, Ivy Cottage, near Abergwili, Carnarthen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. A. H. Goodyear, A. B. Newcomen, George Stone, Ethel Price, A. H. Laurie, Margery Henly, Morton Jewell, Marion Andrews, R. C. Gurrey.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

TEN SHILLINGS divided between: G. H. Berry, Penshurst, Croyham Park-avenue, Croydon; and Ruth Quibell, Hednesford Vicarage, Stafford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. C. Woodthorpe, Bede-terrace, Whitley, Northumberland; and H. Platt, Wirral Hey, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. W. Smith, Mabel Callaher, Alan Voysey, Wm. H. Thomas, Ronald A. Inglis, C. D. Elphick, W. J. Jones, J. R. Harrison.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Charles H. Allen, The Myrtles, St. Mark's, Cheltenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Beryl Waters, Hill Top, Singleton-road, Kersal, Manchester; and Estelle Bartlett, Wilts and Dorset Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. H. Dale, E. A. Fletcher, J. Scongal, Maurice Ridley, C. C. Phipps, E. Peers.

No. II.—"Landscape Photograph."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Cyril U. Whitney, 21 Nicosia-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. Durand, Ruckley Grange, Shifnal, Shropshire; and G. R. L. Jode, St. Giles, Norwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Francis Harper, E. Arthur Miller, W. F. H. Clayton Smith, A. F. Lonsdale, Hugh Strathern.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Ernest B. Holmes, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: N. E. Lean, 6 Elmora-road, Sheffield; and G. S. Kennedy, 115 Notting Hill, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: I. G. Scott-Forrest, W. D. Mawe, Frank Rudge, I. Llewellyn.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Cedric H. Stokes, 60 Parkhill-road, Hampstead, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. Kingscote, Pension Grancy Villa, Lausanne, Switzerland; and D. H. Wilkinson, 32 Manor-road, West Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Frath, J. W. L. Craig, A. W. Reid, S. W. Banker, Edwin Lemon.

No. III.—"The 'Captain' Board Puzzle."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Fred Inkster, 14 Viewforth-square, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. E. V. Tiffen, R. A. Gandy, B. Smith, M. Avril.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Violet Tiffen, 51 Sprules-road, Brockley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Haggarty, S. W. Kimpton, G. J. Bellea, J. Healey.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Noelle Edith Willis, White Ladies' Gate, Clifton, Bristol.

No. IV.—"Story of a Tree."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Hedley V. Fielding, Royal Hospital, Dublin.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Winifred D. Ercout, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; and Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill Street, Alloa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John G. Peters, Winifred Lynch, Grace Adams, Marian Hewitt, Evelyn Hewitt, M. Avril, Charles E. Green, Dora Wolferstan.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: A. S. Webster, 26, Victoria-street, Shrewsbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. J. Juleff, 4 Clitheroe-road, Stockwell, S.W.; and Edith L. Adams, Somerville, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Baird, John Brown, Edith O. Walford, Dora Laredo, Harold Scholfield, Joan Cartwright, Charles Jones, R. B. Ewbank, F. W. Clark, Hugh F. Walker, R. W. Bullard, Alex. Kingford, Ruby Rankin, Dora Reid, F. V. Edwards, H. G. Richardson, Frank Y. Walters, F. W. Rogers, W. F. Ashton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: William J. Loosemore, East-street, North Molton, N. Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts; and James Beahan, 14 Grosvenor View, Camp-road, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Crichton, Daphne Werry, Robt Jackson, May F. Christison, Dorothy Wheatley, Embyn Y. Stewart, Evelyn Donne.

No. V.—"Jokes."

WINNERS OF 5s.: Henry R. Shaw, 10, Clifton Bank, Rotherham; J. Hounam, 53, Queen's-avenue, Muswell-hill, N.; and Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill-street, Alloa.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to F. Maunsell, Alford, Dean Park, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James H. Walker, A. L. Cartwright, G. A. Harris, Florence Warde, L. Tuck, W. S. L. Holt, H. O'Rym, W. H. C. Hardy.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or a book by a "Captain" author.

COMMENTS ON THE SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—No one managed to get all right, but a great many had only one mistake. The names that presented the greatest difficulty were Norwich, Kew, and Coventry.

No. II.—A large number of excellent landscape photographs were submitted for this competition. Such difficulty did the Photographic Editor experience in making his selection, that he had to call in the assistance of several other experts before the winning pictures could finally be decided upon. Those competitors who received consolation prizes and honourable mention may take credit to themselves that their photos were all clever pieces of workmanship.

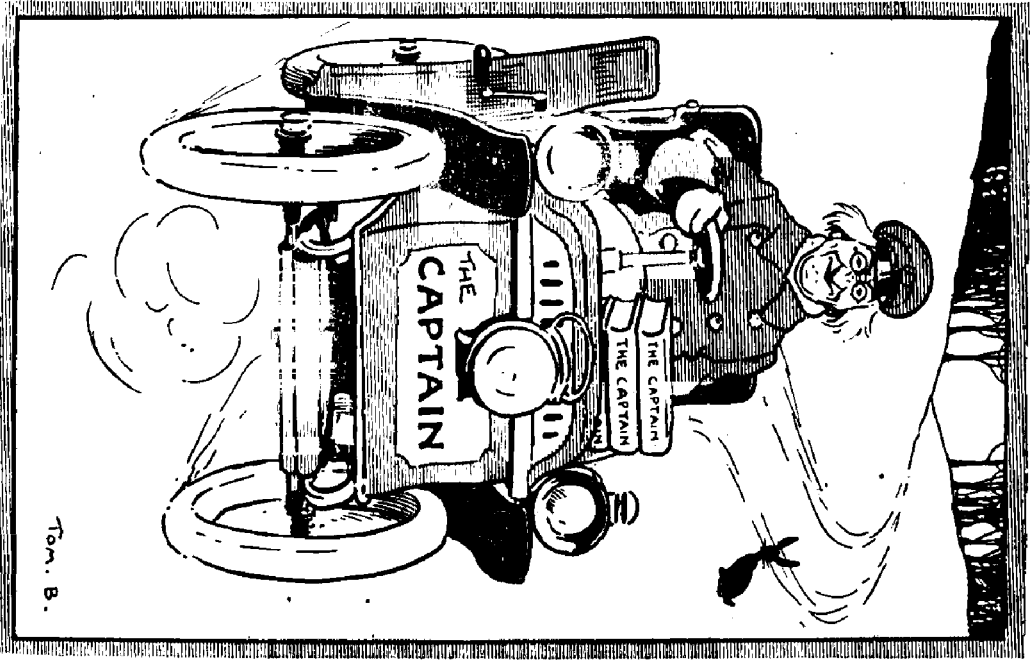
No. III.—A few competitors in Classes I. and II. pasted up this little problem correctly. A prize was awarded to Mr. Fred Inkster because he surpassed his fellow competitors not only in pasting up the puzzle, but also in neatness, etc.

The same remarks apply to Miss Violet Tiffen and to Miss Willis.

No. IV.—This proved to be a very popular and interesting competition. Of course the "Oak Tree" was the favourite by a long way, some of its kind living to a really marvellous old age! Class III. sent in some excellent essays.

No. V.—While looking through the large number of entries for this competition, one realised how difficult it is to make an original joke. A very large number sent in old friends in slightly varied settings, though I have no doubt the authors thereof honestly believed that they were giving me original matter. The prize-winners' jokes were distinctly amusing, and did much to beguile the tedium of my task.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



Tom. B.



THE LONDON COACH LEAVING FOR YORK AT CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE DAYS OF DIOR TUPPIN AND CO.

DICK TURPIN

AND Co.

BY A. B. COOPER

IN THIS CHIMNEY
DICK TURPIN
USED TO HIDE

"This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried
'stand' to a true man."
"Let us be gentlemen of the shade, minions of the
moon."

FALSTAFF.

THE palmy days of the Knights of the Road began during the Civil War between Cavaliers and Roundheads, and extended even to the end of the reign of George III. So late as the end of the eighteenth century, Lord Minto, writing to his wife, says: "I will not trust my throat on Finchley Common in the dark," so he put off his return to the bosom of his family till the next day. Of course, there were freebooters before Charles's day, of whom Robin Hood is the patron saint and Jack Falstaff and his sack-drinking followers are the classic examples. But strangely enough these outlaws mostly belonged to the upper classes (Robin Hood himself was the Earl of Huntingdon), while the later highwayman was just a common, low-bred person who won the cheers of the mob by his audacity or by the breezy way in which he faced the terrors of Tyburn Tree.

A less well-known outlaw than Robin Hood, of the earlier period, was Sir Edward Gosselin Denville, who flourished in the reign of Edward II. He made his *début* by robbing two Cardinals sent to England by the Pope. After that he seems to have made a speciality of ecclesiastical matters, for he was chiefly occupied in plundering churches and nunneries. One day a Dominican monk fell into his hands and, not content with an-

nexing his fat purse, Denville made him climb a tree and preach from this strange pulpit. The monk, however, had his revenge, for, to the uncontrollable delight of Denville's followers, he gave out his text in a loud voice: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."

To the period of the Civil War and especially to the reign of the Merrie Monarch belongs quite a galaxy of famous highwaymen, and at least one famous highway-woman. This notable lady, known far and wide as "Moll Cutpurse," earned her cognomen by her extreme dexterity in emptying the wallets of the rich. But mere pocket-picking was not exciting enough for her, and she took to the Road like the best man among them. She was nothing if not loyal, and it is said that she never attacked a Cavalier, but would gallop miles to intercept a Roundhead. She even robbed General Fairfax on Hounslow Heath. She was, however, captured immediately after this daring feat, carried to Newgate, tried, and condemned to pay the General £2,000 out of her ill-gotten gains. It speaks well for her income that she was quite able to do it. However, after this episode she threw off the crape mask and entered into business as a receiver of stolen goods. At her death, which occurred in her bed, her house was full of jewels, rings and watches.

A famous highwayman who used to infest

the road between Bristol and Salisbury in the reign of Charles II. was a Welshman named William Davis. This worthy earned the sobriquet of "Golden Farmer," owing to his invariable practice of paying all his debts in gold for the purpose of escaping detection. For many years he was only known, except by his chosen accomplices, of whom Thomas Simpson, "Old Mobb," was the chief, as a blameless agriculturist. His own wife and large family, in fact, were absolutely ignorant of his real "profession." Yet he was one of the most daring highwaymen of his time, his most famous exploit being the robbery of "Nan Clarges," Duchess of Albemarle, whose coach he stopped on Salisbury Plain. He had, however, caught a tartar, and, though he obtained the victory single-handed over the postillion, the coachman and two footmen, and took three diamond rings, a gold watch and valuable chatelaine, he probably was never more surprised in his life than by the torrent of "Billingsgate" which poured from the Duchess's pretty lips. No costermonger or fish-wife who ever tried could beat the Duchess in this particular line, and it was probably this and the approach of another party which made the "Golden Farmer" beat a hasty retreat. The Duchess's anger was probably aroused more by the fact that this strange man re-

proached her for painting her face and for niggardliness than on account of her losses. Like most of his *confrères*, he came to the gallows, though, very unlike most of them, he had reached the age of 63. In fact, the bones of the Knights of the Road could be seen suspended at most of the cross-roads, and Tyburn Tree had generally its full quota dangling from its cross-bars.

The late lamented Claud Duval is another hero of the Merrie Monarch's days. All the fair faces that look out of their frames in the Beauty Room at Hampton Court Palace

were wet with tears when he paid the penalty of his sins on Tyburn Tree in 1670. His was a short life and a merry one, like the lives of the rest of them, for he was only twenty-seven at the time of his death. He has been supposed by some to have been of noble descent, but this is all nonsense, for he came from Normandy with the Duke of Richmond, whose servant he was. He had, however, learned to ape the ways of good society, and it was his handsome face and stylish dress, his grace of manner and a certain mock chivalry which, more than anything else, made his fame. Who has not seen Frith's



From a contemporary print.

canvas, which depicts one of the most famous episodes in Duval's career? He has stopped a coach in which there is a lady and gentleman. The lackeys are stricken with terror. Even the gentleman looks anything but comfortable, but her ladyship, although she knows that there is £400 in the coach, takes up her flageolet and begins to play, to show her perfect unconcern. Very well, if this is the lady's mood Duval is ready to pay for his entertainment, but an air upon the flageolet is not sufficient. She must give him a dance; so the two, lady and highwayman, foot the "Coranto" on the open road. Duval demands £100 only; tells the trembling lackeys to get off their marrow bones, and, with the sweeping bow for which he was famous,

takes his leave.

But this is only the gilt on the gingerbread. He was, in spite of his show of courtesy, a great terror on the road. Such huge rewards were offered for his capture that he was forced to cross the Channel and give his own countrymen the benefit of his company. Normandy, however, was evidently not exciting enough for Claud, for he soon returned, and after cutting a dash here and there, was taken, while drunk, at the "Hole in the Wall" Tavern in Chandos-street.



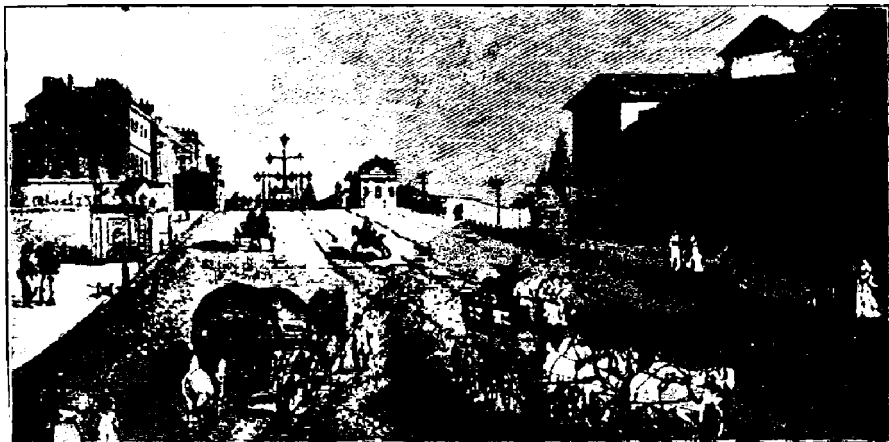
ONE OF CLAUD DUVAL'S LITTLE JOKES.
(From the drawing by A. Forestier.)

The beauties of the Court are said to have almost worried Charles into the grave with their tears and protestations for his life, and it is to the credit of the King that he refused them all. Nevertheless, according to the chronicles of the time, his remains, which lay in state after his execution in the Tangier Tavern, St. Giles', were "bedewed with the tears of beauty." Huge crowds of all ranks of Society went to his lying-in-state, as if he had been the saviour instead of the pest of his country. He is buried in the centre of Covent Garden Church, and his epitaph reads:—

Here lies Duvall! Reader, if male thou art,
Look to thy purse: if female, to thy heart.

The *London Gazette*, in its notice of his death, perpetrates an Irish bull. It says, "He was of singular parts and learning, though he could neither read nor write."

A more terrible character than any yet



HYDE PARK CORNER WITH TURNPIKE GATES.

AS IT WAS WHEN THE PARK WAS INFESTED WITH FOOTPADS TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT TO WALK TO THE PLEASANT VILLAGE OF KENSINGTON AFTER DARK WAS A VERY DANGEROUS UNDERTAKING.

(From an old print.)

mentioned, but one belonging to the same era, was Gilderoy, the Scottish highwayman, who was one of the most fiendishly cruel men that ever cursed the race. He stood six feet ten inches in his stockings, had black hair, glittering eyes, and a deeply-scarred cheek which gave his handsome features a sinister and brutal expression. For no less than fifteen years he was a terror to Scotland, and no good deed of any kind has ever been recorded of him. The blood and thunder stories which tell how the wonderful hero swung the heroine into his saddle with one hand, while he fought a dozen men with the other, would not be much overdrawn if they referred to Gilderoy, for his strength was stu-

pendous. Even as a schoolboy he could hold a hundred-weight at arm's length and crumple a horse-shoe with the pressure of his hand. He is probably to be pitied as well as blamed for he had a generous father and a weak mother. One gave him plenty of money to spend and the other shielded his vices.

His father died as he was reaching manhood, and he squandered his patrimony in six months. He had, even at that time, become an adept at everything vicious, and had probably, several murders on his conscience, such as it was. But his most awful act was to come. Being short of funds he blackmailed his mother till even her patience was exhausted. Then he left home for a short time and returned pretending to be very penitent. Gilderoy's mother promised to give him a sum of money on the morrow, but he determined to take it for himself, and as much more as he could lay hands on. In the

dead of the night he stole upstairs to her room. The creak of the door awoke her, she inquired what he wanted, and in cold blood he killed her. Taking all the money he could find, he burnt the house to the ground in order to cover his deed, and then entered upon one of the most awful careers of crime in the pages of history. Robbery was an every-day act, and with astonishing and awful frequency it was accompanied by murder and arson. So great was

the terror inspired by his name that a company of soldiers was sent out to take him, and at last succeeded in capturing him at Aberdeen. Such, however, was his strength and brute courage, that he broke loose from prison and, finding the country too hot to hold him, went to France, whose relations with Scotland in those days were of course very intimate.

In France he changed his tune and turned courtier. His huge size, his marvellous strength, and his bold, audacious manner, carried him through very well. Reputations, either good or bad, seldom travelled far in those days, and Gilderoy became a general favourite. He is said to have robbed Cardinal Richelieu and the King in the church



THE BITER BIT.

THE HIGHWAYMAN DIDN'T ALWAYS COME OUT BEST MAN, AS THIS PICTURE SHOWS.

(From the drawing by F. Barnard.)

of St. Denis. All the fashionables were there, and Gilderoy, who was one of the smartest bucks, was in the company of the King and Cardinal. It is said that he practically gave his Majesty the wink while he extracted Richelieu's purse from his pocket. The King was greatly entertained at what he imagined to be an excellent joke, and probably promised himself the pleasure of chaffing the Cardinal on his return to the Palace. His triumph, however, ended in chagrin, for he found a little later that Gilderoy had decamped not only with the Cardinal's purse but with *his* as well!

Very soon after this Gilderoy returned to Scotland and took to the Road again. There is a legend that he actually waylaid Cromwell, but this is probably untrue, as, such was his loyalty to the King and his fierce hatred of his enemies, had the Parliamentary Leader fallen into his hands he certainly would not have escaped with his life.

Like a fiercer and more ignoble Robin Hood he collected a band of outlaws, and for years they harried Sutherland. Even in his humour he was cruel and deadly and absolutely pitiless. The Lord of Sessions had hanged three of his band upon a certain gibbet. Gilderoy purposely waylaid him, trussed his servants like fowls, drowned them in a pond, bound the Lord of Sessions on his own horse, and drove him before him to the very gibbet upon which his three followers had been hanged. Like most gibbets of that day it had four arms, and three were occupied. "By my soul, mon," said Gilderoy, "as this gibbet is built to break people's craigs, I maun e'en hang you on the vacant beam;" and hang him he did.

He was at last betrayed by a woman named Peg Cunningham, whose love for him had turned to hate. Fifty soldiers burst in upon him, but before he could be taken he not only killed Peg Cunningham but eight of the men into the bargain. He was hanged in the Grass Market in Edinburgh on a gibbet thirty feet high. From this his body was afterwards taken down and hung in chains forty feet above Leith Walk, where it dangled for no less a period than fifty years.

Hounslow Heath and Finchley Common were the happy hunting grounds of the Knights of the Road, but it must not be supposed for a moment that these approaches to London were the only dangerous places in England. Every great coach road had its highwaymen, and many a low-browed inn, which is now left high and dry on lonely moors and solitary waysides, had it a tongue

could tell tales which would out-romance "Spring-Heeled Jack." London itself was infested with footpads and cutpurses to such an extent, that to cross the Green Park after dark or to go down to the pleasant village of Kensington from Hyde Park Corner, in the Stuart period, was even more dangerous than to take a trip to York.

William III. lived at Kensington Palace, and the fashionable world had perforce to cross the Park. Many a noble gambler, returning to town with his pockets bulging with gold, lost all his winnings before he reached Piccadilly. It used to be a common thing for parties to wait in Piccadilly, where the houses ceased, until there was a sufficient company to venture to the fashionable suburb of Kensington or cross the Park to the Palace. Servants were armed to the teeth and kept a sharp look-out to prevent a surprise. The footpads had keys to all the gates in the Green Park, and if pursued could either lock their pursuers in or out, as best suited their purpose, and thus get safely away.

Even as late as 1776 the Lord Mayor's coach was stopped on Turnham Green by highwaymen, who robbed him in sight of his retainers and got safely away.

The great Walpole in crossing the Park was stopped by two men, one of whom presented a blunderbuss at the coachman, while the other, who was none other than the famous McLean, robbed the Prime Minister of his watch and eight guineas, besides taking the coachman's watch and money. Walpole got a fright, for, while McLean was busy with his belongings, the highwayman's pistol went off so close to the Minister's face that the powder burnt his skin. A short time afterwards McLean followed his brethren to Tyburn Tree.

Coming down even as late as 1801, it is recorded in the *Times* that the Duke of Bedford's coach was set upon on Christmas Eve in St. John-street, City. His Grace had been to Smithfield Market and had purchased a huge piece of beef, which was strapped on the top of the coach. The merry footpads demanded the surrender of the beef, but the coachman whipped up his horses, thinking to leave the thieves in the rear. However, they climbed up behind, and, cutting the cords by which the meat was fastened, decamped with their illgotten Christmas dinner.

The district of Saffron Hill and Hatton Garden was known as "Jack Ketch's Warren," from the number of persons in its courts and alleys who found their way to the gallows. West-street formed a portion of



DICK TURPIN AND ONE OF HIS COMRADES WAITING FOR THEIR PREY.

(From the drawing by S. E. Waller.)

it, and, when its demolition was decided upon, some excitement was occasioned in consequence of the notoriety attaching to two of the houses—Nos. 2 and 3. Thousands of people visited them from all ranks of society, including a Royal duke. The houses had stood for more than 150 years, and, considering that they had been used for the vilest purposes, it was matter for surprise that they could have been tolerated so long within the bounds of the City of London.

They were first built by the chief of a tribe of gipsies, under the pretence of a tavern called the "Red Lion," but really for the purpose of storing stolen goods and harbouring thieves. The buildings in the rear were stables, where the fleetest horses were kept in constant readiness for pursuit or flight. They were the resort of the worst characters in London, among whom were Jack Sheppard, Jonathan Wild, Jerry Abershaw, and Dick Turpin. The houses stood by the side of the Fleet Ditch, a tributary of the Thames, which flowed into the great river near Blackfriars Bridge. Who knows what has been dropped into its rapid current and swept down to the Thames, and thence to the sea?

Dark closets, trap-doors, sliding-panels, and every imaginable means of escape were discovered in the houses. In No. 3 were two trap-doors in the floor—one for the concealment of stolen goods, the other to serve as a way of escape in case of pursuit. The criminal lifted a covering of wood three feet square, dropped into a cellar beneath, and then, putting a plank across the Fleet Ditch and dragging it over with him, found himself in Black Boy Alley, quite safe from pursuit. If a thief could once gain the house, it was almost impossible for his pursuers to capture him, there being so many outlets. The staircases were very peculiar. The pursuer and the pursued might be only a few feet apart, yet the latter escaped by the roof, while the former found

himself back again in the room he had just left. This trick was accomplished by means of a pivoted panel.

Jack Sheppard, the hero of Ainsworth's novel of that name, belongs to the eighteenth century, having been born in 1702, the year before John Wesley. His father was an honest carpenter of Spitalfields, but Jack was born in Stepney. The following year his father died, and the future highwayman was brought up in the workhouse of Bishopsgate. He seems to have kept pretty straight until about his twentieth year, when he fell into bad company at the "Black Lion" in Drury

Lane. His first recorded theft was of two silver spoons from the "Rummer Tavern," Charing Cross, celebrated in Hogarth's picture of "Night," but he did not commence his real course of crime until 1723, and it lasted less than one year!

His robberies were less remarkable than his wonderful success as a prison-breaker. In April, 1724, he broke from St. Giles' "Roundhouse," and in the very next month he escaped from New Prison. He had to get rid of his irons, cut through a double grille of oaken and iron bars, descend twenty-five feet by means of his sheet and blanket, and scale a wall twenty-two feet high. All this he accomplished, and surmounted the last wall with a comrade on his back. Every day of June and July was filled with

highway robbery and burglary. He kept London in terror. The notorious Jonathan Wild, himself a cunning thief, betrayed him, and he was captured in Rosemary Lane on July 23rd.

On August 14th he was condemned to death at the Old Bailey, but with the help of a file again managed to escape. Though often seen about Wych-street, no one dared lay hands on him, but on September 10th Sheppard and his friend Page were taken on Finchley Common by a posse of armed men, led by one of the turnkeys to whom he had given the slip. He was heavily shackled, but yet



From a contemporary print.

managed to secrete a set of tools in the rushes of his chair. He was removed to "The Castle" and chained to two great iron staples in the floor. On Sunday, September 13th, thousands of people flocked to Newgate to see him. On the 16th, his warders, having carefully inspected his irons at two p.m., left him for the rest of the day. When they returned he had vanished. His escape seems almost miraculous. He had to snap the chains that held him to the floor, and free his hands, first of all. Then he removed a thick iron bar from the chimney, which he afterwards climbed up. Before he found himself on the leads, however, he had to face several heavily-bolted doors. There was a turner's house next to the prison, and the roof of this was twenty feet below him. He actually returned to the cell the way he had come, secured his blanket, let himself down and entered the house by the garret window.

Five days later he popped in on a lot of his intimates who were busily discussing him in a cellar near Charing Cross, and, later, as a climax of effrontery, broke into a pawnbroker's shop in Drury Lane, rigged himself out in smart clothes, and drove in a coach, with the windows down, past Newgate. A day or two later he drank himself silly at a tavern in Clare Market, and was captured and re-logged in Newgate. The turnkeys did a roaring trade by admitting visitors to see him at 3s. 6d. a head. On November 16th he was executed at Tyburn Tree before such a concourse as even that famous place had never seen. Two hundred thousand people are said to have been there. A riot broke out over the disposal of the body, and the military charged with fixed bayonets. In the old churchyard of St. Martin's in the Fields, where the National Gallery now stands, Jack Sheppard was buried, and—strangely enough—his coffin was discovered by workmen in 1866 next to that of the philanthropist, George Heriot! One cannot help thinking that if his energies had been well-directed he might have achieved distinction instead of notoriety.

Jack Sheppard's exploits are matter of history, but the man who is most generally spoken of in the same breath, Dick Turpin, the hero of "Rookwood," was a very commonplace ruffian who owes all his fame to the literary skill of Harrison Ainsworth. He was born four years later than Sheppard, and managed to keep out of the hangman's clutches sixteen years longer. He was the son of a farmer in East Anglia, and in his youth was apprenticed to a butcher in White-

chapel. His occupation, however, was not sufficiently exciting, for he joined a band of smugglers who infested the neighbourhood of Epping Forest and Copt Hall. Afterwards he took to the road, his favourite haunt being Finchley Common. Turpin's Oak, where it is said he used to take his stand, as seen in our picture, is still existing nearly opposite the "Green Man" at the London end of Finchley Common. Certainly, several pistol bullets have been extracted from the old tree, so the story may be true.

His ride to York, however, on his famous mare, Black Bess, although the spot where the gallant steed sank exhausted is still shown on York Racecourse, is, doubtless, a figment of the novelist's invention. Nevertheless, he was hung at York, for in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April, 1739, the highwayman's obituary notice may still be read as if his death had occurred yesterday. Here it is in full:—

"The notorious Richard Turpin was executed at York for horse stealing. Turpin behaved in an undaunted manner; as he mounted the ladder, feeling his right leg tremble, he stamped it down, and looking round about him with an unconcerned air, he spoke a few words to the topsman, then threw himself off, and expired in five minutes. He declared himself the notorious highwayman, Turpin, and confessed a great number of robberies, and that he shot the man who came to apprehend him in Epping Forest, and King, his own companion, undesignedly, for which latter he was very sorry. He gave £3 10s. to five men who were to follow the cart as mourners, with hatbands and gloves to them and several others. He was buried in St. George's Churchyard, in a neat coffin, with this inscription: 'J. P. 1739. R. T. Aged 33.' The mob having got scent that his body was stolen away to be anatomized, went to the place and brought it away almost naked on men's shoulders, and filling the coffin with lime, buried it in the same grave."

Jack Rann is probably not known by name to half-a-dozen schoolboys in England, but "Sixteen String Jack," who was one and the same man, is much more familiar. He was a great dandy and got his sobriquet from his fancy for wearing eight streamers or strings at the knees of his breeches. His coat and waistcoat were generally of pea-green cloth; his breeches themselves were of buck-skin, spotlessly new, while his hat was bound with silver cord. He was a contemporary of George Barrington, one of the most nimble-fingered pickpockets that ever lived, but, unlike Barrington, who was a man of education, Rann belonged to the same rank of society as Turpin and Sheppard. He had, however, a very merry disposition, and probably nothing in the way of brutal crime could be laid to his charge. While Barrington was cutting a dash at Vauxhall and

emptying the pockets of his intimates, Rann was riding over Hounslow Heath, taking more risks even than were necessary for his calling. It was Dr. Bell's watch, which he annexed on the Heath, which led to his capture. He was hard up for money, sent an accomplice to pawn the watch, the emissary was followed, and the Sheriff and his men did the rest. Thus Jack Rann, as spick and span as ever, with sixteen strings still fluttering at his knees, paid the penalty of his crimes on Tyburn Tree.

And where was this Tyburn Tree, which figures almost as largely in the annals of crime as Newgate itself? Well, if you were to fire a pistol from the Marble Arch in a north-westerly direction it is possible the bullet would pass over the spot where the famous gallows stood. In fact, if you stand at the south-east corner of Connaught-square you will at least be "warm," but the identical spot has purposely been lost. The gallows was built with four uprights with corresponding cross-bars, and could thus accommodate a number of malefactors at once.

There were, of course, no houses there in those days, and the wide open space afforded standing room for thousands of people. Tyburn Tree was one of the "show" places of London, and, sad to say, one of the most popular. Criminals were conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn in a cart along Tyburn Road, which is now Oxford-street.

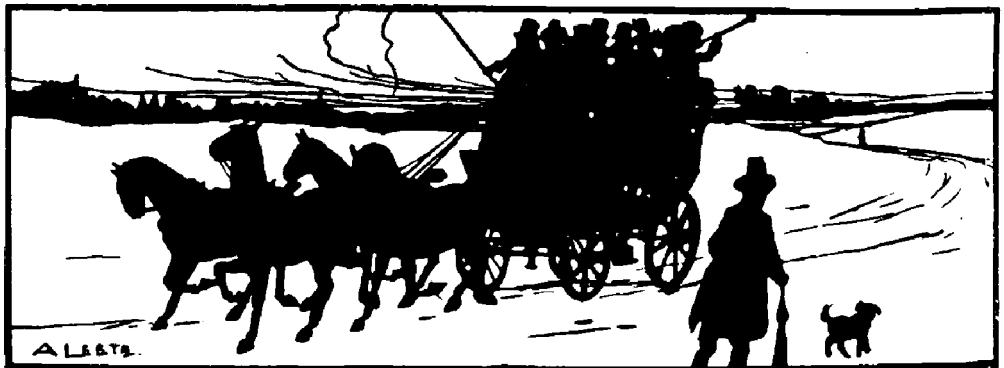
When Tyburn was abolished, owing to the extension of the West End of London, executions took place in front of Newgate. Charles Dickens was chiefly instrumental by his writings in abolishing hanging as a public spectacle, and if he had done nothing else in the service of his country, he would for this be worthy of honour. For, as Tom Ingoldsby says in his account of how Lord Tomnoddy went to see an execution:—

"—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career:
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah, me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see."

Of course railways gave the *coup de grâce* to the highwayman's calling. With better roads, greater facilities of communication, the revival of education and religion, the profession had already fallen upon evil days when the nineteenth century came in, but when the railway took the place of the coach and such scenes as the one so graphically depicted in our illustration were transferred from the roadside inn to the railway station, the "Sixteen String Jacks" and Dick Turpins found their occupation gone for ever.

Sir Robert Peel, too, added to the handicap under which the thief works, by the establishment of the splendid police force of which Britain is justly proud; and the electric telegraph and telephone, which outran not only the fleetest horse, but even the wind itself, have made the detection of crime more and more a certainty.

One thing stands out above all others in the records of famous highwaymen. They were a short-lived race and almost invariably died a violent death. Jack Sheppard only reached the age of 22, Jack Rann 25, Claude Duval 27, and Dick Turpin 33. Probably the Old Book is right after all when it says: "Blood-thirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days," and in another place "The way of transgressors is hard."



THE RISING OF THE RED MAN

A ROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

This story concerns the adventures of a wealthy rancher, named Henry Douglas, his daughter, Dorothy, and their friends, during the rebellion—organised by the fanatical Louis Riel—which broke out in the north-west of Canada during the spring of 1885. The tale opens with a night attack on the rancher's homestead by a party of half-breeds, the defenders of the house consisting of Jacques St Arnaud (a gigantic French-Canadian), Rory (an old farm-hand), Sergeant Pasmore (of the North-West Mounted Police), and Douglas himself. The "breeds," though they meet with a desperate resistance, at length force an entry into the house, but in the nick of time Child-of-Light, a friendly Indian chief, arrives with his "Crees," and saves the situation. The rancher's party then makes its way hurriedly across country to the police fort at Battleford. When, however, the party breaks up into ones and twos, in order to enter the fort unobserved by the rebels surrounding it, Dorothy is forced by an excited half-breed to dance with him. The man's sweet-heart, who is furious with jealousy, recognises Dorothy and discloses the girl's identity to the crowd, whereupon Dorothy is seized and hurried off to Louis Riel. After a brief examination by the rebel chief, Dorothy is delivered into the custody of Pepin Queanelle, a dwarf who possesses a tame bear. Pepin, however, entertains friendly feelings towards Douglas and his daughter, and allows the latter to escape. The girl is joined by her father, who has also been captured and set free, and learns that Sergeant Pasmore has given himself up in the rancher's stead. When it is known that the sergeant is to die at daybreak, Rory, the old manservant, expresses his determination to return to the town and endeavour to extricate Pasmore from his perilous position.

CHAPTER XII.

A MYSTERIOUS STAMPEDE.

BEFORE Douglas could make any demur, Rory had switched off on to another trail and was driving quickly away.

"Rory is as wide-awake as a fox," said Douglas to his daughter. "He's off at full speed now, and I don't suppose he'd turn for me anyhow, if I did overtake him."

"Let him go, father," said the girl. "Rory would have been dead long ago if there had been any killing him. Besides, he may really be of some use to Mr. Pasmore—one never can tell. Do you know, dad, I've got an idea that somehow Mr. Pasmore is going to come out of



this all right. I can't tell you why I think so, but somehow I feel as if he were."

The rancher's gaze seemed concentrated on the tiny iridescent and diamond-like crystals floating in the air. There was a very sober expression on his face. He only wished he could have been honestly of the same opinion.

The sun came out strong, and it was quite evident that Jack Frost had not many more days to reign. Already he was losing that iron-like grip he had so long maintained over the face of Nature. The horses were actually steaming, and the steel runners glided smoothly over the snow, much more easily, indeed, than they would have done if the frost had been more intense, as those accustomed to sleighing very well know.

There was a great silence all round them, and when on the open prairie, where the dim horizon line and the cold grey sky became one, they could almost have imagined that they were passing over the face of some dead planet whirling in space. Only occasionally, where the country was broken and a few stunted bushes were to be met with, a flock of twittering snow-birds were taking time by the forelock, and rejoicing that the period of dried fruits and short commons was drawing to a close.

And now Dorothy saw that her father was

struggling with sleep. It was not to be wondered at, for it was the third day since he had closed an eye. Without a word she took the reins from his hands, and in a few minutes more had the satisfaction of seeing him slumbering peacefully with his head upon his breast. The high sides of the sleigh kept him in position. When he awoke he found it was about eleven o'clock, and that once more they were in the wooded bluff country.

"You have let me sleep too long, Dorothy," he said. "It's time we called a halt for breakfast. Besides, we must send those breeds back."

He whistled to Jacques, who called to Bastien, and in another minute or two the sleighs were pulled up. The prisoners were then provided with food and told that they were at liberty to depart. By making a certain cut across country they could easily reach the township before night-fall.

One would have naturally expected that the two moccasined gentry would have been only too glad to do as they were told; but they were truculent, surly fellows, both, and had been fretting all morning over the simple way in which they had been trapped, and so were inclined to make themselves disagreeable. Bastien Lagrange, who had always known them as two particularly tricky, unreliable customers, had preserved a discreet silence during the long drive, despite their endeavours to drag some information out of him. From what they knew of Douglas they felt in no way apprehensive of their personal safety, so, after the manner of mean men, they determined to take advantage of his magnanimity to work out their revenge. Of Jacques, however, they stood in awe. They knew that if it were not for the presence of the rancher and his daughter that gentleman would very soon make short work of them. The cunning wretches knew exactly how far they could go with the British.

They began by grumbling at having been forced to accompany their captors so far, and asked for the firearms that had been taken from them. One of them even supplemented this modest request by pointing out that they were destitute of ammunition. Jacques could stand their impudence no longer, so, taking the speaker by the shoulders, he gave him an unexpected and gratuitous start along the trail. The two stayed no longer to argue, but kept on their way, muttering ugly threats against their late captors. In a few minutes more they had disappeared round a turn of the trail.

The party proceeded on its way again. After going a few hundred yards they branched on to a side trail, which led into hilly and wooded

country. Passing through a dense avenue of pines in a deep, narrow valley, they came to a few log huts nestling in the shadow of a high cliff. There was a corral hard by with a stack of hay at one end. They approached it cautiously. Having satisfied themselves that the huts concealed no lurking foes, it was resolved that they should unhitch, give the horses a rest, and continue their journey a couple of hours later.

Jacques put one of his great shoulders to the door of the most habitable-looking log hut and burst it open. Dorothy entered with him. The place had evidently belonged to half-breeds. It was scrupulously clean, and in the fairly commodious kitchen, with its open fireplace at one end, they found a supply of fuel ready to their hand.

Whilst Jacques assisted the rancher and Lagrange in foddering the horses, Dorothy busied herself with preparations for a meal.


It was pleasant to be engaged with familiar objects and duties after passing through all sorts of horrors, and Dorothy entered cheerfully on her self-imposed tasks. She quickly lit a fire, and then went out with a large pitcher to the inevitable well found on all Canadian homesteads. She had to draw the water up in the bucket some forty or fifty feet, but she was no weakling, and soon accomplished that. To fill and swing the camp-kettle across the cheery fire was the work of a minute or two. She then got the provisions out of the sleighs, and before the three men returned from looking after the horses she had laid out a meal on the well-kept deal table, which she had covered with an oilcloth. The tea had been made by this time, and the four steaming pannikins filled with the dark, amber-hued nectar looked truly tempting. The rude benches were drawn close to the table, and the room assumed anything but a deserted appearance.

It would have been quite a festive repast only that the thought of Sergeant Pasmore's probable fate would obtrude itself. Certainly they could not count upon the security of their own lives for one single moment. It was just as likely as not that a party of rebels might drive up as they sat there and either shoot them down or call upon them to surrender. Dorothy, despite her endeavours to banish all thoughts of the situation from her mind, could not free herself from the atmosphere of tragedy and mystery that shrouded the fate of the captured one. Her reason told her it was ten chances to one that the rebels would promptly shoot him as a dangerous enemy. Still, an uncanny something that she could not define would not allow her to believe that he was dead: rather was she inclined

"The horses!" cried Douglas; "some one has stampeded them! We must get them back at any cost."

"Don't go out that way," remonstrated Dorothy, as they made for the door. "You don't know who may be waiting for you there. There is a back door leading out from the next room, but you'd better look out carefully through the window first."

The wisdom of the girl's advice was so obvious that they at once proceeded to put it into execution.



DOROTHY LOOKED DOWN APPREHENSIVELY
AT THE ENEMY.

to think that he was at that very moment alive, but in imminent peril of his life and thinking of her. So strongly at times did this strange fancy move her that once she fully believed she heard him call her by name. She put down the pannikin of tea from her lips untasted, and with difficulty suppressed an almost irresistible impulse to cry out. But there was no sound to be heard outside save the dull thud of some snow falling from the eaves.

They had just finished their meal when suddenly a terrible din was heard outside. It seemed to come from the horse corral. There was a thundering of hoofs, a few equine snorts of fear, a straining and creaking of timber, a loud crash, and then the drumming of a wild stampede.

The men sprang to their feet and grasped their rifles.

E. J. Skinner

CHAPTER XIII.

ROOFED!

THE back windows commanded a view of the horse corral, and they could see that one side of it had been borne down by the rush of horses. But what had frightened them was a mystery. There was nothing whatever of a hostile nature to be seen. They could detect no lurking foe among the pines, and when they passed outside, and went round the scattered huts, there was nothing to account for the disastrous panic.

"Parbleu!" exclaimed Jacques, looking around perplexedly. "I think it must have been their own shadows of which they were afraid. Do you not think that is so, m'sieur?"

"It looks like it," said Douglas; "but we must get those horses or the rebels will get us tomorrow; they can hardly overtake us before then. If I remember rightly, there's a snake-fence across the trail, about half a mile or so up the valley, which may stop them. Now, if you, Jacques, go to the right, and you, Lagrange, to the left, while I take the trail—I'm not quite so young and nimble as you two—I daresay we'll not be long before we have them back. But I'd nearly forgotten about you, Dorothy. It won't do to—"

"Nonsense, dad! I'll be perfectly safe here. The sooner you get the horses back, the sooner we'll be able to consider ourselves safe."

This view of the case seemed to commend itself to Bastien, for without further ado he strode away to the left among the pines.

"I'm afraid there's nothing else for it," said Douglas. "I think you'd better go inside again, Dorothy, and wait till we return."

"And in the meantime I'll pack the sleighs," observed the girl. "Leave me a gun, and I'll be all right."

The rancher leant his gun against the window sill, and then departed hastily.

The deserted huts seemed very lonely indeed when they had gone, but Dorothy was a healthy, prairie-bred girl, and not given to torturing herself with vain imaginings.

She went indoors, and, for the next few minutes, busied herself in cleaning up and stowing away the dinner things. This done, she resolved to go outside, for a wonderful change had come about in the weather. It was only too obvious that a new Spring had been born, and already its mild, quickening breath was weakening the grip of King Frost.

Dorothy walked over towards the pines. She could detect a resinous, aromatic odour in the air. Here and there a pile of snow on the flat boughs would lose its grip on the roughened

surface and slip to earth with a hollow thud. She skirted the outhouses, and then made for the long, low-roofed hut again. She was passing a large pile of cord-wood which she noted was built in the form of a square, when, happening to look into it, she saw something that for the moment caused her heart to stop beating and paralysed her with fear. It was a great gaunt cinnamon bear, which, seated on its haunches, was watching her with a look of comical surprise upon its preternaturally shrewd, human-like face.

Dorothy's heart was thumping like a steam-engine. Fear, indeed, seemed to give her wings, for she gathered up her skirts and ran towards the house as she had never run in her life.

But the bear had just an hour or so before risen from his long winter's sleep, influenced, doubtless, by those "blind motions of the earth that showed the year had turned"; feeling uncommonly empty, and therefore uncommonly hungry, he had left his cave in the hillside lower down the valley to saunter upwards in search of a meal. The horses had unfortunately scented him before he was aware of their proximity, and, with that lively terror which all animals evince in the neighbourhood of bears, had broken madly away, to Bruin's great chagrin. If he had not been half asleep, and therefore stupid, he would have crawled upon them from the lee side, and been on the back, or at the throat, of one before they could have divined his presence. The noise of the men's voices had startled him, and he had gone into the wood heap to collect his thoughts and map out a new plan of campaign. The voices had ceased, but here was a nice, fresh-looking girl, who had walked right into his very arms, as it were. It was not likely he was going to turn up his nose at her. On the contrary, he would embrace the opportunity—and the young lady.

He must, indeed, have still been half asleep, for he had given Dorothy time to make a start, and there was no questioning the fact that she could run. Bruin gathered himself together and made after her. Now, to look at a bear running, one would not imagine he was going at any great rate; his long, lumbering strides seem laboured, to say the least of it, but in reality he covers the ground so quickly that it takes a very fast horse indeed to keep pace with him.

Before Dorothy had got half way to the hut, she knew she was being closely pursued. She could hear the hungry brute behind her breathing hard. At length she reached the hut, but the door was shut. She threw herself against it and wrenched at the handle, which must have been put on upside down to suit some whim of

the owners, for it would not turn. The bear was close upon her, so with a sob of despair she passed on round the house. Next moment she found herself confronted with a log wall and in a species of *cul-de-sac*. Oh! the horror of that moment! But there was a barrel lying on its side against the wall of the hut. Afterwards she marvelled how she could have done it, but she sprang on to it, and, gripping the bare poles that constituted the eaves of the shanty, leapt upwards. Her breast rested on the low sod roof; another effort and she was on it. The barrel was pushed from her on springing, and, rolling out of harm's way, she realised that for her it had been a record jump. The vital question now was, could the bear follow?

She raised herself on hands and knees among the soft, wet snow, and looked down apprehensively at the enemy.

What she saw would at any other time have made her laugh heartily, but the situation was still too serious to be mirthful. There, a few paces from the hut, seated on his haunches and looking up at her with a look of angry re-monstrance on his old-fashioned face, was Bruin. His mouth was open, his under jaw was drooping with palpable disappointment, and his small dark eyes were gleaming with an evil

purpose. That he had used up all his superfluous fat in his long winter's sleep was obvious, judging by his lanky, slab-like sides. His long hair looked very bedraggled and dirty. He certainly seemed remarkably hungry, even for a bear. There was no gainsaying the fact that he was wide-awake now.

Dorothy rose to her feet and glanced quickly around. Particularly she looked up the trail in the direction taken by her father and the others, but the dark, close pines, and a bluff prevented her from seeing any distance. She could hear nothing save the twittering of some snow-birds,



DOROTHY RAISED THE STOUT POLE HIGH ABOVE HER HEAD WITH BOTH HANDS, AND WITH ALL THE STRENGTH THAT WAS IN HER SUPPLE FRAME, BROUGHT IT DOWN CRASH UPON THE BRUTE'S HEAD.

and the deep breathing of Bruin, who seemed sadly out of condition. The steep sides of the valley and the dark woods rose up all around and shut in that desolate little homestead. There was no hiding the truth from herself; she was very much alone, unless the bear could be regarded as company. Bruin had her all to himself, so much so, indeed, that he appeared to be taking matters leisurely. He had the afternoon ahead of him, and, after all, it was only a girl with whom he had to deal. As he watched her there was even an apologetic expression upon his face, as if he were half ashamed to be engaged in such an ungentlemanly occupation and hoped

it would be understood that he was only acting thus in obedience to the imperative demands of an empty stomach.

Dorothy wondered why the bear did not at once begin to clamber up after her. As a matter of fact, bears are not much good at negotiating high jumps, particularly when their joints have been stiffening during the greater part of the winter. But they have a truly remarkable intelligence, and this particular one was thinking the matter over in quite a business-like way.

Dorothy caught sight of a long sapling projecting from the eaves. It was really a species of rafter on which the sod roof rested. She cautiously leant over, and, grasping it with her two hands, managed with some considerable exercise of force to detach it. It was about six feet long and nearly as thick as her arm, making a formidable weapon.

Bruin regarded her movements disapprovingly, and resolved to begin operations. The barrel which had helped the girl to gain the roof was naturally the first thing that attracted him. With a mocking twinkle in his dark eyes, he slouched towards it. He was in no hurry, for, being an intelligent bear, he appreciated the pleasures of anticipation. He placed his two forefeet on it, and then, with a quick motion, jerked his cumbersome hindquarters up after him.

But the bear had never seen a circus, and his education, so far as barrels were concerned, had been neglected. The results were therefore disastrous. The barrel rolled backwards, while Bruin took a header forward. Never in the days of his cubhood had he effected such a perfect somersault. In fact, if it had been an intentional performance he could not have done it in better style. It was such an unexpected and spontaneous feat that his thoughts went wandering again, and he looked at the barrel in a puzzled and aggrieved sort of way, as if he half suspected it of having played him some sort of practical joke.

In spite of the peril of her situation Dorothy could not restrain a peal of laughter. A town-bred girl would doubtless have been still shaking with terror, but this was a lass o' the prairie, accustomed to danger. Besides, she saw now that to reach her would cost the bear more skill and agility than he appeared to possess.

The barrel, being in a species of hollow, rolled back and rocked itself into its former position.

The bear walked round it, sniffing and inspecting it in quite a professional manner. Then, not without a certain amount of side—also quite professional—he prepared to have another try.

He sprang more carefully this time, but he did it so as to put the momentum the other way. The result was that he rocked wildly backwards

and forwards for about a minute, and managed to stay on the barrel as a novice might on a plunging horse, until the inevitable collapse came. The barrel took a wilder lurch forward than it had yet done, and Bruin dived backwards this time. He came down with such a thud, and in such an awkward position, that Dorothy made sure his neck was broken. To tell the truth, Bruin thought so himself. He actually had not the moral courage to move for a few moments, lest he should, indeed, find this to be the case. Even when he did move, he was not too sure of it, and looked the very sickest bear imaginable.

But a bear's head and neck are about the toughest things going in anatomy, so after Bruin had carefully moved his about for a little to make sure that nothing serious was the matter, he again turned his attention to the girl. His stock of patience was by this time nearly exhausted, and he glared up at her in a peculiarly spiteful fashion. Then, suddenly seized by a violent fit of energy, he leapt upon the barrel again with the determination to show this girl what he really could do when put to it. But, owing to the previous hard usage the barrel had received, some of the staves had started, the result being that it collapsed in a most thorough manner.

In addition to the surprise and shock sustained by the bear, his limbs got inextricably mixed up with the iron hoops, and he looked for all the world as if he were performing some juggling feat with them. One hoop had somehow got round his neck and right foreleg at the same time, while another had lodged on his hindquarters. He fairly lost his temper and spun round and round, snapping viciously at his encumbrances. The girl laughed as she had not laughed for many a long day. To see this dignified animal make such an exhibition of himself over a trifle of this sort was too ludicrous. But at last he managed to get rid of the hoops, stood erect on his hind legs, and then waddled clumsily towards the hut.

Dorothy was not a little alarmed now, for his huge forepaws were on a level with the eaves, while his blunt, black snout was quite several inches above the sod roof. What if he could manage to spring on to it after all! He opened his mouth, and she could see his cruel yellow jagged teeth and the grey-ribbed roof of his mouth. He moved his head about and seemed preparing for a spring. Dorothy raised the stout pole high above her head with both hands, and with all the strength that was in her supple frame, brought it down crash upon the brute's head.

Bruin must assuredly have seen stars, and thought that a small pine tree had fallen on him.

for he dropped on all fours again with his ideas considerably mixed—so mixed, indeed, that he had not even the sense to go round to the other side of the house, where there was a huge snow-drift by which he might possibly have reached the roof. But, being a persevering bear, and having a tolerably thick head, not to speak of a pressing appetite, he again reared himself against the log wall with the intention of scrambling up. On each occasion that he did this, however, the girl brought the influence of

As for Dorothy, she seated herself as best she could on an old tin that had once contained biscuits, and which, with various other useless articles, littered the roof. She was quite comfortable, and the sun was warm—in fact, almost too much so. She was conscious, indeed, that her moccasins were damp. In future she would wear leather boots with goloshes over them during the day, and only put on moccasins when it became cold in the evening. She knew that in a few days the snow would have disappeared



NEXT MOMENT THE THREE WERE FACE TO FACE.

the pole to bear upon him, causing him to change his mind. Dorothy began to wonder if it were possible that a blacksmith's anvil could be as hard as a bear's skull.

But at last Bruin grew as tired of the futile game as Dorothy of whacking at him with the pole, and, disgusted with his luck and with himself, withdrew to the neighbourhood of the corral fence, either to wait until the girl came down, or to think out a new plan of campaign.

as if by magic, and that a thousand green living things would be rushing up from the brown, steaming earth, and brooding with the promise of a still fuller beauty the quickening boughs.

But what was delaying her father and the others? Surely, if the fence and slip-rails were across the trail where they said they were, the rush of the horses must have been checked, and they would be on their way back now. But she could neither see nor hear anything of their approach. It was stupid to be sitting up

there on the roof of a house with nothing save a bear—fortunately at a respectable distance—for company, but perhaps under the circumstances she ought to be very thankful for having been able to reach such a haven at all. Besides, the day was remarkably pleasant—almost summer-like—although there was slush under foot. Everywhere she could hear the snow falling in great patches from the trees and the rocks. The bare patches of earth were beginning to steam, and lawn-like vapours were lazily sagging upwards among the pines as the sun kissed the cold cheek of the snow queen.

Dorothy's head rested on her hands, and she began to feel drowsy. The twittering of the snow-birds sounded like the faint tinkling of silver sleigh-bells far away; the bear loomed up before her, assuming gigantic proportions, his features at the same time taking a human semblance that somehow reminded her of the face of Pepin Quesnelle, then changing to that of someone whose identity she could not exactly recall. Stranger still, the weird face was making horrible grimaces and calling to her; her eyes closed, her head dropped, and she lurched forward suddenly; she had been indulging in a day dream and had nearly fallen asleep. But surely there was someone calling, for a voice was still ringing in her ears.


She pulled herself together and tried to collect her senses. The bear assumed his natural proportions, and Dorothy realised that she was still seated on the roof of the log-hut. And then a harsh voice—the voice of her dream—broke in with unpleasant distinctness upon her drowsily tranquil state of mind.

"Hi, you zere?" it said. "What for you not hear? Come down quick, I zay."

Dorothy turned, and, glancing down on the other side of the hut, saw the two objectionable rebels whom her father had released nearly a couple of hours before. There was an ugly grin upon their faces, and the one who had addressed her held in his hands the gun which Douglas had placed against the wall so that it might be handy for his daughter in an emergency.

CHAPTER XIV.

A THREE-CORNERED GAME.

 IT was now a case of being between the devil and the deep sea with a vengeance, and Dorothy, as she surveyed the two vindictive rebels on one side and the hungry bear on the other, was almost at a loss to determine which enemy was the more to be dreaded. Upon the whole she thought she would have the better chance of fair play with

the bear. If the latter succeeded in clambering on the roof, at a pinch she could get down the wide chimney, a feat which it was not likely the bear would care to emulate. True, it would be a sooty and disagreeable experiment, not to speak of the likelihood of being scorched on reaching the fireplace, but then she could at once heap more fuel on the fire, which would make it impossible for Bruin to descend, and barricade herself in until the others returned.

It was fortunate that the girl's presence of mind did not desert her. Her policy was to temporise and keep the foe waiting until the others returned with the horses. Moreover, she noticed that Bruin sat on his haunches, listening, with his head to one side, as if this new interruption were no affair of his.

A brilliant idea occurred to her, and already she almost began to look upon Bruin as an ally. As yet the half-breeds were unaware of the bear's proximity.

The girl, without rising, picked up the pole and placed it across her knees.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked the taller of the two rebels. "Don't you want to return to Battleford?"

"Eet is too late now, and we want you," explained the first villain. "Come down queeca. Eet is no time we have to waste. Eef we have to fetch you eet will be ver' bad for you."

"Dear me!" remarked Dorothy, outwardly keeping cool, but not without serious misgivings. "I can't think what you can want with me. But as you're so anxious I'll come down—in a few minutes—when my father and the others return."

"Ze horses they in big snow-dreeft stuck and ze man cannot leaf. Come down now—we want you!"

It was obvious to Dorothy that the two rebels, in taking a circuitous route to the hut, had come upon the horses stuck fast in a snow-drift, and that her father and Jacques and Bastien were busily engaged in trying to extricate them. Knowing that the girl must have been left alone with the firearms, the two rebels had hurried back to secure them, with wild, half-formed ideas of revenge stirring their primitive natures.

Dorothy's policy was to keep cool, in order not to precipitate any action on their part.

"Co-om," said the taller one, whose villainous appearance was not lessened by a cast in his right eye, "we want you to gif us to cat. Co-om down."

"Goodness! have you eaten all we gave you already? You must have wonderful appetites to be sure. If you look in the sleigh——"

"Pshaw! co-om you down and get. What for you sit all alone up there? Eet is not good to sit zere, and you will catch cold."

"Oh, don't trouble about me, thanks. I'm all right; I don't catch cold easily——"

What the cross-eyed one ejaculated at this point will not bear repetition. He actually so far forgot himself as to threaten Dorothy with bodily violence if she did not at once obey him. But as the girl only remained seated, with apparent unconcern, upon the biscuit tin, and gazed mildly into his face, it became evident to the big rebel that he was only wasting words in thus addressing her. He prepared to ascend the snow bank, jump thence on to the roof, and fetch her down by force.

Dorothy, like Sister Ann of Bluebeard fame, gazed anxiously around and listened with all the intensity born of her desperate state; but there was nothing to be seen or heard. Only Bruin had risen again and was coming slowly towards the hut. A bright scheme suggested itself to the girl; but she would wait until the cross-eyed one discovered how utterly rotten and soft the snow-bank had become before putting it into practice. She must gain all the time she could.

The rebel managed to reach the top of the drift, which was nearly on a level with the roof of the hut, without sinking more than an inch or two into the snow; but when he braced himself preparatory to springing across the intervening wind-cleared space, the crust gave and down he went nearly up to the waist. The more he struggled, the deeper he sank. His flow of language was so persistent and abusive that even Bruin, on the other side of the hut, stood still to listen and wonder. It was as much as Dorothy could do to keep from laughing heartily at the fellow's discomfiture, but she restrained herself, as such a course might only drive him to some unpleasant and desperate measure. She, however, thought it a pity that only one of them should be struggling in the drift. She must drive the other into it also. She therefore rose and called to the second villain, on whose evil face there was an unmistakable grin. Like Bastien, and most of his kind, he had no objections to seeing his own friends suffer so long as he himself came by no harm.

"Ho, you there!" she cried in apparent indignation. "Don't you see your friend in the drift? Why don't you give him a hand out? Are you afraid?"

But the second villain was too old a bird to be caught with chaff, and replied by putting his mitted hand to one side of his nose, at the same time closing his right eye. He bore eloquent



IN ANOTHER INSTANT THE BEAST WAS CLOSE AT HIS HEELS.

testimony to the universality of the great sign language.

"You are a coward!" she exclaimed, disgusted with the man and at the failure of her little scheme. "A nice comrade, you! I wonder you ever had the spirit to rebel!"

This was too much for the rogue's equanimity, and he launched into such a torrent of abuse that the girl was obliged to put her fingers in her ears. He, however, went to the trouble of crawling over the snow-drift and picking up the gun which his worthy mate had dropped when he broke through the crust. By this time the first villain had managed to extricate himself, and

had moved into the clear space opposite the front door of the hut. The eyes of the two were now fairly glowing with rage, and they prepared to storm the position. One of them was in the act of giving a back to the other when Dorothy appeared on the scene with the sapling.

"Don't be silly," she cried. "If you do anything of that sort I shall use the pole. Go round to the back; there's a barrel there, and if you can set it up on end against the wall, I'll come down quietly."

They looked up at her; they did not quite understand all she said, but the girl's face seemed so innocent and unconcerned that they strode round the hut, still keeping their evil eyes upon Dorothy and her weapon of defence. It must be confessed that Dorothy had some qualms of conscience in thus introducing them to Bruin, but her own life was perhaps at stake, and they had brought the introduction on themselves. Still, they had a gun, and there were two of them, so it would be a case of a fair field and no favour.

Bruin heard them coming and stood on his hind legs to greet them. Next moment the three were face to face. It would have been difficult to imagine a more undignified encounter. The big breed's legs seemed to collapse under him; the other, who carried the gun, and was therefore the more self-possessed of the couple, brought it sharply to his shoulder and fired.

Bruin dropped on his knees, but speedily rose again, for a bear, unless hit in a vital place, is one of the most difficult of animals to kill; and in this case the bullet had merely glanced off one of his massive shoulder-blades. Being ignorant of the resources of a magazine rifle, the half-breed dropped it, and ran towards a deserted out-house close to the horse corral.

Thoroughly infuriated now by the bullet-wound, the bear made after him. As he could not annihilate the two men at once, he confined his efforts with praiseworthy singleness of purpose to the man who had fired the shot. It was lucky for the fugitive that bullet had somewhat lamed the great brute, otherwise it would not have needed to run far before overtaking him.

It was an exciting chase. The breed reached the hut, but, as there was neither open door nor window, he was obliged to scuttle round and round it, after the manner of a small boy pursued by a big one. Sometimes the bear, with almost human intelligence, would stop short and face the other way, when the breed would all but run into him, and then the route would be reversed. On the countenance of the hunted one was a look of mortal terror; his eyes fairly started from his head, and his face streamed with perspiration. It seemed like a judgment upon him for breaking his word to the rancher and

interfering with the girl when he might now have been well on his way to Battleford.

While this was going on, the cross-eyed ruffian endeavoured to clamber on to the roof of the hut by jumping up and catching the projecting sapling as Dorothy had done, but the girl stopped him in this by tapping his knuckles with the pole.

"Pick up and hand me that gun," she said, pointing to it. "When you have done so, I will allow you to come up."

The cross-eyed one looked sadly astonished, but as he did not know the moment when the bear might give up chasing his worthy comrade to give him a turn, he did as he was bid. The rifle would be of no use to the girl, anyhow, and, besides, her father and the others must have heard the shot and would be on their way back to see what the matter was. It would therefore be as well to comply with her request and try to explain that their seemingly ungrateful conduct had only been the outcome of their innate playfulness. If they had erred it was in carrying a joke a trifle too far.

As soon as Dorothy found herself in possession of the rifle she knew that she was safe. She even laid the pole flat on the roof, allowing one end of it to project a foot or so beyond it so as to aid the cross-eyed one in his unwonted gymnastic feat. In a few moments the discomfited villain stood on the roof in front of her.

Dorothy lowered the lever of the Winchester so that he could see it and pumped another cartridge into the barrel. The half-breed realised the extent of his folly, but saw it was too late to do anything.

"Now stand over in that far corner," said the girl to him, "or I will shoot you."

But the cross-eyed one was humility itself, and protested that he could not for all the gold in the bed of the Saskatchewan have lifted a finger to do the dear young Mam'selle any harm. In his abject deference he was even more nauseous than in his brazen brutality. He did as he was bid all the same, and the two turned their attention to the unlucky man who was having such a lively time with Bruin. Dorothy, however, did not forget to keep a sharp eye on the man near her.

Had there not been such tragic possibilities in the temper and strength of the bear, the situation might have been eminently entertaining. The position of the two principals in the absorbing game of life and death was not an uncommon one. Bruin stood upright at one corner of the hut and the half-breed stood at another: each was watching the other intently as a cat and mouse might be expected to do. The man's mitted hands rested against the angle of the wall

and his legs straddled out on either side so as to be ready to start off in any direction at a moment's notice. Whenever the bear made a move the half-breed slightly lowered his body and dug his feet more securely into the soft snow. They resembled two boys watching each other in a game of French and English. After standing still for a minute or two and regaining their wind, they would start off to their positions at two other corners. Sometimes the bear would be unseen by the man, and this state of affairs was generally a very puzzling and unsatisfactory one for the latter, as he never knew from which direction Bruin might not come charging down upon him.

When the two spectators on the roof turned their attention to the two actors, the latter were in the watching attitude, but almost immediately the game of "tag" began again. The pursued one was evidently in considerable distress; his face matched the colour of his knitted crimson tuque, at the end of which a long blue tassel dangled in a fantastic fashion. His whole attitude was that of one suffering from extreme physical and nervous tension. Dorothy's first impulse was to try and shoot the bear, but owing to the distance and its movements she realised that this would be a matter of considerable difficulty. Besides, unless the bear-hunted rogue were fool enough to leave the friendly vantage of the hut, it was obvious that he would be quite able to evade the enemy until such time as her father and the others came. This would serve the useful purpose of keeping him out of mischief and rendering him a source of innocent entertainment to his friend, for it must be admitted that the latter, now that he was safe, or considered himself so, adopted the undignified, not to say unchristianlike, attitude of openly expressing a sporting interest in the proceedings.

But the fugitive had grown tired of the trying device of dodging the bear round four corners, and, thinking that if he could only get to the horse corral and squeeze between the posts, he could, by keeping it between himself and Bruin, gain the hut at the far end and mount on to the roof, he determined to put his scheme to the test. So, when for a moment he lost sight of Bruin behind the other corner, he made a frantic bolt for the fence. But his enemy happened to be making a dash round that side of the house from which Leon reckoned he had no right to make one, and the result was that in another instant the bear was close at his heels. It was an exciting moment, and Dorothy, despite the fact that the hunted one was a dangerous enemy, could not restrain a cry of horror when she saw his imminent peril. She would have shot at the

bear if she could, but just at that moment it happened to be going too fast for her.

As for the cross-eyed one, it was indeed a treat to see Leon, who had laughed at him when he sank into the snow-drift, flying for his life with a look of ghastly terror on his face. It was a case of retributive justice with a vengeance. His sporting tendencies were again in the ascendant, and he clapped his hands and yelled with delight.

The hunted half-breed managed to reach and squeeze through the fence ahead of the bear, but the latter, to Leon's dismay, succeeded in getting through after him, lifting up the heavy rails with his strong snout and great back as if they were so many pieces of cane. Then for the next three minutes Leon only managed to save himself by a very creditable acrobatic performance, which consisted of passing from one side of the fence to the other after the manner of a harlequin. He had lost his tuque and the bear had spared time to rend it to shreds with its great jaws and one quick wrench of its fore-paws. His stout blue coat was ripped right down the back, and altogether he was in a sorry plight.

The cross-eyed one had never witnessed anything so funny in all his life, and fairly danced about on the roof in his glee. There was every chance that Leon would be clawed up past all recognition in the next few minutes, so he shouted encouragement to Bruin for all he was worth.

Then to the girl's horror she saw the hunted half-breed stumble in the snow, and the bear grab him by his short blue coat just as he was wriggling under the fence. Dorothy did not hesitate to act promptly now. If she did not instantly put a bullet into the bear the man would be torn to pieces before her eyes, and that would be too horrible. True, she might just possibly kill the man by firing, but better that than he should be killed by Bruin. Fortunately she was accustomed to firearms, and was a fairly good shot, so, putting the rifle to her shoulder, she took aim and drew the trigger.

It was a good shot, for the bullet penetrated a little behind the left shoulder, in the neighbourhood of the heart, and the bear, releasing his grip upon Leon, lurched forward and lay still, while the breed crawled, in a very much dishevelled condition, into the horse corral.

Dorothy was congratulating herself upon her success, and was in the act of heaving a sigh of relief, when suddenly the rifle, which for the moment she held loosely in her right hand, was snatched from her grasp. At the same moment an arm was thrust round her throat, and she was thrown roughly on the snow.

(To be continued.)

DICKENS

And some of His Boy Characters.

ALTHOUGH more than a quarter of a century has passed since the pen that created the immortal David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Poor Jo, Smike, Pip, and a host of other youthful heroes (to say nothing of the innumerable other characters) was laid aside for ever, the works of Charles Dickens are read by the younger population with as much avidity as ever. Not only are they read, but they are read again and again, and therein lies the charm that the master hand wields over us; for there are few books that bear reading a second time so much as the novels of Charles Dickens.

Dickens created many famous characters, not the least famous being the boy characters, with some of whom we propose to deal in the present article; and in so doing we cannot fail to speak of the boyhood days of the novelist himself, so much were they connected with the scenes and incidents he portrayed in after life.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, on the 7th February, 1812. He was the second child of his parents, and from his earliest days was gifted with that great power of close observation to which his extraordinary success as a novelist is greatly attributable.

The early portions of the novel "David Copperfield" are practically an autobiographical chapter from the writer's life, and the very first chapter of that work shows the marvellous memory he possessed of events in his infancy.

Dickens left Landport when he was two years of age, and as a proof of the above-mentioned characteristic we quote from Forster's life. "He was carried from the garden



CHARLES DICKENS, AGE 25.

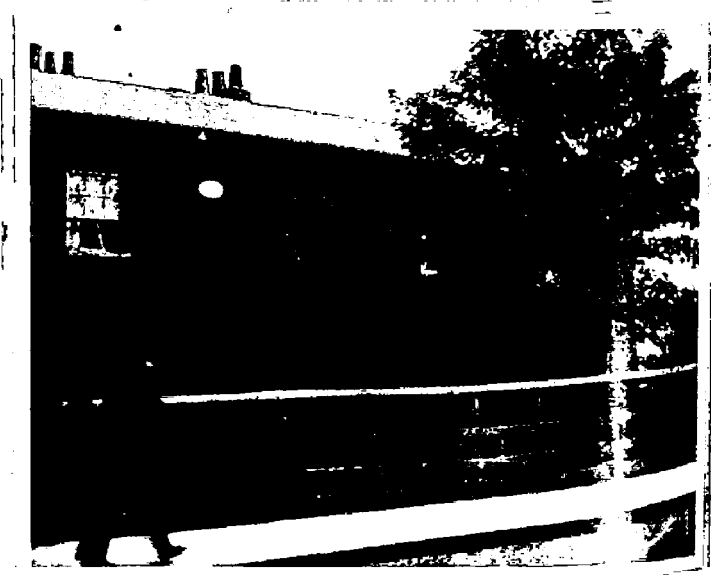
After the drawing by S. Lawrence, 1837.
Augustin Rischgitz collection.

THE BOY:

By **WALTER
DEXTER.**

(of the house at Landport) one day to see the soldiers exercise; and I perfectly recollect that on our being at Portsmouth together while he was writing *Nickleby*, he recognised the exact shape of the military parade seen by him as a very infant on the same spot a quarter of a century before."

At the age of three young Dickens came to live at Chatham, and we now come to the great fascination which this part of the country had for him, and which was with him until his death. No town, save perhaps London itself, was more often written about by Dickens than Rochester, the town adjacent to Chatham, and there was no place he loved more than the queer house at Gads Hill, just out of Rochester, on the London Road. This house attracted his attention before he was five years of age. At the age of forty-four he purchased it; and he died there on June 9th.



ROME PLACE, CHATHAM, WHERE DICKENS FIRST WENT
TO SCHOOL.

Photo W. Dexter.

370. His daughter Mammie thus speaks of her father's love for Gads Hill Place.

"As a little fellow he had a wonderful liking and admiration for the house, and it was, to him, like no other house he had ever seen. He would walk up and down before it with his father, gazing at it with delight, and the latter would tell him that perhaps, if he worked hard, was industrious, and grew up to be a good man, he might some day come to live in that very house. His love for this place went through his whole life, and was with him until his death."

This receives authentication at the hands of

sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"Holloa!" said I, to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do therè?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

"I took him up in a moment and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says: 'This is Gads Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers and ran away.'

"You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy. 'I am old—I am nine—and I read all sorts of books. But do let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

"You admire that house," said I.

"Bless you, sir," said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it; and now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, *if you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.* Though that's impossible!' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of the window with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

That very queer small boy was, indeed, Dickens himself, and what a fascinating little story it is, too!

Dickens was, indeed, a "queer small boy," and a sickly youngster, too. He went to school in Rome Place, with his sister Fanny, but previously to that had received instruction from his mother, just as did David Copperfield. "I faintly remember her teaching me the alphabet; and when I look upon the

fat black letters in the primer, the puzzling novelty of their shapes and the easy good nature of O and S always seem to present themselves before me as they used to do."

Dickens' biographer writes that Dickens himself told him of this five years before the words were put into the mouth of David Copperfield.

The books of his childhood were the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Robinson Crusoe," "The Arabian



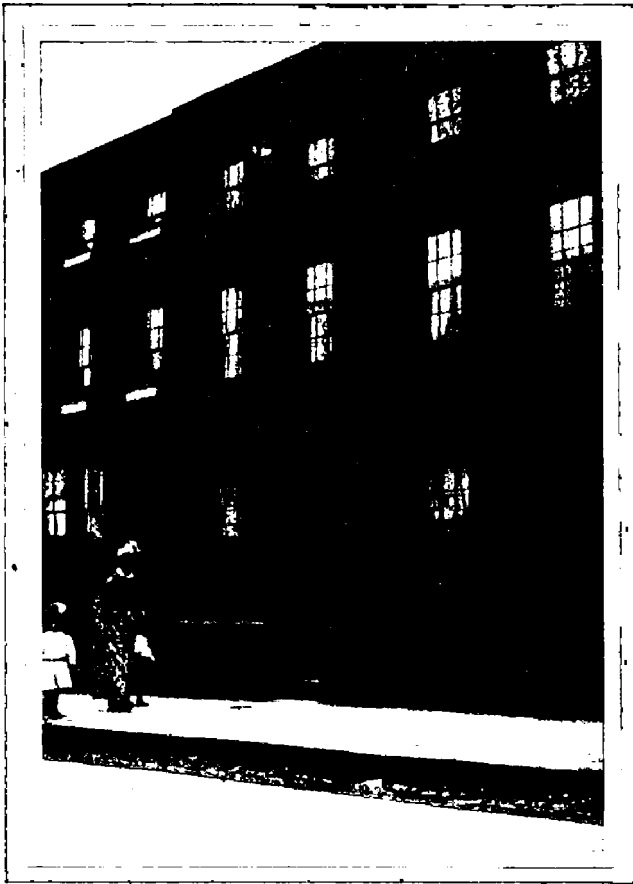
HIGH STREET, ROCHESTER.

No town, save London itself, was more written about by Dickens than Rochester.

Photo W. Dexter.

Dickens himself, who tells a wonderful little story in connection with it, which story, as it is not very well known, is worth repeating here. It appears in a chapter of uncommercial travels, entitled "Travelling Abroad."

"So smooth was the old high road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-



ORDNANCE TERRACE, CHATHAM.

Dickens lived, when a boy, in the second house (from the left).

Photo W. Dexter.

Nights," "Don Quixote," "Roderick Random," and "Peregrine Pickle." He read these books so carefully that at times he imagined himself to be the heroes of them. "I have been Tom Jones for a week together," he says. "I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe." He then continues to tell how that, while the boys were playing in the churchyard, he would be sitting "on the bed reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighbourhood, every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own, and, in my mind, was connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church steeple. I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket gate; and I know that Commodore Trunion held that club

with Mr. Pickle in the parlour of our little village alehouse."

Being such a reader, such a thinker, and such a romancer, is it at all wonderful that at a very early age we should find young Charles writing stories for the benefit of his youthful companions?

Such was the youthful training of the great novelist.

The Dickens family left Chatham for London when Charles was nine, and he did not revisit the scenes of his childhood until he was a grown man. How the place had altered from what his young mind had imagined it, he fully describes under the heading of "Dullborough Town" in the "Uncommercial Traveller."

The first house occupied by the Dickens family in London was in a very poor part of Camden Town. The elder Dickens finding himself in great monetary difficulties, the family removed to 4, Gower Street North, where Mrs. Dickens established a school. Young Dickens left innumerable bills at the doors of neighbouring houses, but never a pupil came.

Often the lad had no dinner, and things went from bad to worse, until the father was carried off to the Marshalsea Prison for debt.

All these events were afterwards faithfully recorded in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Micawber.

It was about this time that Charles Dick-



LANT STREET, BOROUGH, LONDON.

Where Dickens lived whilst working in the blacking factory.

Photo W. Dexter.

obtained employment at a blacking factory just off the Strand, through the aid of a relative who had an interest in the business. Here he covered the tops of blacking pots, just as did David Copperfield. His companions were Bob Fagin and Poll Green, whose names were handed down to immortality some years later, the former as the Jew in "Oliver Twist," the latter as Poll Sweedlepipe in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Here he was neglected and hopeless, working at a poor business quite unbecoming his intellect and station.

"The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless—of the shame I felt in my position—of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had loarned and thought and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought

With this end in view he obtained a lodging in Lant Street, in the Borough, close to the Marshalsea, the Lant Street about which "there is a repose," the Lant Street in which Bob Sawyer lived, and gave that memorable party. His connection with the Marshalsea served him in good purpose, for in "Little Dorrit" it is, for a considerable portion of the book, the chief centre of interest. Testimony of his wonderful powers of observation is provided by the fact that "Little Dorrit" was completed before Dickens had revisited the prison. When he did so, he found it had greatly changed, but he was able to point out several of the rooms he knew well, and which he had described in the story.

Charles suddenly left the blacking factory on account of a quarrel between his father and the relation who was interested in the concern.

Here are a few words on his experiences: "I know that I worked," he says, "from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child; I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through. I know that I have lounged about the streets, insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond."

It is strange that this disgrace (for such Dickens

considered it) should have so affected him for years. He would always pass the blacking factory in the Strand (a rival of his erstwhile workshop) upon the opposite side of the way, as a certain smell of the cement which was put upon the corks always reminded him of what he had once done; and traversing his old way home to the Borough, even when he was a married man, was particularly trying to him.

But these miseries came to an end, and he received a fresh start in life. At the age of twelve he went to school again, to Wellington House Academy, in the Hampstead Road, the school which he afterwards depicted as Salem House.

At fifteen he entered an attorney's office in Gray's Inn as a clerk, at a salary of 13s. 6d. a week. Then, with a view to becoming what his father was, a Parliamentary reporter, he



THE LAST OF THE MARSHALSEA PRISON. DICKENS' FATHER WAS IMPRISONED HERE FOR DEBT.

Photo W. Dexter.

back any more, cannot be written." Thus Dickens wrote himself, in a book which was to have been his autobiography, but which was never completed, but ultimately merged into his greatest novel, "David Copperfield," in which Warren's Blacking Factory became the firm "Murdstone and Grinby," and Bob Fagin "Mealy Potatoes." All the disgrace and shame which he felt in his position is faithfully recorded in the life and adventures of David Copperfield. When his mother went to join her husband in the Marshalsea, young Charles took a lodging with a "reduced old lady" in Little College Street, Camden Town, who ultimately became immortal as Mrs. Pipchin in "Dombey and Son." However, this did not last for long; he missed the companionship of father, mother, sisters, and brothers, and yearned to be nearer to them.

mastered shorthand, and at nineteen his ambition was realised.

His boyhood's days and troubles were over when he sat in the gallery as a representative of the *True Sun*.

So much for Dickens the boy and Copper-

of the finest in the book. After *Oliver Twist* came *Nicholas Nickleby* and poor *Smikey*—still the same friendless, desolate boy he knew so well. Then from boy life he turned to a girl, and gave us the immortal and devoted *Little Nell* in "*The Old Curiosity Shop*." Next came mad *Barnaby Rudge* with his raven, *Grip* (which, by the by, was the name of Dickens' own raven that died whilst the book was being written), then *Paul Dombey*, all marvellous creations in themselves but nothing so great as those that were to follow, i.e., *David Copperfield* and *Little Pip*.

Of *Copperfield*, a character created at the height of the novelist's fame, we have said sufficient, for *Copperfield* the boy is but Dickens the boy—and as men there are many points of resemblance. Much more than we have space to tell could be written of this, perhaps his most famous figure, but for the reason stated we must abstain from saying more.

We will conclude with a reference to what is, perhaps, his second greatest boy character, *Little Pip*. "*Great Expectations*" was written some ten years after "*David Copperfield*." It is a much shorter work, and is not generally considered to be one of the most popular of Dickens' novels. But here the novelist was even more at home than he was in



GADS HILL PLACE, NEAR ROCHESTER, FROM THE ROAD.
Beloved by Dickens in his boyhood and his home in later life.
Photo W. Dexter.

field the boy. The lives of C.D. and D.C. were strangely similar.

Dickens' first boy character was *Oliver Twist*. Here he began by describing the wretched life of a workhouse orphan, and the base depths to which an unbenefited lad could fall. Here are many of his own early experiences, and the knowledge of what he might have developed into had he not made a sudden exit from the blacking factory is fully shown in the case of poor young *Oliver*, who, though surrounded by vice in all forms, came out spotless and unstained in the end.

The mirthful *Charley Bates* and the Artful *Dodger* will live for ever as boys who had never known what right was; and the speech of *Nancy* when she pleads with *Bill Sikes* and *Fagin* not to drag down to the very lowest depths the guileless *Oliver*, is one



GADS HILL PLACE, FROM THE LAWN.
Photo W. Dexter.

"*David Copperfield*," for not only was the hero a boy after his own heart, but the action of the book takes place in his beloved city of Rochester

the following extract from a letter which he wrote to his friend Forster will serve to show that Dickens thought of the new work he was undertaking.

"The book will be written in the first person, and you will find the hero to be a boy-child like David . . . To be quite sure I had fallen into no unconscious repetitions, I read 'David Copperfield' again the other day, and was affected by it to a degree you would hardly imagine."

These two books, so like and yet so unlike, show, such as nothing else can show, what a real master hand their author was; for here we have

to him. Through her aid he is apprenticed to the blacksmith trade, and after a short time her lawyer announces to Pip the fact that he has "great expectations," and is to go to London and live like a gentleman; but no question as to his benefactor is to be asked. Of course Pip and all his people imagine that his newly-found riches come from the eccentric old lady, but one day an old seaman calls upon him at his chambers in Barnard's Inn, and in him Pip recognises—the convict. Then the convict makes himself known as Pip's benefactor, he having amassed a fortune in Australia. Oh, the loathing with which Pip regards the old seaman! He was



DOTHEBOYS HALL.

"Near Greta Bridge in Yorkshire, where youths are boarded, clothed, booked, washed, furnished with pocket-money, provided with all necessaries—" said Mr. Squeers.

From the original drawing by Miss Ryland in the South Kensington Museum. Photo Augustin Rischgitz collection.

two books of a boy and his childhood and early life, both written in the form of autobiography, and yet totally dissimilar. "Great Expectations" opens in a churchyard on the marshes by the river, where Little Pip meets a convict escaped from the hulks, and is terrified into cutting his chains and providing him with food. Pip's brother is a blacksmith, a good-hearted, ignorant man with a scolding wife, who has brought up Pip "by hand"—a hard hand—and the account of their home life is richly amusing. Pip is regarded as an odd boy by an eccentric lady at Rochester, who takes a great fancy

so proud before—now so humble. To think that his good fortune is attributable to this man! The ex-convict is subdued—disappointed; he wanted to see his Pip a gentleman, and for this he braved the dire consequences of his return to England from the penal settlement in Australia. It is a touching chapter; and the excitement which follows, when Pip decides to accompany his benefactor to a foreign land where the latter will be out of harm's way—well, we will leave you to follow Pip's adventures for yourselves. If you haven't yet done so, start on them at once!



*A railway story, narrated by Harry Shepperd,
a Royal train driver, and recorded by S. A.
Parkes, author of "The Race of the
Specials."*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY.

I.

MY second adventure with Inspector Stafford happened about six months after "The Race of the Specials," and I was still driving engine Number 950, with Tom Long for my fireman, but instead of the two o'clock "Scotsman" we were now running the midday north express. This train made its first stop at Granby, a station 104 miles from London, where another engine took our place, and we returned to London with the 3.40 up "Scotsman," due in at twenty minutes to six.

One baking hot summer morning we left London as usual, and arrived at Granby punctually in spite of having to slow down to five miles an hour in the cutting just beyond Rockstead station, where they were widening the bridge and also relaying a portion of the line. Fortunately Rockstead is only twenty-five miles out, so that it left me seventy-nine miles in which to make up time, and though the delay had been going on for several days we had always managed, thanks to Tom Long's good firing, to be in Granby by the tick. There was, therefore, nothing particularly remarkable in the run that day,

and it was not until after Tom had uncoupled our engine from the train and we were on our way to the "running sheds" to take on a fresh supply of coal and water for the return journey, that I saw a crowd collected round one of the carriages, and wondered whatever it could mean. Half-an-hour later one of the porters came flying out with a startling piece of news. "There've bin fine goings on in your train, Harry!" he shouted. "The manager of the Granby Bank 'as been drugged and robbed. The stationmaster says you're to stop and take back one of the later trains instead of the 3.40; they've wired to London for a detective, and they think you may be wanted."

We didn't much relish the idea of this, as both Tom and I hate loafing about a place when we're on duty; still, there was nothing for it but to put No. 950 in the engine sheds and await the arrival of the detective.

I was on the platform when the down express steamed in at 5.20, punctual to the minute, and, even if I hadn't recognised him by his neatly trimmed beard and moustache, that comical twinkle in his eyes would certainly have enabled me to spot my old friend, Inspector Stafford.

"Hullo, Shepperd!" he exclaimed as he

came up. "you're not in this business, are you?"

"Seems like it," I answered.

"What! you don't mean to say that you were the driver of that express?"

"That's so," I admitted rather sulkily, for, interested as I was in the affair, I thought it very probable that I should have to trundle some slow crawler of a train back to London, a prospect I didn't at all fancy.

"Then you're just the man I want," said the little Inspector cheerily, and taking me by the arm he trotted me off with him to the stationmaster's office, where we found two other persons besides Mr. Parsons, the stationmaster—one whom I knew to be the superintendent of the Granby police, and a red-faced, jolly-looking party, whom Mr. Parsons introduced to Stafford as "Mr. Baker, the manager of the Granby branch of the London and Woolchester Banking Company." I remembered Mr. Baker's face, for he had travelled down by the train only a few days before, and had complimented me on running it so punctually.

Without losing any time, the little detective set to work in his brisk way, and soon got together the principal facts of the case. Mr. Baker, it appeared, had gone to London early that morning to transact business at the head office and bring down some money for the Granby bank. Leaving the head office about 11.30, accompanied by one of the clerks, he had driven in a cab to our London terminus and placed the two bags containing the money in a compartment reserved for him in the express. He admitted that after this the clerk was alone with the bags while he went to the cloak-room to get out a small box, but was positive that he was not gone more than three or four minutes, and that on his return everything was as he had left it. The clerk waited to see him off, and at his request brought him a cup of coffee from the refreshment room just before the train started. He had asked for the coffee owing to a drowsy feeling which had come over him, but it seemed to make him even more sleepy and, in spite of all his efforts to keep awake, the train was not far on its journey before he dropped off into a heavy slumber.

He had no recollection of anything more till he recovered his senses in Mr. Parsons' office, and found that both bags had been broken open and some of the contents abstracted.

"One minute," interrupted Stafford at this point, "you were in a corridor carriage, I take it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Baker.

"Then it would be possible for your compartment to be entered through the door opening into the corridor by any of the passengers in the other compartments of the same carriage."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Baker, and resumed his story, which I now give in his own words: "As soon as I was able I carefully examined the contents of the bags. To my surprise only three Bank of England notes of £500 each, five of £200 each, £10 in gold and five shillings in silver were missing. I had several £100 notes and quite a number of fifties, tens and fives, which the thieves had not attempted to touch."

"Well! that's a teaser!" cried Stafford, much astonished, "it isn't usual for such gentry to be satisfied with samples. They took any list there was of the numbers of the notes, I suppose?"

"No," answered Mr. Baker with some pride, "I have a secret place for that," and, as he spoke, he held out his top hat and showed us that what appeared to be a cork crown was really a movable piece under which could easily be slipped several sheets of paper.

"Good!" said Stafford, approvingly, "and you wired at once to the Bank of England and stopped the payment of the notes?"

"I wired at once," said Mr. Baker sadly, "but it was too late, six of the notes having been presented at the Bank of England *at the very moment our train was running into Granby station!*"

This was our second surprise within five minutes, and I quite expected the little detective to make some remark, but he only screwed up his eyes and gave a long whistle.

"The thieves must have left the train when it slowed down at Rockstead," said the Granby police superintendent, who had evidently considered the matter, "it wouldn't be an easy task; still, an active man could do it."

Stafford had taken up a time-table and was turning over the pages. "Let's have this a bit more clearly," he said. "What time were you passing through Rockstead, Sheperd?"

"Two minutes before half-past twelve," I answered.

"And you're due here at 1.56?"

"Yes, that's right, sir," said I.

"There's a train from Rockstead at 12.49," suggested Mr. Baker, "which would allow the thieves ample time to get to the bank, since it reaches London at half-past one."

"We've made enquiry about that," said

Mr. Parsons, "only two ladies joined the train at Rockstead."

"Might not the thieves have had a motor car?" asked the bank manager.

"I thought that possible," answered the Granby police superintendent, "and communicated with all the villages round; a motor car *was* seen in the neighbourhood, but not on the direct road to London. I am expecting further news of it at any moment."

"The point is," said Stafford, "was any passenger seen to leave the train or throw anything out of a window?"

"Not by any one working on the bridge or line," Mr. Parsons answered, "but their view would be limited by a sharp curve not very far beyond the bridge."

The detective looked at me.

"We saw no one," I told him, "and I'm pretty sure neither of the guards did. At the same time it's not a thing we'd be likely to notice. People often throw odds and ends out of the carriage windows, but plate-layers don't reckon to find bank notes on the line."

"By the way," said Stafford, turning again to Mr. Baker, "you said just now that six of the notes were presented—am I to understand that two of the notes are still in the possession of the thieves?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Baker, "two £500 notes are up to now unaccounted for."

The little detective jumped up.

"I must examine the carriage," he said.

"You can do so now," said the stationmaster, "I wired down the line to have it sent here as soon as possible, and it came back on a local train a short time ago."

"Excellent!" said the Scotland Yard man, "we'll go and inspect it at once."

"You'll discover nothing to help you there," remarked the Granby superintendent as we went out, "Mr. Parsons and I looked over it most carefully just before you came down."

We found the carriage close at hand against the buffer-stop at the end of one of the side platforms used for the arrival and departure of certain branch line trains, and it made some of the branch line carriages standing near look very small and dirty. Stafford studied the outside attentively, and then opened one of the doors, on which Mr. Baker stepped forward to enter, but the detective waved him back. "If you'll excuse me, gentlemen," he said politely, "I'd rather conduct this part of the investigation alone," and with this he sprang lightly into the carriage, closing the door behind him.

After what seemed a longish spell he came

out again and for a moment I fancied from the expression in his eyes that he had lighted on something of importance; but the rest of his face wore such a puzzled look, and he seemed so downcast, that I changed my opinion.

"So you've found nothing?" said the Granby superintendent with a faint suspicion of a chuckle.

Stafford looked at him moodily. "There certainly wasn't much," he rejoined in a voice full of disappointment, "the thieves have been too clever."

"What shall you do now?" asked the bank manager, "go back to Rockstead?"

"What on earth would be the good of that?" said Stafford shortly. It was easy to see that he had hoped much from an examination of the carriage, and took his disappointment badly.

"Do you want any further information from me?" asked the bank manager.

"Only the numbers of the two missing notes," said Stafford.

Mr. Baker read out the numbers and then shook hands with the detective. "I have to interview my directors in London early to-morrow morning," he said, "and shall sleep in town to-night at"—here he gave the name of one of the largest West End hotels—"so you'll know where I am if you wish to communicate with me. I need hardly say I shall be most anxious to hear from you."

"Good-bye, Mr. Baker," said Stafford, "I intend to catch the rogues yet, and you shall be the first to know when I have my hand on them."

A minute later the express from Scotland came dashing in; Mr. Baker joined the crowd on the other platform, and presently we saw his jovial face smiling at us from the window of a first-class compartment as the train slipped out of the station. Directly it had gone the detective turned to us: "I'm going to send a telegram," he said, "I'll join you in the office presently as I have something more to say."

Ten minutes later he came in with a brisk step; his despondency had vanished.

"I have decided to go to Rockstead to-night if the answer to my telegram is satisfactory," was his unexpected announcement. "Can Shepperd have his engine ready, as speed may be essential?"

"Certainly," answered the amazed stationmaster, "but—"

"Can you spare me a couple of plain clothes men?" interrupted Stafford, turning to the police superintendent.

"You shall have them," answered the superintendent, "though I can't understand the sudden change in your plans, I must confess."

"I'd rather say nothing more at present," was Stafford's reply. As he spoke I suddenly recollected the expression I had seen in his eyes. "I believe you found a clue in that carriage," I said. The little detective smiled. "I don't mind telling you that I did."

"What was it?" we all three cried. For answer Stafford extracted something from one of his pockets and, holding an end between his first finger and thumb, dangled it before each of us in turn. It was nothing more than a short length of strong black thread.

II.

THE clock was striking half-past six when I returned to the "running sheds" to give them the news, and we naturally expected to be off soon after seven; but it was not until just after ten that Stafford came out to us in a great hurry and asked us to start at once.

All our preparations had, of course, been made long before, and in three minutes we were out of the station and good old 950 was flying over the metals with one carriage behind her, in which were seated two plain clothes men and the London detective.

Before we started, Stafford gave us our orders in a few cheery words.

"I already know what your engine can do," said he, "by the way we chased that other special; this time it has quite as big a task, although the race is only against a bicycle."

"A bike?" said I, thinking he was joking.

"Yes, a bike," replied the detective, grinning, "and yet it won't be such an easy job, Shepperd. You have seventy-nine miles to go, while the bike had only twenty-five when it started, and Preckon it will have knocked off five miles already."

I began to see his drift.

"I think I've got the size of it," said I; "you want us to be at Rockstead before a chap gets there who's riding down on a bike from London?"

"Quite right," answered Stafford, "as far as I can judge he'll be at Rockstead in two hours from now; but it might be less, so I'm hoping you'll run us there in eighty to eighty-five minutes."

"A big order, that, sir; depends on whether the line's clear," I told him, "all the same, if 950 can't do it, there's not another on the road that can." And so it came about that I was running my old beauty for every ounce of steam she was worth, our destination being a little country station, our competitor a man on a bicycle, and the stake no less than £2,500—of other people's money.

At first luck was against us, and we had two bad checks, but farther on things improved and we rapidly increased our pace till the exhaust steam rushed up the chimney no longer in distinct puffs, but



I TOOK NO COUNT OF THE SPEED, YET I KNEW IT MUST BE TREMENDOUS BY THE WAY THE ECHOES IN THE SHORT TUNNELS HAD CHANGED FROM A DULL ROAR TO A SMART CRASH.

quick and sharp like the breathing of a horse at full gallop.

I took no count of the speed, yet I knew it must be tremendous by the way the echoes in the short tunnels had changed from a dull roar to a smart crash as we rushed through them, while signal lights which flashed ahead were left next moment in the darkness far behind.

Tom, with coat off and shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, was shovelling with a will, for the fire, sucked by the furious draught, fairly gobbled up the coal, and through the fire-door came a dazzling glow as he threw the fuel in.

Faster and faster we tore along; 950 was showing what an engine can do into which has been put the best of English work. And now the moon rose, bringing into view the narrow range of hills through which the Rockstead cutting runs, and I looked at my watch while Tom, putting down his shovel, wiped huge drops of moisture from his face.

We could do it comfortably in the time, and I took hold of the reversing wheel, feeling that I might now safely "notch up" and save a little of our coal; nor was I wrong, for, the signalman at Rockstead being ready, we had backed over the "trailing" points on to the slow "road" and from that into a siding, all within the limit of eighty-five minutes allowed us by the detective. Directly we came to a stand, the little man hopped out briskly and hurried up to the engine.

"First class!" he cried, looking at his watch, "and now, Shepperd, as it's just possible we may have several customers to tackle, extra help wouldn't come amiss. Can you safely leave your engine?"

"Quite," I answered, "Tom will look after her."

"Come along, then," said Stafford, and we four set off at once down the line.

The little station had long since been closed for the night; there were no houses near, and not a soul was to be seen except the signalman leaning out of the window of his stuffy box to get a breath of the night air.

A few minutes' walk brought us to the bridge, and there Stafford stopped.

"I can see a capital hiding-place for you fellows," he said, turning to the plain clothes men and pointing to a clump of trees growing on the top of the railway bank some distance down the line, "if you two will stow yourselves there, Shepperd and I will remain under cover; and be ready to lend a hand the instant I sound my whistle."

Having given his orders, the detective

scrambled nimbly up the side of the cutting beckoning me to follow, and we soon found a spot under the shelter of the bridge where some planking entirely screened us from the view of anyone on the line, though we ourselves could easily see our two men hurrying along in the moonlight, until at last they climbed the bank and disappeared in the little wood. For a time all was still, and then I saw the signal light ahead change from red to green, and presently a roar came from the distance, gradually growing louder.

"The down night mail," I whispered, as the train, with its brightly-lit post office van rushed by, but scarcely had I spoken when the detective grasped my arm.

"What's that coming?" he said in my ear, and as the rattle of the train grew less I caught a faint rumbling sound, mingled with a regular click, click.

"A trap and horse," I answered.

"A heavy brake and two horses," corrected the detective.

The noise grew louder and louder, and as the vehicle rumbled over the bridge a song was bawled lustily by many voices.

"A party of beanfeasters," said Stafford. "They—hullo! did you hear that?"

"No. What was it?"

"A cyclist's bell. The driving of that brake is probably a trifle careless, and our friends had, I expect, some trouble in getting past. However, they won't be long now."

Up to this moment I had hardly grasped the whole meaning of the job, but now the strangeness of it came fully upon me.

How had the detective got upon the track, and why were the thieves coming back to this place? Was it to find the missing notes? Had they dropped them somewhere near the line? If so, how in the world did Stafford know it?

"Look!" the detective had pointed with his finger as he whispered, and there, plain enough, were two men scrambling along the bank of the cutting towards the clump of trees.

And then I gave a gasp of astonishment for they stopped a little short of where the line made the curve which Mr. Parsons had indicated, and began to search among the long grass and bushes that grow upon the slope. Next moment we distinctly saw one of them pick up something, and instantly the detective seized my arm.

"Come along—quick!" he said sharply, and we set off down the line at a fair speed, but treading as softly as we could, and so occupied were those chaps with their find that we

were close on them before they had heard us. One scuttled up the bank and away towards the clump of trees, the other, with a shout of rage, made off slanting-wise down the slope, the detective at his heels blowing his whistle as he ran.

I had gone some little way after the first man before the plain clothes men popped out and neatly collared him, so, seeing his business settled, I turned and rushed down the hill again to lend a hand with the other fellow.

Stafford had caught up with his man after a longish chase, and a sharp tussle was going on between them, in which, however, things were going badly with the detective. The little man was as game as a terrier, but his opponent was twice his size, and fought as well with desperate energy. In their struggle the two men had got on to the slow up line, and I saw to my horror that a goods train was approaching. I tried to shout a warning, but my voice refused to come.

I was still two hundred yards away when the big man got in a crashing blow which caught Stafford under the chin. The detective threw up his arms and fell like a log right across the line.

I heard the shrill whistle of the locomotive, and ran as I had never thought I could run, not looking where I put my feet, but keeping my eyes fixed on the great black front of the engine. Nearer and nearer it came, seeming as if it flew towards me, while I felt that I was going slower with every step, and that my legs would move no faster.

And then, just as the shadow of the engine fell upon him, I clutched the detective's coat, and with all my remaining strength pulled him from under the wheels with such force that I lost my balance and we fell together against the soft embankment, while the goods train lumbered by, its trucks creaking and banging under the check of the engine brakes.

No bones were broken, and I quickly picked myself up and was mighty glad to see the little detective open his eyes and look around as if nothing had happened.

And sure enough before I could say a word he was on his feet and racing down the line calling on me to follow him, for, while all this had taken place, the bigger of the plain clothes men had run straight down the bank just in time to tackle the fellow who had so nearly made an end of the detective.

It was a precious tough job getting the handcuffs on him; he fought with fury, and



THE DETECTIVE THREW UP HIS ARMS AND FELL LIKE A LOG
ACROSS THE LINE.

was one of the strongest chaps I've ever tried my muscle on; but at last we had him secure, and led him back to where his companion was waiting in charge of the other plain clothes man.

I'd had some fair surprises that day in one

way and another, and now came the greatest of them all. The man whom I had first chased, and whom the plain clothes men had captured, was no other than Mr. Baker, the jovial-looking bank manager! But his jolly look was gone, his whole face seemed altered, and he might have been drawn through a boiler tube, so utterly limp did he appear.

In complete silence we were making our way back to the station, when Stafford suddenly stopped.

"Why, I've left behind a most important witness," he cried, and running back climbed up to where we had first surprised the thieves and groped about just as they had done. With a shout of triumph he picked up something from the grass, and leaping down the incline with great agility, held it before us in the moonlight.

"A pigeon!" exclaimed the plain clothes men and I together.

"Yes," said the detective, "and a pigeon of great value; one of the famous Antwerp fliers which speed through the air at over forty miles an hour and can be trained to find their way home from an almost incredible distance. One of the bank notes is still tied round this leg, I see; the other, when we interrupted him, Mr. Baker had just transferred to his left hand pocket."

* * * * *

Two days later I was met by the little detective, as I was coming off duty, at the running sheds.

"What luck?" I asked. "Caught all the birds, feathered and otherwise?"

"Rather," he answered cheerily, "and saved all the dollars as well."

"Bravo," said I, "but it fairly puzzles me what first set you on the track."

"It was Mr. Baker's story," replied Stafford; "while very plausible, it had one weak point. Why should he go to the cloak room himself when he could so easily have sent a porter? That was the first thing that aroused my suspicions, but then came the question—if he was the thief, how did he get rid of the notes? At once I thought of pigeons. In his compartment in that carriage I found, as you know, some thread such as anyone would have used for tying the notes round the birds'

legs. Even so, he might not have been the guilty party, but here again came the taking of the trifling amount of gold and silver. If ordinary thieves had done it, they would have taken more or none at all. The thing was obviously a blind. And then he gave me another clue. He was very anxious to know if I was going to Rockstead that evening, which strongly pointed to the fact of the missing notes being there; one of the pigeons must have struck the telegraph wires and fallen on to the bank of the cutting. He had seen it happen of course, but naturally could not leave the train to recover it. There it lay in the long grass, representing a considerable portion of the spoil, and likely when found to throw light on the matter."

"But how did he come to have the birds with him?"

"Why, simply enough. He never went to the cloak-room—that was merely an excuse to meet an accomplice, who handed him a box containing the pigeons. It was this same accomplice who awaited the arrival of the birds, with their precious cargo, at a house in the suburbs, and, taking a train to the city, was able to cash the notes at the Bank of England within an hour and a half of their despatch from Rockstead."

"Then the wire you sent was to have Baker watched on his arrival in London?"

"Just so. Two of our men were waiting for him at the London terminus, and followed him to the house in the suburbs I have mentioned. He was there about half an hour, and when he came out he was wheeling a bicycle. He rode off slowly, and almost immediately our big friend appeared and set off after him on another machine."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged to you," said I, "for telling me how it was done. I'll like to spin this yarn sometimes, and this last part is as much to the tale as the seasoning is to my goose at Michaelmas."

Stafford looked at me with a kindly twinkle in his eye.

"Considering, Shepperd," he said, "that if it hadn't been for you it would have been my last case, the least I could do was to supply you with anything that would give a relish to the story."

To Amuse the Ladies.



A FOOTBALL STORY.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by A. PEARSE.

Author of "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," &c.

I.

AS the Pangleton Association football team walked into the rough and hilly meadow which was dignified by the name of Pangleton Recreation Ground, one Saturday in December, a party of ladies and gentlemen from the Hall, the Earl of Pangleton's country seat, entered the field by a small gate which gave access to it from the park. A fair sprinkling of the house-party were slaughtering game elsewhere on the Earl's estate, but the majority, by way of whiling away a somewhat dull afternoon, had arranged to view the match between Pangleton and Poorgrass, a neighbouring village.

Following the Pangleton footballers came a motley crowd of boys and men, with here and there a village lass whose lover was taking part in the fray. The humble villagers looked with awe at the well-dressed ladies, with their attendant cavaliers, who were promenading slowly along the touch-line which was furthest from the gate by which the villagers had entered.

The Pangleton players—heavily-booted sons of the soil, mostly—hung up their coats in a cow-shed which served them as a pavilion on such occasions, and while they were thus engaged the champions of Poorgrass drove up in a couple of waggonettes and came on to the field. Ten minutes later the game was in full swing.

The onlookers from the Hall derived a great deal of amusement from the clumsy antics of the yokels; various and witty were the jokes cracked by the gentlemen, silvery the laughter of the ladies.

Lord Percy Mannering, a younger son of the Earl's, was standing by the side of a daintily dressed beauty, by name Lady Muriel Whitehouse.

"I really do think it is too bad of us to laugh at these poor men," said Lady Muriel at length. "After all, they didn't ask us to come and watch them. If they see us laughing they will feel very hurt."

There was a genuine ring of sympathy in Lady Muriel's voice. Although one of the prettiest women in England—the sort of girl that one expects to marry a duke—she was

quite human, and not at all spoilt by the comparatively aimless existence which her position doomed her to lead. She was quite aware that Lord Percy admired her immensely, and that he had the Earl's sanction for so doing; she also knew that her aunt, the Honourable Araminta Farthingale, had brought her to Pangleton in order to be proposed to by Lord Percy. She knew that their names were coupled often in conversation, and she was also aware that several of the more audacious society papers had hinted at the possibility of an engagement. In spite of all this she was quite heart-whole and hadn't the slightest intention of marrying Lord Percy, notwithstanding that her aunt had told her about a hundred and twenty-six times that she could not make a better match.

Lord Percy was an extremely tall, dissipated-looking young man of six-and-twenty. He wore an eye-glass, and his thin legs didn't look well in their plaid stockings, in spite of the thickness of the latter.

"I say, you know, you are awfully severe, Lady Muriel," he replied. "I don't think these sort of people mind being laughed at, you know. I think they rather expect it, you know."

"We had better agree to differ on that point, I think," said Lady Muriel.

"Oh, come now, I say! You are awfully severe, I say," ejaculated the young man.

"You see," resumed Lady Muriel gently, "they are doing their best, and I don't think we ought to laugh at people who try to do their best. After all, it's the only afternoon they get in the week, and it's a pity that we should spoil it by coming down simply to laugh at them."

Just then a little chorus of merriment burst from the rest of the Earl's guests, for the Pangleton captain, by name Bostock, a butcher, had, in endeavouring to kick the ball, fallen flat on his back. The man heard the laughter, and scrambled to his feet looking rather ashamed of himself.

"Poor Bostock!" said Lady Muriel, sympathetically.

It struck Lord Percy that Muriel Whitehouse was exactly the sort of girl to settle down at a place like Pangleton, and take an interest in the villagers. He felt quite sure about the fact that he loved her, but, not being entirely destitute of brains, he knew very well that she was not smitten with such charms as he might possess. He wondered how he could impress her.

"I say," he said, suddenly, "it would be

rather a joke if we got up a team and played the village."

"It would not be much of a joke for the village," replied Lady Muriel; "for I am afraid these poor, rough men would not have very much chance against such a side as you could get together."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied, "I don't suppose more than three of us at the most can play a decent game now. There's Spencer—he plays occasionally for his regiment, I think; and there's Clarence, he used to play for his college; and there's De Courcy, I dare say he played when he was at Eton. I could get up some sort of a team—nothing to be frightened of, however."

"What about Mr. Murray?" asked Lady Muriel, looking for the first time a little conscious. Lord Percy did not fail to note the girl's change of expression.

"Oh, I believe he's a bit of a swell," he replied carelessly. "Yes, he'd be useful."

Mr. Murray, it should be added, acted as tutor to Lord Percy's two young brothers, aged twelve and fourteen. At the present moment he was refereeing for the villagers. Running up and down among the players, he looked the *beau ideal* of an athlete, and indeed he was, having played for Oxford in his day, and always being sure of a welcome at Queen's Club whenever he could snatch a day off from his duties at Pangleton Hall to turn out for the Corinthians.

"Perhaps it would not be quite fair to play Mr. Murray," said Lady Muriel, watching the young Oxonian with more interest than she had ever displayed in a man hitherto.

Soon after this the game came to an end, the result being a victory for Pangleton by three goals to one. Lord Percy walked on to the ground and approached the Pangleton captain, who respectfully touched his bare and perspiring forehead.

"I say, Bostock, have you a match for next Saturday?"

"No, my lord; Miresborough has scratched, my lord."

"Then look here, I'll get up a team to play you, if you like."

Joe Bostock scratched his head. "I am afraid you would be too strong for us, my lord."

"Oh, no, no. Come now, you get a side together, like a good fellow. After all, it doesn't matter if we do beat you. We just want to do something to amuse the ladies."

"I see, my lord," said Bostock, humbly.

"That's settled, then," said Lord Percy. "Next Saturday—three o'clock sharp. Get as good a team together as you can. Ask one or two of the Poorgrass fellows if you like; in fact, get any one you like so long as you whip up a fairish lot, and give us a decent game."

"Very good, my lord," said Joe Bostock, once more touching his bare and perspiring forehead as Lord Percy turned away and rejoined Lady Muriel.

Bostock put on his coat and trudged heavily off the field and down the road to his modest little shop in the village street. There was a moody and puzzled expression on his face. What possible chance would Pangleton have against the gentlemen at the Hall—half of them University players, no doubt!

With his honest brain still in a tangle over the matter, Joe opened his door and walked through the shop into the little parlour behind it. Arrived on the threshold of that room he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What—Bill?"

"Aye, Joe, lad, it's me! Got a few days off, so I've come to look yer up."

Seated comfortably by the fire, smoking his pipe, was a man about twenty-eight years of age, with a bull-neck, shoulders like a prize-fighter's, and a head cropped so closely that, regarded in connection with his dogged expression and small, pig-like, twinkling eyes, he would have readily passed for an ex-convict had he been shabbily clothed. As it was, he was dressed in a serviceable and prosperous-looking suit of tweeds; he wore good boots, a gold chain, and clean linen.

Joe wrung his brother's hand, and, as something suddenly occurred to him, gave a mighty laugh. This bull-necked man, this Bill Bostock, his brother, was no less a person than *the* Bill Bostock, the great Association professional full-back. He was undoubtedly a bit of a ruffian, and on several occasions had been suspended for foul play, but his services were greatly sought after, and he had already played for three different teams in the First Division, being lured away each time by offers of more money.

"How long have you got, Bill?" asked Joe, in a strangely excited voice.

"Oh," said Bill, "I've strained my knee, and been told to rest it. I'll take a week, maybe. It'll be sound enough then."

"Bill," gasped Joe, "will yer stay till next Saturday, and play a game with us Pangleton chaps?"

"That I will, Joe, if yer like," replied Bill,

for Joe Bostock was the one person in the whole wide world for whom the professional footballer had any affection whatever. And, as Bill replied, Joe gave another mighty laugh.

II.

THE ENTERTAINMENT specially designed by Lord Percy for the amusement of the ladies staying at Pangleton Hall commenced with aristocratic unpunctuality.

Kick-off had been fixed for 3 p.m., but none of the gentlemen at the Hall, except Mr. Murray, had even changed by that hour, as they were not at all in a hurry to begin and didn't mind keeping the villagers waiting. Soon after three the non-combatants from the Hall began to trickle down and take up their position alongside the touch-line which appeared to be sacred to them. Along the other touch-line was quite a crowd of country folk—far more people, as a matter of fact, than Pangleton village itself could have turned out on an occasion like this. One or two of the Poorgrass team had been included in Joe Bostock's side, and the rest had come over in a body together with a large number of their fellow villagers.

The Pangleton men were kicking the ball about with the object of keeping themselves warm. The famous Bill Bostock, in a long tweed overcoat, whiled away the delay by talking to various young ladies. In the eyes of the village lassies he was a hero and millionaire rolled into one.

A start was eventually made at 3.45. Bill had expressed his desire to go easy at first, and so his brother had assigned to him the position of goalkeeper. Lord Percy, looking more than usually weedy in his football things, and with his shins well protected from possible hacks by stout guards, played centre for the Hall. Mr. Murray, to the surprise and disappointment of the Earl's fair guests, was told off to keep goal for the Hall.

"You're too good for anything, you know," Lord Percy had said to him. "It wouldn't be fair to play you anywhere but in goal, you know."

But it was possible that Lord Percy had other reasons for consigning Murray to such an inactive sphere.

From the outset it was easy to see that the Hall team were quicker and far more scientific than the side opposed to them. They simply, as the term is, made rings round the

villagers. Mr. Clarence, who at one time represented his college at Oxford, put in a very hot shot five minutes after kick-off, but to his surprise it was punched out with a strength and accuracy that caused the Hall team to regard the opposing goalkeeper with some curiosity. Surveying him thus, they

had a loose, ship-shape cut about them, and, unlike those of the other members of the village team, his brawny knees were bare. In fact, as he stood there, sturdy as a rock, he looked to the football field born.

"At any rate they've got a chap in goal who knows his business," observed Mr. Spencer, the guardsman, to Lord Percy.

Soon after this a corner was given against the village. Spencer took it and dropped the ball neatly in front



LORD PERCY DUCKED HIS HEAD TO PUT IT THROUGH, BUT AS HE DID SO HE WAS KNOCKED CLEAN OFF HIS LEGS.

noticed that the village custodian had by no means the appearance of a village footballer. He looked, in a word, far more business-like than his fellows. His shirt sat on his broad shoulders in an easy way begotten of familiarity with such attire. His black knickers

of the village goal, within six inches of Lord Percy's nose. The latter ducked his head to put it through, but as he did so he was knocked clean off his legs and simultaneously the redoubtable goalkeeper fisted the ball well out of danger.

"Beg pardon, m' lord," said a gruff voice.

"Oh, all right," said Lord Percy faintly,

as he got up.

The game went on, and presently a good shot was put in by De Courcy, the Etonian. But the goalkeeper disposed of this, too, with the greatest ease. Still, the Hall went on pressing, and, ten minutes later, after a fine dribble down the right wing, Spencer put in a whirlwind of a shot which Bill Bostock couldn't quite reach. A clapping of delicately-gloved hands announced the notching of the first point in the Hall's favour.

"That's better," said Lord Pangleton, who was standing by Lady Muriel's side, "the fellow they've got in goal is good, but apparently not invincible."

During the next twenty minutes the Hall team fairly bombarded the village goal, and Bill Bostock had to employ all his science in order to keep his citadel intact; indeed, the game had resolved itself into a succession of shots at goal on the part of the gentlemen, what time the poor villagers ran aimlessly about, occasionally charging with sheepish clumsiness at their more nimble opponents. Nevertheless, when half-time came the Hall was only one goal to the good; had it not been for Bill Bostock they would have been quite half-a-dozen points in front of the village.

"I think I'll come up now, Joe," said Bill Bostock with a covert grin. "Seems to me we're not doin' our share of potting."

When the teams had changed over and were lined up for the second half, Lord Percy found himself facing the bull-like personage who had knocked him down earlier in the game. Meanwhile, Lady Muriel smiled sweetly; in fact, all the ladies looked amused when they compared the two centre forwards. Lord Percy had catered admirably for them.

The professional set the ball going with a deft side kick to his brother, who was playing inside right, and Joe had sense enough to dribble for a few yards and then pass back. Lord Percy, making a gallant and desperate plunge at the village centre, rebounded as if he had come in contact with a stone wall. However, he was not deficient in pluck, although it must be confessed he was sadly wanting in muscle. Again he charged at Bill Bostock, and this time the latter's burly shoulder caught him in the ribs and he went down with a bang which took his breath away.

"I hope Percy won't get hurt," said Lord Pangleton, looking slightly annoyed. "He is no match for that fellow."

By this time Bill Bostock had dribbled up to the Hall backs; outwitting them completely with a little feinting, he at length found himself with only Murray to deal with. As the professional drew back his foot to shoot, the Corinthian jumped out like lightning, and catching Bill with one of his legs raised in the air, he sent the great pro. sprawling, and then with a long, low kick down the right wing, put Spencer in possession.

Bill picked himself up, and as he looked at the Hall goalkeeper he saw that he was recognised. Murray and Bostock were old opponents; they had met in the North, at the Palace, and at Queen's Club, on half-a-dozen occasions.

However, Bill was far too tough a champion to be disconcerted by a mere upset, and so he retraced his steps down the field at full speed. Joe Bostock and Mr. Spencer were just then engaged in a little scramble over the ball near the Hall touch-line. Quickly interposing, Bill obtained possession, and again dribbled up the field, finally putting in a shot which just scraped past outside the right post.

As Murray was coming back with the ball (which had alighted in a clump of bushes fifty yards away), he was met by Lord Percy.

"I say, Murray, I want you to play back. I'll take goal. Fact is, I feel a bit winded."

This change was a bit of good generalship on Lord Percy's part (although he didn't know it), for Murray thenceforth had a chance of fighting his famous opponent on more level terms. Bill Bostock noted the alteration with grim satisfaction, and determined to get a bit of his own back before many minutes had flown.

So now ensued a terrific duel which did more than amuse the ladies—in fact, it almost frightened them. Bill Bostock's blood was up, the worst part of his savage nature had risen to the surface. He scattered the young lordlings opposed to him like chaff, the villagers simply waiting round and feeding him with the ball when he happened to be dispossessed. Time after time Murray and the professional met with a crash; meanwhile Village and Hall looked on with bated breath. Never had they seen such a Titanic struggle as this. The word had gone round amongst the villagers as to who Murray was, and by this time, too, Lord Pangleton's guests had been acquainted with the identity of the bull-necked player. Everybody understood that two of the finest exponents of football in the world were battling like grim death against one another.

De Courcy had come back to help Murray, and Bill Bostock had already knocked him down two or three times by way of shaking the play out of him.

"This is butchery," snapped the Earl, as De Courcy went over for the fourth time.

But Murray made matters even by sending the pro. staggering with a well-planned rush.

"I think it is *tremendous!*" said Lady

slow and halting step. It had proved altogether too amusing for him.

There were now fifteen minutes left for play, and Spencer, who had taken over the captaincy, made a fresh disposition of his side. He himself went back with De Courcy—they being the two strongest players after Murray—while Murray advanced to centre forward. Bill Bostock, observing the change,



TIME AFTER TIME MURRAY AND THE PROFESSIONAL MET WITH A CRASH.

Muriel, with a quiver in her voice. But she wasn't thinking of De Courcy.

At length Bill Bostock, who seemed to play wherever he liked, came up with a swing on the left wing, and, successfully eluding Murray, put in a shot which cleft the air like a cordite shell. Lord Percy saw it coming, and feebly put out his arms. Catching him about the region of the belt, the ball fairly knocked him through the goal, and the villagers sent up a yell of triumph. The score was now equal.

When the game restarted, it was seen that a fresh custodian had been told off to look after the Hall goal. Lord Percy had had enough, and was limping off the field with a

and knowing from past experience that Murray was far faster than himself, retired to the back line, his brother Joe taking the vacated place at centre.

That last fifteen minutes' play was worth travelling a hundred miles to witness, for the Corinthian it was who now pressed, Bill Bostock who defended. Again and again they met in the neighbourhood of the village goal and fought like tigers. Bill brought into play every known trick of the professional game—he absolutely had no conscience. A dozen times he would have tripped Murray if the latter had not been on the watch. Time after time the professional pitted his bulk and wiliness against the Oxonian's speed and

agility. Murray, fortunately, was in the pink of condition, and, indeed, he needed all his strength and training to fight such a battle. When the referee muttered in his hearing that there were only five more minutes left for play, the Corinthian felt positively thankful.

Five more minutes! A corner had been given against the village. It was but poorly taken advantage of, and Bill dashed away up the ground like a bloodhound—but there was a greyhound after him. Murray caught the pro. in midfield, and they closed over the ball, each man exerting himself to the utmost to outwit the other. Bill butted heavily at the Corinthian with his right shoulder, grunting savagely as he did so. But Murray withstood the charge gamely. Then Bill wheeled round suddenly, got his right foot behind Murray's, and then, summoning up all his strength, hurled the whole of his great weight against his slim foe.

The action was palpable to all beholders—it was a deliberate attempt to foul.

But Murray was expecting some such ruse, and jumped out of the trap so quickly that Bill could not regain his balance, and fell with a crash to the ground.

Thus possessed of the ball, away went Murray down the field. A little dodging, and he was through the villagers—a clean shot, and the Hall was a goal ahead.

All eyes, however, were directed towards Bill Bostock, who, on rising from the ground, had been seen to take only one hesitating and painful step. Joe hastened up to him.

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the butcher.

"The knee's given again, lad. I shouldn't

have used it so soon. It got a wrench when I went over that time."

Then, with the aid of his brother, Bill Bostock limped off to the cow-shed and got into his coat. There were two more minutes left, but nothing happened, and when the whistle announced the close of play Pangleton Hall walked off the field victors, though by a very narrow margin.

Lord Percy, somewhat recovered, met Joe Bostock as he came out of the cow-shed.

"I say, Bostock," he said, "I don't think that was quite fair, you know."

"Well, sir," said Joe, rather shamefacedly, "you said I could get anybody I liked."

"Yes; but I didn't mean a pro.," retorted the other.

"Well," said Joe, on his defence, "you had Mr. Murray, sir."

Lord Percy muttered something inarticulate, and trudged off in Lady Muriel's direction, only to find her talking vivaciously to Murray.

"It was *splendid!*" she was saying to the latter, enthusiasm lighting up her eyes, "I never saw anything like it before. I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!" And then they walked up to the Hall together, while Lord Percy, the subject of much congratulation on the afternoon's amusement he had provided, returned disconsolately with the crowd of guests.

* * * *

Alas! how can a poor tutor, no matter how well he play football, aspire to the hand of a titled beauty?

As Murray parted from Lady Muriel at the Hall door the girl gave a little sigh—and that was the end of it.



CHRISTMAS AT ZOO VILLA.

By HALL THORPE.



Zoo Villa, Regent's Park, London.—“Dear old Kangaroo,—Such a Chrismuss time! It was a bit of a job getting evening clos to fit Rhino, but we managed it at a colonial outfitter's. No one in London could sell G. Raffe a coller anything like hi enuff. When we went into dinner modest little me brought up the rear. P.S.—Mrs. Hippo looked scrumptious in her new dinner-gown. Such a arm!



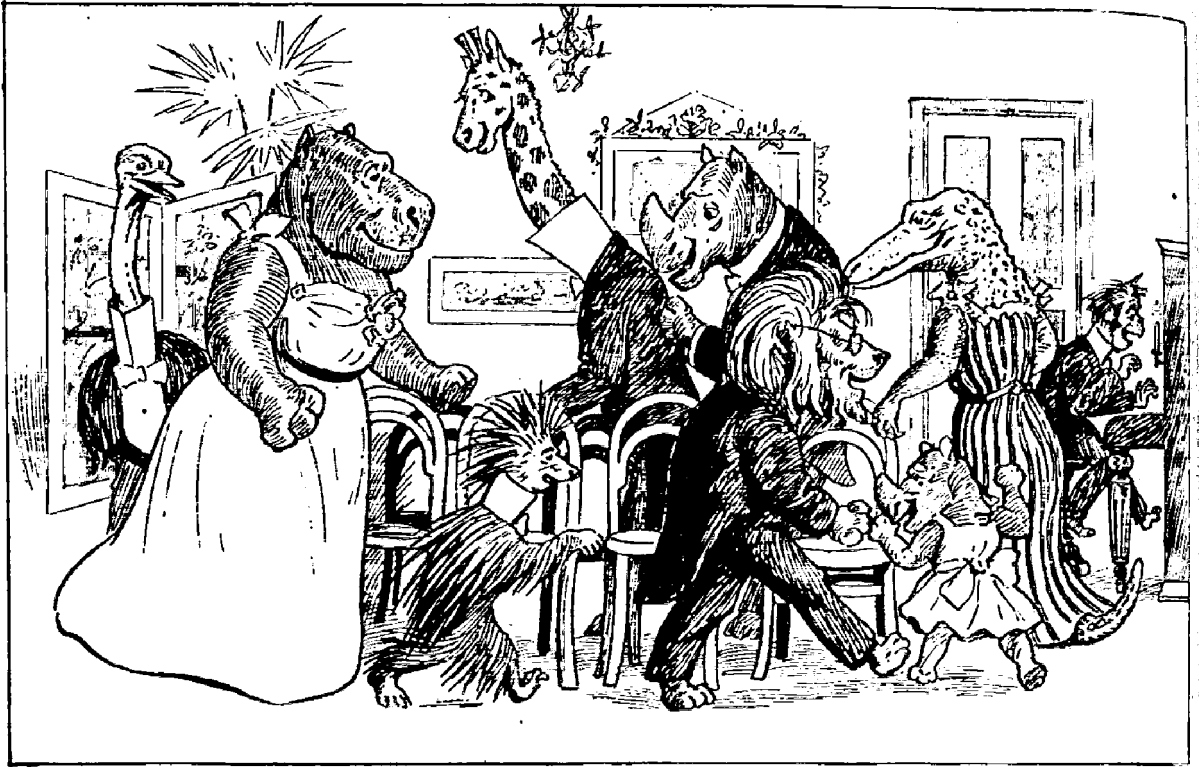
“You C, more jungle friends have joynd our party since my last. Of course that blocming silly Ostrich, not being used to Sassiety ways, tried to swallow his fark. Rhino's youngster was playing with fireworks under the taybul at that moment—



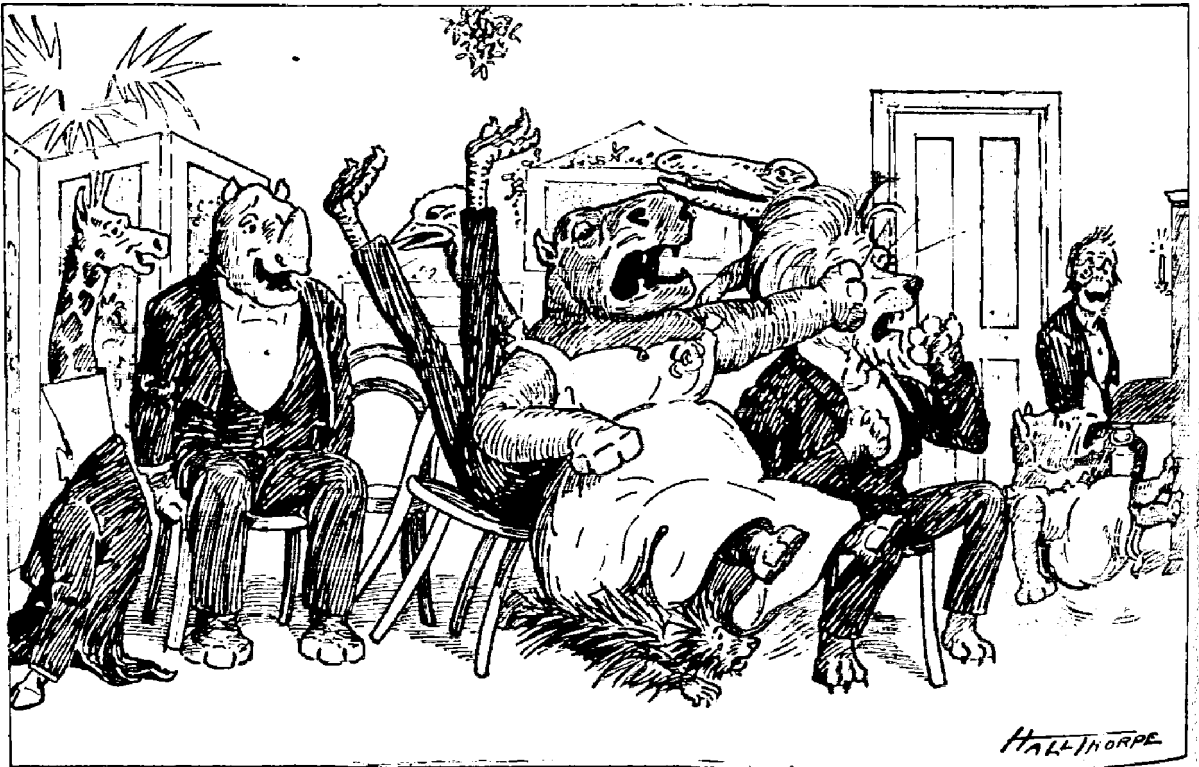
"And when they went off old Ostrich bolted the fawk, G. Raffe took a jump after your patton, Mrs. Hippo nearly swuned, and Porc fairly brisstled with frite!



"A policeman who turned up wayted on during the ressed of the evening, and wanted to arest Mrs. Hippo when she brought out her top note. I never saw any one look so dejekted as old O. Fawk dis-agreain' wiv 'im, I s'pose.



"Then Musikle Chairs!" Mrs. Hippo looked as coi as a kanary



till I left off playing, when she sat down on old Porc! I will dror a vail over what folloed.—Your own CHIM PAN (ha! ha!). P.S.—Excuse spelling. So Xited."



THE ROMANCE OF STAMP COLLECTING.

By E. J. NANKIVELL.

WHY on earth don't you come for a spin on the tandem this glorious weather? Stamps? Hanged if I can understand any rational man wasting his time collecting stamps."

"No tandem to-day," said I, to my breezy neighbour of the cycling persuasion. "You are free to come and go as you please. You are a gentleman of leisure, no master, no editor to worry you for 'copy.' I have to finish an article to-day for *THE CAPTAIN*, or there will be trouble."

"*THE CAPTAIN* must be very hard up to put in a lot of rot about stamps."

"It pays, my boy. Pays all concerned, publisher, advertiser, editor and reader. And that's the side that appeals to you, I know."

"Well, they must be a blamed lot of fools, that's all I can say. If you were to write up actual life, say in the Canadian North-West, I might be interested. I could tell you a few good yarns about old Jimmy Burgess, an odd character I knew, and stories of cattle ranching fit to make your hair stand on end—what there is of it—but old bits of paper! What the Turk there can be in mere stamps to interest any one, licks me."

"Why, my dear boy, there is more romance in old stamps than in all your cattle ranching, even including old Jimmy Burgess."

"Bosh!"

"Plenty of romance and finance. Now, if your money had been put into good stamps instead of railways twenty years ago, you would be a rich man to-day, instead of being tortured with daily fears over diminishing dividends. And as to romance, why, stamp-collecting is full of romance."

"Can't see where it comes in."

"In a number of ways; but taking only the sordid side as appealing to yourself, and only one case out of many, surely you must have heard of the great find of rare stamps by a coloured labourer in a Kentucky court-house some years ago, and of the thousands of dollars made out of that find?"

"Never! what was it? The folks who paid, I suppose, had more money than wit?"

"Not a bit of it. The money was paid by hard-headed dealers for stuff to sell again."

"To cranks?"

"Call them 'cranks' if you like. Men who collect stamps can well afford you the little amusement of nicknaming them 'cranks.' But from the business side they are sufficiently numerous and wealthy to create and maintain a safe and sound permanent market for stamps, a much more reliable market, in fact, than your 'corner' ridden market for wheat."

"Is that so? Then I'm on. But what about this find? Didn't that upset your market?"

"Not a bit. Sensational as it was, it did not yield enough to go round."

"Let's have the story."

"Better fish up some one else for the tandem."

"No, go ahead, let's have that story. I suppose it's all square; don't belong to the fiction side of *THE CAPTAIN*?"

"Oh, dear no; the facts are all well known and are vouched for by those who had to pay the piper in the business. In the cellar of the court-house at Louisville, Kentucky, some seven years ago, a couple of niggers were clearing up some boxes of old correspondence and an accumulation of miscellaneous

rubbish that had for some time been an eyesore to those in charge. In the act of shovelling a large batch of old letters into the furnace, several that were loose fell at one of the negroes' feet. He picked up an envelope, and, noticing a curious-looking stamp on it, and remembering that he had heard of boys collecting stamps of foreign countries, he put it into his pocket, and then he added a few more. Tumbling over other bundles he found others, but all of the same quaint design of two bears standing on their hind legs looking at each other. At this point of the investigation two janitors of the building came in, and, seeing the darky curiously examining one of the stamps, asked him what he was looking at. Bob produced the stamps he had found, and one of the janitors expressing an interest in them, Bob asked what he would



A COLOURED MAN MAKES A FIND OF STAMPS WHICH EVENTUALLY REALISED £20,000.

give. The janitor, knowing of an adult friend who 'liked such things,' as he said, offered a quarter dollar and a drink for the lot. Bob was exceedingly thirsty, and pay-day was away in the distance, so he promptly closed with the offer, inwardly congratulating himself upon his morning's good fortune. The janitor and a co-worker next evening called on their stamp-collecting acquaintance in the hope of making a little profit; perhaps the stamps might bring a dollar. I need hardly say that the janitors were greatly delighted, not to say astonished, to receive five

dollars for the lot. The friends forthwith returned to the cellar, determined to examine the contents of all the old boxes of correspondence. The next day, long before the negro was due at his work, they went through several bundles and discovered a goodly number of the treasures. With much cunning they returned all the stampless letters to the box to put the negro off the hunt. The janitor and his friend met the next evening to discuss the situation. They had sold nine stamps for a dollar, and on that basis their further find would bring them more than fifty dollars. A couple of relatives were called in for consultation, and let into the secret. One, a locomotive engineer by occupation, suggested that they should dispose of only a few at a time, and that they should consult Hacker, a printer by trade, who was accustomed to display stamps for sale in his shop window.

"Hacker was a help to them, and, as it turned out, they were a help to him. As soon as he saw the envelopes the printer exclaimed, 'Why! those are St. Louis stamps! what do you want for the whole lot?' Having brought but a dozen or so with them, and the other collector having given what the janitors at the time regarded as a good price, they wisely asked for an offer.

"Hacker was a reader of philatelic journals, and recalled to his mind an illustrated article on St. Louis stamps which had been published in the preceding year. He retired to refresh his memory, and on returning asked his callers if they had brought with them all they had found of those particular stamps. After some hesitation they admitted they were offering only about one half. Hacker insisted upon seeing the lot, and offered, if allowed to choose for himself, to give twenty-five dollars apiece for those he selected.

"The quartette looked at each other. They were all thinking the same thought. They had sold nine stamps for five dollars, and now they were offered twenty-five dollars apiece. Obviously that adult collector had had them!

"Hacker saw that he might have made a very much smaller offer, but he also knew that even at his offer he would be driving a grand bargain. So he stood to his offer, and the janitor party agreed to bring the whole lot the next evening.

"Meanwhile Hacker closely studied the illustrated article, and primed himself as to varieties of dies, and papers, and values, that he might be prepared to make a wise selection the next evening. Not having the available cash, he called on a prominent local collector, told him the story of the find, and offered to sell him some of the stamps on a mutually agreeable basis if he would advance a certain sum of money. This was done, as the collector had every confidence

in Hacker, and was also anxious to secure some of these long-wished-for rarities. With this help Hacker was able to muster between £60 and £80 in ready cash.

"True to their promise, the party kept their appointment and produced, to Hacker's astonishment, more than forty of the coveted rarities. He carefully selected the cream of the lot. The sellers were quite indifferent which stamps he selected so long as he took a goodly number, for one stamp was as good as another in their eyes. Hacker selected thirteen stamps, two of which were great rarities, and paid over between £60 and £80. All were extremely well pleased, for each thought he had the better of the deal. Hacker, by his selection, had made sure of a profit of at least £750.

"The janitors next sought the advice of a well-known collector and prominent business man of the town, by whom they had in previous years been employed. He proved to be a real friend to the labourers, for he was willing to help them for a nominal sum, and in order to secure for his own collection a few of the St. Louis bear stamps. He told them that they had acted foolishly in the disposition of their stamps. For the information that this friend gave them as to where to sell what was left, they allowed him to select four stamps. Those four stamps were subsequently sold for £100.

"Visits were paid to New York and St. Louis dealers, and as soon as news leaked out about the find, competing dealers started off for Louisville post haste from New York and St. Louis, and quickly swept up all that could be found.



THE RARE ST. LOUIS STAMPS.

"Eventually some £6,000 was netted by Louisville holders of the stamps. How much the dealers finally netted in their turn from the wealthy collectors is not known, but the total sum realised by this little lot of stamps, accidentally unearthed by a nigger in the cellar of a Kentucky court-house, could not have fallen far short of £20,000.

"It is needless to say that all the boxes of correspondence in the cellar were thoroughly overhauled, and that they yielded splendid results from time to time to the quartette, whose relations were, however, at one time a little

strained by the discovery that two of the party had been separately and privately visiting that precious cellar.

"In the end one of the quartette purchased a home with his share of the spoils, but another went in for a course of dissipation. Bob, the negro, was not forgotten when the money was divided. All the stamps were rapidly absorbed, the rarest finding a home in the collection of a wealthy American banker."

"Not a bad yarn," said my tandem friend, "and if you can put me on to a few court-houses where I can attend to the furnaces under similar promising conditions, I'd be sorely tempted to go in for stamp collecting."

The stamps referred to were the well-known Postmaster stamps of St. Louis of 1845, which preceded by two years the regular issue of stamps by the central Government of the United States. There were three values—5 cents, 10 cents, and 20 cents. Till this "find" the 20 cents was a disputed stamp, indeed, it was believed never to have been issued. But in the "find" were included no less than sixteen copies used on correspondence.

Notable New Issues.

The Postal Authorities of Chili seem to be somewhat difficult people to please in the matter of stamp designs. First they tried Perkins, Bacon and Co., then the American Bank Note Co., then Messrs. Waterlow, then went back to the American Bank Note Co., and now, before the series ordered from that last-named company has been completed, the Chilian Government publish an official decree inviting persons to submit designs for ten postal stamps and offering a prize of 300 pesos for each design accepted. The examination of the designs submitted was to take place on the 15th November, so that we may expect yet another series of new designs for Chili in 1903. The King's heads are coming in slowly.

According to a South American stamp journal Paraguay is to have an entirely new set of 23 stamps shortly, values 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 10, 14, 15, 20, 24, 28, 30, 40, 50, 60, 80 centavos, 1, 2, 4, 5, 10 pesos. Truly the postal necessities of small American States dwarf those of the great European countries. 23 values, and 12 of them of 2d. or less!

Albania.—The Italian post offices in Albania have been supplied with special stamps by overprinting Italian stamps with the word Albania and adding the value in Turkish currency.

10 para on 5c. green.
35 para on 20c. orange.
40 para on 25c. blue.

Chili.—Two more values of the America Bank Note Co. designs, small head of Columbus, have been received, viz., 30c. and 50c., also the



20c. of the Waterlow series of the same type as the 1c. illustrated. The 20c. is rouletted, but those of the current small head are perforated.

20c., grey.

30c., black and mauve.

50c., black and orange.

Djibouti.—Instead of the usual colonial type common to all the French colonies, this colony has been supplied with a special and localised design. It is said to be the work of the unfortunate French artist, Paul Merwart, who perished in the eruption at St. Pierre. Perf. 11.



1c. violet, orange centre.

2c. brown, green centre.

5c. green.

Leeward Islands.—Here are the designs of the new King's head stamps for the islands now postally grouped under the term Leeward Islands. As in other cases the new stamps are simply the Queen's head designs with as little alteration as possible. Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.



½d. purple, name and value in green.

1d. purple, " " carmine.

2½d. purple, " " blue.

6d. purple, " " brown.

1s. green, " " carmine.

5s. green, " " blue.

New Zealand.—The 3d. of the current series now comes printed on paper watermarked NZ and star. Presumably all the series will eventually be printed on watermarked paper. So far we have only ½d., 1d., and 3d.

Orange River Colony.—*Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* has been informed that a new

provisional 1s. value has been provided for this colony by surcharging the Orange Free State 5s. stamp with the initials E.R.I. and the words "one—shilling" in two lines, with a star obliterating the original value.

Paraguay.—A 20 centavos stamp has been provided for this country by surcharging the 24c. of the current series with words, "Habitado—20—centavos," in three lines, in red.

Penrhyn Island.—The 1d. carmine chronicled in the October number, with surcharge in black, now comes surcharged in blue.

Spanish Guinea.—Here is quite a new thing in Spanish, a stamp for Spanish Guinea. It is said that this new series is to take the place of the Fernando Po series. What few settlements Spain has on the Guinea Coast of Africa are mostly small islands which may well be grouped under the general name of Spanish Guinea, as appears to be the intention in this new issue, but why a baby face portrait of the young King is used instead of an up-to-date one, is a puzzle. The stamps are perf. 14, and have what are termed control numbers on the back.



5 centimos, green

10 centimos, grey blue.

25 centimos, carmine.

50 centimos, dark brown.

75 centimos, lilac.

1 peseta, rose.

2 pesetas, bronze green.

5 pesetas, vermilion.

TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.

The article on Transvaals will be resumed in our next number.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Our special thanks are due to the following firms for their kindness in supplying early and welcome information concerning new issues:—To Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., for Leewards, British Levant, Albania, and Paraguay; to Messrs. Bright and Son, for Leewards; to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for Spanish Guinea, and to Mr. Ewen for New Zealand.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. E. J., jun. (Manchester).—See reply to G. V., October CAPTAIN. With the help of hints there given you can probably save yourself the trouble of forwarding stamps. If not, send them on.

A. H. (Bristol).—Most of the leading dealers make up packets restricted to British Colonials. Write any one for his list.

C. M. A. (Glasgow).—The 2½d. Orange Free State overprinted "V.R.I.," with the "d" of "2½d." "missed out" is not a rare variety. The "d" was omitted throughout, the surcharge being simply "2½."



THE STONE AGE: AN INTERRUPTED PICNIC.

MY CHRISTMAS POEM

By
A. B. COOPER



1. *The bells are ringing o'er the
snow,
Their chimes come sweetly
stealing.*

(I start in this way, don't
you know,
To get a rhyme for "pealing.")
*The bells are ringing—(Yes,
Great Scott!
I wish to goodness' they were
not.)*



ARE CLOTHED WITH SNOW AS WELL AS BARK.

2. *The snow lies white on
field and wold,
The trees — (Tishoo!
I'm sneezing.*

*I wish it weren't so
beastly cold,
My back and feet are
freezing.)*

*The trees—(excuse this
trite remark)*

*Are clothed with snow as
well as bark.*



3. *The sun is shining cold and red,
Low down on the horizon,*

(Oh, stop those bells! They'll turn
my head!)

The ground the snow still lies on.

(I tell you that a second time,

"Horizon's" such a brute to
rhyme.)

OH, STOP THOSE BELLS!

4. *The feathery flakes begin to fall,*
 (What price alliteration?)
They reach the earth—(I think that's all
The length of their excursion.)
The whiteness waxes whiter—
 (My!
 I'll want some snowshoes by
 and bye.)



THE BUTCHER'S BOY!

6. *I can't express the love I feel*
For all earth's gladsome creatures,
 (Those tradesmen lie, and
 cheat, and steal,
 With adamantine features.)
And Christmas-tide comes not
in vain—
 (—The butcher's boy? What!
 Here again?)



THAT THURUSH HAS GRABBED THE LOT AGAIN.

7. *A thousand thoughts crowd through my brain,*
 (What! Eaten half the turkey?
 Cats all, in spite of Louis Wain,
 I'd doom to regions murky.)
A thousand thoughts of days of yore—
 (Oh, hang! I can't write any more).

5. *The hungry birds come to my pane,*
 (Phitt! Greedy little glutton!
 That thrush has grabbed the lot again!
 —Yes, Jane, a leg of mutton.)
No love on earth? Unworthy doubt!
 (—No! tell the butcher's boy I'm out.)



THE END

A BRUSH WITH THE LUNGOORS.

Being a curious adventure in a Deserted Jungle City which was found to be inhabited by Monkeys.

Told and Illustrated by E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

I.

LYING at ease on my camp-bed after a hot day's shooting, enjoying a cigar in the soft moonlight, I have spent many a delightful hour listening to Jungly relating some wonderful story of his life among the creatures of the forest. There was one marvellous story of a deserted city peopled by monkeys which he had come across, where the animals lived in a state of social development which was only inferior to human beings in degree. They had a king, a council of elders, generals, captains, laws, with penalties for law-breakers, and a certain code of etiquette which was observed in the presence of the king, who was usually accompanied by a bodyguard wherever he went. There was one human being only in that city—a crazy old priest who had lived amongst the monkeys for years and who loved them as much as he hated mankind.

It all sounded like a fairy tale. Of course I knew of several such deserted cities, and I had observed there was generally a colony or two of monkeys in the place, for they seem to prefer ruins to the jungles. But the extraordinary state of social development in this particular city I felt inclined to doubt. Yet, knowing Jungly's veracity, I concluded he saw manners and customs where I should



THE KING OF THE LUNGOORS.

only see ordinary animal life. Yet I longed to visit such a place with him and try and understand the monkeys as he did. It would be interesting in the extreme, for Jungly held a belief that many of our oldest laws and customs originated and still exist among animals. For instance, everyone will admit that the highest point of polished manners is reached in the graceful bow and the courteous lifting of the hat of civilised man, yet Jungly affirms that this is only an improvement on an animal custom, and proceeds to prove it in

most convincing way. A dog chastises his master's feet; a conquered monkey touches the dust with his tongue, prostrate at the feet of his conqueror. Many savages preserve this custom to this day. The next improvement was to touch the dust with the forehead; then to touch the dust with the finger tips, and convey it to the forehead with the body half bent. A step beyond was the salaam; then saluting or touching the hat, then lifting the hat, still accompanied by the bending of the body.

This way of looking at civilisation was new to me, and though at first I felt inclined to laugh at what I considered the absurdity of the idea, the more I studied it the more astonished I was to find there was not

weak or missing link in his chain of deduction, nor the distortion of any single fact. Had I the space I might in the same way show you how he connected many of our customs with primitive animal ideas. Even such a thing as the Holee festival, which is like our May Day, or the carnival, he traces to the two or three days of mad frolic the monkeys, old and young, indulge in on the first fine days of early summer.

I had forgotten all this talk with Jungly about the monkey city, when one day I had followed a wounded black buck on horseback through miles of jungle till I lost it in a network of rocky ravines. Then I attempted to get back to camp, but after three hours of riding found myself in quite a different part of the jungle, and it was quite clear I had lost my way. My horse was knocked up, for the day was very hot, and I was hungry and dispirited, when I caught sight of the domes and spires of temples, high on a rock on the horizon. Knowing I was nearly a hundred miles from any town, I was as much surprised as gratified, and headed my horse that way, feeling sure I could get food and shelter. An hour's riding brought me to the rock, but I could see no way up the precipitous sides. There was a gorge on the right which seemed to lead round to the opposite side of the rock. I entered and rode along. I had not gone very far when I noticed the skull of a leopard lying on the ground; then, farther on, another and still another. This was curious; I dismounted and examined the last. The skull had been beaten in with a rock. I went back and picked up the others; they all had holes knocked into them with stones or clubs. I mounted and rode on. More leopard skulls were to be seen, some having still the skeletons with attachments alongside. Near each was a pile of stones, each about the size a man would naturally fling; some of the skeletons were buried under the stones and almost hidden from view. I counted ten by the time I had got to the end of the gorge. I could not help wondering how so many leopards had come to perish in this place at different times, and wondered what manner of men had killed them thus. Before I reached the end of the

passage through the rocks I heard a dog bark, and I saw what I took to be an old man hobbling along, leaning on a staff and accompanied by a dog. As I drew nearer I found it was an enormous hunuman monkey, quite a giant of the species which scientists called the mountain entullus. He observed me coming, and then sat down unconcernedly right in the path of my horse. I rode up to him, but he did not move nor deign to look in my direction, so I spurred my beast forward, intending to ride over him for his impudence. But the dog, seeing my intention, flew at my horse, defending the monkey as it would some human master. The animal I rode swerved and brushed me against the rock, as it passed on one side of the monkey, and I, enraged at the insolence of this brute, cut it smartly across the head with my whip. With a hoarse cry of anger it sprang on my horse, burying its fangs above the poor creature's spine. Instantly that cry of rage was re-echoed a thousand times from the rocks above on either side of the ravine, and swelled into a long roaring shout like the voice of an enraged army. I looked up; the rocks that towered some 400 feet above my head were alive with hunuman monkeys, all swarming down to the attack. I gave the



I SAW WHAT I TOOK TO BE AN OLD MAN HOBBLING ALONG.

huge beast, fastened on the haunches of my horse, a stunning blow on the head with the butt end of my rifle, and he dropped off. A second after a veritable hailstorm of rocks and stones poured down upon the horse and myself. In that moment it flashed upon me how so many leopards had been killed in that gorge. I was struck in a dozen places, and was dropping from the saddle when the maddened horse shot forward and left the ravine behind. It was fortunate we were so near

clung to the hind legs of the horse, biting above the knee, and endeavouring to hamstring it. We should have been buried under monkeys in a few seconds, so I drew my revolver and emptied the six chambers, accounting for six of the enemy. Then we had a little breathing time, for the lungoors were distinctly alarmed at the sound of fire-arms, which, no doubt, they had never heard before. But it was scarcely for a minute they held back; then a huge fellow gave a yell like



I BATTERED AWAY WITH THE BUTT END OF MY RIFLE, BUT DIRECTLY ONE FELL OFF ANOTHER TOOK ITS PLACE, AND I FELT THE STRUGGLE COULD NOT LAST MUCH LONGER.

the exit, for no man or beast could have lived a minute in that murderous shower of rocks.

But we had not got rid of the enemy. The lungoors—as the natives call the hunuman monkey—run with long lolling bounds at a much faster pace than it looks. They soon caught us up, and then the fight commenced in real earnest. Some

a war cry, and charged, leaping on the flanks of my horse.

Dropping my now useless revolver and the hunting crop which hung on my wrist, I battered away at their skulls with the butt end of my rifle, but directly one fell off another took its place. We were overpowered by numbers; I felt the struggle could not last much longer; I had been bitten severely

on the arms and back, and my horse's flanks and legs streamed with blood. In our brief breathing space, I had looked about me, and had seen a huge flight of steps, cut in the rock, leading to the city above. I now directed my horse towards this, hoping that the inhabitants would come to my rescue, but when I neared it and looked again, the entire flight of steps was covered with monkeys, and another glance assured me that it was a ruined and deserted city from which I could expect no help. My horse was now running in a moving lane of monkeys which sprang on it from both sides at once, and the dog I have mentioned was trying all he could to drag it down by the nose. By this time my arms ached so with fatigue and the pain of my wounds—for I had been bitten in every limb—that I had no longer strength left to beat off the enemy.

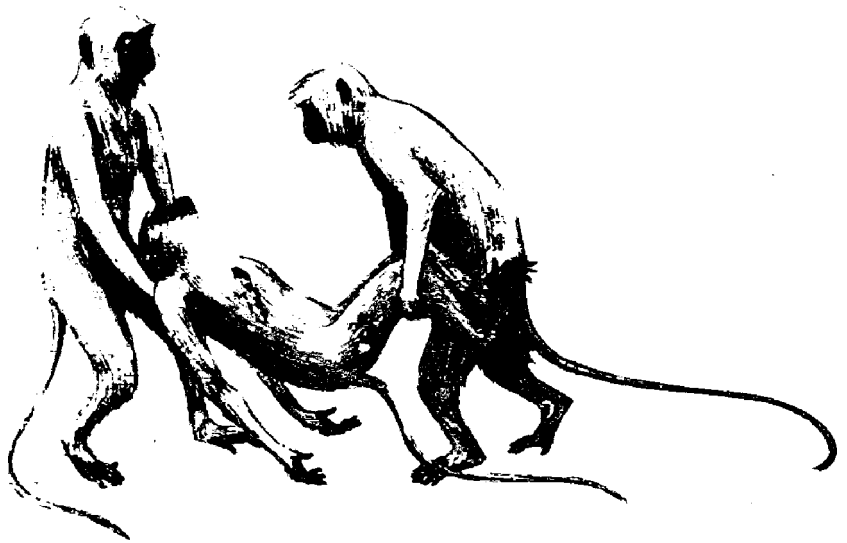
Suddenly I saw that we were near a large pool of water. I urged my horse forward. The gallant beast put on a splendid spurt, trampling under foot scores of monkeys that tried to intercept us. But the dog got him by the throat at last, and pulled him down just on the brink of the pool. I sprang clear, dived into the water, and struck out for the middle.

To my joy I discovered that the water only reached to my armpits when I stood up in the centre of the pond, which was just far enough from the banks to escape stones thrown by the lungoors, of which there immediately followed a shower. There were cries of baffled rage when they found I had taken to the water, for it is an element they detest and never enter, but they quickly surrounded the pool and held me prisoner. I looked towards my horse, and saw that the beasts were tearing him to pieces as he lay buried under their numbers. He gave pitiful

screams as he tossed his head from side to side in a useless endeavour to shake them off. So I slipped a cartridge into my rifle, which I had not dropped, and put the poor brute out of his misery.

The cold water refreshed me very much. Taking my cartridge belt from my shoulders, I wrapped it round my neck to keep the wet from soaking into it. Then I commenced

some quiet rifle practice at the lungoors, picking off the largest and most formidable ones I could see. As one dropped his friends carried him away to the rear, for all the world like soldiers on a field of battle. I was curious to know what they would do with the dead, and watched them. They took the body to the sandy bed of a rivulet that once flowed into the pool, and, scraping the sand away with their hands, laid it in a grave, covered it up with sand, and then piled rocks over the spot, to keep the corpse from jackals. After I had knocked over about six of the lungoors, one big fellow seemed to give an order, and immediately the unbroken ranks of monkeys retired slowly till they were some fifty yards from the pool. Then again they faced about, evidently fancying they were out of range. After I had bowled over another couple or so, their leader, who seemed quite puzzled at my being able to reach them at such a distance, ordered another retirement. This time they halted about 100 yards farther off. I now noticed that the leader seemed to be repeating orders that came from a long way off, and half-way up the steps I saw the old hunuman monkey leaning on his staff and



HIS FRIENDS CARRIED HIM AWAY, FOR ALL THE WORLD LIKE SOLDIERS ON A FIELD OF BATTLE.

directing operations; but he was too far off to be shot. Then I picked off a commander, but his place was taken by another, who received an order for a farther retreat. At this rate it would have been possible to drive them off entirely, but alas! I had only some twelve cartridges in my belt when I entered the pool, and I soon came down to my last one, which I reserved for a particular pur-

pose, for I had seen my poor horse dying by inches, and I was sure I should not like that sort of ending.

My position was not an enviable one—up to the armpits in cold water, and with my limbs stiff and painful from my many wounds. The monkeys still kept at a distance, but they formed an unbroken ring round the pond many hundred deep, while towards the city on the rock the great flight of steps and every roof and dome in sight was covered with an uncountable number of them.

Suddenly, on the wall of a temple, I saw the figure of a native stand out, looking in my direction. I yelled and gesticulated, but he made no sign that he saw me, and shortly after disappeared. Here was just one little gleam of hope, for if there were human beings in the place it was possible they could help me. But an hour or two went by and there was no sign of a man to be seen; in another hour the sun would set, and then I hoped the monkeys would give up the siege, and that I should escape in the dark.

By and by, I observed great restlessness among them; several of the leaders seemed to be discussing the situation. Happening to look into the blue above, I saw that which made me happy, for kites and crows were flying in circles higher and higher into the sky at an altitude they never attain except to escape a storm. I looked behind me, and there, on the horizon, was a great red cloud driving along at prodigious speed, enveloping everything in one black pall of gloom and flying sand.

The leaders gave shrill orders, and the whole army of monkeys began to retreat in battalions into the city; the stairs were not wide enough for all, so hundreds swarmed up the cliffs as easily as if they were cut in steps. The monkey army had not disappeared from sight, many lingering and looking back at the pool as if they would like to return, when suddenly darkness came down upon the scene, and a grand sand storm, roaring like a train rushing through a tunnel, was upon us.

I knew that this state of things would last half-an-hour at least, and in that time I could run perhaps a couple of miles through the darkness away from the lungoor city. I had no definite idea in which direction I should go; the thought of mad flight alone was uppermost. I scrambled out of the pool, but had barely taken a step when a hand clutched my wrist and a voice from out the darkness said:—

“How far will you run, Sahib? After the

storm is over the lungoors will follow and kill you, even if it were twenty miles from here.”

I was everjoyed to hear that voice; it was *Jungly's*.

“You have struck Rajah, the King of the Lungoors,” he continued, “and by the laws of these monkey people you must die.”

“How do you know I struck him?” I asked, astonished.

“When you did not come back, Sahib, I took a rifle and a cartridge belt, and followed your tracks. Thus I learnt what had happened. I could see you in the pool, but I dared not come to your aid.”

“What shall we do to escape these brutes?” I queried.

“The dust storm will sweep away our tracks,” he said, “and also there will be rain, but to-morrow they will find us out fifty miles from here, and besiege our camp in their thousands.”

“Is there no escape, then?” I asked aghast.

“There is but one way,” he replied. “The danger is great, for we must go into their city—yet it is the only way. If it fail, what matter?—we can die but once! Follow me swiftly,” he added, “we must reach the temple before the darkness ends.” Then, gripping my wrist again, he led me through the howling gloom; and I followed with mouth and eyes closed against the sting of the driving sand.

II.

S OON we were toiling up the enormous flight of steps that led to the city above. As we reached the summit the fog of flying sand thinned a little, and I could dimly perceive a great bastion on either side of the gate of entrance. I could just see my guide, who signed to me to keep silent, and pointed to the bastions. I then saw that there was a large number of lungoors on each, but they were huddled together with faces hidden in their fur to escape the stinging sand.

After we had passed them, Jungly said:—

“They are the guard who watch the steps day and night. It is fortunate for the Sahib that the storm roars so, else he would never have passed them alive.”

Through the darkness the form of a temple loomed vaguely before us, and we commenced to climb another set of stone steps.

“This is the Temple of Hunumar,” said Jungly. “The priest’s house adjoins this, and we will enter it by the private way. It is the only house here that is not inhabited

by lungoors, and is, therefore, the only safe place for us, as they never enter it."

We were soon within the building; soon the roaring of the sand blast outside grew fainter, and it was possible to breathe again with comfort.

"Now we must capture the mad priest," proceeded Jungly, "as our safety will depend upon making him a prisoner. Then we can dictate terms to the bunder log, who will do anything to prevent their priest being harmed, for they love the man."

I pulled off my boots, and we crept softly from room to room till the faint glow of embers caught my eye, and we found a charcoal fire carefully covered with ashes. Jungly went down on his knees, and, blowing this into a flame, lit a piece of faggot at it. Proceeding to search the place, we found the sleeping-mat of the priest in the same room, but though we searched the house over we could not discover the man himself anywhere.

Jungly then proposed we should sleep in one of the upper rooms which was evidently used as a granary.

"The priest feeds the lungoors every morning," he remarked, "and we can capture him when he comes in here for the food."

Tired out with the day's exertions, I slept soundly, and the sun was well up before Jungly roused me.

"The priest has not been in all night," he remarked, "but as the hour for feeding the lungoors is drawing near we shall doubtless see him soon."

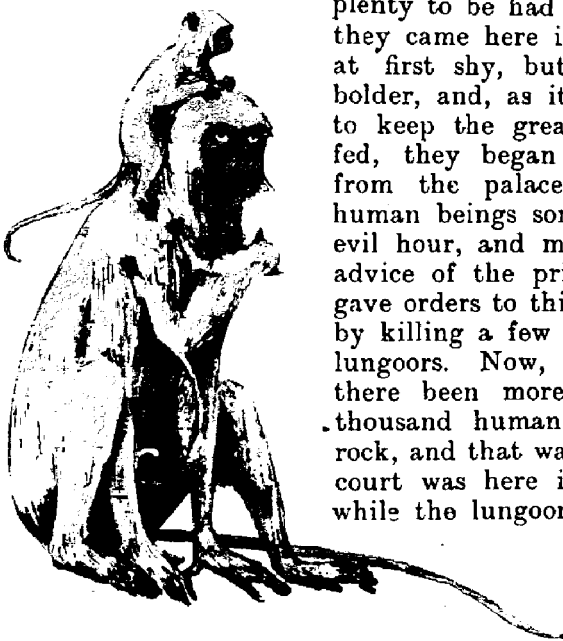
"Is this the city you told me of that night in the jungle?" I asked my companion.

"It is, Sahib," he replied, "and although it is many years since I was here, there is no change in the place. Only the number of lungoors has increased."

"Do you know anything of the history of these ruins and of the mad priest?"

"Not much, Sahib, and what there is is mostly legend. It is believed that when Hunuman, the monkey god, was going to help Rama to recover his stolen wife from Ravana, the Demon King of Ceylon, he encamped here with his monkey legions for a day's rest. There being no water near the spot, he scooped out this lake with his hands,

and there has been fresh water ever since upon this rock, even in the hot days when the jungle below is dying for want of rain and every stream is dry. Therefore, this was made a place of pilgrimage; many temples to Hunuman were built and palaces where the king of the state and his court came to spend the cool months of the year. The Hunuman monkey, which is sacred all over India, was naturally held in great esteem here. The monkeys were fed from the temples three times a day, and death was the penalty for any who killed one by accident. Now, Sahib, to the north of this place the lungoors infested the rocky jungle by thousands. In the hot months, when food and water were scarce, they learnt there was plenty to be had on this rock, so they came here in vast numbers, at first shy, but soon growing bolder, and, as it was impossible to keep the great numbers well fed, they began to thief food from the palaces and attacked human beings sometimes. In an evil hour, and much against the advice of the priests, the Rajah gave orders to thin their numbers by killing a few thousand of the lungoors. Now, at no time had there been more than about a thousand human beings on the rock, and that was only when the court was here in cold weather, while the lungoors were in numbers beyond all counting. The slaughter commenced, and the lungoors in alarm



A LUNGOOR PARENT.

fled to the jungles below, but only to hold a council of war. Next morning, hours before any human being was awake, the lungoors were hard at work carrying stones and rocks up to the tops of the palaces and temples. When the people came out of their houses they were greeted with a terrible storm of rocks, which killed great numbers, and almost the entire bodyguard of the Rajah was destroyed. A great fight then ensued, men against monkeys, but the lungoors were in overwhelming numbers, and the people were forced to barricade themselves in their houses, where they were besieged for several days. One night the Rajah and most of his court escaped, but others were not so fortunate, and nearly two hundred of the fugitives were stoned to death

on the marble pavements. One priest alone was brave enough to stay, and as he really cared for the monkeys and fed them daily, they did not injure him. The Rajah, fearing he had displeased the monkey god, sent huge cartloads of grain every month for the feeding of the monkeys. These things happened more than a century ago, and still the Rajah of the state sends grain every month to this place, which is a hundred miles from the nearest town, and still a priest is found who prefers the company of monkeys to that of his own species. But come, Sahib, to the casement, and see the city of the lungoors, but do not show yourself at any window, for if the monkeys discover our hiding-place they will certainly kill us."

There was a casement overhanging the pavement below, but shut in with an exquisitely carved screen of fretted marble through which I could see without being seen.

Never have I beheld anything one half so beautiful as the panorama that burst on my vision. A lake, some three thousand feet long, embanked on all sides with marble terraces and flights of steps leading into the water, lay like a glittering emerald in the morning sunshine, while temples and palaces, often of pure white marble, reflected their beautiful sculpture in the limpid depths below. It was hard to believe it was a ruin, only here had a dome caved in and there a column fallen across the terrace. The perfect pavements I supposed had prevented the jungle creeping in and hiding all the architecture. But far more wondrous than the beauty of the temples was the multitude of monkeys. Truly they were quite uncountable!

"I am glad, Sahib, that in spite of your troubles you have been able to see this place, for you would never have believed that such civilisation could exist among monkeys. Animals that live in small flocks have a few laws which they always observe, but when they live in great numbers, like ants or bees, they are forced to observe law and order in everything, to live harmoniously, and thus reach a high state of social development. It is the same way with men. The cave dwellers living a couple here and a couple there, could have had no use for laws or customs, but it became necessary to a peaceful existence when men took to living in communities."

I looked long and hard at the monkeys. They seemed very ordinary animals, and I could see nothing that denoted they existed under highly developed social conditions, and said so to Jungly.

"That, Sahib, is only due to your not being observant enough. Do you not wonder that such ancient ruins are not overgrown and hidden with jungle? Yet, keeping the forest out is entirely the work of the monkeys. Look at that one on the terrace before us—he is engaged on the task."

I looked at the lungoor Jungly indicated. He was sitting on the pavement where half a-dozen weeds had sprouted between the flags. He had pulled up a couple of these and was smelling their roots. Then he flung them away, went and looked into the lake, came back, and played about with the weeds, pulled up a couple more, and raked in the earth as if he were looking for insects. Finding none, he gazed listlessly at the sky above, around at the house, screamed out something to a brother monkey, then raced off out of sight, leaving two of the weeds unpulled.

"You don't mean to say that monkey was clearing weeds off the pavement and working under orders," I said with a laugh of amusement; "he was just playing as a child would."

"Say rather he was working as a child or a savage would were he bidden to perform some act he was not interested in. See—here he comes back to pull up the remaining weeds."

The lungoor came bounding along the balustrade, inviting another monkey to chase him, which invitation not being accepted he strolled past the weeds without looking at them. Then he stretched out one hind leg and in the most aimless sort of way pulled up the remaining weeds, dropped them, and strolled away.

I laughed. "Well, that may be one way of working, only I feel inclined to think he was just amusing himself."

"So he was," answered Jungly, "but he completed the task set him. Now look again—there is a monkey returning from the jungle with firewood for the temple."

I turned round quickly, half expecting to see a lungoor bending under the weight of a bundle of faggots. All I saw was a monkey playing listlessly with a branch of dried wood he had apparently just picked up; after trifling with it, he flung it from him, went forward, picked it up, and then flung it away again, then, after strolling about, encountered the dried branch again, picked it up, set off at a canter with it, climbed a pile of faggots near the temple, dropped it on the heap, stretched himself out, and went to sleep in the sun.

"How many faggots do you think there must be in that pile?" asked Jungly.

"Several thousand."

"Well, they have all been brought from the jungle in the same manner. Can you now deny that they work

like human beings—I don't mean highly-civilised man?"

In the face of such a result I was silent.

"Another great advance over the animals of the jungle is this: they do not kill their sick and wounded, but nurse them, unless it be some incurable disease, or something infectious or contagious, when it is safer for the community if the victims are at once put out of the way. See—yonder house-top is their hospital. There are the invalids lying in the sun, while their more fortunate brothers bring them nourishing berries and medicinal roots,

which they carry to them in their cheek pouches.

"If a monkey kills another in fair fight there is no penalty, but if he kills one smaller than himself, or through bad temper mauls the young and feeble, he is set upon by a number and killed or driven out and exiled from the community and forced to spend his life apart in the jungles. Come to this other casement, Sahib—see where the lungoor Rajah, leaning on his staff and attended by his dog, holds his court. There are the wounded from yesterday's fight, nearly fifty in number, with broken scalps and shot wounds. See the old she-monkey plastering up the wounds with wet clay! That couple of hundred on the steps

THE BAGS TRAVELLED
ALONG AN UNBROKEN
CHAIN OF MONKEYS.

behind are the councillors. That fifty of monstrous growth are the body-guard. You remember, Sahib, I told you how, when I was a child, my only playmate was a lungoor monkey, and how I learnt their talk as only a child can learn things. Now I shall tell you what is being said on the temple steps. That large lungoor seated before the Rajah



is his general. He is giving a list of those slain by your rifle. He is saying 'Bull-neck is dead. So is Wolf-fang. Nimble is dead, also Eagle-eye. Jumping-rat is slain, and dead is Snake-tail,' and so on."

"I cannot hear a sound being uttered," I remarked to Jungly.

"No, Sahib, nor can I. Among animals the language of sound is not used greatly, though they have names for most things. But they can communicate ideas from mind to mind over immense distances, which is better than using the voice, which cannot carry far. The sentinel posted on that temple top half a mile away is as conscious of every idea the general is communicating to the Rajah as myself. Now the general is saying that scouts have scoured the country in every direction for miles, but cannot find your tracks anywhere. A member of council thinks you must have died from loss of blood while still in the pool."

Suddenly there was a cry of alarm from a sentry on a point of vantage near by, and then an unspoken message which Jungly translated.

"The man comes bringing the grain in the bullock-drawn cart."

We went to another window and saw the priest driving a cart laden with small bags of grain.

"Ah!" said Jungly, "that explains his absence. He went to meet the cart and bring it here. No driver will approach this place, so frightened are the people of the lungoors."

The priest stopped the cart at the foot of the stone staircase and unyoked the bullocks. Then he commenced to throw out the grain bags; as a bag fell to the ground it was snatched up by a monkey, who passed it to a brother, who passed it to another, and thus the bag travelled along an unbroken chain of monkeys up the stairs to the city above. Now a new danger menaced us. If the lungoors brought the grain into the granary where we were hiding, that would be the end of us. We could see that the chain of carriers had formed up to the door of the house. Would they leave the sacks on the pavement below or bring them up to this room? There was very little time to decide, for soon we could see the foremost sack being passed from hand to hand before the temple of Hunuman. Then we heard the patter of small feet coming up the stairs, and Jungly softly bolted the door on the inside. The footsteps came nearer. A small black hand was inserted under the door and the door was shaken hard, then there

was a curious sound of sniffing, after which the little body retired, thumping the bag down the stairs. Then evidently they began piling up the bags in the room below, to judge from the sound. In a marvellously short space of time the whole cartload of grain had been brought into the house, and the priest, after tying up the bullocks and giving them their fodder, came up the stairs and made his way to the temple. When he reappeared he was carrying buckets of soaked grain, which he scattered about the pavements. This was intended to feed the King, the councillors, and the body-guard. The rest had to forage for themselves. I soon observed that though the food was spread over about twenty feet of pavement none of the monkeys touched a grain till Rajah had done eating, but kept at a distance intently watching him till he had finished. He ate very leisurely, and kept them waiting as long as he could. One little lungoor, no larger than a kitten, perched on his mother's back on the outside of the circle, could not stifle his greed at the sight of so much good food lying untouched, and, jumping lightly from head to head, crossed the assembly and floundered down right under the awful paws of Rajah himself. A sort of groan of horror went up from the crowd and the mother gave a scream of despair. Rajah put out a hind leg, seized the baby by the ear, and held it nose downward on the pavement, shrieking for mercy, while he calmly went on feeding, not looking once in its direction. Not a monkey moved to its rescue. In about three minutes' time the youngster had shrieked himself into a state of complete exhaustion, and when Rajah released him he crawled back sobbing to his mother, quite forgetting the food.

The priest then came into the house, and we could hear him muttering to himself, evidently annoyed that the grain had not been carried upstairs. Jungly now undid the bolt, but put his back against the door. Soon the priest was shaking it and wondering how it had got jammed, then he put his shoulder against it and threw his whole weight into the push. Jungly jumped aside, and the mad priest fell full length on the ground. We soon secured him, and while I tied his hands Jungly gagged him. I then slipped down to the door and securely barred it, also the windows on the ground floor.

Jungly explained to the man that we had no intention of hurting him, so long as the lungoors did not attack us, but that if they did we would put him to death first. This, he was told, he must explain to the lungoors.

and also that he must accompany us, as hostage for their good behaviour, as far as our camp.

Gagged though he was, he managed to show such hate and fury in the expression of his face that I was glad he was bound. For a long time he shook his head in response to all Jungly's entreaties and threats. Then, feeling sure he would wince at the last moment, we removed the gag and led him out on to the balcony, each holding an arm while we carried our loaded rifles in the other hand. At the sight of us and our captive a howl of rage and fear went up from the hosts of lungoors in sight. Many rushed to the rescue of

at the back) flung himself headlong from it. I expected to see him dash out his brains on the pavement below, but it was a wonderful spring, for he cleared nearly sixteen feet of pavement and landed in the lake. Coming up, he turned over on his back and swam to one of the farther terraces. As he went he shouted out an order, and the lungoors immediately retired from the attack, and in a few minutes not one was to be seen anywhere. The priest managed to get up some steps leading into the water, assisted by three or four lungoors, who undid his ropes, and then disappeared. From here he issued orders to the lungoors, but Jungly could not



RAJAH HELD IT NOSE DOWNWARD ON THE PAVEMENT, WHILE HE CALMLY WENT ON EATING.

their beloved priest, but he stopped them with a few words jibbered in a shrill staccato. Jungly told me he repeated our terms to them briefly, and said he would gladly die if he could only see us killed first, begging them to commence an attack and not fear for his safety. At his command the lungoors swarmed to the assault, running up the sides of the house as if they were so many ladders. Now was the time to carry out our threat, but, of course, we had no intention whatever of shooting the priest. Instead, we turned our rifles towards the lungoors. At that instant, with a yell of defiance, the priest sprang on to the parapet and (though his arms were bound

hear what he said. Soon, however, we heard sounds, and peering over the balcony we found that the monkeys were piling up wood all round the house.

"They are going to burn the house and us as well," Jungly coolly remarked; "well, it is time that I spoke to them."

Climbing on to the parapet he gave a curious cry, and instantly thousands of monkey heads protruded from their places of hiding. Then he screamed out something in a shrill staccato, very much as the priest had done; this had an electric effect upon the lungoors, for to my surprise they trooped out from every corner and sat down in groups on the

house-tops and on the pavements below in attitudes of wonder and expectation. Rajah was seated in the foreground with his dog and staff. Now, when I expected Jungly to speak to the assembled lungoors, he stood silent, facing them, and uttered no sound. Twice I spoke to him and received no reply, but I noticed that the expression of his face changed like a man talking. The monkeys were as motionless as if they had been turned into stone, and every eye was riveted upon him. Thousands upon thousands of lungoors sat there, as far as my

Here his voice was drowned in the extraordinary clamour the monkeys were making, uttering almost human cries of surprise, thousands clambered up the adjacent buildings to get a glimpse of Jungly. Rajah at length slowly raised his staff in the air and immediately there was dead silence. He then uttered a few sounds which Jungly said was a promise to forgive me if I made proper submission. As we descended to the pavement below the priest came forward.

"Who, and what art thou, speaking to the lungoor folk thus in their own manner?" he



AFTER KEEPING ME WAITING FOR SEVERAL MOMENTS HE CONDESCENDED TO TAKE A MELON.

eyes could see, and beyond my range of vision there were doubtless thousands more. For nearly ten minutes this strange thing lasted; then Jungly turned to me and said:—

"Your pardon, Sahib; I was talking to the monkeys in a language which needs no sounds, and telling them what an interest you took in their town and how you would write it in a book for all the world to know; it pleases them, and I think they believe I am some wonderful species, half man and half monkey, to be able to communicate ideas to them in their own way."

asked. "All my life have I tried to learn this thing and have failed. Art thou man or ape, and whence comes this strange gift?"

Jungly took the priest into the temple where they were hidden a few minutes. Presently they returned with a salver of fruit which I had to take forward and present to Rajah on bended knee. After keeping me waiting for several moments he condescended to take a melon with a gesture of supreme indifference. Thus, through Jungly's intercession, was I forgiven by the King of the Lungoors.

CONCERNING CHRISTMAS CARDS.

By PAUL PRESTON.

CH R I S T M A S
Cards galore!
Thirty years
ago Valentines
were in fashion. Now
they are as dead as the
Dodo, and you all know
how dead that is. But
the Christmas card
flourishes exceedingly,
and even the universal
pictorial post-card can-
not knock it out of
time. But, talking of
pictorial post-cards,
Messrs. Raphael Tuck
have a great novelty
this year, a sort of
composite, lock-bar,
triple expansion,
double-barrelled, per-
forated arrangement,
as Sam Weller would
say, of calendar, post-
card and Christmas
card. It contains eight post-cards, each bear-
ing a beautiful reproduction from old Eng-



By permission Raphael Tuck and Sons, "Artistic Series."

5,000 hands. Then
think of the artists
and the poets! Brains,
skill, taste, invention
—all are essentials for
this work, and, as in
all else, the man or
woman with origin-
ality gets top score.
In the present year
this firm paid as much
as one hundred
guineas for a couple of
designs. Then, when
reproduced in all their
glory, you can buy
them for the nimble
sixpence!

But these designs
were two out of 4,000
new ones, produced by
first-class artists for
the coming season.
Even if each artist re-
ceived a fiftieth part

of the above-mentioned price, it would not be
difficult to reckon up the cost of designs
alone. Then the poets must not be forgotten.
There is more than one lady, and not a few
gentlemen, in these islands who make an ex-
cellent income out of Christmas card verses.
There is a knack in the doing of these things,
and it generally begins with a gift, and is per-
fected by practice.



FROM A "TUCK" NEW YEAR CARD.

By C. Reichert.

ish masters—Gainsborough, Reynolds, Etty,
and the rest. It is styled the British Art
Post-card Calendar, a name almost as long as
that of an American syndicate.

Did it ever strike you what an industry the
making of Christmas cards is? It makes one
gasp to learn that Raphael Tuck employs



FROM A "TUCK" CHRISTMAS CARD.

Drawn by C. Reichert.

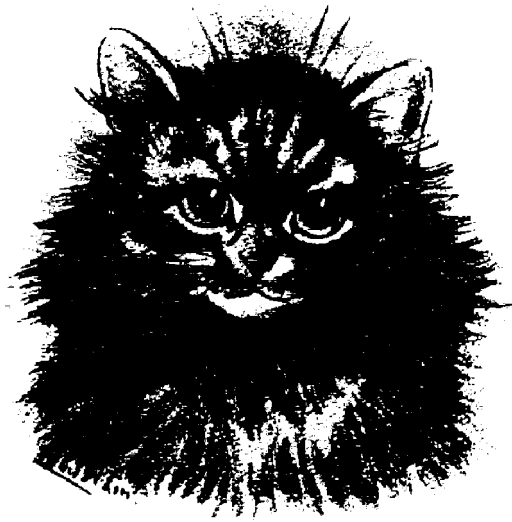


A HAPHAZARD COLLECTION OF RAPHAEL TUCK'S CHRISTMAS CARDS, 1902.

The story goes that Messrs. Tuck offered the late poet laureate, Lord Tennyson, a guinea a word for a short poem, but the offer was declined. Yet, methinks, he might have done a worse thing than send a sweet message to every nook and corner of the globe by that best of all couriers, the Christmas card.

Most of the cards go through no fewer than twenty-five processes before they are ready for the customer, and four or five months are barely sufficient time for their production.

But what a triumph of skill and art they are to be sure! As in everything else nowadays, you must go one better every year, so what the Christmas card will develop into in another twenty years I leave to your imaginations.



FROM KITS AND CATS.
By Louis Wain.

This year the beautiful Christmas panel, specially painted for the first Christmas of the new reign for her Majesty Queen Alexandra, will be on sale. It is painted by H. M. Bennett, and is a real work of art.

Just cast your eye over the picture on the previous page. Is it not a medley of all sorts? The sailor and the dude who flank the top of the page are "surprise packets," for if you take them gently by the feet and pull, they suddenly stand up. Every boy should see them.

They're great sport.

A fine set, too, this year, are the dogs of C. Reichert, and I may mention, among other contributors of card-designs, the popular names of Hilda Cowan and Louis Wain



From one of Raphael Tuck's designs by H. Cowan.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

George (Harlesden).—Your caterpillars are those of the buff-tip moth. They feed on various trees, but as you found yours on oak give them oak leaves if possible; if not, try them with elm. But they are nearly full-grown, and by the time this appears they will have become chrysalids. The moth will not come out until about June next.

H. Redford (Penarth).—Mice are not at all difficult creatures to cater for, as any housekeeper will tell you, for they will eat almost anything they can gnaw with their chisel-teeth. As the staple of their food, grain of some kind should be given—oats, for instance, varied occasionally by wheat or barley. Sop some bread in a little warm water, drain off the surplus water, and add a little milk. Should some of this remain uneaten by next feeding-time, remove it and give a fresh supply. Then also, as opportunity offers, you can give the variety that maintains appetite and health by adding scraps of cheese, a bit of biscuit, and a few nuts or peas. Hay makes the best bed.

W. Russell Creeke (Leven).—Your tortoise should be allowed to range about the garden, where he will seek some sheltered corner and bury himself in the ground. He thus solves for you all the difficulties of feeding, for he goes to sleep and enjoys a long fast until spring. Then there will be plenty of fresh leaves of dandelion and other juicy weeds ready for him, so that you need not trouble about his food. But I must caution you against anxiety or curiosity as to his condition whilst he is

snugly buried. To dig him up to see if he is alive, as some boys I know have done, is very likely to have fatal results. If you know the spot where he goes under, just put in a bit of stick to mark the place and see that it is not disturbed.

W. Benson (Croydon).—The better position for your aquarium would be in a north room where there are no fires. It may be cold, but it will be all the better for that, for the temperature night and day will be pretty regular, and more nearly like the natural conditions under which aquatic creatures live. To keep them in rooms where fires and gas are burning is cruel to most creatures, because whilst you are snug between the blankets, both fires and gas are out, and the temperature falls rapidly. It is such sudden changes that are so detrimental to the health of pets, who cannot snuggle among the blankets. They can stand a continuously low temperature better than one that fluctuates by leaps and bounds.

"Dormice" (Hertford).—Yes, that is quite right. Your dormice *should* sleep pretty well through the winter; but when they dream that they are getting hungry they will wake up and look for something to eat. In a state of nature, they make provision for these "intervals for refreshment" by laying up little hoards of nuts, acorns, and beech-mast. If you put a handful of nuts and one or two small apples in the cage, they will find them when they are ready for a meal. Having indulged in this, they will go to sleep again.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:

FICTION.

The Pothunters: A Public School Story. By P. G. Wodehouse. 3s. 6d. (A. and G. Black.)

The Kidnapped President. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Robert Miner, Anarchist. By H. Barton Baker. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The Doll-Man's Gift. By Harry A. James. 1s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Induction Coils for Amateurs: How to Make and Use Them. 6d. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)

The Story of the Empire. By Edward Salmon. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

From Cradle to Crown. The Life Story of King Edward VII. By J. E. Vincent. 10s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The House. A Journal of Home Arts and Crafts. Vol. XI. 3s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

A Peep into the Past. A Cricket Souvenir. By W. R. Weir. 1s. (F. H. Ayres.)

How to Buy a Camera. By H. C. Shelley. 1s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Cat Manual. By Dick Whittington. 1s. 6d. net. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Life. By Ellice Hopkins. 1s. (Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.)

The Football Annual (1902-3). By Charles W. Alcock. 6d. (Merritt and Hatcher, Ltd.)

Wordsworth's Poems. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

THE HOUSE-BREAKER

By
ONSLOW
DEANE.

Illustrated by
TOM BROWNE R.I.

THAT the events which I am about to relate should have happened to James Cunningham, of all people, seems almost incredible. For the upright and conscientious manner in which he discharges the duties of confidential managing clerk to Messrs. Babington, Lucas & Field reflects credit on the whole legal profession; and the spotlessness of his private life causes him to be invariably held up to the youth of Gatminster as the pattern of all that is correct in morals and manners. Scoffers ere now have been known to declare that the King—in his legal capacity—and Mr. Cunningham have at least one thing in common, in that they are both incapable of wrong-doing; but this cheap wit merely serves to mark still more distinctly the singular probity of his character, and to make his passing fit of madness seem the more inexplicable.

It was one of those lovely evenings that make this world of ours seem so pleasant a place that Mr. Cunningham chose as the occasion of his serious lapse from the strict path of rectitude; and in his case, as in the case of so many other people, money was at the root of the evil. He had been paying a few visits in the neighbouring village of Wrefton, some on account of his principals, and some on private business of his own. All of them had been remarkably satisfactory, and in one case he had, somewhat to his surprise, obtained payment in full of a

considerable account which had long been owing to the firm. Moreover, the payment had been made in honest coin of the realm—or rather the equivalent thereof, for more than two-thirds of the sum total of the debt had been liquidated by the transfer to Mr. Cunningham of a Bank of England note of the value of £50.

His business completed, Mr. Cunningham sauntered slowly and contentedly along the Station Road towards Wrefton railway station, intending to catch the half past five train back to Gatminster. The station and village—the inhabitants invariably call it a town—are fully a mile apart, and he had traversed nearly one-half of this distance when a horrible thought suddenly flashed across him. He was unable to remember precisely what he had done with the afore-mentioned fifty-pound note. The placid smile faded quickly from his countenance: he stopped dead, and began to hurriedly turn out his pockets. He first went through the contents of his pocket-book, but without success; nor was the missing note hidden between any of the letters and papers in his inside breast pocket. He searched vainly among the loose silver and bronze in his trousers; he hunted through his waistcoat with no better result. After this he, not unnaturally, grew a little flurried, and nervously began to peer into such unlikely places as the inside of his watch and the lining of his hat.

He even ran his forefinger round the space between his socks and his boots—and then suddenly recollected that, in the hurry of making out the receipt, he had placed the note in his outside breast-pocket, with his handkerchief stuffed tightly over it for the sake of safety.

He heaved a deep sigh of relief; but his nerves had received a rude shock, and to calm them he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket with the intention of removing the note and placing it for greater security in his pocket-book. But as the handkerchief emerged it somehow contrived to drag the note along with it, and simultaneously there passed a sudden gust of wind. This gust of wind was evidently on mischief bent, for it playfully blew the tails of Mr. Cunningham's coat about his ears, swept his hat from his head, and, snatching up the precious scrap of paper as it was fluttering to the ground, wafted it merrily on to an upstairs window-ledge belonging to the only house that there was within a quarter of a mile. Upon this ledge the bank-note lay contentedly, occasionally giving a gentle, exasperating rustle, but showing no sign of any immediate intention of returning to earth again.

"I suppose I must go up and fetch it down," said Mr. Cunningham, dismally.

With this object in view Mr. Cunningham went to the front door and knocked apologetically. This failing to have the desired effect he supplemented it, after allowing a decent interval to elapse, with a peal on the bell. When this likewise brought no response, Mr. Cunningham began to get really angry, and proceeded with the aid of the knocker to deliver four imperative and resounding blows upon the door. He also pulled the bell twice with considerable violence, and then went out again into the road to have another look at the recalcitrant bank-note.

It was still lying peacefully on the ledge, seemingly well content with its quarters; and the enraged Mr. Cunningham began to realise that he might be obliged to wait for an indefinite period within sight of that bedroom window. He dared not go and seek assistance, since in his absence the note might disappear altogether. He had, therefore, to content himself with pouring forth a string of maledictions that would indubitably have caused the hair on every head in Gatminster to stand on end with horror.

"You—you aggravating wretch!" he cried finally, in a white heat of passion, when he had exhausted his list of expletives. "That's what you are—a wretch! But I'll have you down from there, my bird, if it takes me till midnight to do it."

With this threat Mr. Cunningham rushed

back again to the door. The din he had already made permitted but little doubt to remain in his mind that the house must be temporarily deserted; but as a forlorn hope he proceeded to once more hammer away at the knocker with terrific force with one hand, while with the other he kept the bell jangling unceasingly. This effort had lasted for the space of a full minute, and might have continued indefinitely had Mr. Cunningham's assault been of a less vigorous nature. But the power he was putting into his strokes was more than a mere ordinary make of door-knocker could withstand, and it had perforce to give up the unequal struggle, and allow itself to be wrenched from its hinges ignominiously.

But, as Mr. Cunningham found to his cost, that innocent-looking piece of iron had all the instincts of a mortally wounded barbarian warrior developed to a remarkable extent. For as the latter, even in his death-throes, contrives to deal his assailant some deadly blow, so did the knocker revenge itself upon its destructor by sorely bruising three of his fingers between itself and the door.

Mr. Cunningham dropped the offending piece of metal with a ludicrous and exceeding haste, and immediately proceeded to execute an impromptu *pas de seul*, to the accompaniment of an agonised howl. He danced, or rather hopped stiffly from leg to leg, with the injured hand held out in front of him in the attitude of a dog exhibiting a crushed paw, for about a minute and a half. At the end of that time he gingerly picked up the knocker, balanced his erstwhile enemy tentatively for a few moments in his hand, and then proceeded, the light of battle shining in his eyes, to the spot whence he could get the best sight of the bank-note. Taking careful aim, he lobbed the missile gently in its direction, but his shot lacked sufficient elevation, and the knocker merely rebounded harmlessly from the lower side of the ledge. His second attempt was a much better one, for, pitching nicely on to the ledge, the knocker curled round behind the note, struck it sharply, and almost whisked it from its resting-place.

This success so excited Mr. Cunningham that he delivered his third shot without exercising the care that he should have done. The result of this carelessness was disastrous, for the knocker struck the sharp edge of the ledge, glanced off in an oblique and upward direction, and its pace carried it easily through one of the top panes of the window, and on into the room beyond.

This would have been sufficient to give most men pause, but it was not so with Mr.

Cunningham The lust of battle had entered into his soul, and he recked as little as any soldier in the heat of the fray who or what suffered, so long as he eventually won the day. He merely swore softly—it was undiluted swearing this time—and looked eagerly about him for some further weapon wherewith to continue the struggle.

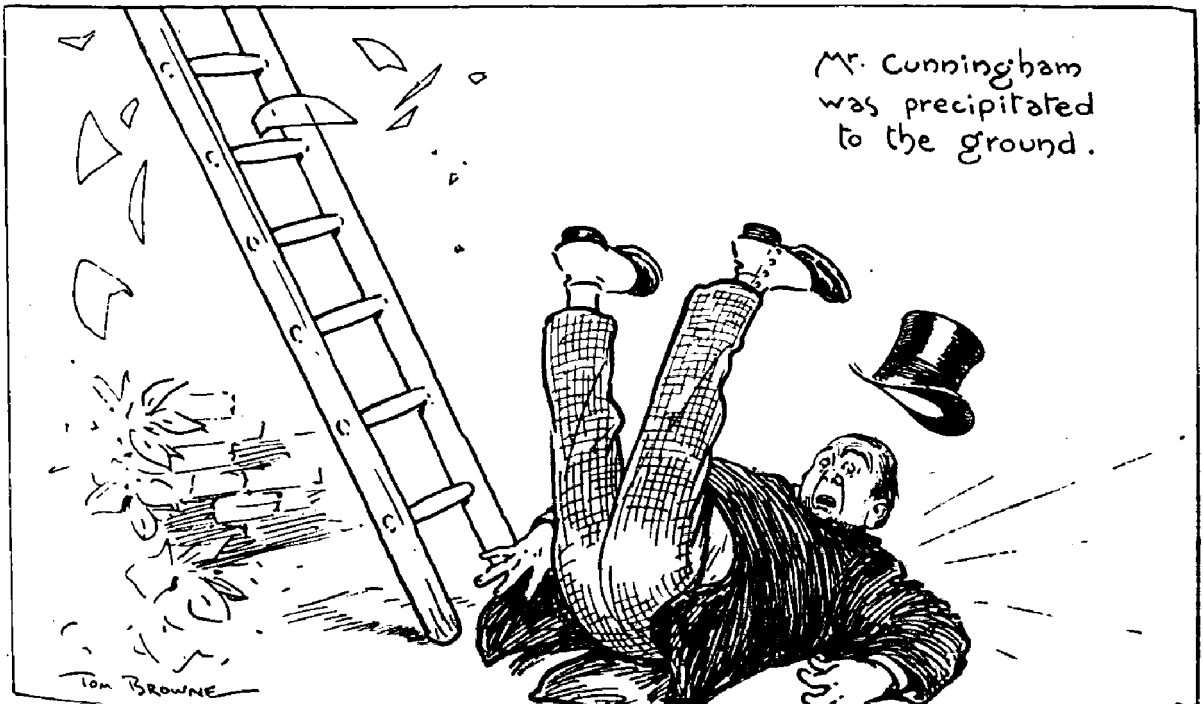
After a few moments' search, he espied, leaning against the back of the house, the very thing he required—a painter's ladder. This he promptly seized and essayed to carry to the front of the house. But the ladder clearly objected to being meddled with by a stranger who was ignorant of the proper way in which ladders should be treated. On his attempting to lift it, it playfully administered a severe kick with one wooden leg, which nearly broke Mr. Cunningham's right ankle, while with the other it trampled viciously on the corns which entered largely into the anatomy of Mr. Cunningham's left foot. Then, having performed what it obviously conceived to have been its duty, it fell lazily back again into position against the wall, and awaited further developments.

But, as I have previously remarked, the blood of the Cunninghams was up, and Mr. Cunningham did not even linger to rub his injured limbs before recommencing the struggle.

Nor was his pluck unrewarded, for the fortune of war howed a distinct inclination to veer round, for a space, to his side. By the simple expedient of turning it over and over as it lay against the wall, he was able to render the ladder innocuous, and also, after some little exertion, to bring it safely round to the window-sill whereon the bank-note was still reposing. True, he had succeeded in tearing down a piece of piping *en route*, and the passage of the ladder along the walls had not tended to improve the appearance of the creepers and roses with which they were covered, but these were but trifling details in comparison with the magnificent fact that the ladder was there, simply awaiting his pleasure to ascend it, and thus regain possession of his lost fifty pounds.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Cunningham had overlooked the fact that the base of the ladder was standing on uneven ground, and that one of its feet was quite zins. off the garden path, which should have supported it. Consequently, he had no sooner commenced his ascent than it gave a lurch which had a two-fold effect. At one and the same moment Mr. Cunningham was precipitated to the ground, and the top of the ladder, crashing heavily against the window, wrecked several of the lower panes.

By great good fortune Mr. Cunningham had



Mr. Cunningham
was precipitated
to the ground.

only mounted as far as the second rung when this *contretemps* occurred, and he was quickly on his feet again. He at once set about replacing the fallen ladder against the wall, and putting it on a more secure and even foundation; and then, with extreme caution, he began his climb anew. But even now his troubles were not at an end; for, while he was still midway between the window and the earth, the draught, blowing through a gap in the glass lately made by the ladder, sucked the note into its vortex. It gave a few uneasy quivers, and then, with a whisk of contempt at Mr. Cunningham, disappeared into the room, to keep the knocker company.

Mr. Cunningham wasted no time in vain regrets. He kept on his perilous journey with undiminished courage, and presently arrived safely at his destination. Peering through the window, he saw the author of his woes lying on the carpet just inside the room; and, without a moment's hesitation, the respectable, law-abiding Mr. Cunningham took a very serious step. He inserted his hand through the hole in the window made by the knocker, and endeavoured to force back the catch. In this attempt, after he had first executed a series of distinctly clever, but somewhat dangerous, acrobatic gyrations, he presently succeeded; and a few moments later he had pushed up the window and scrambled, in a manner that was anything but dignified, into the room.

He quite expected to see the bank-note disappear up the chimney at his approach, but its tardy conscience had apparently been at last awakened, and it allowed itself to be captured in the most docile and unresisting manner possible.

"At last I've got you, you brute!" shouted Mr. Cunningham, as he triumphantly grabbed hold of the cause of his wrong-doing. In his fury he had much ado to restrain himself from tearing it to pieces; but he eventually contented himself with shaking it viciously, as a terrier does a rat, and placing it with particular care in his pocket-book.

As he was in the act of doing this, he perceived for the first time that his hand was bleeding profusely from a deep gash inflicted by the broken window-glass, and that the blood was rapidly forming quite a large-sized pool upon the floor. He immediately set to work to bind up the wound to the best of his abilities, but it bled so freely that, had it not been for the aid of some lint and friar's balsam, which he lighted on in a drawer in the room in which he found himself, the ultimate outcome of Mr. Cunningham's backsliding might have been very serious indeed.

By the time that the flow of blood had been staunched, Mr. Cunningham had had an opportunity for reflection, and was becoming considerably ashamed of his outburst of temper and the lengths to which it had carried him. He therefore left a half-sovereign on the mantelpiece, with a pencilled slip of paper to explain that it was intended to pay for the damage unwittingly done by a stranger while in pursuit of his own property; and, having made this slight reparation, he prepared to take his departure with all convenient speed. He was in the very act of putting out his hands to grasp the windowsill, intending to return to earth again by the way he had come up, when a terrible apparition suddenly obtruded itself into his sphere of vision. He caught sight of the heads of a burly constable and two equally powerful civilians, who were evidently in earnest consultation at the foot of the ladder.

In the twinkling of an eye Mr. Cunningham had drawn himself into the room, hoping that in the fast-failing light his jack-in-the-box-like appearance on the scene might not have been observed. Then, making a circuitous journey by way of the wall to the shelter of the window curtains, he tremblingly listened to the conversation going on below.

"I seen him push up the winder an' go right in," one of the civilians was assuring the representative of the law in a hoarse whisper. "He ain't got out again. I know, 'cause Tom's been round at the back-door ever since."

"So far, so good, then," the gentleman in blue replied, in his most consequential tone. "If Jim'll stand there by the front door, you'd best put yourself jest at the corner 'ere, so as you can command the left side of the 'ouse and yet be 'andy to the ladder in case the cove tries to bolt out that way agen. Holler if yer sees 'im, any of yer, an' if 'e won't 'old up 'is 'ands knock 'im down or shake 'im orf the ladder."

"Wha — what a bloodthirsty ruffian!" muttered Mr. Cunningham to himself in the direst alarm. But despite his terror he presently ventured, with extreme circumspection, to have another peep from behind the shelter of the curtain; and he was just in time to behold the constable in the act of tightening his belt and drawing his truncheon, preparatory to commencing an ascent of the ladder. Mr. Cunningham, thereupon, thought it prudent to tarry no longer; and like a second Napoleon, amid the flames of another Moscow, he lost no time in beating a diplomatic retreat.

It is extraordinary how quickly evil-doing warps a man's nature. Mr. Cunningham had only permitted himself to give way to criminal tendencies for a space that might have been

counted by minutes, yet he did not hesitate, for all the haste of his departure, to obstruct the officer of the law in the due performance of his duty by locking the bedroom door behind him and slipping the key into his pocket. But this proceeding seemed likely to effect nothing beyond merely delaying his capture; for when he had noiselessly descended to the ground-floor he found himself in but little better a plight than he had been when upstairs. There was no hiding-place in the passages for anything more bulky than a mouse. He feared to enter any of the rooms, lest he might be observed from outside; and both the front and back doors he knew to be guarded.

He gave himself up for lost as he cowered terror-stricken in a recess near the kitchen door; and but for a startling discovery made by the burly policeman, there is no reason to doubt that the degrading spectacle would in due course have been witnessed by his fellow-townsmen of Mr. Cunningham being dragged off to the cells at Gatminster, like any common criminal. But, fortunately for his reputation, the constable happened to tread in the blood that had dripped from Mr. Cunningham's injured hand on to the bedroom carpet. That intelligent officer then proceeded to examine the wet stain, and the boot he had placed in it, and immediately jumped to the somewhat hasty conclusion that a murder had been committed.

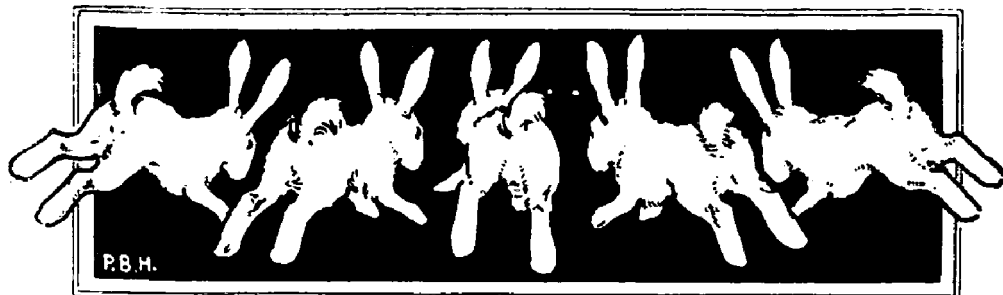
He lost no time in shouting the fearsome intelligence to his friends below; and they, in their turn, conveyed it in horror-stricken tones to the gentleman who was guarding the back

door. The fact that he might, at a moment's notice, be called upon to tackle a determined murderer single-handed, apparently caused all the latter's courage to sink into his boots, for Mr. Cunningham presently heard him begin to shuffle his feet nervously, and a few moments later to edge away timidly in the direction of his friends at the front of the house.

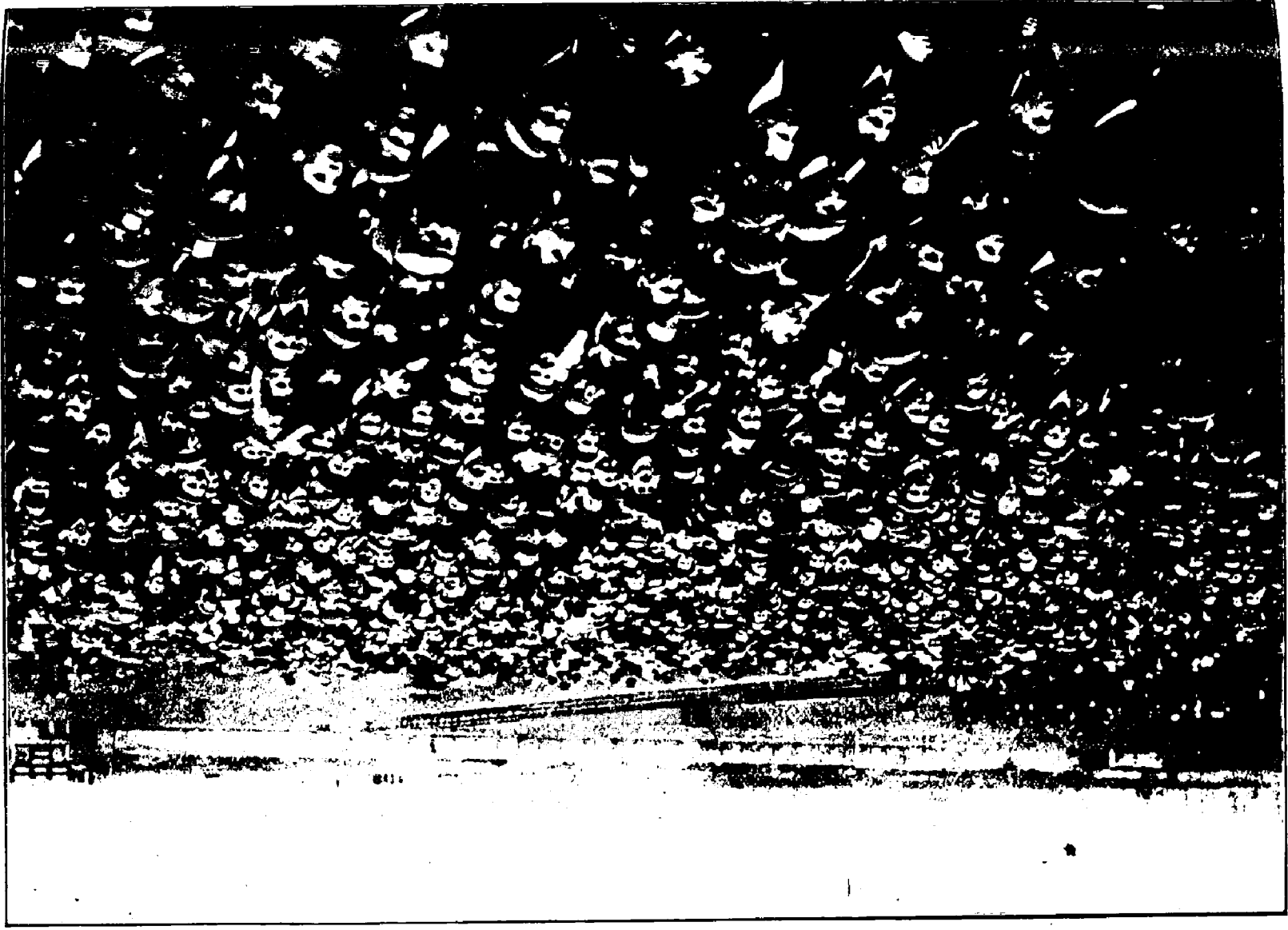
It was now nearly dark, and Mr. Cunningham, without an instant's hesitation, made up his mind as to the course of action to pursue. He had no sooner heard the watcher's retreating footsteps grow faint as they turned the corner, than he hurriedly, but quietly, unlocked the back door, the key having been providentially left on the inside, and stealthily made his way into the garden. Finding the coast clear, he leapt the garden hedge with the best speed and agility his years would allow, and made a bee-line across fence and ditch to Gatminster with the energy of a public school-boy competing in a paper-chase.

Thanks to his accurate knowledge of the country and his lively fear of pursuit, Mr. Cunningham contrived to gain the shelter of his house in an incredibly short space of time. Better still, the darkness enabled him to avoid meeting a single soul, and thus prevented his being asked any awkward questions as to his breathless and dishevelled appearance.

From that day to this, Wrefton has never discovered the solution to the mystery of what happened at the lonely house in the Station Road—and Mr. Cunningham's character still remains unsullied as the virgin snow.



A FOOTBALL GROUND ON SUBREX COUNTY GROUND.
Photo by N. Hawkins and Co., Brighton.



THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C. B. FRY

FOOTBALL CROWDS.

FOOTBALL crowds are quick-witted, all-alive-oh! things with active feelings, totally different from cricket crowds, which, except at pointed crises, are placid and contemplative. Football crowds have generally just drawn a week's pay, and they gather with a quick determined walk and a knowledgeable air; consciously in for a good thing. The whole chat on the way to the ground is about the "boys" and their prospects, in and out; and how some one heard one of them say this or that; indeed, got near enough to him to touch his shirt as he was making ready to take a corner kick. They fill the ground with a genuine football atmosphere even before the game starts; they throng round full of sympathetic anticipation or appreciation of rush, dash, and excitement. "Joey! Let Joey have it"; "Dan, Danny boy, all your own"; "Shoot, Sandy, shoot." A thousand voices like one.

A football crowd does not expect to wait; neither has it to. On the stroke of time out come its favourites, as though shot from a gun; clean, vigorous, and fresh; no "tea-interval" look about this lot; the electric button is pressed for ninety minutes' fireworks. Points in a League game, sudden death in a cup-tie, and a draw almost as interesting as a win. No wonder the people like football better than cricket as an entertainment.

One of the silliest, most ill-considered remarks ever penned, which created some interest not long ago, was to the effect that watching football is bad for town populations and causes great waste of time. No one who really knew would so grotesquely misrepresent facts.

It was said that the people who look on ought to play. Quite so; and so they *would* play, if there were clubs and grounds enough; all of those not too old for so vigorous a

game. Moreover, there are now five times as many clubs and players, in junior and local football, than there were ten years ago; and the number is ever increasing.

It was said that the onlookers in watching a game waste time they might better spend in a technical school. Technical schools are good; but the criticism is amusing to any one who has seen the workshops, forges, and smithies of the big Midland and Northern manufacturing towns empty their myriad eager-faced operatives into the football enclosures one day a week for an hour and a half! 25,000 at Roker Park for an hour and a half: so Sunderland has wasted 37,500 hours per week on football, eh? Sounds a lot, does it not, for one town? 2,250,000 precious minutes a week. And yet, when you come to think of it, each person has spent exactly 90 minutes at the match; each has, if you like, wasted 90 minutes of the week.

And no one who has studied the faces of a football crowd as it passes along the streets to the ground, or as it throngs the enclosure, could possibly miss the amount of intense wholesome pleasure involved. I have studied; I know. A snap of my left finger and thumb for rotten, ignorant generalisation, founded not on observation, except perhaps of newspapers, but on vague hearsay.

Some parts of some football crowds are rough and ill-behaved sometimes. Yes; but that part of that crowd would be rougher and worse behaved oftener in its own grimy alley or sodden back street. Not to mention the public-house chance. And the man that is evil at a football match is such not because of, but in spite of, the fine game he sees; it is not the game but the man that is to blame. Betting? I dare say. People do bet. I have played first-class football for fifteen years; I have

played on almost every important ground in the country; and I have not yet heard a single bet made. Daresay I'm deaf. Not to put too fine a point on it, there is a lot of absolute bunkum talked by people who don't know. And how people can see evil in a manly, wholesome, clean-living game like football, and not see evil in the moderate sort of music hall and theatre entertainment so



A CUP-TIE CROWD AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

common in big towns, beats my muddle-head apprehension altogether. However—

Frankly, I like football crowds, they are keen and enjoy themselves, and the bigger the crowd, as a rule, the better the game. What it is I do not know, but a big, excited crowd has an extraordinary effect upon the player; it stimulates him and fills him with a sort of vigour from without. It is true enough that between two sportsmanlike teams the game ought to be just as keen with no one looking on; but such is not the case. In a way, the crowd sets the tone of the game; a slack crowd, a slack game. But a big crowd is never slack, the very presence of so many thousands creates an atmosphere of excitement; and there is the sound of a huge waterfall of shouting voices and the visible swaying of waves of humanity. Nothing fine to hear or see in a big football crowd? No; so you have ears that hear not and eyes that do not see.

No one who has ever played before a big football crowd would despise it or its influence. You can feel the throb of its pulse,

its surge of pleasure and of pain. A crowd is a mighty organism, not to be judged by the character of its component individuals.

It is not, I think, by means of the vanity or conceit of the player that the crowd stimulates him; or only sometimes and in part. Nothing is more certain than the ill-effect upon a player of the least self-consciousness; the moment he feels he is being looked at, the

moment he thinks of how he is looking, he plays badly, and often loses nerve. No doubt some players, most in fact, play better when they are being looked at by thousands of eyes and are being cheered by thousands of throats—that is only natural. But it is the sympathy of the crowd, its sympathetic excitement that really stimulates the player.

You often read or hear of players or teams being made nervous and put off their game by big crowds. I do not hold with this. If a man is self-conscious, he, no doubt, plays the worse

for an extra dose of self-consciousness administered, so to speak, by an extra big crowd. But, in truth, a player or a team during a game is, for the most part, not directly conscious of the crowd at all; in fact, shout the crowd never so loudly, the players in an exciting game scarcely hear the noise. It is just the same in a race. I have noticed during the running of the Inter-Varsity 100 yards a tremendous din when I have been judging or looking on. Yet when I ran in the race the silence might have been that of an empty cathedral for all I could hear. Of course you hear the shouting in a pause of the game, but only then, consciously. Except, perhaps, near goal, when the goal is set close back near the crowd behind; then there is such a clatter of tongues that sometimes you cannot hear the referee's whistle. And I must say, you can hear the crowd when you want to claim off-side or something of that sort in a cup-tie. The referee is, perhaps, fifteen yards away; but it is little use shouting. That is how claiming by raising the arm above the head originated.

People behind the goal are sometimes irritating when they can bring their wit to bear, and sometimes humorous. Some years ago on a Christmas tour of the Casuals we played a match at Grimsby. The crowd was largely clad in the rough blue jersey of the Grimsby fisherman. One huge, old sea-dog, with a voice like a North Sea gale, perched himself on a fence above the crowd behind goal. He was delighted with the Grimsby goal-keeper, who saved some hard shots very cleverly, and he conveyed his approval in the choicest nautical language. But after half-time, when our goal-keeper got that end, you never heard such fluent-pointed abuse. Not that our man kept anything but well—quite the reverse. But the old varmint behind objected to his using his hands to clear the ball. He knew there was a rule against "hands," and thought it applied to the goaler. What delighted him so in the Grimsby goal-keeper was the latter's having successfully outwitted the law and the referee! But that was a good while ago, before Grimsby had a team in the League.

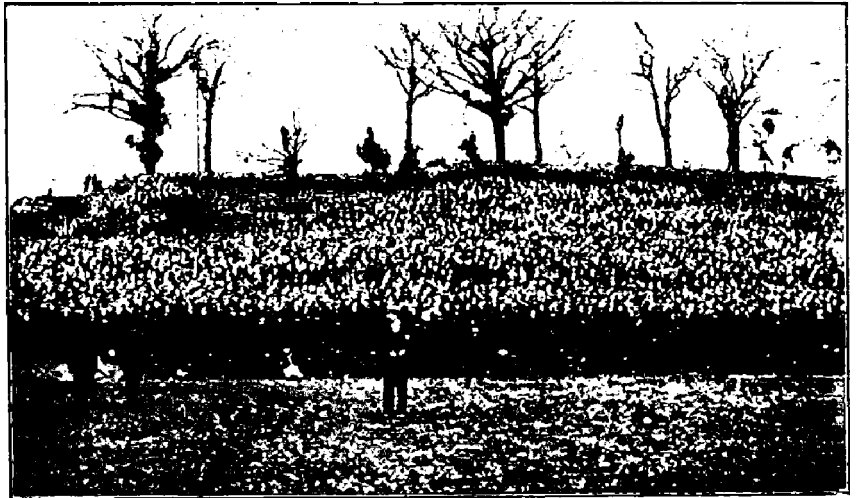
Last year, in the first round of the cup-ties at Tottenham, a man behind the goal was very angry with me for playing football for Southampton. He thought it altogether too thick.

"Why ain't yer playing cricket?" he began. Then, "Why ain't yer playing for Sussex?" Then, "Why ain't yer in Australier?" Then, "Garn, why ain't yer brought G. O. Smith and Oakley and R. E. Foster; yer a cheat, Fry, that's what you are, and no error." But I wish him no evil. He was keen. He wanted the 'Spurs to win. So it was really a great compliment.

It is most noticeable how a crowd improves as its knowledge of football increases. When you play in a town where football has recently been introduced, where, that is to say, a professional club of the modern description has recently been formed with its League matches, cup-ties, etc., you almost invariably find that the crowd is prone to delight most, not in the really skilful part of the play, but in "ikey" little dodges and tricks, in trips and holdings, and other illegalities, and especially in any

roughness or knocking over of a pronounced sort. The rag-tag and bob-tail of the place, which has no knowledge of the science of the game, turns up in force, for, to its honour, it likes football, and makes itself very prominent. But after a few years the tone of this section of the crowd changes; it learns to appreciate not the excrescences but the essence of the game. And in the great football-loving centres you find that anything in the shape of foul play, whether by the home team or by the visitors, is hooted with impartiality. I do not say that the home crowd does not sometimes prefer to see the visitors discomfited, some times by rather doubtful means, at any rate in some of the less educated districts. But in the big centres you do not now find the crowd encouraging roughness or foul play, even in its own home-grown favourites.

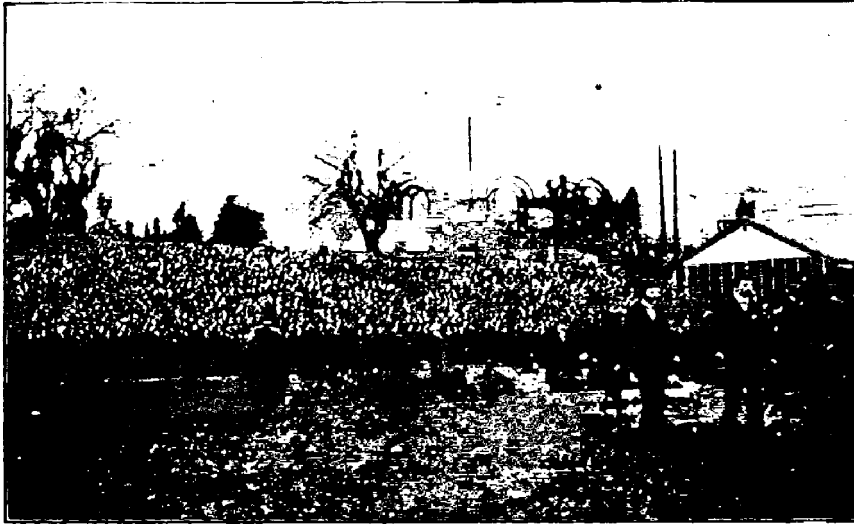
Not many seasons ago I played in a town noted as being rather an exception nowadays, because the crowd was inclined to encourage foul play in its own team. The outside forward opposed to me, a little whipper-snapper of a chap, but rather fast, had been used to running round slow backs in local football, so he got annoyed with me on finding I could run faster than he could when he tried his



THE CROWD OVERFLOWS INTO THE TREES.

favourite kick and run dodge. So he waited his opportunity, and, after I had kicked the ball away down the field, came up and hooked my legs from under me. The referee was running down the field with his back turned, and the crowd split its sides with laughter at my discomfiture. This happened three times. I had had enough of it; so, next time my friend got the ball, I transferred him some

six yards into touch with a fair, straight charge, and the next time. The crowd was furious: it had just before been calling me "a baby amateur." Anyway, the spiteful little forward retired to act or rather to talk as a sort of extra half-back during the rest of the game. He thought he had a fair plant in me, because he knew quite well I could not pay him back in his own coin. But that sort of thing is very exceptional, and is becoming rarer year by year. You would not find the crowd at Birmingham, Sheffield, or Everton laughing with a foul player; he would soon be put to rights.



ANOTHER PORTION OF THE SAME CROWD.

At Sheffield last year the Corinthians played a fine game with the Wednesday club, and won on an exciting finish. The crowd was so delighted with the exhibition given by the visiting team that they assembled after the game and nearly shouldered the bashful amateurs off the field. I was not there, worse luck, but I am told the Corinthian captain had to make a speech before the crowd would disperse.

Crowds in different places vary a good deal. In all really strong football districts they are thoroughly sportsmanlike, taken in bulk. But the farther north you go the more seriously is football regarded. For example, the Oval poet, Mr. Craig, who is extremely popular at Tottenham, Reading, or Southampton, would not, I fancy, be appreciated at Sheffield, and would imperil his valuable life by trying his humour on the Newcastle crowd. In the north a man who goes to see football goes to see football, a game with which he is intimately conversant; he requires no side-shows of any sort or kind. Attowns like Bury,

Sunderland, and Sheffield it is perfectly astounding how the average man in the crowd, nay, even the average urchin who climbs in gratis, is acquainted with the minutest points of play and the form and history of every noted player. Up there one feels it almost an honour to be, among other things, a football player.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Enthusiastic.—It is no good trying to increase your weight. If you are in good athletic condition your weight is what it ought to be. There have been some very good light-weight full backs.

Mechanical developers and dumb-bells are very good for chest expansion and chest development if properly used, according to a proper system; but be sure and get hold of a good system, such as C. E. Lord's for instance, and work regularly and not too much at a time. Read my article in the October number of *THE CAPTAIN*.

Swim.—I daresay that four is better than two for a team of swimmers. *Vide* answer to "Pip," in the August number.

J. A. Nicholls.—No; nineteen is not too young to go in for amateur foot racing. The time for 100 yards you will have to accomplish to have a chance in a race would naturally depend on the quality of the other competitors. The open 100 yards race at public schools is very

rarely run under 11 seconds on grass or under 10.3.5th on a cinder track. I have given advice on training for sprint races in back numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*. The staple training is short bursts of about 30 or 40 yards, and you have to master the art of starting, for which see *THE CAPTAIN* for last March.

Taffy.—My college at Oxford was Wadham—not Oriel. If the batsman backs up too far and the bowler knocks his wicket down, the ball is not dead and the batsman is out; I mean the ball is not dead until the wicket is broken.

E. A. Yates.—If a team declares its innings closed, the result is reckoned as though all the batsmen had been in. Suppose Hampshire made 50 all out; then Yorkshire 150 for no wickets, innings declared; and then Hampshire made 50 all out; Yorkshire would be reckoned to have won by an innings and 50 runs, not by an innings and 10 wickets and 50 runs.

E. Landell.—You seem to me to be a pretty useful walker. 34 miles a day and fresh at the end of it, is certainly good. I cannot say what ought to be the limit of your capability. But don't overdo it; and be careful to have good, well-fitting shoes.

G. W. Ivey.—I am sorry to say I cannot give you any suitable information about a Rugby club in the North of London. But your friend ought to be able to find out easily enough. For a fellow of 17, working from 10 to 5 in the City, and studying at

home in the evening, cycling is an excellent recreation. What about a short walk for about a quarter of an hour before breakfast in the morning, and some work with light dumb-bells and Indian clubs?

H. C. L. (1) In the winter keep your cricket bat in a dry place, and oil it about once a fortnight with an oily rag. The best oil is a mixture of linseed and olive. Do not put the bat, however, in a hot place. (2) It does not matter how the bowler puts the wicket down provided he has once started to bowl. (3) Rhodes is the better on a wet wicket, Hirst on a dry. (4) To make the ball break you must impart spin to it with your fingers. You must experiment to discover what sort of spin makes what sort of break.

E. W. Lloyd.—To be a good batsman you must master the art of playing forward and the art of playing back; and also, mark this, you must play back or forward according as the length of the ball suits the one stroke or the other. Be careful not to bowl above your normal pace; study accuracy of length. A sweater is a good thing for cold weather or to put on after you have got hot, and are no longer taking exercise, but sitting or standing about.

E. K. Shattock.—Dumb-bells and Indian clubs are both good. You might do the former in the morning and the latter in the evening for about a quarter of an hour each. In both cases you ought to learn a proper and complete set of exercises. See "Dumb-bell Exercises" in THE CAPTAIN for July 1899. Be careful not to practise one exercise to the exclusion of others.

C. Mc. C. B.—If the bowler catches the batsman out, the ball is thereby made dead; therefore the bowler cannot also run out the other batsman, however far the latter may be out of his ground. It is never possible for both batsmen to be got out at the same time.

Macullum More.—You seem to me right enough. From your description of your gymnastic exercises, I should say you were rather stronger in the biceps than in the other muscles of your arm. You must be careful to develop your muscles evenly all over and not specialise on one particular set. But, of course, if one set of muscles is behind the others you ought to pay particular attention to making up the deficiency. I do not see why you should not make a pretty useful athlete.

L. Dickinson.—My average in 1901 was 78.67. I made 105 for the Rest of England against Yorkshire. Oil your bat about once a fortnight in winter.

J. M. Garwood.—A batsman cannot appeal against the delivery of the bowler in the case of one particular ball. That is to say, he cannot, when bowled by a ball the delivery of which seems to him to be illegal, ask the umpire "How's that for a no-ball?" But there is nothing to prevent a batsman requesting the umpire to give his attention to the legality of the bowler's delivery in general.

R. E. O. Chip.—Your letter did not reach me in time. It is, however, a nice, interesting letter. As for your bat, you cannot do better than write to Alfred Shaw, Queen's-square, Nottingham, mentioning your age and height, and stating your requirements in detail.

R. Earee.—It is sufficient for the bowler to have one foot behind the bowling crease and inside the return crease. Where his other foot is does not matter; and it is immaterial which of his feet is inside the crease, provided it is clear inside. According to your diagram, the umpire was absolutely wrong in calling no-ball.

Bruntite.—I agree that Mr. Max Pemberton would have done better to attack German students'

duelling than professional football. Professionals I have always found good fellows, but, you see, I know them personally; Mr. Pemberton does not. It does not hurt football boots to wash them, if you do not dry them too near a fire. I will sign the album.

L. V. Samuel (Jamaica).—Printer's error, I think. The man, of course, would not be out. "Not" and "out" are two words which often get mixed up—by printers, and others, eh? Delighted to hear we are popular in Jamaica. THE CAPTAIN now goes to the four corners of the world. Perhaps later we shall avail ourselves of your kind offer. Good luck to you. Write again; you have a clear head. *O si sic omnes!*

Xaymaca.—Fear I cannot advise about cold-weather clothing for Canada. You ought to be able to find out locally, or why not write to Mr. John Mackie, who once lived there? Cold weather itself does not give colds; it is abrupt changes of temperature. No room for more; besides, it will be too late.

Pierceye.—Consult your family physician, Pierceye. **S.W.**—M. A. Noble, G. Hirst, and W. Lockwood. Southampton, of course. **F. E. B.**—Useless trying to give standard times for boys' races; they depend so on the track. For 100 yards, 11.45 sec. would be decent on dry grass; for 220, say 26 sec.; for half-mile, 2 min. 20 sec.; but I am not sure of these.

Pongolite.—The world's record long jump is, I think, 24 ft. 9 in. by P. O'Connor. W. J. Newburn, also an Irishman, has done 24 ft. 7 in.; but whether he has equalled or surpassed O'Connor's jump I am not aware. The record was made in Ireland in 1901. The world's record high jump is 6 ft. 5½ in. by M. F. Sweeney, an American of Irish extraction. This jump was made at the New York A.C. v. London A.C. meeting at New York in 1895. P. H. Leahy, an Irishman, jumped 6 ft. 4½ in. in 1898.

J. S. T. and R. F. W.—You can find the cricketers by writing to them c.o. their respective county clubs **S. H. Hidden.**—W. G. Grace, C. B. Fry, Ranjitsinhji, and Lord Hawke are not professionals. You seem rather ignorant. **Jack Hewitt.**—Best wishes for the success of your club.

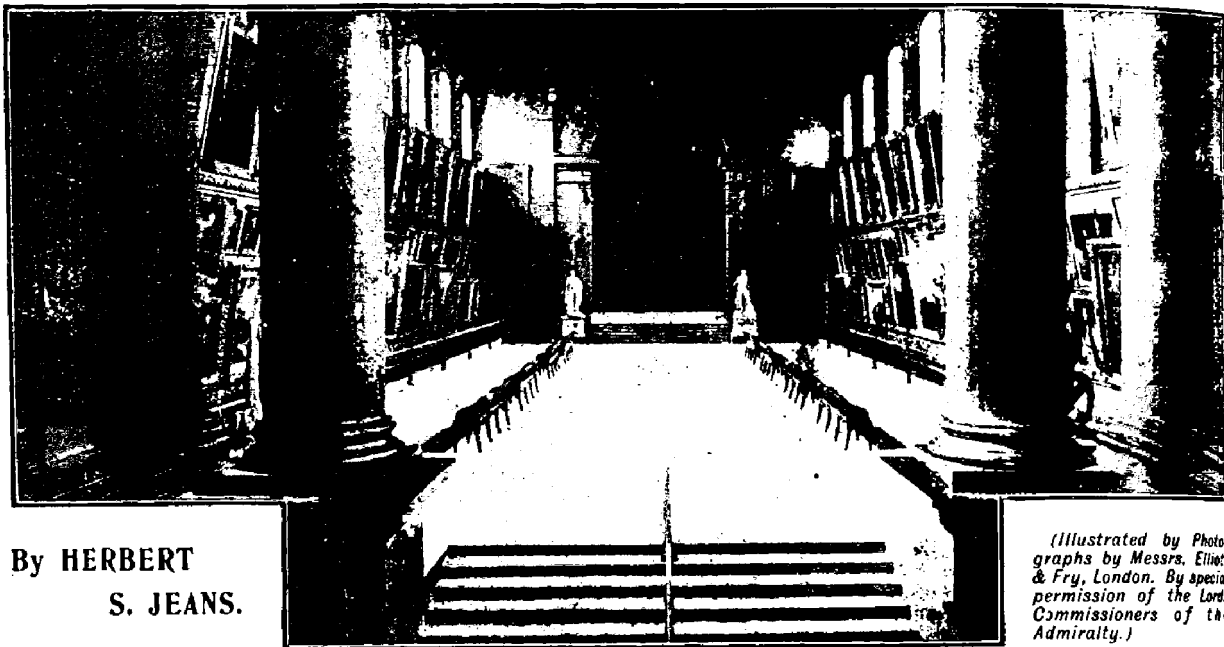
An Admirer.—Excellent attitude, but bad non-de-plume. We have so many of them. A batsman who fell and in getting up broke his wicket would not be out. A batsman who does not "take" the ball cannot be out; the ball is treated as not bowled.

F. Wendt.—You might let me know what type-writer you use; I like the type. A "yorker" is a ball which pitches exactly under the point of the player's bat. It is usual to give the term to any ball which pitches anywhere from about two feet outside the crease up to the foot of the stumps; that is, a man bowled by such a ball is said to be "yorked." The term is sometimes limited to a ball pitching in the block-hole. But a man who runs out three yards can make a "yorker" of quite a short ball.

A number of Answers (chiefly cricket queries) are held over.

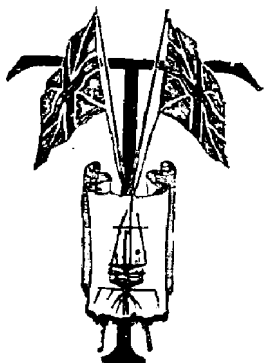
C. B. Fry

THE PAINTED HALL OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL,



By HERBERT
S. JEANS.

(Illustrated by Photographs by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, London. By special permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.)



THE Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital, which is famous all the world over as the portrait gallery of great British seamen, is so named by reason of its painted designs on walls and ceilings. This beautiful work was begun by Sir James Thornhill in the year 1708, and was left uncompleted when that celebrated court painter died in 1734, certain details of colouring being still unfinished.

The building, which was erected from the plans of Sir Christopher Wren in 1703, was originally intended as a dining hall for the Greenwich pensioners. It actually consists of two large halls, approached through a vestibule. In the lower, or Great Hall, the pensioners' dining tables were laid, whilst the smaller, or Upper Hall, was set aside for the accommodation of the officers.

The Painted Hall was thus used as a refectory for some few years, but at length the pensioners so grew in numbers that it became necessary to find them a place elsewhere. Another dining-room was provided for them in the basement, and the Painted Hall was thereafter left unused (except for an occasional banquet or officers' ball) for nearly a hundred years.

In 1823 a proposal was made to convert this magnificent chamber into a gallery of marine portraits. The scheme met the approval of George IV., who gave it a start in kingly fashion by ordering the removal to Greenwich of the fine series of naval portraits from the royal palaces, and making a presentation, besides, of his own private collection of historical sea pictures.

The gallery of admirals, discoverers, sea-fights, and ships, thus begun, has been augmented by gifts from various sources at different times, and has now grown into a pictorial record of great seamen and heroic deeds from the times of Vasco de Gama down to the days of the modern ironclad turret-ship.

The majority of these pictures are hung in the Great Hall, a fine chamber 106ft. in length, and proportionately broad and high. In the Upper Hall, which, as you may see from the photograph, is approached by a broad flight of half a dozen stone steps, are the cases containing the Nelson relics, or, rather, those that remain of them. For it was from this hall that the more portable articles among the relics were stolen in December, 1900, by some miserable petty thief, and they have never since been heard of.

Amongst the great men of the past whose portraits are to be found in the Painted Hall, there was none who could lay claim to a more brilliant and varied career than Prince Rupert

of the Rhine, nephew to Charles I. Like the British sailor of the present day, he was

Handy afloat, handy ashore,

and he appears to have had a providential knack of turning up in time of need just at the right moment at the spot where he was most wanted. As a cavalry leader he may be described as the General French of the Civil War. The dashing work of Prince Rupert's Horse at Edgehill, Brentford, Bristol, and finally at the Battle of Naseby, has always excited the admiration of those who take kindly to their history lessons. It has been said by some authorities that if Rupert had held the supreme command of the Royalist Army, Cromwell would never have defeated it. However that may be, it is not for his land achievements that the Prince has been given a place among the naval heroes at Greenwich; but for the services rendered by him to this country in resisting the famous Dutch fleets under De Ruyter.

Before fighting the Dutchmen, however, Prince Rupert found them very warm and valuable allies. He had slipped away, after the Battle of Naseby, to Holland; and when the news of Charles I.'s execu-

tion reached the Government of that country he was permitted to sail away in command of a squadron of eleven English ships, which happened to be lying in Dutch ports at the time, on what may be termed a privateering expedition against the British. It was another phase of the Civil War, this time on sea instead of on land; Rupert's object, of course, being to do all in his power to cripple the commerce and administration of the Commonwealth. He was quite as successful in his new capacity as he had been

as a cavalry leader, and he gave Cromwell's seamen a merry time of it in the Channel, the Mediterranean, and the West Indies. It is a romantic tale of victories and captures and hair-breadth escapes. In spite of occasional reverses, he seems to have roved the sea pretty much as he liked, swooping down at one time on an Irish coast town, at another on a convoy of homeward or outward-bound merchantmen, until the days of the Restoration, when he was

created Vice-Admiral of England and First Commissioner of the Admiralty by the royal master whom he had served so well.

It was during the reign of Charles II., one of the most eventful in the history of the Royal Navy, that Prince Rupert did his best work for the country. We see him again appearing in the very nick of time to deliver one of his fierce attacks. The English fleet under Monk was engaged in conflict off the North Foreland with the Dutch under De Ruyter. The fight had lasted a couple of days, and so hot and skilful was the Dutchmen's attack, that there seemed to be nothing but destruction for Monk's fleet, when Rupert, appearing suddenly on the scene with a few ships, took up the fighting with such

vigour as to enable the English to withdraw into the Thames—not victors, certainly, but still little less punished than the enemy, who drew off to prepare for a repetition of hostilities, in which they were utterly defeated. "English sailors," said the Dutch admiral De Witt, after this stubborn fight of Monk and Rupert, "may be killed, but they cannot be defeated."

The destruction of a detachment of the French fleet at La Hogue was one of the



PRINCE RUPERT, VICE-ADMIRAL OF ENGLAND.

most intrepid acts recorded in naval annals. The action took place after the general engagement off Cape Barfleur, between the combined Dutch and English fleets under Russell on one side, and the French under Tourville on the other. In that engagement the French, after making a gallant fight against odds, were completely routed by the allied navies. The French fleet was broken up into three detachments. The first detachment made a desperate flight through the Race of Alderney to St. Malo, which was safely reached; the second ran into Cherbourg, and was ultimately destroyed by the British fire-ships; whilst the third,

hundred boats, and, attacking the six vessels under Fort Lisset, boarded them, drove the seamen over the side, and retired with the ebbing tide, leaving those six splendid ships of the line in flames. At eight o'clock the next morning, Rooke and his men came back with the return of the tide to attack the seven remaining line-of-battle ships under Fort St. Vaast. They were met at first with a severe artillery and musketry fire, but so vigorous was their reply that the French at length fled before them in panic. The vessels under St. Vaast, sharing the fate of those on the other side of the harbour, were destroyed by fire. The



DESTRUCTION OF THE FRENCH FLEET AT THE BATTLE OF LA HOGUE, MAY 23RD, 1692.

consisting of thirteen ships of the line, ran into the harbour of La Hogue, where they were blockaded by the allies. The French ships were anchored high up in shallow water, where the pursuing fleet could not follow. Vice-Admiral George Rooke was sent in with sloops and open boats to continue the attack. The harbour was protected by the two forts of Lisest and St. Vaast, on both of which heavy batteries were mounted, whilst on the shore was ranged the army which the fugitive James II. had raised, with Louis XIV.'s assistance, for the invasion of England. On May 23rd, 1692, Rooke ran into the bay with his sloops, fireships, and two

English rowers then pulled into the inner basin, where lay the transports intended for conveying the army of invasion across the Channel. Some of these were sunk, others were taken in tow, and pulled out of the harbour in the wake of the victorious British, who rowed back to their ships with a thundering chorus of "God save the King."

This brilliant victory of Vice-Admiral Rooke, by which the flower of the French navy was destroyed, put an end to the fear of a foreign invasion — a service for which the gallant admiral was granted a knighthood by King William III.

It may be interesting here to remark that had there been no Battle of La Hogue, there would have been no Painted Hall. To mark their sense of gratitude for this victory of La Hogue, William and Mary determined to enlarge the royal palace at Greenwich, built by Charles II., and convert it into a hospital for "seamen of the Royal Navy who, by reason of age, wounds, or other disabilities, were incapable of further service at sea, and unable to maintain themselves." So it was that the magnificent pile of buildings now known as Greenwich College came to be erected; and although the Greenwich pensioner is no longer to be seen toddling about in his picturesque uniform, the ample funds of the institution are still applied to the superannuation of officers and men of the Royal Navy who, beyond the ordinary, deserve well of their country.

From these bright episodes of the Royal Navy let us now turn for a moment to an equally brilliant achievement by a captain of the merchant service. On October 1st, 1807, the packet *Windsor Castle*, under Captain William Rogers, was making her way towards Barbadoes with the mails. At that time we were once again at war with France; and the crew of the mail packet were somewhat concerned, although doubtless not very greatly alarmed, at seeing a French privateersman, the *Jeune Richard*, swooping down upon them. The complement of the privateersman was ninety-two men, whilst that of the *Windsor Castle* was no more than twenty-eight, men and boys. Despite these great odds, Captain Rogers gave battle as soon as the enemy came within range. The fighting was long and severe. At length, Captain Rogers, manœuvring his vessel alongside the privateersman, grappled

her and boarded, and, after a brief and bloody struggle on their own decks, the Frenchmen were forced to surrender. So the gallant captain brought not only the mails but also the *Jeune Richard*, with the English colours flying from her peak, safely into harbour at Barbadoes.

These are a few examples of the spirit which



CAPTAIN WILLIAM ROGERS BOARDING A FRENCH PRIVATEER. OCT. 1ST, 1807.

dominated the English sailors of the past; and whilst we have such men among us as Beresford, Scott, Lambton, and the middy who stood at his post on the bridge of the sinking *Victoria*, we cannot believe that the old spirit is dead. We have just as gallant fighting material in our navy as ever we had!

"CAPTAIN" ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS.



MR. T. M. R. WHITWELL.

Illustrator of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "Smith's House," "Tales of Eliza's," etc., etc.
Photo Geo. Neumes, Ltd.

"CAPTAIN" ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS.



Photo

TOM BLOWNE, R.I.R.B.A.,
at work in the black and white corner of his studio at Blackheath.

A. J. Campbell.



HALL THORPE.
Delineator of Giraffes and other
Humorous Animals.



HARRY ROUNTREE.
Another of our "Comic" Men. Mr. Rountree hails
from New Zealand, and Mr. Thorpe from Australia.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

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 postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by Dec 18th.

The Results will be published in February.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Hidden Towns" (FINAL SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Stamp Competition."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a mixture of well-known stamps. Directions as to the competition will be found under the illustration.

Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps will be taken into consideration. Two handsome Stamp Albums will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"New Forfeits."—THREE PRIZES, consisting of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s., will be given to the senders of the three best lists of twelve new forfeits to be "cried" at Christmas games.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Lives in Little."—These must be essays not exceeding 400 words. You may write the biography of anyone you like—king, queen, statesman, general, author, poet, &c. Write brightly and put as many of *your own thoughts* as possible into the essays. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Drawing of a Clock."—Draw a clock in pen, pencil, or water colours. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: April 12th, 1903, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. Mark Comps. "December."

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

COPIES of "Tales of Greyhouse" are awarded to CLYBERT HARRAN, DOUGLAS MCNICOL, PEARSE WHEATLEY, and PERCY W. BENNETT, for their respective contributions. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address.

How one Crosses a Glacier in Switzerland.

A PARTY of six of us left Argentières, a small but extremely picturesque village at the foot of the Mont Blanc chain, at 6 a.m., to cross the Glacier D'Argentières, which is situated at the back of the village. We had with us two guides, by name Devonassaux, each of whom carried a long rope of Manilla hemp, 20 mètres long, a strong ice-axe, and a ladder. We walked up the left hand side of the morrain (this is the rocky slope from which the glacier has retreated), and were thus occupied for an hour and a quarter: then our party rested at the side of the glacier, while the guides went ahead to find out the best way to cross. While waiting, we found some well-shaped crystals embedded in

bits of rock. When the guides returned they tied the ropes in a kind of double knot round our waists, three going with one guide and three with the other. We then proceeded slowly up the glacier, always winding slightly to the right



E. M. W. Court, of Zwarthops, Port Elizabeth, sent the above photo of a monster fish, weighing 66lb, which was caught by his modest young brother, who was too shy to face the camera. Our correspondent's father, who holds the fish, stands 6 ft. 2 in. in height, so that you can see that this young fisherman's catch was a large one.

Here and there the guides had to cut steps with their ice-axes in order to give us a footing. Our first difficulty was encountered when we had to crawl on our hands and knees under an overhanging ledge of ice, on the very brink of a crevasse. After this we continued to traverse the glacier until we came to the edge of a narrow crevasse, one side of which was higher than the other. Here our guides again came to the fore, cutting steps down the side of the crevasse, then, while one guide held the rope and let us down the steps, the other received us at the bottom, and lifted us over the crevasse, which was too wide to admit of our ladder bridging it. After walking a little farther, we descended a crevasse about ten feet deep, and then one of our guides ascended the other side by means of steps which he cut in the ice as he proceeded upwards. When he reached the top the other guide threw him the end of the rope,



"THE CAPTAIN" IN THE NAVY.

Here we have some of the jolly officers of H.M.S. Vulcan enjoying their favourite magazine while on the docks at Malta.

Sent by C. J. Strickland, of H.M.S. Vulcan.

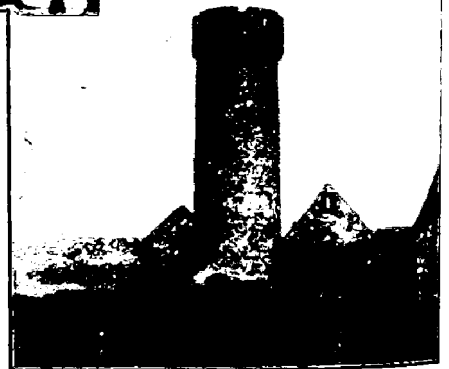


ST. GERMAIN CATHEDRAL.

to which we were all attached. This he caught and held very firmly while we all ascended by the same steps which our first guide had cut. Having reached the summit safely, we all tramped across about a quarter of a mile of ice, then crossed our last crevasse by means of the ladder, along which we crawled on our hands and knees. The crevasse was very deep, and disappeared in a bluish-green shade. When on the other side of the crevasse the last of our party slipped, and nearly fell back, but our front guide, who was very strong, drew the rope in tightly, and so saved the fall, but the sudden tightening of the rope was not a particularly pleasant sensation. This was the last of our difficulties, and soon after we reached the Châlets de Lognan, on the right hand side of the glacier. In all we took five hours in crossing the glacier, and reaching our hotel at Argentières. This will give you an idea of how glaciers are crossed, some being more difficult, some easier, but taking them all round the greater number are crossed in the way I

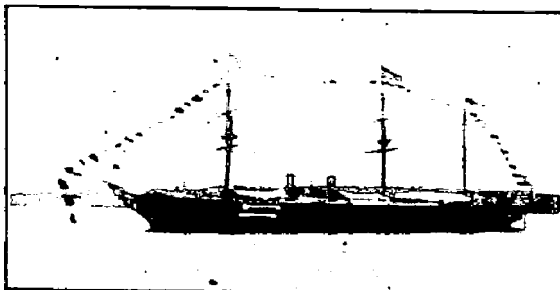


THE KING AND QUEEN AT RAMSEY, I.O.M., AUG. 25, 1902.



THE ROUND TOWER, PEEL CASTLE, I.O.M. One of the few towers of this type left in the British Isles.

Photos by Douglas McNicol.



THE OLDEST BRITISH IRONCLAD AFLOAT, "THE BLACK PRINCE."

By J. V. Brennan.

have described. One fact I should not forget to point out, and that is as regards the style of boots one wears in making these excursions. The soles are thickly studded with strong nails, which give one a firm grip of the ice, and make walking an easier task.

CUTHBERT HARRAN.

The Southampton Football Club.

ALTHOUGH it is only of late years that Southampton have come into prominence, yet the club dates back seventeen years, having been instituted when Canon Wilberforce was rector of St. Mary's, Southampton. The "Saints" first gained local celebrity by winning and retaining for three successive years the Hants Junior Cup. In 1891 they entered for the Senior Cup, which they carried off two years running, after which

the adoption of professionalism brought them into still more select paths of football. In 1896 they worked their way into the competition proper for the Association Cup, but were beaten by Notts Forest. In 1896 the club was turned into a limited liability company, and a large number of well-known professionals were engaged. This season they were again defeated in the opening round of the Association Cup, Sheffield Wednesday doing the damage. The next year saw them advance another stage in the struggle, where they met their quietus. In 1898, three of their best players, Farrel, Crawley, and Joe Turner,

returned to their old club, Stoke, and several new faces were seen in the Southampton ranks. Robinson, the famous old Derby County man, took up the burden of goalkeeping, a place which, fortunately for the Saints, he still fills. This time they reached the semi-final in the Cup competition, where they experienced the hardest of luck, their opponents—Notts Forest—gaining



MR. DAN LENO.

Drawn by Fred Thompson.

the winning point during the last few minutes of play, when a blinding blizzard was blowing in the Southerners' faces. The following year Derby County snatched victory from their grasp at Southampton just on the stroke of time in the third round. In 1900 they reached the final, but were badly beaten by Bury to the tune of four goals to nil. Everton knocked them out in 1901 in the first round, but last season they again reached the final, their opponents—Sheffield United—beating them by two goals to one after a drawn game. They have also won the Southern League Championship on three occasions.

ALBERT ALBROW.



HOP MEASURING AT MAPLESCOMBE, NEAR FARNINGHAM, KENT.

From a snapshot by Kathleen Brinsley.

VOL. VIII.—36.

Books.

When your soul is sad and angry,
And your thoughts are harsh and sour,
When you feel that all are 'gainst you,
When there comes a bitter hour;
When you're burning with oppression
And you want a friend in need,
Take a book down from the cupboard—
Open it and start to read.
This, I say, will give you comfort,
Soothe you in your hour of pain;
Thinking of the plights of others,
You'll forget your own again.

"RIP-RAP."

A BELL BUOY.

THIS buoy is situated about three miles at sea, off the little village of Downderry, on the south Cornish coast. It is interesting because it has a bell, which consists of four clappers and a fixed dome of metal, on which the clappers are made to bang by the action



THE "ERRANT KNIGHT" BELL BUOY.

of the waves. There is also a cage at the top, which will hold four shipwrecked mariners. The cage and the buoy revolve, and so present less resistance to the elements. The buoy is made almost entirely of metal, and is chained to a reef, which here approaches dangerously near to the surface. The bell has a rich sombre tone, and on a still night may be heard three or four miles inland. The fishermen say that the bell rings a different tone if the weather is going to be wet.

ED. PEARSE WHEATLEY.

The County "Century" Championship, 1902.

THE following table will show a unique way of reckoning the County Championship, i.e., by the number of centuries scored for and against each county. The points have been obtained by subtracting one from the other.



It will be seen that Surrey has scored the most centuries with fifteen, whilst Somersetshire are lowest, with none at all. On the other hand, however, Somersetshire, with Warwickshire, are the counties with the least centuries scored against them, the number being only three each, Derbyshire having the most with thirteen. Yorkshire is, however, an easy first, even in this way of reckoning.

		CENTURIES.		
County.		For.	Against.	Points.
1.	Yorkshire	14	5	9
2.	Surrey	15	9	6
3.	Nottinghamshire	14	9	5
4.	Sussex	12	8	4
5.	Gloucestershire	7	5	2
6.	Kent	5	4	1
7.	Lancashire	8	8	—
	Middlesex	6	6	—
8.	Warwickshire	3	3	—
	Essex	8	10	-2
9.	Hampshire	1	4	-3
	Somersetshire	—	3	-3
10.	Licestershire	5	11	-6
	Worcestershire	4	10	-6
11.	Derbyshire	6	13	-7
		108	108	

PERCY W. BENNETT.

The Home of the late Cecil Rhodes.

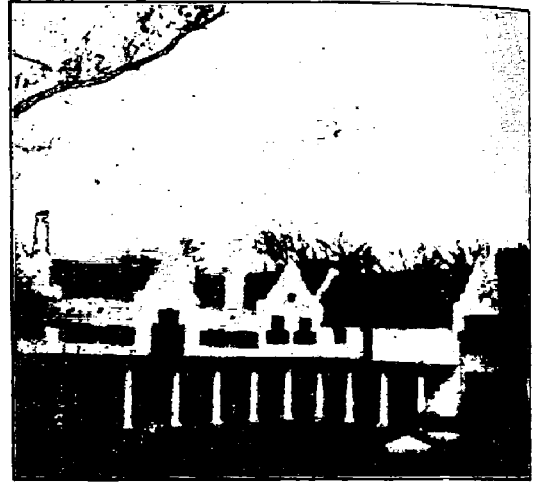
THE two snap-shots of Groote Shuur printed below have been sent by Eustace Alliott. A very pretty description of the late millionaire's home was recently given by a writer in the "Pall Mall Magazine." He says: "It lies behind the



GROOTE SCHUUR FROM THE FRONT.
By E. Alliott.

Devil Peak, which is a flank buttressed by a great bastion of rock that is called Table Mountain. The house lies low, nestling cosily among

oaks. It was built in accordance with Mr. Rhodes's orders to keep it simple—beams and whitewash. It was originally thatched, but it was burnt down at the end of 1896, and everything was gutted but one wing. From the deep pillared window, where Mr. Rhodes mostly sat, and the little formal garden, the view leads up to a grassy slope and over woodland away to the



THE BACK OF MR. RHODES'S HOUSE, GROOTE SCHUUR.
By E. Alliott.

crest of the buttressed peak and the great purple precipices of Table Mountain. Through the open park land and wild wood koodoos, gnus, elands, and other African animals wander at will. Only the savage beasts are confined in enclosures."

Ships that Pass in the Day.

A MORE interesting and instructive way of spending a spare half-hour than simply gazing at the various kinds of ships as they pass to and fro upon the Thames, could hardly be imagined.

As I look just now, a stately "P. and O." liner is ploughing her way majestically down the great river, bearing her hundreds of passengers, many going, no doubt, to seek their fortunes in some far-off land, while behind her a small but energetic tug is slowly towing a gallant-looking sailing ship in her wake.

As I write this, not more than a hundred yards away from me there lies at anchor a British torpedo-boat destroyer, while a little further off a Japanese vessel of the same type rests peacefully upon the calm surface of the river.

Far away in the distance I can catch a glimpse of a noble-looking "Castle" liner, mak-

ing her way rapidly towards London, while directly opposite me a "Belle" holiday steamer is carrying her crowd of happy passengers away for a day's enjoyment. Barges and yachts innumerable glide swiftly here and there. Cargo



MAJOR-GENERAL WALTER KITCHENER.

A snapshot on a Transport.

By E. Alliott.

steamers and sailing vessels of every size and kind through this "shipping highway," and the last ship that I see is really *not* a ship, but a large and fine Norwegian barque which has just let go her anchor in the neighbourhood of the British destroyer, where, under the protecting wing of our "handy man," she knows she can rest in perfect safety.

W. H. THOMSON.



Msidra, the remains of an ancient Phoenician temple, dedicated to Esculapius. It was built—like the Pyramids in Egypt—of immense blocks of stone, but is now a mere ruin, overlooking the shores of the Mediterranean, on the Island of Malta. The photo is by L. Reed, Valetta.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

(Artistic.)

A Well-Wisher.—S. J. B. sketch good. You require more practice in drawing outline. Technique correct, but flat. Would be right for reproduction.

J. M. Blair.—Photo excellent. Will you, and a few thousand other readers, bear in mind always to write your name, address, and subject *on the back of photos and drawings?*

Melville M. Piercy.—I will hand snapshots to the Photographic Editor, who will explain why they get so dull and muddy. Should be glad to see photo of the fossil trees you mention.



G. E. Arrowsmith sends us this snapshot which he took in Switzerland. He says: "It represents the landing-stage of 'The Island' on Lake Zurich, which is acknowledged to be the prettiest spot on the whole lake." Several tourists and a group of Venetian Minstrels are making for the steamer, from which our correspondent took this photo.

"Opticus."—Fairly clever sketch, but shading too fine for reproduction. Write as you began your letter and not back over, as the former is prettier. You cannot do good work without proper materials. Have a look round any art shop and they will show you several kinds of pen and ink board.

Althea Money.—No thanks; we are too far ahead for Coronation photos. Cricket snaps good. A clever girl like you ought to take far more pains with her writing.

Kathleen Brinsley.—Your "Klito" snapshots are good. Will use one if room. **Cornish Express.**—Write to F. Moore, of the Locomotive Publishing Company, 102a Charing Cross-road, London, W.C., for list of railway photos and slide. They are not at all dear, and would be, I think, what you require. **R. How.**—Smart and clear photo, but Coronation out of date now. **Evelyn Donne** (Exmouth).—What a versatile girl you are—poems, paintings, and pen sketches! Not quite up to CAPTAIN standard though. You are clubbed, and some stamps have been sent.

K. Glover.—Jokes good, sketches so-so. **E. B. Highbury.**—Very pathetic, though not the kind of thing to print. **L. V. Neligan.**—Will use when space. Neat and clean. **P. H. Blanchard.**—I presume you mean Gillot's scraper boards. You can get them from about 6d. to 2s. 8d. per sheet at any of Messrs. Reeves and Sons' shops, or any artistic depôt would order them. This kind of work is good and effective for line reproduction, but requires practice, as they are made with a clay surface, and are embossed and ruled in various ways to suit the reproduction. Work a very small sketch till you get practice.

E. W. Bell.—Very good little drawing, but all these fine lines would clog up in the engraving.
Kenneth Thomas.—Cricket snapshots rather late. Read the Camera Corner and you will soon improve the toning of your photos.
R. Hargreaves.—You ought to have no difficulty in getting Bristol board at Southend. Get medium thickness. The drawings you send are on too rough a paper.

Stanley Whitehead.—Subject not of sufficient interest for publication. Shall expect to hear from you again. Wish you success.
Gildart J. Walker.—More attention to detail before you touch colour, sir.

C. F. Knowles.—Not of sufficient interest this month.
Sydney Langlois (Valparaiso).—Good photo of S.S. *Chili*. We want the local life more than this kind of thing. You are certainly a much better photographer than you were. Happy Christmas to you all.

H. Platt.—There is a decided improvement and freedom in the pen drawings you send, but nothing suitable for publication.

F. Gratrix.—Your drawing is clever and not at all badly done, but the joke is not sufficiently pointed for publication in the C.C. pages.

J. F. Bevington.—Regret cannot find space for the "English Loafer." The idea is a good one. You are Clubbed.
Montague Davison.—Your Brownie No. 1 photo is wonderfully clear, but not of sufficient interest. You are clubbed.
George Whitelaw.—Your design for a possible cover shows considerable ability, and for your age the drawing is clever, crisp, and carefully worked. We cannot use it, nevertheless.

H. Lawrence Oakley.—Your silhouette designs cut out of paper are extremely clever, and I should like to use several of them if we had space in the magazine. Will you, and many other of my correspondents, remember that I should like to reproduce your designs, and would do so if we had more space. The fact that they do not appear in the CAPTAIN CLUB pages is by no means a reflection on the quality of the work.

(Literary.)

H. W. M.—Clubbed. Your account of the local fire brigade is not unhumorous, but there's not quite enough in it. The element of completeness and snappiness is lacking in this, as in the majority of contributions submitted to me. Try your sense of fun on some other local function.

S. Langlois.—You ought to be able to tell us something much more interesting about Valparaiso than that. Haven't you got any bandits or burglars, or tidal waves, or volcanoes? We want fresh, new, lively stuff in this magazine. Spin us an anecdote or two. Fine little doggie, that! (P.S.—Thanks for bucking up THE CAPTAIN out your way.)

A. O. Orrett.—A very well put together little essay. But you'll have to wait your turn. I have a lot of accepted contributions in hand.

Tarantelle.—I have practically given that advice to contributors myself. As you say, to win success in these pages, or anywhere else, needs heaps of *pluck* and perseverance. I think there must be some contributors who don't take the trouble to read my remarks, or they wouldn't write on both sides of the paper, nor would they send in such long contributions.

C. W. K. favours me with a poem (which he declares to be "quite true") describing how a boy, to

amuse some invalids in a sick room (at a school), on payment of sixpence, devoured a wax candle. The poem does not say how the boy felt afterwards.

"Laurel Crown."—Once and for all, let me state that I don't want any more poems, essays, or stories about the Boer War.

"The Missing Link" sends me a parody of Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," in which I am likened to the poor woman who had to "stitch, stitch, stitch." I thank this gentleman for his sympathetic references to myself, although I can't find space for his little burst into poesy.

J. A. Raws.—I don't agree with you that ping pong is equal to cricket or football, or worthy of an heroic ballad of the kind you send. Tune your lyre to another theme, Johnny.

R. C. Tharp.—Your poems are like the curate's egg, most of them being good—in parts. No single one of the batch you sent in the autumn is wholly deserving of publication, but the symptoms of ability they display lead me to encourage you to fresh endeavours. But don't let verse-making interfere with your ordinary occupation.

"South-East."—There is promise in your verses, which seem to be built on Longfellow's "Let us, then, be up and doing," and Kingsley's "Be good, sweet maid." Endeavour to be as original as possible. Your best verse is:—

Some men will act without a thought,
 Some think, but will not do;
 The art of labour is to strike
 A line between the two.

Cheval.—I am obliged to you for the touching lines on my matrimonial prospects. But the "spring bonnet" idea, like your humble servant, is somewhat time-worn.

D. A. McDonald.—Your hints on Highland Sport, though sound enough, would not appeal to many readers. I regret, therefore, that I can't afford space for them.

Camel sends a reply to Mr. Story's "How Smoking Hurts You," wherein he cites instances of how tobacco has proved beneficial. The King, for example, was allowed to smoke after his operation, and Mr. Chamberlain after his cab accident; Tennyson smoked over his poems; Sir Isaac Newton smoked; Tommy Atkins derives great comfort from his baccy in the trenches, and Jack Tar loves his pipe, etc., etc. Yes, yes, but Mr. Story didn't inveigh against grown men smoking. He told *boys and young men* not to smoke. His arguments were sound, and he was quite right.

Contributions (a certain number of which will be printed or criticised in future numbers) have also been received from:—"Freebooter II.," "B. H. Robinson," "Jay A. Cheff," A. G. Thornton, G. L. Clute, J. H. Skuse, W. Patterson, O. Friederici, "Eljaysee," F. Y. Walters, J. S. Cox, Kingsley & Mawes, Gordon McVoy, Isabel Greyson, H. W. F. Long, "W. Bee," W. L. Adams, Duncan Younger, junr., H. L. Dohrée, "Nobody Much," Rube Grey, P. J. Leonard, "Jack L.," E. Foxwell, F. B. Sadler, J. H. Walker, H. R. McDonald, H. F. Mullett, "Denbigh," Theo. Crawford, W. A. Oldfield.

Artistic Contributions have also to be acknowledged from A. J. C. and A. Pollock (Glasgow), W. Turton, Cecil M. C. Mann, J. O'Neill, F. H. Johnson (photo too late; see O. F.), Olive Richmond Smith, F. Newbold (Clubbed), Fred Thompson, the persevering and improving Morris S. Perrott (S. Australia), J. Cameron, M. P. (Bournemouth), D. Gordon Barnsley, Thomas Ouchterlong, G. J. Walker, E. W. Bell, Sillicus.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

One is apt to think that nowadays Christmas has not quite the flavour it had in old times. When our black-and-white artists set about depicting Christmas they don't make a Christmas of yesterday, but a Christmas of a hundred years ago, or, at least, the sort of Christmas one associates with Dickens—Mr. Snodgrass skating, Bob Sawyer cutting figures of eight, Sam Weller holding Winkle up, and Mr. Pickwick sliding. That is what is called a good old English Christmas, and the artist who should have sufficient temerity to draw a sloppy Christmas, or a mild September sort of Christmas, or a Christmas in an ordinary mean street, in an ordinary mean city, would simply have to put his picture behind the door, and leave it there. A youth of my acquaintance is evidently of this way of thinking, for he sends me what he calls "A Hode to Christmas," writing evidently from recollections of last Christmas, which, CAPTAIN readers will remember, was of the unpleasantly moist order. Here is the poem:

Christmas was Christmas then—alas!
What changes now have come to pass!
It used to regularly freeze,
The snow was always to your knees,
The coaches stuck in drifts so deep
The horses' heads could scarcely peep
Out of the top, and folks within
Were buried nearly to the chin.
Then think of all the highwaymen
Who made it lively now and then,
The log of yule, the mistletoe,
'Neath which you—well—you—kissed, you know!
All these are not a bit the same
Since Christmas grew so beastly tame.
For what's the good of Christmas now,
When not e'en Waits kick up a row,
When all you do is sit around
And play "How, when, and where it's found?"
And then you spend the whole vac. waiting
To get a little bit of skating.
But rain it does, and rain it will.
So ev'ry man-jack's waiting still.

But, after all, a modern Christmas has its compensations. Highwaymen and buried coaches are all very well in a picture, just as snow is very nice on a Christmas card, but it makes all the difference in the world when you happen to be at the business end of the highwayman's pistol or slopping through London streets after a snow-storm when a galloping thaw has set in. Let us make the best of the Christmas we have got. There are heaps of things to enjoy. I used to think how glorious it must be, when I read tales of the North-West Territory of Canada, to dig a hole in the snow, build a fire in the middle of it, and sit around it listening for the approach of Indians. But maturer judgment has changed my notions. Think how warm one's feet would be, and how cold one's back, and how very wet the hot fire, lying amid the snow, would make one's clothes and general surroundings. My advice to all of you is to go in "bald-headed," as the Yankees say, this coming Christmas, for making somebody happy. Think less about yourselves, and more about other people, for that is the royal road to happiness after all, and if it freezes, and there is some good skating—all right, so much the better! But if it doesn't, well, be absolutely determined to enjoy yourself in spite of the weather, or any other circumstances. One's happiness comes from inside far more than from outside, and the boy who is determined to be happy, and merry, and jolly, cares not whether it rains, hails, blows, or snows—it's all one to him!

I was glad to find last month how interested you all were in my talk about the artists, and especially about Millais, and so here is another story of that same wonderful man, who was great enough for all of you to strive to reach his level, while not too great to make it seem utterly impossible.

When Millais was painting his famous

"Ophelia," now in the Tate Gallery, he stayed with his brother William, and Holman Hunt, who was equally busy on "The Light of the World," at a farmhouse. William Millais relates the following anecdote: "Our landlady held artists to be of little account, and my brother exasperated her to a degree on one occasion. The day had been a soaking wet one. None of us had gone out, and we were at our wit's end what to do. Jack, at Hunt's suggestion, thought it would be a good joke to paint on one of the cupboard doors. There were two—one on either side of the fireplace. Mrs. B., the landlady, had gone to the market. On coming into the room on her return, and seeing what had been done, she was furious; the door had only lately been 'so beautifully grained and varnished.' Hunt tried in vain to appease her. She bounced out of the room saying she would make them pay for it. The following day the vicar and a lady called, and Mrs. B. apologised for the 'horrid mess' on the cupboard door. They enquired who had done it, and on being told that Mr. Millais was the culprit, the lady said she would give Mrs. B., in exchange for the door, the lovely Indian shawl she had on; so when the painters returned Mrs. B. came up cringingly to my brother and said the only thing he could do was *to paint the other cupboard!*"

N. E. Marshall writes:—"I noticed in the August number of THE CAPTAIN, in 'Tales of Eliza's,' that Brusher Mills, the great snake-catcher, was mentioned, and, thinking that probably the greater proportion of CAPTAIN readers had never heard of this extraordinary man, I thought that perhaps they might like to know something of him. Brusher Mills lives in a very small hut, of his own manufacture, measuring only some ten or twelve feet in circumference. One side of the hut is occupied by a bed, made of leaves, while the pillow is simply a mound of earth, raised a little higher than the leaves. Outside and slightly to the right of the hole which serves as doorway, is his fireplace. Here he cooks his food and also dries the skins of those snakes which he kills. A great number of his snakes he sends up to the Zoological Gardens alive, and the rest he skins, sending the skins to London to be stuffed and sold. Anyone visiting his hut may see a number of skins hung out to dry in front of his fireplace. At the end of one of his pretty 'good' years, he will have caught something like one thousand snakes, including adders, vipers, and grass

snakes. Most of these are caught during March, April, May, and early June. His hut, in the New Forest, is situated midway between the villages of Brockenhurst and Lyndhurst, and so he goes into Lyndhurst to procure all his food and other necessaries. Thus has he lived, tramping about the woods all day, for over twenty years."

Mr. Fry has just written to me as follows:—"When I said six hours was enough work for a boy per diem I meant (as I think context showed) six hours of hard acquisitive book work. I do not include 'off' hours for drawing, etc.: nor, what I would have in any school of mine, one hour per diem (every day) of mechanical work, e.g., engineering, carpentry, shoe-making, gardening, or some manual trade. Under games hours I include rifle-shooting, gymnastics, and drill. I would not have football or cricket every day. But I would make the cricket and footer as good as possible, and make the boys envisage these games as subject matter for original thought and ingenuity of mind, as well as mere physical recreation. I would have every boy taught dancing, not merely the social sort, but step-dancing; because English people walk so badly, are so bad with their feet as a rule—and English boys are absurdly self-conscious in matters of, so called, deportment. I would put very great emphasis on English composition as a subject. Treating separately (a) the elements of methodical thinking and collecting ideas, (b) clear logical arrangement, (c) expression of ideas. I would have lectures on hygiene, and make sure that the main laws of health were known."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Captain" Stamps.—We are desired by the Post Office authorities to ask our readers not to affix these stamps to the front of their letters, but to confine their use to the back of the envelope.

P. W. B.—You will find particulars about the legal profession in "What Shall I Be?" price 3s. 6d., published by George Newnes, Ltd. The first examination to be passed for the Bar is the "Bar Entrance," which is of a somewhat elementary character, and includes translation from unseen Latin. Having passed this, you join one of the Inns of Court, pay your fees, and settle down to study Roman law. Dr. Hunter's little book on that subject, which any law bookseller would provide you with, is the recognised text-book. Every Bar coach recommends it. By the time you have got thus far you ought to get some one to give you a little coaching, or, at least, to put you in the way of the best books to read for Constitutional Law and the final examinations. You have to eat seventy-two dinners during your studentship, unless you are a University man, when

you need only eat thirty-six. You must be proposed for an Inn of Court by two barristers of at least five years' standing. If you want information on any other point regarding the Bar I shall be pleased to give it you. I may add that the course of study and dinner-eating extends over three years. The total fees amount to £140. At the Inner and Middle Temples and Lincoln's Inn these must be paid on entrance, but at Gray's Inn you may enter on payment of £40. The other hundred must be paid before you are "called," however.

H. L. D.—I do not encourage anybody to go on the stage, and am, therefore, unwilling to give you any information about it. As regards press work, I dare say you have noticed several paragraphs which have appeared from time to time in *THE CAPTAIN*, in which I have told would-be reporters, etc., that the usual way is to begin on a country paper. I am afraid no London evening paper would give you football reporting to do, as you have had no experience. Each paper has a certain number of men on whom it can rely to send in accurately written reports of matches. If you want to write you can easily keep your spare time employed by sending odds and ends to all sorts of papers. See answers in back numbers, and especially my piece of "Advice to Literary Aspirants" in *THE CAPTAIN* for April, 1901.

D. Wotserb.—The competition for Excise appointments is very keen indeed; usually 800 to 1,000 competitors sit for the 40 to 60 vacancies offered. The life of an Assistant of Excise has many advantages in the shape of pay, hours of work, outdoor exercise, and variety of occupation. The work is responsible and sometimes arduous. Spectacles, if worn for some slight defect, would, I think, be no bar, but the medical examination is very strict, and I should advise you to get competent advice from an oculist before commencing the very lengthy cramming process required for success in the examinations of the C.S. Commissioners.

John Kelly.—The addresses of the secretaries of the various clubs are given in the "Cricket Handbook" and "Football Handbook" (price 2d. each, post free, from John Leng and Co., 186, Fleet-street, London, E.C.), and if you address your letters to the players whose autographs you wish to obtain c.o. these gentlemen, I have no doubt that they would be forwarded, but be sure and enclose return postage.

Beatrice S. and Dorothy F.—(1) I think you will find the skates most generally used on the Fens, known as "runners," the best. You can obtain them from Benetfink and Co., Cheapside, London. (2) Certainly I will write my name in your albums, but don't forget to enclose return postage. (3) Write to Mr. Dillan, c.o. the Secretary, at the County Ground.

Ernest Foxwell.—If you are thinking of taking up carpentry during the winter months, I should advise you to subscribe to the "Woodworker," published twice monthly, price twopence, or six shillings, post free, per annum, from the publishers, Messrs. Dawbun and Ward, 6, Farringdon-avenue, E.C.

E. F. L. (NEW SOUTH WALES).—According to Philon of Byzantium, the seven wonders of the world were: the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Pyramids, Phidias' statue of Zeus Olympios, the Wall of

Babylon, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, and the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus.

James Thomson.—Unless you can afford to have your magazine printed (in which case you should get an estimate from a local printer), the best way would be to have it hand-written and duplicated by means of a hektograph, as to endeavour to print it yourself would be a much too expensive undertaking.

A Young Fag.—To become a paymaster in the Royal Navy you must first be an assistant-clerk, after passing an examination, held twice yearly, for which you must obtain a nomination from the First Lord of the Admiralty. Paymasters keep the ship's accounts and perform general clerical duties.

Popocatepetl.—I think "A Primer of Navigation," by A. T. Flagg, and "Submarine Boats," by G. W. Hovgaard, will help you. Parker and Co. (see address below) will supply you with them for 1s. and 5s. each, post free, respectively.

P. D.—A recipe for making a hektograph was given in *THE CAPTAIN* for July, 1900. Any stationer will supply you with the proper ink. **R. G. White.**—The "Woodworker" contains a department devoted to fretwork. See reply to Ernest Foxwell. "ignosco."—"What Shall I Be?"

by E. H. Counce, B.A., price 3s. 6d., published by George Newnes, Ltd. **P. A. Hirst.**—Keep your Kruger shilling; it will become more valuable in time. **Germ.**—"Boxing" (All England Series), price 1s., published by G. Bell and Sons. **New Reader.**

—You may enter for a competition as many times as you like, providing that each "try" is sent separately. **E. Gyles.**—Photos need not necessarily be mounted. **H. L. Dobree** sends me the following list of prizewinners in Vol. VI.: England, 150; Scotland, 22; Wales, 9; Ireland, 6; Channel Isles, 3. Total, 190. **H. D. J.**—Dr. Gordon Stables' "Farm Friends and Favourites" can be had for 1s. 6d., post free, from Parker and Co., Bedford-street, Strand, London, W.C. **H. Wey.**—Stammering would not debar you from reporting or editorial work, but it might prove a little awkward if you were told off to do an interview. See reply to "H. L. D." **Editor.**—It is customary to call such a form the "Upper Sixth," not the "Seventh." I have not heard of a "Seventh" in any other public school, but I believe Board Schools have a "Standard VII." Your original Sixth should be termed the "Lower Sixth."

Official Representatives Appointed.—Walter Dandie (Ayr, N.B.); R. M. Stevenson (Monkseaton, R.S.O.).

Letters, etc. (a certain number of which will be answered next month) have also been received from "Birkdale," James Foster, J. R. Dainty, Katherina, W. Lewis Smith, O. P. F. Fookes (Clubbed), C. J. Boger, J. C. Hughes, H. C. Lea, Alfred Scribblah, J. H. Scott, G. D. Sheardowne, "Brussels Sprout," "The Boy's Mother," A. G. C. B. C. (see reply to "H. L. D.") "Boy," "One who Reads the *Express*," "D'Artagnan," "Anxious" (who should send a stamped envelope and explain what line of work he wishes to take up), Charles Ernest Green (Clubbed).

THE OLD FAG.

Results of October Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Towns." (FOURTH SERIES).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 10s.: CHAS. C. HURRIDGE, 101, Oxford-street, Preston, Lancs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: R. Harold Royle, Third Avenue, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham; and T. R. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Crossley, Daisie Macfarlane, Ethel J. Shelton, Marion Andrews, W. D. Ercaut, R. A. H. Good-year, Frances Whittingham, Florence Hoatson, H. E. Houlston, C. Const, Edwin H. Rhodes, Ernest Bolland.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 10s.: SYBIL E. COOPER, 7, Great Queen-street, Holborn, W.C.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. O. Garside, Grammar School House, Wakefield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. N. Davis, Dorothy Bell, Raymond Pentony, Wm. H. Thomas, Herbert Pearce, C. H. Jocelyne, J. S. Porter, G. A. Taylor, Victor Lord.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

TEN SHILLINGS divided between: S. J. Cooke, 3, St. John's Villa, Mattock-Lane, Ealing; and L. Hubbard, "Loveric," Duppas Hill, Croydon, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gerald Napier, Estelle Bartlett, E. Peers, L. Robison, Knowles Turpin.

No. II.—"Household Words."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: F. H. SWALLOW, 248, St. Paul's-road, Highbury, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. A. Oldfield, York City and County Bank, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Sydney J. Butfield, Alex Scott, Kathleen Cartland, Hilda Gilling, John J. Morris, Ethelwyn G. Freeman, Evelyn M. Pocock, G. W. Berry, W. D. Ercaut, C. Const, Laura Mellor, E. W. Stiles, Grace Adames, Henry R. Straw, Dorothy Wheatley, Wm. L. Taylor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: AGNES JAMES, Cambridge-road, Ely, Cambs.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Anstice Small-piece, Cross Lanes, Guildford; and H. T. Perrett, 192, Oxford-road, Reading, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alfred Scholfield, A. G. Baker, George H. Russell, Frank G. Vicker, A. Kirk, H. H. Hemmel, Harold Scholfield, P. F. Whale, Hilda Spense, T. R. Davis, Geg. H. Lane, H. W. Denton, A. E. Bacon, T. S. Newcomen, Herbert H. Willmot.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: MARGUERITE SCHINDHELM, 4, Maley Avenue, W. Norwood, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: S. Parsons, Orkney House, Bedford; and Dorothy Newcomen, Sunny Bank, Coleford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest G. Lowe, Florence M. Hunt, R. M. Stevenson, A. D. Gordon, G. W. Bevan, Walter French, G. P. Thurten, A. R. Burnett-Hurst.

No. III.—"Book Titles."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: HELEN NIGHTINGALE, 47, West Side, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: H. E. Wilson-Smith, "Camledge," Duns, Berwickshire; and Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Grace Edwards, H. G. Granger, Sydney H. Barton, Maurice P. French, W. D. Ercaut, Kitty Wheatley, Fairbridge Cooper, Florence Warde, Alex Scott,

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or a book by a "Captain" author.

COMMENTS ON THE OCTOBER COMPETITIONS.

I.—The prize-winner in Class II. had all the Towns right except one—Fleetwood—and a great many had only two wrong. Some good suggestions for No. 2 were Soar, Hawick, Windsor; for No. 3, Harrow, and for No. 10, Riverhead, Waterford, and Brookside. The correct list of Towns will be found on an advertisement page.

No. II.—The list of "Household Words," according to vote, is as follows:—

Cadbury	Eau-de-Cologne	Mont Blanc
Sutton's	Widmerere	Grimm's
Mark Twain	Landeer	Dick Turpin
Brussels	Pears	Windsor
Grandfather	Holbein	Plum
Atlantic	Paisley	Madame Patti
Charles Peace	Sir H. Irving	

In this Competition also the winner of the first prize in the 2nd class had only one wrong.

No. III.—This was an amusing Competition, and some very clever sentences were amongst the entries. The prize sentence in the 1st class is as follows:—"In the Permanent Way," near "The Mill on the Floss," "We Two" met "Father Stafford" and "A New England Nun," who said

E. H. Butcher, G. W. Ivey, Alec Chaffey, C. Const, E. C. Pritchett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JAMES HOLME, 81, Cotswold street, Holt road, Liverpool.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Gwendolen Snow, 6, Gloucester-place, Portman-square, W.; Lewis Pizer, 58, Dunsmore-road, Stamford Hill, N.; and Lucie L. Lloyd, 51, Bryanston-road, St. Michael's, Liverpool.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edith Trill, Dorothy Wheatley, Frida Phillips, William Cocks, Sylvia Morris, Mildred Rockley, W. J. Juleff, Charles Hagne, A. R. Pearson, Gerald von Stralendorff, Albert F. Crooka, G. E. Arrowsmith A. Botjzer.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: C. E. SAUNDERS, 1, College View, Hull.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Henry G. Mc Hugh, 42, Laird-street, Birkenhead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Grace English, E. G. Wildin, Mabel Sloan, P. Schwarzschild, F. G. Priestley, J. F. Pitcher, A. G. Smith, P. Granger, H. F. Black, F. H. M. Georgeon, D. C. Chippindale, E. V. Odle, C. C. Gover, Archie Sheldon, E. Lambert, H. Powell, Albert Chappell, H. Martin, Josephine Bennett.

No. IV.—"Missing Landscape."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 7s.: F. G. MATRIX, 23, Grosvenor-place, Liverpool street, West Salford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. Crossley, 62, Moorcliffe, Savile Park, Halifax.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. P. Rylatt, T. R. Davis, Dorothy Binney.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: JOSEPH WOODS, 9, Grafton-street, Preston.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. V. Temple, 49, Greenbank-road, Devonshire Park, Birkenhead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur E. Everest, D. Y. Anders.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s.: AUSTIN COOPER, 26, Teils-street, Cathedral road, Cardiff.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Edward G. Wildin, Hawthorn Bank, James-street, Stoke-on-Trent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Bottomley, F. F. Morgan, E. Sanders.

No. V.—"Drawing of a Hand."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: O. LITTON, Rock land, Newton Park, Leeds.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: T. R. Davis, 4, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; and Constance E. Greaves, 15, Powis-square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Dollman, George A. Bell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: Fred Wood, 24, St. Margaret's-road, Legrams-lane, Bradford, Yorks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: John M. Buckmaster, Hindley Vicarage, Wigan, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. M. Bateman, H. Iverson, E. Haward.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF SET OF DRAWING MATERIALS: JOSEPH GRAY, Clifton House, 1, Iolanthe-terrace, South Shields.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to:—B. Davies, 2, Ackers-street. (Will this competitor kindly send his full address?)

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. G. Herd, D. A. Cranks, C. Gam-sall.

that they were looking for "The Cardinal's Snuff Box," which had been stolen by "Some Persons Unknown" from "No. 5, John-street" on "St. Bartholomew's Eve," but that "Dr. Nikola" had already "Great Expectations" of being able "To Right the Wrong."—"The Silence of Dean Mat-land" and the "Many Inventions" of the "Boy" supplying him with "A Double Thread" in what promises to be an interesting "Study in Temptations" to the title "All Men are Liars!"

No. IV.—This competition was very keenly contested, the winner in Class I. being exceptionally good, while the winning landscape in Class II. was equally well filled in, but in pencil. In Class III. the winner was correct in more points than his fellow competitors.

No. V.—Some very good sketches in pen, pencil, and water-colours were sent in for this somewhat difficult subject. In Class I. the prize was awarded to the sender of a very delicate sketch in pencil, and in Class II. the winning sketch was executed in colours. The chief fault with most of the competitions, however, was that they were too hastily executed.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

"THE LATEST."

THIS is THE CAPTAIN'S latest feature. It will contain, month by month, short paragraphs on a variety of subjects, and descriptions of all the latest novelties and mechanical contrivances likely to interest our readers.

"Pusher" v. "Footer."

On this page is reproduced a photograph of the new game of "Pushball," recently played at the Crystal Palace. Some far-seeing people go

columns, and numerous hints on tool and workshop practice, this paper should be especially useful to those who intend to take up engineering as a profession, as well as to those who go in for this kind of work merely as a hobby.

The Photochromascop

is an ingenious instrument designed by Messrs. Benetfink and Co., of Cheapside, for the inspection of lantern slides, giving a chromatic effect.

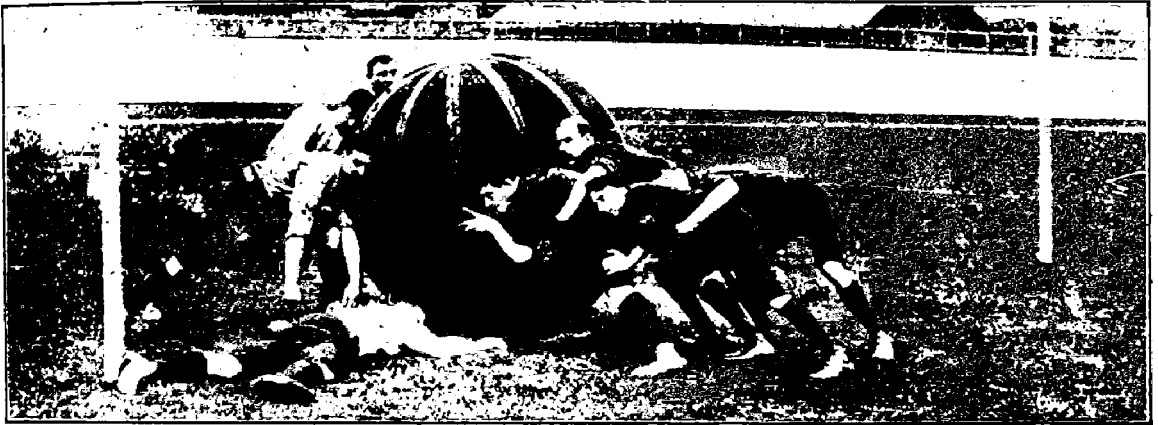


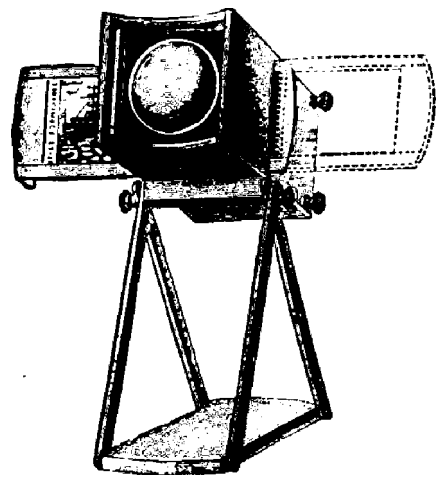
Photo Russell.

so far as to say that with its introduction the death knell of football has been sounded. "The Old Fag" thinks otherwise. "Pushball" is certainly one of the best of recently-invented outdoor games, but during the winter months "footer" will reign supreme for many years to come.

For Model Makers.

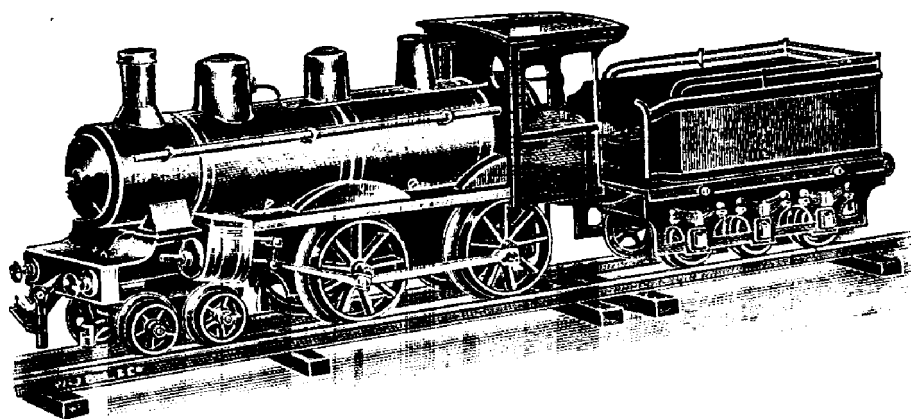
"The Model Engineer and Amateur Electrician," which has now completed the fifth year of its existence, will commence a new volume in January, and from that time forward will be published every week instead of twice a month as heretofore. This journal makes a special feature of photographs and working drawings of all kinds of model engines, locomotives, model railways, model steam and sailing boats, small dynamos and electric motors—in short, electrical and mechanical working models of every description. Full instructions are given how to make nearly all the models illustrated in the paper, and as there is a large amount of general mechanical and electrical information in its

The slides can be viewed either in their natural condition or in colours. The light is diffused by a piece of ground glass at the back, and a



powerful lens of 3in. diameter is fitted to the front. The photochromascop is an exceedingly useful instrument to possessors of lantern slides, and the beautiful effects produced by it will be

much appreciated by anyone entertaining friends for the evening or wishing to pass a little time pleasantly.



Model Railways.

Thanks to the enterprise of firms like Messrs. W. J. Bassett Lowke and Co., of Northampton, it is no longer necessary to be a millionaire before you can own your own model railway, locomotives, and rolling stock. One of this firm's clockwork engines is shown in an accompanying illustration. Steam engines, as well as rails and points, they also stock in great variety, and with their aid, instead of an uninteresting circular railway, you can lay down a model main line, with junctions and branches, and arrange your own railway races and collisions. A hint to be heeded! Write for Messrs. Bassett Lowke's illustrated catalogue.

What is it?

No! it is not a photo of Mont Pelée in eruption. It is a common enough scene on the Highland Railway during the winter, when the line gets snowed up. The eruption shown in our photograph is one of snow, caused by the powerful engines charging the drift by means of a snow plough.



Two New Games.

The "very latest" amongst the games for those for whom pushball has no charms, include "Dee-dee, or Dressing the Dandy," and "Disquet." The former consists of a cardboard figure which is hung up on the wall, and one of the players, after having been blindfolded, endeavours to "dress the dandy" by pinning on his hat tie, moustache, and button-hole, his

efforts often resulting in some very ludicrous effects, as shown in our illustration. "Disquet," which promises to become very popular this season, may be played both indoors and out of doors, on any smooth surface. Somewhat similar to croquet in idea, flat hexagonal pieces of wood are used instead of balls, and two skittles placed a little distance apart take the place of hoops. Extra skill is re-



quired in "getting through," as should the player in so doing knock over either of the skittles, a penalty has to be paid. Both of these games may be obtained from Hamley Bros., Ltd., 512 Oxford-street, London, W., the price of the former being 1s. 3d., post free, and the latter 15s. 6d. and 22s. 6d. per set.

J. A. K.

LINES.

When the murmur of the breezes, gently
whiffing through the trees, is
Blending sweetly with the birds' melodious
piping;
When the bowler's arm is tiring, and the
fieldsmen are perspiring,
And the swiper's energetically swiping;
When, perhaps, the luckier slacker puffeth
stealthy fumes of "bacca,"
Whilst the sun—we'll say "Apollo"—as
he shines
Seems to set all nature smiling—it's abomin-
ably riling
To be writhing in the cruel grip of "Lines."

How opposite humanity's whole principle a
plan it is
To rob a youthful Briton of his freedom,
To keep him ever scrawling lines and lines
at so appalling
A velocity that nobody can read 'em!
Upon my word, I'm cuss'd if I think any
crime could justify
Such punishment as this, or understand
However such barbarity attained to popu-
larity
Throughout the schools of our enlightened
land!

Oh, more depressed than Bonaparte when left
to mope and moan apart
From all he loved, and sadder than the
linnet,
Or thrush, or any other bird, that sees a
happy brother bird
Flit gaily past a mansion from within it;
And infinitely wearier than exiles in Siberia,
Who labour deep in dark and dirty mines,
I deem the lad whose holidays are rendered
melancholy days until he'd like to go away
and be a wretched stowaway, or wouldn't
stop to reason if he possibly could seize on any
other opportunity of living in immunity from

LINES!!!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



"AND I SAY, LOUIS RIEL, THAT IT IS THE WILL OF THE LORD THAT THIS MAN SHALL NOT DIE!"

THE RISING OF THE RED MAN

A ROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

THIS story concerns the adventures of a wealthy rancher, named Henry Douglas, his daughter, Dorothy and their friends, during the rebellion—organised by the fanatical Louis Riel—which broke out in the north-west of Canada during the spring of 1885. The tale opens with a night attack on the rancher's homestead by a party of half-breeds, the defenders of the house consisting of Jacques St. Arnaud (a gigantic French-Canadian), Rory (an old farm-hand), Sergeant Pasmore (of the North-West Mounted Police), and Douglas himself. The "breeds," though they meet with a desperate resistance, at length force an entry into the house, but in the nick of time Child-of-Light, a friendly Indian chief, arrives with his "Creas," and saves the situation. The rancher's party then makes its way hurriedly across country to the police fort at Battleford. When, however, the party breaks up into ones and twos, in order to enter the fort unobserved by the rebels surrounding it, Dorothy is forced by an excited half-breed to dance with him. The man's sweet-heart, who is furious with jealousy, recognises Dorothy and discloses the girl's identity to the crowd, whereupon Dorothy is seized and hurried off to Louis Riel. After a brief examination by the rebel chief, Dorothy is delivered into the custody of Pepin Quemelle, a dwarf who possesses a tame bear. Pepin, however, entertains friendly feelings towards Douglas and his daughter, and allows the latter to escape. The girl is joined by her father, who has also been captured and set free, and learns that Sergeant Pasmore has given himself up in the rancher's stead. When it is known that the sergeant is to die at daybreak, Rory, the old manservant, expresses his determination to return to the town and endeavour to extricate Pasmore from his perilous position. The others set off in two sleighs, and presently halt at a deserted hut. Owing to a stampede of the horses, Dorothy is left alone, and is in turn assailed by a bear and by two half-breeds, one of whom treacherously disarms and seizes her.

CHAPTER XV.

CHECK MATED.

FOR a minute or two Dorothy struggled to free herself from her burly captor, but it was the struggle of the gazelle with the tiger, and the tiger prevailed. He laughed brutally, and put his knee upon her chest.

Even then she managed to slide her hand down to her side, where, after the manner of most people in that land, she carried a sheath-



knife. This she succeeded in drawing, but the half-breed saw the gleam of the steel and caught her wrist with his vice-like fingers.

"Ho, Leon!" he yelled; "coom quick, and bring ze rope!"

It was a wonderful change that had come over the cross-eyed one. A few minutes before and he had been an abject coward; now he was the blustering bully and villain, with his worst passions roused, and ready to take any risks to gratify his thirst for revenge.

As for Dorothy, she saw the futility of struggling, and lay still. What could have happened to her father and Jacques that they did not come up? Surely they must be near at hand. Was God going to allow these men, whose lives she and her father had spared, to prevail? She did not doubt that they meant to put her cruelly to death. She breathed a prayer for Divine aid, and had a strange presentiment that she was to be helped in some mysterious way.

In a minute or two Leon was also upon the roof. In his hand he held some strips of undressed buckskin and a jack-knife. He seemed to have forgotten all about his late peril in the paramount question of how they were to revenge themselves upon the girl who a short time

before had outwitted them. The cross-eyed one hated her because she had rapped him over the knuckles and given him a bad five minutes when she had possession of the gun. Leon was furious because she had brought about his introduction to Bruin so cleverly, and given him beyond doubt the worst ten minutes he had had in his life. Like most gentlemen of their stamp, they quite lost sight of the fact that they themselves had been the aggressors, and that, had it not been for the girl's goodness of heart, they would in all probability have both been killed.

Perhaps the strangest feature of the situation to Dorothy was that Leon did not seem to resent his worthy mate's late secession from the path of loyalty, or, to put it more plainly, his cold-bloodedness in laying him the odds in favour of the bear. Probably they knew each other so well and were so accustomed to be kicked when down that Leon took the affair as a matter of course. Dorothy rightly concluded, however, that this seeming indifference was merely the outcome of the cunning half-breed nature, which never forgot an insult and never repaid it until the handle end of the whip was assured.

The first thing that the two villains proceeded to do was to tie Dorothy's hands, not too closely, however, behind her back. It was useless to attempt resistance, as they were both powerful men, and they would only have dealt with her more roughly had she done so. Then the cross-eyed one proposed that they should take her into the empty hut and tie her up. If they succeeded in getting another rifle, as they expected they would, they could wait inside and shoot the rancher and Jacques as they unsuspectingly approached with the horses. Bastien Lagrange could then be easily disposed of. It would be necessary to put something in the girl's mouth—Leon suggested his old woollen head-gear which the bear had chewed up—until her friends were ambushed, as otherwise she might give the alarm. Afterwards they could dispose of her at their sweet leisure. This and more they discussed with such candour and unreserve that had only the occasion and necessity been different, the greatest credit would have been reflected on them.

"Oh, you fiends!" cried the girl as the horror of the situation dawned upon her. "Would you murder the men in cold blood who spared your lives when they had every right to take them? You cowards! Why don't you shoot me? Do you think I am afraid of being shot?"

It was all like some horrible nightmare to her just then. Brief time seemed such an eternity that she longed for it to come to an end. She felt like one who, dreaming, knows she dreams and struggles to awake.

The cross-eyed one was evidently delighted to see that he had at length aroused this hitherto wonderfully self-possessed girl to such a display of emotion; she looked ever so much handsomer now that she was angry. His watery, awry eyes gleamed, and his thick underlip drooped complacently. He would see if she had as much grit as she laid claim to. It was all in the day's sport; but he would have to hurry up.

He seized the Winchester, and, holding it in front of him, pressed down the lever as he had seen Dorothy do, so as to eject the old and put a fresh cartridge into the breech. But the old cartridge, in springing out, flew up and hit him such a smart rap between the eyes that Leon at once seized his little opportunity and laughed ironically.

"Goot shot, Lucien!" he cried. "Encore, mon ami!"

Lucien's eyes were watering and smarting, and he felt quite like shooting his sympathetic friend on the spot, but he kept his wrath bravely under, and resolved to show Leon in a very practical fashion how he could shoot on the first auspicious occasion. Yes, such a blessed opportunity would be worth waiting and suffering for.

And now they prepared to remove Dorothy from the roof, and take her inside the hut. Leon was to descend first, and then Lucien was to make her jump into the snow-drift, where she would stick, and Leon would be waiting for her.

Poor Dorothy knew that if help did not come speedily she would be undone. She prayed for Divine aid. She could not believe that God would look down from Heaven and see these fiends prevail. God's ways, she was aware, were sometimes inscrutable, and seemed to fall short of justice, but she knew that sooner or later they invariably worked out retributive justice more terrible than man's. This was to be made plain to her sooner than she imagined, and unexpectedly, as God's ways occasionally are.

Leon descended, and his comrade, with an evil light in his eyes and an oath on his lips, came towards Dorothy to force her to jump on to the snow-drift; but villain number two stopped him.

"Ze gun, Lucien," he said, "hand me ze gun first time."

The half-breed grasped the Winchester by the barrel and handed it down to his comrade, but as he did so he was unaware of the fact that the lever, in pumping up a fresh cartridge, had also put the weapon on full cock. Leon, in grasping it, did so clumsily, and inadvertently touched the trigger. In an instant the death-

fire spurted from the muzzle, and Lucien fell forward with a bullet through his brain.

Not always slow are the ways of Him Who said, "Vengeance is Mine."

of the remaining rebel scuttling like a startled iguana towards the dense plantation, where it would have been quite possible for him to have eluded pursuit. But before he reached it there was a sharp ping. He threw up his hands and fell dead on his face. Douglas had made sure of him.

"It's all right dad, and I'm not hurt," said the girl reassuringly, as her father ran towards her with a look of anguish on his face. "You just came in the nick of time; they were going to ambush you. Don't let the horses go too near the corral, as they will be stampeded again. A dead bear is lying there."



The girl sank back in horror at the sight. To see a man sent to his account red-handed is a terrible thing.

The fatal shot was still ringing in her ears when another sound broke in upon the reverberating air. It was the muffled drumming of hoofs and the hurried exclamations of voices which she recognised. It was her father and the others returning with the horses. She staggered to her feet again as best she could, for her hands, being tied behind her back, made rising a difficult matter. She must have presented a strange sight to the party, bound as she was, and with her long hair streaming behind her. She heard her father's cry of apprehension, and the next moment she caught sight

THE GIRL SANK BACK IN HORROR AT THE SIGHT.

In a few minutes she had told her father what had occurred, and he had explained the delay. It had been as the two rebels had said. The horses had gone off the trail into a deep snow-

drift, and it had required a great deal of hard work to get them out. They had not heard the shot which Dorothy had fired at the bear, for the very sufficient reason that two bluffs intervened, and the fairly strong chinook wind carried away all sound. They had not thought there was any reason to be apprehensive about her, but they had worked toilsomely to get back. Bastien had proved a pleasant surprise in this respect—he had, doubtless, by no means incorrect views regarding Riel's powers of pursuit and revenge. That the two rebels should have come back, and that a bear—a sure harbinger of spring—should have made itself so intrusive were contingencies the party could hardly have foreseen. As it was, Dorothy, save for the fright, was little the worse for the rough handling she had received, so they resolved to proceed on their way in about an hour's time, when certain necessary duties had been fulfilled.

Before the ruddy sun began to go down behind the pine-crested bluffs and far-stretching sea of white-robed prairie in a fairy cloudland of crimson and gold and keenest blue, the horses were hitched up into the sleighs, and the fugitives were bowling merrily up the valley so as to strike the main trail before nightfall.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FATE OF SERGEANT PASMORE.

WHEN Sergeant Pasmore was left in the dug-out, or, to explain more fully, the hut built into the side of a hill, he sat down in the semi-darkness and calmly reviewed the situation. It was plain enough.

He was a prisoner, and would be shot within twelve hours; but Douglas and Dorothy were probably now safe, and well on their way to friends. This, at least, was a comforting reflection.

He heard the talking of the breeds at the door; then he saw it open, and one looked in upon him with his rifle resting upon his chest. These were two of the sober crowd. There was no getting away from them. The leaders of the rebels probably by this time knew they had a prisoner, and if he were not forthcoming when they were asked to produce him, the lives of his gaolers would more than likely pay the penalty. True, for Katie's sake they had made an exchange, but that did not matter—no one would know. Yes, they were ready to shoot him like a dog if he made the slightest attempt to escape.

And she, Dorothy—well, he didn't mind dying for her. Within the last twenty-four hours he

had realised how fully she had come into his life. And he had striven against it, but it was written in the book. He could not altogether understand her. At one moment she would be kind and sympathetic, and then, when he unbent and tried to come a step nearer to her, she seemed to freeze and keep him at arm's length. And he thought he had known women once upon a time, in the palmy days across the seas. He wondered what she would think on finding out the truth about her father's release.

It was cold sitting on an upturned pail with his moccasins resting on the frozen clay, and breathing an atmosphere which was like that of a sepulchre. He wished the dawn would break, even although it meant a resumption of that awful riot and bloodshed.

Yes, they would certainly shoot him when they discovered that he was one of the hated red-coats who represented the might and majesty of Great Britain. Why they should now hate the Mounted Police, who had indeed always been their best friends, was one of those problems that can only be explained by the innate perversity of what men call human nature.

He was becoming drowsy, but he heard a strange scraping on the low roof over his head, and that kept him awake for some little time speculating as to whether or not it could be a bear. It seemed a silly speculation, but then, in wild regions, inconvenient prisoners have often been quietly disposed of through roofs and windows during their sleep. As he did not intend to be taken unawares like that, he groped around and found the neck yoke of a bullock. It would do to fell a man with, anyhow.

He could hear the voices of his two guards at the door only indistinctly, for, as has been said, it was a long, narrow room. He wished it were a little lighter so that he might see what he was doing. When the thing on the roof once broke through, he would be in the shadow, while it would be against the light. That would give him the advantage.

At length the unseen intruder reached the straw that covered the thin poles laid one alongside the other. The straw was scraped aside, and then against the dark grey sky Pasmore could see an uncertain shape, but whether man or beast he could not make out. To push aside the pole would be an easy matter. He held his breath, and gripped the neck yoke.

"Hist!" and the figure was evidently trying to attract his attention.

Pasmore thought it as well to wait until he was surer of his visitor. A Mounted Policeman knew better than to give himself away simply.

"His-st, Sar-jean! Katie and Pepin she was send," said the voice again.

It flashed through Pasmore's brain that here now was the explanation of this strange visit. The half-breed (and it was Pierre la Chene himself) had been sent by his sweetheart to effect his rescue. It was, of course, absurd to suppose that Pierre was undertaking this hazardous and philanthropical job on his own account. What else save love could work such wonders?

"Sar-jean, Sar-jean, you ready now?" asked Pierre, impatiently, preparing to pull up the poles.

But Pasmore hesitated. Was he not imperilling the safety of Douglas and his daughter by following so soon after them? For, should they not have got quite clear of the settlement, the hue and cry would be raised and scouts would be sent out all around to cut off their retreat. He thought of Dorothy. No, he could not in his sober senses risk such a thing.

"Sar-jean, Sar-jean!"

But just at that moment, somewhere over in the village, there was a wild outbreak of noise, the sound of rifle-firing being predominant.

The straw was quickly pushed back over the poles and some *débris* and snow scooped over that. At the same moment the door was thrown open and his two guards entered; but they came no further than the doorway. One of them struck a light, and immediately lit some hemp-like substance he carried in his hand. It flared up instantly, illuminating the long barn from end to end.

"Hilloa! you thar?" cried one of them.

But it was unnecessary to have asked such a question, for the light disclosed the form of the sergeant re-seated on the upturned pail, with his head resting on his hands. He appeared to be asleep.

Evidently satisfied with their scrutiny his guards again turned towards the door to find out, if possible, the reason of the firing. The whole settlement would be aroused in a few minutes if it went on, or at least those would who had not entered so fully as the others into the orgie. What could it be? It was in reality Jacques making good his escape, but Pasmore was not to know that.

To the sergeant the uncertainty was painful. Could the rancher and his daughter have been delayed until they had been detected by some vigilant rebels? The idea was terrible. But he noted that the grey wintry dawn was fast creeping over the snow-bound earth, and he concluded that the fugitives must have got through some considerable time before.

The firing ceased, and at last the thoroughly

tired-out man laid himself down on some old sacking, and fell fast asleep.

It was broad daylight when he was awakened by a kick from a moccasined foot.

"Ho, thar!" cried someone. "Git up and be shot!"

The speaker did not repeat the kick, as he took good care to stand well to one side when the sleeper awoke.

Then the present, with all its lurid horror, crashed down upon the soul of Pasmore. He was to be shot—yes, but his heart glowed within him when he thought of Dorothy, for whom he had made this sacrifice!

He rose to his feet. There was a group of dirty, bleary-eyed breeds and Indians standing within the doorway. One or two who had known him before looked on sulkily and silently, for they knew that while he was a man whose hand was iron and whose will was indomitable in the carrying out of the law, he had ever a kindly word and a helping hand for such as needed help. Those who only knew him by the power he represented in the law, openly jeered and crowed over this big "shermoganish" whom now they had fairly in their grasp, and whom they must destroy if the Metis were to own and govern the land. They also, however, kept well away from him, for had they not heard how he had taken three bad Indians single-handed on the Eagle Hills by wounding them in turn, and then driving them before him, on foot, like sheep, into the Fort?

The sun was shining brightly down on the scene of rapine and lawlessness, which looked peaceful and fair enough, in all truth, robed as it was in its snow-white vestments. Only here and there a heap of black and smouldering ruins spoke of the horrors of the previous night. From the scattered houses on the flat, wreaths of smoke were rising right cheerily into the sharp, clear air. Breeds and Indians, men, women, and children, were moving about everywhere, carrying with them, for purposes of display, their ill-gotten goods. Some of the lounging figures at the door even had resplendent new sashes and odd-looking articles that did duty for them wound round their waists and necks. At intervals Pasmore could hear an odd rifle shot, and he guessed that the Fort must be closely invested. His principal thoughts, however, were for Dorothy and her father, whom he hoped were now safely back under the friendly protection of Child-of-Light.

"Sar-jean," said a big half-breed whom he recognised as one of his guards of the previous night, "will you haf to eat and drink?"

The fellow did not look such a callous fanatic as some of the others, and although this promise

of breakfast was not particularly exhilarating, still, Pasmore had a healthy appetite, and he answered in the affirmative.

The big breed issued some orders, and in a few minutes, to Pasmore's no little satisfaction, a lad brought a tin of biscuits, a tin of salmon, a piece of cheese, and a spoon, all obviously supplied by the Hudson Bay Company on the previous evening free of charge.

He sat down on the upturned pail once more and enjoyed the simple fare. It was queer to think that this meal in all probability would be his last on earth. His surroundings seemed incongruous and unreal, and his mind ran in a vein of whimsical speculation. It is strange to think, but it is a fact, all the same, that certain temperaments, when face to face with death, allow their thoughts to take an oddly critical and retrospective view of things in general. The fear of death does not affect them, although, at the same time, they are fully conscious of the momentous issues of their fate.

The crowd gathered around the door of the long building, and many were the uncouth jests made at the expense of the prisoner. One or two still half-drunk Indians pushed their way through and came close up to him, talking volubly and shaking their firearms in his face. But the big breed let out at them with his great fists, and sent them away expostulating still more volubly. Pasmore could easily have settled the matter himself under other circumstances, but he did not wish to precipitate matters. The crowd grew in numbers, and very soon he gathered something in regard to what was on foot.

He was to be taken to a certain little rise on the outskirts of the village, where the Police had shot a notorious malcontent and murderer some years before, and there he was, in his turn, to be executed. This would be retributive justice! Pasmore recollected with cynical amusement how some of these very same rebels had lived for years in dread of their lives from that desperado, and how at the time nearly the whole population had expressed their satisfaction and thanks to the Police for getting rid of the outlaw, who had been killed in resisting arrest. Now, when it suited their ends, the latter was a martyr, and he was a malefactor. He wished they would hurry up and shoot him out of hand if he was to be shot. He did not know what horrible formality might not be in store for him before they did that. But how beautifully the sun was shining! He had hardly thought that Battleford could be so fair to look upon.

At last he saw several breeds approaching:

and one of them carried with him an axe and a quantity of rope.

And behind the breeds, greeted by lusty acclamations from the mob, came Louis Riel.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CLOSE CALL.



AS the would-be priest and originator of two rebellions approached Pasmore, the ragged, wild-eyed, clamorous crowd made way for him. It was ludicrous to note the air of superiority and braggadocio that this inordinately vain and ambitious man adopted. The prisoner was standing surrounded by his now largely augmented guard, who, forgetful of one another's contiguity, had their many-wonderfully and fearfully made blunderbusses levelled at him, ready to blow him into little pieces at a moment's notice if he made the slightest attempt to resist or escape. Great would have been the slaughter amongst the Metis if this had happened.

"Prisoner," said Riel, with a decided French accent, "you are a spy."

He fixed his dark grey eyes upon Pasmore angrily, and jerked out what he had to say.

"I fail to see how one who wears the Queen's uniform can be a spy," said Pasmore, undoing the leather tags of his long buffalo coat and showing a serge jacket with the regimental brass button on it.

"Ah, that is enough—one of the Mounted Police! What are you doing in this camp?"

"It is I who should be asking you that question. What are *you* doing under arms? Another rebellion? Be warned by me, Monsieur Riel, and stop this bloodshed as you value your immortal soul."

He knew that through the fanatic's religious lay the only way of reaching him at all.

But the only effect these words had upon Riel was to further incense the arch-rebel.

"Bind him, and search him," he cried.

Pasmore knew that resistance was hopeless, so quietly submitted. Their mode of tying him was unique. They put a rope round his waist, leaving his arms free, while the two ends were held on either side by a couple of men. His late guard, the big breed, who could not have been such a bad fellow, discovered his pipe, tobacco, and matches in one pocket, but withdrew his hand quickly.

"Nozing thar," he declared.

Whether or not he thought the prisoner might soon require them on his way to the Happy Hunting Grounds is a matter of speculation.

They took his pocket-knife and keys, and in

the inner pocket of his jacket they found the usual regimental papers and weekly reports pertaining to the Police Detachment. These are as alike as peas throughout the Territories, and not of the slightest value or interest, but to Riel it was a great find. He spread them out, scanned a few lines here and there, opened his eyes wide, pursed his lips, and then, as if it were superfluous pursuing the matter further, waved his hand in a melodramatic fashion, and cried—

"It is enough! He is of the Police. He has also been found spying in camp, and the penalty for that is death. I hear he is one of the men who ran down and shot Heinault, who was one of the people. Let him be taken to the same spot and shot also. He took the blood of the Metis—let the Metis now take his! Away with him!"

Such a wild yelling, whooping, and brandishing of guns took place at these words that Pasmore thought there would be little necessity to take him to the spot where "Wild Joe" of tender memory slept. When an antiquated fowling-piece actually did go off and shot an Indian in the legs the uproar was inconceivable. Pasmore thought of Rory's dogs having

a sporting five minutes, and smiled, despite the gravity of the situation. But order was restored, and with Riel and two of his so-called "generals" in the lead, and a straggling crowd of human beings and dogs following, the prisoner was led slowly towards the spot fixed for his execution.

Past the piles of smouldering ashes, and tracks strewn with all sorts of destroyed merchandise, they went. They had looted the stores to their hearts' content, and were now rioting in an excess of what to them was good living; but where those short-sighted creatures expected to get fresh supplies from is a question they probably never once put to themselves. Silent



"I FAIL TO SEE HOW ONE WHO WEARS THE QUEEN'S UNIFORM CAN BE A SPY."

and powerless in King Frost's embrace lay the great river. How like beautiful flagree work some of the pine-boughs looked against the snow banks and the pale blue sky! How lovely seemed the whole world! Pasmore was thinking about many things, but most he was thinking of someone whom he hoped was now making her

way over the snow, and for whose sake he was now here. No, he did not grudge his life, but it was a strange way to die after all his hopes—mostly shattered ones; to be led like a brute beast amongst a crowd of jeering half-breeds who, only a few days before, were ready to doff their caps at sight of him; and to be shot dead by them with such short shrift, and because he had only done his duty! . . .

They were coming to the rise now. How like a gallows that tall, dead, scraggy pine looked against the pale grey! How the hound-like mob alongside yelled and jeered! One of them—he knew him well—he of the evil Mongolian-like eyes and snaky locks—whom he had spoken a timely word to a year ago and saved from prison—from some little distance took the opportunity of throwing a piece of frozen snow at Pasmore. It struck the policeman behind the ear, causing him to feel sick and dizzy. He felt the hot blood trickling down his neck, and he heard one or two of the pack laughing.

"He will be plenty dead soon," said one. "What does it matter?"

But the big breed, with a touch of that humanity which beats down prejudice and makes us all akin, turned upon the now unpleasantly demonstrative rabble, and swore at them roundly. In another moment Pasmore was himself again, and he could see that gallows-like tree right in front of him. . . . And what was that hulking brute alongside saying about skulking shermoganish? Was he going to his death hearing the uniform he wore insulted by cowardly brutes without making a resistance of some sort? He knew he would be shot down instantly if he did, and they would be glad of an excuse, but that would be only cutting short the agony. The veins swelled on his forehead, and he felt his limbs stiffen. He made a sudden movement, but the big breed caught his arm and whispered in his ear. It was an Indian saying which meant that until the Great Spirit Himself called, it was folly to listen to those who tempted. It was not so much the hope these few words carried with them, as the spirit in which they were uttered, that stayed Pasmore's precipitate action. He knew that no help would come from the invested Fort, but God at times brought about many wonderful things.

As they led him up the rough, conical mound he breathed a prayer for Divine aid. It would be nothing short of a miracle now if in a few minutes he were not dead. They faced him about and tied him to the tree; and now he looked down upon the upturned faces of the wild-eyed, fiery-natured rebels.

Riel stepped forward with the papers in his hand.

"Prisoner," he said, "you have been caught red-handed, and the Metis will it that you must die. Is it not so?"—he turned to the crowd—"On the spot where he now stands he spilt the blood of the Metis. What say you?"

There was a hoarse yell of assent from the followers of the fanatic.

Riel turned to one of his generals, who cried to some one in the crowd. It was the next of kin to Heinault, who had been shot on that very spot, and in very truth he looked a fit representative of the man who had perished for his crimes. He was indeed an ill-looking scoundrel. There was a gratified grin upon his evil face. He knew Pasmore of old, and Pasmore had very good reason to know him. Their eyes met.

"Now you will nevare, nevare threaten me one, two, three times again," he cried.

Pasmore looked into the cruel, eager face of the breed, and he knew that no hope lay there. Then he caught the gleam of snow on the crest of the opposite ridge—it was scintillating as if set with diamonds. How beautiful was that bit of blue seen through the pillar-like stems of the pines!

Pasmore's thoughts were now elsewhere than with his executioners, when unexpectedly there came an interruption. There was a hurried scattering of the crowd at the foot of the mound, and Pepin Quesnelle, leading his bear, appeared upon the scene. That his short legs had been sorely tried in reaching the spot there could be little doubt, for his face was very red, and it was evident he had wrought himself into something very nearly approaching a passion.

Riel, who had at first turned round with an angry exclamation on his lips, seemed somewhat startled when he saw the weird figures before him, for he, too, like the breeds and Indians, was not without a species of superstitious dread of the manikin and his strange attendant. The executioner glared at the intruder angrily.

"Wait, you just wait one bit—*coquin*, rascal, fool!" gasped Pepin, pulling up within a few yards of him, and shaking his stick. "You will not kill that man, I say you will not! I know you, Leon Heinault; it is because this man will stop you from doing as your vile cousin did that you want to shoot him." He turned to Riel. "Tell him to put down that gun!"

But Riel had the dignity of his position to maintain before the crowd, and although he would not meet the black, bead-like eyes of the dwarf, with no little bluster he said—

"This man is a spy, and he must die. He is of the hated English, and it is the will of the Lord that His people, the Metis, inherit the land."



"And I say, Louis Riel, that it is the will of the Lord that this man shall not die!" reiterated the dwarf, emphasising his words with a flourish of his stick.

Then an uncanny thing happened that to this day the Metis speak about with bated breath, and the Indians are afraid to mention at all. Heinault, who during the wrangle had concluded that his quarry was about to slip through his hands, took the opportunity of raising his gun to the shoulder. But ere he could pull the trigger there was

BUT ERE HE COULD PULL THE TRIGGER THERE WAS THE WHISTLE OF A BULLET, AND HE FELL DEAD IN THE SNOW.

the whistle of a bullet, and he fell dead in the snow. Then, somewhere from the wooded bluffs—for the echoes deceived one—there came the distant ring of a rifle.

The perspiration was standing in beads on Pasmore's forehead, for he would have been more than human had not the strain of the terrible ordeal told upon him. From a dogged abandonment to his fate, a ray of hope lit up the darkness that seemed to have closed over him. It filtered through his being, but he feared to let it grow, knowing the bitterness of hope's extinction. But the blue through the pines seemed more beautiful, and the snow on the crest of the ridge scintillated more cheerily.

As the would-be executioner fell, something like a moan of consternation ran through the crowd. The dwarf was the only one who seemed to take the tragedy as a matter of course. He was quick to seize the opportunity.

"It is as the Lord has willed," he said simply, pointing to the body.

But Riel, visibly taken aback by this sudden contretemps, knew only too well that his cause and influence would be imperilled if he allowed this manikin, of whom his people stood so much in awe, to get the better of him, and he was too quick-witted not to know exactly what to do. He turned to his officers, and immediately a number of breeds started out to scour the bluffs. Then he called upon five breeds and Indians by name to step forward, and to see that their rifles were charged. Pepin waited quietly until his arrangements were completed, and then, looking round upon the crowd with his dark eyes, and finally fixing them upon the arch-rebel, he spoke with such strength and earnestness that his hearers stood breathless and spellbound. The file of men which had been drawn up to act as executioners, and the condemned man himself, hung upon his words. It was significant that, after the fatal shot had been fired, no one seemed to be apprehensive of a second.

"Louis Riel, he began, "you are one bigger fool than I did take you for!"

Riel started forward angrily, and was about to speak when the dwarf stopped him with a motion of his hand.

"You are a fool because you cannot see where you are going, he continued.

"Can't I, Mr. Hop-o'-my-thumb?" broke out the rebel in a white heat, shouldering his rifle.

But the dwarf raised his stick warningly, and catching Riel's shifty gaze, held it as if by some spell until the rifle barrel sunk lower inch by inch.

"If you do, Louis Riel, if you do, the Lord will give you short shrift!" he said. "Now,

I will tell you what I see, and to you it ought to be plain, for you have been in Montreal and Quebec, and know much more than is known to the Metis. I see—and it will come to pass long before the ice that is in one great mass in this river is carried down and melts in the big lakes, whose waters drain into the Bay of Hudson—I see the soldiers of the great Queen swarming all over the land in numbers like the gophers on the prairie. They have wrested from you Battleford, Prince Albert, and Batoche. I see a battlefield, and the soldiers of the Queen have the great guns—as big as Red River carts—that shoot high into the air as flies the kite, and rain down bullets and jagged iron like unto the hailstorms that sweep the land in summer time. I see the bodies of the Metis lying dead upon the ground as thick as the sheaves of wheat upon the harvest-field. Many I see that crawl away into the woods to die, like to the timber-wolves when they have eaten of the poison. I see the Metis scattered and homeless. I see you, Louis Riel, who have misled them, skulking alone in the woods like a hunted coyote, without rest night and day, with nothing to eat, and with no moccasins to your feet. But the red-coats will catch you, for there is no trail too long or too broken for the Riders of the Plains to follow. And, above all, and take heed, Louis Riel, I see the great beams of the gallows-tree looming up blackly against the grey of a weary dawn; and that will be your portion if you shoot this man. Put him in prison if you will, and keep him as a hostage: but if you spill innocent blood wantonly, as the Lord liveth, you shall swing in mid-air. And now I have spoken, and you have all seen how the hand of the Lord directed the bullet that laid that thing low. Remember this—there are more bullets!"

The dwarf paused, and there was a death-like stillness. Riel stood motionless, glaring into space, as if he still saw that picture of the gallows. While as for Pasmore, his heart was thumping against his ribs, for the spark of Hope within him had burst into flame, and he saw how beautiful was the blue between the columns of the pines.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACROSS THE ICE.

PEPIN QUESNELLE'S weird speech had worked upon the superstitious natures of the arch-rebel and his followers alike. for they unbound Pasmore from the tree and hurried him away to a tenantless log hut. the big breed and two others staying to guard him. Riel, with some of his followers, started off on sleighs to Prince Albert, to direct operations

there, while the remainder stayed behind to further harass the beleaguered garrison. Pasmore was now glad that he had not offered a resistance that must have proved futile when his life hung in the balance. He offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving for his deliverance so far, and he mused over the strange little being with a deformed body, to whom God had given powers to see more clearly than his fellows.

The big breed was remarkably attentive to his wants, but strangely silent. When night arrived, Pasmore was placed in a little room which had a window much too small for a man's body to pass through, and left to himself. He could hear his guards talking in the only room that led to it. Pasmore had slept during the afternoon, and when he awoke late in the evening he was imbued with but one idea, and that was to escape. The fickle natures of the half-breeds might change at any moment.

It was close on midnight, and there was not a sound in the other room. Pasmore had, by standing on the rude couch, begun operations on the roof with a long thatching needle he had found on the wall-plate, when the door silently opened and a flood of light streamed in. He turned, and there stood the big breed silently watching. Pasmore stared at him apprehensively, but the big breed merely placed one finger on his lips to enjoin silence, and beckoned him to descend. Wondering, Pasmore did so. His gaoler took him by the arm, and stealthily they entered the other room, their moccasined feet making no noise. There, on the floor, lay the other two guards, fast asleep. The big breed opened the door and they passed out. Pasmore's brain almost refused to grasp the situation. Was his gaoler going to assist him to escape?

But so it was. There was no one about. Everyone seemed to be asleep after the orgie on the previous night. At last they reached a large empty shed on the outskirts of the village, and there his guide suddenly left him without a word. Pasmore was about to pass out, and make good his escape, when suddenly he was hailed by a voice that he knew well.

"Aha! villain, *coquin!*" it said, "and so you are here! *Bien!* This is a good day's work; is it not so?"

"Pepin Quesnelle!" cried Pasmore, going towards him. "No words can thank you for what you have done for me this day."

"And who wants your thanks?" asked the dwarf, good-naturedly. "Come, the shake of a hand belonging to an honest man is thanks enough for me. Put it thar, as the Yanks say."

And Pasmore felt, as he obeyed, that, despite

his extraordinary foibles, Pepin Quesnelle was a man whom he could respect and to whom he owed a debt of gratitude that he could never repay.

"Now, that is all right," observed Pepin, "and you will come with me. Some friends of Katie's have found a friend of yours to-day in the woods, and I will take you to him."

But Pepin would tell no more; his short legs, indeed, required all his energies. But after winding in and out of the bluffs for an hour or more, Pasmore found out who the friend was. Coming suddenly upon a couple of hay-stacks in a hollow of the bluffs, the dwarf put his fingers to his lips and whistled in a peculiar fashion. In another moment a dark figure emerged from the shadow.

"Top av the marnin' t'ye," it said.

"Rory, by all that's wonderful!" exclaimed Pasmore as they wrung each other's hands.

"That's me," said Rory. "Now, here's a sleigh. I fancy it was wance Dumont's, or some other gint's, but I'm thinkin' it's ours now. It's bruk the heart av me thet I couldn't bring them dogs along. If we have luck we'll be back at the ranche before noon to-morrer. Jest ketch hold av this rifle and I'll drive."

In the clear moonlight Pasmore could see a team standing on an old trail not fifteen yards away.

"But just let me say good-bye first to Pepin," said Pasmore.

But Pepin Quesnelle had vanished mysteriously into the night.

"Rory," asked Pasmore a little later, when the team of spirited horses was bowling merrily along the by-trail, "was it you who fired that shot to-day and saved my life?"

"Young man," said Rory, solemnly, "hev yer got sich a thing about yer as a match—me poipe's gone out?"

And Pasmore knew that, so far as Rory was concerned, the subject was closed.

Next day about noon the two were to the north of the valley, where lay the ranche. On rounding a bluff they came unexpectedly upon three Indians in sleighs, who had evidently just cut the trail.

"Child-of-Light!" they cried, recognising the foremost.

A wave of apprehension swept over Pasmore when he saw the inscrutable expression on the face of the friendly chief. Was it well with the rancher and his daughter?

"Ough, ough!" ejaculated Child-of-Light, wonderingly, as he caught sight of Pasmore. He pulled up, jumped out of his sleigh, and shook hands cordially.

"Child-of-Light's heart lightens again to see

you, brother," he said. "His heart was heavy because he thought Poundmaker must have stilled yours."

"Child-of-Light is ever a friend," rejoined Pasmore. "But what of Douglas and the others?"

Then Child-of-Light told him how on the previous morning Douglas and his daughter had reached the ranche. But as Poundmaker's men were hovering in great strength in the neighbourhood, he, Child-of-Light, had deemed it advisable that they should take fresh horses and proceed in an easterly direction towards Fort Pitt, and then in a northerly, until they came to that secluded valley of which he had previously told them. They had done this, and gone on with hardly a pause.

In the meantime Child-of-Light had sent some of his braves to run off the rancher's herd of horses to a remote part of the country, where they would be safe from the enemy, while he and one or two others remained behind to cover his retreat. But alarming news had just been brought him by a runner. Big Bear had perpetrated a terrible massacre at Frog Lake, near Fort Pitt. Ten persons had been shot in the church, and two brave priests, Fathers Farfand and Marchand, had been beaten to death. If Douglas and the others kept on they must run right into their hands. It was to catch them up, if possible, and fetch them back before they crossed the Saskatchewan, that Child-of-Light was on his way now. Better to fall into the hands of Poundmaker and his braves, who probably now realised that they had gone too far, than into those of Big Bear, who was a fiend. Of course, he, Pasmore, would come with them.

"But are there no fresh horses for us, Child-of-Light?" asked Pasmore. "If the others have got a good start and fresh horses, can we catch them up?"

"I have said I have sent all the horses of Douglas away for safe keeping. We must overtake them with what we have. The Great Spirit is good and may do much for us."

"Then let us push on, Child-of-Light, for it will be a grievous thing if evil befall our friends now."

For three days they travelled in a north-easterly direction, but the sun had gained power, and spring had come with a rush, as it does in that part of the world. The first chinook wind that came from the west, through the passes of the Rockies from warm southern seas, would render travelling impossible—their sleighs would be useless. The great danger was that Douglas and the others would have passed over the Saskatchewan, and the ice breaking up behind them would have cut off their retreat.

In those three days the party was tortured with alternate hopes and fears. Now it was a horse breaking through the softening crust of snow and coming down, and then it would be one playing out altogether. If in another day those in front were not overtaken, it was pretty certain they must run into Big Bear's band, and that would mean wholesale massacre. In order to catch them up they walked most of the night, leading their horses along the trail. On the fourth day they sighted the broad Saskatchewan, now with many blue trickling streams of water upon its surface and cracking ominously. They scanned the opposite shore in the neighbourhood of the trail anxiously.

"Look, brother," cried Child-of-Light, "they are camped on the opposite bank, and away over yonder, coming down the plateau, are Indians who must belong to Big Bear's band. But the river is not safe now to cross. I can hear it breaking up and coming down at the speed of a young broncho away up the reaches. Before the sun sets this river will be as the Great Falls in the spring, when the wind is from the west."

It was as the keen-eyed and keen-eared red man said. There were the rancher and his party camped on the other side, in all innocence of the Indians who, unseen, were stringing over the plateau. There was no time to be lost.

"You give me your jumper, Child-of-Light, and your pony—they are the best," Pasmore cried. "I shall be back with the others before long. In the meantime, look to your guns."

The others would fain have accompanied him, but Pasmore knew that would only be aggravating the danger. Without a moment's delay he jumped into the light box of wood and urged the sure-footed pony across the now groaning and creaking ice. And now there broke upon his ears what before only the Indian had heard. It was the coming down of the river in flood, miles away. It sounded like the roar of a distant Niagara. Here and there his pony was up to the fetlocks in water, and the ice heaved beneath him. Every now and again there was a mighty crackle, resembling the breaking of a thunderbolt, that sent his heart into his mouth. He feared then that the end had come and he would be too late. With rein and voice he urged the sure-footed pony across the ice. Would he never reach the opposite bank? But once there, would it be possible for the party to recross? Surely it would be as much as their lives were worth to try.

Long before Pasmore had reached the landing, Douglas and the others had seen him. It was no time for greetings, and, indeed, their meeting was one too deep for words. They merely wrung each other's hands, and something said



IT TOOK ALL THE STRENGTH THAT PASMORE POSSESSED TO PULL UP ON THE BRINK.

precipitously like moisture stood in the rancher's eyes. As for Dorothy, she could not utter a word, but there was something in her look that

quicken'd Pasmore's heart-beats even then.

"You must be quick," cried Pasmore. "Big Bear will be down upon you in ten minutes.

Look! There they are now. There is yet time to cross."

And as he spoke there came a roar like thunder, travelling from the higher reaches of the river towards them; it passed them and was lost in the lower reaches. It was the "back" of the ice being broken—the preliminary to the grand chaos that was to come. The Indians had seen them now, and were coming at a gallop not a mile away.

Douglas, Jacques, and Bastien ran and hitched up the horses into the sleighs.

"You are not afraid to tackle it, are you?" asked Pasmore, as he looked into the girl's face.

"I'd tackle it now if it were moving down in pieces no bigger than door-mats," she answered smilingly.

"Then will you tackle it with me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "Jump in, and I'll follow. Your sleigh is empty, and father's is full of all sorts of things—it's too heavy as it is. Here they come! Dad, I'm going with Mr. Pasmore," she cried; and the sleighs raced abreast of one another down the slope.

"Spread out there," cried Pasmore, "and don't bunch together, or—"

He did not finish the sentence, for just at that moment there came a *ping* from the shore they had just left, and a bullet sent up a jet of water into the air alongside of them. There was another great rending sound from the ice that struck terror into their hearts. Their horses quivered with excitement as they darted forward. There was a roar in their ears that sounded as if they were close to a battery of artillery in action. *Ping, ping, ping!* and the bullets came whizzing over their heads or skidding on the ice alongside. It was a lucky thing for them that the Indians were too keen in the pursuit to take proper aim. Separating, so as

to minimise the danger, each team dashed forward on its own account.

"Stay with it, broncho! Stick to it, my son!" yelled Pasmore.

In the pauses of the thundering and rending there cut clearly into the now mild air the clattering of the horses' hoofs, the hum of the steel-shod runners, and the *ping, ping* of the rifles. It was a race for life with a vengeance, with death ahead and alongside, and with death at their heels. A gap in the ice, or a stumble, and it would surely be all up with them.

"Go it, my game little broncho!" and with rein and voice Pasmore urged the brave steed onwards.

"Hello! there goes the breed's pony!" cried Pasmore.

A bullet had struck Bastien's horse behind the ear and brought it down all of a heap upon the ice. There was an ear-splitting crack just at that moment which added to the terror of the situation. But the rancher pulled his horse up by a supreme effort, and Bastien, deserting his sleigh, leapt in beside him. Then on again

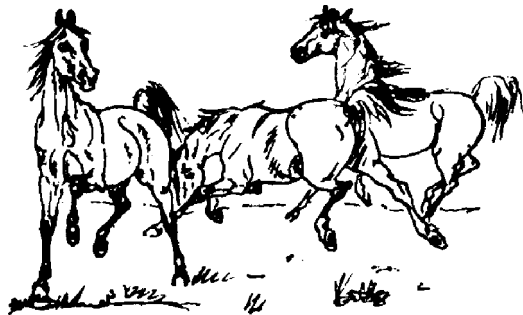
Pasmore's pony was now somewhat behind the others, when suddenly there was a mighty roar, and a great crevasse opened up in front of them. It took all the strength that Pasmore possessed to pull up on the brink.

"We must get out and jump over this somehow," Pasmore cried to Dorothy. "It's neck or nothing."

So they sprang out of the sleigh, unhitched the plucky pony, and prepared to cross the deadly looking fissure.

John Macchi.

(To be continued.)





HARRISON'S SLIGHT ERROR.

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

THE one o'clock down express was just on the point of starting. The engine-driver, with his hand on the lever, whiled away the moments, like the watchman in the "Agamemnon," by whistling. The guard endeavoured to talk to three people at once. Porters flitted to and fro, cleaving a path for themselves with trucks of luggage. The Usual Old Lady was asking if she was right for some place nobody had ever heard of. Everybody was saying good-bye to everybody else, and last, but not least, P. St. H. Harrison, of St. Austin's, was strolling at a leisurely pace towards the rear of the train. There was no need for him to hurry. For had not his friend, Mace, promised to keep a corner-seat for him while he went to the refreshment-room to lay in supplies? Undoubtedly he had, and Harrison, as he watched the struggling crowd, congratulated himself that he was not as other men. A corner seat in a carriage full of his own particular friends, with plenty of provisions and something to read in case he got tired of talking—it would be perfect.

So engrossed was he in these reflections that he did not notice that from the opposite end of the platform a youth of about his own age was also making for the compartment in question. The first intimation he had of his presence was when the latter, arriving first at the door by a short head, hurled a bag on to the rack, and sank gracefully into the identical corner seat which Harrison had long regarded as his own personal property. And to make matters worse, there was no other vacant seat in the compartment. Harrison was about to protest when the guard blew his whistle. There was nothing for it but to

jump in and argue the matter out *en route*. Harrison jumped in, to be greeted instantly by a chorus of nine male voices. "Outside there! No room! Turn him out!" said the chorus. Then the chorus broke up into its component parts and began to address him one by one.

"You rotter, Harrison," said Babington, of Dacre's, "what do you come bargeing in here for? Can't you see we're five aside already?"

"Hope you've brought a sardine-opener with you, old chap," said Barrett, the peerless pride of Philpott's, "'cos we shall jolly well need one when we get to the good old junction. Get up into the rack, Harrison, you're stopping the ventilation."

The youth who had commandeered Harrison's seat so neatly took another unpardonable liberty at this point. He grinned. Not the timid, deprecating smile of one who wishes to ingratiate himself with strangers, but a good, six-inch grin right across his face. Harrison turned on him savagely.

"Look here," he said, "just you get out of that. What do you mean by bagging my seat?"

"Are you a director of this line?" enquired the youth politely. Roars of applause from the interested audience. Harrison began to feel hot and uncomfortable.

"Or only the Emperor of Germany?" pursued his antagonist.

More applause, during which Harrison dropped his bag of provisions, which were instantly seized and divided on the share and share alike system among the gratified Austrians.

"Look here, none of your cheek," was the shockingly feeble retort which alone occurred to him. The other said nothing. Harrison returned to the attack.

"Look here," he said, "are you going to get out or have I got to make you?"

Not a word did his opponent utter. To quote the bard: "The stripling smiled. To tell the truth, the stripling smiled inanely."

The other occupants of the carriage were far from imitating his reserve. These treacherous friends, realising that, for those who were themselves comfortably seated, the spectacle of Harrison standing up with aching limbs for a journey of a hundred and thirty miles would be both grateful and comforting, espoused the cause of the unknown with all the vigour of which they were capable.

"Beastly bully, Harrison," said Barrett. "Trying to turn the kid out of his seat! Why can't you leave the chap alone? Don't you move, kid."

"Thanks," said the unknown, "I wasn't going to."

"Now you see what comes of slacking," said Grey. "If you'd bucked up and got here in time you might have bagged this seat I've got. By jove, Harrison, you've no idea how comfortable it is in this corner."

"Punctuality," said Babington, "is the politeness of princes."

And again the unknown maddened Harrison with a "best-on-record" grin.

"But, I say, you chaps," said he, determined as a last resource to appeal to their better feelings (if any), "Mace was keeping this seat for me, while I went to get some grub. Weren't you, Mace?" He turned to Mace for corroboration. To his surprise, Mace was nowhere to be seen.

His sympathetic school-fellows grasped the full humour of the situation as one man, and gave tongue once more in chorus.

"You weed," they yelled joyfully, "you've got into the wrong carriage. Mace is next door."

And then, with the sound of unquenchable laughter ringing in his ears, Harrison gave the thing up, and relapsed into a disgusted silence. No single word did he speak until the journey was done, and the carriage emptied itself of its occupants at the junction. The local train was in readiness to take them on to St. Austin's, and this time Harrison managed to find a seat without much difficulty. But it was a bitter moment when Mace, meeting him on the platform, addressed him as a rotter, for that he had not come to claim the corner seat which he had been reserving for him. They had had, said Mace, a rattling good time coming down. What sort of a time had Harrison had in his carriage? Harrison's reply was not remarkable for its clearness.

The unknown had also entered the local train. It was plain, therefore, that he was coming to the school as a new boy. Harri-

son began to wonder if, under these circumstances, something might not be done in the matter by way of levelling up things. He pondered. When St. Austin's station was reached and the travellers began to stream up the road towards the college, he discovered that the newcomer was a member of his own house. He was standing close beside him, and heard Babington explaining to him the way to Merevale's. Merevale was Harrison's house-master.

It was two minutes after he had found out this fact that the Grand Idea came to Harrison. He saw his way now to a revenge so artistic, so beautifully simple, that it was with some difficulty that he restrained himself from bursting into song. For two pins, he felt, he could have done a step-dance.

He checked his emotion. He beat it steadily back, and quenched it. When he arrived at Merevale's, he went first to the matron's room. "Has Venables come back yet?" he asked.

Venables was the head of Merevale's house, captain of the school cricket, wing three-quarter of the school fifteen, and a great man altogether.

"Yes," said the matron, "he came back early this afternoon."

Harrison knew it. Venables always came back early on the last day of the holidays.

"He was upstairs a short while ago," continued the matron. "He was putting his study tidy."

Harrison knew it. Venables always put his study tidy on the last day of the holidays. He took a keen and perfectly justifiable pride in his study, which was the most luxurious in the house.

"Is he there now?" asked Harrison.

"No. He has gone over to see the head-master."

"Thanks," said Harrison, "it doesn't matter. It wasn't anything important."

He retired triumphant. Things were going excellently well for his scheme.

His next act was to go to the fags' room, where, as he had expected, he found his friend of the train. Luck continued to be with him. The unknown was alone.

"Hullo!" said Harrison.

"Hullo!" said the fellow-traveller. He had resolved to follow Harrison's lead. If Harrison was bringing war, then war let it be. If, however, his intentions were friendly, he would be friendly too.

"I didn't know you were coming to Merevale's. It's the best house in the school."



"LOOK HERE," HE SAID, "ARE YOU GOING TO GET OUT OR HAVE I GOT TO MAKE YOU?"

you," said the gratified unknown, and they went upstairs together.

One of the doors which they passed on their way was open, disclosing to view a room which, though bare at present, looked as if it might be made exceedingly comfortable.

"That's my den," said Harrison. It was perhaps lucky that Graham, to whom the room belonged, in fact, as opposed to fiction, did not hear the remark. Graham and Harrison were old and tried foes. "This is yours." Harrison pushed open another door at the end of the passage.

His companion stared blankly at the

"Oh!"

"Yes, for one thing everybody except the kids has a study."

"What? Not really? Why, I thought we had to keep to this room. One of the chaps told me so."

"Trying to green you, probably. You must look out for that sort of thing. I'll show you the way to your study, if you like. Come along upstairs."

"Thanks, awfully. It's awfully good of

The other occupants of the carriage were far from imitating his reserve. These treacherous friends, realising that, for those who were themselves comfortably seated, the spectacle of Harrison standing up with aching limbs for a journey of a hundred and thirty miles would be both grateful and comforting, espoused the cause of the unknown with all the vigour of which they were capable.

"Beastly bully, Harrison," said Barrett. "Trying to turn the kid out of his seat! Why can't you leave the chap alone? Don't you move, kid."

"Thanks," said the unknown, "I wasn't going to."

"Now you see what comes of slacking," said Grey. "If you'd bucked up and got here in time you might have bagged this seat I've got. By jove, Harrison, you've no idea how comfortable it is in this corner."

"Punctuality," said Babington, "is the politeness of princes."

And again the unknown maddened Harrison with a "best-on-record" grin.

"But, I say, you chaps," said he, determined as a last resource to appeal to their better feelings (if any), "Mace was keeping this seat for me, while I went to get some grub. Weren't you, Mace?" He turned to Mace for corroboration. To his surprise, Mace was nowhere to be seen.

His sympathetic school-fellows grasped the full humour of the situation as one man, and gave tongue once more in chorus.

"You weed," they yelled joyfully, "you've got into the wrong carriage. Mace is next door."

And then, with the sound of unquenchable laughter ringing in his ears, Harrison gave the thing up, and relapsed into a disgusted silence. No single word did he speak until the journey was done, and the carriage emptied itself of its occupants at the junction. The local train was in readiness to take them on to St. Austin's, and this time Harrison managed to find a seat without much difficulty. But it was a bitter moment when Mace, meeting him on the platform, addressed him as a rotter, for that he had not come to claim the corner seat which he had been reserving for him. They had had, said Mace, a rattling good time coming down. What sort of a time had Harrison had in his carriage? Harrison's reply was not remarkable for its clearness.

The unknown had also entered the local train. It was plain, therefore, that he was coming to the school as a new boy. Harri-

son began to wonder if, under these circumstances, something might not be done in the matter by way of levelling up things. He pondered. When St. Austin's station was reached and the travellers began to stream up the road towards the college, he discovered that the newcomer was a member of his own house. He was standing close beside him, and heard Babington explaining to him the way to Merevale's. Merevale was Harrison's house-master.

It was two minutes after he had found out this fact that the Grand Idea came to Harrison. He saw his way now to a revenge so artistic, so beautifully simple, that it was with some difficulty that he restrained himself from bursting into song. For two pins, he felt, he could have done a step-dance.

He checked his emotion. He beat it steadily back, and quenched it. When he arrived at Merevale's, he went first to the matron's room. "Has Venables come back yet?" he asked.

Venables was the head of Merevale's house, captain of the school cricket, wing three-quarter of the school fifteen, and a great man altogether.

"Yes," said the matron, "he came back early this afternoon."

Harrison knew it. Venables always came back early on the last day of the holidays.

"He was upstairs a short while ago," continued the matron. "He was putting his study tidy."

Harrison knew it. Venables always put his study tidy on the last day of the holidays. He took a keen and perfectly justifiable pride in his study, which was the most luxurious in the house.

"Is he there now?" asked Harrison.

"No. He has gone over to see the head-master."

"Thanks," said Harrison, "it doesn't matter. It wasn't anything important."

He retired triumphant. Things were going excellently well for his scheme.

His next act was to go to the fags' room, where, as he had expected, he found his friend of the train. Luck continued to be with him. The unknown was alone.

"Hullo!" said Harrison.

"Hullo!" said the fellow-traveller. He had resolved to follow Harrison's lead. If Harrison was bringing war, then war let it be. If, however, his intentions were friendly, he would be friendly too.

"I didn't know you were coming to Merevale's. It's the best house in the school."



"LOOK HERE," HE SAID, "ARE YOU GOING TO GET OUT OR HAVE I GOT TO MAKE YOU?"

you," said the gratified unknown, and they went upstairs together.

One of the doors which they passed on their way was open, disclosing to view a room which, though bare at present, looked as if it might be made exceedingly comfortable.

"That's my den," said Harrison. It was perhaps lucky that Graham, to whom the room belonged, in fact, as opposed to fiction, did not hear the remark. Graham and Harrison were old and tried foes. "This is yours." Harrison pushed open another door at the end of the passage.

His companion stared blankly at the

"Oh!"

"Yes, for one thing everybody except the kids has a study."

"What? Not really? Why, I thought we had to keep to this room. One of the chaps told me so."

"Trying to green you, probably. You must look out for that sort of thing. I'll show you the way to your study, if you like. Come along upstairs."

"Thanks, awfully. It's awfully good of

the passage and leave them there. The Moke 'll take 'em away."

The Moke was the official who combined in a single body the duties of butler and boot-boy at Merevale's house.

"Oh, right ho!" said the unknown, and Harrison left him.

Harrison's idea was that when Venables returned and found an absolute stranger placidly engaged in wrecking his carefully-tidied study, he would at once, and without making enquiries, fall upon that absolute stranger and blot him off the face of the earth. Afterwards it might possibly come out that he, Harrison, had been not altogether unconnected with the business, and then, he was fain to admit, there might be trouble. But he was a youth who never took over-much heed for the morrow. Sufficient unto the day was his motto. And, besides,

it was distinctly worth risking. The main point, and the one with which alone the house would concern itself, was that he had completely taken in, scored off, and overwhelmed the youth who had done as much by him in the train, and his re-

putation as one not to be lightly trifled with would be restored to its former brilliance. Anything that might happen between himself and Venables subsequently would be regarded as a purely private matter between man and man, affecting the main point not at all.

About an hour later a small Merevalian informed Harrison that Venables wished to see him in his study. He went. Experience

THE FURNITURE . . .
WAS PICTURESQUELY
SCATTERED ABOUT THE
PASSAGE.

Oriental luxury which met his eye. "But, I say," he said, "are you sure? This seems to be occupied already."

"Oh, no, that's all right," said Harrison, airily. "The chap who used to be here left last term. He didn't know he was going to leave till it was too late to pack up all his things, so he left his study as it was. All you've got to do is to cart the things out into



had taught him that when the head of the house sent for him, it was as a rule as well to humour his whim and go. He was prepared for a good deal, for he had come to the conclusion that it was impossible for him to preserve his incognito in the matter, but he was certainly not prepared for what he saw.

Venables and the stranger were seated in two armchairs, apparently on the very best of terms with one another. And this, in spite of the fact that these two armchairs were the only furniture left in the study. The rest, as he had noted with a grin before he had knocked at the door, was picturesquely scattered about the passage.

"Hullo, Harrison," said Venables, "I wanted to see you. There seems to have been a slight mistake somewhere. Did you tell my brother to shift all the furniture out of the study?"

Harrison turned a delicate shade of green. "Your—er—brother?" he gurgled.

"Yes. I ought to have told you my brother was coming to the coll. this term. I told the Old Man and Merevale and the rest of the authorities. Can't make out why I forgot you. Slipped my mind somehow. However, you seem to have been doing the square thing by him, showing him round and so on. Very good of you."

Harrison smiled feebly. Venables junior grinned. What seemed to Harrison a mystery was how the brothers had managed to arrive at the school at different times. The explanation of which was in reality very simple. The elder Venables had been spending the last week of the holidays with MacArthur, the captain of the St. Austin's fifteen, the same being a day boy, suspended within a mile of the school.

"But what I can't make out," went on Venables, relentlessly, "is this furniture business. To the best of my knowledge I

didn't leave suddenly at the end of last term. I'll ask if you like, to make sure, but I fancy you'll find you've been mistaken. Must have been thinking of someone else. Anyhow, we thought you must know best, so we lugged all the furniture out into the passage, and now it appears there's been a mistake of sorts, and the stuff ought to be inside all the time. So would you mind putting it back again? We'd help you, only we're going out to the shop to get some tea. You might have it done by the time we get back. Thanks, awfully."

Harrison coughed nervously, and rose to a point of order.

"I was going out to tea, too," he said.

"I'm sorry, but I think you'll have to scratch the engagement," said Venables.

Harrison made a last effort.

"I'm fagging for Welch this term," he protested.

It was the rule at St. Austin's that every fag had the right to refuse to serve two masters. Otherwise there would have been no peace for that down-trodden race.

"That," said Venables, "ought to be awfully jolly for Welch, don't you know, but as a matter of fact term hasn't begun yet. It doesn't start till to-morrow. Weigh in."

Various feelings began to wage war beneath Harrison's Eton waistcoat. A profound disinclination to undertake the suggested task battled briskly with a feeling that, if he refused the commission, things might—nay, would—happen.

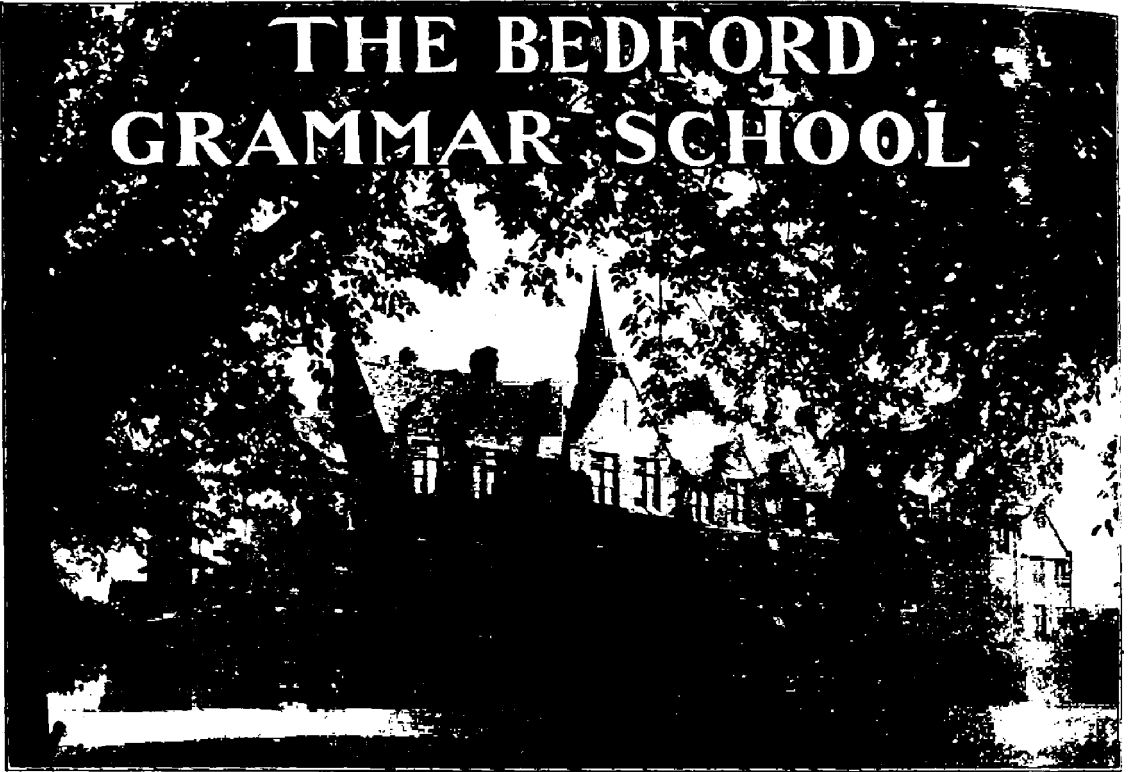
"Harrison," said Venables gently, but with meaning, as he hesitated, "do you know what it is to wish you had never been born?"

And Harrison, with a thoughtful expression on his face, picked up a photograph from the floor, and hung it neatly in its place over the mantelpiece.



I GOMMETT IRENE

THE BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL



By Mrs. DELVES BROUGHTON.

"'Tis Education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

THAT comprehensive word "curriculum" is the one that best applies to Bedford; to it all else gives way, and the schools are at once the profit and pride of the town. The Bedford Grammar School, it has lately been discovered, was the direct successor of, and built on the same site, as a chantry school which had existed prior to the Conquest, but had come to an end in the general dissolution of monasteries and religious houses at the Reformation. Edward VI., in 1552, doubtless to remedy the inconvenience thus caused to the inhabitants by their means of education having been taken from them, granted letters patent to create a new school; but this licence was insufficient without an endowment, and sixteen years elapsed before the latter was forthcoming.

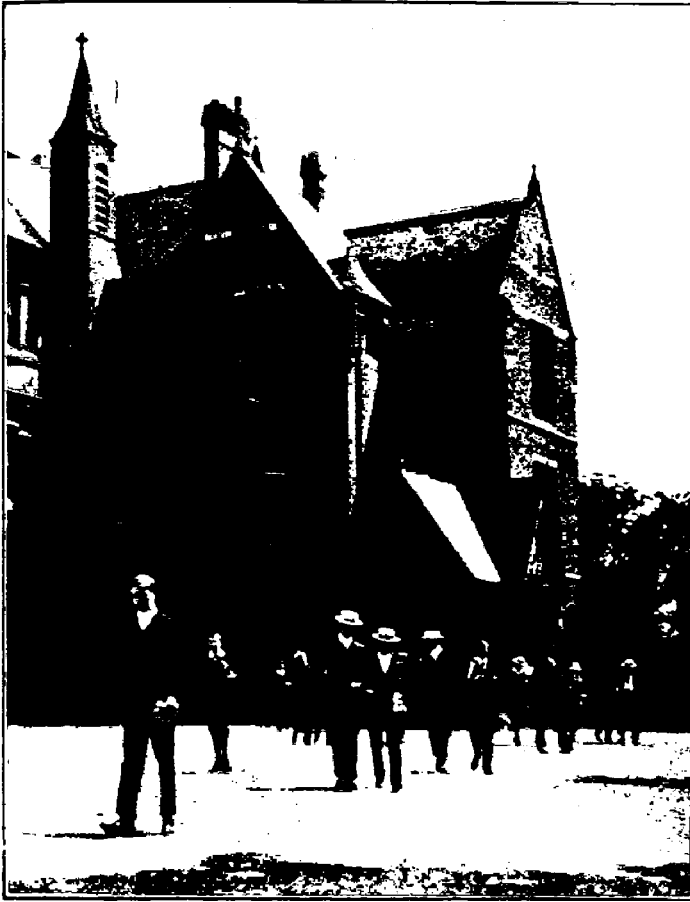


J. SURTEES PHILLPOTTS, M.A., B.C.L.
HEADMASTER OF BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
Photo A. H. Fry, Copyright.

The Grammar School owes its being to Sir William Harpur, a son of one of Bedford's humble inhabitants, who, migrating to London, there amassed a fortune, and, gradually rising in the social scale, became a person of importance, being appointed one of the officers of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and Alderman of the City of London, serving as High Sheriff in 1556, and elected as Lord Mayor of London in 1561. Mindful amidst all these self-earned honours of the home of his childhood, he showed for it an affection so substantial as to hand down his name through succeeding generations as the public benefactor, not only of his native town, but of the whole nation; for in the proper training of her sons to fit them for a life of usefulness to King and country lies the strength of England. No patron Saint could have furnished a more appropriate ex-

ample to his disciples than did this 16th century knight, who, through his own exertions, won fame and riches, and not content with his advancement helped to give to others in the years to come that solid foundation for all true greatness—a good education.

“A knowledge both of books and human kind” can be attained by any boy who has the good fortune to be placed at the Bedford Grammar School; for are there not class-rooms innumerable where books can be studied inside and out according to the taste of the scholar; and is there not ample



A CORNER OF THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

opportunity for a thorough acquaintance with human nature amongst the 800 youths of varying ages who assemble there daily?

The Grammar School has increased by leaps and bounds during the twenty-seven years that Mr. J. S. Phillpotts has been its headmaster. To his energy may be attributed the erection of the new buildings, perfect in every way, and calculated to accommodate 900 boys. These buildings, at a cost of £35,000, took the place of those older ones which sufficed before Bedford School had become so



THE UPPER SCHOOL. AT PHYSICAL DRILL.



THE CARPENTER'S SHOP.

widely known that parents from all quarters of the globe sent their children to it for education.

Out-door sports are liberally catered for,



AT WORK IN THE FORGE.

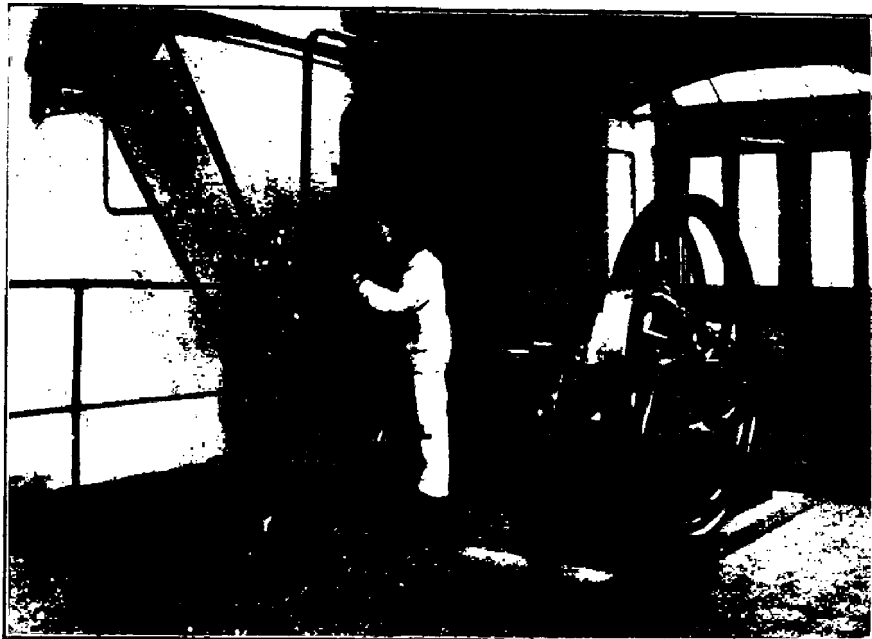
whilst indoors special mention should be made of the workshops. In these are taught carpentering, wood-turning, saddlery, machine drawing, moulding, forge and lathe work and electricity practically applied; clever results from this teaching can here be seen in models of bridges, wrought iron balustrades, ornamental iron gates, and various other interesting specimens made by the boys.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes advocated bodily as well as mental training, and this has been Mr. Phillpotts' aim for many years.

"Of all God's workes which
doe this worlde adorne
There is no one more
faire and excellent
Than is man's body, both
for powre and forme.
Whiles it is kept in
sober government."

The gymnasium, the squads at physical drill, the Volunteer Corps, all testify to the excellence of the muscular development of the coming generation.

The dull boy cannot hold his master responsible for his stupidity as the result of "all work and no play," for games are as much considered as is every branch of learning. To the football field in winter and the cricket field in summer flock half the population of Bedford to watch the matches; and the cricket pavilion (erected to the memory of Henry Cross, old boy and assistant master, who died in the Soudan, just after the battle of Omdurman) is almost daily crowded with the friends and relations of the players.



IN THE ENGINE ROOM.

The school is justly proud of its captain, F. G. Brooks, who not only excels in football and in cricket, but also in running and jump-



THE LATHES IN THE MACHINE SHOP.



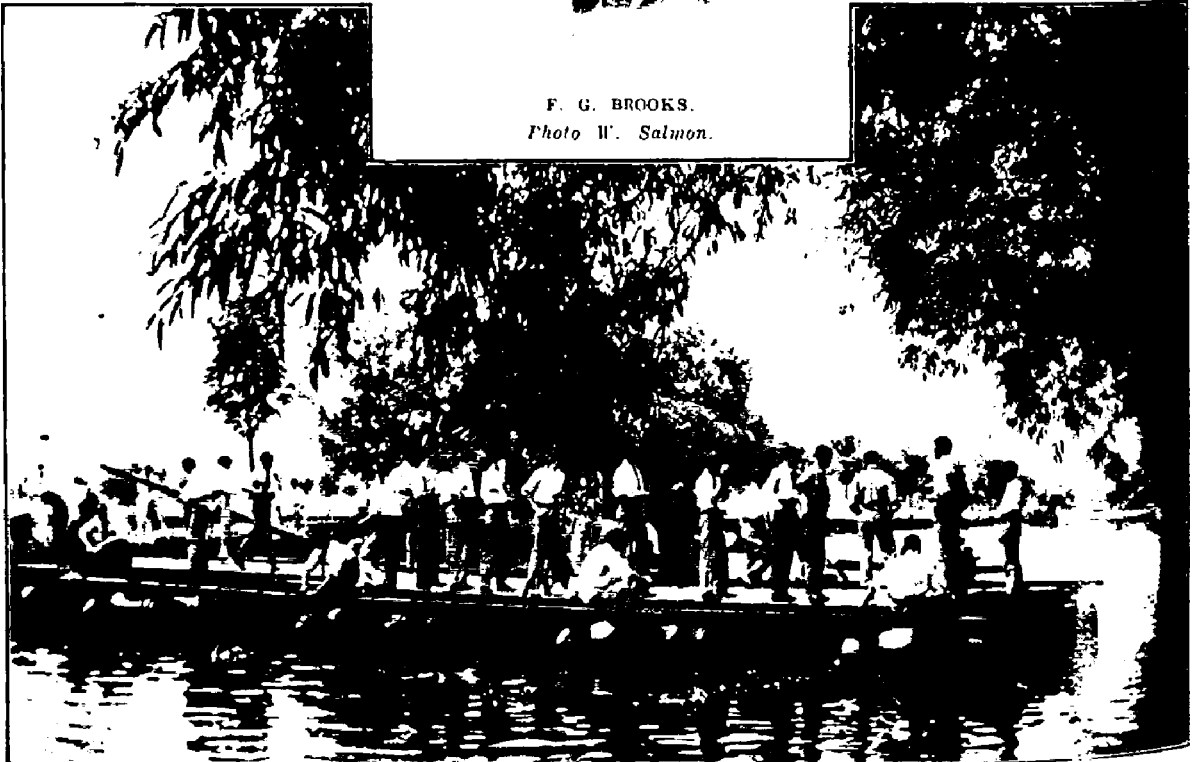
A BOATRACE ON THE OUSE. BEDFORD V. SHREWSBURY.

ing, being a good all-round athlete and the winner of many a prize in other places besides Bedford. He carried off four out of eight events at the last Public Schools meeting of the London Athletic Club, and his Hundred was done in 10 3-5 sec., equaling the previous best on record for this race.



Boating is another of the favourite pastimes of this school, and on half holidays the "Willow Ouse" is alive with boys and boats of all sizes and descriptions, from the practised "eight," preparing for their annual race against Shrewsbury, to the lately arrived tyro splashing at every stroke and catching crabs galore. All the

F. G. BROOKS.
Photo W. Salmon.



THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL ENGINEER CORPS MAKING A BARREL BRIDGE.

boys are taught swimming, and many have put such instruction to a practical use. It is no uncommon thing to hear of a Grammar School boy having saved a fellow creature from a watery grave, and several have won the Humane Society's medal for their bravery in so doing.

During last term alone three boys gained medals or certificates for saving life, namely, W. C. Fisher, J. Deed, and G. Walker; while within the last few years R. Duberly, F. G. Hornby, and W. Grant have been awarded the same distinctions.

The school has been one of the most successful in preparation for the army, and in 1901



B.G.S. v. M.C.C.
F. G. BROOKS AND G. B. HEBDEN
GOING OUT TO BAT.

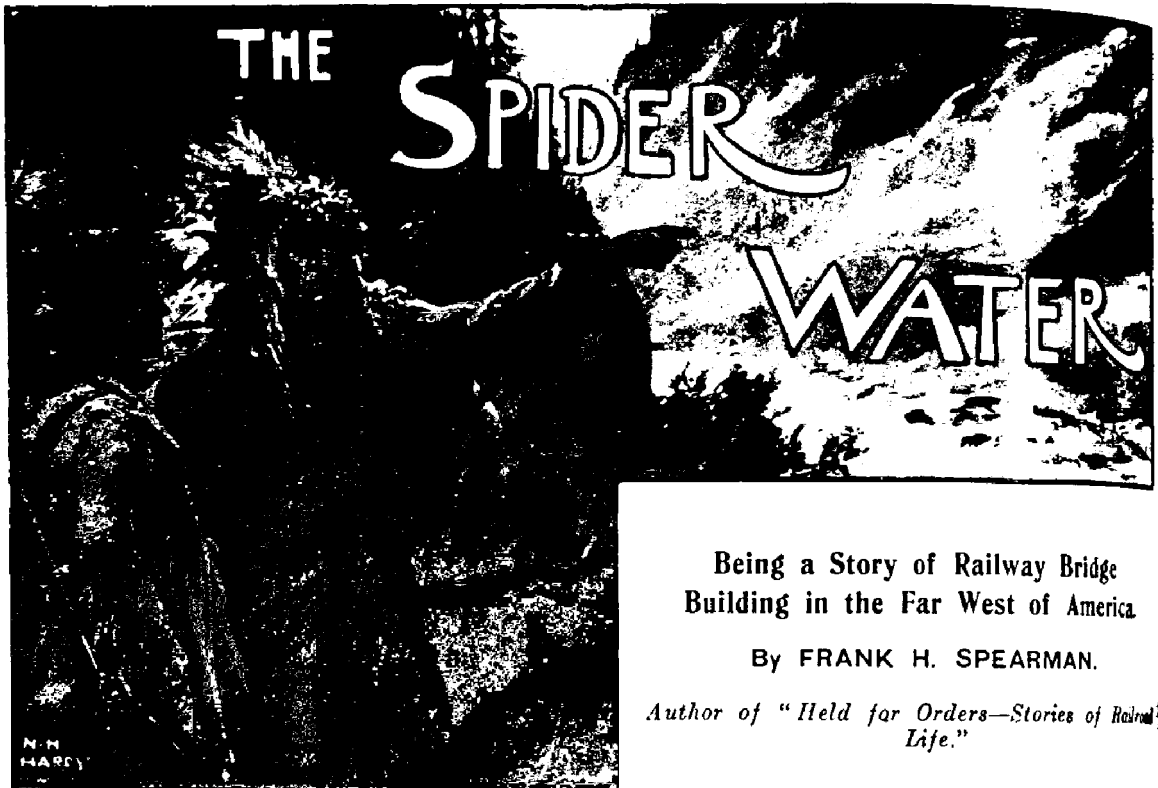
passed more boys into Sandhurst than did any other.

Sir William Harpur's crest, "the Eagle," is Bedford's Schools' badge. This noble bird, according to poetic fancy, has the power of soaring upward, and ever upward, until it reaches "the fiery region," when, diving thence into the ocean, it changes its feathers and becomes young once more. How many "old boys" would rejoice to hear the words "Thy youth is renewed like the Eagle's," and to return from the soil and toil of the world to the Grammar School, with its football, its cricket, its boating, and, above all, its good fellowship!



THE CRICKET PAVILION.

The photos illustrating this article are by Mrs. Delia Broughton, and are copyright.



Being a Story of Railway Bridge
Building in the Far West of America.

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

Author of "Held for Orders—Stories of Railroad
Life."

NOT officially: I don't pretend to say that. You might travel the West End from fresh water to salt without ever locating the Spider Water, by map or by name.

But if you should happen anywhere on the West End to sit among a gang of bridge carpenters, or get to confidence with a bridge foreman; or find the springy side of a road-master's heart—*then* you might hear all you want about the Spider Water; maybe more.

The Sioux named it; and, whatever their faults, no man with sense ever attempted to improve on their names for things—whether birds, or braves, or winds, or waters; they know.

Unfortunately our managers hadn't always sense, and one of them countenanced a shameful change in the name of Spider Water. Some polytechnical idiot dubbed it the Big Sandy; and the Big Sandy it is to this day on map and in folder. But not in the heart of the Sioux or the lingo of trackmen.

It was the only stream our bridge engineers could never manage. Bridge after bridge they threw across it—and into it. One auditor at Omaha, given to asthma and statistics, estimated, between spells, that the Spider Water had cost us more than all the other watercourses together from the Missouri to the Sierras.

Then came to the West End a masterful

man, a Scotchman, pawky and hard. Brodie was his name, an Edinburgh man, with no end of degrees and master of every one. A great engineer, Brodie, but the Spider Water took a fall even out of him. It swept out a Howe truss bridge for Brodie almost before he got his bag opened.

Then Brodie tried—not to make friends with the Spider, for nobody could do that—but to get acquainted with it. For this he went to its oldest neighbours, the Sioux. Brodie spent weeks and weeks, summers, up the Spider Water, hunting. And with the Sioux he talked the Spider Water and drank fire-water. That was Brodie's shame, the fire-water.

But he was pawky, and he chinned incessantly the braves and the Medicine-men about the uncommonly queer creek that took the bridges so fast. The river that month in and month out couldn't squeeze up water enough for a pollywog to bathe in, and then, of a sudden, and for a few days, would rage like the Missouri, and leave our bewildered rails hung up either side in the wind.

Brodie talked cloudbursts up country; but the floods came, times, under clear skies—and the Sioux sulked in silence. He suggested an unsuspected inlet from some mountain stream which, maybe, times, sent its stormwater over a low divide into the Spider—and the red men shrugged their faces.

Finally they told him the Indian legend about the Spider Water; took him away up where once a party of Pawnees had camped in the dust of the river bed to surprise the Sioux; and told Brodie how the Spider—more sudden than buck, fleetier than pony—had come down in the night and ambushed the Pawnees with a flood. And so well that next morning there wasn't enough material in sight for a ghost dance.

They took Brodie himself out into the ratty bed, and when he said heap dry, and said no water, they laughed, Indianwise, and pointed to the sand. Scooping little wells with their hands, they showed him the rising and the filling; water where the instant before was no water; and a bigger fool than Brodie could see the water was all there, only underground.

"But when did it rise?" asked Brodie. "When the chinook spoke," said the Sioux. "And why?" persisted Brodie. "Because the Spider woke," answered the Sioux. And Brodie went out of the camp of the Sioux wondering.

And he planned a new bridge which should stand the chinook and the Spider and all evil spirits. And full seven year it lasted; and then the fire-water spoke for the wicked Scotchman, and he himself went out into the night.

And after he died, miserable wreck of a man, the Spider woke and took his pawky bridge and tied up the main line for two weeks and set us crazy, for it cost us our grip on the California fast freight business. But at that time Healey was superintendent of bridges on the West End.

His father was a section foreman. When Healey was a mere kid, he got into Brodie's office doing errands. But whenever he saw a draftsman at work he hung over the table till they kicked him down stairs. Then, by and by, Healey got himself an old table and part of a cake of India ink, and with some cursing from Brodie became a draftsman, and one day head draftsman in Brodie's office. Healey was no college man; Healey was a Brodie man. Single mind on single mind—concentration absolute. Mathematics, drawing, bridges, brains—that was Healey. All that Brodie knew, Healey had from him, and Brodie, who hated even himself, showed still a light in the wreck by moulding Healey to his work. For one day, said Brodie in his heart, this boy shall be master of these bridges. When I am dust he will be here what I might have been—this Irish boy—and they will say he was Brodie's boy. And

better than any of these doughheads they send me out he shall be, if he *was* made engineer by a drunkard. And Healey was better, far, far better than the doughheads, better than the graduates, better than Brodie—and to Healey came the time to wrestle with the Spider.

Stronger than any man he was, before or since, for the work. All Brodie knew, all the Indians knew, all that a life's experience, eating, living, watching, sleeping with the big river, had taught him, that Healey knew. And when Brodie's bridge went out, Healey was ready with his new bridge for the Spider Water, which should be better than Brodie's, just as he was better than Brodie. A bridge like Brodie's, with the fire-water, as it were, left out. And after the temporary structure was thrown over the stream, Healey's plans for a Howe truss, two-pier, two-abutment, three-span, pneumatic caisson bridge to span the Spider Water were submitted to headquarters.

But the cost! The directors jumped the table when they saw the figures. Our directors talked economy for the road and for themselves studied piracy. So Healey couldn't get the money for his new bridge, and was forced to build a cheap one which must, he knew, go some time. But the dream of his life, this we all knew—the Sioux would have said the Spider knew—was to build a final bridge over the Spider Water, a bridge to throttle it for all time.

It was the one subject on which you could get a rise out of Healey any time, day or night, the two-pier, two-abutment, three-span, pneumatic caisson Spider bridge. He would talk Spider bridge to a Chinaman. His bridge foreman, Ed Peeto, a staving big one-eyed French-Canadian, had but two ideas in life. One was Healey, the other the Spider bridge. And after many moons our pirate directors were thrown out, and a great and public-spirited man took control of our system, and when Ed Peeto heard it he kicked his little water spaniel in a frenzy of delight. "Now, Sport, old boy," he exclaimed riotously, "we'll get the bridge!" And after much effort by Healey, seconded by Bucks, superintendent of the division, and by Callahan, assistant, the new president did consent to put up the money for the good bridge. The wire flashed the word to the West End. Everybody at the wickiup, as we called the old division headquarters, was glad; but Healey rejoiced, Ed Peeto burned red fire, and his little dog Sport ate rattle-snakes.

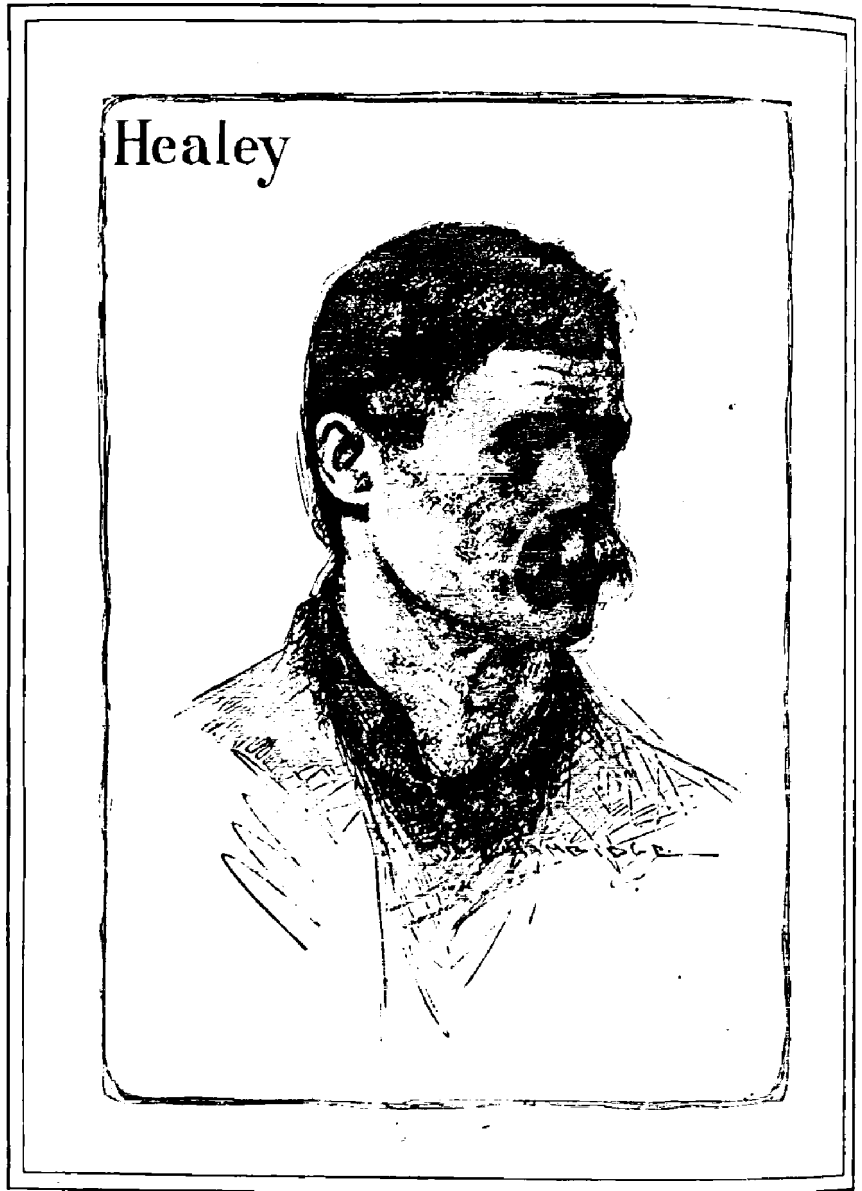
There was a good bridge needed at one other point, the Peace River, a treacherous water, and Healey had told the new management that if they would give him a pneumatic caisson bridge there, he would guarantee the worst stretch on the system against tie-up disasters for a generation; and they had said go ahead; and Ed Peeto went fairly savage with responsibility and strutted around the wickiup like a Cyclops.

Early in the summer, Healey very quiet, and Peeto very profane, with all their traps and belongings, moved into construction headquarters at the Spider, and the first airlock ever sunk west of the Missouri closed over the heads of tall Healey and big Ed Peeto. Like a swarm of ants the bridge workers cast the refuse up out of the Spider bed. The blowpipes never slept, night and day the sand streamed from below, and Healey's caissons sank like armed cruisers foot by foot towards the bed-rock. When the masonry was crowding high water mark, Healey and Peeto ran back to Medicine Bend to get acquainted with their families. Peeto was so deaf he couldn't hear himself sing, and Healey was as ragged and ratty as the old depot; but both were immensely happy.

Next morning, Sunday, they all sat up in Bucks's office reading letters and smoking.

"Hello," growled Bucks, chucking a nine-inch official manila under the table, "here's a general order—Number Fourteen."

The boys drew their briars like one. Bucks read a lot of stuff that didn't touch our end, then he reached this paragraph:



The Mountain and Inter-mountain divisions are hereby consolidated under the name of the Mountain Division, with J. F. Bucks superintendent, headquarters at Medicine Bend. C. T. Callahan is appointed assistant of the consolidated divisions.

"Good boy!" roared Ed Peeto, straining his ears.

"Well, well, well," murmured Healey, opening his eyes, "here's promotions right and left." Bucks read on:

H. P. Agnew is appointed superintendent of bridges of the new division, with headquarters at Omaha, vice P. C. Healey.

Bucks threw down the order. Ed Peeto broke out first: "Did you hear that?"

Healey nodded.

"You're let out!" stormed Peeto. Healey

nodded. The bridge foreman dashed his pipe at the stove, jumped up, stamped across to the window, and was like to have sworn the glass out before Healey spoke.

"I'm glad we're up with the Spider job, Bucks," said he. "When they get the Peace River work in, the division will run itself for a year."

"Healey," said Bucks, "I don't need to tell you what I think of it, do I? It's a damned shame. But it's what I've said for a year—nobody will ever know what Omaha is going to do next." Healey rose to his feet. "Where you going?"

"Back to the Spider on Number Two."

"Not going back this morning. Why don't you wait for Four to-night?"

"Ed, will you get those staybolts and chuck them into the baggage car for me when Two pulls in? I'm going over to the house for a minute."

They knew what that meant. He was going over to tell the folks he wouldn't be home for Sunday as he expected—as the children expected. Going to tell the wife—the old man—that he was out. Out of the railroad system he had given his life to help build up and to make what it was. Out of the position he had climbed to by studying like a hermit and working like a hoboe. Out—without criticism or reason or allegation. Simply, like a dog, out.

Bucks and Callahan looked down on the departing train soon afterward, and saw Healey climbing into the smoker. Every minute he had before the new order beheaded him he spent at the Spider. One thing he meant to make sure of—that they shouldn't beat him out of the finish of the Spider bridge as he had planned it. One monument Healey meant to have; one he has.

After he let go on the West End, Healey wanted to look up something East. But Bucks told him frankly it would be difficult to get a place without a regular engineer's degree. It seemed as if there was no place for Healey but just the mountains, and after a time finding nothing, and Bucks losing a roadmaster, Healey—Callahan urging—agreed to take the little job and stay with his old superintendent. It was a big drop, but Healey took it.

Agnew meantime had stopped all construction work not too far along to discontinue. The bridge at the Spider was fortunately beyond his mandate; it was finished to a rivet as Healey had planned it. But the Peace River bridge was caught in the air, and Healey's great caissons gave way to piles,

and the cost came down from a hundred to seventy-five thousand dollars. Incidentally it was breathed from headquarters that the day for extravagant appropriations on the West End was passed.

That year we had no winter till spring, and no spring till summer; and it was a spring of snow and a summer of water. The mountains were lost in snow even after Easter. When the snow let up, and it was no longer a matter of keeping the track clear, it was a matter of lashing it to the right-of-way to keep it from swimming clear. Healey caught it worse than anybody. He knew Bucks looked to him for the track, and he worked like two men, for that was his way in a pinch. He strained every nerve making ready for the time the mountain snows should go out.

There was nobody easy on the West End, Healey least of all, for that spring, ahead of the suns, ahead of the thaws, ahead of the waters, came a going out that unsettled the oldest calculator in the wickiup. Brodie's old friends began coming out of the up-country, out of the Spider Valley. Over the Eagle Pass and through the Peace Cañon came the Sioux in parties and camps and tribes. And Bucks stayed them and talked with them. But the Sioux did not talk, they grunted—and travelled. After Bucks Healey tried, for the braves knew him and would listen. But when he accused them of fixing for a fight, they denied and turned their faces to the mountains. They stretched their arms straight out under their blankets like stringers, and put their palms downward and muttered to Healey, "Plenty snow."

"I reckon they're lying," growled Bucks listening. Healey made no comment; only looked at the buried mountains.

Now the Spider wakes regularly twice; at all other times irregularly. Once in April; that is the foothills water. Once in June; that is the mountain water.

Now came an April without any rise; nothing rose but the snow, and May opened bleaker than April; even the trackmen walked with set faces. The dirtiest half-breed on the line knew now what the mountains held.

Section gangs were doubled, night walkers put on. By-passes were opened, bridge crews strengthened, everything buckled for grief. Gullies began to race, culverts to choke, creeks to tumble, rivers to madden. From the Muddy to the Summit the water courses swelled and boiled; all but the Spider; the big river slept. Through May

and into June the Spider slept. But Healey was there at the wickiup, with one eye always running over all the line and one eye turned always to the Spider, where two men and two, night and day, watched the lazy surface water trickle over and through the vagabond bed between Healey's monumental piers. Never an hour did the operating department lose the track. East and west of us everywhere railroads clamoured in despair. The flood swept from the Rockies to the Alleghanies. Our trains never missed a trip; our schedules were unbroken; our people laughed; we got the business, dead loads of it! Our treasury flowed over; and Healey watched, and the Spider slept. But when May turned soft and hot into June, with every ditch bellying and the mountains still buried, it put us all thinking hard.

On the 30th there was trouble beyond Wild Hat, and all our extra men, put out there under Healey, were fighting to hold the Rat Valley levels where they hug the river on the west slope. It wasn't really Healey's track. Bucks sent him over there just as the Emperor sent Ney, wherever he needed his right arm. Sunday, while Healey was at Wild Hat, rain began falling. Sunday it rained; Monday all through the mountains it rained; Tuesday it was raining from Omaha to Eagle Pass, with the thermometer climbing for breath and the barometer flat as an adder—and the Spider woke. Woke with the April water and the June water and the storm water all at once.

Trackwalkers Tuesday night flagged Number One, and reported the Spider wild, with heavy sheet ice running. A wire from Bucks brought Healey out of the west and into the east, and brought him to reckon for the last time with his ancient enemy.

He was against it Wednesday with dyna-

mite. All the day, all the night, all the next day the sullen roar of the giant powder shook the forming jam above the bridge, and after two days Healey wired, "Ice out," and set back without a minute's sleep for home. Saturday night he slept and Sunday all day and Sunday night. Monday about noon Bucks sent up to ask, but Healey still slept. They asked back by the lad whether they should wake him. Bucks sent word, "No."



THE LIGHTNING SHOT THE YARDS IN A BLAZE AND A CRASH SPLIT THE GORGE.

It was late Tuesday morning when the tall roadmaster came down, and he was fresh as sunshine. All day he sat with Bucks and the despatchers watching the line. The Spider raced mad, and the watchers sent in panic messages, but Healey put them in his pipe. "That bridge will go when the mountains go," was all he said.

Nine o'clock that night every star was

blinking when Healey looked in for the track-walkers reports and the railroad weather bulletins. Bucks, Callahan, and Peeto sat about Martin Duffy, the despatcher, who in his shirt sleeves threw the stuff off the sounder as it trickled in dot and dash, dot and dash over the wires.

The west wire was good; east everything below Peace River was down. We had to get the eastern reports around by Omaha and the south—a good thousand miles of a loop—but bad news travels even around a Robia Hood loop.

And first came Wild Hat from the west with a stationary river and the Loup Creek falling—clear—good-night. And Ed Peeto struck the table heavily and swore it was well in the west. Then from the east came Prairie Portage, all the way round, with a north-west rain, a rising river, and anchor ice running, pounding the piers bad—track in fair shape, and—and—

The wire went wrong. As Duffy knit his eyes and tugged and cussed a little, the wind outside took up the message and whirled a bucket of rain against the windows. But the wires wouldn't right, and stuff that no man could get tumbled in like a dictionary upside down. And Bucks and Callahan and Healey and Peeto smoked, silent, and heard the deepening drum of the rain on the roof.

Then Duffy wrestled mightily yet once more.

"Keep still," he exclaimed, leaning heavily on the key. "Here's something—from the Spider."

He snatched a pen and ran it across a clip; Bucks leaning over read aloud from his shoulder:

OMAHA.

J. F. BUCKS:
Trainmen from No. 75 stalled west of Rapid City—
track afloat in Simpson's cut—report Spider bridge
out—send—

And the current broke.

Callahan's hand closed rigidly over the hot bowl of his pipe; Peeto sat speechless; Bucks read again at the broken message, but Healey sprang like a man wounded and snatched the clip from his hand.

He stared at the running words till they burnt his eyes, and then, with an oath, frightful as the thunder that shook the mountains, he dashed the clip to the floor. His eyes snapped greenish, and he cursed Omaha, cursed its messages, and everything that came out of it. Slow at first, then fast and faster, until all the sting that poisoned his

heart in his unjust discharge poured from his lips. It flooded the room like a spilling stream, and none put a word against it, for they knew he stood a wronged man. Out it came—all the rage, all the heartburning, all the bitterness—and he dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Only the sounder clicking iron jargon and the thunder shaking the wickiup like a reed filled the ears of the men about him. They watched him slowly knot his fingers and loosen them, and saw his face rise dry and hard and old out of his hands.

"Get up an engine!"

"Not—you're not going down there to-night?" stammered Bucks.

"Yes. Now. Right off. Peeto, get out your men!"

The foreman jumped for the door. Little Duffy, snatching the train sheet, began clearing track for a bridge special. In twenty minutes twenty men were running as many ways through the storm, and a live engine boomed under the wickiup window.

"I want you to be careful, Phil," Bucks spoke anxiously as he looked with Healey out into the storm. "It's a bad night." Healey made no answer.

The lightning shot the yards in a blaze and a crash split the gorge. "A wicked night," muttered Bucks.

Evans, conductor of the special, ran in.

"Here's your orders," said Duffy. "You've got forty miles an hour."

"Don't stretch it," warned Bucks. "Good-bye, Phil," he added to Healey, "I'll see you in the morning."

"In the morning," echoed Healey. "Good-bye."

The switch engine had puffed up with a caboose; ahead of it Peeto had coupled in the pile driver. At the last minute Callahan concluded to go, and with the bridge gang tumbling into the caboose, the assistant superintendent, Ed Peeto and Healey climbed into the engine, and they pulled out, five in the cab, for the Spider Water.

Healey, moody at first, began joking and laughing the minute they got way. He sat behind Denis Mullenix, the engineer, and poked his ribs and taunted him with his heavy heels. At last he covered Denis's big hands on the throttle with his own bigger fingers, good-naturedly coaxed them loose, and pushing him away got the reins and the whip into his own keeping. He drew the bar out a notch and settled himself for the run across the flat country.

As they sped from the shelter of the hills.

the storm shook them with a freshening fury, and drove the flanges into the south rail with a grinding screech. The rain fell in a sheet, and the right-of-way ran a river. The wind, whipping the water off the ballast, dashed it like hail against the cab glass; the segment of desert caught in the yellow of the headlight rippled and danced and swam in the storm water, and Healey pulled again at the straining throttle and latched it wider.

Notch after notch he drew; heedless of lurch and jump; heedless of bed or curve; heedless of track or storm; and with every spur at her cylinders the engine shook like a frantic horse. Men and monster alike lost thought of caution and drunk a frenzy

in the whirl that Healey opened across the swimming plain.

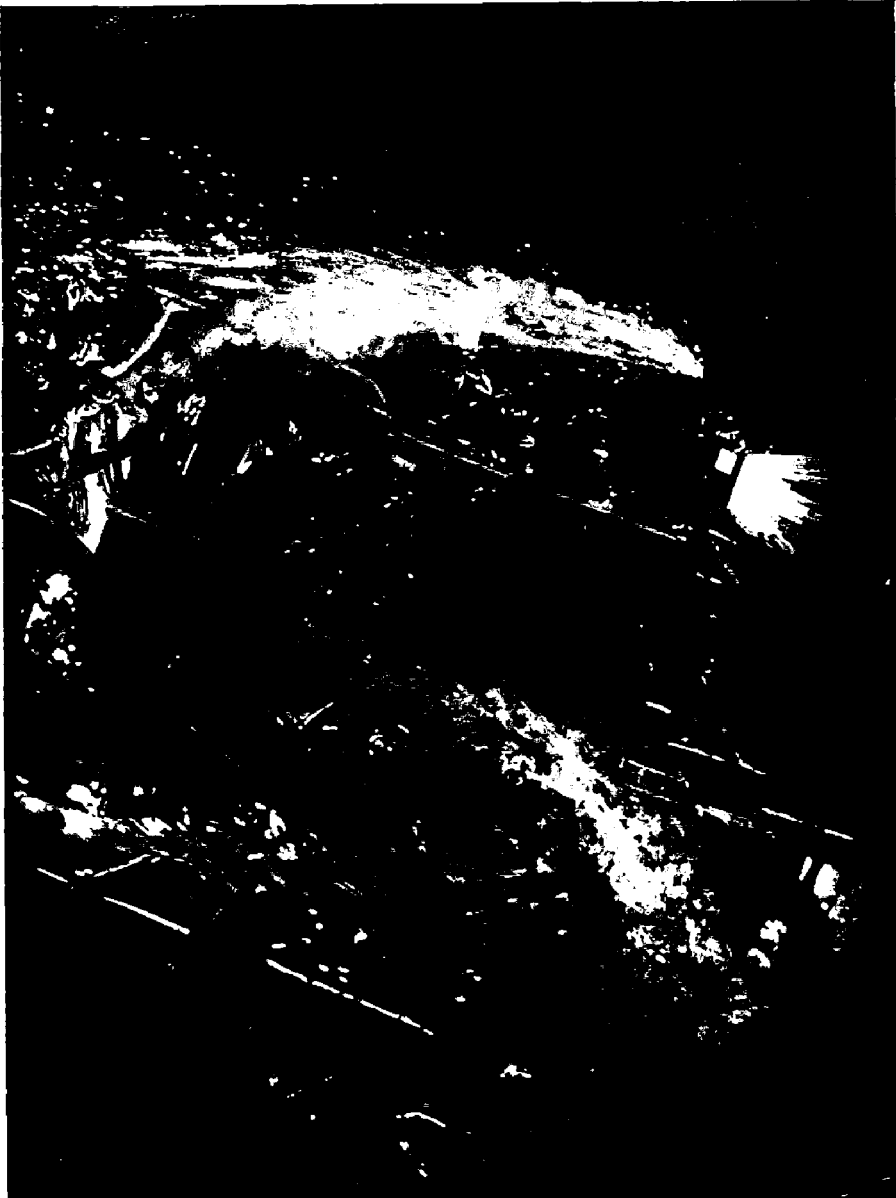
The Peace River hills loomed suddenly in front like moving pictures; before they could think it the desert was behind.

"Phil, man, you must steady up!" yelled Callahan, getting his mouth to Healey's ear. The roadmaster nodded and checked a notch, but the fire was in his blood, and he slewed into the hills with a speed unslackened. The wind blew them, and the track pulled them, and a frenzied man sat at the throttle.

Just where the line crosses the Peace River the track bends sharply through the Needles to take the bridge. The curve is a ten degree. As they struck it, the headlight shot far out upon the river—and they in the cab knew they sat dead men. Instead of lighting the box of the truss, the lamp lit a black and snaky flood with yellow foam sweeping over the abutment, for the Peace had licked up Agnew's thirty-foot piles—and his bridge was not.

There were two things to do; Healey knew them both, and both meant death to the cab, but the caboose sheltered twenty of Healey's faithful men. He instantly threw the air, and with a scream from the tires, the special, shaking in the brake-shoes, swung the curve. Again the roadmaster checked heavily and the pile-driver, taking the elevation like a hurdle, bolted into the Needles, dragging the caboose after it. But engine and tender and five in the cab plunged head on into the river.

Not a man in the caboose was killed. They scrambled out of the splinters and



BUT ENGINE AND TENDER AND FIVE IN THE CAB PLUNGED HEAD ON INTO THE RIVER.

on their feet, men and ready to do. One voice came through the storm from the river, and they answered its calling. It was Callahan, but Durden, Mullenix, Peeto, and Healey never called again.

At daybreak, wreckers of the West End, swarming from mountain and plain, were heading for the Peace, and the McCloud gang—up—crossed the 'Spider on Healey's bridge—on the bridge the coward trainmen had reported out, quaking as they did in the storm at the Spider foaming over its ap-

proaches. But Healey's bridge stood—stands to-day.

Yet three days the Spider raged, and knew then its master, while he, three whole days, sat at the bottom of the Peace, clutching the engine levers, in the ruins of Agnew's mistake.

And when the divers got them up, Callahan and Bucks tore big Peeto's arms from his master's body and shut his staring eye and laid him at his master's side. And only the Spider, ravening at Healey's caissons, raged. But Healey slept.

LONDON AND PARIS.—A COMPARISON.

IT is interesting to note that, notwithstanding London's exposed situation, it has seldom been attacked or besieged for any length of time. Paris, on the other hand, has stood many a long and murderous siege. There is, in fact, no capital on earth which has so often provoked and undergone attack. Paris, like Berlin, was originally a little island formed by a river, and surrounded by inaccessible swamps. This island, now almost lost in the modern city, was for centuries the entire site of the capital which was to play such an important part in history. It then bore the name of Lutetia, and did not take the name of Parisii till some time after. It is marvellous to consider that Paris (though the French themselves seemed bent upon its destruction on more than one occasion), should have raised itself to the proud position it now occupies. The city was first attacked fifty years before Christ, by Labienus, one of Cæsar's most able generals, but Vercingetorix destroyed what there was of a town before retiring. When the Germans conquered France, Chlowig, the leader of the invading tribe, reconstructed the city, and made it the centre of the new empire. The Normans twice assaulted Paris. On the first occasion Charles le Gros bought them off, on the second the city was gallantly held by Count Otto. The German Emperor, Otto II., in 978, marched straight upon Paris, and invested the city, but was forced to withdraw. The English took the capital in 1420 after the battle of Agincourt. In 1429, the Maid of Orleans endeavoured to recapture the city, but was repulsed by the English, who were obliged to evacuate it seven years later. In 1590 Henry IV., then a Protestant, assailed the capital, but was compelled to raise the siege, because the Spaniards who assisted the Catholic League had sent General Farnese to the rescue. Four years later, the King, who had embraced Catholicism, was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the in-

habitants. Paris was the heart of the dreadful Revolution of 1789, and in 1814 the Allied armies took the city by storm. On March 31, Frederick William III. of Prussia—the father of William I.—and Alexander I. of Russia, made their entry into Paris. On the 2nd of July, 1815, the Prussians under Blucher, and the English under Wellington, again took the proud capital. In 1870 the Germans invested the city, which only surrendered after a desperate but hopeless resistance.

Whether it be because England is an island or because we have always possessed the finest navy, manned by the best sailors on earth, London has seldom been attacked by a foreign foe, though Napoleon boasted he would assail it, and would perhaps have fulfilled his promise had not the indefatigable Nelson been there to frustrate his designs. London was first occupied by the Normans in Alfred's reign. The King regained the city in 861. In the reign of Ethelred, Olaf, King of the Norwegians, and Sweyn, King of the Danes, assailed the capital, but were repulsed with slaughter. In 994, Sweyn, another Norseman, attacked London, but was also repulsed. London's greatest siege was in 1016, when Canute beleaguered it. But he had to raise the siege to give battle to King Edmund in Somersetshire. The city was three times unsuccessfully besieged by Canute and the Danes. Some time after the battle of Hastings, London yielded to William the Conqueror.

We will pass over the *coups de main* by which Wat Tyler, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and Fairfax took London, as they cannot be classified under the head of sieges, and conclude with the following strange coincidence: Frederick William III. entered Paris in 1814 with Alexander I. of Russia, and his son William I. made his triumphal entry in 1871, and was crowned Emperor of Germany in the "Palais de Versailles."

O. FRIEDERICI.



MERCY: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

FROM THE PAINTING NOW IN THE TATE ART GALLERY, LONDON, BY SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.
Photo Woodburytype.



TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.

(Continued from page 161.)

CONTINUING our endeavour to simplify the postage stamps of the Transvaal for the Beginner, we now come to the Queen's Head issue, a very pretty stamp, at present much prized as a souvenir of a stirring and eventful period.

1878-80. Queen's Head Issue. Type VIII. Head of Queen Victoria turned to right, in contrast to our English and other Colonial stamps, the heads of which were (with the other exception of the Falkland Islands) always turned to the left. Some of the stamps will be found bearing a watermark, but as this is only the name of the paper manufacturer, no notice need be taken of it.



TYPE VIII.

PERFORATED 14½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
4d., vermilion	12 6	17 6
1d., brown	4 6	3 6
3d., brown rose	6 6	3 0
4d., sage green	20 0	4 0
6d., black	6 0	2 6
1s., green	40 0	25 0
2s., blue	60 0	17 6

1879. April and May. Provisional. The stock of 1d. values of the Queen's Head having run short, a provisional penny stamp was made by surcharging the 6d. Queen's Head "1 Penny." This was done in red and afterwards in black. The red surcharge is very scarce.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"1 Penny" in red on 6d. black ...	100 0	45 0
"1 Penny" in black on 6d. black	30 0	20 0

SECOND REPUBLIC.

The Transvaal was handed back to the Boers in August, 1881, but a clause in the Convention stipulated that "all unused postage or revenue stamps issued by the Government since the annexation shall remain of value and shall be accepted by the coming Government against the amount expressed thereon." By the Convention of 1881 the country was given the name of "Transvaal State," and it was not till the Convention of 1884 that it was permitted to style itself once more "The South African Republic." The stock of Queen's Heads seem to have lasted from 1881 till 1883.

1882-3. When the stock of the 1d. value of the Queen's Head series was used up, the 4d. value of the same series was surcharged by the Boers "EEN PENNY."

PERFORATED 14½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"EEN PENNY" on 4d. sage green	3 0	4 0

1883. In this year the Boers re-issued their first type of stamps, printing supplies from the old plates of the 1d., 3d. and 1s. values. No 6d. stamp of this series was ever issued.

PERFORATED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., black	0 9	1 0
3d., black on rose	8 6	8 6
3d., red	3 6	1 3
1s., green	12 6	0 9



TYPE IX.

1885-92. New design, Type IX, engraved and printed for the Transvaal by the Government printers of Holland. Specialists collect several varieties of perforation, but the beginner may wisely simplify matters by ignoring varieties of perforation.

PERFORATED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d., grey ...	0 1	0 1
1d., red ...	0 4	0 1
2d., brown ...	1 6	0 8
2d., bistre ...	0 6	0 1
2½d., violet ...	0 9	0 4
3d., mauve ...	2 0	0 9
4d., dark olive ...	1 6	0 3
6d., blue ...	1 6	0 3
1s., green ...	5 0	0 3
2s. 6d., buff ...	—	2 0
5s., slate blue ...	—	4 0
10s., brown ...	—	3 0
£5, deep green ...	—	18 6

Provisionals. Surcharged on the issue of 1883, "Halve Penny" vertically, reading upwards and also reading downwards. The sheets of stamps were printed in two panes, one pane was first surcharged, then the sheet was turned about and the other pane surcharged. Hence the upwards and downwards varieties.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"Halve Penny" on 3s. red ...	3 6	4 0
" " " on 1s. green...	10 0	—

Provisional. Surcharged in red on Queen's Head 6d. black, "Twee Pence. Z.A.R." reading upwards. Some sheets were surcharged in error, "Halve Penny Z.A.R."

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"Twee Pence" in red on 6d. black...	3 0	7 6
"Halve Penny" in red on 6d. black .	25 0	—

Provisional. "Halve Penny," surcharged in black, reading downwards, on 3d. mauve of 1885.

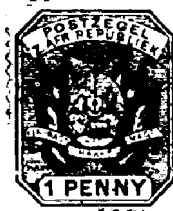
	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"Halve Penny" in black on 3d. mauve	1 6	4 6

Provisional. Surcharged "2d." in black on 3d. mauve of 1885. There are two very distinct varieties of this surcharge which even the beginner may collect; in one the figure "2" of the surcharge has a curly foot, and in the other it has a straight foot. The straight foot is the scarce variety, as it was only the bottom row of the sheet that was so printed.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"2d." in black on 3d. mauve ...	0 6	0 9
"2d." in black on 3d. mauve ...	5 0	6 0

Provisionals. "Halve Penny" in two lines in red, and also in black, on 2d. olive bistre of 1885. "1 Penny" in black on 6d. blue of 1885, "2½ Pence" in one line in black on 1s. green of 1885, and "2½ Pence" in black, in two lines, on 1s. green of 1885.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"Halve Penny" in red on 2d. olive bistre...	1 6	1 6
Same in black	1 6	2 6
"1 Penny" in black on 6d. blue ...	0 6	0 8
"2½ Pence" in black on 1s. green ...	1 3	1 0
"2½ Pence" in black on 1s. green	1 6	—



TYPE X.

1894-5. New design, known as "wagon with shafts."

PERFORATED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d., grey...	0 6	0 4
1d., carmine ...	1 0	0 2
2d., bistre ...	1 6	0 3
6d., blue...	2 6	2 6
1s., green ...	15 0	15 0

1895. Same design, but wagon with single pole, to more correctly represent the Boer wagon with disselboom or pole.

PERFORATED.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d., grey ...	0 3	0 2
1d., red ...	0 6	0 1
2d., bistre ...	0 8	0 2
3d., mauve ...	5 0	1 0
4d., olive black ...	2 6	2 0
6d., blue ...	3 0	0 6
1s., green ...	12 6	1 6
5s., slate ...	35 0	7 6
10s., pale brown ...	40 0	4 0

Provisionals. "Halve Penny" in two lines in red on 1s. green, "1d." in green on 2½d. violet, and the 6d. fiscal stamp surcharged "Postzegel" in green.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
"Halve Penny" in red on 1s. green ...	0 4	0 3
"1d." in green on 2½d. violet ...	0 6	0 3
"Postzegel" in green on 6d. pink ...	2 6	2 6

1896-7. The design of 1894-5, Type X, but with value printed in green.

PERFORATED.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., green ...	0	3	0	2
1d., carmine ...	0	3	0	1
2d., dark brown ...	0	6	0	2
2½d., blue ...	1	0	0	3
3d., purple ...	2	6	1	0
4d., sage green ...	3	6	1	0
6d., lilac ...	1	9	0	9
1s., ochre ...	7	6	0	4
2s. 6d., purple ...	12	6	3	6

Used

½d., bluish-green...	5	4
1d., scarlet	0	2
2d., purple	0	3
2½d., ultramarine	0	4
6d., orange	0	3
1s., olive green	1	9
2s., brown...	3	0
2s. 6d., black	3	3
5s., mauve	6	6
10s., purple	12	6

SECOND BRITISH OCCUPATION.

War broke out with the Transvaal in October, 1899, and in June, 1900, the British troops entered Pretoria and over-printed the current stock of the Boer stamps of the 1896-7 issue with the Imperial initials "V.R.I."

PERFORATED.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., green ...	0	2	0	3
1d., carmine ...	0	3	0	3
2d., dark brown ...	0	4	0	6
2½d., blue ...	0	5	0	8
3d., purple ...	0	8	0	9
4d., sage green ...	0	9	0	9
6d., lilac ...	0	9	1	0
1s., ochre ...	1	6	2	0
2s. 6d., purple ...	3	6	—	—
5s., slate ...	20	0	20	0
10s., brown ...	15	0	15	0
£5, green ...	160	0	—	—

1901-2. On the accession of King Edward VII. to the throne, fresh printings required were overprinted with the initials "E.R.I."

PERFORATED.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., green ...	0	6	—	—
1d., carmine ...	0	3	0	3
3d., purple ...	0	6	—	—
4d., sage green ...	0	8	—	—

Provisional. The ½d. green stamps of the South African Republic having been used up, a new halfpenny stamp was provided by surcharging the 2d. brown "E. R. I.—Half—Penny" in black, in three lines.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
"E.R.I. Half on 2d. brown Penny"	0	1	0	2

1902. Finally, in April of this year a new and pleasing design bearing the portrait of King Edward VII. was issued. For some unaccountable reason, no 3d. or 4d. values were included in this set. Watermark, Crown and CA. Head in grey black (except on 2s. 6d. in mauve).



Notable New Issues.

There are not very many notable new issues to record this month, but there are signs of many to come. The peculiar, makeshift, new 9d. South Australian chronicled is apparently an indication that this colony, like Victoria, is about to issue a series with the word "Postage" on each stamp so as to separate the postal from the fiscal revenues. As a common stamp for the Commonwealth must be issued before long, the change will probably be made by slight alterations in the present designs and not by a new set of designs. Collectors should be careful to secure copies of all these little changes as they appear, to protect themselves from paying long prices for any that may become scarce. In fact, Australian issues should be closely watched till the Commonwealth stamp appears. Make-shifts to tide over the interval are more than likely, and make-shift issues have a habit of becoming scarce. Those who have not secured the very pretty little set of Southern Nigeria Queen's Heads will do well to get them while they are to be had at new issue prices, for the King's Head supply has gone out to the Colony. In my thinking it is the most charming of all the Queen's Head series of Colonials.



British Honduras.—The 5c. value of the King's Head type has been issued. It is printed as before in purple on blue paper with name and value in blue. But for the King's head and the introduction of a little crown above, the design remains unchanged. The printing is in a deeper shade.

Cayman Islands.—A ½d. green has been added to the King's Head set.

Denmark.—Two new values have been added to the current series—1 ore, orange, and 15 ore, lilac, wmk. crown, perf. 13.

Dutch Indies.—The ½ cent value in the new type, as illustrated, has been issued. The

other low values in the same type will no doubt follow in due course. Colour, mauve; perf. 12½.



Dutch Indies.



French Levant.

French Levant.—Here is a new type just received, issued for the use of French post-offices in the Levant. The design is very pretty, though somewhat crowded. Colour, pale red; perf. 13. 3 c.

Labuan.—One of the most effective designs ever placed upon a postage stamp has just been issued for this Colony. The engraving, exquisitely beautiful, is the work of Messrs. Waterlow. The central portion of the design is printed in one colour, the framework in another, and the colours are blended as only a



true artist can blend them.

South Australia.—From this colony we have a surprise in a new 9d. stamp in the long shape of the current high values. I imagine the old design which has been in use for so many years is discarded to allow of the introduction of the word "postage." The Commonwealth arrangements require the separation of the fiscal and postal accounts, and, as in Victoria, we shall probably have either new



designs or the addition of the word "postage" to each stamp. This new and peculiar 9d. is

evidently the forerunner of the change. 9d. rose; wmk. Crown and SA close, twice on each stamp; perf. 11½.

New Zealand.—I have received the 3d. of the current picture series watermarked NZ and star, perf. 11. The rest of the series will probably be printed on watermarked paper as new printings are required.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T.A.D.—In replying in the October CAPTAIN to your query about Prince Consort Essays I stated that they have no catalogue value. I may now add the further information that in a London stamp auction on the 25th September last, two Prince Consort Essays—1d. black and 1d. red—sold for 16s.

C.G.S.—Gold Coast, 1902, 2d. is now selling for 3s. 6d. There were not many printed, but I should not expect it to rise much above the price quoted for some years. The B.C.A. and B.E.A. 1891 issues are comparatively low priced for the reason that dealers have been able to get supplies at a rate which enables them to sell at a profit at the catalogue quotation. It will probably be some years before those issues improve much in value. I certainly should not advise you to buy Seychelles for investment. A better choice would be current sets of the Queen's Heads of Lagos, Southern Nigeria, Northern Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and the last Queen's Head series of Gambia. Of these Southern Nigeria, if you can get them, will probably be the best to buy.

L.H.P.—The Portuguese, 1870-80, 1000 reis, black, is catalogued, perf. 12½ at 15s. unused and 6s. used, and perf. 13½ at 12s. unused and 2s. 6d. used.

L.K.E.—The Victoria, 1873, ½ rose on rose, was a very much overrated stamp, and as a consequence it has, ever since 1897, been dropping to its proper level. Its range of price has been as follows:—

1897.		1899.		1900.	
Unused.	Used.	Unused.	Used.	Unused.	Used.
15s.	7s. 6d.	8s.	8s.	5s.	6s.
1902.		1903.			
Unused.	Used.	Unused.	Used.		
3s. 6d.	—	3s. 6d.	6d.		


Such a drop is not common, but in this case there are many causes; first, the stamp was considerably overrated in 1897, and since then Australian stamps have suffered in market value from a local crisis, but they are now on the rise once more. There is, however, no need to be discouraged because a few stamps you may have bought have gone down. You must take one with the other, and if you will do so you will probably find that, despite occasional drops, you are well on the right side of the account.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Whitfield King & Co.—Denmark, Orange Free State, South Australia, Labuan, Dutch Indies, British Honduras.

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—French Levant.

Ewen.—Labuan, Cayman Islands, New Zealand.



A TRUE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK

BY MELESINA SETON CHRISTOPHER.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

IN April, 1887, I, as a young girl, was coming home from a visit to India, in charge of a chaperone. On the night of the 16th, our ship, the *Tasmania*, a big passenger Liner, with 400 souls on board, ran on a sunken rock, shortly after passing the Straits of Bonifacio. Up to this time we had enjoyed a particularly pleasant voyage and were on the eve of parting with some of our many friends, as we expected to be at Marseilles the next day, and all our boats had been swung in on the windlasses, to make us neat and tidy for port.

The first sensation I recall was a tremendous tearing, grating shock, which startled us all wide awake, and I found myself standing in the middle of the cabin. Immediately there were hoarse shouts above on deck and a rush of many feet. These sounds, with the stopping of all the machinery to which, during three weeks of ship life, our ears had

grown accustomed, made us realise that something serious had happened.

In my ignorance, however, I was somewhat reassured when a man opened my door and said quietly, "Don't be frightened. We have only run aground." As the steward hastily added the order, "All ladies dress and go on deck at once," I put on my clothes as fast as I could, substituting an ulster for a dress, and thrusting my feet into a pair of gold-embroidered shoes I had worn the night before. I flung a red Tam-o'-Shanter on my tangled hair, and went out into the saloon just as a wave heaved itself in through my port window.

Then, for the first time, I realised the possible horrors of the situation. The floor was already slippery with water, the ship was lurching in an extraordinary helpless kind of way, and at each thud came the crashing of breaking china and glass. Terrified women and children were hurrying in the dim light to the end where the staircase was, and I noted a few men, all with life-belts on. This, I think, frightened me most, as it conveyed to me that we might be in the water in a few minutes. It was, indeed, the case, as the whole ship was cut open below and only her stern held fast on the rock, which now proved our salvation, as we were five miles from the shore, with a heavy sea between us and the rugged Corsican coast. Mercifully we did not realise all this at the time. Being provided with a life-belt by a kindly man, I struggled on hands and knees up the companion staircase, past the clock, which stood at ten minutes after four, and through the groups of women, some moaning, others praying, and the poor children, hastily wrapped in blankets, wailing, and, above all the noise, a canary hanging in a cage shrieking in pitiless song.

On deck it was dark, and a crescent moon shone dimly, catching the foam on the waves as they curled over the ship and the white set faces all round.

Shortly after this the ship settled with a great lurch which left her under water up to her funnel, and right over on her port side, so that these bulwarks were below the water, and the starboard side, nearest the shore, high above. What was left to stand on was all on a slant and very slippery, forcing one to hold on tight to the iron uprights, as the waves swept up behind us as high as our knees, the spray dashing over our heads. One could see very little in the darkness until rockets were sent off from the bridge, which, as they rushed skywards, lit up the scene

and photographed it on our minds for ever. To us it seemed as if they must bring help, but no help came. Meanwhile it dawned, and we silently took in our position, realising fully the danger of the ship breaking at midships, where the waves were dashing triumphantly across, more fully, I think, than that of slipping off the rock, which was known more to the officers and men of the ship. I cannot speak too highly of the courage of most of the men or of the kindly way they helped the women and children, even managing to keep cheery through those cold, dismal hours. Many of them, having rushed up on deck on the first alarm, were clad only in their night suits, to which they had added anything that came handy in the shape of a green baize tablecloth, blanket, or even a yellow quarantine flag. I remember a cheerful young steward passing me, and saying: "She is a fine ship, built in compartments, and even if she do break she'll still float."

All this time immense endeavours were being made to launch the boats by both passengers and crew, but five out of eight had already come to grief in some way, and the fifth officer had been drowned whilst lending gallant assistance. This, however, was kept from us at the time. At last one small rudderless boat was brought near to be filled, and some fifteen ladies and children went in her, and we watched her go off, looking like a cockle-shell in the heavy sea, though I observed, as one does at such moments, how picturesque one of the girls looked in a peacock-blue dressing-gown, with her masses of auburn hair streaming in the wind. After a long interval we heard another boat had been launched, and I was urged to go in her, and told the lifeboat was just making ready also. The boat was already nearly full of rowers and women, and children were being thrown into the arms of a man standing up in her. After climbing over the gate, which had wisely been locked. I reached the top of the companion, which had been let down but could not be secured, and heard myself told to jump, so, slipping under the hand-rail, I jumped as the boat rose on the next wave, and found myself safely landed in her, and directly after we pulled off. The waves were running fairly high now, and our boat, which was indifferently manned, with no one to take positive command, was half-full of water to start with.

Baling had to be kept up pretty briskly, as the water seemed to be coming in fast from



THE DECK WAS ALL ON A SLANT AND VERY SLIPPERY.

some leak, and an occasional wave into the boat did not help matters. We had nothing to bale with except a few hats, but I managed to get hold of a capacious soft felt one, and the cheery steward and I worked away, endeavouring to keep the water below our knees. After some time of this, one of the men turned with rough politeness and suggested to a stewardess, who formed one of our party, that she should take a turn now and relieve me. This "lady," however, drew herself up and said she was not "paid to bale," which excess of dignity on her part left me in proud possession of the felt hat baler. A few minutes later one of the rowers asked me to start a song, as he thought they would row the better for it, so with a husky voice I led off with "The Midshipmite," in which many joined.

After two hours of rowing and baling and singing we found a sufficiently sandy bit of shore to run the boat on. The men gave a feeble hurrah as we felt her ground safely in the sand, and then we all, some thirty in number, tumbled out into the shallow water. The shore seemed absolutely uninhabited and desolate, and a thin rain was falling, and I own I then sat down and cried, now that the personal danger was over. We knew not what to do. Worst of all, it appeared impossible to send our boat back to the wreck to help the brave men left there, as the heavy waves and the strong current setting shorewards made it

too difficult to launch her free of the breakers.

Meanwhile, one of the men had found some little huts where we could at least light a fire, but Mrs. B. and I, unable to endure the inactivity, started out to walk along the shore towards the wreck, to see what had become of the lifeboat, which we knew must have landed nearer the wreck than we had.

So we set out. After walking a little way, we met some of our men carrying a few clothes, and one of them gave me a child's broad woollen sash, which I put round my head, shawl fashion, as I had long since parted company with my Tam-o'-Shanter. These men told us the lifeboat had landed safely with some sixty or seventy people, including all the remaining women and children, some miles further on. This news, after the previous suspense, made us feel quite light-hearted, and we almost enjoyed the first part of our walk over the soft sand.

All along the shore the wreckage was already lying in masses, and a quantity more was floating in, even the woodwork of the cabins of the ship, with the numbers of the berths on the doors. This *débris* was piled up along with bales of cotton, chairs, pictures, boxes, pillows, photographs, oranges, and every conceivable thing. For hours we walked on wearily over the rocks and stones and through the thick undergrowth, for which I found my gold-embroidered shoes most unsuitable. We waded through little arms of the sea, and ever with the piteous view of the wreck in sight.

No help from the shore had yet reached the vessel, though we knew that some of the men had at once started, when our boat landed, to try and find a town from which to send assistance.

Towards evening we reached a tiny hut on the shore where were men whose daily avocations, I fancy, were none of the straightest, but they were kind to us, and thrust quaint little gourd bottles of wine into our hands, from which we took a sip. They knew all about the wreck, as they had already seen the lifeboat people. These, they informed us, were gone up to where was a little inn for the night, so there was nothing for us to do but follow, tired and footsore though we were.

After a weary climb we found them before dusk at a little white inn, where I believe they numbered three beds, and we were seventy ladies and forty children, as shortly the rest of our party found us there. The many poor wives were in a pitiable state of anxiety over the fate of their husbands, and though we thought we saw a light where the ship was, and so were cheered somewhat, hoping help had reached it, still, our hearts were heavy as we turned in to what rest we could obtain. In one of the three rooms allotted to us I found a space on the brick floor, and shared a pillow with the lady next to me, which she had made by rolling up her skirt, and towards dawn we slept the sleep of utter

weariness and exhaustion on that hard, much-inhabited floor. The morning found us so stiff after our wetting and long walk that we could hardly get up. Still, I think every one was surprised to find how comparatively well she felt, and after their good night the children seemed quite sprightly, and we all made what toilettes we could. Mrs. W. possessed the only hair-pin among us all, and this we made good use of. It served as a bodkin to thread wandering strings and to comb our hair, though I did see one lady attempting to do hers with a line of pins, but it looked painful.

I heard one small boy bewailing the loss of his garters, and, though he was told that on occasions like this such trifles must be dispensed with, a self-sacrificing lady, in a black satin petticoat trimmed with lace, kindly tore the lace off in strips and supplied this need all round.

Some of the costumes were very funny, one lady in a black evening skirt, a mass of beads and jet, had a piece of flannel round her head and her feet tied up in bits of rug, while she benevolently bestowed the low-necked, much-bespangled bodice on a friend, who gratefully accepted it as she said, "Beads are so warm!"

We could get no definite news of those on the wreck, but were promised that we should hear on our arrival at a small town in the interior, where we were now going to be taken. So off we started, in a strange collection of vehicles, and as we had a fast mule, Mrs. B. and Mrs. M. and myself outdistanced the others, and arrived soon after eleven at the small, picturesque town of Sartène. Here we were received with great ceremony, the whole population turning out and lining the steps of the Hotel de Ville, to which we were first conducted. The crowd looked at us very sympathetically, and murmured many kind things, and I felt a very pitiable object as I limped up the steps with my ulster torn in ribbons all round the edge by the rocks and bushes, the poor old evening-shoes, now most melancholy objects, and my piece of sea-stained flannel over my tangled hair. Mrs. B. also came in for a great deal of pity, in a rough long coat with an enormous pair of men's boots, but Mrs. M., in a dress with a collar—a real collar—gave quite an air to the party, and we made her walk first. We three were taken to a fire in one of the rooms which was lined with tin boxes with severe and legal-looking appellations printed on them, and were here given strong hot coffee in long glasses and a packet of familiar Huntley and Palmer's sweet biscuits, and, while we regaled ourselves, the



ALL ALONG THE SHORE THE WRECKAGE WAS LYING IN MASSES.

people decided among themselves who should have us, for they all seemed most eager to take us in.

It was finally decided that M. Simon should take care of our party, and we trotted off with him just as the others arrived. Our host conducted us to a small house in a very narrow street, and we soon settled ourselves in wooden chairs round the fire, feeling quite at home by the time his wife came in. She seemed thoroughly prepared for this sudden inroad, and was most cheerful and kind, bustling about and making us comfortable. She at once sent out for hats and boots, of which we were much in need, and also patterns of stuffs for dresses for Mrs. B. and myself. Monsieur was most good, too, in helping us to send telegrams to our friends. I knelt at the rickety table and penned the words, "Sauvée et bien," and away these

words went to England, where they were read with joy and thankfulness by their recipient, and engraven in a golden bangle which I always wear.

By the time we all sat down to *déjeuner*, our first meal since Saturday night, I had made considerable progress with my skirt, which was all I decided I need immediately make, and Mrs. M. and I had chosen some delightful elastic boots with blue cloth and imitation buttons up the side. From that time I bade farewell to my faithful gold-tipped shoes, with few regrets at the moment, though with some in the after days.

Mr. D., one of the officers of the ship, came in to see us in the evening and brought us further news to the effect that most of the men had been saved from the wreck, except, he believed, the Captain and a few others, but that all had had a terrible night on board. This intelligence made us feel very anxious once more and kept us awake on the puffy little feather bed we found prepared for Mrs. M. and myself.

Our hostess was very attentive, constantly running in with just a little "tizâne" for Mrs. B., who was in a small bed alongside of us and whose throat was sore. Then she offered us nightgowns, which we gladly accepted, and, last of all, just as we were going to sleep, "des bonnets de nuit." She was so amazed at our declining these last that she insisted on leaving them in the room in case we should change our minds.

We managed to sleep a good deal that



RIPPING UP THE CUSHIONS AND PRESSING THEM AGAINST THE WINDOWS TO STEM THE INTERMITTENT FLOOD OF WATER

night, and felt much better the next morning.

When we came to make our "adieux," we were all three kissed by Madame with great fervour on both cheeks, and with many promises to write and let them know of our welfare we left these good Corsican friends.

M. Simon came with us to a big building where we were again told that most of the men were safe and well and that we should meet them that afternoon at Ajaccio, whither we were now going. Then we said good bye to M. Simon, and drove away from Sartène in a very shaky victoria. We had a long drive of about fifteen miles to the sea, and arrived soon after eleven o'clock at a small place called Propriano, where a local steamer was waiting to take us to Ajaccio. A few of the ladies were still in shawls and dressing-gowns, but most had either accepted wonderful French garments from their hostesses or availed themselves of the scanty resources of the town.

It was nearly five o'clock before we were told Ajaccio was in sight. Then we all stood up and collected our "luggage," which consisted of a few odds and ends tied up in red handkerchiefs. As we rounded the corner into the harbour every one watched with straining eyes and eager hearts for the first sight of friends and relations. Presently we saw boats coming swiftly towards us, and in one of these we caught sight of our few special friends looking very pale and haggard, but safe and apparently well. Then all the suspense and anxiety was over, and soon everything gave way to a general rejoicing. I cannot attempt to describe the meeting of the husbands and wives, separated under such terrible circumstances, but can only speak of what I know—the intense delight we felt at seeing our friends again. Our hearts were so full that we could do little more than wring their hands; indeed, a general rapturous hand-shaking seemed to be the chief relief for the intensity of every one's feelings, and yet, in the midst of it all, one heard some man saying fervently: "I have got a tooth-brush for you." As all the men had been at Ajaccio for some hours they were laden with chocolate and clothes and brushes of various sorts.

We sat on the railing round the ship for some little time after we met, hearing and telling one another of what had happened since we parted, though the men very reluctantly reverted to the terrible time they had had. It appears that after we left the sea became rougher and swept over the deck with such force that

hardly anything remained standing, and at three o'clock the Captain was washed away by the engine-room skylight, and another man was swept overboard, but, luckily, being a powerful swimmer, managed to regain the wreck. Added to all this many of the Lascars lost heart and perished from cold and want of pluck, several throwing themselves overboard; nine others stole a raft made by the passengers and white crew and attempted to get ashore on her, but were all drowned. A steward and a quartermaster had also lost their lives.

Soon the small piece of slanting deck above the water was stripped of nearly all its fixtures and became much more difficult and dangerous to keep foothold on than it had been when we were there. Only the small iron-built smoking-room, set cornerways on deck, remained at last, and as the day wore on the men took shelter in this, ripping up the cushions and pressing them against the windows to stem the intermittent flood of water.

It was impossible for them all to get in, and turns had to be taken, those outside suffering terribly from cold, and all from want of water to drink; nothing, they said, compared, however, to the *mental* strain of that night as the waves dashed over, breaking at last on the roof of the smoking-room, so that at each crash they were uncertain whether they were still on the rock or not. This went on till eleven at night, and had it continued a terrible catastrophe must have taken place, which would have been all the more sad in that a French ship, sent by the Consul, who got the news at four, did reach the scene at dusk, but the sea was running too high for them to attempt a rescue, and they did not even dare to remain near in that rocky region. Mercifully, at eleven, the sea began to calm down and the rest of the night was more bearable, though several men fainted from the strain and exhaustion, and there were not a few broken bones and bad bruises.

An Englishman, whose yacht was in the harbour, had also heard of the wreck the night before, whereupon he "said nuffin" but quietly laid in a store of beef and biscuits, and at the first glimmer of dawn was on the scene.

As one of the men said to me: "When we saw her coming, a real sail coming straight to us, we tried to raise a cheer, and I am not ashamed to say we couldn't." The owner of the yacht worked everything with the greatest order, rowing himself in his small boat, and

taking off first the invalids and weak ones of the party. As each man stepped on board the yacht he was handed a cup of coffee and a biscuit, and later, while his belongings were being dried, regaled on hot beef sandwiches. By the time the French ship arrived, half an hour later, there remained only the crew and Lascars to be taken off the ship. So she was left, and the sea worked its will till it broke her across at midships some few weeks after, and she went down into the thirty fathoms depth that we had been mercifully saved from.

Later on we were taken in small boats to another big steamer, which had just arrived for us. Mrs. B., Mrs. M., and I got a cabin to ourselves and undid the parcels of clothes the men had bought for us, interrupted now and then by the door being opened and a sponge or some such treasure being thrust in. We took a long time dressing that evening to do justice to their purchases; when at last we appeared for dinner, I had on a dark red jersey, a

white handkerchief round my throat, a green skirt and blue boots, while the ornate glories of my fellow-women's garments defied description.

Dinner ended, we went up on to the calm, peaceful deck and heard a few more details from the men—how the canary owed its life to its shrill voice, as some one unhooked its cage and hung it on the rigging, so that it shared with one plucky fox-terrier the honour of being the only two saved of the many pets and animals on board. The next morning we steamed away from Ajaccio, leaving the lovely shores of Corsica, of which we had so many and such varied recollections.

Three days from this time found us in London. We travelled across the Continent from Marseilles and arrived, a curiously-clad group of individuals, on Friday evening at Charing Cross. We were welcomed by troops of eager friends and relations, who, I think, on the whole, somewhat envied us our experiences now they were well over.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN SHAKESPEARE.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

UNDoubtedly in proclaiming Marcus Brutus my favourite Shakespearian character, I am wording the opinions of numerous CAPTAIN readers. Our reasons for this selection are as numerous as they must be satisfactory. Like all Romans "of the brave days of old," he regarded the protection of his honour as his noblest duty. All boys of British birth must admire his jealousy for the honour of his country. To his faithfulness as a friend, Julius Cæsar himself testifies. Caius Cassius gives ample testimony to Brutus' fraternal affection. As a husband Brutus was a perfect embodiment of love, trust, faithfulness, and constancy. His serious and sound philosophy is evinced by his soliloquy, "For 'tis a common proof that lowliness is young ambition's ladder," etc. To prove what exhaustive thought he gave to matters of high interest, we have but to read of the sleepless nights that followed the conspirators' attempt to make him one of them. What disgust had he for cowardice! and what contempt he had for meanness! The greatest admiration fills us when we read how he chastised his co-conspirators for bloodthirstiness!

Then view him on that eventful day—the Ides of March. He scorns to flatter Cæsar as he pleads for Publius Cimber's pardon. Then when he stabs! He faces Cæsar. He stabs in front. His face portrays no fear, no shame. And why?

Antony in his famous oration over Brutus' body gives us answer—"All the conspirators save only he. Did what they did in envy of great Cæsar," etc. Hence his lack of shame, and bold effrontery. His earnestness, zeal, and enthusiasm is exhibited when he bades his friends wash in the dead man's blood.

But as we pursue our hero's character we are disappointed, inasmuch as he mistakes his vocation. As a moral and social leader he was, as near as possible, perfect. As a leader of battalions he poses in an erroneous position. He makes a big mistake by proceeding to Philippic instead of journeying to Sardis and tiring Octavius Cæsar's troops. The last scenes of the play provide ample and successive proof of his nobleness of mind and character. His forces beaten, Cassius has killed himself, and as his fathers did, so dies the Roman Brutus. Would you dispute his right to the position we give him? If so, study Shakespeare's other characters. Then learn his true estimate by comparison. As more you compare, so more shall you mentally illuminate his character.

He was a Roman combining great knowledge, sound philosophy, exhaustive argumentativeness, and powers of suasion, with a constant faithfulness, tenderness, and love. He was a most noble enemy, and a most tender friend.

CLIFFORD FRANCIS

ABOUT BREATHING.

By C. B. FRY.

WHAT of this engine-driver?

This one, who spends incessant care and trouble upon the pistons, nuts, and cog-wheels of his engine, who studies to make and keep them perfect, and yet pays no jot or tittle of attention to his fuel, his draught, the inside of his boiler, and his steam?

You would say of him, he should do the one and not leave the other undone. He cannot safely and wisely neglect things essential to the success of his machine. He does so at his peril.

The human body is an engine, alive. Not like an engine of iron and steel, but something like it. The difference is mainly this, that your body is alive in all its parts. The process of life is one of continual waste and repair. Your food, the fuel of the human engine, supplies not only power and heat, but actually supplies to each and every part of you the material which repairs the waste.

Physically, you live by food and air. When you go in for athletic exercise you live, for the time, faster and at higher pressure. The waste is greater, and with it the need of repair is greater. Your muscles, chiefly, do the work of athletic exercise; the waste and repair is chiefly of them. But why think only of the muscles when the muscles themselves depend for power and very life on food and digestion, blood and heart, air and breathing?

Are you not rather like the foolish engine-driver? You are; and your mistake



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MR. C. B. FRY, ATHLETIC EDITOR OF "THE CAPTAIN."
Photo Geo. Newnes, Ltd.

is similar. Because eating and breathing are necessary in ordinary unathletic life, and, therefore, familiar, you overlook their fundamental importance in training for athletics. You attend to muscular cogs and cranks and forget the fuel and steam that drive them.

Simple, honest, familiar health is the basis of athletic prowess, worth the name. Without this foundation you build upon the sand. And great was the fall thereof.

You cannot really understand training without knowing the main points of anatomy and physiology. The muscles and their work are but the end of the

story. Of food and digestion, another time. It is of breathing that I now write to you.

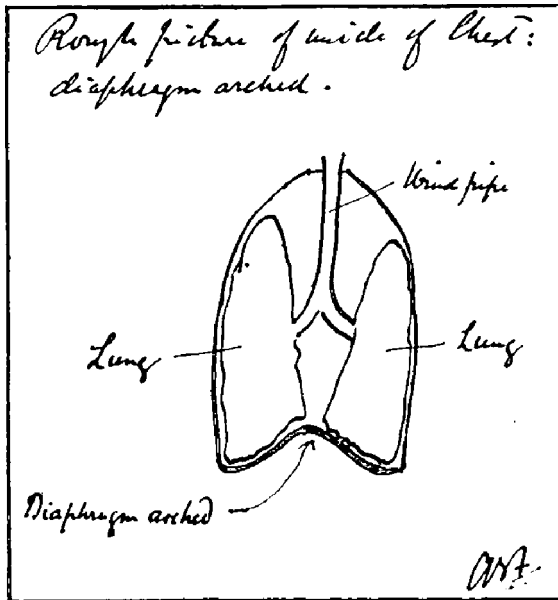
You cannot understand about breathing without knowing why and how you breathe. And to know this you must know something of the heart and blood.

Your heart is a muscular pump that forces blood throughout your system; the blood returns continually to your heart, *via* your lungs, where it is cleansed and renewed with oxygen from the air you breathe, and is then pumped through you again, and so on round and round.

The outgoing stream of blood carries with it, in chief, two things: first, material (which it has beforehand obtained from digested and assimilated food) wherewith to repair the waste, the perpetual decay of your tissues, especially of your muscles; secondly, oxygen

which enables your tissues, especially your muscles, to live and work.

The process of waste and decay in your muscles is a kind of damp burning; that is the character of their life and work. The blood brings every addition of fuel to these wet fires, and without this the fires would cease to burn; and the blood brings oxygen,



abdomen. Its sides are formed of a framework of ribs, which start from sockets in your spine and hoop round to join your breast-bone. At least, the top seven pairs (a pair meaning one on each side of the breast-bone) hoop round nearly to it, and the final connection is a piece of cartilage, a kind of soft bone. The next three pairs are joined by cartilage, each rib to the cartilage of the rib above it. The bottom two pairs do not join the breast-bone, and are fixed only in the spine. So the sides of your chest-barrel are a hoop framework of ribs. And between the ribs there is a network of muscle up and down, that is, filling the space between rib above and rib next below, and connecting them, there is a band of muscle of which the fibres run downwards from rib above to rib below. Each of these between-rib bands is double, an outer and an inner band. The outer band has its fibres running downwards and forwards, the inner downwards and backwards.

The top of the chest is arched, and is, so to speak, an upper continuation of the sides; or you can say that there is no top, but that the sides diminish in girth upwards.

The chest is air-tight. Inside it (besides the heart and other details) there are your two lungs, one on each side. Your lungs

without which no burning, damp or dry, can happen.

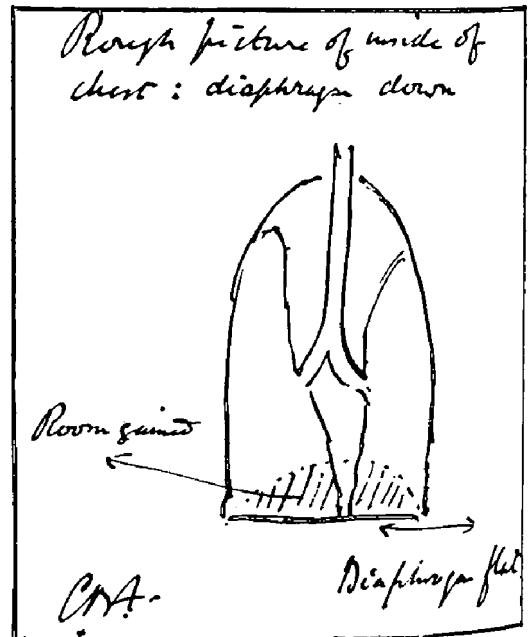
The returning stream of blood carries away from the muscles the waste, the damp ashes of the wet fires. Some of this waste is not waste; it is used to repair other and differently constituted parts of you. Some of it is poison, and must go. Most of it goes by the blood to the lungs, is absorbed through the coating of the lungs into them, and you breathe it out into the air.

Breathe in and you give your lungs chiefly oxygen; breathe out and you remove chiefly carbonic acid gas, the poisonous gas your lungs have received from the blood and the blood from the wasting tissues.

Now, mark this carefully. When you work them harder your muscles wet-burn quicker; they need more fuel and more oxygen; they give off more poison-waste. So your heart must pump harder, and you must breathe more fully in and out. Q.E.D.

Now let us look specially at breathing and the lungs.

Your chest is a kind of air-tight box; in shape something like a squat sugar-loaf or pine-apple, hollow. Its floor is a sheet of muscle, called the diaphragm, which divides the inside of the chest from the stomach, the



are like bladders with sponges inside, sponges that absorb air, not water. The air can get into and out of your lungs by your wind-pipe, which enters at the top of your chest and branches off, about halfway down, into two pipes, one for each lung.

Your chest can expand (and thus increase its inside capacity) three ways: downwards, sideways nearly all round, and upwards a little.

The floor of your chest, the diaphragm, is not, when at rest, flat; it arches upwards rather like the bottom of a champagne bottle. It is made of muscle fibres with a centre-piece of flat tendon. When this muscle, the diaphragm, contracts, then the fibres shorten, pulling from ends attached to the lining of your chest-walls, and down comes the centre-piece, so that the floor is now nearly flat, like the bottom of an oilcan. But clearly, when the floor is thus flattened instead of being arched, the room inside is increased. A champagne bottle would hold more wine—or air—if its bottom were flat instead of arched up.

The sides of your chest are not rigid; they can expand, more or less. When the outer-between rib bands of muscle contract, each band lifts upwards and outwards the rib below it. The process is something like the full opening of an already nearly fully-opened umbrella, but your ribs run round and round whereas the umbrella's ribs run up and down.

Now, see here. *You do not breathe with your nose or mouth or with your lungs. You breathe through your nose or mouth into your lungs by the contraction either of your diaphragm or of your between-rib muscles, or of both together.*

What happens is simply this. When, by the contraction of your diaphragm, the floor of your chest is flattened down, or when, by the contraction of the between-rib muscles the sides are expanded, then the elastic lung bags expand with floor or sides, and the air rushes in. As more room is made inside, more air goes in simply by pressure of the atmosphere. You make room, air goes in: that is breathing in or inspiration.

Breathing out or expiration happens thus. When you relax your diaphragm or your between-rib muscles, or both, diaphragm rises arch-wise, ribs fall a little inwards, and then the room inside is diminished. Therefore the air is squeezed out just as it is out of a bladder when you squeeze it. In forced expiration the inner between-rib bands of muscles are used to pull the ribs downwards and inwards.

Now, the great point to notice is that it is by the working of the floor-muscle, the diaphragm, or of the side muscles, between-ribs, that the holding capacity of lungs is alternately increased and diminished. You breathe by muscles.

In an ordinary way when sleeping or sitting still or walking quietly, you need only a moderate amount of air coming and going. Then (if a male) you probably breathe in and out merely by the gentle alternate flattening and re-arching of the diaphragm. This you can see by the fact that your abdomen, between the bottom end of your breast-bone and the lower-half of your stomach, works outwards and inwards. This because the diaphragm alternately presses down on the abdomen and its contents and then releases the pressure.

But when you really need an extra amount of air, when you are at hard exercise, then you probably breathe chiefly by the outward and upward lift of the ribs and use the downward room-making of the diaphragm only slightly.

If you ask anyone to take a deep breath, he usually shoots out his chest like a pouter-pigeon, hunches his shoulders like a trussed fowl, and tucks in his "tummy" like a greyhound.

The proper way to breathe in ordinary more or less restful life is with the diaphragm—floor-breathing. And this also in quiet efforts, such as public speaking or singing.

The proper way to breathe in a hard effort, in athletic exercise of a severe kind, is still with the diaphragm—as much as you can. And if you must supplement this expand your ribs. Do not tuck in your stomach and hunch your shoulders. The space inside the top of your chest is narrow and full of details; the hunched-shoulder breathing merely constricts the space. The most roomy and easy way of expansion is downwards through the floor, the diaphragm. Rib or chest expansion breathing is good for increasing your chest capacity; but that is another matter. The point is, not to give up the diaphragm downward natural easy breathing just because you are at hard exercise.

Now, the muscles you use in breathing work, for the most part, involuntarily without conscious effort on your part. But they are subject to the will. Therefore, you can and ought to exercise and develop them by practice and systematic exercises just as you do any other muscle you wish to serve you well in athletic work.

Just attend to the effects of having your diaphragm and between-rib muscles not in a sufficiently developed or serviceable condition. When a muscle is called upon to do an unaccustomed amount of work it gets easily tired, its action laborious. In extreme cases it suffers the nervous spasm called *cramp*.

When you have a "bad wind" or get easily "blown" the case is, either (1) your lungs, being accustomed only to the partial inflation sufficient for ordinary life, have some of their cells out of working order, and, consequently, suffer labour and effort in filling these cells with air when increased and full inflation is made necessary by hard exercise; or (2) your diaphragm, not used to such severe work, gets easily tired and laboured in action; or (3) ditto of your between-rib muscles.

When you say you have "stitch," what you have is slight cramp either of the diaphragm or more commonly of the between-rib muscles.

When you say you have got your second wind, what you have got is the air into the commonly unused cells of your lungs; you have overcome the unpleasant process of opening up this unused part.

When you have the suffocating sensation you call "feeling blown," you are suffering from partial asphyxia due to the fact that you for the moment cannot throw out carbonic acid gas or get in oxygen fast enough to meet your needs.

If you carefully and systematically practise deep, full breathing, you will put all your lung cells in working order. And you will also train, gradually, your diaphragm and between-rib muscles and make them fit to bear increased and severe work without failing or tiring.

Further, grasp this. *The proper way to breathe is by the nostrils, not the mouth.* The nostrils are meant by nature for breathing; they are fitted with apparatus for filtering the air and abstracting dust and impurities before it enters the lungs, and with a dodge for warming the air so that it enters the lungs warm and not cold. If in stressful work you feel you must breathe through your mouth, try first to use the mouth only for breathing out, not for breathing in.

Dust and impurities are bad for the lungs, and so is cold air. Therefore, breathe though your nostrils as horses and other animals do.

The importance of full, correct breathing is that the fuller the breathing the more expeditious and complete is the oxygenising of the blood; and the more correct the breathing, the less is the muscular effort involved in breathing. Your heart pumps more easily, and it pumps better blood. And any decrease of effort in breathing is so much power gained and available for use for your real object—an athletic feat.

(I propose to describe some useful breathing exercises next month.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Tramp.—(1) At your age, you might grow a lot yet. (2) I do not think smoking stunts the growth; but for a growing lad it is bad. It may injure the heart. (3) Physical culture, so-called, makes for chest width and muscular development; I do not think it affects height. (4) I will make inquiries about boxing.

Epsilon.—A bad wind means you have not trained, I should say. I will write a small article on the subject later. You'll grow, I dare say.

Footballer.—A penalty kick proper is taken from the penalty-line. A free kick, for an ordinary breach of the rules, sometimes called a penalty, is taken from the spot where the offence occurs.

Nig.—Mixed hockey is a good game if the sides are properly arranged and the game played in a suitable spirit.

L. L. Thirby sends me the information that he saw a Hants batsman run down the pitch and hit for runs a ball which M. A. Noble let slip out of his hands in delivering it, so that it stopped dead in the middle of the pitch. We had some discussion here whether such a thing had actually occurred in cricket.

Hard Trier.—Good name! You can get a deal out of 1lb. dumbbells. Get C. E. Lord's book of exercises and follow them. You might try light Indian clubs; there is a good book on them by Lord, only a few pence. The system of free gymnastics used in the Army is good. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, publish a drill-book of it, I fancy. Your plan is to follow a systematic complete course, and you ought to get as much walking as you can. Fresh air is the thing. No doubt you feel town life at first; but there are ways round its drawbacks for the ingenious.

F. A. H.—(1) When as a boy I lived in London. I used to get into flannels after dusk and take running exercise down secluded streets: in Clapham Park, to be precise. You might spend from 7.30 to 8 thus and then have supper. You need not run heavily. It's "little and often" that does it. (2) For Indian clubs, get C. E. Lord's little book; there may be others. For Sandow's developer, get his chart and exercises. Thank you for good wishes. Mr. C. E. Lord's address is 71 Inverine-road, Charlton, Woolwich.

A. B. W.—If a batsman has played the ball with his bat, he is allowed to stop it going into his wicket with his pad or his foot. It seems rather unfair that a batsman should be saved from being leg-before owing to his having just nicked the ball without turning it. But if he has turned the ball a good deal in playing it, say from a foot outside his off stump, I do not see anything unfair in his stopping the ball from going into the wicket with his foot. For after all it would be hard luck for the ball to go into the wicket. In most cases of playing on, it is not correct to say that the bowler has beaten the batsman, although probably the batsman has made a somewhat faulty stroke. Your physical proportions seem to me all right. Glad to hear you and your brother are such keen cricketers.

Arab.—The best way to learn dribbling is as follows: Wear tennis or gymnastic shoes. Get either a small-sized football or an ordinary ball-sized india rubber bouncing-ball. Then, either in a big room or on a dry lawn, put down at various intervals, here and there, such obstacles as chairs, buckets, or cricket stumps. Then, going slow at first, endeavour to thread your way in and out among the obstacles, studying always to keep the ball in control, and to

keep your *balance* neatly and to make your foot-work accurate and adroit. Balance is the secret of clever dribbling. Learn to change your feet quickly, and to tap the ball firmly yet neatly, running all the time smoothly and with flow: not with jogs and stops. When you have learnt balance, control, and fluency, gradually increase your pace. Later on try in football boots on a rougher field. I like white shirts better than any others.

H. L. D.—The remedy for wild hitting is patience or self-control.

Hercules.—Use light dumb-bells, about 1½ lbs. each. You might find exercises either in Alexander's "Physical Training at Home," a book any shop will get for you, or in a little pamphlet by C. E. Lord. But I intend myself publishing a small book on dumb-bells soon. Look out for it.

D. M. B.—Five to ten minutes is quite enough for expander exercises. Have you read my article on the subject in the October CAPTAIN? Fencing is a splendid pursuit for girls: none better. You will find it less tiring as you gain proficiency in balance and the special muscular movements involved. Plain, wholesome food, simple, is the best. Pastry is bad in excess. Walking is splendid for training.

E. W. Smith.—You will find the individual scores in M.C.C. v. Australians, when Pougher and Hearne bowled the Australians out for 18, in the "Wisden's Cricket Annual" for that year.

K. J. D.—Glad to hear from Canada. Cricket will make its way among Canadian boys in time: perhaps your keenness will give it a leg-up. Stick to it. Your jumps are both distinctly good; especially the long jump. High and long-jumping go well together, if you can do both. Indeed, every long-jumper should practise high-jumping; he thus learns to rise high in the long-jumping, a great point, and also improves his power of spring. Long-jumping, perhaps, unless you know the danger, makes you inclined to take off too far from the bar in high-jumping. But you can see to this. Good luck to your efforts.

S. G. B.—Lacrosse is a splendid game: as good as football. The reason it is not more taken up here is simply because football was here first and people do not know lacrosse well.

G. W. Newton.—I cannot pick teams. West Bromwich Albion for League; Southampton for Southern League; Portsmouth or West Bromwich for Cup. R. E. Foster is the best dribbler.

Socker.—My chest is 42 inches round. I do not know what yours ought to be.

B. J. Pailthorpe.—You will find complete hints on forward play in back numbers of THE CAPTAIN. I cannot answer at length here. The goalkeeper should not bounce the ball unless he is obliged to; he should clear at once.

J. L.—You will see my opinions on games and work in a recent answer to a correspondent.

W. H. Travers.—R. S. M'Coll, of Newcastle, is reckoned the best centre forward now.

A. F. Crooks.—I cannot decide between the Forest and the County. Let 'em do it themselves, on the field.

G. A. H.—Your question is one for a good physician or surgeon. I cannot tell you more than to consult one. Do not go in for heavy straining exercises with developers.

S. L. P.—The outside forward should go ahead if he has a clear opening; to pass then wastes time. But he should middle before the defence has time to face round after running back, and also before the defence has time to concentrate in goal-mouth. There is no sense in passing for passing's sake; pass

when you ought to, or when the pass helps your side. The goalkeeper may not touch the ball twice in kicking off; it is the same as any other free-kick. Plain footer boots—rather low heels—no ankle pads.

"Leg Ball."—I am not sure what sort of cramp yours is. Cramp is usually a spasm of a muscle, and it attacks a muscle which has not been accustomed to the strain or amount of strain you now put on it. I fancy cramp also comes from bad circulation of the blood. Thanks for good wishes. I was not well last cricket season; knocked myself up playing final cup-ties with influenza on me.

Nemo.—Try Alexander's "Physical training at Home," or C. E. Lord's little book. Light dumb-bells; say 1½ lb. each. See above.

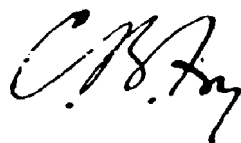
E. O. Whitefield.—According to your diagram the batsman hit the ball to mid-off and called his partner for a run, but his partner sent him back, with the result that the batsman was run out. Clearly it was the batsman's call, but, on the other hand, if the stroke was not one which justified the batsman in calling his partner for a run, his partner had a right to send him back. The whole thing depends on whether or not the run was a good one; if it was, the batsman has reason to be aggrieved at his partner not running when called.

H. Peed.—From your account I understand that the bowling screen was a boundary. This means that if the ball either hit the screen or went over it, the ball was dead. If you hit over the screen you thereby scored four runs. If the fieldsman ran behind the screen and caught the ball after it had passed over the screen, you certainly were not out. The fact that in other directions hits were run out with no boundary makes no difference whatever. Of course, if a special arrangement was come to before the match about catches behind the screen, the case would be different; but you do not mention anything of the kind.

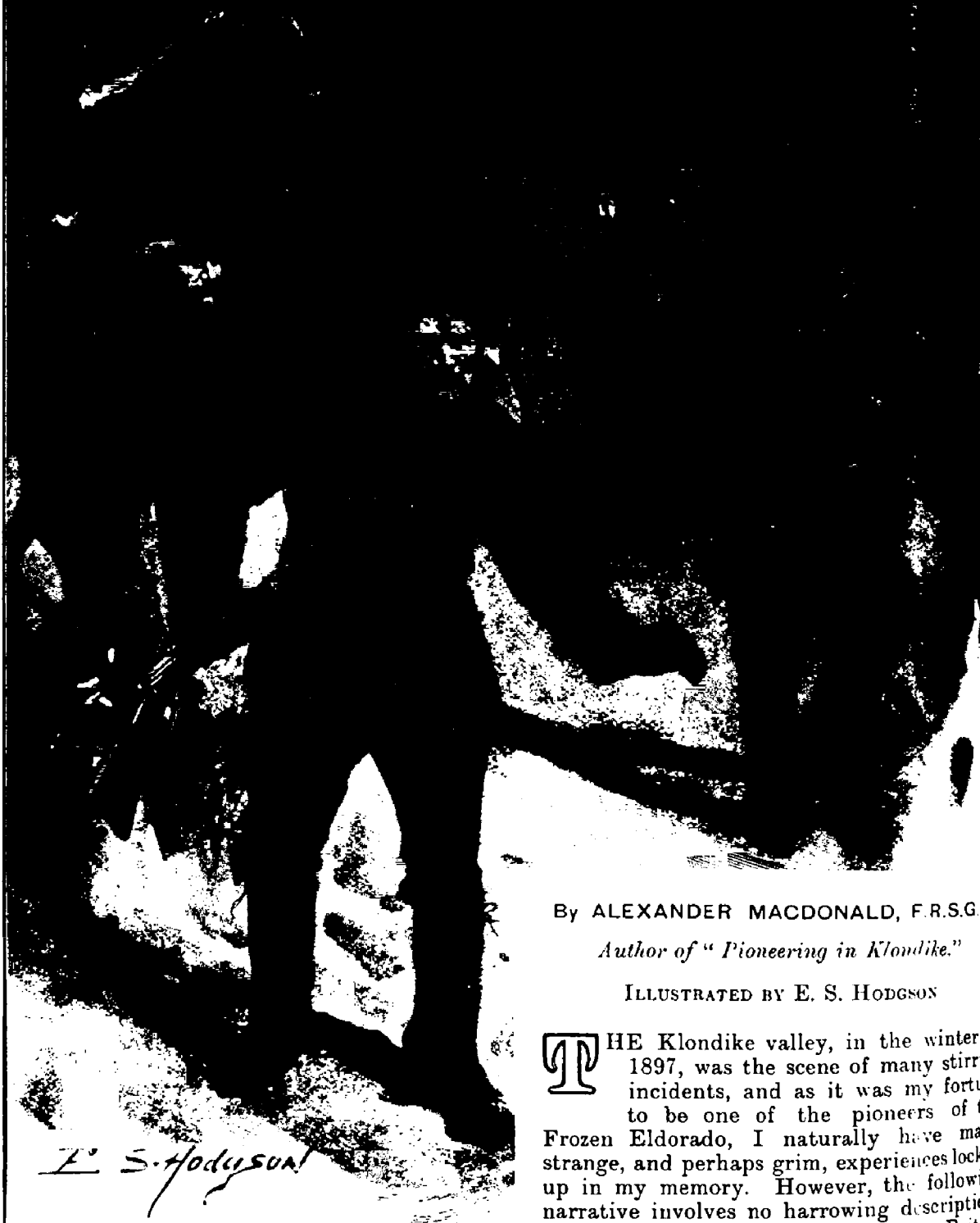
G. H. R. L.—Glad to hear that my answers to your questions gave you satisfaction. I daresay if you put a cricket ball in your pocket when you go to see the gentleman play, and offer to give him a few balls at the nets before the match, and tell him you are a correspondent of mine, you might, so to speak, make his acquaintance. I expect you would find him good-natured.

Rev. J. B. Richardson.—With regard to the bowler putting down the wicket of the batsman who backs up before the ball is bowled, it must be remembered that the batsman is taking an unfair advantage by gaining ground for his run. In the case of a short run, it might happen that the two yards or so thus unfairly taken by the batsman in backing up too soon would save him from being run out the other end. It is distinctly unfair for the batsman to back up to the extent of leaving his ground before the ball has left the bowler's hand. Batsmen have been put out in first-class cricket for leaving their ground before delivery of the ball.

C. Hemmell.—I do not know the private addresses of the cricketers you mention. You might find them by writing to c/o of the secretary at the county grounds to which they severally belong. You are after autographs! I am inclined to select M. A. Noble, the Australian, in answer to your query about all-round cricketers.



THE LAND OF THE THRON-DUCKS



E. S. Hodgson

By ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.S.G.S

Author of "Pioneering in Klondike."

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON

THE Klondike valley, in the winter of 1897, was the scene of many stirring incidents, and as it was my fortune to be one of the pioneers of the Frozen Eldorado, I naturally have many strange, and perhaps grim, experiences locked up in my memory. However, the following narrative involves no harrowing descriptions of the bitter skirmishes between the British and American communities, which were of

almost daily occurrence in the vicinity of Dawson City, so there can be little harm in giving it here. It was November, 1897, and my "party," accompanied by "Cap" Campbell and "Alf" Mackay, two well-known miners, were prospecting in the mountains near the source of the Thron-diuck river. My party consisted of "Mac" and "Stewart," two muscular Scotsmen, who had accompanied me on my wanderings for many years, and a powerful mastiff, named "Dave." We had been very successful in our quest for the yellow metal, having located three creeks rich in the precious golden sand; and one of those creeks now bears the euphonious title of "Gold Bottom." But our eagerness seemed likely to cost us dear, for our store of food-stuffs had become wonderfully small, and we were many days' journey from our camp on Skookum Gulch, where were our headquarters.

The return journey proved to be more difficult than we had anticipated; the weather had been very severe for the last few days, and the snow on the hillside was hard and dangerously slippery. "We'll try a short cut over the mountains, boys," said Mackay, as we strove vainly to reach the frozen river far beneath. The Klondike takes many twists in its erratic course, and it so happened that if we could cross a mountain spur we should strike the trail only a few miles from Eldorado creek. "We'll make the attempt," I said, and Mac and Stewart concurred with emphatic ejaculations. One sleigh carried the possessions of the whole party, and it was tugged along by our combined efforts, including the assistance of Dave, who struggled in his harness in the leader's position. At last we surmounted the great glacier-capped ridge and gingerly made a trail through a narrow ice-bound gulch issuing from the crystal dome and marking a long line of gigantic ice boulders far into the wooded slopes beyond.

We slid and clambered, and buffeted with the snow wreaths and intervening ice fields for over an hour, and then the gully led us across a thickly timbered flat well sheltered from the elements by the surrounding mountains. At this stage we were, to judge by the lie of the country, but a few miles from the main channel; but the afternoon was far advanced and darkness was quickly closing over the valley, so that further progress was rendered difficult. We were looking about for a suitable camping ground when Mac, who had been closely examining the landscape, gave a howl of delight. "Injuns!" he roared. "a see Injun hooses!" Sure

enough there appeared, nestling among the drooping pines, a straggling array of Indian huts and several totem poles. Before I could restrain them, my henchmen dropped their sleigh ropes and rushed impetuously towards the supposed settlement, but their moccasined feet stuck deeply in the soft snow under the trees, and, using my snowshoes to good effect, I succeeded in rounding up the doughty pair before they had gone far. "It's an Indian village," I explained, "and not a circus." "A ken weel what it is," indignantly howled Mac. "Hiv a no seen Injuns afore? When a wis oot on the pampas o' Sooth America?"—But I listened no further, and Stewart condoled with his comrade in well chosen words of sympathy. "This is nae country fur us, Mac," said he. "A lot o' Injun hooses, wi'—wi' chunks o' caribou hangin' inside, an' we maunna touch them!" He almost wept at the thought.

"Howlin' blazes, boys!" shouted the Captain, "them Injuns 'ud mak' ye into mince pies at oncet; ye wur committin' soocide!"

But Mackay smiled broadly and winked reassuringly at Mac, whereupon that gentleman began to chuckle audibly. "We've nae floor, an' nae bacon, an' nae beans—nae naething," he said meaningly. "If you have no 'jeckshuns,'" added Mackay, addressing me with much deliberation, "we'll camp a leetle furrer down."

I had no objections whatever. If I had, it might not have mattered much, for my warlike retainers seemed on the verge of mutiny. So we proceeded on our way, cautiously and silently, keeping in the densest shadows, and as far distant from the village as we could conveniently get.

Ten minutes later, our tent was fixed and our camp fire blazing brightly; and Stewart, with a lugubrious countenance, busied himself preparing the last of our hoarded stores. Our fare was certainly meagre and unsatisfying, and unfortunately the keen air had given us extremely healthy appetities. I am inclined to think, when I recall the matter, that my share, as doled out by Stewart, with many a sigh at its diminutive proportions, was unnecessarily meagre, and purposely served so by that wily individual in order to destroy any conscientious scruples I might have. If that was his purpose it succeeded admirably, for when my humble repast was finished I felt hungrier than ever and had not the ghost of a scruple left. "Talkin' about Injun villages," began Mackay, when the cooking utensils had been cleared away, "I've niver seen wan yet that hadn't a winter

storehouse of dried salmon and cariboo somewhere handy." "Ye're a man efter ma ain heart," beamingly interrupted Mac, and Stewart murmured: "Dried cariboo!" and smacked his lips. "As I was discoursin'," continued Mackay, "them Injuns hiv always got rations hid away in their wigwams." "Likewise a few tommy-hawks an' an assortment o' clubs," grimly edged in the Captain. No one seemed anxious to say anything in a direct sort of way, although the general meaning was plain enough. "To cut it short, boys," I ventured to remark, "you are in favour of visiting the village to-night?" "Fur reasons which it ain't necessary to shout out loud—precisely," answered Mackay.

After that further speech was superfluous, and we made hurried preparations for our marauding journey. The Indians at this time were very hostile towards the white invaders of their country, and there was little reason to hope that they would either barter or sell any of their stores to us. There is a proverb which states that "necessity has no laws," and as we were in rather a sad plight we agreed with it to the letter; there may have been room for some slight condonation of our errors of reason at such a time. About eight o'clock that night we sallied out, leaving Mac and the dog in charge of the sleigh, with instructions to clear out lively should he hear a revolver shot. The worthy Mac was much disgusted with his lot and gave vent to his annoyance in no stinted terms. "It wis ma idee at first," he grumbled, "an' it's gey hard fur a man tae be sacrificeed tae wait here a' the time." "You've got the healthiest job, my friend," said the Captain, "an' you ought to be durned well pleased."

The moon shone brilliantly, illuminating the open snow patches and shooting down through the heavy foliage myriad rays of dancing light. I remember well how we had hoped for darkness, and how nervously we crept along seeking the shelter of the deepest shadows. A death-like stillness reigned; the thermometer in camp had registered 37 degrees below zero, and we knew that the mercury would keep falling till midnight. Our faces were quickly framed in icicles and a thin dazzling frost draped us from head to foot. We presented truly ghost-like figures, but we were too much engrossed with other matters to notice our strange appearance. Soon we arrived within sight of the village, and stealthily we manœuvred from tree to tree until we were but a few yards distant from the largest logged structure. And still

not a sound was heard; the frosted edifices showed no sign of life within.

"Seems to me we're in luck," chuckled Mackay, gazing on the desolate scene with evident enjoyment. "The population has evidently gone out huntin' bear or moose deer, or some sich quadroo-ped, and thar shid therefore be no call fur any skirmish. Put up your guns, boys," he added, "thar's nary soul in the village." We were all greatly relieved at this, yet it was with a feeling of deep humiliation that I approached the most imposing of the houses and began to investigate the best and surest means of forcing an entry. I had seen a few Indian buildings in my travels, but this one was unlike any design I had ever witnessed. There appeared to be two heavily barricaded wooden windows in the usual places, but search as we might no door could be found.

"We'll try another," said Mackay, loath to acknowledge that the peculiar structure was beyond his comprehension. We examined each one—there were six in all—but they were alike in every particular save that the one which had first received our attention was larger than the others, and had a very imposing totem pole in its foreground. "The first was the most likely, boys," I said; "we'll go back to it." And back we went. Stewart was now working up something approaching a righteous wrath against the "heathen sort o' buildin's." "A'll shin mak' a door," he said, with emphasis, bracing his shoulders, then something caught his eye on the rough planking walls, and he beckoned to me mysteriously before applying his energy towards their demolition. "What is it?" asked Mackay impatiently. "Come and hold a match," I said. He did so, while I laborously spelled out a series of Chinook characters which had evidently been cut deep into the wood through the agency of some sharp instrument, most probably a tomahawk. The result was rather mystifying, for, translating into English, I read twelve names ending with the words: "*Chief of the Thron-diucks.*" Eleven of the names were simply unpronounceable, but the last entry had a decidedly English appearance; it required no translation, and read: "*King James the First, Chief of the Thron-diucks.*"

"We've struck the King's house," said Mackay with a laugh. "The old skunk and I hev niver agreed, so I hope he doesn't come along now." "I thought he called himself 'James the Second,'" said the Captain, slowly. But Stewart would wait no longer. "Staan clear, a'm comin'!" he cried, and his voice

rang with shivering distinctness through the air. With a short rush he threw himself against the wooden barrier; the stout timbers bent and quivered but resisted the shock, and from within came a harsh, tearing sound terminating in a muffled crash as of something falling heavily. Again and again Stewart acted as a battering ram, but only vague echoes rewarded his efforts; the logs were evidently unusually firmly founded. The noises created by these various onslaughts — and ultimately we had simultaneously applied all our energies without avail — had a most demoralising effect upon us, and after each attack we waited breathlessly until the echoes had died away. Assuredly if the Indians were within several miles of us they could not fail to hear the diabolical din we were creating.

We had been over an hour at our depredating labours, and I was beginning to wish I had never sanctioned the expedition; then the indefatigable Stewart made a discovery. We had hitherto neglected to examine the barricaded holes which seemingly served as windows, deeming them too securely fastened for our nefarious purpose—they were closed from the inside and were too high in any case to be within reach of Stewart's impetuous

shoulder—but now our strong man had but lightly pressed the window guard, and behold! it swung open. His hearty "hurroo" drew my attention.



I SAW THE SPIDERY MONUMENT SWAY, THEN FALL WITH A DULL HOLLOW CRASH.

"For heaven's sake, shut up!" I whispered angrily. But Mackay made even more noise by exploding into a loud laugh which resounded weirdly over the tree tops. "Good fur you, Stewart!" he cried, "now we're right." The Captain, like myself, was not very enthusiastic over our night's exploit. "Let's get it over quickly, boys," he said. "Give me a lift up, Stewart." But Stewart had reserved to himself the honour of first entry, and was even then dangling midway through the aperture, and squirming his way forward vigorously. The opening was very small, not more than two feet square, and as I watched my companion scrambling in, I thought that if the level of the floor was lower than the surface without, which is usually the case with Indian huts, considerable difficulty might be experienced in making an exit! Stewart, however, was apparently troubled by no unpleasant anticipations, and soon a crash, followed by an ejaculation of much fervour, heralded his arrival on the other side of the stoutly timbered wall. "Are you there?" cried Mackay, preparing to follow. "Whaur did ye think a wis?" came the somewhat surly reply, and the doughty warrior's voice sounded almost sepulchral as it floated out of the darkness. Then he added enticingly: "Come in, ma man, come in; an' bring a licht wi' ye, fur it's pitch dark, an'—an' awfu' smelliferous." To me the insinuating tone of my comrade's voice sounded suspicious, but neither Mackay nor the Captain noticed anything unusual. "I'll be with you in a jiff, Stewart, old man," said the former gentleman, vainly striving to get his head and shoulders through the aperture. But his body was somewhat rotund and made rather a tight fit in the narrow entrance. "Push, ye beggars!" he gasped, and the Captain and I went to his assistance, only to see him jerk suddenly forward and disappear with a clatter inside, while Stewart's voice spluttered out in firm protest: "Come awa' in, ma man, an' dinna block up the ventilator." For some minutes longer I waited in suspense, while Mackay struck match after match and spoke never a word, and Stewart kept up a continual flow of mysterious grunts and sundry forcible expletives. I had a small piece of candle in my pocket, and this I lit; then with the Captain's aid I thrust my head through the window and surveyed the interior. Mackay quickly seized the piece of tallow from my hand, and held it aloft, and then I saw what had baffled the usually fluent descriptive powers of the worthy Stewart and his fiery companion. The room was bare

save for the presence of several shelves roughly built up in the centre of the floor and reaching almost to the roof, and on each of these shelves a massive oblong box rested, the sides of which were heavily inlaid with silver or some similar metal. The whole structure presented an appearance not unlike a Chinese pagoda in miniature; the meaning of the arrangement was more than I could understand. The noises which we had at first heard had evidently been occasioned by the uppermost cases falling from their resting places, for Stewart was examining with much interest one of several of the strange receptacles which were lying on the heavily logged floorway. As I gazed in mute wonder on the extraordinary scene, I was quickly made aware that a wonderfully powerful odour pervaded the room. It assailed my nostrils and my eyes, causing me to choke and blink, and finally withdraw my head into the pure air.

"It's the thickest perfume I've iver struck," groaned Mackay, and he staggered against the weird-looking pagoda. I heard a shuffling rattle, and, looking in a second time, saw the spidery monument sway, then fall with a dull hollow crash, scattering its curious freight in all directions. At the same time a yell from Stewart all but shattered my little remaining nerve, and he came leaping wildly across the fallen boxes towards the narrow egress. "A'm comin' oot!" he bellowed; then Mackay, forcing up behind, and making strenuous endeavours to preserve his usual sangfroid, said weakly: "I guess I need a breath of air also, boys."

To make matters worse, the Captain, who had been warily prospecting around, now came rushing back, gesticulating energetically. "The whole tribe is quite close, and comin' fur us!" he announced in a loud whisper when he came near. Here was a predicament. The two eager individuals whose heads were thrust appealingly out of the window, groaned in anguish, for they could not get out without assistance, struggle as they might.

"You had better stay right where you are, boys, and we'll come in too," I said to them hurriedly, for the shuffling of many snowshoes now reached my ears, and there was no time to effect a rescue. "Heaven knows what's goin' to be the end o' this" muttered the Captain as he swung his lank frame through the opening. It took some time for him to wriggle inside, and then I attempted the acrobatic performance necessary to make an entry. I was just a little late, for looking around before making the final duck inwards



I DISCHARGED MY REVOLVER AS A SIGNAL TO MAC TO MOVE AHEAD.

I saw a number of wild-looking figures approaching quickly over the snow. The moon then encountered a belt of dense fleecy clouds, and a welcome darkness enveloped the landscape, just as Stewart, with a grunt of satisfaction, tugged me ingloriously into the odoriferous realms from which he had been so desperately anxious to escape, and shut the heavy barricade. A few minutes passed, during which time we were all but stifled by the pungent air; then our miseries were forgotten in the danger that threatened. Snowshoes hissed and skidded around our shelter,

and deep guttural exclamations in the Chinook tongue sounded on every side. And as I pieced together the various monosyllabic utterances, I refrained from translating them to my companions, although I had a dim idea that both Stewart and Mackay had fully decided that, whatever it might be, the strange structure in which they were was certainly no storehouse for dried caribou or salmon.

We had been barely five minutes in the dismal room, yet the time seemed an age. The Indians contented themselves with circling round each house in turn, keeping several

yards distant from them, for a reason which was now painfully apparent to me. I could stand it no longer. "Boys," I said, "we've got to get out of this, lively, for the Indians will probably patrol about till sunrise, and half-an-hour will just about finish me." "An' me," groaned Mackay. The Captain, however, was not satisfied. "Look here, boys!" he said, "I don't hitch on to yer meaning a bit. Are the Injuns afraid to go into their houses, or—I'm hanged if I can make out thish yer circus. Is this an Injun village or is it not?" he demanded. There was no need to hide it from him further. "No, Captain," I replied, "it's not." "Then what place is *this*?" he asked, slowly; and Stewart answered him in dolorous tones: "A graveyaird, Cap'n, an' Injun graveyaird!"

So it was. The cases contained but the dust of long deceased warriors, wrapped in blankets which were impregnated with a sickly smelling scent made by the Indians from the roots of certain plants. In the darkness I could not see the Captain's face, and for some moments he said nothing, then he spoke, musingly: "James the First!" said he, "yes, I might have known, for it is James the Second who is now Chief of the Thron-diucks."

The swishing of snowshoes again sounded ominously near. We waited till the Indians had passed; then, Stewart, swinging open the barricade, Mackay scrambled up and was shot forward into the snow with our combined effort. "Hurry up, boys," he cried, when he had recovered himself, "they are at the end, and are just turning to come back." Breathing heavily, Stewart was next propelled into the open, then came my turn, the Captain, being the tallest, waiting to the last; but tall as he was he could only reach his head and a part of his shoulder through the window, for the floorway was sunk considerably. No time was to be lost. With a howl,

Stewart gripped the outstretched arm. Mackay the exposed shoulder, and both pulled as if for dear life. Despite the need for silence, the Captain was but human. "Howlin' tarnation! You're twistin' my neck off!" he yelled as he was yanked like a sportive fish on to the glistening snow.

"Run, ye loons, run!" roared Stewart, himself setting the example. There was much need. Scarcely twenty yards away fully a score of tall, bemuffled warriors were speeding towards us, silent and grim, like a raging Nemesis. On the impulse of the moment I discharged my revolver as a signal to Mac to move ahead, then with a wholesome fear in our hearts we set a course for the camp where Dave, aroused by the revolver shot, was baying loud and fiercely, and skipped over the intervening snow wreaths at an uncommonly lively rate.

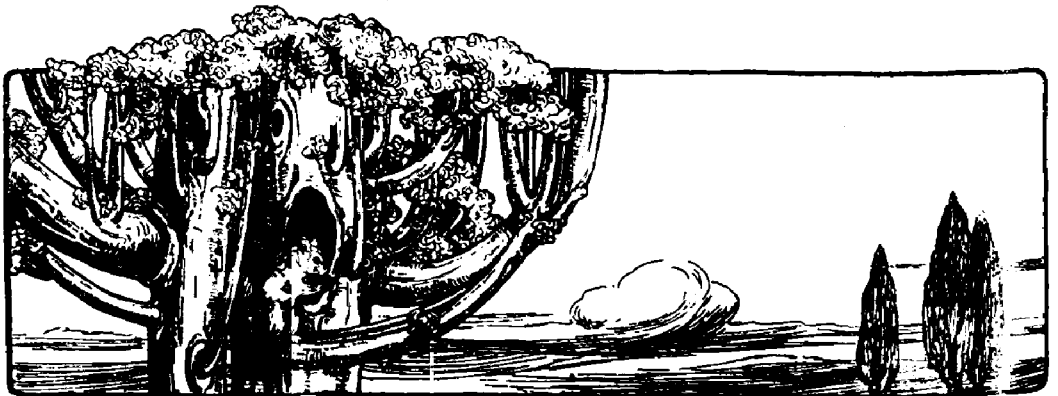
Whether the Indians followed us, or whether they remained to make good the work of our desecrating hands, we never learned, but I rather think they waited to rebuild the tombs of their ancestors. They were certainly not in evidence when we overtook Mac, and we gave a simultaneous shout of relief.

"Whaur's the cariboo ye wis gaun tae fetch?" asked Mac in an outburst of righteous indignation.

"Say nae mair, Mac. Say nae mair," eloquently pleaded Stewart, gripping a rope and feverishly assisting the sleigh on its onward progress. "If you had suffered what a hae suffered the nicht"—his voice failed him, and Mac simmered down at once.

"Was it as bad 's that?" said he, commiseratingly.

"We'd better keep going all night, boys," Mackay hastily remarked, with a furtive glance behind. "And to-morrow," he added, more cheerfully, "we'll have a good blow out at Skookum Gulch." And so it came to pass



"CAPTAIN" ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS.

By PAUL PRESTON.

Photographs by George Newnes, Ltd.

IN the Christmas number of THE CAPTAIN there appeared several portraits of artists, such as Tom Browne, R.I., Hall Thorpe, and T. M. R. Whitwell. The last-named has illustrated more stories in this magazine than any other

artist, and is, indeed, quite the foremost illustrator of public school life in this country. CAPTAIN readers will recall the fine sets of pictures which he drew to illustrate "The Two Fags," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "Smith's House," "Told on the Junior Side," and other tales.

Here is another batch of the brilliant band which has made THE CAPTAIN so popular the world over. E. F. Skinner, who is now illustrating John Mackie's stirring serial, "The Rising of the Red Man," is another artist who has been connected with THE CAPTAIN from its earliest days. I asked him how he came to draw a bear so life-like, and he said "I spent a whole day at the Zoo drawing bears in every conceivable position." It is another exemplification of Carlyle's saying: "Genius is the art of taking infinite pains." He has a marvellous collection of costumes and curios gathered from far and near. Who can forget his spirited illustrations of "The Cavalier Maid"? He might have been one of the belligerents in the great Civil War, so well did he catch the spirit of the time. He has exhibited in the Academy and in the Society of British Artists, and is an old pupil of Santoro and



E. F. SKINNER AT WORK ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO "THE RISING OF THE RED MAN."



GEO. SOPER IN HIS STUDIO AT THE MEMORIAL HALL BUILDINGS, FARRINGTON-STREET, E.C.

Herkomer. He once spent three years—with pen and brush—on the Norfolk Broads in a house-boat, and greatly enjoyed it.

Mr. George Soper is another artist who is well known to CAPTAIN readers. Turn up almost any story of military life and there are specimens of his spirited work. He loves to draw men in action—the fierce hurly-burly of the battlefield, a cavalry charge, or a hand-to-hand conflict with the dreaded bayonet. It was thus fitting that he should be selected to illustrate Mackie's "Tales of the Trenches." But, proving his versatility, he also illustrated Warren Bell's serial story, "Sir Billy." His hobby is gardening, and he runs a

productive nursery garden on the South Coast. He is also very handy with the boxing gloves, and is an excellent shot. Much of his work appears in the *Graphic*, and his pictures of the Boer War were very striking.

Those who remember the popular serials, "The Cruise of the Vengeful," "In Deep Water," and "The Jalasco Brig," need no introduction to Mr. George Hawley. It goes without saying that his forte is the sea.

and he spends most of his time on the coast. Like many another CAPTAIN artist, he has travelled round the map pretty considerably, and is, moreover, an author



GEORGE HAWLEY, OUR NAUTICAL ARTIST, DRAWS WITH HIS LEFT HAND.



WARWICK GOBLE,

of no mean ability, for it will be allowed that his story, "Dark Luck," is one of the best ever published in this Magazine.

If there is a story of stirring adventure to be illustrated for THE CAPTAIN it is sure to be safe in the hands of Mr. Warwick Goble, who is noted for his spirited work. He has travelled much, and is particularly well known to readers of *The Wide World Magazine*. He knows a lot about China.

Two CAPTAIN artists who appeared in the Christmas number are both Australians, Messrs. Hall Thorpe and Harry Rountree. They are both humorous artists.

The former is making a name for himself by his funny pictures of the giraffe, hippopotamus, and other huge, quaint creatures, while the latter revels in illustrating humorous verse, such as "My Christmas Poem."

Mr. Paul Hardy need only be mentioned. His is a name to conjure with. You can hardly open the *Strand*, the *Sunday Strand*, or the *Wide World* magazines, to say nothing of THE CAPTAIN, without finding examples of his wonderful line work. He lives away from the "madding crowd," down in the country, and as he reported that he could not find a photographer, he sent a fancy sketch instead, of himself, and one of his "truly rural" models.

Mr. E. Cockburn Reynolds is a wonderfully versatile man, and, like Mr. George Hawley, he has at least two strings to his bow, and may possibly have three. He had the good fortune to be born in our great Indian Empire, and, like Rudyard Kipling, the spirit of that marvellous country is in his blood. His "Jungly" stories are familiar

as household words to CAPTAIN readers, and they are redolent of the jungle and all its mystery and fascination. Mr. Cockburn Reynolds, you may be interested



PIRATE (OTHERWISE A PLOUGHMAN), "'OW MUCH LONGER BE I TO STOP 'ERE, MR. 'ARDY?"—THIS AFTER STANDING HALF A MINUTE.

(Drawn by Paul Hardy.)

to hear, was the cunning draughtsman who devised our "Hidden Towns" Competitions. Mr. Reynolds' pictures have the great merit of combining technical accuracy with dramatic power, two qualities which are not by any means invariably found together. He studied design at the South Kensington Schools, and as a water-colourist is extremely skilful.

Mr. R. P. Gossop is better known by his initials, "R. P. G.," than by name. He is a famous designer, and these magic initials may be found in the corner of many magazine covers, and the beautiful conventional headings and tail-pieces which add so much to the beauty of modern magazines. It is only necessary to turn over the pages of THE CAPTAIN to see fine specimens of his work, for the headings of "The Stamp Collector," "The Athletic Corner," "THE CAPTAIN Club," and many others are from his pen. He has also designed many of the artistic covers



E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO.

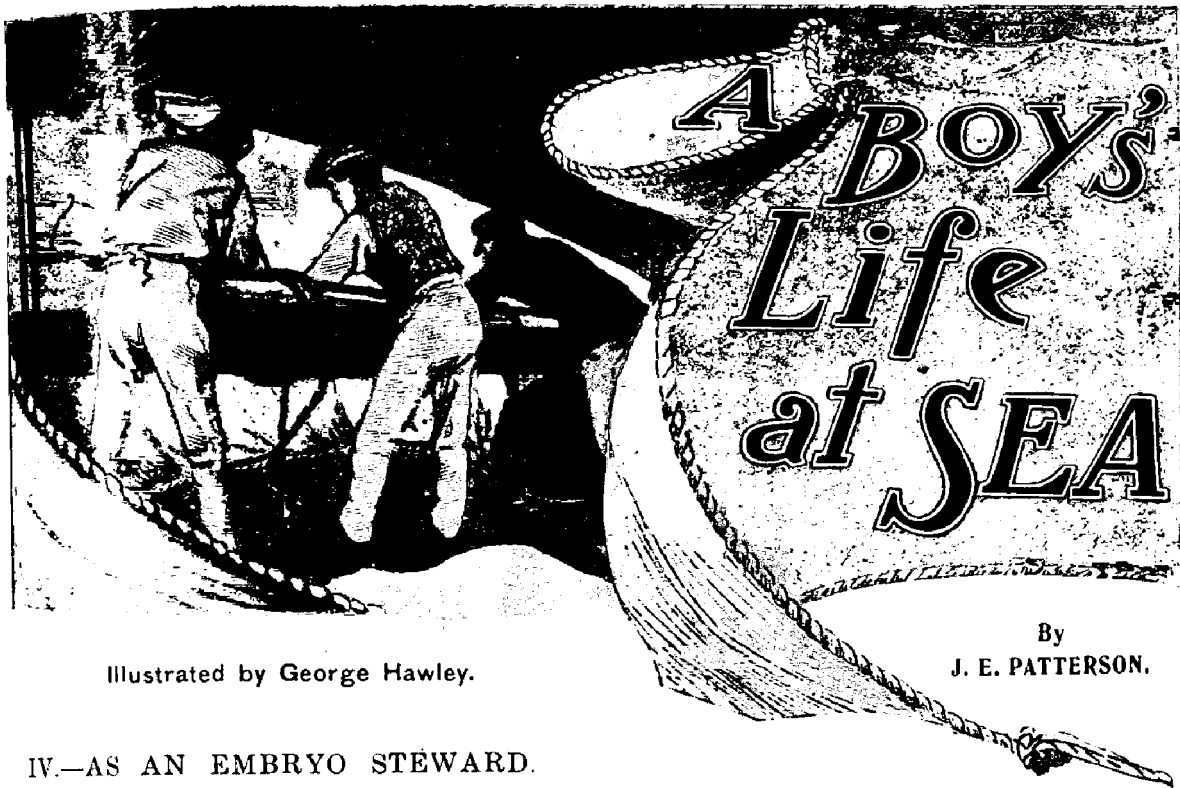


R. PERCY GOSSOP IN HIS DEN.

of the *Sunday Strand*. Design, however, is not his only forte, for, as an illustrator of fairy tales, he has won distinction.

These are all good men and true, who have not jumped into their present honoured position by some "fortuitous concurrence of circumstances." No, as Tennyson makes his *Northern Farmer* say, "Wark mun ha' gone to the gettin' whenever money was got," and the same law certainly applies to all true success. I have talked to these men many times, and they all tell, with one accord, of initial struggles, privations, and disappointments, crowned at last by recognition and success.

Amongst other well-known illustrators of these pages whom we hope to deal with in a future number are Mr. Stewart Browne, whose pictures to "The Heart of the Prairie," in Vol. II., will be easily called to mind, Mr. J. Macfarlane, Mr. T. W. Holmes, Mr. Gordon Browne, R.L. Mr. Alf. Pearse, and Mr. Rowland Hill ("Rip").



Illustrated by George Hawley.

By
J. E. PATTERSON.

IV.—AS AN EMBRYO STEWARD.

HERE we have the boy at sea in a vastly different life to that of the lad on deck—"on deck" being the distinguishing term applied to all seamen and sailor-boys proper, as apart from those whose work connects them with engines or cabins, the latter never being spoken of as "seamen" or "sailors." In all but "liners," the engineers' steward—a product solely of steamship life—is a boy of fifteen, or a youth of seventeen to twenty years, according to the number of men he has to attend on. In the average cargo "tramp" he may be anywhere between the limits of these ages. Very occasionally, his parents are the keepers of a little shop in some "sailor-town"—as seamen call that part of a town which is near the docks—and goes to sea in this capacity because of his being in touch with the life, disliking the idea of deck-work, and lacking better advantages on shore.

Generally, he is the son of an artisan, or of a labourer, in a seaport; and, preferring the life of an attendant to that of a manual worker with the prospect of attaining the position of an officer, he goes to sea with the hope of some day becoming a full steward. (Of course, there are odd cases of broken-down hotel waiters, stewards in a like condition, and other men filling this position; but the fact need be only mentioned here.) On very few occasions is he a runaway; because, whilst the latter can mostly

ship without trouble before the mast, the would-be young steward must usually produce some kind of reference in order to obtain his first berth. At the end of the voyage he receives the regular discharge-note, on which his conduct, rating, and ability are written. (Fortunately, these "discharges," as the sailor terms them, are now being all embodied in a little book, and will be far more efficient in serving as a check to keep men and boys alike up to a good standard in work and conduct.)

Although the apprentice is provided with a uniform—sometimes free, at others to be paid for, according to the disposition of the ship's owners—he has to find all his other clothing; but the young steward, boy or youth, unless he forms one of a "liner's" crew, has to provide all his clothes; yet they are naturally of a very different kind to those needed by a deck-lad. If he be on a smart "liner" his position is then somewhat equivalent to that of an apprentice on a less smart vessel—with this difference: no premium has to be paid for him; although it is said that some chief stewards on large steamers are in the habit of accepting a five-pound note, or so, from the lad's parents in return for giving him a start as an under-steward. When in such a vessel, he may be rated fourth, fifth, or ninth, or tenth, according to his age and ability. In those cases he is but little more than a youthful waiter in some special department.

But, as engineers' stewards form the largest branch of this class of sea-going boys and youths, because of the great number of ocean "tramps" that fly the British flag, it is of the unit in the case that I must write. To dispose of the clothing matter: such as an artisan's son usually wears for "evening" clothes will admirably serve him to work in, and to keep them clean he must wear aprons. He is, in all instances, counted as one of the engineers' particular part of the crew, but mostly has a share of the cook's (termed "the doctor" on board ship) tiny cabin by the fore-castle. In rare cases he has a shut-up bunk in the engineers' mess-room. When in a large "tramp," and rated as a second steward—for which reason he is then generally a well-grown youth—he usually has a bunk in the third engineer's berth, or in that of the fourth's, when the ship carries a fourth engineer.

In such a vessel, his duties and pay are, of course, in keeping with his rating—both being higher than those of the boy who is the main subject of this article; but he has usually made two or three voyages as mess-room steward before he gets a second steward's berth. Still, as youths do at times begin their seafaring life in the capacity of second steward, with the main duty of attending to the engineers' dietetic wants, it will, perhaps, be well to give my readers some clearer idea of the youth's life in a grade above that of the younger lad in a similar position.

As probably some will guess, his rating of second steward makes him partly a cabin hand; therefore, in more continual touch with the steward himself. This constitutes him, generally in his own estimation, more of a man. He is, naturally, let into the steward's confidence in the matter of stores, their care, replenishing and such. If the man be much of a gossip, he will, in all likelihood, tell the youth of his home affairs, and perhaps accompany him on shore during evenings in harbour. Then the chances are that they will exchange notes on their separate superiors—the youth will retail the odd doings, the peculiarities, the good points and the bad ones of the engineers; and also tell what bickerings they may indulge in whilst in the semi-privacy of their mess-room. In exchange he will get a recital of similar happenings in the cabin, a list of the foibles of the captain and the officers, together with their several attitudes towards the steward.

Should the latter not be of a gossiping turn, then his under-steward usually makes a companion of the cook, or of the fourth engineer (when the vessel carries one), whichever may be the more to his liking; for, excepting odd mis-

anthropes who cannot be sociable with anyone, and the master, whose position isolates him from all, a ship's company is always divided into small cliques of twos and threes.

When thus rated the youth is generally in a large "tramp," and has to do for the three or four engineers much the same as the steward does for the officers—*i.e.*, in addition to acting as a housemaid to their berths and mess-room, he prepares much of their food before carrying it to the galley to be cooked, whilst in a smaller vessel the chief steward prepares all food for both officers and engineers. It must be remembered that the latter never eat or sleep in the cabin. He also probably has charge of stores which would otherwise not be in his hands. If not on a "tramp," he will be aboard a small "liner," scarcely worth the name, and his extra duties will be in helping the steward generally, besides attending to the engineers; or he may be in such a ship where a younger lad does the duties of the mess-room. In that case he is probably about nineteen or twenty years of age, or even a year or two more, and on the high road soon to be a chief steward of a lesser vessel. As such, he is out of the category of boys at sea; thus we will leave him and return to the proper subject of these articles.

The boy in this case has far from a hard life to lead; everything considered, he has about the easiest time of any lad at sea. Very rare, indeed, does he chance to be with a set of engineers who treat him badly; one may be that way inclined, but the conduct of the others usually acts as a check on him, and even such a one is not common. On the other hand, he is mostly made something of a pet, and generally fares well with everybody fore and aft.

In the ordinary case, his work consists of regularly cleaning the engineers' berths (cabins), mess-room, and his own quarters. He sometimes has to help the cook or steward to prepare the food for his department. He must carry all of it, when cooked, from the galley to the mess-room, attend at the table, keep his pantry clean, and is responsible for the safe custody and cleanliness of all the crockery-ware he uses. If, in a breeze or a sudden bringing of the vessel beam-on to a sea, he forgets to put the "table-fiddle" in use—a wooden arrangement to keep dishes and such in their places—he returns with the soup to find all his preparations on the floor: or the engineers may go in and discover them, there with the soup spilt over them, this having occurred whilst the boy steward has gone about something else.

At times his superiors will ask him to wash some of their working clothes, and pay him a



HE RETURNS WITH THE SOUP TO FIND ALL HIS PREPARATIONS ON THE FLOOR.

Drawn by George Hawley.

shilling or two for doing so. His duties usually begin at half-past five in the morning, and last till about six o'clock in the evening; but he can easily manage to take an aggregate three hours' rest during the day. He sleeps all night, and never does deck-work of any kind. The evenings are his own, for recreation such as dominoes, draughts, reading, or the mending of his clothes. Being berthed forward, he mingles much with the men when off duty; but as all jollity, yarn-spinning, and pastimes end at eight o'clock—the finish of the second dog-watch—and everything human, except the officer of the watch and the helmsman, becomes quiet, he then "turns in," to read or fall asleep at his pleasure, or at that of the mosquitoes about him.

For these duties his pay may be anywhere between thirty shillings and two pounds ten shillings per month, with all food found. Of the living, he can have no complaint—unless he chances to be with a chief steward so mean that he cuts the lad short. Such cases are, unfortunately, not unknown. Here, the boy feeds at the same table as those whom he serves, being the last at each meal. As a rule, he makes several voyages in the same ship, and usually develops into a cook at four pounds ten shillings or five pounds per month. Of course, he may rise to the post of steward on any kind of ship, and be the recipient of a clear £100 to £150 per year, inclusive of perquisites.

Of the oft-mentioned cabin-boy, who is also one of this class, and yet a sailor, we shall have something to say when his turn comes. Of course, there are other forms of cabin and

saloon duties done by boys; but as they are merely in "liners" where often seen by passengers, and only do such work as they would if engaged in hotels, one can scarcely consider them as part of a ship's crew proper. And at present I am writing of those whose lives at sea are hidden from all but their shipmates, and not of boys who are hourly seen at work by passengers. Truth to tell, sailor lads always jeer at the idea of stewards' boys being sons of old Neptune.

Yet there are odd cases of boy stewards quitting their life of attendance for the dirtier if, in a way, less menial work of a seaman or stoker. These cases are, as may be guessed, solely owing to temperament. If he prefers deck life, he first sails as an ordinary seaman—known in nautical parlance as an O.S.—probably making his first voyage as such in the ship where he last sails as engineers' steward. Once in possession of a discharge note for sailing work, he goes elsewhere, in all likelihood, and eventually becomes an A.B., possibly an officer, though such cases are rare. If he elects the still dirtier and harder work of a stoke-hole, he begins by being a trimmer—the equivalent of an O.S.—and later becomes a fireman. When he does this it is a proof of his being a strong and unambitious lad; for without strength and good staying power he would be useless in a bunker or stoke-hole, from which he cannot pass to the engine-room—as the sailor before the mast can to the cabin and poop or bridge—and he is most likely one so fond of a wild life that in the end it will make him a disreputable member of his class.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

B. Turner (Plymouth).—I think your chum was right, and that it was you who made the mistake. It is true that stories have been told of supposed swallows seen here in winter, but, strangely enough, those who make a special study of birds and their habits do not see these things. I am not calling your good faith into question, for I am sure you saw a bird very like a swallow; but I think it is probable it was Mother Carey's Chicken (or Storm Petrel) that had got exhausted in the gale and been blown ashore. It is similar to a swallow in size, and its black and white colouring helps the resemblance. Such a bird was once caught and brought to me as a swallow, but I had no difficulty in showing that it was a petrel.

G. Woods (Ealing).—(1) There is no reason why you should not start beetle-collecting now, though the summer, of course, is the time to get specimens in abundance. Then you could use the sweep-net over

the weeds; but there is plenty to be done in fine winter weather. Pulling up moss and roots of grass in sheltered places and tearing them to pieces over a newspaper will yield good results. Rotting tree stumps may be explored with a stout knife, and some wood-borers will be thus brought to light. Others will be found under the loose bark of the same stump. (2) A beetle-collector's killing-bottle is made by cutting fresh laurel leaves into strips about one-sixth of an inch wide, and half-filling a wide-mouthed bottle with them. The poisonous vapours given off will soon kill any beetle put in. It should be kept tightly corked, or it will soon lose its power.

Stanley G. Wall (Finsbury Pavement).—(1) Neither frogs nor toads require water in which to hibernate. Light garden soil—preferably leaf-mould because it does not readily dry or cake—is the best provision to make for them. In this they will bury themselves and go to sleep. They will probably

scrape a hole beneath the flower-pots instead of getting into them. (2) There are two British lizards, the Common or Scaly Lizard and the Sand Lizard. The one you caught was the Common Lizard. Methylated spirit is the most convenient preservative for all reptiles. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed clear glass bottle with the spirit, put in the dead lizard and tightly cork.

A. Ladd (Dublin).—Presuming it is a Land Tortoise, you should let it loose in the garden, and see that there are growing plants of juicy herbs for it. Lettuce, dandelion, common marigold and sow-thistle are the best for it. A shallow earthenware pan should be sunk in the ground so that its rim is level with the surface of the earth, and this should be kept filled with clean water, frequently changed. In this it will dip its head and drink. The tortoise should not be buried, but the soil should be loosened in some corner so that it can easily bury itself. No, tortoises do not change their shells.

E. A. P. (Bedford).—It is not very likely that your Magpie has got a splinter in his leg in the way you suggest, for the legs are covered with hard scales. Without seeing the bird it is impossible to say what would be the best treatment for it. I should advise you to show it to your local bird dealer. The inflammation may be reduced by a bread-poultice.

Jas. Kellock (Pollokshields).—(1) Take the dog to the soiled spot and make him see it, then scold him, and administer a harmless beating after every transgression. Dogs rarely offend in this way if they have been properly trained when puppies. (2) Get *The Dog*, by "Stonehenge" (F. Warne and Co.), price one shilling.

"Zero" (Fettes College, Edinburgh).—The best food for the Grass Snake is a small frog, which must be given alive—snakes



GRASS SNAKE.

Photo A. Bertram Hutton.

refusing all lifeless food. Certainly; you must provide him with a pan of clean water, large enough to get into as well as to drink from. Once a fortnight will be often enough for solid meals.

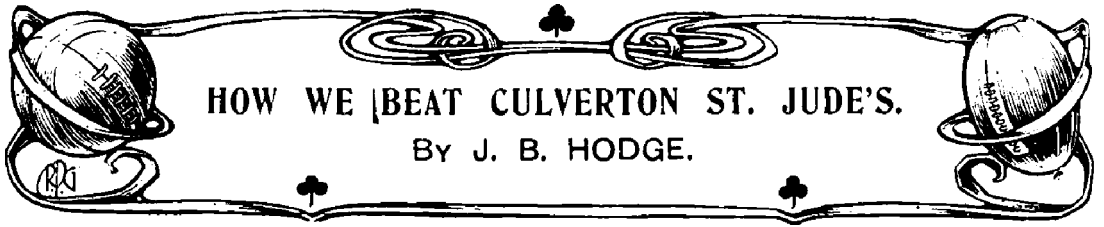
E. E. K. (North Ferriby, Yorks.).—Glad to hear you liked *By the Deep Sea*. Your anemone is, without doubt, the Dahlia Wartlet. It varies a good deal in colour, and the reddish orange specimen was one of these colour varieties.

G. C. A. (St. Servan, France).—I am glad to know the new department fills "a long-felt want" in your experience. Forty-four *Convolvulus Hawk-moths* in one season is an item to make entomologists in this country envy you. W. and D. charge 2s. each for them, but, of course, there must be considerable difference between buying and selling prices. The stuffing of the large-bodied moths is rather a delicate process, requiring some practice before it can be done successfully. The moth is usually left on the setting board until the body is *beginning* to get stiff. Before it hardens an incision is made along the lower side and the contents are carefully scraped out with a pen-knife; then the inner surfaces are brushed over with a weak solution of corrosive sublimate in spirit, and the cavity is filled with a little roll of cotton-wool equal in bulk to what has been extracted. Get *Knagg's Lepidopterist's Guide*, or *Greene's Insect Hunter's Companion* (1s. each).

Ethel Grundy (Blackpool).—(1) Nearly all birds are protected by law during the season when they are engaged in nesting and bringing up their young. (2) The penalties, and dates during which protection is in force, vary in different localities, the County Councils having power to make bye-laws upon the subject. These particulars you can easily obtain by making enquiries in your own district. (3) The law applies equally to private lands and public places. In a general way the "close time" extends from March 2 to July 31.

Chas. C. Gover (Bayswater).—(1) A "tread-mill" is by no means a necessary department of a cage for mice. (2 and 6) See answer to H. Redford in December CAPTAIN. (3) Twice a day—morning and evening—should be sufficient, but see that no food liable to get stale or sour is left when fresh supplies are given. (4) If the cage is sufficiently roomy to set up little ladders and perches the mice will take care to get all the exercise they need. (5) You do not say for what purpose you desire to train them, but in a general way kindly treatment, sufficient food, and clean, healthy quarters are all that is needed to make mice perfectly tame.

Sydney L. Wootton (Hornsey-lane).—Certainly. All departments of natural history are, as far as possible, treated in this corner. The plan usually adopted for relaxing insects is to pin them in one of the cork-lined zinc pocket boxes. Watkins and Doncaster supply these from 1s. 6d. each. The cork is damped before the insects are pinned in, and the box kept closed for about twelve hours, when they will be found relaxed. If left too long in the relaxing box they will be spoilt by mould. Another plan is to put a layer of damp sand into a tin box, spread evenly and cover with a sheet of blotting-paper, pin the insects to the blotting-paper and close the box for from six to twelve hours. You are, indeed, a young man of many interests, and I quite agree that you can have no time hanging heavy on your hands; but you must beware of unduly scattering your attentions, remembering the adage "Jack of all trades, master of none."



HOW WE BEAT CULVERTON ST. JUDE'S.

BY J. B. HODGE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

YES, I suppose football is growing more popular and more scientific every day. But however scientific it grows you'll never see a keener or a harder game than that which gave our parish club the Broadshire Cup.

It wasn't a small thing for a little parish like Laverham to get that cup, even if only for a year. Football is football in Broadshire, and there are more first-class clubs in that county than you can reckon on the fingers of both hands, but Laverham doesn't usually claim to be one of them, though it did hold the cup for a year.

This was how it happened. Sir Edward Mellish owns all our parish, and a good bit of land round it: and he had only one child, Miss Ethel, who grew up one of the prettiest girls in the county. Now it happened that Miss Ethel became engaged to a distant cousin of hers, Ronald Armstrong, who was a good-looking, well-set-up young soldier, with a pleasant word for everybody, and, what is more to the purpose, as good a three-quarter back as ever just missed his International cap.

Laverham thoroughly approved of the engagement, but Sir Edward didn't: and, though I don't pretend to know what passed between the two in Sir Edward's study, it was the general belief in the village that the old gentleman wound up by saying that Mr. Ronald had about as much claim to Miss Ethel as our Laverham fifteen had to the County Cup. Now that wasn't very much, for, though we were above the average of village teams, and some of our men had the makings of real players, we were cruelly rough and untrained, and, even with Mr. Ronald's help, we couldn't hold our own with the big town clubs, and he couldn't often play for us.

Well, Mr. Ronald caught even at that straw of comfort, and asked Sir Edward whether, if our team won the cup, he would sanction

the engagement: and Sir Edward laughed and said he would, if there was no love-making till then. Mr. Ronald closed with him at once, though he must have felt that, if Sir Edward had given his consent to the marriage on condition it was performed at the North Pole, he wouldn't have been much worse off.

Soon after that, Mr. Reynard came to read with the Vicar. I've never been told in so many words that his coming was the result of that interview in the Hall library, but it looks uncommonly as if it was. "Dave" Reynard—he always made us call him Dave in the field, because, he said, he couldn't play up under any other name—was an old school-fellow of Mr. Ronald's, and had been captain of the Cambridge fifteen: but he wasn't quite as clever with his head as with his feet, and was rather too fond of making a noise when other people were in bed: so the Cambridge people had told him to go and study somewhere else for a bit, and—probably out of friendship for Mr. Ronald—he chose Laverham for his new place of study.

Not that he did much work there; when he wasn't playing football he seemed generally to be loafing round, with a pipe in his mouth, unless he was larking about with the Vicarage children.

He did open our eyes a bit when he came down to play football for the first time in Farmer Brandon's paddock. Though it was only a practice game, it was quite enough to show the stuff he was made of. When he dribbled, the ball seemed alive and as keen to pass the opposing backs as the man behind it; when he ran, it took at least half a dozen of us to pull him up, even if we all got hold of him, while his own tackling—well, I wouldn't have laid odds on a railway engine getting past him, if he'd made up his mind to stop it. And the result was that by universal acclamation, on the proposal of Sam

Downs, the blacksmith's son, who had commanded us up to then, Mr. Reynard was elected captain.

And what a captain he made! As long as I live I shall recollect those practice matches in Brandon's paddock. Miss Ethel used always to come down to watch them, and with her wet or fine, came Miss Elsie, the Vicar's daughter, a pretty, bright-faced girl of sixteen, who, I believe, never had the cup out of her thoughts, sleeping or waking, for a good three months. Mr. Ronald used to rush over from where he was quartered, whenever he could get away from his military duties, but he was steady to the promise Sir Edward had exacted, and, beyond one glance of greeting, never exchanged word or look with Miss Ethel; he never even shook hands with her. And so we went on, slaving away like niggers, until the cup-ties began.

We were all delighted to find that we'd drawn a weak opponent to start with, for we knew by our club matches that we were improving under Mr. Reynard's tuition at the rate of about a goal a week; and the same luck stuck to us throughout the competition, so we were never "extended" till the semi-final, which was really a great game. Five minutes before time, Dewsmodyke Rovers were leading by two goals to Laverham's goal and try, but we outlasted them, and, our forwards shoving in a way which would have split an ironclad, we penned them in their own twenty-five, Dick Reynolds snapped the ball as it came out of a scrimmage and chucked it to Mr. Armstrong, who flashed across the line and scored, Dave placing a lovely goal.

This brought us to the final, but that

didn't seem very much use, for we had still to meet Culverton St. Jude's, and, I need hardly tell you, they were a club which wanted a lot of beating. That year they were about as strong as any team in England, with two Internationals in the pack, who weren't conspicuously better than the other forwards, and an International three-quarter back, about as good as any player who ever got inside a jersey, "up to any trick on the board," and to one or two underneath it. Bobbie Norman was a grand player, but he was no



MISS ELSIE NEVER HAD THE CUP OUT OF HER THOUGHTS FOR A GOOD THREE MONTHS.

sportsman; he always played to win, and didn't mind in the least how he won, so long as the referee didn't catch him. It was he who invented the little dodge which made the name of Culverton St. Jude's more famous than popular. In those days, I should explain, we scored by goals and tries, not by points, and a dropped goal was then as good as one placed from a try, so, whenever Culver-

ton scored a try, the kicker pretended to mull the place, and deliberately sent the ball to Norman, instead of over the bar, and Norman invariably dropped a goal; so for every time Culverton crossed their adversaries' line they scored a goal and a try, instead of, at best, a goal.

Two days before the final, the luck turned against us. Harry Thomson, our full-back, who was about the best man in our team after Dave, snapped something in his leg, and the doctor said he wouldn't be able to walk for a fortnight, and we had absolutely no one to take his place. To be sure there was Master Jack, the vicar's son, one of the fastest sprinters in England, and a fairly good kick, but no player—at least he didn't understand very much about the game; but even if he'd been Vassall, Gould, and the Brothers James rolled into one, he wouldn't have done us much good, because he was studying at Oxford, where they wouldn't give him leave to sleep out; and if he played in the match he couldn't possibly get back the same night. Mr. Reynard, Mr. Armstrong, and Sam Downs talked for three hours, rearranging the team in every possible and impossible way, but they couldn't fill Thomson's place satisfactorily, and at last Mr. Reynard went back to the Vicarage.

There the old vicar suddenly, without rhyme or reason, launched out into a story of his Oxford days—how a young chap who couldn't get leave to go to a dance he was very keen on, wrote himself a letter saying that his aunt was dying, and got to the dance that way.

"I don't think it was a nice story to make up about his aunt," said the vicar.

"He needn't have been quite so explicit," grinned Dave, and, forthwith, began to talk nineteen to the dozen, as if a weight had been lifted from his mind.

The Laverham captain spent the next morning reading—a most unusual occupation with him—but the only book he studied was Bradshaw's Railway Guide, and, just before the village post-office closed, he walked in and laid a telegraph form on the counter.

"Good gracious, sir," said the grey-haired postmistress, peering through her spectacles at the paper, "nothing wrong at the vicarage, I hope?"

"Post-office work is confidential, Mrs. Gurdon," said Dave, with a smile which took all the sting out of the rebuke. "'Tisn't your place to enquire into the subject-matter of any telegrams I choose to send; but I

don't mind telling you as one man to another, or rather to a woman, that there's nothing wrong."

As he was turning away, he caught sight of me. "Ah! Crane, the very man I want. I suppose you could pick Master John, the vicar's son, out of a crowd?"

"It would have to be a big crowd to hide Master Jack from me."

"All right, Crane; then come with me to Bradbury by the first train to-morrow morning. Don't fail on any account."

I promised I wouldn't fail, though I was a bit puzzled. The match was to be played at Bradbury, and I, being more my own master than most, would naturally be the one to go by the early train, if any one did. But what good I should do by being able to pick Master Jack out of a crowd when he was more than a hundred miles away, I could not understand. However, though post-office work is confidential, half Laverham knew that night that Mr. Reynard had telegraphed to Master Jack: "Serious accident—come at once—Elsie," and we guessed what he was up to.

Early next morning, Mr. Reynard and I were on the platform at Bradbury. The first man we saw was Mr. Ronald, looking as happy as a cat in a shower of rain. "Well," he asked eagerly, "who's to take Thomson's place?" The reply was far from reassuring.

"Can't say yet. I'll tell you when this train's gone."

For, as he spoke, a train from the south rattled into the station, and one of the first passengers to alight was the best man we could play in Harry Thomson's place.

"There's Master Jack," I whispered.

"All right," said Dave, "go and bring him this way."

Master Jack was as white as a ghost when I touched him on the elbow. "Why, Jim, what brings you here?" and then, bracing himself up to ask the question, "What's happened at the vicarage?"

"Nothing, Master Jack, that I know of—they were all right this morning," his relief was almost too much for him, "and as to what brings me here, I've come to help Laverham win the County Cup to-day—and Mr. Reynard, our captain, wants to speak to you, Master Jack."

He evidently hadn't attended much to what I was saying, but had caught one name.

"Reynard—oh! yes, I know, the governor's pupil," he muttered, and his face paled again as the other two came up.

"I'm very glad you were able to come, Mr.

Wilson," said Dave. "I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before, but, of course, I've heard a lot about you from your people since I've lived with them. I've brought your jersey and boots, and I've knicks and stockings of my own for you."

"What for?" gasped Master Jack.

Of course it ought to have been signed L.C., for Laverham Club."

Well, at first Master Jack wanted to go back to Oxford straight away; but the two gentlemen argued with him, and pointed out that, as he'd got leave to sleep out, he might as well use it, since his playing would

make all the difference between Laverham having a chance and having none. Well, he said he'd play, and three hours later he turned out with the rest of the team, in the Laverham red and black. The "Judies," as the Culverton chaps were called for short, were already waiting for us in their white jerseys with C.S.J. in big black letters across the chest. I never felt so shy in my life. There were at least fifteen thousand people round the ground, and I couldn't help feeling as if they were all looking at me, though I knew that, as a matter of fact, they weren't. About a third of the spectators were Culverton folk, but a good half were Bradbury, and Bradbury hated Culverton like poison, and would have given the coats off their backs

to see us win—not that they thought we had the remotest chance. Besides that, there were nine-tenths of our own parish round the ropes, and a fair sprinkling of our neighbours, so, if shouting could carry the day, we should have the best of it.

But shouting wouldn't be much use—certainly not to frighten the referee; for the grave, taciturn secretary of the County Union would never have yielded an inch, though five million spectators were yelling at him to



"YOU GOT MY TELEGRAM, DIDN'T YOU?"

"Why, to play in—you got my telegram, didn't you?"

"Yours?"

"Yes—telling you you were wanted in consequence of Thomson's accident."

"But the telegram was signed by my sister," pulling a pink sheet out of his pocket.

Dave regarded it with well-simulated astonishment. "Now, I wonder," he said, "whether it's my mistake or the post office's.

alter a decision. Still, we Laverham chaps drew some comfort from his solid, resolute figure; for we knew what a sportsman he was, and we knew, too, which team was more likely to indulge in the shady tactics he so disliked.

Dave won the toss, and we lined up; so little time was cut to waste in preparations, that the ball had been started, and, with a strong wind and a slight slope to aid us, we were in the Culverton twenty-five before I had shaken off my feeling of shyness. The first individual fact I realised was Dave being rolled over by a couple of Culverton three-quarters within five yards of their line; but we couldn't get any nearer. With all their faults Culverton was a grand team, and, though we shoved like traction-engines, they held us in the scrimmage. Behind, it was diamond cut diamond; the half-backs on both sides were so nippy that the three-quarters couldn't get a chance, though ours had a bit of work at times in stopping rushes, and once Bobbie Norman got clear away, but Master Jack went for him and rolled him over in a style you could hardly have expected from a young chap who'd been travelling all night in full expectation of finding his father and mother, and, possibly, other members of his family, dead or dying on his arrival.

Once Mr. Ronald got a drop at goal, and, though it was from the centre of the ground, the ball passed barely half a foot below the cross-bar, but, for the most part, the game travelled up and down the ground from their goal-line to the centre, and from the centre back to their goal-line. It was no good setting our teeth and making up our minds to get over, for we had found our masters, and they could keep us out with just a little bit in hand. And the brutes in white jerseys smiled more and more pleasantly, for they knew that, if we couldn't get over their line before ends were changed, they would be pretty certain to score, with wind and hill behind them; and, though the more they smiled the more we gritted our teeth and shoved, still there was no score, and all the time the referee's watch was ticking on towards half-time.

They'd got us back to the centre again, and I was shoving along with my head down, saying things to myself the like of which aren't to be found in the Church catechism, when Dave and Sam Downs broke through their pack with a supreme effort, and dribbled the ball at one burst right down to the Culverton goal-line, where the Judies' back chucked himself on it, getting Sam's foot in his

mouth as he did so. When we'd made sure his jaw wasn't broken, both sides pulled themselves together for the toughest scrimmage of the game. We shoved hard, but Culverton shoved harder and came through us; still, Dick Reynolds was too sharp for them, grabbed the ball, and passed it to Dave as the scrimmage broke up. Dave plunged forward, meaning business, but the crowd was too great even for him, and down he went, mixed with about half a dozen white jerseys. None the less, he shook himself clear enough to bang the ball at the nearest red-sleeve he could see. It was mine, and in a tick I was over the line, but, before I could ground the ball, Bobbie Norman's arm took me round the throat and the turf hit me on the back of the head almost simultaneously, and, by the time I began to understand why I was lying on the grass and staring up at a sky which spun round me like a top, it was half-time, and our chance was gone.

If Dave had begun to lose heart he certainly didn't show it as he went round the team with new and special instructions to every man in it; but the rest of the red and blacks looked rather woe-begone, and Mr. Ronald, from his expression, might have been expecting the undertaker's men in about half an hour. We all looked straight in front of us—not daring to face our friends in the crowd, though they still shouted "Play up, Laverham," as if the chances were as equal as ever. The interval gave me time to pull myself together, and, as I moved back to my place, Dave whispered in my ear, "Follow up my kick, Jim, and fettle up Bobbie before he can return it." I carried out his instructions to the letter. I was on to Norman as he fielded the ball, and, though he tried to swerve past me, it was too late, and I took a cast of Bobbie's face in the Bradbury turf from which a sculptor could have made a lovely bust.

"Play up, Laverham!" and Laverham did play up for the next ten minutes. Yard by yard we walked the Culverton pack up the hill, while the crowd fairly screamed with excitement, but half-way up in their twenty-five the effort began to tell on us—they held us for about half a minute and then they began to walk us back again.

Once the ball was in our half most of our chaps gave up the game for lost—our forwards crumpled up like the lid of a bandbox, and if Mr. Ronald hadn't chucked himself on the ball they would have been over. How Tom Scales got the ball out of that scrimmage I couldn't see, and he could never tell me, but

he chucked it to Mr. Ronald, who ran like a tiger, and sent it on to our captain as he rolled over in the arms of a Culverton three-quarter. Dave was on his mettle, and though Bobbie Norman and another Culverton three-quarter were hanging on to him, he plunged forward until their full-back ran in and swept his legs from under him, when, as he fell, he threw the ball with all his might far to the left, where there was nobody to take the pass.

But was there nobody? It was true that both teams had got massed together on the touch-line on our right, and the other side of the ground was all but vacant, vacant save for our own full back, who was running as if for his life, with a clear field before him. There was one moment of sickening suspense, for the white jerseys saw their mistake and were tearing across to rectify it, and, if Master Jack had fumbled the ball even for half a second, they might have been in time, but he took the ball at full speed, like a mail train snapping up a letter bag, and I fell on my face dead-beat, but cram full of thankfulness. The Culverton chaps might run, and they did, but they might as well have chased a shooting star as a man who could give the best of them three yards in a hundred, and before I picked myself up, panting like a steam-engine, Master Jack had grounded the ball under the Culverton posts.

Dave took the place-kick. We rather hoped he would play Bobbie Norman's own trick off on himself, for Mr. Ronald would have been sure of his drop at goal; but he didn't. As he explained afterwards, he wasn't going to set the example of sharp practice, though he knew the other side only wanted a chance to play their trick; if they'd led off with it, it would have been a different matter. He made no mistake, but kicked a beautiful goal, and the real game began.

You see, up to that time Culverton had made sure that they held winning cards, and were in no particular hurry to score—but now they'd got to do so, and they put in all they knew. Our team had got some of their wind back through the goal-kick and restart, and all their pluck, through gaining the lead. One and all played as they had never played before, but, even so, the "Judies," now they fairly extended themselves, would have scored over and over again if it hadn't been for Mr. Reynard. The old Cambridge captain seemed to anchor himself to the ground every scrimmage, and yet, by some inexplicable dexterity, when the pack broke up he was always the first man out, and, if a Culverton chap got

the ball, he immediately tackled him with a vigour which left nothing to be desired. Four times Culverton brought the ball within a yard of our line; four times Dave broke through and dribbled to the twenty-five flag, and once a supplementary kick from Mr. Ronald carried it as far as half-way. Then white jerseys swept down again, and the struggle surged across the ground from side to side, Culverton hardly ever more than five yards from the score wanted. Onlookers told me afterwards that only twenty minutes elapsed from the kick-off after our goal to the finish, but twenty centuries could hardly have seemed longer. Still, at last, we could see that every spectator who had a watch had it out in his hand, and both sides redoubled their efforts. It had been a rough as well as a tough game, and every one of the thirty players was bleeding somewhere. Tom Scales had had a finger put out, and Jack Noon a couple of ribs broken, though neither of them was aware of it till afterwards, and I reckon the Culverton doctors found plenty of little things to tinker up. Outlasted and outplayed, with wind and hill against them, Laverham nearly kept their opponents from scoring—but not quite.

A scrimmage broke up just in the corner of the ground, and there was a wild scurry in the loose—nobody knew exactly what took place, but, suddenly, everybody stopped playing, and a white jersey lay on the ball, just over our line. Crawne—for it was that well-known International—rose with a smile on his face for which I could have flayed him then and there with the liveliest satisfaction. We had lost after all.

Of course there was still the bare chance that Norman might miss his drop, but he never had done such a thing within the memory of man.

Our captain glanced at Mr. Ronald's expression of absolute despair, and muttered, "After all, he's had a good run for his money," and resumed, "Wilson and Jim Crane, you're the nippiest in the team—mark Norman and rush him directly the ball's in play again." And Laverham lined up along their goal-line.

I can see the Bradbury ground before me now—the hushed, expectant ring with thirty thousand eyes riveted on the dapper little half-back who was putting the ball into position; Crawne, with his weight thrown on to his right foot, in the act of starting to take the kick; and Bobbie Norman, apart from the other white jerseys, waiting to drop the winning goal. The ball touched ground, and we

rushed forward. Crawne tipped the ball to Norman, who took his drop with the utmost coolness, as if Master Jack and I, who were tearing at him, were a thousand miles away. Master Jack checked his stride and leapt into the air—it must have been a record jump if anyone could have measured it—but it didn't carry him high enough to touch the ball. I ran straight on, although the referee's voice proclaimed "No side," but I wasn't thinking of balls or games—I can own it after all these years. It was the sneaking cad, Norman, I wanted, and I got him. He went down like a factory chimney, when the chimney fellers have handled it properly, and I twisted round and fell into a sitting position with my face towards our goal, just in time to see the brute of a ball fly over our cross-bar.

Then Bedlam broke loose, but the referee was gesticulating wildly for a hearing. Dave lurched slowly and sadly up to him, and Norman picked himself up and counted the pieces, with a malevolent scowl at me. "I don't want anyone to make a mistake," said the referee, "about the result of the match. Laverham has won by a goal to a try."

"How do you make that out?" growled Norman, "I dropped a goal."

"After the call of time," added the referee, gently and quietly, "Culverton's try was gained on the stroke of time. Of course they were entitled to their shot at goal, and, if Crawne's place-kick had gone straight, it would have been a draw, but it didn't, and what Norman did with the ball afterwards makes no more difference to this game than what he does next season."

It would take a clever painter to do justice to the mugs pulled by the Culverton team. Dave wasn't often ungenerous, but he hated Norman. "There's such a thing as being too clever," he laughed, but the Culverton

captain swung away with an imprecation.

"By the way, Reynard," said the referee, blandly fixing his eyes on me, "please caution your team against charging when the ball's not in play. Such roughness brings discredit on the game."

I will not attempt to describe the scenes which ensued, whether at Bradbury or at Laverham, but will only add that Sir Edward declared that he would gladly entrust his daughter's future to a man who could effect such impossibilities for her sake.



IT MUST HAVE BEEN A RECORD JUMP IF ANYONE COULD HAVE MEASURED IT.

We had to change at Mill Junction on our way back to Laverham, and while we were waiting there Miss Elsie pointedly turned her back upon the Laverham captain whenever he approached her. At last he addressed himself to her back.

"Have I offended you, Miss Wilson, that you won't congratulate me on winning the cup?"

She tapped her foot impatiently on the platform without turning round.

"Of course you've offended me. What right had you to use my name?"

"None whatever, Miss Wilson," said Dave, very meekly, and then, as if a sudden inspiration had come to him, "but fair exchange is no robbery, and I should be only too delighted if you'd use mine always."

"Don't be a greater donkey than you can help, Mr. Reynard," she answered, rather rudely, as I thought, but she was only just sixteen, and you can't expect manners at that age.

However, some years later she made up her mind to accept that reparation.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

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 postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by January 19th.

The Results will be published in March.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Boys and Master."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find a half-page picture of a group of school-boys and a master. The faces are left almost blank. The competitor has to fill in the remaining part of each face, giving the expression as suggested by the part already drawn. Three sets of the very best Yucatan Kid Boxing Gloves will be given as prizes—size to suit the winners.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Poem on the Seasons."—Write four verses, containing four lines each, on Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter—a verse for each season. The poem may be serious or humorous, as you please. **THREE PRIZES** of 7s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"A Frenchman in a Football Crowd."—10s. 6d. will be paid for the best description, supposed to be written by a Frenchman, of an English football crowd. Only write on one side of the paper, and do not exceed 1,000 words. The description must be written in "Frenchman's" English.

No Age Limit.

No. 4.—"Zoological Stamp Competition."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a mixture of well-known stamps. Directions as to the competition will be found under the illustration. Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps will be taken into consideration. Two handsome Stamp Albums will be awarded as prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Black Square Puzzle."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram. All the competitor has to do is to cut the figure into six strips of equal size, then arrange them in such a way as to form a square with a black square exactly half its size shown on its surface. Neatness will be taken into consideration. **THREE PRIZES** of goods to the value of 7s from our advertisements.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: May 12th, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. **Mark Comps.** "January."

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

THE RAILWAYMAN'S SUNDAY.

By W. J. ROBERTS.

Photos by the Author.



CROSS-TIES ON "DOWN" LINE LOOSENEED READY FOR DEMOLITION. NEW "CROSS-SLEEPERS" TRACK LYING MADE-UP IN THE "SIX-FOOT-WAY" READY FOR TRANSPOSITION.

road to the more up-to-date comfortable, and less noisy "cross-sleeper" track.

For many days gangs of navvies had been occupied in building up the new track in the space between the "up" and "down" lines, known as the "six-foot-way." The "permanent-way" trains brought load upon load of sleepers with the "cradles" ready bolted in position on them, and had then deposited the rails which, in turn, were fitted in the "cradles." This was done down the whole of the section intended for the change, so that it looked like an auxiliary track; then, with the help of skilled mechanics, brought from the district depôt, all superfluous "tie-rods" and bolts on the old line were made ready for a speedy dislodgment when the time for the transformation should arrive. A Sunday is always chosen for the

NOT the least among the numerous departments which contribute to the efficient working of a great railway is that which is known as the "Permanent Way Department." As a matter of fact, it is an extremely important branch of railway service, inasmuch as it has control of the road itself, and, as very much of the comfort and safety of travellers depends on the construction and good condition of the road, it will be admitted that its importance is not over-rated. Never an accident occurs but it has, at once, to furnish the "breakdown gang," and no fog ever sweeps down upon the line but it has, at a moment's notice, to place a carefully organised army of "fog-signallers" in position.

performance of a big job like this on account of the lack of traffic, and the day having been decided upon, all the available labourers in the division are notified of the date, and ordered to be on the spot at a certain hour. On the occasion of which we write a large number of men had to be brought from a long distance, and, at 5 a.m., as the chimes rang out from the church clocks in the town and dawn broke over the adjacent tree-tops, all hands commenced what was to be an arduous day's toil. By the courtesy of the

It is, however, when such stupendous operations as the conversion of the "broad" to "narrow" gauge (witnessed on the Great Western system some years ago), are carried out, that the real value of the department is brought to the view of the public, and its capabilities tested to the utmost. We recently had a unique opportunity of noting its working methods, and we must confess to feelings something akin to enthusiasm as we watched. It was on the occasion of the transformation of a mile section of the "down" line, on an important English railway, from the noisy and cumbersome "baulk"



DEMOLITION COMPLETED. NEW "DOWN" TRACK BEING "TRUED," WITH OLD "BAULK" ROAD LYING LOPSY-TURVY IN THE MIDDLE



A REFRESHER, "OATMEAL AND WATER."

burly, good-natured superintendent, whom we found busy directing operations, we, with our camera, were favoured with permission to roam along the line and watch the progress of the work.

The organisation entailed must have been heavy, but it was complete; each man knew his place and particular duty, so, broken up into parties, the small army scattered down the line and the initial stage—the demolition of the old line—commenced in earnest. Great sledge-hammers whirled in the air and clanged on the metals, and crow-bars rattled and rang out on the still Sabbath morning with startling clearness, waking the drowsy residents in the houses near the line, so that for quite half an hour there was a succession of windows thrown up and a small array of sleepy heads popped out to see what fiend could thus be spoiling their rest. But the noise abated nothing, rather did it increase as obstinate nuts and bolts required the gently per-

suasive powers of a sledge-hammer, or some stubborn stay-rod refused to dislodge. As each rail was loosened, a gang, armed with long and powerful levers, swarmed round it and, with levers thrust well home and the "word" from the foreman, there was a great rending, a crash, and the rail, with the "baulk" attached, weighing many hundred-weights, lay useless, topsy-turvy, in the channelling at the side, waiting a convenient period when the "P.W." trucks should come along and carry away the pieces. Quick as thought each man then took his place by the new, ready-made-up section lying in the "six-foot-way," and, again plying their levers, by a united effort the whole structure was slid bodily over the rubble on to the track just vacated by the old line.

Hard work is this, with barely breathing time allowed, and only half an hour available for each of the breakfast and dinner intervals; thirsty work also is it, and the company, recognising this, and tolerating no intoxicants, deposits, on these occasions, a portable boiler conveniently near at hand, from which sweetened oatmeal and water is dispensed hot, *ad lib*, all day long—a wise and humane provision which the men avail themselves of very frequently, as it gives them remarkable staying power.

As each section of rail is slid into its place, the "fish-plates," which join the sections, are screwed on, and another gang of labourers, with a critical-eyed foreman, follows on, carefully "truing" and adjusting and preparing



THE "P.W." TRUCKS COME ALONG AND TAKE AWAY THE PIECES.

for the ballasting trucks which will run over the whole section, when completed, automatically depositing tons of granite chippings for the solidifying of the "road." Meanwhile, the smiths have been busy, where "points" occur, forging new lever fittings and altering the old—work which requires special skill and precision, as will be obvious.

The day wears on, and gradually, by stolid, hearty labour, the whole section is transformed, and our burly friend, the superintendent (who, up to now, has had eyes and thoughts for nothing but the rate of progress), heaves a sigh of relief and actually smiles! Then the "P.W." train creeps gingerly over the new line as a sort of assuring ceremony for

the benefit of the wondering public (who have watched the progress of the work intermittently from the banks and other vantage grounds), as if to prove that the rail is well and truly laid and quite dependable. The long-distance men tumble into the trucks and are soon speeding home to a much-needed rest, and the wondering public, still marvelling at the despatch and exactitude of it all, goes home too, and talks

of the "wonderful system" and "beautiful organisation" with such effect that the small boys, who have hitherto destined themselves for the Army or Navy, throw their resolves to the wind, and have henceforth to be reckoned with as important, though embryo, railwaymen.



THE "P.W." TRAIN CREEPS GINGERLY OVER THE NEW LINE AS IF TO PROVE THAT THE RAIL IS WELL AND TRULY LAID.

MATHEMATICAL ODDITIES.

THERE are many numbers possessing curious properties interesting to know, but of which many people are ignorant.

I have gathered the following curiosities in figures from various sources in the hope that they will prove of interest to those readers of THE CAPTAIN who have not seen them before.

Take, to begin with, the number 37, multiply it by 3 and all the multiples of 3 up to 27, and notice the peculiar results obtained. Note also that the sum of the figures in each product is equal to the multiplier.

37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37	37
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27
111	222	333	444	555	666	777	888	999

On going through the same process with 73 we get products the last figure of which is either 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, or 9, beginning at 9 and going down to 1.

73	73	73	73	73	73	73	73	73
3	6	9	12	15	18	21	24	27
219	438	657	876	1095	1314	1533	1752	1971

Another number worth noticing is 142,857, which, when multiplied by either of the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6, gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point.

142857	142857	142857	142857	142857	142857
1	2	3	4	5	6
142857	285714	428571	571428	714285	857142

Then, if you multiply it by 7 the answer consists of 9's; and if multiplied by 8, you get the answer, 1,142,856, which can be altered to the former number by adding its first figure to its last figure.

Now take the number 937,654,321 and multiply it by 54, and you get 53,333,333,334—all 3's except the first and last figures, which, when put together, reach 54, the multiplier. Next multiply it by 27, and you get 26,666,666,667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which by themselves read 27, the multiplier. Doing the same with 72 you get 71,111,111,112—all 1's except the first and last figures, which taken alone read 72, the multiplier.

STANLEY B. KING.

POULTRY-KEEPING FOR PROFIT

BY CHARLES D. LESLIE.

SKETCHES BY REX OSBORNE



able conditions than prevail among us; the fault, therefore, that this nation is not self-supporting in the matter of eggs and fowls is clearly owing to lack of intelligent poultry-keeping. I will endeavour to briefly indicate the more common causes of failure.

Fowls if kept in large quantities are extremely liable to disease, and also lay far worse than when kept in small lots. Poultry-keeping on a large scale, in a word, poultry-farming, is not, therefore, to be lightly entered upon by amateurs. The successful breeding of exhibition stock also requires a long apprenticeship, and is in a great measure a speculative hobby, large sums being lost as well as made over it.

Coming to utility fowls, that is, poultry that pay to keep, when eggs and fowls are sold for table and not at the extravagant price prize-winning poultry and the eggs such birds lay frequently change hands for, the biggest profits are made by the Heathfield fatteners in Sussex, and the duckers or duck-keepers round Aylesbury. These men thoroughly understand their business, and as a consequence make it pay well.

But poultry-rearing to be successful requires plenty of space, and that, for many of us, is not at command. But every owner of a garden who has a few square yards to spare should be able to produce enough eggs for breakfast consumption, if not all the cook demands, and at a price far lower than the dairy charges.

The profitable life of a hen is brief, extending as a rule to thirty months, that is to say, a bird hatched in February or March of this present year, by the autumn of 1905 should be got rid of. If allowed to moult a second time and retained for a third season she will lay far fewer eggs than in the two preceding years, and is very unlikely to lay during the winter. A pullet hatched this spring should, if

It is not easy to recognise the fact—for it is a fact—that we possess poultry of a quality superior to any other nation's, in the face of the large importations of eggs and dead fowls that come yearly from abroad; but if we look more closely into the matter it is evident that overseas the industry is dealt with in a more practical spirit. In brief, among ourselves much poultry-keeping, both in farms and in suburban gardens, is conducted on very haphazard lines, and in consequence there is still a section of people who assert positively that poultry-keeping does not pay, and point triumphantly to their own failure to make their poultry pay as a proof.

Now a great deal of the poultry produce that reaches these shores is produced in a colder temperature and under more unfavour-

properly fed and housed, be laying in the autumn, and more or less through the winter; but a great many birds if late hatched never lay till the following year; it is doubtful if such birds are profitable to their owners.

Supposing a start is made in the autumn with pullets hatched in March or April: if well fed and housed eggs should be obtained when they are six or seven months' old, but feeding and housing must be suitable. Ready-made poultry houses and runs are sold now at very reasonable prices, and it is a mistake to think anything, any amateur attempt, good enough for fowls. They must be kept warm and dry, and ventilation free from draughts must be provided. It is also easy to make mistakes in the feeding; over-fed pullets put on fat instead of producing eggs. Biscuit meal, such as Spratt's, is excellent for their breakfast, mixed with pollard or sharps, and every bird should have a lump about the size of a duck's egg; table scraps of any kind should be mixed in. Fowls are scavengers in their way and will eat anything, but too much fat is bad for them, or, rather, bad for egg-producing fowls. Fresh green food is highly necessary for birds in confinement; this is often neglected, but they should have it every day. The evening meal should consist of corn, wheat, barley, or oats (no maize, which is harmful, or mixed poultry corn, which is generally rubbish); a handful apiece should suffice, but it is easy to gauge their appetites after a little time.

Most of the utility breeds stand confinement well; perhaps the Black Minorca is most suitable, as they never turn broody, an advantage when no chicken-rearing is done. White, Brown, and Buff Leghorns can also be recommended, but the first and last show the dirt if kept in the vicinity of a big town. But if coloured, that is brown-tinted, eggs instead



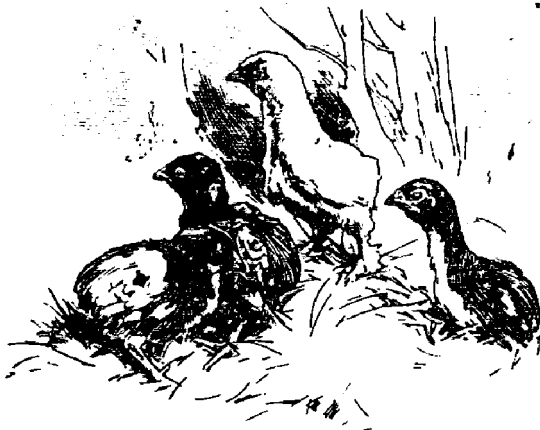
of white are desired, the Langshan, Brahma, or Wyandotte should be kept. These breeds turn broody and must be allowed to sit on sham eggs at least once in the year.

If of good laying strains these birds will lay from a hundred to a hundred and fifty eggs each in the year. A male bird when no chicken-rearing is followed is only ornamental and unnecessary, to say nothing of his penchant for waking one's neighbours unreasonably early. The cost of feeding per head when greens can be had from the garden and there are kitchen scraps available should not exceed four shillings in the year; so the eggs are obtainable at under a halfpenny apiece. We must, however, recollect that these birds will cost about 4s. each to buy, while we shall be lucky if we can sell them two years later for half that sum. This can be avoided, does space permit, in hatching a brood or two, and thus obviating having to purchase to replace the birds finished with.

There will be no disease if the birds are kept dry and the house and run clean; the former requires frequent whitewashing to keep down poultry lice, and there should be a heap of dry ashes for the birds to roll themselves in. A pan of fresh clean water renewed each day should stand in the run.

When kept in strict confinement without a grass run the birds should have sods of turf to peck over and a small feed of corn at mid-day. The latter should be scattered in a heap of earth or peat moss to afford the fowls the amusement of hunting for it. When they have nothing to do they are apt to develop feather eating or egg eating.

If the above simple rules are followed there will be an abundant supply of eggs in winter as well as summer, but if through neglect disease develops there will be empty nest-boxes and unprofitable fowls, while the cost of keeping bad layers is just as much as when the fowls are giving a good account of themselves.





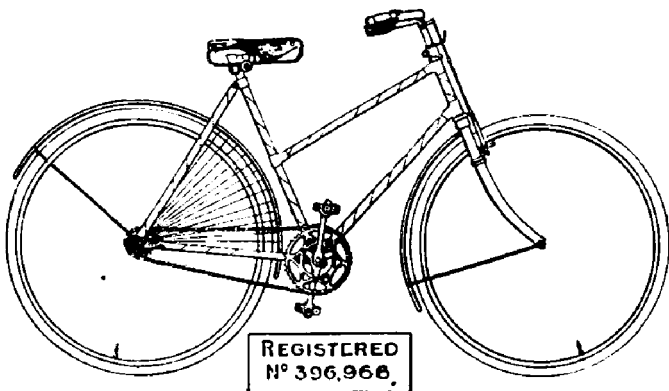
SOME 1903 MACHINES.

IN spite of the fact that startling novel-
ties of consequence are still chiefly
notable by their absence, makers have
in no way relaxed their endeavours to
promote the efficiency and careful external
and internal finish of the cycles they turn
out. The external finish, of course, is not un-
important, for we all have a pardonable pride
in riding a nice-looking mount. But, as I
have always urged, the internal finish is the
main thing, and, unfortunately, this cannot
often be judged by a scrutiny of the exterior.
It is a good thing to attend the annual shows,
and those who have done so can hardly fail
to have gained instruction; but those having
small knowledge, and being guided by ap-
pearance only, might easily conclude that a
comparatively worthless machine was as good
as its best competitors. Part of the object of
these articles is to assist those who are not, as
the saying goes, in the know. It may always
be taken for granted that anything I single
out for praise is so treated from the ground of
a thorough belief in its merits, and although
I naturally hesitate to publicly condemn by
name some of the worthless rubbish which is
still being marketed, yet I am always willing
to give a warning word to correspondents
who may be in doubt. Fortunately,
there are fewer firms trying to foist rub-
bish upon the public than was the case
a few years ago, and we may hope that in
the natural order of things only the best
makers will ultimately survive, so that
shoddy will by-and-by cease to be offered.

In speaking of new season's goods that
are really worth attention, it is quite im-
possible within the scope of a few pages
to deal with more than a very few. Nor
must it be supposed that the degree of
eulogy given to the small number which
haphazard has selected properly indicates

their relative merits. One cannot lavish
superlatives upon every one, but where
praise is given readers may rely upon it
that there is sound reason behind the
statements. The wares of that well-es-
tablished concern, the New Premier Cycle Com-
pany, of Coventry, may be unhesitatingly
mentioned. The firm still place their faith
in the characteristic helical tubing of which
the frames are principally composed. Many
doubt the value of the helical principle; but
I have seen a machine, having frames of this
sort, which had collided at high speed with a
wall, and which was little damaged, although
the rider, a friend of mine, sustained a very
nasty injury to his kneecap.

The Premier Company's strengthened frame
takes an unusual shape. The additional tube
is not horizontal, which would be, of course,
all wrong, but passes from the seat lug to the
front fork crown, thus leaving a triangulated
frame made up of two scalene triangles of dif-
ferent size. A very interesting specimen for
the Premier stud is the mount designed to
accommodate either a boy or a girl. To look
at it you would say that it was neither the
one thing nor the other, and yet a moment's



PREMIER CYCLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

reflection will convince you that it is both. True, it has no top tube, as a man's machine commonly has; nor has it a dropped bar in the ordinary style of a girl's mount. Although it has neither of these, it has a strong helical bar passing from the head to the middle of the main down tube.

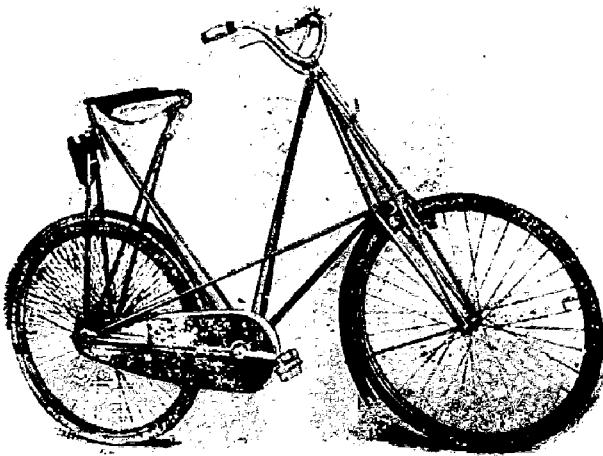
We have all seen very little girls riding their brothers' bicycles, but in such cases the top tube is bound to be more or less in the way. The New Premier mixed design gives plenty of room for the ordinary fall of the costume of a short-skirted rider, and allows her much greater ease in the matters of getting on and off. I can imagine circumstances in which such a mount would be highly desirable. Sometimes parents cannot afford separate machines for all the family, or, if they can, cannot find space in which to house them. The machine I speak of is admirably adapted to be shared by a brother and sister, or even by several, provided they do not greatly differ in size, or in that very important matter of "reach." I am bound to say, before dismissing the subject, that I think that what I should call the "compromise tube" sets up an undue thrust upon the tube which joins the seat lug with the crank bracket; but it must be borne in mind that the bicycle is designed for children, and that the likelihood is that it will not be called upon to carry more than moderate weights. The machine is furnished with a small but adequate dress-guard. The Premier system of brakes is a good one. As all standard patterns are fitted with free wheels, unless otherwise ordered, it follows that two good rim brakes are a practical necessity. For the left hand a pull-up lever actuating a brake of the "crab" variety is provided. The main brake



A NEW PEDERSEN GOLF CARRIER.

pressure is reserved for the right hand, which controls a Bowden brake, the shoe of which goes on between the chain stays.

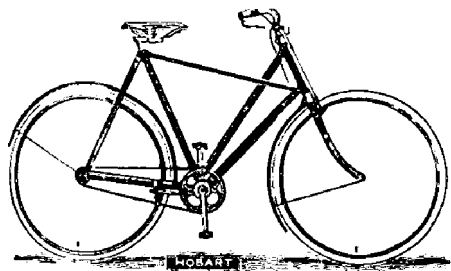
While speaking of unusual varieties of tubing, I should like to call attention to that which is produced by the Birtwistle Hydraulic Jointing Syndicate, of Hulme, Manchester. The Syndicate has now been in existence for some time, and has exhibited its patent process at several of the shows. The process is exceedingly simple. If two tubes are to be joined, the lesser is inserted within the end of the greater in the ordinary way. The greater, however, is previously furnished with recesses or perforations. These have been tried in a great variety of forms, until the inventors believe they have arrived at practically the ideal pattern. The hydraulic apparatus includes a couple of water-tight collars, between which it is possible to arrange a small chamber, compartmented off within the inner of the two tubes and in a position beneath the recesses in the outer. Water pressure is then applied, at something like five tons to the square inch. The result is that the inner tube seeks to escape by the means of egress provided, and swells out in such a manner as to securely lock itself into the interstices of the outer one. The pressure is applied by hand, but is exceedingly easy. When I first witnessed the process I asked permission to apply the pressure myself. The operation was so surprisingly easy that I invited a lady companion to try it. In half a second she gave an extra turn to the wheel, but in that time she had added



A GIRL'S PEDERSEN.

another ton to the pressure I had already accumulated. The advantage of this method is that the joint is completed cold. The rise in the temperature of the water and the steel as the result of the pressure applied is practically negligible. By the ordinary method of brazing, both tubes are subjected to the proximity of the white heat of a furnace, and molten metal is introduced into the interstices between them. The sudden and enormous rise in temperature to which the steel is thus subjected is said by experts to reduce its strength by as much as forty per cent. That may be so in certain cases, but I do not believe the loss is so great in large works where men are employed who are in constant practice in performing the operation. Still, under the best possible conditions, the brazing of metal is bound to weaken it considerably, and any method having the effect of doing away with it is worthy of careful attention.

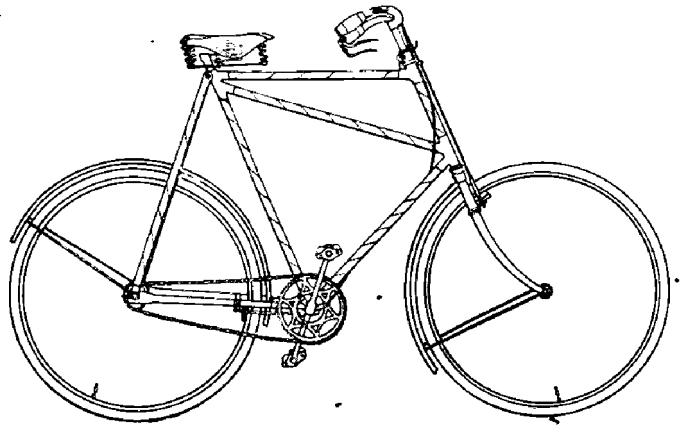
The Rover Cycle Company have made several alterations in their steeds for 1903,



A HOBART BICYCLE.

and in the method of marketing them. The Imperial light roadsters and the girls' machines are fitted with concealed back brakes. The lugs to the front brakes have been improved, and there are better brake links with swivel shoes. The brackets connected with the back brake mechanism have also been altered for the better; and the dress guards to girls' bicycles are of a different and probably better design. The prices of the machines have been rendered more popular. The ten guinea bicycles are still on offer. The "Meteor Rover, No. 1" is reduced from thirteen guineas to twelve, and the ordinary Imperial Rovers, which used to be twenty-two pounds, are now only eighteen guineas. Each of these classes of machines includes bicycles for girls.

By-the-by, one of the very best girl's bicycles I know is that produced by the Dursley Pedersen Company, of Dursley, in

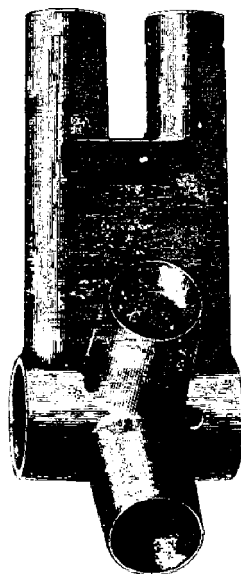


PREMIER TRIANGULATED FRAME.

Gloucestershire. Its front and rear portions are built up of a curious system of tubing of great strength and lightness, and although the handle grips are to my thinking much too high in the standard pattern, the firm are always willing to bend to individual fancies and would gladly carry out any rider's idea in such a matter of detail. The ordinary man's machine built by this firm is becoming more and more familiar. It is exceedingly ingenious in design, and altogether different both in appearance and in principle from the common type of safety bicycle.

I well remember the startling effect of the first sight I had of one. It was leaning against the wall of a building at Whitminster, which is only a few miles from Dursley. It may, for all I know, have belonged to the maker, for the machines were not at that time on the market. I happened to be touring in that

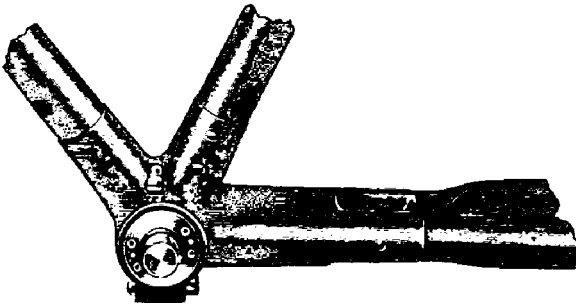
region, and at the first sight of what appeared to be a perfect monstrosity in cycle construction, I at once dismounted to examine it. I have never possessed one of the Dursley Pedersens myself, but I have known friends who have, and they have nothing but praise to apply to them. My conjecture that the curious form of hammock saddle employed for the machines devised for male riders would, in time, become very uncomfortable, is probably incorrect. A medical friend of mine, who rides the device daily between his



MAIN HYDRAULIC JOINT OF FRAME.

house, his chambers, and the various hospitals, where his services are valued, tells me that it is a seat of comfort in the extreme. One recommendation of all types of Pedersen machines is the splendidly strong design of what in other bicycles is called the fork crown. It always reminds me of certain lines in the structure of the Forth Bridge, and I should think that nothing but the most terrific impact would suffice to break it. The arrangement the Pedersen Company have devised for carrying golf clubs is interesting and useful, but its price—one guinea—must be considered as rather high. The firm are always willing to lend a machine of any type free for a seven days' trial.

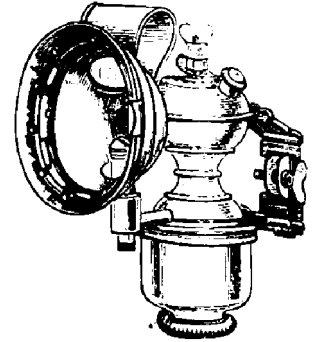
Among the Hobart cycles, made by Messrs. Hobart, Bird, and Co., of Coventry, there is



HYDRAULIC JOINTING.

this year an entirely new design of special cross frame. Its general lines are good, as all the tubes conform to the principle I have previously enunciated—that their terminals must not impinge upon parts of the frame which are improperly supported and unable to meet all reasonable stress of thrust. The theory of the braking arrangement of these machines is also good. Upon the brake lever being pressed, motion is communicated to the rear brake, which comes gently into contact with the back rim. But the front wheel brake, which also is a rim brake, is coupled with this, and as the pressure is increased the second or subsidiary shoe is applied to the leading rim. The arrangement appears to me to be excellent, inasmuch as it makes a good attempt to automatically distribute retarding forces much as they should

be intelligently divided between wheel and wheel. The Company urge notice upon one of their specialities in the form of a motor-bicycle; but this class of invention is one with which I have at present little to do. Nearly all the companies are making such machines now, but there seem to me good reasons why motoring should not be taken to, to the detriment of cycling pure and simple, so long as the latter glorious pastime can be enjoyed with youth and strength.



FIGGOTT'S "J.P." ACETYLENE GAS LAMP, WHICH ONLY COSTS 3s. 11d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

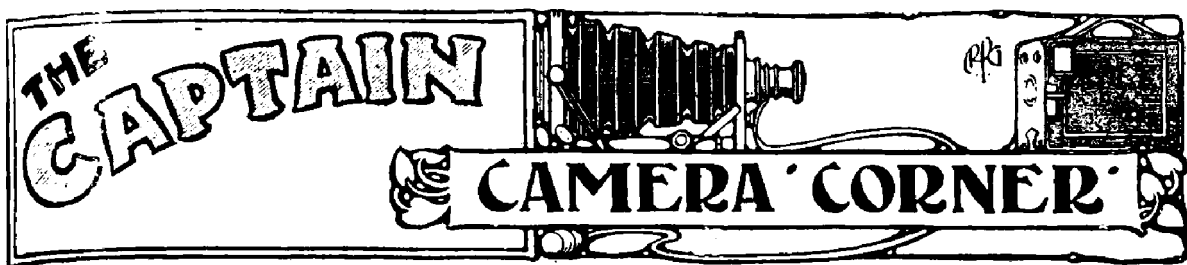
New Forest (NEW FOREST).—(1) For an encased chain the preparation called "Viscolium," or else highly refined neat's-foot; for a naked chain a dry lubricant like graphite. (2) The "Club" enamel is good.

Electric (SOUTHAMPTON).—The "Dynolite" electric lamp is a good thing, but lamps of the class are not so perfectly free from trouble as might be supposed. The generation of current as you go along saves the weight of accumulators, but, of course, it detracts from speed, since a portion of your muscular effort is converted into light instead of locomotive power. A crack in the vacuum tube renders the lamp useless, unless you should be prudent enough to carry a spare one. The whole subject is still in its infancy; but I don't see why, if you fancy the game, you should not be one of the pioneers, and, possibly, discover something as the result of your experience. I believe that ultimately all cycle lamps will be electric. On the score of cleanliness they already hold an undisputed field.

Unfortunate (EDINBURGH).—The machine is good. Palmer D, or Clincher A-Won, would be good tyres to substitute. But you cannot complain if a pair of tyres lasts for two years of good wear.

F. C. (PECKHAM, S.E.)—I regret the impossibility of conducting any of this correspondence privately through the post. My consolation in your case is that I don't think it would have been worth the while of your friend to purchase the device you name in order to take it with him to China.

A. H. (LONDON, N.W.)—I believe there are none other than Eadie fittings throughout and these are of the best.



A Novel Printing Process.

AS some of you are fond of experimenting and making your own sensitive material, I will describe to you a process which is very little known and which will be very instructive to work, and at the same time inexpensive in materials. It may also be practised by those who have not a camera, as by this means engravings, drawings, or plans may be reproduced without the aid of a camera. The name of this process is Willis' Aniline Process, and it was invented by Mr. W. Willis, the father of the inventor of the Platinotype process. All that is required is a sensitising solution, a sheet of glass to place over the plan, etc., a large box with a lid on which can be stretched the printed paper, a basin to contain the aniline solution, and a small spirit lamp to warm it. Paper of good quality which has been sized should be used. This should be sensitised by floating it on or brushing it over with a solution of

Bichromate of potash	3 oz.
Phosphoric acid	30 grns.
Water	1 pint.

This solution is poisonous. The paper must be dried in the dark, or by lamplight, and stored in a dark, dry place. It is best used within a day or two after sensitising. It may be printed in a printing-frame, but not from a negative, as by this process a negative would give a negative, and a positive would give a positive again. If you wish to reproduce an engraving, place the *back* of the engraving in contact with the sensitive surface of the paper, lay a plate of glass over the two and expose to light. There will be a visible image, but it will be very faint on a yellow ground. When the details are fairly visible, the print is pinned face upwards on the lid of the box. At the bottom of the box place the dish or basin containing an alcoholic solution of aniline dye—*i.e.*, aniline dye dissolved in spirits of wine. You may choose any dye you like which will dissolve in alcohol, but I should advise you to start with rosaniline. The dish of solu-

tion may be warmed before putting in the box, or may be heated during the process. The print is developed by the mixed vapours from this solution, and it is only necessary for these vapours to come in contact with the print to develop it. A green, black or reddish colour is usually obtained by this process. When the print is sufficiently developed it should be thoroughly washed in plain water and hung up to dry.

BROWN STAINS ON FILMS (Walter J. Davidson, Walthamstow).—The patchy brown stains which you get on your films are probably due to oxidised developer, or, in other words, to exposing your film to the atmosphere while it is still saturated with developer. In order to avoid this trouble take care that your films are always thoroughly immersed under the surface of the solution until they are finished and washed; take care that while they are in the fixing-bath none of them float to the surface and become partially exposed to the air. Stale developer may also cause these stains.

HAND-CAMERAS (Young Photographer, Parson's Green).—I am unable to recommend any particular camera at the price you mention. You have evidently a good idea of what you require, and I should advise you to get Messrs. Benetfink's catalogue and choose from that one which will suit you best. (Katherina, Manchester).—(1) The camera you mention is as good as any at the price. (2) Yes, the "Brownie" Kodak gives either time or instantaneous exposures.

JACK M. TRUE (Glasgow).—Thanks for your little photograph, but it is too much out-of-date for THE CAPTAIN.

MAKING A CAMERA.—Several correspondents have requested us to give an article on how to make a camera. We will say at once that we are not expert at making cameras, but only in using them. Those readers who possess a strong desire to make one, however, should send three-halfpence in stamps to Messrs. Mason and Son, Armleigh, Leeds, who will send them an illustrated price list of accessories and instructions for making a camera.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

COPIES of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by Sir A. Conan Doyle, are awarded to Miss W. TURTON, Arnewood Towers, Lymington, Hants, for her photos, published in these pages, and to O. FRIEDERICI, 11 Rue de Bernet, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France, for his essay, "London and Paris," which is printed on p. 323.

New Year's Day in Scotland.

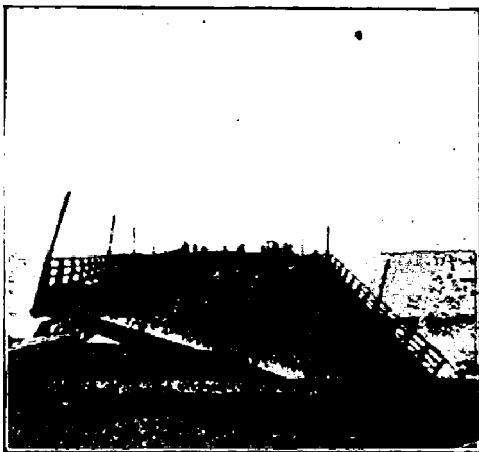
NEW Year's Day in Scotland is more of a festival than Christmas Day. At the entrance of the New Year friends come from far and near to wish each other peace and prosperity, and, it must be admitted, pledge their friendship in something stronger than water. The last day of the year is called Hogmanay. It used also to be called

At the end of the song a large linen basket filled to the top with three-cornered cakes would make its appearance. The cakes were handed out to the children, who put them in bags or baskets and went on to the next house of call.

On Hogmanay many people sit up till midnight to usher in the New Year, often with the auld Scotch songs. As the last stroke of twelve dies away they solemnly wish each other a Happy New Year, and then the more lively members of the family set out to "first foot" their friends. Many are the superstitions held by the old folk about "first footing." The first person to enter your house on New Year's morning is called your "first foot," and on him or her depends to a great extent the luck of the house for the ensuing year. If he be flat-footed or of doubtful character he brings ill-luck. To be lucky he must be of good character and must not come empty-handed. This last is the omen of plenty.

On New Year's Day any one who visits another's house will be given a large portion of shortbread, currant bun, and cheese, and often a glass of whisky, and even the poorest are sure of a welcome wherever they go.

Then on the first Monday of the year, which is called "Hansel Monday," presents are given, often of clothing, especially to the children, and the time of merry-



SOUTHBOURNE PIER, ERECTED 1888, WRECKED (AS SHOWN) IN A STORM IN 1900. LENGTH OF PIER, 300 FEET.

Photo by A. R. Burne't-Hurst.

cake-day, for on that morning, just as day was breaking, the youngsters used to gather at the doors of certain houses and sing,

"Get up, guid wife, and dinna be sweer,
And gi'e's oor cakes as lang's we're here,
For we are bairnies come to play,
So gi'e's oor cakes and let's away."



A FOX TERRIER IN THE ACT OF JUMPING INTO THE AIR AFTER A WASP.
By Olive Richmond Smith, Brighton.

making draws to a close. Then work is taken up again, and the good resolutions made on New Year's Day go forth, perhaps to be remembered, perhaps to be forgotten. M. J. G.

Some Roman Buildings.

COMPARED with the magnificent structures of ancient Rome, our modern erections fade into insignificance. Many Roman buildings of by no means good architecture are impressive on account of their vast size. They are, too, doubly fascinating because of their great age, and also because it is most unlikely that any such buildings will again be put up. For the Romans had at command an almost unlimited supply of labour, in the form of captives from their wars.

tion of some of the American buildings could be extended for the purpose of rivalry with Rome, but that would be merely temporary, and it is a fact that a permanent theatre of such immense size existed in ancient Rome. It was the first stone theatre built by the Romans, and was erected by Pompey in B.C. 52. Roman theatres were, it must be understood, open to the air, an impossibility, of course, in our own delightful climate. The elimination of the difficult problem of roofing so large a space was what allowed sitting accommodation for such enormous audiences. The seats were arranged in an exact semicircle, the stage being raised considerably, with a large screen wall behind it.

The Roman amphitheatres were enormous, and it is difficult to imagine what would be the effect produced on our minds by the sight of the

huge audiences they accommodated. The most celebrated is, of course, the Colosseum at Rome, so called on account of its hugeness. Built by Vespasian, and finished in A.D. 80, it seated the enormous number of 80,000. The arena was 186 feet by 281 feet, and the outside measurements were as much as 520 feet by 622 feet.

A building, beside which even the Colosseum appears small, was the Circus Maximus, where races and games were held. This building actually accommodated 400,000 spectators! This, as an American would say, was "something like"!

ALAN LESLIE SNOW.



A MUD VOLCANO IN UPPER BURMA.

The mud mixed with petroleum continually bubbles up and, at intervals, "erupts," owing to the extremely hot climate (the temperature is frequently over 100°). The mud cakes and cracks as soon as it settles, and the smell of petroleum is almost beyond bearing.

By W. Turton.

No little of the magnificence of Roman buildings was due to the desire of each Emperor to outdo the architectural achievements of his predecessor. Sometimes they went so far as to pull down many existing buildings, and erect others on their sites. This mania of the Emperors kept Rome an ever-changing city, growing in beauty as well as in age.

What would a present-day Londoner say to a theatre accommodating 40,000 persons? He would, we should imagine, be highly incredulous, and even an American could not show a larger. I have no doubt that the accommoda-

Commission Day.

COMMISSION or opening day at one of His Majesty's Assizes is an interesting and impressive ceremony. It will, perhaps, not be so interesting to some who are, like myself, "on legal studies bent." The business starts, before the judge arrives, by the selection of the juries. Usually forty or fifty jurymen are summoned. The Clerk of Assize, after calling over the names, selects twenty-four from the beginning of the list, and dismisses the rest for a day or two. The jury box con-

sists of an upper and lower box, the lower one for the jury that are to serve first, and the upper for the other twelve, who are required if the other jury should have to file out to consider a decision; thus time is saved. Presently a fanfare announces the arrival of his Majesty's Justice of Assize, arrayed in wig and ermine. The Judge having taken his seat in court, the Grand Jury are sworn, and the Judge charges them, laying the facts of each important case before them, and advising them whether or no they should return a true bill. The Grand Jury, having retired, the Common Jury are sworn, usually in fours. After a while, according to the length of the list, the Grand Jury return in twos with their verdict, which the clerk reads out aloud in turn. If a "true bill" is returned against a prisoner, he is put on his trial; if "no bill" is returned, he is discharged. The barristers usually begin to file in now, and the business begins in earnest. The barristers' corridor is a fine sight on opening day. You will see the young and nervous barrister, just called, pacing about with a restless air, and on the other hand the cool and calm K.C.'s taking it all as a matter of course. I should advise anybody who has not witnessed this imposing ceremony to do so without delay, as it is without doubt one of our most interesting survivals of the earlier days. HAROLD SCHOLFIELD.

The Australian "Bell-Bird."



THE BELL-BIRD.

less distinguished a poetess that Jean Ingelow was inspired to write a beautiful poem regarding this curious feathered campanologist of the Antipodes. The Moko-Moko—for that is the bell-bird's native name—so frequently alluded to by writers, is rapidly dying out of the land now, however, and an Australian poet, Alexander Bathgate, accuses the "stranger honey-bee" of exterminating it. Says Mr. Bathgate:—



RUINS OF A PAGODA, OR BURMESE TEMPLE, AT MINTSU, UPPER BURMA.

By W. Turton.

The stranger honey-bee
By white men brought.
This ill hath wrought;
It steals the honey from the tree
And leaves thee naught.

The bell-bird utters notes that clearly simulate the tones of a convent-bell heard at a distance. The elongated wattle on its beak is hollow, and connected with the nostrils, and is thought to be instrumental in the production of the strange notes. We wonder what the bell-bird thought of the first *peal* ever heard in Australia? These bells ushered in the New Year from the tower of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Sydney, on January 1st, 1844.

WALKER HODGSON.

C. V. H. F. Thompson sends a reply to Arthur Stanley's "Foreign Children" poem, which appeared on the back of the November frontispiece:

Grumbling little English boy,
I have read your words with joy:
I'm a beastly little Sioux,
And I've come to change with you.

Doff your Eton coat—I smile—
And your lofty silken tle.
Shoes and stockings, tie and vest,
Shirt and collar—and the rest.

Put these feathers in your hair;
Round your neck these claws of bear;
On your chest a flaming sun,
On your brow another one.

Stick your nice white English shins
In these dirty moccasins;
In this greasy blanket tight
Wrap you; my, you are a sight!

My bucking mustang get astride:
On your cycle I will ride;
Or, in your mother's carriage lie.
And smile at pretty passers-by.

Dine upon this half-raw fish;
Your roast beef shall be my dish;
In your bed so sweet and white,
I will sleep at-peace to-night!

On the floor you take your snooze
With that snoring, fat papoose;
Gently kiss her dusky brow—
She will be *your* sister now.

On the Cromer Promenade
You will stroll no more, my lad;
But in goggles and snow-shoes
Hunt the caribou and moose.

Say good-bye to football field;
Pliant bat no more you'll wield.
In your stead at Lord's will I
Ranji cheer and C. B. Fry.

Farewell, English-Indian-boy;
S'pose your cup's now full of joy!
You no longer envy me;
And I—do not envy thee!

The Channel Islands.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS, in an interview with a representative of the *Strand Magazine*, astonished his interviewer by stating that Jersey did not belong to England, but that "it was England that belonged to us." Although this statement is received with derision by Englishmen, it is nevertheless true.

Centuries ago, what is now called "The Channel Islands," viz., Guernsey, Jersey, Alderney, Sark, and other smaller islands, formed part of the Duchy of Normandy. When William the Conqueror assumed the sovereignty of England, he retained his title of Duke of Normandy—which title all the sovereigns of England have duly inherited. But when King John lost the English provinces in France, he lost Normandy as well, except the Channel Islands, although the King of France sent Du Guesclin to take pos-

session of them. The great warrior laid siege to Mont Orgueil Castle, but failed in his object. At different periods the Islands have been



MY BURMESE PONY, "SCALLYWAG," WITH BURMAN BOY GROOM.
Photo W. Turton.

subject to attempts of annexation by France, the last of them happening in 1781, when the "Battle of Jersey" was fought.

Jersey and Guernsey differ widely in physical aspect, the former being a vast panorama of magnificent scenery; whereas Guernsey, though picturesque, is rather rocky, and St. Peter Port (the capital), is all up and down hill.

Sport in Jersey is going from bad to worse, owing, no doubt, to the want of a weekly half-holiday. In the sister isle, again, it is different, the Thursday corresponding with the Saturday afternoon in England.

The mode of government is similar to that of the Isle of Man.

J. L. P.

(Further Contributions will be criticised or acknowledged next month.)



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, Natural History &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Six-pence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burslem Street Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

And so Henty is dead! The hero of every school library, the master-spinner of fighting yarns, the intrepid war correspondent, big in heart and brain and body, has fallen asleep. The busy pen is laid aside for ever, the dogs he loved so well have lost their master, the cosy study is silent and the sun shines in upon an empty room. For G. A. Henty has written his last book, and we have now to write "The End" on the last page of the story of his life.

Henty died as he would have wished to die—upon the sea. He had been in bad health for a year, and had been ordered to winter in the Mediterranean, but death overtook him when his yacht was lying off Weymouth, on November 16th. The complaint he died of was paralysis. Had he lived until December 8th he would have been seventy years old. So he had, you see, a long life, the former half of it full of stir and adventure, the latter busied with the spinning of romances founded largely on his experiences as a young man. A very full life, this, lived up to the hilt.

He was born at Trumpington, Cambridge, and was educated at Westminster School. At that time Westminster was a "rowing school," and disported itself on that part of the river which now seems to be given over to barges and tugs. Henty told me a good deal about his after-life one afternoon, some nine years ago, when I was interviewing him for a boys' paper at his house in Lavender-gardens, Clapham. I well remember that afternoon. There were plenty of dogs about—dogs and yachting were his hobbies. "A father and his two sons, and two brothers from another family," was the description he applied to the group of five small

dogs that yapped about us. He used to describe the principal dog shows in the *Standard*, and this, I think, was one of the very few journalistic things he did after he settled down to write books. But, as I have said, he did not settle down to do that until he had accumulated a vast amount of material during the campaigns he attended in his capacity of war correspondent.

After leaving Westminster, Henty went to Caius College, Cambridge, but he had not been there very long when the Crimean War broke out, and he received an appointment in the Purveyor's Department of the Army. He was invalided home, however, and for a time occupied himself in mining operations in Wales, Italy, and other countries. And then began a lengthened period of travel and adventure. As early as 1855 he had acted as a *Standard* correspondent, and for forty-seven years he contributed to its columns. Representing that journal he witnessed the Italo-Austrian War, was with Garibaldi in his campaigns in the Tyrol, attended the opening of the Suez Canal, accompanied the Abyssinian Expedition to Magdala, and the Ashanti Expedition to Kumasi. He went through the Franco-German War (with the German Army), saw some wild things done during the Communal reign in Paris, and was likewise out in the Carlist insurrection. He accompanied the present King (then Prince of Wales) on his tour through India, and was with the Turkish Army in the Turko-Persian War. So now you will see how he gleaned that vast store of campaigning knowledge which he put into his books. Surely no writer for boys has ever started off with a better equipment than Henty possessed when he first put pen to paper as a story-weaver!

As an Editor: Henty began writing books by transmitting to paper some tales

that he was fond of telling to youngsters. His success was immediate. So he wrote books which pleased many people—men as well as boys—and after a time started a boys' weekly journal called *The Union Jack*, which I well remember reading way back in the late seventies or early eighties. But, though Henty wrote fine yarns for *The Union Jack* himself, and enlisted the services of clever authors, *The Union Jack* did not last very long. You may not know that Captain Mayne Reid, the famous writer of prairie stories, once started a paper for boys in conjunction with my friend, Mr. John Latey, who died last year. But that paper, too, enjoyed only a brief existence.

"I spend" (Henty told me) "the greater part of the summer months on my yacht. When I'm on the water I forget all about books and papers. I almost forget that the world is still wagging. I do absolutely no reading or writing whatever—I just sail!"

I asked him about his methods of work.

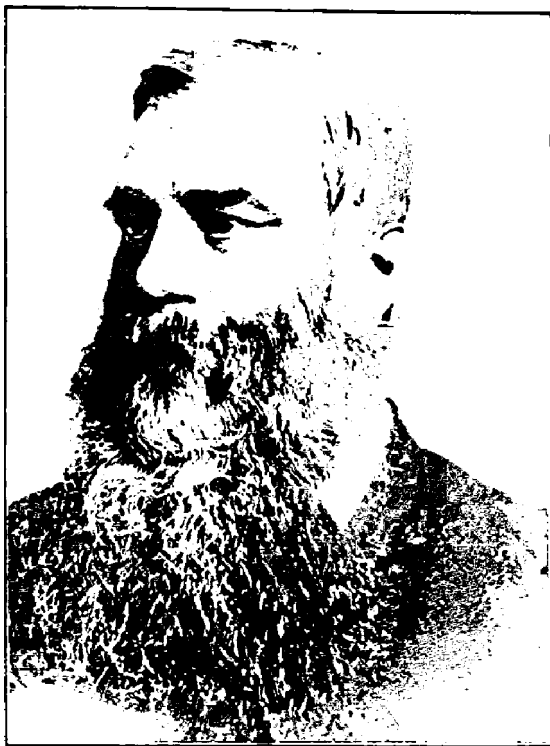
"I dictate almost everything," he replied. "My secretary comes at half-past nine in the morning and stays till half-past one. Then we knock off work, and perhaps my penman comes round in the evening for a couple of hours. Working morning and evening we can get through a chapter generally—but that's a stiff spell for one day. I do the greater part of my work in the winter months. In the summer? Oh, as I told you, I sail!"

I asked Henty whether boys wrote to him much. "Oh, yes," he said, "and they send me very critical letters. It's wonderful how they live with the hero all through a book and form their own opinions about the modes of escape he ought to adopt when he is in a tight place. When I am dictating I often knock off for half-an-hour just to think my hero out of a difficult situation, but before I place him in it I generally—not always—weave that part of the plot in such a manner that the young adventurer will have, at least, one loophole of escape."

As an outward and visible sign of his literary labours, Mr. Henty showed me a long shelf, and the better part of another shelf, containing only his books. I should say he must have written almost a hundred books. His favourite work (of those he wrote) was "Facing Death: A Tale of the Coal Mines." More copies of that book, he informed me,

had been sold than of any other he had written. But this conversation was held nine years ago. One of his most recent books—"With Buller in Natal"—is said to have sold better than any of the author's previous works. The book from his pen that sold the *fastest*—if you understand what that means—was "One of the 28th," a story about Waterloo.

Over the seas as well as in this country Mr. Henty always had a large following. He told me of an American boy who, when he crossed "the pond" to our side, decided that the three great sights to be seen



THE LATE MR. G. A. HENTY.
Photo C. F. Treble.

before anything else were the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, and G. A. Henty. Having visited the two first-named, he called at Messrs. Blackie's, Mr. Henty's publishers, and asked to be shown the third great sight, and bitter was his disappointment when he was told that Mr. Henty did not live over his publishers' shop! Mr. Henty told me another amusing tale. He once thought it would be a fine idea to get a phonograph and dictate tales to it whilst his secretary was at home. So he hired a phonograph and delivered to it a magnificent short story, full of thrilling episodes. When his secretary

came in, he said: "I have dictated a story to the phonograph. While I am out for a walk just set it going and get the tale down on paper." Then Henty whistled up his dogs and went out for his walk, feeling highly pleased with his new experiment. "Well," he said, on returning home, "got the tale down?" But the secretary's face was a picture of despair. "I've been tapping it ever since you went out, but it won't say a word!" he replied. The phonograph man was sent for, and, on examining the phonograph, declared that "something was wrong with the cylinder," and offered to send another phonograph. But Henty shook his head. "No thanks; no more phonographs for me." He had wasted a beautiful tale on the thing, and determined in future to stick to pen and ink!

Truly a splendid fellow was Henty, with his massive frame, fine head, flowing beard, and commanding presence. He had a great voice and a big soul, and as a host he excelled. In everything he was honestly personified. He wrote three boys' books every year, besides novels and newspaper articles. He once said that he would write his three boys' books every year even if he had to write them for nothing! That was his enthusiasm; that showed he loved his work—that he was no sluggard. Remember Henty, you fellows, should you feel inclined to slack when you ought to be at work. *He* worked for all he was worth during working hours—in the winter—and then in the summer he took his reward. He "just sailed." There spoke a true yachtsman! "Manly, honest, and sincere in himself, Henty had a natural and genuine sympathy with boys, whom he thoroughly understood," says one of his biographers. Many thousands of you boys have been the better for reading Henty's works. Keep his memory ever green in your hearts. Think of the sick-beds he has cheered, the dull hours he has helped you to while away. He wrote *over eighty* books for boys. Remember him always, then, with admiration, love, and respect. There have been many distinguished writers for boys, but no one of them ever captured the schoolboy's heart quite so entirely as did the great "G. A. Henty."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Boy writes:—"I hope you will allow one who has read and appreciated nearly every number of THE CAPTAIN since it was first issued, to make a few remarks on an article headed 'Something about Boys,' which appeared in your October number. When I had

read it, I did not quite know whether to be amused at the evident ignorance of the writer on the subject she deals with or to be offended at the slighting remarks which she so freely makes about the members of my sex. Her ideas of school life are very quaint—a collection of book-lore gleaned from the pages of such books as 'Eric' and 'St. Winifred's.' In her description of a new boy's adventures the only really true thing which she says is: 'Many and various are the remarks made concerning him.' Well, I don't try to deny that, but I very much doubt if girls are any better in their own schools. I belong to a public school which is very like any other, and never yet have I known any new boys suffer such tribulations as your lady contributor describes. She talks about 'the multitude of questions,' but I can assure her that, in public schools at any rate, the tendency is to let all new boys alone and not volley questions at them. The words 'coxy' and 'muff' are only found in such books as I have mentioned above, and never in actual school life. Nor do new boys have to 'fight down the reputation with their *hats*' (her italics). Fighting exists mostly in school-story books—very little in actual life. Nor have I ever known clever boys to be persecuted by their less fortunate fellows. But, sir, what did somewhat 'rile' me was the unmerciful way in which she criticises boys for faults to which girls are equally prone. Girls are quite as much given to selfishness, and, as a rule, ever so much more to mulish obstinacy than boys; and if girls do sometimes help their brothers over their work, surely the boys do quite as much for them, and amply repay them in one way or another. Your correspondent groans over the way in which boys despise girls, but she herself seems to think that a boy only exists to enjoy the 'privilege' of being a sort of general servant to his sisters. Your correspondent should not criticise in us faults to which her own sex is equally liable and should not deal with a subject (school-life) of which she is hopelessly ignorant. In her own sex she will find unlimited scope for criticism—let her keep to it."

One who Reads the "Express" sends the following reply to the author of "Omne Ignotum Pro Magnifico":—"Your correspondent J. L. Rayner concludes his article by asking 'O quid agis?' The answer is that the present-day school-boy is doing for himself what old-fashioned school-masters refuse to do for him; viz., to teach himself such subjects as will not only educate his mind to 'method, purpose,' etc., but which will also prove useful to him in his later life. Take bookkeeping, for instance. Surely nothing, not even Latin, can induce the principles of 'method' into one's mind so well as bookkeeping, and there are few things more useful to the average boy on leaving school than a good knowledge of this subject, such as he would get by devoting to it a half or quarter of the time he usually gives to Latin. Perhaps no subject is at present more discussed in the newspapers than the question of England's declining trade returns. School-masters should see that every boy intended for commerce before leaving school has a proper knowledge of a few commercial subjects, such as shorthand, bookkeeping, and French and German correspondence. After this, the boy may learn as much Latin and Greek as he likes, but I, for one, believe that if every boy who entered the commercial world were armed with the few subjects I have mentioned, our trade returns would again be come a subject of pride to us."

A.G.C.B.C. wants to be an editor and desires to know how he may become one. Before I became an

editor. "A.G.C.B.C." I spent years writing for any paper that would print my poems, articles or stories. I had to put up with many rebuffs—one day brought good luck and another bad luck. So I went on, but I always went on, and you must "go on," too. You can't become an editor by reading books or taking degrees. You get on a paper and you work your way up, as a rule. And meanwhile you write about everything in the world.

The Boy's Mother.—The verses are good for a boy of 13. Let the lad get all the fresh air he can, and don't encourage him to spend too much time over his writing and books. Time enough to gauge his literary abilities when he is older. Heaps of young people write verses and send them to me. Some go on writing them and some adopt other hobbies. If a boy is going to be a writer, he will be a writer: the art instinct always comes out. But 13 is a very early age at which to form any definite estimate as to a lad's writing powers.

1.2.3.—"Wisden's" is published about Christmas time, I fancy. Yes, Mr. M.S.B. is a demon at draughts, and an expert pigeon-fancier. Your writing is not very bad; it will improve "of itself" as you grow older.

Orcal-Pluto.—So sorry we omitted to club you. We always endeavour to attend promptly to such requests. You have been put down in the supplementary list. Very glad you liked "Jones" and "Harper." I get such a lot of letters about that tale that I really think we shall have to have another like it. I wonder if the readers of this magazine would prefer a tale of the "J.O." type to run a whole year, instead of just through one volume. I shall be glad to hear what readers think, as of course I want to give them what they like, and I can only do that by getting them to tell me *what* they like.

J. H. Nicholls.—General reading? Well, that is a large order, my son. Now, let me think. Scott, Henty, Kingston, Ballantyne, Kingsley—these are five writers whose books will afford you instruction as well as amuse and interest you. Read Green's "Short History of the English People," Lubbock's "Pleasures of Life," and Dr. Samuel Smiles' works. In "Pleasures of Life" you will find a list of the "hundred best books" which will serve as a guide to your reading. Don't bother about poetry unless you want to read it. But read Shakespeare. Dip into a good encyclopædia occasionally; you will find it a marvellous storehouse of information. Write again and tell me how you are getting on. I like to help fellows like you. Books like Stanley's "In Darkest Africa" are capital reading and teach one a great deal.

K.L.F.P.—Rather quaint initials! I wonder what they stand for. As to your question, don't you think that people ought to think out things to put in albums for themselves, instead of applying to old fags? If your friend can't write a little bit of original poetry, she should put her favourite quotation in the album. But she should try and think of something original—poetry or prose.

Mastiff.—You seem to have spent a lot of money on hansom's that day! Your handwriting will do very well. I don't see quite what purpose can be served by collecting the names and numbers of engines. Still, it is a very harmless hobby. I

am glad you liked London. Yes, it is indeed a huge, wonderful city. I like London best about tea-time. In fact, I think tea-time in the winter is quite the most enjoyable part of the day. Mr. Bart Kennedy and Mr. John Mackie often turn up at the office at tea-time and spin yarns galore!

Anxious is apprenticed to an architect, but would like a more adventurous occupation. He sends his measurements, weight and height, and asks for advice as to the said adventurous occupation. Well, I have been up on a church roof, which was in great need of repair, with an architect, and it seemed to me then that there was a certain flavour of adventure even about an architect's profession. Really, how can I reply to this correspondent? The Colonies are open to him; Canada will welcome him with open arms (whether as an architect or not I cannot say). How about Baden-Powell's Police? Still, 9-stone isn't a great weight for a policeman. Perhaps "Anxious" had better try architecture in England for a bit longer. But if his heart is set on the Colonies, he will find plenty of information about them in our back numbers. One thing he should bear in mind, however: a certain job in England is better than an uncertain one abroad.

H.F.M. is the sort of reader we like. Although he has gone to Boston to complete his education at the Institute of Technology, he still has his CAPTAIN sent out to him. When he was in England he got us *twenty-six* new subscribers. Now that (as somebody remarks in a C.C.C. essay) is "something like." We waft you our good-will, excellent "H.F.M.," and trust you will achieve great fame as a Technologist.

Alfred Scribblah.—I am looking about for a good Royal Navy yarn, but they're not to be come across every day. Mr. Scribblah. (Awful aristocratic, aren't you?)

Fore-Royal.—I like my readers to speak out, and I will try and get you a good marine yarn.—

E.L.—Regards to all Members of the Crew in Nova Scotia.—**C. J. Boger.**—There will be a coloured plate in the April number, depicting a hunter carrying off a lion cub with *père* and *mère* in full cry. Desperately thrilling!—**D'Artagnan** (TULSE HILL).

—I have clubbed you; cheer up.—**C. E. Green.**—

Have clubbed you, too.—**R.H.C.**—Thanks, but no room here for long Greek words.—**A. H. Grigsby.**

I am.—**Lower School.**—Many thanks for the song-book. Was much interested in your letter about Manchester School, and your information about famous old boys.

J. C. Hughes.—Sorry I cannot supply you with a solution. It stumps me.

Harold Proudfoot.—Have altered your address. Competitors should not send letters to the editor with their competitions.

Johnnie Canuek.—Hope to quote a bit of your letter next month.

Trooper Harry Cross.—Military matters such as you mention ought to be dealt with in a weekly paper.

We have to go to press a month in advance of publication, and so we could not keep in touch with current events of that nature.

Letters, etc., have also been received from "Idea Merchant II." E. Block, N. Corris (clubbed), and others who will receive replies next month.

Results of November Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Towns." (FIFTH SERIES).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 10s.: G. E. MITCHINSON, Sunningdale, Aldenham-road, Watford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: M. Avril, Roslyn, Hayward's Heath, Sussex; Laura Mellor, 17, Aubert Park, Highbury, N.; and Marion Andrews, Hazlewell, Ilminster, Somerset.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Irene Henderson, C. Const, R. C. Gurrey, J. A. Landy, G. Paddon, Fred Inkster, L. Tuck, E. P. Hodgson, L. S. Shepherd, John Brigden, C. S. Millidge, T. R. Davis, John S. Vickery.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 10s.: F. A. NORWOOD, West Hill, Ashburnham-road, Luton, Beds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: J. H. Jenner, 21, Sanford-street, Swindon, Wilts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Heathcote, R. C. Woodthorpe, Mabel Gallaher, N. Rowley, W. J. Juleff, A. N. Dawson, P. Granger, V. Wilson, C. V. Jacobs.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

TEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: R. Webster, 19, Hatton Wall, Hatton Garden, London; and Maurice R. Ridley, 12, Downfield-road, Clifton, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Frank Best, 3, Headstone Villas, Harrow; and Vernon Barnett, The Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May F. Christison, A. L. Dames, Francis G. Power, Ross Steele, Percy Collier, Gordon C. T. Bradbury, E. A. Peers, V. Power, Elsie James, L. Turpin.

No. II.—"Contractions."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: ALBERT ALBROW, 105, Elliacombe road, Charlton, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Lily E. Mallison, c/o D. King, 65, High-street, Hampstead, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Miss Lorig, A. Darling, A. G. H. Emslie, John W. Lewis, Alex. McTurk, Winifred D. Ereaut, S. G. Harris, Geo. Wakeling, Noel E. Lean, C. W. O. Scantlebury.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: R. G. RUTLEDGE, 20, Cathcart Hill, Dartmouth Park, Highgate, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. Rayner, Grove Cottage, Victoria Avenue, Shanklin, I.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Erskine, Marguerite Schindh In, Reggie Dutton, Oswald C. Bush, W. N. Lee, A. J. Sutcliffe, James H. Skuse, Stewart Dow, C. J. Stradling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: OSCAR LOWTAS, 128, Urmston-lane, Stretford, near Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Henry G. McHugh, 42, Laird-street, Birkenhead; Maggie Fairlea, West Balmirer, by Arbroath.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Audrey Jennings, Graham B. Jardine, A. L. Dames, P. Stocks, M. R. Becher, Raymond Book, Jack Best, F. H. M. Georgeson, Reginald Hitchcock, Hans Burger, A. G. Hess.

No. III.—"Drawing of an Umbrella."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 7s.: O. LUTON, Rickland, Newton Park, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: L. Rossel, Ullswater, New Eltham, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Julie Theophylactos, Chas. E. Belding, Winifred D. Ereaut, E. B. Hope.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 7s.: NOEL E. LEAN, 6, Elmore-road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Helen Blackwood, Leodnam, Lincoln.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. M. E. Bradshaw, Dorothy Scrimgeour, R. N. Bocquet, A. J. Judd, H. G. Spooner.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: ALFRED W. BURT, Birdingbury, Selby Park, Birmingham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Dorothy H. Atkinson, 2, Doun Terrace, Jersey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, J. G. Pickford, Frida Phillips, J. D. Coole, W. S. Leeming, J. Craigie Bone.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—Several competitors managed to get all the towns right, consequently age and neatness had to be taken into consideration. Picture No. 9 produced some humorous solutions, such as Chorley, Parton, Motherwell, Talke, Walsall, and Balsover!
 No. II.—There were a great number of entries for this competition. The winning list, decided by vote, is as follows:—A.M.; Etc.; Viz.; E.G.; Mr.; Mrs.; P.S.; N.B.; E. s. d.; Esq. lb; No. (number).
 No. III.—Unfortunately the best drawing of all hadn't the competitor's name and address on the back, and was disqualified.

No. IV.—"A New Year Carol."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: C. V. H. F. THOMPSON, Cranalagh More, Edgeworthstown, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: May Berkeley, Le Hocq, Victoria-road, Upper Norwood, S.E.; and M. E. Hamer, Twt Hill, Carnarvon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. K. Deering, Graeu Adames, Flor enos M. Horton, Jas. J. Nevis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: MARIAN HEWITT, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Edwin H. Rhodes, Moore, near Newcastle, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Frida Phillips, Francois L. Bickley, Alfred J. Judd, Edward E. Woodward.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: JOHN STEPHEN COX, Villa France, St. Rue de Calais, Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Lucy A. Hill Alger, Moreton, Glebe Avenue, Woodford Green; and D. Carter, 2, Carlton Place, Teignmouth, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cicely H. Oxley, Dora Squire, Walter Hartill.

No. V.—"An Ideal School Day." (OVER AGE)

WINNER OF PRIZE: N. TUSTON, Ashwood Towers, Lymington, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Johnson, F. J. Ward, W. Z. Watson, H. E. Houlston, Jack Francis, Hedley V. Fielding, F. Blewchamp.

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF 7s.: E. H. GORDON, St. Dunstan's, Woburn-road, Bedford

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Elsie Pitch, 64, Church-road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea; and W. J. C. Nettleton, 70, George-street, Portman-square, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Kirby, Ursula M. Peck, Roy Carmichael, H. Shefford, James Jackson, Constance H. Greaves, Wm. L. Taylor, W. Francis Harper, W. A. Gifford, G. P. Stevens, T. R. Davis, M. Avril, F. J. Cunyng name.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 7s.: J. R. WHITAKER, Breadtall Rectory, Derby.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Oswald C. Bush, 1, Clarence Villas, Perry Hill, Catford; and Frances Tinkler, Hazelhurst, Victoria Avenue, Stockton-on-Tees.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. L. Plater, K. R. Hoare, Walter G. Vann, R. G. Vincent, Ruth McCloskey, P. F. Horsden, N. Burke, James J. Miller, W. Oldham, G. Toulmin, J. S. Tombs, Elsie Liddell, V. Cowgill, J. M. Owen, Albert Smith, G. R. Benson, G. F. Rigden, A. Mackinnon, W. E. Wright, N. Palethorpe, R. Wynn, Evelyn Haines.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF 7s.: G. L. M. CLANSON, 41, Stanhope Gardens, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. J. P. Woodcombe, 31, Cleveland-square, Hyde Park, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Cooke, C. Dobson, Stanley Shaw, W. M. Vincent, Y. H. Seymour, E. H. Whitford-Hawker, Vernon Bartlett, F. B. Wace, H. Ackerley.

No. VI.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (JUN. 1902.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF 5s.: SCOTT ALLHUSEN, Kaponga, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William E. Sampson (Melbourne), G. Allhuseen (New Zealand), Charles V. Hamilton (Tasmania).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF 5s.: LUCY MARIE BRAVIS, Liverpool-street, Wanganui, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Beatrice Payne Le Sueur (Canada), Sydney Longton Langlois (Chili).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF 5s.: HAROLD H. BONES, Nairne, Ednam-road, Rondebosch, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Dixon (New Zealand), D. W. Hoskins (Canada), George Narden Croes (Cape Colony), Bertie Bosher (New Zealand).

No. IV.—On the whole this competition was well done, and several excellent versions were sent in. It is not altogether in harmony with one's sense of the fitness of things for the angels to sing "Merrily, Merrily, Oh!" as they were made to do in one otherwise promising version.
 No. V.—The O.F. will comment on this in his "Editorial" next month.
 No. VI.—In classes I. and II. the prize was awarded to the sender of an essay, while in Class III. it was given for a photograph. Competitors are particularly requested to write the name of the month on their competitions.
 THE COMPETITION EDITOR

THE DIFFERENCE.



FRIDAY.



SATURDAY.

Photos by W. B. Ellis.



A CROSSBOW MAN.


The soldier is represented shooting a bolt through a breach in the wall, which has been caused by the attacking army undermining and ramming it with the aid of a lat, an ingenious contrivance which enables them to approach the walls under cover and in comparative safety.

Drawn by W. G. Simmonds.

FELL AND ELLIS



I.

 I AM not quite sure whether Frederick Martyn, senior Fifth of Worsfold's house, cuts a very respectable figure in this story. His conduct herein is like the curate's famous egg—good in parts. Let it be distinctly understood that Martyn never was quite a model Elizabethan until he had that row with Holmer, a story which has been told already, and this tale deals with him in his pre-Reformation days. Martyn, whatever his faults, looked good form. He was fairly tall, beautifully made—when he was stripped for running you saw on what really fine lines he was built—carried himself with an easy, graceful swagger which only fools took for “side,” and was good-looking in a breezy, bold kind of way. He was utterly destitute of shyness or nervousness but looked the beaks frankly in the eyes and explained himself when it was necessary—this was often—without impertinence and equally without fear. The manner was “one gentleman may speak to another.” He was clever, brilliantly clever, but incorrigibly lazy. He made mere class work serve

his turn instead of that *plus* the steady evening grind of most fellows, and exasperated the beaks, anxious for a little reflected glory, by sauntering down the pathways of knowledge and letting the mere plodding average drop him in the race. He fooled away his evenings: novels, magazines, papers, and out-of-the-way books. He cared not for cricket, would not turn out for footer, but loafed away the summer punting himself gracefully up and down the Lodden, or lolling under the elms watching the cricket. But he was the sweetest miler the school had ever had. Nor Luttrell, nor Higgins, nor Burke

By FRED SWAINSON.

could touch him at his distance. He was not popular, for he was a self-sufficing youth, and perhaps his only chum was Jim Luttrell, of Bultitude's. He was a rowdy youth, had two or three fingers in every Worsfoldian mess, and, in consequence, had had Carver to see two or three times. He puzzled the old man above a little. He had a kind of unhallowed reputation amongst the seniors; he broke bounds often, but with discretion, and his midnight escapades to Hornby and Allenby via his window and a rope made steady-going

Elizabethans gasp. But it was characteristic of Martyn that he never bragged of them as a meaner soul might have done. He took the risk—certain expulsion—with easy familiarity. In a word, he was a rowdy, reckless, clever youth, a lovely miler, and a somewhat self-centred individual, but, to give him his due, he told no lies and feared no man.

It was a wet February day, and Martyn looked out from his study window after dinner and shrugged his shoulders with self-pity. He had promised Luttrell to run out with him on the Allenby road, a nine miles spin out and home, and now, as he stared into the wet, he wished he hadn't. He looked skyward to see if there was any gleam of brightness to cheer him, but the sky was of a light grey tint, unstained by any patches of bright colour, which promised only rain and lots of it. "Ugh," said Martyn, as he turned away in disgust. "This is a cat-and-dog variety. The wind howls like a dog, and the rain spits like a cat, hanged if it doesn't. Well, a promise is a promise, so here goes."

Martyn unfastened his boots and kicked them off savagely, and then hunted about for other toggery. He dressed again and stood up at the end of five minutes, disreputable, perhaps, but looking remarkably fit. His wide running drawers stood off about him in all manner of stiff folds—they had been put away wet, obviously—their colour being a libellous white pricked out with mud-stains of former runs; socks, splashed also, reached just above his ankles, and he was shod in running shoes. His light house coat, primrose colour, was flecked up to the collar, Martyn being, when arrayed in all his glory, a delicate colour scheme of clay-stains on primrose. As he moved about his den, looking for a cap, he yawned with weariness and annoyance.

The shoes were cold and damp, he suspected that his coat and drawers were not less so, and their combined chilliness penetrated him to the marrow. His cap, when discovered, also damp, topped him off coldly. He looked at the clock ticking loudly on the mantelpiece. "Hang it all! it's only a quarter after two; I'll have to freeze in this rig-out for another quarter. I was a fool to promise Jim."

Martyn unhooked an overcoat, buttoned it close up to his chin, and threw himself impatiently into his arm-chair before the fire.

When the time came Martyn pitied himself more than ever. He threw down his book wearily, hung up the top coat, closed his door carefully behind him, and passed out into the rain. Jim Luttrell, a tall, heavy fellow, was

waiting for him at the water meadow gate with a kind of beast-like indifference to mere rain. He fell off the top bar calmly as Martyn joined him. "Hullo! Fred. Going a bit heavy, eh?"

"A wee saft," said Martyn, quoting kailyard Scotch in his disgust.

"Shake the fat off our bones, anyhow."

"We'll shed it so many ounces a mile, Jim," agreed Martyn, "and it will do you good to count your ribs occasionally."

"Of course," said Luttrell, calmly, "that's what we're here for. Well, jog along gently, eh?"

The friends fell into step. Luttrell was a powerful, heavy runner with a shuffling, uncouth action, and an odd, forward, stooping poise of the body which gave to his gait a strong resemblance to a man in a hurry shouldering his way through a crowd. His pace was deceptive. His hurried, stuttering shuffle was faster than it seemed. Luttrell's point was his stamina; he seemed to have lungs like brass. The speedy miler might drop him a hundred yards from home, but Luttrell, with his wind and his shuffle, pounded out a second mile almost as speedily as the first, and tailed off hopelessly the average miler. Of grace he had not an atom.

Martyn on the other hand was the personification of grace. He had the genuine free, easy, quick "lift" of the real miler, the free, striding gait, uncramped by any mannerism, the graceful, sinewy poise of the athlete. To see Martyn coming through the ruck as he entered the straight for a run in—the clean, inevitable way he dropped his men—was to see the born runner showing up the mere average.

The pair ran off into the wet, the rain beating on their faces with little tingling strokes until the skin felt numb and dead, the wind humming in their ears killing all other sounds, and the surface water squishing under their feet. Their gentle jog warmed them up under ten minutes, and Martyn's original bad temper slipped behind him with the miles. He did not regret the armchair and Hewlett, but enjoyed the smell of the reeking earth, the faint aromatic smell of the dead, wet leaves, the naked hedges humming in the gusts, and the tall, solemn trees threshing their black, gleaming, dripping boughs under the grey skies. Over the bare yellowed fields, now along the swimming country roads for a few yards, off again through well-known hedge gaps, grinding slowly up the slopes, dropping easily down to the levels, Luttrell ploughed along at his tireless shuffle, the Worsfoldian pacing easily at his side.

Luttrell, an old harrier, had his house of call, a little cottage parlour, where the room struck

warm after the chill wind outside, and equally his own patent brew served steaming hot in jugs. You drank it out of the jug; that was part of the performance. Luttrell, when asked for the recipe, being still the old harrier, said vaguely, "There were lemons in it."

"Spanking run, Fred! Bellows all right?"
"Sound as a bell, Jim, thanks. Not half bad. But we shall be 'all out' when we get back to Eliza's."

Martyn's face was flushed with the honest wind and honest "brew," and on Luttrell's brow the little beads of perspiration gathered like dew. They were wet to the skin, splashed from head to foot, and before the fire steamed like wet towels. But before the flush died down they opened the door and footed it easily back to Eliza's.

"Rippin' run, Fred," said Luttrell, as they parted at the meadow gates; "done me a world of good. Thanks, old man." Luttrell swung off through the High to Bultitude's, and Martyn, fagged but cheerful, turned off to the right, a short cut to Worsfold's.

It was now nearly dusk, and Martyn, "all out," as he expected, squished very leisurely down the little lane. He had barely lost sight of Luttrell when in turning up towards his house he almost stumbled over a youth who lay squirming in the muddy lane, whilst another fellow kicked him savagely as he lay.

There was no mistake about that—one Elizabethan was kicking another quite in the approved Lambeth-Hooligan style. A kind of stupefied wonder at the unlovely performance brought Martyn to a full stop; then, flushing with a spurt of savage anger, he rushed forward. Before the kicker had an idea that there was any one watching, Martyn grasped him mightily by the collar and pitched him headlong into the hedge.

"Kicking's bad form, Fell, in any case, specially when a man's down; 't isn't done here. Cut home, you brute."

Fell, as he scrambled out of the hedge to his feet, looked a brute, an utter brute. His face was purple with baulked fury, but with all his fury was mingled a horrible surprise. From whence came this mud-stained, steaming, bare-legged apparition? The sight of his victim picking himself out of the mud made him oblivious of everything else, and he was rushing at him again when Martyn sprang in. "Stop it, or I——"

But Fell paid no heed; mousing like a savage dog he was going again for his victim when Martyn clenched his fist and drove home mightily between the eyes. Fell reeled back

again into the hedge out of which he had scrambled, as though he had been a pole-axed ox.

"What! you will have it?" said Martyn hoarsely. "Get out of your coat, then, and fight clean if you can, you pig!"

A second time Fell scrambled to his feet, but this time his brutal rage was rounded off with a little wholesome fear. He passed his hand in a dazed fashion over his eyes, whilst his mouth worked convulsively. He blinked stupidly at Martyn, who eyed him with intense disfavour. Fell was six foot, every inch of him, and two stones heavier than the fellow who had laid him low, but he was in no hurry to tackle the blown runner.

"Cut," said Martyn, furiously.

Fell eyed Martyn like a dog who would give anything but his skin for a bite. He swayed, hesitating, for perhaps five seconds, his hands clenched, his eyes burning with hate and fear; then he lurched off heavily in the rain towards Worsfold's. Martyn watched him shuffling into the dusk, feeling his bruised face as he went, with a glance of scorn, then turned towards the whimpering fellow by his side.

"Jove! you're as rotten as Fell himself, Ellis. Hanged if you're worth picking up out of the mire. Why did you let him kick you like that? Haven't you a spark of pluck in your miserable carcase? Worsfold's got a lovely brace of curs in you and your kicker!"

Ellis stared at Martyn through his tears and murmured some words which Martyn took to be thanks. "I don't want them," he said angrily. "You moaning in the mud, and Fell kicking you as you lay doesn't improve the scenery. I like a clean landscape myself. Suppose we get indoors?"

The pair entered Worsfold's together, Ellis's knees knocking as he went.

Martyn had his bath, togged himself again in Elizabethan garb, and then sat down to tea. Afterwards, instead of continuing his Hewlett, he found himself staring into the fire, thinking of Fell and Ellis in puzzled wonder.

Richard Fell, Worsfoldian, Lower Fifth by courtesy, was a type of public school man that happily is rare, though every public school man meets one at least of the breed somewhere on his pilgrimage from lower fourth to upper sixth. It is an unsavoury breed. Fell came to Eliza's overgrown and beefy, and began his career by being toady or bully as circumstances dictated; he kow-towed to the heavily-tipped brigade, and kicked the scholarship crew heartily whenever this could be done safely. He moved on a kind of unclean pilgrimage from one wealthy

Elizabethan to another, leaving each when the money ran out, as a rat leaves a sinking ship. He levied blackmail on raw, timid, unsophisticated youngsters, and then, when he had turned them inside out, metaphorically (and literally) booted them into the gutter. He played no

the cushions, ferried up the river by some unhappy youngster, or you might see him stretched under the elms watching the cricket lazily from under his half-closed lids. He was always cool, sleek, big and heavy, slow moving, soft and quiet, like a large overfed cat.



A SECOND TIME FELL SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, BUT THIS TIME HIS BRUTAL RAGE WAS ROUNDED OFF WITH A LITTLE WHOLESOME FEAR.

games that he could edge out of, and, in the peculiar sneaking way of his tribe, lied himself safe out of any row. When he went into the Fifth you might see him sprawling in a boat on

Martyn had reached the conclusion of Fell's characteristics pretty much as above, when there came a knock at the door, and Ellis entered the room.

II.

ELLIS was a raw, awkward youth, not ill-looking as far as features went, but with a blotched, muddy, unhealthy-looking skin, which said as plain as print, "Exercise and fresh air taboo here." His large hands hung curiously by his sides as though they did not really belong to him, and a pair of sloping, champagne-bottle shoulders helped out by a slim figure gave him rather a weedy appearance. His manner was hesitating, but not sly or furtive. Ellis was made a butt when he first went to Eliza's, and he had been a despised butt ever since; youngsters had borrowed money off him, never repaid it, and, because he was too gentle to ask for it back, had despised him, and fleeced him clean. He had been a fag to the fags themselves, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water to the world at large. An aptitude for games might have saved him: he had none. Book cleverness might have helped him—he was a bare average. He had shuffled upwards into the Fifth somehow, and became, if possible, more unrepresentable as his own master than as everybody's drudge.

Martyn stared at his visitor with surprise mingled with contempt, but hospitably offered him a chair. Ellis, as he walked across the room to it, palpably limped, whereat Martyn's contempt deepened into disgust. "You look a bit hipped, Ellis," said the senior with a fine jeer.

"I am," said Ellis, twitching. "He kicked me there. I can hardly hop along."

"You're a breed, Ellis, I hav'n't ever met before, and I can't say I see the prize points of it one little bit. However, I suppose you know your own business best." Martyn's disgust allowed no pity.

"I don't, Martyn, and that is why I have come here," said Ellis, in a shaking voice.

"What do you mean by that? Am I a likely fellow to know that for you?"

"I've been at Eliza's five years, and no one has ever done me a kindness since I came except yourself," said Ellis, still shaking and looking mistily at Martyn.

"Me!" gasped Martyn, in utter astonishment. "Do you mean my cutting Fell over?"

"Of course!"

"Fell was behaving like a brute, and you like an utter coward. I didn't want to look on while he kicked your ribs in."

Ellis sat looking at Martyn with the eyes of a poor beaten hound surprised at anyone's patting it. He said, his under lip twitching convulsively, "I'm tired of life."

"You looked it this afternoon, anyhow."

"I can't go on like this any longer. Fell has robbed me of every penny I have——"

"What's the good of washing all this Fell—Ellis dirty linen here?" said Martyn impatiently. "No one can help you but yourself."

Ellis, however, was too absorbed in his own wretchedness to heed Martyn's impatience, and he poured out a tale which touched the senior in spite of himself.

It was sordid enough in all conscience. Ever since Ellis had moved into the Fifth, Fell had struck up a "friendship" with him. They had played cards. "Nap" and other fancy games, steadily throughout the term, Ellis as steadily losing money to Fell and the latter's toady, Heneage. Finally they cleaned Fell out, but the latter, in the stupid hope of winning back, played on "tick." He owed Fell perhaps about fifteen shillings, and about half that to Heneage. Fell dunned him for the money. He wrote home, but the authorities there refused. He had had enough.

"How much?" asked Martyn.

"A fiver, besides some I had over from last term."

Martyn whistled solemnly. Fell himself, despite what he had won, was evidently pressed for money, and he began to put on the screw. In desperation Ellis wrote to his sister away at school, and she sent him a sovereign.

"Didn't you hand over then?"

"No, I didn't. I found that Fell and Heneage had been cheating from the beginning."

"Oh! you poor pigeon!" said Martyn, scornfully.

"I wasn't going to hand over then—her money," said Ellis, with a curious change of voice.

The senior nodded as though he understood that feeling.

"So when Fell came to-day—he was in a hole himself, I'm certain—I told him what I knew, and that I wouldn't part. The brute turned white. He tried to borrow it, getting whiter than ever, but I wouldn't lend it—not *her* money. When he went out of my study he gave me a look which meant——"

"Kicking," said Martyn, in uttermost disgust.

Ellis was nearly "all out"; his eyes were blinded by mist, and he shook as though he were cold.

"He met me in the lane—he must have followed me—and went for me like a wild beast."

"And I saw the rest," said Martyn, looking at Ellis, with something less than scorn. "Where's that sov.?"

Ellis held out the gold piece in his damp

it meant, but he held on fixedly to the hope which Martyn had sowed in his heart.

About three weeks after Martyn's memorable run, that gentleman was just on the point of sitting down to tea, half an hour late, for he had been waiting for Luttrell, who gave no signs of coming. "The old ass has forgotten or got the stitch five miles from home, I expect. Anyway, I bar tea more than half-an-hour brewed, so here goes."

Martyn had propped up a book against the sugar basin, and began his barbaric meal—toast, sliced eggs, pie, bread and butter, and over-drawn tea rectified by an over-dose of milk. When Luttrell came in Martyn pointed to the clock and the teapot in mute reproach, but Luttrell drew up without apology. Luttrell loved a square meal as well as most, but to Martyn's surprise, instead of cutting in, he stared at the eatables with mind obviously busy on other matters.

"By Jove, Fred, I've assisted at a funny function this afternoon."

"Oh," said Martyn, politely, as he sliced bread and butter.

"Jove! yes; I've superintended as lively a little mill as you could wish to see in a day's march. Worsfoldians, too, old man."

"Ellis and Fell!" said Martyn, dropping his knife with a clatter.

"Exactly," said Luttrell, with a stare of surprise. "You knew, eh?"

"Rather," said Martyn, springing up and making hurriedly for the door. "Where's Ellis?"

Luttrell sprang up quickly too, and put his back to the door. "Sit down, old man, please. I saw Ellis into his den. I wouldn't go to bother him now."

"Then he's lost," said Martyn, his face white with anxiety and bitter disappointment.

"Judging on points I'd say he'd jolly well won," said Luttrell, coolly. "Please sit down, Fred. I'd leave Ellis alone for an hour or two. The beggar's properly run down. Rum thing you knew. What's it all about?"

"Never mind that now," said Martyn, quickly. "It's a long story. Let's have the mill, for heaven's sake."

"All right," said Luttrell, quietly. "We'll have it sitting."

Martyn fell back into his chair with impatient resignation, whilst Luttrell, looking as though he only understood half of the matter, said slowly, "I'd been for a run out Allenby way, when, as I crossed the water meadows, I ran across Ellis mooning slowly schoolwards. As I was going out I met Fell; he was evidently in a

hurry, as he pushed through the gate before me, and then strode off quickly as though to meet Ellis. I knew the pair were more or less chums, so I thought nothing of this, and passed out. I hadn't gone a dozen yards down the lane before it struck me that Fell didn't look quite as usual. He had dropped his slow, lounging crawl, and there was something vicious and cruel on his face that he generally keeps hidden. I can't exactly explain why I did it, but I went back to the gate. I suppose I thought a chum didn't go to meet a chum at quite such a bate, and I suppose I must have noticed his face pretty sharply. Anyhow, I went back, and the moment I saw them together I knew that there was a row. Fell stood within a yard of the other, and was evidently saying sweet things in his stab-you-in-the-dark style. Ellis seemed worried above a bit, but was evidently holding his ground. From the gate I could see Fell ask the other something, and Ellis, looking the bully square, said 'No'; at this Fell clenched his fist and struck him down. Then I went in. 'Pon honour, Fred, I believe the beast was going to kick the other as he lay."

"I'm sure of it," said Martyn. "Get on, old man."

"Ellis had scrambled to his feet as I arrived. He was grey-white with fear, but he unbuttoned his coat mechanically, shied it away and rolled up his sleeves hurriedly. Neither of them had seen me coming, and I don't believe I suited Fell's book one little bit. Ellis, I fancy, didn't mind. Fell seemed in no hurry to start again; he stared at Ellis as though he were not the animal he expected to meet; in fact, he looked jolly well surprised."

Martyn crowed throatily in his chair. "Go on always, Jim."

"Ellis went for his man, and before Fell quite realised it he had a real good stinger which made him livid with fury. After that the pair went at it hammer and tongs. It was pitiful to watch 'em; neither of 'em had ever put his right hand over his heart before, and the chances that went a-beggin' would have killed O'Rourke with grief. Fell meant to snuff Ellis out, but he hadn't the science to do it, while as for Ellis, whenever he saw Fell's face he hit thereabouts. Then by a miracle he did reach Fell—by the way, Fred, he's got an abnormal reach—with a sort of upward-drawing, swinging stroke which made Fell rock, and by a second miracle he followed up quick with the other, and Fell went down. It was good to see him stand over Fell and say huskily, 'Have you had enough'?"

"Bravo!" said Martyn, laughing with tears of joy.

"Fell had had enough; he wasn't certain how many teeth had gone, and the claret flowed handsomely. He was in a rare funk of Ellis! As for me, I put Ellis into his coat and left him in his den."

"Damaged?" asked Martyn, as though that didn't really matter.

"A trifle, but the poor beggar's not accustomed to the business. He tried to sniff the air proudly, but it wasn't a success; the tears were too near the surface. Leave him alone until he has shaken down a bit."

"I will," said Martyn, turning to the tea-table again. "Tuck in, old man."

Luttrell tucked in whilst his chum enlightened him on past events. Luttrell, heavy, unemotional Jim Luttrell, listened, genuinely interested. "The experiment's gone off all serene. He'll find his feet yet."

III.

THE two friends nursed Ellis carefully from that very night, for they began by buying leeches for the little purple patches under his eyes that he might walk the High on the morrow without a tarnish on his new-found self-respect. Ellis came on hand-over-hand under their efforts. He could not walk between the two through the streets without discovering that they were rather smartly dressed than otherwise, and that he himself was very, very otherwise. Then Ellis began to slough his slovenly exterior, his ill-made coat, his knotted boots, and his nondescript ties. The old untidy Ellis faded daily. Luttrell trotted him out over the wet fields every halfer, treating him handsomely to the famous brew, and watched a little muscle creeping into his weedy limbs, and a little pink and white showing from beneath the grey, blotched skin. Worsfold's nearly had a fit *en masse* when it first saw Ellis come in, in the gathering dusk, muddled to the chin, but with something like a flush on his cheeks. Then Ellis was dumped down by Martyn to a good two hours grind at his books in Martyn's den, the senior throwing out his hints from over his armchair, and then Luttrell criticised him severely for bad form with the dumbbells. Ellis towards the end of the term was metamorphosed out of all recognition; he passed for quite a decent Elizabethan.

Fell's thoughts after his licking can be imagined. The bully simply writhed in an ecstasy of hate and shame, and the polite scorn and amusement of Elizabethans at his patch-work face as he scrambled through the High on the morrow lifted his loathing almost to a delirium.

Fell knew well enough that there was somebody besides Ellis accountable for his black eyes, and he knew well enough now that the *deus ex machina* was that fleering, clever youth, Frederick Martyn. "Ah," thought Fell, gloating like a second Shylock at prospective infamy. "If I could only lay him out!"

Martyn read Fell's feelings as accurately as though they had been printed, and they amused him immensely. He never passed Fell but he eyed him over curiously, and circumspectly as though he thought, "Here's a breed of animal one doesn't often see. Unsavoury without doubt." One of these looks, delivered from the top of Worsfold's stairs, Martyn lounging at the top as Fell mounted up, was the bully's daily portion, and then he shambled on to his own den seething with hate. Fell knew exactly what sort of a fellow Martyn was. "If I could only catch him out on his travels one night," said Fell, longingly, "I'd let Armstrong into it—and then exit Martyn. But I won't have any luck."

Fell's room was next to Martyn's. Every movement within it, the dropping of a book, the poking of the fire, the cheerful laugh when he and Ellis were together, brought to Fell's mind all he owed his next door neighbour. Every movement stung him, and such was the obsession of his hate that he came to leaning back in his chair, listening, and translating each sound.

Barely a fortnight of the Easter term had to run, when one evening Fell heard Martyn put his boots outside the door, and glancing at the clock saw it was nearing ten.

He put out his own, and then, sick of himself and the world, he undressed and got into bed. He lay awake a long time thinking of Martyn, for he could hear him moving about his room, although lights had been turned off half-an-hour.

"What's the matter with the fool? Is he waltzing with the chairs?"

As though he had heard the plaint of his neighbour, Martyn came to anchor, and now, all being as still as death, Fell began to drop off to sleep. He was just on the borderland of sleep, that no-man's land where the dreams come out of the shades to noose the thoughts of the workaday world, when a slight sound from Martyn's room woke him as thoroughly as though he had been shaken by the shoulder. He sat up in bed and listened intently. It was not so much the noise as the kind of noise that had brought Fell to his sudden wide-wakefulness. He had heard Martyn open his window, and the opening was not the frank clatter that a fellow makes who pulls down for fresh air.



HE SAW MARTYN HANGING FROM HIS WINDOW.

And Fell knew Martyn's reputation was not that of a fresh-air fiend. No, the window was being opened steadily but stealthily, the sash purring in a tight frame. Fell sent his very soul into the sense of hearing, and his ears had that supersensitiveness of those immediately waked from sleep. The purring continued whilst the listener might count a dozen. The noise ceased and all became absolutely still. Fell sat up in bed rigid, waiting. Why had Martyn opened his window stealthily to the full? An evil, "happy" thought flashed through Fell's brain, and he waited in an agony of suspense for more. Then he heard again a faint, subdued scuffling, so faint that the sound was no more than the rustle his own bedclothes made as he leaned forward, eagerly straining like a dog in a leash. Then came two dull, muffled knocks, and Fell instantly knew the truth. Martyn was going out through the window.

Fell at this slid out of bed and crept stealthily to his window. The night was dark, but not so black but that Fell could distinguish what was outside, and the first thing he saw was Frederick Martyn, arms outstretched above his head, hanging from his window. Martyn was so near him that Fell drew back sharply, a whisper would almost have reached him; Fell held his breath lest Martyn should hear him. Martyn hung there for perhaps half a minute, his face turned half-round, and Fell could see that he was listening intently for footsteps outside be-

fore going earthwards. He seemed satisfied, and then went down hand under hand.

"A ropel" said Fell, in an ecstasy of delight. He saw his enemy drop lightly to the ground. He stood for a moment merged in the blackness of the wall, and then move off noiselessly into the night.

A flush of unholy triumph shot through Fell's veins as Martyn vanished into the darkness: now he had the villain on the hip. A hot gust

of anger swept through him too. Who was this Martyn that he must needs pose as a protector of innocent lambs like Ellis? Why, he broke more school rules in a term than Fell had broken since he became an Elizabethan. And the bitter jealousy of the craven for the reckless, daring Martyn took him by the throat. He dared not have swung out of a window on any fancy midnight adventure. "Anyhow," gurgled Fell, as he moved from his window, "he'll never go out like that again, not to mention coming in ditto."

He moved quietly to the door and opened it noiseless. The corridor was perfectly soundless. Then he stepped out to Martyn's room. He stood on the threshold, hand on the knob; then, like the thief he was, turned and went in.

A little fire still burned in the grate and made darkness visible, and in the dim light Fell saw that the room was indeed empty. The bed had not been disturbed. Fell stood still taking in each item—the dim outline of the chairs, the papers on the floor. The clock alone broke the dead silence, its loud ticking being almost painful. Fell, absolutely convinced that Martyn had gone, moved stealthily to the window. It was opened a few inches from the bottom. The rope was fastened ingeniously from the inside and dropped alongside some spouting. Fell unhooked the rope and it slid out from its own weight. Then he pulled down the sash, and snapped the catch, and cut back to his own room trembling with the lust of a fulfilled revenge. As he got into bed he murmured, "Exit Martyn, Elizabethan."

Fell slept sweetly, and his dreams were refreshingly happy. When he awoke the blackness of night was stealing into the dark chill grey of dawn. Fell shivered as he sat up. "By George!" thought he, "there'll be one a sight chillier than I outside. Wonder if he's come back yet." Fell crept out of bed, and, holding himself well back, peered out of the window. Outside, muffled up to the chin, tweed cap pulled low over his face, he saw Martyn. Martyn was holding the rope in his hand and staring up at his window with an expression in which astonishment and anxiety were hopelessly mixed.

"Ah!" said Fell, gurgling with delight, "he's just come in for the cream of the joke. So have I."

At last Martyn turned away as though in despair, and stood still looking into the wet morning.

"The iron's in his soul," said Fell, gloating. "No help for gaol-breakers. Another Worsfoldian kicked out. Hullo! what now?"

Martyn took off his topcoat and tried the

spouting. Fell kept back, and at the end of five minutes he saw Martyn's shoulders level with the sill. Martyn pulled himself up and tried the window. When he found it was close fastened, Martyn stood stock still. The game was up, he was barred out. Fell didn't gurgle as he watched Martyn, who looked almost diabolical in the grey light, with his eyes glittering, his brow steaming, and his knuckles bleeding. He glanced towards Fell's window, not more than six feet away, with a half-bitter smile, and then swung off from the window ledge to the ground below. He preferred the risk to a second grueling down the spout.

Fell watched him get into his coat again, stand for a minute or so stock still, and then go slowly out of Worsfold's back.

"Finis," said Fell, preparing to go to bed again.

Martyn had barely got out of the gate when an idea seemed to strike him, for before Fell left the window he saw Martyn come back rapidly, and pick up a handful of gravel. He went further down the wall, and, taking his stand beneath a window Fell knew well, launched his gravel smartly against the glass.

"He's knocking up Ellis," said Fell, his heart going cold.

For pretty well a quarter of an hour did Martyn shower gravel upon Ellis's window, and all the time Fell, equally with the locked-out one, alternated hope with despair. Fell heard each little pattering cascade, and as the light grew and Ellis appeared not, began to hope. "Why, there's row enough to wake the dead, and Ellis sleeps through it all like the pig he is."

Martyn, down below, persevered at the window, and when an astonished figure appeared thereat Martyn expounded in pantomime that would have enlightened a Hottentot. When Fell saw Martyn move swiftly across Worsfold's back under his window, he turned sick with anger. "I'll have to knock up the house-porter before he can swing himself up, and then lie like an Armenian to Eliza's for all time that I thought it was a thief. Ellis will have him in inside three minutes."

Fell opened his door ready to dart out upon the last infamy of an Elizabethan—splitting on a fellow. He heard the soft, thudding step of Ellis coming from the distant corridor, waited until he heard him go into Martyn's room, and then stepped quickly out. Ellis was unhasping Martyn's window when Fell tripped over Martyn's boots in the half-light of the corridor, and went sprawling full length.

Ellis caught the sound with a chill and deadly fear; he knew too well his friend's danger. Dart-

ing out of the room he caught sight of a familiar figure scrambling to its feet, and a sudden infallible instinct told him that Fell was in some way responsible for Martyn's appearance outside in the bleak dawn. He knew as infallibly that Fell's hurried shuffle down the corridor boded no good to Martyn. Acting on a blind instinct, Ellis threw himself on his old bully and brought him down.

"Go back to your room, man, or I'll throttle you," said Ellis, in a tense whisper.

Fell broke loose from Ellis's grip, and putting all the hate of his heart and the strength of his arm into the blow, struck him in the face.

For an instant Ellis saw nothing, felt nothing; his face seemed numbed. Then, before Fell could break away again he sprang at him once more. Despair gave Ellis a giant's strength. He bore Fell backwards and pinned him to the ground. Fell, livid with fury, opened his mouth to shout, but before Ellis's hand could have throttled the words in his throat, a curious shiver ran through the bully's limbs. Instead of a shout there came an odd clucking rattle in his throat, and under his fierce hold Ellis felt the body collapse. Something had happened, though Ellis did not know

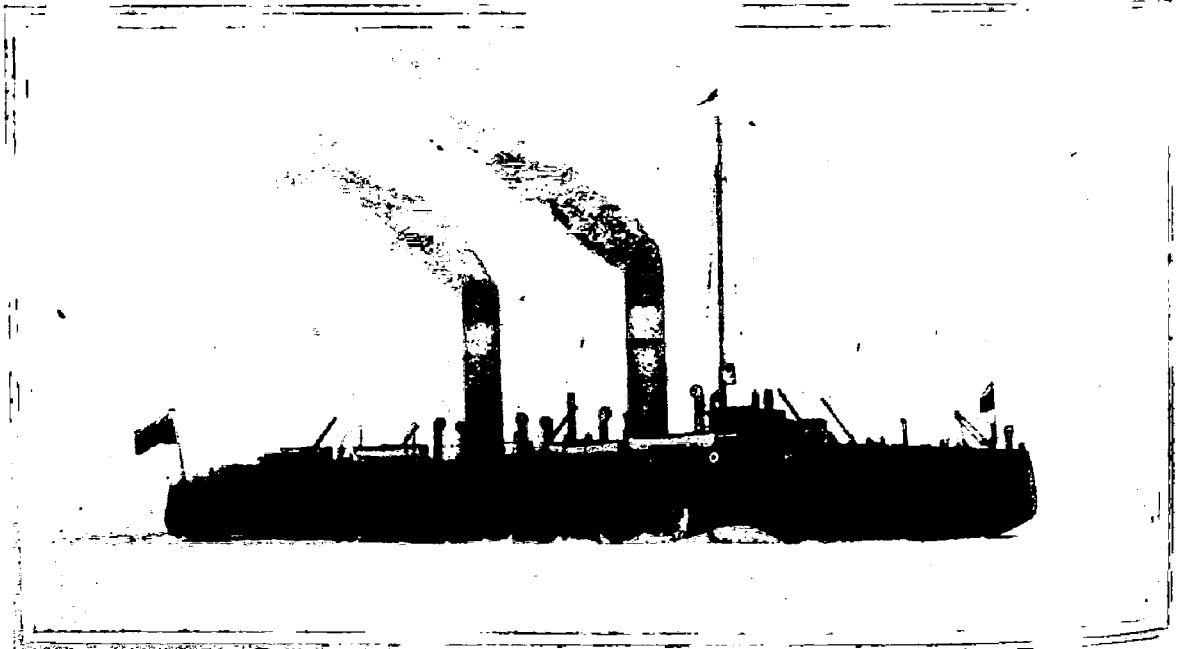
what. Springing to his feet, he seized Fell by the arms, dragged him bodily into his room, and left him inert as a log on the floor. The scuffle had not lasted a minute, and except for Ellis's hoarse words, there had been almost no sound. The fellows of Worsfold's slept on peacefully, ignorant of that desperate strife fought out at their very doors.

Two minutes afterwards Martyn was in his den, and before the grey of dawn had cleared to the cold, hard light of day, Ellis was in bed, bruised, but happy, and Fell between his sheets, shivering with fear. Why had he fainted just when vengeance was in his grasp?

Martyn did not go to bed at all. He sat up blinking at the ceiling and wondered whether midnight trips to Hornby were worth the risk after all.

Martyn went into Fell's room after breakfast, and that worthy shivered when he saw him. "No—I'm not going to hit you, Fell. I don't strike people—with weak hearts. They might die—as you nearly did last night. No, I came in to tell you that you're meaner than the meanest mongrel, and—that I wouldn't touch you with a barge-pole." Martyn walked out and shut the door delicately.

THE RUSSIAN ICE-BREAKER "ERMACK."



This is the strongest vessel ever built, and is used by the Russian Government for breaking the ice in the Gulf of Finland, which is the approach to Cronstadt and St. Petersburg. This unique steamer was built under glass in one of the dockyards on the Neva, and is so constructed that she can either steam ahead or astern with equal ease.

From a photograph.

COW-BOYS at WORK

BY STANLEY CARTER



A COWBOY RACE ON THE PRAIRIE.

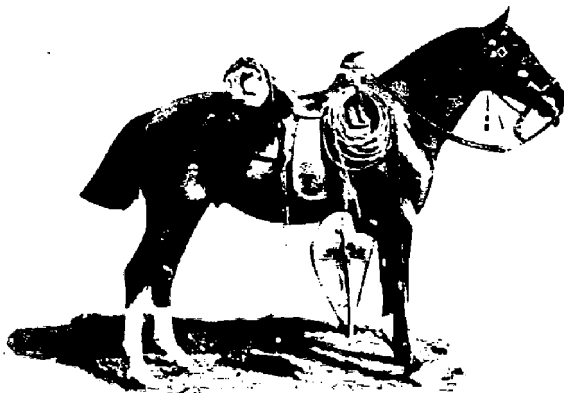
MODERN progress and civilisation have dealt hardly with many a picturesque feature of life these two-score years past. Everywhere the traces of their work are seen, changing the old order of things to suit the practical, if prosaic, needs of up-to-date commercialism. Nowhere have they worked a greater change than on those great plains of the western United States, which lie, an empire in themselves, between the Mississippi valley and the Rocky Mountains. Here, for a quarter-century and more, was the domain of the American cowboy. From the Canadian boundary on the north to the sand deserts along the Mexican border on the south he held absolute sway. Here he lived, fought and died: a strange, romantic, half-barbaric figure. He formed a unique type, unlike any that preceded him, or any that is to come after, for the conditions that were responsible for his existence can never be repeated.

A strange glamour hung about the cowboy's life, softening its toils and hardships, its many dangers and its savage associations, brightening the picture of its wild freedom, romance and adventure. There was an irresistible attraction in the life; few who had once felt its

charms abandoned them for a more prosaic existence.

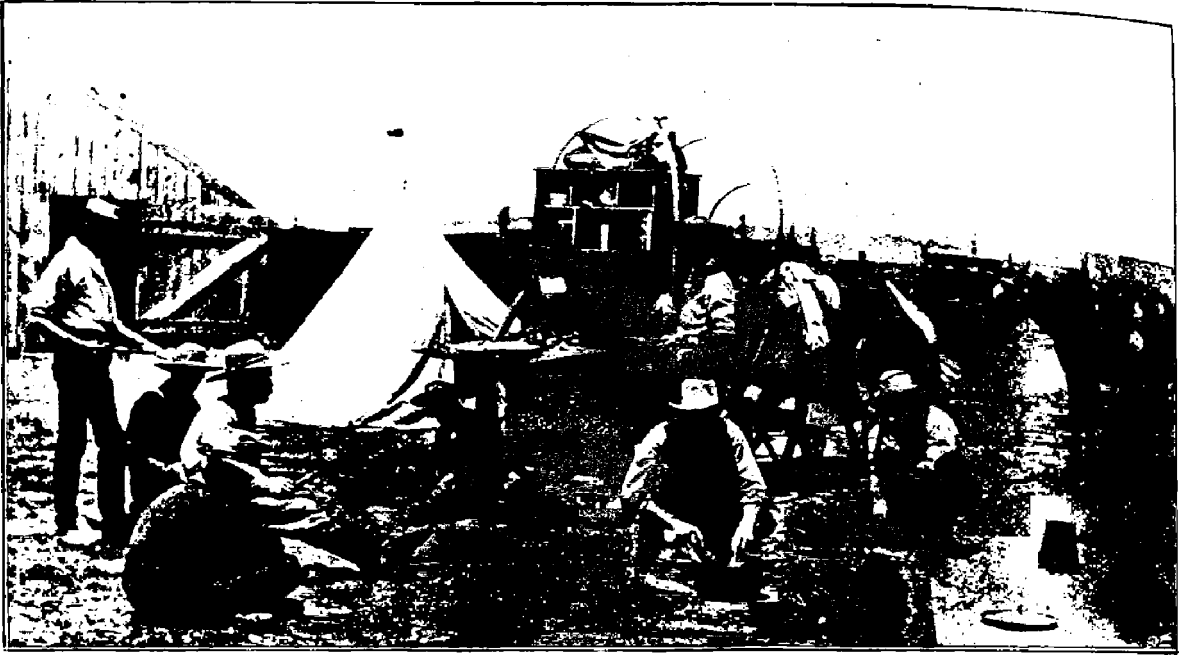
There is no doubt that in the old days the typical cowboy was worthy of all that has been written of him. He lived out of doors and out of sight of human habitation for eleven-twelfths of the year. All of his waking, and some of his sleeping hours were spent in the saddle. His only companions were the herds he tended and his fellow cowpunchers. He was a law unto himself because no other law was there. He spent his money on silver-mounted saddles, gorgeous headgear and, at rare intervals, on villainous liquor and "fixed" faro layouts, because these were his only necessities and his only possible luxuries.

It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the strongest possible tribal feeling was developed among the cowboys. It is not surprising that they wore their guns in convenient positions and became accustomed to hanging cattle thieves as a matter of course. Jails were not numerous in the old days in the plains country, and the six-shooter was the only policeman. It is not surprising either that, on their infrequent visits to those frontier settlements which were entitled to a place on



A TYPICAL PONY AND OUTFIT USED BY THE WESTERN COWBOY.

Note the elaborate bridle, heavy saddle and lariat coiled at the pommel.



THE "GRUB-WAGON."

This is the portable kitchen used by the Cowboys during the season which they spend on the range.

the map by virtue of the possession of numerous saloons and a graveyard apiece, they yielded to an uncontrollable desire to "paint the town." As the inevitable result of having held down the safety valve for so long a time, it became necessary to blow off steam. It was only natural that the conditions of the cattle business developed an original code of ethics and morals, and that it evolved a distinct type of the human individual.

But already the old order is almost obsolete. From being a wild, untrammelled lord of the plains, a broncho-busting, gun-wielding, man-eating paragon, the cowboy is rapidly descending to the commonplace position of a feeder of cattle, and will soon enjoy the

status of an ordinary farm labourer. He is losing in picturesqueness, although he is more than likely to gain in usefulness to himself and to the community at large. The hero of the saddle, who spent his days and nights in mad rides across the prairie before frenzied herds, in breaking the spirit of demoniacal bronchos and in fostering an unquenchable thirst for red liquor and gore, is almost as completely extinct as the dodo. Only the few caged specimens of the Wild West shows remain to reveal to us the simon-pure cowboy as he was in the days when the great West was wild and woolly.

How great are the changes involved in the establishing of this new order of things one

may understand on a little reflection. First of all it means the adjustment of the cattle business on a new and firmer basis. For years, in fact, ever since the first bunch of cattle, abandoned to their fate in a Colorado blizzard, were found to have survived the winter, the raising of cattle on the western plains has been an occupation in which chance has played a



A TYPICAL RANCH-HOUSE IN THE WEST.

The temporary abode of Cowboys during the feeding season on the open range.

prominent part. The idea of providing feed to carry the herds through winter storms was never seriously considered. If a protracted blizzard came on and killed off ten thousand head of stock, the ranchmen bore the blow with equanimity, regarding it as a dispensation of Providence against which it was impossible to provide protection. If an extended drought dried up the water-holes and parched the plains and left the whitening bones of thousands of beeves as

the terrible record of death from thirst, he charged it to his profit and loss account and relied on better luck in other seasons to make the balance on the right side. One season in every three was regularly counted on as a bad one, but the practically unlimited free range and the high prices of beef made the profits of favourable years enormous. These were the days of the "cattle barons," who never knew within a good many thousands how many head of stock they actually owned. If a succession of bad seasons wiped out a man's entire herd he could buy a few hundred head on credit and start out again with the practical certainty that in a few years he would be back in his old position.

During recent years, however, conditions have been gradually changing. Herds multiplied until the ranges began to crowd one another. Homesteaders flocked in, took up



BRANDING CALVES.

Each cattle-owner has an individual mark which is affixed to all his cattle by means of a white-hot iron.

choice quarter-sections, and fenced them off. The rapid increase in production brought down the price of beef and curtailed profits to the point where a bad season meant ruin for a cattle owner. Five years ago the cattle raising business in the United States was almost completely demoralised and the owners of herds were hard up. Then some of them began to send their cattle into Nebraska and Kansas, where corn was plentiful and cheap, at the beginning of the winter, and to feed them for a month or two there before sending them to market. The price of corn-fed beef was so much higher than that of cattle direct from the range, that a good many men have made comfortable fortunes within the last few years by building feed lots and acting as middlemen between the range owners and the packers. The more progressive cattlemen have taken a leaf out of the feed-lot owners'



COWBOYS DRIVING THE CATTLE TOGETHER FOR THE GRAND "ROUND-UP" AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

On the side of the cow in the foreground will be seen the owner's brand, which in this case are the well-known letters O.F.



INSPECTING THE BRAND ON A STEER.

When a question arises as to the ownership of a number of cattle, they are lassoed, and the brand is carefully inspected to determine the matter of ownership.

book, and have lately begun the practice of feeding their herds themselves. It became necessary for cattle raisers to own their own ranges and to fence them in as a protection against intruders. Under these conditions the business has revived until it is again flourishing, but it is a very different business from what it was in the old days. The cattlemen themselves agree that the raising of beef on the western plains will never again be conducted in the old haphazard, reckless way, and they are glad of it. It was not pleasant, any more than it was profitable, to see cattle frozen to death by hundreds, and to watch the swollen bodies and protruding tongues that told of the terrible destruction of thirst. Artesian wells, alfalfa, and corn have made existence a deal more endurable for cattle on the plains, and have done away with much of the cruelty that once was inseparable from the business.

These new methods of carrying on the business of raising cattle have necessarily brought about a great transformation in the position and estate of the cowboy himself. The substitution of barbed wire fences and winter feed lots for the open range circumscribe mightily the activities of the free riders of the plains. Since the cattle cannot stray beyond the boundary of the fenced-in range, there is small danger of stampedes. The necessity of cutting out cattle from herds to which they do not belong, for lassoing strays to inspect their brands, and indeed the need of branding itself, will all be done away with.

The twentieth century cowboy is an extremely matter-of-fact young man, who regards his occupation in a wholly serious light, who works hard throughout the greater part of the year, who is by no means fond of bloodshed, and who no longer gets drunk on every visit to town. As a species he is thoroughly

healthy, manly, and orderly, and as reasonably happy as most men can hope to be. Greater familiarity with civilisation and less complete isolation from his fellow citizens have made the cowboy of to-day a more agreeable person to live with than he was of yore. The desperado has been eliminated while the man has remained.

It would be interesting work for the psychologist to trace the influence of the cow upon the cowboy. The vast herds that roamed the plains in the old days were subordinate only to the superior intelligence of their human attendants, and not always subject to that. From association with them the rider of the plains imbibed their spirit. They made him brave, reckless, and self-reliant. He presented the strongest possible contrast, for example, to the sheep-herder, with whom he waged an intermittent, fierce and bloody war for the possession of the free range.

The sheep-tender, like the cowboy, lived alone, far away from companionship and human associations, but he lived under very different conditions. His flocks moved slowly and required little exercise of skill or vigilance to keep them together. He covered less ground in a month than the cowboy frequently did in a day. His diet was an unvaried round of mutton, biscuits and tea, and in time he became, like the sheep, sheepish. The cow-punchers even asserted that they could scent him at a distance by his woolly odour. It is not surprising that he proved no match for the active, beef-eating, resourceful cowboy, or that he was almost invariably worsted in their frequent encounters. It was only by mute persistence and the force of fast multiplying numbers that the sheep were able to hold on to any part of the free range.

While the old-time glamour of cowboy existence lives only in rainbow hued litera-



COWBOYS "ROUNDING-UP" A HERD OF CATTLE ON A WESTERN RANGE.

ture, there remains a wide field of usefulness for the cowboy of to-day. The work of carefully studying breeding conditions, of testing different varieties of feed, and of riding to market in the caboose of a cattle train, seems tame in comparison with wild night rides to avert stampedes, exciting round-ups and terror-spreading charges up and down the

streets of unoffending towns with a six-shooter in either hand, but a utilitarian age places by far the greater value upon the former work. In the departure of the old-time cowboy, literature mourns the loss of a highly interesting character, but in the coming of his successor the cattle business and the community in general are gaining immensely.

ABERDEEN.

ABERDEEN is one of the most beautiful cities in Great Britain—if not in the world. It is often called the "Granite City," because of the beautiful grey granite of which it is built, and which on a moonlight night looks like marble. Another name given to Aberdeen is the "Silver City by the Sea." The University of Aberdeen was founded in 1495 by Bishop Elphinstone, and admits women to degrees. One of the chief industries of the city is ship-building. In the days of sailing-ships, the "Aberdeen Clippers" were the finest vessels afloat; and, indeed, some of their "records" are not very far behind those of many steamers. But none of these stately vessels are built now. Notwithstanding, ship-building has by no means declined in Aberdeen. The city possesses a fleet of trawlers (steam) second only to that of Grimsby, and the great majority of these are built by local firms. Owing to its being the starting point for Ballater and Braemar, Aberdeen is inundated in the summer-time with tourists.

There is perhaps not a prettier railway line in Britain than the Deeside line between Aberdeen and Ballater. The Dee is scarcely ever lost sight

of during the journey, and the nearer the traveller gets to Ballater, the more beautiful does the panorama become. From Ballater to Braemar—a distance of eighteen miles—the traveller is conveyed by coach. About half-way, a halt is made just opposite Balmoral, to change horses, and travellers have an opportunity of viewing the homely-looking castle so dear to the late Queen. Towering behind the Castle like a grim sentinel is Dark Lochnagar. The country becomes wilder as you approach Braemar, and from the village an excellent view of the distant Cairngorm Mountains is seen. Coming back to the city itself, a stranger is struck with the number of beautiful buildings which it contains. Conspicuous among them are the Municipal Buildings, the Free Library, Parish Council Buildings, and the Grand and Palace Hotels. Aberdeen, as is well-known, is the headquarters of that famous regiment, the Gordon Highlanders—a fact of which the citizens are justly proud. In the summer-time Aberdeen is one of the great centres of the herring-fishing industry. No prettier sight can be imagined than "the brown-sailed fleet" standing out to sea on a sunny summer day!

GILDART J. WALKER.



By SKIPP BORLASE.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HAWLEY.

IN the year 1882 I and my school chum, Jim Fletcher, were treated to a voyage in my father's new barque, the *Miles Standish*, of the Port of Boston, to Buenos Ayres in South America. The vessel was laden with that kind of miscellaneous cargo which we call "notions," and was meant to bring back one of wheat, maize, cotton, flax, and Paraguay tea.

I had long been promised this trip, during some midsummer vacation or other, and as my friend had just got over a long and severe attack of low fever, and his doctor had said that a voyage was all that was wanted to give him back his full strength, it was considered by our parents to be a capital opportunity for us to take the journey together.

I needn't say anything about our cruise out, for I daresay you have read of voyages enough. In the ordinary way they are uneventful, and ours was of that kind. We were destined, however, to undertake one, ere long, of a very different sort, the particulars of which, I think, you will agree with me to be worth relating, for to go cruising about on a floating island, under green trees, with apes and rattlesnakes for your shipmates, is a novelty in the way of travelling that doesn't happen to every one.

We discovered very much that was worth seeing in Buenos Ayres, which is situated two hundred and twenty miles up the Rio de la Plata, which means the River of Silver,

and is so called from the glittering whiteness of its waters. It is one of the noblest rivers in the world, and even at Buenos Ayres it is twenty-five miles wide.

We had been in port more than a week, and become tolerably well acquainted with all the lions of the place, when, one beautiful moonlit evening, while we were strolling down by the shore in the company of fire-flies innumerable, Fletcher gripped me suddenly by the arm, and exclaimed:—

"Look out there, Teddy, and tell me if you see anything that you never saw before?"

"Why, yes," said I, after rubbing my eyes to make quite sure that they didn't deceive me, so astounded was I at the sight, "I can see a pretty little island, full of trees, and with a sandy beach, an island which I could swear I have never beheld until now, though I've looked across the river in that direction hundreds of times."

"And so *must* have seen it had it been there, eh?"

"Neither of us could have helped seeing it; but it certainly never was there until this evening," I rejoined, scratching my sorely puzzled head.

"Let us take one of the ship's boats and row out to it. By Jove, it's just like what one

reads of in fairy tales, and perhaps we shall be transported to Wonderland—who knows?" laughed Jim.

It would have been well for us both had we carried out my friend's suggestion to prosecute our voyage of discovery in one of the boats belonging to my father's vessel; because it would not have been lent to us until we had fully explained what we wanted it for, and whither we were bound, in which case we should assuredly have been rescued from a most terrible dilemma long ere we had gone almost out of our minds with the horrors of our situation.

But we were too impatient to be prudent, and discovering a handy little craft upon the shore close by we borrowed her from her unknown owner without leave or license, believing that we should be able to restore her as sound as we had found her, and little guessing that we were about to navigate her on her last voyage.

We got her afloat without much difficulty, stepped her mast, hoisted her jib and mainsail, and a minute later were sailing boldly out into a river which, from its size, had more the aspect of an inland sea.

I stood at the tiller, for Jim didn't in the least know how to steer; but he planted himself as look-out in the bow, and from time to time shouted his observations out to me, which were of so wondrous a kind as well-nigh to take away my breath.

"I say, old man, that island's bound on a voyage. It isn't a clipper-built craft, by no manner of means, but it's making *some* headway for all that.

"Ted, the island's revolving on its axis, as well as forging ahead, and what we took for a beach isn't a beach at all, though very like one.

"Skipper, I can see cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit trees on the island, and I think it's inhabited, for I'm almost sure I just now caught sight of a head popping up above the undergrowth."

These were a *few* of the scraps of sensational information that were yelled aft to me from my vigilant look-out in the bows, and the last piece of intelligence in no wise added to my comfort, for we hadn't a weapon of any kind with us.

I wasn't allowed much time for worrying myself about that, however, for Fletcher suddenly called out: "Down sail, for we're close alongside now. There's something drawing us towards the island, independently of the wind: a strong current, I suppose. Look alive, man!"

Fletcher's inference was correct enough, but his advice came too late, for we had got into a current that was carrying us towards the island at a frightful speed, so that, before I could do anything to avert the catastrophe, we struck it with such force that the mast went by the board and the sails came flapping and shivering down. Then the boat gave a sudden dive by the bows, and hardly had we half-leapt and half-scrambled ashore when she was sucked, as it were, *right under the island*, and disappeared from our view for evermore.

Thus were we landed we knew not where, and evidently bound on a voyage we knew not whither. It was all very wonderful, certainly, yet, though Jim and I had always been very fond of wonders, somehow or other our taste therefor seemed now to suddenly desert us.

"Where has Buenos Ayres vanished to?" was Fletcher's wondering exclamation so soon as we had somewhat recovered our at first benumbed faculties. "Oh," he continued, "its cathedral tower and convent roofs are still in sight, though no longer opposite to us. Teddy, this island is travelling much faster than it was just now. I can't make matters out at all. It looks just as though it had only been waiting for us to come aboard of it in order to up-anchor and away. What does it all mean?"

I had once read in a book about fragments of shore being torn off the mainland and carried out into the ocean, but I was too bewildered to recall particulars.

"Hullo, what's that?" Fletcher suddenly added, as he started to his feet in evident alarm.

"What's what?" I demanded, as I involuntarily followed his example.

"Why, someone or something is shying machineel apples at us, and they are well-nigh as hard as stones. Look out—here's another volley."

I not only looked out, but I also looked up, and at once caught sight of two hideous apes squatting in the topmost branches of a machineel tree hard by, and, evidently to their own intense satisfaction, bombarding us with the luscious-looking fruit.

"Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, by all that's wonderful," I couldn't help exclaiming with a laugh, but my friend imitated my example on the other side of his mouth, for at that instant an apple hit him on the nose with sufficient force to bring blood and fill his eyes with tears.

On observing me move towards their tree,

however, the apes took quick alarm, and beat a precipitate retreat.

"Come, Jim," I said, "let's explore the island, and find a place to camp where there aren't so many trees. I don't like the idea of those big apes being able to creep close up to

Fletcher merely nodded assent, and so off we went. We soon found out that the island wasn't very big; four or five acres we guessed it to be at the very outside; but trees grew very thickly upon it, and in places the undergrowth was extremely dense, whilst in others the tall, rank, sword-grass waved waist high.

"Hark!" exclaimed Jim, suddenly coming to a full stop. "What's that noise!"

I listened for a moment, and then I heard a sound in the long grass like unto that of a child's bonerattle when vigorously shaken. Glancing in its direction I caught sight of a flat head undulating gently to and fro, and in it were set two gleaming eyes.

"It's a rattlesnake—run—run!" I shouted, setting the example as I spoke.

When, a few seconds later, Jim Fletcher came up with me, his face was as white as any ghost's.

"There were two of them," said he, "and one was a whopper, and no mistake. This is the very deuce of an island, and we'll never escape from it alive."

At that instant a terrible shriek, ending in a long and indescribably mournful wail, rent the air.

"We aren't alone here," it forced me to exclaim. "There is some one near by who is far worse off than even we are. Perhaps it's some one being attacked by those apes!"

"It was more like a child's scream than a grown person's," said Jim, looking whiter than ever, but setting his teeth pluckily all the same; "however, come

on and let's see what it is!"

We burst through the thick undergrowth in the direction of the æerie and blood-curdling sounds, which were now being repeated; and presently we reached a cleared space, in the centre of which lay a miserable-looking



I CAUGHT SIGHT OF TWO HIDEOUS APES SQUATTING IN THE BRANCHES OF A MACHINEEL TREE.

us before we see them, for they are nearly as big as we are, and stronger, too, I should fancy. I've heard that they sometimes fight with bludgeons of their own making, and are in every way more like wild men than mere monkeys."

little creature, having somewhat the aspect of a bear, only that its skin was hairless and corrugated like that of the elephant. It was lying on its back, and its flesh-coloured paws were feebly clawing at the air.

"Why, it's *that* little beast making all the row; what on earth is the matter with it, I wonder?" queried my chum.

"I expect that's a *Swift Peter*—a kind of sloth," I said (my reading was coming in useful), "it yells out like that when it wants food—it hates the trouble of getting it. And it keeps other animals off by yelling."

We decided to climb up into a bread-fruit tree, then, as we fancied that the *Swift Peter* would act as a sort of safeguard to us, with that weird blubbing of his. Making ourselves secure, we soon found ourselves nodding, and finally we fell fast asleep.

* * * *

I was the first to awake on the following morning, and the first thing that I perceived as I unbuttoned my eyelids and looked around me from our lofty aerial perch was that we were altogether out of sight of land; that is to say, save of the mere patch that we were afloat on.

We were most probably in the mid-channel of the mighty Rio de la Plata, which widens out to a hundred and fifty miles in breadth whilst yet more than as far distant from the ocean.

I had heard that ships never even approached the centre of this great river, so that our chances of rescue seemed to be small indeed unless we should chance to fall in with a friendly current which would carry us shorewards, and this I thought to be very improbable.

The outlook was, to my mind, so gloomy, that when Jim Fletcher awoke I forebore to impart my fears to him, believing that it would be kinder to allow him to live in a Fool's Paradise so long as it was possible for him to do so.

When he did at last open his eyes my chum's first thought was of breakfast, and there was our bread hanging within easy grasp of our hands. There was, at all events, no chance of our dying of hunger, nor, for that matter, of thirst either, for there was the milk of thousands of cocoa-nuts to assuage the latter.

Our own wants supplied, we began to think of our poor little screeching friend, *Swift Peter*, and, glancing down through the tree-foliage to where he was still lying on his back and looking up at us with a pair of very beseeching eyes, we threw him a bread-fruit

which fell so near him that he had only to roll over on to his side in order to devour it. But he made a great deal of fuss over even that trifling exertion.

During the day which we had just entered on, we, with our jack-knives, cut ourselves two short casba branches, and trimmed them into clubs, so that we should have something to defend ourselves with in case the big apes ventured to attack us.

We also knotted our two pocket-handkerchiefs together, and then I climbed up to the top of the very highest tree in the island, and hung our makeshift flag there as a signal of distress, though I had very little hope the while that it would ever be seen.

For the rest of the day we sat, for the most part, on the outside mangrove roots that formed the seeming beach of the floating island, watching the black dorsal fins and dark grey outlines of those fierce hyenas of ocean, the sharks, which were swimming about in all directions; or now and then we gazed upwards at some huge, bare-necked passing condor, as he winged his heavy flight through the air, looking almost like a small cloud, for the condor is the leviathan of the bird creation, whose reputed king, the eagle, is a mere pigmy to him, both in size and strength.

Day after day, and night after night passed over our heads, until an entire fortnight had dragged itself wearily through. During that time the apes appeared to have made us free of the island, for they had wholly ceased to molest us, and, indeed, at last seemed more than half inclined to make friends.

From snake bites we had had some very narrow escapes, however; but as to hunger and thirst we had had nought to fear from either, and the weather had all along been delightfully fine and warm.

But this was not destined to last, for one night a terrific storm broke upon us suddenly; the thunder almost deafened, and the vividness of the lightning nearly blinded us; the wind blew with hurricane force also, and we could hear the waves booming against and breaking upon our shores at every point.

The storm was transient, for the next day broke clear and bright, but the river was raging like a sea, and we could feel our island positively heaving up and down.

We soon perceived, also, and this to our great consternation, that many of the trees, which the day before had stood perfectly upright, were now leaning in all directions, whilst even portions of some of their roots had been forced upwards through the soil.

This began to look like the beginning of the end, we thought.

All the birds and beasts upon the island seemed, throughout the day, to be filled with as terrible forebodings as we were ourselves, even including our friend, *Swift Peter*, who waddled at least half-a-dozen yards in as many hours, a very long journey for him, and the evidently believed-in necessity for which he unceasingly bewailed at the highest pitch of his car-splitting voice throughout the entire route.

That same evening, when we were on our way to a bread-fruit tree to get our supper, whilst crossing the centre of a slight depression in the ground, one of my feet suddenly went through it up to my knee, and when Jim Fletcher dragged me upwards and backwards, water shot through the hole that my leg had made, and rose to a height of at least six feet before it as rapidly subsided.

The next morning we observed that the trees leaned more and more, and that water was bubbling up through the grass in many places, so that we began to walk very warily.

We also beheld several rattlesnakes and other serpents coiled up in the tree branches, a sight which we had never witnessed before.

They had evidently been frightened thither, and so, we soon discovered, had *Swift Peter*, which, considering his intense hatred of exertion, alarmed us more than all.

We tasted the gurgling-up water in many places, but there was no trace of saltness in it, from which we concluded that we were still in the great river, and not yet out in the open ocean.

Towards sunset, however, we caught sight of a huge frowning cliff, some ten miles away on our right, and from its shape I believed it to be Cape Santa Maria, and if it was I knew that the Atlantic lay only a very short way beyond it, perhaps three miles or so.

We seemed to be rapidly drifting towards this Cape, on which account a faint hope sprang up within us that the ocean-running current might set our island aground there during the ensuing night.

When the night at last arrived we did not dare to climb a tree for fear of the snakes who had found lodgings in most of them, and so we lay down upon what, for want of a better name, I must still call the shore; but we were destined not to get much rest, for we were suddenly awakened by a most fearful din, and opened our eyes to behold trees falling down with fearful crashes in all directions, and a wild sea on.

But not only were the trees crashing earth-

wards, to the shrieking or hissing accompaniment of their various occupants, but water was also shooting up through the ground, in at least a score of different places, to the height of a man, each jet looking like a white-sheeted ghost in the brilliant star-light.

But from the altitude of a man these jets quickly rose to the height of houses, and one or two to that of church-steeple even, whilst we knew from the convulsive shuddering of the island underneath our feet that the shock and weight of the falling trees were rapidly breaking it up.

Suddenly Jim Fletcher cried out to me to look seawards. I gazed eagerly and apprehensively in the direction indicated by his outstretched hand, and through the mingled maze of quivering foliage, spouting water, and madly-fluttering frightened birds, I beheld, by the light of the stars, something huge and black, coming, as it seemed to me, full butt against the opposite side of our rapidly dissolving island.

Suddenly a human voice, and then fully a score of human voices, broke upon our ears, after which came a great shock, which threw us off our legs on to our backs; but, even as I fell, I beheld, clearly outlined against the indigo-hued sky, the towering foremast and the great square yards of what I knew to be a large ship.

That she really *was* a ship, and, moreover, a steamer, was quickly evidenced by the shrieks which she immediately emitted from her steam syren, shrieks that seemed to suddenly people our island with rushing and fear-jabbering apes, and which were immediately answered by the equally discordant voice of *Swift Peter*, who must have fancied that a broodingnagian near blood-relation had come in the dead of night to pay him a visit.

But Jim and I thought very little either of the apes or of the bald sloth; we even forgot all about the venomous serpents, and the now treacherous nature of the soil all around, with the many holes and rifts therein, that yawned wide, all ready to engulf us.

We only thought of gaining the steamer before she could reverse the action of her engines and so back out from her present, more or less, tight fix, and we knew that, although she looked so close, we had a goodish bit of ground to cross ere we could reach her.

I was too excited at the time to carry a clear remembrance of the journey in my mind afterwards.

I have a dim recollection of our breaking through some apes, and of Jim Fletcher re-



SOMETHING HUGE AND BLACK CAME FULL AGAINST OUR RAPIDLY DISSOLVING ISLAND.

leasing me from the embrace of one of them that had clasped me around the neck with its long, hairy arms. I remember something, also, of each of us slipping, ever and anon, into holes, and of the other dragging him with more or less difficulty therefrom; of my stepping on a serpent of some kind, and of Jim hitting it across the neck with his casba club, and so, doubtless, preserving me from its death-dealing fangs; and then, at last, of climbing up till we reached the top-most branches of a fallen tree, and from thence clambering over the bulwarks on to the deck of a ship, where we were at once surrounded by a crowd of people, who seemed to gaze upon us with as much surprise as if we had suddenly dropped down amongst them out of the moon.

* * * *

The next morning, however, we awoke to stare wonderingly at each other from two opposite bunks in a small cabin.

"What has happened? What are we doing here, and where on earth is here?" were the

hurried questions Jim Fletcher put to me, and all that I could answer was:—"I'm blest if I know!"

At that juncture, however, a jovial-looking individual, with a vast amount of gold lace and gilt buttons upon him, came bustling into the cabin, and his first words were:—"Well, my lads, it's a lucky thing for you that the look-out in our bows took a snooze last night instead of attending to his duty, or else we'd never have run upon your island; and if we hadn't, I guess that, ere this, you'd both of you have been in Davy Jones's locker. Aye, but we might all of us aboard this ship have gone there as well hadn't the island got almost as soft as a pumpkin pie before we struck it. As it is, we have started a plate or two in our bows, as the extent of our damage, which will doubtless be put right when we reach Buenos Ayres."

"What! are you really bound for Buenos Ayres?" I asked in great glee.

"Yes, we are, indeed, my boy. This is the mail packet, *Ocean Foam*, of the Port of New

York, and Buenos Ayres is our regular destination. But you speak as though you were glad of it. Why is that?"

Thereat I told him our tale, from first to last, and when he had heard it to the end, the hearty, genial sailor, who turned out to be the first mate of the splendid ocean steamer we were aboard of, said with a laugh:—

"Well, I guess it's a fortunate thing for you two lads that matters have turned out just as they have. You'll be with your father by this

time to-morrow morning, Master Teddy, and if you'll take an old sailor's advice you'll never again sign articles for a cruise aboard of a floating island."

We both of us declared that we never would, and the next morning we were duly transferred aboard of the *Miles Standish*, where we were received and welcomed by my dear old dad with as much joy and thankfulness as though we had been restored from the grave.



CUTTING DOWN THE LARGEST TREES IN THE WORLD. SCENE IN A REDWOOD FOREST, CALIFORNIA.



WHAT TO COLLECT.

YOUNG collectors and old alike are everlastingly puzzling over the persistent question, "What to Collect?" It is a problem that gets more and more puzzling every year, for countries and stamps are ever on the increase, and every increase adds to the perplexity of the collector. Here is a reader of *THE CAPTAIN* who wants to know "from a remunerative point of view, the best stamps to collect, early used Colonials, or last issue unused Queen's heads, or European?"

I must confess that I do not like to see the "remunerative point of view" put first in such a question. *THE CAPTAIN* is not a training ground for youthful dealers or speculators, nor am I inclined to do anything that will tend to make it so. Its object is to help the genuine collector, not the mere speculator. The collection of stamps may be allowed to swallow up a great deal of spare cash, and so far as I can help a collector to spend his money wisely I shall be content. But there is a mad rush just now for unused Queen's heads under the ludicrous impression that they are well worth buying in quantities as a speculation. The probability is that those who are childish enough to follow such advice will burn their fingers severely. There are, no doubt, a few Queen's heads that, in the distant future, may bring big prices, but there are much more likely to be blanks than prizes in such a game. The collector will do well to confine himself to judicious collecting, pure and simple, and take his chance of a stamp here and there being one of the few prizes.

The best stamps to collect are, undoubtedly, British Colonials. Foreign, as well as English collectors, endorse this opinion. For

those who have the time and knowledge, and plenty of money to spare, old issues are, of course, the best to collect, whether it be from the remunerative, or the collecting point of view. For those who have not a great deal of cash to spare, nor the necessary philatelic training to buy wisely, last issue Queen's heads are an interesting commencement, but they must not be collected under the impression that they are stepping-stones to philatelic fortune. If collected in complete sets it will probably be found that some one stamp in most sets will run short in the course of years and assure a good return on the investment. For instance, in the current set of Trinidad, the 5d., apparently discontinued, is now catalogued at 4s. 6d. From the long array of British Colonials the collector will have to make his choice of one group or another. The Australian section offers little temptation for the small collector. All the States of the Commonwealth have a long array of priceless stamps. The West Indian and African groups, on the contrary, include several compact little colonies with few issues. Amongst them may be named Gambia, Northern and Southern Nigeria, Gold Coast, Jamaica, Leeward Islands, and Cayman Islands; and of these, for choice, I should pick out Gambia, Northern Nigeria, and Southern Nigeria. Gibraltar, Malta, and Morocco agencies are also worth the attention of the small collector or beginner. Europeans are, of course, full of interest, but not from the "remunerative" point of view.

Notable New Issues.

THE new King's heads are coming in very slowly just now, indeed, some Colonies are surprisingly backward in the matter. Orange

River Colony and Canada were going to be competitors for the first issue of King's stamps, but neither now shows any sign of change. The United States has started its new series with a very effective 13 cents value, and the long-announced Bermuda new design has, at last, put in an appearance. We are promised a new French series. The current design has met with so much condemnation that it is to give place to an entirely new design adopted from the current half, one and two franc coins. This design represents a tall, handsome woman scattering seed in a ploughed field on which the sun is rising. This new series, it is said, will be on sale early in the present year. Makeshift issues continue to arrive from Australia, and more are on the way. Of those that are to come none are more remarkable than some Western Australian, in which the old postal name, "Western Australia," is to give place to "West Australia" in future issues. Once more I will emphasise my advice to readers of *THE CAPTAIN* to secure copies of these makeshift Australian issues at new issue rates as they come over.

Bermuda.—Here is an illustration of the long-talked-of 1d. in the new design. It is interesting in that it breaks away from the old commonplace Colonial type supplied by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. to the smaller Colonies. Whether it is to be the fore-runner of a new series or only a solitary issue remains to be seen.



Iceland.—A new departure is chronicled in some of the stamp papers for this Danish Colony. A series is said to have been issued with a portrait of the King of Denmark in military uniform.

Leeward Islands.—The King's head series has been completed by the issue of 2d., 3d., and 2s. 6d. values, unless, indeed, 4d. and 5d. values be added.

2d., purple and bistre.
3d., purple and black.
2s. 6d., green and black.

Mauritius.—This colony is always ringing the changes on its postal issues, in fact, it is fast becoming one of the worst offenders in this respect. It will soon take rank with the Central American States and North Borneo, and some day, unless it mends its

postal manners, sane collectors will cease to collect its rubbish. Of the arms type we



have the following additions. We illustrate the large type of the high values.

5c., purple, small size.
25c., green and red on green, small size,
1 rupee, black and red, large size,
2r. 50c., green and black on green, large size.
5 rupees, black and red on red, large size.

South Australia.—Another postal curiosity is to hand in an 8d. value of the same design as the 9d. chronicled and illustrated last month. Colour, blue; watermark, crown, S.A., and perf, 11½d. A 2s. 6d. value in the same design is also said to have been issued, but I have not yet seen a copy.



Straits Settlements.—Another value, a 5c., purple and violet, has been added to the King's heads in this postally erratic Colony.

Tasmania.—The 1d. pictorial is now printed in a pale red, perf, 12½, on paper, water-marked V, and crown sideways. It looks very much like a lithographed print.

United States.—We have the first of the new 1902 series, which we illustrate. It is certainly a very pretty and effective design. The portrait is that of President Harrison. On one side is the year of his birth, 1833, and on the other, 1901, the year of his death. Colour, sepia.



Another Lucky Find.

IN the Christmas Number of *THE CAPTAIN* I told the story of a lucky find of valuable old postage stamps, and now one of our

readers, Mr. T. F. Fyffe, Kirkwall, sends us a photo of a remarkable unused block of English stamps, which was found by his mother quite accidentally when looking over some old papers. The block forms the lower half (119 stamps) of a sheet of plate 1 of the 1d. black. It was wisely forwarded to Mr. Wm. Hadlow to sell by auction, and it was sold on the 10th November last for £112.

As every boy knows, the first penny English postage stamps were printed in black,

block, of course, the value is much enhanced. Still, most of us probably would be glad to be as fortunate in turning over old papers. I have to thank Mr. Hadlow, the auctioneer, for the illustration of the block referred to.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.I.L.—You will find the values of English stamps of 1840 and later years set out in full in Stanley Gibbons' catalogue. We cannot spare the space to reproduce the whole list here.

M. C. J.—The 1833 reissue of the first republic



and they were cancelled with red ink. But the authorities were soon convinced by numbers of successfully cleaned stamps that the colour must be changed; consequently, the black penny stamps gave way to the same design printed in red ink and cancelled with black ink.

£112 may seem a long price, but it was not by any means a reckless sum to pay for such a rarity, for the single stamp is catalogued at from 25s. to 40s. unused, and in a

type of the Transvaal is easily distinguished by its perforation, 12. With the exception of the Natal printing perf. 12 in 1874, no issue of the first republic was ever perforated. Separation was by rouletting.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

I have to thank the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Stanley Gibbons, Ltd.—Tasmania.

Whitfield King & Co.—Leeward Islands and Straits Settlements.

Ewen, Ltd.—Bermuda, Mauritius, South Australia, and United States.

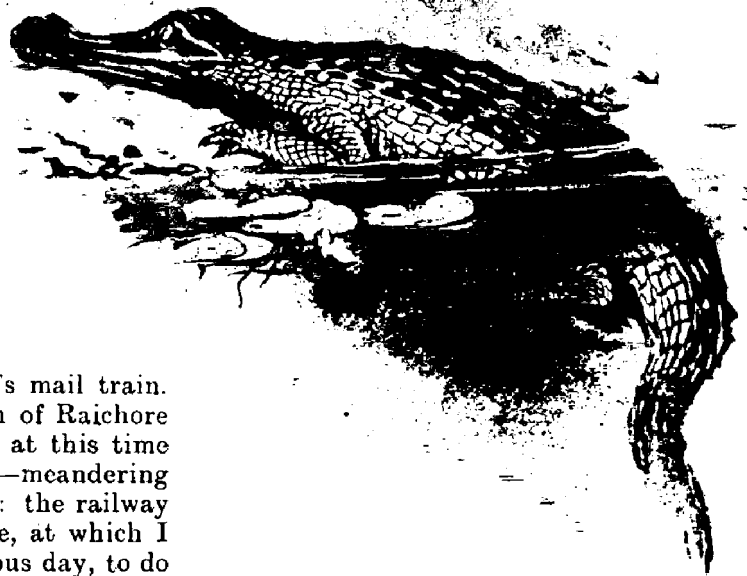
J. W. Jones & Co.—United States.

Charming A Crocodile.



BY H. HERVEY.

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGE SOPER



THE two railways connecting Madras and Bombay meet at Raichore Station, where I had arrived one morning — inspecting my telegraph line which ran alongside the iron road; and I intended returning to headquarters by that afternoon's mail train.

About twenty-five miles south of Raichore is the great river Toombuddra, at this time merely a collection of rivulets—meandering among boulders and sandbanks: the railway crosses it on an elaborate bridge, at which I had left a lineman on the previous day, to do something to my wires, which rested on wooden arms, fixed to the superstructure. During one of the long 'tween-train intervals, I walked on to the platform and found it totally deserted, save for two men—Europeans. One sat on a chair, smoking; the other lolled on a bench a little distance away, with a banjo-case at his side. As I proceeded towards the refreshment-room—on breakfast intent—the occupant of the chair jumped up and accosted me with a cheery “Good morning!”

“Good morning!” was my reply, as I took him in at a glance; a pleasant-looking fellow, somewhat my senior, well-knit, and his face reddened with sun-burn.

“My name is Luard,” said he; “on a shooting visit from home.”

“My name is Hervey; have you had any breakfast?”

“No; I believe my servants are somewhere preparing it; but the fiends take advantage

of my greenness and suit their own convenience.”

“Come along and join me, then; what's ordered for one generally suffices for two.”

He gratefully agreed; and when we had just seated ourselves, the banjo-man entered and took a chair some places down on the opposite side of the table. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance—that of a superior working-man—but he gave me the idea of being one who had seen the world and knew how to take care of himself.

“Gentlemen,” he said, addressing us off-handedly, “I think we may as well feed in company. My name is Strood; I'm on the mooch just now, looking for a job.”

“Do you know anything of him?” I asked Luard in an undertone.

“Only that he got out of my train yesterday, and has been hanging about the station

ever since. I have hardly exchanged two words with him."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the unceremonious entry of my lineman, he whom I had left at the Toombuddra, his face wearing an expression of fearful import.

"Well," I said, in vernacular, "why do you burst in like this? Have you completed the bridge-work?"

"Yes, sir, by sunset; and as I was going to the village for the night I met a crowd of people, who told me that a crocodile had seized a lad named Bussappah while bathing in the river, and dragged him to some rushes. They were going to the railway station to ask the station-master if he had a gun and would come and shoot it."

"And has the station-master a gun?"

"No, sir," responded the lineman contemptuously; "he is an old Brahmin, and knows nothing of firearms. Remembering your honour's love of sport, I started at two o'clock this morning to come and tell you."

I translated the lineman's communication to Luard. "Here's a new sensation for you; and me, too," I added. "I'm going; will you come?"

"By all means! I never dreamt of meeting with crocodiles."

"We'll start then as soon as I can get the P.W. inspector to lend us a trolley."

"That won't do," remarked the man Strood, gratuitously, for I had not as much as addressed or glanced at him.

"Why not?" I snapped, annoyed at his joining in the conversation.

"I know something of caymans and alligators, which are of the same family as crocodiles. I have lived in Florida and South America, where I gained my experience. When the sun rises they come out on to sandbanks and things to bask in the warmth; then is the time to get a shot down their throats, otherwise they are not to be vitally hit except in the eye, or the soft places under the forearms, and you don't often obtain a chance of either, however good your aim and nerve may be."

I knew from hearsay and reading, that he spoke the truth; so, deeming that he might prove useful in our coming expedition, I invited him to join us, and immediately set about arranging that we should leave by trolley at four the next morning. I ordered the lineman to return to Toombuddra by the afternoon mail to advise the villagers of our intended visit, and in the meantime on no account to disturb or scare away the gavial. I instructed my head servant to go with the

lineman, taking the necessary commissariat for the morrow, and sent a note to the P.W. inspector, asking for the trolley. All these matters seen to, we adjourned to the platform, and sat there talking.

"They say gavials are shy," I observed, "and unless angered or excited take alarm easily."

"Aye," said Strood, "and you'll find this one extra spry."

"Why?" enquired Luard.

"Because, from what Mr. Hervey's man says, there is only one crocodile in the case, and that, too, a man-eater; depend on it that he's an outcast from a community; probably a stray from the river Kistnah, from which—according to the railway map on the wall there—the Toombuddra issues some fifty miles to the east of this."

"We must decoy it then," I remarked.

"I remember," said Luard, "reading in one of Mayne Reid's books how a man lured a cayman from a river to a bathing-pool by pinching a dog's ears and making it sing out."

"We might try that. What say you, Mr. Strood?"

"No harm if we do; but I question whether it will answer."

We managed to get through the rest of the day by exploring the fort, with its antiquated cannon, one of which is nearly thirty feet long, and after an early dinner we turned in.

We were up betimes, and after swallowing some coffee, boarded the trolley, and shoved off. I carried my usual Martini, Luard a nondescript kind of a gun, and Strood shouldered his banjo-case.

"Halloa!" I laughed, "what's that for?"

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," he replied, grinning. "We may not get the crocodile after all; we shall be savage in consequence, so a song or two after lunch will quieten our ruffled spirits."

Leaving the trolley at Toombuddra Station, we started along the south bank for the scene of action. A quarter-mile walk brought us to the village, the entire population of which came forth to greet us. Singling out the headman, I ordered him to furnish a pariah dog, one warranted to yelp and whine without putting us to the necessity of pinching his ears. The dog—with owner—provided, we again set forward, and accompanied only by the headman and the dog-owner, finally halted at a spot where two natives, screened by some bushes, squatted on the bank, watching the river immediately

beneath, which here formed a large pool; the further margin was thick with tall rushes and shut in on all sides except where one of the many streamlets ran in at one end and out at the other.

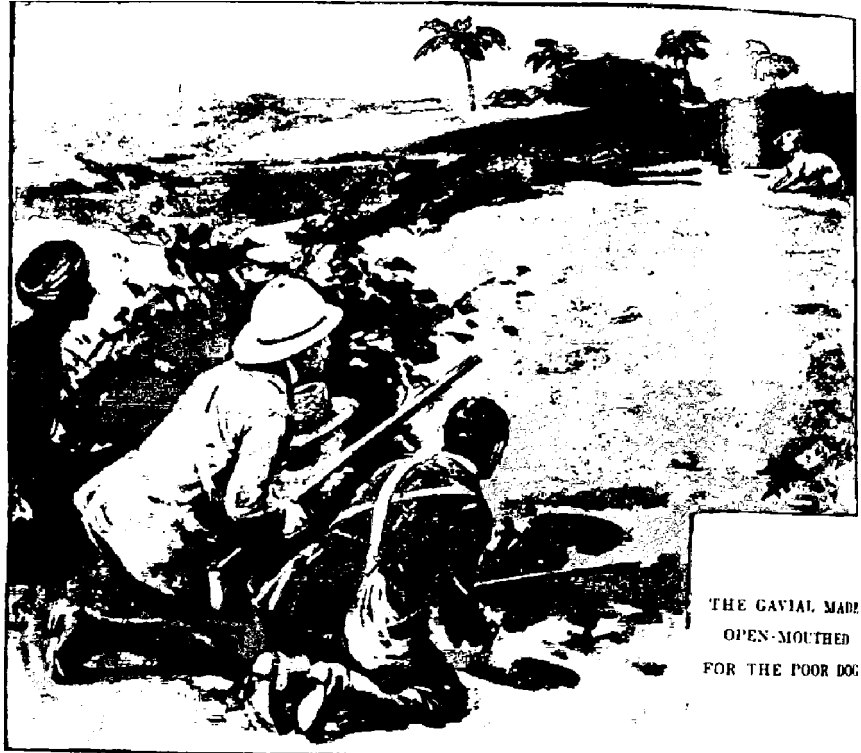
"They were bathing here, sir," whispered the headman, pointing through the bushes, "close to the bank; but Bussappah went out up to his neck in water. He had scarcely done so when he screamed, and disappeared; in a few seconds the bathers saw a crocodile rise to the surface with the boy's body in his mouth. It swam in among those rushes yonder, and we saw no more either of the boy or animal. The cries of the spectators brought all of us down here; we were powerless to attack the animal, but as it remained among the reeds I persuaded the men to throw stones and pieces of rock into the stream at both ends of the pool to prevent the crocodile from getting away by water."

"You think it is in the pool yet?"

"Must be, sir; it cannot swim out; and as we have watched the place day and night it could not have escaped by land without our knowledge."

"Evidently then it is still here," I said to Luard, after translating the gist of the headman's story.

All was silence; and, but for ourselves, with groups of villagers standing well back, the spot was deserted. The dog-man kept his beast quiet; no one spoke, and we could almost have heard a pin drop. We loaded our pieces, and all four crouched behind the undergrowth that extended to the very verge of the rugged bank. The sun rose, and in due course his rays glittered on the water; we kept our regards ranging over the pool, and for some time could mark nothing out of the ordinary. But—hist! what was that stir among the rushes opposite? We looked with all our eyes; the agitation continued, and lo! the hideous snout and head of a huge



THE GAVIAL MADE
OPEN-MOUTHED
FOR THE POOR DOG

gavial slowly appeared emerging from the sedges! The brute slipped noiselessly into the deeper water, and swam forward; it came within point-blank range, and it would probably have dragged itself on to the sandbank in the centre of the pool, there to gape, and thus allow of our firing down its thorax, had not Luard, in his excitement, started to his feet and shouted, "There it is!" at the top of his voice. The words were hardly uttered before the reptile dived, lashing the water into foam as it vanished from our sight.

"There!" I growled to Luard, in an angry whisper, "you've spoilt it!"

"I'm awfully sorry," he replied ruefully; "confound my tongue!"

"Never mind," I rejoined, mollified, "we must try the dog; it'll want some inducement to show itself now, I expect."

"Yes; you lost a chance there," put in Strood. "Now for the trump-card; let's see if the beast will rise to it."

"Headman," I muttered, turning to that individual, "tell the fellow to make his dog yelp."

The native simply tethered the pariah to a bush; he himself retreated behind another, and forthwith the animal set up a loud yapping for liberty.

Now, whether the saurian holds dog-meat

to be an especial dainty, I cannot say; but the outcome of that pariah's yowling was more than sensational; for while I, Luard, Strood, and the headman were steadily watching the reeds—among which we supposed the enemy lurked—while the dog proprietor still concealed himself behind his bush, there, almost within touch, appeared the monstrous lizard, stealthily ascending the bank! Up came the gruesome head, then the long, scaly body supported on the short, squabby legs; the sight so paralysing us that the headman promptly collapsed in silence, and we three stared through the foliage at the intruder, surprised out of all volition! Gaining the crest of the bank, and scrambling forward at a speed I had never given the species credit for, the gavial made open-mouthed for the poor dog, closed its jaws on him, tore asunder the rope tether, clumsily wheeled, slithered down the bank, plunged into the water, and dived. Shortly afterwards a stealthy agitation among the rushes told us that the reptile had retired thither.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated Strood; "why the dickens did neither of you shoot?"

"You'd have done so, no doubt," I retorted, nettled by his tone.

"Certainly, had I had a gun. But I mean no offence; perhaps you're both raw at this sort of thing. Why didn't you fire, though? You'll not get such a chance again."

I was too vexed with myself to reply; Luard spoke for me. "Fact is," said he, "we were both so taken aback that we must have lost our heads." He felt as I did, very, very cheap, and ashamed.

"Was that so? Now, what's the next move?"

"Wait till the beast shows again, I suppose."

"It won't do that without enticement of some special sort; it knows that we are round."

"Shall we try another dog?"

"You can, but I'm doubtful of the result. No; I imagine that we must appeal to another sense now."

"What other sense?" I enquired, mystified by the allusion.

"No matter just yet; send for another dog and try again."

The headman was instructed accordingly; he hied off, and presently returned with a puppy, which, when tied up, proved equally as noisy as his ill-fated predecessor. For an hour we watched; but the enemy made no sign, not a ripple on the water, not a stir

among the rushes. I lost patience, and asked Strood what we should do.

"Evidently the dog is out of it this time, eh?" he laughed. "Now I'll have *my* innings; but as I shall be running a risk, just keep your nerves strung and fire when the opportunity offers. Do you promise to shoot if I manage to get the catawampus to show its ugly mug again?"

"Faithfully," I said, answering for both. "But what's your plan?"

"Decoy it out with this," picking up his banjo-case.

"Nonsense! Where?" we exclaimed in a breath.

"You see those tufts of high grass on the sandbank in the pool? I'll caché behind them and give the brute a tune, which I think will fetch it along; that is, if the crocodile resembles the alligator in a love of music. I can jump the water between the sandbank and the lower end of the pool; the beast's in the reeds at the other, so will not sight me. As soon as you can shoot fair—whether it gapes or not—fire together, and hit the varmint, otherwise I shall be tree'd. I can cut back the way I go."

Before we could expostulate he took out his banjo, shouldered it, entered the thicket, and stealthily made off down-stream. Presently we saw him emerge far below; he descended the bank, came dodging and skulking amongst the boulders, arrived opposite the nearest point in the spit of sand, jumped the intervening water, and then, bending double, gained the grass tufts, behind which he seated himself.

Our hearts beat fast. Strood, relying on our coolness and presence of mind, had undoubtedly placed himself in a position of peril; and, query, when the crucial moment came, should we have our wits about us, lack of which we had just so woefully exemplified?

We looked to our pieces, and lay down side by side on our stomachs. The distance was not over fifty paces, for which we sighted, and then resumed our watch. We had dismissed the dog with his owner, and only the headman cowered by us. Again was the silence intense. In the meantime Strood screwed up his instrument, and in a few seconds a familiar old plantation melody fell on our ears, taking me, at least, back to childhood's days, to forms and scenes of long ago. Our eyes had involuntarily been fixed in a sort of fascination on the rash, but intrepid, player, when they ought to have been looking out for the saurian; but now Strood, suddenly changing into a quick, jerky break-

down, recalled us, as it were, to a sense of our duty; our glances wandered, and, with a simultaneous stifled ejaculation of alarm, we beheld the long snout of the crocodile showing above water close to the upper end of the sandbank. While we had been staring at Strood, the gavial, lured by the music, had left its hiding-place in the rushes, and



I SAW STROOD STUMBLE AND FALL FLAT ON HIS FACE.

had thus far approached the performer. Strood continued thrumming away. The reptile was evidently under the charm, and more of its infernal shape came into view; it touched bottom, and the entire head and shoulders were exposed; presently it raised itself, and gradually dragging its body on to the sandbank, lay there, facing towards Strood, there being not more than ten yards between them! Shall I ever forget those moments! Luard and I held our pieces at the aim, with finger on trigger, expecting the monster to gape. We had not long to wait; with a sort of loud "gluck" the jaws opened; we fired simultaneously, blindly; I had missed, for a Martini bullet at so short a range would certainly have penetrated. Luard had hit the gavial, but only to wound and arouse it to fury, for now, instead of taking to the water, it

emitted a hoarse, muffled bellowing, and made straight for the grass tufts over which Strood, clutching his banjo, looked on the advancing reptile!

"Shoot! Shoot!" he shouted.

With trembling fingers and a red mist obscuring my vision, I slapped in another cartridge, took wild aim, and fired. Again I missed! I glanced at Luard; he seemed paralysed, and with eyes starting from their sockets was gazing in horrified fascination on the awful scene. I reloaded and scrambled down the thicket-encumbered bank with a view to getting even closer. In the meanwhile the gavial had neared the grass tufts; it saw Strood; man and reptile confronted each other with scarcely two yards between them! The crocodile made for the right, Strood dodged to the left; these movements had been repeated several times when the saurian, not to be balked any longer, dashed through the grass tufts. I looked to see poor Strood seized in the gaping jaws; but no, he turned and fled, with the lizard scuttling after him. I knew that he could outdistance it; I had no doubt of his getting clear. I was preparing to take a deliberate shot at the beast when, to my horror, I saw Strood stumble and fall flat on his face! The reptile would overhaul him in a second. . . .

Steadying myself, I fired; this time I hit.

the gavial momentarily slackened, as if stunned; then, manifestly believing that the blow came from its quarry, it again darted forward with a bellow of rage. The pause, however, had given Strood his chance; picking himself up, still clinging to his banjo, he ran for the sandbank end; the crocodile rushed in pursuit, but too late, for the man, throwing all his nerve into his legs, sprang across the intervening water and tore madly up the bank into safety!

"Hurrah!" I shouted in my exultation, imprudently exposing myself to the view of the baffled lizard, which, on sighting me, plunged into the water and swam with lightning speed to where I stood. Strange to say I did not feel alarmed; Strood, the chief cause of my anxiety, was out of danger; the gavial was approaching me end on; its movement in the water was steady; I could send a bullet into one of its eyes as it neared me. I proceeded to reload, but imagine my state of mind when, on feeling for my bandolier, I found it not; *I had left it on the bank above!* There was no retreat; the monster was within three yards. If I had turned to fly, the steep bank, the thicket and brambles would have impeded me. I had already seen how actively the reptile could climb that bank; it would overtake me before I had got half-way up. I was in despair! Clubbing my rifle, I awaited the lizard's onset. It touched ground. Its hideous eyes seemed to leer at me. Its hoarse breathing sounded like a death-knell in my ears. I gave myself up for lost, and my fingers instinctively closed on my rifle-barrel preparatory to a futile effort towards self-defence, when a sharp report above me, the "whEEP" of a leaden messenger, and a terrible lashing about on the part of the saurian,

told me that one bullet had at last found a billet in the brute, and that I was saved!

"By Jingo! You've done it this time!" I heard Strood's voice shouting. "Wait till it kicks the bucket; it won't sink, and we'll haul the thing ashore."

He was right. In a few minutes the gavial ceased its motions and floated side upwards—dead!

Then ensued a tremendous "hoo-roosh." The villagers, many of whom had been hidden spectators, rushed down the bank with ropes and poles, the crocodile was secured, and, amid an immense amount of jubilation, the ugly carcass was dragged high and dry on to the river bank.

So far, good. But was this the identical reptile that had killed the villager? I interrogated the natives, but no one could vouch for the fact.

"Tell you what," observed Strood, "most natives wear ornaments—cut the brute open and have a hunt. If there's ornaments inside he's the beggar we came after."

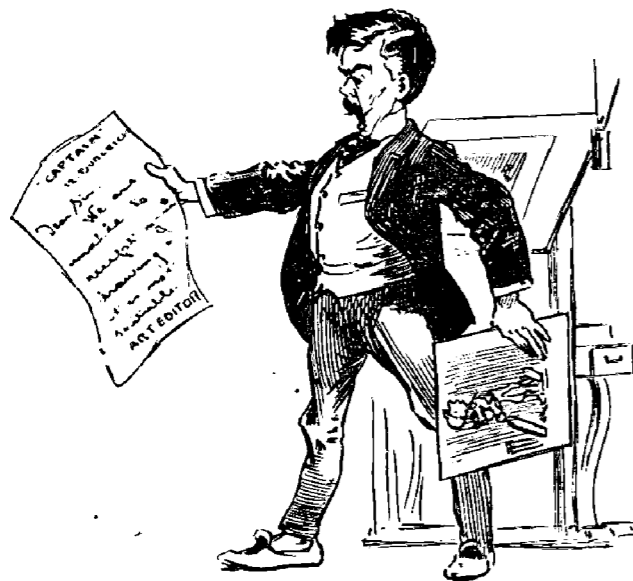
We set the villagers on the nauseous job of cutting open the crocodile, and the measure resulted in our finding a pair of diamond earrings—with other ornaments of less value—embedded in the stomach, proving that this particular gavial was no novice in the art of man-eating.

The common ornaments we handed to the villagers; but in recognition of his pluck and the aid he had afforded us, we made over the diamond earrings to Strood, who was mightily pleased with them.

Needless to say, the bond of union between us three, initiated by that morning's adventure, has held us kin ever since.



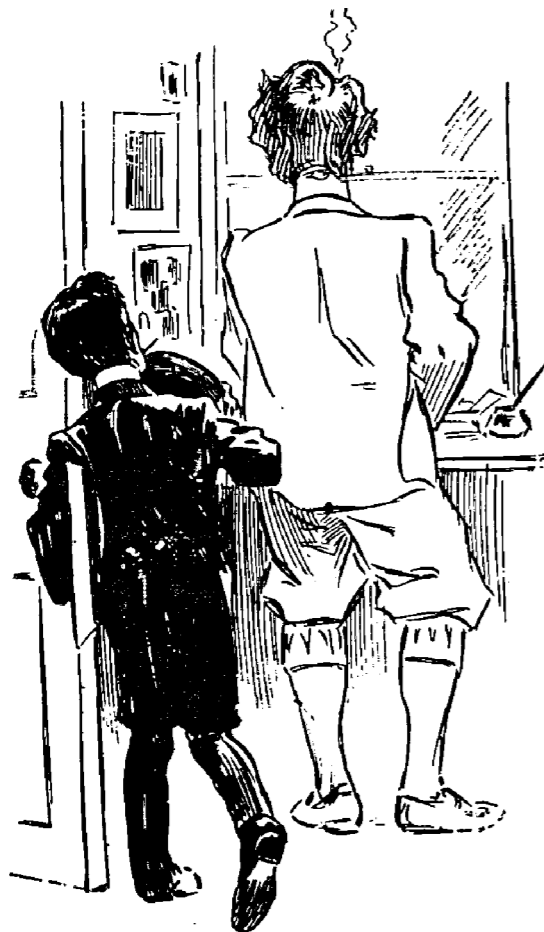
THE ARTIST AND THE ART EDITOR.



"What I refused my work insulting, I call it."



"Who is this Art Editor? I'll teach him!"



(Aside.) "By Jove! Biggish chap."
(Aloud or fairly so.) "Beg pardon, but do I speak to the A-a-rt Editor?"



Art Editor. "Yes; what do you want?"
From down the stairs—"Oh, no-no-thing, nothing really!"

(Drawn by Harry Rountree.)



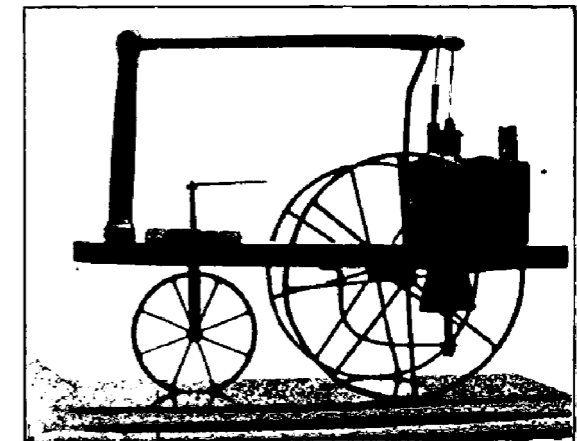
POPULAR prejudice classes the model locomotive with the walking doll, the clockwork pony carriage, and mechanical toys generally. As an outcome of this generalisation, the professed model maker is apt to receive scant encouragement from his relations and friends. If he happens to be youthful, he is told that it is high time to give up playing with toys. If he be old, his hobby is regarded as the ebullition of a second childhood and treated with good-natured contempt. Yet, on this particular point, popular prejudice is entirely erroneous; for model makers are, and always have been, a power to be reckoned with.

At a very early stage in the history of mechanical engineering, models proved themselves of great practical use. The very first locomotive made in England was a model—a quaint little structure some 14 inches in height by 19 inches long, with a simple expansion cylinder and a vibrating beam. It was invented and built by William Murdock, the well-known assistant to James Watt, in the year 1784. And from this date onward, models have continued to play a recognised and important part in locomotive engineering. They have forestalled its triumphs, perpetuated its achievements, and made plain the reason for many of its failures.

It was at Redruth, in Cornwall, that Murdock conceived the idea of his tiny locomotive. He was engaged in erecting pumping engines for Messrs. Boulton and Watt, and

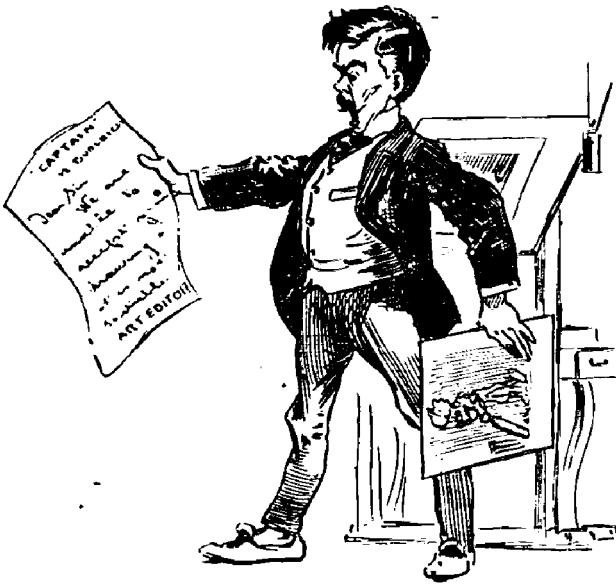
he set about building his model in his spare time, when the day's work was over. His efforts were crowned with success. In August, 1786, the firm's local agent wrote to Boulton and Watt, saying: "William Murdock desires me to inform you that he has made a small engine of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch stroke, that he has applied to a small carriage, which answers admirably."

Naturally, the youthful inventor of this new method of locomotion took a keen pleasure in testing the merits and powers of his tiny engine. His experiments led to at least one laughable incident, which Dr. Smiles, in his "Men of Invention and Industry," recounts in the following words: "One night-

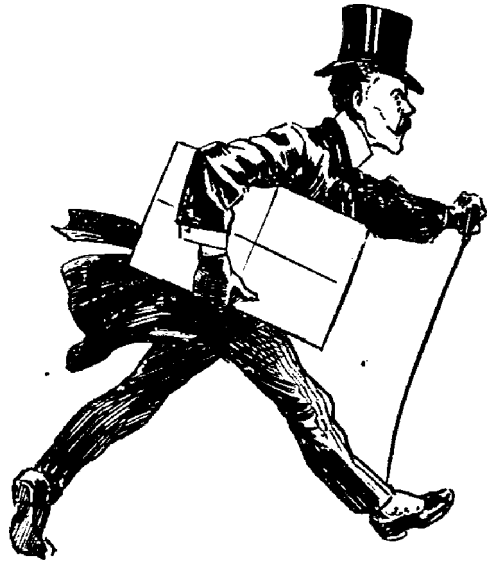


THE FIRST MODEL LOCOMOTIVE EVER MADE.
William Murdock's model, built at Redruth in 1784.

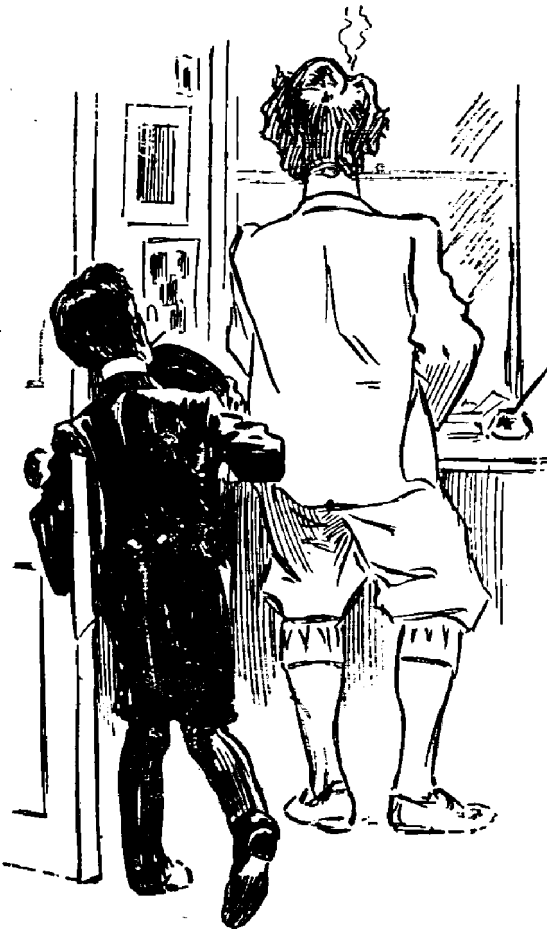
THE ARTIST AND THE ART EDITOR.



"What! refused my work—insulting, I call it."



"Who is this Art Editor? I'll teach him!"



(Aside.) "By Jove! Biggish chap."
(Aloud or fairly so.) "Beg pardon, but do I speak
to the A-a-rt Editor?"



Art Editor. "Yes, what do you want?"
From down the stairs—"Oh, no-no-thing, nothing
really!"

(Drawn by Harry Rountree.)



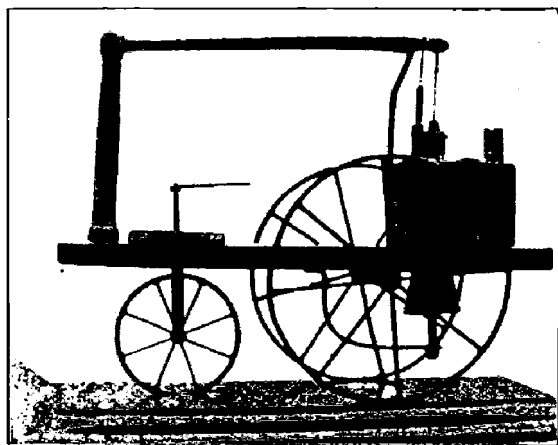
POPULAR prejudice classes the model locomotive with the walking doll, the clockwork pony carriage, and mechanical toys generally. As an outcome of this generalisation, the professed model maker is apt to receive scant encouragement from his relations and friends. If he happens to be youthful, he is told that it is high time to give up playing with toys. If he be old, his hobby is regarded as the ebullition of a second childhood and treated with good-natured contempt. Yet, on this particular point, popular prejudice is entirely erroneous; for model makers are, and always have been, a power to be reckoned with.

At a very early stage in the history of mechanical engineering, models proved themselves of great practical use. The very first locomotive made in England was a model—a quaint little structure some 14 inches in height by 19 inches long, with a simple expansion cylinder and a vibrating beam. It was invented and built by William Murdock, the well-known assistant to James Watt, in the year 1784. And from this date onward, models have continued to play a recognised and important part in locomotive engineering. They have forestalled its triumphs, perpetuated its achievements, and made plain the reason for many of its failures.

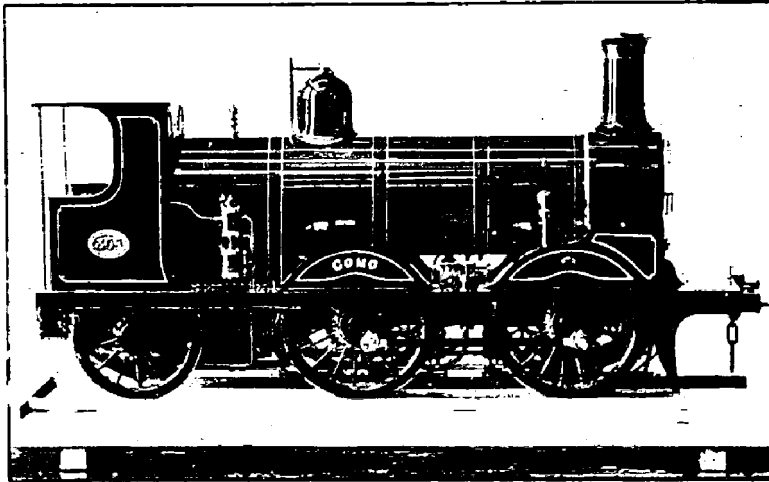
It was at Redruth, in Cornwall, that Murdock conceived the idea of his tiny locomotive. He was engaged in erecting pumping engines for Messrs. Boulton and Watt, and

he set about building his model in his spare time, when the day's work was over. His efforts were crowned with success. In August, 1786, the firm's local agent wrote to Boulton and Watt, saying: "William Murdock desires me to inform you that he has made a small engine of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch stroke, that he has applied to a small carriage, which answers admirably."

Naturally, the youthful inventor of this new method of locomotion took a keen pleasure in testing the merits and powers of his tiny engine. His experiments led to at least one laughable incident, which Dr. Smiles, in his "Men of Invention and Industry," recounts in the following words: "One night-



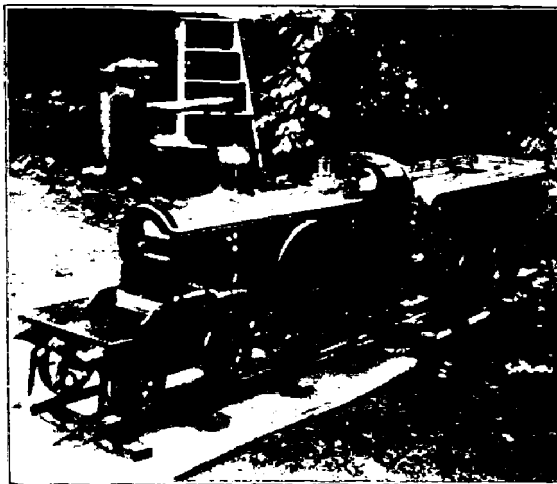
THE FIRST MODEL LOCOMOTIVE EVER MADE.
William Murdock's model, built at Redruth in 1784.



THE 1/11. SCALE MODEL OF THE L.B. AND S.C. ENGINE "COMO."
Built by Dr. J. Bradbury Winter, of Brighton. This is said to be the finest model locomotive yet made, and represents the work of thirteen years.

From a photo.

after returning from his duties at the mine at Redruth, Murdock went over with his model locomotive to the avenue leading to the church, about a mile from the town. Having lit the lamp, the water soon boiled,



A MODEL BUILT TO RESEMBLE A G.N. RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE WITH INSIDE CYLINDERS.
Actual length, 6 feet.

and off started the engine, with the inventor after it. Shortly after, he heard distant shouts of terror. It was too dark to perceive objects, but he found on following up the machine that the cries had proceeded from the worthy vicar, who while going along the walk had met the hissing and fiery little monster, which he declared he took to be the Evil One in propria persona."

Murdock never perfected his investigations, although there is evidence to show that

he constructed three locomotives—the last of considerable size. In deference to the opinions of James Watt, who feared that the young man's experiments might hinder his regular duties, he ultimately abandoned his researches in this direction, and left the problem of mechanical locomotion to be worked out by others. The fact remains, however, that his model was the first steam locomotive of any kind to be built in England.

Murdock's original model remained in the possession of the inventor's family until 1883, in which year it was purchased by the engineering firm of Tangye Limited, by whose kindness we are able to

reproduce a photograph of the unique little engine.

Since 1898, the model builders of the British Islands have formed themselves into a brotherhood. The Society of Model Engineers numbers some six hundred members, and in addition to its headquarters in London, has active branches in Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cork, Dublin, and many other towns. It holds periodical meetings in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, where its members gather to discuss subjects of general interest, to exhibit and work their models, and to listen to the reading of technical papers.

Many of the society's members are enthusiastic builders of model locomotives, and much of the work done by them is of the highest standard of excellence. For instance, a 1-inch scale representative of the London, Brighton, and South Coast engine "Como," built by Dr. Bradbury Winter, of Brighton, is



A 2/1. SCALE MODEL OF A L. AND S.C. RAILWAY COUPLED LOCOMOTIVE, 1 FT. RULE STANDING ON END: 2 FT. RULE IN FRONT.

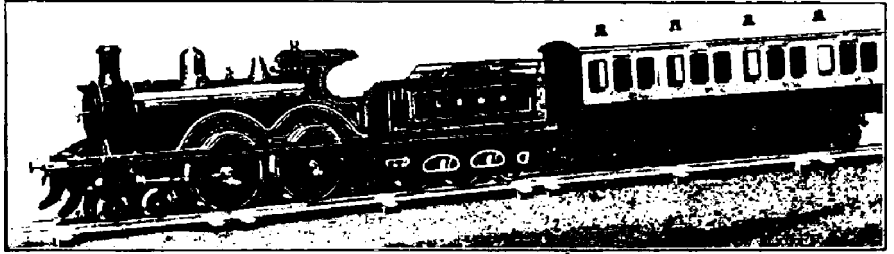
said to be the finest model locomotive yet made. The engine is complete to the minutest detail, and represents the work of thirteen years, it having taken from 1884 to 1897 to build. Its construction involved an almost incredible amount of labour. Dr. Winter cut the six wheels out of a solid sheet of Bessemer steel, and in doing so was at the necessity of drilling no less than 4,200 holes. The making of these wheels occupied 500 hours, or a period equal to more than 60 working days. The cover of the steam dome was turned out of a solid piece of metal, and some idea of

the delicacy of the operation may be gathered from the fact that the dome is only one ninety-sixth part of an inch in thickness.

Genuine scale models of this kind are extremely valuable, and if offered for sale command prices ranging between fifty and a thousand or more pounds, according to individual merit. Yet, owing to the delicate complication of their mechanisms, they are unsuitable for constant use as working models, as the continual wear and tear of steam and fire would soon destroy their beauty and value.

For this reason amateur model makers usually content themselves with the manufacture of engines, which, to outward appearance, resemble some well-known locomotive type, but whose working parts are designed with a simplicity adapted to their small size. In this way, a material saving

both in time and money is effected. Some model makers, whose pockets are not very long, make their engines with the rudest tools, using up all kinds of odd materials, such as scrap metal and preserved meat tins. Despite their humble origin, many of these model



L. AND S.W. RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE AND FIRST-CLASS COACH.

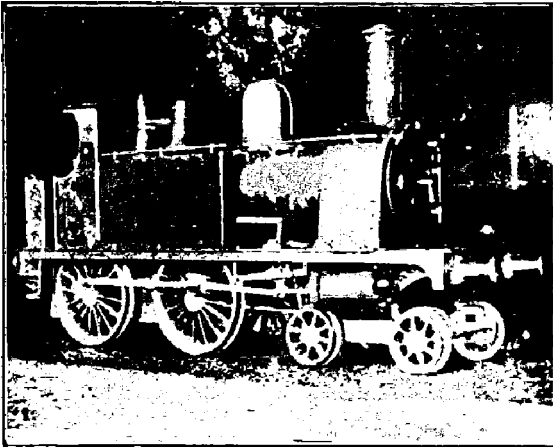
locomotives are remarkably successful. Some will run for a mile or more without stopping—a prodigious feat for an engine only a foot or so in length—while others have covered as much as 1,000 miles in their time, and seem capable of doubling the record.

Mr. W. J. Bassett-Lowke, of Northampton—to whom, by the way, we are indebted for many of the interesting photographs illustrating this article—is an authority in the matter of diminutive engines. He it was who first conceived the idea of manufacturing inexpensive working models of the locomotives and rolling stock of English railways. The chief point about the models made from the Bassett-Lowke designs is that, although they are not scale models in the strict sense of the word, they have all the appearance of being so. This, of course, adds greatly to their interest and value, and they have been found ex-



MODEL OF L. AND N.W. RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE AND COACHES; MIDLAND RAILWAY COACH; G.N. RAILWAY WAGON; SIGNALS, BRIDGE, ETC., ON A TABLE.

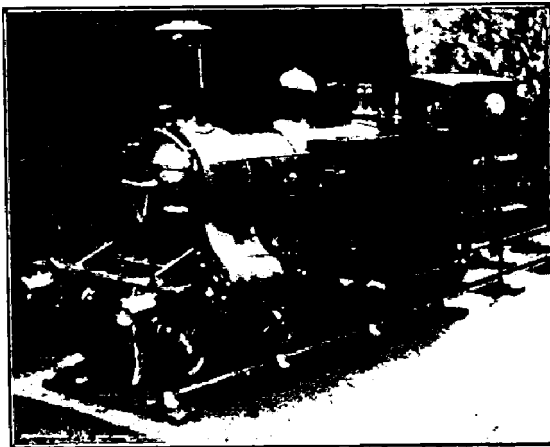
The Tea-cup is to show the comparative size.



DISTRICT RAILWAY ENGINE. 1IN. CYLINDERS;
4IN. FLY-WHEELS.

tremely useful for all manner of instructional purposes.

It would be difficult to overrate the educational value of model locomotives. Merely to handle and work them supplies a basis of practical knowledge far in excess of that which could be gained from a similar period of time spent in the study of theories. For, the essentials of a machine, or the practical workings of a mechanical combination, are



A 1 1/2 IN. SCALE NORTH LONDON RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

much more easily grasped from a model than from a multitude of working drawings. Some of our railway companies are fully alive to this fact, and make use of models for the purpose of instructing their drivers and firemen in the mechanism of the locomotive. In the case of the Great Eastern Railway, for instance, a model representing approximately the motion of a locomotive is kept at every principal depôt.

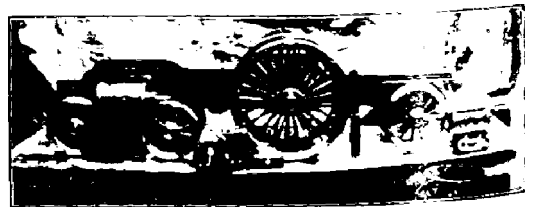
As to the historic value of models there can be no question. From them we may learn at

a glance the points of difference between this type of locomotive and that, between Stephenson's "Puffing Billy" and the brand new locomotive of to-day, glowing with varnish and polished steel. We may follow step by step the progress of the long line of inventors who have made the locomotive what it is. We may realise the reason for each improvement and the manner of its discovery and introduction. Those who have examined the fascinating collection of model locomotives in the Mechanical Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, cannot fail to appreciate their historic significance and their inestimable value to the student or the would-be inventor.

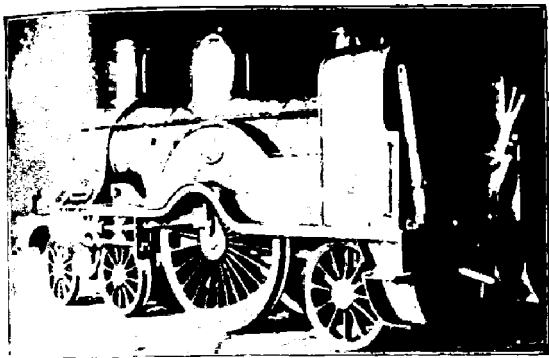


THE SAME LOCOMOTIVE (N.L.) PLACED ON ITS SIDE TO SHOW WORKING PARTS.

Having regard to the many clever inventions which have been introduced by amateur model makers, the miniature workshop would seem to possess a value even greater than the student's desk. Indeed, many practical engineers strongly advise their pupils to devote at least a portion of their leisure to model-making. In the making of a model, it is obvious that the pupil covers far more ground than when engaged in large and heavy work, of which only a small part comes under his immediate notice. Emphasising the educational value of models from this point of view, Mr. Percival Marshall writes: "The average student would learn more about the construction and working of, say, a horizontal engine by making a complete model himself



A 2 IN. SCALE MODEL OF G.N.R. ENGINE.
Outside cylinders. 8ft. 1in. driving wheels. Also L. and S.W. Railway cylinders and barrels for boilers.



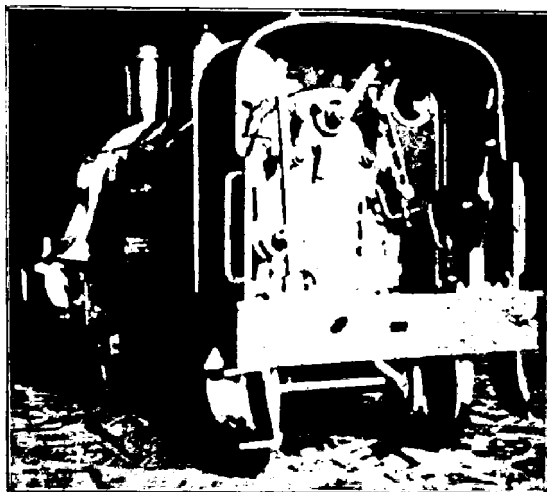
A 1/2 IN. APPROXIMATE SCALE MODEL OF THE G.N.R. LOCOMOTIVE 776.

Northern Railway express and tender, built to the scale of 3 inches to the foot."

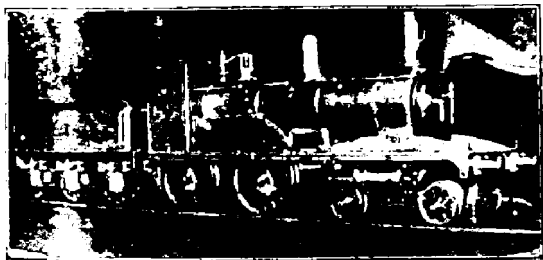
But models are not only useful in practical education and for demonstrating the application of an invention. They have more than once obtained promotion for their builders by the ocular demonstration of ability which they supplied. An interesting case in point is that of a native boy who wished to get into the works of the Burma Railway Company. With this object in view, he set about constructing a model portable engine. His

than by making one or two parts only of a large engine; and, moreover, would take a far greater interest in doing something which would be entirely his own work when finished.

... A model of such a size (1 inch to a foot) would call for more delicate and accurate workmanship than a larger engine, which is an advantage in the right direction, and at the same time it would not be so fatiguing to the student as the heavier work. An interesting example of model-making has recently been completed in the workshops of the Regent-street Polytechnic School of Engineering, this being a model of a Great

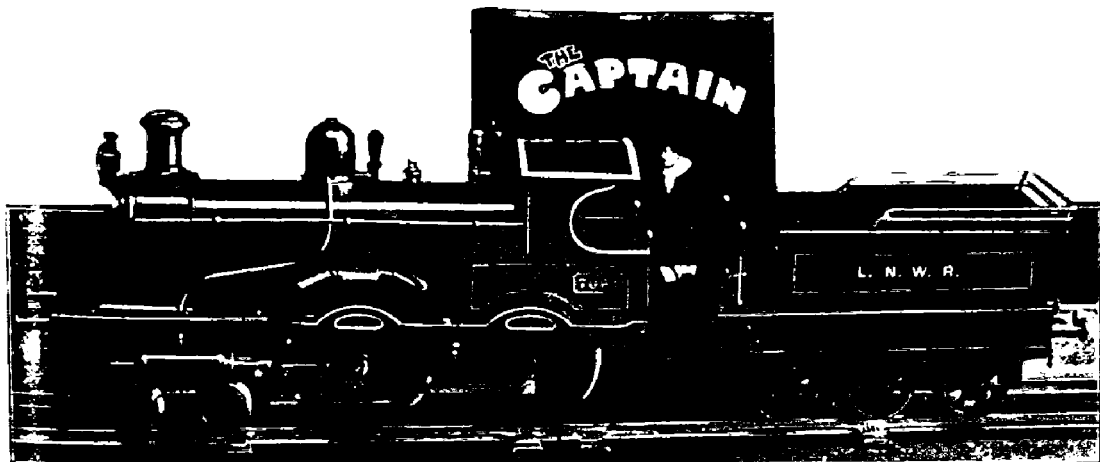


ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SAME MODEL. SHOWING FOOT PLATE AND FITTINGS INSIDE CAB.



A 1/2 IN. APPROXIMATE SCALE L. AND S.W. RAILWAY COUPLED LOCOMOTIVE. OUTSIDE CYLINDERS.

tools were home made, and his materials consisted in odds and ends of scrap metal picked up in the erecting shops. Yet with these simple materials the lad managed to build a successful and well-proportioned working model, which—when shown to Mr. C. E. Cardew, the company's locomotive superintendent—secured for him the post he coveted.



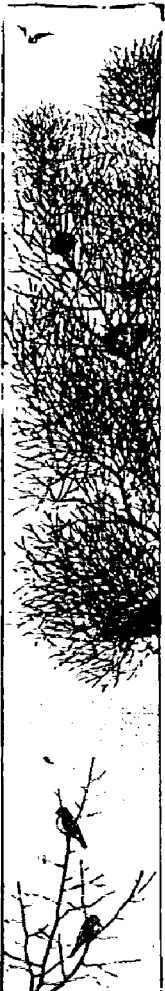
The photos illustrating this article are published by kind permission of Messrs. Bassett-Lowke, The Clyde Model Dockyard, Messrs. W. Macmillan and Co., and the Author.

GOOD OLD MARSTON!

. . . A SCHOOL STORY . . .

By the Rev. PETER HIGGINS.


I.



JIMMY BANKS slowly—but, as it seemed to him, all too surely—ascended the college staircase. Usually, Jimmy took the stairs two at a time, but on the present occasion he was in no hurry. He was in a bad temper, was Jimmy. He had been sent out of class by his form-master, Mr. Marston, and was on his way (with a note) to the Prefect of Discipline. Corporal punishment, in the College of St. Aelric's, was not yet a thing of the prehistoric past, and the present Prefect, Mr. Samuel Wilkins ("Old Flops"), was a highly conscientious and hard-working official. No wonder, then, that Jimmy was in a bad humour. And no wonder he didn't hurry upstairs.

On the present occasion—for there had been others, dear reader, many others—Jimmy fancied he had special cause for feeling put out. He "hadn't done anything." He hadn't talked, smoked, used a crib, or even forgotten to do his lesson. True, his master had for some time past declared himself "not at all satisfied with Banks's home work," but Jimmy felt he could safely say that his work for to-day had been no worse than that for yesterday or the day before. He had made only ten mistakes in to-day's Latin exercise, whereas he had totalled eleven in yesterday's. Some people were hard to please. And why should he be punished to-day if not yesterday?

Arriving at the second landing, Jimmy walked slowly to the door of the Prefect's room, and gave a hesitating knock. No answer. He knocked again, and listened. Again no answer. Bending his head quite close to the door, Jimmy knocked more loudly, and then listened intently. This



time he fancied a voice cried "Come in," and so, turning the knob, he pushed open the door. A great gust of wind blowing in his face told him that the window must be open, and in all probability, therefore, the Prefect would be out. Catch "Old Flops" sitting in his room with the window open! A feeling of inexpressible relief came over Jimmy when, on looking round the room, he found his hopes realised. The Prefect was out! Hooray!

In the first shock of delight and surprise Jimmy had let go the door, which accordingly shut to with a bang. Many open books and loose papers lay on the table. The floor also was strewn with papers, blown off the table, doubtless, when Jimmy had opened the door. Some, carried by the draught, lay even at his feet. Being now in a more amiable mood, he stooped down to pick the papers up. Just as he laid the last one carefully on the table, and was preparing to weight it down with one of the books, a well-known pair of initials caught his eye. Mr. Samuel Wilkins prided himself, and with justice, upon the legibility of his hand-writing. His initials, S. W., were of the same clear outlines as the Roman capitals of ordinary print. Now, Jimmy could print very neatly, and at sight of "Old Flops'" initials he was struck by a brilliant idea. Why not sign the note he carried, and return to class as if the Prefect had "interviewed" him? What a lark! There lay Mr. Wilkins' fountain pen, ready to his hand. Almost without thinking he seized hold of it, and took the note out of his pocket. Then a second idea struck him, and he paused.

He might be found out. Then, wouldn't he catch it hot! Besides, what would old

Marston say? Jimmy, in his heart of hearts, knew him for a "decent sort." He would be sure to pull a long face, and preach about honour and straightforwardness and all that kind of thing. He would say he was "pained," and Jimmy knew that would make him feel mean. But then, he shouldn't have sent him up to-day. He had only made three blots, he remembered, whilst his usual average was five. Anyhow, it was only a lark after all. He would never be found out. And he really would show Marston that he could work after this. At least, there was no harm in trying, just to see if those initials could be imitated at all. Before he realised it, the thing was done, and a very passable forgery lay before his eyes. S. W. in the well-known style, written in the pale fountain-pen ink, with the careful stop after each letter, stood at the bottom of old Marston's note.

Once the deed was done, Jimmy was troubled by few misgivings. He would have to go back to class, and pretend he had been badly hurt. There must be nothing to arouse either Marston's or Wilkins' suspicions. He would, therefore, scatter the papers again, so that the Prefect might not know anyone had entered the room during his absence. Then he would go downstairs, and present the signed note. Would it pass? He took it out of his pocket, and examined the signature once more. Yes, it would pass, he felt sure. It was really very neatly done. Marston would glance at it, throw it into the fire, and Jimmy would have saved himself from—

What was that? Thump! thump! thump! Was it a knock? No, it was only a sound of footsteps on the stairs. "Old Flops" was coming! What should he do? He daren't show the note: "Flops" would at once see through his little scheme. What, what then—Jimmy's mind became a blank. His heart stopped beating. Somebody was coming, steadily, slowly, towards the Prefect's room. There, the footsteps came nearer and nearer. The note dropped from Jimmy's nerveless hand. He stood, gazing, staring at the door, expecting it to swing slowly open. Then, oh blessed relief! The footsteps went past the door along the gallery. It was a false alarm. Jimmy might have known. It was only old "Stinks," the Science Master, going to his room next door. No one need be afraid of *him*.

In the reaction that followed his fright Jimmy felt almost gay. Everything now seemed easy. Picking up the note, he lost no time in getting out of the Prefect's room, and ran quickly downstairs. A few steps along

the corridor brought him to his own classroom. At the door he halted, and drew in a long breath. By holding his breath till he was almost suffocated he managed to give his complexion the reddish tinge, which, comforting companions had told him, it generally assumed after an official visit to the Prefect. Then, contracting his features into a heavy frown, and holding his hands as though they were too heavy for him, he opened the door of the class-room and sidled in. All looked up, and a dead silence ensued:

II.

THE Master's desk stood on the opposite side of the room, near a window. Jimmy, having closed the door, was proceeding, head down, in that direction, when he found that the way was blocked by Marston's burly form. Marston was of an athletic build: he had rowed No. 6 in his College boat; and his huge shoulders shut Jimmy off from all that corner of the room where the master ordinarily sat. At the same time Jimmy, though he did not look up, soon perceived that Marston was making quiet signals to him to deliver up the note. This Jimmy did, and then timidly slunk off to his own place.

The note had passed so quietly that scarcely any of the students, except those near the door, had noticed its transit; and Jimmy could not help wondering, as he went to his desk, why Marston had acted so strangely. In his surprise, he almost forgot the little pantomime he had intended to play. Recollecting himself, however, he was mustering up his imitation blush, and contracting his face into an expression of pain, when out of the corner of his eye he saw something that put all notion of pretence clean out of his head, and brought a rush of blood—a real blush this time—to his face and neck. The Headmaster was paying one of his periodic visits, and was sitting at Marston's desk!

The Headmaster of St. Aelric's was one of those remarkable men who exercise a commanding influence upon all their surroundings. A famous scholar, he was yet more distinguished among those who knew him by the force and nobility of his character. Tall of stature, and of dignified bearing, with the bent shoulders of a student, and the keen features of an ascetic, he looked what in truth he surely was, the perfect type of a Christian gentleman. All his scholars loved and yet feared him.

It was impossible not to reverence one whose life was so evidently the embodiment of the highest principles, whose aims comprised so little of self, whose actions were transparently honest, upright, and sincere. In whatever walk of life he had chosen he could not have failed to gain distinction: as a schoolmaster he was already well-known throughout the school world.

An habitual gentleness, joined with an old-fashioned courtesy, made the real strength of his character all the more impressive: people felt that here was one whose



JIMMY DELIVERED THE NOTE AND TIMIDLY SLUNK OFF TO HIS OWN PLACE.

lightest rebuke would fall like a stunning blow. And, as his scholars well knew, nothing roused him so much as deceit. The entire openness of his character was to be seen in the clear, earnest gaze wherewith he regarded everyone; and few were the boys who could meet his look steadily. As Jimmy took his place, he felt that the Headmaster had his eyes upon him, but he dared not look up. After a few moments, Dr. Armstrong turned his head in another direction, and Jimmy heaved a deep sigh of relief.

He now understood clearly the reason of Marston's hitherto inexplicable behaviour. Had the note been delivered openly, Dr. Armstrong would know he had just returned from the Prefect's room. An inquiry would follow, the slovenly Latin exercises would have to be produced, and Jimmy, who was naturally shy, would endure agonies. Next to deceit, Armstrong detested slovenliness; an unclean exercise-book sometimes roused him to anger: he would be sure to censure Jimmy almost harshly before the whole class. This was the fate from which Marston's thoughtfulness had saved him. Of course, the Headmaster would learn later, from the official report, that Jimmy had been punished, but that would be quite a different affair. It was the fear of being confronted with the Headmaster, of meeting his look, and listening to his reproaches, that made the boy thankful for his escape. And gratitude for his escape naturally led Jimmy to a feeling of something like gratitude towards his deliverer. He had always respected Marston: he now felt that the latter had done him a really good turn. He was a brick, there was no doubt about that. But then—the sickening suspicion crossed his mind—would he have acted thus had he known the real state of affairs? No doubt Marston had judged, and rightly, that, after seeing the Prefect, Jimmy's punishment had been sufficient. This was why he had taken measures to save him from the further pain of a public exposure. But it might all have gone very differently if Marston had known the initials had been forged. Jimmy shuddered and turned pale.

In the meantime, whilst these thoughts were flashing through Jimmy's now excited brain, Dr. Armstrong continued the work of examining the class. Concerning certain of the boys he made special inquiries, at the same time asking to be shown some of their written work. Jimmy was thus left

free for a time to pursue his own thoughts. He was at a loss how exactly he ought to behave, for, if he showed signs of physical uneasiness, Dr. Armstrong might guess its cause. On the other hand, if he appeared entirely at his ease, Marston would know he had not been punished. In this awkward dilemma Jimmy decided to "lie low." He bent his head deeply over his book, and composed his countenance to a stolid sort of expression, of which the prevailing tint, so to speak, was one of subdued melancholy. Marston, when not engaged in answering the Headmaster's inquiries, stood with his back to the desk, gazing absently out of the window. As he stood in this attitude, Jimmy saw by a stealthy glance that he still held the note in his hands, and was, in fact, twisting and folding it mechanically between his fingers. The sight filled Jimmy with considerable alarm. What if Marston were to examine the note, and to discover the forgery there and then? He would denounce him at once. But, no, the prospect was too dreadful. Armstrong's anger when confronted with so flagrant a breach of honour would be something too terrible. Exposure would infallibly mean a flogging first, and then an ignominious and public expulsion. Armstrong would "make an example of him."

But here, again, Jimmy's confidence returned. The job had been too neatly done for the fraud to be readily detected. Jimmy, you see, was not without a little touch of the artist's vanity. Besides, Marston might never look at the note. Even now, perhaps, he had grown tired of folding it, and was tearing it into little bits. The temptation to steal another glance, and see if it were so, proved entirely irresistible. Jimmy looked up once more, and saw something that realised all his worst apprehensions. Marston was reading the note.

All his old fears invaded Jimmy's mind with a sweeping rush, as of many waters. Yes, Marston was examining the note—quietly, carelessly, but none the less thoroughly. Jimmy anxiously watched his face for some sign of his inward thoughts, but all in vain. Marston was not one to betray himself by look or gesture. But another face grew upon Jimmy's vision, and attracted his attention, not by its impassive calm, but by the very violence of the emotions it expressed. Simpson, who sat in the front row of desks, and had, like Jimmy, been watching Marston, now turned round to see the effect of the sight upon his class-

mate. Simpson was a clever student, and knew it. He invariably got first place in Latin, though he never really worked hard, and his exercises were scarcely less slovenly than Jimmy's. He and Jimmy were, for various reasons, rivals. Jimmy had displaced him from the second team, while, on the other hand, Simpson had almost hopelessly distanced him in Classics, though in most other subjects they were pretty evenly matched. Consequently, Simpson was not at all sorry that Jimmy had been sent upstairs, and he was now looking round at his rival with a malignant grin of mingled triumph and curiosity. And poor Jimmy, helpless under so many conflicting causes of anxiety, could not, as usual, grin defiantly back, but hung his head dejectedly. By this time Marston, having finished his scrutiny, had carefully refolded the note and placed it in his waistcoat pocket. He was now looking towards the students, and for a moment his glance lighted upon Jimmy, and their eyes met. It seemed to Jimmy that Marston was regarding him with a stern look not unmixed with reproach, but of this he could not feel sure. The voice of Dr. Armstrong, breaking the silence, created a diversion which interrupted whatever eye-message was apparently passing between master and pupil. Retribution was in store for Simpson, for Dr. Armstrong, who hated bad manners, had seen him turning round.

"Simpson, let me see your exercise-books," said the doctor. He was annoyed with the boy, because on a former visit he had corrected him for the same fault. He had heard, moreover, of Simpson's habits of slovenliness, and was determined to do what he could to cure him.

"Me, sir?" answered Simpson, with the customary disregard of grammar. "What books, sir?" And he was proceeding to search for his least unpresentable manuscripts when Marston intervened. He, too, had seen Simpson, and noted his joy at Jimmy's discomfiture. Perhaps, also, he had some old scores to settle with the boy, for Simpson, whilst he was always an unsatisfactory pupil, was generally clever enough to escape punishment. "I think, Simpson, you had better show the Headmaster your Latin exercise-book," he said, a little sternly.

The luckless Simpson picked up the book, and carried it to the desk. Dr. Armstrong looked through it with disgust plainly written on his face. "Have you any more as

untidy as this?" he said. "No, sir," faltered Simpson. "I am glad of that," rejoined Armstrong, dryly.

III.

AFTER a dreadful pause, during which Simpson, all his assurance gone, looked the picture of abject guilt, Armstrong handed him his book back without a word. That was the worst of Armstrong, fellows used to say: he never let himself go; where another man would flare up, and give you a towering lecture, and have done with it, he would maintain a silence that was far more telling than any words. As Simpson turned his back on him, in order to return to his place, he tried to reassume his usual jaunty air, and even attempted a cheerful wink. But the whole performance was a manifest failure: the public feeling of the class was that Armstrong's unspoken censure was not so easily brushed aside. Besides, no one felt much sympathy with a fellow so "cocky" as Simpson. A little dressing down would do him no harm.

But why was it that Jimmy's desk could be heard softly closing at the very moment when Simpson received his book back? Few, if any, of his class-fellows took notice of the sound, for their attention was centred on the scene before them. But Marston noticed: Jimmy met his eye: and saw that he had been watched. The fact was, Jimmy had been quietly putting his Latin exercise-book out of sight. With the ready instinct born of danger, he had guessed what Armstrong's next question would be. And the inevitable answer to it lay in the book before him. Yes, there was at least one more untidy book than Simpson's in the class. There was his. So Jimmy made haste to put it away, trusting perhaps that out of sight it would be also out of mind.

Sure enough, as soon as Simpson had taken his seat, Armstrong turned to Marston. "Are there any in the class more untidy than Simpson?" he inquired.

Now, thought Jimmy, if Marston had found him out, here was his opportunity. Marston might have delayed exposing him till Armstrong had gone out, but, after this point-blank question, he could not but say that Banks had a more slovenly book. Then the whole story of his visit to the Prefect, of his consistent carelessness, of his forgery, perhaps, would have to be told. Stay, not of his



HE BRAVELY STOOD UP STRAIGHT AND BEGAN HIS SPEECH

forgery, for Marston could not have detected it. Still, the prospect of having to face Armstrong with that filthy exercise-book was by no means alluring. Really, it was filthy, he could not but see, now that it was to come under Armstrong's eye. He loathed the very thought of it. But, meanwhile, Marston was speaking, and oh, joy! was not going to show him up at all.

"Well, I daresay there are one or two almost as bad, if not worse," said Marston, "but some of the boys keep very neat books indeed. Banks, show the Headmaster your book-keeping books."

His book-keeping books! Not that abominable Latin exercise-book! Jimmy could hardly believe his ears. Why, Marston didn't take him in book-keeping. Moreover, these same book-keeping books were something of a bone of contention between Jimmy

and his master. Marston often wanted to know why his pupil did his Latin so badly and his book-keeping so well. This was inagnanimity indeed. As Jimmy proudly exhibited his journal and his ledger, and blushed to hear the Headmaster's warm words of commendation, he realised once more that Marston had treated him uncommonly well. "Yes, Banks, this is really very satisfactory," said Armstrong, in conclusion. "It is a pleasure to see such neat and conscientious work. I hope you do all your work as neatly as this."

Marston said nothing.

"You may go to your place," continued the Headmaster, without waiting for an answer, as he closed the books and gave them to Jimmy with a smile. "Your father will be pleased to hear how well you are working. I shall tell him how clever you are with your pen."

After Armstrong had gone out, class proceeded as usual, but the Headmaster's parting



"Oh, Alexander, you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Bloomer boy?"

ALEXANDER: "Mainma, do I look as though I had been *playing* with anybody?"

words stuck in Jimmy's mind. Clever with his pen! If he only knew! And if Marston only knew—Marston, who had been such a brick because he thought he had had his punishment from the Prefect. Dash it all, he *was* in a hole. If fellows knew, they would call him a beastly sneak. No one had ever gone as far as to forge the Prefect's initials on a note: the proper thing was to take your punishment like a man. Jimmy began to wish he hadn't tampered with the note at all. All the fellows said it was a shame to cheat Marston. He was so straightforward and just, and always took a chap's word. What would they say if they came to know what he had done? Some of them seemed pleased when the Headmaster had praised him. They took him for a decent fellow. Well, hang it, he could be a decent fellow still—he could own up. Marston wouldn't make a public fuss, Jimmy knew almost instinctively; he had too much consideration for fellows' feelings. Yes, he would own up at the end of class. And he would take his gruel, and, by jingo, he would show Marston he could do his Latin and all his work as well as his book-keeping. Marston wouldn't have to be silent for him next time.

When he had taken his resolve, class seemed to end for Jimmy with appalling suddenness. Prayers were said almost before he had had time to think things over. The fellows were gone out, all but Simpson: Marston remained sitting at his desk. At a look from the master, Simpson reluctantly went out of the room, for he seemed to suspect that something was in the wind. Then Jimmy came slowly round, leaning his hand on the desks as he passed, until he stood near the window. Marston looked at him with a smile. The boy began to wonder why he had come there: it seemed so foolish now to confess: how that smile would vanish when he had spoken! He felt such a little chap. What a big, strong face Marston had, when you were near it! But he bravely stood up straight, and began his little speech:—

"Please, sir," he said, and stopped short. His mouth twitched.

"The Prefect wasn't in," said Marston kindly. "I knew you'd come, James. Then, answering Jimmy's wondering look: "I remembered almost as soon as you had left the room that Wilkins was out for the day. Now, we'll burn this." And he took the note from his pocket, and threw it into the fire.

THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C. B. FRY

THE PRACTICE OF BREATHING.

LAST month I promised you some breathing exercises. As I have not had time to work out a system of my own for breathing practice, I offer you, with one or two comments, the best exercises I know of.

The first one is an excellent general exercise. It is one given by Mr. E. H. Miles, in his book on "Racquets, etc.," the latest volume in the Isthmian Library series. And, by the way, I recommend anyone interested either in the question of how to learn a ball game of any sort, from football to squash-rackets, from cricket to ping-pong, or in the question of training and physical development, to get and study Mr. Miles' book. It is the most sane, practical, and suggestive on the subject of how to learn games that I have yet come across.

Here is his exercise for breathing:—

EXERCISE I.—"Keep the spine straight; that is to say, let it incline slightly forwards, but not to either side. *Raise the chest and shoulders*, either before or during a deep, upward and expanding breath through the nose. During this breath the head may be slightly lifted; or, rather, it should naturally throw itself back, as when one first scents the fresh seabreeze on a sunny day. Now hold in this breath for a little; then gently let it out, or allow it to ooze out, to squeeze itself out, as an india-rubber bladder empties itself of air. While you are sending the breath out slowly, you can let the shoulders go down; though a valuable exercise (with a different effect) is to keep the shoulders still up. But, anyhow, you may relax the arms (which should hang by your side); feel them as heavy, leaden things, right down to the finger-tips. The head will naturally sink forwards and downwards."

[N.B.—Note that I disagree with the words in italics. I say do not hunch your shoulders.]

Mr. Miles adds:—

"Other physical exercises which might accompany the breathing inwards and outwards will be found in 'The Training of the Body.' But they are not so important as the above simple rule of lifting the shoulders before or during the inward breath, and relaxing the limbs during the outward breath, for the sake of economy. For the purposes of self-restraint, it is necessary to breathe slowly; then to hold in the breath; then to breathe out slowly; and then, as it were, to hold out the breath. The Hindoos practise various breathing exercises sedulously from their very earliest years. They are the most reposeful of people—probably far too reposeful."

For my part, I do not agree with raising the shoulders. I would amend this exercise thus:—

"Do not raise the collar-bones. Let the chest expand outwards and upwards with the incoming breath; and if the expansion of the chest gently raises the shoulders do not force the shoulders down. Let the diaphragm (the use of which I explained last month) work downwards to its full extent *before* you let your ribs expand; and be careful not to draw in your stomach, when you expand your chest."

You can easily produce a new statement of the exercise by combining Mr. Miles' exercise with my amendment.

Note that I say, in addition to what Mr. Miles says, "let your diaphragm work fully."

But against Mr. Miles, I say, "do not raise your shoulders; but if the inspiration raises them, neither force them down nor keep them rigid."

I rather fancy Mr. Miles (who, by the way, is the English Amateur Champion at Racquets and Tennis) does not mean "force your collar bones up," but means, as I put it, "do not let your shoulders restrain or impede your chest expansion."

It will do you good to think out my point in comparison with Mr. Miles' view; and to experiment with both; and to formulate a new rule for yourself.

The following exercises are substantially those given by Capt. A. L. Hooper-Dixon in his admirable little book, "The Art of Breathing," published by Gale and Polden. I advise anyone interested in the subject to get the book.

In all these exercises the individual must be stripped of his upper clothing.

EXERCISE I.—Recumbent position, head slightly raised, arms close to the side.

Gentle breathing is now practised, which is entirely confined to the ribs and diaphragm.

The extreme upper portion of the chest, together with the shoulders, remain quiescent. There must be *no movement of the collar-bones*. For the purpose of resistance, a lightly diffused pressure, evenly distributed, is maintained over the seat of diaphragmatic action, *i.e.*, where stomach joins chest. This covering is made of a porous plastic material, which, after being moulded to the parts concerned, is fitted with weights, the total not exceeding 3½ lbs. [A book can be used instead of the shaped weight. Begin with a six-shilling novel; then go on to heavier works, *e.g.*, dictionaries!]

EXERCISES II. and III. consist of the same exercise, sitting and standing respectively only without the addition of weights.

EXERCISE IV.—The same position is assumed as in No. 1. A full, deep inspiration is taken, the diaphragm is then fixed—this is done by holding the breath—and suddenly released by a forcible expiration.

EXERCISES V. AND VI.—The same exercise, sitting and standing respectively, *without the addition of weights*.

EXERCISE VII.—Recumbent position. Take a full inspiration—when the diaphragm is well down and the abdomen protruded, fix the former—then say the first four or eight letters of the alphabet, and suddenly expel the air.

EXERCISES VIII. and IX. are the same exercise, sitting and standing, without the addition of weights.

EXERCISE X.—Recumbent position. Take a full inspiration, and whilst doing so raise two light dumb-bells from each side over the

head to a half-right angle with the shoulders; now complete the inspiration, then forcibly expire, and replace the dumb-bells in their original position.

EXERCISE XI.—The same as the previous exercise, only practised on a form. The hand should be well raised.

EXERCISE XII.—Recumbent position. Take a quiet and prolonged inspiration through the nose, followed by a similar *expiration* through the mouth. During the latter place a finger close up to and almost between the lips, and endeavour to control the exit of air, and that without warming the finger.

EXERCISE XIII.—Take a quiet, prolonged inspiration, and then forcibly expire.

EXERCISE XIV.—Take a hurried inspiration, and then slowly expire with the finger to the mouth, as in No. XII.

EXERCISE XV.—In the standing position. arms by side, with a light dumb-bell in each hand. Raise the dumb-bells at arm's length over the head during inspiration, and lower to side during expiration.

EXERCISE XVI.—In the recumbent, sitting and standing positions a series of light respirations at the rate of about 360 to the minute.

EXERCISE XVII.—Take the hurried respirations as in the previous exercise for about five seconds, then a deep breath, and gradually expire.

N.B.—Always breathe in through the nostrils. The moment you feel forced to breathe in through the mouth stop and breathe quite gently till the desire to open your mouth vanishes.

If you practise these exercises regularly you will be astonished at the increase (1) in your chest-expansion, (2) in your control of breathing, (3) in your stamina, and (4) in your power of digestion if previously deficient.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Novocastrian.—Sorry to hear that your eyesight debars you from cricket and football. Of course you are right to wish to take exercise. Why not walk? Few people do it much; they think it dull, but nothing is dull if you cultivate the faculty of taking an interest, and of observing. You might go in for running. Then, what about some dumb-bell or Indian club exercise for a quarter of an hour morning and evening? Exercise your ingenuity and inventiveness, my boy, and you will discover heaps of ways of exercising your body.

Step-Dancer.—The only book I know of at present, is "Dancing," by Edward Scott, one of the "All England Series." You can get it at any bookseller's. And any bookseller will tell you of other

books on the subject. There are various schools of step-dancing in town.

Harrier.—Cross-country running is splendid sport. You will see a detailed article about breathing in last month's CAPTAIN. It is important to breathe properly, and every one can learn to breathe properly, if they take the trouble to practise. People do not breathe with their noses—they breathe with the nostrils of the diaphragm, or of the ribs, or both—through the nose. Get a little book, "The Art of Breathing," by Hocper-Dixon, published by Gale and Polden, 2, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C. You should eat a very light meal, consisting of articles of food as nourishing and as digestible as possible, at least an hour before hard exercise. A small mutton chop, or a moderate sized cut of beef-steak, and, say, a small helping of milk pudding. But people differ very much about food. A short practice run at night, on the road, is all right; I used to do it when I lived in London. But you must be careful not to jar your legs on the hard road. Remember that fast walking, for between five and eight miles, is splendid exercise, none better. Walking does not jar the legs.

Ardent Supporter.—It is rather difficult for a fellow who has not played Rugby at school to find a club. I am afraid I do not know of a club that would suit you at present, but I will make enquiries and answer you next month, if possible. Write and remind me.

R. Hargreaves kindly writes to inform us, for the benefit of a previous correspondent, that a good Rugby club in North London is "The Saracens," whose ground is in Park Road, at the bottom of Muswell Hill, between the latter and Crouch Hill. Many thanks for an interesting letter, and the picture!

G. S.—Delighted to hear you are pleased with the bat. It was a wonderful bat until the face got broken; it might have a bit of wear in it yet if not used too hard. But I daresay you will prefer to keep it as a relic. I shall always be glad to give you my advice I can about cricket. I should very much indeed like a photograph.

Nuisance.—It is excellent to hear of your success in football. Stick to it! Many thanks for the card and good wishes. I will try to play up to them.

A. J. Purnell.—Vigoro is, in my opinion, a very good game, and has a great future. It is an ingenious combination of lawn tennis and cricket. A description of it appeared in the *Daily Express*, October 1st, 1902. You can get all information about it from Mr. Eustace Miles, 8, Benet Street, Cambridge.

Monkey Brand.—I do not know whether there is a rule in hockey against left-hand play. I am not exactly an expert on the game, but I should certainly say that a left-hander would be a great nuisance in a game of hockey and also quite dangerous.

Ray Martinez.—Sorry not to have answered your letter sooner, but I did not receive it till December. With regard to the first point, the general practice in England is to decide the tie by playing either one or three extra matches. One match is fair if the conditions are equal, but generally in cricket there is some luck, so, perhaps, if possible, the Jamaica Junior Cricket Association would do well to include in their rules a proviso for three extra matches in case of a tie for the challenge cup. With regard to the second point, it is good to have a rule requiring the game to be played off by a certain date. But the governing committee should certainly retain the power of granting extension of time; and, moreover, they

should avail themselves of this liberty in circumstances which reasonably call for extension of time.

Enthusiast.—There are plenty of Insurance Companies ready to insure you against football accidents. You might try the "Ocean Insurance Corporation" or write for information to the secretary of the Southampton Football Club, mentioning my name.

J. A. Clapshew.—If you passed the ball from the kick-off directly to one of your own side, and he ran through and scored, the goal is good, even though no one on the opposite side touched the ball. Your second case could not occur. No player may cross the centre-line until the ball is kicked off. See Law 2. Eh, what?

L. E. Heywood.—The referee should give a free kick for off-side only (1) If the player actually touched the ball; or, (2) If the player impeded one of his opponents. "Obstructing view" is a case of impeding.

Fear Nought.—Water is the best drink for training. You ought not to eat heavily of meat. I advise you to reduce your meat diet to a minimum; eat no meat at all later than mid-day meal; the rest is a pure matter of determination. Write to me again.

A. E. Jacks.—I advise my correspondent to apply to the Kent Secretary, because he was qualified for that county. It is no good your applying to a county if you do not intend to stick to cricket for several years. Still, you might try either the Kent or your own county secretary; he would probably answer you, and it would do no harm to apply.

Last Hope.—There are several articles on Association by me in back numbers of the CAPTAIN. You will find plenty of good advice in the Badminton Library book, the Encyclopædia of Sport, etc. The Badminton book is sure to be in the school library. But the articles in the back CAPTAINS will help you most. All THE CAPTAIN volumes ought to be in your school library, too.

B. Lloyd.—Thank you for your pleasant letter, in which I was much interested. I shall be glad to accept the scorer. The exerciser you mention is good. I prefer light dumb-bells, wooden ones, about 1lb. each. Did you read an article by me on the subject in a recent CAPTAIN?

M. J. H. (IBSN.)—Your letter is just the right sort; I understand exactly. No doubt you read my article about exercise. Do not do too much dumb-bell work. A quarter of an hour per diem is enough. The most complete and the best course of dumb-bell exercises I know of is that of Mr. C. E. Lord, 71, Inverine Road, Charlton, S.E. Write to him.

R.M.O.C.—You have simply lost your knack of kicking, and, perhaps, your nerve. To get back your kicking, practise in a fives court or racket court, or gymnasium, or yard, with either a small football, or, better still, with a large indiarubber bouncy ball, about five inches in diameter. Wear fives-shoes. Kick the ball about for all you are worth, taking it at all angles, with all the skill you can muster. Keep well on your toes, not "slugged" on your heels. Study to keep your balance and to be quick footed. You will soon get your kicking back, and with it your nerve. *Crede experto.*

Boxing.—Those of our readers who are interested in boxing are recommended to try a new kind of glove, with distinctly good features. These gloves are the D. and M. Boxing Gloves, supplied by the American Importing Co. The construction of them permits of the natural closing of the fist—i.e., with the gloves on you can close your fist exactly as you would with

the "bare 'uns." The makers contend that this gives freer play to the forearm muscles, and permits a more telling blow. The idea is a good one.

A. H. Cooper.—There are many people besides yourself, even among county cricketers, who would like to know how to play good leg-break bowling effectively. The peculiarity of this kind of bowling is that the flight of the ball in the air is usually much slower than it appears to be; also, when the ball pitches, it breaks across the wicket away from the batsman. As a general rule it is bad to play forward at such bowling with the ordinary pushing forward stroke; for some reason or other, if you do play forward, you nearly always play too soon for the ball, and also inside it. Occasionally you see a clever batsman like Abel play forward successfully at a bowler like Braund. But as a general rule it is better for a batsman to make up his mind to play right back at all the good length balls from this sort of bowler, and to wait either for a rather short ball or an over-pitched ball to hit. In the case of a short ball, if it pitches either on the wicket or to the off you can generally, if you stand your ground and watch the ball carefully, hit it along the ground somewhere on the off side just as you would an ordinary long hop outside the off stump. In the case of an over-pitched ball the best thing to do is to run out quickly but carefully, and hit it on the full pitch along the ground, not too hard, with a straight bat. In the case of a good length ball, even if it pitches outside the leg stump, you should play back, stepping about a foot towards your wicket, facing round a bit towards the bowler, and watching the ball right on to your bat and just stopping it. Whatever stroke you play at a leg-breaker you should be careful to let the ball get well on its flight in the air before you begin to think of playing your stroke. If the ball pitches on the leg side, you certainly ought not to stand still and hit to square leg; if you hit the ball it is sure to go in the air, but you are more likely to miss it. If you do try to hit to leg, stride out with your left foot towards the pitch of the ball and sweep round with a horizontal bat, trying to send the ball as much behind the wicket as possible. But even this is an unsafe stroke. Far better play back, and, if possible, place the ball for one. If you are continually getting out l.b.w., I think you had better try taking your guard on the leg stump. But I daresay you do something wrong which cannot be cured merely by altering your guard.

N. R. J.—The black mark you notice at the back of cricket bats near the bottom is simply mud, which plasters itself on to the bat when the player pats the ground on wet wickets, in order to smooth over the indentation made by the ball on the soft turf. No; the black mark does not help the batsman. But patting the ground does, for unless you pat the ground smooth after every ball on a soft wicket, the pitch gradually becomes cut up all over. The more the wicket is cut up, the better for the bowler, because the ball bites more, and therefore breaks more.

M. K. H.—The way to play underhand bowling of the slow sneaky order is to stand still in your ground and come down hard on the ball when it reaches you with an upright bat, giving a good dig with your wrists. You should be careful to watch the ball right on to your bat and not to hit either too soon or over the ball. Most girls make the mistake of taking their eyes off the ball when they are hitting at it; you must look at the ball all the way, not just take a casual glance at it during the first few yards of its flight.

A. E. J.—It is rather difficult for me to gather

what kind of ball it is that gets you out. Probably, however, you are trying to hit a ball that is too short, and which you ought to play carefully back. There are many strokes which a man can play on a good wicket but not on a bad. The worse the wicket, generally speaking, the more necessary is it to play back. Forward play is not much use on a wicket where the ball breaks or bumps, but there is a useful way of playing half-cock, that is, you begin to play forward at the ball but stop halfway in your stroke and let the ball hit the bat. Of course, you must watch the ball closely.

G. W. R.—(1) Although out of doors the ground is soft in the winter, it is not impossible, I think, to practise, even on turf. But certainly you can practise usefully if you stretch down a strip of cocoanut matting; this matting you can get from any of the big outfitters. Indoors, in an ordinary room bare of furniture, you can, I think, practise small boys with a ball in back play; and, of course, as you suggest, in the drill of strokes without the ball. In a barn or gymnasium you can practise all strokes with a ball; though for this it is necessary to have netting over the windows, or, better still, a sort of cage of netting hung all round. I have found that you can get good practice by suspending a cricket ball on a piece of catapuit elastic to the roof midway between the bowler and the batsman. If the elastic is of the proper length, the bowler can retire to his end with the ball in his hand and let it fly towards the batsman so that it bounces just like a ball bowled from the hand, but stops a few feet behind the batsman if he misses it. You can also teach strokes with a ball swinging like a pendulum on a piece of string from the ceiling or roof. You will be surprised, if you have not tried it, how much can be done with the latter device. (2) The difficulty small boys find with overhand bowling consists precisely in the height to which the ball bounces when thus delivered. The bowling must be graduated in respect to the height of its bounce according to the height of the boy. Observe that between over-arm and under-arm bowling there is round-arm bowling, with the hand about the height of the shoulder or just below it. Watson's bowling kept naturally low owing to some peculiarity in his delivery: therefore he might have bowled over-arm quite suitably to a small boy. (3) In playing forward, the bat, even when you play straight, is liable to turn towards the on-side unless you hold tight with the right hand and loose with the left. To keep the face of the bat absolutely at right angles with the line of the ball right through the stroke in playing forward, the left hand must be allowed to slip round the handle in the latter half of the stroke. In running out to drive with a full swing, on the other hand, the way to keep the face of the bat straight, or rather to prevent it turning towards the on-side, is by holding tight with the left hand and loose with the right. You will find out the working of these points if you try a few experiments. I have found in my own play exactly the same difficulties as you mention. The only players who keep the face of the bat straight and yet grip tight with both hands both in driving and in forward stroke, are those who make the strokes less with a swing of the arms than with mere wrist play.

Assiduitate.—I am certainly of the opinion that boys, at any rate small boys, ought to use a small-sized cricket ball as well as a small-sized bat. This, of course, applies to matches as well as to practice. No; a batsman is not out if the ball glances off his

hip to short slip; but he is out if it glances off his hip into the wicket.

H. M. Pope.—I certainly do not think that the plan of handicapping boys for athletic sports by age is a good one. Some boys of fifteen are quite big and some quite small. When I was fifteen I got places in some of the open events at Repton. The only proper basis for handicapping is on previous performances. With regard to dividing up the races, etc., into sets, a different matter from handicapping, some schools make the divisions by age, and some by height. In this the age system does not work badly, but in handicapping it is absurd.

Frank Tomline.—The Southampton Club has certainly done very well, and it is a pleasure to play for it. Only those amateurs who have not tried make the mistake of thinking that there is no fun in playing on a professional side. I have never enjoyed football more than that which I have played with Southampton.

South African Enthusiast writes me a very interesting letter about the Australian cricketers and their doings in South Africa. He is full of admiration for the Australian fielding and for the batting of V. Trumper and Clem Hill. On the South African side the bowling of Llewelyn, who plays for Hampshire in England, and the batting of Jimmie Sinclair, have kindled the patriotic pride of South Africa, and with good reason. Both these cricketers are in the first flight. The South Africans consider that Sinclair's innings of 104 not out for South Africa against Australia, is comparable in merit with Gilbert Jessop's great effort at the Oval. Any way, I am always delighted to hear from Colonial correspondents. Write again, Enthusiast.

Hockeyite.—I do not know the address of the secretary of the Ladies' Hockey Association. I be-

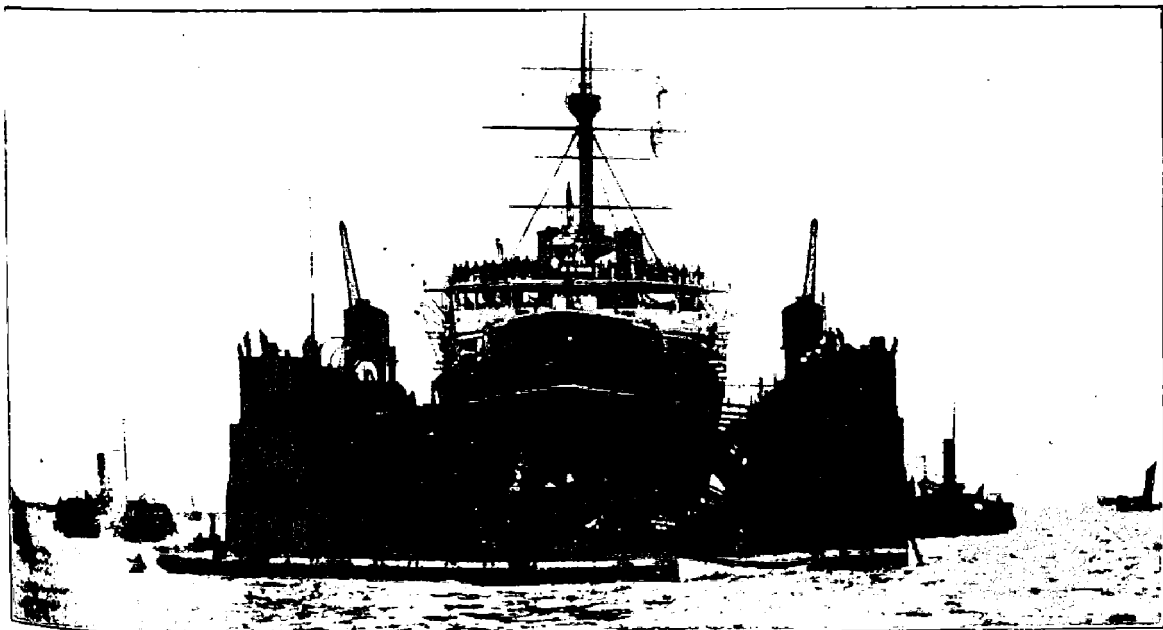
lieve S. Christopherson, Esq., 9, Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C., is secretary of the Hockey Association. You might write to him for information.

F. Wendt.—Thank you very much for the information you supply.

K.—An injured knee requires thoughtful treatment. You must first of all rest it until it feels quite sound. But rest does not mean not using it, but rather avoiding strain, use your knee in walking, or even in gentle running, as long as you do not feel it. When it is fairly sound, do not immediately subject it to strain, but build it up by taking plenty of bicycle exercise. Bicycling is by far the best exercise for getting a knee right again, and for strengthening it. Your time for the hurdles is quite good, and no doubt you could improve it; in no form of athletics does correct and proper practice bring about more improvement than it does in hurdling. Glad you appreciate my Athletic Hints; I try to make them useful.

D. C. Dare.—If I were you, I should think the matter over very seriously before I went in for being a professional footballer; the career has its seamy side. However, if you continue playing with a junior team, and show real promise, you will find no difficulty in catching the eye of a big club. The big clubs need every really good player they can get hold of. There is no harm in your addressing a letter to the secretary of one of them, inviting his attention to your case.

C. H. Fay



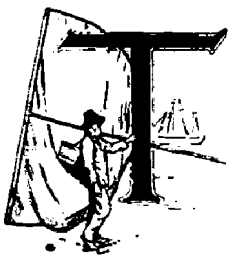
THE NEW BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK, LARGEST EVER BUILT, LIFTING THE BATTLESHIP "SANS PAREIL" IN THE MEDWAY.

From a photograph.



By JOHN METHUEN.

Illustrated by Harry Rountree.



TERENCE MCGILL had been looking upon the whisky when it was bad; he had also been very ill with fever and ague, and for some days had lain alongside that long, muddy chain of lagoons which stretched from the little, straggling backblock

township right away out into the ghostly, sun-browned plain, where the heat waves danced and played all sorts of mad pranks with the horizon.

He had now just shifted his camp to within a stone's throw of a rickety garden fence attached to a long, tumble-down, wooden cottage, which stood by itself about a quarter of a mile from the township. He did not attempt going to the latter place, for the very sufficient reason that he had only left it a few days before with a dim consciousness that he could not afford to stay any longer, as he only had a few shillings left, and he would want most of that to buy tobacco with.

"Crikey!" commented Terence, when he had been refused what he called "midicil comforts" from the hotel-keeper with whom he had been staying, unless he planked down the necessary gold in advance. "I've been and knocked down fifty quid wid you, Jim Brady, these last ten days or three weeks—for I've lost track o' time summat—and you refuses me a drop o' White Horse Cellar, as is a superior brand, just to pull me round like! Waal, sarves me right! I orter've known your kidney bether. S'long, and get fat on my money!" And Terence, with a maulin assumption of dignity, betook himself with his only horse to the banks of the lagoon, much to the satisfaction of the liquor-dealing pirate, who had feared trouble with the outspoken and burly bushman.

He had hobbled his horse out, and laid down under the scanty shade of a scraggy gum-tree, and then came the Nemesis of his recent indulgence. It seemed to him—and, of course, it was indeed the case—that he had to pay for it out of all proportion. His condition was one of the most distressing physical sickness, aggravated by jangling, agonised nerves. He was a prey to the gloomiest and most horrible thoughts. Appalling sights were for ever shifting with kaleidoscopic rapidity before his eyes. The minutes seemed like days, the hours resolved themselves into weeks. Time spun itself into eternity, and remorse, which is the true hell, was always with him. That first night the frogs had cried to him by name from the lagoon with a thousand shrilling trebles and trumpet-toned basses. *Pinky, pinky, punk, punk,* went the Chinese fiddle with maddening reiteration all through the horror.

laden hours from the shanty on the other side of the lagoon, which was ostensibly a laundry and market gardener's place of business in the daytime, and an opium den at night.

There was another little matter that rubbed Terence on a sore spot. Some few weeks before he had been on his way down from the Cloncurry, accompanied by a mate, Charlie Trevena, who had given him the slip at a roadside shanty, and taken with him two of his pack-horses, which he had paid for honestly in hard cash, a thing he more than suspected his comrade seldom did. And now the base act assumed terrible proportions in his eyes; he was consumed with impotent rage. If he ever met Charlie Trevena again he would kill him. Yes, he would certainly shoot him like a dog, if he had to swing for it!

For three days Terence lay in mental and bodily misery, without a soul to speak to, or give him as much as a cup of water. But on the fourth day the fever left him, so he arose, and by a painful effort dragged his saddle and slender belongings over to a shady tree, near the fence already mentioned. He would try and make a billy of tea for himself. If he did not eat or drink something he must surely die. He did not want to die, for the lust of life had always coursed healthily through his veins, and he wanted to drop across Charlie Trevena again. Besides, there was a thunderstorm in the air; the heat was stifling, and away to the south over the Plains of Promise—so full of tragic anticipation for so many—a great black cloud had loomed up, and was travelling towards him. From it came a continuous rumble that was ever growing louder and louder.

Terence knew it was one of those thunderstorms that resemble a cyclone and the breaking of a waterspout all in one. He knew that unless he made haste to boil his billy he would not be able to boil it at all. In less than twenty minutes he would be flooded out.

With reprehensible readiness of resource he made for the well-patched fence, which seemed to offer the best supply of fuel. He was just in the act of wrenching a choice slab of weatherboard from its place, when a shrill remark on the other side interrupted him:—

"My word! You ain't bashful, you! D'yer want the house and garding as well?"

Terence was in a highly nervous condition just then, so he looked at the poorly-clad, delicate-looking girl, whose years might have numbered fourteen, with considerable perturbation of mind. It was as if he had been taken red-handed whilst committing some dastardly crime.

"Shure now, and kape your hair on," he

stammered, apologetically. "I'se only wanted to boil my quart pot."

"Yer might 'ave asked," she rejoined. Then, abruptly looking at him with her watery-blue eyes: "But you've been bad, 'aven't you?—bad with the fever?"

"That's so—right powerful bad, missy. Bin laid up these last four days 'long this yere bally swamp. But kin I hav' this bit of plankin'? I'se bring you another piece fer it to-morrer."

She had been watching him narrowly as he spoke. Then, as if she had made up her mind about him:—

"You jist wait a minit," and, turning, she ran into the house.

"Jist my luck," commented Terence aloud to himself; "hed it bin a man now, I could ha' drawed on 'im or made 'im take back-water, but winmen er a bad lot to tackle, an' a chap like me ain't got no chance."

He did not attempt to take the plank away, as he certainly would have done in the case of a man, but he sat down on the ground instead, and watched the scowling black cloud with great forks of fire darting from it, as it came nearer and nearer. The thunder was now rolling and crashing like a dozen batteries of artillery in action, but his strength seemed to have deserted him again, and he sank into a state of apathy. Suddenly a voice hailed him from the garden. Turning, he saw a tired, frail-looking woman.

"You'd better come right inter the house," she said, "an' bring yer traps, too. You'll be nigh drowned if yer don't. I'll bile yer billy for you."

Terence had spoken to but few white women for many years, so, struggling to his feet, he awkwardly touched his hat and stammered out:—

"It's mighty good av ye, marm, but shure now, it's only a nuisance I'd be to you a-bilin' av my billy, an' wid——"

As he spoke a strong wind began to blow, and a flash of lightning startled him. Then a few great drops of rain, eloquent of the deluge that was imminent, fell on his hat.

"Come, now, don't stand there a-talkin'," she observed, sharply. "Merry-Ann, giv' 'im a hand with his things."

In another moment the pale-faced girl, with the straw-coloured hair and weak blue eyes, had wormed her way through the gap in the fence that Terence had made, and was staggering under the weight of his saddle.

"You'd better look slippery, an' get yer saddle-bags in; I'll manage this," she remarked to him when he protested against what seemed to him a task out of all proportion to her strength.

There was nothing for him but to follow sheepishly, carrying the saddle-bags. In point of fact



"MY WORD! YOU AIN'T BASHFUL, YOU! D'YER WANT THE HOUSE AND GARDING AS WELL?"

he had become so weak that he actually staggered under the load. When he entered the kitchen the woman saw it.

"Sit down," she said, taking the bags from him; "you've had the fever pretty bad, I can see. It's somethin' nourishin' in your inside ye wants. What have ye been eatin' lately?"

"Nary a bite, mam," replied Terence, truthfully, and his great blonde beard sank low on his broad chest. When he lifted his head again he caught sight of himself in a poor little glass on the wall,

and the cadaverous appearance he presented was truly alarming. In another minute, the girl, who had left the room, re-entered with his blankets rolled up in a waterproof sheet. He had forgotten all about them.

Before the weary-looking woman had given him a pannikin of tea, the storm had swept up and broken over the house. It grew dark as night, and then there was one continuous blaze of light as the forked fire flashed from the travelling cloud. The thunderbolts made one think of the crash of

Doom. As for the rain, it was as if the windows of Heaven had indeed been opened; and as Terence saw through the little casement the surface of the lagoon lashed into a white foam, he shivered, and thought what the effect upon him would have been if he had remained outside exposed to such an orgie of the elements.

As for the woman and the girl, they had chopped up some meat, and put it into a covered bowl; setting it in a pot of water they placed this alongside the fire. It was beef-tea for their patient, and they made him drink some later on. They sat silently together while the storm lasted. In a few hours, when the storm had lifted, the man rose as if to go, but the woman would not leave it.

"It would put the dead set on ye," she said, "to sleep outside as you are now. There's a room we can spare you."

And, despite his protests, they dragged his belongings and blankets into an adjoining apartment and made his bed on some newly-dried hay. A little table and a chair, obviously home-made, was all the furniture the room contained. It bore the unmistakable signs of poverty, and a cleanliness that savoured of a religion. It did not require trained powers of observation to note that the same might be said of the rest of the house.

Even the women, though dressed in the very cheapest and commonest of materials, were neat and trim, albeit they looked as if theirs was a struggle for bare existence.

Terence slept a little that night, but next morning he was as weak as a kitten, and could hardly stand. He would have gone, but they made him lie down again, declaring that he was not in the least in the way. They brought him soups and such little nourishment as he could swallow at intervals. The precocious girl, with the straw-coloured hair, sat on an upturned box and lectured him on the virtues of patience, and otherwise amused him with her remarks on things in general. He was tolerably comfortable upon the whole, but it galled him to think that in the meantime he could not repay them for their time and trouble. It was evident to him that the mother supported the household by taking in washing.

Thanks to good recuperative powers, Terence in a few days felt sufficiently well to proceed upon his journey into the lush country in search of work. He communicated his intention to his hostess.

"I can't exactly tell you, mam, what I'd like to, 'cos if it hadn't bin for you and missy here, I'd a bin a stiff 'un now, an' no mistake. I can't repay you just at present, but there's work a-waitin' for

me on the Gregory, an' it won't be a long time neither before you hears from me."

But the woman cut him short.

"Easy there," she said. "We didn't tek you in for anything we could get from you. Merry-Ann and I ain't built that way. Oh, no; you're perfectly welcome to any little thing we've done. We couldn't ha' seen you die outside. My man's a bushman, too, though we ha'nt seen him for a 'year an' more. Goodness knows what has become of 'im. He was just a bit flighty now and agen, but that was mainly owin' to the company he kep'; an' maybe he was a little careless at times. If you chances to drop across 'im, I wish ye'd gif 'im a message an' send 'im home. He's biddable enough, but he's got a way o' forgettin'."

"Tell me his name, mam," said Terence, "an' I'll do my level best to find him for ye. I promise ye that."

"Charlie Trevena," answered the woman.

II.

TERENCE MCGILL sat down heavily on hearing that the man whom he had vowed he would kill on sight was the person whom he was expected to befriend—to whom, indeed, he felt that he owed some practical expression of gratitude. The situation was too much for him, and his brain at first refused to grasp it. When he did become capable of thought it seemed as if he were being systematically punished for his sins. Terence was indeed a strange mixture of strength and weaknesses, but ingratitude was not one of the latter. He considered it the basest of crimes. He had befriended Trevena, and the latter had served him a dastardly trick. He might, indeed, have perished in the bush for all Terence knew—or cared. But Trevena's wife and child had earned his undying gratitude in that when he was by no means an inviting stranger, and sick, and athirst, they had taken him in, and undoubtedly saved his life. And they were poor, and had to work hard to keep body and soul together, because he who should have supported them stayed away. How he would have liked to have killed Trevena!

"Tell 'im, s'posin' you see 'im," continued the woman, attaching no significance to his silence, "that Billy—he was just four years old, he was—died six months ago, an' that I'm fearin' for Merry-Ann's eyes."

Terence rose, and, without speaking a word, shook hands with them, and left. He had his horse already saddled up outside. He had shamefacedly tried to give his last few shillings

to Mary Ann, but she, with an astuteness beyond her years, remarked that he might possibly want her himself at Cashman's store on the Gregory to buy food and tobacco with. He would very gladly have gone without tobacco for six months, if necessary, had he been able thereby to alleviate their wants ever so little.

They came to the door to see him off.

"You won't forget," said the woman.

"May I frizzle, mam, if I do!" replied Terence, and in another minute his horse was cantering westward.

He turned in the saddle when he was a few hundred yards away, and looked back. Mary Ann who was still standing in front of the house, saw him, and waved her hand. Terence took off his hat, and did likewise, and then he struck the track and jogged quietly along. That night he camped on the edge of the bush alongside the Gregory. He felt better than he had done for many a long day, and he thought of the good things he would send to those who had been so kind to him when once he was at work again, and earning real wages. As for Trevena, as yet he almost feared to meet him. To look on that low-down trickster and not lay violent hands upon him, he feared, would almost be too great a trial for his promises and good resolutions.

Two days later, as he was jogging along on the high bank overlooking the broad, sandy, ribbed bed of the Nicholson River, he saw a little crowd of men and horses in the distance. It was evening; the fierce white glare of the burnished tropical sun had given place to the soft and pleasanter amber-hued haze of the afterglow; the cicadas, and other sun-loving members of the insect world, had ceased their noisy chortling to make way for the weird and melancholy voices of the night that for ever haunt the primeval Australian forest; and the goguburra, or laughing jackass, with a call like a policeman's rattle, was, as usual, warning all other birds that loved the light that it was time to go to bed. It was probably some drovers returning from the far Northern Territory. If so, he would camp hard by, as there were always blacks prowling about in the neighbourhood, and he had begun to long for the companionship of his fellow-men once more. As he drew near to the group, however, he observed that some of them, whom he had taken for white men, were blacks with white sun-shades over their peak caps. They wore a dark blue uniform with red facings. At once he realised that they were black trackers, and in another minute he rode right into a police camp.

But Terence was in no way alarmed. He had paid for the horse he rode, and the receipt was in

his pocket. Neither had he the burden of any particular crime upon his conscience to make him wish himself elsewhere. Suddenly he was hailed by a voice he knew well. It was that of Lamont, the inspector of police, whose life he had once been instrumental in saving when there was a riot among the miners in a newly opened gold-field. Moreover, Terence had saved Lamont's life at the imminent risk of his own.

"Well met, Terence, my friend," said the inspector, coming forward and shaking him heartily by the hand. "You jump off your moke, and be my guest for the night. It's a sight for sore eyes to see your face again."

Terence did as he was bid, and followed the inspector into his tent. And then the two had their evening meal together, with much interchange of late experiences.

"An' where may ye be makin' for now, Mister Lamont?" asked Terence.

"Going down to Normanton with a prisoner," he replied. "Caught the chap on his way to Lawn Hill, with at least one stolen horse. I'm afraid he's a good for nothing sort of egg, though I believe this is the first time he's tried his hand at the game. He's made a bad start."

"What's his name?" asked Terence.

"Charlie Trevena. He stole the horse up the Cloncurry way."

III.

FOR the second time within the last three days the mention of that name fairly took the Irishman's breath away. He sat staring before him into space, till the inspector thought something must surely be the matter with the man. At length he gasped:—

"Has he got a bay mare and a roan horse, both branded L.R. 8?"

"He has," was the surprised reply, "but I've no proof that these were stolen. It's a horse taken from Fitzpatrick's place that I've got him for."

Then Terence thought for a little, and the police officer could see from his expression that there was some sort of struggle going on within him. At last he lifted his head, and there was a strange light in his eyes.

"Mr. Lamont," he said, slowly, "you tould me a few minits ago that ye owed me sumthin': that I'd only to ask an' ye'd do for me whatever I wanted."

"That's so, Terence, an' don't be backward in asking. I owed my life to you that time the boys had me down with every intention of kicking me to death. What is it?"

"Well, Mister Lamont, I want you to let Trevena go, an' put me in his place. I'll plead guilty to takin' that horse of Fitzpatrick's."

A look of amazement and incredulity came into the inspector's face.

"Oh, rubbish, Terence," he said, soberly; "it's impossible that you could have stolen that horse! It's some quixotic idea that's got a hold of you!"

But in the end the bushman prevailed, and the officer gave his consent to his seeing Trevena. He led him over to where the latter was sitting, handcuffed and chained to a tree, with two troopers keeping guard over him. At a sign from the inspector, the latter moved away, and Terence was left alone with the man who had at one time been his mate. Trevena shot a swift, fearful glance at him, and hung his head.

"Trevena," said Terence, sternly, "I swore once that s'posin' I iver seed you agen, I'd shoot you dead as a herrin'."

Trevena still hung his head, but seemed somewhat surprised that the man who was speaking to him did not put his threat into execution. He had not a word to say for himself.

"Trevena," went on his arraigner, "I think you're the very lowest-down thing on this earth; an' if ye got jugged for the rest av yer nat'ral life, 'twould be no mor'n what you desarved. What ye did to me was bad enuff, but the way ye're murtherin' yer wife an' child, as is workin' from mornin' till night to kape life in their pore bodies, is surely a mather for the judgment o' God Himself. An' I'm tellin' ye, Trevena, if ye don't do what I want of ye, I wouldn't be you for all the gold in this yere country. Yer boy is dead, yer darter's eyes is goin', an' yer wife looks on'y half alive."

And then he told Trevena how he had come to meet them. He also told him of what he proposed to do. It seemed so outrageous, that Trevena could only look up at him with startled, wondering eyes.

"You means it?" he asked, almost fearfully.

"By Heaven above, I do, Trevena! But not for your sake, mind. It's for your wife an' child, as was good to me. Yes, I'll do two years, if need be, to do *them* a good turn. You've got to go straight back, an' do your duty by them like a man. If ye don't, when I gits out o' the jug, I'll hunt ye up if ye're on this earth, an' shoot ye like a dog. I will, as sure as I stand here!"

"But—two years!" muttered Trevena, as he at



"TREVENA, I SWORE ONCE THAT S'POSIN' I IVER SEED YOU AGEN, I'D SHOOT YOU DEAD AS A HERRIN'."

"I munes it all the same, sorr," was the rejoinder.

"Man alive, do you know what you'll get if you plead guilty to such a charge?" asked the officer, impatiently.

"A year or two for the first offence, maybe," replied Terence, quietly, and evidently still thinking.

"Well, Terence, you surely won't ask me, who would like to do something very different for you, to do this thing?"

length grasped the immensity of the sacrifice this man, whom he had wronged, was about to make for him; and some little sense of shame awoke within him.

"'Twill give me a chance o' keepin' from the drink, and startin' afresh, maybe," said Terence. "And now I'll go and give myself up to Lamont. S'long!"

Next morning, while yet the sun was low in the eastern sky, Trevena, riding one horse and leading another, was cantering towards the little township on the other side of the Gregory, hardly

able to realise that he was once more a free man, and with the first honest intention in his heart that had been there for many a long day.

The organ magpie was piping its beautiful song in unseen depths of golden wattle blossom. Noisy flocks of gay coloured birds were darting to and fro in the neighbourhood of the water-holes. There was light-heartedness and life in God's own beautiful world, save where the police party wended its way eastward through the bush. Leading the way was the police inspector, with bowed head, and behind him, between two troopers, rode Terence, with the handcuffs on his wrists.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION.

CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

OF all the characters of a certain class which I have ever viewed upon the stage of fiction, that of "Captain Ed'ard Cuttle, mariner," appeals to me most strongly.

Who can peruse an account of the dealings of that unhappy firm, Dombey & Son, without experiencing genuine pangs of sorrow and regret at the fatal results produced by the cold and unnatural pride of one man, but tempered, however, by the pleasure felt at the satisfactory termination to the misery caused by that pride? Yet who can read of these dealings without feeling and recognising that Captain Cuttle, worthy soul as he was, did more towards spreading good feeling, and easing off difficulties, than many a philanthropist at whose shrine his worshippers daily kneel?

We are all more or less familiar with Captain Cuttle's good-natured "Stand by!" or "Awast there!" which betokened in him a contemplative mood, this contemplation invariably being directed towards the relief of another's difficulties. The gallant, seamanlike way in which he "boards" the premises of Mr. Carker, the smooth-faced but deceitful manager, for the dreaded interview; the good-natured little

harangue he delivers to this formidable gentleman, whom the captain in his heart greatly fears; and his open-hearted confession of regard for his distressed friends, show us as clearly as words can do—as clearly as life itself—what was the dominant spirit of that manly English sailor. His character is admirably representative of the present-day English seaman's feelings and sympathies.

Lastly, it does one good to picture the intense joy of the worthy captain at the return of his beloved "Wair," and their affecting meeting, at which our mariner, with something of the spirit of the widow when she cast in her mite, "makes over a little bit of property jintly."

Long may the thorough, whole-hearted good-nature of Captain Cuttle live in the hearts and minds of us his countrymen.

He is one of the most lovable of Dickens' great creations. This is the sort of character that will keep green Dickens' memory when great statesmen and great generals are forgotten.

Captain Ed'ard Cuttle is a man we should all have liked to have known, for what is better in this hard world than a true and faithful friend?

H. V. FIELDING.



CAPTAIN ED'ARD CUTTLE MARINER.
(Drawn by Walker Hodgson.)



RULES FOR TOWN RIDING.

THERE are so many unwritten, and, apparently, to most riders, unknown, rules specially applicable to the threading of traffic by cyclists that it may be as well to enumerate a few of them. In doing so I would ask the reader not to be impatient if some very elementary things are said; for, although I may tell him something which he has known and acted upon for years, yet a moment's reflection will suffice to remind him that even these elementary rules are not generally known and acted upon, inasmuch as he himself must be able to call to mind countless instances in which he has suffered inconvenience owing to their having been broken.

In this connection I am very sorry to have to say that

MY GIRL FRIENDS ARE THE WORST OFFENDERS.

The reason for this may not be quite clear, but I am inclined to think that the secret lies in the trace of chivalry—small trace enough, I own—which lurks in the natures of drivers of vehicles and other members of the public. Thus, when a fair rider is afield, or, rather, astreet, her trifling disregards of the rights of others are borne with in a way that they would not be if committed by boys. She will dash in, for instance, between two moving vehicles, which should never be done unless it is absolutely necessary. A friendly busdriver will often "ease off" his course for her when he would, under similar circumstances, leave a male rider to take his chance. Similarly, the skilled driver of a hansom, who has learnt the essential art of looking ahead and discerning how things are going to be, will see that the fair rider has embarked upon a manœuvre which is likely to land her in difficulties, and will often considerately change his own tactics in order to

influence the traffic to her advantage. Hence she is, perhaps, a little prone to presume (unconsciously, it may be) upon the privileges accorded to her, and to come to think that she is entitled to enjoy them as her right.

THE VERY FIRST RULE IS TO KEEP TO THE LEFT,

and yet how few boys consistently adhere to it! At street corners, when the rider happens to wish to turn away to the right, he often "cuts the corner" instead of taking it "wide." By such bad steersmanship he is inviting collision with something that may be coming the other way and strictly adhering to the rule. The offender would very properly be ruled out of court should an accident occur and an action for damages be brought. But while it is the duty of the rider to carefully observe this law, he should be on his guard against the manœuvres of drivers and others who ignore it. He is not entitled to deliberately stick to his proper side of the road if by so doing a collision becomes inevitable. If there is a clear space round on the right-hand side, he ought to avail himself of it; if not, it is usually better to dismount. I know that it is not always possible to guard against the reckless driver who cuts corners in the way I have suggested above. But I may offer a "wrinkle" which I have learnt by long experience of town riding, and which has often stood me in good stead. It very frequently happens in town that a shop constitutes the corner of a street. The cyclist can utilise the reflection from this in such a way as to gain notice of a coming difficulty. It is not every one who can "read" a reflection correctly, supplying all the necessary inversions, but it is worth while to try to learn to do so. Those who cannot learn it completely will still find the shop window tip of value. It is evident that even though the reflection can-

not be read with accuracy, it will still serve the purpose of informing the eye that something is coming, and the machine will be instinctively put under closer control.

The second cardinal rule of street riding is that

ALL OVERTAKING OF OTHER VEHICLES
SHOULD BE DONE ON THE RIGHT HAND
SIDE.

Who is there with any experience who has not often known this usage violated? You may be riding well off the kerb of a crowded pavement, in the hope of avoiding encounters with the most objectionable type of pedestrian, the "stepper off." This is the individual who assumes that because he hears nothing there is nothing there, who has not yet learnt that cycle traffic is for the most part silent in its movements, who does not understand the proper use of his eyes, and has failed to acquire the useful habit of glancing over his shoulder before forsaking the safety of the pavement for the open and unprotected street. It is the duty of every rider to exercise a pitying care for this exceedingly stupid person. If, while you are doing so, by keeping a yard or so away from the kerb, some other cyclist overtakes you between you and it, he is guilty of manners which I would describe as simply vile. Should any of my readers have been thoughtlessly guilty of this practice, I trust that they will think the better of it in future. No one has the right to overtake on the left-hand side without having previously obtained permission from the person he proposes to outstrip, save in exceptional cases which I shall presently name. Even on a very wide road, where a rider may chance to have the way pretty much to himself, and where something or other, such, for example, as the avoidance of a flood left by a watering-cart, may have induced him to take the strip on his far right side—even then another cyclist wishing to overtake him on the left is in duty bound to first ask whether he may be permitted to do so.

I have suggested

EXCEPTIONS AS REGARDS THE OVERTAKING
RULE.

The most obvious one may be taken first. I have seen many conscientious riders who, apparently, had the overtaking rule in mind, pass tram-cars on the right. This is quite wrong. It involves the rider going far over to the right, and thus possibly complicating other traffic, which is

the last thing he should wish to do. In overtaking a tram-car it is proper to keep to the left of it, save in cases where the arrangement of the lines renders that impossible. There is another exception which comes in when considering the matter of overtaking tram-cars, and that is the use of the bell. By the Local Government Act of 1888, it is required that every cyclist shall, on overtaking anything, give proper warning of his or her approach by sounding a bell or whistle, or by giving other suitable and audible warning. This law has to be interpreted liberally. No one wishes to inconvenience fellow users of the road by sticking pedantically to all the legal rules. Trams are commonly stopped and started by means of bell signals. The driver may quite easily mistake your bicycle bell for the bell to which he has to give attention. It is, therefore, advisable to overtake him without giving the warning which courtesy demands in other cases.

A tram-car should not be overtaken carelessly. If it is stationary,

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN AS TO THE PEOPLE
WHO MAY BE GETTING IN, AND MUCH GREATER
CARE AS TO THE PEOPLE WHO MAY BE GETTING
OUT.

Of course, it is the duty of all of these to look out for you, and to see that they do not run under your wheels; but in general practice it will be found that they do not do so, and hence the need for caution. The cyclist who understands tram-car traffic properly will glance both inside and on the roof of the car he is overtaking, in order to see whether any one is about to dismount. He will make his plans accordingly, and will design to give a wide berth to people leaving the platform for the kerb. Apart from all this, which comes under the head of the rider's duty to others, he owes to himself the duty of taking reasonable personal care. Having convinced himself that he will inconvenience no one by overtaking his tram-car, he should make the passage past it as speedily as possible; for there lie hidden risks in the fact of there being two vehicles abreast and in motion at the same moment. Yet he should always avoid, if he can, the hazard of passing a tram-car when it is itself passing a side street. Any chance traffic may desire to emerge carelessly from such a side street at the moment chosen; and, obviously, the means of avoiding it are immensely curtailed by the fact of being hemmed in by the presence of the tram-car.

A HEAVY VEHICLE, SUCH AS A FURNITURE VAN, MAY BE SIMILARLY TREATED UNDER CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES.

If its driver persists in keeping to the right of the middle of the road, so as to leave no reasonable room to overtake it on the right hand side, you are justified in departing from the regular usage. But you must be certain that your bell signal has been properly given and has been ignored. It is often ignored through no fault of the driver, but simply because he cannot hear it owing to the deafening rumble of some such heavy vehicle as has been suggested. The use of the bell suggests a remark about the use of the brake. That also ought to be carefully handled in all cases of street riding. To put it on suddenly, unless there are grave reasons for doing so, is quite silly. The act invites side-slip, and that may end in anything—even a broken neck. Girls especially do not seem to know the danger they run in this direction. I have seen them free-wheeling down the slope of Cockspur-street, or along the slight declivity which leads out of Fleet-street down to Ludgate-circus, without any regard to the first principles for avoiding side-slip. Another point is very well worth consideration.

YOU CANNOT SIDE-SLIP IF YOU SUCCEED IN KEEPING YOUR MACHINE VERTICALLY AT RIGHT ANGLES OVER THE PLANE OF SUPPORT.

If you will take pains to do this you may ride with impunity over the wettest asphalt or mud. The "grease" of the road cannot possibly betray you.

There is really no set of rules that will apply at all times in the matter of traffic riding. "Take your place and keep it" is a very good maxim to follow. Do not be too eager to overtake, and do not readily drop behind anything except a motor-car, which, of course, you will very often have to do. Have a large consideration for others, and especially for pedestrians. Use the bell judiciously. Do not scare anybody with it. Do not in crowded thoroughfares peal it forth to all and sundry, but try to determine who is likely to be in your way at the moment when it is necessary that you should make your passage, and give the signal to that person. The indiscriminate use of the bell at every city crossing is like the cry of wolf which every one disregards. The bell, when only sounded when it is needed, would naturally command attention, and that is the

only thing that is desired. The cyclist must always remember that he is merely a sharer of the road with other vehicles and other people, and that he and they have mutually reciprocal duties to perform.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. J. (Barry, near Cardiff).—The "Flycantalite" caps are obtainable from the Clarence Cap Works, Manchester, an address which, I think, will be sufficient. I do not possess a fuller one.

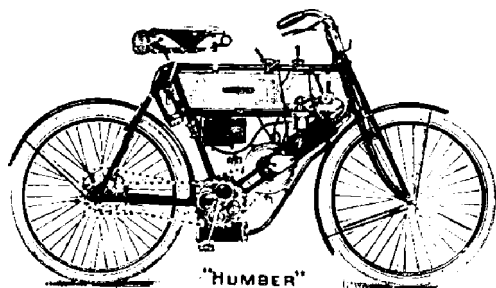
Rignold (Birmingham).—The Humber machines take a first place along with the best makers in the world. The duplex cross frame is designed upon excellent lines. A pair of tubes passes (one on either side of the tube joining the seat lug to the crown) from the head to the ends of the barrel bracket, and this is in many ways a good arrangement. The fork crown and the duplex front forks are very strong, without being unduly heavy. The free wheel is of a type to be commended, and although I do not like band brakes at all, and believe them to be quite wrong in principle, yet the Humber contrivance coming under this class is, I confess, as good a one of its kind as I know.

Eldred (Great Marlow).—Your letter got misplaced. There may be older firms than the Triumph Cycle Company, but I don't think you could easily have selected one which would treat you better.

Agnes F. (Lostwithiel).—You are going a long way for your wares, but the Bradbury Cycle Company, of Oldham, may be relied upon.

"Come Along Spring" (Neston).—Certainly. The Rudge-Whitworth machines are in the very first flight. For the lower-priced machine your young cousin wants you might do worse than consult the catalogue of Messrs. Hobart, Bird, and Company. The design of having Palmer tyres in both cases is a good one, but for the machine you mean to take to Germany I would advise that they be fairly stout. A Palmer "D" for the back wheel might be best at your weight, while a "C" for the front one would complete a good arrangement.

C. T. E. (Crowdon).—For such a thing as a portable tent for two I know of no likelier firm than A. W. Gamage and Co., of Holborn, E.C. These small tents are likely to come down in price in the near future, owing to the war in South Africa coming to an end—or, at least, so I have been told.



A HUMBER MOTOR BICYCLE.

Regie (Eton).—A Humber motor bicycle. It will cost a great deal, but as you tell me that doesn't matter, you may as well have it. Other firms are now selling them at £45 and less.

not be read with accuracy, it will still serve the purpose of informing the eye that something is coming, and the machine will be instinctively put under closer control.

The second cardinal rule of street riding is that

ALL OVERTAKING OF OTHER VEHICLES
SHOULD BE DONE ON THE RIGHT HAND
SIDE.

Who is there with any experience who has not often known this usage violated? You may be riding well off the kerb of a crowded pavement, in the hope of avoiding encounters with the most objectionable type of pedestrian, the "stepper off." This is the individual who assumes that because he hears nothing there is nothing there, who has not yet learnt that cycle traffic is for the most part silent in its movements, who does not understand the proper use of his eyes, and has failed to acquire the useful habit of glancing over his shoulder before forsaking the safety of the pavement for the open and unprotected street. It is the duty of every rider to exercise a pitying care for this exceedingly stupid person. If, while you are doing so, by keeping a yard or so away from the kerb, some other cyclist overtakes you between you and it, he is guilty of manners which I would describe as simply vile. Should any of my readers have been thoughtlessly guilty of this practice, I trust that they will think the better of it in future. No one has the right to overtake on the left-hand side without having previously obtained permission from the person he proposes to outstrip, save in exceptional cases which I shall presently name. Even on a very wide road, where a rider may chance to have the way pretty much to himself, and where something or other, such, for example, as the avoidance of a flood left by a watering-cart, may have induced him to take the strip on his far right side—even then another cyclist wishing to overtake him on the left is in duty bound to first ask whether he may be permitted to do so.

I have suggested

EXCEPTIONS AS REGARDS THE OVERTAKING
RULE.

The most obvious one may be taken first. I have seen many conscientious riders who, apparently, had the overtaking rule in mind, pass tram-cars on the right. This is quite wrong. It involves the rider going far over to the right, and thus possibly complicating other traffic, which is

the last thing he should wish to do. In overtaking a tram-car it is proper to keep to the left of it, save in cases where the arrangement of the lines renders that impossible. There is another exception which comes in when considering the matter of overtaking tram-cars, and that is the use of the bell. By the Local Government Act of 1888, it is required that every cyclist shall, on overtaking anything, give proper warning of his or her approach by sounding a bell or whistle, or by giving other suitable and audible warning. This law has to be interpreted liberally. No one wishes to inconvenience fellow users of the road by sticking pedantically to all the legal rules. Trams are commonly stopped and started by means of bell signals. The driver may quite easily mistake your bicycle bell for the bell to which he has to give attention. It is, therefore, advisable to overtake him without giving the warning which courtesy demands in other cases.

A tram-car should not be overtaken carelessly. If it is stationary,

CARE SHOULD BE TAKEN AS TO THE PEOPLE
WHO MAY BE GETTING IN, AND MUCH GREATER
CARE AS TO THE PEOPLE WHO MAY BE GETTING
OUT.

Of course, it is the duty of all of these to look out for you, and to see that they do not run under your wheels; but in general practice it will be found that they do not do so, and hence the need for caution. The cyclist who understands tram-car traffic properly will glance both inside and on the roof of the car he is overtaking, in order to see whether any one is about to dismount. He will make his plans accordingly, and will design to give a wide berth to people leaving the platform for the kerb. Apart from all this, which comes under the head of the rider's duty to others, he owes to himself the duty of taking reasonable personal care. Having convinced himself that he will inconvenience no one by overtaking his tram-car, he should make the passage past it as speedily as possible; for there lie hidden risks in the fact of there being two vehicles abreast and in motion at the same moment. Yet he should always avoid, if he can, the hazard of passing a tram-car when it is itself passing a side street. Any chance traffic may desire to emerge carelessly from such a side street at the moment chosen; and, obviously, the means of avoiding it are immensely curtailed by the fact of being hemmed in by the presence of the tram-car.

A HEAVY VEHICLE, SUCH AS A FURNITURE
VAN, MAY BE SIMILARLY TREATED UNDER
CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES.

If its driver persists in keeping to the right of the middle of the road, so as to leave no reasonable room to overtake it on the right hand side, you are justified in departing from the regular usage. But you must be certain that your bell signal has been properly given and has been ignored. It is often ignored through no fault of the driver, but simply because he cannot hear it owing to the deafening rumble of some such heavy vehicle as has been suggested. The use of the bell suggests a remark about the use of the brake. That also ought to be carefully handled in all cases of street riding. To put it on suddenly, unless there are grave reasons for doing so, is quite silly. The act invites side-slip, and that may end in anything—even a broken neck. Girls especially do not seem to know the danger they run in this direction. I have seen them free-wheeling down the slope of Cockspur-street, or along the slight declivity which leads out of Fleet-street down to Ludgate-circus, without any regard to the first principles for avoiding side-slip. Another point is very well worth consideration.

YOU CANNOT SIDE-SLIP IF YOU SUCCEED IN
KEEPING YOUR MACHINE VERTICALLY AT
RIGHT ANGLES OVER THE PLANE OF SUPPORT.

If you will take pains to do this you may ride with impunity over the wettest asphalt or mud. The "grease" of the road cannot possibly betray you.

There is really no set of rules that will apply at all times in the matter of traffic riding. "Take your place and keep it" is a very good maxim to follow. Do not be too eager to overtake, and do not readily drop behind anything except a motor-car, which, of course, you will very often have to do. Have a large consideration for others, and especially for pedestrians. Use the bell judiciously. Do not scare anybody with it. Do not in crowded thoroughfares peal it forth to all and sundry, but try to determine who is likely to be in your way at the moment when it is necessary that you should make your passage, and give the signal to that person. The indiscriminate use of the bell at every city crossing is like the cry of wolf which every one disregards. The bell, when only sounded when it is needed, would naturally command attention, and that is the

only thing that is desired. The cyclist must always remember that he is merely a sharer of the road with other vehicles and other people, and that he and they have mutually reciprocal duties to perform.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. J. (Barry, near Cardiff).—The "Flycantalite" caps are obtainable from the Clarence Cap Works, Manchester, an address which, I think, will be sufficient. I do not possess a fuller one.

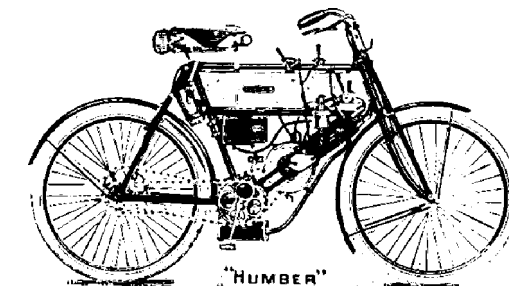
Rignold (Birmingham).—The Humber machines take a first place along with the best makers in the world. The duplex cross frame is designed upon excellent lines. A pair of tubes passes (one on either side of the tube joining the seat lug to the crown) from the heel to the ends of the barrel bracket, and this is in many ways a good arrangement. The fork crown and the duplex front forks are very strong, without being unduly heavy. The free wheel is of a type to be commended, and although I do not like hand brakes at all, and believe them to be quite wrong in principle, yet the Humber contrivance coming under this class is, I confess, as good a one of its kind as I know.

Eldred (Great Marlow).—Your letter got misplaced. There may be older firms than the Triumph Cycle Company, but I don't think you could easily have selected one which would treat you better.

Agnes F. (Lostwithiel).—You are going a long way for your wares, but the Bradbury Cycle Company, of Oldham, may be relied upon.

"Come Along Spring" (Neston).—Certainly. The Rudge-Whitworth machines are in the very first flight. For the lower-priced machine your young cousin wants you might do worse than consult the catalogue of Messrs. Hobart, Bird, and Company. The design of having Palmer tyres in both cases is a good one, but for the machine you mean to take to Germany I would advise that they be fairly stout. A Palmer "D" for the back wheel might be best at your weight, while a "C" for the front one would complete a good arrangement.

C. T. E. (Crowdon).—For such a thing as a portable tent for two I know of no likelier firm than A. W. Gamage and Co., of Holborn, E.C. These small tents are likely to come down in price in the near future, owing to the war in South Africa coming to an end—or, at least, so I have been told.



A HUMBER MOTOR BICYCLE.

Regie (Eton).—A Humber motor bicycle. It will cost a great deal, but as you tell me that doesn't matter, you may as well have it. Other firms are now selling them at £45 and less.

THE RISING OF THE RED MAN

A ROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

This story concerns the adventures of a wealthy rancher, named Henry Douglas, his daughter, Dorothy, and their friends, during the rebellion—organised by the fanatical Louis Riel—which broke out in the north west of Canada during the spring of 1885. The tale opens with a night attack on the rancher's homestead by a party of half-breeds, the defenders of the house consisting of Jacques St. Arnaud (a gigantic French-Canadian), Rory (an old farm-hand), Sergeant Pasmore (of the North-West Mounted Police), and Douglas himself. The "breeds," though they meet with a desperate resistance, at length force an entry into the house, but in the nick of time Child-of-Light, a friendly Indian chief, arrives with his "Crees," and saves the situation. The rancher's party then makes its way hurriedly across country to the police fort at Battleford. When, however, the party breaks up into ones and twos, in order to enter the fort unobserved by the rebels surrounding it, Dorothy is forced by an excited half-breed to dance with him. The man's sweet-heart, who is furious with jealousy, recognises Dorothy and discloses the girl's identity to the crowd, whereupon Dorothy is seized and hurried off to Louis Riel. After a brief examination by the rebel chief, Dorothy is delivered into the custody of Pepin Quesnelle, a dwarf who possesses a tame bear. Pepin, however, entertains friendly feelings towards Douglas and his daughter, and allows the latter to escape. The girl is joined by her father, who has also been captured and set free, and learns that Sergeant Pasmore has given himself up in the rancher's stead. When it is known that the sergeant is to die at daybreak, Rory, the old manservant, expresses his determination to return to the town and endeavour to extricate Pasmore from his perilous position. The others set off in two sleighs. In the morning Pasmore is led out to be shot, but, just as the sentence is about to be executed, Pepin Quesnelle appears, and so works upon the feelings of the superstitious rebel chief that Pasmore is temporarily reprieved, and eventually escapes. With Rory, he falls in with Child-of-Light, and then all three follow hard upon the track of Pasmore and his daughter, whom they at length find encamped upon the opposite bank of the Saskatchewan. In the distance hostile Indians are seen approaching the rancher's party. Pasmore urges his sleigh across the cracking ice, and attempts the return journey with Dorothy by his side, the others preceding him. The Indians follow hot after them, and meanwhile great fissures appear in the river's frozen surface, Pasmore pulling up his pony just in time to save the sleigh from plunging into a great crevasse that opens up before them, leaving Dorothy and himself apparently at the mercy of the Indians.



CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURED BY POUNDMAKER.

THE FIRST thing that Pasmore did was to urge the pony to leap the crevasse on its own account: after a very little coaxing the intelligent animal gathered itself together, and jumped clear of certain death. It then rushed on with the others.

"Now, give me your hand, and we'll see if we can't find an easier place to cross," said Pasmore to Dorothy.

"It's lucky we've got on moccasins instead of boots, is it not?" she said. She seemed to have dropped that old tone of reserve as completely as she might a cloak from her shoulders.

She gave him her hand, and they ran up the river alongside the jagged rent. Two or three bullets whizzed past them perilously near their heads.

"Why, there's Child-of-Light and Rory!" she cried. "I suppose they've come to keep back the Indians."

It was indeed the case. The sight of the advancing Indians had been too much for them.

and they had come out on the ice so as to check the foe. Their fire was steadier than the enemy's, for it did undoubted execution.

Soon Pasmore and Dorothy came to a place that seemed comparatively narrow, and here they essayed to cross. The other side seemed a terribly difficult spot on which to land, and the clear, blue water that ran between looked deadly cold. Once in there and it would be a hundred chances to one against getting out.

"I'll jump across first," said Pasmore, "so as to be ready to catch you on the other side." He jumped it with little effort, although he fell on the other side, and then it was Dorothy's turn.

There was a flush on her cheeks and her eyes were strangely bright as she put one foot on the sharp corner of the rent, fixed her eyes on him, and sprang. It was a dangerous and difficult jump for a woman to take, but he caught her in his strong arms just as she tottered on the brink, in the act of falling backwards, and drew her to him.

"Well done!" he cried, "another time I wish you'd come to me like that!"

"Let us run," she said, ignoring his remark, but without show of resentment. "Here is Jacques waiting for us with his sleigh."

And then a tragic thing occurred. The mighty waters of the Saskatchewan had been gathering force beneath the ice, and, pressing the great flooring upwards, at length gained such irresistible power that the whole ice-field shivered, and was broken up into gigantic slabs, until it resembled a vast mosaic. The horse attached to Jacques' sleigh was shot into a great rent, from which it was impossible to extricate it. They dared not stay a moment longer if they wished to escape with their lives.

Then for five minutes they held their lives in their hands, but they proceeded cautiously and surely, jumping from berg to berg, the man encouraging the woman to fresh endeavour, until at last they gained the southern bank. Had they slipped or overbalanced themselves it would have been good-bye to this world. Pasmore and Douglas had to assist Dorothy up the steep banks, so great had been the strain and so great was the reaction. Nor was it to be wondered at, for it would have tried the nerves of most men. They turned when they had reached a point of vantage and looked around. An awe-inspiring but magnificent sight met their gaze.

Coming down the river like a great tidal wave they could see a chaotic front of blue water and glistening bergs advancing swiftly and surely. At its approach the huge slabs of ice in the river were forced upwards, and shivered into all manner of fanciful shapes. It was the dammed-up

current of the mighty river which at length had forced the barrier of ice, and carried all in front of it, as the mortar carries the shell. There was one continuous, deafening roar, punctuated with a series of violent explosions as huge blocks of ice were shivered and shot into the air by that Titanic force. Nothing on earth could live in that wild maelstrom. It was one vast, pulsating, churning mass, and as the sun caught its irregular, crystal-like crest, a lawn-like mist, that glowed with every colour of the rainbow, hovered over it. It was indeed a wondrously beautiful, but awe-inspiring spectacle.

But the most terrible feature of the scene was the human life that was about to be sacrificed in that fierce flood. The murderous members of Big Bear's band who had followed them up, led away against their better judgment by the sight of their human prey, had advanced farther over the ice than they imagined, so that, when checked by the deliberate and careful shooting of Rory and Child-of-Light, they remained where they were instead of either rushing on or beating a precipitate retreat. Thus thirty of them realised that they were caught as in a trap. They saw the towering bulk of that pitiless wave coming swiftly towards them, and then they ran, panic-stricken, some this way and some that. They ran as only men run when fleeing for their lives.

"It is too horrible!" cried the girl, turning away from the gruesomeness of the spectacle.

The Indians had flung their rifles from them and were scattering in all directions over the ice, but that gleaming wave, that Juggernaut of grinding bergs, was swifter than they, and bore down upon them at the speed of a race-horse. It shot them into the air like so many playthings, caught them up again, and bore them away in its ravenous maw like the insatiable Moloch that it was. In another minute there was neither sign nor trace of them.

And now the party drew together to compare notes, and to deliberate upon their future movements. Whatever was said by Douglas to Pasmore about the sacrifice he had made on his behalf none of the party knew, for the rancher did not speak about it again, nor did the Police sergeant ever refer to it.

What they were going to do now was the matter that gave them most concern. They could not go on, and to go back meant running into Poundmaker's marauding hordes. They came to the conclusion that the best thing they could do was to camp where they were. They therefore drove the sleighs over to a sunny, wooded slope that was now clear of snow, and pitched Dorothy's tent in lee of the cotton-wood trees. The air was wonderfully mild, a soft Chinook

wind was blowing, and the snow was disappearing from the high ground as if by magic.

For three days they stayed in that sheltered spot, and enjoyed a much-needed rest; and perhaps it was the pleasantest three days that Pasmore had spent for many a long year.

"Don't you think we're understanding each other better than we used to do?" he asked of Dorothy one day.

"You don't insist on having quite so much of your own way," she replied, stooping to pick up something. He, however, saw the smile upon her face.

On the fourth day Child-of-Light had ascended the rise behind the camp to look around before going back to his people, and to reconnoitre in the neighbourhood of the ranche, when, to his no little dismay, he saw a far-stretching column of Indians coming towards them across the plain. He cried to those in the camp to arm themselves. In a few minutes more he was joined by Douglas, Pasmore, and the others. To their consternation they saw that they were gradually being hommed in by a crescent-shaped body of warriors, who must have numbered at least several hundred.

"It is Poundmaker's band," said Child-of-Light. "They have been with the wolves worrying the sheep, and have grown tired of that and are anxious to hide. But they cannot cross the Kis-saskatchewan for many days yet, so they will turn and go back to their holes in the Eagle Hills. The chances are they may be afraid to kill us, but they will certainly make us prisoners. Shall we fight them, my brothers, and then all journey together to the Happy Hunting Grounds beyond the blood-red sunsets?"

But there was Dorothy to be thought of, and they

knew that Poundmaker, though he might possibly put them to death, would not practise any of those atrocities ascribed to Big Bear. As the odds were a hundred to one against them, and they would all inevitably be shot down, it would be folly to resist, seeing that there was a chance of eventually escaping with their lives.



HE CRIED TO THOSE IN THE CAMP TO ARM THEMSELVES.

Discretion was always the better part of valour, and in this case it would be criminal to forget the fact.

They laid down their arms, and Pasmore himself went forward to meet them on foot, waving a branch over his head. This, amongst the Indians on the North American continent, is equivalent to a flag of truce.

In five minutes more they were surrounded, marshalled in a body, and marched into the presence of Poundmaker himself. The chief sat on a rise that was clear of snow, surrounded by his warriors. All the firearms the party had possessed were taken from them. Douglas had slipped his arm through his daughter's, and, no matter what the girl may have felt, she certainly betrayed no fear. It was Child-of-Light who first addressed Poundmaker. He stood in front of the others, and said—

"Poundmaker, it is not for mercy, but for your protection that we sue. If you have gone upon the war-path with the Metis against the white people, let not those who are innocent of wrong suffer for those whose unwise doings may have stirred you up to the giving of battle after your own fashion. Thus will it be that the warriors of the Great White Queen, who will surely swarm over all this land in numbers as the white moths ere the roses on the prairie are in bloom, when they hear from our lips that you have been mindful of us, will be mindful of you. Douglas and his daughter you know; they have ever been the friends of the Red man. You remember the evil days when there was nought to eat in the land, how they shared all they had with us, and called us brothers and sisters? Ill would it become Poundmaker and his Stonies to forget that. As for the others, they but serve their masters as these your braves serve you, and is that a crime?"

"As for myself, Poundmaker, I have not gone on the war-path, because I believe this man, Louis Riel, to be one who hearkens to a false Manitou. For him no friendly knife or bullet awaits, but the gallows-tree, by which no good Indian can ever hope to pass to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

"If it is that one of us must suffer to show that you have the power of life and death over us, let it be me. I am ready, O Poundmaker! Do with me as you will, but spare these who have done no wrong. This is the only thing that I crave of you, and I crave it because of those days when we were as brothers, riding side by side after the buffalo together, and fighting the Sarcees and the Sioux. You have told me of old that you believed in the Manitou—show your belief now. I have spoken, O chief!"

It has been the fashion with those who have

seen only one or two contaminated specimens of the Red man to sneer at that phrase, "the noble savage." This they do out of the fulness of their ignorance. Child-of-Light was indeed a noble savage, and looked it, every inch of him, as he drew himself up to his full height and gazed fearlessly into the face of his enemy.

A chorus of "Ough! ough!" was heard from every side, showing that not only had Child-of-Light himself considerable personal influence, but that the fairness of his speech had gone home.

Then the wily Poundmaker spoke. He was an imposing figure with his great head-dress of eagles' feathers, and clad in a suit of red flannel on which was wrought a rich mosaic of coloured beadwork. White ermine tails dangled from his shoulders, arms, and breast. He was in reality cruel and vindictive, but his cunning and worldly wisdom made him a master in expediency. He had intelligence above the average, but lacked the good qualities of such as the loyal Crowfoot, the Chief of the Black-foot nation, who also had the benefit of Père Lacombe, that great missionary's, sound counsel.

"Child-of-Light has spoken fairly," he said, "but it remains to be shown how much of what he has said is true, and how much like the ghost-waters that deceive the traveller in autumn, in places where nought but the sage-bush grows, and the ground is parched and dry. Douglas and the others must come with us. We shall return to the strong lodges in the Eagle Hills and await what time may bring. If the warriors of the Great Queen come to the land and molest us, then shall you all be put to death. But if they come and stay their hand, then we shall let you return to your own homes. As for the white maiden, the daughter of Douglas, nothing that belongs to her shall be touched, and she shall have a squaw to wait upon her. I have spoken."

He was a far-seeing red-skin, and meditated grim reprisals when the time was ripe.

In a few days, when the snow had completely gone, they started back to the Eagle Hills. It was heavy travelling, and the men had to walk, but the Indians got a light Red River cart for Dorothy, and in this, attended by a squaw, she made the greater part of the journey. Their goods were not interfered with, for the Indians had a plethora of loot from the Battleford stores. But still the uncertainty of their ultimate fate was ever hanging over them. They knew that if Poundmaker thought the British were not coming, or that they were not strong enough to vanquish him, he was capable of any devilry.

They passed into the wild, broken country of the Eagle Hills, the "Bad lands," as they were



"IF IT IS THAT ONE OF US MUST SUFFER TO SHOW THAT YOU HAVE THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH OVER US, LET IT BE ME. I AM READY, O POUNDMAKER!" (PAGE 451.)

called, and there, in a great grassy hollow surrounded by precipices, gullies, and terraces of wonderfully-coloured clays, they camped.

It was now the end of April, and the prisoners were beginning to get uneasy. Had anything happened to the British, or had they been left to their fate? The situation was more critical than they cared to admit. But one day all was bustle in the camp, and the warriors stood to their arms.

The British column had moved out from Battleford, and was advancing to give battle to Poundmaker.

The critical moment had come.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BATTLE OF CUT-KNIFE.

WHEN the Indians discovered that bright May morning that a British column had unexpectedly moved right up to their position, there was a scene approaching confusion for a few minutes. But they had studied the ground for days and knew every inch of it, so that each individual had his allotted post, and needed no orders to go there. Luckily for the prisoners, however, Poundmaker had not time to put into operation the elaborate plans he had contemplated. Moreover, the chief saw, to his no little consternation, that, as Child-of-Light had said, the soldiers of the White Queen were in numbers beyond anything he had expected. He therefore hurried the prisoners up a narrow terrace to a high headland from which it would be impossible to escape, and where a couple of Indians could effectually take charge of them. The latter followed close at their heels with loaded rifles. To the no little satisfaction of Pasmore and the others, the headland, or bluff, which must have been some two hundred feet high, commanded a splendid view of the operations. The British were approaching right across a species of scarred amphitheatre, while the Indians, and such half-breeds as had recently fled from Battleford on the approach of the British, had joined them, occupied the deep ravines and the highly irregular country in their immediate neighbourhood. They were protected by the works from rifle and shell-fire; the only danger would be in the event of shrapnel bursting over them.

Dorothy's face was lit up with animation as she watched the stirring spectacle. The sight of British troops, with the promise of speedy release after weeks of continuous danger and apprehension, was surely something to gladden her heart. And now they were about to wit-

ness that grandest, if most terrible, of all sights, a great battle.

"Look," Dorothy was saying to Pasmore, who crouched beside her amongst the rocks, "there come the Police——"

"Down all," cried Pasmore.

He had seen a flash and a puff of smoke from one of the guns. There was a dead silence for the space of a few moments, and then a screech and a peculiar whirring sound, as a shell hurried through the air over their heads.

Following this there was a loud report and a puff of smoke high in air; a few moments later and there came a pattering all round as a shower of iron descended. It was indeed a marvel that none of the party were hit. The two Indians who guarded them were evidently considerably astonished, and skipped nimbly behind convenient rocks.

"It will be more lively than pleasant directly if they keep on like that," remarked Pasmore. "Look, there are the Queen's Own extending on the crest of the gully to protect the left flank, and there are the Canadian Infantry and Ottawa Sharpshooters on the right. I don't know who those chaps are protecting the rear, but ——"

His words were drowned in the furious fusillade that broke out everywhere as if at a given signal. There was one continuous roar and rattle from the battery of artillery, and from the Gatling guns, as they opened fire, and a sharp, steady crackle from the skirmishers in the firing line and from the gullies and ridges in which the Indians had taken up their position. Everywhere one could see the lurid flashes and the smoke wreaths sagging upwards.

"What a glorious sight!" exclaimed the girl, her eyes sparkling and her face glowing. "If I were a man I'd give anything to be there—I'd like to be there as it is."

"You're very much there as it is," remarked Pasmore, soberly. "If you expose yourself as you're doing, something is bound to hit you. There's not much fun or glory in being killed by a stray bullet. Move just a little this way--there's room enough for us both--and you'll be able to see just as well with a great deal less danger."

She smiled, and a slight flush dyed her cheeks, but it was significant to note that she obeyed him unhesitatingly. A month ago she would have remained where she was.

And now the battle had begun in grim earnest. The Indians, dreading the destructiveness of the guns and the Gatlings, had made up their minds to capture them. As if by a preconcerted signal a large number of them leapt from their cover, and with wild, piercing whoops and war-cries, made a rush on the battery. Some of them were

on horse-back, and actually had their steeds smeared with dun-coloured clay so as to resemble the background and the rocks. It was indeed exceedingly difficult to distinguish them. Those on foot ran in a zigzag fashion, holding their blankets in front, so as to spoil the aim of the riflemen.

"They will capture the guns," cried Dorothy, trembling with excitement, "look, they are nearly up to them now!"

Indeed, for the moment it seemed extremely likely, for the Indians rushed in such a way that those on the flanks were unable to render the gunners or the Mounted Police any assistance. If Poundmaker succeeded in capturing the guns, the flankers would soon be cut to pieces. It was a moment of the keenest anxiety for the prisoners, not only for the safety of the brave Canadian troops, but also because they realised that if Poundmaker prevailed their lives were not worth a moment's purchase.

"Well done, Herchmer!" cried Pasmore. "See how he is handling the Police!"

And in all truth the coolness and steadiness of the Police were admirable. They lay flat on their faces while the guns delivered a telling broadside over them on the approaching foe that mowed them down, and sent them staggering backwards. Then, with a wild cheer, the troopers rose, and, like one man, charged the wavering mass of red-skins, firing a volley and fixing their bayonets. The sight of the cold steel was too much for the Indians, who turned and fled. The guns were saved.

But those precipitous gullies were filled with plucky savages, and not a few half-breeds, who, while they could effectively pick off and check the advance of the British, were themselves screened from the enemy's fire. For two hours and more the fight went on with little gain on either side. The day was hot, and it must have been terribly trying work for those in the open. The guns contented themselves with sending an odd shell into likely places, but owing to the nature of the ground, which presented a wall-like front, their practice was only guess work.

Suddenly the girl caught Pasmore by the wrist.

"Look over there," she cried. "Do you see that body of Indians going down that gully? They are going to attack the column in the rear, and our people don't know it. Is there no way of letting them know?"

"There is," cried Pasmore, "and it's worth trying. Our fellows are not more than a thousand yards away now, and I can signal to them. It's just possible they may see me. Give me that stick, Rory. Jacques, I saw you with your

towel an hour or so ago. Have you still got it?"

In a few seconds he had fastened the towel to the stick and was about to crawl out on to the other side of the ledge in full view of the British, who had been steadily advancing.

"Do take care," cried Dorothy, "if any of the Indians should see you——"

"They won't be looking this way," he said, adding, "There's sure to be a signaller with Otter or Herchmer. They'll think it a queer thing to get a message from the enemy's lines"—he laughed light-heartedly at the idea—"Now, do keep out of sight, for there's just a chance of a bullet or two being sent in this direction."

Fortune favoured Pasmore when a shell came screeching over their heads just at that moment, for the two guards, who might otherwise have seen him, both dodged behind rocks. When they looked again in the direction of their prisoners they did not know that one of them was apprising the British leader of the fact that a body of the enemy was at that moment skirting his right flank in cover of an old watercourse, so as to attack his rear.

When the British signaller wonderingly read the message, and repeated it to the Colonel, the latter, before giving his troops any definite order, enquired of the sender of the message as to his identity, and Pasmore signalled in reply. Then the order was given to fix bayonets and charge the enemy in the watercourse. Silently and swiftly the regular Canadian Infantry bore down on it. Completely taken by surprise, and at a disadvantage, the red-skins were completely routed.

But an ambush was being prepared for the British of which they did not dream. At a certain point the red-skins fell back, but in a hollow of the broken country through which the British would in all probability pass to follow up their supposed advantage, were two or three hundred warriors mounted and awaiting their opportunity. If only the British could bring their artillery to bear upon that spot, and drop a few shells amongst them, great would be their confusion.

Pasmore rose to his feet again from behind the rock where he had crouched. For one or two bullets, either by design or accident, had come very near him indeed. Quickly the towel at the end of the stick waved the message to the officer in command. Just as he was going to supplement it, a bullet passed clean through his impromptu flag and grazed his serge. He went on with his message as if nothing had happened. But the moment he had finished, and was still standing erect to catch the glint of the British

signaller's flag, a voice hailed him. It was Dorothy's.

"Mr. Pasmore," she cried, "if you have done, why don't you take cover? The Indians have seen you, and you'll be shot in another minute."

"For goodness' sake, get down!" he cried, as he turned round and saw that the girl, unseen by the others, had come towards him, and was also exposed to the enemy's fire.

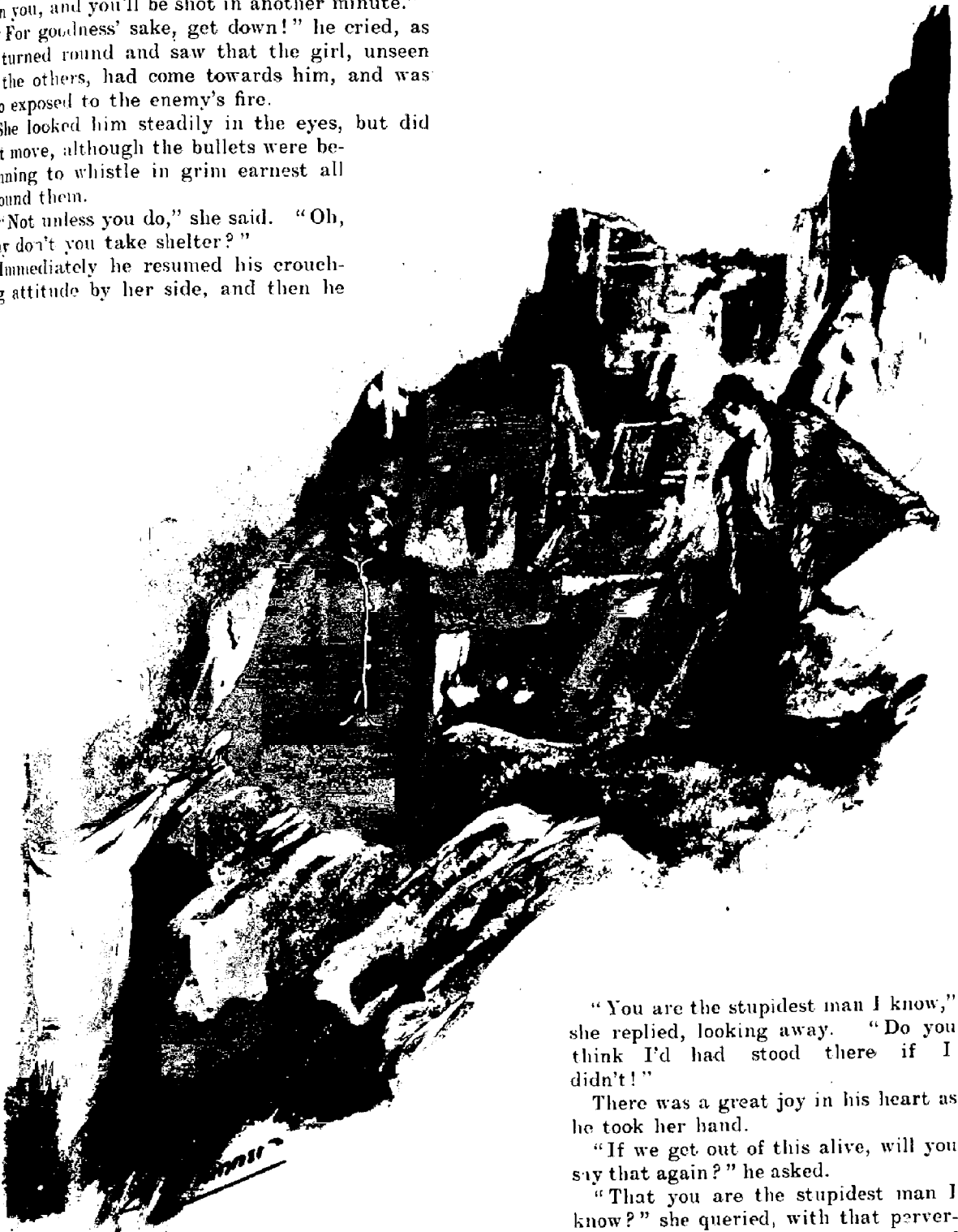
She looked him steadily in the eyes, but did not move, although the bullets were beginning to whistle in grim earnest all around them.

"Not unless you do," she said. "Oh, why don't you take shelter?"

Immediately he resumed his crouching attitude by her side, and then he

turned to her, and there was an unwonted light in his eyes.

"Did you really care as much as that?" he asked.



"You are the stupidest man I know," she replied, looking away. "Do you think I'd had stood there if I didn't!"

There was a great joy in his heart as he took her hand.

"If we get out of this alive, will you say that again?" he asked.

"That you are the stupidest man I know?" she queried, with that perversity inseparable from the daughters of Eve from all time.

"No—that you care for me?"

HE TURNED ROUND AND SAW THAT THE GIRL, UNSEEN BY THE OTHERS, HAD COME TOWARDS HIM, AND WAS ALSO EXPOSED TO THE ENEMY'S FIRE.

And at this she looked into his eyes with a simple earnestness, and said, "Yes."

What more they might have said was cut short by the furious outburst of firing from the guns, which dropped shell after shell into the projected ambushade.

And now the British were forcing the natural stronghold of the Indians in many places, and their guards looked as if they were undecided what to do with their prisoners.

"If we don't collar those chaps," said Douglas, "they'll be wanting to account for us before they go off on their own. They look dangerous. Stand by me, Jacques, and we'll crawl up behind them when the next shell comes. They're too busily engaged below to pay much attention to us now."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before their ears caught the eerie sound of a shrapnel shell coming towards them. The two Indians got down on their faces behind a rock. The next moment, regardless of consequences, the rancher was on the top of one and Jacques had secured the other. To take their rifles, and tie their hands and feet with belts, was short work, and then Rory told them that if they remained quiet all would be well with them. They were sensible red-skins, and did as they were bid.

And now it was time for the prisoners to again make their presence known to the British, for should the Indians and breeds succeed in holding the gully beneath them against the invading force, it was tolerably certain they would discover how Pasmore and his companions had overpowered their guards, and swift vengeance was sure to follow. As they looked down the precipitous sides of the ravine they could see that only four men—two breeds and two Indians—held the narrow pass. These men, while they themselves were comparatively safe, could easily hold a large number of troops at bay.

"Mon Dieu! it ees ze Metis, and it ees mon ami, Leopold St. Croix, I can see," exclaimed Lagrange, as he peered anxiously over the brink. "Ah! I tink it ees one leetle rock will keel him mooch dead."

He did not wait for any one to express assent, but began at once to assist the British with dire effect. Lagrange never did things by halves. When he realised that he was compromised with the enemy, he at once started in to annihilate his old friends with the utmost cheerfulness.

No sooner had Jacques heard that Leopold St. Croix was below than he rushed down the terrace, rifle in hand, to have it out with him. There was no holding him back; he was regardless of consequences.

The others remained where they were. With

one rifle they could command the terrace until the troops came to their relief. Lagrange continued to roll down rocks, to the great discomfiture of the holders of the pass, who kept dodging about from one side to the other in imminent fear of their lives. When one Indian was effectually quieted by a huge boulder that Lagrange had sent down on the top of him, the others saw that it was impossible to remain there any longer, so incontinently fled. Leopold St. Croix, being somewhat stout, was left behind in the headlong flight that ensued.

When Jacques reached the bottom of the terrace, he found that the Indians had left the coast clear for him. He was rounding the bluff amongst the rocks when he met his old enemy face to face.

"Ha! *coquin!*" cried Jacques; "and so, mon ami, I have found you! *Bien!* Now we shall fight, like that, so!"

And putting his rifle to his shoulder, he sent a bullet through Leopold St. Croix's badger-skin cap.

St. Croix returned the compliment by shaving a lock of hair off Jacques' right temple. Both men got behind rocks, and for three minutes they carried on a spirited duel. At length, after both had had several narrow shaves of annihilation, Jacques succeeded in sending a bullet through St. Croix's shoulder, and that settled the matter.

The prisoners had now descended the terrace, and were every moment expecting to find themselves once more face to face with British troops, when something occurred which is always occurring when a civilised force, with its time-honoured precedent, is dealing with a savage race that acts on its own initiative—the unexpected happened—the inevitable slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. The British, thinking that their work was over, left their cover and rushed towards the various inlets in a careless, disorganised fashion. Quick as thought the rebels seized their opportunity. They rallied and poured in a withering fire upon the scattered troops. The unprotected guns were rushed by a mere handful of Indians who had been hiding in the watercourse, and the retreat was sounded to protect them. At the same moment Poundmaker found himself with one of his head men, who bore the picturesque name of Young-Man-Who-Jumps-Like-a-Frog, and these two, with a strong following at their heels, appeared round the corner of a bluff. A few seconds later Jacques was seized from behind, and the other prisoners were once more secured. It all happened so suddenly that there was no time to escape or make any resistance.



"BIEN! NOW WE SHALL FIGHT, LIKE THAT, SO!"

CHAPTER XXI.

BACK TO CAPTIVITY.

IT was as well for the prisoners that Poundmaker was not aware of the fact that they had overpowered their guard and had been in the act of escaping when he came round the corner. It is only probable to suppose that he was surprised to find them all alive and unscathed by the shell-fire, and that he imagined some natural mishap had occurred to the escort during the progress of the fight. Lucky it was for that same escort that it was the British troops, and not Poundmaker's men, who afterwards found them bound hand and foot, for it is safe to say that in the latter case they would never have had an opportunity of being surprised again. They would have dangled by their heels from the bough of some tree while a slow fire underneath saved them the necessity of ever after requiring to braid their raven locks.

In point of fact, Poundmaker was in rather a good humour than otherwise, for the British were now withdrawing to take up a position on the open prairie, where they knew the Red men and Metis would not attack them. True,

the rebels had suffered severely, but so had the Government troops. Before the British could make another attack, he would be off into the wild, inaccessible fastnesses of the Eagle Hills, where they would have to catch him who could. He had sense enough to know that the British must catch him in the long run, but he would have a high old time till then. Civilisation was a very tame affair, and a rebellion was a heaven-sent opportunity for resuscitating a picturesque past with lots of loot and scalps thrown in. His meditated revenge on the prisoners would keep—there was nothing like having a card up one's sleeve.

He straightway broke up the party. With a certain rude sense of the fitness of things, he put Douglas and Pasmore together. He assured the former that the same young squaw who had been in attendance on his daughter would continue to wait upon her in the future. His lieutenant, "Young-Man-Who-Jumps-Like-a-Frog," a very promising young man indeed, would be responsible to him for her safety. If anything happened to her, or she escaped, then Young-Man, etc., would no longer have eyes to see how he jumped.

It would have been madness for the party to have made any serious attempt to resist arrest, for they were simply covered by the muzzles of firearms. Still, Pasmore sent two Indians reeling backwards with two right and left blows, which made them look so stupid that Poundmaker was secretly amused, and therefore stopped the pulling of the trigger of the blunderbuss that an Indian placed close to the police sergeant's head in order to effect a thorough and equal distribution of his brains. The grim and politic chief, who was not without a sense of humour, ordered that a rope be tied round the waist of the wild cat—as he was pleased to term Pasmore—and that to the two braves who had been so stupid as to allow him to punch their heads, should be allotted the task of leading him about like a bear. He hinted that if Pasmore occasionally amused himself by testing the powers of resistance of their skulls with his hammer-like fists, no difficulties would be thrown in his way by the others.

Douglas had begged to be allowed to accompany his daughter, but Poundmaker said that was impossible, and assured him that no harm would come to her. Dorothy went over to her father and kissed him, and then they were forced apart. To Pasmore she said—

“You need not fear for me. I feel sure that, now they know the strength of the British, they will take care of us so as to save themselves. It is madness for you to resist. If you wish to help me, go quietly with them.”

“Yes, you are right,” he said. “But it is so hard. Still, I feel that we shall pull through yet. Good-bye.”

He was too much a man of action and of thought to be prodigal of words. And she knew that a facility in making pretty speeches is in nine cases out of ten merely the refuge of those who desire to conceal indifference or shallowness of heart.

In another minute the men were hurried away. An Indian pony with a saddle was brought for Dorothy, and she was told to mount. The young squaw who had her in charge, and who was called “The Star that Falls by Night,” mounted another pony and took over a leading-rein from Dorothy. Poundmaker, after giving a few instructions, rode off to direct operations and to see that his sharpshooters were posted in such a way that it would be impossible for the British to advance until his main body had made good their retreat into the more inaccessible country. Of course, it was only a matter of time before they would be starved out of those hills, but much might occur before then.

The middle-aged brave who was handicapped

with a name that suggested froggy agility, proudly took his place at the head of the little cavalcade, and a few minutes later they were threading their way through deep, narrow gullies, crossing from the head of one little creek on to the source of another, and choosing such places generally that the first shower of rain would gather there and wash out their tracks. When they passed the main camp, Dorothy saw that the lodges had been pulled down, and were being packed on *travois*,* preparatory to a forced march. She noted that the sleighs had been abandoned, as, of course, there were no wheels there to take the place of the runners. Her own slender belongings were secured on the back of a pack-horse, and the squaw saw to it that she had her full complement of provisions and camp paraphernalia such as suited the importance of her prisoner.

Poor Dorothy! There would, however, be no more tea or sugar, or other things she had been accustomed to, for many a long day, but, after all, that was of no particular moment. There was pure water in the streams, and there would soon be any amount of luscious wild berries in the woods, and plants by the loamy banks of creeks that made delicious salads and spinaches, and they would bring such a measure of health with them that she would experience what the spoiled children of fortune, and the dwellers in cities, can know little about—the mere physical joy of being alive—the glorious pulsing of the human machine.

They kept steadily on their way till dusk, and then halted for a brief space. The party was a small one now, only some half-dozen braves and a few squaws. Dorothy wandered with her jailor, whom she had for shortness called the Falling Star, to a little rise, and looked down upon the great desolate, purpling land in which evidently Nature had been amusing herself. There were huge, pillar-like rocks streaked with every colour of the rainbow, from pale pink and crimson to slate-blue. There were yawning canyons, on the scarped sides of which Nature had been fashioning all manner of grotesqueries—gargoyles and griffins, suggestions of many-spired cathedrals, the profile of a face which was that of an angel, and of another which was so weirdly and horribly ugly—suggesting as it did all that was evil and sinister—that one shivered and looked away. All these showed themselves like phantasmagoria and startled one with a suggestion of intelligent design. But it was not with the face of the cliff alone that Nature had trifled.

The gigantic boulders of coloured clays, strewn

* Two crossed poles with cross pieces trailing from the back of a pony.

about all higgledy-piggledy, resolved themselves into uncouth antediluvian monsters, with faces so suggestive of something human and malign that they were more like the weird imaginings of some evil dream than inanimate things of clay. And over all brooded the mysterious dusk and the silence—the silence as of death that had been from the beginning, and which haunted one like a living presence. Only perhaps now and again there was a peculiar and clearly defined trumpet-toned sound caused by the outstretched wing of a great hawk as it swooped down to seize its prey. It was the very embodiment of desolation. It might well have been some dead lunar landscape in which for æons no human being had stirred.

But Dorothy had other things to think of. Her position was now seemingly more perilous than before. It was so hard to think that they had all been so near deliverance, and, in fact, had given themselves over entirely to hope, and then had been so ruthlessly disappointed.

But there had been compensations. Putting on one side the shedding of blood, for which nothing could compensate, there was that new interest which had sprung into glorious life within her, and had become part of her being—her love for the man who had more than once put himself in the power of the enemy so that she and her father might be saved. Yes, that was something very wonderful and beautiful indeed.

When the moon got up the party was reformed, and they started out again. In the pale moonlight the freaks of Nature's handiwork were more fantastic than ever, and here and there tall, strangely-fashioned boulders of clay took on the semblance of threatening, half-human monsters meditating an attack.

Dorothy had noticed by the stars that the party had changed its direction. They were now heading due north. With the exception of one short halt they travelled all through the night, and in the early grey dawn of the morning came out upon a great plain of drifting sand that looked for all the world like an old ocean bed stretching on and on interminably. It was the dangerous shifting sands, which the Indians generally avoided, as it contained spots where, it was said, both man and horse disappeared if they dared to put foot on it. But Poundmaker's lieutenant was not without some measure of skill and daring, and piloted them between the troughs of the waste with unerring skill.

When the sun gained power in the heavens and a light breeze sprang up, a strange thing took place. The face of the wave-like heights and hollows began to move. The tiny grains of sand were everywhere in motion, and actually

gave out a peculiar singing sound, somewhat resembling the noise of grain when it falls from the spout of a winnowing machine into a sack. It was as if the sand were on the boil. There was no stopping now unless they wanted to be swallowed up in the quicksand. Dorothy noticed that the squaws, and even the braves, looked not a little anxious. But their leader kept steadily on. The sand was hard enough and offered sufficient resistance to the broad hoof of a horse, but if one stood still for a minute or so, it began gradually to silt up and bury it. It was a horrible place. When at noon that devil's slough resolved itself into a comparatively narrow strip, and Dorothy saw that they could easily have left it, she began to understand their reason for keeping on such dangerous ground—they *did not wish to leave any tracks behind them*. In all truth there was absolutely nothing to show that they had ever been in that part of the country. At last they came to what looked like a high hill with a wall-like cliff surmounting it. They stepped on to the firm clayey soil where the sage-bush waved, and had their midday meal. As soon as that had been disposed of, they resumed their journey.

They now went on foot, and steadily climbed the steep hillside by the bed of an old water-course. Dorothy wondered what was behind the sharply-cut outline of the cliffs, for it gave the impression that nothing lay beyond save infinite space. They entered a narrow ravine, and then suddenly it was as if they had reached the jumping-off place of the world, for they passed, as it were, into another land. Immediately beneath them lay a broken shelf of ground shaped like a horseshoe, the sides of which were sheer cliffs, the gloomy base of which, many hundred feet below, were swept by the coldly gleaming, blue waters of the mighty Saskatchewan. Beyond that, drowsing in a pale blue haze, lay the broad valley, and beyond that again the vast purpling panorama of rolling prairie and black pinewoods until earth and sky were merged in indistinctness and became one. It resembled a perch on the side of the world, a huge eyrie with cliffs above and cliffs below, with apparently only that little passage, the old creek bed, by which one might get there. Dorothy realised that people might pass and repass at the foot of the hill on the other side and never dream there was such a place behind it. Still less would they imagine that there was a narrow cleft by which one could get through. Moreover, a couple of Indians stationed at the narrow track could easily keep two hundred foemen at bay. Dorothy realised that she was now as effectually a prisoner as if she had been hidden away in an impregnable fortress.

The party descended a gentle slope, and there, in a saucer-shaped piece of low-lying ground fringed with saskatoon and choke-cherry trees, they pitched their camp.

For the first three days Dorothy was almost inclined to give way to the depression of spirits which her surroundings and the enforced inaction naturally encouraged. Though the Red folk were not actually unkind to her, still, their ways were not such as commended themselves to a well-brought-up white girl. Fortunately, the Falling Star was well disposed to her, and did all she could to make Dorothy feel her captivity as little as possible. The two would sit together in a shady place on the edge of the great cliff for hours, gazing out upon the magnificent prospect that outspread itself far beneath them, and the Indian girl, to try and woo the spirit of her white sister from communing too much within itself, would tell her many of the quaint, beautiful legends of the Indian Long Ago.

On the third day, just as Dorothy was beginning to wonder if it were not possible to steal out of the wigwam one night when Falling Star slept soundly, and, by evading the sentries—who might also chance to be asleep—make her way out through the narrow pass and so back to freedom, there was an arrival in camp that exceedingly astonished her. She was sitting some little distance back from the edge of the great cliff with Falling Star near at hand, when some one behind her spoke.

"Ah, mam'selle," said the voice, "it ees ze good how-do-you-do I will be wish you."

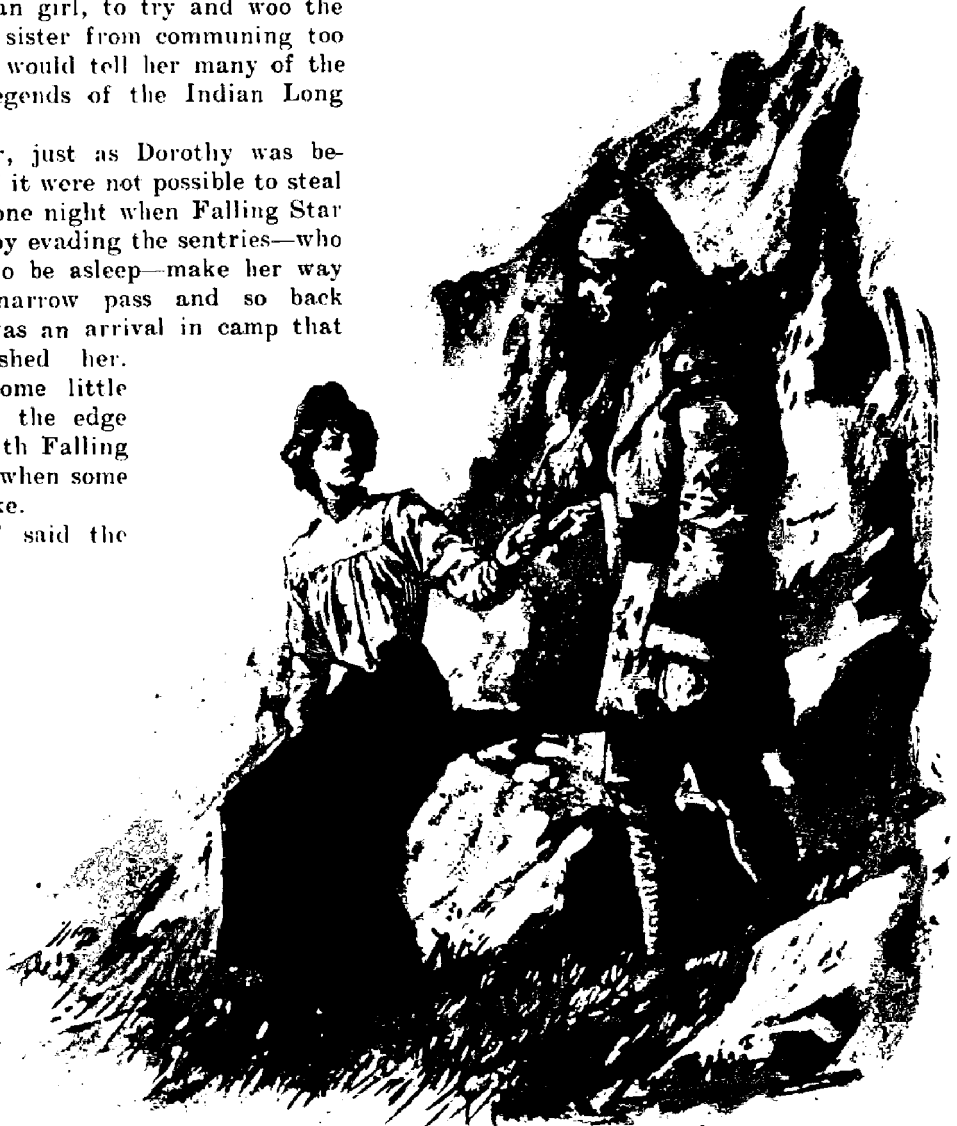
Dorothy turned, and, to her surprise Bastien Lagrange stood before her.

Despite the jauntiness of his speech, and the evident desire he evinced to appear perfectly at his ease, Dorothy at once detected an under-current of shame-faced-

ness and apprehension in Bastien's manner. His presence argued that he was no longer a prisoner with Poundmaker's band. What did it portend?

In her eagerness to learn something of her father, Pasmore, and the others, Dorothy sprang to her feet and ran towards Lagrange. But that gentleman gave her such a significant look of warning that she stopped short. He glanced meaningly at the Indian woman, Falling Star. Dorothy understood, and a presentiment that she was about to be disappointed in the feeble-hearted half-breed took possession of her.

"You can speak, Bastien," Dorothy said. "Falling Star will not understand a word. I can see you have come with a message to Jump-



"WILL YOU GO AND TELL PEPIN QUESNELLE TO COME TO ME? GIVE HIM THIS FROM ME."

ing Frog. but first, tell me—what about my father and the others?"

"Hélas, I know not!" said Bastien, feeling vastly relieved that it had not been a more awkward question. "They haf go 'way South branch of Saskatchewan. They all right. I tink Poundmaker mooch 'fraid keel them. They——"

"But how is it you are here? Have you joined the enemy again?"

It had come at last, and Bastien, shrugging his high shoulders, spread his hands out deprecatingly.

"Hélas, Mam'selle! What was there for to do? I say I Eenglish, and they go for to shoot me mooch dead. I say 'Vive Riel!' and they say, 'Zat ces all right, Bastien Lagrange, you mooch good man.' I tell them that I nevere lofe Eenglish, that you father and shermoganish peleece she was took me pressonar, and I was not able to get 'way, and that I plenty hate the Eenglish, oh! yees, and haf keel as many as three, four, fife, plenty times. So they say, 'Bully for you, pardner! and you can go tell Man-Who-Jumps-Like-a-Frog to sit down here more long and ozer tings.' *Comprenez?*"

The peculiar and delicate line of policy the unstable breed was pursuing was obvious. Lagrange was one of those who wanted to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds simply because he did not particularly care for either, and it was incumbent upon him that he should do one or the other. When the proper time came he certainly wanted to be with the side that got the best of it, and he had a shrewd suspicion that that would be the English. He was delightfully immune from any moral prejudice in the matter, and already a brilliant scheme was developing in his plastic brain that promised both safety and entertainment. He, however, resolved to do whatever lay in his power to assist this charming young lady and her father.

"Bastien," observed the girl, after a pause, "you'd better take good care what you do. Take my word for it that all the rebels, both half-breeds and Indians, who have done wrong will have to answer for it. I do not ask you what message you carry to the Indians here, but it is unlikely that you will stay with us. Now, I know that Battleford is not so very far away: will you go and tell Pepin Quesnelle to come to me? The Indians are all afraid of him, so he will suffer no harm. See, give him this from me."

She turned and plucked a little bunch of blue flowers that grew close at hand, which in the Indian language signify "Come to me." Then she produced a little brooch which she had worn at her throat that night she had met the dwarf,

and wrapping both in a small piece of silk, gave them to the half-breed.

CHAPTER XXII.

ANTOINE IN TROUBLE.

FOUR nights later Pepin Quesnelle and his mother were having their supper in the large common sitting-room, which also did duty as kitchen and workshop. The tidy, silver-haired old dame had set out a place for Pepin at the well-scrubbed table, but the *petit-maitre*, much to her regret, would not sit down at it as was his wont. He insisted on having his supper placed on the long, low bench, covered with tools and harness, at which he was working. He had a Government job on hand, and knew that if he sat down to the table in state, there would be much good time wasted in useless formality. His mother therefore brought some bread and a large steaming plate of some kind of stew, and placed them within reach of his long arms.

"Pepin," she said, with a hint of fond remonstrance, "it is not like you to eat so. If any one should happen to come and catch you, my sweet one, eating like a common Indian, what would they think? Take care, apple of my eye, it is ver' hot!"

She hastily put down the steaming bowl, from which a savoury steam ascended, and Antoine the bear, who was sitting on his haunches in evident meditation behind the bench, deliberately looked in another direction. What mattered the master's dinner to a bear of his high-class principles!

"Thank you, my mother," said Pepin, without lifting his eyes, and sewing away with both hands as if for dear life. "What you say is true, ver' true, but the General he will want this harness, and the troops go to-morrow to catch Poundmaker. And, after all, what matters it where I sit—am I not Pepin Quesnelle?"

Antoine, still looking vacantly in another direction, moved meditatively nearer the steaming dish. Why had they not given him his supper? He had been out for quite a long walk that day, his appetite was excellent.

"Mother," said Pepin, again, "that young female Douglas, who was here some time ago, I wonder where she may be now? Since then I have been many times think that, after all, she was, what the soldier-officers call it, not half-bad."

"Ah, Pepin!" and the old lady sighed, "she was a sweet child, and some day might even have done as wife for you. But you are so particular, my son. Of course, I do not mean to say she was good enough for you, but at least



THE DWARF, WITH A STRANGE, HOARSE CRY, THREW HIMSELF UPON THE BEAR.

she was more better than those other women who would try and steal you from me. *Mon Dieu*, how they do conspire!"

"So, that is so," commented Pepin resignedly, but at the same time not without a hint of satisfaction in his voice; "they *will* do it, you know, mother. Bah! if the shameless females only knew how Pepin Quesnelle sees through their little ways, how they would be confounded—astonished, and go hide themselves for the shame of it! But this girl, that is the thing, she was nice girl, I think, and if perhaps she had the airs of a *grande dame* and would expect much—well, after all, there was myself to set against that. Eh? What? Don't you think that is so, my mother?"

"Yes, Pepin, yes, of course that is so, my sweet one, and what more could any woman want? And that girl, I think, she was took wid you, for I see her two, three times look at you so out of the corners of the eyes."

While this conversation was proceeding, Antoine had more than once glanced at his master without turning his head. The plate of stew was now within easy reach of his short grizzled

snout, and really it looked as if it had been put there on purpose for him to help himself.

When Pepin happened to look round, he thought his mother, in a fit of absent-mindedness, must have put down an empty plate—it was so clean, so beautifully clean. But when he looked at Antoine, who was now sitting quite out of reach of the plate, and observed the Sunday-school expression on the bear's old-fashioned face, he understood matters. He knew Antoine of old.

"Mother," he said, in his natural voice and quite quietly, "my dear mother, don't let the old beast know that you suspect anything. Take up that plate, and don't look at him, or he will find out we have discovered all. What have you got left in the pot, my mother?"

"Two pigeons, my sweet one, but——"

"That will do, mother. Do not excite yourself. Your Pepin will be avenged. The bar shall have the lot, *ma foi!* the whole lot, and he will wish that he had waited until his betters were finished. Take down the mustard tin, and the pepper-pot, and yes, those little red peppers that make the mouth as the heat of the pit below, and put them all in the insides of one

pigeon. Do you hear me, my mother dear? Now, do not let him see you do it, for his sense is as that of the Evil One himself, and he would not eat that pigeon."

"Oh, my poor wronged one, and to think that that—"

"Hush hush, my mother! Can you not do as I have told you? Pick up the plate quietly. *Bien*, that is right! Now, do not look at him, but fill the pigeon up. So . . . that is so, mother dear. O, Antoine, you sweet, infernal bear, but I will make you wish as how the whole Saskatchewan were running down your crater of a throat in two, three minutes more. But there will be no Saskatchewan—*non*, not one leetle drop of water to cool your thieving tongue!"

And despite the lively state of affairs he predicted for his four-footed friend, he never once looked at it, but kept tinkering at the harness as if nothing particular were exciting him.

The good old lady was filled with concern for Antoine, for whom, as sharing the companionship of her well-beloved, she had quite a friendly regard. Still, had not the traitorous animal robbed her darling—her Pepin—of his supper? It was a hard, a very hard thing to do, but he must be taught a lesson. With many misgivings she stuffed the cavernous fowl with the fiery condiments.

"Now, mother dear, just wipe it clean so that the fire and brimstone does not show on the outside, and pour over it some gravy. That is right, *ma mère*. I will reward you—later. Now, just place it on the bench and take away the other plate. Do not let the cunning malefactor think you notice him at all. He will think it is the second course. *Bien!*"

He turned his head sharply and looked at the bear with one of his quick, bird-like movements, just at the same moment as the bear looked at him. But there was nothing on the artless Antoine's face but mild, sentimental enquiry.

"Ha! he is cunning!" muttered Pepin. "Do you remember, my mother, how—*Mon Dieu!* he's got it!"

That was very apparent. Antoine had nipped up the fowl, and with one or two silent crunches was in the act of swallowing it. So pressed was he for time that at first he did not detect the fiery horrors he was swallowing. But in a minute or two he realised that something unlooked for had occurred, that there was a young volcano in

his mouth that had to be quenched at any cost. So he sprang to his feet and rushed at a bucket of water that stood in a corner of the room, and went so hastily that he knocked the bucket over and then fell on it. The burning pain inside him made him snap and growl and fall to worrying the unfortunate bucket.

As for Pepin, he evinced the liveliest joy. He threw the harness from him, leapt from the bench, and seizing his long stick, danced out on the floor in front of the bear. The good old dame stood with clasped hands in a far corner of the room, looking with considerable apprehension upon this fresh domestic development.

"Aha, Antoine, *mon enfant!*" cried the dwarf, "and so my supper you will steal, will you? And how you like it, *mon ami?* Now, for to digest it, a dance, that is good. So—get up, get up and dance, my sweet innocence! Houp-la!"

But just at that moment there came a knock at the door. It was pushed open, and the unstable breed, Bastien Lagrange, entered. Antoine, beside himself with internal discomfort and rage, eyed the intruder with a fiery, ominous light in his eyes. Here surely was a heaven-sent opportunity for letting off steam. Before his master could prevent him he had rushed open-mouthed at Lagrange and thrown him upon his back. Quicker than it takes to write it, he had ripped the clothing from his body with his great claws and was at his victim's throat. The dwarf, with a strange, hoarse cry, threw himself upon the bear. With his powerful arms and huge hands he caught it by the throat, and compressed the windpipe, until the astonished animal loosed its hold and opened its mouth to gasp for breath. By a mighty effort Pepin threw it backwards with as much seeming ease as when, on one occasion, he had strangled a young cinnamon in the woods. Bastien Lagrange lay back with the blood oozing from his mouth, the whites of his eyes turned upwards. He tried to speak, but the words came indistinctly from his lips. He put one hand to his breast, and a small packet fell to the ground.

"From the daughter of Douglas," he gasped. And then he lay still.

John Mackie

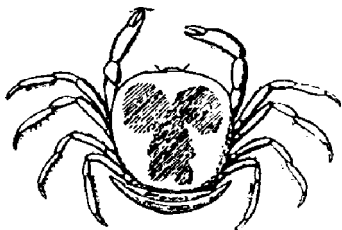
(To be concluded.)

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

The Mussel's Messmate.

If you were hunting for crabs it would probably never enter your head to open the shells of living mussels, and expect to find specimens hidden therein. Yet there is one, the smallest of our native crabs, that need be sought nowhere else than in the shells of a few species of mollusks. The other day R. W. Attwood, one of our readers, was surprised on opening a mussel to find one of these crabs, and he asks me for some information concerning it. It is known as the Pea-crab, because of its small size, its roundness, and smoothness. A fair-sized female (such as R. W. A. found) measures only half an inch across its shell, which differs from all our other crabs in being thin, transparent, and as smooth as polished glass. The male is much smaller, and is very rarely found. All the limbs are equally smooth and without any of the sharp spines and edges that distinguish most crabs. The crab and the mussel are the best of friends, the crab getting a share of the mussel's food and protection from the fish-enemies that would eat him, and in return keeping the house clean. There are a number of similar partnerships known to naturalists, but this one was known so far back as the times of the ancient Greeks. Their poet Oppian has mentioned the crab in connection with a mollusk known as the Pinna, or Fan-mussel, which he describes as "a stupid wretch, and void of thoughtful



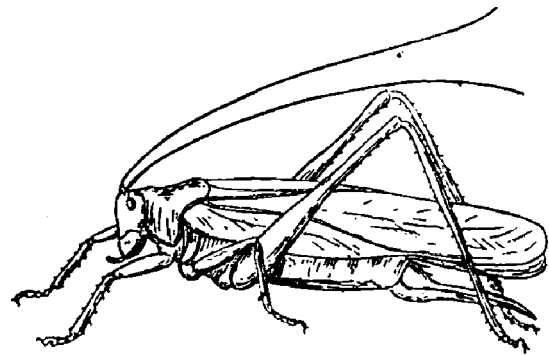
PEA-CRAB (natural size).

care," believing that the Pinna used the crab's eyes to tell him when to open and close his shell. The accompanying sketch will give other readers an idea of its appearance, and they may find specimens also. I have kept Pea-crabs alive, and apparently happy, for many months in a small marine aquarium, without any mussel messmate.

About Grasshoppers.

This is a strange season to talk of grasshoppers, but I have been asked some questions concerning them by C. R. Jackson. Most kinds of grasshoppers die in autumn, leaving a little hoard of eggs in the ground to provide a supply of frisky chirrupers for next summer. Some, however, live for several years, but these spend the winter in some snug nook and sleep through the cold season; so it is useless to seek them during the winter. I have never tried keeping the ordinary grass-haunting kinds as pets, but should think it could be managed in a fern-case with a muslin top instead of glass, to allow free air without risking the escape of the hoppers. A healthy turf of grass should be put in the bottom and kept

moist, as the grasshoppers are mainly plant-eaters. There is one handsome fellow, however, known as the Green Locust, which I have often kept. It lives among the leaves of trees and bushes in the South of England only, and its food consists chiefly of insects. The drawing will show that it differs from other members of the grasshopper tribe in having a very long pair of "horns," or antennae, and in its beautiful bright green colour. I used to feed mine with flies, which they will take from your hand very prettily, and after the meal will reward



GREEN LOCUST (natural size).

you with a long-continued succession of chirps of wonderful power from an insect. I should qualify this statement by saying that only the males chirrup, the females not having the necessary apparatus for doing so. It is not vocal, but mechanical, being produced by rubbing the ridges of one wing over the other.

Dogs Moulting.

At the beginning of winter many animals moult their summer coat and get a new one to last them through the winter. Many dog owners, like my correspondent "Rolph," think this a nuisance, as it undoubtedly is, especially to the wearers of black clothes, when the dog is allowed to jump upon their knees. At such a time the animal, anxious to expedite the moulting process, is more given to rubbing against one. "Rolph" asks for a remedy. The only remedy is to keep the dog at a distance during the period of moulting, for as this is a perfectly natural and necessary process, it would be absurd, as well as harmful, to do anything to interfere with it. So long as the hairs only come out singly without leaving any bare patches it may be regarded as a perfectly natural moult.

"Rotascope" (Portman-square).—(1) Any dealer in animals would get you a goat, or you may see one exposed for sale in Leadenhall Market. Goats are often advertised for sale in *Exchange and Mart*. (2) Goats will do well on grass, varied with leaves and twigs of trees, vegetables, etc. They are destructive to shrubs if they can get at them. (3) The absence or presence of horns is no certificate of sex; but the male is distinguished by his long beard.

DOWN A COAL MINE.

HOW many of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN* have ever been down a coal mine? A good many, no doubt, but the majority haven't. It was only the other day that I had that pleasure, so I am now venturing to write a brief account of my experiences.

The visit had long been the theme of conversation, and it was with mingled feelings of

joy and trepidation that three of us set off for the colliery. Arrived there, we doffed our coats, cuffs, and collars, and donned the usual pitman's attire. We were given a lamp each, and told to follow our guide to the pit's mouth. Here we stopped a few moments to await the up-coming of the carrier. It was a rather trying time watching the noiseless wheel revolving, the rope shooting swiftly up, and the carrier crashing itself through the iron framework. The size of the rope did not fill us with very cheerful thoughts, nor did the creaking of the car sound very comforting. Nevertheless, we were ready and willing. Assuming an air of indifference, we stepped into the

carrier, which, at a sign from somewhere, sunk silently and swiftly, making no noise at all. We were just sinking down nicely and quietly, as a stone sinks through water. We gripped with one hand our lamps, and grasped a bar above our heads with the other. Our lamps shone brightly in the dark, playing around the glistening sides as we descended, and the water dripped down heavily, wetting our clothes, and

making a rattling noise, like lilliputian musketry, on the top of the car. About half-way down a curious thing happened. It seemed as if, instead of descending, we were shooting upward, at a greatly increased rate. This seemed queer to us, but, on looking into the face of our guide, we were reassured, by his unconcerned expression, that it was nothing unusual—being a mental illusion which the Welsh miners call "toria'r haft."* Soon we reached the pit's bottom, and stepped out into the workings.

We had discussed, as far as our imagination would go, the wonders of a mine, but our fancies were feeble indeed compared to the reality. Everywhere we looked we found something we had not thought of. There were roads, and stables, and cabins, all hewn out of the solid coal. One thing strange was followed so rapidly by something still more strange that it was difficult to take stock of everything.

We saw them testing the men's lamps, saw the men walk off, down deep and dark roads, with their twinkling lights in their hands, until the darkness seemed to swallow them up. We followed the "fireman" on his round of inspection, and saw

how he sought for signs of gas. We went, hump-backed, up several inclines, having to bend nearly double in some parts—an attempt at straightening yourself only being rewarded by a bang on the head. We stumbled and staggered after our guide, until the sweat began to steal down our, by now, blackened faces. We dragged our feet, now up, now down, between some tiresome rails, and ran our noses into so



THE DARKNESS SEEMED TO SWALLOW THEM UP.

* A break in the shaft.

many dusty cloth hangings that we thought it must be worth so much a yard to a miner to even walk to his working spot. We saw the doors which the boys mind, and heard the current of rushing air beating on them, the sound of which put one in mind of a far-off storm gathering.

When we reached the "face," we were glad enough to stop awhile to gaze and wonder. There we saw the coal as it was felled by the miner, huge pieces lying about ready to be put in the "carrier." As far as we saw, the coal was everywhere—underfoot, overhead, and on both sides. You could hear it working itself out with a cracking noise, like someone ripping linen, small particles trickling down, which, in the stillness, sounded very ominous to our ears.

As we wandered about the numerous roads and pas-

sages, our guide pointed out to us how systematically they were worked, and how safely and surely the current of pure air was circulated through the whole place. He pointed out the spots where men had been crushed to death by falls of coal, and showed us how they tapped the roof for signs

of danger; we saw how they "holed" under the coal, and the hundred and one other things that happen in a colliery. We were very glad to get to the surface again, and drank heartily of the cold tea offered us.

I should advise the editor, if he wants to know how nice cold tea can be, to pay a visit to the nearest colliery, and stumble and stagger about for a couple of hours. It would do him, or anyone else, a world of good, and would open his eyes to the tremendous amount of brains and muscle expended in getting us our coals.

A. O. M.



DRANK HEARTILY OF THE COLD TEA OFFERED US.



ESSENDON ROWING CLUB.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.

FROM the many enquiries which we have received from our readers, it is evident that a very large number are interested in making photographic pictorial postcards. We should advise those who are in London to visit the exhibition at the Kodak Gallery, 40, Strand, W.C., where some three thousand selected cards are shown. A careful look round this

Kodak, Ltd. are introducing a miniature form of the developing machine we referred to in our November article, which will be known as the "Brownie Machine." Also a new form of film, which they call "Pelloid Plates." These are cut films fixed by an ingenious method to a piece of card-board, and may be used in exactly the same way as glass plates until they are developed. These so-



OFF TO THE MEET.
Photo F. W. Beken.

collection will give you a larger number of ideas than the reading of many pages of hints, and for those who cannot visit the exhibition we are reproducing two pictures which Kodak, Ltd., have kindly placed at our disposal. The cards, ready sensitised for use, only cost one penny each. Of course, they are not sold singly, but in packets of one dozen. Those who are able to visit the exhibition will also have the process of making pictorial post-cards demonstrated to them. These sensitised cards consist of what is known as gas-light, or slow-contact, bromide emulsion coated on thin card-board, cut to the correct size. The whole process may be carried out in a room illuminated by ordinary artificial light without any of the discomforts of having to retire to the dark room.

called plates cost 1s. 3d. per dozen, quarter-plate size, so that they are cheaper than any other cut-films and have the great advantage of requiring no special form of sheath or carrier.

H. C. MACLAINE (Demerara).—(1) We will endeavour to deal with this subject in a future article. (2) Developing P. O. P. is quite distinct from toning, and a print which has been developed generally requires toning afterwards. Developing is used for bringing up a very much under-printed proof to the requisite colour, and is only useful when the daylight is insufficient to give a fully printed copy, as in our unfortunate climate from November to February. (3) If you are fond of experimenting, and interested in the science of light and colour, I should certainly advise you to get the apparatus necessary for making photographs in natural

colours. You will find that this will give you any amount of scope for the exercise of your skill and knowledge. The best firm from which to get the necessary appliance is that of Messrs. Sanger, Shephard, and Co., 5, 6, and 7 Gray's Inn Passage, Holborn, London, W.C., who have just introduced a new and extremely ingenious method for producing coloured photographs on paper. Send for their descriptive circular.

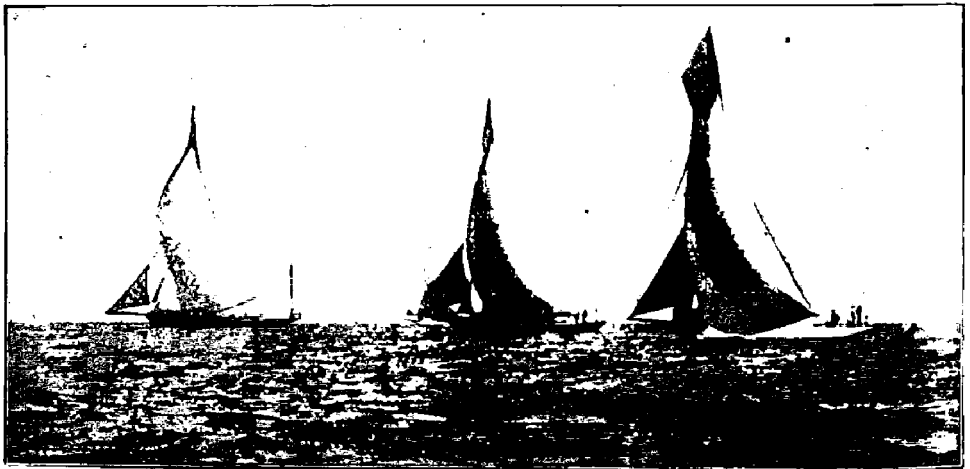
HERBERT HANSON (Southport).—We cannot use your photographs. Judging from the prints, your negatives seem to have been insufficiently developed. Read my articles in *THE CAPTAIN* for September and October, 1902.

H. A. WELCH (Lichfield).—I can certainly recommend the Folding Pocket Kodak No. 3. It is very good value for the money, and if carefully used will give very good results.

MELVILLE M. PIERCY.—In order to improve in your photography, may I be bold enough to suggest that you read, mark, learn, and put into practice the articles which have appeared in the "Camera Corner" of *THE CAPTAIN*, especially those dealing with illumination of the subject and exposure (August, 1902), and development (September, 1902). The larger of the prints you enclose has the appearance of having been taken on a grey or slightly misty

camera during exposure. For such subjects as you sent you might place the camera on a table or any other support which may be handy while the exposure is made. This is a great help where exposures are rather prolonged. Secondly, you have been too near to the subject, so that the image was not in correct focus. You will observe, if you examine your negatives, that the more distant objects are better defined than the nearer ones. I am very glad that you make up your own developer. This is far better and more instructive than buying ready-prepared solutions. The plates you mention are very good ones. You should read up the articles in the "Camera Corner" in our back numbers, especially those dealing with printing and toning (February, 1902), and the development of plates (September, 1902).

DRYING FILMS (Cedric J. Newman).—We presume you refer to celluloid films. These can only be dried by passing over them a current of dry air. Methylated spirit has a deleterious effect on the celluloid itself. When a large quantity of films have to be dried quickly they should be pinned securely round the circumference of a wooden drum which can be revolved at a high speed by means of a multiplying wheel or band. This forces them through the air and



THE YACHT RACE.
Photo F. W. Icken.

day, and of having been over-exposed and under-developed. The smaller print is better as regards illumination and exposure, but we cannot understand why the plate should have frilled, as modern plates are not liable to that defect unless very badly treated.

E. SMITH (South Croydon).—The reason that your photographs are so misty may be due to several causes. First, you have moved the

creates a draught, and so quickly removes the moisture. Drying may also be hastened by means of an electric fan, or special drying-box through which a current of dry air is forced either by a revolving fan or a draught created by heating the air in a chimney over, and communicating with, the box. The temperature of the air should not exceed 70 degrees Fahrenheit.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,

Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

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 postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by February 18th.

The Results will be published in April.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Funny Expressions."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find a half-page picture of a group of six people looking at the latest number of THE CAPTAIN. The faces are left almost blank. The competitor has to fill in the remaining part of each face, giving the expression as suggested by the part already drawn. THREE Sets of the very best D. and M. boxing-gloves will be given as prizes. (A set comprises four gloves).

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"Pen Pictures."—Here is a chance for competitors with a turn for descriptive writing. Describe a country scene, a garden, the interior of a room, a London street—anything you like—in a little essay not exceeding 300 words. Try to bring the scene up before the eye as vividly as possible, and pay special attention to punctuation and neatness. Only write on one side of the paper. Two PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 3.—"Calendars."—Take any month in 1903 you like and make a calendar of it on one side of a piece of cardboard. It may be coloured or plain. Make it about the same size as THE CAPTAIN itself. The best calendar for each month will be used in THE CAPTAIN office during that month. THREE CAPTAIN POCKET-KNIVES, value 10s. 6d. each, will be awarded as prizes

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Spelling Mistakes Competition."—Three "Swan" Fountain Pens will be awarded to the senders of the most complete lists of spelling mistakes amongst the advertisements in this month's CAPTAIN.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Fourteen.

No. 5.—"A Comic Examination Paper."—Set a mixed examination paper consisting of twelve questions in burlesque style, such as: (1) Describe the horse that drew up the Magna Carta. (2) If six men can pick a thousand apples in an hour, how many boys would it take to eat all the apples in half-a-minute? (3) With what kind of seed was the Grasspowder plot sown? (Of course I know these are rather feeble, but then you see I am not competing for the THREE PRIZES of 7s. (Signed) O. F.)

N B.—No scriptural questions are to be asked.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition."—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (a) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (b) Photograph, or (c) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: June 12th. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible. Mark Comps "February"

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

A POSTAL ORDER for Six Shillings has been forwarded to W. H. WRIGHT, contributor of the essay entitled "The Devil's Bridge," and the accompanying photo.

Yale's Mascot.

REVERY college in America has its mascots for baseball, football, and other contests in which its clubs participate, but Yale probably has the most celebrated of them all in "Pop." Smithpop is known wherever there is an oval in the United States, for he



SMITH, THE CELEBRATED MASCOT OF THE YALE ELEVEN.
Photo D. A. Willey.

has been considered a human omen of good luck by the boys of Old Eli since the early days of the sport. On many of the tours of the Yale eleven, "Pop" goes along as an honoured guest, and at home and abroad has probably cheered for "Good

old Yale" as many times as the most enthusiastic admirer of the club in America. Though he has lived nearly three-quarters of a century, "Pop" becomes young again when a match is on and forgets his years as he cheers for his side. It is a fact that the Yale men have been winners on many occasions when the venerable mascot was with them, while one year, when he was ill most of the season, they had a remarkable run of defeats.

Smith has lived nearly all his life in the shadow of the University in Newhaven, making a living by selling fruit, like John, "the orange man," Princeton's famous mascot. When younger, he also took care of some of the students' rooms. He is one of the landmarks of the institution, and is almost as well-known as its presidents. The photograph shows the old man as he appears at the game in the regulation Yale sweater.

The Devil's Bridge, Kirkby Lonsdale.

VISITORS to Kirkby Lonsdale, a small township in North Lancashire, always make a point of seeing the bridge which spans the river Lune, a short distance away from the town. With this bridge there is connected a curious legend, to which it owes its name—"The Devil's Bridge."

Once upon a time (so the legend runs) the only means of crossing the river Lune to reach the town was by a ford. In the rainy seasons, when the river rose in flood, as it sometimes did very rapidly, this ford became impassable. One day an old woman, laden with a basket of provisions for Kirkby Lonsdale market, and accompanied by her dog, arrived on the scene while the river was in flood. She soon ascertained that the ford was impassable. Seeing that she would not now be able to sell her provisions, she sat herself down and began to weep. Now it chanced that his Satanic majesty heard the weeping. He came to the old woman, who explained her cause of sorrow. "That is soon put right! Supposing I build you a bridge so that you may cross over, will you promise to let me have the first living

being that crosses over it, when the market is over?" said the Devil, who, knowing that she was always the first to leave the market for home, hoped that he would thus get her into his possession. The old woman, thinking more of selling her wares than of what might be the consequences, readily promised. The Devil therefore set to work and soon had a bridge made, bringing the stones in his apron from Ingleborough, a mountain about 12 miles away. The old woman crossed over, sold her provisions, and at length set out for home. But, coming in sight of the bridge, she remembered her promise, and saw for the first time what the Devil's intentions had been. After wondering for some minutes what she had best do, it struck her that she had better go and consult the priest about it. So she turned round and made her way back to town

in safety, and returned home to bewail her lost dog, which the Devil was forced to take.

The accompanying photograph shows the Devil's Bridge, with its curious ribwork beneath the arches.

W. H. WRIGHT.

Riel's Grave.

LAST September, when the leaves were changing to crimson and gold, I was returning from a trip across the Rocky Mountains and the great prairie lands I had known so well in the old days. At Winnipeg it seemed to me only natural that my steps should turn towards the old gateway of Fort Garry, and then to the grave of one who had played such a prominent and unenviable part in the history of the once Great Lone Land.

The last resting-place of Louis David Riel is in the churchyard of St. Boniface Cathedral, just



LOUIS RIEL.

From a sketch made by an American war correspondent at the time of the Rebellion.



THE "DEVIL'S BRIDGE." KIRKBY LONSDALE. Photo W. H. Wright.

to the priest's house. This reverend gentleman, at first horrified by her tale, soon calmed down and set himself to think. At length, noticing the old woman's dog, which had faithfully accompanied her during the day, a brilliant idea struck him. "Take this cake," said he to the old woman, "and, when you arrive at the bridge, throw the cake across it and let your dog run after it." Having thanked the priest, the old woman returned to the bridge, and, after showing the cake to her canine companion, threw it with all her might across the bridge. Away went doggie after it, right across the bridge. The Devil, who was just returning from Ingleborough with an apronload of stones to put some finishing touches to the bridge, saw this manoeuvre. He was so disappointed and enraged that he should be thus cheated by a mortal, that he let slip one corner of his apron, scattering the stones alongside the bridge in the bed of the river, where they may be seen to this day. The old woman crossed over

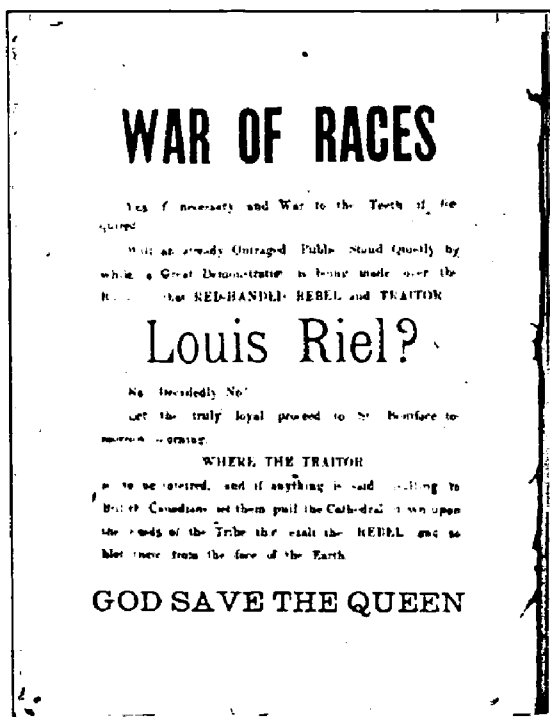


THE GRAVE OF LOUIS RIEL.

In the churchyard of St. Boniface Cathedral, which lies just across the Red River from Winnipeg.

From a snapshot by Frank Sprague, C.C., Winnipeg.

across the Red River. It was to this spot that his body was brought from Regina by his countrymen after the last dread scene of all on the 16th of November, 1885. Standing before the simple monument, I thought of the predic-



A fac-simile of the hand-bill which was distributed broadcast throughout Winnipeg the day before the burial of Louis Riel. Had not the police sent out men to collect and destroy all the bills they could get, there is no doubt that quite a scene would have occurred at the grave. However, nothing was done, and Riel was buried in peace.

Sent by Frank Springate, C.C., Winnipeg, Canada.

tion put into the mouth of Pepin Quesnelle, in my story, "The Rising of the Red Man." Now all that remained of the rebel was hidden away under a few feet of earth, so it was not for the living to pass judgment. Still, as I looked upon the fair city that had sprung up on the scene of his machinations, there was thankfulness in my heart that the right had prevailed.

JOHN MACKIE.

The Manufacture of Soap.

THE first process in the manufacture of soap is "reducing," that is, making ordinary fat, which is bought from surrounding butchers, into tallow.

The next process is the boiling of the alkali, resin, and tallow in large coppers. The liquid is boiled by means of steam coils round the sides

of the copper. After many hours' boiling, common salt is added and the mixture allowed to cool. The soap rises to the top in a mass, and the liquid is run out from underneath. The soap, after cooling for a little while longer, becomes a soft block. This is cut out and forced into long, oblong-shaped wooden vessels. After a while it hardens and is then cut into bars, packed into boxes, and sent away.

This is the way primrose, mottled, and soaps of this class are made.

Toilet soap is principally made from the best quality primrose. It is remelted, the necessary oils and colouring added, and again cooled. It is then cut into shapes and stamped.

Another method of making toilet soap is the French milling process. Yellow soap is cut into fine shreds and put into a mill together with scent, colouring, and oils. It is compressed at the end of the mill into a long strip, which is forced out and cut off by the workmen.

The liquid which is left in the coppers after the soap has been taken out, used to be wasted by soap-makers and called soap-maker's waste. Now, however, glycerine is abstracted from this.

I may add that the name of a soap does not give any idea as to the substances used in its manufacture. For an example, glycerine and cucumber soap, which is very well known, contains neither glycerine nor cucumber. The scent is the scent of glycerine and the green colour is the colour of a cucumber.

The simple process which has been described is the whole of the manufacture of soap.

HUGH GOLBY.



STRANGE COMPANIONS.
A young Puma and Terrier who live together
in this cage.

Photo H. J. S.

Carlyle's Birthplace.

THE FIRST homes of our illustrious men and women must always be objects of great interest to us, and it is safe to say that not the least interesting of such homes is that one in the quiet little village of Ecclefechan, in which Thomas Carlyle

which claims most of the visitors' attention. To add to its interest, various relics of the Sage of Chelsea have found a permanent resting-place here. In the centre of the room stands a case in which are to be seen Carlyle's tobacco-pouch and cigar-case, his spectacles and a quill pen. Here, too, are a photograph of the "Sage," and one of his wife, Jane Welsh, as well as two letters written by him—one to his father, and one to his mother. Round the sides of the room are placed his cash-box, his coffee-pot, and a case of china. Further along is a curious-looking instrument which he used for cutting tobacco. Two of his hats, the large size of which strikes the visitor at once, are the next objects of interest, while after these come a case of books, a clock—the kind commonly called a "Wag-at-the-Wa"—a couch, an armchair and a writing case, all of which were once in Carlyle's possession. Other notable objects in the room are a bust and a portrait of the great man, and a large wreath, the last-named article having been deposited here by some admirers on the occasion of the centenary of his birth, 4th December, 1895.

JOHN B. EDGAR.



TRAINED ELEPHANTS.

As will be seen in the photo, these elephants are trained to lift the right fore foot so that the driver may more easily mount or descend to the ground.

Snapshot sent by "Harold."

was born. Devotees come from all parts of the world to worship at this lowly Mecca. The largest number of foreign visitors hail from the United States, Canada, Germany, and France, but even from far-off Australia and New Zealand, Cape Colony and Natal, China and Japan come occasional pilgrims to pay homage to the illustrious memory of the writer who for fifty years fought a strenuous fight against hypocrisy and falsehood, and did so much to enrich the literature of his native land.

The house in which Carlyle was born—a two-storied one—is situated near the southern end of the principal street of Ecclefechan, and is known as Arch House. It is an unpretentious building, for Carlyle, like many another celebrated Scotsman, sprang from the people. As Mr. William Allan, the Member of Parliament for Gateshead, has so gracefully expressed it in a couplet scratched on one of the window panes of the house—

"God often calls His kings o' men
Face out a humble hut an' ben."

It was in the larger of the two upper rooms that the future philosopher and historian first saw the light, and of course it is this room

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

H. G. McHugh.—The humours of amateur cooking have been done to death; try a fresher topic. Rather good about Mr. Calder breakfasting off half a cup of cold coffee and a stale sandwich.

Tennyson Secundus.—Try again.

Alfred M. Bostock.—After eating your poem the office dog is experiencing that "tired feeling" which you read about in advertisements. Years ago I used to write a two-column article every Saturday on the front page of a London evening paper. If there was a little bit of room left at the end of the second column they used to put in one of those very small type advertisements beginning: "If you have a tired, languid feeling," etc., etc. I used to think it wasn't paying me a very nice compliment!

Summer Jack.—Alas! Office dog!

S. H. Brewis.—Some day, perhaps, you will write good stories; just at present, though, you are a little too young to be able to write stories for magazines.

J. H. Skuse.—"Paddy" accepted. "The Hound of the (waste-paper) Basketvilles" has got the other.

E. C. D. Donne.—You write very nicely and your drawing shows promise, my dear. But I think that at present what you write and draw should be sent to a children's paper rather than to a magazine for schoolboys.

Denbigh.—Your I.L.C. magazine (done, as you remark, on the 'umble graph) is a very read-

able little publication. The satirical sketch entitled "The Boy Copyist" I found amusing, and the poem called "The Cycling Girl" is happy. the best lines being :

Well can she mend a punctured tyre,
But punctured socks must wait.

A. Harris.—"Natural History" is accepted.

J. S. Cox.—Sketch *re* "Mr. Biggles" is promising, but not quite our sort. Remember we want brief contributions for this corner of the Mag.

R. B.—To be frank, my young friend, I don't think you can make very much money with your pen. There is. I will grant, a certain rough sort of humour in your remarks, but there is also a lack of artistic restraint, and the essay wants polishing. A fellow ought to try his hand at competitions, and win a few, and measure his strength against other writing folk, before he asks for an editorial opinion as to his future chances. Follow these criticisms month by month, and read those in back numbers. If you have the writing instinct in you it will come out right enough. No one can stop a *horn* writer from writing; he writes as naturally as a cat mews or a dog barks. Always be very careful with your work and never think that anything is "too much trouble."

E. Foxwell.—Your little essay on "Picturesque Leicestershire" contains some interesting items, but is not put together well. Surely it is worth your while to study the art of compressing a number of facts into a small space in a neat and readable fashion. A series of jerky sentences is not an essay, remember. However, I don't want to fill your young soul with sorrow, and I promise I will give your next contribution very careful consideration. The most interesting facts in your description of Bradgate, where poor Lady Jane Grey resided, concern the Park, where "a squirrel might hop from tree to tree for six miles without touching the ground." and where "a man could walk on a summer's day from sunrise to sunset without passing through so open a space as to feel the heat

of the sun's rays." What a picture these sentences call up of the old-time woodlands!

Eljaysee.—I have accepted your "How to Write a Novel." Don't use such expressions as "by having him fall into a trap." "Making" is the word to use there. Watch that "have"; you are over-fond of it. The essay will appear in March or April.

H. W. F. Long.—I hope to use "Farleigh Castle," and the photo. In fact, I think we might have a big article on "Castles," written entirely by Members of the Club. Kindly take note, all ye that are of this goodly band.

Rube Grey.—You must get a fresher idea than that if you want to write a good story. The tale is brightly told, and the atmosphere (that's a good word!) is boyish—and, well, we'll stop there.

G. L. Clue.—Your interview with the bus-driver is an enterprising effort, but it is too long, and you should not write on both sides of the paper. Kindly condense your next contribution.

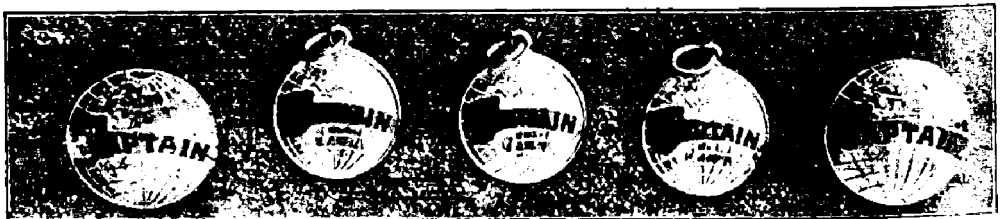
W. A. Oldfield.—Hope to use "Doncaster in Race-time" in our September number. How can you improve your style? Why, by practice—and studying good models.

Golconda.—"Tennyson's Ulysses" is accepted.

Contributions (some of which will be criticised next month) have also been received from:—"A. A." T. G. Martin, Percy W. Bennett, "Trebla," "Red Deer," "Anteon," A. H. Eustace Jones, Percy Cowley, R. L. Bridgnell, Edwin L. Read, "Nemo," Joseph Carley, "W. G. H." T. A. Lowe, C. Pinkerton, W. Alec Taylor, "Comic One," "Bathavon," "J. H. C.," "Athara," Edwin Crampton, Daniel Costello, F. Brierley ("How to print," etc., is accepted), W. H. Thomson, P. L. Holmes, "A Late Jamaican," Cyril J. Lund, "R. E. T." J. L. Thomson, and J. F. Hill.

Artistic Contributions will be acknowledged and criticised next month.

(A number of Accepted Contributions are Held Over.)

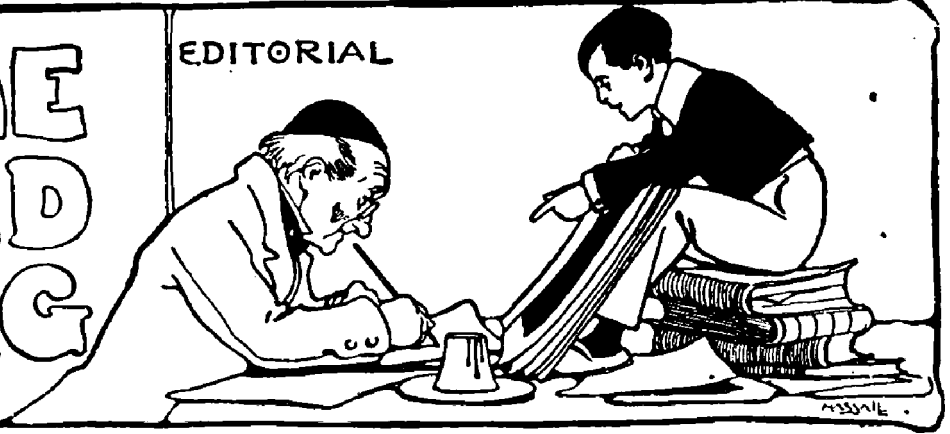


"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, Natural History &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

This month I am giving you some pictures of the Emperor of Germany's sons—fine, manly fellows, whose appearance you will like, I am sure, especially when I remind you that their grandmother was an Englishwoman, and that, therefore, these well-set-up young princes have English blood in their veins. But I am going to speak chiefly of their father, who is one of the most picturesque personalities in the world, and one of those all-round, thorough men that it does one good to read and know about.

"The most imperial figure in the world to-day" says one writer of William II, German Emperor and King of Prussia, but I will not entirely endorse that statement, for I think that our own liege lord, King Edward, is as kingly a king as you could wish for, with his tact, his dignity, his strong good sense, and devotion to his subjects. Howbeit, the Emperor William is a very notable man.

It is rare for opinions to be so absolutely changed as they have been with regard to the Kaiser. Succeeding to the throne when he was only twenty-nine, he forced into retirement Prince Bismarck, who had practically ruled the Empire for many years, and took the reins of government into his own hands. Everybody stared with open eyes

at the action, for the Iron Chancellor had come to be universally regarded as Germany's only statesman. Undaunted by, possibly even heedless of, the criticism which his action caused, the Monarch steadily pursued the policy he had outlined for himself, and through his indefatigable zeal and exalted patriotism Germany has taken that place in the commerce of the world which she has never before enjoyed, so that now, as for many years past, his Majesty is regarded as one of the greatest statesmen and one of the wisest rulers the Fatherland has had.

Every boy knows now of the cordial relations which exist between the Kaiser



THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S SIX SONS.
Photo Schnarwächter.



SHOOTING IN AUSTRIA.

CROWN PRINCE WILLIAM. HERZOG LUDWIG WILLIAM.
HERZOG FRANZ JOSEF.
From a Photograph.

and our own King. They are practically the two greatest friends among the ruling Sovereigns, and that apart entirely from the relationship which unites them. If the gossips are to be believed, however, the Emperor's feelings towards England were not always so well marked, and it has even been said that his eldest son, the Crown Prince, at one time demonstrated a certain hostility towards England, and never spoke English if he could possibly help himself. These statements were probably all exaggerated, and it is interesting, therefore, to recall them in order to show how completely they stand refuted in the light of more recent events. King Edward's regard for the German Emperor and his eldest son has always been shown on every possible opportunity, but never more vividly than in the fact that, at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral, his Majesty convened a Chapter of the Garter and conferred on the Crown Prince the honour of the most exalted Order which lies in the gift of the Sovereign.

Nothing is more striking than the extraordinary activity, both mental and physical, of the Kaiser, who stands out as the most prominent example of a man who lives his life

to the uttermost of his capacity, and who might well be made the model on which every boy should fashion his life, for the German Emperor knows everything of something, and something of everything. Indeed, it would be difficult to say to what the Kaiser has not at some time devoted his attention. He has recently been collaborating with a poet in the production of an opera, and he has written a play under similar circumstances, while as a musician his skill is so great that he has frequently taken the *bâton* from the conductor and directed a band of musicians. He has even, on occasion, preached a sermon. At the same time, so alive is he to the utilisation of every possibility for the advancement of industrial pursuits that only a short time ago he discovered, on his recently-acquired estate, Cadinen, that the clay was of an unusual kind. On investigation it was found it would make excellent majolica ware, and under his influence the manufacture will, no doubt, acquire its ancient consideration.

There is nothing in which the Kaiser is more interested than the development of the German Army, unless it be the German Navy. All his six sons have received



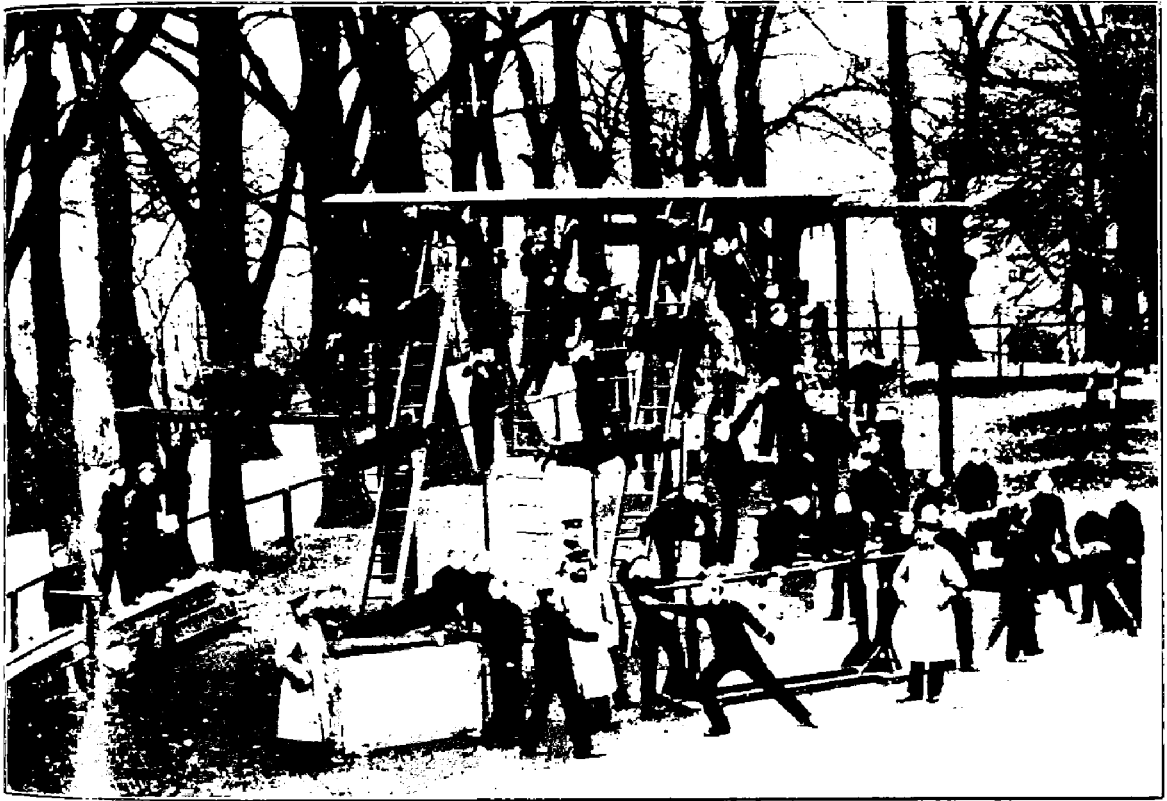
THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY AND HIS SISTER
PRINCESS LOUISE.
From a Photograph

military training, for, in accordance with the traditions of the Fatherland, they have to serve in the Army, while later on there is no doubt that some of them will emulate their uncle, Prince Henry, and go into the Navy. Indeed, a naval career was mapped out for the second of the princes, but, unfortunately, he is not a very good sailor.

At the annual military manœuvres the Kaiser shows how good a soldier he is by living as arduous a life as his men. Even his quarters are distinguished for their simplicity, for, while it would be quite easy for

celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his career as a huntsman. Although, in consequence of a defect in his left arm, the Kaiser is compelled to shoot with only one hand, he is one of the finest game shots in the world, though he is, perhaps, not so fine a marksman as the King of Portugal.

The education of all the young Princes has, it need hardly be said, been conducted on lines which will enable them to fill the exalted positions they must occupy later on with credit to themselves and advantage to their country. How thoroughly the Kaiser



PRINCES AT PLAY.

THE TWO BOYS FENCING IN THE FOREGROUND ARE SONS OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

From a Photograph.

him to have elaborately furnished apartments, he contents himself with a tent in which a little iron bedstead, a washing-stand, a dressing-table, a couple of chairs, and a sofa are all the furniture. At the manœuvres, the Kaiser is up by four o'clock in the morning, though even at other times he is up early and out for a gallop before breakfast, thus setting an example to his sons which they have to follow. Indeed, the Emperor never spares either himself or his sons if they are with him, even if he is on a hunting expedition--and he has recently

follows the details of that education was forcibly demonstrated a little while ago. The Crown Prince is a student at the University of Bonn. As a student he naturally belongs to one of the clubs which are so distinctive a portion of German University student life. For some reason he incurred the displeasure of a section of the society, and as a punishment was ordered to drink a certain large quantity of beer. The result was inevitable; he became ill. Soon after, the Kaiser himself went off to Bonn and delivered a speech

which was practically a lecture to the youths on the folly of so much beer-drinking in general, as well as of the absurd punishment in particular, coupled with an injunction that such excesses must cease in future.

The Crown Prince, like his father, is an excellent musician, and plays the violin very well, while his younger brother, Prince Eitel, plays the piano, for, like most Germans, the whole Imperial family is devoted to music. Why English boys of a certain type should regard musical acquirements as something in the nature of milk-soppiness it is difficult to say. It certainly would be impossible to find any justification for such an idea in the case of the Kaiser's sons. Several of them, it is true, seemed to be rather delicate when they were little, but a life devoted as much as possible to open-air pursuits and a gradual process of hardening have made them all as sturdy and manly a set of youths as could be met with in a day's march.

In one thing all the boys agree with their father. They are devoted to their little sister, the Princess Victoria, who is just ten. Those who are privileged to know her declare her to be a most fascinating child, and among her willing slaves, perhaps the most willing, is the Kaiser himself. She orders him about with a delightful sense of her own importance. Indeed, in referring to her some little time ago, the Emperor remarked, "When she speaks to me I am sure she often forgets that her father is an Emperor, though she never fails to remember that she is the daughter of one."

And now I must end up my little chat about the Emperor William, a sovereign whose popularity in this country, by the way, has waxed and waned by turns in a truly extraordinary manner. But it is necessary to bear in mind that he is a man of sudden impulses, full of nervous energy, and no person of that temperament ever manages to go from January 1st to December 31st without treading on *somebody's* toes! Further, you must recollect the saying to the effect that a man who never makes mistakes never makes anything to speak of.

The Emperor William is a fine soldier, a keen sportsman, devoted to the interests of his people, and a father such as any sons would be proud to possess. Now that I have told you this much of the Emperor, those of you who take an interest in the affairs of the world outside your own school walls will,

perhaps, follow Kaiser William's future doings with a good deal of additional interest.

"An Ideal School Day." This competition (the results of which were announced last month) produced some entertaining efforts. "I change to another classroom," says one competitor, describing his ideal day, "and thus avoid the monotony of being seated too long in one room." Morning school over, "I make my way to the dining-hall, and sit down to a plain but appetising dinner." Work over for the day, he "retires to his dormitory." What a nice, quiet, graceful way he has of doing things! Another youth is careful of his inner-man-boy, I should say. When he is dressed he would like to "take a little food and some warm tea," but "breakfast proper" would come on all the same at 8.30. A third competitor states that he would devote half-an-hour after breakfast to "lounge and reflection," and a fourth thinks that there ought to be "three after-meal 'rests.'" The dear fellow works so hard at meals, I suppose! Some day I may print a couple of these essays, but for the present I will content myself with publishing the time-table of an "ideal school day" forwarded by K. R. Hoare, of Hamble, Southampton. Mr. Hoare appears to be rather fond of taking "easys." However, here is his time-table, in all its glory:—

7.15.	Get up.
7.15 to 7.30.	Bath, and dress in flannels and sweater.
7.30 to 7.45.	Brisk walk
7.45 to 8.0.	Change into ordinary clothes.
8.0 to 8.15.	Morning prayers.
8.20 to 8.50.	Breakfast.
8.50 to 9.0.	Easy indoors.
9.0 to 10.0.	First subject—work.
10.0 to 10.45.	Second subject—work.
10.45 to 11.0.	Outdoor easy.
11.0 to 11.45.	Third subject—work.
11.45 to 12.30.	Fourth subject—work.
12.30 to 1.0.	Outdoor easy; no heavy, hot exercise.
1.0 to 1.45.	Dinner.
1.45 to 2.30.	Indoor easy; newspapers; change to flannels.
2.30 to 4.15.	Football four days. Rifle shooting and drill one day. Gymnastics one day.
4.15 to 4.30.	Change to ordinary clothes.
4.30 to 5.30.	Mechanical subject.
5.30 to 6.15.	English subject.
6.15 to 6.45.	Tea.
6.45 to 7.0.	Indoor easy.
7.0 to 8.15.	Prep. work.
8.15 to 8.30.	Light supper.
8.30 to 9.30.	Indoor recreation.
9.30 to 9.45.	Evening prayers.
9.45 to 10.0.	Go to bed.
10.0.	Lights out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. H. H. wants to know how to fill up eleven months in the year. The twelfth month will be occupied with his militia training. Well, if I were "C. E. H. H." I should devote myself enthusiastically to some hobby like carpentry, or photography, or gardening. I should make myself so good at it that it would be a resource and a pleasure to me all my life through. "C. E. H. H.'s" position, with nothing much to do, is not an enviable one, for idleness is a very tiring thing. Personally, I am never so well as when I have a lot of hard work to do, and I daresay the majority of you fellows have experienced the same feeling. I wish my correspondent would write, enclosing a stamped envelope, and tell me what he would like to do. Then I might really be of some help to him, as I am surrounded by a sympathetic circle of "experts" who are only too glad to be of use to fellows who really want to know how to do this and how to do that.

E. P. S. (Haverfordwest).—You cannot make any pocket-money by amateur journalism. Who do you think is going to pay an amateur to do reporting when there are so many professional reporters about? Here and there people make a few shillings by acting as "local correspondents"—doing reports of concerts, magistrates' meetings, flower shows, etc.—for a local paper, but boys don't get work of that sort unless they're very smart indeed. You'd better cast about for some other way of adding to your income. When I was a boy I was mighty pleased to earn twopence in the holidays by doing a bit of weeding in the garden, and very healthy work it was! I often feel now that I should enjoy a spell of weeding, but—yes, and the next letter is—?

Vive le "Captain" (France).—Oh, you are the next, are you! Well, let me tell you that no Frenchmen helped us in the Boer War, and that therefore we did not win on account of their assistance. We won because we kept on pegging away and did not allow reverses to scare us. The legend you have heard about an English recruiting officer trying to recruit French peasants for South Africa is all bunkum.

Roy Evans (Brighton).—The corps of naval instructors is recruited from the ranks of engineer students showing special ability. Unless you join as a student, you must enter by direct appointment as a probationary-assistant, after a competitive examination, in order to do which it is imperative to have attended for one year the regular day engineering course at a recognised college, and have had not less than three years' training at an approved engineering establishment.

A. L. S. (CAMBRIDGE) informs me that there is a "Seventh" form at Westminster School. I did not know this when I wrote my answer *re* the subject of numbering forms in our December issue. It seems that the term "Seventh Form" is a very old one: for a time it fell into disuse at Westminster, and was revived by the late headmaster, Dr. W. G. Rutherford. My correspondent further tells me that the name "Shell" for a form originated at Westminster.

Anon writes:—"I notice in your reply to 'T. E. Lister' that you say 'the course' at R.M.A., Woolwich, costs £150. The course is two years, and costs £150 a year, or £300 in all, besides extras, the first of which is the *small* item of £37 10s. 0d. for cadet uniforms. This brings the 'course' up to £337 10s., at least."

"**The Romance of Modern Invention**" is the title of a book from the pen of Mr. Archibald Williams, whom my readers will remem-

ber as a **CAPTAIN** contributor. It is most up-to-date, and describes air-ships, the mono-rail, liquid-air, sun-motors, and everything that has been invented during the last sixty years. It contains twenty-six illustrations, and may be obtained for 5s., post free, from the publishers, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C. This is a book which should be added to all school libraries.

"**Sancte et Sapienter.**"—Merchant Taylors' School was founded in 1561 by the Merchant Taylors' Company; the present headmaster is the Rev. J. Arbuthnot Nairn, M.A. King's College School was founded as a junior department to King's College in 1829; the present headmaster is the Rev. C. W. Bourne, M.A.

Not Lob. (Bolton).—A French edition of the Anglican Church Prayer Book may be obtained from the British and Foreign Bible Society, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C., at various prices and sizes corresponding to the English edition.

Ted.—Haven't you ever looked forward to a meal! If you have, you ought to understand what Pepps meant when he said: "My head was full of tomorrow's dinner."

Dart, and many others.—CAPTAIN stamps are for affixing to the *front* of envelopes, and in other places where they may be seen to the best advantage. Send a stamped, addressed envelope if you want a few dozen.

J. C. Linekar.—The anecdote is not a very nice one. It has been told many times before in different forms. Particulars as to cases for binding may be found at the foot of "Contents."

M. Jewell.—The resemblance is indeed very striking. **A. J. Roffey.**—I hope to use your clever anagrams. **M. Champion.**—I was very pleased with your letter. Certainly back numbers may be had—price 8½d. each. **T. E. A.**—Your writing is very neat and readable. Your letter, I think, is quite the neatest of this month's batch. **F.L.L.O.**—I will remember your little growl, and I shall not forget "over-age" competitors. **A. N. Nicholson.**—Clubbed. Certainly it is usual for "old boys" to wear their school colours. **Harold Chambers** (Eastbourne).—Messrs. Gibson and Loly, 24, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., prepare for the Army. They have a resident branch at Quernmore.

"**Athenian.**"—(1) The headquarters of the "Ping-Pong Association" are, I believe, Messrs. Jacques, 102, Hatton Garden, E.C. (2) Why not try "Science Siftings," 1d. weekly? **L. D. Wood.**—See reply to Dart, above. **R. C. Woodthorpe.**—State your requirements to the printer of your local paper, and he will tell you at once the cost of producing a magazine such as you mention. **Actor** (Cardiff).—Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd., 89, Strand, London, W.C. **R. B. Green** (Bolton).—Write to "Ping-Pong Association" (see reply to "Athenian.") "**Hockey-ite.**"—Have handed your letter to Mr. Fry.

Christmas Cards.—Very many thanks to all senders of these pretty and reasonable tokens of kind remembrance.

Letters, etc., have also been received from: George Toulmin and H. A. Calmain (clubbed). "Jack L.," C. H. Regan (clubbed), E. E. Woodward (sorry no space for enigma), and others whose communications will receive attention next month.

Official Representatives Appointed: Percy Hill (Leeds). Tom G. Carter (Luton).

Results of December Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Towns." (FINAL SERIES).

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

TEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: Charles C. Horridge, 101 Oxford-street, Preston, Lancs.; Morton Jewell, 163 Fentiman-road, South Lambeth, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: E. Evans, Claddagh, Palmerston-road, Rathmines, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marion Andrews, Edmund Spencer, R. A. H. Goodyear, C. Crossley, E. H. Fishwick, Wm. Logan, Francis Whittingham, Daisie Macfarlane, T. R. Davis, Ethel Price, John Hays, C. Const, Herbert G. Davies, H. R. Hilton, E. J. Shelton, W. E. New.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

TEN SHILLINGS DIVIDED BETWEEN: Charles H. Allen, 1, The Myrtles, St. Mark's, Cheltenham; and R. C. Woodthorpe, Bede Terrace, Whitley, Northumberland.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: William W. Lake, "Marazion," Gordon-road, Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Samuel Norman, Horace S. Wildin, Albert Rubin, C. Trewin, R. N. Davis, Walter G. Vann, Harold Hooper, M. N. Abbas, Frida Phillips, H. A. Cooper, Victor Lord.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 10s.: Vernon Bartlett, Wilts. and Dorset Bank, Westbourne, Bournemouth.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: L. Hubbard, Loverie Hill, Croydon, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Willie Lingard, H. J. Cartwright, H. M. Robertson, W. Lingard, A. P. Penn Gaskell, G. C. Chapman, A. F. Best.

No. II.—"Stamp Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF STAMP ALBUM: H. G. N. Tucker, 1 College Yard, Worcester.

CLASS II.—No award.

No. III.—"New Forfeits."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Francis Whittingham, Kimberley, Kin-naird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Davis, Roy Carmichael.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. H. C. Ruck, S. J. Tavender, Norman McLaggan, W. S. L. Holt.

No. IV.—"Lives in Little."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Grace Adames, Somerville, Putney, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Jas. J. Nevin, 23, Suffolk-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and Alex. MacLaren, Couthes Wynd, Forfar, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. H. Swallow, Roy Carmichael, Fred. Walsley, Hedley V. Fielding, Ellen Spencer, Mary E. C. Hodge, Evelyn Hewitt, Elsie Simmons, Charles Murray.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Richard Jackson, Trent Lock, Trent Bridge, Nottingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: A. Van Swae, 22 Rue de la Pacification, Antwerp, Belgium; and Charles Addison, 3 Mostyn-road, Brixton, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Hewitt, G. L. Austin, H. J. Wallis, Alex. C. Adams, Joseph J. Allen, William L. Taylor, Roy MacArthur, H. P. C. Alexander, W. Gribble.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Arthur Herdman, Trent College, Derbyshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Edith L. Adames, Somerville, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, S.W.; Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley Avenue, West Norwood, S.E.; and Humphrey Ivason, 32 St. Margaret's-road, South Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric A. Holt, E. N. G. Gwynne, John B. Hewlett, W. S. L. Holt, R. C. Woodthorpe, W. O. Stewart, H. G. Atkinson, E. G. Annely, Henry F. Barnett, Harry L. Davis.

No. V.—"Drawing of a Clock."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Winifred D. Ercout, Belkville, St. Saviour's, Jersey, C.I.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Ethel B. Hope, Foxwood, Park-road, Wandsworth, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Michael B. Dooley, E. Elliotts, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: H. A. Atwell, 73 Sefton Park-road, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: T. R. Davis, 6 Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. H. Bell, Frances Cronk, C. W. Ash, Sibyl O'Neill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: W. T. Clayton, 17 Drylands-road, Crouch End, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Leward, H. M. Bateman, E. G. Smith, A. G. Frost, V. W. Sternberg, H. M. Conell, A. Hamilton.

No. VI.—"Foreign and Colonial Readers." (Ages 12-19.)

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 5s.: G. Allhusen, Kaponga, Taranaki, New Zealand.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Scott Allhusen (New Zealand).

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Mabel A. L. Davis, 223 Upper Charlton street, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. S. Goodbrand (Natal).

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: H. Goodbrand, 6 North street, Durban, Natal, South Africa.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the following books—"Tales of Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE DECEMBER COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—As usual, there were a large number of entries. A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Numbers 2, 3, 4, and 11 provided the chief stumbling-blocks, though excellent alternative solutions were suggested, such as Brighton and Glossop for No. 2, and Ayr and Windsor for No. 3.

No. II.—This Competition proved somewhat too difficult even for the most patient of our readers.

No. III.—For some reason or other this did not prove a popular competition, there being comparatively few entries. Possibly many CAPTAIN readers thought that the invention of new forfeits would prove too difficult, but they should bear in mind that the Competition which appears difficult to one will probably appear just as difficult to others. Consequently there will be fewer entries, and a greater chance of a prize!

No. IV.—A most popular and interesting Competition. A very large number of essays were sent in, and a uniformly high standard was maintained, so that the task of selection was by no means an easy one. The subjects chosen were most varied, ranging from a life of Mahomet to the Auto-biography of a young lady of fourteen. I must congratulate Competitors heartily on the result of their efforts in this Competition. R. C. Woodthorpe deserves special mention for the neat arrangement of his essay.

No. V.—A great variety of designs were sent in, and yet the drawings in Class III. were far superior to those in Classes I. and II., with the exception of the winners.

No. VI.—Essays again came out top in Classes I. and II. as also did a photograph in Class III. We should like to see more entries for this Competition.

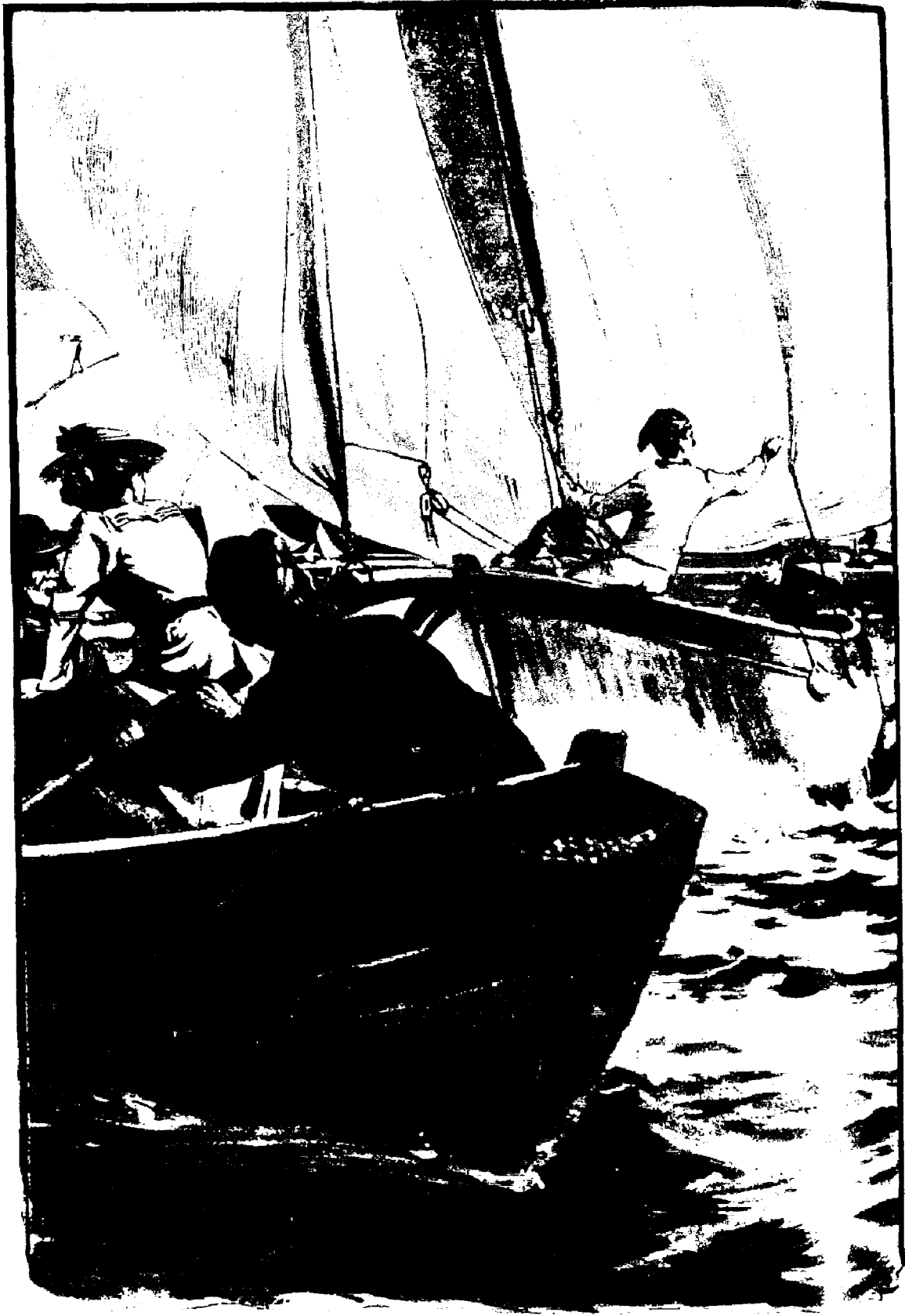
THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



SPEAK OF THE WEATHER AS YOU FIND IT.

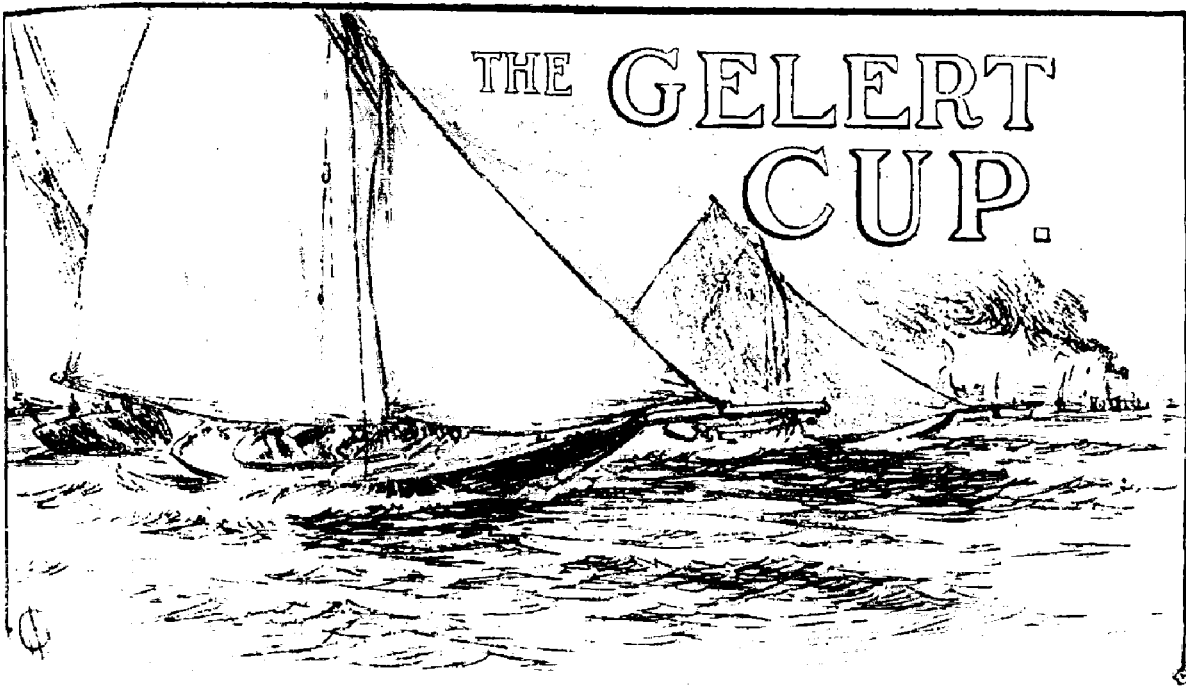
MR. DAMPMONK : " Now ! What a day, Mr. Giraffe ! "

MR. GIRAFFE (with enthusiasm) : " Yes, isn't it heavenly ! "



"LOOK OUT!" ROARED JIM. "YOU'LL GO SMASH THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THEM!"

THE GELEERT CUP.



By HAROLD BINDLOSS.

Illustrated by GEO. HAWLEY.

IT was Reginald Percival who earned us the nickname of The Pirates, and not only won, but carried off, the Gelert trophy, very much against the wishes of a certain regatta committee. There is no doubt he acted with youthful recklessness, but Reggie seldom paused to think, and, while the story of his doings was laughed at on board many a racing yacht, always persisted that otherwise his brother would never have become the owner of the handsome silver cup.

It was a fine autumn evening when Reggie, Tom Clayton, and I sat very contentedly on the rickety pier of a little Welsh harbour. The first of a series of coast regattas was to be held on the morrow, and Henry Percival's big open boat, *Skirmisher*, lay with her varnished spars catching the last of the sunlight on the shingle beneath us. A mountain range rose blackly in the distance, the Irish Sea shimmered oilily, while the salt smell and sight of the busy crews overhauling their racing gear stirred the blood within us. Though none of us had long left school, Reggie, indeed, only a few months earlier, we were tolerable boat sailers, and Henry Percival had taken us for a fortnight's holiday, to assist him in racing the *Skirmisher*. He came towards us looking gloomy, and I felt uncomfortable, because one of Reggie's pranks that morning would hardly have met with his elder

brother's approval. When he spoke our spirits sank to zero.

"It's most unfortunate, but I can't neglect my business," he said. "The handicap is published, and, with average luck, the *Skirmisher* should have won the Gelert Cup; I have just received a telegram calling me back to town. Still, I might catch the afternoon boat to-morrow, and I wonder, if it was a very fine day, whether you could take the *Skirmisher* round to Porthgele. Jardine would send his paid hand with you."

Reggie answered moodily that we could take the *Skirmisher* anywhere, but his brother looked dubious before he said, "I suppose I'll have to trust you or miss that regatta, too, but try for once to keep out of trouble, and remember you are only to go if it's a settled fine day. Thompson said you might sleep to-night on board the *Capella*."

We promised to behave with the greatest discretion, and though Percival still seemed doubtful, he hurried off to catch his train. "It's a cruel shame!" said Clayton. "I'd give almost anything to go back and tell the fellows how we won the Gelert Cup. He might have wired somebody to do his wretched business for him. Anyway, we can't sleep in the *Capella* after Reggie's foolery."

Reggie, who said nothing, seemed to be

thinking hard, which was a suspicious sign, but I nodded. Rowing out to fish early that morning, we had passed the yacht *Capella* anchored outside, and Reggie, who climbed on board, lifted a hatch, and before we could stop him thrust a wet mop into the faces of the sleepers below. There is no doubt he deserved a thrashing, and would have got it, but that we saved him by rowing for our lives. Accordingly, we made friends with a schooner's captain, and passed the night on a damp sail in her cabin. Reggie said it was cheaper than hotels, and nobody who wanted luxury should go boat-sailing. The next day commenced clear and sunny, though I fancied there was wind coming, and when early in the afternoon the tide filled the harbour, we sat on board the *Skirmisher* watching the yachts' crews hoist the snowy racing canvas, and the open boats preparing, very enviously. The *Skirmisher* was ready for sea, but we had determined to see some of the racing before we started, though it was maddening to hear Jim, the young fisher lad who helped Jardine, express his opinion that we could have beaten the other boats easily. The time for the open boat race was drawing near when one of the committee hailed us, "Why are you not getting ready?"

"Our skipper had to leave us, and we are bound for Porthgele," I growled.

"Dear, dear! That is a pity, when he has paid his entrance and got a fair handicap," was the answer. "Could you not race her without him, and start for Porthgele after?"

We looked hard at each other. Jim rose partly upright, and then sat down with a sigh, while my fingers closed instinctively on the lugsail halliard.

"He didn't say we were not to," said Reggie; and Clayton answered, hesitatingly, "You never asked him—don't be mad!"

At that moment, however, we could remember nothing but the glittering cup we had inspected in a shop window, and when an open-boat swept past and somebody on board asked, jeeringly, if the breeze was too much for us, Reggie jumped forward, and Percival's golden dragon racing flag fluttered to the masthead, while his brother's shout rang out exultantly, "We're coming!"

Then there was bustle and hurry. Up went the big white lugsail, and blocks clattered; I grasped the tiller, while Jim set the jib, and next minute the *Skirmisher* swept out through the mouth of the harbour, hurling white spray aloft. We had no time for reflection. The smoke of a gun rolled along the beach, flags blew out from the signal staff, and we

had just five minutes to get ready in. They were very anxious minutes. The *Skirmisher* was over twenty-three feet long, and I had never sailed as master of so large a craft before. Also, the competitors in a sailing match start together, and the handicap time each allows the other is deducted at the finish, so it was needful to get our craft across the line the moment the second gun flashed. The breeze was fresh, seven big boats manœuvred about us, and while we rushed through the hissing brine it needed all my skill to avoid a collision. Still, my crew did their part well, springing at the word to haul or slack a rope, and while Tom cried out the seconds ticked off by his watch, my heart beat like a steam-hammer as I grasped the helm. "Thirty seconds left!" he said. "They're standing by the gun. Twenty—eighteen now!" And as a boat with one side buried shaved past us I roared, "Ease your sheets together. Let her go!"

There was a boil of white froth at the *Skirmisher's* bow, a jumble of slanted sails and froth-licked hulls all converging upon the gap between two anchored boats, and with the brine lapping our gunwale we drove into the thick of them. A wrong touch on the tiller would hurl us crashing into two or more of them, and I quivered all through as I listened for the gun. A bright flash blazed out, a roar from the crowd went up, and we were off, the second boat across the line. I mopped my forehead, Tom laughed, and Reggie shouted excitedly, "Do as well at the finish and we're sure of the cup!"

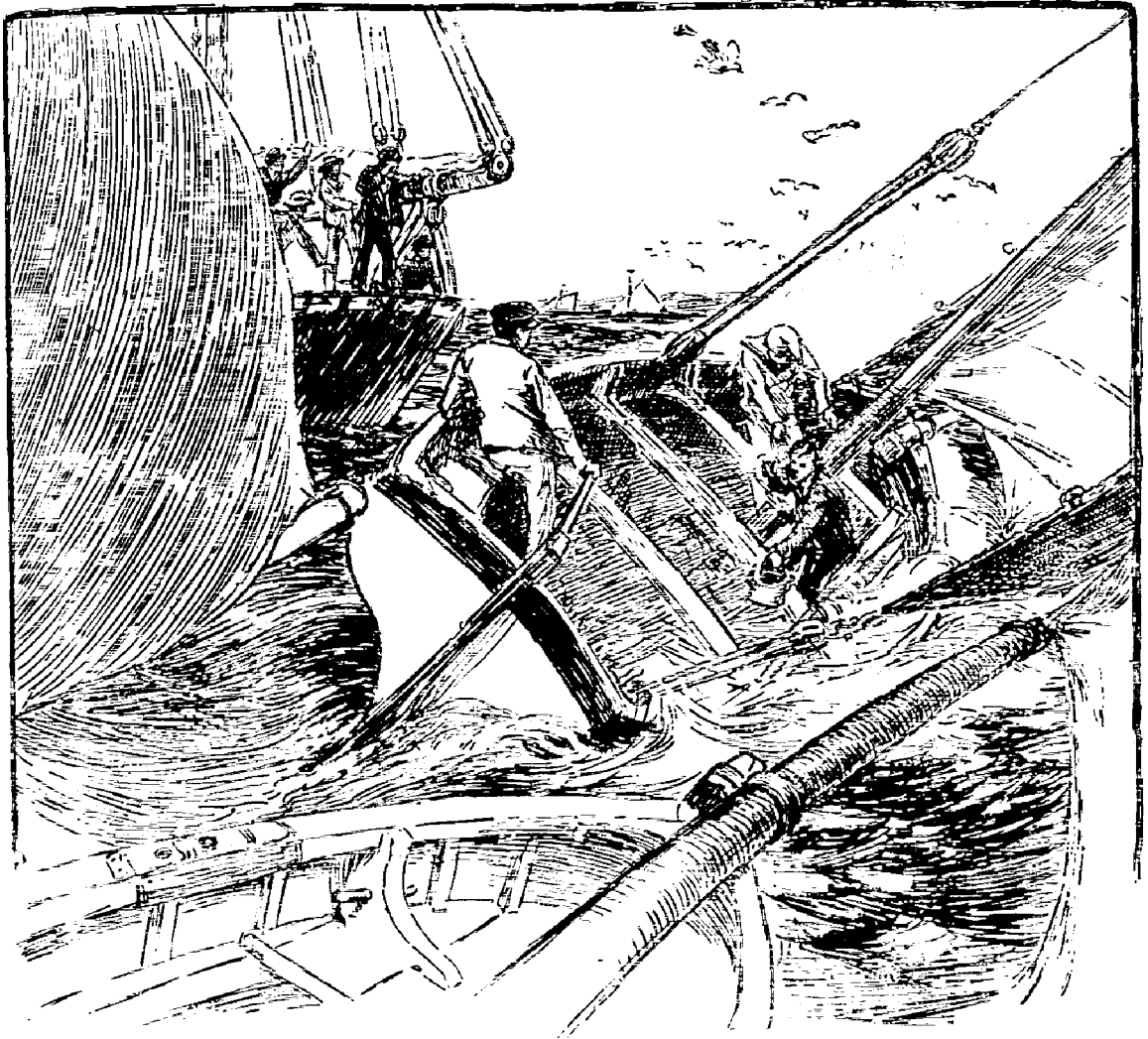
It was a perfect sailing day, and a very keen race. A fresh breeze stirred the waters into sparkling ridges of white and green, and the *Skirmisher*, swaying her tall white canvas across the blue, reeled over them with a springy leap which suggested a fast horse's stride. The turning mark was a yacht anchored three miles to windward off shore, and as we beat up for her in long diagonals, two or three of the larger boats began to draw away. I did not mind that, however, for the *Skirmisher* was very fast with the wind behind her, as it would be when we turned the mark, and Tom said encouragingly, "We'll pick them all up on the homeward run."

I had plenty to think of, as we came up like a race-horse on the mark. The breeze was freshening, and already Jim had to bail out the water when the boat dipped her side, while two others crowded upon us in the hope of shooting between us and the mark. The bow of one just cleared our stern to weather,

the other hung scarcely a yard away to lee, and so, plunging through the short seas, we dashed for the yacht together. Not a word was spoken, but all knew there would be a horrible smash if my nerve failed me, while glancing round for a moment I saw one helmsman laugh derisively at my youthful crew. I was distinctly unhappy, but a glimpse of their spray-wet, determined faces

The shout startled me. I was almost putting the helm up, which would have hurled us upon the craft to lee, but Reggie cried savagely, "A low trick. We had the right to luff him. Go on, and if he doesn't sail fair, smash him!"

I grew cold all over. We had the right of passage, but if our competitor did not recognise it somebody would be swimming next



WE SHAVED ROUND, FIRST OF THE THREE.

comforted me. Now, there are two kinds of regattas, those organised by a regular yacht club, where there is rule and order, and those managed by a town committee, which are sometimes characterised by neither. The one we raced in was one of the latter, and it was not so surprising that when the yacht's stern was scarcely ten yards away somebody in one boat roared, "If you won't give us room we'll run over you!"

moment, and I held my breath as the yacht's side rushed past. Then I heard a thrashing of canvas as the other craft's mainsheet was loosed to slacken her speed, and, amid a cheer from the men crowding the rail above, we shaved round, first of the three. So far we had done excellently, and might have continued to do so had I displayed more moral courage and Reggie less foolhardiness. The breeze, freshening fast, blew astern of us now,

and three miles of tumbling white-flecked sea divided us from the beach. Two of the largest boats reeled across it ahead of us.

"We could pick them up if we set the spinnaker," said Reggie, but the others looked doubtful, and I hesitated when I should have said "No." Now when running before a moderate breeze a racing boat usually hoists a huge triangular sail, called a spinnaker, on the opposite side to her mainsail, but it is an awkward and even dangerous thing to handle except with a well-drilled crew, and it seemed to me the boat carried quite as much canvas as was judicious already. Still, the thought of the cup was tempting, and I glanced longingly at the boats ahead as I asked, "Will she stand it?"

The others took my consent for granted. Folds of thrashing canvas rose to the masthead, nearly mastering the three lads who struggled to thrust out the long boom that stretched its foot, and at first I scarcely breathed as what looked like a huge balloon swelled out and the *Skirmisher* leapt forward under it. She seemed all canvas, for the narrow strip of trembling hull with four anxious lads clinging to sheet and guy inside it was dwarfed to insignificance by the two towering sails which set her rolling wildly as they dipped the brine on either side, wing and wing. Froth roared high above the gunwale, each time she cleft through a sea bucketsful foamed in, and I knew if I let her swerve on a wave-crest under that racing spread, one sail or the other would swing over and hurl us into the water. Worst of all, the breeze was still freshening, and, because a spinnaker is an awkward sail to take in, we dare not even attempt to lower it. So we foamed along, Jim bailing desperately to keep the water under, the rest staring blankly before them, while Reginald afterwards said my eyes seemed trying to come out of my head.

But the other boats were growing larger, and the shore nearer all the time, while somebody yelled to us in warning when we drove past the last of them. Next minute she was well astern, and it was with relief and wild excitement I watched the *Skirmisher* creep up on the leader close in with the beach. Reggie thumped Tom's back violently as our bowsprit lapped further along her foam-licked side. We were gaining rapidly, and in another two hundred yards the race would be over. Unfortunately, the minor matches finished inside the harbour, and as we flew towards it I caught confused glimpses of the tall perch that marked the entrance, the

shouting crowd upon the beach, the backs of my comrades who crouched, breathlessly intent, with ropes in their hands, and the white froth sluicing past, while a flotilla of overloaded punts loomed over our bowsprit end. We drew level with our rival, then a yard ahead; there was a roar of "*Skirmisher's* winning," and I said, "For any sake be handy, and when I sing out let go everything with a run."

We were almost abreast of the timekeeper. A man stood ready by the gun, another with a watch in his hand, and then I turned suddenly cold, for a boat packed with excursionists blundered across the one narrow strip of clear water ahead. To avoid her we must jibe either the mainsail or spinnaker, and that meant a capsized, at least. "Look out, sir. Look out!" roared Jim. "You'll go smash through the middle of them."

"I'll hang on another few seconds," I gasped, "then stand by to swim."

There were frantic shouts of warning. Women shrieked, one man lost his oar on board the threatened boat; then, when our bowsprit showed a foot clear past the finishing mark, I shoved the tiller hard down with my heart in my mouth, and the inevitable happened swiftly. The *Skirmisher* swerved from her course, the great spinnaker, lurching skywards, swang wildly across the boat, which rolled over bodily under its impetus. I saw the water pour in, and just as the gun thundered to tell us we had won, flung myself clear backwards over the stern. The rest also got safely away, punts came splashing up, and though the next boat nearly ran over us we were landed in a few minutes safe, but dripping, on the beach. Neither, as it happened, was much harm done. We could see the boat's masthead, and knew we could walk to her dry when the tide ebbed, while a shore-punt had recovered the loose sundries that floated out of her. "It might have been worse," gasped Tom. "Anyway, we've won, and we'll have a feast on the strength of it. It isn't every day one wins a silver cup."

It appeared we were popular heroes, and the good Welsh folks not only feasted us at an absurdly moderate charge, considering our appetites, but provided garments that did not fit us while they dried our clothes. I donned my own, still steaming, sooner than parade in a waiter's dress-coat, but Reggie seemed proud of himself in the local pilot's brass-bound jacket. The time passed pleasantly, and it was dark when our joy was turned to consternation as a regatta

official came in. "It was a pity you jibed her so soon," he said. "The *Gwyniad's* crew have protested you sank a foot short of the mark, and the Sailing Committee are meeting to decide it."

I sprang up with an exclamation, and there was a gleam of anger in Clayton's eyes. "Where are the idiots meeting, and why didn't they send for us? I'm going straight over to see them," he said.

We started together, but Reggie slipped away, and Tom said it was only his usual fooling when he informed us, "I'm going to get the cup."

He overtook us, still wearing the pilot's jacket, as we entered the committee-room. Town regatta committees are more often composed of local magnates and prominent shopkeepers than practical yachtsmen. A number of gentlemen were talking excitedly within, but none of them looked like sailors. "We have come for the *Skirmisher's* prize. As helmsman and a member of a recognised sailing club, I will make an affidavit that we had lapped the finishing mark before we sank," I said, and three gentlemen tried to answer me at once, until the chairman checked them.

"The *Gwyniad's* crew declare you were a foot short. They are respectable people, and we know all about them," he said.

"You know we won as well as we do!" broke in Clayton, while Reggie only chuckled, saying nothing, which, because he usually said too much, surprised me. I also noticed that the pilot's jacket bulged suspiciously. Then the timekeeper, who should have been a yachtsman and was not, being summoned, explained that he thought we had won when he fired the gun, but was so troubled about the impending accident that he could not be certain, and, on thinking over it, had almost changed his mind.

"You're a nice sort of sailing official!" said Clayton, scornfully. "This is a conspiracy. Do you mean to cheat us out of our cup?"

The chairman fumed; Reggie, for no apparent reason, nearly exploded; but all the satisfaction we could obtain was a promise that nothing would be decided until the *Gwyniad's* owner, who had left after the race, could be interviewed on the morrow. Meantime, there were other disputes to settle, and the evidence was against us.

"It's highway robbery!" said Clayton when we withdrew. "They never give a stranger a prize at these kind of shows if they can help it, and those fellows mean to

cheat us. Still, somehow, I'm going to get that cup. What are you grinning like a baboon at, Reggie?"

Then we stared at Percival, bewildered, as he answered drily, "Because I've got it already."

"Got the cup!" I stammered; and the feather-brained youngster chuckled as he said, "Yes, I went for it. The prizes were exhibited at the treasurer's, or something's, shop, and, as everybody knew we had won, I just went in and asked for it. He said something civil about our pluck, and I gave him a receipt for it. It's here, under my jacket."

We looked at him, almost staggered: then the humour of the position dawned upon us, and Tom rubbed himself against a door-post in his delight. "It's great. We've beaten both their best sailor-men and drivelling committee, but we've got to keep ahead," he said. "Reggie, see if that fellow has sorted up the boat. We're going to sea the minute she floats, and in the meantime the skipper and I will write that committee a little note."

We borrowed pen and ink in a confectioner's, and I sent Percival a telegram, while Tom solemnly indited a letter to the committee. "We won the Gelert Cup, and have got it," he said. "It is our rightful property, but here follow our addresses, so that if you are not satisfied you can sue us, and let everybody know your ignorance."

He struck out the last clause, reluctantly, at my suggestion, and we posted the letter. "Now, the sooner we get out of this place the better," he said.

I quite agreed with him, but it was some time before the tide crept round the boat. When we slid out of the harbour before a little cool breeze that just rippled the moonlit swell, Tom laughed as he pointed to a lighted window in the promenade hotel. "Those fellows are still wondering how they can give the *Gwyniad* the prize," he said.

We slept under a bluff headland further on, and there was an oily calm most of the following day, which, because the *Skirmisher* was too big to row, we spent bathing and hunting rabbits in a warren behind a desolate beach, and were heartily tired of the trip when towards evening a fresh head breeze sprang up and with mainsail reefed the boat thrashed her way to windward through small but spiteful seas. When darkness came we tied another reef down, and grew anxious. The river we were bound for lay well behind a steep mountain head, and, wet, cramped, and tired out, we must pound on against a rising sea. We might never have

beaten round that head at all but for paid-hand Jim. In any case, it was midnight when, with the straining canvas drenched with spray, we plunged through a tumbling tide-race into a broad estuary, and I was devoutly thankful when the lights of a steamer drew near and a voice hailed us, "*Skirmisher* ahoy! Lower your canvas, and stand by for a tow."

"It's the Commodore," Tom said with a groan of dismay. "I wouldn't be in your shoes, Reggie. Still, there's no use running from a steamer, any way."

I was, however, glad to get out of the boat at any cost, even when we were escorted, three half-asleep, dripping, and very dejected striplings, into the small steam yacht's saloon, where several yachtsmen of repute, Henry Percival, and a dignified, elderly gentleman sat awaiting us.

"As the senior officer of the sailing club you belong to I have some right to question you," said the latter. "You have also upset these gentlemen's programme and brought out this vessel to look for you, besides causing a considerable expenditure in telegrams. Accordingly, I should like some explanation of the somewhat extraordinary story I have heard about you."

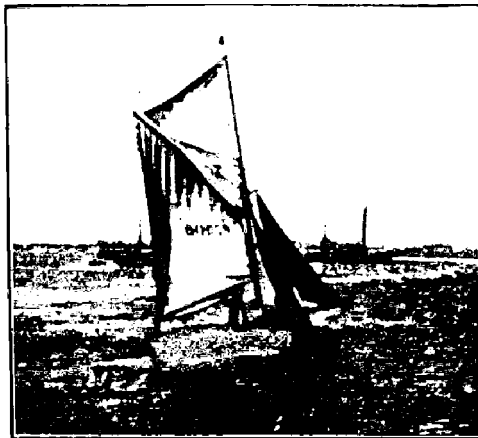
I glanced at the others. Tom looked sheepish, Reggie like a convicted criminal, and I felt like one as I blundered over the story. I was almost too dazed to notice that the faces of the listeners twitched suspiciously, while the Commodore stroked his grey moustache in a manner that did not seem necessary. "Well, you are tolerably enterprising youngsters,"

he said when I finished, "to race and sink a valuable boat without permission, and then carry off the prize by violence in spite of a regatta committee. I really don't know what to think, and am only surprised you were not locked up, as you deserved to be. Still, I may say that, fortunately for you, the *Gwyniad's* owner disclaimed his crew's protest and allowed that you had won the cup. That, however, does not improve your conduct, and I really think you had better—get some supper in the deckhouse and turn in while we consider how your foolishness can be impressed upon you."

"Their fathers will see to that, sir, and I can at least answer for the due impression of my idiotic young brother," said Percival, senior, grimly.

We went out very soberly, but unless I am much mistaken a burst of laughter followed us, and, falling asleep over supper, somebody helped me into a snug berth on a cushioned locker. The Commodore acknowledged our salute very coldly next morning, but I think he had forgiven us when we landed, for, as we went over the side, he said with a twinkle in his eye, "I shall feel safer now there is no longer a risk of you young pirates running off with my ship. Be wise in time, my lads, and remember that your next escapade might not end so fortunately."

Henry Percival threatened to send us home by the first steamer, but did not do so, and we eventually helped him to win three prizes. Still, it was long before we sailed another race so exciting as the one in which we sank the *Skirmisher* and won the Gelert Cup.



HOMEWARDS.

Kodak snapshot E. M. Leman.

THE CHASE OF HARE WITH BEETLES

BY "VIVE LA FRANCE"

Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE.



MISTER THE EDITOR,—It is not that I have scribbled to you since long time, and for why? Because there has not been absolutely nothing of new. But you will remember that I put myself to make study of your customs—your character—your recreations—all that there is of the most english. Ah Bah! How you are drôles, you english. Regard then: in France le sport is a pleasure, a relachement, a joyty: en England it is a grand serious, a labour, a grindment, as you say. Me who speak I know. I have my idea, my experience. Listen then, this is what it is. I visit again with my friend (my english friend, you know) at his uncle, Sir Smith; it is the same party as the last year—my friend and her sister, his uncle, Sir Smith, and her wife. The morning after my arrival it makes the fine time, the sun gives, but my friend and her sister occupy themselves with their affairs—they are affairés, bussy. I take my bat, my canne, my cigarette. I promenade myself at the park all sole. I chant some fragments of some operas, I siffle, I am happy. Ah, the life! how it is enjoyable! Presently before me a little house. I hear some cries of dogs—dog barques as you say. Without doubt it is the house of the gardechase. I approach. Ah! I have reason. M. the gardechase is there—he gives to eat to his dogs: they are many; they complain themselves in grimping on him; all near is a little Ane, a donkey, who has the appearance of sleeping. M. the gardechase salutes me; I give him the good day; I ask him, "These dogs here, what is it that they are, dogs of chase?" He tell me that no, they are the dogs of Sir Smith. He is stupid, this man. I reply, "But yes, I know it, my friend, but tell then, they are for take the fox, no?" He

regard me with stupidity, he say, "No, not the fox." "Not the fox! How then?" He reply, "To take the air, they are Beetles." "But, my friend, you can take the air without some dogs, is it not?" He says, "Well, yes, of course you can, but these are Beetles." "How then, Beetles? Beetles are not some dogs, they are some insects." Ah Bah! he regard me as fool, I will not reason with him. I change the subject. "And this little Ane," I say "he also takes the air?" He correct me, he says, "Not Ane; Jenny." "But, my faith! it is evident that he is one Ane, is it not?" "You may call her Anne," he reply all rude, "her name is Jenny." "But it imports not, her name; if not an Ane she is at least an Anesse." "No," he repond, "she isn't, she is a Jenny." "Mais, mais! Ah! this poor ignorant! Il n'y a pas à dire. She is then Jenny—and she also takes the air, is it not?" "Oh, no," say he, "the young lady goes at her to the meet." "Ah! ah! the meet! I know it, I had reason then after all; it is true that you chase the fox!" "No, no," he say, "not the fox, the air." "Ah Bah!" I cry all in anger, "the air! you moque yourself of me!" "Moque!" he say also in anger, "you call me moque again and I will show you who is the moque!" and he advance in menacing me with his whip, but all at a blow he arrest himself. "Go away," he command, "you have no business here."

"Ah! ha! my friend, it is just, you have reason. I do not come for business. I come for pleasure!" He turns the back in gronding, he opens the port, gate: the dogs run out in throwing some cries. What is it that he will do? Will he excite the dogs at me? No! he departs still gronding. Ah! I see it now; he will give them the exercise; they will take the air. He is perhaps farceur, this gardechase: the Beetles follow him. Ah Bah! Beetles! What a drôle of a name! As to me I return to the hall. I will enquire of my friend about the Beetles, but, ah, la, la! when I arrive M'amselle, her sister, is there. We go to the launch, and in her presence—ah, how gracious!—I forget the Beetles—the Ane—no! I mean the Jenny—I forget everything. I forget myself. I am again ravished, enchanted. Ah! Miss Mary, I lay my heart at your foot!

But the next day it is different—the sun shines no more, one would say that it goes to rain. It is the season of Autumn, it makes a great wind, the trees balance, the leaves fall. Little at little the rain commence: at the house it is warm, dry, agréable: outside it makes cold, humide, discomfortable. Eh bien, we shall rest then here within: we shall without doubt amuse ourselves: M'amselle will touch perhaps the piano, or we shall make a party of billiard. But no, not at all—that is not the english custom—my friend approach himself of me, he say, "Ha, M'sieu, come with us; my sister and I go to have some fun with our little paque: you have not seen yet our little paque, is it not?" "Your little paque," I repond, "a little paque, what then is a little paque? Ah! that I am sot, fou! I remember myself now that it is of some cartes, is it not? It makes the bad weather, it must to have some fun with the cartes." "Carts!" he say, "Carts! we don't go in carts, we go at foot." "Mais, you have said a little paque of some carts, is it not? with Monsieur and Madame and the valet, you know." "The valet!" he cry in laughing, "and Monsieur and Madame! my good fellow, do you suppose my uncle is going out on a day like this with my aunt and the footman in a cart! No, no—we shall go alone—by ourselves."

"But, mon ami, we do not understand ourselves; you say you will have some fun with the cartes—un jeu des cartes, is it not?"

"Oh! Cards you mean," he repond. "I did not think of Cards—I meant a paque of dogs; to hunt with, you know. Vive la chasse, you savez."

"Oh! certainement, vive la chasse! but for

me no. Excuse me; no more of la chasse: almost I break me the neck the last winter you remember."

"Oh, yes, but this is different: we do not mount at horse—we chase at foot."

"Mais, my faith! it is not possible that Mademoiselle shall take at foot the fox; very scarcely can one do it at horse."

"But it is not the fox that we chase."

"Not the fox! my faith, what is it then? Some birds?"

"No, no," he say, "not some birds neither; we chase the air."

"But, sacred name of a bomb! it is absurd! It is not possible to chase the air, the wind is it not?"

"Ha, ha," he laughed, "what an idea! you mistake yourself, M'sieu—not the air, the Hare, le lièvre, you know."

"Ah, la, la, la! How I am stupid! le lièvre, the hare! Then M. the Gardechase had reason in saying that the dogs will take the hare."

"Yes, of course. Oh! then you have seen the dogs already, have you?"

"But, certainly, yesterday I see them and also the little Ane—pardon, the Jenny—of M'amselle."

"Then you know all about it, M'sieu. Well, we are going to meet about two miles off—you had better make ready to come with us."

"Certinement, and it must a fusil—a gun?"

"No, no; only a pair of thick boots and a good stick."

"Eh, bien, that is easy, and a cor—a horn?"

"No," he say, "I have a horn; we do not want but one."

"And M'amselle will mount at Ane—pardon, at Jenny—is it not?"

"Yes, she will ride to the meet with us; afterwards she will run with the dogs."

I put my gross boots, I take my stick—we sort, M'sieu and myself at foot, her sister at Ane—pardon, at Jenny. It makes a fine rain, the air is thick, the water treacles from the trees, the road is full of mud. I hear some cries of dogs. Ah, here are the Beetles. M. the gardechase also. He is of an appearance morose, but he is civil: he touches the casque. We advance. M'sieu babbles with the gardechase. Me, I march at side of the Jenny. M'amselle is joyous, she make always a conversation, she is what you call a chattering-box. The time pass. Enfin we see a grand affluence of gents. They attend us. It is the Meet. A few are at horse, the more grand part at foot. M'sieu and the

gardechase conduct the Beetles; they enter a field of some navets—turnups is it not! The Beetles leap, they appear happy, they love perhaps the turnups, but they do not essaye to eat them—possibly they are not yet ripe. The Meet gives encouragement to the dogs; they say at high voice, "Yoiks" and "Vorrud" (of what significance I do not know); they run; they beat with sticks the turnups, the hedges, in saying "Heik!" Ah, the poor turnups, what damage! All at a blow a Beetle make a *crie mélancolique*; he has perhaps blessed himself against a turnup—but regard then! *all* the Beetles throw sad cries; possibly they lament themselves to not have found the hare; they run in one direction. Ah! what is it that it is! Something all brown. No more of doubt—it is the Hare! But the Beetles cannot attrap it; their cries redouble themselves; they are in despair; they see it echapping. The Meet raises grand acclamations, the Beetles dog-barque, but the turnups retard them. All at a blow the hare echappe himself; he disappears; he is perhaps hiding behind a turnup; but the Beetles grimp upon a high bank, they throw themselves to ground at the other side; M'sieu is with them; the Meet follows them; M'amselle fly over like one *hirondelle*. Me, I am left

behind. I also essaye to grimp; I precipitate myself upon the hedge; I attain the sommet. but, hélas! my foot attraps himself; I fall, I roule down the bank, I find myself on the back in a fosse. Ah, Pah! how it is dirty! the water is green, it is gluant, its odour is disgustant. I am covered of it; very scarcely I raise myself.

No more for me, the chase of hare; it is barbare! I return alone. I have shame—it must not that M'amselle shall see me as this.



"I AM COVERED OF IT; VERY SCARCELY I RAISE MYSELF."

M'sieu and her sister are returned. They are stuffed of dirt. They are wet, but they are gais. They have had "a firstrate sport." "And the hare, is it that you have attraped him?" "No, M'sieu, he got away, but it was a splendid ron!" "Mille tonnerres! a splendid ron! a firstrate sport! O, you english! How you are drôles!"

With the assurance of the most distinguished consideration, I am, yours,

VIVE LA FRANCE.

* * * *



VIKINGS.

Drawn by C. Howell.

AN INDOOR CRICKET GAME.

By MARGARET K. S.
EDWARDS.

*Photos by the Author and
Felix Farebrother.*



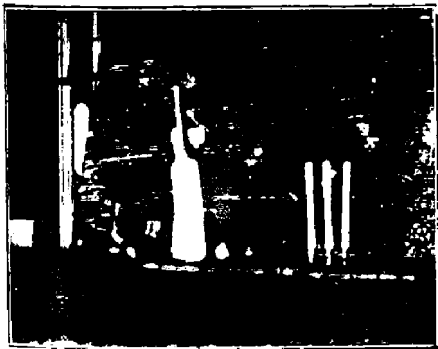
THE FIELD.

THE following account of an easily made and easily played cricket game for wet days in a limited space may be welcome to those enthusiasts who wish to pursue this pastime during the winter months.

An ordinary strong table, two or three

played in bed with a toothbrush and marble to the perfection it now enjoys in his study at Eton, carves his bats in miniature perfection, binds the handles with twine or cotton and marks out the splice with pencil.

A piece of green baize fastened to the table with drawing-pins makes an excellent imitation of the green sward, while the creases



BAT, BALL, AND STUMPS.



BOWLED.

little wooden balls, about the size of marbles, a bat about six inches in length, and three matches in tin sockets are the only essentials, but a boy with any talent for carpentry can improve on both implements and game with a little trouble.

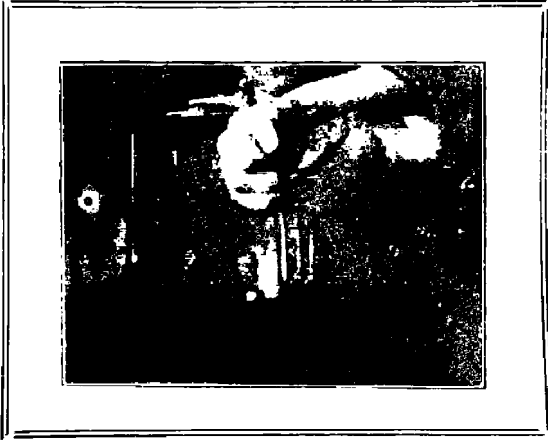
The boy I know, who, since his earliest years, has built up the game from being

can be chalked. At one end a hole is cut in which the wicket stands for firmness, this last being rather ingenious, simply con-

sisting, as it does, of slim slips of wood fixed into a flat piece of tin.

Two is the best number to play this game. Each should choose an eleven of real players,

of the bowlers of his side, in different overs—slow left-hand breaks for Rhodes, faster right-hand balls for Lockwood, etc. A black-board is useful for scoring on, and sheets round the more intricate pieces of furniture



A LEFT-HANDED MAN.



THE FIELD AND SCORING BOARD.

such as Fry, Hirst, Maclaren, etc., to enter in the score-book, and each player in turn should be impersonated. Sitting behind the wicket, the batsman holds the bat as depicted above (this is a left-handed man), and the bowler sits at the other end; if there are more players they can sit round and field.

It makes it far more interesting if the bowler, as far as may be, imitates the action

keep the ball in bounds. When the wicket falls for the first time, the same player impersonates another batsman on his score-sheet, and so on till the eleven are out. Runs, of course, are scored by boundaries previously agreed on.

As will be seen, everything in the game may be home-made, or very cheaply bought, and as the ball does no damage, however hard it may be hit, the game can be played almost anywhere.



A UNIQUE TEAM.—These two cows or steers were trained to harness by Mr. Edward S. Holder. The animals took him four months to break in. Although by no means "fast" horses they trot very evenly and answer to the commands of the driver promptly.

THE YELLOW PARIAH

Written and Illustrated by
G. COCKBURN REYNOLDS

HE was an outcast. A Pariah of the pariahs. A gaunt, yellow cur. A no-man's dog. Twice a day was he kicked from the meat bazaar to the soldiers' barracks and back again.

He lived the life of a dog. The sort of dog that is only found in the East.

From the earliest days of puppyhood, when the lean mother nursed him in a wayside culvert—a refuse-choked drain—never had man or boy approached him but to throw a stone or administer a kick.

Therefore, he grew up a crafty vagabond.

The scars of many battles were thick upon him, and did not improve his looks. There was half an ear missing, that was taken by a soldier's bulldog. In the middle of his back was a shiny scald that was the work of the mess cook, the price paid for a supper of cold chicken. There was a scar on his scalp from a gingerbeer bottle—a dak bungalow memento; a sword-cut on the shoulder from a sentry, whose lunch he poached, and other minor blemishes.

Famine was always with him, but one day hunger took him in its grip, and he madened for want of food. He had scratched over every refuse heap, and visited every ash-pit he knew of, without finding a scrap to eat.

He approached the cantonments cautiously, for the red-coat men do not love stray pariahs, and sudden death is the penalty often paid for visiting their lines: but there was always a likelihood of finding a bone or two behind their cook-houses. He crept along under the roadside trees, when, suddenly, to his joy he saw lying at his feet a large bone with juicy chunks of flesh still adhering to it. How it got there so far from the cook-house puzzled him for a moment—perhaps some other dog had dropped it in his fight. But it lay in a small pit a foot deep, newly dug, and in spite of his great hunger he grew suspicious, for he knew that in the lines sudden death comes in a variety of

forms—some most inexplicable. There was a piece of cord, which hung from the tree above and encircled the little pit, and a piece of twine tied to the bone, which also came down from the same bough. These things should have made him pass by on the other side, but desperate hunger argued against it. There was no one about to be seen, no one in the tree above, no one hiding behind the trees near by. So the string and cord was most likely some child's play. Having fortified himself with this idea, he seized the bone quickly, and tried to dash off, but the twine tied to it, and passed through a loop of wire in the ground, seemed fastened to something weighty above. He gave a tug, that something overbalanced and fell, and next instant the yellow pariah, with a choking snarl, was dangling at the end of a cord three feet in the air, while a 40lb. shell, attached to the other end of the same cord, had fallen to earth.

There was a great burst of laughter from the dense foliage of a mango tree near by, and four boys clambered down the tree to examine their prize.

"Why, it's that yellow brute who's killed so many of my pigeons," cried one.

"Hurrah! boys!" shouted another, "we're in for a bit of splosh. Old Bunniah, the commissariat-sergeant, has offered five rupees to any one who can kill this pie, for it has lived the last two years on his ducks and chicks."

"Well, we've rid the station of a pest, and no mistake, and the barrack cooks will thank us. Gosh! isn't he full of scars?"

"He was the best fighting pie I ever saw. I daresay he had one fight at least every day of his life, and always won."

"Is he dead?"

"Dead as a stone."

"Well, let's cut him down and take him to old Bunniah and get the dibs. There'll be just one for each of us and one over. That we'll give to Mac for inventing such a rattling good pie-trap."

They cut down the limp, lifeless body of the yellow pariah, and gave it a kick apiece just to balance old scores, and flung the noose off his neck. But they jubilated too soon. If a cat has nine lives, then who can count the lives of an Indian pariah? This is a conundrum you must ask the crows.

Now the inventive Mac, proud of his work,

was in a hurry to get to the commissariat-sergeant's, so he took the yellow one by its tail and commenced dragging it thitherward. He had not proceeded very far, however, when suddenly he felt an excruciating pain in the region of the calf. His howl of agony made the others spin round, and as they did so they saw something yellow flash through the maindee hedge and disappear. The dead had come to life and vanished. They appeared incredulous at first, but there was Mac's leg to convince them.

Now you would think the yellow pariah would not want any more adventures after such a narrow squeak, but his life had been full of narrow squeaks, so it did not impress him very much. He ran hard for a couple of miles, then slowed down into the usual dog-trot. After another two miles he found himself on a bit of waste land just outside the dogs' boundary of the meat bazaar. Here he quenched his thirst at a small pool, but he had a pain in the neck that would not go, and made him very savage. He mounted a little hillock, and looked towards the meat bazaar. The sun was setting, yet kites were wheeling and swooping over the butchers' sheds. He could hear the yapping of dogs, and he knew what was taking place. The butchers, having sold all the meat they could sell and given away all that they could give, were throwing the remaining scraps to the dogs, for in India you cannot eat meat killed on the previous day.

It made the yellow pariah mad to think that he was being tortured by starvation. While the dogs of the meat market were gorging themselves with food they could not really want, much going to the kites in consequence. It would seem the easiest thing possible to cross the waste ground and pick up a few of those pieces of meat before the butchers' shops, but the yellow pariah knew it would be death



NEXT INSTANT HE WAS DANGLING AT THE END OF A CORD

to attempt it. But I should explain to the reader. Every Indian city is divided into districts by the dog inhabitants, which always live in the streets. No dog must enter a district to which he does not belong. Sentries keep watch day and night, and at their warning cry dogs rush down in dozens to expel the intruder; they put him to death if he shows fight, but if he lies on his back and humbly asks to pass that way, he is conducted through the district by two other dogs. A dog had to be born in a district to belong to it. Once a dog took to roving like the yellow pariah he was turned out of his district. Of course, some of the districts were more aristocratic than others. For instance, the poulterers' was better than the fish bazaar, but best of all was the butchers', or meat, bazaar, where lounged the lords of dogdom, a well-fed, haughty, and select community, having a Nawab Sahib as their chief, a huge, black brute who held his place by right of strength of fang and sinew. If any in the bazaar could conquer him in fair fight he would yield his place.

This the yellow pariah knew, and twice of late had he sent him challenges from his boundary. But Nawab returned an insolent message to say he did not fight with eaters of offal and outcast curs.

If he could only force Nawab into a fight and vanquish him, he would become Nawab, and then no more starvation. He felt confident of his powers, for though Nawab was much bigger than he, the yellow pariah had greater practice as a fighter, and knew every dodge and trick worth knowing. But how to approach his enemy? If he attempted to force his way up to the black pariah, a dozen dogs would set upon him and put him to death with pleasure, for they hated the outcast. So he sat on the mound and thought and thought till he evolved a great scheme. In the dark dogs recognise each other by the scent mostly, so he would roll in the wet clay by the pool till he was caked all over, then he would jump into one of the bullock carts passing down the bazaar road, and hide among the grain-bags till he was close to the stone steps on which Nawab always sat, and then with one short rush he would attack the black pariah and make him fight. Under these circumstances, of course, the others would not interfere.

This plan he carried out with great success. He concealed himself among the bags of a grain-cart, and the wet clay prevented the sentries from scenting him; also, hiding his colour and scars as it did, no dog recognised

him when he jumped off the cart. Seeing it was not a village dog and that he walked like a bazaar dog, they thought he was one of themselves, so they sat where they were and tried to scent him, for they could not see the clay in the dusk. Before any of the dogs could discover he was the outcast, he had gone up and snarled insolent defiance into the face of Nawab, and Nawab sprang up to avenge the insult before he knew it was the yellow pariah.

The next minute they were engaged in the wrestling, running, rushing fight of the pariah, which needs a lot of elbow room. That was a great fight. The dogs talk of it to this day. It is not often that the Nawabship of the bazaar is being fought for, and the news soon travelled, and every dog in the district came to witness the contest. Even the human beings displayed interest, and the butchers who lived near by came out to see the combat between the black and yellow pariahs.

The moon rose on the scene, for the fight lasted a long time. The dogs were well matched; though Nawab was the heavier and more powerful of the two, he was gorged with butcher's meat and in bad condition for a fight, while the yellow pariah was in the best of training, and even his famished condition was in his favour compared with that of his overfed rival.

Nawab, knowing that in his weight lay his superiority, tried hard by sudden rushes to pin the other against a wall or tree, but the outcast was too nimble, and the greasy clay with which he was coated made him hard to hold. Yet he had received many a bad bite before the black dog began to pant and show signs of fatigue, and three times had he been the under dog, but he was too active to be pinned down. At last his chance came, and he got a grip of Nawab's fat throat and just hung on, and every ruse the black dog was up to did not serve to shake the outcast off. This trick of holding on the yellow one had learnt from an English bulldog, for the pariah prefers to tear and rip. Nawab's breathing had got very bad, and this finished matters, for he went down suddenly, and the outcast stood astride his body, victor of the field, and Nawab Sahib of the whole bazaar.

"Shabash! Shabash! Well done," cried the butchers.

But the dogs were silent, for they did not like the idea of having the outcast for chief. A few young dogs only hailed him as their Nawab.

He cared nothing for their goodwill—he had fought for food and not for fame. A butcher threw him a big piece of raw beef.



W. G. BURN. N. Y. N. Y.

It was the customary reward. It tasted sweeter than anything he had ever eaten. Then he went away and washed the clay and blood from his skin, and, remembering a melon patch, where there was cool, clean sand to sleep on, he trotted off. To-morrow he would assume Nawabship of the meat bazaar.

He was entering the melon patch when he saw a silent shadow glide into the gardener's hut. It was Bharia, the wolf, a mortal foe, with whom he had a score to settle. But he had had enough adventures for one day, so he was just stepping out of the shadow when Bharia emerged from the hut, carrying a little bundle. It was the gardener's baby, and so carefully did the wolf carry the child, holding it by its clothes, that the infant slept on.

It is a horrible and revolting idea to a dog to eat a human being, so, without a moment's hesitation, the yellow pariah sprang forward and had Bharia by the throat before he knew of the presence of his enemy. They fought desperately for a few minutes over the body of the child, who awoke and commenced to scream with all its energy.

This brought the mother flying to the rescue. She pluckily dashed between the fighting animals and snatched up her babe. Then shriek after shriek startled the night and brought her husband and others with their clubs to the spot, but by that time the wolf was killed, and the yellow pariah, too exhausted to stand, lay beside it. The husband broke the bones of the dead animal with his club in blind fury, and, not understanding the facts, was about to treat the yellow pariah in the same way, when the woman lunged herself between.

"You shall not touch him. What! Would you slay him whom the gods sent to save your son? Only a dog! sayest thou? How like a man. In my eyes he is naught but a messenger from Ram, who has saved my Mithoo from a foul death. See how he bleeds from twenty wounds got in your service. If he die for this night's noble work, it will be a black disgrace on our house. Carry him indoors, therefore, so that we may heal his hurts."

"It is her first-born," the husband explained to the men. "It is all heaven and earth to her. She believes he never moves a finger but the gods know it."

The woman gave the dog a bowl of milk to drink, and made him a soft bed to lie on, and she stayed up several hours pounding roots and healing leaves for his many wounds, tenderly washing and dressing them before she went to rest.

For the first time the yellow pariah slept

on a quilt instead of the hard ground. He did not like it, however, and determined to be off early. But when he rose in the morning, weak with loss of blood and stiff from his many wounds, he found he could hardly stand, and had to lie down again. Then the woman brought him warm milk and chappatees, which were very nice.

Never before had he tasted kindness, and long years of cruelty from man made him suspicious of a trap somewhere, yet there was truth in the eyes of the woman, and he was not afraid. She caressed him and called him fine names, "Valiant—the brave one—Wolf-slayer—Lion-heart," and the like.

And little Mithoo came and stroked his muzzle, and called him big brother. Thus the fear of man and man's house and the desire to run away left him by degrees, and when the woman coaxed him to stay and be guardian to little Mithoo, he liked the idea, and stayed.

For the first time in his life he had three good meals a day, and this soon made him feel a stronger and a different dog altogether.

One day there came a deputation of dogs from the meat bazaar to ask when his Nawabship would deign to come and rule them. The yellow pariah answered that now he was no longer roving, but a well-cared-for house-dog, he had no desire to be Nawab. He had simply fought for a meal that day. The black pariah was welcome to keep his Nawabship.

The others urged him to change his mind, but he was steadfast. However, if the dogs of the meat bazaar thought a wish of his worth consideration, he would request that such scraps of meat that they did not want and now went to the kites, should be placed on their boundary for any starving wanderers.

This the dogs agreed to do, and have always done in memory of the Outcast, as they always called him.

But the woman had named him **Ram Bux**, which means the Gift of God, and the name brought a joy to the outcast, which was like to a new life. But when the husband heard of it he laughed.

"Truly, it is a most wonderful thing," he said, "the love of a mother for her first-born, when it makes this yellow thief of a pariah appear in her eyes a Gift from God."

But the yellow pariah was a thief no longer. Good food, kindness, and a house to guard, had made him a different dog altogether, and the woman could not have found Mithoo a braver guardian or a more gentle playmate. Never was she happier than when she sat with her spinning-wheel in the shade of the hut, and

watched the dog and the baby at play amongst the stems of the castor trees.

They invented one splendid game all by themselves, the game of Wolf and Baby. This is how it was played:—

“Rammux! Rammux!” cried a little voice, and the baby crept on all fours through the dust, looking between the castor stems and under the large cullodun leaves for something. Meanwhile, the huge yellow pariah, hiding in the melon patch, would follow the movements of the little crawler with intense interest. Presently he would begin to creep

throat and ravenously worrying at the chubby little limbs. The part of the hungry wolf was acted perfectly by the dog, and the baby tried to act the helpless victim, but its shrieks were full of happiness as it lay between the forepaws of the great yellow pariah.

But this pleasant state of things was not destined to last.

Now came hot weather in a single stride. Hot blast all day; close gasping nights; and dust everywhere. Dust in the eyes, in the parched throat, under the teeth. Dust shutting out the blue above and turning the



“THOU WERT NO COMMON DOG.”

towards the baby, flattened against the ground, with ears pointing forwards like a cat shikaring a sparrow. The brown baby catching sight of him would scream with a feigned alarm, while the dog crept forward remorselessly. Then the baby would get on his legs with great effort and commence laboriously to run away. With a bound, the yellow pariah is upon him, throws him flat in the dust, and, amid hysterical screams of delight, proceeds to eat him up, the formidable jaws, bristling with wolf-like fangs, closing on the baby-

foliage khaki, and hot dust the only air to breathe. Those are what are called the dog days. Sometimes the best behaved animal will suddenly become peculiar, snap at friends, or fight with his own shadow. Then, after skulking a few days in some wayside culvert, he comes out with shining eyes and foam-covered snout to paint the city red, and runs amok through the streets of the bazaar, the race of the mad dog that only ends in his death. Yet he will cause others to die—how many there is no knowing.

One day the woman went to the bazaar with her child, and Ram Bux, the Gift of God, went also, for he had the freedom of the city, such as only the Nawabs enjoy.

There were many little household needs to satisfy, and many shops to enter, so she left Mithoo playing in the dust with other brown babies, and gave Ram Bux strict orders not to leave him.

The street was dotted all over with pariah dogs, sleeping peacefully in the dust with an occasional baby rolling about amongst them. Fruit women sold their mangoes and guavas with much noise and gesticulation; grain carts toiled slowly along with loud complaint from ungreased wheels. There were the hundred sights and sounds of an Indian bazaar, where men pursue their daily occupations as if time were of no account and life an eternity.

Suddenly the sleeping dogs pricked up their ears and started to their feet. What was that long-drawn, weird howl in the distance? It was the warning cry of a dog on sentry-go, which told the canine community to beware, for one of their number had gone mad and commenced the death run.

And the dogs shivered in the hot sun as they made for the nearest field with plenty of room to run and double in, for great is their terror of hydrophobia.

Then followed the alarm cry of man—

"Pagul kutta! Pagul kutta! Bhago!"

"Mad dog! mad dog! Run!"

Mothers flew to pick up their babies. The fruit baskets were overturned as buyers and sellers ran to the nearest shops for shelter, or scrambled on the grain carts to get out of the way of the mad dog. Holy Brahmin, gory butchers, thrice-born Rishi, and outcast chamar huddled together in the nearest cow-byre; cast and creed were forgotten in a desire to escape from the horror that leaves worse than death in its tracks.

On came the mad dog, running easily, and looking like any other dog at first sight, but he ran in a dead, straight line, from which nothing could tempt him. He carried his head low, his distended eyeballs were fixed on vacancy, and the phosphor-green light, twirling in their depths, told you the state of his blood, and that he was mad beyond doubt;

his tongue lolled out, and his snout and breast were covered with foam.

A flock of ducks, waddling across the road with a ridiculous assumption of importance, blundered right into the path of the mad dog—in three seconds he had bitten as many through the head, and, leaving the little pile of tumbled feathers behind him, rushed along on the work of destruction. Woe betide the unhappy pariah which, gorged on butcher's flesh, hears not the warning cry as he slumbers in the dust, or the little brown babe, left by its mother to its own devices! For such it were a happier ending to be mangled to death at once than to survive and die of that horror, hydrophobia.

On he comes. Suddenly the air is rent with the piercing shrieks of women, for right in the path of the mad dog sits one forgotten baby playing in the dust. Will no one save it? Several men spring to the rescue, but, alas! it is too late; the dog is within a few feet of the babe, who, almost within the jaws of death, laughs as it sucks at a mango.

Despair seized the onlookers, but suddenly there occurred a thing which those who witnessed it could not understand. A yellow pariah planted himself before the babe and closed in mortal combat with the mad dog. The fury of madness gave the one great strength, yet the other stood his ground bravely and gave wound for wound. Meanwhile there came to the rescue a big man with a club of bamboo shod with lead. Once the club circled in the air, and next instant the skull of the mad dog crushed under its weight like an eggshell, and the horror of a moment ago had no more existence.

Then the man, seeing the yellow pariah had been badly bitten, said—

"Thou art a brave dog, and I would fain save thy life, but in a few days the madness will even be upon thee. It is better so."

The club swung and fell again, and Ram Bux had ceased to breathe.

Last of all people the mother came to know these things. But when she received little Mithoo into her arms without scratch or hurt she did not rejoice, but, kneeling by the yellow pariah, wept silently.

"My man was wrong," she said between her sobs, "thou wert no common dog, but truly 'The Gift of God.'"





By SYBIL REID.

"**M**Y Uncle James is the most wonderful man in the world," said Isabella. "He plays centre forward for Oxbridge."

Isabella was nine, and Uncle James was twenty-one, and between them existed a friendship that Isabella's pretty, empty-headed mamma and Uncle James's sober barrister brother (Isabella's father) could neither follow nor fathom. "Jimmy, you're spoiling the child," was the father's tentative comment when Uncle James had given all Isabella's dolls a slide *with him* down the banisters of the dreary Onslow Square house.

"Jimmy, she's victimising you," said mamma, pinning a big bunch of lilies of the valley into the front of her coat as she left the room with a laugh.

Life had become very serious for Isabella just lately.

Uncle James had got his Blue. Father had shown it to her in the *Sportsman*, and had been so far moved as to help Isabella to send a telegram of congratulation to Oxbridge. Isabella was a plain little girl. She wore her straight, black hair in a pig-tail that in length and circumference nearly matched her long, thin legs, which were for ever outgrowing her frocks.

"I dislike your 'little beauty' children in the ladies' papers," said mamma. "I am under no illusions about Isabella's looks. As long as Miss Churton and nurse keep her clean and healthy we must trust to her brains and manners to make her more or less of a success later on. I don't know what Jimmy sees in her to spoil her so. She hardly speaks a word at meals, and is not at all the impertinent pretty little minx of a child most young men make a fuss with."

Isabella was an only child, but somehow she was not at all lovely. She lived in a little world of her own, full of dreams of the day when she and Uncle James would live together, and she would order his dinners and darn his socks.

She spent many patient hours learning to darn.

Uncle James was tall and fair, and jolly, and could do everything more or less, and most things well. He was not at all stuck up about it. He had found many men at school and the university who could do as well, and better.

He thanked Isabella for her telegram in a nice long letter, and announced he was coming to lunch on the day of the match, adding that if mamma and Isabella would come to Queen's Club he would give them tea afterwards.

Father would be gone on circuit.

"Oh, very well," said mamma, when Isabella delivered her message in a voice that shook. "I suppose you'd like to go?"

"Yes, please," said Isabella.

Thenceforth she lived in heaven. The world was Uncle James—Uncle James who had got his Blue.

She spent one and threepence on a gaudy handkerchief of Oxbridge colours which she had noted in a linen-draper's window in Sussex Place.

She packed it up and sent it to Uncle James. "Please wear it round your neck at centre forward," she said.

Uncle James was very busy, but he sent a letter to acknowledge the gift. He represented that he did not wear handkerchiefs round his neck "when actually running about," but would carry this particularly choice one in his pocket.

Isabella was more than content.

The day came, and with it Uncle James to lunch, with a brown kit-bag and a general hearty air of Young England about his get-up.

Isabella clung silently to him. There was another young man at lunch—a friend of mamma's—a dark, slim young man, very nicely dressed, who hailed Uncle James as "good old Bounce," and explained he had known him at school.

"Bounce is a great man to-day," he said kindly. "I am coming to hammer for Bounce inside my hat."

Isabella loved him at once.

Heretofore, she had hardly noticed his existence.

"That's right, Potato," said Uncle James,

genially. "You and Isabella come and break the ropes!"

"Why Potato?" said Isabella, suddenly.

"Hush!" said mamma.

"I don't know," said the dark young man, civilly, "it seems to do all right, though, doesn't it?"

"And so Isabella is coming to Queen's Club!" said Uncle James, "and we'll have an enormous tea afterwards. It will be a ripping day, won't it?"

"I think," said mamma, with some emotion, "if Oxbridge wins we will take Isabella to the Hippodrome."

"Oh," said Isabella.

They all drove to Queen's Club in the carriage, with the brown kit-bag on the box with Albert, the footman, who gained thereby a reflected lustre.

The dark young man found them capital seats in the Pavilion, with a programme, which Isabella bit nearly in two long before half-time. Mamma laughed and talked with the dark young man, and Isabella sat a little apart, very much in heaven since Uncle James had waved his coloured handkerchief to her as he went into the field.

"Are you cold, Isabella?" asked mamma.

"You look white."

"I am *fried*," said Isabella, crudely, and then a sudden roar told them that the game had begun.

It was a fast game, all through, a game wherein Fortune smiled impartially on either side, and the scales seemed to hang even.

Twice Uncle James had fallen down, and twice Isabella's breath had been strangled in a sob only stifled by the programme.

Four times he had wiped his face with the handkerchief—each time noted by the delighted donor.

At half-time the score was Oxbridge one goal, Camford nil, but twenty minutes after the second half had begun Camford

equalised. Five minutes later Uncle James fell down again—this time with two other men. The two got up again, but Uncle James remained sitting on the grass, while the players stood round and looked kindly on.

"Hullo!" said Potato, "old Bounce was downed pretty heavily that time. Hope he's not hurt!"

"May I—may I go and see?" said Isabella.

"I think not," said Potato kindly. "Those gentlemen with flags don't like little girls running out there too often. He is alive, anyhow—and yes, see, he can stand up! He can walk! I expect he's coming off the field."

"What is it, do you think?" said mamma.

"It seemed to be his shoulder; collar-bone broke, I expect," said Potato callously. "And I think some one trod on his hand; it seems to be bleeding, and he is tying it up with that particularly neat handkerchief he has been flashing about with. Why doesn't the beggar come in?"

The beggar was not coming in.

The crowd gave an astonished and con-



"MAY I—MAY I GO AND SEE?" SAID ISABELLA.

gratulatory roar as he went back to his place rather stiffly, and the whistle sounded again.

"One all, and fifteen minutes to play," said Potato. "Your chance of the Hippodrome is an exceedingly sporting one, Isabella!"

I doubt if Isabella heard him. She was gazing at the field wide-eyed, breathless, with her hands clasped together inside her muff. Uncle James wounded—bleeding—perhaps broken in places! And still dodging and doubling on that cruel field, and there were those terrible gentlemen with flags to keep her from his side, even though he died.

The cheers rose and fell—rose, rose—higher and higher, culminating in a yell of ecstasy as the whole field swept forward towards the pavilion goal like a wave—the Oxbridge forwards passing with consummate skill.

Finally, the left wing centred, and Uncle James put the ball through with a lightning shot.

Then, far above the cheers, sounded the referee's whistle.

The Camford goalkeeper, first of the rush, came up the pavilion steps with a resigned grin.

He stopped beside a young man who was sitting next to Isabella, and he was breathing rather hard, for that last shot had shaken him a little.

"By Jove, Anthony! Do you know that chap's broke his collar-bone?" he said. "Broke his collar-bone and had his hand crushed, and he wouldn't go off the field—confound him! He was knocked quite silly by old Winkles

falling on him. He sat up and said he *would* play because he was going to the Hippodrome."

"May I pass, please?" said Isabella, cold and trembling at their elbows, and the goalkeeper and his friend let her go by, and stood watching her as she went down the pavilion steps to meet Uncle James, who was coming up, white and muddy, with halting feet.

"It's all right, Isabella," he said, as they met. "It's all right about the Hippodrome, and this is a splendid large handkerchief."

He sat down vaguely on a neighbouring bench, and leant familiarly against a horrified but sympathetic man.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Uncle James, "but the steps are so high."

* * * * *

That evening two happy people kept company in the study of the Onslow Square house—Uncle James stretched majestically on the sofa, and Isabella in the big arm-chair, with all her dolls arranged so that Uncle James could see and enjoy them.

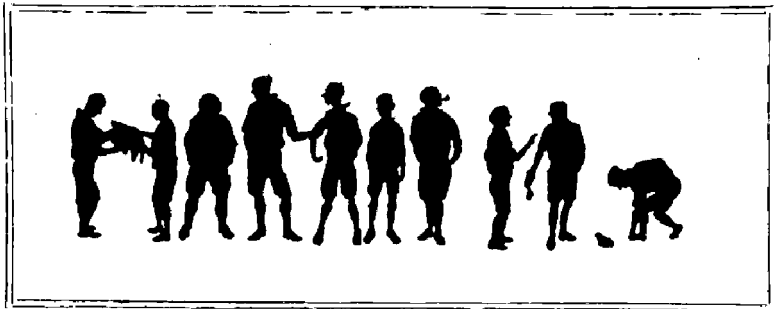
"We are going to wait till you are well before we go to the Hippodrome," she said.

Then she added: "Oh, Uncle James, if you had died to-day!"

Uncle James said nothing, only he laughed a little, and she patted his uninjured hand with all a man's awkwardness. Isabella was man-like in her friendships and some of her tastes.

"It was a great game, my dear," she said gravely.

"Hear, hear, Isabella," said Uncle James.



FRONTENAC

THE SAVIOUR OF CANADA.

By *CYRIL TOWNSEND BRADY.*

Illustrated by HOWARD GILES.



[The following is an interesting chapter from Canadian history dealing with the wild era when North America was divided between the English and French, who duly espoused the quarrels of the home countries, and made almost constant war on each other. The Indians helped first this side and then that, according to which star happened to be in the ascendant, or for other reasons. The present article relates how Canada under the French—or "New France" as it was called—fell on bad times, and how Louis XIV. dispatched a renowned general to succour his distressed colonists.—Ed.]

A FEW miles above the city of Montreal the St. Lawrence pours its mighty flood of water in mad turmoil over those jutting points of rock, the passage of which is the most exciting experience in the descent of the great river. Upon the banks of the stream, just above the rapids, where the low-lying land permits it to widen into a vast expanse of water known as Lac St. Louis, one Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, by permission of the Sulpicians, whose influence was paramount in Montreal, had built himself a manor and established there a village, which, in the year 1689, contained some four hundred inhabitants. To this place, with fanciful anticipation that the great river, if pursued far enough, would afford a convenient passage to China, the long-sought-for and mysterious East, had been given the name of La Chine. The name is still preserved in the whirling rapids.

On the night of the fourth of August, 1689, in the midst of a furious storm of rain and wind, hundreds of birch-bark canoes were launched upon Lac St. Louis, and silently paddling across the river, some fifteen hundred ferocious Iroquois landed upon the shore and, without a sound, surrounded the village. A failure to finish Fort Frontenac had left these children of the Long-house, as the savage confederates of the Five Nations were called, free to attack this unprotected and unsuspecting point. At a given signal the blood-curdling war-whoop was raised, the doors of the houses were burst open, and the startled inhabitants were killed or captured

before they realised what had happened. Many of them, awakened from sleep by the touch of a rude hand, opened their eyes to see a hideous painted face bending over them, and before their lips could form a cry a tomahawk would be sunk into their brains—a happy fate which those who were spared for the moment would fain have enjoyed.

This appalling incident was the result of the incapacity of the governors of New France, the culmination of years of treachery, duplicity, and oppression, and was the beginning of a series of frightful episodes which did not terminate until the power of the Five Nations was broken, some eight years after. The people of the land cried out for a man to extricate them from their awful situation, and King Louis XIV. sent them one in the person of Count Frontenac.

By his ardent, fiery, Gascon nature Frontenac was marked out from childhood for the profession of a soldier, and in 1635, at the age of fifteen, he entered the French army as a gentleman volunteer under Maurice of Nassau, and rose by successive acts of hardihood and audacity to the rank of colonel of the Normandy regiment at twenty-three years of age. He took part in many of the sieges and battles in Flanders, and commanded his regiment with brilliant success in Italy, earning a reputation for desperate gallantry and headlong valour which made him the darling of the Court of Louis XIV.

He was wounded again and again, but nothing seems to have dampened his military ardour. Rapidly passing through the different grades, he was made a lieutenant-general in

1669 and sent by the great Turcne, the first soldier of his day in Europe, as his own choice to command the forces of Venice in a life-and-death struggle the Republic was then waging in Candia against the Turks. It was a most arduous and difficult position, but Frontenac accepted it gladly. From causes which he could not control, ultimate success did not attend his endeavours, but the price which he made the Turks pay before they conquered the island (their loss was reputed at one hundred and eighty thousand men), taken in conjunction with the insufficient means at his disposal, raised him to a very high place among the soldiers of the world.

Long before this campaign, in 1648, with his usual audacity, he had made a love match with one of the beauties of the Court, Anne de La Grange-Trianon, aged sixteen at the time, capturing that lady, as it were, by assault, and whisking her off to the church under the noses of her violently opposing guardians.

The match was not a happy one, for if Frontenac was flint, Anne was steel, and they disagreed violently and quarrelled from the beginning.

They therefore lived apart, each, apparently, retaining the highest respect for the other.

It is more than surmised that the first appointment of the fiery, hot-tempered Frontenac to the governorship of Canada was largely the result of his wife's influence.

And she exercised her influence, not so much out of love of her lord, as for her own convenience. She wished to be rid of him, and Canada was a very long journey from France in those days!

For ten years, from 1672 to 1682, Frontenac had enjoyed a tempestuous and stormy career as governor of Canada. During this time he fell out with everything and everybody, and the quarrels in Quebec at length became so fierce that Frontenac was relieved and ordered home. The two succeeding administrations of La Barre and de Denonville culminated in the awful massacre at La Chine, to which I have already alluded. Before the news reached France, Louis had decided to replace Frontenac on the great rock of Quebec, and after he heard the tidings he determined to maintain him there.

The French king was then in the zenith of his power. The peace of Nimwegen had left him the undisputed primacy in Europe. The years of extravagant excesses which followed, coupled with the tremendous strains involved by his previous campaigns, had, however, un-

dermined his resources, and France was never so vulnerable as at this moment of her triumph. The desire of Louis to replace James II. upon the throne of England, and his inveterate hatred of William of Orange, caused war to break out again in 1688, and Frontenac was charged with carrying it on in the New World. To him was allotted the task of exterminating the English colonists on the seaboard and bringing the whole continent of North America into the power of New France. To accomplish this magnificent result he was provided with his brains and his hands by Providence, and reinforced by the good-will and the orders of the king, who was so busily occupied in other directions as to be able to spare him but little in the way of troops and supplies.

On the twelfth of October, 1689, the governor reached Quebec and found New France at the last gasp. Instead of conquering the English it was necessary to struggle for life. In his magnificent planning Louis had given no thought to the Iroquois, and even the news from La Chine scarcely enlightened him. The Indians, undoubtedly inspired by the English, had given evidence of their intentions towards Canada in the massacre, and it was rumoured that preparations were already under way on the part of the English to follow up vigorously the inroads of their savage allies. With characteristic energy Frontenac endeavoured to relieve the situation and rehabilitate the country. Striving by diplomacy and cajolery to propitiate the Indians for the time being, in spite of the awful blot left upon the colony by the unpunished foray, he sent three expeditions to strike the English border settlements, to restore French prestige in the savage mind, and to make at least a beginning towards overwhelming that thin line of humanity on the seaboard.

It was winter before the three expeditions got away under the command of different members of the Canadian noblesse, who showed themselves men of distinguished capacity and courage in all the campaigns on this continent. One party, commanded by de Mantet and three of the sons of the celebrated Le Moyne, of whom d'Iberville was chief, comprised something over two hundred and fifty men, half of them French, the others Christianised Hurons. Having marched twenty-two days in mid-winter, suffering incredible hardships, on the fourth of February, 1690, they arrived near the little Dutch village of Schenectady, the northernmost settlement in New York. Albany had been their destination, but Schenectady lay

nearer to them, and exhausted human nature could do no more.

The people of Schenectady had laughed at the warnings of Governor Leisler. That night ten militiamen, who garrisoned the town, had mounted snow sentinels at the two gates of the stockade, which they left open, and, under this secure wardship, had retired to their barracks. The unsuspecting inhabitants were all asleep. The French and Indians lay concealed until nightfall, and then in the midst of a furious snow-storm they softly entered the town, encircled the houses, made all preparations, and awakened the inhabitants with the usual war-cry. Some sixty were killed, including twenty-two women and children, and ninety persons were made prisoners. The killing was attended with frightful barbarities, perpetrated by the Indians, as usual. The town was looted and burned, and taking some thirty prisoners with them, having turned adrift the balance, the French, laden with plunder, retraced their steps to Canada with light hearts. A party of warriors from the Long-house overtook them, and in a fierce battle killed some eighteen of the expedition, but otherwise they got back safely with their prisoners and their plunder.

Meanwhile, for the first time in many years, the savages from the north-west had been able to transport their furs and peltries to Montreal. Frontenac's vigorous policy had opened a way for them, and a constantly increasing stream of wealth and trade poured through the colonies. There was a great meeting of the chiefs and braves at Montreal in July, and it is gravely related that the spirited old governor-general actually seized a tomahawk and personally joined in the war-dance, by which an alliance offensive and defensive was celebrated.

A curious picture is presented by this habitué of the court of the proudest, most punctilious, and best-dressed of monarchs, abandoning himself to the wild Indian revels, whooping, yelling, brandishing his tomahawk with all the fervour of the most savage of his allies. But one of the secrets of his success lay in his intuitive knowledge of the

Indian character and his ability to control the women. He was half Indian in spirit himself, this fierce old warrior, and his actions they could understand and appreciate. Even those who warred against him cherished for him an instinctive respect and went softly in his presence.



THE MASSACRE AT LA CHINE.

But the sturdy English colonists did not submit tamely to the inroads of Frontenac's partizans. The sluggish Dutch blood of New York was stirred by the dreadful news that came down the river, and a certain Captain John Schuyler raised a force to at-

tack Montreal by land. Massachusetts came to his assistance. A party of several hundred colonists, under Winthrop and Schuyler, were assembled in the spring to march up to the attack by the familiar route along Lake Champlain, which was the inevitable war path of the different contending nationalities on this continent until the victory of MacDonough finally shut the gate.

Meanwhile, Massachusetts, bankrupt in treasury and exhausted in credit, boldly undertook an enterprise of even greater magnitude—no less than the capture of Quebec itself. Massachusetts bore the same relation to the provinces that South Carolina bore later on to the Southern States. She was always spoiling for a fight, and generally found people ready to accommodate her. Appealing to England for help, and, when her appeals were unnoticed, falling back upon her own limited and over-strained resources, she assembled some thirty-four vessels, only four of which were of respectable size, and the rest small and of trifling force. In these vessels were embarked two thousand two hundred men, under the command of Sir William Phips.

Phips was a plain, rough sailor, originally a ship-carpenter, grossly ignorant and obstinate, who had captured Port Royal in Nova Scotia without striking a blow. He was honest, according to his lights, and he was brave. Other qualifications for leadership he had none. Earlier in life he had located a sunken galleon in the West Indies and recovered from it the treasure it contained. He had put down a mutiny on the king's ship he commanded on that occasion by the force of his vigorous personality, and had been knighted for these exploits. He was chosen to the command of this expedition, and the soldiers, who were, of course, militiamen, were under the direction of John Walley, a Barnstable mechanic. He, too, was brave, but untrained, ignorant, and inexperienced.

The ships were scantily provisioned and inadequately provided with ammunition. A more capable commander would never have dreamed of attempting so stupendous a feat of arms with so feeble a force. Encouraged, however, by his easy success at Port Royal, Phips blithely set forth on his impossible expedition. His departure was much delayed, waiting for reinforcements from England which never came, and it was not until October, near the closed season, that the fleet dropped anchor in the basin of Quebec.

The land expedition up Lake Champlain,

badly conducted, having effected nothing whatever, decided to return. Before doing so, Schuyler pushed forward with an advance party and had a severe engagement with a larger force of French and Indians, in which the honours remained with the Dutch-Americans. But the mind of Frontenac was set at rest by the news of the prompt and final retreat of the party.

His calmness was speedily broken by the arrival of a courier at Montreal with the startling news that the English were coming up the river. Leaving Callieres, governor of Montreal, to bring up the garrison to Quebec, Frontenac made his way down the river with all speed. By his orders fortifications had been commenced on the landward side of the town. He had caused a palisade with a ditch and earth wall to be built from the St. Charles River to the St. Lawrence. This work was not entirely completed when he arrived, but with his usual vigour he infused so much of his own spirit into the population that during the night they finished the palisade. Cannon were planted on the walls of the city, and upon the plateau of Cape Diamond, to command the shipping in the basin, and two batteries were erected near the water's edge in front of the lower town. The country was scoured for the hardy Canadian militia, and the regular garrisons of the near by posts on the river were concentrated in the town.

Early in the morning of October 16, 1690. Phip's fleet came slowly trailing past the Isle of Orleans, and dropped anchor just out of gunshot of the city. Phips had not displayed his usual energy. He had lingered three weeks at Tadoussac, and had then proceeded leisurely up the river, touching at several places, in most of which he met with a warm reception from Canadians and Indians, who, from the cover of the thick woods on the shore, inflicted great loss upon his men. The first sight of the city, and the natural strength of the position, apparent even to his dull mind, convinced him, possibly for the first time, that the task was not the easy one which his experience at Port Royal had led him confidently to expect.

Putting a bold face upon the matter, however, he sent an aide ashore under a flag of truce. The officer was blindfolded by the orders of Frontenac, and led by a roundabout road over barricade after barricade into the town. Then, still blindfolded, he was conducted to the great hall of the Château St. Louis, the residence of the governor, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. He found

himself standing before a tall, thin old man of commanding presence, with a nose like an eagle's beak, who looked at him sternly out of a pair of fierce gray eyes, deep set under great tufted brows—a weather-beaten, age-lined face, which, better than the upright figure and the easy grace of movement, bespoke years of campaigning on the field. It was Frontenac.

He was surrounded by a brilliant group of the young noblesse of the colonies, attired in all the bravery which the French have ever managed to assume, however hard their circumstances or however desperate their situation. To him the rude young provincial officer presented an impudent summons from Phips to surrender. The letter was read aloud, and was received with bursts of indignation by the officers and men present. Frontenac, however, restrained their passion, and dismissed the officer, refusing to give him any letter for his commander, saying that he could get his reply from the mouths of the cannon. He remarked incidentally, that a man of his station and reputation should not be approached in the rude and brusque manner in which Phips had addressed him.

In spite of Phips's bold demand, his situation was well-nigh hopeless. But there were two or three things which he might have done that would have presented a faint possibility of success. He was advised to attack the landward side of the town, and was informed that there was a practicable path farther up to the plateau. It was the same path by which Wolfe made his famous ascent of the cliff seventy years later. Phips rejected this offer, and decided to land his men on the side of the Charles River opposite Quebec, cross the river at a ford, and capture the town by storm, while he himself engaged the different batteries with his ships.

While these preparations were going on, the garrison of the town was reinforced by the arrival of Callieres and his men from Montreal; that was the end of Phips's last hope, if he had known it, which, of course, he did not.

In pursuance of his foolhardy plan, after some delays, Walley and fifteen hundred men were debarked at Charlesbourg. They were met by a warm fire from parties of French on the Quebec side of the Charles River, who



ANNOUNCING THE ARRIVAL OF THE ENGLISH.

proceeded to annoy and harass them greatly, inflicting severe loss upon them. The New Englanders fought bravely, charging their concealed foes in the thickets again and again, but to no avail. Before Walley could properly make such disposition of his forces as his untutored mind suggested, Phips, with

culpable impatience, moved over to attack the town with his ships. It was perfectly practicable for him to enter the Charles River and cover the passage of his troops by his ships; instead of which, he threw away the only remaining chance of success, and proceeded to bombard the upper and lower town and the rocky heights of Cape Diamond.

Frontenac was ready for him, and the ships and the town engaged in a hot fire for two days. No harm was done the city. The gunnery of the English was execrable. Their powder supply was finally exhausted, and they accomplished nothing beyond battering up the face of the rock. On the other hand, Frontenac dismasted the flagship, seriously damaged many other vessels, and finally drove the whole fleet out of action. Phips's flag, which floated over to the strand, was picked up by the French as a trophy.

Meanwhile smallpox broke out among the men on shore. When Phips heard this news, he practically gave up the fight. Although he blustered somewhat, the spirit was gone out of him. He had still to extricate Walley's troops from their now precarious situation. Manifesting at last some little evidence of military aptitude, he moved some of his vessels near the shore to protect Walley's wretched men, who had suffered greatly from

ised and shattered ships, went helter-skelter down the river. Stopping below Isle Orleans to careen his scattered ships and repair damages, he finally reached Boston with but few of his vessels in company, and while many of them finally arrived at different ports, a number of the vessels were lost with all on board. As the result of this disastrous expedition, the credit of impoverished Massachusetts was lower and her treasury a little more empty than before. The prestige of Frontenac was greatly enhanced by this gallant defence, and his most Christian Majesty at Versailles even went so far as to strike a medal in honour of the event, which, like all the medals he struck, bore his own royal face.

During the remainder of Frontenac's term of office in Canada, neither party being able to muster an army formidable enough to undertake a conquest on a large scale, the French, English, and Indians confronted each other with an implacable hatred, which found no outlet save in predatory excursions and forays. A trail of blood and terror extended over all the frontier. The torch and scalping knife were busy in every direction. Success inclined sometimes to one side and sometimes to the other; but, on the whole, the balance of advantage was with the French.



FRONTENAC DISMISSING PHIPS'S AIDE-DE-CAMP.

rain, exposure, and sickness, and from parties of French skirmishers and Indian raiders, until the weather permitted him to re-embark the party on the fleet.

Having done this successfully, on the 21st of October, after wasting two aimless days, he turned tail, and, followed by his disorgan-

New France was now exceedingly prosperous. The fur trade, upon which it depended, had recommenced, and there remained no enemy to be dealt with except the Iroquois. The spirit of this wonderful confederation of savage tribes was as high as ever, but their power had greatly diminished.

In the year 1696 the governor-general determined finally to break their opposition. By great exertions he assembled at Fort Frontenac, on Lake Ontario, the largest army which had ever set forth upon a land expedition in Canada. In a vast fleet of bateaux and canoes some twenty-two hundred men, under the leadership of the indomitable old count himself, then seventy-six years of age, crossed the lake and entered the Oswego River. Transporting their boats by portage around the falls and overland, they embarked on Lake Onondaga, and presently reached the land of the Long-house.

As the army debarked upon the shore they saw in the distance dense columns of smoke, and as they advanced in martial array through the forest, with drums beating and trumpets sounding, they found that the Onondagas had burned up their town and fled rather than risk a battle. Frontenac sent his men to complete the destruction of the crops in the fields and the villages near by, which they did with merciless severity. They made captive several fugitives who had failed to make good their escape, and these they put to death with an exquisite refinement of torture which would not have shamed an Iroquois. Then having marched through the country in a high-handed manner, and demonstrated their power in such a way that even the unthinking Indian realised it, they returned to Fort Frontenac, and the Indians soon after sued for peace. Perhaps they were further moved to this design by the signing of the treaty of Ryswyck, September 20th, 1697, which brought about peace between England and the French, and deprived the Iroquois of their strongest ally.

The news of the peace also nipped in the bud some brilliant schemes of the aged count, which he was preparing to put into operation, in spite of the fact that he was not only an old but a broken man. He had become, in fact, so worn out by his strenuous life, that in the last campaign against the Iroquois it had been necessary to carry him about in a chair. The eagle spirit with which he had fought through so many battles had at last worn away the bars of the cage and was about to take its flight. His end was peaceful. The Intendant Champigny, with whom he had been continually at odds, forgot their differences, and did his best to cheer the declining hours of the lonely old governor. He kept up his haughty spirit to the last, hurling defiance at Lord Bellamont, the Royal Governor

of New York, in a spirited correspondence, until the end of all his struggles came quietly and peacefully on the afternoon of the 28th of November, 1698. It is interesting to note that he bequeathed his property to the wife of his youth, who still survived him. I wonder if she remembered the romance of her girlhood?

Frontenac left the colony at the very height of its fortunes; not before, nor after, was it in the enjoyment of such prosperity. Though in the idea of absolutism in rule which it represented was enshrined the inevitable cause of its downfall, when opposed to the idea of independence exhibited by its English rival, yet Frontenac endued it with such vitality, that through him it lasted for sixty years longer, until it died with Montcalm.

Frontenac had all the vices of his age. He was high-tempered, passionate, haughty, and unyielding. Conciliation was an element entirely foreign to his character. He quarrelled always, everywhere, and with everyone. He contended for his personal prerogatives with as much zeal as he fought for his king. He cannot be held guiltless of inaugurating the ruthless reprisals which devastated the border. It is not on record that he took any steps to prevent the calamities and mitigate the horrors attendant upon the raids which he planned, and which were carried out by his partisans, wood-rangers, and Indians. He was a good hater and an unsparing combatant, but his faults were more than counterbalanced by his good qualities and his virtues.

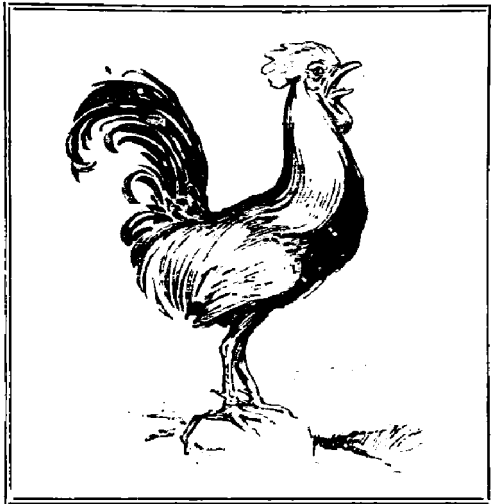
He was loyal to his friends, generous in his appreciation of the merit and achievements of those beneath him. Petty jealousy of his officers had no place in his large mind. He was a man of splendid executive ability, unwearyed persistence, and the highest courage, a trained and brilliant soldier of wide experience, and a devoted servant of his king and his country. Between Champlain and Montcalm he stands the most splendid representative of the power of France in America. He succeeded where others failed, and few men have impressed upon the keen judgment of the red men—who, with all their faults, were seldom deceived in their estimate of a man and a soldier—such evidence of power and capacity and courage as did this grim soldier from the battlefields of the Old World, this gay courtier from the parks of Versailles, who finished his course, like the eagle in his eyrie, on the gray old rock of Cape Diamond.

STRANGE SPORTS

By Harold Macfarlane.

Sketches by Rex Osborne.

THOSE followers of Sport other than the Sport of Kings and that of the autocrats of the autocar who imagine that shooting, hunting, football, cricket, golf, and those other occupations in which the Britisher excels, practically represent Sport in all its ramifications, are woefully ignorant of the extraordinary records held by some men who, doubtless, fondly

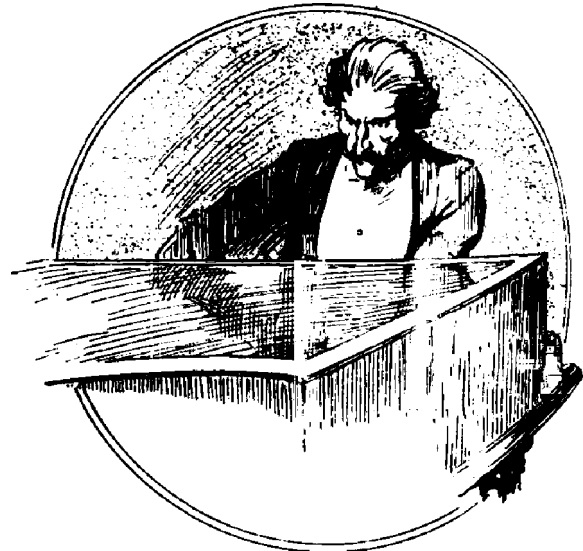


A BELGIAN CROWING COMPETITION. THIS BIRD IS SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR LONG-DISTANCE CROWING.

believe that they are in the front rank of sportsmen.

At a local eisteddfod, held early last year at Felinfach, Cardigan, one of the items figuring on the programme was "an imitation of the crowing of a prize Brahma." It will be interesting to note in the future whether the sport of crowing grows in public favour until it reaches in popularity the standard that the crowing competitions of Belgium have attained. All things considered, it is to be hoped that crowing will never achieve the popularity that ping-pong reached quite recently, for—apart from the noise—an International crowing competition would, undoubtedly, end in a Yankee victory,

and Great Britain would find herself endeavouring by lifting up her voice to lift yet another cup, and this time without the remotest hope of success. In Belgium, where the crowing competition enjoys great popularity, the crowing is done by the domestic cock, which is specially trained for long distance crowing, the only human crow emitted being the crow congratulatory of the owner of the cock which crows the greatest number of times in the time prescribed, usually an hour. The lot of the unfortunate markers who have to note the number of laps recorded, or rather crows that each of the numerous competitors gathered together emits, must be anything but pleasant, while the fate of the householders in the immediate neighbourhood of a crowing contest would invoke the sympathy of even Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A.



A PIANIST WHO WON A WAGER OF £40 BY PLAYING THE PIANO FOR TWENTY-SEVEN HOURS CONTINUOUSLY.

That the runner, whose victories are attained through the agency of his lower limbs, or even the pugilist, who achieves fame through



A NEW YORK PROFESSOR WHO WALTZED CONTINUOUSLY FOR SIXTEEN HOURS.

the instrumentality of his fists, should look askance at the claim of the artist to be recognised as a sportsman who attains records through his finger-tips, is manifestly unfair. The cyclist who keeps his pedals revolving hour after hour earns fame and a competency, but the musician who not only uses his pedals, whenever necessary, but extracts for hours together more or less sweet sounds from the piano, neither

did not long enjoy his triumph, for Signor Bancia, according to report, leaving no stone unturned or note untouched in order to make and keep the record for himself, fingered the keys for fifty consecutive hours, less three intervals of about ten minutes each. Had the famous pianist lived in the days of Orsino, Duke of Illyria, great honour would, undoubtedly, have been his, for few men would have been better qualified on his Grace remarking, "if music be the food of love, play on"—to give that nobleman the surfeit he desired in order that his appetite should be sickened.

Another, and more recent, occasion when Signor Bancia's services would have proved most valuable, was that on which Herr Nathan Liebermann essayed to lower all previous waltzing records. A statistician has recently put the fact on record that the individual who dances through an ordinary ball programme takes practically 56,000 steps, which is equivalent to about

achieves fame nor a fortune, though the latter may still be his when a non-sounding instrument is invented that records on a large screen, facing the audience, the number of notes he strikes. Needless to say, the invention of such an instrument would revolutionise the sport of piano-thumping, and not only would matches against time be played but the most famous sprinters over the keys would foregather for short, sharp bursts in the Pianoforte Derby and the St. Leger of the Keyboard. Notwithstanding the fact that Signor Bancia was said recently to have beaten all previous records, including that of M. Garnier, of Marseilles, in the way of a sustained effort in piano-playing, the savants who have enquired into the causes of the fall of the famous Campanile have not traced the overthrow of that ancient monument to the vibrations set up by the eminent pianist, though his remarkable feat was accomplished at Venice a comparatively short time before the catastrophe occurred. M. Garnier, who won a wager of £40 by playing the piano for twenty-seven hours continuously, saving for intervals that aggregated seventy-six minutes,



A WEeping COMPETITION, HELD IN CHICAGO.

thirty miles on level ground. The number of steps taken and the miles covered by Herr Liebermann, in view of the fact that he danced continuously for six hours without any interval for rest and refreshment, must have exceeded the aforementioned total very

considerably. It was in the course of this dance that the musicians, who accompanied the dancer, dropped their instruments from sheer exhaustion, and whistling had to be resorted to for the remainder of the dance, a catastrophe that would not have occurred had the long-distance pianoforte player



WALKING BACKWARDS FROM MACCLESFIELD TO BUXTON, A DISTANCE OF TWELVE MILES.

been at hand. That Herr Liebermann should claim the championship after half a dozen hours pirouetting is proof positive of the ignorance that exists in respect to many feats of endurance that are out of the beaten track. The record, it ought to be unnecessary to say, has for over twenty years been held by Professor Cartier, of New York, who waltzed continuously for sixteen hours at Tammany Hall in April, 1878.

That an Association for the Preservation of Scarce Records would serve a most useful purpose in the realms of Sport can be gathered from the fact that none of the recognised authorities appear to have made a note of the sneezing record. As a matter of fact, the same was set up so long ago as April, 1899, when a Washington school-girl, who frequently rose to a hundred sneezes a minute, achieved, it is estimated, 50,000 sneezes in the course of twenty hours, and, what is more to the point, kept up the sneezing practically continuously for forty days, when she was relieved through the instrumentality of electric needles. That the tear-shedding record has not yet received recognition from the

A.A.A. may be due to the fact that the competition that was held in Chicago for prizes of 100 dollars (£20), 25 dollars (£5), and 10 dollars (£2), was brought off too recently to permit of the matter receiving official notice. In view of the attitude of the Association in respect to the aforementioned sneezing record and the cake-eating competitions that have taken place during the past few years, it is, however, quite within the bounds of possibility that the record will be officially ignored. The conditions of this weeping competition were few in number, and anything but complex; no onions or artificial tear-producers were to be used by the competitors, who were allowed five minutes in which to shed "the unanswerable tear." It was said at the time that the competition, which was more mirth-provoking than the time-honoured feat of grinning through a horse-collar, was won through the prize-winner breaking down and crying in real earnest a sufficient length of time before the five minutes were up to permit of her shedding thirty-one "big, round tears" that coursed one another, to adapt the Bard, down her innocent nose in piteous chase. The second prize-winner was a married lady, who extracted nineteen specimens of "women's weapons," and the third a girl, whose eyes were dimmed with childish tears to the ex-



A CHAMPION WHO ATE NINETY-SEVEN BUCKWHEAT PANCAKES AT ONE SITTING.

tent of two shillings and tenpence farthing a tear.

Although some followers of Sport would prefer to award the laurel wreath of victory and a certificate of sportsman-like qualities to Messrs. John Alcock and John Richmond

in preference to Mr. Morris Flynn, the claims of the latter would certainly not be overlooked by the Association of Scarce Records. Mr. John Alcock, in April last, at the age of sixty-two performed the remarkable feat of walking backwards from the Market-place of Macclesfield to the Crescent, Buxton, a distance of twelve miles, in 3 hours 14min. 45secs., or 15min. 15secs. under the time stipulated by the terms of the wager, to gain which he repeated a feat he accomplished twenty-seven years before in 2 hours 44mins. Mr. Richmond's feat was even more arduous, for he engaged to run from Blackburn to Blackpool, a distance of thirty miles, for a bet of £50 to £35, without walking any part of the way. The journey was accomplished in twenty minutes over five hours. In view of the fact that the professional *walking* record for the same distance is fifty-five minutes under Mr. Richmond's time, it is obvious that his method of

progression was slow but sure. Doubtless, those who saw Mr. Hodgson, of Hartlepool Quay, split a thousand herrings in a competition five years ago in fifty-seven minutes, would uphold his claims to the title of champion against all comers, and would not for one moment allow that Mr. Flynn's famous feat last March was in any way superior from a sporting point of view, nevertheless, they would be bound to admit that Mr. Flynn showed a wonderful capacity when accomplishing his task. It should be mentioned that Mr. Morris Flynn is the Champion Eater of Harmony Vale, New York State, and that he earned his title and a silver cup by eating ninety-seven buckwheat pancakes against eleven other competitors, one of whom ran him close with ninety-five. The man who wrests the proud title from Mr. Flynn will have to possess a most inordinate appetite and a digestion fully equal to that of an ostrich.



THE SCANTY MEAL.

From the Painting by G. F. Herring.—Photo Woodburytype.

ANOTHER PANTHER ON THE BOUGH.



When travelling through a country infested by wild animals it is well to remember that a tree is not invariably the safest place of refuge.

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

THE PANTHER ON THE BOUGH.

BY R. L. GARNER.

As a humble disciple of Nimrod, I have wandered over many of the wilder parts of the earth, and have had a few adventures that seldom come within the experience of the most inveterate of hunters. By frequent exposure to such conditions, however, one becomes so inured to hardships and familiar with danger that they cease to impress him as they do a novice, and each recurrence of them seems to lessen their novelty and their terror. Yet certain events in the career of every hunter occupy the foreground of his memory and stand out in bold relief against a field of minor ones.

The dismal forest regions of tropical Africa, in which I spend much of my time in quest of the great apes, are infested by many kinds of fierce, wild beasts, among which the leopard is regarded as the most dangerous. By nature he is nocturnal in habit and seldom stirs about during the day; but as the shadows of evening deepen in the great forest he leaves his lair and goes abroad in search of prey.

While living alone in my iron cage in the depths of the jungle, I have often, at intervals during the night, heard his stealthy tread among the fallen leaves within a few feet of me. From time to time I have heard the sound of strife and the dying shrieks of

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON

some poor victim of his ferocity; but from the fact that none of them made an assault upon my frail domicile, I began to think that they were not so fierce as they had been reputed to be.

Some of the natives have peculiar superstitions about the leopard, and accord him certain rights which they withhold from other animals. He is not in any wise regarded as a sacred being, but he is immune from harm at their hands so long as he does not try to injure them.

In one part of the Orungo tribe I was assured that the fathers of the Rokolo family had once made a treaty with the leopards, and it was agreed that the jungle should be the domain of the leopards, and the plains and the waters should be the domain of the people. The former should have the right to pass through the plains by night, and the latter should have the right to pass through the jungle by day, and neither party to the covenant should molest the other in doing so. In accordance with this agreement it is held that no leopard will attack a member of that family in the jungle by day or on the plains at any time, and in return no man will attack a leopard on the plains by night or in the jungle at any time, except in self-defence.

However, there is one important condition which must be observed. During the deliberations at which this compact was formed, the leopards sat upon the boughs of a certain kind of tree, and it was agreed that no one should thereafter burn the wood or the leaves of trees of that kind, as they were to be the symbol of mutual friendship. Therefore, if a leopard should smell the smoke of that sacred emblem he has the right to consider the terms of peace violated, and to resent the act in any manner he may choose so long as the burning continues.

On the other hand, the men during this council sat on the skin of a goat, and it was therefore agreed that the leopards should respect goats as a token of the friendship, and if any one of them should thereafter be caught in the act of killing or eating one, the man had the right to resent it, even by killing the leopard.

As a guest of the Rokolo family, I have often been assured by the chief that I was safe from all harm by the leopards, but I have never presumed upon my rights under the treaty so far as to trust myself to the mercies of a leopard, and, without reflecting upon his integrity, I confess that I am a sceptic as to his living strictly up to the contract.

In all my rambles through the jungle and the upland forest, I have seen but few leopards; but I have learned some facts about them which cause me to avoid their presence. To see them in captivity one infers that they are clumsy and awkward; but seeing them in a wild state gives one a different impression. I know of no other animal that moves with such speed and agility as a leopard. To see one mount a tree and spring from bough to bough, he seems to be flying rather than leaping. His actions are so swift and accurate that they startle the most resolute of men.

Between the Nkami river and the great plains of Esyira lies a vast region of primeval forest, intersected by winding marshes, dreary swamps, and broad belts of dense jungle. There is no road through it except here and there a serpentine trail made by elephants. It is a hard march of five days across it, and nowhere along the whole way is there any sign of human habitation.

Twice I have made the journey on foot by different routes across that dreary realm, and in doing so have passed through many favourite haunts of the leopard. I have often seen the evidence of their presence, but only now and then caught sight of one of them.

On the occasion I have in my mind I set out with a guide, an interpreter, and a few carriers, with an ample supply of food to make the journey at leisure. There were other routes by which we could have reached the place aimed at, but they were much more indirect, and I had other reasons for selecting this one. I had heard vague rumours of a giant ape living in the interior of that untrampled realm, and I wished to see if any trace of him could be found.

Leaving the river at a point about a hundred miles from the coast, we plunged into the deep forest, directing our course south by east, and followed our bush pilot into the unknown. During the first day's march the country was rugged and broken into steep ridges, separated by deep ravines and marshes. As we proceeded, the surface of the ground became more level, but the trail was no longer visible, and we had to rely upon the sun in finding the course.

That night we camped upon the bank of a small, clear stream, and early the next morning resumed the journey. The second night we camped on a long, low ridge covered with an open forest, almost free from undergrowth.

The third day we travelled through a desolate region of scrubby forest and across

many dismal marshes. About four o'clock in the afternoon we crossed a gloomy jungle, through which a deep and terrible swamp wound its tortuous way, and, after a severe struggle through the rank mud and tangled vines of that place, we reached a small knoll of dry ground surrounded by a girdle of dense bush, where we pitched camp for the night.

Soon the fires were lighted, and enough of dry wood gathered in to keep them burning all night as a safeguard against the prowling denizens of that dreary wilderness. Having finished supper, the carriers grouped themselves around the fires to smoke and tell yarns in that happy fashion peculiar to the African native. The guide, who was an expert in woodcraft and a daring hunter, told many queer and gruesome stories of forest life, and my interpreter gave me the best version of them that his "pidgin English" was capable of.

Among other cheerful stories, the guide related that, a few years prior to that time, he and his brother had camped on that same spot, and during the night a leopard had seized the brother, carried him away into the jungle, and devoured him. He pointed out the route that the leopard had taken with his prey, and said that for a time he could hear the groans and cries of the man, and hear the ferocious beasts tearing him apart and growling over the body. The next day he found some of the bones, erected a fetish over them, and departed. This was the first time that he had returned to the place since his brother had been killed there. He also de-

clared that this was the home of more leopards than any other place in the whole forest.

Twilight had deepened into night, and the flare of the fires made the darkness all the more palpable. Within the little circle of light around us was all the world that was visible, and the time and place and scene were well suited for such stories.

One by one the tired carriers had dropped



THE CARRIERS GROUPED THEMSELVES ROUND THE FIRE TO SMOKE.

off to sleep, the guide was yawning, the interpreter was nodding, and I was preparing to retire. The guide had just drawn his story

to a close. Suddenly, he raised one hand to shield his eyes from the firelight, peered into the darkness beyond the fire, and said in a shrill and ominous whisper,

"Ojena, sinjago!" meaning, "Look at the leopards!"

Instantly the interpreter, pointing his finger, repeated in English,

"Look, master, look! Leopard live!"

I obeyed, but could see nothing resembling a leopard. The interpreter assured me that there were two staring straight at us, and urged me to get my gun. I lifted my rifle, and the two men seized their spears. By this time some of the carriers were armed with their knives and awaiting the attack. But I could not see the leopards.

"Look 'im eye! Look 'im eye!" exclaimed the interpreter, and again pointed to the source of danger. The light of the fire somewhat blinded me; but, following the direction of his finger, I saw four balls of light set in a field of black. They were not ten yards away. I raised my gun, but the shadow of the stock cast by the firelight below it so obscured the sights that I could not see the eyes, and, as none of the natives knew the use of a gun, I dared not trust one of them to shoot. If one of the beasts could be killed dead at a single shot in the brain or heart, the other would, doubtless, run away, but to wound one would only provoke an attack from both.

The situation was a trying one, and the animals betrayed no sign of fear or inclination to retreat. The whole camp was in a state of deep suspense, and no man was willing to risk hurling a spear or a fire-brand at them lest the brutes should spring at him.

There were four fires burning, and the spaces between them were about nine feet from centre to centre. The bold conduct of the leopards caused us to fear that they might venture to dash between the fires, but no man was willing to attempt to build other fires between them.

Thus for a time we remained watching those glaring eyes, and they watching us. Every man was afraid to move lest he should become the object of attack. At length the guide summoned up enough courage to punch the fire, and in an instant the leopards disappeared. This was a relief; but the guide, being familiar with the habits of those giant cats, predicted that they would soon return, and we began to prepare for them by building two more fires.

Within a minute the guide hissed for silence, and bade us listen. At that moment

the brush behind my tent crackled, and we knew that the leopards had shifted their point of attack. Again the flash of their eyes was seen, and it was evident that they had not abandoned their purpose; but I could not see well enough to take a good aim.

Every man stood by expecting an attack, but again the leopards disappeared, and reappeared at another point. The desire for sleep had fled. Every eye was on the alert, and the sole thought in every mind was of the savage creatures that hovered in the darkness around the camp.

It was now eleven o'clock, and for nearly an hour we had not seen or heard any sign of the enemy. We began to think that they had raised the siege and left us in peace. The fires were mended up, pipes lighted, and conversation resumed. But the guide was restless and watchful. He averred that those persistent creatures would not desist, and that we were not yet safe. As he was saying this the leaves of a low tree near the tent moved, and he again hissed;

"Ojena!" and pointed.

We looked, and there on a strong bough was crouched a huge leopard, some ten feet above the ground, and more than twice that distance from where I sat. In the dim light of the fires his form was not distinct, but his eyes glowed like two stars, and the end of his long tail was twitching nervously. He was evidently computing his chances of a leap into our midst. Every man lifted his weapon, and it was now certain that we must act.

At such a crisis a thousand thoughts flash through the mind in the twinkling of an eye. I had heard it said that all felines possess hypnotic powers which they employ in capturing their prey, and that a man being devoured by a lion or a leopard feels no pain during the ordeal. I had heard that if a man look for a few moments into the eyes of one of those monster cats he loses all power of action and makes no resistance to the animal. I was aware that domestic cats wield some strange charm or influence over birds and other prey, but I had never been in such contact with a leopard as to feel the effect of his hypnotic powers, and I had never talked with anyone who had been torn to pieces by one. So I was really not able to say whether or not the statement was true, and I did not feel inclined on this occasion to devote any time to experiments in psychology.

As I covered the vital spot of the leopard with the muzzle of my gun and gazed into those two fierce eyes, I realised that my fate

depended upon a single shot. I knew that if I wounded him he would spring with the fury of madness and tear me into shreds. It was certain that he would not retreat, and it was equally certain that I could not do so. Every man sat or stood as if transfixed, and the strange tableau was painful. Seconds of time were like watches of the night.

Again the nervous twitching of his tail—a thing that every native hunter interprets as the signal of attack.

I had drawn a bead upon the black space between the two bright eyes, and as I did so I tried to calculate the angle at which the ball would strike his hard, smooth skull. I knew that if it glanced and scalped the brute, the next moment he would scalp me. The thought was not pleasing. I slightly lowered the point of my gun, and as I did so the guide screeched out,

"Bola! bola!" and the interpreter echoed, "Shoot! shoot!"

At the same instant the thoughtful guide snatched from

the fire a blazing faggot, and waved it above my head to aid me in seeing the sights of my gun. Feeling that this was the last resource at my command, I no longer faltered in playing it against the odds that were against me. With a steady hand I drew a sharp bead upon the point selected. With the speed of thought and resolution of despair I touched the fatal trigger. A blinding flash for an instant lit up the black jungle, a deafening roar rent and re-echoed


through the dark arches, and a dull thud came from the ground beneath the bough from which grim death had, but the moment before, looked down without compassion. Not a struggle or groan was heard, but there upon the dank earth in the glimmer of the camp fires lay, at full length, the monarch of the jungle, while in the pitch-black distance could be heard the crash of flying feet made by his retreating companion, who but a moment before was as defiant as her fierce liege lord.



THE THOUGHTFUL GUIDE SNATCHED FROM THE FIRE A BLAZING FAGGOT, AND WAVED IT ABOVE MY HEAD.



HOW TO BUY STAMPS.

 AM asked to give a few hints on "How to Buy Stamps." So far as the question relates to the buying of current or new issues the reply is a very simple one, for the leading dealers now offer those stamps at an almost uniform price, very little over face value. Therefore, for current or new issues go to any established dealer and ask for what you want. But see that you get perfect specimens, well centred as to perforation, with full gum, and, if possible, free from hinges.

But it is in the buying of obsolete stamps that care and experience are necessary to guard against wasteful or injudicious purchases. In chatting over this matter with my friends, the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*, I will presume that I may confine my remarks to what applies to the general collector. The wealthy specialist can take care of himself. It is the average general collector who mostly needs a few hints.

To begin with, it will be well for the general collector whose attention will perforce be confined to the medium class of stamps, to remember how he will fare if he is compelled to sell his collection. In the stamp auctions common stamps fetch not more than a quarter of the catalogue value, medium stamps from a quarter to a half of catalogue value, medium rarities half catalogue or a little over, and first-class rarities from half to full catalogue, sometimes over catalogue value. The general collector thus finds himself faced with the warning that if he has to sell his stamps he must not expect to get more than a quarter of catalogue

value for the general run of modern stamps in his collection, and from a quarter to a half of catalogue for his best stamps. Not a lively outlook, some collectors will say. No, it is not—for the collector who changes rapidly from one hobby to another. The rolling stone, we are told, gathers very little moss. So it is with the stamp collector. He who buys one year and sells out the next is very much more likely to lose than to gain. But the collector who sticks to his stamps, if he collects wisely, may be laying up for himself in after years an important and valuable asset. In the meantime he enjoys to the full the pleasure of an abiding devotion to a charming hobby, and as the years go by and age begins to tell its tale of scarcity in one issue after another, he is able to congratulate himself upon the fact that, to the pleasure of collecting, there is being added the gratification of wise investment. A common stamp, here and there, is quietly promoted into the class of scarce stamps, and thence, as the supply gets more and more exhausted, into the rank of medium rarities, and so the old collection advances in value from decade to decade.

How then is the general collector to buy obsolete issues wisely? That is the real point that is wrapped up in the question, "How to Buy Stamps." In the first place, the collector must study catalogue values, and he must avail himself of every opportunity of buying good copies as much under catalogue as possible. Now and again some dealer who has bought a large lot of some particular country, advertises selections consider-

ably under catalogue. Watch the advertisements for such offers, but be careful how you buy from firms whose names are not familiar to you. There are some stamps, and by no means high priced, that are scarce. You rarely hear of a nice copy. Such stamps are always worth searching for and worth buying when you can get good copies. Good copies of scarce stamps are worth double the price of indifferent specimens.

Associate with fellow-collectors, and never lose an opportunity of "talking" stamps with more experienced collectors. Go over your collections together and exchange experiences as to where you have got your best stamps and the prices you have had to pay. If there is no Stamp Society in your neighbourhood, go to work and form one. Even if its total membership does not reach beyond half-a-dozen you will learn much as to "How to Buy Stamps" when you meet and compare notes.

The great dealers of London and Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., and some other provincial dealers, arrange a liberal choice of good specimens of most countries in the chronological order of issue in special books for selection. Scarce stamps may always be selected with advantage from these books. If you are passing through the Strand, drop in at one of the great dealers and ask to see their stock-book of any country you want. Perchance the counter assistant will ask you what particular stamp you require, that he may obligingly get it for you. Courteously prefer to see the book, as you may want several stamps, and you will, moreover, then be able to make your own selection of an exceptionally fine copy from possibly a dozen or more.

Then there are the auctions. If you are resident in London and can find time to attend them you can buy to advantage if you are careful. But you must have called at the auctioneer's and previously inspected the stamps you wish to buy. Never go to an auction and buy any lot which you then see for the first time as it is being passed round. If you fancy a lot on inspection, reckon up its catalogue value, and base your limit on what I have told you about the range of prices at auctions, and stick to your limit. If you are resident in the country, you will have to rely upon correspondence. In that case, beware how you send money in advance to strangers. Far better confine yourself to the leading firms, and to exchange clubs. The good exchange club is an excellent medium for the country collector. Most dealers will send

good selections to any responsible collector, but they soon tire of sending selections if the purchases are not fairly liberal, and naturally so.

To sum up, the reply to the question "How to Buy Stamps" may be left thus:—

1. Buy only good copies.
2. Buy as much under catalogue price as you can.
3. Watch advertisements for offers of specially cheap lots.
4. Look up good copies of scarce stamps that are obviously ripening into rarity.
5. Associate with other collectors, and learn all you can about values and prices, and where to buy.
6. Join a good exchange club.
7. And stick to your stamps.

NOTABLE NEW ISSUES.

MANY interesting changes in postal issues are now in progress. The 1902 series of the United States promises to be an exceptionally fine series. The 8c. with portrait of Martha Washington has arrived, and next month we shall probably be able to illustrate others of the new set. The Cape of Good Hope has started a King's Head set with a 1d. value. Others will, no doubt, follow, and in that event will be illustrated next month. Canada promises a couple of new values, viz., a 4c. and a 7c. It is said they will be of the current Queen's Head type, as the postal authorities of the Dominion have not yet been able to decide on the design of the forthcoming King's Head series. Fiji is expected to issue a King's Head set very shortly. The Dutch Indies, which has hitherto been provided with stamps of the same design as the mother country, is said to have been provided with a distinct type of its own, and Iceland has been provided with a portrait set, which we will illustrate later on.

British South Africa.—A 2½d. value has been added to the current set, which presumably indicates that the Colony has entered the Postal Union, and it has, therefore, adopted the 2½d. rate for foreign letters. The design is the same as the 1d. illustrated. 2d., dull blue, perf. 15.



Cape of Good Hope.—From this colony

we have a surprise in the shape of the penny stamp with the King's portrait. There has been no whisper of this departure, and as there was no Queen's portrait to be replaced with



the King's, no change has been anticipated. From the first issue in 1853 till now, with one solitary exception, the design of the figure of Hope has been used on the Cape stamps. This penny stamp with King's Head is apparently the forerunner of a King's

Head series, as a 1s. value with King's Head is also reported. The 1d. value has gone through many changes in the last few years. In 1893 the seated figure of Hope gave place to an erect figure of Hope, and this, in turn, was set aside for a new design with a view of Table Bay, which has been nicknamed the rebel stamp. Then the rebel stamp was replaced by the erect figure, and now we have the King's Head issue.

Cook Islands.—The current stamps are now watermarked, single lined, N.Z., and star.

France.—The 15c. value has been issued in the re-drawn type, as illustrated, thus completing the series of 10c., 15c., 20c., 25c., and 30c. of this design.



Liberia.—A provisional 75c. stamp has been provided by surcharging the 1 dollar blue "75c." in carmine and obliterating

the original value with a thick bar. 75c. in red on 1 dollar blue. Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. inform me that less than 5,000 of this provisional were issued and that they were printed in sheets of ten stamps, the corner stamp on each sheet having a comma instead of a full stop after the "C." The "C" of the corner stamp is also of a larger and thinner type.

New Zealand.—The stamps of this colony are full of minor changes in paper, perforation or watermark. The pictorial series is just now passing from the no watermark category into the watermark list. The watermark is what is known as the single-lined N.Z. and star. Already the 1d., 1d., and 3d. have appeared, and now we have the 6d. with the same watermark, but, curiously enough, it is placed sideways. 6d. red, wmk. N.Z. and star sideways, perf. 11.

Persia.—The land of the Shah is most prolific in the matter of stamp issues. Here is the latest, with a very good portrait of the present ruler.



St. Lucia.—The West Indian Islands have, seemingly, taken a strong fancy to the pictorial stamp. They do not attempt a series of pictorial stamps after the fashion set by New Zealand, but are content with one or two. St. Lucia is the latest contributor to the pictorial issue, sending us an interesting view of the two remarkable volcanic mountain peaks that flank the entrance to the fine harbour of Castries, the capital of the island. As our illustration shows, the design is an effective one. As this Colony has already started a King's Head series, this pictorial is presumably to be a solitary advertisement.



2d. brown, with green centre; wmk. CC, perf. 14.

South Australia.—Of all the make-shift issues which the separate States of the new Australian Commonwealth are producing in order to tide over the time till the ultimate issue of a series of postage stamps for the common use of all the new, large, long, rectangular stamps of South Australia will not be the least remarkable. In the January CAPTAIN I chronicled the 9d., the first comer



of this new series. Others have since been added, all of the same design, the only alteration being in the value label and the colour. Up to the time of going to press. I have received the following:—

- 3d., olive green.
- 4d., pink.
- 6d., emerald green
- 8d., blue.
- 9d., rose.

United States.—The new series promises to be the most handsome of all the fine series of postage stamps issued by the great Republic, excepting, of course, the gorgeous commemoration set. We have now the 8c. of the 1902 series, with portrait of Martha Washington, the sister of George Washington. As will be seen by our illustration, the portrait is a very pleasing one, enclosed in a very effective design. It is printed in black.



Switzerland.—The colour of the current 1 franc stamp has been changed from magenta to carmine. This stamp has undergone several changes of colour, viz., marone, red-brown, lilac-rose, and magenta.

Sudan.—When the well-known stamps for the Sudan, with the camel and rider, first appeared, they were at once condemned on the ground that the watermark of a cross would give offence to the followers of the pro-

phet, but the issue has survived from 1898, till now we have the first of an issue with the watermark changed to a crescent and star. The design remains unaltered. 2 mil., brown with green centre, wmk. crescent and star, perf. 14.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Son, for Cape of Good Hope and St. Lucia.

Ewen, for United States, New Zealand, and Sudan.

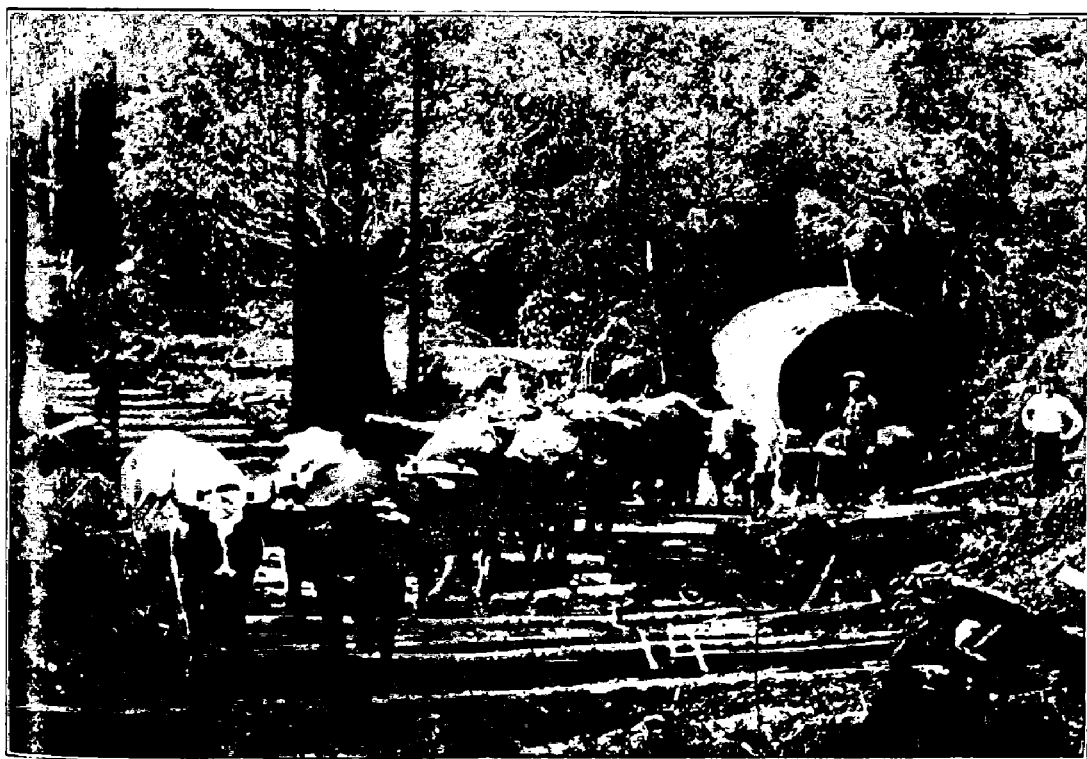
Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for South Australia.

Whitfield King and Co., for St. Lucia, Persia, British South Africa, Liberia, Cook Islands, Switzerland, and France.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Philatelia.—The 6d. blue of London and local prints of the 1855-9 issue of South Australia are distinguished by character of printing and shades. The London stamps are more clearly and finely printed than the local work. In shade the London print is a dark blue, and the local a slate blue. There is no Straits Settlements, C.C., 8 cents blue. The colour of the 8 cents C.C. is orange.

F. H. J.—No philatelic value attaches to the Prince of Wales' Hospital Stamps.



Bullocks are extensively used in Australia and Canada for hauling lumber. Our view depicts these useful animals drawing timber in a California Redwood forest. Each animal has a name and answers to it as readily as a human being.

NEW PUNISHMENTS.

SOME ESSAYS BY "CAPTAIN" READERS.

Sketches by HARRY ROUNTREE.

Boys should be punished by being compelled to spend their "imposition" time at one of the following occupations, according to their choice, under a technical instructor, within the school grounds :—

A FORETASTE OF PRISON WORK!

1. Gardening.
2. Carpentry.
3. Tailoring.
4. Smithery.
5. Shoemaking.

The handiwork thence resulting should be sold, and specimens sent to all the principal Prize

"Shows," and the money received should be utilised equally for three purposes, to which the money should be allotted annually, namely :—

1. The technical instructors' salaries.
2. The advancement of historical and

scientific research in the school.

3. Sundry expenses incurred, the balance to be bestowed on charity.

The delinquents should be made to work their best during their time of punishment; those found idling their time away or purposely spoiling their work should be fined a sum to be fixed by a jury composed of the masters.

The punishment should be measured in time, an hour's hard work corresponding to a former hundred lines.

Other former punishments, such as caning and leave-stopping, to be reduced to time of work by the master who imposed the punishment or by the head-master.

The advantages of this system of punishment are :—

1. The easy method of obtaining money to the benefit of the school.

2. The benefit to charity.

3. The furthering of trade competition among schools.

4. The giving to each boy an occupation which at some time in after life may prove useful or pleasant to him.

5. The abolition of friction and ill-feeling between boys and masters, through the demise of caning and leave-stopping.

6. The improvement of boys' handwriting, which is too often injured by the worthless and unprofitable custom of scribbling lines.

7. The general education and health of mankind put on a higher level.

ALEX. PATTON.

"Quite so," said the amused Head to himself, as he laid aside the document he had been reading.

ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

The document in question was nothing less than a petition from the Fourth

Form boys in favour of some more up-to-date method of punishment. They were, so it was stated, bored to death by the wearisome monotony of such antiquated penalties as canings, lines and leave-stoppings, and hoped that, seeing that so much progress had been made in all the other departments of school life, the authorities would make an effort to bring the punishments into line with them.

"Yes, I think we can accommodate them," continued the Head. "This is the age of electricity, so we shall use electricity. That will be quite modern enough to suit the



fastidious tastes of these twentieth-century schoolboys. I'll just have a pair of bracelets, instead of the ordinary handles, attached to my battery, and the first delinquent will be punished in this manner in the presence of the whole Fourth Form."

About a week later, Smith Minor, having transgressed, found himself standing in front of the class beside the Head.

"I regret, boys," said the latter, "that you should have anything to complain of, but I am always most willing to redress your grievances. In this matter of up-to-date punishments, I have acceded to your request, and you will now see one in operation which I hope will meet with your approval."

The bracelets were thereupon fastened to Smith's wrists, and the current turned on—very gently at first. Gradually it was made stronger, and as the boys watched Smith's arms twitching and his feet moving about as if he were standing on hot bricks, they felt inclined to laugh aloud, and thought that this new punishment was first-rate fun.

Presently, however, Smith let out a howl that caused them to change their minds, and the amusement on their faces to give place to dread. "Oh, let me go," yelled Smith. "Cane me, give me lines, stop my leave, but take these things off, or you'll kill me. Julius Cæsar!" he screamed, as the electricity fairly whizzed through him, "Help! help!! help!!!"

Evidently the Head was satisfied that Smith had had enough, for the current was turned off, and the boy released.

Then without a word the Head went from the room, leaving the Fourth Form, now sadder and wiser boys, extremely sorry they had spoken.

JOHN B. EDGAR.

The difficulty with which every schoolmaster has to contend in passing sentence on offenders is to avoid injuring the health of the boys placed under his care; hence the sameness in schoolboy punishments.

Boys have the reputation of being very partial to the good things of this life. Be this as it may, they certainly appreciate sugar in their tea or coffee, butter on their bread, and jam at tea-time; here, then, their hearts can be touched—through their palates. Also, in the case of a sensitive boy, would not the prospect of taking his meals at a table apart from the rest of his school-fellows act as a strong deterrent from wrong-doing?

In spite of the repeated assurance of his elders that "Early to bed . . . makes a man," etc., the

average schoolboy can never reconcile the carrying-out of this precept with his ideal of true happiness; to be sent to bed, like the naughty little boy in the story-book, half-an-hour or so before his usual time, and made to rise half-an-hour earlier, is an experience not one of them would enjoy. The half-hour thus gained in the day might be employed by the early one in making his bed. Having accomplished this feat (for the first time, probably, in his life) would he awake in the middle of the night to

find his toes taking the fresh air, and a goodly portion of the bed-covers exploring under the bed? I wonder!

The prospect of wearing a bad conduct badge for a time might deter some wrong-doers from following their natural bent.

Most schools have an annual "Sports Day." Should the culprit's bad conduct marks for the preceding term exceed a certain total, he should be debarred from entering his name for any of the events. He should not, under similar circumstances, be allowed to carry off any of the school prizes.

When detention is employed as a mode of punishment, the boy usually employs the time in writing out "lines"—not in copper-plate style. Surely it would be more of a punishment to the lad (usually possessed of high spirits) to have to sit still for half-an-hour with feet tied together and arms secured to his side! Then, were an inquisitive fly to come along, with a desire to explore the tip of our friend's nose, surely things would be interesting—even sufficiently so for "An Up-to-date Schoolboy."

WINIFRED D. ERAUT.

Well, my ambitious schoolboy, I hear through the kindness of the Old Fag, whose name be honoured, that spankings and impots. do not suit your ingenious brain. So far, so good.

Now, I have here a list of punishments suited, I think, to render you uncomfortable. Eh, but you don't think so? Well, we will see, for I know the Old Fag



to be a most upright judge; yea, a perfect Daniel.

1. Instead of keeping the miserable youth in his form-room all the half, just have an interview with the matron, O professor! and persuade



that obliging lady to take the youngster a round of shopping with her, while his companions are enjoying their legal fun and frolic, giving her strict injunctions to parade her charge in front of his jeering companions. That boy will have had

enough of shop and matron in no time, and will be very willing to have his translation prepared in future.

2. I would recommend that, if a boy is constantly presenting untidy, careless work, he should be compelled to wear the fruits of his head and hands upon his back for four hours out of school, in public view, with a superscription after this fashion: "The efforts of Blotty Splodge to keep this paper clean are here depicted. For sale, a neat and accurate clerk. If no offers, will be washed."

3. That his weekly allowance be cut off.

4. That the form-master compel each boy who plays with babyish trifles to show his treasures round the form, giving an accurate description of each as regards price, place of purchase, use, and what amusement it gives him.

5. Lastly, place him on his honour not to see or read his CAPTAIN until he is reformed, and the boy will soon be a model worker.

W. A. OLDFIELD.

Boys have a horror of being laughed at. Oh, yes! they will protest and probably tell you to

TO WEAR GIRL'S DRESS.

now!" but nevertheless they are very sensitive about some things, such as their clothes, etc. You will wonder and say that they don't care a rap whether they go in rags or velvet, that they are the most untidy mortals ever invented, and I daresay you are right there, but would a boy, before his chums or enemies, wear a—girl's dress?

No! he would not. It is a well-known fact that boys rather look down on girls. Why, I don't

know. So why should this not be used against them as a punishment! Then, why not dress a boy as a girl for a day? I am sure he would far rather be caned than be made to go about dressed in girl's clothes, eat in girl's clothes, and play cricket in girl's clothes. This is one of the most humiliating of punishments a boy could have.

Then again, he could be made to go about with his hair done up in curl papers, or he could be made to kiss the matron (if she didn't object) before the assembled school.

If a boy was found smoking, then the best impot. would be to make him smoke till he became sick.

Supposing two boys were always fighting, a good plan would be to make them clean the windows, one the outside, the other the inside. A master would be there to see that one didn't go away from a window until he had finished cleaning it; I think they would soon laugh and make it up. (I will be honest and confess that this is not my own idea, but one I read of in a book.) Instead of keeping a boy in a school-room doing impositions, I think the master should allow him to play cricket, but on no account to bowl or bat—only to field throughout the game.

Then the "naughty boy" could be made to recite poetry, sing a song, or dance a sword dance or the "Helent fling" before the assembled school and masters. He might be taken to a dentist, or made to roll the cricket pitch, take the headmaster's wife's dog for exercise, or go for a walk with her baby and nurse—past the playing fields—or clean all the other boys' bikes.

These are all the punishments I can think of, and if they seem a trifle queer, my only excuse is that I have no brothers, and judge only from what I think would be a change from the usual punishments.

MAY MACKAY.

[Although these essays are more amusing than practical, I think there is a good deal in what Mr. Patton says about the writing of lines being injurious to handwriting. It is better, I think, to make a boy get up a subject in which he is weak during his detention. When practicable, it is a good idea to condemn a boy to "extra drill."—O.F.]



THE ATHLETIC CORNER

BY
C·B·FRY

HINTS ON ACCURATE KICKING.

THE FIRST and most elementary point to be observed in kicking an Association ball, if you wish to produce a good result, is to kick not with your toe but with your instep. There is no doubt whatever about this; you can convince yourself of it by carefully watching exactly how the foot of a back like Crompton of Blackburn Rovers, or of a half-back like Crawshaw of Sheffield Wednesday, or of a forward like Settle of Everton, meets the ball. In each case it is the same. Crompton makes his swinging, long drive from near goal to over the half-way line, Crawshaw his skimming, accurate pass out to the wing forward, Settle his stinging, low shot at goal—with the instep, not with the toe.

This point is thoroughly worth attention. I have had a good deal of experience in teaching, or attempting to teach, boys to kick—footballs, of course—and

I HAVE FOUND THAT IF A BOY NATURALLY KICKS WITH HIS INSTEP HE IS RIGHT AWAY A STRONG, ACCURATE KICK,

but that if he is naturally inclined to aim the tip of his big toe at the ball he is sure to be inaccurate, to lack power—and usually hurts his big toe. It is quite true that some of the fairly eminent professionals, by dint of wearing boots with stiffened toe-caps, manage to toe the ball a long way; but these are not the best kickers. If you drive the ball with the instep you can kick hard and without hurting yourself, even though you have nothing on your foot but a woollen sock.

Some people fancy the instep means the side of the foot. It does not. It means the prominent part of the foot, plumb in the front and middle. Look at your foot in an ordinary lace-up, walking boot, and note that the exact spot which should meet the ball is

the lower inch or so of the lacing; *i.e.*, the centre of your instep.

It will at once occur to you that when the ball is on the ground, there is a difficulty in plumping the middle of your instep against the ball. This is true, when the ball is stationary; and it is precisely what constitutes the difficulty of place-kicking. But if you set a football on the ground and compare it with your foot you will find that by inserting the point of your toe as far as possible underneath the outward curve of the ball you can bring, at any rate, the extreme lower edge of your instep against the ball. And this is precisely what you should do in kicking a stationary ball; your toe should clip right in underneath it, and

THE DRIVING FORCE SHOULD COME FROM THE PART OF YOUR BOOT BETWEEN THE TOE-CAP AND THE LACING.

For some reason, which I cannot quite understand, you can clip your toe thus underneath the ball more easily and accurately when the ball is rolling away from you than when it is quite still. But when the ball is travelling towards you along the ground, there is no difficulty at all, for the motion of the ball towards your foot rolls the ball up on to your instep.

However, the great thing in all kicking is to let fly at the ball with your instep just as though you had no toes and your foot were a club. You should feel, as your leg swings forward, that your arched instep, and not your pointed toe, is to meet the centre of the ball—plumb. And, of course, in order to secure this, you must point your toe well down like a dancer. In short, a good kick is more of a foot-punch than a kick.

The next point to understand is that proficiency in kicking depends greatly upon

how you place your disengaged, that is, your non-kicking, foot, and upon how you prise your body and apply your weight.

If you are standing quite still when you deliver your kick, your foot swings forward approximately along the arc of a circle; and as you have, or ought to have, your weight on the ball of your other foot, and as you are also leaning forward, your kicking foot reaches the lowest point in its swing about nine inches in front of your other foot. When, however, you are running in to take the kick, not only is your leg swinging but the point on which it hinges is moving forward, and, in consequence, your foot swings not in a circle but in a much flatter curve, and it reaches the bottom of its swing much further in front of the other foot. Now,

YOU KICK MOST STRONGLY WHEN YOUR FOOT MEETS THE BALL AT THE LOWEST POINT IN ITS SWING.

Hence it is important that your disengaged foot be planted precisely at that distance from the ball which allows your kicking foot to meet the ball at the bottom of its swing. Where you plant your disengaged foot, how far, that is, you plant it from the ball, varies according to whether the ball is stationary, rolling away from you, or rolling to you, and according to how fast you yourself are moving towards the ball. But you must learn by practice, and must practise to learn, how to plant your disengaged foot correctly, and how to measure your distance accurately. It is impossible to give precise advice on this point, but once you understand it is a point you will easily discover its application if you try a few experiments. Few players know what they do with their disengaged foot; but many kinds of defective kicking are due to mismanagement of it. For instance,

IF YOU PUT YOUR DISENGAGED FOOT TOO NEAR THE BALL YOU SMOTHER THE BALL INTO THE GROUND;

if too far from it, you get too much under the ball and sky it. A few experiments will show you why this is so.

But there is something more. Not only must your disengaged foot be the right distance from the ball, but it must be behind the ball with reference to the line down which you wish to kick. Imagine a line from the spot to which you wish to drive the ball drawn right through the spot at which the ball is when your foot meets it. Well, then, your disengaged foot should be behind the ball and from four to six inches to the side

of that line. If your disengaged foot is too far aside from the line down which you are trying to kick, your kicking foot instead of swinging beneath you like a pendulum will swing, as it were, round outside you like a chain on a giant-stride.

In actual play you will find yourself kicking in all sorts of positions, at all angles, and at very various distances from the ball. But, as in cricket and billiards and shooting, and everything else of the sort, so also in football,

THE ART OF DOING DIFFICULT FEATS CONSISTS IN MAKING THEM AS EASY AS CIRCUMSTANCES ALLOW.

The easiest kick is when the ball is coming straight towards you and you are running straight towards it and are aiming your kick straight back along the line down which the ball is coming. Consequently, although you may not be able quite to do so, you should always try to manœuvre every kick into one of that sort.

Get well behind the ball, the right distance from it, and plug it with your instep: that is the summary of good kicking.

But you must also be careful what you do with your weight. You should be poised as nicely as a step-dancer, your balance should be perfect. Then the weight of your leg should follow through after the ball, straight away down the same line. And behind your leg should follow the weight of your body. Your body-weight should not pull your leg back, but should travel harmoniously after it so that every ounce of you may be in the kick.

ONE OF THE COMMONEST CAUSES OF BAD KICKING, AND ONE WHICH IS VERY DIFFICULT TO AVOID, IS THAT YOUR BODY OFTEN TENDS TO PULL IN AN OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM THAT IN WHICH YOU WISH TO KICK.

The result is that your leg swings across the ball instead of plumb behind it, and, in golf language, you either fozzle the ball, or else slice it, or else pull it. The matter is difficult to describe. But place a ball, let yourself fall away from it, and, at the same time try to kick it; then you will understand what I mean. No matter how difficult your position, always, when kicking, do your best to avoid falling away from the ball.

There is one rule which you must follow in order to kick well, one rule that overrides all others. Follow it, and the chances are you will follow the rules implied in what I have written above; neglect it and, no matter

how carefully you try to carry out my advice, you will surely fail. This master-rule is:—

WATCH THE BALL. WATCH THE BALL RIGHT ON TO YOUR FOOT; WATCH THE BALL TILL YOUR KICK IS FINISHED. GLUE YOUR EYES TO THE BALL.

It is a somewhat curious fact that both in cricket and football you can do much with a little luck even though you watch the ball rather carelessly. But all the same, in both games, nothing helps towards success as much as real, outright, never-failing "eyeing" of the ball. In fact, it is not an exaggeration to say that, in football, if you watch the ball keenly and let your kicking keenly follow your eye, you will fall naturally into a good method of kicking.

In what I have said, I have left out of consideration two important features—the strength of kicks and their elevation. Indeed, taken to the letter, my advice seems to apply only to hard kicking without regard to elevation. But this is not really so. Whether you wish to place the ball ten yards or fifty along the ground, or at a fair height, the same principles hold good. You kick in the same way, but you vary the force you use.

HOWEVER SHORT THE DISTANCE YOU WISH TO MAKE, YOU SHOULD FOLLOW THROUGH WITH YOUR LEG AND WITH YOUR BODY

—but with less force in proportion to the distance.

Perhaps you find the above advice rather dull and vague. But let me assure you that the secret of good style in kicking is wrapped up in it. If you wish to improve or to correct your kicking ask yourself these questions; ask them with a football there at your feet:—Am I watching the ball? Am I driving it with my instep? Am I planting my disengaged foot in the right place? Am I following through after the ball with leg and body?

* * * *

Now I will offer you a few tips.

(1) When you kick hard do not, after the ball leaves your foot, turn your foot stiffly upward, and do not rigidly straighten your knee. It is just this that strains the leg. Keep your toe still pointed downwards, and let your knee bend forward and a little upwards.

(2) Do not rest flat-footed on your disengaged foot. If you do, and especially if you keep your weight on the heel, you fail to give your kicking leg room to swing in.

Whether you take the kick standing or running, be well on the ball of your disengaged foot with the heel well off the ground.

(3) Do not kick merely with the swing of your kicking foot; use the spring of the other ankle and thigh to lift your weight after the ball.

(4) There is nothing that deadens and warps kicking as much as being "slugged" on your heels just before kicking. Keep well on your toes almost as though starting for a race. Let your feet be merry and lively even when they are standing still.

(5) Study especially to be well-balanced always; you cannot kick well if you are struggling to recover your balance just at the moment when you need all your skill and attention for the act of kicking.

(6) Correct your mistakes in practice. In a game think only of the ball and its destination.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Friends who kindly sent me Christmas cards, I am sorry time and space do not permit me to thank you one by one. So may I say, "Thank you very much," in a lump?

A. F. M. E.—An interest in anatomy and a desire to improve your health and physique are not manias. I am glad you liked the article about breathing. If I were you I would join the rowing club: rowing is a grand pursuit. Personally, I have a considerable belief in light dumb-bells; wooden ones with a big grip—not a spring grip. Grip dumb-bells are all very well for special purposes, e.g., heavy weight lifting; but they are liable to make you slow and to act against freedom of shoulder. At least, so I think.

G. Booker.—Studs are much better than bars. No professional wears bars. But on very hard grounds, and then only, I prefer bars. Ankle pads are not much good; but I do not think they stop your ankle-play. I hate stiff boots, but some players can play in them. Skipping is the best special exercise for the muscles of the calf. Footballers skip a great deal in training.

D. K. Denby.—I do not know when artificial dressing for wickets first came in. About eight years ago, I fancy. The cricket critic you name is known to be a consummate ass; don't mind him. I doubt if he knows which side of a bat is used to hit the ball with. I should like to make cricket writers pass an exam. on the game; some of them are painfully ignorant. But what else can you expect?

Stanley Shaw.—How to train for pigeon-shooting? Well, that is a trifle outside me. You might preserve your ordinary mode of life and kill every bird. But you might do well to take a mile walk every morning before breakfast. To judge by your hand-writing, you might well abstain from smoking. As to drinking, I should allow you to do that; coffee and tea and water and so on. I do not know how the French gentlemen train for the Prix du Casino. Not much, I fancy.

Serious.—You must not grow round-shouldered. Try light dumb-bells on some good system. But you must use common sense and avoid over-

work in exercise. Proper exercise cannot possibly make you worse. "You must be patient and persevere." I should like to know what made you begin to grow round-shouldered. Write again. Meanwhile, take plenty of open-air exercise and good walks.

Croydonian.—(1) You might apply to the local volunteer headquarters for information about a rifle club. (2) You must have a 10s. license for any gun, rifle, or pistol. A catapult is not a gun, rifle, or pistol.

E. M. Rowbotham.—Very glad to hear of your success: hearty congratulations. 4min. 45sec. for the mile is a goodish time. The Oxford mile is sometimes done in about that time, but generally faster. Do not alter your method of training for longer distances. Study absolute ease in your

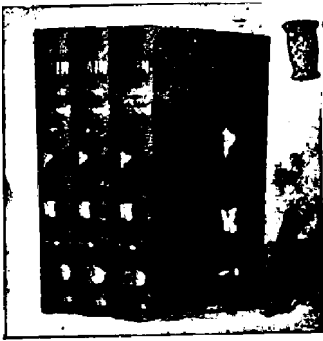
action. The Isthmian volume on athletics (Ward, Lock, and Co.), is the best I know. Bredin's book is published by Gale and Polden, 3 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

Young Hopeful.—Take your natural length of run, and stick to it. Practise as often as you like—say, for ten minutes, every day, or three times a week. You will find plenty of tips on bowling in early numbers of *THE CAPTAIN*. See August, 1899, and August, 1900. It is a case of practice. Read Alfred Shaw's note at the beginning of Shaw and Shrewsbury's catalogue.

Cæsar.—You might try Mr. C. E. Lord's system of exercises. *Vide* back "answers." Vigoro is a good game. I play no other games besides those you mention, but I do a lot of work.

C. B. F.

ON AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING.



IN THE twentieth century we take it as a matter of course that everyone collects something or other, be it things ordinary or extraordinary, sensible or—the contrary; nothing escapes the "collecting eye."

Few of us, perhaps, can afford to ride the hobby of Princess Margaret of Connaught and her sister—the collecting of precious stones and uncut gems. As can be imagined, the Princesses possess some very valuable specimens.

We humbler mortals would also probably meet with failure in the pursuit of the German Emperor's hobby, *i.e.*, the collecting of the boots and shoes of famous people. His Majesty possesses slippers said to have been the property of Mahomet, also boots worn by the great Napoleon.

There are, however, so many other "collectable" articles within the reach of one and all that we need not cavil at Royalty holding a monopoly in the two above-mentioned.

After looking through the autographs gathered together by a friend of mine, I came to the conclusion that he had hit upon one of the most fascinating of hobbies. Such a collection seems to bring one in touch with the great personalities of the world. What has before been but a name becomes a living person.

A particularly interesting letter, in view of the recent death of the writer, is one from the late Sir Walter Besant. I once read that this gifted author had no great love for the "autograph fiend," but evidently his good nature

occasionally overruled his objections, for the following kindly letter was received in response to one requesting his autograph, and mentioning the fact that the writer, though only sixteen years of age, had been in print several times.

"I think I ought to warn you very carefully against attempting to rush too early into print. At your age you must be thinking of improving your style and of acquiring knowledge and be ready to postpone writing till you have gained experience, style, and knowledge. Take, for instance, the example of Rudyard Kipling, one of the cleverest boys as a boy. When he was very young he went out to India, and at your age there became engaged in journalistic work for ten years, during which time he was quite content to do his work for the people and to leave the rest for afterwards. The consequence is that he burst upon the world with a finished style and a great mass of experience, and has become a world-wide success as you know."

"Les Jersiais," whilst priding themselves on being most loyal English subjects, are very jealous of upholding the honour of their native isle, and evidently Sir Francis Jeune has not lost the insular characteristic. The learned judge writes: "I send you my autograph with pleasure. I can assure you I am very proud of being a Jerseyman; and I hope that in time to come you will do credit to our country."

In conclusion, it must not be presumed that the request for an autograph always meets with so courteous a response as in the cases quoted above; curt refusals and rebuffs are to be expected now and again. However, the collector's successes will heal the wounds caused by his disappointments.

Lastly—always enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

WINIFRED D. ERAUT.

THE RISING OF THE REDMAN

A ROMANCE OF THE LOUIS RIEL REBELLION

BY JOHN MACKIE

Author of "The Heart of the Prairie," "The Man who Forgot," "Tales of the Trenches," etc.

Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.

This story concerns the adventures of a wealthy rancher, named Henry Douglas, his daughter, Dorothy, and their friends, during the rebellion—organised by the fanatical Louis Riel—which broke out in the north-west of Canada during the spring of 1885. The tale opens with a night attack on the rancher's homestead by a party of half-breeds, the defenders of the house consisting of Jacques St. Arnaud (a gigantic French-Canadian), Rory (an old farm-hand), Sergeant Pasmore (of the North-West Mounted Police), and Douglas himself. The "breeds," though they meet with a desperate resistance, at length force an entry into the house, but in the nick of time Child-of-Light, a friendly Indian chief, arrives with his "Crees," and saves the situation. The rancher's party then makes its way hurriedly across country to the police fort at Battleford. When, however, the party breaks up into ones and twos, in order to enter the fort unobserved by the rebels surrounding it, Dorothy is forced by an excited half-breed to dance with him. The man's sweet heart, who is furious with jealousy, recognises Dorothy and discloses the girl's identity to the crowd, whereupon Dorothy is seized and hurried off to Louis Riel. After a brief examination by the rebel chief, Dorothy is delivered into the custody of Pepin Quesnelle, a dwarf who possesses a tame bear. Pepin, however, entertains friendly feelings towards Douglas and his daughter, and allows the latter to escape. The girl is joined by her father, who has also been captured and set free, and learns that Sergeant Pasmore has given himself up in the rancher's stead. When it is known that the sergeant is to die at daybreak, Rory, the old manservant, expresses his determination to return to the town and endeavour to extricate Pasmore from his perilous position. The others set off in two sleighs. In the morning Pasmore is led out to be shot, but, just as the sentence is about to be executed, Pepin Quesnelle appears, and so works upon the feelings of the superstitious rebel chief that Pasmore is temporarily reprieved, and eventually escapes. With Rory, he falls in with Child-of-Light and then all three follow hard upon the track of Pasmore and his daughter, whom they at length meet. But the party is shortly afterwards captured by Poundmaker, a hostile Indian, and Dorothy is separated from her father and taken to a far-away gorge. She manages, however, to send a message by the half-breed, Bastien Lagrange, to Pepin Quesnelle, imploring his help. On arriving at Pepin's house, Bastien is thrown to the ground by the dwarf's bear.



CHAPTER XXIII.

THE DEPARTURE OF PEPIN.

AFTER all, Bastien Lagrange had been more frightened than hurt by Antoine the bear. When Pepin Quesnelle had satisfied himself that there were no bones broken, and that the wound from which the blood flowed was a mere scratch, he, as usual, became ashamed of his late display of feeling and concern, and again assumed his old truculent attitude. He gave the breed time to recover his breath, then roughly asked him whom he thought he was that he should make such a noisy and ostentatious entry into his house.

"It ees me, Pepin, your ver' dear friend, Bastien Lagrange," whined the big breed, with an aggrieved look at the dwarf and an apprehensive one at Antoine.

"What, villain, *coquin*, I your ver' dear friend?—may the good Lord forbid! But sit up, and let me once more look upon your ugly face. Idiot, *entrez!* Sit up, and take this for to drink." So spoke Pepin as he handed Bastien a dipper of water.

In all truth the shifty breed had an expression on his face as he tried to put his torn garments

to rights that savoured not a little of idiocy. He had been for the last three hours working himself into a mood of unconcern and even defiance, so that he might be able to repel the attacks of the outspoken Pepin. But now, at the very first words this terrible manikin uttered, he felt his heart sinking down into his boots. Still, he bore news which he fancied would rather stagger the dwarf.

"And so, *mon ami*—"

"*Tenez vous là, villain!* You will pardon me, but I am not the friend of a turncoat and traitor! *Dis donc*, you will bear this in mind. Now what is it you have to say? *Bien?*"

"*Parbleu!* what ees ze matter wit' Antoine?" exclaimed the breed uneasily. "What for he look at me so? Make him for to go 'way, Pepin."

Pepin caught up his stick and changed the trend of Antoine's aggressive thoughts. The big brute slunk to the far end of the room, sat upon its haunches, and blinked at the party in a disconcerting fashion. Then Pepin again turned upon Bastien with such a quick, fierce movement that the latter started involuntarily.

"Bah! blockhead, pudding-head!" cried Pepin impatiently. "Antoine has only that fire in his mouth that you will have in the pit below before two, three days when you have been hanged by the neck or been shot by the soldiers of the great Queen. Proceed!"

"Aha! you ver' funny man, Pepin, but do you know that Poundmaker has been catch what zey call ze convoy—sixteen wagons wit' ze drivers and ze soldiers belongin' to your great Queen, and now zey haf no more food and zey perish? Haf you heard that, *mon ami?*"

Pepin had not heard it, but then he had heard some awkward things about Bastien Lagrange, and he immediately proceeded to let him know that he was acquainted with them. The soldiers, with their great guns, were now swarming up the Saskatchewan, and it was only a matter of a few weeks before Poundmaker and Big Bear would be suing for mercy. This and more of a disquieting nature did the dwarf tell the unstable one, so that by the time he had finished there was no hesitation in Bastien's mind as to which side he must once and for all definitely espouse. So he told of the capture of the Douglas party by Poundmaker and of the fight at Cut-Knife. Then he called Pepin's attention to the packet he had dropped, and explained how it had been entrusted to him.

The manikin examined it in silence. A strange look of intelligence came into his face. He shot a half-shy, suspicious glance at the breed, but that gentleman, with an awe-stricken expression, was watching Antoine, as with sinister

design that intelligent animal was piling up quite a collection of boots, moccasins, and odds and ends in a corner preparatory to having a grand revenge for the trick that had been played upon him. He would chew up every scrap of that leather and buckskin if he wore his teeth out in the attempt. The old lady, fortunately for him, had left the room.

Pepin opened the packet, and the sight of that plain little gold brooch and the bunch of prairie forget-me-nots moved him strangely. After all, his heart was not adamant where youth and beauty were concerned—he only realised the immense gulf that was fixed between a man of his great parts and graces and the average female.

He abruptly ordered Bastien into the summer kitchen to look for his mother and get something to eat, and then, when he realised he had the room to himself, he literally let himself go. He sprang to his feet, and, waving the flowers and the brooch over his head, advanced a few paces into the middle of the room, struck a melodramatic attitude, and, with one hand pressed to his heart, carried Dorothy's tokens to his lips.

Then he turned and observed Antoine. This somewhat absent-minded follower had already begun operations on his little pile; but he had been so taken aback by the unwonted jubilation of his master, that he stopped work to gaze upon him in astonishment, and quite forgot to remove the half-torn moccasin from his mouth. When he saw he was caught red-handed, he dropped the spoil as he had dropped the hot potato, and crouched apprehensively. His master made a fierce rush at him.

"What ho! Antoine, you pig, you!" he cried; "and so you would have revenge, you chuckle-pate!" And then he punched Antoine's head.

Just at that moment his mother and Bastien re-entered the room; the former set Lagrange down at a small table in a far corner with some food before him. The dwarf lounged towards the fireplace with an assumed air of indifference and boredom, and, leaning against the chimney-piece, stroked his black moustache.

"What is it, Pepin, my son?" asked the old lady anxiously.

"Oh, nothing—nothing, my mother; only that they are at it again!"

"The shameless wretches!" she exclaimed: "will they never cease? Who is it this time, Pepin?"

"Only that young Douglas female we have spoke about,"—he tried hard to infuse contempt into his voice—"she wants me to go to her! Just think of it, mother! But she is a pree-

sonar, and, perhaps, it is also my help she wants. And she was nice girl, was it not so, *ma mère?*”

Between them they came to the conclusion that Pepin must go with Bastien to where Dorothy was kept a prisoner and see what could be done. They also wisely decided that it was no use notifying or trying to lead the Imperial troops to the spot, for that might only force the Indians to some atrocity.

Later on, when the moon arose, Pepin took Lagrange out and showed him the British camp with its apparently countless tents, and its battery of guns. It appeared to the unstable one as if all the armies of the earth must be camped on that spot. When the dwarf told him that there were other camps further up the river, to which the one before him was as nothing, Bastien fairly trembled in his moccasins. When a sentry challenged them, the now thoroughly disillusioned breed begged piteously that they should return to Pepin's house and set out early on the following morning for the place where Dorothy was imprisoned up the Saskatchewan, before that army of soldiers, who surely swarmed like a colony of ants, was afoot.

Pepin knew that the approach of an army would only be the means of preventing him from finding Dorothy. He must go to her himself. He would also, for the sake of the proprieties, take his mother along in a Red-river cart; his mind was quite made up upon that point. If he did not do so, who could tell that the Douglas female, with the cunning of her sex, would not lay some awkward trap for him? The girl had plainly said, "Come to me," and he was secretly elated, but his conviction of old growth that all women were "after" him, made him cautious.

So next morning, before break of day, the Red-river cart was packed up and at the door. Pepin and his mother got into it, Antoine was led behind by means of a rope, and Bastien rode alongside on a sturdy little Indian pony. It was indeed an *outré* and extraordinary little procession that started out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE INDIANS' AWAKENING.

LITTLE RUNNING CROPPED-EARED DOG of the Stonies sat smoking his red clay calumet at the narrow entrance of the gorge that looked out upon the wooded hillside, the only means of ingress to the shelf which constituted Dorothy's prison-house. He was keeping watch and ward with his good friend "Black Bull Pup," who also sat smoking opposite him. Their rifles lay

alongside; they had finished a *recherché* repast of roasted dog, and were both very sleepy. It was a horrible nuisance having to keep awake such a warm afternoon. No one was going to intrude upon their privacy, for they had heard that the British General, Middleton, was in hot pursuit after Poundmaker, and it was unlikely that Jumping Frog, who was over them, would trouble about visiting the sentries.

Little Running Cropped-eared Dog laid down his pipe and folded his arms.

"Brother," he said to Black Bull Pup, with that easy assumption of authority which characterised him, "there is no necessity for us both to be awake. I would woo the god of pleasant dreams, so oblige me by keeping watch while my eyelids droop."

Bull Pup, who was a choleric little Indian, and, judging by his finery, a tip-top swell in Indian upper circles, looked up with an air of surprise and angry remonstrance.

"Brother," he replied, "the modest expression of your gracious pleasure is only equalled by the impudence of the prairie dog who wags his tail in the face of the hunter before hastening to the privacy of his tepee underground. You slept all this morning, O Cropped-eared one! It is my turn now."

But Little Running Dog was renowned among the Stonies for his wide knowledge of men and things. Moreover, he loved ease above all, so, by reason of his imperturbability and honeyed words, he invariably disarmed opposition and had his own way. On the present occasion he said—

"Black Bull Pup will pardon me; he speaks with his accustomed truthfulness and fairness of thought. I had for the moment forgotten how, when he took Black Plume of the Sarcees prisoner, and was leading him back for the enlivening knife and burning tallow, he watched by him for four days and four nights without closing an eye, thus earning for himself the distinction of being called the 'Sleepless One.' There is no such necessity for his keeping awake now. Let his dreams waft him in spirit to the Happy Hunting Grounds. As for me, I am getting an old man, whose arrow-hand lacks strength to pull back the string of the bow. It can be but a few short years before I enter upon the long, last sleep, so it matters not. Sleep, brother."

But Black Bull Pup, as is often the case, was tender of heart as well as choleric, and hastened to say that his venerable comrade must take some much-needed rest, so that within five minutes the ugly Cropped-eared one was making the sweet hush of the summer noon hideous with his snores, whilst Black Bull Pup was be-

ginning to wonder if, after all, he had not been "got at" again by his Machiavelian friend. It was not a pleasant reflection, and it really was a very drowsy sort of afternoon. Four minutes later he was sound asleep himself.

* * * * *

Slowly toiling up the stony, sun-dried bed of the tarn came Pepin the dwarf, and alongside him, showing unusual signs of animation—he had scented brother bears—came Antoine. Behind them walked the unstable breed, Bastien

because you are asked to carry a few penny-weights on your back?"—the breed was resting his several hundred pounds pack upon a rock—"Bah! it is nothing compared to the load of things you will have to carry and answer for when you have to appear before the Great Court, when the bolt has been drawn and you are launched into space through the prison trap-door, and your toes go jumpety-jumpety-jump. Blockhead!"

"Parbleu, M'sieur Pepin, mais eet ees mooch



THEIR EYES FAIRLY STARTED FROM THEIR HEADS.

Lagrange, with a huge pack upon his back. The pack was heavy and the hill was steep, so that the human beast of burden perspired and groaned considerably. He also showed much imagination and ingenuity in the construction of strange words suitable to the occasion. Pepin's ears had just been assailed by some extra powerful ones when he turned to remonstrate.

"Grumbler and discontented one," he said, "have your long legs grown weak at the knees

dead would be more better than this, I tink it! *Hélas!* how my heart eet does go for to break! I would for to rest, Pepin, my ver' dear friend."

"Then rest, weak-knee'd one, and be sure afterwards to come on. It is good I did leave the good mother with the Croisettes down the river! *Au revoir, pudding-head!*"

* * * * *

Pepin held Antoine by the neck while he surveyed the slumbering forms of Little Running Crop-eared Dog and Black Bull Pup.

"*Mais*, they are beautiful children of the tepees," he murmured. "It would be easy to kill, but that would not be of the commandments. He who lives by the sword shall perish by the sword.' No; no man's blood shall stain the hands of Pepin Quesnelle. Ah! now I have it. So!"

If the dwarf drew the line at killing, he was still as full of mischief as a human being could well be. He had an impish turn of mind, and hastened to gratify the same. He took the two rifles and at once proceeded to draw the charges, then with a smartness and lightness of touch that was surprising, he possessed himself of their sheath-knives. He placed Antoine on its haunches between them, and threatened him with dire vengeance if he moved. He himself clambered on to a rock over their heads, at the same time not forgetting to take a few stones in his pockets. His eyes gleamed and rolled in his head, and he chuckled in a truly alarming fashion. Then he dropped a stone on to the pit of Black Bull Pup's stomach, and the other on to the head of the Crop-eared one. Antoine watched the proceedings with much interest.

Black Bull Pup sat up and was about to remonstrate angrily with his comrade for having roused him so unceremoniously, when the latter also raised himself full of the same matter.

Their eyes fairly started from their heads and they were nearly paralysed with horror when they beheld a huge bear sitting within a few feet of them. It must be a very ogre of a bear when it could sit there so calmly waiting for them to awake before beginning operations. Pepin, unseen on the rock above them, fairly doubled himself up with delight. But they were both Indians who had borne themselves with credit in former encounters with bears, so, snatching up their rifles, they both fired at Antoine at the same moment with a touching and supreme disregard to the other's proximity. Antoine seemed interested. There were two flashes in the pan, and two hearts sank simultaneously. They searched for their knives in vain. Antoine appeared amused and looked encouragement. It was a very nightmare to the two warriors. Then, from the rock over their heads, they heard a deep bass voice of such volume that it sounded like half-a-dozen ordinary voices rolled into one.

"Canaille!" it cried, "cut-throats! villains! blockheads! pudding-heads! *mais* you are nice men to sleep at your posts; truly, that is so! Shall I make this bear for to devour you? Eh? What?"

When the two men looked up and beheld the weird form of Pepin perched on the rock, it nearly finished them. They had heard of many

strange monsters, but here was something beyond their very wildest imaginings. Of course, this bear was his attendant evil spirit, and it was a judgment upon them. The Crop-eared one and the Black Bull Pup grovelled in an agony of terror. Pepin never had such a time. What would have happened it is hard to say had not Bastien Lagrange appeared upon the scene. For Antoine, imagining that the movements of the Indians were generously intended as an invitation for him to indulge in frivolity, at once reared himself on his hind-legs preparatory to dancing all over them. Pepin slid from the rock and called his absent-minded friend to attention. Bastien came forward wiping his forehead, declaring that he was all but dead, and the two worthy savages rose wonderingly to their feet. The unstable breed, who at once took in the situation, and, as usual, derived a secret pleasure from observing the abject discomfiture of the Indians, at once proceeded to explain to them that the strange gentleman before them, whom they had mistaken for a celebrity from the ghost world, was no other than the celebrated Pepin Quesnelle, of whom they must have heard, and that the bear, whose magnanimity and playfulness they had just been witnesses of, was his equally distinguished friend and counsellor. He also explained that, of course, no one in the land ever questioned Pepin's right to do what he liked or to go where he chose. There was no doubt that, in a different sphere of life, Bastien would have risen to eminence in diplomatic circles. The two warriors having been handed back their knives, swore by the ghosts of their illustrious grandfathers and grandmothers, that, so far at least as they were concerned, the little but mighty man, with his servant the bear, might go or come just as he pleased. Pepin and Bastien left the two now sleepless sentries at their posts, and passed through to the great wide terrace that overlooked the Saskatchewan, which, here describing a great half-circle, rushed like a mill-race between vast gloomy walls of rock.

When they reached the camp in the hollow, Jumping Frog came forward to meet them. Pepin he had heard of, but had not seen before. It was quite evident he resented his presence there. He turned angrily upon the breed, whose joy at now having come to the end of his journey received a decided check from the reception he met with from the head man. Jumping Frog looked at Bastien scornfully, and asked—

"Brother, did I not send you on a mission? and what is this thing you have brought back?"

The unstable breed, whose mercurial condition

was influenced by every breath of wind, shook with apprehension, but Pepin came to the rescue. To be called "a thing" by an Indian was an insult that cut into the quick of his nature. He had taken off his slouch hat, and was leaning forward with his two hands grasping the long stick he usually carried. Antoine was squatted meditatively on his haunches alongside him. Pepin now drew himself up; his face became transfigured with rage; he took a step or two towards the head man, and shook his stick threateningly.

"Black-hearted and cross-eyed dog of a Stony!" he fairly screamed; "by the ghost of the old grey wolf that bore you, and which now wanders round the tepees of the outcasts in the land of lost spirits picking up carrion, would you dare to speak of me thus! I have a mind to take the maiden whom you now hold as a prisoner away from you, but the time is not yet ripe. But I swear it, if you molest her in any way, or speak of me again as you have done, or interfere with my coming or going, you shall swing by the neck on a rope, and your body shall be given to the dogs. Moreover, your spirit shall wander for ever in the Bad Lands, and the Happy Hunting Grounds shall know you not."

"Ough! ough!" exclaimed Jumping Frog uneasily; "but you use big words, little man! Still, there is something about you that savours of big medicine, and I do not wish to offend the spirits, so peace with you until this matter rights itself,"—he turned to Lagrange—"And you, O one of seemingly weak purpose, tell me what news of Poundmaker and Thunder-child?"

What Bastien had to tell was not calculated to encourage Jumping Frog in his high-handed policy. His face fell considerably, and Pepin, taking advantage of his preoccupation, walked off with Antoine to find Dorothy.

When the dwarf was looking into one of the tepees, Antoine created quite a flutter of excitement by looking into another on his own account. When the four Indians who were solemnly seated therein, handing round the festive pipe, beheld a huge cinnamon bear standing in the doorway, evidently eyeing them with a view to annexing the one in best condition, they bolted indiscriminately through the sides of the lodge, leaving Antoine in possession. But when they gathered themselves together outside, they were confronted by Pepin, whom they took to be some terrible monster from the ghost world, and the last state of them was worse than the first. Pepin enjoyed their discomfiture for a brief space, and then explained who he was and why he came to honour them with his presence.

Calling Antoine off, he left them in a still more dubious and confused state of mind.

He had wandered almost half-a-mile from the camp on to the broken edge of the great canyon, where, nearly a thousand feet below, the ice-cold waters of the mighty Saskatchewan showed like a blue ribbon shot with white. Right in front of him was infinite space, and the earth fell away as if from the roof of the world. It seemed to Pepin that he had never before so fully realised the majesty of Nature. Standing on the edge of the nightmarish abyss, with the Indian girl near her, he saw Dorothy. Neither of them observed him, and he stood still for a minute to watch them.

As he gazed at the slim, graceful figure of the white prisoner in her neat but faded black dress, it seemed to him that he had never realised how beautiful and perfect a thing was the human form. He had only in a crude way imagined possibilities in the somewhat squat figures of the Indian girls. There was a distinction in the poise of Dorothy's proud shapely head that he had never seen before in any woman. When she turned and saw him, her face lighting up with welcome and her hands going out in front of her, he experienced something that came in the light of a revelation. He wondered how it was he could have ever said, "she will not do."

CHAPTER XXV.

A PROPOSAL FROM PEPIN.

DOROTHY approached Pepin as if to shake hands, but the dwarf artfully pretended that there was something the matter with Antoine's leading rein, and ignored her. He had never before realised how really dangerous a despised female could be.

"Pepin Quesnelle," said Dorothy, "it was asking a lot when I sent for you, but I knew you would come. You saved the life of Sergeant Pasmore when Riel was going to shoot him, and I want to—"

"Bah, Ma'nsselle! But it is nonsense you talk like that, so! The right—that is the thing. What is goodness after all if one can only be good when there is nothing that pulls the other way—no temptations, no dangers? It is good to pray to God, but what good is prayer without the desire deep down in the heart to do, and the doing? The good deed—that is the thing. So! As for that Pasmore, villain that he is—"

"He is a good man. Why do you say such a thing?"

"Bah! he is *coquin*, blockhead, pudding-head: still, I love him much"—Dorothy visibly relented—"and he is brave man, and to be brave

is not to be afraid of the devil, and that is much, *n'est ce pas?* But what is it you want me for to do? The good mother is down at Croisettes and sends her love— Bah! what a foolish thing it is that women send!”

“Your mother is a good woman, Pepin, and I am glad to have her love; as for you——”

“Ma'mselle, Ma'mselle! Pardon! but I am not loving—you will please confine your remarks to my mother”—there was visible alarm in Pepin's face; he did not know what this forward girl might not be tempted to say—“What I can do for to serve you, that is the question? I have hear that your father and Sergeant Pasmore—that pudding-head—and the others are all right. The thing is for you to get 'way.”

Pepin, who in reality had a sincere regard for Sergeant Pasmore, had merely spoken of him in an uncomplimentary fashion because he saw it would annoy Dorothy. He must use any weapon he could to repel the attacks of the enemy. As for Dorothy, the delusion that the dwarf was labouring under was now obvious, and she hardly knew whether to be amused or annoyed; it was such an absurd situation. She must hasten to disillusion him.

“I don't think anything very serious can happen to me here, Pepin. They will be too afraid to harm me, seeing that they must know the British are so near. It is my father and the others that I am concerned about. And Sergeant Pasmore——”

The girl hesitated. Could she bring herself to speak about it, and to this dwarf? But she realised that she must hesitate at nothing when the lives of those who were dear to her hung in the balance; and she knew that he was chivalrous. Pepin tilted his head to one side, and, looking up suspiciously, asked—

“*Bien!* and this Sergeant Pasmore, have you also designs on him? Eh? What?”

“Designs! The idea!—but, of course, how can you know? No, and I will tell you, Pepin Quesnelle, for I believe you are a good man, and you have been our friend, and we are in your debt——”

“Bah! Debt! What is that? I am a man, Ma'mselle, and beg you will not talk about debt! Prouf!” He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his great hands.

“Very well, this Sergeant Pasmore, I love him, and I have promised to be his wife.”

She drew herself up proudly now and felt that she could have said so before the whole world.

“*Parbleu!*” exclaimed Pepin, who did not seem to hail the news with any particular satisfaction. “You are quite sure it was not any one else you wanted to marry? What? You are quite sure?”

“Of course, who could there be?”

“Perhaps Ma'mselle aspired. But who can tell? After all, a woman must take whom she can get. I daresay that he will do just as well as another.”

Pepin Quesnelle, now that his own safety was assured, did not seem to value it as he thought he would. After all, if the girl's nose did “stop short too soon,” it was by no means an unpretty one; its sauciness was decidedly taking, and if he saw mischief lurking away back in her eyes, he admitted it was an uncommonly lovable sort of mischief. Being only human, he now began to wish for what he had despised.

As for Dorothy, she could have rated Pepin roundly for his conceit and his sentiments. But it was all too absurd, and she must bear with him. She continued—

“Pepin Quesnelle, you have a good heart, I know, and you can understand how it is. If I had not known that you were not like other men, I would hardly have dared to ask you to come all this long distance to me. I know what you do is not for reward, so I am not afraid to ask you. Will you find out about my father and Mr. Pasmore and the others, and will you do what you can to save them? I feel sure there is no man on the Saskatchewan can do more than you.”

Pepin drew himself up to his full height, smiled complacently, and stroked his black moustache. His dark eyes twinkled as he turned to gaze encouragingly at Antoine, who with his tongue out was seated on his hind-quarters, watching him meditatively.

“Ma'mselle has spoken the truth. I would be sorry to be like other men—particularly your Pasmore”—he grinned impishly as he saw the indignation on Dorothy's face—“But that is not the thing. Pasmore is all right—in his own way. He is even, what you might call, good-fellow. But why is it you should fret for him? He is all right. And even if anything should happen to him, it is not Pepin that has the hard heart—he might even console Ma'mselle. He will not exactly promise that, but he may come to it. Perhaps Ma'mselle will remember in the house when the good mother told how you would like to marry Pepin, and he said you would not do. Well, Pepin has considered well since then, and he has thought that if you tried to suit him, you might.”

“It is too great an honour, Pepin. If you expect any one in this world to be as good and kind to you as your mother, you will find you have made a great mistake. Believe me, Pepin Quesnelle. I am a woman, and I know.”

“*Bien! Oui,* the mother she is good, ver' good, and I know there is right in what you

say. So! Still, I think you have improved since we first met, and the mother likes you, so you need not think too much of that you are not good enough, and if you should think better of it—all may yet be well."

But Dorothy assured him that, seeing she had given her word to Pasmore, and, moreover, seeing she loved him, it would be a mistake to change her mind upon the subject.

you is stupendous; he is prepared to accept you—to make the great sacrifice. He lays his heart at your feet—he means you have laid your heart at his feet, and he stoops to pick—"

"You'd better do nothing of the kind, Pepin Quesnelle. It's all a mistake!—You utterly misunderstand—"

But Dorothy could say no more, for, despite her alarm, the situation was too ludicrous for



IN ANOTHER MOMENT PEPIN HAD LANDED ON HIS BACK ON THE TOP OF THE BEAR.

This, however, was not exactly clear to Pepin, who could not understand how any woman could be foolish enough to stand in her own light when he, the great Pepin, who had been so long the catch of the Saskatchewan, had graciously signified his intention to accept her homage. Perhaps she was one of those coy creatures who must have something more than mere conventionalism put into an offer of marriage, so under the circumstances it might be as well for him to go through with the matter to the bitter end.

"Ma'mselle," he said, "the honour Pepin does

words. What further complications might have arisen, it is difficult to say, had not just then the astute Antoine come to the conclusion that his master was developing some peculiar form of madness and wanted a little brotherly attention. He therefore came noiselessly behind him and with a show of absent-mindedness poked his snout between his legs.

In another moment Pepin had landed on his back on top of his four-footed friend, wherefrom he rolled helplessly to earth. Dorothy ran forward to help him up, but the dwarf could not see her proffered hand now—it was Antoine

be had to do business with. He was already creeping on all fours towards the interrupter. Dorothy's heart was in her mouth when Pepin, with an unexpected movement, threw his arms round the bear's neck and proceeded to force its jaws apart with his powerful hands. He had no twigs or old boots handy, but he meant to try the teeth in its inside by administering earth or young rocks or anything of a nature that could not exactly be called nourishing. To add to the confusion, the Indian girl, fearful that something terrible was about to happen, at once began to indulge in a weird uproar.

What would have happened it is difficult to say had not their attention been suddenly claimed by a couple of shots which rang out from the direction of the gorge. Pepin released his hold on Antoine, and that resourceful creature took the opportunity of revenging himself by picking up his master's hat and trotting off with it in his mouth. He meant to put it where Pepin intended to put the little rocks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BOLD BID FOR LIBERTY.

IT was midnight, and Poundmaker's prisoners, Douglas, Pasmore, Jacques, and Rory, were lying in their tepee under the charge of their armed guards. They knew the latter were asleep, and in answer to some proposition that Rory had just whispered to Jacques, the latter said—

"So, that is so. Keel him not, but to make that he cry not. The knife to the throat, not to cut, but to silence, that is the thing."

"S-sh! or by the powers it's your throat the knife'll be at. Now, you to the man at your feet, and I'll to the man beyant. . . . Ow, slape, ye gory babes!"

If the wind had not been whistling round the tepees just then, causing some of the loosely laced hides to flap spasmodically, it is extremely unlikely that either of the two men would have ventured even to whisper. But the tepee was dark, and Rory had managed to tell his fellow prisoners that, if they wanted to put their much-discussed scheme of overcoming their guards and making their escape into execution, now was their time. They might never have such another chance. Rory, by reason of his experience of such matters in the past, had insisted on leading off with the work. He had also intimated his intention of securing the arms of some of the other Indians after their guards had been overpowered.

Rory rolled over on his right side and looked at the Indians. He could only see two dark, prostrate forms outlined blackly against the grey of the doorway. Luckily the moon was rising, and that would somewhat assist their movements.

One of the Indians turned over and drew a long, throaty breath. He had indeed been asleep, and perhaps he was going to awake. The thought of the contingency was too much for the backwoodsman. He crawled forward as stealthily as a panther, and next moment one sinewy hand was on the Indian's throat, the other was across the mouth, and a knee was planted on his chest. Simultaneously Jacques was on top of the other Indian; Pasmore and Douglas jumped to their feet. In less time than it takes to write it, the hands of the Indians were secured behind their backs, gags were placed upon their mouths, their firearms and knives were secured, and the latter were flashed before their eyes. They were told that if they remained still no harm would come to them, but if they showed the slightest intention of alarming the camp their earthly careers would be speedily closed. Neither of them being prepared to die, they lay still, like sensible reuskins. Then Rory left the tepee and in two minutes more returned with two rifles, which he had managed to purloin in some mysterious way.

Pasmore took the lead, then came Rory, and immediately after him Douglas and Jacques.

It was a miserable mongrel of an Indian dog that precipitated matters. They came full upon it as it stood close to a Red-river cart with cocked ears and tail in air. The inopportune brute threw up its sharp snout and gave tongue to a series of weird, discordant yelps after the manner of dogs which are half coyotes.

"Come on!" cried Pasmore, "we've got to run for it now. Let's make a bee-line straight up the valley!"

With rifles at the ready they rushed between the tepees. It was run for it now with a vengeance. Next moment the startled Indians came pouring out of their lodges. Red spurts of fire flashed out in all directions, and the deafening roar of antiquated weapons made night hideous. Luckily for the escaping party they had cleared the encampment, so the result was that the Indians, imagining that they were being attacked by the Blackfeet or the British, at once began to blaze away indiscriminately. The results were disastrous to small groups of their own people who were foolish enough to leave their doorways. It would have been music in the ears of the fleeing ones had not three or four shots whizzed perilously close

to their heads, thus somewhat interfering with their appreciation of the *contretemps*.

But their detection was inevitable. Before they had gone two hundred yards a score of angry redskins were at their heels. It seemed a futile race, for the Indians numbered some hundreds, and it was a moral certainty it could be only a question of time before they were run down. They knew that under the circumstances there would be no prisoners taken.

It was not long before the pace began to tell on them.

"I'm afraid I'm played out," gasped Douglas, "go on, my friends, for I can't go any farther. I'll be able to keep them back for a few minutes while you make your way up the valley. Now then, good-bye, and get on!"

He plumped down behind a rock, and waited for the advancing foe.

Pasmore caught him by the arm and dragged him to his feet. The others had stopped also. It was not likely they were going to allow their friend and master to sacrifice himself in such a fashion.

"Let's make up this ravine, sir," cried Pasmore. "Come, give me your arm; we may be able to fool them yet. There's lots of big rocks lying about that will be good cover. There's no man going to be left behind this trip."

High walls of clay rose up on either side, so that at least the Indians could not outflank them. At first the latter, thinking that the



THERE WAS A GROWING FUSILLADE OF RIFLE FIRE OVER THEIR HEADS AND THE SOUND OF BRITISH CHEERS.

troublesome escapers were effectually cornered, essayed an injudicious rush in upon them, but the result was a volley that dropped three and made the remainder seek convenient rocks. Taking what cover they could the white men retired up the narrow valley. It was becoming lighter now, and they could distinctly see the skulking, shadowy forms of the redskins as they stole from rock to rock. Suddenly they made a discovery that filled them with consternation. They had come to the end of the valley and were literally in a *cul-de-sac*! They were indeed caught like rats in a trap.

"I'm afraid we're cornered," exclaimed Douglas, "but we've got some powder and shot left yet."

"Yes," remarked Pasmore, "we'll keep them off as long as we can. I can't understand why the troops are not following those fellows up. There's no getting out of this, I fear,"—he looked at the crescent of unscalable cliff—"but I don't believe in throwing up the sponge. I've always found that when things seemed at their worst they were just on the mend."

He did not say that there was a very powerful incentive in his heart just then that in itself was more than sufficient to make him cling to life. It was the thought of Dorothy.

Half an hour more and the Indians had crawled up to within fifty yards, and might rush in upon them at any moment, and then all would be over. As yet, thanks to their excellent cover, none of the little party had been wounded, though the redskins had suffered severely. There were few words spoken now; only four determined men waited courageously for the end. And then something happened that paled their cheeks, causing them to look at one another with startled, questioning eyes. There was a growing fusillade of rifle fire over their heads and the sound of British cheers!

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Douglas. "It's the troops at last. They've come up overnight to attack the camp, and they haven't come a minute too soon."

"So, that is so," said Jacques, as he took deliberate aim at his late enemies, who, realising the situation, were scuttling in confusion down the ravine. "*Mais*, it is the long road that knows not the turn."

But as for Pasmore, as on one occasion when he had been snatched from the Valley of the Shadow, and realised how beautiful was the blue between the columns of the pines, he now saw the sweet face of a woman smiling on him through the mists of the uncertain future.

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN ONLY WAY.

WHEN Antoine the bear so far forgot himself as to interfere in his master's affairs, he, as usual, had occasion for after regret—Pepin saw to that.

The Indians seized their rifles and ran up the slope to the narrow slit in the cliff that led to their eyrie, and which on the other side looked out upon the far-stretching prairie. Pepin, calling Antoine all the unpleasant names he could think of, told him to follow, and waddled up hill after the redskins as fast as his late exertions and his short legs would allow him. The Indians did not attempt to interfere with his movements. Once there, he immediately saw the reason of the interruption. Hurriedly retiring down the hill were three or four men, but whether whites or breeds it was difficult to determine. He rather thought he recognised one burly form, and determined to make sure of the fact that very night. He thought, however, it was quite excusable for any small party to retire. Twenty men could have been picked off by one before they got half way up. It was as well for the strangers that the Indians had opened fire so soon, otherwise some of them might have been left behind.

That night Pepin disappeared without saying a word to any one. The strange thing was that none of the Indians saw him go. Two days passed and there was no sign or trace of him. On the afternoon of the third day, when the two Indians on guard at the entrance of the Pass were busily engaged in quarrelling over some sort of rodent, nearly as large as a rat, Pepin suddenly rose up before them as if from the earth. They flattened themselves against the sides of the cliff in order to allow him and Antoine to continue their royal progress.

Pepin sought out Dorothy. She was at her usual place on the edge of the precipice that looked down upon the deep, divided channels of the great river. She turned on hearing the deep breathing of Pepin and the shambling of Antoine as they passed over some loose gravel behind her. She rose to her feet with a little cry of welcome. There was something in the dwarf's face that spoke of a settled purpose and hope. Their late awkward meeting was quite forgotten.

There was a by no means unkindly look on the dwarf's face as he seated himself beside Dorothy, and told her how he had slipped out of the Indian camp unobserved three nights before, and how, going back to Croisettes down the river, where he had left his mother, he had

fallen in with her friends, who had been rescued by British troops from Poundmaker's clutches and sent to stay there out of harm's way while the soldiers pursued the scattered and flying Indians. Pepin having told them that Dorothy was for the time being safe, though in Jumping Frog's hands, they of course wanted to start out at once to rescue her, but that was promptly negated by Pepin. Such an attempt might only precipitate her fate. It had come to his ears that Poundmaker's scattered band was at that very moment making back to the strange hiding place in the cliff, and that as it would be impossible for them—Douglas and party—to force the position, they must get Dorothy away by strategy. He had been to that wild place years before. There was a steep footpath at the extreme western end, close to the cliff, which led directly down to the water's edge. If a canoe could be brought overland on the other side of the river to that spot, and hidden there, it would be possible for him and Dorothy to get into it and escape. They could drift down with the current and land just above Croisettes. They would, however, have to take care to get into the proper channel, as one of them was a certain death-trap. It led through a horrible narrow canyon, which for some considerable distance was nothing more than a subterranean passage. There were rapids in it through which nothing could hope to pass in safety. To be brief, the canoe had been taken to the desired spot, but Pepin had been enjoined not to resort to it unless things became desperate. Jacques and Rory had gone off in search of the British troops, while Douglas and Pasmore remained where they were in case they would be required.

Dorothy was jubilant over the scheme and would have started off at once, could she have got her own way, but Pepin told her she must retire as usual to her tepee, where he would come for her if necessity arose.

* * * * *

One hour before dawn and a hundred horrible, pealing echoes rang out from the mouth of the Pass. The British had attacked without considering what results might follow their precipitancy. In point of fact, Bastien Lagrange, the unstable breed, alarmed by Pepin's unpleasant prognostications, had developed a sudden fit of loyalty to the British and gone off ostensibly to carry a message to Poundmaker, while in reality he went to search for the former in order that he might lead them to Dorothy's prison. Hence the present attack.

Dorothy heard the firing and rose quietly from her couch of skins. For five minutes she waited in a condition of painful uncertainty as to the true state of affairs. Then some one lifted aside

the flap of the doorway and Pepin entered with Antoine close at his heels. He was evidently perturbed.

"Ma'mselle, Ma'mselle," he cried, "you must come with me now. I have heard that Jumping Frog say something to two of his cut-throats of redskins! Come quickly!"

Without any interruption the dwarf and the girl headed down the gully that sloped westward. It was terribly rough travelling, and, but for following an old and tortuous path, it would hardly have been possible to steer clear of the rocks and undergrowth. Suddenly the gully stopped abruptly on the brink of the terrace, looking down which brought a thrill of terror to Dorothy's heart. It was as if a great waterspout had burst on the hillside and washed out for itself an almost precipitous channel. A wan dawnlight was creeping on apace, and Dorothy could see that it was at least six hundred feet to the bottom of this appalling chute. Pepin muttered something to himself as he regarded it.

"Have we to go down there?" Dorothy asked with white lips.

"So, that is so!" observed Pepin soberly. "If we go back there is the death that is of hell. If we go on, there is the death we know or the life which means your father or your Pasmore for you, and the good mother and the home for me. There is the canoe at the foot of this hill and those we have spoken of down the river at Croisettes. It is for you to make up your mind and choose."

"Come, Pepin, let us go down," she cried.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

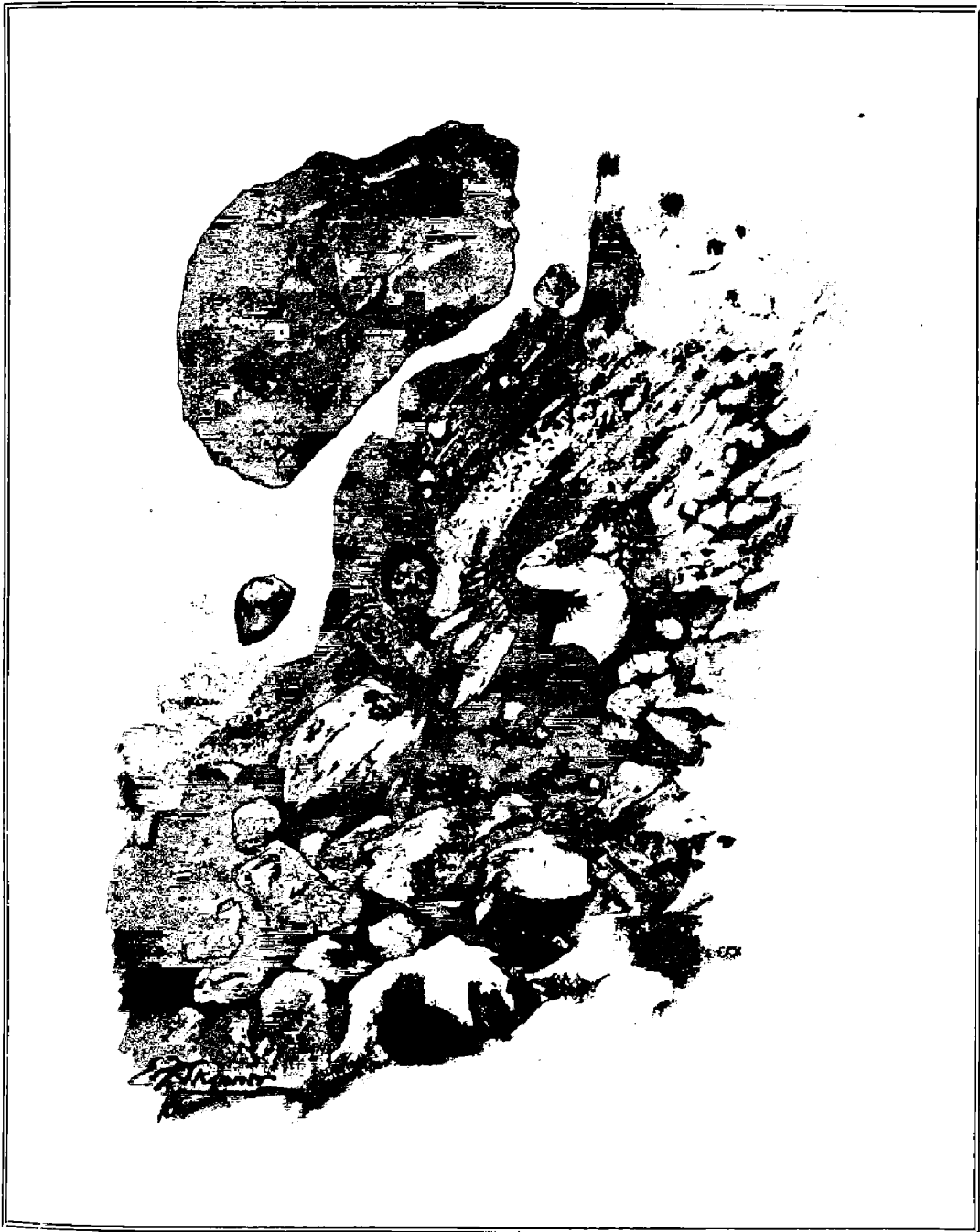
THE dwarf seized her hand, and, stepping over the brink, they began their perilous descent. They lay on their sides, feet downwards, and at once the loose sand and fine pebbles began to move with their bodies. Down the long slope they slid at a terrific pace that fairly took their breath away. To Dorothy it was as if she were falling from an immense height. The earth rushed past her, and for one horrible moment she feared she was losing her senses. It was a nightmare in which she was tumbling headlong from some dizzy cliff, knowing that she would be dashed to pieces at its foot.

"Courage, my dear."

It was Pepin's voice that brought her to her senses. She felt the grasp of his strong hand upon her arm. Soon she became conscious that their rocket-like flight was somewhat checked, and noted the reason. Pepin, who lay on his

back, had got his long stick wedged under his arms, and, with the weight of his body practically upon it, made it serve as a drag on their progress. Dorothy felt as if her clothes must be brushed from her body. She hardly dared look down to

stick, and they pulled up. Dorothy saw that they were now about half-way down—they must have dropped about three hundred feet in a matter of seconds. Then something that to Dorothy seemed to presage the end of all things



THE GREAT ROCK STRUCK THE GROUND A FEW FEET SHORT OF THEM.

see how much of the fearful journey there was yet to accomplish. Suddenly the sand and gravel became of a heavier nature. Their pace slackened; Pepin threw all his weight on to the

happened. There was a roar as of thunder over their heads. Looking up as they still lay prone they beheld a terrifying spectacle. A huge rock was bounding down upon them from the heights

above. It gathered force as it came, rising high in the air in a series of wild leaps. Débris and dust marked its path. It set other stones in motion, and the noise was as if a 15-pounder and a Vicker's Maxim gun were playing a duet. For the moment a species of panic seized Dorothy, but Pepin retained his presence of mind.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "It is that cut-throat and blockhead, Jumping Frog, who has been throw down that stone! But what need to worry! Either it will squeeze us like to the jelly-fish or the flat-fish, or it will jump over our heads and do no harm——"

He pressed her to earth with one strong hand as the great rock struck the ground a few feet short of them and bounded over their heads. A warm, sulphurous odour came from the place of concussion. An avalanche of small stones rattled all around them. It was a narrow escape truly, and the very thought of it almost turned Dorothy sick. She saw the rock ricochet down the steep slope and plunge with a mighty splash into the blue waters far below.

How they got to the bottom Dorothy was never able to determine. She only knew that when she got there her boots were torn to pieces, and any respectable dealer in rags would hardly have demeaned himself by bidding for her clothes. Pepin was a curious sight, for his garments looked like so many tattered signals of distress.

The two found themselves in a great gloomy canyon with frowning sides and a broad, leaden-hued river surging at its foot.

But the canoe, where was it? Had it been sunk by the rock from above? If so, they had little hope of escape.

But Pepin's sharp eyes saw it riding securely in a little bay under a jutting rock. Dorothy and he hurried down to it. There was a narrow strip of sand, and the water was shallow just there. The painter was wound round a sharp rock, and they pulled the canoe to them. Just at that moment a shower of rocks and débris passed within a few feet of them and plunged into the water, throwing up a snow-white geyser.

"Jump in, my dear," cried Pepin, "we will escape them yet, and that fool of a Jumping Frog will swing at the end of a long rope or die like a coyote with a bullet through his stupid head."

Dorothy got in, and Pepin rolled in bodily after her. He seized the paddle, seated himself near the bow, and dipped his blade into the eddying flood. "Now then, Ma'mselle, have the big heart of courage and the good God will help. One, two!"

The canoe shot out into the stream. Like a child's paper boat or a withered leaf it was

caught up and whirled away. There was a look of exultation on the dwarf's face; his dark eyes flashed with excitement.

"Courage, my dear!" he cried again. "Move not, and do not be afraid. Think of the good father and the sweetheart who will meet you at the Croisettes lower down. Think of them, dear heart, the father and the lover!"

Dorothy did think, and breathed a prayer that God would nerve the arm of Pepin and give them both faith and courage.

But the river was in flood and the current rushed like a mill-race. Dorothy fairly held her breath as the canoe rode over the surging waters. The river seemed to narrow, and great black walls of rock wet with spray and streaked with patches of orange and green closed in upon them. They came to a bend where the water roared and boiled angrily, its surface being broken with great blue silver-crested furrows. Suddenly Pepin uttered a strange, hoarse cry. There had been an immense landslide and the entire channel had been altered. Right in their path lay a broad whirlpool. Pepin paddled for dear life, while the perspiration stood out in beads upon his forehead. His face was set and there was a strained look in his eyes. Dorothy clasped her hands, praying aloud, but uttering no word of fear.

"Courage, courage," Pepin cried. "The good Lord will not forsake. Courage!"

The muscles stood out like knots on his great arms. His body inclined forward and his paddle flashed and dipped with lightning, unerring strokes.

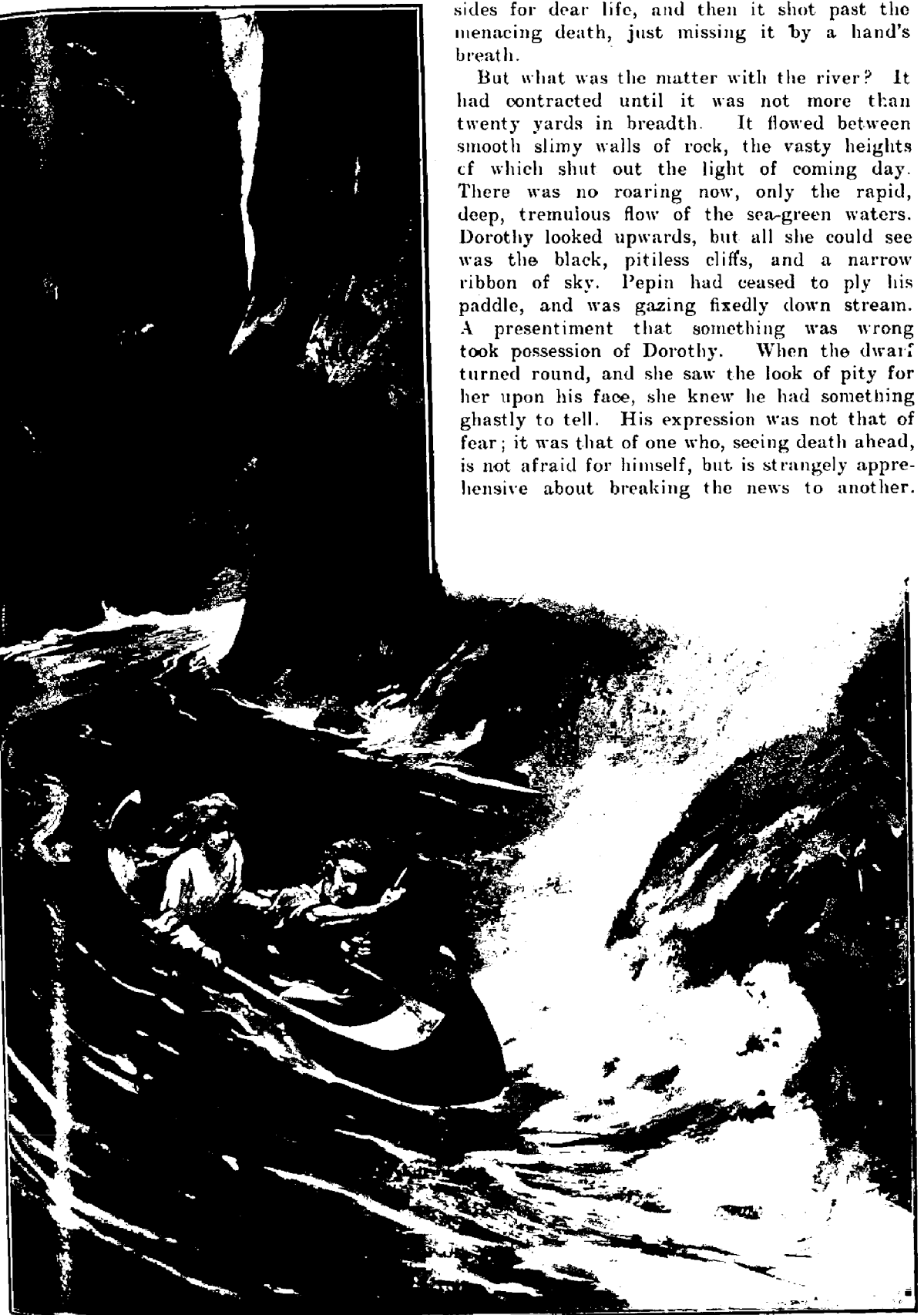
The canoe leapt out of the water, and then shot out of that swirling, awful ring into the headlong stream again.

"Houp-la, Hooray!" cried Pepin. "Thanks be to the good God! Courage, mon amie!"

And then the words died on his lips, and Dorothy perceived a sickly gray overspread his face as he stared ahead. She looked and saw a great mass of rock right in the centre of the stream, as if a portion of the cliff had fallen into it, dividing the passage. Pepin, who had somewhat relaxed his efforts, now began to rise his paddle again with redoubled vigour. His hair stood on end, the veins swelled on his forehead, and his body was hunched forward in a grotesque fashion. Once he turned and, looking swiftly over his shoulder, cried something to Dorothy. But the thundering of the waters was now so great that his voice was drowned. The canoe was heading straight for the rock, as an arrow speeds from the bow. Dorothy closed her eyes and prayed. There was a lurch, the canoe heeled over until the water poured in, she opened her eyes and clung to the

sides for dear life, and then it shot past the menacing death, just missing it by a hand's breath.

But what was the matter with the river? It had contracted until it was not more than twenty yards in breadth. It flowed between smooth slimy walls of rock, the vasty heights of which shut out the light of coming day. There was no roaring now, only the rapid, deep, tremulous flow of the sea-green waters. Dorothy looked upwards, but all she could see was the black, pitiless cliffs, and a narrow ribbon of sky. Pepin had ceased to ply his paddle, and was gazing fixedly down stream. A presentiment that something was wrong took possession of Dorothy. When the dwarf turned round, and she saw the look of pity for her upon his face, she knew he had something ghastly to tell. His expression was not that of fear; it was that of one who, seeing death ahead, is not afraid for himself, but is strangely apprehensive about breaking the news to another.



IT WAS THE DREAD SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGE, WHICH MEANT FOR THEM THE END OF ALL THINGS.

And all the time the thin ribbon of sky was getting narrower.

The girl looked at the dwarf keenly.

"Pepin Quesnelle," she said, "you have been a good dear friend to me, and now you have lost your life in trying to save mine——"

"Pardon, Ma'mselle, my dear, what is it you know? You say we go for to meet the death. How you know that, eh? What?"

Despite the tragedy of the situation, and the great pity for her that filled his heart, he would not have been Pepin had he not posed as the *petit maitre* in this the hour of the shadow.

She pointed to the great black archway looming up ahead under which their canoe must shoot in another minute. It was the dread subterranean passage, which meant for them the end of all things. It was a tragic ending to all her hopes and dreams, the trials and the triumphs of her young life. It was, indeed, bitter to think that just when love, the crowning experience of womanhood, had come to her, its sweetness should have been untasted. Even the lover's kiss—that seal upon the compact of souls—had been denied her. Her fate had been a hard one, but Dorothy was no fair-weather Christian. Was it not a great triumph that in the dark end she should have bowed to the higher will, and been strong? And her love, if it had experienced no earthly close, might it not live again in the mysterious Hereafter? She thanked God for the comfort of the thought. She had been face to face with death before, but now here surely was the end. She would be brave and true to all that was best and truest in her, and she felt that somehow those who were left behind must know.

The dwarf faced her, and his hands were clasped as in prayer. His face was transfigured. There was no fear there—only a look of trust in a higher power, and of compassion.

"Pepin," cried Dorothy, "you have been a good, dear friend to me, and I want to thank you before——"

"Bah!" interrupted the dwarf. "What foolishness is it you will talk about thanks! But, my dear, I will say this to you now, although you are a woman, there is no one in this wide world—save, of course, the good mother—that I would more gladly have laid down my life to serve than you! I am sure your Pasmore would forgive me if he heard that. Good-bye, my dear child, and if it is the Lord's will that together we go to knock at the gates of the

great Beyond, then I will thank Heaven that I have been sent in such good company. Now, let us thank the good God that He has put the love of Him in our hearts."

And then the darkness swallowed them up.

* * * * *

Back from the land of dreams and shadows—back from the Valley of the Shadow and the realms of unconsciousness.

Dorothy opened her eyes. At first she could see nothing. Then there fell upon her view the shadowy form of a human figure bending over her, and a slimy roof of rock that seemed to rush past at racehorse speed. It seemed to grow lighter. The canoe swayed; she heard the rush of water; then there was darkness again.

It was the splash of cold water on her face from a little wave that dashed over the side of the canoe that roused her. She opened her eyes. In the bow she could see Pepin kneeling; his hands were clasped before him; his deep voice ran above the surge of the current, and she knew that he was praying aloud.

The roof over her head seemed to recede. It grew higher. Pepin turned and seized the paddle. He dipped it into the water and headed the canoe into the centre of the stream.

"Ma'mselle, my dear," he cried, "the good God has heard our prayer. He has guided us through. Have heart of courage, and all will be well."

Dorothy raised herself on to her hands and knees. It was as if she had been dead and had come to life again. The stream opened out. Suddenly there came a break in the roof.

"Courage, mon amie!" cried Pepin, and he was just in time to turn them from a rock that threatened destruction. Then all at once they shot out into the great isle-studded bosom of the broad river, and the sweet sunshine of the coming day.

Half an hour later, and the canoe was gliding past the banks where the ash and the willow grew, and the great cliffs were left behind. They knew that they were safe, and in their hearts was thanksgiving. Suddenly Pepin cried—

"Ah, Ma'mselle, you Douglas female, look—don't you see it? There it is—Croisettes, and look—look, there is the good mother, and your father, and there your Pasmore, your pudding-head, Pasmore! Look, they run. Do not you see them?"

But Dorothy could not see, for her eyes were full of tears—like Pepin's.



MORE RIDING RULES.

IT is because I feel convinced that the long-standing friction between the cyclist and other users of the road would quickly become a thing of the past if the rules of road usage were generally understood and acted upon, that I once dwell upon this important subject. The golden rule of "do as you would be done by" is our guide in all such matters, and every rule I recount is based upon the essential equality of all in their right to a common share of the use of the King's highway.

OVERTAKING.

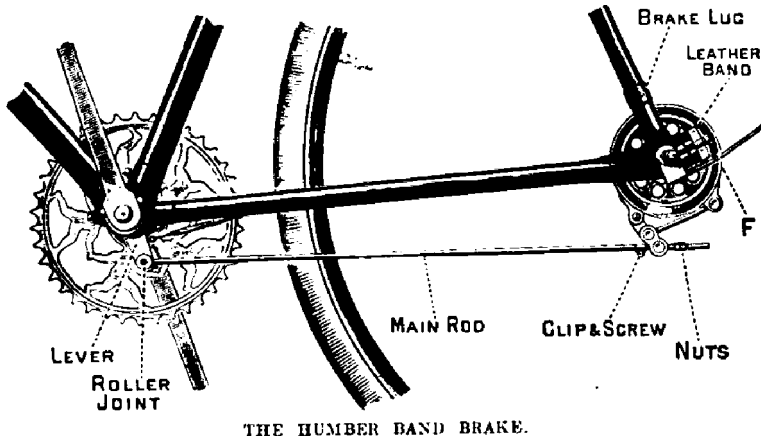
The cyclist must not insist upon a too literal observance of established usage. Being endowed with a power of mobility superior to almost everything else on the road, he should defer to the little preferences of his fellow-citizens for departing from custom in every instance where he can reasonably do so. The exception to the overtaking rule in the case of tram-cars was emphasised in last month's "Cycling Corner." A tram-car driver cannot draw away to his left. There are other drivers who can, but whom it is none the less quite unreasonable for the rider to require to do so upon all occasions. A heavily-loaded furniture van may, for reasons of safety, be purposely kept to the crown of a steeply "haunched" road, and the cyclist should not begrudge the trifling trouble of having to go far round to the right in order to pass it. Similarly, dogcarts or high shooting-carts are often kept as much as possible to the centre of the road's crown, because their occupants experience discomfort if their seats are tilted a-slope. It is unreasonable to require them to inconvenience themselves when a trifling deviation will enable the cyclist to sweep round to the right of them. It is only in the rarest instances that circumstances make it advisable that the overtaking should be done on the left-hand side.

THE LAW OF LAWS.

And here I would formulate a law of laws, which must govern all road work. It is this: No one has a right to decide when it is proper for him to make a departure from accepted rules, unless he is a skilled rider well versed in all road law and road usage, and is, moreover, habitually obedient in conforming to the laws he knows. I have often had letters sent to me—sometimes with diagrams showing the disposition of horses, vehicles, and pedestrians—asking who was in the wrong in a particular mishap described. It is impossible, as a rule, to elucidate problems of this kind unless the various speeds of all users of the road concerned are stated, and most people are quite unable to estimate speeds with accuracy.

FLOCKS OF SHEEP.

Before leaving the matter of overtaking, it may be useful to describe a manœuvre which I witnessed on the very afternoon upon which I am writing this. A girl was coming along the same way that a flock of sheep was being driven. Your ordinary drover, if he is at all disposed to be obliging, will contrive to make a passage for you. I have often requested this, and nearly as often have been politely accommodated. The rider in question, however, addressed no word to the drover. She hung behind the flock as long as she could, but being apparently unable to ride slowly enough, she was at last compelled to overtake it. This she foolishly did near the middle of it. I remember once being caught accidentally between two flocks of sheep. For a moment I felt that my machine was a sort of "Fram" nipped in an Arctic floe. Fortunately, when the pressure relaxed, I was still able to retain equilibrium and proceed on my way; but I should never invite such an adventure, as the girl rider I allude to did. She came



THE HUMBER BAND BRAKE.

to grief, and, most illogically, laid the blame upon the drover. Both appealed to me, and I was reluctantly obliged to inform the lady that the man was in no way at fault, and that the mishap had arisen solely from her not having mastered the art of overtaking sheep.

ON BEING OVERTAKEN.

As a rule it is inadvisable to allow yourself to be overtaken, except by very fast vehicles—at any rate in crowded thoroughfares. On country roads it matters little; but in towns of any consequence there is always the danger that the fact of your dawdling may more or less disorganise the traffic. There are, of course, exceptional cases in which you are fully entitled to go very slowly. You may wish to converse with a pedestrian. In this case you should travel at his pace, and keep well down to the left, so that all approaching from behind can take in the situation at once and make allowances for you. Under these circumstances there is no danger from the "stepper-off," for you are not progressing at a sufficient speed to overtake this foolish person. Incidentally, I would recommend every rider to acquire the art of riding a straight line at two miles an hour, or less.

DANGER FROM FURIOUS DRIVING.

Sometimes one may be overtaken by runaway vehicles, although most riders can keep ahead of them should it be necessary. The drunken or malicious person driving furiously is also a danger; and in quite recent years a similar risk has arisen in connection with the type of motorist who subserviates everything to his own personal pleasure. Various ways of escape from such danger will suggest themselves. To ride fast until a side street or branch road offers a refuge is a good line of policy, or refuge may be taken inside a garden gate, or

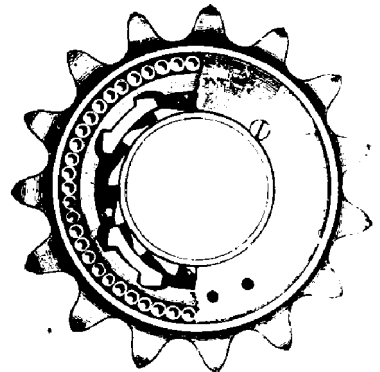
even a shop door. But if none of these havens happen to be at hand it is well to so place one's self that some intervening obstacle may present a more or less effectual defence from the on-coming danger. To stand a few yards behind a lamp-post, for instance, is to take up a comparatively safe position.

NAVIGATING TANGLED TRAFFIC.

The reason for the rule which forbids passing between two vehicles in motion—whether one or both of them is coming your way or going in the other—will be clear to every intelligent mind. I am well aware that in city riding this injunction cannot always be obeyed; but only the old hand, skilled in traffic work, ought to venture into cities. Even for him it is, to say the least, advisable that he should know something of the ways of the city whose thoroughfares he proposes to thread. I know that in touring this is not always possible; for the cyclist who cultivates the unrivalled joys of exploration naturally seeks new ground, and in so doing makes the acquaintance of new towns. Still, a knowledge of any particular town is an obvious advantage. Every cyclist should learn as much as possible about his own town, if he lives in one, and about all other towns which he habitually frequents.

TRAMWAY SYSTEMS.

Take the matter of tramway systems. It is advisable to know the gauge of the grooves in

THE HUMBER FREE-WHEEL.
AS USED BY THE KING.

the lines, which, in these latter days, is sometimes very wide, and increases the danger of crossing the metals when wet. The tendency in this direction is largely due to the dis-

covery that the cost of traction is less with wider grooves in the case of electrically propelled cars, which are becoming increasingly common in urban and suburban districts. Where these ply with any degree of frequency it is inadvisable to ride between tram lines, unless it is necessary to do so. A knowledge of the general tramway arrangements of the place is also often valuable. One who possesses it can tell on approaching a point or junction with a branch line which way any particular car, which for the moment enters into his calculations, is going to turn.

CAB RANKS.

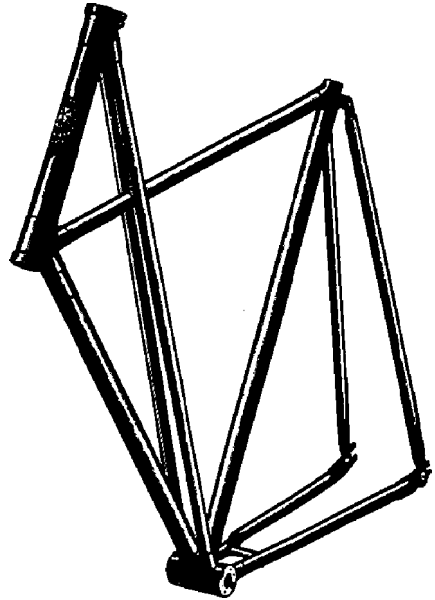
In town riding a very moderate pace is, under most conditions, the best to adopt. What would be considered a quite reasonable speed in the open country would rightly be ranked as furious riding in a town. The reason for this is that in a town all sorts of unsuspected dangers and difficulties lurk. When passing a cab rank, for example, I always make a practice of casting an eyeshot along the roofs of the cabs in order to satisfy myself that no driver is on his box in the act of preparing to draw out and start upon a journey. I remember an occasion when, having taken this precaution, and seeing no one on the verge of any such manœuvre, I was yet suddenly confronted with a cab in such fashion that the other traffic left me no escape except that of dismounting. The driver was on the footway with the reins in his hands, and from that position had foolishly decided to flick up his horse and give the animal and himself a walk. Had I been riding at fourteen miles an hour, instead of about seven, I should inevitably have come to grief.

BUSY CROSSINGS.

It is advisable to be very cautious at all city crossings. In most Continental countries there are many such crossings where a readily intelligible sign indicates that the cyclist is required to dismount and walk. In England we are allowed to ride through all sorts of traffic if we will only ride properly. The skilled cyclist will look ahead, and not merely survey the general scheme of traffic, but solve for himself as well as he can the puzzle of what arrangement that traffic will have assumed by the time he is amongst it. In this connection it is important to observe that the timing of your arrival at a crowded crossing is a matter of some moment. Alertness to alter the pace—to spurt or to slow down—is quite as important as skill exercised in good steering.

MOTOR SPEEDS.

It is perhaps as well here to call attention to the state of the law as regards the speed of cycles and the speed permitted to motors. The latter class of vehicles, as we know, is characterised by faster rates of motion than cyclists usually adopt. Indeed, the motor-car or the motor-cycle is usually the only thing which the bicyclist finds himself unable to overtake. Yet, while the law nominally limits the speed of all motors of every description, it does not in theory limit the speed of the cycle. No cyclist comes within the reach



THE HUMBER DUPLEX CROSS FRAME.

of the law unless he is guilty of "furious riding"; and that expression is defined as meaning "riding to the danger of the life or limb of some person other than himself." It is, therefore, clear that there can be no such thing as furious riding on the part of a cyclist on a lonely country road which, for the time being, he has to himself. It is well to remember this distinction between the motor and the ordinary cycle in case an accident should occur and a legal difficulty arise.

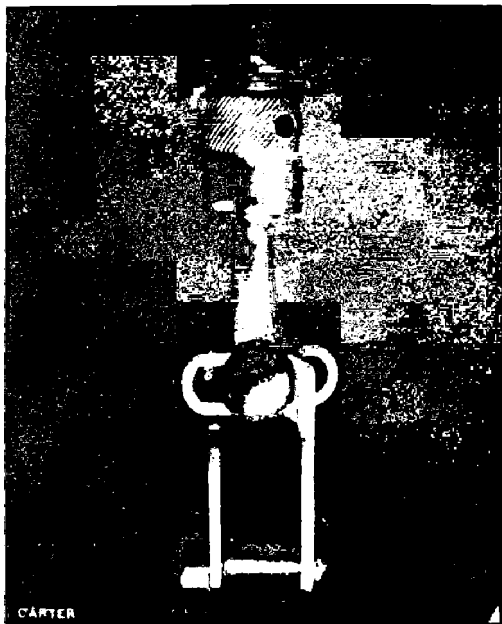
THE DUTIES OF CITIZENSHIP.

The duties of citizenship on the part of pedestrians cannot be entirely overlooked. I have heard a man say, "If I hear a cyclist's bell I take no notice of it." I did not hesitate to upbraid him. In my little chapter on "the use of the bell," I made it clear that that useful little instrument ought on no account to be abused. It should not be pealed forth indiscriminately, but reserved for occa-

sions when its sound is really required as a warning to some one. I told the cantankerous person, to whom I have referred, that he was quite wrong. The warning of the approaching cyclist was, or should be, given with the object of saving him the annoyance of being startled by an unexpected passage. The least he could do in return would be to acknowledge the courtesy by letting the rider know that he (the pedestrian) had accepted the signal, and the best way of doing this is by deviating, if only by a few inches, from the course which has been previously pursued.

LONG MACHINES.

There are various common-sense rules which will suggest themselves to the intelligence of the average rider. For instance, if you



THE ROSS JOINT FOR CONNECTING A TRAILER WITH A CYCLE.

should chance to be the steersman of a tandem, triplet, quadruplet, or other "multiplet" machine, you should instinctively take corners a little wider than you would if you were "tooling" your own single mount along. The reason for this is that the rear wheels of cycles have an inevitable habit of cutting corners, as I was at the trouble of explaining in my chapter on cyclometers. The longer the machine the more emphatic is the corner-cutting business. This remark will be seen to apply very emphatically to trailers, the persons drawing which, be they in charge of ordinary cycles or of motor machines, ought to give all

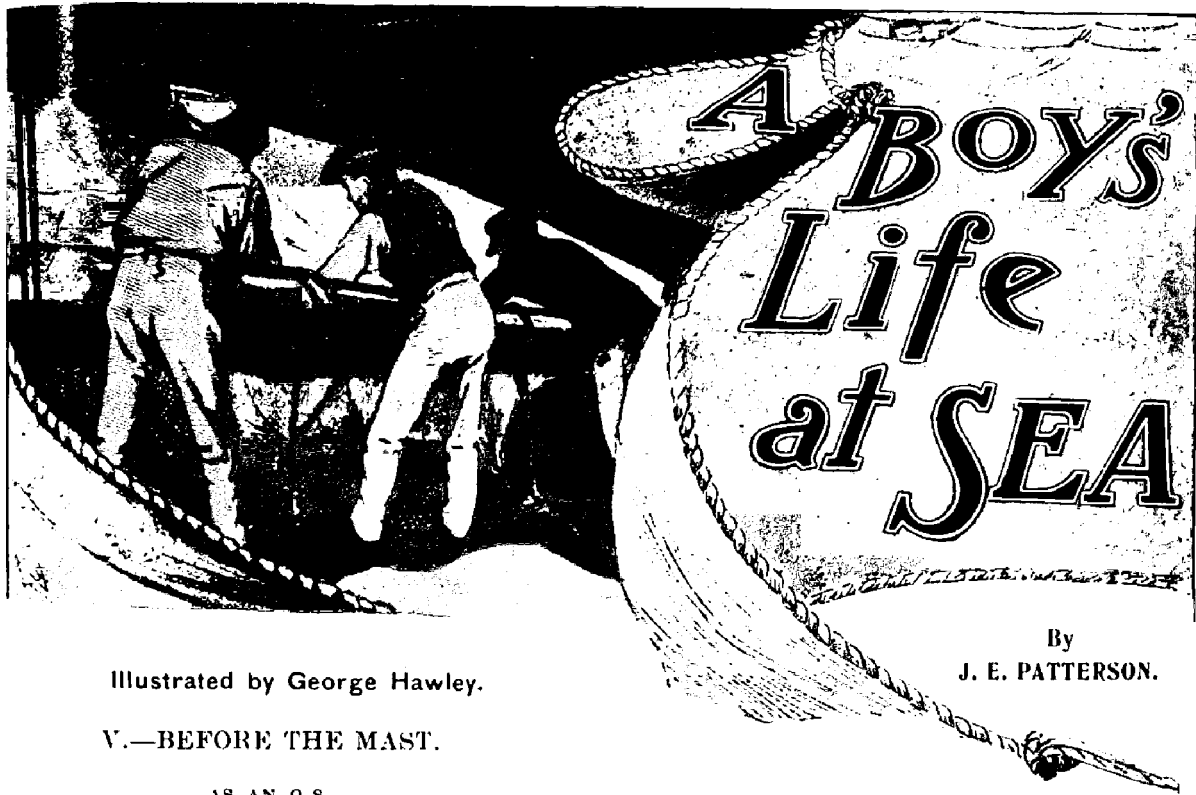
corners a very wide berth. A reference to one of our illustrations will here be handy. It shows the latest means of connecting a trailer with a machine, and a very effective means to boot.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Perhaps I can hardly close the consideration of these rules of street and road riding better than by insisting upon the general principle of having constant regard for the needs and difficulties of others. If you turn out of a quiet thoroughfare into a crowded one it is your duty before doing so to recognise yourself as something of an intruder. By this I mean that you must recognise that you are about to join company which is already much more bothered by traffic than you are; and it is, therefore, reasonable that in cases where it is doubtful as to who should give way, the situation demands that you should stretch the point by doing so yourself. Similarly, the rider coming down hill should always give way to the man who may happen to be toiling up; and—a matter seldom noticed because not thought of—a cyclist with the sun behind him should have every consideration for a rider whom he may chance to meet, because the latter is probably handicapped by having the sun in his eyes and, therefore, has a very bad outlook, however good eyesight he may happen to possess. In short, the general principle of the true rule of the road is to give and take, with an emphatic accent on the "give."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Stella**" (Stony Stratford).—It is quite true that Humber cycles are as I said. Pictures of them are given in this article. "**Hercules**" (Uppingham).—The joint is the best thing I have yet struck. It is the invention of Mr. J. E. Ross, of 367, City Road, Manchester. The ball will pull through the collar designed to hold it—as the inventor admits; but not for a long time, because the ball and ring are made of very specially hardened steel. None the less, one will sooner or later tear itself away from the other. Both arrangements have been specially so hardened that the time when this pulling away is likely to occur is indefinitely postponed. In the meantime the ball joint gives plenty of "give" for all road unevennesses or sudden turns, and the universal adjustability of the clamp is worthy of consideration. **A. P. T.** (Forest Hill, S.E.).—There are twenty firms who could do it to your satisfaction, and my only regret in replying is that in mentioning some of the best I may omit others equally as good. You may safely trust any of the following, not necessarily placed in their order of merit:—Humber, Swift, Enfield, Rudge-Whitworth, Singer, Raleigh, Rover. I am sorry that in no case can replies be sent through the post, the stamp enclosed notwithstanding.



Illustrated by George Hawley.

By
J. E. PATTERSON.

V.—BEFORE THE MAST.

AS AN O.S.

HERE we have the lad in a more humble walk than those in which he has been previously presented, yet at the head and front of his kind, *i.e.*, lads at sea. Cabin-boys, deck-boys, and even engineers' stewards in small "tramps" are looked down on by him—just as the non-uniformed apprentice is by the "middy" of the "liner"—and are really his inferiors in a nautical sense. Here, although but a youth of sixteen to nineteen years or so, he comes within the category of seamen.

Whether in home-trade or foreign-going, his duties are much the same, yet, owing to the different kind of men with whom he lives, his life is different, in little peculiarities that alone make the change. Deep-water sailors vary greatly from coasting men. For this reason the boys and youths who sail with them live in an element that somewhat differs from the life in a coaster's fore-castle. In home-trading vessels there is ever an easy-going homeliness that is very rarely found in ships which go further away. There the men are more dissatisfied, more callous, more selfish. This begets a misanthropic, Ishmaelite spirit, against which friendliness has to go down like a spar before a squall. There, with the odd exception of an occasional instance of three being chums, almost every one feels that all hands are ever ready to be lifted against him; thus is he

momentarily on the alert to protect himself, and as continually expecting that he will have to.

In all things but that of organised ill-treatment of the forward hands by the "after-guard," this holds good in ninety per cent. of deep-water men. Fore and aft alike the crew is cut up into cliques that rarely exceed two members each, yet no clique is in any real sense *brotherly* even in itself. There is everywhere a feeling of suspicion that makes true friendliness an unknown quantity, and sets men and boys alike on the alert for sharp practice. Between the officers and the forward part of the crew this trait of shipboard life is still more pronounced. Such being the case it naturally knits the two parties in separate bonds of sympathy, as a common cause usually does. In this the lads at each end of the ship share. Prospective young officers grow up with an increasing distrust of those under them; the while lads of the fore-castle attain maturity saturated with the idea that officers are but little more than slave-drivers, and themselves the ill-treated slaves. Even between the boys fore and aft there is ever a sleeping antipathy—jealousy and suspicion forward, over-riding superiority and distrust aft—that occasionally breaks its bounds in hot words or fisticuffs.

Whenever any of these eruptions come to the surface, there are sure to be A.B.'s who quietly incite the deck-boy, or O.S., as he may happen



THE ORDINARY SEAMAN, TAKING HIS "TRICK" AT THE WHEEL.

Drawn by George Hawley.

to be, to retaliate; and not too infrequently the underpart of the topgallant fore-castle-head, or—where this is not—the forward side of the deck-house is the scene of a youthful “set-to” in the half light of the first or second dog-watch—which- ever of the two chances to be the more opportune. On his side, the lad from aft is equally encouraged to resist the insubordination of the one forward, although his inciters, except his fellow apprentices, are not on the spot to give him the support of their presence. Black eyes and such resulting from these battles are winked at aft.

To live in a foul atmosphere and not breathe it is impossible. Thus we see that the boy grows up an almost indistinguishable unit of the great crowd of far sea-going men, a unit that is a distinctive one only in the matter of temperamental traits. At first he thinks the life is surely the hardest on land or water, is amazed and crushed by its non-violent brutality; yet remains and becomes one of the crowd, or leaves the life—according to his adaptability, want of it, or shore circumstances.

Having made two or three short voyages, or a long one, as a deck-boy, he has been promoted to the rating of an O.S.—often termed “the O.D.,” on board—that is, a young sailor unskilled in the full use of a marlinespike and in other higher duties that fall to the lot of an A.B. Ordinary seamen are seldom found in “tramp” steamers, nor often in those of a better kind; but most sailing vessels of four or five hundred tons and upwards carry from one to four of these youthful sailors. If there be only one, he usually works from six a.m. to six p.m., with half-an-hour for breakfast and an hour for dinner, and is called out during the night to shorten or make sail as required. But this rule is sometimes broken by putting him into the second mate's watch, if there be no younger lad. When a deck-boy forms one of the crew the second officer gets him, and the mate has the ordinary seaman, for he always takes care to have the strongest watch—that is, of course, where two mates are carried, which is not done on many home-trading vessels. When the ordinaries are equal in number, they are divided between the watches.

As may be expected, he—returning to him in the singular—is berthed in the fore-castle with the A.B.s; he, on the whole, lives as they live; and his duties are about on an equal with those of a labourer to a skilled artisan. In most cases he is either a runaway—prepared to do almost anything, and to do as done by—or is the son of a labouring man, and heedless as to whether he dips his hands into a tar-pot, goes on his knees to “holy-stone” the deck, or gets a buffeting in bad weather. And well it is for him if he is

such; sad for him it is if he is not of either kind. Should he be unfortunate in the matter of having “notions,” his life will be the opposite of ease; not because he will get “more kicks an’ cuffs than ‘a’pence”—those were the too forcible signs of a past day's *régime*—but because there is a finer, yet worse, brutality than a blow. Continual sneers, scoffing, the worst of dirty and most menial work, overtaxing and underfeeding, make up a punishment that is almost immeasurably harder to bear, and certainly so in mercilessness, than the brief application of a line-end.

His food is exactly the same as the men's—if they do not filch it from him, because of his being too retiring, lazy, or above his station in having exalted “notions.” In fact, the Board of Trade scale of daily weighed-out provisions applies equally from the master down to the lowest rated man or boy on board, although the afterpart of the crew is always fed in a much better way. His wages may be as low as thirty shillings per month, or as high as two pounds ten shillings. His duties are—in this one particular like that of every seaman, except the captain—first and most imperative, *obey orders* (there is a nautical proverb which runs—“obey orders if you break owners”); second, to know his work and how to do it; third, to give no “back answers.” Of course, the whole body of his tasks is the daily and nightly learning to become an A.B.

For this reason, when an able-seaman is engaged on a piece of “sailorising,”—such as a difficult splice, making a fine knot or one in an awkward position, serving ropes with spunyarn, *i.e.*, twisting the thin yarn around the thicker article with a peculiar mallet made for the purpose, or mending a sail—an O.S. is put to work with him as his labourer. Thus the lad is taught those things which an A.B. must know—just as the master teaches his apprentice the navigation and seamanship that go to make him a captain. In time, the youth is told off to splice, knot, *etc.*, by himself; and, when fit for a higher rating, he mostly goes on his first voyage as an able seaman in the same vessel wherein he made his last trip as an O.S.

But his meaner duties—those which, in addition to lack of skill in the higher ones, make him what he is—these are the sources of trouble, pain, want of self-respect; and withal, if the lad be “worth his salt,” the spur to rise in his calling. These tasks comprise the fetching of his watch's meals from the galley, being last to take his turn at the platters, and having his ears “boxed” if he spills any of the soup, or lets the meat fall by slipping on the deck in a breeze; the daily cleansing of their fore-castle; the returning of empty platters to the galley; the attending aft

to receive their daily and weekly stores of butter and "crackers." Then, to add a finish to all these, there are the petty tyrannies of an occasional ill-minded officer, and those of old-fashioned, crusty and lazy A.B.'s.

When "liberty time" (a day's holiday on shore) is given in foreign ports, he gets a little money and the day off along with his elders; unless he happens to have misbehaved himself, in which case he may be kept at work as a punishment. On completing the voyage, he will be a wise lad if he joins the Royal Naval Reserve. To the First Class of this auxiliary body to our Navy he is not admissible, but he can enter the Second Class. By doing this, he places himself under the obligation of twenty-four days' gunnery and small-arms' training per annum, yet is not compelled to do each course of drills within a year of its forerunner—that is, if he finishes a training at the beginning of its year, he can then go to sea for the next year and eleven months before having to complete his following course.

For this "obligation" and the call his country then has on him as a prospective fighter, he receives two pounds ten shillings per annum as a retaining fee, and nineteen shillings for each week's training of five hours daily—Sunday being paid for, but no drill done. These trainings may be on an old battleship fitted with guns for the purpose (the pitiful part is that they are generally obsolete), on a small sea-going gunboat, or in a fort, the choice being given him according to the port he is in. His term of service in the R.N.R. is five years, when he may retire from it or re-enroll.

If he perseveres in these drills he will, whilst engaged on his third course, become entitled to wear a red anchor badge—meaning that he is to a certain extent proficient in gunnery, the use of small arms, and in making evolutions. The badge carries with it an extra penny per day of the training: but its chief value lies in allowing its possessor the privilege of drilling one day or ten, and then going to sea (as occasion serves) instead of having to complete a fortnight each time he begins a course.

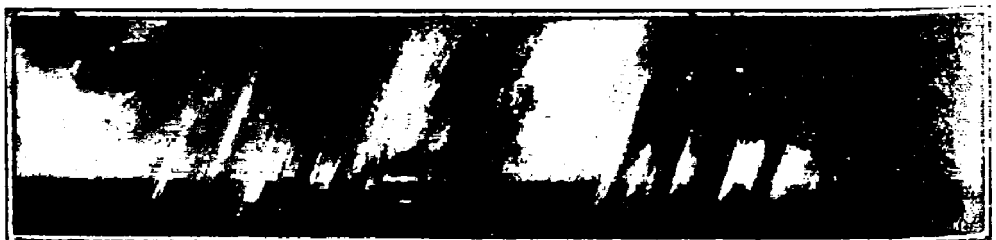
Above and beyond all this, the great service which the R.N.R. is to him is that it not only proves him fit for the rating assigned him on

the ship's articles—he always carrying his enrolment certificate, and having it made, by the shipping-master, to correspond with his particulars on those articles—but it secures him better treatment at the hands of captains and officers who would otherwise mete out but little mercy to him. Bullies of the poop have a wholesome dread of those red or black book-like certificates, which may bring them to the disquieting notice of that rare bird, a sympathetic shipping-master or Consul; or, better still, under the lash of a Naval officer.

This, again, is treating the lad rather as a youth than as a boy; but as a subsequent article deals with him in a younger state, and seeing that the old boy has already been included in these papers, it will perhaps not be out of place to give the "old boy" his share of them as we go along. Moreover, the youth in this case is a parallel to the smart apprentice for whom £80 or so has been paid as a premium for him to be made an officer.

In the matter of importance the latter leads the way amongst boys aft. Here in age and position the O.S. does the same. Of course, there are ordinary seamen with beards on their faces, but they are usually young men who have drifted to sea, willy-nilly, in a sense, from longshore life, about docks, or are matured waifs from seething town life. Such are the exceptions which prove the rule, and the presence of one makes no material difference to the youth who now forms our subject. He, half-way between the states of boy and man, is ever the same in his sea-surroundings—a boy to all intents and purposes, excepting where he chances to be of large size and corresponding strength: in which case he quite fills the place of a man at such work as shortening sail, making sail, at the pumps, or hauling on a rope anywhere.

On those occasions he often does more than the debilitated A.B. by his side, and does not forget to enlarge on that fact at times when the work is done—in banter or otherwise, according to mood and varying circumstances outside himself. Such is the youth, such his life at this stage of his ocean career. His other matters of environment depend on whether he is on a "rattle-trap" barque, a clipper ship, or a well-found steamer.



TRIED BY FIRE.

A TALE OF THE FORGE.

By A. B. COOPER.

"A H, it's well to be some people, with nothing to do but a bit of garden-
ing."

"Ha! ha! Yes, it looks kind o' holiday-makin', doesn't it?"

"How is it you are not at the forge?"

"I'm on the night-shift this week, sir, an' I can never sleep as well by day, somehow. I gen'rally wake about two o'clock in the afternoon, and, in the spring especially, I potter about this patch o' garden. It's such a change of work, you see, an' they say a change is as good as a rest."

"Just so. I daresay you're right. But if I had to work all night, I think I should want to sleep all day."

"Ay, some folks take more sleep than others. They seem to need it. Now, Dad's not up yet—he gen'rally has an hour or two more than me."

"Oh! Your father works at the forge too, then?"

"Yes, he's night watchman. But I should say he's not my father."

"Why, I thought you said he was?"

"You mean I called him Dad, sir?"

"Yes."

"So I did, an' so I allus do, but we're not blood relations—though, God knows, in one sense we are; few fathers ever paid such a price for a son as Dad paid for me."

"Indeed? You arouse my curiosity."

"Come through th' gate, sir, an' sit down on th' bench, an' I'll tell you what I mean."

I was the new curate, and the neighbouring great ironopolis was a new world to me. John Darby had joined my social club, and thus I had come to know him fairly well after a fashion. But of the peculiarities of his occupation, and of his domestic circumstances and surroundings, I had hitherto been ignorant. He had struck me, from the first, as being a quiet, thoughtful working-man, intelligent above the average, and evidently anxious to increase his store of knowledge; hence, when I saw him digging in his little plot, and trying to persuade a flower or two to exist in the

cindery soil, I was right glad of an opportunity of getting a peep at another side of his life and character.

Just as I entered the gate, I caught a glimpse through the open door of an old white-haired man, hobbling with difficulty down the stairs, and supporting himself with two sticks.

"Your Dad, as you call him, is getting to be a very old man," I remarked, with some surprise, for, somehow, having heard that he acted as night-watchman at the forge, I had expected to find him a man in later middle life at most.

"Ah, sir, that's part o' the price he paid for me. He was forty-eight last month."

"Forty-eight!" I cried, in utter astonishment. "Why, he looks nearer seventy-eight?"

"Ay, sir, he does, an' he has cause. My mother went out o' the world when I came into it, and father—who was never much of a father to me—died when I was a lad o' ten. I was left without a penny to bless myself with, an' they said I must go to th' workhouse. An' to th' workhouse I s'pose I should ha' gone, safe enough, but I had a Sunday school teacher—a man of thirty-six or so, single, livin' alone, a furnace-man at th' forge—the best man as ever lived! When they talked o' th' Bastille—for that's what they call th' workhouse in these parts—Tom Heyes—that's Dad—said 'No.' When they asked him how it could be prevented, he said he would prevent it by takin' th' little chap hissel'.

"They say, sir—an' I tell you th's in confidence, an' without vouchin' in any way for its truth, for he ne'er breathed it—but they say he'd loved my mother, and she'd pass'd him by. Well, however that may be—an' I wouldn't mind it bein' true—he was as good as his word, an' from that day to this I've lived wi' Tom Heyes, an' called him 'Dad.'"

"But what about the price he paid for you?"

"I'm comin' to that, sir. You see, although I lived wi' him, I wasn't his, an'

although I liked him right enough, I didn't love him—at first. I was a careless lad, an' easily led astray. I'd been badly brought up, if you could call runnin' wild in th' streets bringin' up at all. Dad was a Christian, sir—the real, genuine article—an' I knew my careless ways troubled him a lot.

"I was an ungrateful dog. A year or two passed, an' I grew too big in my own eyes to go to th' Sunday school wi' Dad. I got loafin' about wi' a gang o' lads that led me into all sorts o' badness.

"Well, that sort o' thing isn't thought much of by a lot o' folk, that's true, but to Dad it was terrible. He'd been reared among decent workin' folk, an' there's no sort that's straighter an' more partic'lar than they are, sir, as I daresay you know! But Dad ne'er pitched into me, nor talked about future torments an' terrors, nor aught o' that sort. He just used to look at me, so wistful like, as if he wanted me to love him, an' do right because he would like it. But, lad-like—though sometimes a bit softened—I was soon playin' the same old game.

"I'd just turned fourteen, an' had been workin' about a year with Dad at the forge. We were on nights that week. Eh, that night! that night!—I'd sworn at Dad just before we started from home, an' said I wouldn't live wi' him any longer—as if I were doin' him a favour by stayin'—and he'd borne it all, like the saint he was, an' he'd just looked at me wi' that old yearnin' expression. I could kick mysel' now, sir, to think of such base ingratitude to a man whose clogs I wasn't fit to clasp.

"That night, early on, he says: 'Jack, lad, we mun go behind th' furnace an' look at one o' th' plates. I was o'er there last night, an' it looks shaky. Thee get o'er an' I'll fetch th' tools an' join thee.'

"Now, our furnace was th' endmost in th' works, an' th' back of it made a sort o' corner, cut off from th' rest o' th' yard, an' runnin' up to an old buildin', where they stored scrap-iron an' such-like lumber

"There was a window, small-paned, made of thick, old-fashioned, bottle-green glass cracked an' grimy. There was barely an inch o' window-sill, an' it was about six feet, or maybe more, from th' ground. I had to climb o'er a bit of a wall, abuttin' on th' furnace, to get behind, an' then drop down th' other side, into a little, irregular-shaped space.

"I was kickin' my heels waitin' for Dad to bring th' tools, when, just as his face appeared o'er th' low wall, without th' least

warnin' th' very plate we'd come to fettle up gave way, an' there came a rush o' white-hot metal, so close past me that it scorched my clothes, ay, an' it lit up th' corner as bright as day.

"What a lot can happen in a minute! After my first jump back, I stood dazed, an' might ha' been burnt to a cinder where I stood, but Dad shouted 'Help!' three times, as hard as he could bawl, leapt across the molten stream to my side, an' springing up at th' old window, broke th' lowest panes wi' th' hammer he held in his hand. He could barely reach even then, and so you may know the window was quite out of my reach.

"Metal, even when it's white-hot, doesn't run near as fast as water, an' then, that end o' th' nook was a trifle lower than where we stood; but th' hiss'n' torrent was pourin' out o' th' furnace, an' th' tide, so to speak, was advancin' an' risin' at a terrible rate. Dad laid hold o' me, an' pulled me to him. 'I'll jump,' he says, 'an' catch hold o' th' frame, an' thou mun climb up to me, an' hold on for thy life.' An' wi' that he sprang again, an' laid hold o' th' window frame, all fringed wi' broken glass.

"Even in that terrible moment, wi' th' sputterin' torrent at my heels, an' heat fit to roast you, I saw the blood pour down his grimy arms, an' I saw, too, black faces, with wide, white, starin' eyes, come to th' low wall, an' then disappear. But I'd no time to waste. The stream was close to my clogs. 'Jump!' shouted Dad, an' I sprang on his back as he hung, an' he turned up his legs to gi' me a footin' an' I clambered to his shoulders, till I could put my arms round his neck. But there I stuck. Not a bit higher could I get. All the strength went out o' me, an' I felt like reelin' back into th' burning pit below.

"I pulled mysel' together, an' Dad looked back at me with the old yearnin' look, an' then—eh! I thank God I did it—I just put my head o'er his shoulder, an' kissed him on the cheek. An' he looked back again, an' the tears were flowin' fast.

"He said: 'Hold fast, Jack, lad: ne'er heed me.' Then he shouted again, 'Help!' an' I said: 'They've seen us, Dad.' an' he said, 'Thank God! Hold fast!' an' all the time we could hear the hiss'n', spittin' metal spurtn' out o' the rent.

"Then Dad went white to his lips. His eyes seemed to start out, an' I saw—what I think no man livin' e'er saw before—I saw Dad's hair turn white!"

"Never, surely," I cried, horrified, but in-

credulous. "In a single night I've heard it said, but—in a moment?"

"I saw it, sir, with these eyes. Depend upon it, when a man's hair turns white in a single night, it turns white suddenly. He only found it out next mornin'.

"An' now my strength came back, an' I hitched myself up a bit—careful like, so as not to jar Dad's poor bleedin' hands—an' I saw, what at first I hadn't seen, an' old rusty bar that crossed the window place high up. I laid hold o' this wi' both hands, to relieve Dad o' my weight. An' it's a good job I did, for, just then, I felt Dad's hands givin' way, an' I'd just time to clasp my legs under his arms, where they'd hung all the time, an' twist my feet together, when his dead weight came on me, an' I knew he'd fainted.

"You may be sure I couldn't stand that strain long, an' me a bit of a lad, and in that roastin' heat too. But now I heard voices at th' wall, shoutin': 'Hold on, lad! Stick fast a bit longer. We'll get at you.' Then glass flew in my face, but I cared no more for it than for a shower o' rain, for I knew they were breakin' through from inside. But the thing that did the job was an iron rod they thrust over the wall to use as a batterin' ram. In a minute the whole window was driven in.

"As it fell crashin' inwards eager hands were thrust out. They stretched down first an' got a grip o' Dad, for they could see I was givin' out fast. Then, when they'd got a safe hold of him, they bundled us both through the window hole, with as much ceremony as you'd expect, if you were bein' snatched from a fiery death."

"That was the price he paid then?" I said.

"Ay, but the half has not been told. It wasn't torn an' bleedin' hands that turned Dad's hair white before my eyes that night. As he hung there, with my arms an' legs clasped round him, he hadn't strength to keep his feet up, an' they were burnt to cinders by the risin' white-hot mass o' metal. That's the price he paid for me, sir, an' if I worked my own hands off for Tom Heyes—my Dad—I could never, never pay the debt."



"I SPRANG ON HIS BACK AS HE HUNG, AN' HE TURNED UP HIS LEGS TO GI' ME A FOOTIN'."

He turned to hide his emotion, and at this moment the old man—for so I must call him still—hobbled out on his two sticks into the garden square, and, as he sat down upon the bench, and John spoke my name, I took his twisted, sinew-bound hands in mine, and felt that for once, at least, I clasped the hands of a man indeed—Tom Heyes, forger and hero.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

COMMON ERRORS OF YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Errors before Exposure.

PUTTING A PLATE IN THE WRONG WAY ROUND.—A photographic dry plate or film has a right and a wrong side; the right side is that which has a coating of film sensitive upon it, and is best distinguished by being regarded obliquely against the dark-room lamp. If a bright image appears reflected on the surface, that is the glass, or wrong, side. The effect of this mistake would be that the picture would be slightly out of focus, and reversed as to left and right—that is to say, a right-handed batsman would appear to be playing with his left hand. The plates or films should be inserted in such a manner that the film side faces lens when in the camera.

FINGERMARKS ON PLATES.—The film of a dry plate will readily take up the slightest moisture, grease, or dirt of any description from the fingers. You should, therefore, be careful to

touch only the edge or the back of the plates or films when putting them in the camera.

DUST.—Any dust or small particles of matter on the plate will prevent the light falling on it, and cause transparent spots on the resulting negative. Therefore, the films should be carefully dusted with a soft camel's hair brush, or, what is still better, a piece of clean velvet or plush folded over a piece of felt with the plush side outwards. This arrangement may be purchased, ready-made, at the dealers, but may easily be made at home. The interior of the camera and plate-holder should also be carefully freed from dust.

Errors during Exposure.

ERRORS IN MAKING EXPOSURE.—An error which beginners sometimes make is to insert the plate and draw the shutter of the plate-holder while the lens is open. This, of course, exposes the plate before the subject is arranged, and the plate is usually spoilt from over-exposure or movement. Another error commonly made is that of omitting to draw the shutter of the plate-holder, and so not really exposing the plate at all. Plates are also occasionally spoilt by the shutter going off and admitting light to the film at the wrong time, or, through some mishap to it, the shutter may be fixed open and thus spoil every plate or film. I have known many spools of film split in this way, owing to the shutter being damaged by pressure in packing when on tour.

UNDER-EXPOSURE.—This is a very common error indeed. Young photographers naturally imagine that when a subject looks bright they can make a snapshot of it, forgetting that, although the subject may look bright to their eyes, the photographic intensity of the light may be very low. This is especially the case early in the morning, or in the evening, on fine days. As an example we may say that in December, in brilliant sunshine, about midday, a subject will require almost five times the exposure it would under the same conditions in June. Therefore, it is always advisable to ascertain beforehand as nearly as possible what the proper exposure should be. If that exposure is too long for the subject, save the plate.

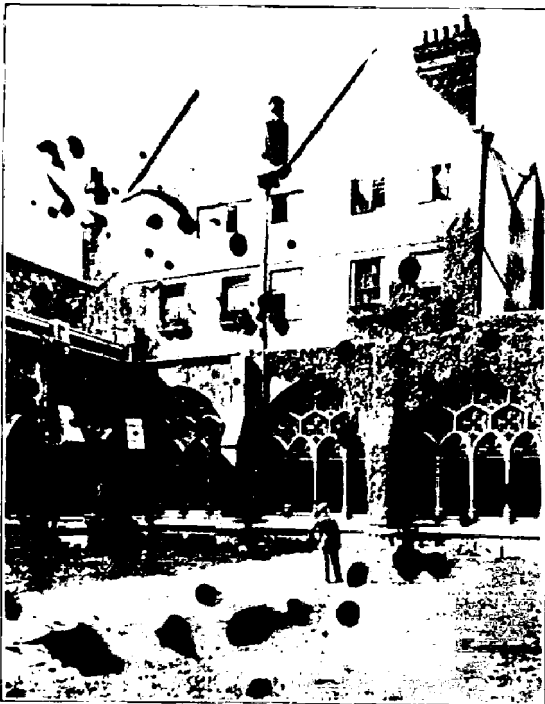


PLATE SPLASHED WITH CHEMICALS IN THE DARK-ROOM. DARK SPOTS CAUSED BY HYPO; LIGHT MARK BY AMMONIA.

Errors after Exposure.

UNEVEN FLOW OF DEVELOPER.—This is usually caused by trying to economise the quantity of developer. Beginners should allow themselves plenty of solution, as developer is very cheap, and economy in that direction is very false, as it not only wastes the plate, but often causes the loss of a picture which may be very difficult to repeat. Two ounces should be allowed by a beginner for a quarter-plate. The plate should lay at the bottom of a dish *just large enough to take it*. The developer should be flowed over the plate in one wave, by running the measure along one long side of the dish, the opposite side being held a little higher. As soon as the developer is in the dish, bring the dish down level by dropping the side which was held higher at first. Our illustration will show the effect of uneven flow of developer.

AIR-BELLS.—Some photographers recommend that the plate should be soaked in water before development. This is not a good plan, as it often causes air-bells to form when the developer is flowed over. It is much better to proceed as directed above. Another cause of air-bells is using the developer many times over. This causes froth to form, and this froth is simply one mass of air-bells on the top of the developer. These stick to the plate and prevent the developer acting in these places, leaving transparent, or semi-transparent, spots. In order to prevent this, use your developer gently. It is certainly advisable to rock the dish, but it should be rocked quite gently and not with sufficient violence to cause froth.

SPLASHES WITH CHEMICALS.—Our other illustration shows the effect of splashes of foreign chemicals on the plate before development, the dark spots being caused by splashes of hypo. on the plate, and the white spot at the top of the picture by a splash of ammonia. Carbonate of soda will give the same effect. Splashes of chemicals during the development will have the same effect, but with less sharply defined outlines.

PHOTOGRAPHING PICTURES (in reply to "No. 2. Plico," Anerley).—The reproduction of coloured pictures in monochrome, by means of photography, is somewhat difficult, and, as a matter of fact is only done well by two or three firms in London who make a speciality of that branch of photography; to photograph pictures in monochrome is not so difficult, but both require a

camera with a long extension, and preferably one which focusses from the back. A front-focussing camera may be made to focus at the back by fixing it on a board and clamping the front, so that when the rack is turned, the back is moved instead of the front. Of course, the usual screw-hole must be left free to slide over the board. For coloured pictures it is necessary to use orthochromatic plates and a light filter. It is also important that the picture should be properly illuminated, and that the correct exposure should be given, allowance being made for the increased extension of the camera, which alters the value of the diaphragm or stop in the lens. A hand-camera of the ordinary type is extremely unsuitable for this kind of work.

Criticism of Prints. (No. 2. "Plico," Anerley).—Nos. 1 and 3 are under-exposed or under-developed. No. 2 is a very good little photograph, and the only improvement I can suggest is that when making more prints, you



THE EFFECT OF USING TOO LITTLE DEVELOPER, CAUSING IT TO FLOW UNEVENLY OVER THE PLATE.

should continue printing a little deeper. The "Kodak" developing machine is at present made in three sizes, at three prices—the largest size, taking films up to and including 5 by 4, costing thirty-three shillings; the middle size, which develops films up to the No. 1a F.P.K. size, and costs twenty-six shillings; and the "Brownie" machine, the price of which is ten shillings.

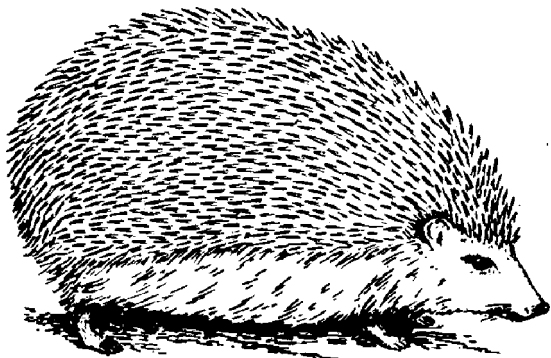
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

Guinea Pigs.—"What's in a name?" There is a good deal of error in some names, and that of the pet commonly known as guinea pig is just as full of error as two words will hold. It has no relationship to the "gentleman that pays the rent," and it is not a native of the Guinea Coast or of New Guinea, as might be supposed. It is really a native of Peru, and its correct name is cavy. It is known to have been domesticated by the ancient Incas, and to have been introduced to Europe by the Dutch soon after the discovery of America. Probably it was brought across the Atlantic by traders with Guiana, and was thus called the Guiana pig, the first word afterwards getting changed into guinea. Somebody has been telling T. P. Smithbot (Henley-on-Thames) to feed his guinea pigs on bark and mushrooms, a somewhat remarkable diet. We should advise carrots, corn, oats, green vegetables, and a mash of bran and bread mixed with warm water. His pets are more likely to thrive upon this fare. Their house should be in a warm and dry place, as they cannot endure either wet or cold. "S. G. S." (Beddington) wishes to know the usual number of young in a litter. An encyclopædia he has consulted says eight to twelve. Well, in a wild state the cavy only produces one or two young ones a year; but as a pet it may have young two or three times in that period, and the number at a birth will vary from two to five or six, the number largely depending upon the care that has been taken of it, and the average temperature of the district in which it lives, the litters born in the south of England being, as a rule, larger than those produced in the north of Scotland. The young are born with their eyes open, and are otherwise so well developed that in about three weeks they are quite independent of their mother, who, indeed, takes no further care of them. Their commercial value, "S. G. S.," is not high, but varies of course with their breed and condition.

The Care of Hedgehogs.—The hedgehog is no more a member of the pig family than is the cavy. This remark is suggested by the letter of



THE HEDGEHOG.

"Enquirer" (Wolverhampton), who asks whether he should let his pair of hedgehogs run in the garden or keep them in a cage; and if the former, will they require other food than the "greens" they find in the garden? Greenstuff, roots and grain form admirable food for guinea pigs, but hedgehogs would

starve upon such fare. By all means, "Enquirer," let your hedgehogs have the run of the garden, if it is walled. If, however, it has but a fence, your pets will burrow beneath it and disappear, as we know to our cost. Make up a rough little shed in some out of the way corner and fill it with straw in which the hedgehogs may hide and sleep during the day, for they are nocturnal beasts, and only become active at twilight. Their food consists of beetles, worms, snails, and eggs if they can get them. Any small animals, such as mice, snakes, birds and frogs, that they can capture they will eat, and gamekeepers tell shocking tales of their depredations among the young pheasants. They are also fond of milk, and we used always to put down a saucerful for our's every evening. They soon find it, and will come to the same spot at the same hour every evening. Failing a walled garden, they should be given the run of a scullery, cellar or outhouse, with provision of a nest of straw for retirement during the day. Where a house is infested with cockroaches—the so-called "black beetles"—the hedgehog will earn the value of its lodging and largely find its own board. "Enquirer" asks if the father would destroy the young hedgehogs in the event of any being born. There is always a danger of this in the case of pets, and therefore the male should be kept apart until the young are able to take care of themselves.

Entomological Matters.—One of "ours" who signs himself "Pupa" (Hove), and declares he is a keen entomologist, asks what one is to do when he finds moths' eggs on palings and doesn't know what to feed the young caterpillars on. Of course, if you can only tell what kind of moth laid them, the matter is simple. To this end you might send a few of the eggs to us with a full statement of the conditions under which they were found, and we would try to supply the name of the parent. But if that is not possible, and the eggs have hatched, try the caterpillars with the plants that were growing nearest to the place where the eggs were found. It is scarcely correct to say that all caterpillars will eat lettuce, but many of those of the *Noctua* will do so; and it is a safe thing to try "loopers" (*Geometra*) with the common knotgrass. Any entomologist in your neighbourhood would gladly help you by naming your caterpillars and indicating the proper food; or, if you sent one safely packed to us, we would do our best for you. With regard to stuffing thick-bodied moths, we have dealt with the question in the January issue, which see. Personally we have much greater faith in naphthaline than in camphor for protecting specimens from mites, etc. "Cossus" (Malden) asks which is the best time and place to seek for caterpillars of the Goat-moth. Seeing that these caterpillars take three years to become full-grown they may be sought at any time, but as they are inactive during the winter, that is the least favourable season. "Cossus" should look out for a decaying willow or poplar, and then, if his sense of smell is fairly acute, he can detect their presence by the peculiar odour they give off, which, from its similarity to that of the goat, has earned the insect its name. As they feed in the decaying timber they are troublesome things to rear, and if "Cossus" wishes to get good specimens of the moth by this means, a better plan is to hunt for the chrysalis in loose soil and rubbish near the affected trees, in June.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

It is a pleasure to read such a well-written article as "The Typist," which is by MISS ISABEL PICKTHALL ("Nobody Much.") I shall forward Miss Pickthall a six-shilling book for a prize. I may add that her article, though well-written (in a literary sense), was really "typed," and very well typed, too.

The Typist.

IT has often been said that a typist's work is more monotonous than any other. Probably it is, in many cases; but when one is typist to a firm in which the several managers dictate their own letters, the work is often very far from being monotonous. There

is one man who dictates his letters at a very high rate of speed, in execrable English, with here and there ill-fitting French, German, and Latin quotations; who makes his letters three times as long as they need be, and uses the noble art of "repetition" until he does not know where he is himself and asks for the last two or three pages to be read out to him. This man's letters have to be cut down, rearranged, the French and German expressions altered, replaced, or cut out, and the whole to be written altogether, so that the meaning is obvious, and not hidden behind scores of roundabout, ungrammatical sentences; and when the gentleman in question receives his letters from the typist, written briefly, clearly, concisely to the point without abruptness, he wonders where he got the knack of composing so beautifully.

Then there is the man who speaks slowly, very slowly; who thinks for about five minutes before each word, and for about five minutes after it, when he decides to have it crossed out; who spells each word in which there are more than six letters for the edification and enlightenment of the unhappy typist.

There is the man who has not time to attend to his correspondence in a proper manner and deals with it in jerks throughout the day; there is the man who cannot compose in the presence of a shorthand writer and sends in long sheets of undecipherable matter to be made out and written; the man who expects one to leave everything when he wants any work done; the man who gives countless minute directions about the simplest piece of work; and, worst of all, the man who leaves everything until late in the afternoon and comes into the office about five minutes before the usual train time with a huge bundle

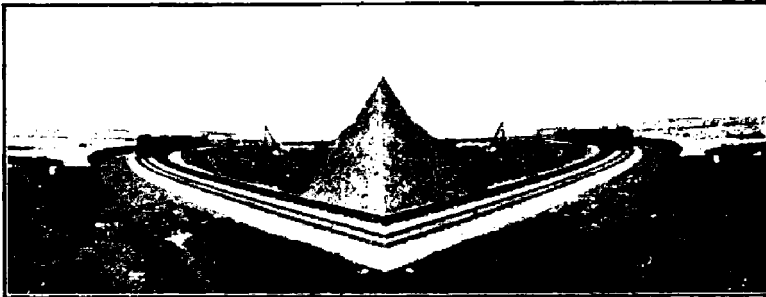


This very wonderful Natural Bridge is to be seen in one of the most delightful parts of Kentucky; the span of this bridge is 37ft., and, as the reader can see, trees are growing on the bridge itself.

Sent by "American Boy."

of letters under his arm, all to be answered and dealt with entirely. If this man knew how very unwelcome he is sometimes, he would quietly drop his letters into the nearest waste-paper basket and sneak out, pretending that that was all he came in for.

There are just as many varieties of typists



THE COLLISION.
Photo by E. Pearse Wheatley.

as there are of the men who give them their work: the typist who cannot spell, the typist who cannot type, the typist who cannot read her shorthand notes, the slow typist, the untidy typist who makes smudges and blotches all over her work, and the punctual, reliable, bright-minded typist, upon whom you can depend to have your work turned out A1, who is never slow, never misspells, always understands the drift of your remarks, and, in short, who is the typist brought to perfection. And in the last-named class you will certainly find your humble servant,

“NOBODY MUCH.”

THE above photograph might well be entitled “The Collision,” since it will be seen that both trains are on the same line, and when snapshotted were travelling at a high speed. Perhaps it is hardly fair, even to those who know South Devon well, to expect them to recognise in this photograph the picturesque curve of the Great Western Railway before it runs into Dawlish, although it may help them to know that the left hand half of the picture is the proper view reversed.

ED. PEARSE WHEATLEY.

Rugby v. Association.

FOOTBALL, as played under Association Rules, is the natural game for a boy to play. From the time that a boy is first able to walk, he likes to be kicking something, whether it be a stone, a ball, or a message basket. The way many boys look at it is this: it is a pleasure to kick a ball and none to

carry it. There is, of course, a certain amount of kicking in Rugby football, but it is mostly of “a kick and a rush” type, without the delights of dribbling and shooting. Rugby has many rules which are difficult to master, the opposite of which is the case in Association. One vital reason why Rugby does not “take on” like Association is the fact that in the average game the whistle blows almost every minute, whereas in Association the game has a much greater chance of continuing without interruption for a long time. There is an idea prevalent that Rugby is a gentleman’s game, while Association is not. Rugby is principally played by the upper classes because it has no attractions for roughs, and because it has always been considered gentlemanly to play it.

There is no reason why boys should not play Association and yet remain gentlemen, and already, in Scotland, at least, this view is being taken, and the better class schools are going in



This magnificent Pine was recently removed several hundred yards, after much careful labour, in the Royal Botanical Gardens, Edinburgh.

Photo by G. Malthouse.



A CLEVER PEN DRAWING BY T. ALLWORK CHAPLIN.

Nicknames of Famous Football Teams.

Aston Villa	Villans
Bury	Shakers
Bolton Wanderers	Trotters
Broughton (R.)	Griffins
Derby County	Rams
Everton	Toffeemen
Grimsby Town	Fishermen
Hibernians	Hibs
Leicester (R.)	Tigers
Luton Town	Strawplaiters
Middlesbro'	Ironworkers
Millwall	Dockers
Notts County	Lambs
Northampton	Cobblers
Portsmouth	Pon:pey
Queen's Park, Glasgow	Spiders
Reading	Biscuiters
Rochdale (R.)	Insects
Sheffield United	Tykes
Sheffield Wednesday	Blades
Small Heath	Heathens
Southampton	Saints
Stoke	Potters
Sunderland	Wearsiders
Tottenham Hotspurs	Spurs
Third Lanark	Warriors
Tyldesley (R.)	Bongers
Warrington (R.)	Wirepullers
West Bromwich	Throstles
West Ham	Hammers
Wolverhampton Wanderers	Wolves
Woolwich Arsenal	Gunnars

The (R.) denotes "Rugby."

ALBERT ALBROW.

more strongly than formerly for Association. If Rugby is to prosper, the rules will have to be revised and simplified.

JACK L.

[In criticism of the above article, Mr. C. B. Fry writes:—"Jack L.' has not worked out the comparison very systematically, but he makes one or two good points. 'Soccer' is, without doubt, more genuinely football than Rugby is. I do not know, however, that the laws of the former are simpler. Is this not rather a matter of which game you have played most? The perpetual whistle is certainly a drawback to Rugby. But there is a modern nuisance in Association—the referee who suffers from what may be called the 'whistle-rash'—a kind of audible nettle-rash. This, however, is a failing, not of the game, but of the referee. There is no foundation for the idea that Rugby is, in a greater degree than Association, a game for gentlemen. Such an idea may obtain in Scotland and the north of England—not so elsewhere. Social distinctions do not affect the merits of games, as such. The rules of Rugby would stand revision—so would those of 'Soccer'—by a committee, in each case, including at least one first-rate player, one lawyer, and one grammarian.—C. B. F.]"

Ideals.

AN ideal of some sort or other is what every fellow should have. There are a few who, in a vague, hazy kind of way, possess one so-called, but in the majority of these cases it is generally unattainable and sometimes even

absurd. This, of course, is worse than none: far better to go plodding on, shaping out your own course. However, this is unnecessary, for although it does some lads a world of good to be absolutely independent, don't forget that there are plenty who, but for the influence of some stronger character, might go under altogether.

Take school life first. As a rule, in any large place, or even where the numbers are small, there is always one person, and not necessarily a master, mark you, possessing some man-



HOW THE TELEPHONE WIRES ARE REPAIRED ABOVE THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE BUILDING.

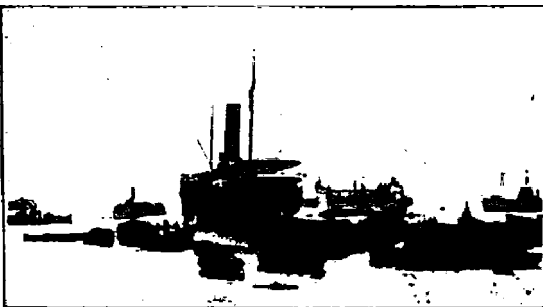
Scut by F. C. Turner.

lier, nobler attributes than the ordinary run, and who, on account of these qualities, should be studied.

This is, perhaps, open to the argument that a fellow, if he became aware that he was so watched, would instantly be spoilt, and probably turn conceited and priggish.

This, of course, might happen, and then the lad would instantly degenerate into that contemptible being, the pattern boy. You know the kind of youth I refer to. A smug, smooth-faced, oily-tongued boy, always so good, yet invariably a sneak and universally disliked. Let me here just rub this home to these kind of fellows. A boy who cannot get on, not only with the masters, but also with his own comrades, is generally a downright wrong'un. It is sometimes natural to fall foul of masters, but he who has not one single friend, and is distrusted by all alike, is a person to be avoided.

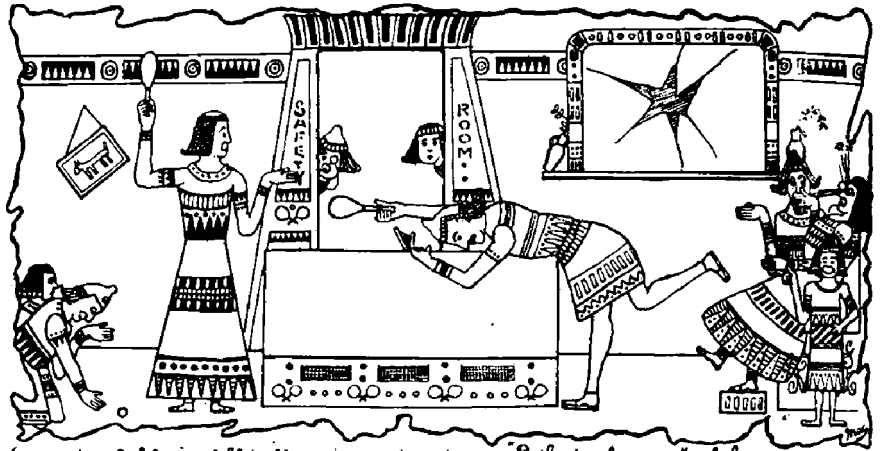
Do you remember in "Tom Browne's School-days" that there were two boys, Tom and East, who for continual misbehaviour were in danger of a severe punishment—almost, it might have been, expulsion. But the wise old Head had a far better plan. Instead of dismissing them, and thereby blighting their whole lives, he gave them the care of a smaller boy, over whom they were to watch, and for whom they were, in a way, held responsible. The result was such as Dr. Arnold expected. Each of them



The Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Mail Packet s.s. *Chile* going into a floating dock (on the right of the photo) at Valparaiso.

Sent by S. Langlois.

turned out well, and little Arthur grew into a fine man. This kind of training, besides teaching the art of self-reliance and respect,



(An ancient Babylonian tablet illustrating a pastime, by name "Sinky-panky pong," which was very popular during the reign of King Heli Wala the Fourth.)

Drawn by Cecil M'C. Mann.

also forms the foundation for that essentially British quality, manliness.

These are what ideals should be, and every playground in the land can provide at least one.

And all through, the main idea is the same. You may in after life become, say, a clergyman,



SANGER'S CIRCUS PROCESSION AT FOLKESTONE.
Kodak snapshot by F. S. Wotton.

a doctor, or a lawyer, or, being more ambitious and brainy, a statesman: and you set before yourself some great man who prospered in the profession which you have marked out for your own, and in doing so you act wisely. But beware of one thing; know exactly where to stop, never lose your own individuality. Do what other men have successfully done before you, but in so doing use your head; think and act for yourself.

"VIATOR."

"Captain" Club Criticisms

H. L. Dobrée.—I have just been reading your essay on the other Channel Isles—Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou. There is a good deal of information (of a kind) in the paper, but, as I have told you before, you do not write

carefully enough, your punctuation being deficient and your mode of expression very loose and disorderly. I remember you once wrote asking how one may obtain journalistic work, let me warn you that aspirants for posts on newspapers have to write very much more correctly and lucidly than you do. I don't deny that you have ability, but you must understand that scribbling off a letter to a relative or friend is one thing, while writing an article for a paper or magazine is quite another. Try an essay on "The Less-known Channel Islands," i.e., Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou. We have already had essays on Jersey and Guernsey. The last sentence of your essay contains some information that is absolutely new to me, i.e.,: "Herm is the residence of a foreign prince, and Jethou is merely a large rock with one house on it." You could build a nice little article on this one sentence. Look spy about it, H. L. D., for there are certain young ladies in the C.I. who wield very nimble pens, and might possibly anticipate you! "**Artistic**" (Ilkley).—You ought to try the provincial galleries with your paintings; or you could send to the following, after first writing the Secretary for application forms, enclosing stamped envelope:—Royal Academy, Piccadilly, London, W. (receiving days, end of March); New Gallery, Regent Street, W. (beginning of March); Society of Oil Painters, Piccadilly, W. (about December 15th); Royal Institute of Water Colours (early in March). Far better try the following:—Birmingham Royal Society of Artists (first week in March, or first week in August); Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool (early in August); Corporation Art Gallery, Manchester (last week in July). "**Penny Cress**" (Southampton).—"Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," by Edward Step, F.L.S., our natural history editor, will tell you all you want to know, as it contains about 130 coloured plates, and it is also handy for the pocket when you go out on country rambles. Flowers must be carefully drawn, not roughly sketched. **Roger D.**—If you are going to study ships you must find out all about them, and learn to understand the difference between a brig and a brigantine, a barque and a top-sail schooner. Artists who do not study shipping often make silly mistakes. **Dixie** (Sheffield).—(1) Book-cover and poster designing require ability quite different to illustrating for the Press. (2) Yes, an artist can make a good living by drawing for the weekly and daily papers in pen-and-ink, but only a good and powerful draughtsman succeeds in this line, as he has to be a rapid worker and indicate a great deal in a few lines. I would rather not advise any boy to become a black-and-white artist unless he is *exceptionally clever*. **H. C. Pearse** (Dublin).—I shall endeavour to use at least two or three of the photographs you sent within the next three months. **Walter G. Vann**.—The photograph is hardly of sufficient general interest. It is both over-exposed and a little over-developed; that is why it is so chalky. **S. J. Bond** (Leicester).—Sketches certainly show a great improvement; outline much better, and freer in manner of shading. We do not reproduce jokes which treat lightly of the drink question. Will other CAPTAIN Club artists also bear this in mind? "**Maoriland**" (Nelson, N.Z.).—Sketch is very spirited, but too slight and uninteresting for general publication. Send a sketch of something in New Zealand that will interest English readers. **H. H. Wellington**.—If you write more slowly and take pains with every letter your

writing would improve very rapidly. As it is, you first point a letter backwards, and then forwards, and then anyhow. Buy from your newsagent a "Tit-Bits" copy-book, price 2d., and carefully repeat the headlines given therein. **James Coupar** (N.B.).—Your sketch and joke are both clever, but not suitable for publication. **Erin** (Glasgow).—Candidly, I do not think it would be wise of you to take up black-and-white art with a view to making a living thereby. Should you, however, not care to follow my advice, and come to live in London, write to the Secretary of Blackburn's Black-and-White Studio, 123 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W. You could study there for five days a week, and they give special instruction in black-and-white drawing for the Press. The Secretary would give you full particulars. Enclose stamped envelope. **Will Adams** (Belfast).—Your drawing is not clever enough for publication. You want more practice. I have thrown it, as per request, to the office dog. Your second letter interested me. Tom B. is certainly a good fellow. CAPTAIN stamps have been sent to you, and I shall be glad to hear from you again. **George Whitelaw**.—Decidedly clever, but too late. **J. C. Cohen** (Clifton).—Will endeavour to use snapshot of Clem Hill during the summer, and will carry out your wishes thereby. **Gildart J. Walker**.—General effect of sepia sketch good, but you want to pay more attention to drawing. Also the perpendicular lines of even a ruined castle are worth studying carefully. **A. E. Beswick**.—Pen drawings show a fair amount of ability; had they been more suitable I should have endeavoured to have found space. As it is, I wish you success in the future. **Hypo** (Highbury).—I will endeavour to use snapshot during the summer months. You will see by the announcement in this number that Mr. Warren Pell is writing a new serial, which begins in the April CAPTAIN. **Gerald Von Stralendorff**.—The photographic freak looks decidedly curious, but is by no means uncommon. The "Camera Corner" this month will enlighten you on this subject. Even as a joke we do not like to see photographs, or even hear, of girls smoking cigarettes, as the practice is a very bad one. **R. K. Hitchcock** (York).—(1) Photographs of merely street scenes are not of sufficient interest to the general reader. (2) Yes, later on. (3) To buck up THE CAPTAIN all you can, and recommend it to such friends as do not already read it. You're a good fellow. (4) I will ask the Stamp Editor to reply. (5) See answer to H. H. Wellington. **Henrietta S. Down**.—Unfortunately the snapshot is so small that it would not look interesting when reproduced. **G. C. Blake** (Hythe School).—The O. F. doesn't look half so pleasant as you depict him to be. Sketch is clever. Buck up! **An Imperial Yeoman**.—The snapshots are too small, and not clear enough. **Walter A. Mitton**.—Yes, it's clever, and will use it room. **Albus-Niger**.—Sketches are good, but don't show any great ability. **Reggie Holmes**.—Photos interesting; will use if room. Remember to write your name on the back of all snapshots in future. **C. G. McClure** (Glasgow).—Good; will use one of them. Further criticism next month. **X. Y. Z.** (Glasgow).—(1) If you really could grasp the amount of correspondence the various editors of THE CAPTAIN have to tackle it would surprise you. That's why we give short answers; no space for merely thanking kindly contributors like yourself. (2) Yes, we hope to publish

further American stories during this summer. (3) Draw on white card, not rough paper. **Maurice H. Perrott** (Brisbane).—What a long and interesting journey! Am always glad to hear from you fellows—"down under!" Send 'em along.

Contributions have also been received from: E. Read (Cambridge), H. E. Martin, J. E. Vinni-

combe, L. Ray, Grasshopper, F. P. Newbold (who shows great improvement), Jack Francis (if space permits), J. O'N. Blair (pretty good), J. A. Whitelaw, K. M. Davies, C. F. Knowles, R. Hashim (smashed in the post), E. N. Lee (next month).

THE ART EDITOR.

(Literary Contributions will be criticised by the Editor next month.)

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. —, Class —, Name —,
Address —, Age —.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

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 postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, "THE CAPTAIN,"
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by March 18th.

The Results will be published in May.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"Copy of a Picture."—Copy any picture you like in this number, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. **THREE FULL SETS OF DRAWING MATERIALS** will be the Prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"Map of Central America."—As this part of the world is exciting a good deal of public interest just now, this will be an instructive and useful task. Do not go further north than lower California, or further south than Colombia; these States to be included in the map. We may add that as the prizes are generally won by coloured

maps, it is advisable for all competitors to make their maps as like the original as possible. **THREE PRIZES** of 7s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"Missing Features."—On one of our advertisement pages you will find a drawing of a set of animals with parts of their faces missing. Fill these in to the best of your ability, and post the result to us. Note that the faces are not intended to be comic. **THREE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS** will be awarded as Prizes.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Handwriting."—Copy, in your best handwriting, the first twelve lines of "The Gelet Cup." Prizes: **TWO CAPTAIN POCKET-KNIVES**, value 10s. 6d. each.

Class I. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class II. Age limit: Twelve.

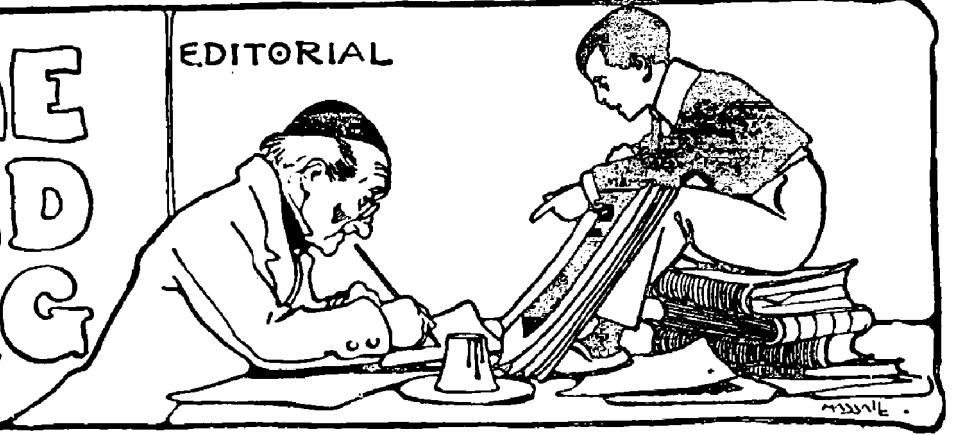
No. 5.—"Peg Puzzle."—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a diagram with full instructions printed below. Neatness will be taken into consideration. **THREE PRIZES** of goods to the value of 7s. from our advertisements.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Tailpieces and Initial Letters."—We will pay 5s. for the best tailpiece or initial letter, and half-a-crown for each one subsequently used in the magazine in addition to that which wins the prize. No age limit.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

In the middle of this page you will find a list of the new features in our next volume. I do not intend to give away in advance any particulars concerning the plot of either of the serial stories, which you will be able to examine for yourselves all in good time. As regards the "New Series," I think most of you will be very pleased to renew acquaintance with Mr. Harold Burrows, author of the jolly "Junior Side" tales. "Lower School Yarns" will be considerably longer than those in the former series, but they will be just as jolly. The series, "Bars to Success," should prove useful to thousands of boys who may possibly take the wrong road after leaving school for want of a little warning in advance.

And now for a word regarding the author of our new sea serial.

Capt. Charles Protheroe,

although now living a quiet and, in comparison with his previous existence, what he might term a humdrum life in a London flat, was for many years master of a vessel voyaging among the "Islands," as they are called by sailormen and others who go down to the Pacific Ocean in ships.

After an intimate and extended acquaintance with Cape Horn, he forsook those inhospitable latitudes for the more genial and romantic atmosphere of the South Seas. In New Guinea he had the unique privilege of visiting many places, during the course of his wanderings, where but few, if any, white men had been before him, and also suffered shipwreck on the famous Great Barrier Reef.

Remembering a large amount of what he felt and saw, the mental notes he took should last him as writing material for the rest of his life.

His story, "The Isle of Fortune," which describes the adventures of a mate of a schooner which set sail from Sydney Harbour for the South Seas, is full of excitement of a very real and natural order. It also has the ring of probability about it, so often lacking in stories connected with the sea, many of the incidents in this case being founded on actual fact.

In my humble opinion the worthy Captain is one of the quaintest writers of sea stories in this country. Apart from plot and incident, his tales are distinguished by a certain very pleasing humanity, as well as an ability to sum up character. The Captain has a very pretty way of philosophising, and if for no other reason than this his tales are well worth reading.

VOLUME IX.

COLOURED PLATE: THE CUB-HUNTER.

NEW SERIALS.

THE LONG 'UN.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory."

THE ISLE OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of the South Pacific.

By Captain CHARLES PROTHEROE.

Illustrated by George Hawley.

NEW SERIES.

LOWER SCHOOL YARNS.

By HAROLD BURROWS.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

BARS TO SUCCESS.

By ALFRED T. STORY.

I.—ON CHOOSING THE WRONG PROFESSION.

Commencing in the APRIL NUMBER,
ready March 21.



Chas Protheroe

AUTHOR OF OUR NEW SEA SERIAL, "THE ISLE OF FORTUNE."

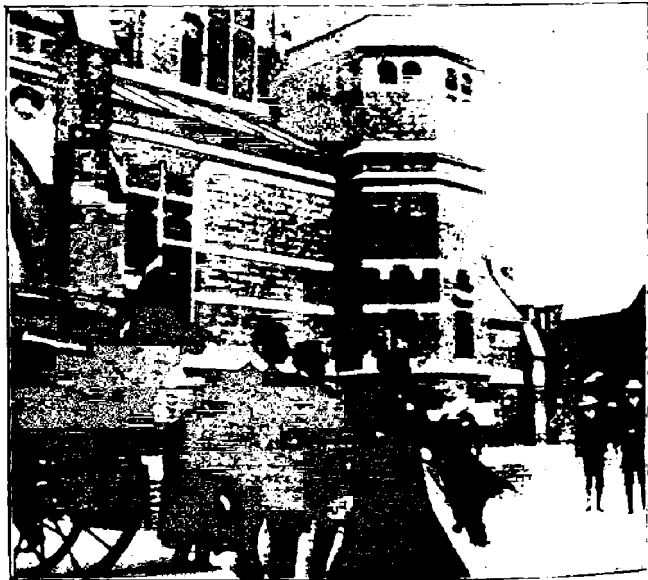
Other Features : Our good experts will continue to give us of their best. Mr. Step, for one, will have some very interesting things to say about the treatment of "Pets" in the summer, and will also deal with a number of other natural history matters of a topical and seasonable nature. I intend to give Mr. Step a little more space in future. Among other things, Mr. Haydon Perry will write on "The Cycle in Business" and "How to Teach the Bicycle." There will be plenty of photographic and pictorial competitions in our next volume, as we have learned by experience that these are the most popular competitions among our readers. At the same time, we shall not overlook the requirements of the essay-writers and the poets.

About Canada : The following letter is interesting and instructive:—

DEAR OLD FAG,—

I have been reading *THE CAPTAIN* lately, and must say I think it an exceedingly good magazine. There is one thing, however, I would like to criticise, and my criticism does not apply particularly to *THE CAPTAIN*, but to all Old Country magazines. It is the continual representation of Canada as a very cold country, where people never leave off furs, and, as it were, a country where there is no summer. It annoys Canadians a very great deal to find stories in English magazines concerning Canada relating continually to the coldness of the climate, and the time of the stories to be always in winter. It is very hard to find in an English magazine a photograph of a Canadian scene which doesn't show something wintry. I may say that it has been very rare for me to come across a photograph of a summer scene. Look at the present story ("The Rising of the Red Man") in *THE CAPTAIN*. It is not taking place in winter. Do not the pictures give a sense of terrific cold, with the people all wrapped up in furs, and with the great amount of snow on the ground? Now, does all this seem right when one remembers that winter in Canada lasts only one-half of the year? I am at present in Montreal; there is no snow on the ground, there is a fine, clear sky overhead, with a bright sun shining down. I wore no furs to church to-day, but went with a "Chrysty" on my head, a pair of light gloves on my hands, and no overcoat. The date is November 9th, 1902—the King's birthday.

Now, I ask you, as the editor of a well-known magazine, is it fair to Canada to be falsely represented as an awfully cold country, as only this very summer I was in Manitoba (near the scene of "The Rising of the Red Man"), and experienced days when the thermometer registered from 80 to 95 in



Dr. Temple, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at Rugby School on July 7th, 1902. This snapshot was taken just as Dr. Temple was leaving the speech-room, led by his wife and son, and followed by Dr. James, the present headmaster. This was the only photograph taken of his Grace on the occasion of his last visit to Rugby.

Photo by F. Betts.

the shle? Is it fair to represent her by photographs and tales as a country without summer, for what other view can a reader take who sees photographs of snow, and tales of winter, and never either a photograph or a tale of summer. You must know yourself that English people are terribly ill-informed concerning Canada. They believe it to be a country of Redskins and half-breeds, when, out of a population of 5,500,000 people there remain hardly 250,000 Indians, the most of whom live beyond the dwellings of the white men. I say Englishmen have more ideas of the United States' climate and people than they have of the lands that have remained loyal to them. It is not right. Do you know, there are more Indians in the United States than in Canada.



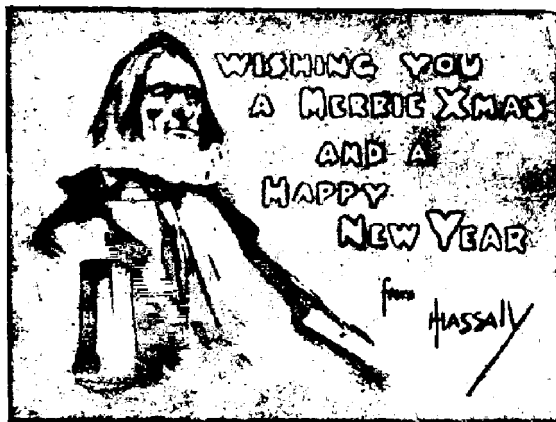
and yet we don't hear so much about them. Don't you think you could endeavour to correct these false views?

Yours sincerely,
"JOHNNIE CANUCK."

P.S.—I would like to say, to show the change that has taken place in Canada, that when, this summer, I was near the scene of "The Rising of the Red Man," I never beheld a single Redskin. They have all passed away, except the remnants collected on reserves, and in their place are prosperous farmers who are to-day taking off on an average twenty-eight bushels of wheat to the acre, and a million bushels of grain from a little over three million acres. Is that not marvellous? The railways are blockaded with grain.

I agree with "Johnnie Canuck" that writers in English magazines are too prone to represent Canada as "Our Lady of the Snows"—and Rudyard Kipling is not guiltless. However, as my correspondent points out, Canada can be very warm indeed when it likes!

The other day the income-tax man walked into the office, and with an engaging smile handed myself and my esteemed friend, the Art Editor, a little blue envelope apiece. Then he said, "I have also an envelope here for Mr. Fry." "He doesn't live here," I said. "Where can I find him?" inquired



the income-tax man. "Have you looked round Messrs. George Newnes' main building?" I asked. "Yes," said the income-tax man, mournfully, "everywhere, especially in the offices of 'Country Life' and 'The Ladies' Field'—those being athletic journals, I take it." "And you didn't find him?" "Not a sign of him," replied the income-tax man. "Now," said I, "I will tell you where I think you will find him." "Well," he demanded, eagerly, "where?" "At Queen's Club next Saturday: he will probably be playing football there." "Why," cried the income-tax man, "they'd lynch me if I interrupted the game." "Exactly," I replied, "that is why I tell you to go there," and with that I set the office dog on him, and the dog said he



"THERE'S GLADNESS IN REMEMBRANCE."
From Hall Thorpe.

tasted sweet after some of THE CAPTAIN Club poems he has had to masticate lately.

I have just had to lift our clock up in order to see the time, as THE CAPTAIN office clock, curious to relate, will not work unless it lies on its face. Visitors to the office are immensely tickled by the sight of our clock lying on its face, and it certainly does look most peculiar. It is a good old clock—we have had it ever since THE CAPTAIN started, and we don't like to part with it, and I suppose that is why it takes advantage of us, and refuses to go unless it can lie down all the time. However, I am beginning to think that our good-nature will snap one of these days, and that we shall have to give the old clock a decent interment and buy a new one. P.S.—Any CAPTAIN reader who is engaged in the



A CHRISTMAS CARD.

From D. Coldron Peirse.

You must know that each new issue of THE CAPTAIN is sent to a large number of newspapers, many of which review its contents, and in this way I am able to tell what features appeal most to, at any rate, the journalistic mind. Some of these reviews, evidently written in a hurry, amuse me very much. For instance, the names of our contributors are often applied to the wrong features. In one newspaper cutting I was informed that "The September number of THE CAPTAIN contained the conclusion of the story 'J. O. Jones,' by Haydon Perry," and in another cutting I read, "the serial by Skinner continues as interesting as ever." When "Tales of Eliza's" were running I was astonished to read in one newspaper

watch and clock industry will kindly take the hint. I may add that any readers who know of similar eccentricities on the part of clocks (or watches), such as striking fourteen, or refusing to go when it's cold weather, are invited to send along accounts of the same.

criticism that the writer considered "Martyn's One Tune" to be "another example of Mr. T. M. R. Whitwell's versatile pen," while in another I observed that "Mr. George Soper's excellent serial, 'The Three Scouts,' was progressing in an admirable manner." Some of our experts are so strangely muddled up in newspaper notices that I shall not be surprised to read soon that the "Naturalists' Notes" by Mr. E. J. Nankivell are very sound, or that "there is no doubt that Mr. C. B. Fry knows what he is writing about when he recommends the stamps of Lagos to young philatelists."

The I. M. again: The coolest thing the Idea Merchant ever said was repeated to me by a banker the other day. My informant is the manager of the bank where the Idea Merchant is supposed to keep his money. (It is a small country bank, and they think the Idea Merchant is a great literary man down there.) Well, the Idea Merchant was applying for an over-draft, which means, as I daresay most of you know, that he had exhausted his account and wished to borrow a certain sum of money from the bank. They were willing to entertain his request up to a certain point. "How much will you require, sir?" said the cashier very amiably. "How much?" replied the Idea Merchant, bending over the counter and looking the



Xmas
1902

Hearty - Good
Wishes - to
The Old Fas -
from
TOM BROWNE

TOM B. SENDS A SKETCH OF
SELF AND DOG.

WITH EVERY GOOD WISH FROM
MR. & MRS R. PERCY GOSSOP 1922-3



A CARD BEAUTIFULLY DESIGNED IN COLOURS.

cashier fixedly in the eye, "how much have you got?"

SCHOOL MAGAZINES RECEIVED
(Up to Jan. 22):—Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine, Alperton Hall Magazine (2), Arvonian, Bede Magazine (2), Blue (4), Blundellian, Breconian, Carloli, Carthusian (3), Clavinian (2), County School (Pembroke Dock) Magazine, Cranleigh (2), Durban High School Magazine, Haileyburian (5), Holmwood Magazine, Hurst Johnian (2), Ipswich School Magazine, Isis (6), Johnian, Lily (2), L. R. B. Record (2), Lorettonian (2), Malvernian (3), Mill Hill Magazine, O. A. C. Review (Canada), Olavian, Patesian, Quernmorian (2), Rolandseck School Magazine, Salopian (2), Sedberghian (2), Sotoniensis, Stanley House School Magazine (2), Taylorian, Tonbridgian (2), Truro College Magazine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Grasshopper (Oldham).—It rests with you, or your parents, to decide whether you shall become a chemist, or a clerk in the Navy. As regards the former occupation, the premium would be less if you were apprenticed to a local chemist, as then you could live at home, and in this case it would range from £40 to £90. The term of apprenticeship is usually three years, during which time you receive instruction, act as an unpaid assistant, and serve the public. You should supplement your daily work with private study in order to pass the "Minor" examination of the Pharmaceutical Society when you attain your majority, and eventually start for yourself. To enter the civil branch of the Navy you must obtain a nomination from the First Lord of the Admiralty, and pass a competitive examination in ordinary "English" subjects, French, and three of the following—elementary mathematics or science, Latin, German, drawing or shorthand. You then become an assistant-clerk for one year, receiving £45 per annum, and then you are rated as a clerk. If you pass the necessary examination in your duties and technical subjects, at a yearly salary of £73; on reaching the age of twenty-one you are promoted to the rank of assistant-paymaster, after passing a similar, but wider, examination. The age limits at present are sixteen to eighteen.

E. J. Pilkington (Ramsgate).—To enter the Navy you must first apply to the Admiralty for a nomination, after which you have to pass an examination in English, French, Latin, elementary mathematics, English history and geography, either advanced mathematics or German, and natural science. The fee is £1, and the present age limits 14 to 15½. After passing this, and a strict medical examination, you are appointed as a naval cadet to the *Britannia*, where you spend two years. In addition to annual payments, the personal expenses of a cadet must be taken into consideration, and these, together with the cost of an outfit, which must be provided, bring the total expenses up to £150 for the first year, and £100 for the second. If you will forward a stamped envelope we will send you any further particulars you may desire.

G. Smith.—The paper *THE CAPTAIN* is printed on is made out of wood—not rags. To be exact, it is made out of fir-trees. The timber is sent from Norway, is ground into pulp, and submitted to various processes. The pulp is then run through a machine about forty yards in length, coming out at last nice, white paper. The brown spots you occasionally see on it are minute fragments of bark. So, you see, the copy you are reading was originally a bit of branch, not so many months ago covered with snow and possibly a resting-place for birds and squirrels. I cannot tell you what amount of timber we have exhausted since *THE CAPTAIN* started, but no doubt we have used up a considerable forest area. The gaps we have made will all be filled with fine new trees in about thirty years from now.

Cadetships in the Royal Navy.—The new regulations for the admission of Cadets into the Royal Navy, other than by private nomination, came into force at the recent *Britannia* examination. According to these, six nominations are to be competed for by Cadets of the *Conway* and *Worcester* training ships each year, two at Christmas, two at Easter, and two at Midsummer, the nominations to be made on the results of the passing-out *Britannia* examination, which is open to selected candidates from both the training ships. Special interest attaches to these competitions, as they are the only "open door" that there is to our premier service. Both of the December nominations were secured by the *Conway*.

Re J. O. Jones.—I have received a further large batch of letters about this story, have read them all carefully, and have been very pleased with the sentiments expressed therein. As will be seen in the "Editorial," the author of "*J.O.*" will commence a new serial in *THE CAPTAIN* next month. Among others who wrote were R. Guilford, "One of the Crew," "Kaius" (Blackpool), "J. M. C.," S. Williams, W. J. C. Nettleton, C. Stevens, "R. L.," "T. J. W.," T. G. Carter, "Preserved Walnut," "Anerlevite," "Aldebaran," Lindsay D. Boyle, H. N. South, "S. L. B." (Stratford, E.), "Chicken," "P. P. T."

Anxious Reader.—I do not think civil officers in the Navy are looked down upon by their executive brethren, although, of course, the latter necessarily rank above the former in all matters where command and executive functions are concerned; but I think the freedom of both is fairly equal. Particulars about age-limits and examinations can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners, Burlington-gardens, S.W.

Homo.—Write your story, keeping it as short as possible, and send it, with a stamped, addressed envelope, to the editor of the paper or magazine you think it will suit, and—wait; but don't be disheartened if it comes back. There are no special media in which aspiring authors may take the first step towards literary fame, but, if their work contains merit, they can assuredly ascend the ladder by means of well-known weekly and monthly publications.

W. L.—I do not know of any one who would criticise your story. Your best plan would be to send the tale on its travels. If it is a good tale some editor will probably take a fancy to it, but I must warn you that 20,000 words is a very awkward length, being far too long for a short story and not long enough for a serial.

Evelyn says she is nineteen, and has smoked cigarettes ever since she was twelve because her

brother likes her to do so. She wants my opinion on the matter. My opinion is that no girl should smoke. Such a habit detracts from a woman's womanliness and injures her health. I am surprised to hear that my correspondent's brother should have encouraged her to make a practice of smoking. I hope there are not many brothers of this kind about.

A Colonial Girl.—Your remarks shall receive the author's best attention. As for Jones not having educational qualifications for a head-mastership, I must remind you that Adderman's was an exceptional case. Where a man who had taken a double-first would probably have been useless, J. O., without any degree or any qualification whatever, proved himself to be the man for the post, because he could *rule*.

H. L. Quick.—(1) You will find all you want to know in a little book called "Electric Batteries, How to Make and Use Them," price 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.) (2) "Practical Boat Sailing for Amateurs," by G. Christopher Davies, price 5s. 4d., post free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170 Strand, W.C., will tell you everything about yachts, etc.

An Old Reader.—If you will send a stamp I will tell you where you may hear of a ventriloquist who would give you lessons. It is, of course, a natural art; you can't acquire it. A professor could only give you useful hints. (2) Comic readings from French, Ltd., 89, Strand, W.C.

Two Hundred and Ninety-Four Prizes, awarded in Vol. VII. of the CAPTAIN, were distributed amongst readers in the British Isles in the following proportion: England, 245; Scotland, 21; Wales, 18; Channel Islands, 7; Ireland, 3. Again I have to thank Mr. Hugh Leslie Dobrée for compiling this list.

Miles informs me that recruits are required for the Bromley Squadron of the West Kent (Q. O.) Imperial Yeomanry, and that any CAPTAIN readers living in that part of the county who are desirous of joining should apply to Major the Hon. E. J. Mills, D.S.O., 31 Threadneedle-street, London, E.C., mentioning that I asked them to do so.

"Aldebaran."—(1) I think several pages of "Knowledge," a threepenny monthly magazine, are devoted to astronomical topics. See "The Story of the Stars," by G. F. Chambers, price 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.) (2) A letter addressed to Mr. Seymour Hicks at the Vaudeville Theatre would find him.

"Pins and Needles."—An almost infallible remedy for this complaint and the foot "going to sleep" is to seize the big toe, bend it upwards, and hold it like that for fifteen or twenty seconds. The reason whereof is that the big toe is a nerve-centre, and in seizing it thus you use it as a kind of nerve-switch.

P. J. Campbell (U. S. A.) sends me an appreciation of the late G. A. Henty; he says that Henty "was almost as much read and loved by the boys of America as by those of England." And rightly, too, for Henty's works, besides being useful educationally, teach boys to be manly and resourceful.

Spurs.—See reply—*re* colours—to Tom G. Carter. Certainly you are at liberty to fashion your costume on that of the young gentleman on our cover. Yes, I played football in my day, both Rugby and Soccer, and cricket, too, and tennis, and fives, and prisoner's base and high-cock-o'-lorum!

Captain Enthusiast.—You see I am using the latter half of your *nom-de-plume*; I like

it better than the beginning part. I have duly digested your remarks, and if you watch this magazine closely during the next twelve months you will come to the conclusion that you have not "grumbled" in vain, O "Grumbler"!

W. V. R. Garland.—After going to New York, San Francisco, Japan, Hong Kong, New Guinea, Queensland, New South Wales, New Zealand, Poona, and Bombay, your letter finally reached me. I trust you reaped a rich harvest of stamps out of its wayward journey. Have made a note of your new address.

R. E. Lyne.—You would not be able to practise firing with the cheap rifles you refer to—they are only toys; and in addition they would be subject to a gun license, as no grant would be made to any one not wearing the King's uniform. You and your friends might join a local cadet corps.

S. H. X.—I regret to say there is no vacancy on THE CAPTAIN staff. The entrance examinations for the Bar are held all the year round—generally on Saturdays, I believe. As you have no independent income, you had better think twice about reading for the Bar.

Tom G. Carter.—The duties of an official representative are not heavy—you have simply got to "buck-up" THE CAPTAIN all you can, and get as many new readers as possible. I am afraid Club colours would clash with the ordinary school colours; that is why we have none.

G. F. L.—(1) Send a stamp for the address you require. (2) Certainly.

"Thistle."—You will find the following books of service to you in studying drawing: "Light, Shade, and Shadow," by John Skeaping, price 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.), and "Line and Form," by Walter Crane, price 6s. (George Bell and Sons).

C. G. Early.—A very promising name! Hope you'll always live up to it. Your name will appear in the Club list all in good time. **S. J. Smith.**—Clubbed. You will find information about Emigration in back numbers, among the Answers to Correspondents.

U. N. Gosnell and Others.—Although always "anxious to oblige," please understand that I cannot give the *private* addresses of celebrities. You should consult "Who's Who." If you are autograph-hunting you will find it useful to get a copy of this work.

Edith.—If you want a situation in France as a companion, you cannot do better than study the advertisements in the *Guardian* and *Church Times*. Put your name down at some Ladies' Employment Agency. You should find the addresses of several advertised in these papers.

F. C. F., a young actor who faithfully reads his CAPTAIN, writes to tell me that he has just returned from an eight months' tour in the provinces. His advice to all CAPTAINITES who think of adopting the stage as a profession is "Don't!" That is my advice, too.

Anerleyite.—Yes, Mr. Nankivell will give you the information you require *re* your stamps. Enclose a stamped envelope for their return, and don't trouble him with questions that you can answer for yourself by studying a good catalogue.

E. W. Hill.—I am considering the matter you write about. Impossible to give you any definite information just now. Sorry to hear of the binder's

ermission; you should have given him instructions beforehand.

E. E. H.—Your writing is clear and readable. No. 12 of *THE CAPTAIN* (March, 1900) contains "The Law as a Profession," by J. Harper Scaife, LL.B. The price is 8½d., post free. Read that, and write again if you desire further information.

Percy Dixon (Gisborne, New Zealand).—By this time you will have read Mr. Collins' article on "Model Locomotives," in the February *CAPTAIN*. At the foot of the article you will find the names of three reliable firms who make these models.

"Hirakurumi."—Of course the Society of Arts' certificate for book-keeping is of value. You can obtain particulars *re* examinations from the Society of Arts, or any school where book-keeping is taught.

F. W. W. (Beenham).—I think you will find that a new preparation called "Brytenup" will answer your purpose, as, while imparting a brilliant polish to one's boots, it keeps them both soft and waterproof. Ask your bootmaker for it.

Alan Voysey.—Clubbed. There is no subscription to the *CAPTAIN CLUB*, further than the expenditure entailed in being a regular purchaser of the magazine, which fact entitles you to membership upon application.

H. B. Shirley.—(1) It is entirely a matter of choice or circumstance, and intended occupation, as to which of our colonies one should emigrate. (2) The late Sir William Smith's "Principia Latina," Part 1., price 3s. 6d.

P. J. Campbell (Georgetown, Ill., U.S.A.).—I do not know anything about the British Amateur Press Association. I have not Mr. Jones's address by me. Send something to the C.C.C. on your own account about Americans.

W. J. C. Nettleton.—Certainly you may call your waltz "The Captain Waltz," and dedicate it to the Old Fag. I am always pleased to put my signature in autograph albums when stamps are enclosed for the return of the latter.

T. I. E.—I cannot see my way to have Captain ties, or Captain colours, or even Captain note-paper just yet, but we are preparing some Captain picture post-cards. I shall duly announce when they are ready.

"A Rossallian."—Your remarks about your Haunted Tower are interesting. Is the original of the photo available? I will keep your card by me till I hear from you on this point.

Blackface.—Nobody buys silver paper. We do not intend to start a picture-postcard exchange. We leave that to girls' paper. *THE CAPTAIN* is "made of sterner stuff."

Co'ombo.—Read a letter we published on the subject of

tea-planting in *THE CAPTAIN* for September, 1901, and if after that you decide to go out to Ceylon, write again.

C. Stevens.—See particulars *re* volumes at foot of contents. Part 17 may be had, price 8½d. How old am I? Well, sometimes I feel seventeen and sometimes a hundred and seventy—it all depends upon the kind of questions correspondents ask.

J. Main.—See reply to "Alan Voysey." There is no fixed date by which Club contributions must be sent in.

Trickiness.—"Line and Form," by Walter Crane, price 6s. net (G. Bell and Sons); "Modern Etiquette," by L. C. Armstrong, price 1s. (F. Warne and Co.).

Enquirer (Kilmarnock).—A fully qualified chartered accountant would certainly stand a better chance of securing a factorship than a man possessing no qualifications at all.

J. V. Garland has left Jamaica. *CAPTAIN* readers who propose writing to him for stamps are requested to make a note of this.

A. B. C.—"Humorous Pieces," in three parts, 6d. each (Dean and Sons).

Helen Juta.—"Crickets in Many Climes," by P. F. Warner, is published by Mr. Heinemann, Bedford Street, Strand W.C., at six shillings.

C. L. Wilson (Cape Town).—Obtain your water-colours direct from Messrs. Reeves and Sons, 13 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

D. W. Mullan.—I shouldn't think so, but you could make sure by writing to the Secretary.

W. B. F., Wm. Lingard, W. H. Hindle.—Clubbed.

W. B. Andrews.—Your competition was several days too late.

Maggie.—Very pleased to hear from you. Kindest regards to the latest and youngest *CAPTAINITE*.

"A Mere Girl" and Others.—I hope to find room for your letters "About Boys" in the April number.

P. Dacre.—Same to you and many of them!

C. C. Odell.—Sorry I cannot use photos you suggest sending. We must give some other place a turn.

D. V. P. (Quebec).—Many thanks, but I have already two articles in hand on the subject you mention.

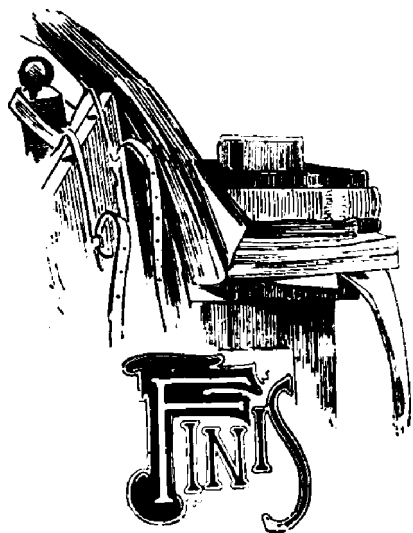
Law Clerk.—Am sorry I cannot help you. I do not know of any publication that is especially intended for law clerks.

T. J. W. and H. N. South.—Your suggestions are very sensible.

A. G.—Sorry cannot print your story.

Xaymaca.—Very pleased to hear from you again. Go on and prosper!

Knave of Clubs.—(I hope not!) Will print a bit of your letter next month.



THE OLD FAG.

[Correspondents desiring information about books we requested to enclose stamped addressed post-cards or envelopes.]

Results of January Competitions.

No. I.—“Boys and Master.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: Noel E. Lean, 6 Elmore-road, Sheffield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: T. R. Davis, 6 Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; and Fred. Ford, 31 Well-street, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, Evelyn Wilson, H. L. Oakley, Daisy Holman, Nora Simmonds, A. Walker, F. Gratrix, H. Fritz.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: George A. Whitelaw, Middlecroft, Kirkintilloch, N.B.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. J. Juleff, 10 Clitheroe-road, Stockwell, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. St. L. Vaughan, I. U. Smith, J. Taylor, J. E. Bell, C. A. Mackay, M. G. Mathew.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BOXING GLOVES: J. E. Malcolm, 12 Muswell-road, Muswell Hill, N.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. E. Kirkpatrick, Lineluden, Penkett-road, Liscard.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. Lewtas, W. Cornwall, F. Bennett.

No. II.—“Poem on the Seasons.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Ethel Day, South Molton, N. Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: Grace Adames, Somerville, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, S.W.; and Harry Payne, 14 Dryden-street, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. P. White, Nellie Kennedy, Eno H. Clark, Florence M. Hoatson, M. E. Hamer, H. V. Fielding, Jas. J. Nevin, E. P. Bowen.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kin-naird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: J. M. Luck, The Poplars, Horsmonden; and Alex. Scott, Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Raymond Wilson, Dorothy Owen, Winifred Lynch, May Ladell, Dorothy Cox, S. G. Tallents, Nita Hutchison, Cecil Mann, Evelyn Wilson, Daisy Holman, E. H. Rhodes, Jack Loutet, M. Avril, R. C. Tharp.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: E. Deteil, 63 Park Hill-road, Hampstead, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: C. M. Armstrong, 49 Wellington-road, Dublin; Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts; and Vera Graham-Whitlock, Westbury Lodge, Fareham, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Schindhelm, F. W. Rücker, P. C. Kerslake, J. S. Cox, H. O. Loxdale, Nesta M. Wells, Doris Falconer, R. Spurgeon, Evelyn Mills, Brymner Jardine.

No. III.—“A Frenchman in a Football Crowd.”

WINNER OF 10s. 6d.: A. T. King, Church Hill, Horsell, Woking.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: W. W. Clarke-

Pitts, 19 Melville-street, Torquay; and William Bullough, 454, St. Helen's-road, Daubhill, Bolton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Evelyn M. Wilson, J. H. Crilly, A. P. Chalkley, M. Avril, Norman Dickinson, Harold Scholfield, Julius E. Day, Vincent Sheowing, Jas. J. Nevin, E. S. Filmer.

No. IV.—“Zoological Stamp Competition.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF STAMP ALBUM: Gordon Whitehead, The C,ele Depot, Winsford, Cheshire.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: John G. Horner, The Marsh, Rainow, near Macclesfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. A. Franklyn, A. D. Butcher, H. G. Henderson, E. F. Churchill, P. H. Stephens, H. G. N. Tucker.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF STAMP ALBUM: James D. Stewart, 16 South Island-place, Brixton, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: C. H. Bossier, Shrublands, Banbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. N. Andrade, B. B. Kirby, Frida Phillips, W. A. Sharp, W. M. Marshall, Nora Simmonds, H. G. McHugh, J. H. Vaux.

No. V.—“Black Square Puzzle.”

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Noel E. Lean, 6 Elmore-road, Sheffield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: James H. Walker, 21 John Clay-street, Westoe, South Shields.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edward Sidwell, C. F. Clennell, J. Loutet, F. Overton, G. H. B. Laird, L. E. V. Tiffen, M. Avril, H. Krall, J. Read, Joseph Woods, T. Fischer, Edward Ellis.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. Thornton, 31 Queen-street, Exeter.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. J. Carter, Brighton House, 3 Bath-road, Wolverhampton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Marie E. Dixon, C. H. Stokes, H. W. Vere, P. Waterhouse, E. Grimwade, H. M. Mosac, W. J. Jones, S. Brownhill.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Percy Threlkeld, 75 Richmond Grove, W. Manchester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: William Lingard, 12 Crosby-street, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. F. Sothers, L. Pocock, F. H. Bentley.

No. VI.—“Foreign and Colonial Readers.” (SEPTEMBER, 1902.)

CLASS I. No award.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Ida Malone, Charlestown, Nevis, British West Indies.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. S. Goodbrand (Natal.)

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: Kenneth W. Dowie, 61 Chesterfield Avenue, Westmount, Montreal, Canada.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” or one of the following books—“Tales of Greyhouse,” “Acton's Feud,” “The Heart of the Prairie.”

COMMENTS ON THE JANUARY COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—This competition was very popular, and called for close and careful adjudication.

No. II.—A most popular and interesting competition, and on the whole very well done, especially in Classes II. and III., so that the task of selection was not an easy one. The poems sent in by Frances Whittingham (Class II.) and E. Deteil and Vera Graham-Whitlock (Class III.)—the latter aged eight-and-a-half years—deserve special mention.

No. III.—The essays sent in were decidedly clever, showing originality and a keen sense of humour. Everyone made something of “fowls,” and “shooting” also afforded great opportunities. One Frenchman is quite convinced that he is “close shut with madmen always their visages acrobat,

frantique,” while another gives it as his opinion that it is “a beast of a game.”

No. IV.—From a large number of entries the prizes were awarded to competitors who had written the names of the stamps most neatly, as well as successfully re-uniting the pieces.

No. V.—Another competition in which neatness—always taken into consideration—scored as well as accuracy.

No. VI.—Why don't foreign and colonial readers take advantage of the opportunities here afforded of adding their names to THE CAPTAIN prize list?

N.B.—Will competitors kindly remember that competitions cannot be criticised?

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

TOBER. COLOURED PLATE ILLUSTRATING NEW SERIAL

THE RISING OF THE RED MAN.

By JOHN MACKI

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

Vol. VIII. No. 43. OCTOBER, 1902.

For

AUTUMN TOURING

Get your new cycle with genuine

DUNLOP TYRES

One quality only—the best.
Guaranteed.
Best, resilient, durable and reliable.



Trade mark (Dunlop's head)
air tube and cover.
With or without wires.
Original tyre in-
vented in 1888. Guarant-
eed for 13 months.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE Co., Ltd.,
Parade Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham;
and branches.



See THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. Page 3.

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S "TABLE TENNIS"



Complete Sets, 2/3, 2/11,
3/11, 4/11, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6, 10/6,
15/-, 20/-, and 27/6.

CELLULOID BALLS, 10d. per
Doz., 10s. per Gross; CELLU-
LOID COVERED BALLS, 4s. 6d.
per Doz.; BATTLEDORES, from
6d.; GUT RACKETS, from
3s. 6d. The BALL "PICKER-
UP," from 8d., postage 3d.

Orders over 10s. carriage paid.
Postage 4d. on Sets under 10s.

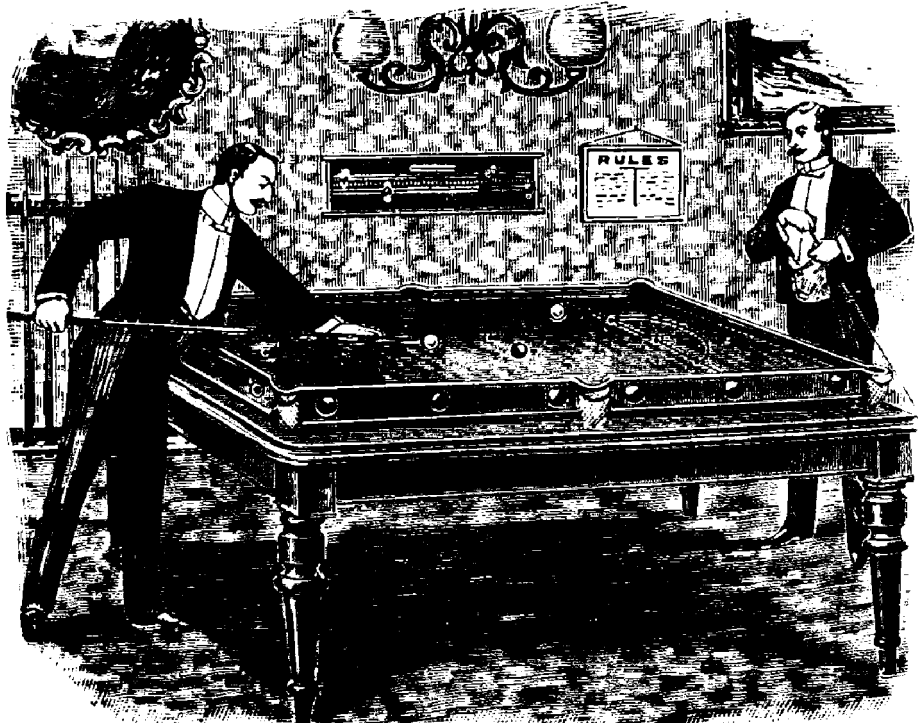
Write for Special List.

BILLIARDS AT HOME BY UNIQUE OFFER

Billiard Tables and Accessories Instalment Plan.

Thousands of players have to deny themselves the pleasure of playing billiards on account of the expense. **WE HAVE DETERMINED TO COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE**, and are making an offer which will enable anyone, no matter how slender the purse may be, to acquire **A SLATE BED TABLE AND ALL ACCESSORIES** on the easiest of terms. Country residents and those unable to call should write for particulars (mention Billiard Department). Send first month's instalment if you wish to adopt our Easy Payment System. *If you do not see what you require send specification of your wants, and we will send you full particulars by return.*

6^{d.}
A
DAY
for
10
Months.

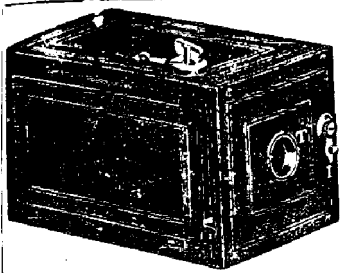


6^{d.}
A
DAY
for
10
Months.

Set No. 1.—Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table with SLATE BED, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Rack Cover, Box of Tips, Box of Wafers, and Rules, framed complete. Outside measurements of Tables 6ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. Size of Balls: 1½ ins.
Cash Price £6 4s., or 10 monthly payments of 15s. 3d. Larger Tables on proportionate terms.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, E.C.
WRITE FOR POST FREE GAMES CATALOGUE.

THE
"SCOUT"
 CAMERAS



TAKE EXCELLENT
 PICTURES
 and are the
 EASIEST
 TO MANIPULATE.

LOADED OR
 UNLOADED
 in
DAYLIGHT

The No. 1 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 2½ by 2½.
 Fitted with a Rapid
 Lens and an Everet
 Shutter, giving either
 time or instantaneous
 exposures

Price
 Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 3¼ by 2½.
 Fitted with excellent
 Rapid Lens, Everet
 Shutter, and 2 View-
 Finders.

Price
 Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.
 Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 2/6
OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of PHOTOGRAPHIC
 CAMERAS and MATERIALS post free from
GEORGE HOUGHTON & SON,
 88 and 89, High Holborn, London, W.C.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are the **VERY BEST STAMPS** to Collect.

I HAVE been for several years buying immense quantities of Used British Colonials, and can now supply them at a price which defies all competition.

My October packet contains 33 varieties, including Transvaal King's Head (One penny), Cayman Islands King's Head, Jamaica scarce 1/- brown, Great Britain 1/- green Head of Queen Victoria, Queensland 1/- mauve, British Guiana old issue, Cape 1894, two Canada 1869 issue, Ceylon, two Indian Service, Jamaica, Jamaica Llandoverly Falls, Hong-Kong (obsolete issue), Cape ½d. green, Great Britain ½d. red I. R. Official, Sudan Camel issue, Gold Coast obsolete, Grenada obsolete, Leeward Islands and a splendid set of 8 Barbados, including Old Head issue ½d., 1d., 2½d., Britannia issue ½d., ½d., 1d., 2½d. and Jubilee Stamp.

PRICE 6d., postage 1d. extra.

Selections of Used British Colonials sent on approval upon application. Collections bought, best price given. Large parcels of Used British Colonials wanted. All letters answered by return post. Visitors in town should call and see my new shop, exactly opposite Charing Cross Underground Railway Station.

FRANK MOORE,

3 The Facade, Villiers Street, Strand, London,
 (Opposite Charing Cross Underground Railway Station)

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

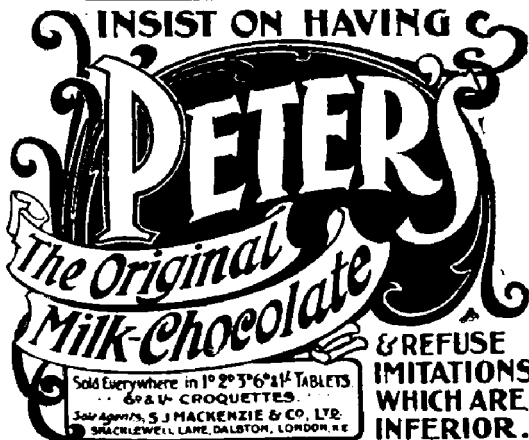
EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

INSIST ON HAVING



**& REFUSE
 IMITATIONS
 WHICH ARE
 INFERIOR.**

Sold Everywhere in 10 2/3" 3" 6" 1 1/4" TABLETS
 & 1/2" CROQUETTES.
 Sole Agents, S. J. MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
 24, CECIL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

GREAT BARGAINS IN

PACKETS OF STAMPS!!

No. 11 contains 100 for 3d.

Includes following scarce:—Bolivia (unused catalogued 1s.), Borneo, Stag's Head (2 c. green), Mauritius (old issue), Ceylon, Sweden Official, Argentine Republic, Spain (old issue), Ecuador (Jubilee issue, worth 8d.), Deccan (Native Indian), Western Australia, Roumania, New South Wales, Canada, United States, &c., &c. Post Free, 3d.

150 for 6d., many rare.

No. 12 contains 150 Stamps, including Borneo (4 c. monkey), Newfoundland, Labuan (Queen's Head—very scarce), Hayti (large stamp scarce), Jamaica (waterfall), Peru (1897 issue), Travancore (Native Indian), Bulgaria, Greece (old issue), China (scarce), Venezuela (5 c. grey), British Guiana, Costa Rica, Columbia (obsolete), Trinidad (old issue), Roumania, Queensland, Cape of Good Hope, United States, unpaid issue, &c., &c. Post Free, 6d.

VARIETY PACKETS at REDUCED PRICES.

These are a very fine lot, and contain stamps from all over the world, and too numerous to mention. In the 500 and 1,000 there are a large number of stamps that cost 2d. to 4d. each, and all are clean and in good condition—no bill stamps, post cards or envelopes.

- No. 41 contains 250, all different. Post Free, 1s. 9d.
- " 42 " 500, " " 4s. 9d.
- " 43 " 1,000, " " 18s. 9d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SETS.—Borneo, 1894 issue, complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Borneo, 1897 issue, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set 1 c. to 24 c., price 1s. 4d. Borneo, surcharged Postage due 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d. per set, or complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Labuan, 1897 issue, set of 6, 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 4d. Ditto, surcharged postage due, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 6d. Bolivia, 1894 issue, unused set of 6, 1 c. to 100 c. (catalogued 7s. 6d. the set), our price 1s. 6d.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

WHY PAY MORE ?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out

ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF of Catalogue Rates !

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials FREE.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

STAMP BARGAINS.

Read Through.

SETS :— Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland, 9d.; 25 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 12 Gold Coast, 2s.; 12 British Guiana, 1s.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 6 Sarawak, 9d.; 5 Barbados, 3d.; 7 Ecuador Jubilee, 9d.; 10 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 9d.; 9 Borneo, 9d.; 6 Egypt, 2d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 16 Turkey, 6d.; 21 Roumania, 7s.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 3 Ceylon, 3d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australia, 1s.; 50 Colonials, 8d.; 100 Colonials, 2s.; 2 St. Helena, 3d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 4 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.

PACKETS :—100 varieties, comprising Argentine, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Persia, Hyderabad, Australian, Gold Coast, Brazil, Mexico, and others, 3s. 200 different Foreign and Colonial stamps, all guaranteed clean and genuine, 10d.; 250 ditto, 1s. 6d.; 500 do.; 1,000, 17s. 6d. Special offer to beginners, a cloth bound, British made Album and 1,000 assorted Stamps, 1s. 9d. All kinds of postage stamps bought, sold, and exchanged. Lists free. All postage extra.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., Chelyesmore, Coventry.

STAMPS FREE.

To every intending purchaser applying for our world-renowned approval sheets we will give FREE a packet of our famous "Empire" Mounts and a packet of 50 different stamps, including unused St. Helena (King's Head). Collections and loose stamps bought. Agents wanted all over the world. Agents also wanted for the "Philatelic Advertising Mail," to be published last Dec. next. Subscriptions 6d. for six issues.—HARGREAVE & Co., 55 Norfolk St., SHEFFIELD.

UNUSED CURRENT COLONIALS.

These are the BEST stamps to buy, and my prices are absolutely the LOWEST in the market. Send for list (free) and see for yourselves.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lincs.

CHEAP SETS.

British Guiana 6 var. 4d.; China 4 var. 3d.; Java 6 var. 9d.; Gold Coast 4 var. 3d.; Grenada 4 var. 3d.; Hayti 6 var. 6d.; Lagos 4 var. 6d.; Newfoundland 6 var. 6d.; Sierra Leone 6 var. 6d. Lists free. Rare Monrovia Registration to all applying for our Magnificent Approval Sheets.

INTERNATIONAL STAMP CO., 133 Longshore Road, Brixton, S.W.

Uganda Provisionals, used or unused, 1 anna, and 2 annas, 2s., and 4d. set unused, 9d.; Orange River Colony on Cape 4d., 1d., and 3d. set unused, 5d.; V.E.I. 4d on 6d. used or unused, 6d. each; Transvaal King's Head 4d., 1d., 2d. unused set, 8d.; all postage extra. Good selection Africans on approval. Foreign correspondence solicited.

CYRIL COLE, KOORJAIDER, COLCHESTER.

UNUSED GRENADA KING'S HEAD

Free to all applicants for my approval sheets mentioning this paper.

Speciality—BR. COLONIALS.

R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRKGATE, BURNTISLAND.

100 Foreign Stamps Free. Send for our Bargain List and receive 100 Foreign Stamps free. 100 Foreign Stamps free. A few special sets offered at half price to introduce our firm. Set 8 Canada, 2d., 6 Labuan or N. Borneo, 8d. (worth 1s. 6d.), 3 Old Queensland, 4d., 7 Greece, 4d., 9 N. S. Wales, 4d., 8 Cape, 4d., 4 Hayti, 4d., 5 U.S.A. (War), 2d., 7 Rare Perak, 10d., 6 Pan American, 8d., 3 Ecuador (Jubilee), 4d., 1,000 Mixed foreign stamps, 6d., 5,000 Ditto, 2s., Mounts 4d. per 1,000. Cheap approval sheets. Agents wanted. Wholesale parcels for Dealers from 5s.

THE "BELVOIR" STAMP CO., 75 Colton Hill, Shrewsbury.

1902 MINT COLONIALS. Three Grats to all applicants for our High Class but not High Priced Approval Sheets, good discounts allowed, and handsome Bonus Prizes to Purchasers. Try our famous Shilling Packet of Unused Colonials, including King Edward VII. issue, no rubbish, and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Price lists and illustrated prospectus of Albums and Catalogues free from:—THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., 5 Robertson Street, Hastings. Established 1889.

KING EDWARD VII. STAMPS FREE.

In order to advertise the quality and genuineness of our stamps we make the following offer. 50 Stamps ALL DIFFERENT, including Turkey (rare), Brazil, Mexico 1837, Japanese, Argentine, British North Borneo, Jamaica, new issue of Llandorey Falls, Mauritius (obsolete), rare Ecuador Jubilee Portrait, &c., &c. Price 2d., postage 1d. extra. With every packet we present free the new issue of Gambia and Transvaal unused King Edward VII. Only one packet supplied to each person. Lists free.

KING BROS., Stamp Dealers, BILSTON.

1,000 DIFFERENT STAMPS FREE!

are offered to Purchasers of our

COMPETITION PACKET.

55 different RARE STAMPS for 6d.

Containing UNUSED CHINA, IVORY COAST, SENEGAL, ZAMBEZIA, VICTORIA, &c., &c. Many scarce and obsolete. EVERY PURCHASER asking for an APPROVAL BOOK with 6d. in discount, will have an equal opportunity of winning the 1,000 Variety Collection Free.

Conditions.—Name correctly the countries which have the following 6 words represented in pictures on their stamps and send 6d. to us for the above packet, asking to see our approval books which are undoubtedly cheaper than any other dealers.

- | | | |
|----------|-------------|-------------|
| 1. SWAN. | 1. GIRAFFE. | 5. VOLCANO. |
| 2. LION. | 4. FISH. | 6. BEAVER. |

All letters must be marked distinctly "Competition" in top corner of envelope and posted as soon as the above words have been solved. Every applicant will have a numbered ticket sent to him and a duplicate kept by us. The winning number will be decided by ballot on October 15, 1902, and the solution, with winners' names, will be published in due course in this paper. There will also be a Second Prize of 500 different stamps and a Third Prize of a "Victoria" Stamp Album. Ask your collecting friends to help you and look through your Catalogue for pictures of the stamps.

Address all letters marked "Competition" to the
IMPERIAL STAMP Co., 437 Strand, London, W.C.
(Late 31 Craven Street, W.C.)

BARGAINS.

SETS (Postage extra):—20 Portugal, 6d.; 20 Ecuador, 1s.; 50 Australia, 1s.; 25 Portuguese Colonies, 1s.; 30 France, 6d.; 30 Sweden, 9d.; 15 Turkey, 6d.; 25 English, 6d.; 100 Bill States, all different, 1s. 5d.; 5 Gibraltar, 3d.; 4 Malta, 3d.; 8 Ceylon, 3d.; 4 Boudan, 4d.

Packets of 1,000, all different, 1s. each (good extra). Sheets of Postage or Fiscal sent on Approval. (No Discount.)
SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 57 Chetwynd Road, London, N.W.

7 ECUADOR JUBILEE 7D.

A complete Set of these fine large Stamps (catalogued at 5/-) ONLY 7d. postage extra.

8 Bulgaria, Head of Prince, 6d.; 5 Greece Unpaid (1902) 4d.; 20 Argentine, a fine set, 6d.; 30 Argentine, extra fine, 1/3; 30 Spain, 6d.; 50 Spain, cheapest offered, 1/-; 20 Roumania, 6d.; 12 Canada, including "Registered," 4d.; 100 British Colonials, all different, 2/-

All postage extra.

Business only by Correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, Victoria Chambers, 55-6 Chancery Lane, LONDON, W.C.

NEW SEASON, 1902-3.

NEW PACKET, GREAT BARGAIN.

50 Stamps, all different, 3d., includes Newfoundland, Cape, Jamaica (view), pair Tasmanian picture stamps, Old Switz, New Zealand, Orange Free State, Ceylon (surcharged), British South Africa, &c., &c. Price, 3d., postage 1d. extra. To every purchaser of this packet asking for approval sheets I present an Orange Free State stamp surcharged V.R.I. and in addition to every fresh applicant for my cheap approval sheets (whether purchaser of Bargain packet or not) I will present 30 Stamps absolutely Free.

NEW APPROVAL SHEETS, fine variety, low prices, large discount; all collectors should see these sheets, they never fail to please.

Exchange desired with all British Colonies.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBBOURGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

No. 20 "SATISFACTION" PACKET contains 20 stamps, all different, including



China, Ecuador, Denmark, Holland, Jamaica, Spain, Queensland, Italy, Egypt, New Zealand, Hungary, U.S. America, &c., &c. Price 4d. post free. Set of 5 CUBA given away free.

No. 25 "SATISFACTION" PACKET contains 25 stamps, all different, including Ed Hoe, China, Port Said, Indo China, &c., Ceylon, &c., Malta, Hong Kong, Corea, New South Wales, Cape of Good Hope, Federated Malay States, Hawaii, Holkar, New Zealand, &c., &c. Post free 1s. Set of 10 CANADA given away. Every purchaser of THE ABOVE TWO PACKETS at one time will receive an UNUSED NICARAGUAN STAMP catalogued at 1s. 4d.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

To all applying for our marvellously CHEAP APPROVAL SHEETS and enclosing One Penny Stamp for Postage we will send free of all cost a set of SIX PORTUGUESE OR COLONIES of splendid value, and in addition to all we allow 50 per cent discount off all purchases of 1s and upwards from the same

W. & A. PRINCE, Foreign and Colonial Stamp Importers,
79 EDWARD STREET, WEST BROMWICH.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties including Newfoundland, Borneo, Philippines, 5 Cuba, New Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Para, Lisama, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Golden, Persia, Java, Guatemala, Dal omey, Labuan, Honduras, Jhird, Pattala, South Z-mbeal, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free 1.1.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all different: 10 Argentine, 6d.; 46 Austria, 6d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 20 Wurtemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 6d.; 20 Honduras, 9d.; 10 Mexico, 6d.; Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 9d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 1d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 9d.; 30 Sweden, 5d.; 30 Spain, 6d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippines, 6d.; 30 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 12 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.
MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, 1902 EDITION,

with 2,554 Illustrations, and **EVERY STAMP PRICED**, but without measurements of perforation, or other uninteresting minor varieties.

Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.



NEW PRICE LIST of Sets and Packets, 64 pages, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1902 in great variety, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

MONTHLY LIST OF PHILATELIC NOVELTIES, 6d. per annum, post-free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

The "KING." 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

TRANSVAAL 1902 (King Edward VII.), MALAY STATES 1901 (Tiger), ECUADOR 1895 (Jubilee Issue), ST. PIERRE and MIQUELON, Turkish Empire, new issue Argentine, Luxemburg, Mexico, India, Queensland, Portugal, Japan, Sweden, New Zealand (Universal 1d. Postage), Spain (Young King), Cape Colony, U.S.A. War Tax (Battle-ship), Natal, New Issue Surinam (1892), Corea (1890), Martinique etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of the above packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" approval sheets will receive

GRATIS, A GRAND SET OF

20 ROUMANIA, 1 to 50 Bani.

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

New Price List Post Free and Gratis. 84 Pages, full of illustrations, including a Guide to Stamp Collecting, etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

CHEAP LINES.

Set of 18 Hungary, 4d. 8 Peru Jubilee 1900, 5d. 4 China, 3d. Greece 1901, 3d. 7 Ecuador Jubilee, used, 1/8. 6 Mexico 1899, 4. 5 Costa Rica 1901, 9d. 9 Roumania 1893, 4d. 10 Cape to 5/-, 1/3. 9 Transvaal, 10d. Post Free.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN STAMP CO., 368 Strand, London. W.C.

A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.

5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1 1/2 sets).
 8 Spanish, including two War Stamps and new issue (1901).
 8 Japanese, all different, including the new issue 3 sen, and a large square fiscal stamp.
 1 1/2 sets of 4 PAET (see reverse).
 1 Send an extra stamp for postage (2d. in all), and ask to see my World-famed Approval Sheets. Only ONE packet supplied to each applicant. If the above does not give perfect satisfaction, return it, and I will send you 3d. back for every packet so returned. Postage abroad, 1/2 extra. Quote No. 588) when ordering.

H. C. WATKINS, 86, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

The INVINCIBLE Packet. No. 137.

Worth 5s. Our Price 5d.

This wonderful Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, including: HELIGOLAND (Queen's Head), ST. VINCENT (Queen's Head), HAMBURG (Queen's Head), Dutch Indies (old issue), Egypt, Chinese Imperial Seal, Argentine Republic, URUGUAY LOCOMOTIVE, LEWARD ISLANDS, MADAGASCAR, Roumania, Ceylon, Mexico, Norway, Cape Colony, Japan, MONTENEGRO (used), UNITED STATES 1861, Set of 4 SOUTH AUSTRALIA, May Segunsee, 2 India "On Service," Wurttemberg Service, GUATEMALA EXHIBITION (long Postal Stamp), and BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY (Rhodesia), &c., &c. Free to every purchaser of the above Packet. The Set of 5 used TRINIDAD (obsolete issues). Price 5d. Postage 1d. extra, without which no orders can be sent.

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

OLD VAN DIEMANS LAND GIVEN AWAY

BONA FIDE applicants for Approval Selections enclosing stamp for postage, receive gratis a rare old Van Diemans Land, CATALOGUED 1s. Finest Sheets and Sets in the Trade.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margarets, Twickenham.

20. The Wild Man of BORNEO. 20.

"Wild Man Packet," 2d., postage 1d. extra. 60 Different Stamps, including 10 Philippine Islands, 10 Roumania, 4 New South Wales, large Canada, U.S. (Columbus), Egypt (aphinx), obsolete Cape, Portugal, Japan, Canada, Brazil, India, &c.

And free with every "Wild Man" packet set of 2 Borneo and Labuan cents (both with designs of a gorilla)—the wild men of Borneo. Only one packet to each person. Illustrated Lists Gratis. Thousands of bargains. Send now.

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,

ORLTON-CUM-HARDY, MANCHESTER.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Oct.), 6d. (Quote Oct. when ordering) 100 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, China, Gibraltar, Jamaica View, Mauritius, U.S. Pan (the rare 8c.), GREAT Large List Sets, Gazers (d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 5 Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. Prizes. 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 for 15s. Mounted on Sheets, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 2s. 10d; post free. King's, 1s. 3d. A. C. MCAULAN & CO., 95w, Bath Street, Glasgow.

3d. SEND THREEPENCE 3d.

And we will send a packet of 50 different stamps, including MALAY Federated States (tiger), Bulgaria (head of Prince), Greece 1901, 5 United States (battleship Maine), Mexico 1864, New Zealand (universal penny postage), TASMANIA (view of Hobart), New South Wales (jubilee issue), Holkar (head of Rajah), Deccan, NYASSA (giraffe), British Guiana, Argentine Republic, Philippine Islands, CRETE, Ceylon, &c., &c.

WE SHALL ALSO SEND FREE our 64 page PRICE LIST, full of illustrations and prices for thousands of stamps. This is THE stamp list of the year. IF you also request us to send you a selection on approval we will include with the packet, GRATIS,

A SET OF EIGHT MEXICO.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

50 STAMPS 6d. Post Free.—Comprising Grenada, S. Helena, Transvaal (King's Heads), F. Colonies, Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, Tasmania (view), Venezuela, Gt. Britain I.R. Official (King's head), etc. etc. Purchasers of above packet applying for an Approval Sheet will receive gratis a set of three Shanghai. Approval Sheets and Books at 2s. & 6d. per cent. of marked prices. Old Collections and loose lots bought. PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Clevedon.

KING EDWARD'S COLONIES are well represented in our new grand "CORONATION PACKET" which includes 25 British Colonials, obsolete and new issues, pictorial, &c., also new issues, used and unused of Guatemala, Paraguay, Greece, China, &c., United States, Japan, Chili, Argentine Republic, &c. The complete packet contains 50 different stamps, and the price is 4d., post free. We shall present to every purchaser of the packet A SET OF SIX SWEDEN SERVICE, and to purchasers requesting a selection of stamps on approval we shall also present A SET OF THREE RARE CARTAGENA. We make this offer because we want you to see how cheap our stamps are; only one packet sold to each customer. PRICE LIST, post free; please write for it.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

THE LONDON STAMP EXCHANGE, 8 BROAD STREET STATION, LONDON, E.C.

Don't forget to call if in town. You will find ours the cheapest stamp shop in London. This season our approval sheets will be better and cheaper than ever. Free Packet of 25 different, including New Zealand, British South Africa, Turkey, Russia, Cape, Victoria, Costa Rica, Gold Coast, etc. to all intending purchasers sending for our approval sheets (liberal discount), and enclosing 1d. stamp for postage. 1,000 mixed stamps 6d., 50 British Colonial all different 6d., 250 Foreign and Colonial all different, 1/3. This is our Special Packet, and is really very fine. mounts, first, 100, 6d. Collections and good loose stamps wanted for cash.



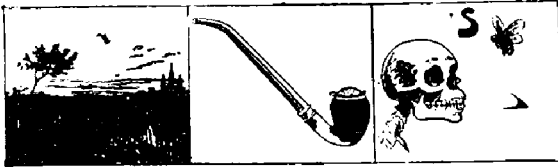
THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX. 6d.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. C. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

Post Free.

SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN TOWNS COMPETITION.

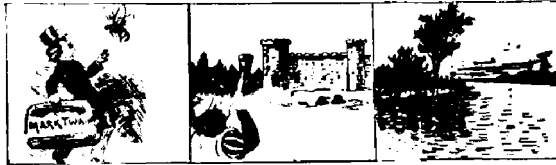
For AUGUST, 1902.



Blackheath.

Amersham.

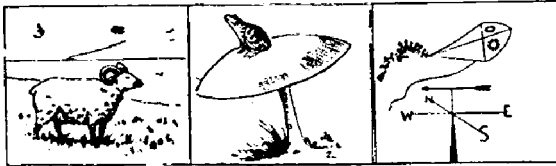
Grimsby.



Whitby.

Horncastle.

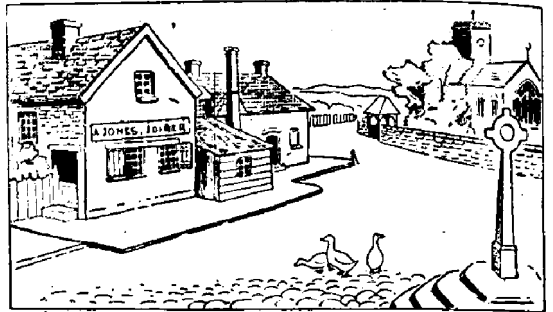
Ripley.



Ramsey.

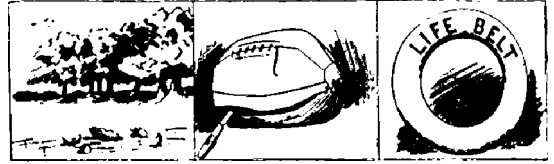
Nuneaton.

Eastbourne.



AUGUST MISSING LANDSCAPE.

Correctly filled in.



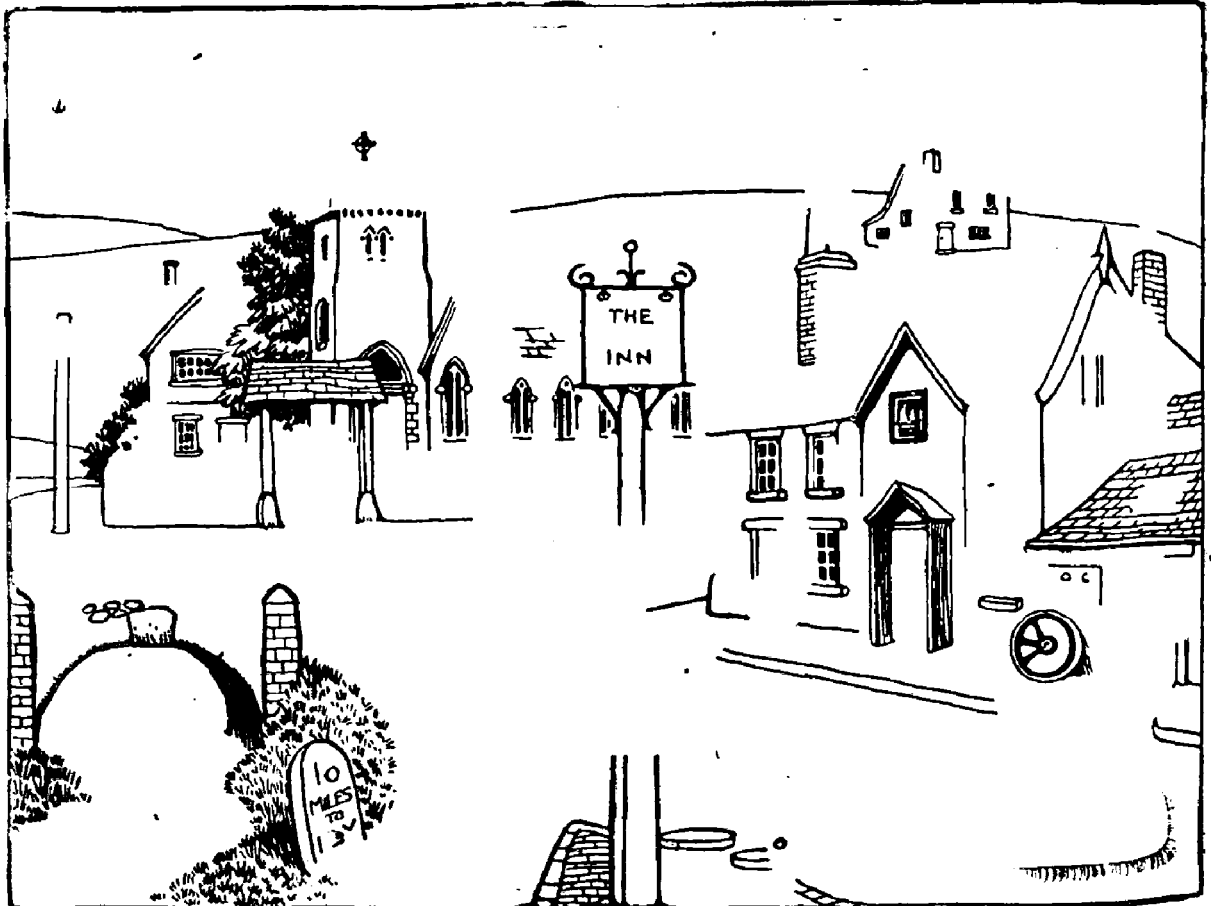
Sevenoaks.

Ripon.

Cork.

MISSING LANDSCAPE COMPETITION.

This Drawing to be Cut out and Filled in to complete the Picture. See Competitions for Oct.



Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

COMFORT AT LAST!

When using

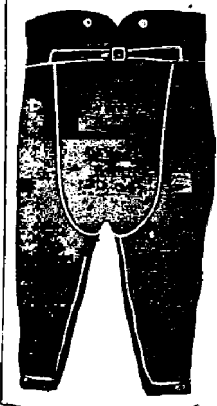
Patent Seamless Seat Knickers

For

CYCLING, RIDING, and all Athletic purposes.

NEW STYLE.

Seamless.



OPINIONS OF PRESS EXPERTS.

"Scottish Cyclist,"

October 16th, says:

"This invention should prove a boon. We find the garment comfortable to wear."

"The Irish Wheelman,"

July 16th, says:

"The Patent Seamless Seat Knickers prevent chafing, and are the perfect acme of comfort. I can thoroughly recommend the new invention."

"Cyclers' News," *July 30th, says:*

"A new cure for saddle soreness has been found in the Seamless Seat Knickers."

"Cycling," *May 18th, says:*

"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in knickers."

Each Garment bears this Label.

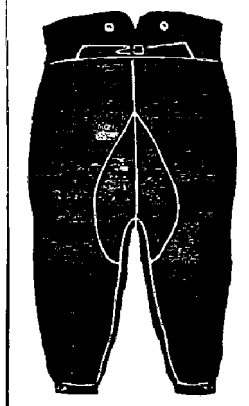


FORSYTH'S PATENT 9701

Regd. No. 307327.

OLD STYLE.

With Seams.



SPECIMENS OF MANY TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.

From a Bristol Cyclist, after 1,000 miles.

BROAD CLYST,
DEVON.

August 11th, 1900.

The Cycling Breeches are marvellously comfortable. I never would have believed the extraordinary difference in favour of these over the old-fashioned cut.

Have now done about 1,000 miles in them, and never felt so comfortable before.

From a North Devon Solicitor.

I am very pleased with the Seamless Seat Trousers. The idea is a splendid one, and the fit is perfect.

The Trousers are quite comfortable when sitting, and persons accustomed to Riding and Cycling will, I am sure, when once they experience the comfort of the Seamless Seat, never wear the old kind again.

My own opinion is that the improvement will supersede the old style altogether.

In the event of your finding any difficulty in obtaining the Seamless Seat Knickers, write direct to us for the name of your nearest Outfitter or Tailor, who will supply you to measure.

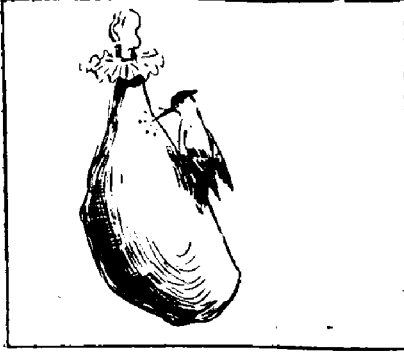
JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.

- Wholesale and Export Clothiers -

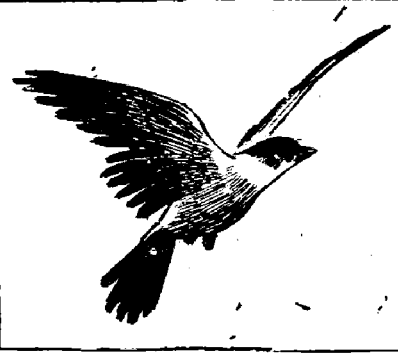
18 & 20, NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

“HIDDEN TOWNS” COMPETITION.

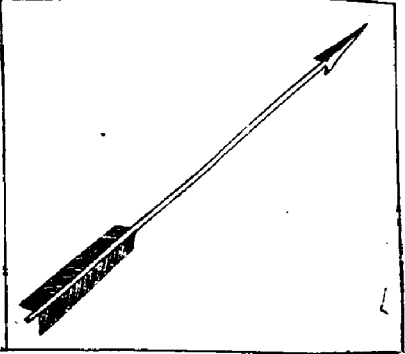
SEE “CAPTAIN” COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER, PAGE 81.



1.—Peckham.



2.—.....



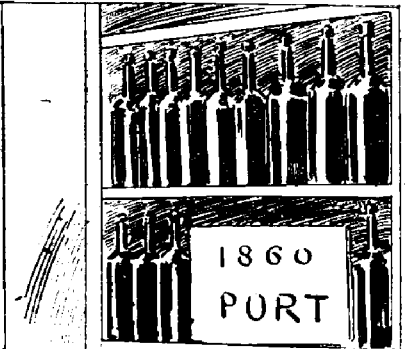
3.—.....



4.—.....

abcdc

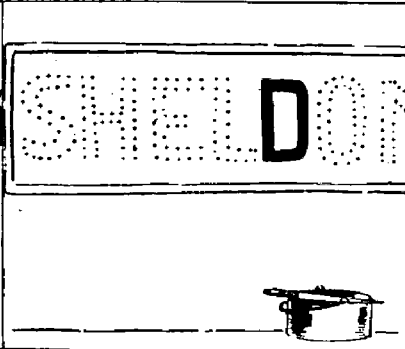
5.—.....



6.—.....



7.—.....



8.—.....



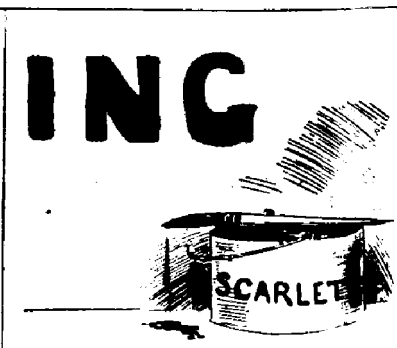
9.—.....



10.—.....



11.—.....



12.—.....

Name..... Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

H. GRADIDGE & SONS

Manufacturers and Exporters of
The Famous International Footballs.

Used by all the leading Clubs, Public Schools and Colleges in the Kingdom.

SHIRTS, KNICKERS, BOOTS.



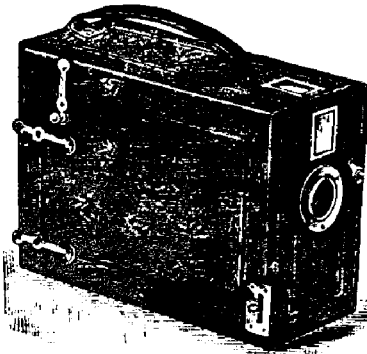
SHIN-GUARDS, GOAL-POSTS, &c.

Price Lists Free. Only address:

ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH, S.E.

J. LANCASTER & SON, Opticians, Birmingham.

This is an excellent Hand Camera, taking six plates or films 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in., with achromatic lens, and time and instantaneous shutter.



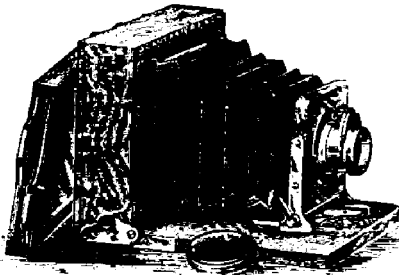
Complete Set of Chemicals, Plates, P.O.P., Printing Frame, 5/6 extra.

Price 5/-

THE "BOY'S OWN" HAND CAMERA.

Price 5/-

Catalogues Free.



Catalogues Free.

Price, 1 Plate, 10/6

THE "BOY'S OWN" STAND CAMERA.

Price, 1 Plate, 10/6

Is a Mahogany Camera, with Kinnear Bellows, excellent Lens, and Double Slide.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute conducted by Messrs. Weyler and Weston to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical Education.

Thomas A. Edison

Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage.—The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 246-248, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

Yes, you can. We teach Electrical Engineering at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of anyone. No matter where you live, if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tenders Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, Etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our Free Illustrated Book, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?"

THE FOOTBALLING "KING OF ALL BALLS"

1-Final Tie, 10/6
 2-League, 8/6
 3-Success, 8/-
 4-Centre Half, 7/6
 5-Klynker, 6/6
 6-Shuteezi, 5/-

Any Color, Pattern or Size,
 Flannellet, 2/3, 25/- doz.
 Matting Cloth, 2/6
 30/- dozen.
 Untearable, 3/6
 40/- dozen.

Brief Share, 2/6
 3/6, 5/6, 7/6 each
 Square share, 4/6
 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 each

FRANK SUGG

LORD ST LIVERPOOL

"The Forward," Chrome, 6/-
 "The Scot," Chrome, 6/6

Boxing Gloves, 4/6
 6/-, 7/6, 10/6, 12/6, 14/6
 per Set of 4.

1-Kvertaut, 10/6 per pair.
 2-League, 10/6 per pair.
 3-Forward, 9/6 pair. 4-Success, 7/6 pair.
 5-Klynker, 6/6 pair. 6-Marvel, 5/- pair.
 0-"Scot," 10/6 pair.

Knickers—White,
 1/4, 1/11, 2/6, 3/6 pair.
 Navy, 1/6, 2/6, 3/6,
 4/6 5/6 pair.

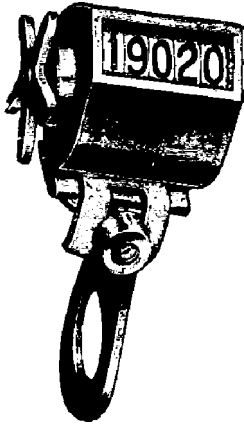
WE POST ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

SHIN GUARDS COMPLETE 35/6 & 48/6 READY FOR USE

1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6 pair
 Shin and Ankle
 1/8, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9.

The New and Improved
Veeder
Cyclometer.

TRIP
AND
REGULAR
MODELS.



NOW
READY.
OF ALL
CYCLE
DEALERS.

Descriptive Booklets from
- Sole European Agents -

MARKT & CO.,

20, Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM
£10 10s.
WITH
FREE
WHEEL.

**ROYAL
ENFIELD
BICYCLES**

Catalogue
post free from
the ENFIELD
CYCLE CO.,
Ltd.,
REDDITCH,
ENGLAND.

SEE 50 GUINEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.



FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER, R.N.

1902 } Post Free, 1½d.
EDITION } **CRICKET COMICALITIES**

"If you want to feel cheerful for an hour during this lovely cricket season you couldn't do better than spend a penny on 'Cricket Comicalities' collected by W. R. Weir."—Star.

Send for List of Parlour Games.

WRIGHT & Co., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.

STAMPS (Finest Stock in City).

See English Illustrations, JULY "CAPTAIN."

NEW LIST OF SPECIAL SETS, including ENGLISH, Now Ready.

Post Free on Application.

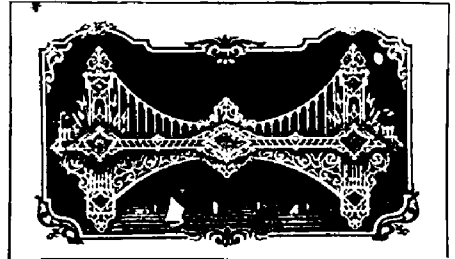
Special OCTOBER BARGAIN SET, 12 Philippines, 1/6.

JOHN W. JONES, 61, Cheapside, E.C.

FRETWORK

WOOD CARVING.
BENT IRON WORK. POKER WORK, &c.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1903
IS NOW READY. Price 6d.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET.

Our Sixpenny Catalogue for 1903 is a Book of 120 pages, with over 1,000 Illustrations, handsomely bound in an Oriental Red Cover. With each copy we GIVE AWAY THREE VERY HANDSOME SIXPENNY FRETWORK DESIGNS. The Patterns are:—

SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET

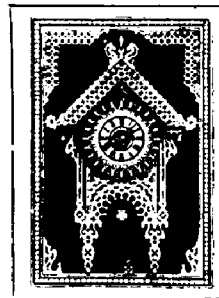
(33 in. by 18 in.) This novel Bracket is, we think, one of the handsomest WALL SHELVES ever designed. It is so planned that it may be cut and fitted up even by Fretworkers with a very limited experience.

HALL BRUSH RACK

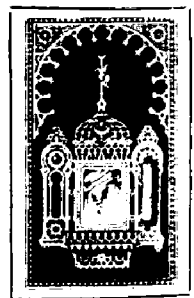
(23 in. by 13½ in.) No Fretwork Hall Rack ever before published can compare in grace and elegance with this beautiful Oriental ornament. The Design is arranged for two brushes and a mirror, and is also fitted with a useful shelf.

PENDULUM CLOCK

(30 in. by 21 in.) The character of the Design of this extremely artistic Pendulum Clock is Russian. It is intended to carry a movement of the popular Black Forest type, with chain and pendulum.



RUSSIAN CLOCK.



BRUSH RACK.

Any of these three articles may be made up at a comparatively trifling cost. Full particulars of materials and fittings will be found on the Design Sheets.

Send at once SIXPENCE for Catalogue with Three Presentation Designs.

Address all letters:

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12a, Paternoster Sq., LONDON, E.C.,

or **HOBBIES LIMITED,** Dereham, Norfolk.

Catalogues may also be had by calling at any of the Hobbies Supply Stores:

166 Aldersgate St., London, E.C. | 328 Argyle St., Glasgow.
153 Bishopsgate St. Without, | 11 Lime St., Liverpool.
London, E.C. | 75 High St., Birmingham.
79 Watworth Road, London, S.E. | 118 Powis St., Woolwich.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for October, 1902.

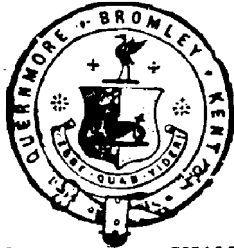
	PAGE
"With a quick movement she drew down Dorothy's fur collar, exposing her face. 'Voilà!' she cried; 'one of the enemy—the daughter of Douglas'" <i>Frontispiece</i> Painted by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CHAPS. I.-VII.) JOHN MACKIE 1 Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
WAR MEDALS HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE 16 With Sixty-one Illustrations from Photographs.	
HOW PAYNE BUCKED UP P. G. WODEHOUSE 23 Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (THE USE AND ABUSE OF STRENGTH DEVELOPERS) ... C. B. FRY 27 AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	
"ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES" 30 From the Painting by SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A.	
VENDETTA: SOME INCIDENTS FROM MONTENEGRO REGINALD WYON 31 Illustrated by H. A. HOGG.	
SCHOOL LAYS AND COLLEGE LYRICS. (PART I.) C. L. McCLUER STEVENS 36	
WITH THE LITTLE CORPORAL N. R. MARTIN 39 Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (III.—UNDER POORER CANVAS) J. E. PATTERSON 44 Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	

(Further contents on next page.)

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),

Late of Uppingham and Westminster,
Educational Medallist at Antwerp,
Bordeaux, and Brussels International
Exhibitions.



G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),

Author of "The Illustrated French
Grammar," etc.
Spanish and German Examiner at the
City of London College.

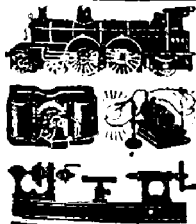
LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several First places and Honours.

SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

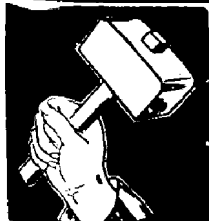
Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

Is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles, and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, 8d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 8c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
8c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

£7 10s. £7 10s. £7 10s.

"BRITISH SOVEREIGN" Cycles, free wheel, back pedalling brake, front rim brake, plated rims and spokes, Dunlop Welch tyres (beaded or wired), Brooks saddle, 1/2 in. pitch roller chain, splendidly enamelled and plated, and built of the best weldless steel tubing throughout. Gear, frame, handle-bars, and pedals according to customers' wishes. Two years' guarantee. These are perhaps the finest and most reliable cycles that are made; in any event, experts' unanimous opinion is that, for quality and general finish, they are unsurpassable. The list price is £21, but to complete contracts I am selling during this month at £7 10s. (or £6 5s. with Edlin tyres), carriage paid; X-frame 9s. extra. This is a special offer to readers of "THE CAPTAIN," and not likely to be repeated. "Tivdale" Cycles, £15 15s. Obtain particulars as to how one of these cycles may be obtained gratis. All accessories supplied at lower prices than anyone else in the trade. Bowden brakes 9s. 11d., free wheels 4s., handle-bars 3s. 4d., inflators 8d., &c. Second-hand cycles from 5s. All cycles supplied by deferred payment if required.

Bankers: Union Bank of Scotland, Ltd.

R. D. THOMSON, 13 Clifford Street, Glasgow.

Contents—*continued.*

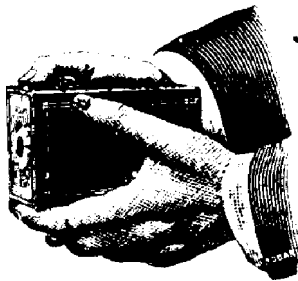
	PAGE
"ERROR: WATERMARK 2" Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	ARTHUR STANLEY 49
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.) With Illustrations.	E. J. NANKIVELL 55
TALES OF INDIA. (I.—CLAUDE BOLDRE'S RIDE.) Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.	F. P. GIBBON 60
THE SENIOR WRANGLER	FROM THE "ARROW" 74
THE POACHER TRAPPED Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	J. CONNELL 75
SOMETHING ABOUT BOYS	BY A GIRL 82
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR 83
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	85
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER	91
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL	92
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	94
RESULTS OF AUGUST COMPETITIONS	96

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. Typewritten MSS are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.

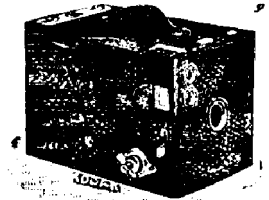
BROWNIE KODAKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ ins. by 2½ ins.,
Price 5/- only.



No. 2 Brownie.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ ins. by 2½ ins.,
Price 10/- only.

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from £2 2s. to £3 12s. 6d.

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches:

98, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.;

171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

YOU WILL BE SURPRISED

When you see our NEW CATALOGUE of

MODEL STEAM ENGINES, LOCOMOTIVES, &c.

A Splendid Production of over 90 Pages.

It contains particulars of all our New Season's Goods.



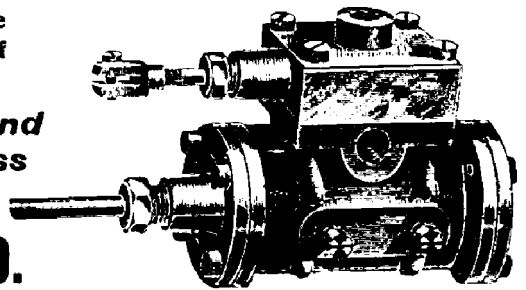
G. N. Rly., L. & S.W. Rly., M. Rly., L. & N.W. Rly.,

L. & Y. Rly. Locomotives, &c. Also Coaches.

Best Quality Engine and Boiler Fittings, Seamless Copper and Brass Tubing, Bolts and Nuts, Pressure Gauges, Electrical Goods and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers.

Our Catalogue is fully illustrated and will be sent post free to any address at home or abroad. Price 6d.

W. J. BASSETT LOWKE & CO.
NORTHAMPTON.



like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, &c., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract.

Delicious as Jam.

SOLD IN JARS, 11b. for 9d.

5oz. Sample Sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage.

Mention **THE CAPTAIN.**

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, &c.
EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, &c.



HOCKEY STICKS.

BENETFINK'S
Regulation Ash, Bound Handle,
2/7 each, 30/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle,
3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

SLAZENGER'S. each.
Fletcher ... 5/-
Cork Handle ... 6 3
BAITERSBY (as
Illustration) ... 7/3
"Boodie" ... 10/3

Wisden's Pat. "Ex-celler" Handle ... 7/6
Ayres' "International" 7/-
Prosser's "Spring-light" 5/6
Bryan's "Grass-hopper" 6/8

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



"SPECIAL" and "LEAGUE."

"BUKTA" FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

Cheap Flannelette.	Boys'.	Men's.
Harlequins, Halves, Stripes, or any plain colour	1/8	1/11
Flannelette, Double Sewn.		
Harlequin, Halves, Stripes, or any plain colour	2/1	2/3
Best Make Double Yoke.		
Flannelette, any plain colour ...	2/3	2/6
Harlequins, Halves or Quarters, ditto	2/6	2/9
Striped Flannelette, 2in. ...	2/6	2/9
Flannel, all Wool, any colour ...	4/6	5/3
Harlequins, Halves or Quarters, ditto	4/9	5/6

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen Shirts, 2/-
Postage, 3d. single shirt.

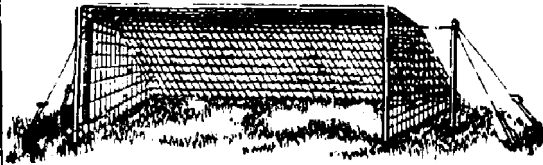
FOOTBALL or HOCKEY KNICKERS.

	Boys'.	Men's.
White Swansdown	1/4	1/6
White Lambskin	2/1	2/3
Blue Serge	1/5 1/9 2/4	1/6 1/10 2/6
Ditto, all Wool	3/3 4/4	3/11 4/11
Best Navy Flannel	5/11

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen knickers, 2/-
Postage, 3d. single pair.

CATALOGUES and Patterns, Post Free.

Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."



BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

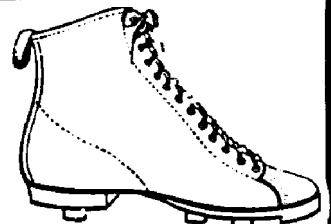
Per Set of Two Nets, with Steel Rope and Iron Pegs.
No. 5.—Strong Laid Hemp, Steam Tarred 35/- net
No. 1. Very Stout Hemp, steam Tarred 45/- "
Cheaper Fittings, ditto, not Steam Tarred 31/- "
Carriage paid.
N.B.—The above prices include everything except the actual Goal-posts.

"THE CLUB" GOAL-POSTS.

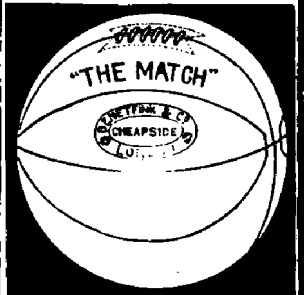
Four Posts, 8ft. above ground, two 24ft. Cross
Bars to fold up, painted one of two colours 31/- net.
Ditto, with Iron Shoes 33/8 "
Carriage Paid to any goods station within 50 miles. "
CHEAPER GOAL-POSTS 12/- 18/- set

FOOTBALL BOOTS.

BENETFINK'S "SPECIAL," Best White Chrome, Latest Pattern (as Illustration), Men's ... 10/6
BENETFINK'S "LEAGUE," Scotch Chrome, Very Light, Waterproof Sole (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S Russet Bordeaux Calf (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S "FORWARD," Scotch Chrome, Spring Heel ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S "LEADER," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof, Special Value, Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
Postage, under 10/-, 5d.



BORDEAUX CALF.



BENETFINK'S
"1st Practice," full size, 6/6 net, as Illustration.
"THE MATCH," as Illustration. Youth's No. 4 ... 5/9 net. Full Size, No. 5 ... 7/- "

THOMLINSON'S
Eight-panel Match Ball, 8/6 net.
BRYAN'S "Grasshopper," 9/6 net.
Ditto, Buttonless, 10/- net.
All Footballs Post Free.

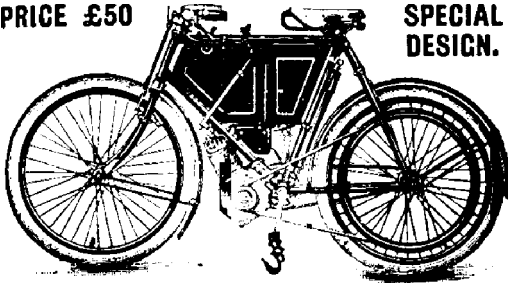
89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRADBURY MOTOR CYCLE.

PRICE £50

SPECIAL
DESIGN.



SPECIFICATION.

Frame—Specially strengthened, built with Tandem Hubs, back stays, chain stays, and specially designed bridge.
Tyres—Clincher A-Won motor cycle tyres, 2 in.
Crank—7 in. toughened steel.
Gear—67 1-5th in., 24 by 10, or to order.
Chain—Apleby or Renolds' 1/2 in. roller.
Pedals—Full size, fitted with best rubber blocks.
Mudguards—Extra width, strongly fitted, free from rattle.
Free Wheel—Bradbury.
Motor—New Minerva, 1902 pattern.
Brakes—Bradbury front rim and Bowden inverted lever back rim.

**SIMPLICITY,
STRENGTH, SPEED.**

SPECIAL FRAME, NEW EXHAUST LIFTER,
OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

BRADBURY & CO., LTD., OLDHAM.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

PRICE LISTS FREE. AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.

MERIGOLD BROS.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated

EMBEE

**FOOTBALL
SPECIALITIES.**

M. B. Football SHIRT,
2/6 each. Ordinary, from 1/9 each.

M. B. Football BOOTS,
10/6. Ordinary, from 4/11.

M. B. FOOTBALL,
9/6, Button-ended or Buttonless.
Ordinary, from 2/6 each.

M. B. Football KNICKERS,
2/6 pair. Ordinary, from 1/3 pair.

Before making your final selection write for our
Catalogue, which will be sent post free.

147, CHURCH STREET, PRESTON.

.. PITMAN'S .. METROPOLITAN SCHOOL,

*Southampton Row, Russell Square,
London, W.C.*

Principal, B. DE BEAR (late Examiner
London Chamber of Commerce).

PERMANENT STAFF OF SEVENTY QUALIFIED MASTERS.

ADVANTAGES OF MEMBERSHIP :

- EACH student receives personal and individual tuition.
- ALL subjects are taught by thoroughly qualified specialists.
- INSTRUCTION can be had mornings, afternoons, and evenings.
- STUDENTS attend at times most convenient to themselves.
- POSTAL instruction where personal attendance is inconvenient.
- SEVENTY masters in constant attendance.
- SIX graduated shorthand speed rooms open the whole time.
- MONTHLY Exams. in Book-keeping by a Chartered Accountant.
- SEPARATE Conversation room for each modern language.
- THOROUGH insight into office routine and commercial methods.
- COMPLETE training for all branches of mercantile life.
- CAREFUL and expert preparation for all Civil Service and other Exams
- UNIQUE coaching for Society of Arts and London Chamber of Commerce Exams.
- OVER thirty years' experience in training for Business Life.
- PERFECT system of lighting, heating, and ventilation.
- SUITABLE appointments found on completion, free of charge.

The "Records of the Past Five Years' Successes at Public Examinations" show that this School is without a rival in the rapid, thorough, and successful training of young men and girls for Business or Professional Life. A significant feature of the School's record is that fifty per cent. of the new students join on the recommendation of former students, who have stepped from the School's door into lucrative appointments.

For Prospectus gratis and post-free, address THE SECRETARY,

PITMAN'S METROPOLITAN SCHOOL,

SOUTHAMPTON ROW,
LONDON, W.C. (No Branches).

Continued from September issue.

COLLINS, Robert Henry, Braeside House, Lerwick.
 COLVER, R., Gonville House, Eastbourne College, Eastbourne.
 CONNALL, Malcolm J., 38 Cambridge Road, Seven Kings, Essex.
 CONSTABLE, Frank, 14 Hertford Street, Cambridge.
 COOK, Arnold, 13 Theresa Avenue, Bishopston, Bristol.
 COOK, S. T., 3 St. John's Villas, Mattock Lane, Ealing, W.
 COOKE, H., 107 Prince George Road, Stoke Newington, N.
 COOKE, Percy H., Holte Croft, Harborne Road, Birmingham.
 COOLE, C. E., Hexham House, Pontypriod, Glamorganshire.
 COOPER, Fred. G., Woodfield, New Barnet.
 CORIN, Bert, 125 Elms Road, Clapham Park, S.W.
 CORNEY, Edwin H., Jnr., 89 Copleston Road, Denmark Park, S.E.
 CORNU, C. Le, Carlton House, Bagot, Jersey, C.I.
 CORSON, F. R., Grancy Villa, Lausanne, Switzerland.
 COSTON, E. P., 10 Radnor Place, Birkenhead.
 COUCHMAN, Walter W., Hook Green, Wilmington, near Dartford.
 COUTEUR, John Dolbel Le, High Street, Wootton Bassett.
 COWAN, A. F., 9 Gillsland Road, Edinburgh.
 COX, A., St. Cuthbert's, White Cross Road, Hereford.
 CRABBE, FRED., 34 Prospect Park, Exeter.
 CRAIG, Chas. H., 14 Spencer Road, Mitcham.
 CRAIG, Walter, 9 Millbrae Crescent, Langside, Glasgow.
 CRIMP, A. R., 16 Gratton Road, West Kensington, W.
 CROOK, H. G., Woolston Lawn, Woolston, Southampton.
 CROOK, L. G., Mapledene, Malcolm Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
 CROSLEY, H., The Holt Hotel, Brockenhurst, Hampshire.
 CROSTON, Etta, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.
 CURTIS, D. C. M., 87 Rathgar Road, Dublin, Ireland.
 CURTIS, Frank, 7 Wellclose Place, Leeds.

D

DAGGETT, William Reginald, Riding Mill-on-Tyne.
 DALLISON, John E., Gravelly Hill, Birmingham.
 DAMANT, R. A., Hankey, Dn. Humansdorp, Eastern Province, Cape Colony.
 DANDIE, Walter, Windsor Place, Bellahill, Lanarkshire.
 DARVEL, D. F. S., Santly Road, Harrow.
 DAVIES, Ivor Wynn, 77 Everton Terrace, Liverpool.
 DAVIES, O. P., 101 Lamma Street, Carmarthen, South Wales.
 DAVIES, Reginald C., Wilton Villa, Caerau, Newport, Mon.
 DAVIS, A. Terry, 28 Silver Street, Kensington, W.

DAVIS, George E., Walmer House, Porry Hill, Catford, S.E.
 DAVIS, G. Horace, 28 Silver Street, Kensington, W.
 DAVIS, G. H., 272 Sandycombe Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
 DAVISON, R. W., 49 Allens Road, Ponders End, Middlesex.
 DAY, Horace C., Westfield, Horbury, near Wakefield.
 DEACON, S., 32 Kidderminster Road, West Croydon, S.E.
 DENNINGTON, H. Scott, Ingle Nook, Biring Road, Tunbridge Wells.
 DENT, J. E., 1 Mouna Villas, Clifton Lane, Rotherham.
 DENTON, Percy Harold, New Road, Staincross, near Barnsley, Yorks.
 DEVEY, C. J., The Presbytery, Caterham.
 DEVINE, T., 29 Donkin Street, Port Elizabeth, South Africa.
 DICK, Andrew W., Chapel Street, Carlisle.
 DICK, Murray, Robertson's Hydro, Pitlochry, Perthshire, N.B.
 DICKINS, Horace S., 96 Sefton Park Road, Bristol.
 DICKSON, George L., 98 Darncombe Street, Moss Side, Manchester.
 DISS, Sydney, 244 Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness.
 DODD, E. A., Northfield, Durham Avenue, Bromley, Kent.
 DODDS, Frank C., 76 Dresden Road, Highgate, N.
 DOHERTY, E. W., The Gardens, South Villa, Regent's Park, N.W.
 DON, D. F., 120 High Street, Sevenoaks.
 DORMAN, Mabel F., Runccliffe House, Northampton.
 DOUGLASS, A. H., The Vicarage, Ealing Common, W.
 DOWLING, Bertram, 32 High Street, Kingston, Herefordshire.
 DOWSON, L. J., Oxford Terrace, Tunbridge Wells.
 DREW, Edwin S., 379 Romford Road, Forest Gate, Essex.
 DUCKETT, Arthur, 119 King George Street, Greenwich, S.E.
 DUFF, George A., Richmond House, Felling-on-Tyne.
 DUNCAN, E. Maxwell, Park View, Oak Street, Lechdale, Glos.
 DUNN, J., 36 Frederick Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
 DUVAL, Ernest E. D., 47 Lavender Sweep, Clapham Junction, S.W.

E

EARL, Ralph Trevelyan, 96 Cathedral Road, Cardiff.
 EASSON, George Alexander, George Street, Coupar Angus.
 EDGE, C. R., 90 Clifton Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.
 EDMONDS, J. M., 26 Aintree Avenue, Barking Road, East Ham.
 EISLER, R., 36 Aberdare Gardens, West Hampstead, N.W.
 ELLIOTT, C. T., The Cabin, Seaforth Road, Westcliff-on-Sea.
 ELLIOTT, William T., 41 Howick Street, Alnwick, Northumberland.
 ELLIS, William C., 61, Douglas Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

ELLISON, William M., 264 Turton Road, Bolton.
 ESCOTT, George H., Chapel House, Camborne.
 EVANS, F. S., Green Lane, Freshfield.
 EVANS, P. W., Budlondeb, Gungrog Lane, Welshpool, Montgom.
 EVERED, Guy, 61 Antrim Mansions, N.W.
 EWEN, W. H., The Linthurst, near Braamsgrrove.
 EWENS, Penn Grove House, Yeovil, Somerset.

F

FALKNER, D. M., Holmleigh, Cargate, Aldershot.
 FARLEY, H. K., 106 Manor Park Road, Harlesden, N.W.
 FARQUHAR, Nina, 60 Vanbrugh Park, Blackheath, S.E.
 FARROW, G. H., 3 Queen Street, Durham.
 FENTON, J. W., 97 Wood View Terrace, Batley, Yorks.
 FERGUSON, David James, 5 Charlotte Street, Perth.
 FERGUSON, Hugh, Boulevard Argentine, 659, Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentine Republic.
 FIELD, G. L. A., Winton Grange, Knyveton Road, East Bournemouth.
 FILLMORE, B., Oaklea, Sheepecote Road, Harrow.
 FINCH, L., 4 Wellington Terrace, Sutton Coldfield.
 FISHER, Jack, Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.
 FISHER, Marie D., c/o "The Captain," 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C.
 FISHER, Oswald G., Bullerstown Castle, Co. Waterford.
 FITCHEW, J. E., Jnr., 498 Kingsland Road, Dalston, N.E.
 FLETCHER, Victor R., Tupwood, Caterham.
 FLOWERS, Phil. G., 16 Elm Grove, Crouch End, N.
 FOLEY, C., 35 Charlotte Street, Portland Place, W.
 FORD, W., 12 Buckingham Street, New Kent Road, S.E.
 FOREMAN, H. T., 149 Coningham Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
 FORSYTH, Walter, 304 Morningside Road, Edinburgh.
 FRAME, Robert, Coningsby Place, Alton.
 FRANCIS, Fred. C., 100 Brixton Road, S.W.
 FRANKLIN, G., Shutlanger Grove, Towcester, Northants.
 FRENCH, Ernest, 44 Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, W.C.
 FRENCH, Maurice P., Abbeystone, Queen's Road, Bournemouth.
 FURMAGE, J. Frank, 62 Brocklebank Road, Earlsfield, S.W.

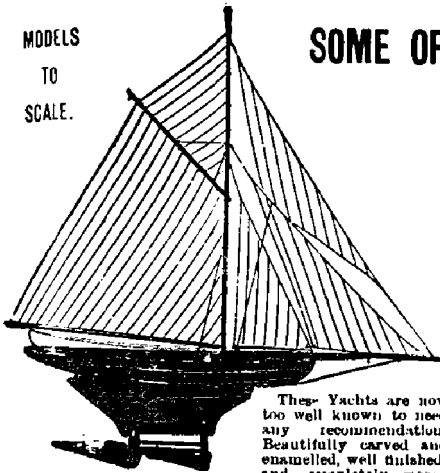
G

GALE, Robert, 18 Lansdowne Crescent, Glasgow.
 GALLACHER, Wm., 75 Nelson Street, Glasgow.
 GARLAND, J. V., Newington St. Andrew's Camp P.O., Jamaica.

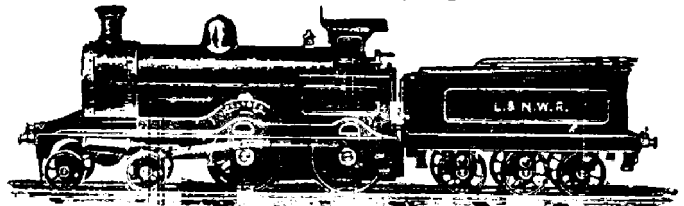
MODELS
TO
SCALE.

ESTABLISHED 1789.
SOME OF OUR LATEST DESIGNS FOR 1902-3.

CONTRACTORS
TO THE
BRITISH ADMIRALTY.



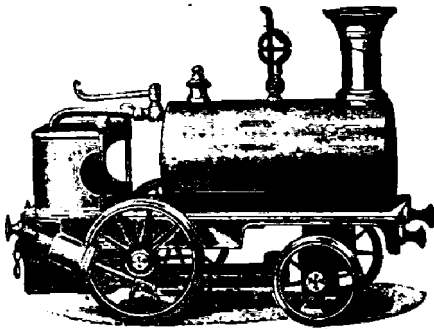
These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled, well finished, and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special Striped Sailcloth (size given is length of deck only.) No. 1, length 18 in., 6/9; No. 2, 18 in., 8/9; No. 3, 20 in., 10/9; No. 4, 21 in., 12/6; No. 5, 22 in., 15/6; No. 6, 23 in., 17/6; No. 7, 24 in., 21/-, each carriage free. No. 1 size is Bermuda rigged, the others are cutter rigged as per engraving. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished spars and flying jib extra.
For prices of "Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh Evening Times open for all, see Special Yacht List, post free, 1d.



OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. RY. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, Jubilee Class, 24 in. Gauge, named "Clyde." Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.

Specification—Solid Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam-Dome, Safety Valve and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake taking up immense quantity of steam and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "Fire and smoke boxes" and "Internal flame" exhausts up the funnel, and so can be run on in the open air without having the flame continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentric, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent "spiral" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 6-wheeled "patent" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. The tender comprises tank for spirits and is fitted with tap so that the supply can be regulated from foot plate. Length 2 feet, tested and guaranteed, and specially recommended, price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Without Steam Pressure Gauge, £4 5s. 6d. The Rails, Straight or Circular, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 24 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/- per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine; Brass, ditto, 7/-.

Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern and C. Ry." Express Engine "Dun-Abair," in correct colours, with tender, inside D.A.S.V. Cylinder, eccentric bogie wheels, &c., length 21 in. overall, with Patent spirit tank and special asbestos with wire gauze, price 40/-, and with 30 feet straight and circular rails forming a splendid oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c., 21 in. long. Price, engine only, 37/6; with 30 feet oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. Correct Model of "Great Western Railway" Tank Engine, with 2 pairs coupled wheels, pair inside O.S. Cylinders, length 12 in., price 30/- carriage free. Rails, 4/- per doz. lengths, carriage free. (See Catalogue, 4d., for other models.)



New and Improved Design of our Special Solid Brass Locomotive, Gauge 3 in. All made of Solid Brass polished bright. Brass Tubular Boiler fitted with steam whistle, safety valve and manhole, steam cock, pair powerful brass cylinders, Polished Brass Bedplate, with brass buffers, coupling chains, &c. mounted on 4 brass turned flanged wheels with front bogie wheels; runs straight or circular. Complete with spirit tank with 2 burners, filter and full directions.

Price, as per engraving, 7/6 carriage free. Ditto, without buffers and coupling chains, 7/- carriage free. The Rails on Sleepers in sections, Gauge 3 in., to suit above locomotives, 4/- per doz. lengths, each 14 in. long. Circular, ditto, 4 ft. dia., 5/-; 5 ft. dia., 6/-; if ordered with Locomotive.

I received model locomotive all right. I am very well pleased with it. I consider it a very cheap model.
Dear Sir,
Whitton St., Doncaster.
Yours truly, G. F. BARKER.

Just published, New Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 200 splendid Engravings of above Yacht, and Fittings, Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, magnificent Scale Model Locomotives; Launch, Horizontal, Gas, Hot Air, &c. Engines; separate parts of Engines and Castings; Dynamoes, Motors and Castings of ditto; Electric start-runs, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c. &c. POST FREE, 4d.

Special Illustrated Yacht List of above Model Ships' Fittings, Gun-Metal Cannon, containing over 100 Illustrations, free on receipt of postage, in 2d. ms. We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, MODEL YACHT BUILDERS, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B. ENGINEERS AND ELECTRICIANS.

GOOD VALUE! A SPLENDID PRIZE!

VOLUME VII. of the

"CAPTAIN."

576 Pages.

Now Ready, price
SIX SHILLINGS.

Now Ready, price
SIX SHILLINGS.

Can you get any other book of this size at the price?

Besides a large number of Short Stories, Articles, Pictures, Essays, &c., Volume VII. contains

A Complete Novel of School Life in Thirty-one Chapters, entitled

J. O. JONES. By R. S. WARREN BELL.

SIX TALES OF ELIZA'S. By FRED. SWAINSON.

Articles by C. B. FRY, on Indoor Games; Cricket Hints from Australia; Peculiarities of some County Cracks; About Cricket Crowds; Exciting Matches; Are Athletics Overdone?

Articles by E. J. NANKIVELL, the Stamp Expert—The Stamps of Lagos; The Stamps of Great Britain.

Articles by HAYDON PERRY, the Cycling Expert—The Up-to-date Machine; Common Sense and Cycling; Night Riding; Cycle Picnics; Coasting; Its Pleasures and Pitfalls; Cycling as Medicine.

NOW READY! 576 Pages for Six Shillings.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12 Southampton Street, London, W.C.

THE GREAT OUTFITTERS FOR

FOOTBALL

THE GREAT NATIONAL SPORT.

Send for FOOTBALL Price List.

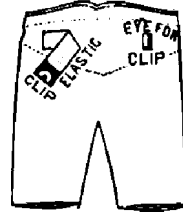
Send for FOOTBALL Price List.

FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, HARLEQUIN or STRIPES, 2/- each. Reduction of 2/- on 1 dozen. Better Quality, 2/7 each. Reduction of 3/- on 1 dozen. Postage 8d.



BELTLESS KNICKERS.

With Elastic Clip Back. Navy Serge, 2/3 per pair. Ordinary Makes. Navy Serge, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9, 4/11 per pair. White Swansdown, 1/4, 2/2, 3/3 per pair. Postage, 3d. 2/- allowed on 1 doz. pairs.



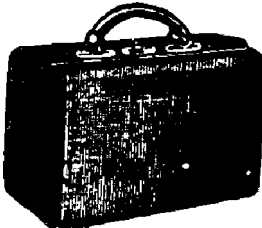
FOOTBALLS.

THE "J.P." MATCH BALL. Each one is manufactured from the Finest Quality Cowhide. Match size ... 9/9 each. The "Crown" ... 5/- " The "Goal" ... 6/6 " The "Briton" ... 7/6 " The "BOY'S OWN" FOOTBALL. Size 3, 3/9. Size 4, 4/9.

FOOTBALL SHIRTS.

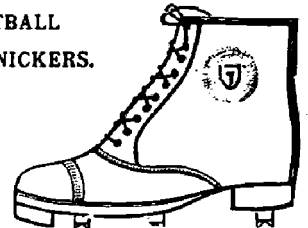
FOOTBALL KNICKERS.

SHIN GUARDS, 1/-, 1/5, 1/8 per pair.



FOOTBALL BAGS.

12 14 16 18 in.
3/6 4/1 4/9 5/4
Postage 6d.



FOOTBALL BOOTS. Russel Calf, Single Pad.

4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11 per pair.

JOHN PIGGOTT, L^{TD.},

117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

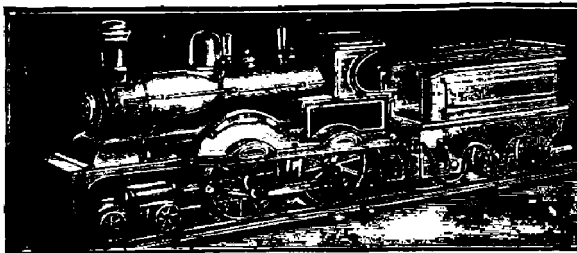
"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons.

Cocoa

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES.

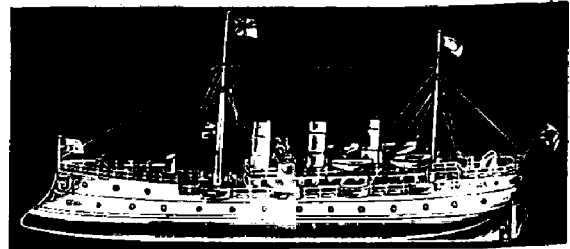


Splendid Model of L. & N.W. Railway Locomotive and Tender, 23ins. long, beautifully finished and fitted, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Piston Valves, Water Gauge, reverser, gear. Strongly made. Guaranteed in every way. Complete with Railway, £4 10s.; with extra Carriages, £5. A Customer writes: "I received Model Loco. all safe; it runs splendid, works quietly and sweetly, and is finely fitted and finished. Send on the following extra Carriages and Rails" (here follows order).

Send for our Splendid New Enlarged Illustrated Catalogue, Coronation Edition. Latest Designs of powerful and magnificent Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds: Finished Parts Steam Turbines, and finished parts Engine and Boiler Fittings: Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles and Motor Cars, Dynamoes, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines: Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free, 6d. Mention this magazine when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.

MODEL GUNBOATS.



Fitted up in first-class manner, with Cannons, Quick-firing Guns, Life Boats, strong Brass Boiler, and all fittings as shown, or at 24 ft., 100 lb., beautifully finished. Price 37/6. Smaller sizes—25 ins. long, 25/6; 20 ins. long, 20/6 carriage paid.

Division Boats, over 2 ft. long, with strong Steam Engine and Boiler, 15/6, carriage paid.

Torpedo Boats, 2 ft. long, with Steam Engine and Boiler complete, 8/6 and 10/6.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, L^{TD.}, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., London and Bungay.

MEMBER.

DUNLOP'S FRIEND.

By FRED SWAINSON.

TALES OF INDIA.

TRUE MONKEY STORIES

By R. L. GARNE

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE

FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

VIII. No. 44. NOVEMBER, 1902.



Trade

Mark.

Revolutionary methods.

It was said that pneumatic tyres could not be improved, but it has been left to the inventors to have the last word on tyre construction as well as the first. 18 months ago we commenced making

DUNLOP TYRES

our new process, invented and patented for the purpose.

NO ONE ELSE CAN USE IT.

Our tyres so made are phenomenally durable: they are absolutely true. They are speedier, they are resilient, and as the cost of manufacture is reduced, a best quality tyre can be supplied at a

LOWER PRICE.

... per pair. **Guaranteed.**

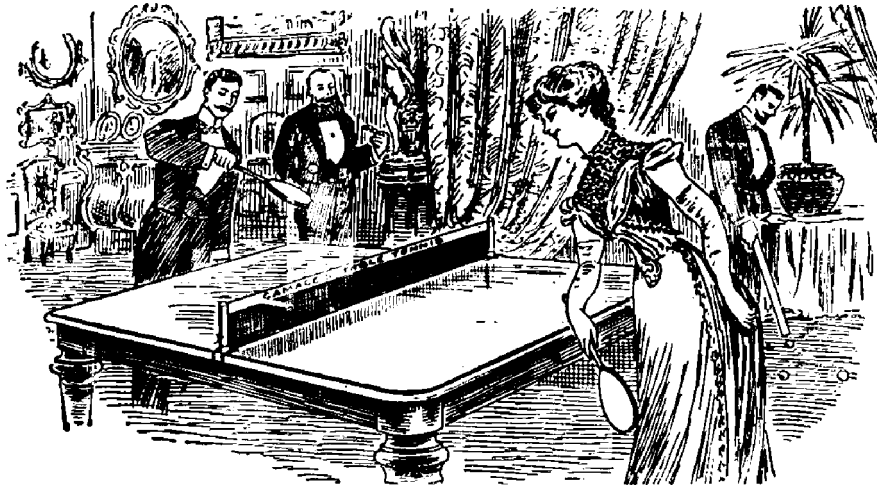
DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE Co., Ltd.,
Tire Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



See DO MONKEYS REASON? Page 113.

Photo, Woodburytype.

GAMAGE'S "TABLE TENNIS"



Complete Sets, 2 3, 2/11,
3/11, 4 11, 6/6, 7/11, 8 6, 10/6,
15 -, 20/-, and 27 6.

CELLULOID BALLS, 10/d. per
Doz., 10s. per Gross; CELLU-
LOID COVERED BALLS, 4s. 6d.
per Doz.; BATTLEDORES, from
6/d.; GUT RACKETS, from
3s. 6d. The BALL "PICKER-
UP," from 8/d., postage 3d.

Orders over 10s. carriage paid.
Postage 4d. on Sets under 10s.

Write for Special List.

BILLIARDS AT HOME BY UNIQUE OFFER

Billiard Tables and Accessories Instalment Plan.

Thousands of players have to deny themselves the pleasure of playing billiards on account of the expense. **WE HAVE DETERMINED TO COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE**, and are making an offer which will enable anyone, no matter how slender the purse may be, to acquire **A SLATE BED TABLE AND ALL ACCESSORIES** on the easiest of terms. Country residents and those unable to call should write for particulars (mention Billiard Department). Send first month's instalment if you wish to adopt our Easy Payment System. *If you do not see what you require send specification of your wants, and we will send you full particulars by return.*

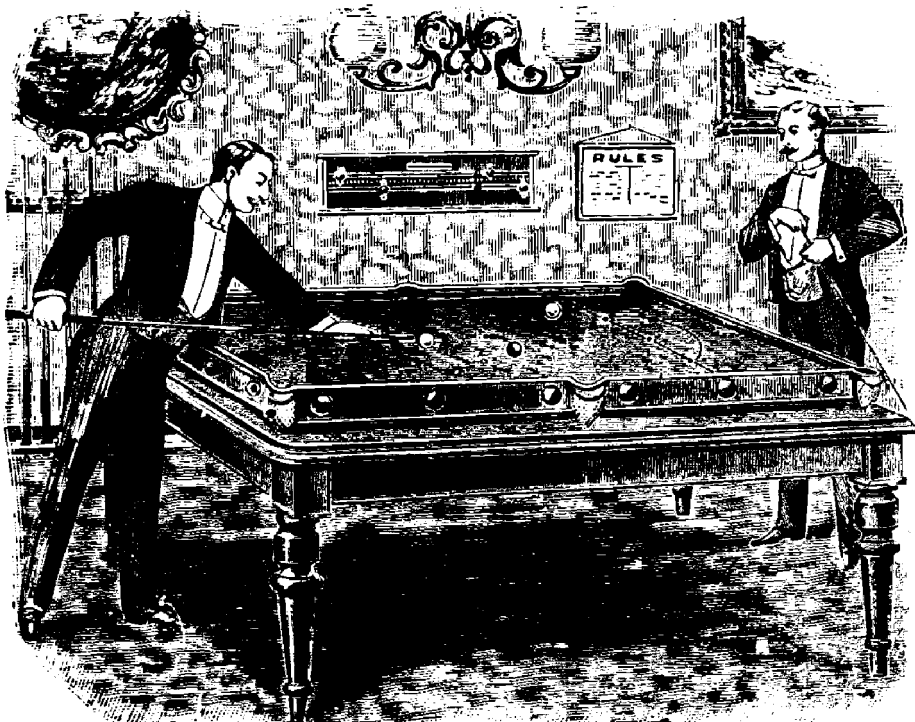
6^{d.}

A
DAY

for

10

Months.



6^{d.}

A
DAY

for

10

Months.

Set No. 1.—Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table with SLATE BED, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Rack Cover, Box of Tips, Box of Wafers, and Rules, framed complete. Outside measurements of Tables 6ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins. Size of Balls: 1 1/4 ins.
Cash Price £8 4s., or 10 monthly payments, of 15s. 3d. Larger Tables on proportionate terms.

A. W. GAMAGE LTD., HOLBORN, E.C.
WRITE FOR POST FREE GAMES CATALOGUE.

LOOK OUT
FOR OUR

BIG BAZAAR

OPEN EARLY
IN DECEMBER.

One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS.

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY

SWEET

Most delicious, Creamy Flavour.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Manufacturers:
S. J. MACKENZIE & Co., Ltd.,
Shacklewell Lane,
LONDON, N.E.

28

YEARS' SUCCESS.

THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR

**Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

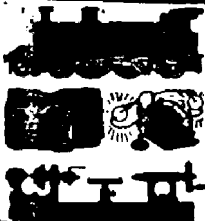
Onbridge's Lung Tonic

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

SUBSTITUTION.—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "ONBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

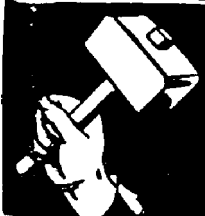
Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d.,
4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steam-boats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Cells, Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles, and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, 3d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 28, Abchurch Lane, London E.C.



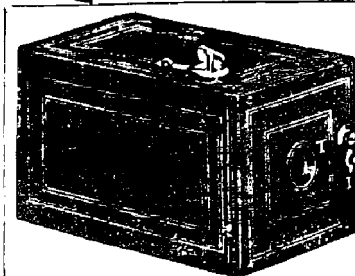
"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
28, FARRISDON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

THE "SCOUT" CAMERAS



TAKE EXCELLENT
PICTURES
and are the
EASIEST
TO MANIPULATE.

LOADED OR
UNLOADED
in
DAYLIGHT

The No. 1 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2.
Fitted with a Rapid
Lens and an Everest
Shutter, giving either
time or instantaneous
exposures

Price
Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2.
Fitted with excellent
Rapid Lens, Everest
Shutter, and 2 View-
Finders.

Price
Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.
Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 2/6

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC

CAMERAS and MATERIALS post free from

GEORGE HOUGHTON & SON,

88 and 89, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETERS

The Original
Milk Chocolate

... & REFUSE
IMITATIONS
WHICH ARE
INFERIOR.

Sold everywhere in 1/2 lb. TABLETS
... & 4oz. COUQUETTES.

Sole Agents, S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD.,
28, SHACKLEWELL LANE, LONDON, E.C.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are the VERY BEST
STAMPS to Collect.

I HAVE been for several years buying immense quantities of
USED BRITISH COLONIALS, and can now supply
them at a price which defies all Competition.

NOVEMBER

Packet
33 Varieties,
including
Four Scarce Sets,
and
Many Rare
Stamps.
PRICE 6d.
Postage 1d. extra.
The Cheapest
Packet ever
Offered.

**DON'T MISS
THIS
SPLENDID
BARGAIN.**

My **NOVEMBER** Packet contains
33 different

British Colonials, including
Four Orange River Colony.
Worth 1/-

Four Western Australia, in-
cluding 2d. **Yellow Swan.**

**Four South Australia. New
Issues.**

Six Scarce Ceylon, including
Service and Surcharged.

Federated Malay States,
New Tiger Issue. — Jamaica,
Malta, New South Wales, Tasmania,
Cape Colony, Barbadoes, British
Guiana, Victoria, Leeward Islands,
Canada 1869.

**British Transvaal, King
Edward VII.**

**Transvaal Republic, 1887
Issue. &c., &c.**

PRICE 6d. Postage 1d. extra.

STAMPS bought to any amount.
Collections Specially Wanted. Selections of **British
Colonials** sent on approval on application.
All Letters answered by return Post.

FRANK MOORE,
3 The **FACADE, VILLIERS ST., STRAND, LONDON**
(Opposite Charing Cross Underground Railway Station.)

PACKETS OF STAMPS!!

SET OF NYASSA (Giraffe) FREE.

We offer the following 3 special Bargain packets at 3d., 4d.,
and 5d. each, and in addition to those who send Postal Order for
1s. (or 18 stamps) for the 3 packets we give away free to each
purchaser a set of 4 unused Nyassa (Giraffe). This set cannot
be purchased for less than 6d.

No. 11 contains 100 Stamps, including following scarce:—
Belivia (unused catalogued 1s.), Borneo, Stag's Head (2 c. green),
Mauritius (old issue), Ceylon, Sweden Official, Argentine Republic,
Spain (old issue), Ecuador (Jubilee issue, worth 8d.), Deccan
(Native Indian), Western Australia, Roumania, New South
Wales, Canada, United States, &c., &c. Post Free, 3d.

No. 16 contains 100 Stamps, including following scarce:—
Hayti (large stamp), Queensland (1s. violet), Peru (1897 issue),
Travancore (Native Indian), Trinidad (old issue), Spain (1870),
British Guiana, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania, Mexico, United
States (unpaid issue), Columbia Republic, Ceylon, Brazil (old
Head of Emperor), Porto Rica, &c., &c. Post Free, 4d.

No. 17 contains 100 Assorted Stamps, including:—Labuan
(Queen's Head—rare), Cuba, Philippine Islands, Argentine, Malay
Federated States, Jamaica (1d. large waterfall), Venezuela, Turkey,
China (rare), Egypt, Chile, Constantinople, Cyprus, Segnataese,
Sweden (old issue), Canada (rare 8 c. grey), Guatemala, Straits
Settlements, &c., &c. Post Free, 5d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the
world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should
send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SETS.—Borneo, 1894 issue, com-
plete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Borneo, 1897 issue, set of 6, price
6d., or complete set 1 c. to 24 c. price 1s. 4d. Borneo, sur-
charged Postage due 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d. per set, or complete
set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Labuan, 1897 issue, set of 6, 1 c. to 8 c.,
price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 4d. Ditto, surcharged
postage due, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 6d.
Belivia, 1894 issue, unused set of 6, 1 c. to 106 c. (catalogued
7s. 6d. the set), our price 1s. 6d. NYASSA (head issue), set of
11 unused 2½ reis to 800 reis, price 1s. per set. NYASSA (Giraffe
issue), set of 7 used 2½ to 60 reis, price 9½d. per set.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade, post
free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our shop
between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street, where a fine selection of
Stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

GIVEN ON REQUEST

To all Purchasers of No. 899 Excelsior Packet who ask us to send
a selection on approval

Set of 6 **BRITISH GUIANA** with
JUBILEE issue.

No. 899 Excelsior Packet contains 50 different stamps, in-
cluding **COREA, PARAGUAY, CHINA, NEWFOUND-
LAND**, Sweden Service, Jamaica Waterfall, Western Australia,
Brazil, Argentine, Chili, Dutch Indies, Queensland, Ceylon,
Deccan, Greece, Japan, India, Cape of Good Hope, Portugal,
etc., etc. Post Free, 4d.

PRICE LIST. 64 pages full of illustrations, post free.
Cheap Approval Selections.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

WILL BE PUBLISHED IN NOVEMBER.

THE 5TH ("KING" "A B C" CATALOGUE.

Nearly 900 pages, containing a full List of all Adhesive
Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., fully illus-
trated and Revised to date. All varieties of Type,
Perforation, Watermark, and Shades of Colour are given.
The most complete Catalogue in the English language.
EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME.

Price 2/6 Complete, or Post-free, 2/10

12 Months after the issue of this Catalogue, viz. in
November, 1908, a Supplement will be published,
containing an Illustrated and Priced List of all Stamps issued
during that period.

This can be looked at the same time as the above, price 7d. Post-free.

Approval Sheets, Medium Selections, Special Books of separate
Countries. For Stamps in Good Condition, our Prices are Cheaper
than those of any other Firm. Novelty List of Sets, Packets,
Albums, Accessories, &c., 82 pages, post-free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND, W.C.

BARGAINS.

Packets of 25, all different. 1d.; 50, 2d.; 75, 3d.; 100, 4d.; 150, 6d.;
200, 1/-; 1000, 15/- (all Postage extra).
Sets 4 Sudan Camels, 4d.; 20 Ecuador, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 30 France, 4d.;
30 English, 4d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 50 Billi Stamps (all different), 6d., 10s. 1/-;
150, 1/6. Sheets of Postage and Fiscal Stamps sent on Approval: Good Discount.
SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64, Northumberland Park, Tottenham, E.

50 BRITISH COLONIALS 6d.

All different. Postage 1d. extra.

This packet will include 2 new King's Head Grenada
and Transvaal, and to all applicants who also send 1d.
extra, and ask for my approval books, will be presented a
perfect specimen of the New South Wales 5d. green (large
square stamp)

SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

Cheap Lines.—4 Peru, 2d.; 10 Canada, 3d.; 10 United
States, 8d.; 20 Australia, 3d.; 100 Australia, 4s., very cheap,
postage extra.

Business only by Correspondence.

**L. S. CHARLICK, Victoria Chambers, 55-6 Chancery Lane,
LONDON, W.C.**

The "KING." 3d. 50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

TRANSVAAL 1902 (King Edward VII.),

MALAY STATES 1901 (Tiger),

ECUADOR 1895 (Jubilee Issue),

ST. PIERRE and MIQUELON,

Turkish Empire, new Issue Argentine, Luxemburg, Mexico, India,
Queensland, Portugal, Japan, Sweden, New Zealand (Universal Id.
Postage), Spain (Young King), Cape Colony, U.S.A. War Tax (Battle-
ship), Natal, New Issue Surinam (1902), Corea (1900), Martinique
etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of the above packet applying for a
selection of our "Ideal" approval sheets will receive

GRATIS, A GRAND SET OF

20 ROUMANIA, 1 to 50 Banl.

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

New Price List Post Free and Gratis. 84 Pages, full of illus-
trations, including a Guide to Stamp Collecting, etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, 1902 EDITION,



with 2,554 Illustrations, and **EVERY STAMP PRICED**, but without measurements of perforation, or other uninteresting minor varieties.

Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW PRICE LIST of Sets and Packets, 64 pages, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1902 in great variety, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

MONTHLY LIST OF PHILATELIC NOVELTIES, 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

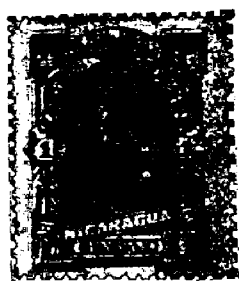
A CLEARANCE SALE.

We have not had a Special Clearance Sale since we commenced business, and have an enormous accumulation of Good Stamps. We offer the following **CHEAP SETS**.

5 Uruguay for 2d.; 4 Newfoundland for 2d.; 6 British Guiana for 2d.; 5 Guatemala for 2d.; 22 South American for 3d.; 15 West Indian for 3d.; 20 Australian for 2d.; 6 Central America unused for 2d.; 12 Central America unused for 5d. **ONE PENNY** extra must be add'd for postage, and if when ordering you request us to send a selection of stamps on approval we shall include gratis a **SET OF FIVE OBSOLETE CHILL**. The above 9 sets (50 different stamps) will be sent post free on receipt of a Postal Order for 1s. 6d. A cheaper lot cannot be bought anywhere. **PRICE LIST** gratis on application.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

No. 20 "SATISFACTION" PACKET contains 30 stamps, all different, including



China, Ecuador, Denmark, Holland, Japanese Spain, Queensland, Italy, Egypt, New Zealand, Hungary, U.S. America, &c. Price 4d post free. Set of 5 CUBA given away free

No. 25 "SATISFACTION" PACKET contains 50 stamps, all different, including Hoi Hoe, China, Port Said, Indo China 25c., Ceylon 5c., Malta, Hong Kong, Corea, New South Wales, Cape of Good Hope, Federated Malay States, Hawaii, Holkar, Newfoundland, &c. &c. Post free 1s. Set of 10 CANADA given away. Every purchaser of THE ABOVE TWO PACKETS at one time will receive an **UNUSED NICARAGUAN STAMP** catalogued at 1s. 6d.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

To all applying for our marvellously **CHEAP APPROVAL SHEETS** and enclosing One Penny Stamp for Postage, we will send free of all cost a set of **512 PORTUGUESE OR COLONIES** of splendid value, and in addition to this, we allow 50 per cent. discount of all purchases of 1s. and upwards from the same.

W. & A. PRINCE, Foreign and Colonial Stamp Importers,
79 EDWARD STREET, WEST BROMWICH.

GRATIS! Bona-fide applicants for approval selections enclosing stamp for postage receive a **Free Gift of a Fine Collection of 24 different Belgium postals**, including Exhibition Stamps, catalogued 2/- Unequaled Bargains in Colonials. Stamps bought. **GRAHAM MORRIS,** The Avenue, St. Margarets, Twickenham.

WHY PAY MORE?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out

ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF of Catalogue Rates!

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials **FREE.**

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

118 DIFFERENT STAMPS

Including Barbados, Ceylon, Cape, Gibraltar, Deccan, Grenada, Mauritius, Natal, Newfoundland, Orange Colony, Straits, Tasmania, Trinidad, Transvaal, Sudan, Victoria and Zanzibar. Price 6d. Stamp given gratis to all applicants for my 20 paged Colonial list, post free. Approval Sheets 50 per cent. discount.

H. SCOTT, 122 Earl Street, Edgware Road, London.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Nov.), 6d. (Quote Nov. when ordering.) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Caledonia, Gibraltar, U.S. Pan-American 4c., Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, Western Australia. **GRATIS** Large List Sets. **SHEETS** 4d. Stamps, upwards. 200 Mounts and 2 Bars old Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamps, 6s.; 1,000 for 12s. post free (abroad postage extra)—**A. C. MCAUSLAN & CO., 55, Bath Street, Glasgow**

TIGER PACKET 2D.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS.

Including PERAK (Tiger's Head), Selangor (Tiger), Pahang (Tiger), HOH-HAO, Shanghai, Trinidad (Britannia), Nyassaland (Giraffe), Cressat Post, Philippines, N. S. Wales, Cape Colony, Rounahia, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, New Issue Turkey, &c. and FIVE with each packet a rare set of Two (New Issue) OULOU MALAYSIA, with pictures of Tigers. Most handsome stamps. Only one packet supplied to each person. Postage 1d. extra. **Our Illustrated Lists** are free. Thousands of Bargains. **BUSY VALU.** Send now. A postcard will do. **ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.**

50 STAMPS 6 1/2d. Post Free.—Comprising Grenada, S. Helena, Transvaal, China, Ecuador, Tasmania (view), Venezuela, Gt. Britain I.R. Official (King's head), &c. etc. Purchasers of above packet applying for an Approval sheet will receive gratis a set of three Shanghai Approval Sheets and Books at 25 & 50 per cent. of marked prices. Old Collections and loose lots bought. **PEARCE & STAMFORD,** 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

NEW SEASON, 1902-3. NEW PACKET, GREAT BARGAIN.

50 Stamps, all different, 3d., includes Newfoundland, Cape, Jamaica (view), pair Tasmanian picture stamps, Old Swiss, New Zealand, Orange Free State, Ceylon (surcharged), British South Africa, &c. etc. Price, 3d., postage 1d. extra. To every purchaser of this packet asking for approval sheets I present an Orange Free State stamp surcharged V.E.I., and in addition to every fresh applicant for my cheap approval sheets (whether purchaser of Bargain packet or not) I will present 30 Stamps absolutely FREE.

NEW APPROVAL SHEETS are available at very low prices, large discount; all collectors should see these sheets, they never fail to please.

Exchange desired with all British Colonies.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DEBBOROUGH ROAD, FLYMOUTH

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good; clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Fern, Liauna, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Gulden, Persia, Java, Guatemala, Dalomey, Labuan, Honduras, Jhind, Pattala, South Zumbal, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free, 11.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all Different: 20 Argentine, 6d.; 40 Austria, 8d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 8d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 25 Wurtemberg, 7d.; 20 Holland, 6d.; 20 Honduras, 8d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 40 Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 8d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 8d.; 30 Sweden, 6d.; 30 Spain, 6d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippine, 8d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 12 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free. **MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham**

A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.

5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1y cent.)
8 Spanish, including two War Stamps and new Issue (1901).
8 Japanese, all different, including the new Issue 3 SEN, and a large square fiscal stamp.
1 **IVORY COAST** (1c. unused).
Send an extra stamp for postage (2d. in all), and ask to see my **World-famed Approval Sheets.** Only ONE packet supplied to each applicant. If the above does not give perfect satisfaction, return it, and I will send you 3d. back for every packet so returned. Postage abroad, 3d. extra. Quote No. 5881 when ordering.
H. C. WATKINS, 86, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

COLLECTORS, DON'T MISS THIS!

Packet No. H165 contains Hawaii &c. Carmine, Jamaica (Waterfall), N.Z. "Universal Postage," Bechuanaland Protectorate (Queen's Head), Fin and "Mounting Stamp," Unpaid Greece, Borussia Protectorate, Montenegro, Mexico, Nyassa (Giraffe), Argentine, N.S.W. Jubilee, Ceylon, Obsolete Colonial, Unpaid Cressat, old Cuba, Bulgaria "Boris Celebration," Transvaal, Chili Telegraphs, Guatemala, Spain "Imperial Wedding," Chinese Imperial Post. Price 6d., Postage extra.—**PREMIER STAMP Co., 17, Friars, Albert Street, Brighton.**

UNUSED CURRENT COLONIALS.

These are the BEST stamps to buy, and my prices are absolutely the LOWEST in the market. Send for list (free) and see for yourselves.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lincs.

The INVINCIBLE Packet. No. 138.

Worth 5s. Our Price 5d.

THIS bargain Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, as follows: NORTHERN NIGERIA (Head of King Edward VII.), BELANGOR (Tiger's Head, obsolete and Scarce), SURINAM (New Issue, 1902), British Guiana (Brig), Mauritius, Bolivia Republic, 2 Natal, Victoria, Brazil, GRENADA (Queen's Head), MALTA (Queen's Head), JAMAICA Llandovery Falls (obsolete), MARTINIQUE, Sweden Official, United States Columbus, New Zealand Russia, Canada, Bulgaria, Belgium Sunday Post, Japan, India, 2 FRANCE 50c. and 1fr. (obsolete), EGYPT Salt Tax £1 used (handsome issue), PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, TRAVANCORE (Native Indian), PARAGUAY, and SOUDAN Camel Trooper. Price 5d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no Orders can be sent). Free to all purchasers of the above Packet applying for a selection of our Approval Sheets (with the liberal discount of 5d. in the 1s.), a fine set of 9 used QUEENSLAND including the 6d. and 1s. values.

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

STAMPS. 100 different, Transvaal, Orange, Persia, Hyderabad, Virgin Islands, Curacao, Travancore, Vincent, Lucia, 7d.; 260 different, Dominica, Tobago, Virgin Islands, British Honduras, Vincent, Hawaii, Bermuda, 2s. Cloth-bound Album and 1,000 Mixed Stamps, 1s. 9d., postage extra. MIDLAND STAMP COMPANY, Cheylesmore, Coventry.



Half actual size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX.

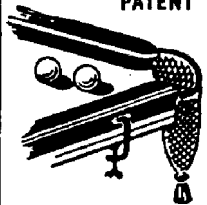
Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6d.

Post Free.

PATENT

BILLIARDETTES



Rigid sides, solid rubber cushion, to fit on ordinary extending dining table, with 11in. balls, two 4ft. cues, chalks, tips, spots, and wipers. Splendid practice at home, almost perfect game. Set for table 6ft. by 3ft. 6in. £2 5s. Separate sliding point marker, 24in. long, 5/6 extra.

For other sizes and illustrated list write W. MAJOR, Patentee, Evington St., Leicester.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Read these gratuitous testimonials received during the last few months.

Mr. D. GRAHAME of Byfleet, Surrey, writes:—"I expect all my orders to you will be for sheets as I do not think you can better them anywhere."

Mr. E. W. JACOBS of Shanklin, I.W., writes:—"I am very proud indeed of the Saxons secured last week." 8/9/02. Again "Thank you very much for the splendid selection of Saxons you send, I am extremely pleased with them . . . I do not at all mind paying a little extra for such perfect stamps."

Mr. J. R. LESLIE of Glaslough, Co. Monaghan, "I might again say that I am distinctly pleased with your stamps, you are the first dealer who has not sent me torn and dilapidated pieces of paper under the 'nomen falsum' of stamps."

Mr. J. LEEING of Victoria House, Westminster, writes:—"I must again congratulate you on the splendid collections sent me from time to time." 22/5/02.

Mr. A. H. DINGWALL of Weston-Super-Mare, offers the following sets to begin the new season. Austrian Levant 10piast. on 1guld, blue and 20piast. on 2guld. red for 8/6, 10piast. on 1guld. lilac and 20piast. on 2guld. green for 5/6. Belgium 1865, 10, 20, 30, 40c. 4 for 6d. 1869-80 10, 20, 25, 30; 40, 50c. and 1fr. 8 for 6d. "Sundays" (with Coupons) 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 25, 35, 50c., 1fr. and 2frs. 10 for 9d. 1883 10, 20, 25 and 50c. 4 for 10d. Antwerp 5, 10, 25c. (with coupons) 3 for 6d. Brussels Exhibition 5 10 and 10c. (with coupons) 3 for 3d. Belgium 1900 1 and 2frs. new colours (with coupons) 2 for 6d. Bavaria unpaired 1870 1 and 3kr. "Mint" 2 for 6d. Greece new types 1, 2, 3, 5lep used or * 4 for 2d. Same 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 20, 25, 30, 40 and 50lep. * only, 10 for 2/6. Peru 1395 1c. red and 2c. blue 2 for 3d. 1886 5c. orange, 10c. black and 1894 10c. green (Bermudez) 3 for 3d. 1896-1900 1c. blue, 2c. blue, 5c. indigo, 5c. green and 1898 5c. rose (President) 5 for 3d. Single Stamps. France 1849 20c. black in Pairs 6d., 25c. blue in Pairs, 5d. only. 1852 Presidency 25c. blue in Pairs (Rare thus) 9d. 1870-73 10c. bistre-brown, 5d. (catalogued at 1/-) Square unpaired letters 10c. black 2 1/2d., 15c. black 3d. (very fine) Denmark 1902 24 ore brown 1d. Greece new type 30lep. used 3d., 40lep. 4d. Brunswick 1852 2gr. blue on entire cover 8/-. Transvaal 1885-92 £5, green 13/6, 1895 10/-, brown 3/6, U.S. of A 1895 \$5, green 5/6.

Mr. DINGWALL has one of the finest stocks of stamps in the world, and will send quotation for any stamp on receipt of stamped cover. A splendid assortment of all countries on sheets at 33% discount, and some fine Colonials at 50% discount. Only good stamps supplied, no gumpaps or other rubbish. Wanted. To Buy. Old Europeans to any amount. Catalogues, 3d. each. Wholesale Catalogues free to Dealers only. Mention "Captain."



like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, &c., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract.

Delicious as Jam.

SOLD IN JARS, 1lb. for 9d.

5oz. Sample Sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage.

Mention THE CAPTAIN.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

**GLOBE POLISH CELLULOID BALLS,
SUITABLE FOR**

Ping-Pong or Table Tennis,

Post Free, 12 for 6d.

These balls are in every way equal to the best Match Balls sold at six times the price. They bear the same relation to other Balls for the same purpose, as does Globe Polish to other polishes, being much cheaper, and more effective.

All orders executed strictly in rotation. Raimes & Co., Ltd., Tredegar Road, Bow, London, E.

HALF-PENNY STAMPS PREFERRED.

HAVE YOU HEARD ANYTHING ?



About the
NEW DESIGNS and
GREAT IMPROVEMENTS
in **MODELS**

**IN W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.'S
UP-TO-DATE CATALOGUE**

IF NOT by all means secure a copy at once, it is far and away the most complete
MODEL ENGINEERING CATALOGUE IN THE TRADE.
OVER 100 PAGES.

PRICE OF CATALOGUE—

This will be sent, post free, at home or abroad, Price 6d., which amount may be deducted on first order of 10/- upwards.

**LEADING
LINES**

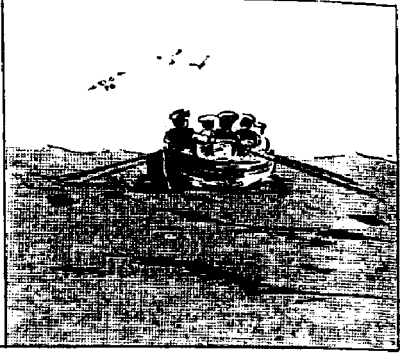
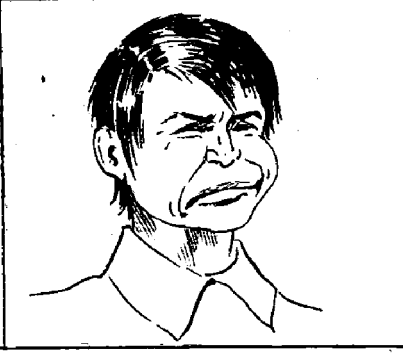
- | | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------|-----------------------------|---------------|
| L. & S.W. R. Loco, No. 593. | 3 in. Gauge. | G. N. R. Loco, No. 776. | 2½ in. Gauge. |
| L. & N.W. R. Loco "Black Prince." | 2½ in. Gauge. | L. & S.W. R. Loco, No. 593. | 2½ in. Gauge. |
| M. R. Loco, No. 116. | 2 in. Gauge. | G. N. R. Loco. | 2 in. Gauge. |
| Met. Tank Engine "Pilot." | 2 in. Gauge. | G. C. R. Loco. | 2 in. Gauge. |
| L. & Y. R. Loco. | 2 in. Gauge. | Clockwork Locomotives. | All Gauges. |
| M. R. Bogie Goods Loco. | 1½ in. Gauge. | | |

And everything for complete model railways.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., NORTHAMPTON.

"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

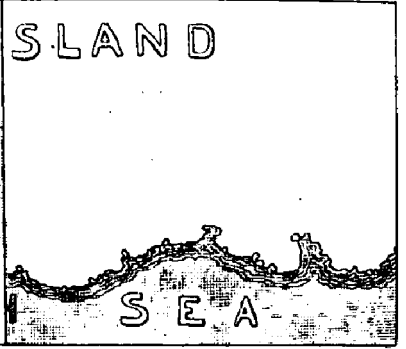
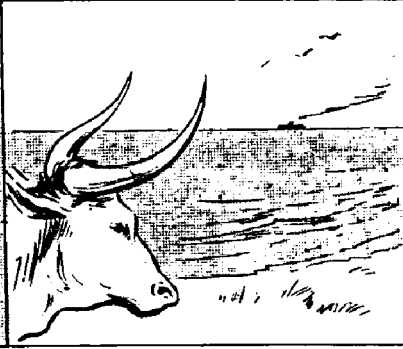
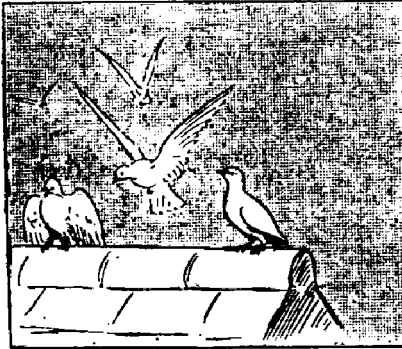
SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER, PAGE 177.



1.—Cows.

2.—.....

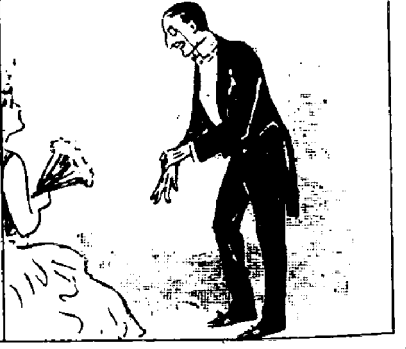
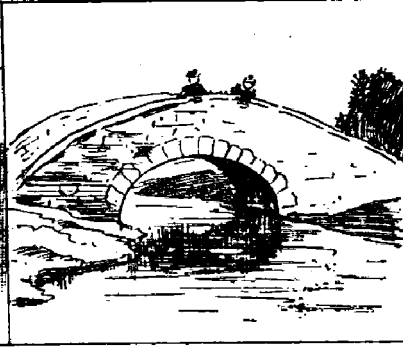
3.—.....



4.—.....

5.—.....

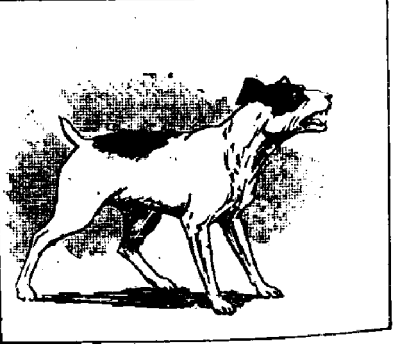
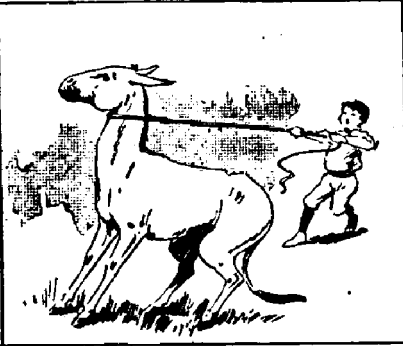
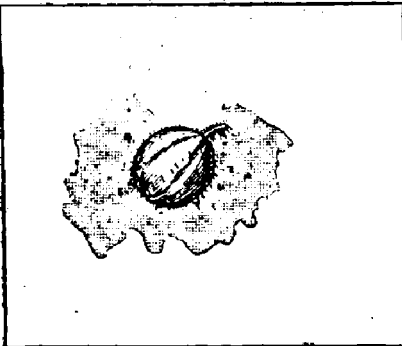
6.—.....



7.—.....

8.—.....

9.—.....



10.—.....

11.—.....

12.—.....

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

H. GRADIDGE

- & SONS -

Manufacturers and Exporters of
The Famous
International Footballs.

Used by all the leading Clubs, Public Schools and Colleges in the Kingdom.

SHIRTS, KNICKERS, BOOTS.



SHIN-GUARDS, GOAL-POSTS, &c.

Price Lists Free. Only address:

ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH, S.E.



Provisionally protected.

FOR A GOOD LAUGH!

Indulge in the Artistic Amusement of

ADD-A-BIT.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE MODELLING GAME AND PARLOUR PASTIME FOR 2 TO 6 PLAYERS.

Suitable for all, Old and Young, Wise or otherwise. There is Fun and Fascination in it.

5/- Complete with all Requisites 5/4 by post.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., The Grange, Bathampton.
HAMLEY'S, Regent St. and Oxford St., London.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



I consider the Electrical Engineer Institute conducted by Messrs. Weston and Martin to be of great value to those who desire an Electrical Education.

Yes, you can. We teach Electrical Engineering at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of anyone. No matter where you live, if you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telegraphy, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Hydraulic Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, Etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our Free Illustrated Book "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage.—The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

WINTER PASTIMES

Fretwork and Wood Carving.

Amateur Joinery, Bent Iron Work,

Repoussé Work, Poker Work, &c.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue 6d. post free, Large Design given away with every copy.

HARGER BROS., Home Art Work Stores,
SETTLE.



DON'T SMOKE SO MUCH!

Amuse yourself by Playing

PARLOUR FOOTBALL

A GAME OF SKILL ON ASSOCIATION LINES. BOARD, MEN, & BALL Complete.

Sent securely packed for 1/2

"The rules are of a very simple character, and the game should provide plenty of amusement for winter nights."—Athletic News

SEND FOR LIST OF PARLOUR GAMES.
WRIGHT & CO., 2A men Corner, E.C.

HARDACRE'S SPRING GRIP DEVELOPERS.



Patent No. 19424.

Develops enormous Grip, strengthens your Fingers, Wrists, Develops wonderful Forearm. Acknowledged by Experts to be the neatest and most ingenious machine invented. The Army, Navy Colleges and Schools use them. These Grips can be used by the weakest in a Family and in a few seconds made strong enough to meet the requirement of the strongest Athlete.

Prices, Youth's 2s. 6d., Gents. 2s. 6d., Athletes 2s. 6d. each. Postage 2d. extra, 1s. 0d. abroad. Complete in Box with Illustrated Chart.

J. H. HARDACRE, 46 Albert Street, Nelson, Lancashire.

Wholesale terms on Application.

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.



FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER, R.N.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM **£10 10s.**
WITH **FREE WHEEL**

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES

Catalogue post free from the **ENFIELD CYCLE CO., Ltd.,** REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

MERIGOLD BROS.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated

EMBEE

FOOTBALL SPECIALITIES.

- M. B. Football SHIRT,
2/6 each. Ordinary, from 1/9 each.
- M. B. Football BOOTS,
10/6. Ordinary, from 4/11.
- M. B. FOOTBALL,
9/6, Button-ended or Buttonless.
Ordinary, from 2/6 each.
- M. B. Football KNICKERS,
2/6 pair. Ordinary, from 1/3 pair.

Before making your final selection write for our Catalogue, which will be sent post free.

147, CHURCH STREET, PRESTON.

SOMETHING ABOUT SAILORS

A STIRRING LECTURE,

with some remarkable slides, telling concisely and cleverly
The Life of Our Lads in Navy Blue.

An Entertainment for yourself, your children, and all your friends.

Write for full particulars to—

THE MANAGER, Lantern Lectures Department,
Geo. Newnes, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton St.,
Strand, London, W.C.

SANDERS'S "BRISTOL" Marking Ink

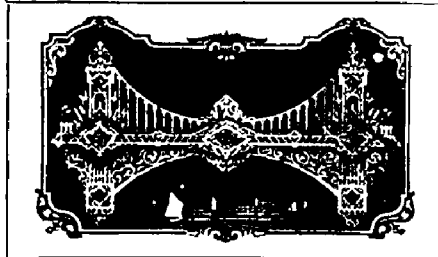
Unquestionably superior to all others for marking Linen, Cotton, Silk, &c.

FRANCIS T. SANDERS, Sutton, Surrey.

FRETWORK

WOOD CARVING.
BENT IRON WORK. POKER WORK, &c.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1903
IS NOW READY. Price 6d.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET.

Our Sixpenny Catalogue for 1903 is a Book of 120 pages, with over 1,000 Illustrations, handsomely bound in an Oriental Red Cover. With each copy we GIVE AWAY THREE VERY HANDSOME SIXPENNY FRETWORK DESIGNS. The Patterns are:—

SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET

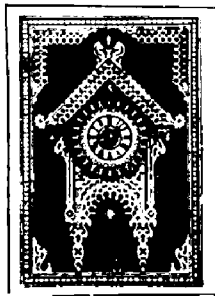
(23 in. by 18 in.). This novel Bracket is, we think, one of the handsomest WALL SHELVES ever designed. It is so planned that it may be cut and fitted up even by Fretworkers with a very limited experience.

HALL BRUSH RACK

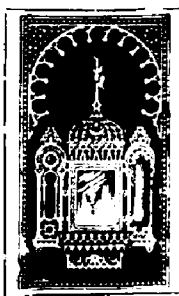
(28 in. by 18½ in.). No Fretwork Hall Rack ever before published can compare in grace and elegance with this beautiful Oriental ornament. The Design is arranged for two brushes and a mirror, and is also fitted with a useful shelf.

PENDULUM CLOCK

(80 in. by 21 in.). The character of the Design of this extremely artistic Pendulum Clock is Russian. It is intended to carry a movement of the popular Black Forest type, with chain and pendulum.



RUSSIAN CLOCK.



BRUSH RACK.

Any of these three articles may be made up at a comparatively trifling cost. Full particulars of materials and fittings will be found on the Design Sheets.

Send at once SIXPENCE for Catalogue with Three Presentation Designs.

Address all letters:

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12a, Paternoster Sq., LONDON, E.C.,

or **HOBBIES LIMITED,** Dereham, Norfolk.

Catalogues may also be had by calling at any of the Hobbies Supply Stores:

188 Aldersgate St., London, E.C. | 326 Argyle St., Glasgow.
153 Bishopsgate St. Without, | 11 Lime St., Liverpool.
London, E.C. | 75 High St., Birmingham.
79 Walworth Road, London, S.E. | 118 Powis St., Woolwich.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for November, 1902.

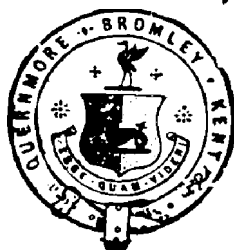
	PAGE
FOREIGN CHILDREN (Poem). ARTHUR STANLEY	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
"HOUP-LA, PIFF-POUM," YELLED THE DWARF	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CHAPS. VIII.-XI.)	JOHN MACKIE 99
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
DO MONKEYS REASON?... ..	Professor R. L. GARNER 112
With Illustrations by E. COOKBURN REYNOLDS, and Portrait.	
TWELVE TIPS TO CYCLISTS	118
OUR RED-HEADED KID	FREDERICK WALWORTH 119
Illustrated by CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE.	
OTHER MOONS THAN OURS	WALTER GEORGE BELL 7
With Illustrations from Photographs and Diagrams.	
DRYSDALE'S FRIEND. A TALE OF ELIZA'S	FRED. SWAINSON 132
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
THE CYCLING CORNER. (CORRESPONDENCE.)	HAYDON PERRY 145
SOME FOOTBALL MODELS	C. B. FRY 146
AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	

(Further contents on next page.)

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. **SPECIAL PREPARATION.**

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),

Late of Uppingham and Westminster,
Educational Medallist at Antwerp,
Bordeaux, and Brussels International
Exhibitions.



G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),

Author of "The Illustrated French
Grammar," etc.
Spanish and German Examiner at the
City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS.

SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 8,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several First places and Honours.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

OUR NEIGHBOURS.

A series of handy books dealing with the Intellectual life of the various peoples, their Social divisions and distinctions, their Manners and Customs, Wealth and Poverty, their Armies and Systems of National Defence, their Industrial life, Rural life, Home life, Religious life, Amusements, and Local Governments. Fully Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. net each.

Edited by **WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.**

The following Volumes are ready:—

- DUTCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By P. M. HOUGH, B.A.
- SWISS LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By A. T. STORY.
- RUSSIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.
- GERMAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By WILLIAM HARBUTT DAWSON.
- FRENCH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By MISS HANNAH LYNCH.
- SPANISH LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By L. HIGGIN.
- ITALIAN LIFE IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.** By L. VILLARI.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Contents—*continued.*

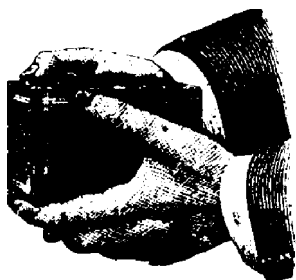
	PAGE
MY FIRST COMMAND HAROLD BINDLOSS	150
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
LIFE AT ZOO VILLA HALL THORPE	167
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.) E. J. NANKIVELL	160
With Illustrations.	
WELCH'S MILE RECORD P. G. WODEHOUSE	164
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
TALES OF INDIA. (THE ATTACK ON THE BUNGALOW.) F. P. GIBBON	168
Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.	
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER	177
SCHOOL LAYS AND COLLEGE LYRICS. (PART II.) C. L. McCLUER STEVENS	178
NATURALISTS' CORNER... .. EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	180
CAMERA CORNER THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	181
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	183
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL	188
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	191
RESULTS OF SEPTEMBER COMPETITIONS	192

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. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newman, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., & VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.

BROWNIE KODAKS

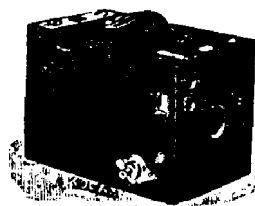
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ ins. by 2½ ins.,
Price 5/- only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ ins. by 2½ ins.,
Price 10/- only.



No. 2 Brownie.

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from £2 2s. to £3 12s. 6d.

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches:

86, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.;

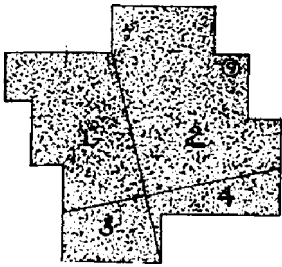
171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

RAILWAY PHOTOGRAPHS AND PUBLICATIONS.



Photographs of locomotives on all railways in all countries. Thousands to select from. Illustrated Price List, together with a magnificent 8 by 6 photograph of an up-to-date locomotive on the G.N.R., G.W.R., G.E.R., L. & N.W.R., M.R., N.E.R., L. & S.W.R., L.B. & S.O.R., S.E. & C.R., C.E., N.E.R., or H.E. Price 1/2, post free. or the set of one dozen, price 10/6, post free. **GREAT BRITAIN'S LOCOMOTIVES**—A neatly-bound portfolio, containing 12 large coloured plates of modern British locomotives, price 3/6, postage 3d. **BRITISH EXPRESSES**—A handsomely bound volume, containing a series of photo reproductions of the fastest railway trains throughout the British Empire, price 3/6, postage 6d. **THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.**, 102a, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

SOLUTION TO THE "CAPTAIN" BOARD PUZZLE.



Showing how the Board was divided.

Showing how the Board was replaced.

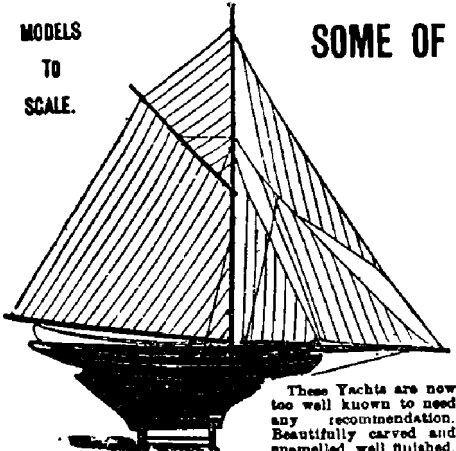
DIARY FOR 1903,
Together with some old Nursery Rhymes, Illustrated in Colours.

SENT FREE
to anyone who sends a Postcard, giving name and address, and mentioning *The Captain*.
FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.E.

BIRDS' EGGS.

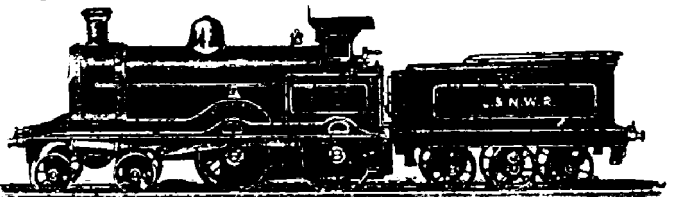
Largest Authentic Stock in Kingdom, Reasonable Prices
BUTTERFLIES, SHELLS, SKINS, CURIOS, &c.
APPARATUS AND REQUISITES
For Collectors in all Branches of Natural History.
Price List on Application. Established 20 Years.
CHARLES JEFFERYS, Naturalist, TETBURY, GLOS.

MODELS TO SCALE.

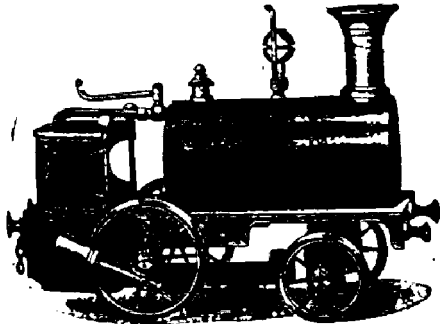


These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled, well finished, and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special Striped Sailcloth (same given in length of deck only). No. 1, length 16 in., 6/9; No. 2, 18 in., 8/9; No. 3, 20 in., 10/6; No. 4, 21 in., 12/6; No. 5, 23 in., 15/6; No. 6, 23 in., 17/6; No. 7, 24 in., 21/6, each carriage free. No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are cutter rigged as per engraving. Nos. 4, 6, 8, and 7 have beautifully varnished spars and flying jib extra.
For prices of "Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the Edinburgh Evening Times open for all, see Special Yacht List, post free, 1d.

ESTABLISHED 1789. **SOME OF OUR LATEST DESIGNS FOR 1902-3.** **CONTRACTORS TO THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY.**



OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. Ry. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, Jubilee Class, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, named "Clyde." Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.
Specification—Solid Bronze Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam Doms, Safety Valves and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake making an immense quantity of steam and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "fire and smoke boxes" and "internal flame," exhausts up the funnel, and so can be run out in the open air without having the flame continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.B.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentrics, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent springs, 6-wheeled front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 4-wheeled "patent" bogie front bogie carriage.
Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern and C. Ry." Express Engine "Dunallastair," in correct colours, with tender, inside D.A.B.V. Cylinder, eccentric bogie wheels, &c., length 21 in. ove. all, with Patent spirit tank and special asbestos with wire gauze, price 42/6, and with 30 feet straight and circular rails, forming a splendid oval with full directions.
Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c., price 42/6. Tin Rails, Straight or Circular, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/ per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine; Brass, ditto, 7/6.
Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern and C. Ry." Express Engine "Dunallastair," in correct colours, with tender, inside D.A.B.V. Cylinder, eccentric bogie wheels, &c., length 21 in. ove. all, with Patent spirit tank and special asbestos with wire gauze, price 42/6, and with 30 feet straight and circular rails, forming a splendid oval with full directions.
Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c., price 42/6. Tin Rails, Straight or Circular, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/ per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine; Brass, ditto, 7/6.
Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern and C. Ry." Express Engine "Dunallastair," in correct colours, with tender, inside D.A.B.V. Cylinder, eccentric bogie wheels, &c., length 21 in. ove. all, with Patent spirit tank and special asbestos with wire gauze, price 42/6, and with 30 feet straight and circular rails, forming a splendid oval with full directions.
Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c., price 42/6. Tin Rails, Straight or Circular, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/ per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine; Brass, ditto, 7/6.



Special Illustrated Yacht List of above Model Ships' Fittings, Gun-Metal Cannons, containing over 100 Illustrations, free on receipt of postage, one stamp. We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, **MODEL YACHT BUILDERS,** **ARGYLE ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.**

BENETFINK & Co.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, & EVERY REQUISITE FOR FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, LACROSSE, &c.



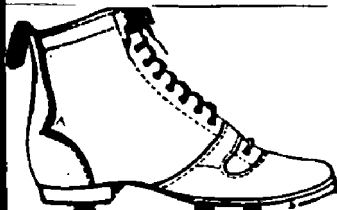
HOCKEY STICKS.

BENETFINK'S
Regulation Ash, Bound Handle,
2/7 each, 30/- doz.
Do., do., Bound Cane Handle,
3/- each, 33/- doz.
4/- each, 45/- doz.

SLAZENGER'S. each.
Fletcher ... 6/-
Cork Handle ... 6/3
BATTERSBY (as Illustration) ... 7/3
"Boodie" ... 10/3

Wisden's Pat. "Ex-celler" Handle ... 7/6
Ayres "Inter-national" 7/-
Prosser's "Spring-light" 5/6
Bryan's "Grass-hopper", 6/8

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



"SPECIAL" and "LEAGUE."

"BUKTA" FOOTBALL and HOCKEY SHIRTS.

	Boys'	Men's.
Cheap Flannelette.		
Harlequins, Halves, Stripes, or any plain colour	1/8	1/11
Flannelette, Double Sewn.		
Harlequin, Halves, Stripes, or any plain colour	2/1	2/3
Best Make Double Yoke.		
Flannelette, any plain colour ...	2/3	2/6
Harlequins, Halves or Quarters, ditto	2/8	2/9
Striped Flannelette, 2in. ...	2/6	2/8
Flannel, all Wool, any colour ...	4/6	5/3
Harlequins, Halves or Quarters, ditto	4/9	5/6

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen Shirts, 2/- Postage, 3d. single shirt.

FOOTBALL or HOCKEY KNICKERS.

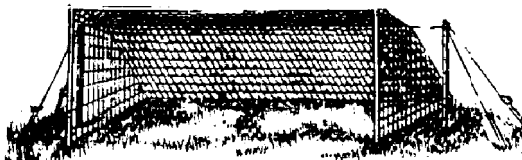
	Boys'	Men's.
White Swansdown	1/4	1/6
White Lambekin	2/1 2/9	2/3 2/11
Blue Serge	1/5 1/9 2/4	1/6 1/10 2/8
Ditto, all Wool	3/3 4/4	3/11 4/11
Best Navy Flannel		5/11

N.B.—Allowance on taking 1 dozen knickers, 2/- Postage, 3d. single pair.



CATALOGUES and Patterns, Post Free.

Please mention "THE CAPTAIN."



BRODIE'S PATENT ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL GOAL-NETS.

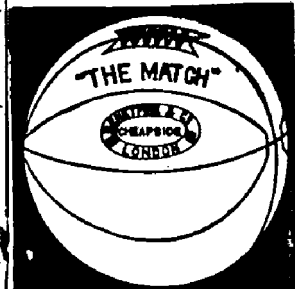
Per Set of Two Nets, with Steel Rope and Iron Pegs.
No. 5.—Strong Laid Hemp, Steam Tarred 35/- net
No. 1.—Very Stout Hemp, Steam Tarred 45/- "
Cheaper Fittings, ditto, not Steam Tarred 31/- "
Carriage paid to any Station in England or Wales.
N.B.—The above prices include everything except the actual Goal-posts.

"THE CLUB" GOAL-POSTS.

Four Posts, 8ft. above ground, two 24ft. Cross Bars to fold up, painted one of two colours 31/- net.
Ditto, with Iron Shoes 35/6 "
Carriage Paid to any goods station within 50 miles.
CHEAPER GOAL-POSTS 12/- 18/- set

FOOTBALL BOOTS.

BENETFINK'S "SPECIAL," Best White Chrome, Latest Pattern (as Illustration), Men's ... 10/6
BENETFINK'S "LEAGUE," Scotch Chrome, Very Light, Waterproof Sole (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S Russet Bordeaux Calf (as Illustration) ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S "FORWARD," Scotch Chrome, Spring Heel ... 7/11
BENETFINK'S "LEADER," Scotch Chrome, Waterproof Special Value, Boys', 5/11. Men's, 6/11.
Postage, under 10/-, 5d.



BENETFINK'S
"1st Practice," full size, 6/6 net, as Illustration.
"THE MATCH," as Illustration.
Youth's No. 4 ... 5/9 net.
Full Size, No. 5 ... 7/- "

THOMLINSON'S
Eight-panel Match Ball, 8/6 net.
BRYAN'S "Grasshopper," 9/6 net.
With Button End, or Butk nics.
All Footballs Post Free.



BORDEAUX CALF.

89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRADBURY & CO., Ltd. Awarded Highest Honours at all the Great Exhibitions.

THE BRADBURY



CYCLES
Lead the Field.
Free Wheel.
Free-Wheel-at-Will
 (Patented).
Bottom Bracket Eccentric Chain Adjustment
 (Patented).

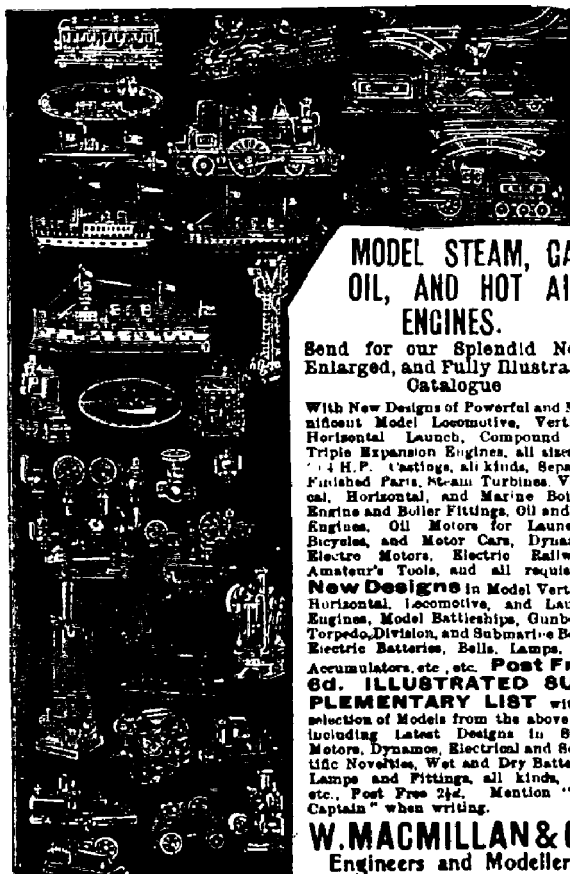
OTHER SOUND IMPROVEMENTS.

GENT.'S No. 2, including Free-Wheel-at-Will, Brake, and Patent Adjustment ... **£15 10 0**
 STANDARD GENT.'S with Brake, Guards, Free-Wheel, and Clincher A-Won Tyres ... **£10 10 0**
EFFECTIVE, DURABLE, SPEEDY, and WELL FINISHED.

BRADBURY & CO. LTD.,

LONDON: 8, Farringdon Avenue. **OLDHAM.**
GLASGOW: 232, Sauchiehall St. **LEEDS:** Upperhead Row.
MANCHESTER: 7, Deansgate.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.
PRICE LISTS FREE. AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.



MODEL STEAM, GAS, OIL, AND HOT AIR ENGINES.

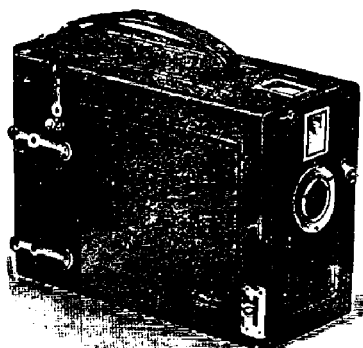
Send for our Splendid New, Enlarged, and Fully Illustrated Catalogue

With New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Model Locomotive, Vertical Horizontal Launch, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Castings, all kinds, Separate Finished Parts, Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles, and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electric Motors, Electric Railways, Amstern's Tools, and all requisites. **New Designs in Model Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines, Model Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo Division, and Submarine Boats Electric Batteries, Bells, Lamps, and Accumulators, etc., etc. Post Free 6d. ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTARY LIST** with a selection of Models from the above and including Latest Designs in Small Motors, Dynamos, Electrical and Scientific Novelties, Wet and Dry Batteries, Lamps and Fittings, all kinds, etc., etc., Post Free 2d. Mention "The Captain" when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & Co.
 Engineers and Modellers,
MAR STREET, ALLOA, N.B.

J. LANCASTER & SON, Opticians, Birmingham.

This is an excellent Hand Camera, taking six plates or films 3 1/2 x 2 1/2 in., with achromatic lens, and time and instantaneous shutter.



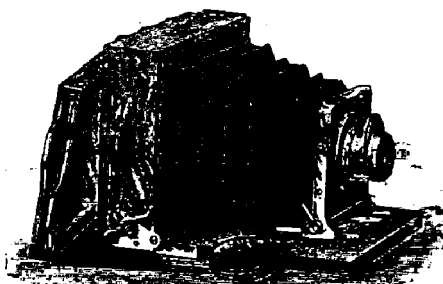
Complete Set of Chemicals, Plates, P.O.P., Printing Frame, 5/6 extra.

THE "BOY'S OWN" HAND CAMERA.

Price **5/-**

Price **5/-**

Catalogues Free.



Catalogues Free.

THE "BOY'S OWN" STAND CAMERA.

Price, 1/2 Plate, **10/6**

Price, 1/2 Plate, **10/6**

Is a Mahogany Camera, with Kinnear Bellows, excellent Lens, and Double Slide.

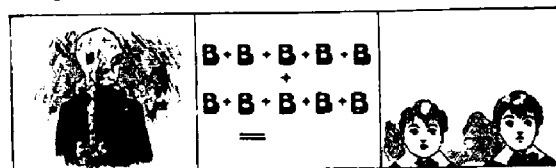
SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN TOWNS COMPETITION.
 For SEPTEMBER, 1902.



Sunderland.

Sandown.

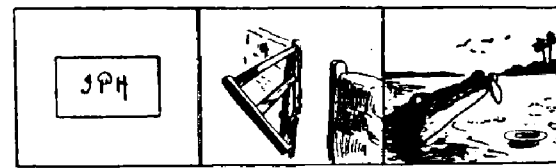
Norwich.



Kew.

Tenby.

Broadstairs.



Cardiff.

Reigate.

Eton.



Brighton

Staines.

Coventry.

Continued from October issue.

GARRARD, William, 18 Laitwood Road, Balham, S.W.
 GARRETT, L. C., Westfield, Stanmore.
 GEERDTS, Thos. F., c/o Assistant Traffic Manager's Office, Bloemfontein, O.R.C., South Africa.
 GIBBONS, Bertram, 29 Coborn Road, Bow, E.
 GLOVER, K., 13 Rectory Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 GODDING, D. E., Clarendon Villa, Hurst Grove, Bedford.
 GODFREY, F. J., c/o Messrs. Sandle Bros., Paternoster Row, E.C.
 GOLBY, Hugh, 15 Prince's Crescent, Brighton.
 GOLDBERG, Montague, 171 Tottenham Court Road, W.
 GOOCH, W. S., Benhilton, Eastwood Road, Goodmayes, Ilford.
 GOODALL, Charles C., High Lane Vicarage, near Stockport.
 GOODBRAND, H., c/o T. McCubbin, Esq., Ridge Road, Berea, Durban, S.A.
 GOODGAME, L. B., 189 Corbyn Street, Crouch Hill, N.
 GOODMAN, G., 9 Reeves Mews, South Audley Street, W.
 GOODWIN, —, Saunderites, Charterhouse, Godalming.
 GOUDIE, Walter D., Irvine House, Wilson Street, Derby.
 GRAHAM, C. J., Clitheroe, Barrowgate Road, Chiswick, W.
 GRAHAM, R. D., 13 Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.
 GRAHAM, W. E., 3 Tower Hill, Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
 GRANGER, E. Harold, 20 College Road, Clifton, Bristol.
 GRANT, H. W., 17 Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.C.
 GRATRICK, F., 10 Grosvenor Place, Liverpool Street West, Salford, Manchester.
 GRAY, Arthur, 105 South Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.
 GREY, S., 5 Raul Road, Hanover Park, Peckham, S.E.
 GRIBBLE, Arthur C., 2 Regent Street, Iffley Road, Oxford.
 GRIEVE, Henry F., 5 Langlands, Dumfries.
 GRIFFITHS, Katie, Craiglals, Aberystwyth.
 GRIMSHAW, G., 11 Hall Lane, Chapletown Road, Leeds.
 GRONOW, W. H. L., 200 Duke Street, Barrow-in-Furness.
 GROWTAGE, William S., Salisbury Terrace, Bridgwater, Somerset.
 GULLEY, H. G. E., 19 Hightown Road, Wrexham.
 GYLES, E., Jnr., Hall Place, Beenham, near Reading.

H

HADDON, Douglas, Collalinn, Hawick, N.B.
 HAINES, Evelyn de W., Mazara, Meads, Eastbourne.
 HALKSORTH, Agnes, 62 Sterndale Road, West Kensington Park, W.
 HALL, Desmond, 1 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
 HALLETT, E. H., 148 Eastern Road, Brighton.
 HALLIDAY, David E., 3 West View, Beeston Hill, Leeds.
 HAMLING, H. H., The Close, Barnstaple.

HANSCOMBE, Charles, 75 Jerningham Road, New Cross, S.E.
 HARBORD, C. G., 56 Chapel Field Road, Norwich.
 HARRIS, V. S., 3 Prince of Wales Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
 HART, Henry S., 37 Tasman Street, Wellington, N.Z.
 HART, Leonard P., 96 Sutherland Avenue, Maids Vale, W.
 HARTLEY, Ernest, Aysgarth, Horsforth, Leeds.
 HARTLEY, R. H., Covehythe, Kington Lane, Teddington.
 HARTMANN, E., Institute Grünau, bei Bern, Switzerland.
 HARVEY, W. A., Brownwood Farm, Onchau, Isle of Man.
 HARWOOD, Wm., 29 Kay Street, Stalybridge.
 HASLUCK, M. A., Dunham Lodge, Ramsgate.
 HAYCOCK, B. G., 65 Havant Road, Walthamstow.
 HAYWARD, N., 31 Leigh Road, Southend-on-Sea.
 HAYWARD, C. B., 6 Knutsford Terrace, Kowloon, Hong Kong, China.
 HAYS, Leonard, The Ferns, Upton Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.
 HEAPES, Geo. F., 33 Henry St., Cork, Southampton.
 HEAVER, W. H., 71 London Road, Southampton.
 HENDERSON, A., Station Hotel, Sinclairtown, Kirkcaldy.
 HENDERSON, Hal. J., 70 Wickham Road, Brockley, S.E.
 HENDILL, Wilfrid, 3 Marine Road, Barmouth.
 HENNESSY, Patrick Joseph, 6 Henry Street, Tipperary, Ireland.
 HERBERT, Morris, Chateau de Vidy, Lausanne, Switzerland.
 HERD, Walter, Hollywood, Dysart, Fife, N.B.
 HERINGTON, F. E., 16 High Street, Dunstable.
 HERON, J., 8 Barlow Moor Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
 HESLOP, Brinton, Westfield, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
 HEWETT, Ernest Henry, 15 Rosetta Avenue, Belfast.
 HEWITT, William Henry, West Hill, Copdock, near Ipswich.
 HICKLIN, H. R., Ash Grove, Wigginton Road, Tamworth.
 HIDDEN, R. C.
 HIGHSTED, W., 49 Kingshall Road, Beckenham, Kent.
 HIGHSTED, H. H., 49 Kingshall Road, Beckenham, Kent.
 HILL, E. W., 21 Woodstock Road, Oxford.
 HILL, Frank K., Abercorn Street, Bexley, Sydney, N.S.W.
 HILL, Percy, 2 New Park Street, Park Lane, Leeds.
 HILTON, H. R., 22 Christ Church Road, Doncaster.
 HINE, Frank, 46 Alexandra Road, Croydon, S.E.
 HISLOP, Walter Mackay, St. Johns, P.Q., Canada.
 HITCHCOCK, R. K., 68 Bootham, York.
 HITZEN, E. J., 407 Cleethorpes Road, New Cleo, Grimsby.
 HOBBS, Edgar J., 18 Marine Terrace, Margate.
 HOBBS, Harold V., 6 Barrow Road, Streatham Common, S.W.
 HOBDAY, W. E., 19 Kyverdale Road, Stoke Newington, N.

HODGSON, Edie, 32 Cecil Street, Carlisle.
 HODGSON, H. J., 57 Kirby Road, Leicester.
 HODGSON, L., 76 Forthbridge Road, Clapham Common, S.W.
 HODSON, L. J., Highbury House, St. Leonard's-on-Sea.
 HOGG, Jas. A., 1 St. Nicholas Road, Barry.
 HOLDER, F. Regg, 42 Hurst Street, Birmingham.
 HOLLINGDALE, E. S., 20 Clarence Place, Newport, Mon.
 HOLLINS, D. F., South Eastern College, Ramsgate.
 HOLT, T. G., Axholme, Egerton Park, Rock Ferry.
 HOOD, S. W., c/o J. E. Legg, Esq., The School, Woodbridge, Suffolk.
 HOPKINS, Sydney R., Avonhurst, Burgess Hill, Sussex.
 HORNEY, Jack, 97 Cyprus Street, Stretford, near Manchester.
 HORTON, Christobel, Dymock Vicarage, Gloucester.
 HOUSEMAN, B. H. C., 206 Friern Road, E. Dulwich, S.E.
 HOWARD, B., 298 High Street, Brentford, Middlesex.
 HOWLETT, W., 19 Vicarage Road, Hoole, near Chester.
 HOWSE, Walter G., Netherley, Lanercost Road, Tulae Hill Park, S.W.
 HUDSON, F. A., 56 Gordon Road, Ealing.
 HUDSON, G. B., 57 Tisbury Road, Hove, Sussex.
 HUGGINS, R., 12 Mount Pleasant Road, Exeter.
 HUGHES, L. S., 21 Higham Court Road West, Streatham, S.W.
 HUGHES, Richard, 24 Gratton Road, Kensington, W.
 HURT, Alfred T., 9 King Henry's Road, South Hampstead, N.W.
 HUSSEY, A. V., The Grammar School, Windermere.
 HUTCHINGS, W., 18 Wynatay Road, Armadale, Melbourne, Australia.
 HUTCHISON, Robert, Chevington, Kintore Street, Camberwell, Melbourne, Australia.
 HUXLEY, F. C., 48 Hingeston Street, Hockley, Birmingham.

I

IGGLEDEN, Hubert, Oakwood, Ashford, Kent.
 INMAN, Henry, 52 Mawbey Road, Old Kent Road, S.E.
 IRONMONGER, Geo., 11 St. Paul's Road, Balsall Heath, Birmingham.
 IVEY, G. W., 171 Barking Road, West Ham, Essex.

J

JACK, Balfour, 34 Oakfield Road, Stroud Green, N.
 JACKSON, A. E., 2 Orford Road, Walthamstow.
 JACKSON, Gordon W., 2 Ethel Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow.
 JACKSON, Jas., 14 Downhill Street, Partick, Glasgow.
 JARDINE, Graham Brynner, 5 Clifton Place, Glasgow, W.
 JARVIS, John Gibson, c/o The Clydesdale Bank, Ltd., Wishaw, N.B.
 JARVIS, V. R., Hagley House, Lugwardine, Hereford.

Mr. HARRY DE WINDT'S GREAT JOURNEY ACROSS

THE WIDE WORLD

From PARIS to NEW YORK Overland.



The only Illustrated record of this remarkable Journey
. . . published in this Country will appear in the . . .

WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

Commencing with the NOVEMBER Issue,

6^{D.}

YOUTH'S
STRONG, WARM,
AND
COMFORTABLE

THE BEST STOCK IN LONDON OF
OVERCOATS

FASHIONABLE,
SMART FITTING,
GOOD
MATERIALS.

Send for Patterns.

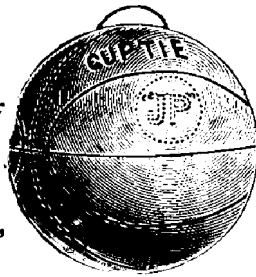
14 11, 18 6, 21/-, 25/-

Post Free.



FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, HARLEQUIN or STRIPES,
 2/- each.
 Reduction of 2/- on 1 dozen.
 Better Quality, 2/7 each.
 Reduction of 3/- on 1 dozen.

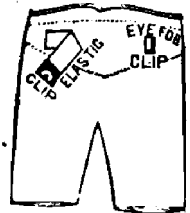
GYMNASIUM TROUSERS.
 White Flannelette 3 11 per pair
 White Flannel, thoroughly shruak, 6/-, 7/6, 9/-
 Grey Flannel ditto, 4/11, 6/11, 8 6, 10 6
 Postage 4d.



FOOTBALLS.
THE CUP-TIE BALL.
 Each one is manufactured from the Finest Quality Cowhide.
 Match size 9 9 each.
 The "Crown" 5/- "
 The "Goal" 6/6 "
 The "Briton" 7/6 "
 The "Club" 5 9 "
 The KIKOPH 8/11 "

POLISHED INDIAN CLUBS.
 4d. per lb. Not Carriage Paid.
 4 lb, 1/6 ; 6 lb, 2/3 ; 8 lb, 3/- per pair.

BELTLESS KNICKERS,



With Elastic Clip at Back.
 Navy Serge, 2/3 per pair.
 Ordinary Makes. Navy Serge, 1/4, 1 9, 2 9, 3 9, 4 11 per pair.
 White Swansdown, 1 4, 2 2, 3 3
 2/- allowed on 1 doz. pairs.
 Postage, 3d.



FOOTBALL BAGS.
 12 14 16 18 in.
 3 6 4 1 4 9 5 4 Postage 6d.

GYMNASIUM KNICKERS.
 Swansdown, 1/4, 2/2,
 3 3. White Flannel,
 3/10, 4/10. White Flannelette, 1/11.
 Strap & Buckle extra.
 Postage 3d.
 Give size round waist and inside leg



FOOTBALL BOOTS.
 Russet Calf, Single Pad, 4/11, 5 11, 7 3,
 7 11, 9 11. Scotch Chrome, feather-weight,
 Spring Heel, 8 6. With Heel for back play,
 9 11. Postage, 6d.

Please send for Illustrated Price List. **POST FREE.**

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 and 118 CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's Cocoa

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons

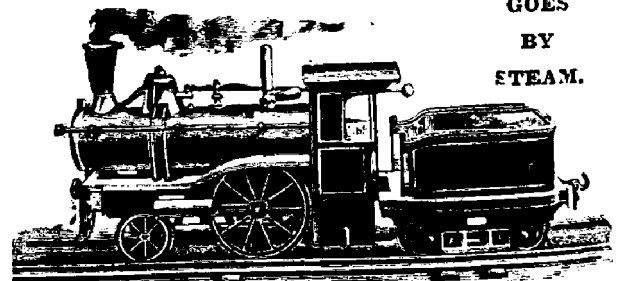
"EXPRESS" LOCOMOTIVE.

CHIFFORD'S PERFECT MINIATURE ENGINE.—The Express.—Beautifully finished and very strongly made of Oxidized Brass, and comprising Solid Drawn Boiler, Safety Valve Whistle, Steam Dome and Tender, Reversing Gear, Steam escapes through Funnel, a Perfect Model, Complete with Circular Rails, 17 6 post free in British Isles.

SPECIAL LINE OF LOCOS.—GREEN LOCO. Complete with Safety Valve, Steam Dome, &c. 4/-, with Whistle, 5/-, Superior Locos, polished Brass, 6/-, 7/- and 8/- upwards. Complete Loco Sets, 10 6, 16 - and 22 6 to 55 -. All post free.

VERTICAL ENGINES, 1/-, 1 6, 2/-, 2 6, 3 6 to 20 -.—New Pattern Vertical Engines, all prices from 1 3 to 30 -. Donkey Engines, from 5 6. Brass Model Cruisers, 6 6, 13 6, and 18 6.

MAGIC LANTERNS.—Magic Lanterns and Slides, all Prices, send for Price List, post free to any address.



GOES
 BY
 STEAM.

RICHFORD & CO.,
 153 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C. (ESTD. 1876.)

Price 16/6 complete. Packing and carriage in British Isles, 1s. EXTRA.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6^d

Vol. VIII. No. 45. DECEMBER, 1902.



Trade

Mark.

Best
possible quality

Less cost is achieved by our new
process, which no one else
can use.

DUNLOP TYRES

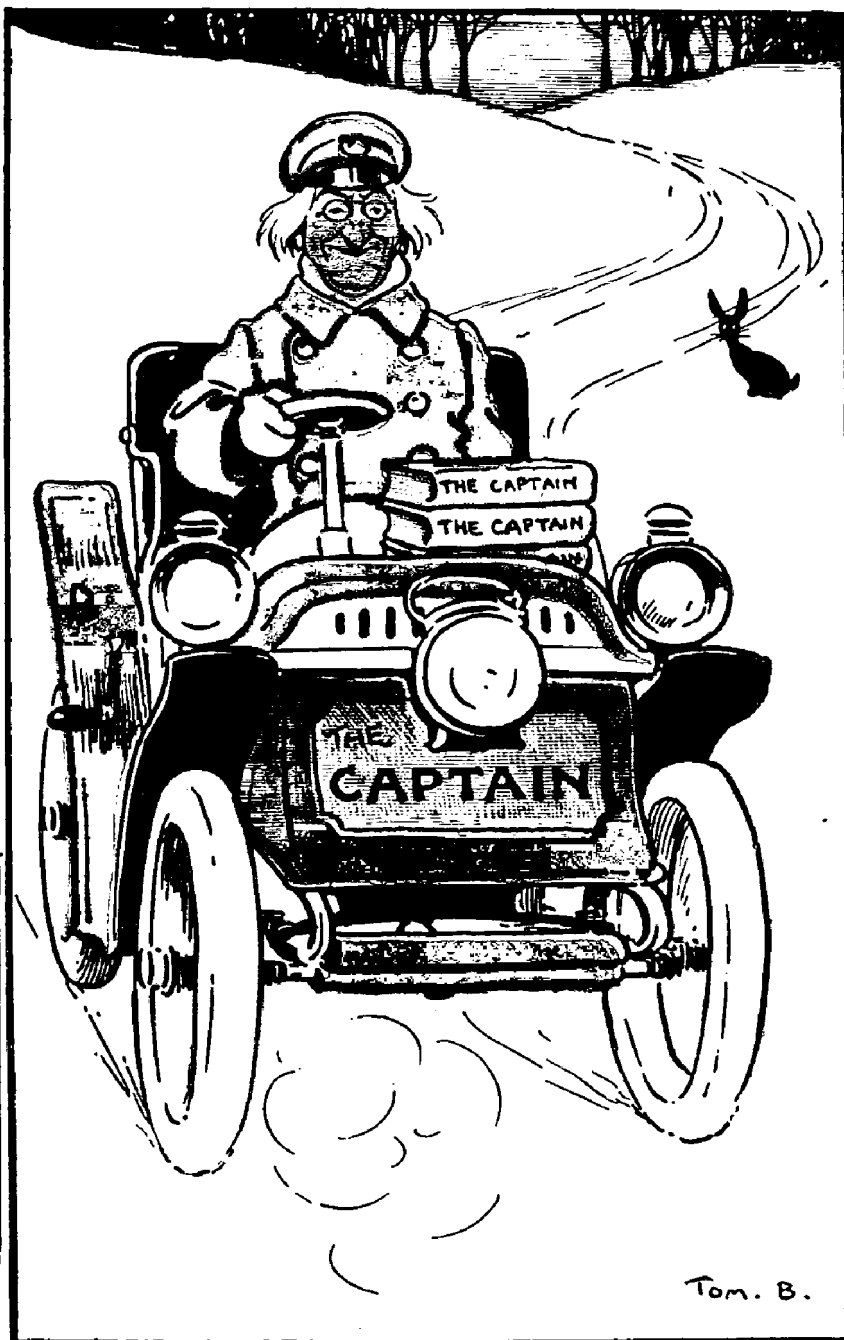
50s. per pair; guaranteed.

See the trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tube
as well as cover.

Write for illustrated Booklet "All about
Dunlop Tyres for 1903," post free.

View Opposite the Orchestra at the
National Cycle Show.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE, Co., Ltd.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



Tom. B.

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S WINTER DELIGHTS

DON'T BE HOODWINKED BY SPURIOUS
SO-CALLED FREE GIFTS!

BUT GET ONE OF

GAMAGE'S SPECIAL GENUINE PHONOGRAPHS



5/6

IT TALKS, SINGS, AND PLAYS.

Carriage and Package 8d. extra.

GENUINE EDISON-BELL RECORDS 10/6 DOZ.
(See name stamped on each record).

SPECIAL LINE

THE EDISON-BELL 'GEM' PHONOGRAPH. 49/6

The "New Standard" Phonograph, £4 19s. 6d.

Genuine EDISON-BELL RECORDS, 10/6 doz.

ZONOPHONES.

New Standard Model, will play 7 and 10 in. records,
75/-; List Price, 84/-; Ditto, with Concert Sound

Box, 84/-; List Price, 94/-

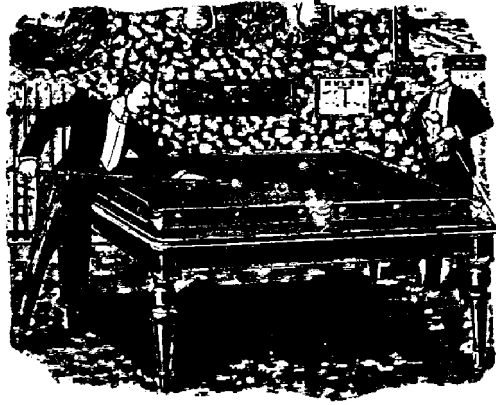
Records: 7 in., 1/9; 10 in., 3/9.

COMPARE PRICES.

We will send you a complete list of Phonograph Records and Zonophone Records on receipt of a postcard.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

TABLES AND EVERY ACCESSORY ON
THE POPULAR INSTALMENT PLAN.



6^{d.} A DAY

for

10

Months.

Thousands of players have to deny themselves the pleasure of playing billiards on account of the expense. WE HAVE DETERMINED TO COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE, and are making an offer which will enable anyone, no matter how slender the purse may be, to acquire A SLATE BED TABLE AND ALL ACCESSORIES on the easiest of terms. Country residents and those unable to call should write for particulars (mention Billiards Department). Send first month's instalment if you wish to adopt our Easy Payment System. If you do not see what you require, send specification of your wants, and we will send you full particulars by return.

6^{d.} A DAY FOR TEN MONTHS.

SET No. 1.—Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table with SLATE BED, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Rack, Cover, Box of Tips, Box of Wafers, and Rules, framed complete. Outside measurements of Tables 6 ft 4 in. by 3 ft 4 in. Size of Balls, 1 7/8 in. Cash price £6 4s., or ten monthly payments of 15s. 8d. Larger Tables on proportionate terms.

GAMAGE'S

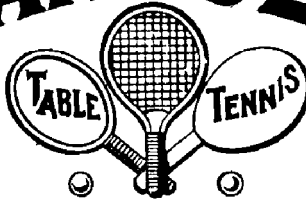
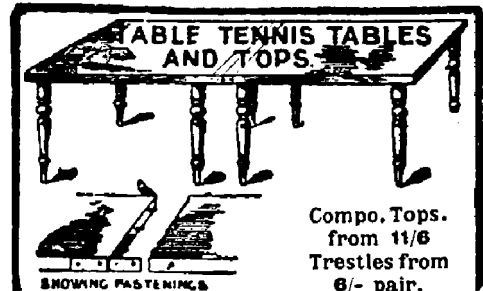


TABLE TENNIS and ACCESSORIES.

Best and Cheapest Selection in the World. Complete Sets
2/3, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6,
10/6, 15/-, 20/-, and 27/6.

Postage on sets under 10/-, 4d.

Best English Celluloid Balls, 9d. per doz., 8/6 per gross; Celluloid Covered Balls, 4/6 per doz.; Battledores from 4/6; Gut Rackets, from 2/-. The Ball "Picker-up," from 4/6, postage 3d.



Compo. Tops.
from 11/6
Trestles from
6/- pair.

Special Table Top, 9ft. by 5ft., 25/-

OUR MAMMOTH BAZAAR will open early in DECEMBER, in our Grand New Building.

Free Exhibitions and Demonstrations all day long. Grandest collection of Xmas Presents, Toys, and Games ever displayed under one roof. ADMISSION FREE. YOU ARE NOT PRESSED TO BUY.

Write for Xmas Bazaar Catalogue, Gratis and Post Free.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, E.C.


One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY

SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd.
London, N. E.



STRENGTH

and How to Obtain It.

BY

SANDOW

With Anatomical Chart showing Exercises for Physical Development of Men, Women and Children.

Price 2/6.

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

LONDON: GALE & POLDEN, LTD.,
2, AMEN CORNER, FARRINGTON ROW, E.C.

HOBART CYCLES.

World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.
Featherweight X-Frames, £16 10s.
Elegante X-Frames, 12 Guineas.

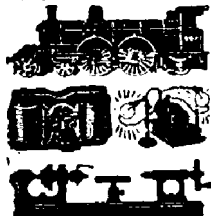
HOBART CYCLES.

The "Episcopal," as ridden by the Bishop of Coventry, 15 Guineas.
The "Imperial," with High-grade Tyres. Plated rims, Free wheel, 2 Brakes, 10 Gns.

HOBART CYCLES.

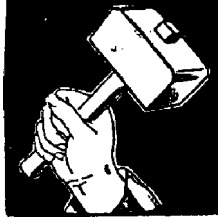
Supplied to Sandringham.
Ridden and Eulogised by the Bishop of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. (Estd 1889)



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, 3d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Framework, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

THE "SCOUT" CAMERAS



TAKE EXCELLENT PICTURES and are the EASIEST TO MANIPULATE.

LOADED OR UNLOADED in DAYLIGHT

The No. 1 "SCOUT" Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with a Rapid Lens and an Everet Shutter, giving either time or instantaneous exposures.

Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT" Takes pictures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with excellent Rapid Lens, Everet Shutter, and 2 View-Finders.

Price Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices. Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 1/6

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERAS AND MATERIALS post free from
GEORGE HOUGHTON & SON,
88 and 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETERS

The Original Milk-Chocolate

Sold Everywhere in 1 1/2" 2 3/8" 2 1/4" TABLETS & 1/4" CROQUETTES.

Sole Agents, S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD.,
25, BRICKWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, N.E.

& REFUSE IMITATIONS WHICH ARE INFERIOR.

PACKETS OF STAMPS!!

SET OF NYASSA (Giraffe) FREE.

We offer the following 3 special Bargain packets at 3d., 4d., and 5d. each, and in addition to those who send Postal Order for 1s. (or 13 stamps) for the 3 packets we give away free to each purchaser a set of 4 unused Nyassa (Giraffe). This set cannot be purchased for less than 6d.

No. 11 contains 100 Stamps, including following scarce:—Bolivia (unused catalogued 1s.), Borneo, Stag's Head (2 c. green), Mauritius (old issue), Ceylon, Sweden Official, Argentine Republic, Spain (old issue), Ecuador (Jubilee issue, worth 3d.), Deccan (Native Indian), Western Australia, Roumania, New South Wales, Canada, United States, &c., &c. Post Free, 3d.

No. 16 contains 100 Stamps, including following scarce:—Hayti (large stamp), Queensland (1s. violet), Peru (1897 issue), Travancore (Native Indian), Trinidad (old issue), Spain (1870), British Guiana, Cape of Good Hope, Roumania, Mexico, United States (unpaid issue), (Columbia Republic, Ceylon, Brazil (old Head of Emperor), Porto Rica, &c., &c. Post Free, 4d.

No. 17 contains 100 Assorted Stamps, including:—Labuan (Queen's Head—rare), Cuba, Philippine Islands, Argentine, Malay Federated States, Jamaica (1d. large waterfall), Venezuela, Turkey, China (rare), Egypt, Chile, Constantinople, Cyprus, Segnatasse, Sweden (old issue), Canada (rare 8 c. grey), Guatemala, Straits Settlements, &c., &c. Post Free, 5d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors.

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SETS.—Borneo, 1894 issue, complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Borneo, 1897 issue, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set 1 c. to 24 c. price 1s. 4d. Borneo, surcharged Postage due 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d. per set, or complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Labuan, 1897 issue, set of 6, 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 4d. Ditto, surcharged postage due, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 6d. Bolivia, 1894 issue, unused set of 6, 1 c. to 100 c. (catalogued 7s. 6d. the set), our price 1s. 6d. NYASSA (head issue), set of 11 unused 2½ reis to 300 reis, price 1s. per set. NYASSA (Giraffe issue), set of 7 used 2½ to 50 reis, price 9½d. per set.

NEW PRICE LIST. 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade. post free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop (between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street), where a fine selection of Stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

WHY PAY MORE ?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out

ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF

of Catalogue Rates!

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials FREE.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

No. 20 "SATISFACTION" PACKET

contains 30 stamps, all different, including China, Ecuador, Denmark, Holland, Japanese, Spain, Queensland, Italy, Egypt, New Zealand, Hungary, U.S. America, &c., &c. Price 4d. post free. Set of 5 CUBA given away free.

No. 20 "SATISFACTION" PACKET contains 30 stamps, all different, including Hol. Hoe, China, Port Said, Indo China 25c., Ceylon 5c., Malta, Hong Kong, Corsica, New South Wales, Cape of Good Hope, Federated Malay States, Hawaii, Holland, Newfoundland, &c., &c. Post free 1s. Set of 10 CANADA given away. Every purchaser of THE ABOVE TWO PACKETS at one time will receive an UNUSED NICARAGUAN STAMP catalogued at 1s. 4d.

GREAT BRITAIN—10 obsolete, all different including:—I.R. Official, Army Official, Government Parcels, 2d. blue, 1s. green, &c., 10d. post free.

To all applying for our marvellously CHEAP APPROVAL SHEETS and enclosing One Penny Stamp for Postage we will send free of all cost a set of SIX PORTUGUESE OR COLONIES of splendid value, and in addition to this, we allow 50 per cent. discount off all purchases of 1s. and upwards from the same.

W. & A. PRINCE, Foreign and Colonial Stamp Importers, 79 EDWARD STREET, WEST BROMWICH.

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET

Contains 50 different British Colonials, including Natal (King's Head Unused), St. Helena (King's Head Unused), India (King's Head Unused), Straits Settlements (King's Head Unused), Transvaal (King's Head Used), Oronsau (King's Head Used), &c., &c.

Price 1s. Post Free.

R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRK GATE, BURNTISLAND.

SPECIAL GRAND CHRISTMAS PACKET. 132 Different STAMPS.

Including 1d. Black English, Barbados (Jubilee), Sudan (Camel), Cashmere, Alipur, Zanzibar, Canada (Map), Ceylon, Grenada, Newfoundland, Orange Colony, Transvaal, 1 Rupee India, and 25 Australian. Price 4s. 20 pages list free. Approval sheets 50 per cent. discount. All kinds of Colonial stamps purchased.—**H. SCOTT, 122 Earl Street, Edgware Road, London.**

STAMP BARGAINS

READ THROUGH.

SETS.—Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland, 8d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 12 Gold Coast, 2s.; 12 British Gambia, 1s.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 9d.; 6 Sarawak, 8d.; 6 Barbados, 3d.; 7 Ecuador Jubilee, 8d.; 30 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 4d.; 9 Borneo, 9d.; 6 Egypt, 2d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 36 Turkey, 6d.; 21 Roumania, 7d.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 3 Curacao, 6d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australian, 1s.; 50 Colonials, 6d.; 100 Colonials, 2s. 6d.; 2 St. Helena, 3d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 8d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.

PACKETS.—100 varieties, comprising Argentine, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Persia, Hyderabad, Australia, Gold Coast, Brazil, Mexico, and others, 2d. 200 different Foreign and Colonial stamps, all guaranteed clean and genuine, 10d.; 250 ditto, 1s. 6d.; 500, 5s.; 1,000, 17s. 6d. Special offer to beginners. A cloth bound, British made Album and 1,000 Assorted Stamps, 1s. 8d. All kinds of postage stamps bought, sold, and exchanged. Lists free. All postage extra.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., Cheylesmore, Coventry.

Veni, YIDI, VICI.

And the reason is not far to seek. Read this received Oct. 6 from Mr. C. G. LEATHAM of Charterhouse, Godalming: "I shall never buy from any other dealer except you, you being the very best and cheapest." And this from Mr. MAX WINCKELMANN of Netherthorpe, Sheffield, dated Oct. 15th: "Stamps safe at hand. Will keep all the lot sent, with which I am very much pleased."

Mr. A. H. DINGWALL, of Weston-super-Mare, offers the following splendid list of sets and singles for the Christmas trade. Cut it out and keep it for reference Austria 1850 3, 6, 9kr. 2d., 1858-65 6 values for 2d. Aust. Italy 15c. 1850, 5sld. 1858, 5sld. 1862, 5sld. 1863, 5sld. 1864, 5 for 3d. Argentine 1867-87, 1, 2, 5, 8, 16, 24, and 90c., 7 for 1s. 89/90 ¼, ½, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 40, 60c., 9 for 8d. 1892/5 ¼, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 12, 16, 24, 30, 50c., 11 for 1s. 1899-02, new types, ¼, 1, 2, 10, 20, 30c., 6 for 4d. China, London prints, ¼, 1, 4c. all*2, 5, rose and 5c. salmon, 5 for 6d. Germany "Leichpost," all obsolete, 25, 30, 40, 50, 80pf., 1M. and 2M., 7 for 9d. Hayti 1893 1, 2c., 1896 1 and 7c. *, 1898 5c. *, 1898 1, 2c., 1900 1 and 2c., 9 for 1s. Holland unpaid, light blue, 1, ¼, 2½, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25c. 8 for 1s. Dutch Indies, King 1, 2, 10, 12½, 15, 20, 25, 30, 50c., 9 for 1s. 6d. Same without 1, 2, 20c., 6 for 1s. Queen 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 50c., 6 for 6d. only. Same without 30c., 5 for 4d. Figures 1, 2, 2½, 3, 5c., 5 for 3d. Curacao, Figures, same values, 5 for 9d. Suriname, same, 5 for 7d. King 1, 2, 2½, 5, 10, 12½, 15, 25c., 8 for 3s. Same without 5 and 25c., 6 for 2s. 3d. Queen 10 and 15c., 2 for 6d. Iceland 1882-1900, 3, 4, 5, 6, 10, 16, 20, 40aur., and 3, 4, 5, 10, 20aur. official, 13 for 1s. 6d. 3, 5, 10aur. and Saur. official, 4 for 2½d. only. Jamaica, official, ¼d., 1d., 2d., 3 for 2d. Ceylon 2c. brown, 8c. green, and 6c. rose, 3 for 1d. (A Bargain). Service 2c. green, 5, 15, 30c., 4 for 8d. Hong Kong 1882-90, 10c. green, 20 on 30c. and 30c. green, 3 for 4d. Newfoundland, Cabots 3, 4, 5c., 3 for 10d. Same 6, 8, 10c., 3 for 1s. 9d. 1897 1c. carmine (Queen) 2c., orange (King), 2 for 6d. 1899 ¼, 1c. green, 2c. red, 3c. orange, 5c. blue (Prince of Wales), 5 for 7d. North Borneo 1897 1, 2, 3 (pictures), 3 for 3d. Labuan, same, 3 for 3d. Selangor (Tiger head) 3, 5, 8, 10c., 4 for 10d. Sudan (camel) 1, 2, 3, 5m.* 4 for 6d. Trinidad 1883-4, ¼, 1, 2½, 4d., 1896 ¼, 1, 2½d., 7 for 4½d. Unpaid 1d. and 2d. black, 2 for 4d. Oil Rivers ¼, 1, 2, 2½, 5d., 5 for 2s. 6d. Swiss 1888 perf. 9½ (rare) 20, 25, 40, 50c., 1c., 5 for 2s. (cat. 4s. 3d.). 1878-80 Unpaid, blue, 1*, 10, 20c., 5 for 4d. Same on granite 10, 20c., and 5 for 3s. (a rare set). 1884 Unpaid yellow green 5, 10, 20, 50c., 1c. and 5 for 2s. (cat. 4s. 11d.). Same 10, 20c., and 5 for 3s. (a bargain). 1889 1, 1, 5, 10, 20, 50c., 1f. and 5 for 3d., 8 for 9d., (a fine set). Wurtemberg "Municipals" 2pf. (rare) 3, 5 violet, 5 green, 10 rose, and 25pf. orange (rare) 6 for 1s., same without 25pf. orange (a very low in stock), 5 for 7d. Officials 1881-2 3, 5, 10, 20pf., 4 for 4d. Officials 1890-1900. 2, 3, 5, 25pf., 4 for 3d. Singles. Holland, new, 1gul., 8d., 2½gul., 1s. 8d., 5gul., 4s. Dutch Indies, 2½gul., 2s. Nova Scotia, 5c. blue on entire, 10d. Bavaria 1849 circle cut 3kr. blue, ¼d. 6kr. brown on entire, 3s. (cat. 7s. 6d.). 1850/8 1kr. rose, 3kr. 6kr. brown, ¼d. 9kr. green, 2d. 1862 1kr. orange, 3d. 3kr. rose, ¼d. 6kr. blue, 1d. 9kr. stone, 2d. 12kr. green, 1s. 4d., all on pieces of original Belgium Unpaid, new, 1f. yellow, 6d. Several splendid collections sheeted ready for approval. Wanted to Buy. Old imperforate and other Europeans. Catalogues 3d. each. Wholesale, free to dealers only. Mention Captain.

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, 1902 EDITION,

with 2,554 Illustrations, and **EVERY STAMP PRICED**, but without measurements of perforation, or other uninteresting minor varieties.

Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.



NEW PRICE LIST of Sets and Packets, 64 pages, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1902 in great variety, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

MONTHLY LIST OF PHILATELIC NOVELTIES, 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

The "GIRAFFE." 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

INDIA 1902 (Emperor Edward I.),
 SOUDAN (Camel), PERU (Llamas),
 MONTENEGRO 1902 (Prince Nicholas),

Cuba, Brazil, New Zealand (picturesque issue), Western Australia, Spain, Argentine Republic, Set of 5 India, New South Wales (Emin), Ceylon, Portugal, Cape Colony.

Guatemala (Macaw), Costa Rica, Japan 1900 (Prince Imperial Wedding Issue), &c., &c.
 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of above packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive

GRATIS, A HANDSOME SET OF 5 NYASSA (ALL GIRAFFES).

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

Price List Post Free and Gratis. 84 Pages, full of illustrations including a Guide to Stamp Collecting, etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

DECEMBER BARGAIN—109 different, 4d., including British Guiana Jub. Hong Kong, 2 Mauritius, U.S. Fair-American scarce etc. Travancore, New Id and 2d. Jamaica, 2 Queensland, 4 different Straits. A divided bargain, post free. Gratis, 250 Mounts and 8 old Spain to all who order Sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different stamps, 5s.; 1,000, 15s.; mounted, clean and perfect. Bright's Catalogue, 1903, 2s. 10d.; King's, 1s. 3d.; Gibbons (Colonials), 2s. 3d.
A. B. McAUSLAN & TURNER, 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Philippines, 5 Cuba, New Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Peru, Liama, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Golden, Persia, Java, Guatemala, Dahomey, Lebanon, Honduras, Jhind, Pattala, South Zambal, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free, 11.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all Different: 20 Argentine, 6d.; 46 Austria, 8d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 25 Wurtemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 6d.; 20 Honduras, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 40 Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 9d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 9d.; 30 Sweden, 8d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 12 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.
MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
 Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

BARGAINS.

Packets of 25, all different, 1d.; 50, 2d.; 75, 3d.; 100, 4d.; 150, 8d.; 200, 1/-; 1000, 14/- (all Postage extra).

Sets 4 Soudan Camels, 4d.; 20 Ecuador, 1/-; 50 Australia, 1/-; 30 France, 4d.; 5 English, 4d.; 20 Mexico, 1/-; 50 Bill Stamps (all different), 8d., 10d., 1/-; 100, 1/6. Sheets of Postage and Fiscal Stamps sent on Approval. Good Discount.
SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64, Northumberland Park, Tottenham, N.

A CLEARANCE SALE.

We have not had a Special Clearance Sale since we commenced business, and have an enormous accumulation of Good Stamps. We offer the following **CHEAP SETS.**

5 Uruguay for 2d.; 4 Newfoundland for 2d.; 6 British Guiana for 2d.; 5 Guatemala for 2d.; 22 South American for 8d.; 15 West Indian for 3d.; 20 Australian for 2d.; 6 Central America unused for 2d.; 12 Central America unused for 6d. **ONE PENNY** extra must be added for postage, and if when ordering you request us to send a selection of stamps on approval we shall include gratis a **SET OF FIVE OBSOLETE (SMALL)**. The above 9 sets (85 different stamps) will be sent post free on receipt of a Postal Order for 1s. 6d. A cheaper lot cannot be bought anywhere. **BARGAIN and NOVELTY LIST**, just published, gratis.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO., Weston-super-Mare.

NOW READY.

THE 5TH (KING EDWARD) EDITION "A B C" CATALOGUE.

Nearly 900 pages, containing a full List of all Adhesive Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., fully illustrated and Revised to date. All varieties of Type, Perforation, Watermark, and Shades of Colour are given. The most complete Catalogue in the English language. **EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME.**

Price 2/6 Complete, or Post-free, 2/10

12 Months after the issue of this Catalogue, viz. in November, 1908, a Supplement will be published, containing an Illustrated and Priced List of all Stamps issued during that period.

This can be Booked at the same time as the above, price 7d. Post-free.

Approval Sheets, Medium Selections, Special Books of separate Countries. For Stamps in Good Condition, our Prices are Cheaper than those of any other Firm. Novelty List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Accessories, &c., 32 pages, post-free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND, W.C.

REDUCING STOCK.

SPLENDID APPROVAL SHEETS.

THE INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXCHANGE CO., (Cheapest House in the Trade.) 37 Sheep Street, Northampton. Packet, catalogue value 1/6, given to all sending for sheets, mentioning **Captain**

AESNODNEHTUOS.

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a well-known sea-side resort. Gratis to stamp collectors sending correct solution of above, enclosing 4d. for my Xmas. Packet of 100 stamps, a Set of 5 Greenland or 6 unnamed Salvador. Competitors must apply for approval books.

W. H. MORRISON, 38 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea.

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED!

BARGAIN SETS—20 different Spain, 1s. 4d.; 35 Sweden, 8d.; 25 Italian, 4d.; 8 Peru, 1896 issue, 5d.; 4 Guatemala and 3 Bolivia, 3d. **SCOTT'S 1901 CATALOGUE**, published 2s., only 6d. All postage 1d. extra. Sets of any other countries on application.

E. YATES, 67 Houston Road, Forest Hill, London, S.E.



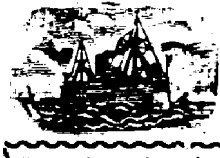
"Captain" WARSHIP PACKET 2D. OF STAMPS

Postage 1d. extra.

This is a unique offer and only costs 2d., with 1d. extra for postage. There are 50 different stamps, including Set of 10 Canada (including Map Stamp), Martinique, St. Pierre and Miquelon, new issue France, Queensland, New South Wales, Trinidad (Britannia), Roumania, Norway, Jamaica, Japan, Philippine Isles, Sweden, Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, rare old Portuguese-India, 1822 (Crown), &c.

SPECIAL OFFER—We will also send free with each packet a rare set of 8 United States War Revenue Stamps, 1 to 50 cents (all with designs of warships as illustration). Only one packet can be supplied to each customer.

We send Free our beautifully illustrated price lists of stamps, albums, &c. Thousands of bargains. Best value anywhere. Send now.



We give the very best value in everything we sell. You cannot afford to be without our lists. Send now.

ERNEST WOOD & Co., CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY, MANCHESTER.

UNUSED KING AND QUEEN COLONIAL
 Packet No. 33 contains Barbados, Bermuda, Honduras, Falkland Isles, St. Vincent, Turks and Caicos, Virgin Isles, Malta, Newfoundland, B.S.A., Mauritius, Seychelles, Sudan, Sarawak, Settlements, Malay Straits or equivalent to face value. Satisfaction guaranteed. No Rubbish. Price 1s. post free.
THE EMPIRE STAMP Co., Horshamden, S.O. Kent.

UNUSED CURRENT COLONIALS.

These are the **BEST** stamps to buy, and my prices are absolutely the **LOWEST** in the market. Send for list (free) and see for yourselves.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, STAMFORD, Lincs.

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

To every applicant for my marvellous **Approval Sheets** will be presented, **free of cost**, a set of **20 different Australian stamps.**

This offer will remain open until December 31.

Special Note.—Application **must** be made by **letter.** **Postcards** will not be answered.

Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK,

55 & 56 CHANCERY LANE, LONDON, W.C.

25 STAMPS. B Colonial Packet, grand value, **1/1**; Abroad, 1/3; Post Free.

Comprising N. Nigeria, India, Transvaal (King's Heads), Bermuda, Newfoundland, Barbados, Travancore, E. Bechuanaland (obsolete), Tasmania, Zanzibar, &c., &c. 50 Stamps for 6d. as advertised. Thousands sold yearly. **Approval Books and Sheets at 3d. and 6d. in 1s. Discount** (old and recent B. Colonials, &c.)

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

HALF-CROWN ENGLISH GIVEN AWAY

HON-A-FIDE applicants for Approval Selections enclosing stamp for postage receive gratis an **obsolete English 2s. 6d. stamp** **postally used.** This stamp is rapidly becoming scarce, and I only make the offer to attract genuine business. Write at once.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

EDWARD ROBERTS, 31 Pym Street, NOTTINGHAM.

Wants Agents throughout the United Kingdom to sell stamps from sheets. **Write for terms.** **CHEAP PACKET.** 60 different varieties, including Ecuador, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Cyprus, Argentina, Java, Cuba, Trinidad, Transvaal, Orange State, &c., post free. 7d. Set of 9 Sweden (1890-1) gratis to every purchaser.

W. H. PECKITT, DEALER IN RARE STAMPS.

47, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE LATEST NEW ISSUES ALWAYS IN STOCK.

PRICE LIST OF SETS, &c., POST FREE.

A FEW NOVELTIES (all unused).

Br. Honduras 5c 1902, price 4d.; Servia 15 par. on 1 din., 3d.; 10 par. on 20 par., 2d.; Mauritius 12c on 36c, 4d.; Guatemala, new pictorial, 1c, 1d.; 2c, 1d.; 5c, 2d.; 6c, 2d.; 10c, 4d.; Leeward Is. provisionals, 1d. on 4d., 1d. on 6d., 1d. on 7d., set of 3 1/6; Trinidad 1/2d. green, 1d.; 6d. O.R.C., E.R.I., 8d.; &c.
 All recent King's Head issues in stock.

A FEW SETS:

No. — Porto Rico 1891-2, 1/2 mil to 80c, set of 15 unused, 5/- (cat. 14/3).
 „ — Porto Rico 1898-9, 1 mil to 80 c., set of 13 unused, 3/9 (cat. 7/4).
 „ — Venezuela 1880, 5, 10, 25, 50, 1 bol., set of 5 unused, 1/- (cat. 3/3).
 „ — Bulgaria 1901, 1, 2, 3, 5, 15, 25 stot., set of 6 used, 4d.
 „ — Bulgaria 1902, Shipka Pass Celebration, set of 3 unused, 5d.
 „ — Norway 1 kr.; 1 kr. 50 and 2 kr., set of 3 high values used, 1/-.
 „ 108 Greece 1901, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 20 lepta, set of 6 used, 3d.
 „ 258 Spain, all issues, 25 varieties used, 1/-.
 „ 253 Sudan Camel, 1, 2, 3, 5 mils, set of 4 unused, 5d.
 „ 262 Sweden, all issues, 25 varieties used, 1/-; &c.
 The above are a few cheap sets picked out from my large stock.

STAMPS BOUGHT. TELEPHONE 3204 GERRARD.

SET OF LIBERIA FREE.

No. 888 Excelsior Packet contains **50** different stamps, including a set of **20 DIFFERENT AUSTRALIAN STAMPS**, including the picturesque issues of New Zealand, Corea, United States (Warship), Jamaica (Llandoverly Falls), Deccan, Mauritius, Paraguay, Venezuela, Newfoundland, Turkey, set of 5 Argentine Republic, Japan, Crete, Chilli, Egypt, Portugal, etc., etc. Post Free, 5d.

And **FREE** to every purchaser requesting a selection on approval a set of **THREE**

LIBERIA

Palm Tree,
 Star,
 Hippopotamus.

PRICE LIST. 64 pages full of illustrations, post free.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

STAMPS, 100 Varieties, 2 Swiss Jubilee, Barbados Jubilee, Orange Free States V.R.I., 4 Newfoundland, St. Vincent, Selangor, Straits Settlements, British Guiana, Trinidad, Hong Kong, Grenada, St. Lucia, &c., 1s.
 500 Foreign Stamps containing 100 Varieties, 6d.

Mrs. TURNER, Waverley Villas, Felixstowe.

A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.

5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1/2 set).
8 Spanish including a War Stamp and new issue (1901 and 1902).
8 Japanese, all different, including the new issue 3 sen, and a large square fiscal stamp.
1 **IVORY COAST** (ic. unused).
 Send an extra stamp for postage (2d. in all), and ask to see my **World-famed Approval Sheets.** Only **ONE** packet supplied to each applicant. If the above does not give **perfect satisfaction**, return it and I will send you 3d. back for every packet so returned. Postage abroad 3d. extra. Quote No. 5881 when ordering.

H. C. WATKINS, 86, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

I HAVE been for several years buying immense quantities of **UNUSED BRITISH COLONIALS**, and can now supply them at a price which defies all competition.

DECEMBER
 Packet 33 Varieties, including

Four Scarce Sets, and Many Rare Stamps.

PRICE 5d.
 Postage 1d. extra.
 The Cheapest Packet ever offered.

DON'T MISS THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.

My **DECEMBER** Packet contains 33 different **British Colonials**, including

5 Transvaal including **Two King's Head.**

4 British Borneo, 1c, 2c, 3c, & 4c. **Gorilla.**
3 British Guinea including Jubilee.
5 Trinidad including **One Shilling.**

Straits Settlements, King's Head, Jamaica, Natal, N.S. Wales Jubilee
Ceylon 25c, Cape, Barbados, India Revenue, New Zealand, Leeward Islands, Canada, 1890.
Great Britain Civil Service, £1 0
Head of Queen, St. Vincent, Northern Nigeria, King Edward, &c., &c.
PRICE 5d. Postage 1d. extra.

STAMPS bought to any amount. Collections Specially Wanted.

Selections of **British Colonials** sent on approval on application.

All Letters answered by return Post.

FRANK MOORE, 3 The Facade, Villiers St., Strand, LONDON.

(Opposite Charing Cross Underground Railway Station).

5 Transvaal, 1902 (King) 1/2d., 1d., 2d., 6d., and 1s., price 1s.

6 Federated Malay States, 1c. to 10c., 9d. 7 Siam 1900, 1a. to 12aths., 9d. Selections sent on approval, good sheets of Africans and Australasians very cheap. Agents wanted.

ROSS-SHIELDS & Co., 10 Copthall Avenue, London, E.C.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET. No. 139.

WORTH 5s.

OUR PRICE 5d.

THIS bargain Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, as follows: **ST. HELENA** 1902 (King's Head), **STRAITS SETTLEMENTS** 1902 (King's Head), **JOHOR** (Sultan's Head), Trinidad old issue, Barbados, Western Australia, Egypt Official, Ceylon, Canada 1869, Dutch Indies (Java), Argentine 1892, **NEWFOUNDLAND** Royal Issue, **EGYPT** 500 mils. (Bee stamp), **MADAGASCAR**, Cape Colony (old 1/2d. black), New South Wales Jubilee, United States (Battleship "Maine"), Set of 3 **BRITISH GUIANA** including new issue, Mexico (Eagle), France unpaidd, Chilli, 3 Japan 1900, Roumania, **COREAN** Imperial Post, **GRAND COMORO ISLANDS**, and **GREENADA** (obsolete issue) Price 5d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no Orders can be sent).

Free to all purchasers of this Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (with large discount of 5d. in the 1s.), a Splendid Set of 5 **NEW SOUTH WALES** (Centenary Issue), Catalogued at 1s.

1d. (Sydney Harbour) 2d. (Emu)
 4d. (Captain Cook) 6d. (Queen's Head)
 and 1s. (Kangaroo).

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LIMITED,

FOREIGN STAMP DEALERS.

Capital £75,000.

Grand Collection Packets. New and greatly Reduced Prices for 1903.

No. 64 Contains 100 Varieties, including used and unused. Price 6d.; post free, 7d.

No. 65 Contains 250 Different Varieties, both used and unused Stamps, Envelopes, and Post Cards, and is well recommended as a capital start for a collector. Price 3s.; post free, 3s. 1d.

No. 66, 500 Varieties, and is strongly recommended as the cheapest collection of 500 different Stamps ever offered—the Stamps could not be bought separately for three times the marvellously low price at which it is now offered. The Stamps, &c., are clean, picked specimens fit for any collection. The best 500 varieties in the trade. Price 6s.; post free, 6s. 1d.

No. 67, 1,000 Varieties. This packet contains 1,000 different Stamps (and no Envelopes, Bands, and Cards), and is the cheapest packet ever offered by S. G., Ltd., satisfaction being absolutely guaranteed. The price it is offered at is the lowest ever quoted for such a collection, embracing as it does scores of scarce varieties, provisionals, new issues, and many very fine and obsolete varieties. Price £1, post free and registered.

No. 68, 1,500 Varieties. Each specimen is in perfect condition, and the 1,500 different Stamps form a noble start for anyone. A large number of really rare and valuable stamps are contained in this collection; but it is impossible to enumerate them, as we are constantly adding New Issues and Older Stamps when we purchase such. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Price, £2 10s., post free, and registered.

No. 69, 2,000 Varieties. A grand packet for a dealer or collector, every Stamp being different and genuine, and thus forming a choice collection in itself, or a stock to make up sheets or for exchange purposes. Price £4 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69a, 3,000 Varieties. A very fine packet, containing many rare stamps, all arranged in order, and mounted ready to price or remove to a collection. Price £11 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69b, 4,000 Varieties. A valuable collection, all mounted on sheets in order. Real good value; being sold by us to collectors at less than the price usually charged in the trade. Price £18, post free and registered.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

We are often asked to advise clients who are about to start collecting as to the most advantageous method of starting, and how to obtain the best value at the commencement.

If a client starts a collection by ordering even the cheapest stamps from our Catalogue, the cost soon runs to an appreciable amount, as our lowest unit for a single stamp is one penny, whereas it is only a fraction of that amount if he starts with the cheaper packets.

We therefore recommend beginners to start with a good PACKET; the larger and greater number of stamps that it contains, the better will be the value he will get for his money.

When the contents of the packet have been arranged in his album, the collector will then be able to see in which countries he is weakest, and can then with great advantage turn to the SET LIST, in which we quote nearly 2,000 different sets of stamps, at prices from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. less than our retail Catalogue prices. He can there select just those sets that will help to make a good display in his album; and eventually, when he has filled up his set country or group in this manner, can then turn to the retail Catalogue and order any particular variety he may be short of in his collection.

96 Page Prospectus of Stamp Albums, Catalogues, Sets and Packets, Post free on application to

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, Strand, London, W.C.

A Novel and Useful Gift **POST FREE.**

For full particulars see leaflet inside each 2-lb. packet of "Provost" Oats.

The
PROVOST
OATS
Gift Spoon



The Proprietors of the world-famed "Provost" Oats have for sometime felt a desire to present their customers with a SPOON which, like their Porringer, would add to the enjoyment of a dish of porridge prepared from their unrivalled cereals.

THE "PROVOST" OATS GIFT SPOON

Is **HEAVILY SILVER-PLATED**
throughout

and the stem or handle has a beautiful original design in bas-relief most artistically engraved. Both the quality of the metal and the style of workmanship are of the highest possible character and excellence, and consumers of porridge would do well to save the Coupons and delight their young friends and children with a "Gift Spoon" as a Christmas Present.

YOU MAY GET ONE POST FREE, either

- (a) By forwarding 3-2lb. "Provost" Oats Coupons and 6d. in cash, or
- (b) By forwarding 15-2lb. Coupons and no cash.

N.B.—The Coupons are attached to all 2 lb. packets of "Provost" Oats (sold everywhere), and if desired these coupons be can used for either Porringers or Spoons.

Thousands of letters received expressing the utmost delight and satisfaction with the beauty and quality of the Spoon, which is superior to any of the American Spoons advertised. We will return both Coupons and Cash to any Customer if not satisfied.

**"Provost" Oats cooked in a "Provost" Porringer and eaten with a
"Provost" Spoon: result—Perfect Porridge!**

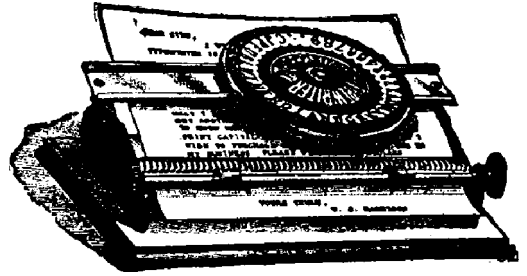
R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, SCOTLAND.

"CAPTAIN" PORTRAIT STAMP COMPETITION.



This block is made up of portraits cut from well-known postage stamps. The task of the competitor is to piece together the separate bits into the original portraits and write under each the country of issue, and also name the portrait. Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps in their original form will be taken into consideration. See "CAPTAIN" Competitions, page 278.

THE PRACTICAL TYPEWRITER



Although it may seem incredible, the Practical Typewriter will write as clearly and as well as the most expensive machine on the market. It meets the large demand for a really reliable Typewriter at a popular price. It is self-inking with roller feed and spring regulator for line spacing. It is easily mastered—a child can work it at the first attempt.

Sent Carriage Paid with full instructions on receipt of 7/6. Foreign orders must be accompanied with postage extra for a 2 lb. parcel.

WILES' BAZAAR,
36 & 38 Market St., MANCHESTER.

RAILWAY PHOTOGRAPHS AND PUBLICATIONS.



Photographs of locomotives on all railways in all countries. Thousands to select from. Illustrated Price List, together with a magnificent 8 by 6 photograph of an up-to-date locomotive on the G.N.R., G.W.R., G.E.R., L. & N.W.R., M.E., N.E.R., L. & S.W.R., L.B. & S.C.R., S.E. & C.R., C.R., N.E.R., or H.R. Price 1/1, post free, or the set of one dozen, price 10/6, post free. **GREAT BRITAIN'S LOCOMOTIVES.**—A neatly-bound portfolio, containing 12 large coloured plates of modern British locomotives, price 3/6, postage 3d. **BRITISH EXPRESSES.**—A handsomely bound volume, containing a series of photo-reproductions of the fastest railway trains throughout the British Empire, price 3/6, postage 6d. The **LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.**, 102a Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM
£10 10s.
WITH
FREE
WHEEL

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES

Catalogue post free from the **ENFIELD CYCLE CO., Ltd.**, REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

LEARN TO WRITE "ADS"

There is not a Business in the World Not properly susceptible to a knowledge of practical advertising. The market is always open and the opportunities are always on hand for Advertisement Writers. You can earn £5 per week. Write for our large 64-page prospectus. **PAGE-DAVIS, Advertising School, (Dept. A 3), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.**

FOR MATERIALS AND TOOLS FOR FRETWORK, CARVING, POKER WORK, &c

W. G. VICCARS,

14 & 16 Stamford St., LEICESTER.

Still Leads the Way.

Speciality: **HIGH-CLASS DESIGNS.**

Send for Catalogue, containing 1,000 Illustrations. Price 6d., Post Free List of Special Offers to Fretworkers, free.



No. 205. Hanging Flower Vase in Fretwork. All materials, &c., necessary to complete above, also an elegant C.-de-V. Frame, sent carriage paid for 2/6

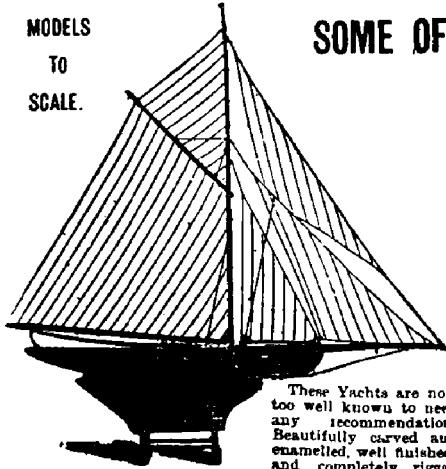


DON'T SMOKE SO MUCH!
Amuse yourself by Playing **PARLOUR FOOTBALL**
A GAME OF SKILL ON ASSOCIATION LINES. BOARD, MEN, & BALL Complete.
Sent securely packed for 1/2
"The rules are of a very simple character, and the game should provide plenty of amusement for winter nights."—*Athletic News*
SEND FOR LIST OF INDOOR GAMES.
WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.

MODELS
TO
SCALE.

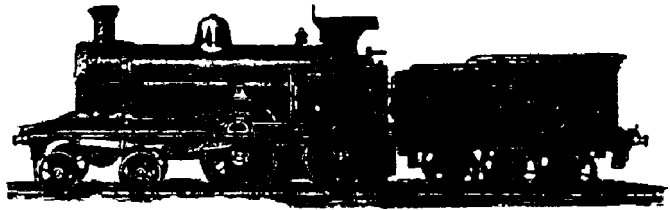
ESTABLISHED 1789.
SOME OF OUR LATEST DESIGNS FOR 1902-3.

CONTRACTORS
TO THE
BRITISH ADMIRALTY.



These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled, well finished, and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special Striped Sailcloth (Size given is length of deck only.) No. 1, length 18 in. 6/9; No. 2, 18 in. 8/9; No. 3, 20 in. 10/9; No. 4, 21 in. 12/6; No. 5, 22 in. 15/6; No. 6, 23 in. 17/6; No. 7, 24 in. 21/- each carriage free. No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are cutter rigged as per engraving. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished spars and flying jib extra.

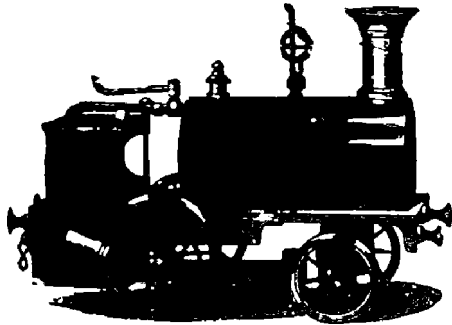
For prices of "Special Bulk PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the *Edinburgh Evening Times* open for all, see Special Yacht List, post free, 1d.



OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. Ry. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, Jubilee Class, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, named "Clyde," Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.

Specification—Solid Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam Dome, Safety Valve and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake making an immense quantity of steam and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "fire and smoke boxes" and "internal flame," exhausts up the funnel, and so can be run out in the open air without having the same continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentrics, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent springs, 4-wheeled front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 6-wheeled "patent" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. The tender comprises tank for spirits and is fitted with tap so that the supply can be regulated from foot plate. Length 3 feet, tested and guaranteed, and specially recommended, price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Without Steam Pressure Gauge, £4 5s. 6d. Tin Rails, Straight or Circular, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/- per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine. Engine similar to above, same gauge, &c. but without internal flame and smoke box, price £3 2s. 6d. carriage free.

Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern," Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c. 2 1/2 in. long. Price, engine only, 37/6; with 30 feet oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. Correct Model of "Great Western Railway" Tank Engine, with 2 pairs coupled wheels, pair inside O.S. Cylinders, length 13 in., price 39/- carriage free. Rails, 4/- per doz. lengths, carriage free. (See Catalogue, 4d., for other models.)



New and Improved Design of our Special Solid Brass Locomotive, Gauge 3 in. All made of Solid Brass polished bright, Brass Tubular Boiler fitted with steam whistle, safety valve and manhole, steam cock, pair powerful brass cylinders. Polished Brass Bedplate, with brass buffers, coupling chains, &c. mounted on 4 brass turned flanged wheels with front bogie wheels; runs straight or circular. Complete with spirit tank with 2 burners, filler and full directions. Specially recommended, runs straight or circular.

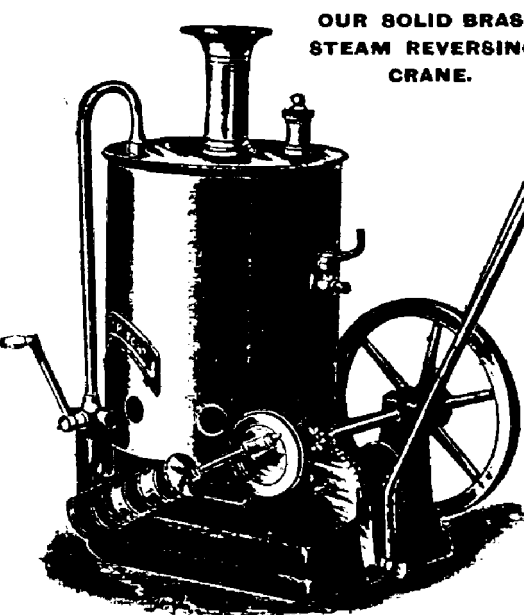
Price, as per engraving, 7/6 cart. free. Ditto, without buffers and coupling chains, 7/- cart. free. Tin Rails on Sleepers in sections, Gauge 3 in., to suit above locomotive, 4/- per doz. lengths, each 14 in. long. Circular, ditto, 4 ft. dia., 5/-; 5 ft. dia., 6/-; if ordered with Locomotive.

Dear Sir,
I received model locomotive all right. I am very well pleased with it. I consider it a very cheap model.
WHITTAN ST., DONCASTER.
Yours truly, G. F. BARKER.

Just published, **New Illustrated Catalogue**, containing over 600 splendid Engravings of above Yacht, also Fittings, Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, magnificent Scale Model Locomotives; Launch, Horizontal Gas Hot Air, &c., Engines, separate parts of Engines and Castings; Dynamos, Motors and Castings of ditto; Electric Scarf-Pins, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c., post free, 4d.

Special Illustrated Yacht List of above Model Ships' Fittings, Gun-Metal Cannons, containing over 100 Illustrations, free on receipt of postage, one stamp. We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

OUR SOLID BRASS
STEAM REVERSING
CRANE.

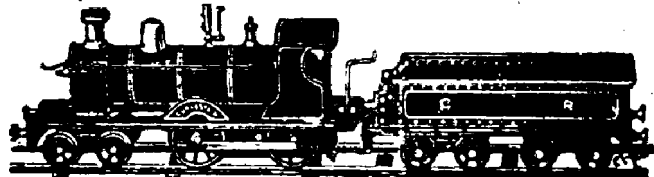


No. 2a.—Steam Crane and Donkey Engine Combined.—Solid Brass Boiler with fine steam and water taps, brass safety valve, cast and relieved powerful reversible cylinder with reversing lever, and brass plate—"Back," "Stop," "Forward"—complete, with heavy turned and polished brass fly-wheel and pulley wheel, windlass, etc., mounted on massive and ornamental iron stand, exactly as per engraving. Complete in box, with lamp and full directions. Price, carriage free, 19/6.

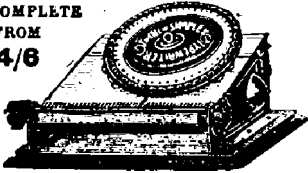
N.B.—The windlass can be thrown out of gear, and you can then use this model as an ordinary donkey or horizontal engine.

No. 2c.—New design, ditto.—Same as above, with similar fittings, but mounted on beautifully polished mahogany stand, on four brass flanged wheels, which enables crane to swing round about, lift a load, and run backwards or forwards and lay it down. Price complete, carriage free, 17/6.

OUR 1902-3 NEW AND IMPROVED REVERSING D.A.S.V. SCALE MODEL DESIGN OF C. Ry. CO.'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dunalastrair," 2 1/2 in. gauge, bronzed brass tubular boiler, dome, safety valve and whistle (which is now fitted into cab), glass water gauge, steam pressure gauge, steam waterlock, starting and reversing lever, inside powerful D.A.S.V. cylinder and reversing eccentric, front bogie wheels, 2 pairs coupled driving wheels, &c. Beautiful tender mounted on two 4-wheeled bogie carriages, enabling engine to negotiate sharp curves. The back of tender is fitted with spirit tank with tap fitted with tap for regulating supply of spirits to our new patent design of spirit lamp (patent for this applied for), which is fastened under boiler and fitted with asbestos wick and wire gauze; this lamp does not require to be unscrewed from Engine when lighting—a splendid up-to-date design. Runs backwards or forwards, straight or circular. Length, 22 inches, all beautifully turned and enamelled in correct colours of C. Ry. Co., complete, with 30 feet straight and circular rails, forming a splendid oval railroad. Tested and guaranteed. Price, Engine only, 42/6; complete, as above, with oval railroad, 50/-, carriage free.



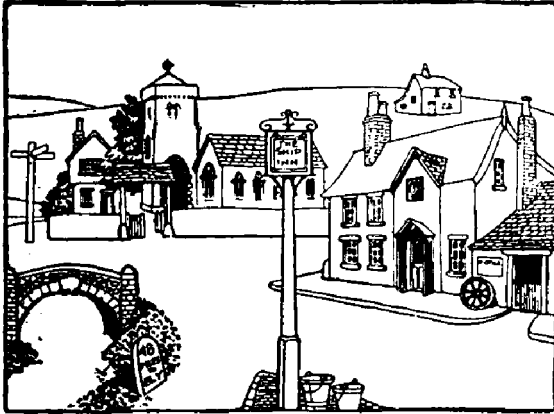
No. 2B.—CRANE AND DONKEY ENGINE COMBINED.

A PERFECT TYPEWRITER.COMPLETE
FROM
4/6

Works as satisfactorily as machine at 50 times the cost. Writes clearly. Perfect for your correspondence. Easy to learn, easy to buy. Guaranteed for two years. Two days on approval. Illustrated particulars free. From all dealers or SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER CO. (Dept. 7), Mary Street, Birmingham. Agents wanted.

RESULT OF "MISSING LANDSCAPE" COMPETITION.

In Oct No. 1902



Correctly filled in.

HARDACRE'S SPRING GRIP DEVELOPERS.

Patent No. 19424

Develops enormous Grip, strengthens your Fingers, Wrists, Develops wonderful Forearm. Acknowledged by Experts to be the neatest and most ingenious machine invented. The Army, Navy Colleges and Schools use them. These Grips can be used by the weakest in a Family and in a few seconds made strong enough to meet the requirement of the strongest Athlete.

Prices, Youth's 2s. 6d., Gents. 2s. 9d., Athletes 3s. 6d. each. Postage 3d. extra, 1s. 0d. abroad. Complete in Box with Illustrated Chart.

J. H. HARDACRE, 46 Albert Street, Nelson, Lancashire.

Wholesale terms on Application.



Half actual size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX.
Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G, 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6D.

Post Free.

LECTURE LESSONS.*Teaching Made Enjoyable!*

A UNIQUE LECTURE THAT WILL
= APPEAL TO OLD AND YOUNG =

Write for particulars to the—

LANTERN LECTURE DEPARTMENT

7-12 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

**GOOD VALUE!
A SPLENDID PRIZE!**

Now Ready, Price
SIX SHILLINGS.

Volume VII. of the

"CAPTAIN."

576 PAGES

Now Ready, Price
SIX SHILLINGS.

Can you get any other book of this size at the price?
Besides a large number of Short Stories, Articles, Pictures, Essays, &c., Volume VII contains

A Complete Novel of School Life in Thirty-one Chapters,
entitled

J. O. JONES.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

SIX TALES OF ELIZA'S.

By FRED SWAINSON.

Articles by

C. B. FRY,

On Indoor Games; Cricket Hints from Australia; Peculiarities of some County Cracks; About Cricket Crowds; Exciting Matches; Are Athletics Overdone?

Articles by

E. J. NANKIVELL,

The Stamp Expert—The Stamps of Lagos; The Stamps of Great Britain.

Articles by

HAYDON PERRY,

The Cycling Expert—The Up-to-date Machine; Common Sense and Cycling; Night Riding; Cycle Picnics; Coasting: Its Pleasures and Pitfalls; Cycling as Medicine.

NOW READY! 576 Pages for 6/-**GEORGE NEWNES, LTD.,**

7-12 Southampton Street, London, W.C.

PHONOGRAPHS FREE

MUSIC, MIRTH, and MELODY.

FREE



A Practical Up-to-date Sound Reproducing Instrument, which will take any Standard Record and bring forth the Words, Music or other Sounds in a Perfect Manner.

AN ABSOLUTELY FREE GIFT This is a Genuine Offer. It comes to you from the well-known establishment of Symonds' London Stores. We are the largest Phonograph suppliers directly to the public of any firm in the United Kingdom. When we make a promise we keep it. We now tell you that we mean to give away a limited number of the celebrated Symonds' Premier Phonographs. You can verify our assertion by answering this advertisement. But do not wait and be too late.

THE REASON FOR OUR FREE OFFER We have set aside a quantity of our Symonds' Premier Phonographs to be distributed for advertising purposes. We offer to give you one of these Phonographs provided that whenever friends ask where you obtained it you will mention that it came from Symonds' London Stores, and also provided that you keep at least half-a-dozen of our Records according to the Award which we will send you (playing selections of band music, songs, &c.), so that your friends may know their quality. You will not be required to pay a penny for the complete Phonograph. We will send the Phonograph, carefully packed, and by the directions you can learn to operate it quickly and easily. We can supply comic songs, sentimental songs, religious selections, or band music. What kind do you prefer? Our catalogue will help your choice. Bear in mind you are not to send us any money for the Phonograph, but merely write a letter, mentioning having seen this offer in *The Captain*. Give us your full address, being particular to also mention the nearest railway station. Enclose stamp.

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES, 124-128, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

CAN I BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



Consider the Electrical Engineer Institute...
 instituted by Messrs. Welfin and Welfin...
 to be of great value to those who desire to
 Electrical Engineers

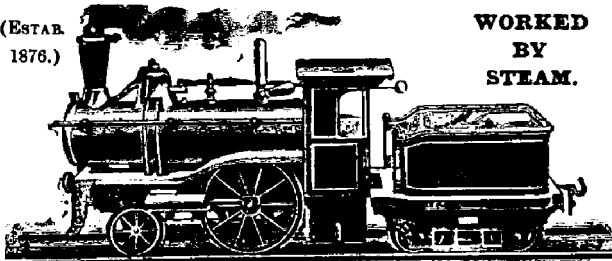
Yes, you can. We teach *Electrical Engineering* at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of anyone. *No matter where you live.* If you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you thoroughly. Our Institute is endorsed by *Thomas A. Edison* and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also *Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telegraphy, Telephony, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, Etc.*, by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our *Free Illustrated Book*, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage. — **The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.**

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

FAST STEAM MODELS.

"The Express."
 Beautifully finished and very strongly made of Oxidised Brass, and comprising Solid Drawn Boiler, Safety Valve Whistle, Steam Dome and Tender, Reversing Gear, Steam escapes through Funnel, a perfect model, Complete with Circular Rails.

(ESTAB. 1876.)



WORKED BY STEAM.

SPECIAL LINE OF LOCOS.

Complete with Safety Valve Steam Dome, &c., 4/., with Whistle, 5/-. Superior Loco. of polished Brass, 6/., 7/., and 8/-. upwards. Complete Loco Sets, 10/6, 16/- and 22/6 to 55/-. All post free.

VERTICAL ENGINES.

New Pattern Vertical Engines, all prices from 1/3 to 30/-. Donkey Engines from 5/6. Brass Model Cranes, 6/6, 13/6, and 18/6.

RICHFORD & CO.
 153 FLEET STREET,
 LONDON, E.C.

Price **16/6** complete.

Packing and carriage in British Isles. In, extra.

VIGORO

A Fast and Exciting Game of Great Skill, Brilliancy, and Hitting Power.

Immediate Success of the New Game.
Playable Outdoor, or under Cover.

RULES, LISTS, & FULL PARTICULARS OF VIGORO SYNDICATE, LTD.,
 30, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
 The VIGORO BALL, Grand Xmas Speciality, 1/- each.

ARE YOU INTERESTED

IN

MODEL ENGINEERING,



If so, you ought to have a copy of our New Artistic Catalogue, which is fully illustrated, and contains over 100 pages. We will send this to you post free to any address at home or abroad for **6d.**, which amount can be deducted from the first order of **10s.** and upwards. **THOSE** desirous of a knowledge of the mechanism and working of Engines of all kinds, and who intend taking up Mechanical Engineering as a profession, cannot do better than have their own working Models.

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES (G.N. Rly., L. & S.W. Rly., Mid. Rly., L. & N.W. Rly., G.C. Rly., L. & Y. Rly., &c.) with Coaches, Trucks, Lines, Points, Signals, and all accessories for Model Railways, with **MODEL STEAM STATIONARY ENGINES**, and **MODEL STEAMBOATS** (not toys), with best quality Engine and Boiler Fittings, Seamless Copper and Brass Tubing, Bolts and Nuts, Pressure Gauges, Electrical Goods, and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers.

Not only great pleasure but valuable instruction can be gained from these Models.

A COMPLETE RAILWAY SYSTEM CAN BE
ERECTED. Write to—

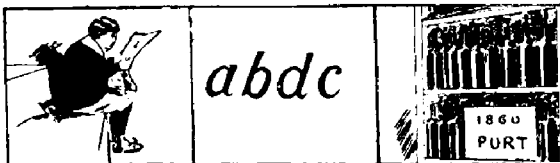
W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
Model Engineers,
NORTHAMPTON.



SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN
TOWNS COMPETITION.
For OCTOBER, 1902.



Peckham. Aberdare. Fleetwood.



Preston. Seaforth. Stockport.



Wakefield. Dundee. Exeter.



Rhyl. Norwood. Reading.

MERIGOLD BROS.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated

EMBEE FOOTBALL SHIRT

As used by all the Premier Clubs
Will not Shrink
Colours absolutely Fast
Lighter than Flannel
Will wear twice as long as Flannelette

Sample, any Pattern, 2/6 post free.
Samples of Material, FREE.

Send for Catalogue (Gratis) with Illustration of the famous "TRAINER" Football, 7/6 post free.
(Used In Cup-Ties.)

ADDRESS: **EMBEE WORKS,**
147 Church Street,
PRESTON, LANCS.

ONE GRADE
ONLY—
THE BEST.

STANDARD, £12 12s.
JUVENILE, £8 8s.
£1 1s. per month by
Progressive Payments.

"PREMIER" HELICAL TUBING BICYCLES

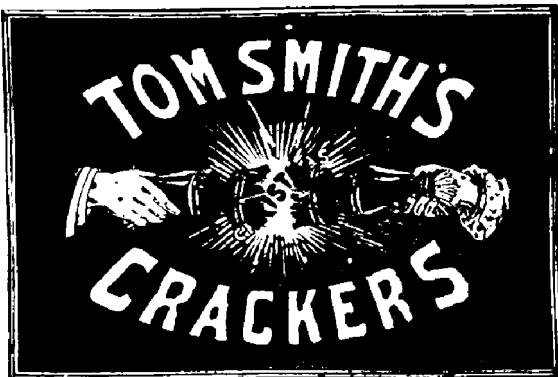
STANLEY SHOW
STAND No. 114.
London Depot:
20 Holborn Viaduct.

PREMIER CYCLE
CO., LTD.,
COVENTRY.
Write for Catalogue.

SEE 60 GUINEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.



FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER, R.N.



CAUTION! SEE TOM SMITH'S NAME
ON EVERY BOX.

PATENT **BILLIARDETTES**

Rigid sides, solid rubber cushion, to fix on ordinary
extending dining table, with 1 1/2 in. balls, two
4 ft. cues, chalks, tips, spots, and wafers.
*Splendid practice at home, almost perfect
game.* Set for table 6 ft. by 3 ft. 6 in. £2 5s.
Separate sliding point marker, 2 1/2 in. long. 5/6
extra.

For other sizes and illustrated list write
W. MAJOR, Patentes, (Dept. C.),
Evington St., Leicester.

**THE BAZAAR
EXCHANGE
AND MART**

**A FAIR EXCHANGE
FOR
PRIVATE SALES AND
BARGAINS**

PRICE 2d

Sold by all Newsagents and at all Bookstalls.
Specimen Copy post free for 3 stamps.
Office: Bazaar Buildings, Drury Lane, London.

Scientific Physical Culture



Taught by Post
CHAS. E. LORD

Director Woolwich Polytechnic Gymnasium. First Class Army Certificate for gymnastics and fencing, International Prize Winner, &c., is teaching physical training by post. For those who lead sedentary lives it is a "blessing and a boon"; for athletes it imparts strength, skill and agility.

Mr. C. B. Fry writes:—"C. E. Lord's system is excellent, and I can thoroughly recommend it."

Send at once for my beautifully illustrated pamphlet on physical culture, also measurement blank, testimonials, &c., post free.

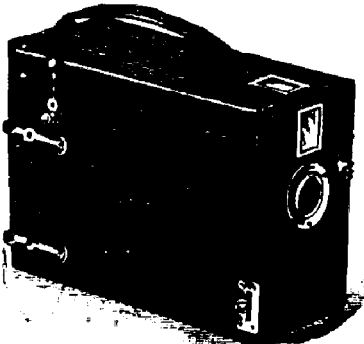
Lord's Scientific School of Physical Culture
71, Inverine Road, Charlton, S.E.

J. LANCASTER & SON, Opticians, Birmingham.

This is an excellent Hand Camera, taking six plates or films $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ in., with achromatic lens, and time and instantaneous shutter.

Price **5/-**

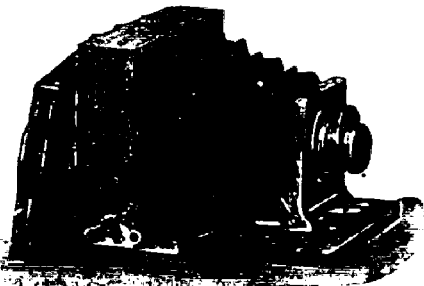
Complete Set of Chemicals, Plates, P.O.P., Printing Fixative, 5/6 extra.



THE "BOY'S OWN" HAND CAMERA.

Catalogues Free.

Price, **10/6**



THE "BOY'S OWN" STAND CAMERA.

Price, **10/6**

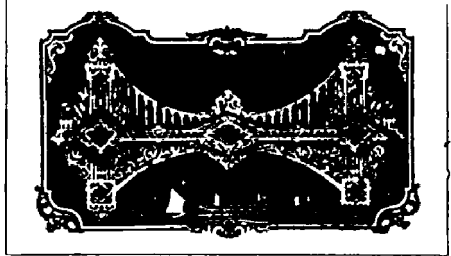
Is a Mahogany Camera, with Kinnear Bellows, excellent Lens, and Double Slide.

Catalogues Free.

FRETWORK

WOOD CARVING.
BENT IRON WORK. POKER WORK, &c.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE FOR 1903 IS NOW READY. Price 6d.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET.

Our Sixpenny Catalogue for 1903 is a Book of 120 pages, with over 1,000 Illustrations, handsomely bound in an Oriental Red Cover. With each copy we **GIVE AWAY THREE VERY HANDSOME SIXPENNY FRETWORK DESIGNS.** The Patterns are:—

SUSPENSION BRIDGE BRACKET

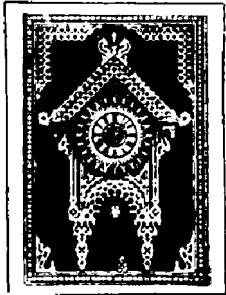
(38 in. by 18 in.). This novel Bracket is, we think, one of the handsomest **WALL SHELVES** ever designed. It is so planned that it may be cut and fitted up even by Fretworkers with a very limited experience.

HALL BRUSH RACK

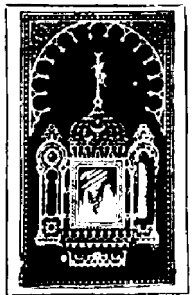
(28 in. by 13½ in.). No Fretwork Hall Rack ever before published can compare in grace and elegance with this beautiful Oriental ornament. The Design is arranged for two brushes and a mirror, and is also fitted with a useful shelf.

PENDULUM CLOCK

(30 in. by 21 in.). The character of the Design of this extremely artistic Pendulum Clock is Russian. It is intended to carry a movement of the popular Black Forest type, with chain and pendulum.



RUSSIAN CLOCK.



BRUSH RACK.

Any of these three articles may be made up at a comparatively trifling cost. Full particulars of materials and fittings will be found on the Design Sheets.

Send at once **SIXPENNY** for Catalogue with **Three Presentation Designs.**

Address all letters:

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12a, Paternoster Sq., LONDON, E.C.,

or HOBBIES LIMITED, Dereham, Norfolk.

Catalogues may also be had by calling at any of the Hobbies Supply Stores:

188 Aldersgate St., London, E.C.	326 Argyle St., Glasgow.
153 Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C.	11 Lime St., Liverpool.
79 Walworth Road, London, S.E.	75 High St., Birmingham.
	118 Powis St., Woolwich.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for December, 1902.

	PAGE
THE O. F. ON HIS MOTOR CAR	Back of Frontispiece
THE LONDON COACH LEAVING FOR YORK AT CHRISTMAS-TIME IN THE DAYS OF DICK TURPIN AND CO.	Frontispiece
DICK TURPIN AND CO.	A. B. COOPER 195
Illustrated by F. W. BURTON, A. FORESTIER, F. BARNARD, S. E. WALLER, &c.	
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CHAPS. XII.-XIV.)	JOHN MACKIE 205
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
DICKENS THE BOY, AND SOME OF HIS BOY CHARACTERS	WALTER DEXTER 216
Illustrated from the Drawings by S. LAWRENCE and Miss RYLAND, and from Photographs.	
A QUEER CLUE	S. A. PARKES 222
Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.	
TO AMUSE THE LADIES	R. S. WARREN BELL 229
Illustrated by A. PEARSE.	
CHRISTMAS IN ZOO VILLA	HALL THORPE 236
THE ROMANCE OF STAMP COLLECTING	E. J. NANKIVELL 239
Illustrated by ROBERT FARWIG, and with New Issues.	
THE STONE AGE: AN INTERRUPTED PICNIC	243
Drawn by L. SARGENT.	
MY CHRISTMAS POEM	A. B. COOPER 244
Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE.	

(Further contents on next page.)

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),

Late of Uppingham and Westminster,
Educational Medallist at Antwerp,
Bordeaux, and Brussels International
Exhibitions.



G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),

Author of "The Illustrated French
Grammar," etc.
Spanish and German Examiner at the
City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS.

SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quernmore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several First places and Honours.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.

MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Gauges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Cluck Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Rods, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS. MODEL STEAM BOATS. MODEL

STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Dead-eyes, Wheels, Skylights, Hatchways, Flags and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cords, &c.

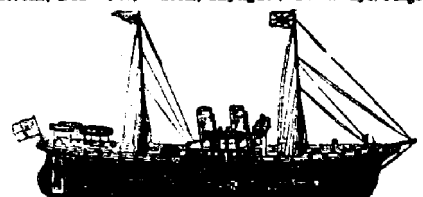


We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

800 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler, Engines, Ships, Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamos, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.

STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,



ESTABLISHED 1843.

22^K Aldgate, City, London.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIPS FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE

Contents—*continued.*

	PAGE
A BRUSH WITH THE LUNGOORS Illustrated by the AUTHOR.	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS 246
CONCERNING CHRISTMAS CARDS With Illustrations.	PAUL PRESTON 257
NATURALISTS' CORNER... ..	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. 260
LIBRARY CORNER	260
THE HOUSEBREAKER Illustrated by TOM BROWNE, R.I.	ONSLow DEANE 261
THE ATHLETIC CORNER (FOOTBALL CROWDS) With Illustrations.	C. B. FRY 266
THE PAINTED HALL AT GREENWICH	HERBERT S. JEANS 272
CAPTAIN ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS With Photos of T. M. R. WHITWELL, TOM BROWNE, R.I., HALL THORPE, and HARRY ROUNTREE.	276
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER	278
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	279
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL	285
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	286
RESULTS OF OCTOBER COMPETITIONS	288

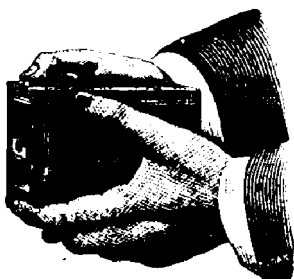
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Neivens, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print.

ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS.

BROWNIE KODAKS

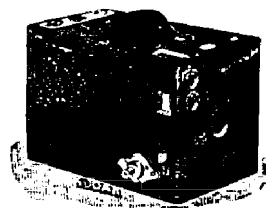
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ins. by 2½ins.,
Price 5/- only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ins. by 2½ins.,
Price 10/- only.



No. 2 Brownie

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from £2 2s. to £3 12s. 6d.

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches:

86, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.;

171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

Raphael Tuck & Sons'



"CROWNING YEAR"

CHRISTMAS
& NEW YEAR CARDS



CALENDARS, BOOKS, TOYBOOKS,
POST CARDS, etc. Publishers to Their Majesties
The King & Queen.

Name and Trade Mark on every Card, etc.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

FUN FOR - - CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Every Boy should see our

TABLE TENNIS SETS (Very Superior).

- The "ALEXANDRA" Set, consisting of Two Wooden Bats, String Net, Six Balls, Two Wood Posts and Metal Cramps **3/6**
- The "WESTMINSTER" Set, consisting of Two "Pyramid" Bats, Macramé Net, Six Balls (best English), Nickel Cramps and Wood Posts **4/9**
- The "BADMINTON" Set, consisting of Two Beautiful Bats (Poker-work Etching one side), Nickel extending Posts, Twelve Best English Balls, Macramé Net **10/-**

Send for Catalogue.

HARGER BROS.,
Fretwork and Wood-Carving Depot,
and Table Tennis Factory
SETTLE, YORKS.

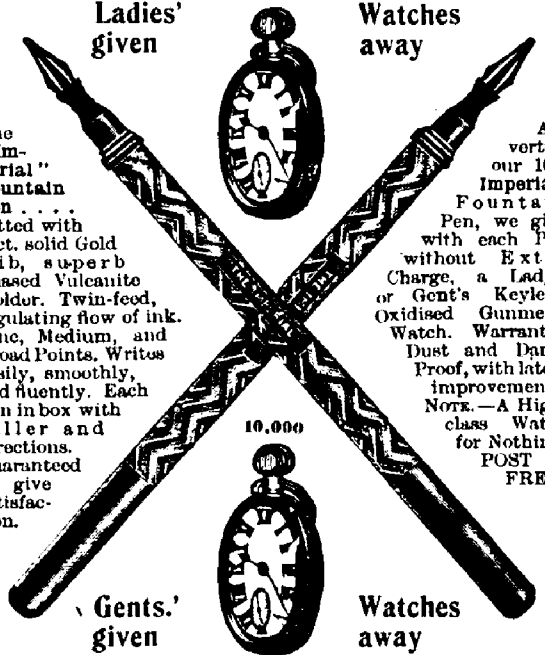
10,000 WATCHES 10,000 WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

With our 10/6 'IMPERIAL' Fountain Pen.
10,000

Ladies' given

Watches away

The "Imperial" Fountain Pen Fitted with 14ct. solid Gold Nib, superb Chased Vulcanite Holder. Twin-feed, regulating flow of ink. Fine, Medium, and Broad Points. Writes easily, smoothly, and fluently. Each Pen in box with Filler and directions. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.



Gents.' given

Watches away

To Advertise our 10/6 Imperial Fountain Pen, we give with each Pen without Extra Charge, a Lady's or Gent's Keyless, Oxidised Gunmetal Watch. Warranted Dust and Damp Proof, with latest improvements. **NOTE.**—A High-class Watch for Nothing. **POST FREE.**

The Imperial Pen Co., 78, Newgate St., London, E.C.

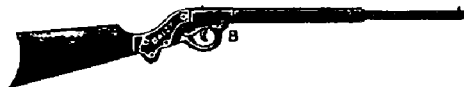
BENETFINK & CO.

THE GREAT CITY DEPOT FOR ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.



GEM AIR GUN.

No. 00 Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts and 1 pair Pincers, same bore as No. 1 ... 13/6
 No. 0 Size larger (frequently sold as No. 1), same bore as No. 1 ... 16/6
 No. 1 ... 18/6
 For postage, add 8d.
 Slugs, No. 1 (Lane's), per 1,000 ... 8d. net
 Postage, 4d.
 „ No. 3 (Lane's), per 1,000 ... 1/4 „
 Postage, 6d.



THE "DAISY" AIR GUN.

Nickel-Plated and well-finished. 3/- net. Postage 5d.

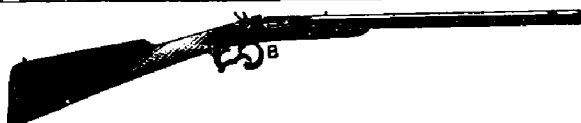
THE "DAISY" REPEATING AIR GUN.

Nickel-Plated, simple in its action; shoots 150 shots without reloading. 4/- net.

B.B. Shot for above, 6d. per box.

SUPERIOR CARDBOARD TARGETS
 in Colours.

7 in. wide. 14 1/2 in. wide.
 6d. doz. net. 2/- doz. net.



No. 122.—**SALOON GUN**, Warrant Action, long block Rifle, checkered Walnut stock, case hardened mountings, blue barrel. Price 12/6. Packing and postage, 1/.

No. 1.—BOXING GLOVES, Buff Leather.

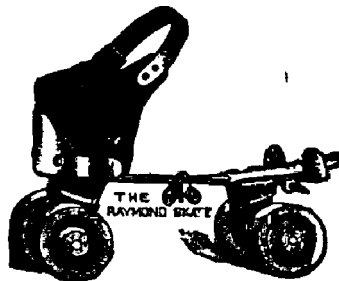
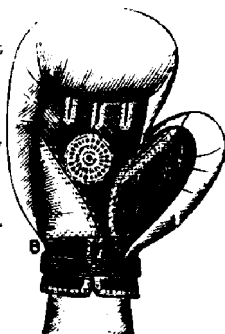
Sateen Palms, Men's, per set of four 5/10 net
 Wool Stuffed, Youths' do. 4/9
 Do. Boys' do. 4/3 "

No. 2.—BOXING GLOVES.

Buff Leather, with Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.
 Per set of four ... 7/9 net
 Youths' ditto ... 6/6 "

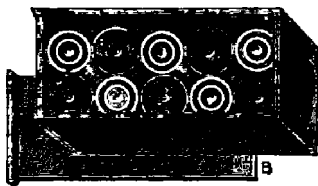
No. 3.—BOXING GLOVES, as illustration.

White Leather, Strong Leather Palms, Ventilated, Stuffed with Horsehair.
 Per set of four ... 9/- net
 Youths' ditto ... 7/8 "
 Postage, 4d. set.



RAYMOND'S PATENT EXTENSION ROLLER SKATES, with Hemacite Wheels, Half Clamp.

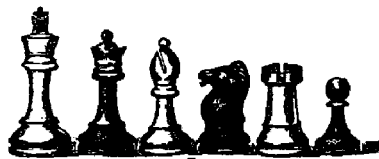
A. Rubber Springs, not Plated ... 4/9 pair net
 B. Do. Nickel Plated ... 6/- "
 Ladies' and Gent's same Price.
 B. Ball Bearing ... 10/6 "
 C. Do. ... 15/6 "
 Single Pair free by Parcel Post.



SPORTS & GAMES CATALOGUE

POST FREE.

Please mention 'The Captain.'



"STAUNTON" PATTERN CHESSMEN.

Superior London Made.
 Polished Ebony and Boxwood, with Cloth Covered Bases, in Polished Mahogany Boxes.
 No. 3 4 5 6 7
 6/- 7/9 9/- 11/3 13/9 net.
 Ditto, Cheaper Make, Polished Boxwood and Ebonized, in Polished Wood Boxes.
 No. 1 2 3 4 5 6
 2/3 2/9 3/3 3/9 4/3 5/- net.
 For Postage, add 3d. per set.

DRAUGHTS. All London Made.
 Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Mahogany Box.
 1 in. ... 1/2 net. 1 1/4 in. ... 1/4 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/8 net
 Polished Ebony and Boxwood, in Polished Mahogany Boxes.
 1 in. ... 1/8 net. 1 1/4 in. ... 1/8 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 1/11 net
 Polished Ebony and Boxwood, Hollow Edge, in Polished Mahogany Boxes.
 1 1/4 in. ... 2/4 net. 1 1/2 in. ... 2/8 net
 For Postage, add 3d.

FOLDING CHESS OR DRAUGHTS BOARDS.

Half Leather	12	14	16	18	20 in.
Mill Board, leather covered, superior	1/-	1/2	1/4	—	net
	—	3/7	4/3	5/6	6/8 "

Postage 8d.

89, 90,
107 & 108,

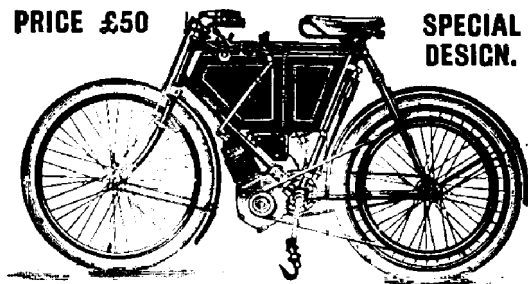
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

BRADBURY

MOTOR CYCLE.

PRICE £50

SPECIAL DESIGN.



SPECIFICATION.

Frame—Specially strengthened, built with Tandem Hubs, back stays, chain stays, and specially designed bridge.

Tyres—Clincher A-Won motor cycle tyres, 2 in.

Cranks—7 in. toughened steel.

Gear—67 1-5th in., 24 by 10, or to order.

Chain—Appleby or Renolds' 1/4 in. roller.

Pedals—Full size, fitted with best rubber blocks.

Mudguards—Extra width, strongly fitted, free from rattle.

Free-Wheel—Bradbury.

Motor—New Minerva, 1902 pattern.

Brakes—Bradbury front rim & Bowden inverted lever back rim.

SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH, SPEED.

SPECIAL FRAME, NEW EXHAUST LIFTER,
OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

STANLEY SHOW STAND NUMBER 76.

BRADBURY & CO., LTD., OLDHAM.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

PRICE LISTS FREE. AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.

D & M

D & M

D & M

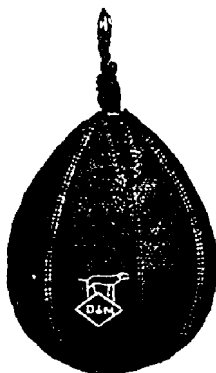
To Box well is to
box with **D & M**
Boxing Gloves.

When practising use
the **D & M** Striking
Bag.

If your dealer does
not keep them, do
not be put off with
something "just as
good." Write us

for our **D & M** Bulletin No. 104, and

we will send you
the name of some-
one who will supply
your wants.



Write to-day:

A.I.C. CO.,
8, Long Lane,
London, E.C.

D
&
M

D
&
M

D
&
M

"I hear they want more

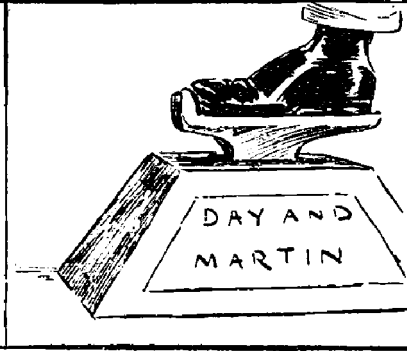


BOVRIL

Reg. S.H.B

"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

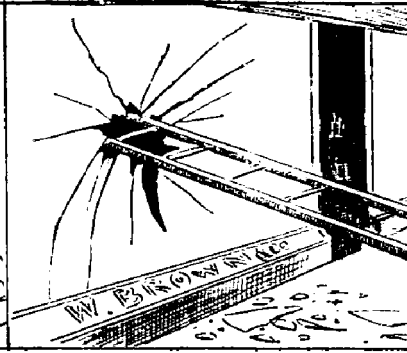
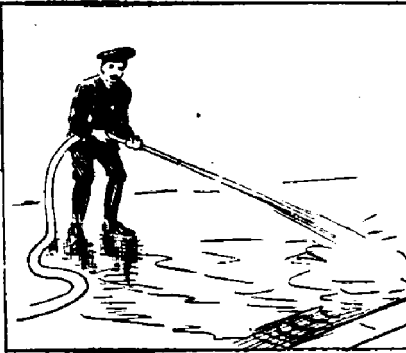
SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER, PAGE 278.



1. - Pinner.

2. -

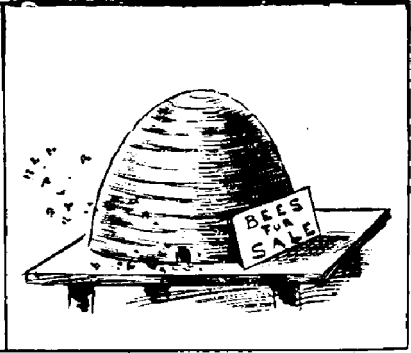
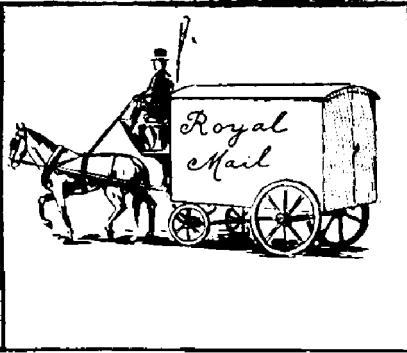
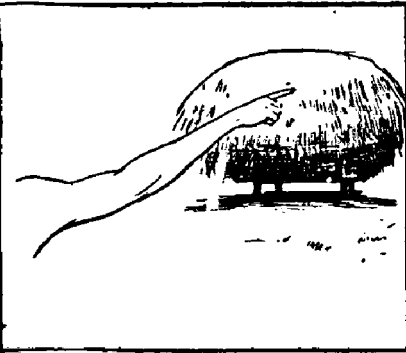
3. -



4. -

5. -

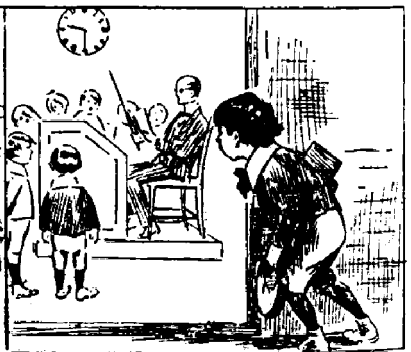
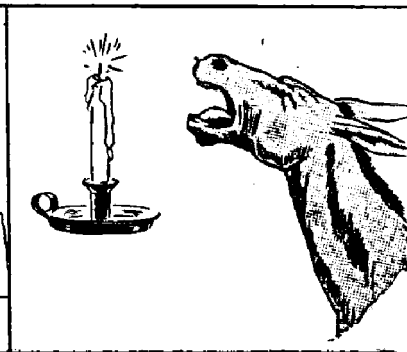
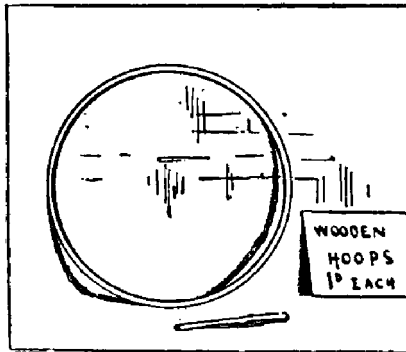
6. -



7. -

8. -

9. -



10. -

11. -

12. -

Name.....

Address.....

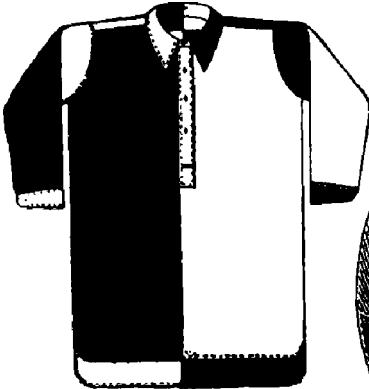
Age.....

Class.....

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all articles used in FOOTBALL and HOCKEY.

A very large assortment of all kinds of STICKS, BOOTS, SHIRTS, SHINGUARDS, BALLS, &c., &c.



Shirts from 2/3.

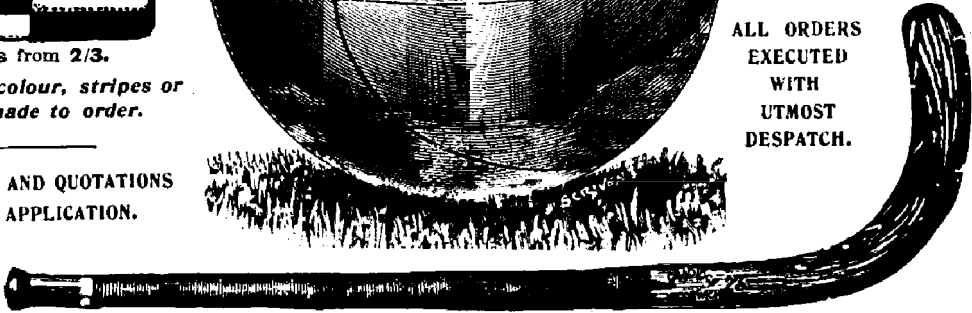
Shirts, any colour, stripes or halves, made to order.



All Chrome Boots, 8/6, 10/6, and 12/6.

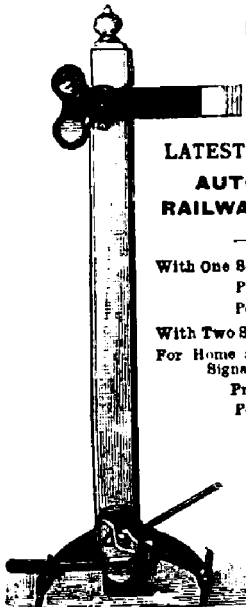
ALL ORDERS EXECUTED WITH UTMOST DESPATCH.

PRICE LISTS AND QUOTATIONS FREE ON APPLICATION.



Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

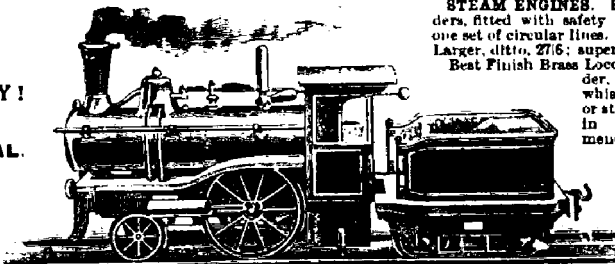
HAMLEY'S TOYS, NOVELTIES, ENGINES, SHIPS, &c.



LATEST NOVELTY!
AUTOMATIC RAILWAY SIGNAL.

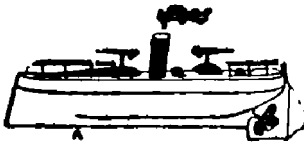
With One Semaphore,
Price 10/4.
Post free 1/4.

With Two Semaphores,
For Home and Distant Signalling.
Price 1/6.
Post free. 1/10.



STEAM ENGINES. Best Finish Locomotives and Tenders, fitted with safety valve and whistle, lamp, &c., and one set of circular lines. Very strong. Price complete, 17/6. Larger, ditto, 27/6: superior, ditto. Box and Postage extra. Best Finish Brass Locomotive with Double Action Cylinder, fitted with steam tap, safety valve, whistle, lamp, &c. Will run in a circle or straight line, with circular rails 8 ft. in circumference. Specially recommended. Price 21/- complete. Box and Postage extra. Well-made Brass Locomotive, 7/6, post free, 8/-.

Send for Hamley's list of Steam Engine Fittings and Ship Fittings. Clockwork Railways, &c., post free



HAMLEY'S SPECIAL LINE.
A MODEL VERTICAL ENGINE.

Very neatly made, with brass boiler, and works beautifully. A boy's delight. Enormous value. Price 1/-, post free. 1/4. Large size, 5/-, post free, 5/8.

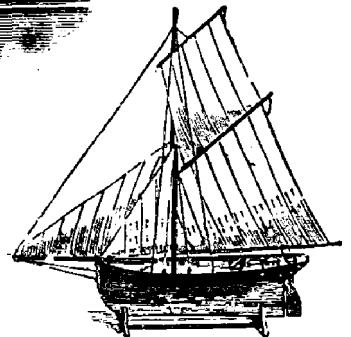
THE CHILDREN'S DELIGHT.

Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up and go in any water or bath. Prices, 1/-, post free, 2/3, also 1/6, post free. 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free. 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 7/- to 3 guineas and upwards. Sale of Wight Sailing Boats from 2/6 to 50/-.

Model Racing Yachts from 7/6 to 75/-.

SPECIAL LINE in cheap Sailing Boats, 9d., 1/3, 1/10, 2/4 post free.

HAMLEY'S XMAS CRACKERS.
In great variety, manufactured by Messrs. Caley & Co., containing an assortment of Jewellery, Caps, Toys, &c. Prices, 6d., 1/-, 1/3, 2/-, 2/6, to 5/6 per box. Postage extra.



SAILING BOATS.



PRETTY MINIATURE TIN TRAIN, in box, post free, 1/3. Large selection of Clockwork Railways from 2/-.

Write for List of Novelties, Toys, Dolls, Games, &c., also Ping Pong, Post Free.

HAMLEY'S, 512 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

GRAND CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

The DECEMBER issue of

THE SUNDAY STRAND

Will contain 200 pages and about 200 Illustrations.

Complete Stories by

JOHN OXENHAM.	ORME AGNUS.
WILLIAM LE QUEUX.	FRED M. WHITE.
AGNES GIBERNE.	E. NESBIT.
JOSEPH LINCOLN.	MARY STEWART CUTTING.
G. E. FARROW.	E. BURROWES.

Also a Complete Novel by

JOHN K. LEYS: "THE MISSING DIAMONDS."

Will any Magazine surpass this List?

Articles by

THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON.

"CHRISTMAS WITHIN AND WITHOUT."

REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

A CHRISTMAS "BIBLE TALK."

THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS. By A. B. COOPER.

Illustrated by some of the best Black and White Artists in the world:
CECIL ALDIN, LOUIS WAIN, S. BEGG, A. FORESTIER, FRED BARNARD,
FRANK CRAIG, FRANK DADD, LUCIEN DAVIES, MAX COWPER, etc

OUR GREATEST LIVING ORGANISTS.

By Dr. J. LANCE TOMLINSON. With Original Music and Autographs.

"THE ANGEL'S MESSAGE."

In Deaf and Dumb Language. By PAUL PRESTON.

THE PHANTOM AT JOHN BULL'S FEAST.

By DR. GREENWOOD. Amazing Statistics of Crime, Insanity and Pauperism
attributable to Alcohol.

"CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS."

Numerous Illustrations by a Famous Artist, showing how to Decorate
Churches, Halls, and Homes.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE. By THE EDITOR.

PUZZLE COMPETITION. By UNCLE GEORGE.

ETC.

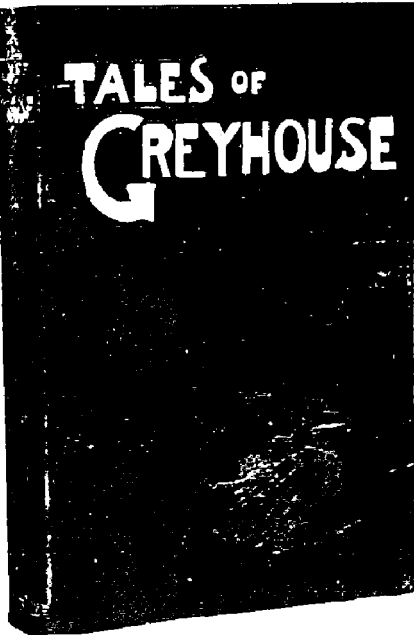
ETC.

ETC.

*THE SUNDAY STRAND'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER is one of the greatest efforts
in magazine production ever attempted. On both its Pictorial and Literary side
it is unique, and everybody should make a point of seeing it.*

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

Give orders before November 27th. Price 1s.



Tales of Greyhouse

By
R. S. WARREN BELL

THE ROCK says: "This is really one of the finest books of school life that has appeared for years."



3/6 With 16 Illustrations.

Two Christmas Books

With 12 Illustrations. 3/6



Acton's Feud

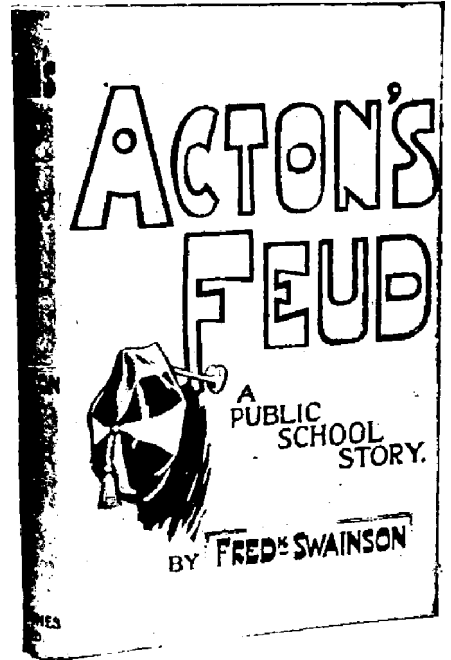
A Public School
Story

By FREDK.
SWAINSON

Author of "Smith's House,"
&c. With 12 Illustrations by
T. M. R. WHITWELL.

Price 3s. 6d.

THE SPECTATOR.—"At last some one has written for us a stirring school-story on the old heroic lines, with real boys in it, boys in whom we recognise the making of men. . . . The story is excellently written, and never falters, nor is there a dull paragraph in the book. The dialogue, the schoolboy wit and humour is the genuine repartee and humour of boys. Gus Todd, the limp character,



who pulls himself together so well, though not one of the principal actors in the story, is perhaps the best known character in the book. But the movement, and the incidents, the vitality and crispness are the refreshing features of Mr. Swainson's story. This is the best schoolboy story we have seen for two or three years."

GEO. NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12 Southampton St., Strand, W.C.

FIRST SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF MEMBERS OF "THE CAPTAIN" CLUB.

Continued from November issue.

JARVIS, A. J., Market Place, Tickhill, Rotherham.
 JEE, Hugh W., 11 Bousfield Road, St. Catherine's Park, S.E.
 JEFFERD, W. W., Lyndhurst, Queen's Road, Plymouth.
 JENNINGS, Gordon V., 84 Poplar Walk Road, Herne Hill, S.E.
 JERVIS, F. L., Edmore, Blenheim Terrace, St. Albans.
 JESSUP, G. S., York City and County Banking Co., Ltd., Cleethorpe Road, Grimsby.
 JONES, E., High Oak View, Peneneth, near Dudley.
 JONES, H. E., Brynawel, New Road, Llanelly, South Wales.
 JONES, Jack Davies, Black Ox Hotel, Llandilo, South Wales.
 JONES, James W. F., 39 Church Road North, Hanwell, W.
 JONES, W. Edgar, 22 Durham Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
 JONES, Wilfrid V., 4 Oaklands Terrace, Swansea.
 JOHNSON, F. H., 3 Hereford Road, Southsea, Hants.
 JOHNSON, H. G., 7 Springfield Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
 JOHNSTON, R. C., 121 Shaw Street, Toronto, Canada.
 JOHNSTONE, James Harry, 53 Carlton Place, Aberdeen.
 JOWETT, Arnold, 26 Salisbury Street, Higher Broughton, Manchester.

K

KADY, Thomas Henry, 63 Bostock Avenue, Northampton.
 KAUNTZE, W. H., Union Bank, Acreington, Lancs.
 KEMMIS, — St. David's, Reigate, Surrey.
 KENISTON, Roy, 24 Hurle Crescent, Clifton, Bristol.
 KER, Laurance Arthur, Ellerslie, Bridge of Weir.
 KERRY, Arthur H. G., 197 Woodstock Road, Oxford.
 KILLAM, J. Walton, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada.
 KILLICK, Sydney H., Orkney House, Clapham Road, Bedford.
 KING, Maurice, 13 Canonbury Park North, N.
 KIPPING, F., c/o Dr. Perkin, Fairview, Fallowfield, Manchester.
 KIRK, B. A., 38 Trent Road, Brixton Hill, S.W.
 KIRTLAND, J., Westover, Lytham Road, Blackpool.
 KLEINJUNG, Ernest, Bowdon College, Bowdon, Cheshire.
 KNIGHT, H., 2 Wetherby Terrace, Earl's Court, S.W.
 KYSH, George Anthony, 19 Mundella Terrace, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

L

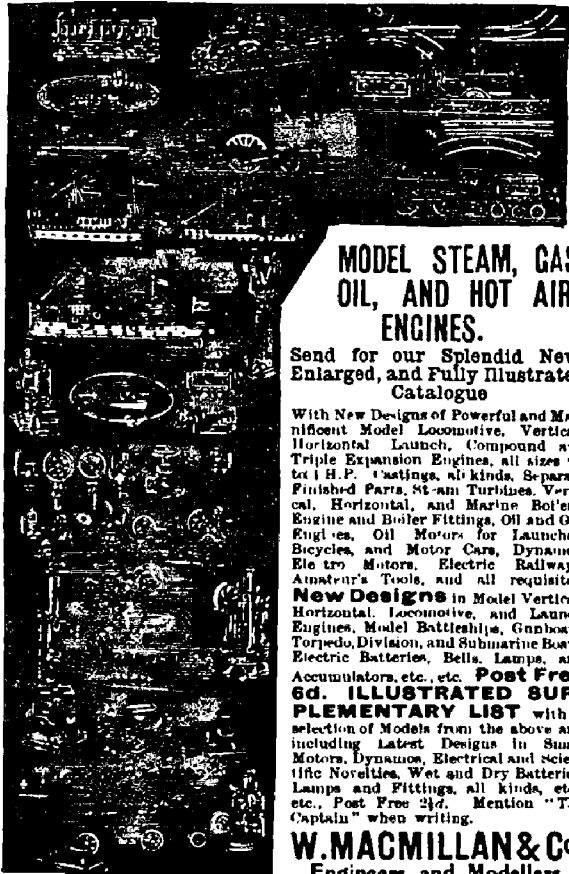
LADLER, J. N., 71 Downs Park Road, West Hackney, N.E.
 LANGE, E., P.O. Box 311, Kimberley, South Africa.
 LANGER, Carl, Ynyspenllwch, Clydach, R.S.O., Glann.
 LANGLEY, R. K., 9 King Street, Shemeld.
 LARGE, G. C. W., The Laurels, Brecon.
 LAUGHTON, G. C., Grately Rectory, Andover.
 LAURIE, William J. C., 80 Finnart Street, Greenock.

LAW, J., 9 Ratcliffe Street, Leicester.
 LAWRENCE, Alexander D. D., c/o Mrs. Young, 82 Albert Terrace, Aberdeen.
 LAWSON, J. K., Sunnyside, Dunham Massey, near Altrincham.
 LAYTON, H., 42 Kingsley Street, Sydenham, Christchurch, N.Z.
 LEAVER, G. F., Bank House, Cheltenham.
 LEDGETT, Jessie, 19 Leven Street, Dumbarton, N.H.
 LEE, C. D., Glenthorne, Tooting Bec.
 LEEPER, Cyril F., 42 Pembroke Road, Dublin.
 LEES, Florence M., 6 Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
 LEIGH, Charles, 32 Beechfield Road, Catford, S.E.
 LEIGH-BENNETT, P. S., 1 Kilmore Villa, Stafford Road, Bournemouth.
 LEIGHTON, F. T., 32 Molesworth Street, Wellington, N.Z.
 LEJEUNE, Arthur, Aspromonte, Firdale Road, Seapoint.
 LEVI, Keith M., Lulinghi, Princes Street, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia.
 LEVI, Rupert N., Lulinghi, Princes Street, St. Kilda, Melbourne, Australia.
 LEVY, H. L., 91 Shirland Road, Maida Vale, W.
 LEWIS, P. Harold, 6 Sandon Street, Etruria Vale, Hanley.
 LIDDELL, C. B., Ellerslie, Fremington.
 LINDSAY, Carl C., 17 Laws Street, Kingston, Jamaica.
 LINGFORD, Alex., 82 Clevedon Road, Birmingham.
 LISLE, Arthur B., 59 Douglas Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.
 LISMORE, W., 121 Ashley Road, Bristol.
 LLOYD, E. Walford, Ravenstone Vicarage, Olney, Bucks.
 LOBLEY, Edward Sumner, 127 Dacy Road, Anfield, Liverpool.
 LONG, Montague F., St. Margaret's, Auckland Hill, West Norwood, S.E.
 LONSDALE, A. F., 23 Churchill Road, Rangoon, Burma.
 LOVEGROVE, W. I., Market Place, Wantage, Berks.
 LOVELL, Frank, 8 Kent Street, Middlesbrough.
 LOVERIDGE, Wallace L., Jnr., 30 The Pavement, Chiswick, W.
 LUSCOMBE, Alec. P., The Rectory, Waratah, near Newcastle, N.S.W., Australia.
 LYE, E. B., Leagrave Hall, Leagrave, near Luton.
 LYNE, Randolph E., 2 St. John's Villas, Cheltenham.
 LYON, Thos. M., 8 Howard Drive, Kilmarnock, N.B.

M

MABBOTT, Arthur, 76 Pembroke Terrace, Cartergate, Grimsby.
 MACARTNEY, Douglas Halliday, 8 Harley Street, London, W.
 MacEWAN, H. C., 37 Hornsey Lane Gardens, Highgate, N.
 MacGREGOR, Eva, 3 Egerton Place, London, S.W.
 MACHIN, J., 90 Hall Street, Stockport.
 MACKAY, J. F., 80 Napier Street, New Cross, S.E.
 MACKAY, May, Alvey Maule, Avicmore, N.B.

MACKENZIE, T. G., Broadwood, Ingleton, Yorks.
 MACKINNON, A., 8 Rubislaw Den North, Aberdeen.
 MAHAFFY, William, Central Avenue, Marlborough Park, Lisburn Road, Belfast.
 MAIN, W. S., Broomrigg, Dollar, N.B.
 MALLET, W. D., 33 Church Lane, Hornsey, N.
 MALLETT, A. W., 63 Callcott Road, Brondesbury, N.W.
 MALLEY, A. O., St. Elna, Lynton Road South, Gravesend.
 MANN, William Alfred, 87 Oriol Road, Bootle.
 MAPPLEBECK, J. W., Greenhill School, Moseley, near Birmingham.
 MARCHANT, H. R., Bruce Cottage, Erskine Road, Walthamstow.
 MARCON, Sholto, Marcon's Hall, Oxford.
 MARKHAM, J., c/o L. E. Morgau, Esq., 38 St. John Street, Launceston, Tasmania.
 MARKS, C. E., Jnr., 55 Chapter Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
 MARSH-MORGAN, Walter S., 5 Coombe Road, Sydenham, S.E.
 MARSHALL, N. E., Cranbrook House, Streatham Common, S.W.
 MARSOM, May, 4 Perrymead Street, Fulham, S.W.
 MARTIN, Edward K., Dannevirke, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.
 MARTIN, Marcel, Milford House, Tudor Hill, Sutton Coldfield.
 MARTINEZ, R., 12 Port Royal Street, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.
 MARTYN, H. F., Fair oak Lodge, Woking, Surrey.
 MASON, F. A., 21 Queon Square, Bloomsbury, W.C.
 MASSINGHAM, H. R., Earls Colne, R.S.O., Essex.
 MASTERS, Herbert John, Craigholme, Baldslow Road, Hastings.
 MATHEWS, R. H., The Bank, Henry Street, Dublin.
 MEDLOCK, Harold, 110 Haverstock Hill, Hampstead, N.W.
 MEIKLE, Archie R., 44 Montpelier Park, Edinburgh.
 MELLISH, Richard Coppin, 261 Lewisham High Road, Brockley S.E.
 MENZIES, John L., 26 Belvidere Street, Aberdeen.
 MERLE, E. H., 44 Chatham Place, Hackney, N.E.
 METSON, A. H., 42 Nicholas Street, Mile End, E.
 MILLAR, Frank W., Education Department, Government Buildings, Wellington, N.Z.
 MILLER, Alan, 3 Gordon Villas, Whyke Lane, Chichester.
 MILLER, Cecil B., 117 Hill Lane, Southampton.
 MILLER, James Cooper, 14 Dean Road, Willesden Green, N.W.
 MILLS, Frank B., Glen Royde, Delph, Saddleworth, Yorks.
 MILTCNE, F., Jnr., 8 College Avenue, Croydon, Liverpool.
 MITCHELL, Fred D., 93 Davenport Street, Bolton.
 MITCHELL, John L., 21 Wilton Terrace, Kirkland Street, Glasgow.
 MITCHINSON, G. E., Sunningdale, Aldenham Road, Watford.
 MIZEN, Arthur, 5 Medealf Place, Pentonville Road, N.
 MONEY, Althea L., 21 Cambridge Road, Hove.



**MODEL STEAM, GAS,
OIL, AND HOT AIR
ENGINES.**

Send for our Splendid New, Enlarged, and Fully Illustrated Catalogue

With New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Model Locomotive, Vertical, Horizontal Launch, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes up to 1 H.P., Castings, all kinds, Separate Finished Parts, Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal, and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles, and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Railways, Amateur's Tools, and all requisites.

New Designs in Model Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines, Model Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats, Electric Batteries, Bells, Lamps, and Accumulators, etc., etc. **Post Free 6d. ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENTARY LIST** with a selection of Models from the above and including Latest Designs in Small Motors, Dynamos, Electrical and Scientific Novelties, Wet and Dry Batteries, Lamps and Fittings, all kinds, etc., etc., Post Free 2d. Mention "The Captain" when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & Co.
Engineers and Modellers,

MAR STREET, ALLOA, N.B.

28
YEARS SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
**Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

**Owbridge's
Lung Tonic**

IMPORTANT NOTICE:
SUBSTITUTION.—*There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.



like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, &c., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

**Nourishing as Malt Extract.
Delicious as Jam.**

SOLD IN JARS, 11b. for 9d.

**5oz. Sample Sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage.
Mention THE CAPTAIN.**

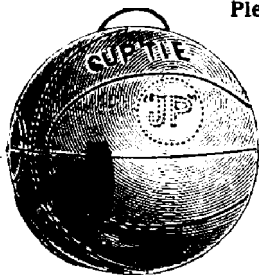
FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

COME TO US for

HOCKEY AND FOOTBALL OUTFITS

HOCKEY STICKS,

Best Ash, Bound Handles, various weights, 3/3.
Best Ash, all Cane Handles, bound, various weights, 4/9.
Best Ash, straight grain Blade, bulged as Cricket Bat, Best Cane and Rubber Handles, bound leather, 7/6.
Postage, 6d.



Please send for our Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

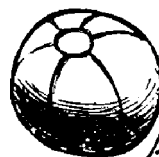
J.P. CUP TIE MATCH BALL. 9/9.

THE "CROWN." 5/-.

THE "GOAL." 6/6.

THE "BRITON." 7/6.

Postage, 4d.



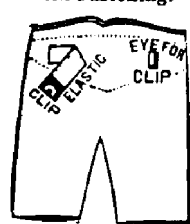
FOOTBALL BELTS, 9/6.
Postage, 1d.

FOOTBALL BOOTS.

Russet Calf, Single Pad, 4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11, 9/11. Scotch Chrome, leather-weight, Spring Heel, 8/6. With Heel for back play, 9/11. Postage, 6d.

HOCKEY BALLS, 5d., 6d., 11d. Regulation Leather, 3/9 and 4/6. Postage, 8d.

BELTLESS FOOT-BALL KNICKER, Showing back of Knicker with Fastening.



Fitted with Elastic Grip at Back and Patent Clip. Navy Serge, 2/3; 26/- per dozen.

Ordinary Makes.

Strong Navy Serge, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9, 4/11 per pair.

White Swansdown, 1/4, 2/2.

Flannelette, 1/11.

Best Lambskin, 3/3.

Postage, 3d.

Send Waist measure. 2/- allowed on 1 doz. pairs.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 and 118 CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's Cocoa

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons

THE "KING" AIR RIFLE.

SINGLE SHOT OR REPEATER.



ALL STEEL.

The Best Air Gun in Existence.

- - SOLD EVERYWHERE - -

Descriptive Booklets from Sole European Agents—

MARKT & CO., 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

JANUARY.

"G. A. HENTY."

By the Editor.

ABOUT BREATHING.

By C. B. Fry

THE SPIDER WATER:
A Railway Tale

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAC." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6d

Vol. VIII. No. 46.

JANUARY, 1903.



Trade

Mark.

True ease

when cycling can only be ensured by riding

1903

DUNLOP TYRES

made by our new patent process, and resulting in increased

**RESILIENCE,
SPEED,
STRENGTH,
and DURABILITY.**

We did not offer them until they had successfully passed through the severest tests in all countries, on all roads.

Write for Booklet "All about Dunlop Tyres for 1903," gratis and post free.

50s. per pair; guaranteed.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE, Co., Ltd.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



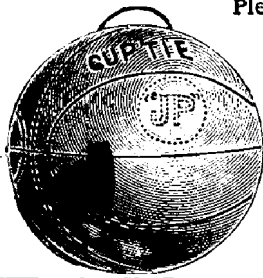
GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

COME TO US for

HOCKEY AND FOOTBALL OUTFITS

HOCKEY STICKS,

Best Ash, Bound Handles, various weights, 3/3.
Best Ash, all Cane Handles, bound, various weights, 4/9.
Best Ash, straight grain Blade, bulged as Cricket Bat, Best Cane and Rubber Handles, bound leather, 7/6.
Postage, 6d.



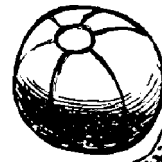
Please send for our Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

J.P. CUP TIE MATCH BALL. 9/9.

THE "CROWN." 5/-.

THE "GOAL." 6/6.

THE "BRITON." 7/6.
Postage, 4d.



FOOTBALL BELTS, 9/6d.
Postage, 1d.

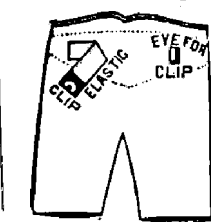


FOOTBALL BOOTS.

Russet Calf, Single Pad, 4/11, 5/11, 7/3, 7/11, 9/11. Scotch Chrome, leather-weight, Spring Heel, 8/6. With Heel for back play, 9/11. Postage, 6d.

HOCKEY BALLS, 5d., 6d., 11d. Regulation Leather, 3/9 and 4/6. Postage, 3d.

BELTLESS FOOT-BALL KNICKER, Showing back of Knicker with Fastening.



Fitted with Elastic Grip at Back and Patent Clip. Navy Serge, 2/3; 26/- per dozen.

Ordinary Makes.

Strong Navy Serge, 1/4, 1/9, 2/9, 3/9, 4/11 per pair.

White Swansdown, 1/4, 2/2.

Flannellette, 1/11.

Best Lambskin, 3/3.

Postage, 3d.

Send Waist measure.

2/- allowed on 1 doz. pairs.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 and 118 CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's Cocoa

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons

THE "KING" AIR RIFLE.

SINGLE SHOT OR REPEATER.



ALL STEEL.

The Best Air Gun in Existence.

- - SOLD EVERYWHERE - -

Descriptive Booklets from Sole European Agents—

MARKT & CO., 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

JANUARY.

"G. A. HENTY."

By the Editor.

ABOUT BREATHING.

By C. B. Fry

THE SPIDER WATER:
A Railway Tale

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6^d

Vol. VIII. No. 46.

JANUARY, 1903.



Trade

Mark.

True ease

when cycling can only be ensured by riding

1903

DUNLOP TYRES

made by our new patent process, and resulting in increased

**RESILIENCE,
SPEED,
STRENGTH,
and DURABILITY.**

We did not offer them until they had successfully passed through the severest tests in all countries, on all roads.

Write for Booklet "All about Dunlop Tyres for 1903," gratis and post free.

50s. per pair; guaranteed.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE, Co., Ltd.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



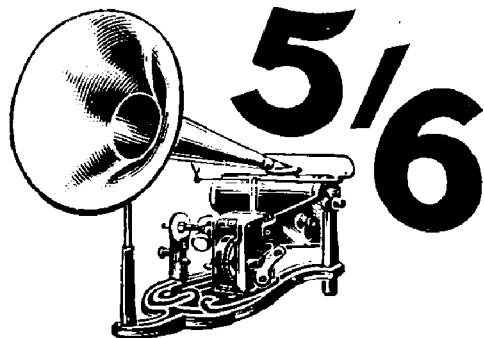
GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S WINTER DELIGHTS.

DON'T BE HOODWINKED BY SPURIOUS SO-CALLED FREE GIFTS!

BUT GET ONE OF

GAMAGE'S PHONOGRAPHS



5/6

IT TALKS, SINGS, AND PLAYS.

Carriage and Package 9d. extra.

NEW CENTURY RECORDS, 10 1/2 d., 9/- doz.

GENUINE EDISON-BELL RECORDS, (See name stamped on each record.) 12/- doz.

SPECIAL LINE

THE EDISON-BELL 'GEM' PHONOGRAPH. **49/6**

The "New Standard" Phonograph, £4 19s. 6d.
Genuine EDISON-BELL RECORDS, 10/6 doz.

ZONOPHONES.

New Standard Model, will play 7 and 10 in. records, 75/-; List Price, 84/- Ditto, with Concert Sound

Box, 84/-; List Price, 94/-

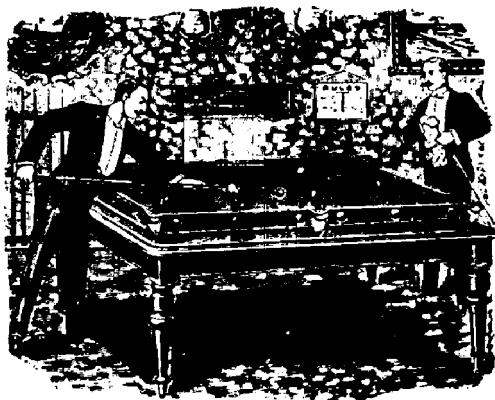
Records: 7 in., 1/9; 10 in., 3/9.

COMPARE PRICES.

We will send you a complete list of Phonograph Records and Zonophone Records on receipt of a postcard.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

TABLES AND EVERY ACCESSORY ON THE POPULAR INSTALMENT PLAN.



6^{d.} A DAY

for

10

Months.

Thousands of players have to deny themselves the pleasure of playing billiards on account of the expense. WE HAVE DETERMINED TO COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE, and are making an offer which will enable anyone, no matter how slender the purse may be, to acquire A SLATE BED TABLE AND ALL ACCESSORIES on the easiest of terms. Country residents and those unable to call should write for particulars (Invention Billiards Department). Send first month's instalment if you wish to adopt our Easy Payment System. If you do not see what you require, send specification of your wants, and we will send you full particulars by return.

6^{d.} A DAY FOR TEN MONTHS.

SET No. 1.—Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table with SLATE BED, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Rack, Cover, Box of Tips, Box of Wafers, and Rules, framed complete. Outside measurements of Tables 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Size of Balls, 1 1/2 in. Cash price £6 4s., or ten monthly payments of 15s. 3d. Larger Tables on proportionate terms.

GAMAGE'S

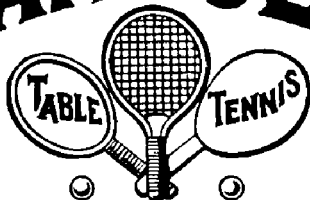
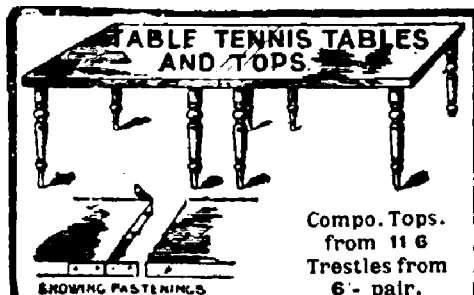


TABLE TENNIS and ACCESSORIES.

Best and Cheapest Selection in the World. Complete Sets 2/3, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, and 27/6.

Postage on sets under 10/-, 4d.

Best English Celluloid Balls, 9d. per doz., 8/6 per gross; Celluloid Covered Balls, 4/6 per doz.; Battledores from 4/6; Gut Rackets, from 2/-. The Ball "Pick-up," from 4/6, postage 3d.



Compo. Tops.
from 11/6
Trestles from
6/- pair.

Special Table Top, 9ft. by 5ft., 25/-



A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, E.C.

One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY

SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
London, N. E.

"HOBART" CYCLES



World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.

HOBART CYCLES.

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas.
Elegantes 12 "
Imperials 10 "

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. (Est'd 1885)

THE "SCOUT" CAMERA



TAKES
SPLENDID
PICTURES
AND IS
THE
EASIEST
TO USE.

LOADED OR
UNLOADED IN
DAYLIGHT.

The Most Efficient
Cameras ever offered
at such Prices.

The No. 1 "SCOUT."
Takes pictures 2½ by 2½. Fitted
with a Rapid Lens and an
Everset Shutter, giving either
time or instantaneous exposures,
and View Finder.
Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT."
Takes pictures 3½ by 2½. Fitted
with excellent Rapid Lens,
Everset Shutter, and 2 View
Finders.
Price Complete, **10/-**

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6
OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.
G. HOUGHTON & SON,
88 and 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.


STRENGTH: and How to Obtain It.

BY
SANDOW

With Anatomical Chart
showing Exercises for Phy-
sical Development of Men,
Women and Children.

Price 2/6.

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.



Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.

THE LAUGHING CAMERA.

IS the most laughter provoking instrument
ever invented. By getting a focus on a
passing pedestrian, horses, waggon, etc., the
most grotesque and ludicrous pictures are
witnessed. There is more genuine Hearty
Fun crowded into this little instrument than
theatres could show in centuries. All grow
fat from laughter. Post free, III; Brit.
Colonies, I/6, post free. No foreign stamps
accepted. **THE A. M. TELLER CO.,**
48 Borland Rd., Peckham, E. S. E.



DIARY FOR 1903,

Together with some old Nursery Rhymes, Illustrated
in Colours,

SENT FREE
to anyone who sends a Postcard, giving name
and address, and mentioning *The Captain*.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., Battersea, London, S. E.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETER'S

The Original
Milk-Chocolate

Sold Everywhere in 10 20 30 6 1/4 TABLETS
6 P & V CROQUETTES

Sole Agents, S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD.
37, SNAICKLEWELL LANE, DALSTON, LONDON, N. E.

& REFUSE
IMITATIONS
WHICH ARE
INFERIOR.

WHY PAY MORE ?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out

ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF
of Catalogue Rates !

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials FREE.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

No. 40 SPECIAL.

Contains 100 Foreign Stamps, Post Free, 3d.

Includes Stamps from all parts of the World as follows:—

Peru (Surcharged Head of Bermudez), Borneo, South Australia (4d. green), Brazil (Head of Emperor), British Guiana, Jamaica (Large Picture Stamp), Columbia, Bolivia (a rare stamp catalogued at 1s.), Ecuador (Jubilee), Victoria, Porto Rico, Spain, Argentine, Deccan, India, Roumania, China, Mauritius, Canada, Cape Colony, &c., &c. Post free 3d.

SPECIAL VARIETY PACKETS. THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. 500 all different, price 5s. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price post free, 18s. 6d. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 3s. 6d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors

SPECIAL BARGAINS IN SETS.—Borneo, 1894 issue, complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Borneo, 1897 issue, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set 1 c. to 24 c., price 1s. 4d. Borneo, surcharged Postage due 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d. per set, or complete set of 9, price 1s. 6d. Labuan, 1897 issue, set of 6, 1 c. to 8 c., price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 4d. Ditto, surcharged postage due, set of 6, price 6d., or complete set, price 1s. 6d. Bolivia, 1894 issue, unused set of 6, 1 c. to 100 c. (catalogued 7s. 6d. the set), our price 1s. 6d. NYASSA (head issue), set of 11 unused 2½ reia to 300 reia, price 1s. per set. NYASSA (Giraffe issue), set of 7 used 2½ to 50 reia, price 9½d. per set.

NEW PRICE LIST. 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade. post free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop (between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street) where a fine selection of stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

BARGAINS Hundreds of bargains in stamps are advertised in every number of

"Poole's Monthly Philatelist."

Send a postcard for a specimen copy and see for yourself.

R. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, Stamford, Linco.

EDWARD ROBERTS,
31 Pym Street, NOTTINGHAM.

WANTS AGENTS throughout the United Kingdom to sell stamps from sheets. *Write for terms.* **CHEAP PACKET.** 60 different varieties, including Ecuador, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Cyprus, Argentine, Java, Cuba, &c. Post free 3d.

STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS always give satisfaction.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

DIARIES GIVEN AWAY!

A useful **DIARY FOR 1903** (16 pp., 7 by 5 in.) **GIVEN FREE** with our New Year's Packet, containing 50 new stamps, all different: King's Head Colonials, rare Travancore, Perak, Tonia, Gwalior, Mexico, Newfoundland, Bolivia, Gold Coast, &c., price 1s. 1d. Penny Packets of British Colonials, 10 varieties, 1d. each packet (postage extra). We only send Approval Sheets when asked for.—**SMITH STAMP CO., Boscombe, Bournemouth.**

INVEST A PENNY

IN WRITING FOR

OUR PRICE LIST,
1903 68 pages illustrated. Post free.

WE HAVE GOOD THINGS TO OFFER CHEAP

The following is only one of them.

No. 654 Excelstor Packet contains **50 DIFFERENT STAMPS**, including Bolivia 1897 unused, Paraguay, Chili new issue, Bulgaria head of Prince Ferdinand, Mauritius obsolete, Set of 5 Portugal, 3 Brazil, Turkey, Sweden Service, Spain obsolete, British Guiana, Crete, Jamaica, Ceylon, United States obsolete, and commemoration issue, Japan, Egypt, Victoria, Roumania, Cape of Good Hope, &c. Price **6d.** post free.

A FREE SET OF

TEN ARGENTINE

will be given to **EVERY PURCHASER.**

This being a Special Offer **ONLY ONE PACKET** will be supplied to each purchaser, but others may be had for One Shilling each. **DON'T FORGET** to write for the **PRICE LIST** should you not require the above packet, there are stamps in the List that you **DO** want, and **ALL ARE CHEAP.**

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

SET OF SEVEN NEW BULGARIA GRATIS!

For quality and value my sheets and sets remain unsurpassed. To applicants for approvals, enclosing stamp for post, I present gratis a **Fine Set of 7 new issue Bulgaria**, handsome bi-coloured stamps. Satisfaction guaranteed. Colonial correspondence solicited.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.

"ONKAPARINCA" is the name of a very pretty river flowing through the hills near Adelaide in South Australia. It is also the name of my new series of **Approval Books of stamps**—26 in all each containing about 75 stamps; the whole of the stamps in the 26 Books being entirely different, so that a collector receiving the complete set in rotation on approval will have the choice of nearly 2,000 different stamps, ranging in price from 1d. to 6d., each, including a large number not usually found in approval selections.

To induce Collectors to test this new series, I will present to each applicant, provided that 1d. be sent for postage, a set of 10 different Canada free of charge.

New List of cheap Sets and Packets sent on approval. Business only by correspondence.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

3d. "THE MAGNUM BONUM." 3d.

78 different stamps, used and unused. Including New Zealand (New Issue), Jamaica, Ceylon, British Guiana, Cape of Good Hope, Canada, Egypt, Greece, Olympan and New Issues, Cuba, Porto Rico, Bosnia, Chili, Mexico, Turkey (New Issue), Argentine, Dutch Indies, Bulgaria (New Issue), Honduras, Costa Rica, Argentine, United States Buffalo Exhibition, Italy 1883 (unused), &c. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra. Every Purchaser of this Packet asking to see our Cheap Approval Sheets is, in addition, presented gratis with a Grand Set of 11 Australian and a rare old unused Serbian Stamp, 1898. This stamp alone is catalogued at 3d. Only one packet to each applicant. Our new and enlarged Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free.

CAPE & CO., Stamp Importers, BRISTOL.

BARGAINS.

100 English Colonial stamps, all different, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Spanish Colonial, 1/4; 50 Australian, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 50 South and Central America, 2/6.

Packets of 25 varieties, 1d.; 50, 2d.; 75, 3d.; 100, 4d.; 150, 8d.; 200, 1/-; 1000, 14/- (Post extra).

SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64, Northumberland Park, Tottenham, N.



TIGER PACKET, 20.
50 DIFFERENT STAMPS.

Postage, 1d. extra.

Including PERAK (tiger's head), Selangor (tiger), Pahang (tiger), HOI-HAU, Shanghai, Trinidad (Britannia), Nyassaland (giraffe), Korean Post, Philippines, New S. Wales, Cape Colony, Roumania, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, New Issue Turkey, &c. **& FREE** with each packet a rare set of 2 new issue oblong MALAYBIA, with pictures of TIGERS. Most handsome stamps. Only one packet supplied to each person. Postage 1d. extra. Our Illustrated Lists are free. Thousands of bargains. Best value. Send now. A postcard will do. **ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.**



THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, THIRD EDITION,

with 2,554 Illustrations, and **EVERY STAMP PRICED**, but without measurements of perforation, or other uninteresting minor varieties.

Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.



NEW PRICE LIST of Sets and Packets, 64 pages, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903 in great variety, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

MONTHLY LIST OF PHILATELIC NOVELTIES, 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

NOW READY.

THE 5TH ("KING EDWARD") EDITION "A B C" CATALOGUE.

Nearly 900 pages, containing a full List of all Adhesive Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., fully illustrated and Revised to date. All varieties of Type, Perforation, Watermark, and Shades of Colour are given. The most complete Catalogue in the English language. **EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME.**

Price 2/6 Complete, or Post-free, 2/10

12 Months after the issue of this Catalogue, viz. in November, 1903, a Supplement will be published, containing an Illustrated and Priced List of all Stamps issued during that period.

This can be Booked at the same time as the above, price 7d. Post-free.

Approval Sheets Medium Selections, Special Books of separate Countries. For Stamps in Good Condition, our Prices are Cheaper than those of any other Firm. Novelty List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Accessories, &c., 32 pages, post-free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND, W.C.

1903 STAMPS NEW AND OLD 1903

New Packet. 50 different postage stamps, 3d., includes scarce unused Peru, Trinidad (King Edward VII.), Jamaica (Landsurvey falls), Tasmania (2 picture stamps), South Australia, Orange River Colony (new issue), New Victoria, West Australia, New S. Wales, many others, all different. Postage 1d. extra, and all purchasers asking for approval she. to receive 1 scarce Peru.

New Approval Sheets, stamps new and old, splendid variety, low prices, large discount. Note:—Every new applicant receives 50 stamps gratis.

3 Cheap Sets. 30 cheap Australians, 8d., 20 South Africa, 9d., 30 American N. and S., 9d. Postage extra. Exchange desired with British Colonies; send a consignment and I will send sheets on approval.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 22 DESBOROUGH ROAD, PLYMOUTH.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET. No. 140.

WORTH 5s. OUR PRICE 5d.

This record Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, including:—

Fiji Islands (scarce), British North Borneo 1890 (Arms), Siam 1900, Roumania unpaid 30 bani (large stamp), Venezuela, Luxemburg, Mexico 1900, Victoria, Bona, Canada, Sarawak (Rajah Brooke), Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Spain 1902, Old Portugal, Austria 15 kr., Indian Service, British Guiana (Ship), Set of 5 South Australia including "On Service," United States (War Tax), Spain (War Tax), Queensland, Cyprus (Queen's Head), Orange Free State and British South Africa (Rhodesia).

Price 5d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no orders can be sent).

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of above Packet who apply for a selection of our approval sheets with 5d. in 1/- discount.

A SET OF 4 SIERRA LEONE (QUEEN'S HEAD), 1d., 3d., 6d., and 1/-

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties including Newfoundland, Borneo, Philippine, 5 Cuba, New Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Peru, Llama, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Gulden, Persia, Java, Sumatra, Labomey, Labuan, Honduras, Jhind, Pattiala, South Zambesi, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free, 1/1.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all Different: 20 Argentine, 6d.; 48 Austria, 8d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 40 France, 8d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 25 Wurttemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 8d.; 20 Honduras, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 40 Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 9d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 9d.; 30 Sweden, 6d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 2 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

STAMPS, 100 Varieties, 2 Swiss Jubilee, Barbados Jubilee, Orange Free States V.R.I., 4 Newfoundland, St. Vincent, Selangor, Straits Settlements, British Guiana, Trinidad, Hong Kong, Grenada, St. Lucia, &c., 1s. 500 Foreign STAMPS containing 100 Varieties, 6d. Mrs. TURNER, Waverley Villas, Felixstowe.

GRAND SET 26 AUSTRALIANS GRATIS

4d. With No. 174 Packet which contains Bulgaria, Shipka Pass Celebration, Bogota (Columbian local), Canton on Indo-China, Cape Verde Islands, New Chili, obsolete Colombia, Corea, unpaid Crete, surcharged Dutch Indies, French Guiana, old Cuba, St. Pierre and Miquelon, obsolete Argentine, Barbados Britannia, Jamaica (Waterfall), Chinese Imperial Post, Egypt, "Service de l'Etat," Guatemala (Parrot), obsolete Mexico, Cuba (Palm Trees). Price 4d. Postage extra.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

The "GIRAFFE." 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

INDIA 1902 (Emperor Edward I.), SOUDAN (Camel), PERU (Llamas), MONTENEGRO 1902 (Prince Nicholas),

Cuba, Brazil, New Zealand (picturesque issue), Western Australia, Spain, Argentine Republic, Set of 5 India, New South Wales (Emu), Ceylon, Portugal, Cape Colony.

Guatemala (Macaw), Costa Rica, Japan 1900 (Prince Imperial Wedding Issue), &c., &c. 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of above packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive

GRATIS, A HANDSOME SET OF 5 NYASSA (ALL GIRAFFES).

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

Price List Post Free and Gratis. 81 Pages, full of illustrations, including a Guide to Stamp Collecting, etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

50 STAMPS 6d. Post Free.—Comprising Pahang (obsolete), F. Colonies, Newfoundland, Soudan (camel), Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, Tasmania (view), Venezuela, St. Britain I.R. Official (King's head), &c., &c. Purchasers of above packet applying for an Approval Sheet will receive gratis 6 Cuba or Porto Rico. Approval Sheets and Books at 25 and 50 per cent. off marked prices. Old Collections and loose lots bought.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

Beautiful Sets ABSOLUTELY FREE !!!

In order to circulate our NEW PRICE LIST (the cheapest in the trade) we will send absolutely free to all sending us their name and address and one penny stamp to cover cost of postage, either of the following beautiful sets: SET OF FOUR NORTH BORNEO (worth 6d.), SET OF FIVE PERU (rare), SET OF FOUR ECUADOR (Jubilee Issue).

Please state distinctly which set you require and we will send it you per return of post. This is a genuine offer.

KING BROS., Stamp Importers, BILSTON.

Try our specially prepared stamp mounts 4d. per 1,000, post free.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Jan.), 6d. (Quota Jan. when ordering) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malay, Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Australia. GRATIS Large List Sets. 500 sets 4d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Stamps and 2 Barn old Mexico gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 and albums for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra)—A. G. McAUFLAN & CO., 85, Bath Street, Glasgow.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LIMITED,

FOREIGN STAMP DEALERS.

Capital £75,000.

Grand Collection Packets.

New and greatly Reduced Prices for 1903.

No. 64 Contains 100 Varieties, including used and unused. Price 6d.; post free, 7d.

No. 65 Contains 250 Different Varieties, both used and unused Stamps, Envelopes, and Post Cards, and is well recommended as a capital start for a collector. Price 3s.; post free, 3s. 1d.

No. 66 500 Varieties, and is strongly recommended as the cheapest collection of 500 different Stamps ever offered—the Stamps could not be bought separately for three times the marvellously low price at which it is now offered. The Stamps, &c. are clean, picked specimens fit for any collection. The best 500 varieties in the trade. Price 6s.; post free, 6s. 1d.

No. 67, 1,000 Varieties. This packet contains 1,000 different Stamps (and no Envelopes, Bands, and Cards), and is the cheapest packet ever offered by S. G., Ltd., satisfaction being absolutely guaranteed. The price it is offered at is the lowest ever quoted for such a collection, embracing as it does scores of scarce varieties, provisionals, new issues, and many very fine and obsolete varieties. Price £1, post free and registered.

No. 68, 1,500 Varieties. Each specimen is in perfect condition, and the 1,500 different Stamps form a noble start for anyone. A large number of really rare and valuable stamps are contained in this collection; but it is impossible to enumerate them, as we are constantly adding New Issues and Older Stamps when we purchase such. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Price, £2 10s., post free, and registered.

No. 69, 2,000 Varieties. A grand packet for a dealer or collector, every Stamp being different and genuine, and thus forming a choice collection in itself, or a stock to make up sheets or for exchange purposes. Price £4 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69a, 3,000 Varieties. A very fine packet, containing many rare stamps, all arranged in order, and mounted ready to price or remove to a collection. Price £11 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69b, 4,000 Varieties. A valuable collection, all mounted on sheets in order. Real good value; being sold by us to collectors at less than the price usually charged in the trade. Price £18, post free and registered.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

We are often asked to advise clients who are about to start collecting as to the most advantageous method of starting, and how to obtain the best value at the commencement.

If a client starts a collection by ordering even the cheapest stamps from our Catalogue, the cost soon runs to an appreciable amount, as our lowest unit for a single stamp is one penny, whereas it is only a fraction of that amount if he starts with the cheaper packets.

We therefore recommend beginners to start with a good PACKET; the larger and greater number of stamps that it contains, the better will be the value he will get for his money.

When the contents of the packet have been arranged in his album, the collector will then be able to see in which countries he is weakest, and can then with great advantage turn to the SET LIST, in which we quote nearly 2,000 different sets of stamps, at prices from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. less than our retail Catalogue prices. He can then select just those sets that will help to make a good display in his album; and eventually, when he has filled up his pet country or group in this manner, can then turn to the retail Catalogue and order any particular variety he may be short of in his collection.

96 Page Prospectus of Stamp Albums, Catalogues, Sets and Packets, Post free on application to

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, Strand, London, W.C.

AESNODNEHTUOS.

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a well-known sea-side resort. Grats to stamp collectors sending correct solution of above enclosing 4d. for my Xmas Packet of 100 stamps, a Set of 5 Gaudeloupe or 6 unused Salvador. Competitors must apply for approval books.

W. H. MORISON, 38 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea.

3^S.

MONSTER CAPTAIN PACKET contains 40 stamps from New Zealand, &c. including Rare Newspaper and Insurance Stamps. Penny blue V.E. Lighthouse (worth 6d.). Universal postage. 2 Swan River, a unique N.Z. advertisement stamp Deccan and Hyderabad, Victoria, obsolete, set of 3 English army-officials, including King Edward VII. latest war stamp, &c. Post free, 4d. Free to all applicants for Approval sheets two South Australian O.S. latest issue. THE EMPIRE STAMP Co., Hornsdown, S. O. Kent.

3^D.

QUOD MARE NON NOVIT QUAE NESGIT "our catalogue" TELLUS?

If you have not heard of it you should send 3d. at once, postage included, as it is full of bargains, and the third edition will appear in the Spring, when prices will all be raised. Only genuinely postally used sets and singles are sold.

Mr. A. H. DINGWALL, of Weston-super-Mare, offers the following Queen's heads for January. Antigua 2d. green Mint. 2d. Bahamas 1859 1d. pink imperf. Mint. 6s. Brit. Honduras, 2c. rose. 1d. Canada 3c. large red. 2d., 2c. red. 4d., 5c. blue. 4d., 1c. 1868 figures, 2d., 3d., 2.3.5 and 6c. 4 for 1d. Cyprus C.A. 1882-6 1/2, 1/2, 2/2, 3 for 4d. Gibraltar 1889 5, 10, 2c. 3 for 2d. Grenada Postage 1983 1c. rose. 6d. India 3/16s grey, Spica carmine, 2 for 1d. Nevis 1d. green Mint. 6d. New Brunswick 2c. orange, 3d., 10c. red Mint. 8d. Newfoundland 1880 3c. blue. 6d. (cat. 1s. 6d.). 1c. pink 1897, 2/4d., 4c. Kitta 1d. green C.A. Mint. 2d. St. Helena 5s. orange Mint. 6s. St. Lucia 1881-8 1d., 1d., 2/4d., 3 for 3/4d. Straits 2c. green C.A., 1/2d., 2c., 2/4d., 3c., 2d., 3d., 3c., 2d., 2d., 5c., 3d., Victoria 1873-83 1d. green, 2d. mauve, 2d. double lined oval and 1881 2d. brown and 2d. mauve, 5 for 6d. 1885 1d. salmon, 1d. 2d. and 2d. (both shades), 4 for 5d.

New Arrivals. Greece (wined Hermes) set of 7 4d. Cape of G.H. 1d. 1d., 2d. C.A. 3 for 3d. Germany "Deutsches Reich" Mk. 3d. each, 3 Mk. 1s. each. "Reichspost" Mk. 3 2/4s. each Baden on entires, 3kr. yellow 1851, 2d. 6kr. green, 4d. 6kr. blue-green, 6d. 9kr. rose, 3d. 1854-8 3kr. green, 2d. 6kr. yellow, 2d. 1860-62 3kr. blue, 4d. 9kr. salmon, 1s. 3d. 9kr. orange, 1s. Bavarians on entires, 3kr. blue, 1d., 6kr. brown, 1d., 9kr. green, 3/4d., 9kr. blue-green, 6d., all of 1860-68. Of 1862 6kr. blue, 1/2d., 12kr. green, 1s. 6d. Wurtemberg 1851-2 3kr. yellow, 1/2d., 6kr. green, 4d. 1856 with thread 3kr. 1/2d., without, 2d. Pert 13 3kr., 2d. 6kr., 1s. All on entires.

Colonial readers please note that Mr. Dingwall is ready to accept small lots of modern Colonials for cash or exchange, especially the higher values. No unused required. Bankers and auctioneers references given if necessary for purchase of valuable collections. See Catalogues 3d. each. Wholesale catalogue free to dealers. Mention *Empire*.

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS

always give satisfaction.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON

MY GRAND XMAS PACKET of Foreign Stamps, contains 1,000 (one thousand), including Virgin Islands, Belauvor, Straits Settlements, Crete, Perak, Roumanian, Persian, Costa Rica, Turks Islands, Travancore, Greece, Peruvian, Jubilee Jamaica, Colombia, Sarawak, Cape, Trinidad, Java, Nyassa, &c. Post free 1s. 4d. During December and January I will give gratis a Set of 4 Rare Ecuador Jubilee (unused), a duplicate book and 250 stamp mounts. To all sending for the above packet, as an inducement for all to give my wonderfully cheap stamps a trial, I PLACE, Wholesale and Retail Stamp Dealer, HYTHE ROAD, BRIGHTON.

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET

Contains 50 different British Colonials, including Natal (King's Head Unused), St. Helena (King's Head Unused), India (King's Head Unused), Straits Settlements (King's Head Unused), Transvaal (King's Head Unused), Grenada (King's Head Used), &c., &c.

Price 1s. Post Free.

R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRKQATE, BURNTISLAND.

105 ALL DIFFERENT.

Including the following unused:—Barbados Jubilee (Sea Horses and Chariot), Zanzibar (Head of late Sultan), Sudan (Arab on Camel), Newfoundland (Portrait of Prince Edward), 1d. on 2d. Transvaal, Costa Rica (view of Mountains and Sailing Ship), Turkey (star and Crescent), Price 6d. Catalogue of Cheap Stamps sent post free.

H. SCOTT, 122 Earl Street, Edgware Road, London.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA (Queen's Head), practically obsolete. 1/2 anna to 8 annas, set of 10 stamps 4s. 6d. grand value, Niger Coast 1d., 1d., 2d., C.A. set 5d., Uganda Provisionals, 1/2 anna, 2 annas, pair 10d., Southern Nigeria, 1d. 1d. pair, 3d. Uganda, 1 anna to 1 rupee, 4s. 6d., postage extra: all finest postally used. Approval selections. Trials solicited. Many testimonials from "Captain" readers.

CYRIL COLE, Moorlander, Colchester.



THE "MARVEL"

MONOGRAM BOX

6^D.

Any 2-letter monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

Post Free

JUST READY.

THE COMMISSION OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

Containing the Story of the Naval Brigade in South Africa and the Relief of the Legations at Peking. By GEORGE CROWE, Master at Arms. With upwards of 50 Illustrations from Photographs specially taken for this work. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd, LONDON, W.C.

If you want

to sell your Bicycle, or to get a new Camera, or to dispose of or get any other article of personal property, either for money or by exchange, you can do so easily, quickly, cheaply, and privately, by means of an advertisement in **The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Journal**, or by answering the Advertisements that are already there. You can advertise for 1d. for every three words, and you can get a copy of the paper at any news-agent's or bookstall for 2d.

If you like

practical information pleasantly told on every subject likely to interest the average amateur, then you will value the literary pages of **The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart Journal** for the great diversity and utility of the subjects dealt with, the terseness and accuracy of the articles, notes, and replies to questions, and the interest of the illustrations.

A specimen copy will be sent direct from the office for 3d. in stamps.



Entered by Messrs. Welford and Mackay
to be of legal effect to those who receive
Electrical Education

Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage.—The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

thoroughly. Our Institute is endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telegraphy, Electric Railway, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, Etc., by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our *Free Illustrated Book*, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?" Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage.—The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.

"Connet" Stylos
3/- & 5/- Post free.
Also sold by Stationers.
Are Pencils of Ink, and the next best thing to a 'Swan' Fountain Pen. Write for Catalogue, free.
MABIE, TODD & BARD, Manufacturers.
93, Cheapside, London. 95a, Regent Street, W. 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

FOR 50 GUINEAS
SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.
FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT. A. T. MILLER, R.N.

WANT AN ELECTRICIAN?

Model Steam Engines, NOT TOYS.

MODEL LOCOMOTIVES (G. N. Rly., L. & S.W. Rly., Mid. Rly., L. & N.W. Rly., G.C. Rly., L. & Y. Rly., &c.), with **Coaches, Trucks, Lines, Points, Signals, and all accessories for Model Railways, with MODEL STEAM STATIONARY ENGINES, and MODEL STEAMBOATS.**

Best quality Engine and Boiler Fittings, Seamless, Copper, and Brass Tubing, Bolts and Nuts, Pressure Gauges, Electrical Goods, and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers, *fully described and illustrated in our new Price List.*

A Splendid Production of over 100 pages, sent post free to any address at home or abroad. Price 6d. Not only great pleasure but valuable instruction can be gained from these Models.

A COMPLETE RAILWAY SYSTEM CAN BE ERECTED.

Write to—
W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
Model Engineers,
NORTHAMPTON.

ADD-A-BIT
Harbutt's Plasticine
MODELLING GAME

* Provisionally protected.

FOR A GOOD LAUGH!
Indulge in the Artistic Amusement of
ADD-A-BIT.
HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE MODELLING GAME AND PARLOUR PASTIME FOR 2 TO 6 PLAYERS.

Suitable for all, Old and Young, Wise or otherwise. There is Fun and Fascination in it.

3/11 post free. Complete with all Requisites.

The Child's Delight 1/- and Complete Modeller 2/6 boxes of Plasticine are also old favourites. They are always acceptable presents.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., The Grange, Bathampton. HAMLEY'S, Regent St. and Oxford St., London.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LIMITED,

FOREIGN STAMP DEALERS.

Capital £75,000.

Grand Collection Packets. New and greatly Reduced Prices for 1903.

No. 64 Contains 100 Varieties, including used and unused. Price 6d.; post free, 7d.

No. 65 Contains 250 Different Varieties, both used and unused Stamps, Envelopes, and Post Cards, and is well recommended as a capital start for a collector. Price 3s.; post free, 3s. 1d.

No. 66 500 Varieties, and is strongly recommended as the cheapest collection of 500 different Stamps ever offered—the Stamps could not be bought separately for three times the marvellously low price at which it is now offered. The Stamps, &c. are clean, picked specimens fit for any collection. The best 500 varieties in the trade. Price 6s.; post free, 6s. 1d.

No. 67, 1,000 Varieties. This packet contains 1,000 different Stamps (and no Envelopes, Bands, and Cards), and is the cheapest packet ever offered by S. G., Ltd., satisfaction being absolutely guaranteed. The price it is offered at is the lowest ever quoted for such a collection, embracing as it does scores of scarce varieties, provisionals, new issues, and many very fine and obsolete varieties. Price £1, post free and registered.

No. 68, 1,500 Varieties. Each specimen is in perfect condition, and the 1,500 different Stamps form a noble start for anyone. A large number of really rare and valuable stamps are contained in this collection; but it is impossible to enumerate them, as we are constantly adding New Issues and Older Stamps when we purchase such. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Price, £2 10s., post free, and registered.

No. 69, 2,000 Varieties. A grand packet for a dealer or collector, every Stamp being different and genuine, and thus forming a choice collection in itself, or a stock to make up sheets or for exchange purposes. Price £4 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69a, 3,000 Varieties. A very fine packet, containing many rare stamps, all arranged in order, and mounted ready to price or remove to a collection. Price £11 10s., post free and registered.

No. 69b, 4,000 Varieties. A valuable collection, all mounted on sheets in order. Real good value; being sold by us to collectors at less than the price usually charged in the trade. Price £18, post free and registered.

NOTICE TO COLLECTORS.

We are often asked to advise clients who are about to start collecting as to the most advantageous method of starting, and how to obtain the best value at the commencement.

If a client starts a collection by ordering even the cheapest stamps from our Catalogue, the cost soon runs to an appreciable amount, as our lowest unit for a single stamp is one penny, whereas it is only a fraction of that amount if he starts with the cheaper packets.

We therefore recommend beginners to start with a good PACKET; the larger and greater number of stamps that it contains, the better will be the value he will get for his money.

When the contents of the packet have been arranged in his album, the collector will then be able to see in which countries he is weakest, and can then with great advantage turn to the SER LIST, in which we quote nearly 2,000 different sets of stamps, at prices from 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. less than our retail Catalogue prices. He can there select just those sets that will help to make a good display in his album; and eventually, when he has filled up his pet country or group in this manner, can then turn to the retail Catalogue and order any particular variety he may be short of in his collection.

96 Page Prospectus of Stamp Albums, Catalogues, Sets and Packets, Post free on application to

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, Strand, London, W.C.

AESNODNEHTUOS.

The above letters when properly arranged form the name of a well-known sea-side resort. Gratis to stamp collectors sending correct solution of above enclosing 4d. for my Xmas. Packet of 100 stamps, a Set of 5 Guadeloupe or 6 unused Salvador. Competitors must apply for approval books.

W. H. MORISON, 38 Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea.

3^S. MONSTER CAPTAIN PACKET contains 40 stamps from New Zealand, &c., including Rare Newspaper and Insurance Stamps, Penny blue V.R. Lighthouse (worth 6d.). Universal postage. 2 Swan River, a unique N.Z. advertisement stamp Deccan and Hyderabad, Victoria obsolete, set 3 English army officials, including King Edward VII. latest war stamp, &c. Post free, 4d. Free to all applicants for Approval books to South Australian O.S. latest issue. **THE EMPIRE STAMP CO.**, Horshamden, S.O. Kent. **3D.**

QUOD MARE NON NOVIT QUAE NESCIT "our catalogue" TELLUS?

If you have not heard of it you should send 3d. at once, postage included, as it is full of bargains, and the third edition will appear in the Spring, when prices will all be raised. Only genuinely postally used sets and singles are sold.

MR. A. H. DINGWALL, of Weston-super-Mare, offers the following Queen's heads for January. Antigua 4d. green Mint. 2d. Bahamas 1859 1d. pink Imperf. Mint. 6s. Brit. Honduras 2c. rose. 1d. Canada 3c. large red. 2d., 2c. red. 4d., 5c. blue. 4d., 1c. 1868 figures. 2d., Ceylon 2, 3, 5 and 6c., 4 for 1d., Cyprus C.A. 1862-6 4, 1, 2, 3s., 3 for 6d., Gibraltar 1869 5, 10, 2c., 3 for 1d., Grenada Postage 1883 1s. rose. 6d., India 3piles grey. Spies carmine, 2 for 1d., Nevis 4d. green Mint. 6d., New Brunswick 2c. orange, 3d., 10c. red Mint. 6d., Newfoundland 1860 3c. blue. 6d., (cat. 1s. 6d.) 1c. pink 1867, 2d., St. Kitts 4d. green C.A. Mint. 2d., St. Helena 5s. orange Mint. 6s., St. Lucia 1861-8 1d., 1d., 2d., 3 for 3d., Straits 2c. green C.A., 1d., 2c., 2d., 3c., 3d., 30 on 3c., 3d., 3c., 2d., 50c., 3d., Victoria 1873-83 1d. green, 2d. mauve, 2d. double lined oval and 1881 2d. brown and 2d. mauve, 5 for 6d., 1885 4d. salmon, 1d. 2d. and 2d. (both shades), 4 for 5d.

New Arrivals. Greece (winged Hermes), set of 7 for 4d., Cape of G.H. 4d., 1d., 2d., C.A. 3 for 3d., Germany "Deutsches Reich" 2 Mk. 3d., each, 3 Mk. 1s., each. "Reichspost" Mk. 3, 2s., each. Baden on entire. 3kr. yellow 1851, 2d., 6kr. green, 4d., 6kr. blue-green, 6d., 9kr. rose, 3d., 1854 8kr. green, 2d., 6kr. yellow, 2d., 6kr. blue-green, 4d., 9kr. salmon, 1s. 3d., 9kr. orange, 1s., Bavarians on entire, 3kr. blue, 1d., 6kr. brown, 1d., 9kr. green, 3d., 9kr. blue-green, 6d., all of 1850-58. Of 1862 6kr. blue, 1d., 12kr. green, 1s. 6d., Württemberg 1851-2 3kr. yellow, 1d., 6kr. green, 4d., 1856 with thread 3kr. 1d., without, 2d., Perr. 13 3kr., 2d., 6kr., 1s. All on entire.

Colonial readers please note that Mr. Dingwall is ready to accept small lots of modern Colonials for cash or exchange, especially the higher values. No unused required. Bankers and solicitors references given if necessary for purchase of valuable collections, &c. Catalogues 3d., each. Wholesale catalogue free to dealers. Mention *Cyprian*.

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS

always give satisfaction.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON

MY GRAND XMAS PACKET of Foreign Stamps, contains 1,000 (one thousand), including Virgin Islands, Belangor, Straits Settlements, Crete, Perak, Roumanian, Persian, Costa Rica, Turks Islands, Travancore, Greece, Peruvian, Jubilee Jamaica, Colombia, Sarawak, Cape, Trinidad, Java, Nynasa, &c. Post free 1s. 4d. During December and January I will give gratis a Set of 4 Rare Ecuador Jubilee (unused), a duplicate book and 250 stamp mounts, to all sending for the above packet, as an inducement for all to give my wonderfully cheap stamps a trial. **LACEY**, Wholesale and Retail Stamp Dealer, **HYTHE ROAD, BRIGHTON.**

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET

Contains 50 different British Colonials, including Natal (King's Head Unused), St. Helena (King's Head Unused), India (King's Head Unused), Straits Settlements (King's Head Unused), Transvaal (King's Head Unused), Grenada (King's Head Unused), &c., &c.

Price 1s. Post Free.

R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRK GATE, BURNTISLAND.

105 ALL DIFFERENT.

Including the following unused: Barbadoes Jubilee (Sea Horse and Charlot), Zanzibar (Head of late Sultan), Sudan (Arab on Camel), Newfoundland (Portrait of Prince Edward), 4d. on 2d. Transvaal, Costa Rica (view of Mountain and Sailing Ship), Turkey (Star and Crescent), Price 6d. Catalogue of Chap Stamps sent post free.

H. SCOTT, 122 Earl Street, Edgware Road, London.

BRITISH EAST AFRICA

(Queen's Head), practically obsolete. 4 annas to 8 annas, set of 10 stamps 4s. 6d. grand value, Niger Const 4d., 1d., 2d., C.A. set 5d., Uganda Provisionals, 4 annas, 2 1/2 annas, pair 10d., Southern Nigeria, 4d. 1d. pair, 3d. Uganda, 1 anna to 1 rupee, 4s. 6d., postage extra: all finest postally used. Approval selections. Trial solicited. Many testimonials from "Captain" readers.

CYRIL COLE, Koorlander, Colchester.



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

6d.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G, 89, Aldersgate St., London.

Post Free.

JUST READY. THE COMMISSION OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

Containing the Story of the Naval Brigade in South Africa and at the Relief of the Legations at Peking. By **GEORGE CROWE**, Master at Arms. With upwards of 50 Illustrations from Photographs specially taken for this work. Demy 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd, LONDON, W.C.

"Gyner" Stylos

3/- & 5/- Post free.

Also sold by Stationers.

Are Pencils of Ink, and the next best thing to a Swan's Fountain Pen. Write for Catalogue, free.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, Manufacturers,
93, Cheapside, London. 95a, Regent Street, W.
3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

THE ROYAL CANAL


SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"
LIVERPOOL.

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER, R.N.



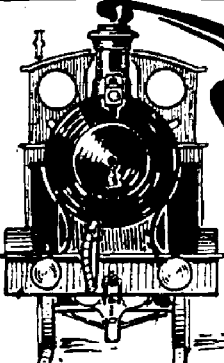
WANT TO BECOME AN ELECTRICIAN?



Established by Messrs. Weylin and Martin
to be of special value to those who desire an
Electrical Education

Thomas A. Miller

teach *Electrical Engineering* at your home by mail at a cost within the reach of all who matter where you live. If you can read and write, we guarantee to teach you in U.S. and Great Britain. Our Institute is endorsed by Thomas A. Edison and other prominent men of U.S. and Great Britain. We teach also *Mechanical Engineering, Steam Engineering, Mechanical Drawing, Telephony, Telegraphy, Electric Railways, Electric Lighting, Electric Motorman's Course, Short Electrical Course, Dynamo Tender's Course, X-Rays, Mathematics, Etc.* by mail. Thousands are successful and gaining better positions and salaries studying at home by our correspondence system. Write for our *Free Illustrated Book, "Can I Become an Electrical Engineer?"* Remember a letter to the United States requires 2d. postage.—**The Electrical Engineer Institute of Correspondence Instruction, Dept. 62, 240-242, West 23rd Street, New York, U.S.A.**



Model Steam Engines, NOT TOYS.


MODEL LOCOMOTIVES (G. N. Rly., L. & S.W. Rly., Mid. Rly., L. & N.W. Rly., G.C. Rly., L. & Y. Rly., &c.) with **Coaches, Trucks, Lines, Points, Signals,** and all accessories for **Model Railways,** with **MODEL STEAM STATIONARY ENGINES,** and **MODEL STEAMBOATS.**

Best quality Engine and Boiler Fittings, Seamless, Copper, and Brass Tubing, Bolts and Nuts, Pressure Gauges, Electrical Goods, and every description of Sundries for Model Engineers, fully described and illustrated in our new *Price List.*

A Splendid Production of over 100 pages, sent post free to any address at home or abroad. Price 6d. Not only great pleasure but valuable instruction can be gained from these Models.

A COMPLETE RAILWAY SYSTEM CAN BE ERECTED.

Write to—
W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO.,
Model Engineers,
NORTHAMPTON.



ADD-A-BIT

HARBUTT'S Plasticine MODELLING GAME

Provisionally protected.

FOR A GOOD LAUGH!

Indulge in the Artistic Amusement of

ADD-A-BIT.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE MODELLING GAME, AND PARLOUR PASTIME FOR 2 TO 6 PLAYERS.

Suitable for all, Old and Young, Wise or otherwise. There is Fun and Fascination in it.

3/11 post free. Complete with all Requisites.

The Child's Delight 1/- and Complete Modeller 2/6 boxes of Plasticine are also old favourites. They are always acceptable presents.

WM. HARBUTT, A.R.C.A., The Grange, Bathampton. HAMLEY'S, Regent St. and Oxford St., London.

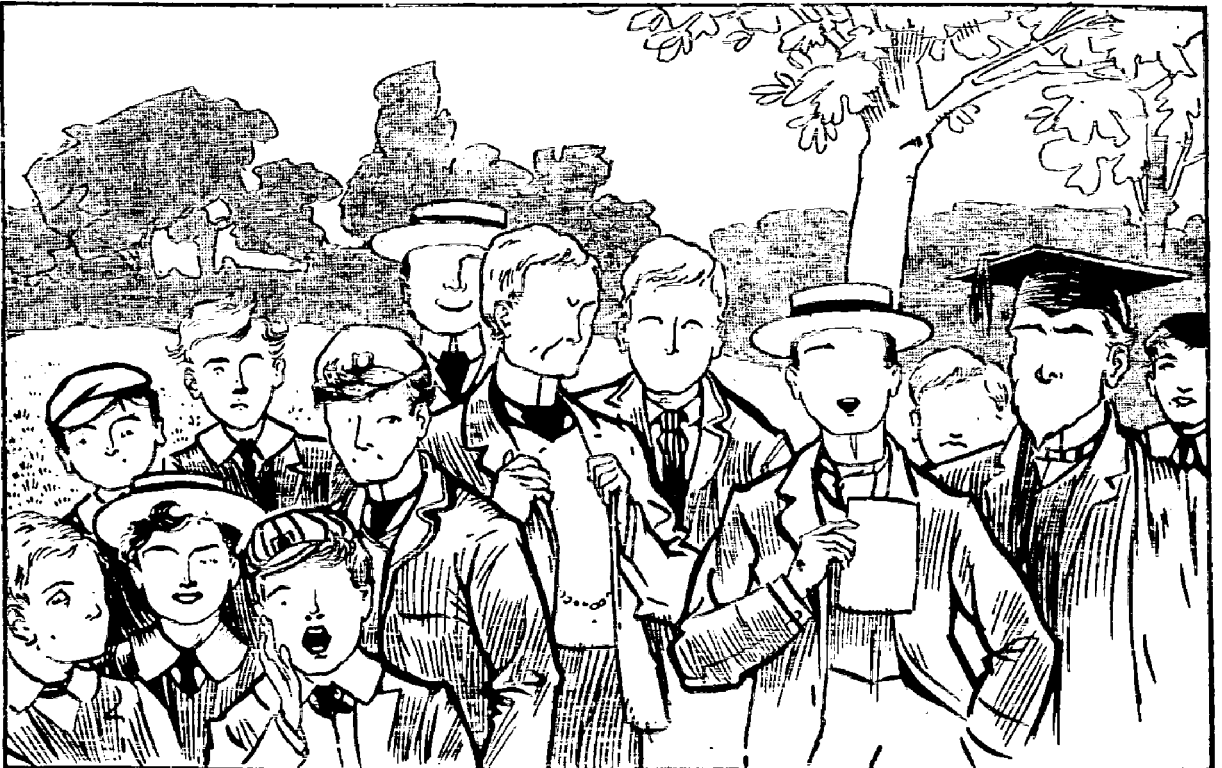
"CAPTAIN" ZOOLOGICAL STAMP COMPETITION.



This illustration is made up of animals and birds cut from well-known postage stamps. The task of the competitor is to piece together the separate bits into the original stamps, and write under each the country of issue. Neatness in the rearrangement of the stamps in their original form will be taken into consideration. There are fifty-nine pieces to be put together. See "CAPTAIN" Competitions, page 365.

"BOYS AND MASTER" COMPETITION.

The competitor has to fill in the parts of the faces now left blank, giving the various expressions as already suggested. See "Captain" Competitions for January on page 365.



Name..... Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

If you want

to sell your Bicycle, or to get a new Camera, or to dispose of or get any other article of personal property, either for money or by exchange, you can do so easily, quickly, cheaply, and privately, by means of an advertisement in **The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart** Journal, or by answering the Advertisements that are already there. You can advertise for 1d. for every three words, and you can get a copy of the paper at any news-agent's or bookstall for 2d.

If you like

practical information pleasantly told on every subject likely to interest the average amateur, then you will value the literary pages of **The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart** Journal for the great diversity and utility of the subjects dealt with, the terseness and accuracy of the articles, notes, and replies to questions, and the interest of the illustrations.

A specimen copy will be sent direct from the office for 3d. in stamps.

Office: **BAZAAR BUILDINGS, DRURY LANE, LONDON, W.C.**

H. GRADIDGE & SONS

Manufacturers and Exporters of

The Famous - - -
International Footballs.

SHIRTS, KNICKERS, BOOTS.

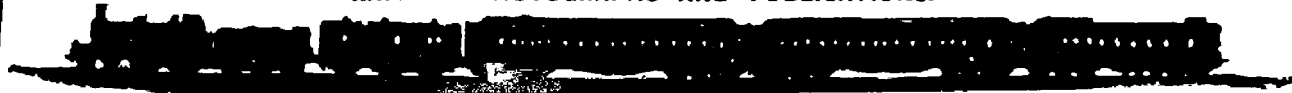


SHIN-GUARDS, GOAL-POSTS, &c.

Price Lists Free. Only Address:

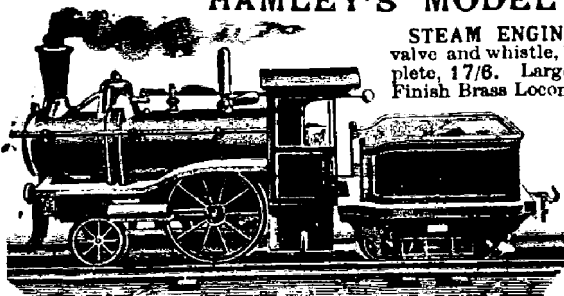
ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH, S.E.

RAILWAY PHOTOGRAPHS AND PUBLICATIONS.



Photographs of locomotives on all railways in all countries. Thousands to select from. Illustrated Price List, together with a magnificent 8 by 6 photograph of an up-to-date locomotive on the G.N.R., G.W.R., G.E.R., L. & N.W.R., M.R., N.E.R., L. & S.W.R., L.B. & S.C.R., S.E. & C.R., C.R., N.B.R., or H.E. Price 1/1, post free, or the set of one dozen, price 10/6, post free. **GREAT BRITAIN'S LOCOMOTIVES.**—A neatly-bound portfolio, containing 12 large coloured plates of modern British locomotives, price 3/6, postage 3d. **BRITISH EXPRESSES.**—A handsomely bound volume, containing a series of photo reproductions of the fastest railway trains throughout the British Empire, price 3/6, postage 6d. **THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd., 102a Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.**

HAMLEY'S MODEL ENGINES, SHIPS, &c.



STEAM ENGINES. Best Finish Locomotives and Tenders, fitted with safety valve and whistle, lamp, &c., and one set of circular lines. Very strong. Price complete, 17/6. Larger, ditto, 27/6; superior, ditto. Box and Postage extra. Best Finish Brass Locomotive with Double Action Cylinder, fitted with steam tap, safety valve, whistle, lamp, &c. Will run in a circle or straight line, with circular rails 8 ft. in circumference. Specially recommended. Price 21/- complete. Box and Postage extra. Well-made Brass Locomotive, 7/6, post free, 8/-. Splendid Model of G. N. Railway, £28 10s.; Set of Rough Casting for above, £5 7s. Splendid Model of Midland Railway, £24 10s. Hamley's Celebrated Bogie Locomotive & Tender, £5 19s. 6d. Capital Engines at 7/3, 14/6, 21/-, 42/-, 60/-, 80/-. Upright Engines, £2 5s., £3 15s. up to 10 Guineas. Horizontal Engines, 21/-, 30/-, 42/-, 50/-, to £20. Beam Engines, 34/9, 65/-, to 175/- Marine Engines, 30/-, 37/6, 45/-, to 180/-.

Send for list of Steam Engine Fittings, Clockwork Railways, Ships, &c.

FITTINGS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

HAMLEY'S, 512, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

VIGORO

A Fast and Exciting Game of Great Skill,
Brilliancy, and Hitting Power.

Immediate Success of the New Game.
Playable Outdoor, or under Cover.

RULES, LISTS, & FULL PARTICULARS OF
VIGORO SYNDICATE LTD.,
30, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
The **VIGORO BALL**, Grand Xmas
Speciality, 1/- each.

Scientific Physical Culture



*Taught
by Post*
CHAS. E. LORD

Director Woolwich Polytechnic
Gymnasium, First Class Army
Certificate, International Prize
Winner, &c., is teaching physical
training by post. For those who
lead sedentary lives it is a "boom
and a blessing" for Athletes it
imparts strength, skill and agility.

Mr. C. B. FRY writes:—"C. E.
Lord's system is excellent, and I
can thoroughly recommend it."

Send at once for my beautifully
illustrated booklet on physical
culture, also measurement blank,
testimonials, &c., *post free.*

*Lord's Scientific School
of Physical Culture*
71, Inverine Road, Charlton, S.E.

28
YEARS SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
**Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

Orbridge's Lung Tonic

IMPORTANT NOTICE:
SUBSTITUTION.—*There are so
many imitations of this successful,
and therefore popular, remedy that
it is of the utmost importance you
should use the word "OWBRIDGE"
when buying Lung Tonic, and
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., & 11s.

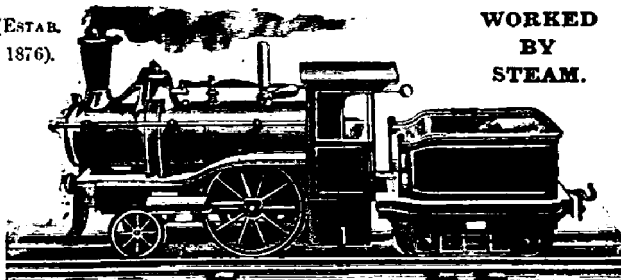
COPYRIGHT.

RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

FAST STEAM MODELS. "The Express."

Beautifully finished and
very strongly made of
Oxydised Brass, and com-
prising Solid Drawn Boiler-
Safety Valve Whistle,
Steam Dome and Tender,
REVERSING GEAR,
Steam escapes through
Funnel, a perfect model,
Complete with Circular
Rails.

(ESTAB.
1876).



WORKED
BY
STEAM.

SPECIAL LINE OF LOCOS.

Complete with Safety Valve
Steam Dome, &c., 4/-, with
Whistle, 5/-. Superior
Locos, of polished Brass,
6/-, 7/-, and 8/- upwards.
Complete Loco Sets, 10/6,
16/- and 22/6 to 55/-.

All post free.

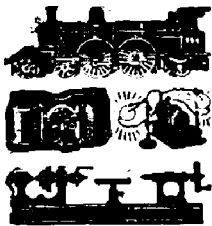
VERTICAL ENGINES.

New Pattern Vertical En-
gines, all prices from 1/3
to 30/-. Donkey Engines
from 5/6. Brass Model
Cranes, 6/6, 13/6, and
18/6.

Send for lists **POST FREE.**

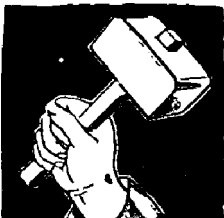
RICHFORD & CO.
153 FLEET STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

PRICE 15/6 complete. Carriage 1/- extra.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

Is a splendid paper for those interested in
Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steam-
boats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos,
Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils,
Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific
Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and
Electrical Work. Full of practical articles,
and interesting photographs, and working
drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free,
3d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN &
WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpen-
try and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork,
Cabinet-making, Inklaying, Turning, Manual
Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working
Drawings are a Special Feature.

(Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.)
DAWBARN & WARD, LTD.,
6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

LECTURE LESSONS.

Teaching Made Enjoyable!

A UNIQUE LECTURE THAT WILL
= APPEAL TO OLD AND YOUNG -

Write for particulars to the—

LANTERN LECTURE DEPARTMENT
7-12 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for January, 1903.

	PAGE
LINES (Poem). ARTHUR STANLEY	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
"And I say, Louis Riel, that it is the will of the Lord that this man shall not die!" ..	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CHAPS. XV.-XVIII.)	JOHN MACKIE 291
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
HARRISON'S SLIGHT ERROR	P. G. WODEHOUSE 305
Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	
BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL	MRS. DELVES BROUGHTON 310
With Photographs by the Author.	
THE SPIDER WATER. (A RAILWAY STORY OF THE FAR WEST.)	FRANK H. SPEARMAN 316
Illustrated by NORMAN HARDY.	
LONDON AND PARIS: A COMPARISON	O. FRIEDERICH 323
MERCY: ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY	324
From the Painting by SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (TRANSVAALS FOR BEGINNERS.)	E. J. NANKIVELL 325
With Illustrations.	
A TRUE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK	MELESINA SETON CHRISTOPHER 329
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN SHAKESPEARE	CLIFFORD FRANCIS 333
ABOUT BREATHING	C. B. FRY 337
With a Portrait, and Two Diagrams by the Author.	

(Further contents on next page.)

Army (ALL BRANCHES) Higher Civil Service, & University. SPECIAL PREPARATION.

JOHN GIBSON, M.A.
(FIRST CLASS, CAMBRIDGE),

Late of Uppingham and Westminster,
Educational Medallist at Antwerp,
Bordeaux, and Brussels International
Exhibitions.



G. LOLY, B.A.
(FIRST CLASS, LONDON),

Author of "The Illustrated French
Grammar," etc.
Spanish and German Examiner at the
City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS.

SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood, the resident department of Quermore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Fenchurch Street, E.C. (H. Foulks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several first places and Honours.

Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.

MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Ganges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Cluck Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Rods, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS, MODEL STEAM BOATS, MODEL STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Deed eyes, Wheels, Skylights, Hatchways, Flugs and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cords, &c.



and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cords, &c.

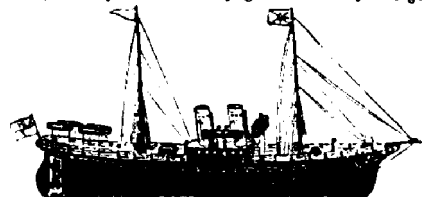
We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

90 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler, Engines, Ships, Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamos, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.

STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,

22^K Aldgate, City, London.



ESTABLISHED 1843.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIPS FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE.

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE LAND OF THE THRON-DIUCKS ALEXANDER MACDONALD, F.R.S.G.S. Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	342
"CAPTAIN" ARTISTS IN THEIR STUDIOS PAUL PRESTON With Illustrations from Photographs.	349
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (IV.—AS AN EMBRYO STEWARD.) J. E. PATTERSON Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	353
NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. With Photo of Grass Snake.	356
HOW WE BEAT CULVERTON ST. JUDE'S J. B. HODGE Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	358
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY	365
THE RAILWAYMAN'S SUNDAY W. J. ROBERTS Illustrated from Photos by the Author.	366
MATHEMATICAL ODDITIES STANLEY B. KING	368
POULTRY KEEPING FOR PROFIT CHARLES D. LESLIE Illustrated by REX. OSBORNE.	369
THE CYCLING CORNER. (SOME 1903 MACHINES.) HAYDON PERRY With Illustrations.	371
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	375
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	376
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	380
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	382
RESULTS OF NOVEMBER COMPETITIONS	384

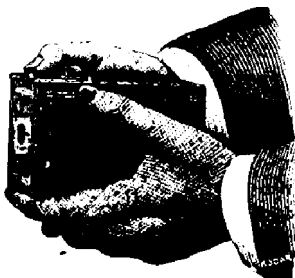
The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Neveles, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 6d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print.

ACCEPTABLE XMAS GIFTS.

BROWNIE KODAKS

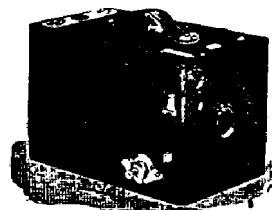
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ins. by 2½ins.
Price **5/-** only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ins. by 2½ins.
Price **10/-** only.



No. 2 Brownie

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from **£2 2s.** to **£3 12s. 6d.**

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM, NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS, OR OF

KODAK, Limited, 41 & 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches:

86, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.;

171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

COLLECT

Tuck's Post Cards

£2000 IN PRIZES

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

"The pleasure to be derived from pictorial post card collecting by all ages, will far more than repay any trouble necessitated by this new hobby, which certainly promises to be one of the society features of the new century."—*The Court Circular*.
 "It is scarcely to be wondered at that the cult of post card collecting is attaining such formidable proportions when those who have embarked upon this interesting pursuit have their appetites constantly whetted by such beautiful and artistic specimens as those which Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK & Sons have been bringing out."—*The Field*.

FUN FOR - - CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

Every Boy should see our

TABLE TENNIS SETS

(Very Superior).

- The "ALEXANDRA" Set, consisting of Two Wooden Bats, String Net, Six Balls, Two Wood Posts and Metal Cramps **3/6**
- The "WESTMINSTER" Set, consist- of Two "Pyramid" Bats, Macramé Net, Six Balls (best English), Nickel Cramps and Wood Posts **4/9**
- The "BADMINTON" Set, consisting of Two Beautiful Bats (Poker-work Etching one side), Nickel extending Posts, Twelve Best English Balls, Macramé Net **10/-**

Send for Catalogue.

HARGER BROS.,

Fretwork and Wood-Carving Depot,
and Table Tennis Factory

SETTLE, YORKS.

WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PENS.

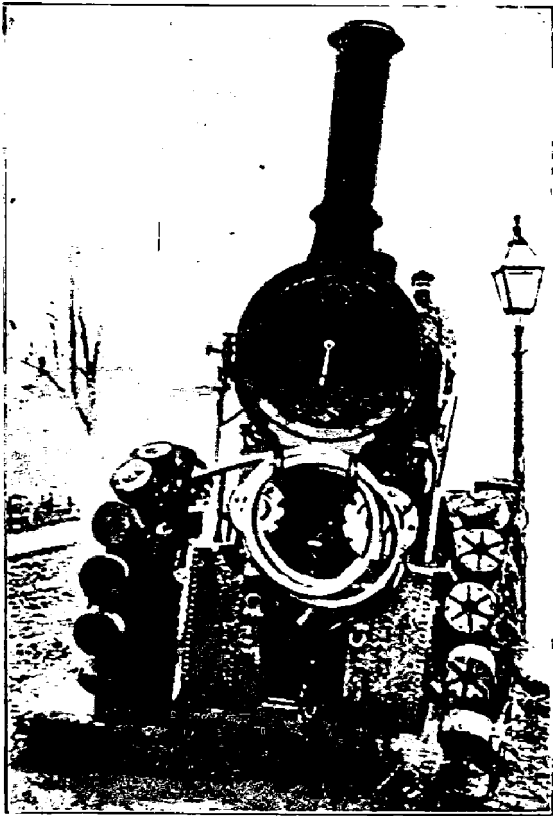
Are Pillars
OF THE
Writing World.

All a pen can be Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen is. It writes well, works easily, is clean in action. It maintains a uniform flow of ink to the last drop. It only stops when the font is empty. It is made to write well without any of the inconveniences associated with other fountain pens, and it does not fail in one particular.

Splendid Testimonials from
S. R. CROCKETT and
F. FRANKFORT MOORE,
the eminent Novelists;
Also from
BENNET BURLEIGH
(War Correspondent).

PRICES FROM 10/6.
Of High-class Stationers and Jewellers. In Silver and Gold for Presentation.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
12, GOLDEN LANE,
LONDON, E.C.



A TRACTION ENGINE THAT WALKS.

fend either wicket, and the field arranged as at cricket, the game is ready to begin. Crying "Play!" the bowler hits the ball as hard as he can towards his opponent's wicket, and thinks himself lucky if he manages to out him, as the ball must not only hit the wicket, but must remain in front of it when dead. The two photographs illustrate the game better than it can be described. I do not know what the ingenious inventor of this exciting game had in his mind's eye when he called it "Vigoro," but it is the best name he could possibly have hit upon, considering the vigorous way one has to run about and look after the ball, for no sooner have you hit it than you must back up ready for the next. Vigoro has already been enthusiastically taken up by many of our first-class cricketers and tennis players, and in the first match, which took place at Queen's Club, West Kensington, the competing teams were composed of some most distinguished people.

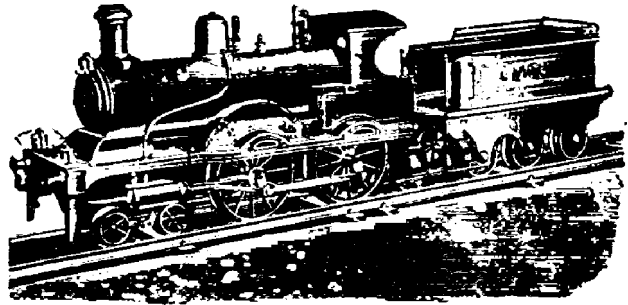
A Traction Engine that Walks.

A new type of traction engine has just been constructed which is the nearest approach to a walking machine that has ever been invented. It has four wheels, like its prototype the ordinary traction engine, but instead of the rims being quite round and smooth so that they can

roll along, in this comical-looking arrangement each wheel has about fourteen little indiarubber feet, which it places on the ground as the wheels revolve, and thus literally "walks." An interesting description and some photographs and diagrams of the "Pedrail," as it is called, will be found in a book entitled "A New System of Heavy Transport," by the inventor, Mr. B. J. Diplock. It is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co., of 39, Paternoster Row, E.C.

The Clyde Model Dockyard.

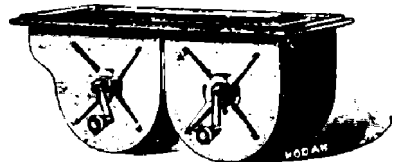
All readers of a mechanical turn of mind should write for the latest catalogue issued by the Clyde Model Dockyard and Engine Depôt, Argyll Arcade, Glasgow, N.B. Amateurs who take an interest in the steam engine can now purchase models ready made, or procure the separate parts all ready finished. Those who prefer it, however, can purchase castings of engines and separate parts. These castings are made from the very best metal, and have been specially designed to save all unnecessary work in construction; and as drawings and full instructions are given free



with each set, the most untutored amateur is able to make a good working model. In purchasing from the Clyde Model Dockyard Depôt you are buying a properly constructed and well-finished article, and their goods, unlike many of the foreign articles now so freely imported, are constructed to last for years.

A Daylight Developer.

Kodak photography has now truly been made easier photography than ever before. Thanks to this wonderfully ingenious machine, just



brought out by Messrs. Kodak, Limited, dark rooms are no longer necessary for the development of Kodak films.

BRADBURY & CO., Ltd. Awarded Highest

Honours at all the Great Exhibitions.

**THE BRADBURY
MOTOR CYCLES
THREE DIFFERENT MODELS.**

NEW VERTICAL ENGINE.
NEW TRIANGULAR FRAME.
NEW EXHAUST LIFTER.
SOUND IMPROVEMENTS.
EVERYTHING OF THE BEST.

**BRADBURY
CYCLES**

Standards	-	-	-	£10	10	0
Ladies'	-	-	-	11	0	0
Specials	-	-	-	14	14	0
Ladies'	-	-	-	15	15	0

BRADBURY & CO. LTD.,

LONDON: 8, Farringdon Avenue.

GLASGOW: 232, Sauchiehall St.

LIVERPOOL: 155, Duke St.

PRICE LISTS FREE.

OLDHAM.

LEEDS: Upperhead Row.

MANCHESTER: 7, Deansgate.

AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.



Amusement for Winter
TRIPLIKO

Best Modern Game for Two Players 7fd & 1/2

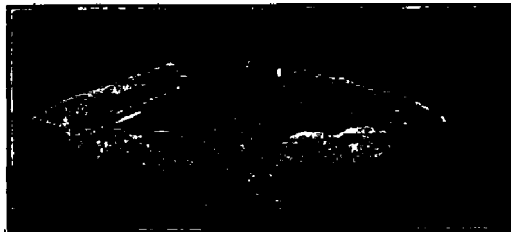
PARLOUR FOOTBALL

A Game of Skill on Association Lines. Board, Men, and Ball complete. Sent securely packed for 1/2

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

Board, Rules, &c., complete, 7fd
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.
WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.

HARDACRE'S SPRING GRIP DEVELOPERS.



Patent No. 19421.

Develops enormous Grip, strengthens your Fingers, Wrists, Develops wonderful Forearm. Acknowledged by Experts to be the neatest and most ingenious machine invented. The Army, Navy Colleges and Schools use them.

These Grips can be used by the weakest in a Family and in a few seconds made strong enough to meet the requirement of the strongest Athlete.

Prices, Youth's 2s. 6d., Gents. 2s. 9d., Athletes 3s. 6d. each. Postage 3d. extra, 1s. 0d. abroad. Complete in Box with Illustrated Chart.

J. H. HARDACRE, 46 Albert Street, Nelson, Lancashire.

Wholesale terms on Application.

**LEARN
TO
WRITE
"ADS"**

There is not a Business in the World

Not properly susceptible to a knowledge of practical advertising. The market is always open and the opportunities are always on hand for Advertisement Writers. You can earn £5 per week. Write for our large 64-page prospectus. **PAGE-DAVIS, Advertising School, (Dept. A 3), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.**

“I hear they want more



BOVRIL

Reg. 548

MERIGOLD BROS.,

Sole Manufacturers of the Celebrated

EMBEE FOOTBALL SHIRT

As used by all the Premier Clubs
Will not Shrink
Colours absolutely Fast
Lighter than Flannel
Will wear twice as long as Flannelette

Sample, any Pattern, 2/6 post free.
Samples of Material, FREE.

Send for Catalogue (Gratis) with Illustration of the
famous "TRAINER" Football, 7/6 post free.

(Used in Cup-Ties.)

ADDRESS: **EMBEE WORKS,**
147 Church Street,
PRESTON, LANCs.

SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN TOWNS COMPETITION.

For NOVEMBER, 1902.



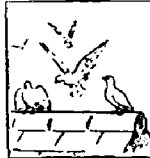
1. Cowes.



2. Rye.



3. Crewe.



4. Settle.



5. Hornsea.



6. Southsea.



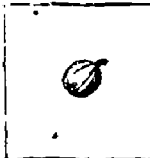
7. Bangor.



8. Bridgwater.



9. Bow.



10. Bury.



11. Ascot.



12. Barking.

"TIT-BITS" MONSTER PENNY BOOKS.

WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.
MRS. HEMANS' POEMS.
POETRY BOOK.
BOOK OF PATRIOTIC POEMS.
TENNYSON'S POEMS.
LONGFELLOW'S POEMS.
RECITATION BOOK.
RHYME BOOK.

QUEEN AND EMPRESS.
KING AND EMPEROR.
"BOBS": The Life of Lord Roberts.
"B.P.," The Hero of Mafeking.
LIFE OF GENERAL BULLER.

GARDEN BOOK.
HEALTH BOOK.
SPELLING BOOK.
ENGLISH DICTIONARY.
TABLE BOOK.
READY RECKONER.
COOKERY BOOK.
LONDON GUIDE.

THE ROMANCE OF THE LIFEBOAT.
THE ROMANCE OF THE VICTORIA CROSS.

ROBIN HOOD.
HOLIDAY STORIES.
THE SULTAN'S STORY-TELLERS.
LITTLE RED SHOES.
LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.
AUNT AUDREY'S STORY BOOK.
TOLD TO THE CALIPH.
ÆSOP'S FABLES.
ARABIAN NIGHTS.
STORIES FROM HANS ANDERSEN.
GRIMMS' TALES.
FAIRY BOOK.

CORAL ISLAND.
PETER THE WHALER.
MARTIN RATTLER.
ARCHIE; or, The Confessions of an Old
Burglar.
MR. DOOLEY IN PEACE AND WAR.
HEARTS OF GOLD.
THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER.
A BASE DECEPTION.
IN SEARCH OF VENGEANCE.
AN ARTIST'S LOVE.
STEPHEN REMARX.

By Post, 2d. each.

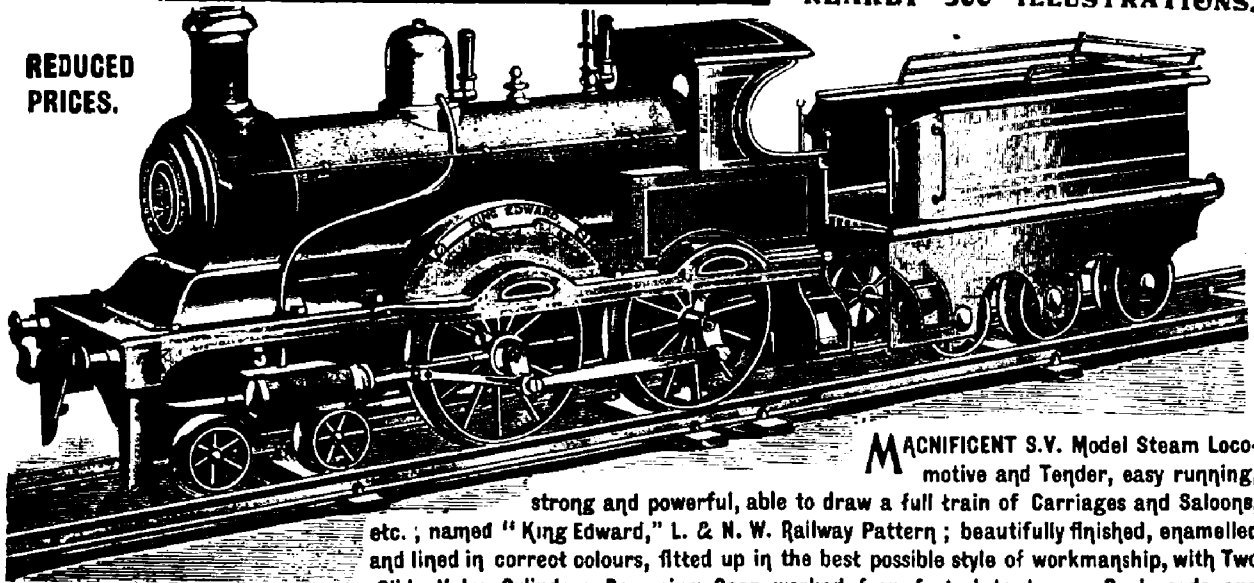
GEO. NEWNES, Ltd., 7-12, Southampton St., Strand, London, W.C.

OR FROM BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

HANDSOME GIFTS FOR XMAS.

SEE CATALOGUE,
NEARLY 500 ILLUSTRATIONS.

REDUCED
PRICES.



MAGNIFICENT S.V. Model Steam Locomotive and Tender, easy running,

strong and powerful, able to draw a full train of Carriages and Saloons, etc.; named "King Edward," L. & N. W. Railway Pattern; beautifully finished, enamelled and lined in correct colours, fitted up in the best possible style of workmanship, with Two

Slide Valve Cylinders, Reversing Gear worked from foot-plate to run Backwards and Forwards (enclosed Flame and Lamp), suitable for running in the open air, Nickel-Plated Brass Flanged Wheels, Connecting Rods, Strong Oxidised Boiler with Dome, Steam Tap, Steam Whistle, Safety Valve, Water Gauge, Outlet Tap, etc., Hand Rails, Waste Steam Passes through Chimney, Large Tender beautifully Japanned, Entire Length over 2 ft., Gauge, 3 1/2 ins. A Splendid Model, Specially Recommended, Guaranteed to give utmost Satisfaction. Price during December & January, with Complete Oval Railway and full directions, only 70/-, delivered Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

Send 6 Penny Stamps (which may be deducted from any order of 7s. 6d. upwards) for our splendid New Enlarged and Fully Illustrated Catalogue with New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, Cars, Saloons, Waggon, Trucks, Rails, Switches, Crossings, Signals, Stations, Platforms, and everything necessary to make up Complete Model Railways at little cost. Steam Traction Engines, Hot Air Engines, Vertical Horizontal Launch, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes, Castings to construct Engines, all kinds. Separate Finished Parts, Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Railways, Amateurs Tools and all Requisites, Model Battleships, Gunboats, Passenger Ships, Torpedo Boats, Division and Submarine Boats, etc., etc., Electric Bells, Batteries, and Accumulators.

A customer writes:—"Your goods are marvellous value at the price, and your catalogue is a treat."

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers & Modellers, MAR ST., ALLOA, N.B.

10,000 WATCHES 10,000 WATCHES GIVEN AWAY

With our 10/6 'IMPERIAL' Fountain Pen.

10,000

Ladies' given

Watches away

The "Imperial" Fountain Pen... Fitted with 14ct. solid Gold Nib, superb Chased Vulcanite Holder. Twin-feed, regulating flow of ink. Fine, Medium, and Broad Points. Writes easily, smoothly, and fluently. Each Pen in box with Filler and directions. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.



10,000



Gents' given

Watches away

To Advertise our 10/6 'Imperial' Fountain Pen, we give with each Pen without Extra Charge, a Lady's or Gent's Keyless, Oxidised Gunmetal Watch. Warranted Dust and Damp Proof, with latest improvements. Note.—A High-class Watch for Nothing. POST FREE.

The Imperial Pen Co., 78, Newgate St., London, E.C.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM
£10 10s.
WITH
FREE
WHEEL

ROYAL
ENFIELD
BICYCLES

Catalogue
post free from
the ENFIELD
CYCLE CO.,
Ltd.,
REDDITCH,
ENGLAND.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 1/2, 2/3, 2s, 3/4, 3s, 5s, and 6s, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornament, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

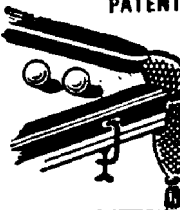
Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz.—

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. Postage 2d. extra.

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

PATENT

BILLIARDETTES



Rigid sides, solid rubber cushion, to fix on ordinary extending dining table, with 1 1/2 in. balls, two 3/4 in. cues, chalk, tips, spots, and wafers. Splendid practice at home, almost perfect game. Set for table 6ft. by 3ft. 6in. £2 3s. Separate sliding point marker. 2 1/2 in. long 3s extra.

For other sizes and illustrated list write W. MAJOR, Patentee (Dept. C.) Evington St., Leicester.

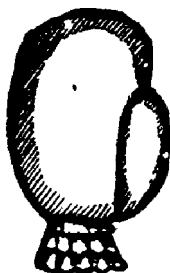
JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.,

Please send for
LARGE SELECTION OF INDOOR GAMES.

TABLE TENNIS ... from 10½d. per set.
CONJURING TRICKS 1/- per set.
HALMA ... 9d. LUDO ... 9d.



CHESS ... from 1/9 per set.



Draughts ... from 10d.
Dominoes ... 10½d.
Indian Clubs per lb. 4½d.
Boxing Gloves 3/6 & 4/6
Wood Dumb-bells 6d.
Punching Balls 10/6
Sandow's Developer 12/6

GRAND

X

MAS

BAZAAR

NOW OPEN.

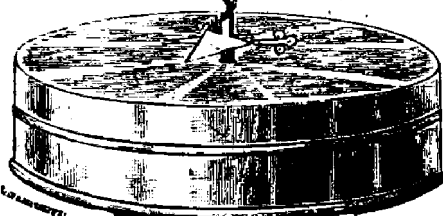
Send for
LARGE BAZAAR LIST.

BAZAAR LIST.

GREAT SHOW OF TOYS AND GAMES.

Magic Lanterns,
Engines,
Models,
Clockwork
Trains,
Boats,

Dolls' Houses,
Forts,
Rocking
Horses
Theatres,
Shops.



Phonographs, 5/6 each.
Musical Boxes. Magnetic Toys.

117 & 118, CHEAPSIDE AND MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons

Cocoa

AN IDEAL XMAS OR NEW YEAR GIFT.



QUEEN "TAKE DOWN" AIR RIFLE.

- Packs away in Box in Three Pieces -
- Easily taken apart or fitted together -

SHOOTS SHOT OR DARTS.

Write for Booklets

MARKT & CO.,
20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

FEBRUARY. CHARMING A CROCODILE.
WHAT STAMPS TO COLLECT.

RULES FOR TOWN
CYCLING.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6^d

Vol. VIII. No. 47. FEBRUARY, 1903.

DUNLOP TYRES

For cycles,
for carriages,
for motors.

DUNLOP TYRES FOR CYCLES.

The only tyres offering a choice of attachment—
wired or wireless edges.

50s. per pair; guaranteed.

Ask to see trade mark (Dunlop's head) on tubes
and covers.

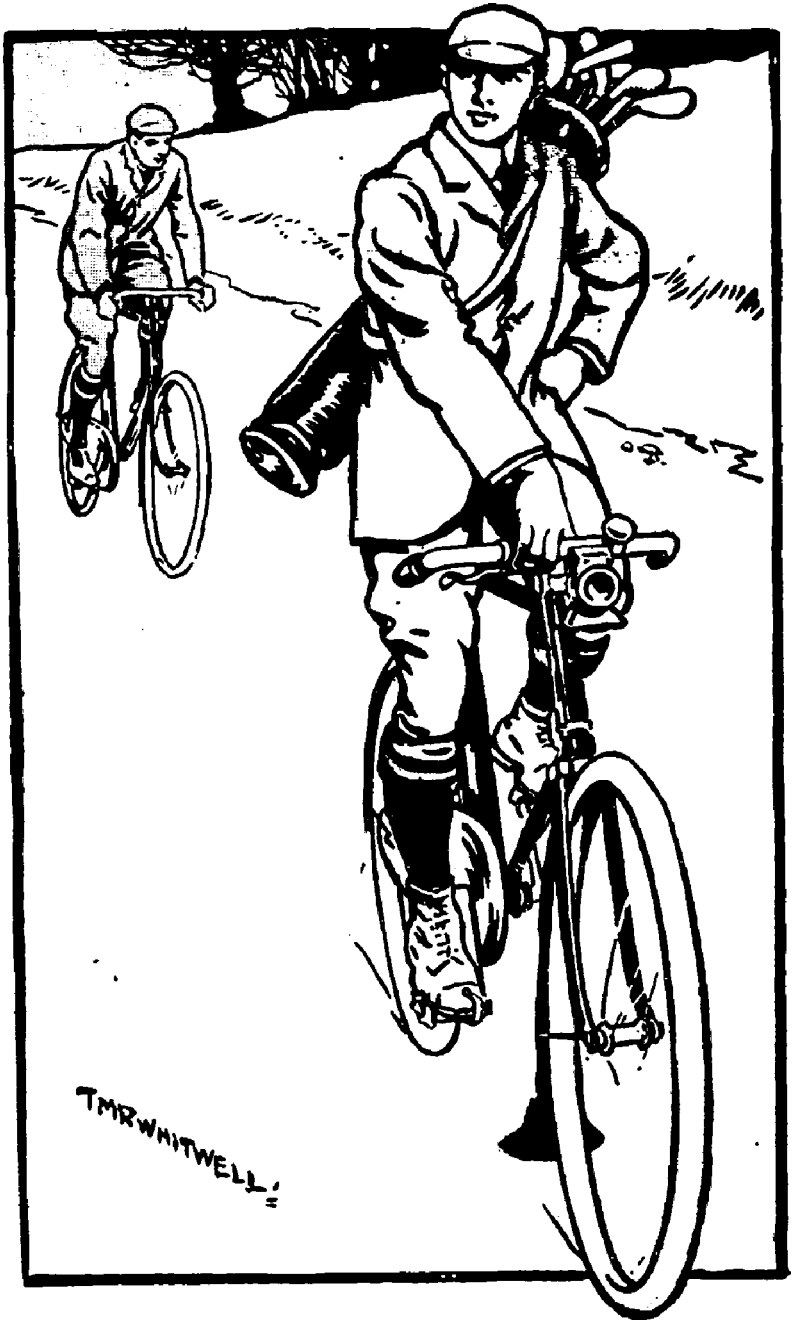
Trade



Mark.

"All about Dunlop Tyres for 1903,"
A cyclists' illustrated booklet. Post free.

DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE, Co., Ltd.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.



GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S WINTER DELIGHTS.

DON'T BE HOODWINKED BY SPURIOUS SO-CALLED FREE GIFTS!

BUT GET ONE OF

GAMAGE'S PHONOGRAPHS



5/6

IT TALKS, SINGS, AND PLAYS.

Carriage and Package 9d. extra.

NEW CENTURY RECORDS, 10 1/2 d., 9 - doz.

GENUINE EDISON-BELL RECORDS, (See name stamped on) 12 - doz. (each record).

SPECIAL LINE

THE EDISON-BELL 'GEM' PHONOGRAPH. 49/6

The "New Standard" Phonograph, £4 19s. 6d.
Genuine EDISON-BELL RECORDS, 10.6 doz.

ZONOPHONES.

New Standard Model, will play 7 and 10 in. records, 75. -; List Price, 84. -; Ditto, with Concert Sound Box, 84. -; List Price, 94. -.

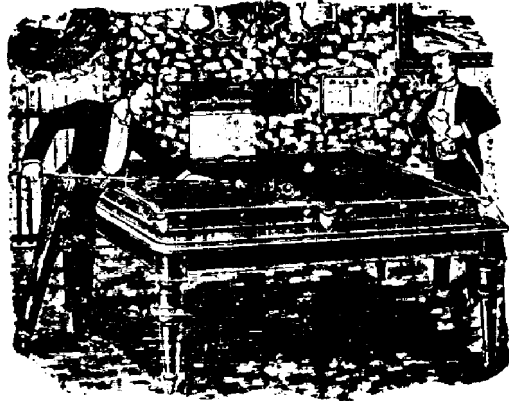
Records: 7 in., 1/9; 10 in., 3/9.

COMPARE PRICES.

We will send you a complete list of Phonograph Records and Zonophone Records on receipt of a postcard.

BILLIARDS AT HOME

TABLES AND EVERY ACCESSORY ON THE POPULAR INSTALMENT PLAN.



Thousands of players have to deny themselves the pleasure of playing billiards on account of the expense. WE HAVE DETERMINED TO COME TO THEIR ASSISTANCE, and are making an offer which will enable anyone, no matter how slender the purse may be, to acquire A SLATE BED TABLE AND ALL ACCESSORIES on the easiest of terms. Country residents and those unable to call should write for particulars (mention Billiards Department). Send first month's instalment if you wish to adopt our Easy Payment System. If you do not see what you require, send specification of your wants, and we will send you full particulars by return.

6d. A DAY FOR TEN MONTHS.

SET No. 1.—Consisting of Mahogany Frame Billiard Table with SLATE BED, INDIARUBBER CUSHION, Brass Pocket Fittings, Ivory Balls, Two Cues, Cue Rest, Marking Board, Spirit Level, Chalk, Cue Rack, Cover, Box of Tips, Box of Wafers, and Rules, framed complete. Outside measurements of Tables 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Size of Balls, 1 1/2 in. Cash price £6 4s., or ten monthly payments of 15s. 3d. Larger Tables on proportionate terms.

6d.
A
DAY
for
10
Months.

GAMAGE'S

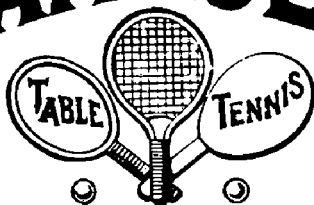
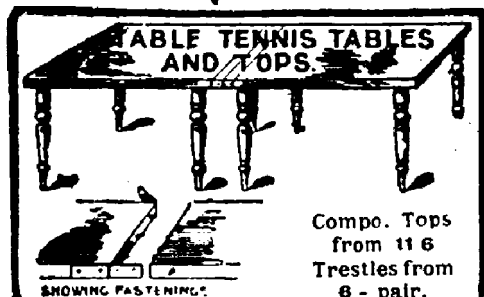
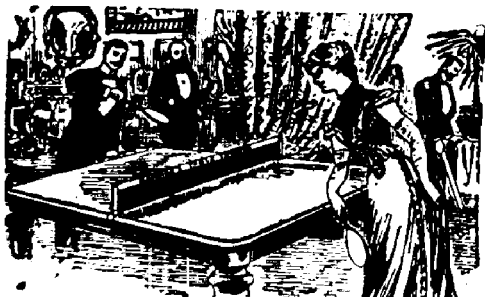


TABLE TENNIS and ACCESSORIES.

Best and Cheapest Selection in the World. Complete Sets 2/3, 2/11, 3/11, 4/11, 6/6, 7/11, 8/6, 10/6, 15/-, 20/-, and 27/6.

Postage on sets under 10/-, 4d.

Best English Celluloid Balls, 9d. per doz., 8/6 per gross; Celluloid Covered Balls 4/6 per doz.; Battledores from 4/6; Gut Rackets, from 2/-; The Ball "Pick-up," from 4/6, postage 3d.



Compo. Tops from 11/6
Trestles from 8/- pair.

SHOWING FASTENING.

Special Table Top, 9ft. by 5ft., 25/-

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD., HOLBORN, E.C.

One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY SWEET

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
London, N. E.

"HOBART" CYCLES



World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.

HOBART CYCLES,

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas.

Elegantes	12	"
Imperials	10	"

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. (Est'd 1869)

THE "SCOUT"

CAMERA

TAKES
SPLENDID
PICTURES
AND IS
THE
EASIEST
TO USE.

LOADED OR
UNLOADED IN
DAYLIGHT.

The Most Efficient
Cameras ever offered
at such Prices.



The No. 1 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted
with a Rapid Lens and an
Everest Shutter, giving either
time or instantaneous exposures,
and View-Finder.

Price
Complete,

5/-

The No. 2 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted
with excellent Rapid Lens,
Everest Shutter, and 2 View-
Finders.

Price
Complete,

10/-

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6
OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

G. HOUGHTON & SON,
88 and 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.

INSIST ON HAVING

PETER'S

The Original
Milk-Chocolate

Sold Everywhere in 1 1/2" 2 1/2" TABLETS
... 6 1/2" CROQUETTES ...

Sole Agents, S. J. MACKENZIE & CO. LTD.
3, BRICKLITTLE LANE, DALTON, LONDON N.E.

& REFUSE
IMITATIONS
WHICH ARE
INFERIOR.

DIARY FOR 1903,

Together with some old Nursery Rhymes, Illustrated
in Colours,

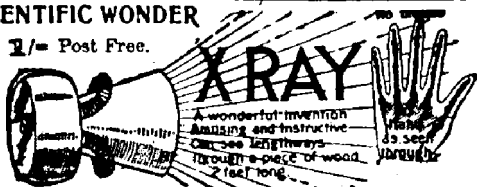
SENT FREE

to anyone who sends a Postcard, giving name
and address, and mentioning *The Captain*.

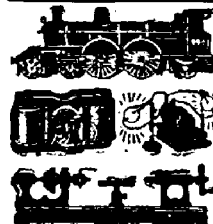
FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., Battersea, London, S.E.

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER

Only 1/- Post Free.

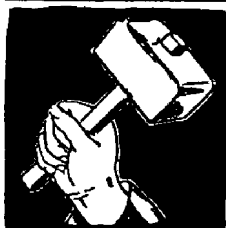


LONDON NOVELTY Co., 3 Sea View Rd., Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in
Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steam-
boats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos,
Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils,
Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific
Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and
Electrical Work. Full of practical articles,
and interesting photographs, and working
drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free,
3d., to any part of the world.—DAWBARN &
WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpen-
try and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork,
Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual
Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working
Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

THE UNIVERSAL STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE WORLD, THIRD EDITION,

with 2,554 Illustrations, and **EVERY STAMP PRICED**, but without measurements of perforation, or other uninteresting minor varieties.

Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.



NEW PRICE LIST of Sets and Packets, 64 pages, sent on receipt of penny stamp for postage.

NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903 in great variety, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

MONTHLY LIST OF PHILATELIC NOVELTIES, 6d. per annum, post free.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

WHY PAY MORE ?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out

ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF of Catalogue Rates !

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials FREE.

F: W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

No. 40 SPECIAL.

Contains 100 Foreign Stamps, Post Free, 3d.

Includes Stamps from all parts of the World as follows:—

Peru (Surcharged Head of Bermudez), Borneo, South Australia (1/4 green), Brazil (Head of Emperor), British Guiana, Jamaica (Large Picture Stamp), Columbia, Bolivia (a rare stamp catalogued at 1s.), Ecuador (Jubilee), Victoria, Porto Rico, Spain, Argentine, Deccan, India, Roumania, China, Mauritius, Canada, Cape Colony, &c., &c. Post free 3d.

SPECIAL VARIETY PACKETS. THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. 500 all different, price 5s. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price post free, 18s. 6d. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 3s. 6d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors

No. 41 SPECIAL.

Contains 100 Foreign Stamps, Post Free, 4d.

Includes stamps from all parts of the World as follows:— Hayti (large starap, scarce), Peru (old issue), Straits Settlements, Travancore (native Indian), Queensland, Western Australia, Costa Rica (obsolete), Cuba, Bulgaria, Nyassa (Giraffe), Tasmania (large Picture stamp), Japan, Venezuela, Barbados, Jamaica, Turkey, Three different Philippine Islands, Three different Brazil, Three different Spain, Java, Egypt, Persia (old issue), Roumania.

Post free, 4d.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade, post free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop (between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street), where a fine selection of stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Feb.), 6d. ! (Quote Feb. when ordering) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, Malay, U.S. Pan-American &c., Surcharged Straits, Tasmania Id. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Australia. **GRATIS Large List Sets, SHEETS & d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 3 Rare old Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamps, 5s. : 1,000 and album 15s. post free (abroad postage extra)—A. C. McCAUSLAN & CO., 35, Bath Street, Glasgow.**

STAMPS! 4 STAGS. 4d.
We supply a set of 4 BORNEO and LABUAN Stamps (all with STAGS' Heads) FREE to every purchaser of our famous "ANIMAL" Packet, price 4d., post free. The packet contains 50 Stamps, including MALAYSIA (Tiger), NYASSA (Giraffe), BRITISH (Sea-N-Tse), PERSIA (Lion), N. S. WALES (Ostrich), MOZAMBIQUE (Elephant), Mexico (Eagle), Australia (Swan), India, U.S. (Columbus), Ceylon, Two N. S. WALES Jubilee, Norway Sweden, Denmark, SET OF 3 LARGE CHILI TELEGRAPHS (Wild Horse and Eagle), &c. **SPECIAL NOTICE.**—Only one packet at the above price can be supplied to each customer. Send for lists giving particulars of thousands of bargains. Best value in the trade. **ERNEST WOOD AND CO., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, MANCHESTER.**

BUTLER BROS.

1903 PRICE LIST is
- NOW READY -

AND MAY BE HAD UPON APPLICATION, POST-FREE.

It is the best list ever issued, 72 pages, illustrated, bound in handsome cover, and a convenient size that may be carried in the pocket. Contains cheapest quotations for thousands of Stamps, Packets, Sets, Novelties, Albums, &c.

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.

EXCELSIOR PACKET No. 576 contains 50 different Stamps, including Montenegro (Head of Prince, just issued), Chili (1902), Crete, Jamaica (Llan-doverly Falls), Set of 10 Roumania, Costa Rica (first issue), Sweden Service, Philippine Islands, Porto Rico, Argentine Republic (latest issue), Egypt, Brazil, New South Wales, Victoria, Western Australia, United States (Commemorative issue), &c. Price 5d., post free.

AND FREE WITH THIS PACKET TO EVERY PURCHASER.

A SET OF TEN MEXICO.

NEW EDITION

1/- EXCELSIOR ALBUM
NOW READY.



Bound in cloth, illustrated with Engravings of Rare Postage Stamps, ruled divisions for about 3,000 Stamps, 144 pages. Price 1s., post free.

Approval Selections upon application

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Philippine, 5 Cuba, New Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Peru, Liama, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Golden, Persia, Java, Guatemala, Dalomee, Labuan, Honduras, Jhind, Pattida, South Zambesi, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, tree. 11.
Cheap Sets of Stamps, all Different 20 Argentine, 6d.; 45 Austria, 8d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 9d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 6d.; 25 Wurttemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 6d.; 20 Honduras, 9d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 30 Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 9d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 9d.; 20 Sweden, 5d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 2 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.
MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS always give satisfaction.
Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).
H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.

MY SPECIAL PACKET

for this month contains:—Turks Islands, Nyassa, Corea, Persian, Roumanian, British Guiana, Costa Rica, Greece, Selangor, Straits, Colombia, Republic, arawak, Trinidad, Java, Virgin Islands, Cape, Bolivia, and over one hundred other stamps, all different. Post free, 8d. The cheapest packet ever offered. **My Approval Sheets are the CHEAPEST** in the world. Try them. **W. LACEY, Hythe Road, Brighton.**

A PACKET
of
MORE THAN
100 STAMPS
and
TWO GOOD
SETS
2d.
Post Free.

A CHANCE!

We have recently purchased abroad upwards of **A MILLION** mixed stamps. We have not picked these over, and will send to anyone enclosing **TWO** penny stamps, a **PACKET OF 100** of these, unsorted and just as received. We will also enclose **GRATIS** in the packet a set of 6 Japan, a set of 10 Sweden, and other stamps of Bulgaria, Spain, Argentine Republic, Turkey, Chili, &c. We make this astounding offer in order to circulate our Novelty Circular. Write to-day.

ALFRED GILBERT & Co.,
Weston - super - Mare.

FOUR CHINESE EMPIRE FREE.

115 With every Packet, which includes British New 7d. DIFFERENT Guinea (handsome stamp) new issues of Alexandria POST FREE and Port Said, Surinam, Federated Malay States, Mexico 1864 (real), Bolivia, New Zealand Universal Postage, Spain War Tax, Dutch Indies, set 4 Japan, Hungary, Austria (new issues), Russian Empire, Portugal, Ceylon, Argentine, Victoria, India, Holland, Canada, Italy Parcels, and set 4 Chinese Empire. Mint unused Colonial to buyers asking for sheets. Cheapest in the world, *vide* testimonials. **Leading Lines in Sets**—6 Iceland new issue (King) 11d.; 10 Bulgarian, 4d.; 14 Portuguese Colonies, 6d.; 10 Cuba, 2d.; 40 United States, 7d.; 30 France, 6d.; 40 Japan, 10d. **Cheap Packets**—50 different Colonials, 7d.; 200 different stamps, 10d.; 500 different stamps, 4s. 6d., postage 1d. extra. **Gratis** set 10 Sweden Service stamps to buyers of 2s. worth from this advertisement.

J. R. MORRIS & Co., Leighton Buzzard.

BARGAINS.

100 English Colonial stamps, all different, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Spanish Colonial, 1/-; 50 Australian, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 50 South and Central America, 2/-.
Packets of 25 varieties, 1d.; 50, 2d.; 75, 3d.; 100, 4d.; 150, 8d.; 200, 1/-; 1000, 14/- (Post extra).

SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64, Northumberland Park, Tottenham N

EDWARD ROBERTS,

31 Pym Street, NOTTINGHAM.
WANTS AGENTS throughout the United Kingdom to sell stamps from sheets. *Write for terms.* **CHEAP PACKET, 60** different varieties, including Ecuador, Gibraltar, Bermuda, Cyprus, Argentine, Java, Cuba, Trinidad, Transvaal, Orange State, &c., post free. 4d.

8d. IN THE 1/- DISCOUNT.

I have just made up a Very Fine Series of **APPROVAL BOOKS**. They are of Two Classes: **A—British Colonials Only.** **B—Foreign, &c.** These Books may be had on Five Days approval, at the Large Discount of **60% (7d. in 1/-) for A Books.** **66 2/3% (8d. in 1/-) for B Books.** The stamps are not priced 3 or 4 **TIMES CATALOGUE PRICE** to allow of this unusual discount, but are, in many cases, under Cat., and contain many bargains. No better proof of this can be found than in the fact that these identical books are very largely patronised by **DEALERS** and those who have **TO SELL AGAIN**, and we have dozens of Genuine Testimonials from Dealers at home and abroad. **NOTE.**—As these Books **DO NOT** contain the usual rubbish, but rare stamps (Triangular Capes, &c.), from 1d. to £10. References should be sent by clients unknown to us.

J. T. BOLTON, 5 Elmwood Road, Croydon.



Amusement for Winter
TRIPLIKO

Best Modern Game for Two Players 7 1/2d. & 1 1/2d.

PARLOUR FOOTBALL

A Game of Skill on Association Lines. Board, Men, and Ball complete. Sent securely packed for 1/2

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

Board, Rules, &c., complete, 7 1/2d

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.

50 STAMPS 6 1/2d. Post Free.—Comprising Pahang (obsolete), F. Decan, China, Ecuador, Tasmania (view), Venezuela, Gt. Britain I.R. Official (King's head), &c., &c. Purchasers of above packet applying for an Approval Sheet will receive gratis 6 Cuba or Porto Rico. Approval Sheets and Books at 25 and 50 per cent off marked prices. Old Collections and loose lots bought.

PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co.,
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.



Half correct size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. G. 89, Aldersgate St., London.

6d.
Post Free.

The ADVENTURES
OF THE
MARQUIS DI CORDOVA.
TOLD BY HIMSELF.

"Hounded by secret foes—merciless, remorseless, relentless—who have pursued me across two Continents, I feel that my only safety lies in publicity. I therefore avail myself of the opportunity afforded me by this Magazine to place my strange case before the world."

See the
FEBRUARY

WIDE WORLD

NOW ON SALE.

SIXPENCE.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

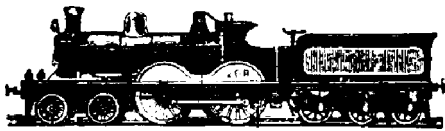
Contents for February, 1903.

	PAGE
THE DIFFERENCE. W. B. ELLIS	Back of Frontispiece
A CROSSBOW MAN. Drawn by W. G. SIMMONDS...	Frontispiece
FELL AND ELLIS. A TALE OF ELIZA'S Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	FRED. SWAINSON 387
COWBOYS AT WORK With Illustrations from Photographs.	STANLEY CARTER 399
ABERDEEN	GILDART J. WALKER 403
A MAD VOYAGE Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	SKIFF BORLASE 404
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (WHAT TO COLLECT.) With Illustrations of New Issues.	E. J. NANKIVELL 411
CHARMING A CROCODILE Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	H. HERVEY 414
THE ARTIST AND THE ART EDITOR	HARRY ROUNTREE 420
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES With Illustrations from Photographs.	PERCY COLLINS 421
GOOD OLD MARSTON! A SCHOOL STORY Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.	THE REV. PETER HIGGINS 426
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (THE PRACTICE OF BREATHING.) AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY 433

(Further contents on next page.)

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.



MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Gauges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Check Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Bells, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS, MODEL STEAM BOATS, MODEL STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

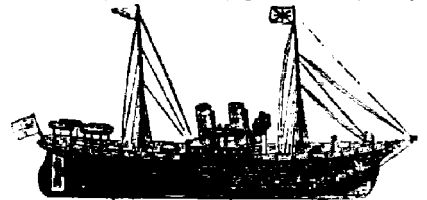
MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Dead-eyes, Wheels, Skylights, Hatchways, Flaps and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cord, &c.

We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

500 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler Engines, Ships Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamos, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.

STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,




ESTABLISHED 1843

22^K Aldgate, City, London.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIPS FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE.



STRENGTH:

and How to Obtain It,


BY

SANDOW

With Anatomical Chart showing Exercises for Physical Development of Men, Women and Children.

Price 2/6.

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.



BOXING:

The MODERN SYSTEM of GLOVE FIGHTING.

Captain

W. Edgeworth Johnstone.

II.W. Champion 1895-6.

Profusely Illustrated.

Price 2/6

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
THE CHIVALRY OF TERENCE JOHN METHUEN	438
Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE.	
MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION. (CAPTAIN CUTTLE.) H. V. FIELDING	444
THE CYCLING CORNER. (RULES FOR TOWN RIDING.) HAYDON PERRY	445
AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CHAPS. XIX.—XXII.)... .. JOHN MACKIE	448
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
THE NATURALISTS' CORNER EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.	464
With Illustrations.	
DOWN A COAL MINE A. O. M.	465
Illustrated by H. A. HOGG.	
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTORIAL POSTCARDS.)	
THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR	467
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY	469
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	470
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL.)	475
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	478
RESULTS OF DECEMBER COMPETITIONS	480

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. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Neines, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print.

GLASS PLATES SUPERSEDED!

KODAK PELLOID PLATES

(FLAT FILMS.)

Now Ready. ALL PLATE PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOULD TRY THEM

Thin. Light. Flat. Unbreakable. Reduce halation to a minimum. Can be used wherever glass plates can be used, and with equal ease and convenience.

NEARLY 20 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN OTHER CUT FILMS.

PRICES.	Per doz.
$\frac{1}{4}$ Plate (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ")	1/3
5" x 4"	2/-
$\frac{1}{2}$ Plate (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ ")	2/10

Full Particulars of any Dealer or of

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

Wholesale and Retail Branches—96 Bold St., Liverpool, and 72-74 Buchanan St., Glasgow.
Retail Branches—59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.;
171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.

Scientific Physical Culture

LORD'S
POPULAR ATHLETIC
PUBLICATIONS

Have You Got Them?

MR. C. B. FRY recommends them as the best.

LORD'S—"LIGHT DUMB-BELLS WITH HINTS ON TRAINING." 7d.

LORD'S—"INDIAN CLUB EXERCISES." 7d.

LORD'S—"UNIVERSAL HOME EXERCISE CHART." 1s. 1d.

(40 Illustrations). All Post Free.

Lord's Scientific School of Physical Culture
71, Inverine Road, Charlton, S.E.

28 YEARS' SUCCESS.
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

IMPORTANT NOTICE:
SUBSTITUTION.—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and **TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.**

Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM **£10 10s.** WITH FREE WHEEL


ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES

Catalogue post free from the ENFIELD CYCLE CO., Ltd., REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

The PORTABLE STRIKING BAG

The movement is from the Floor, the Bag going back and down the same as when boxing with an opponent. It lunges forward in a very natural and antagonistic manner, and affords good exercise for the mind, as well as for the muscles of the body

Price No. 1, Leather Bag, 45s.
No. 2, Leather Bag, Adjustable Height, 55s.
Supplied by Athletic Outfitters, Sole Importing Agents, THE A. I. CO., 8 LONG LANE, LONDON, E.C.

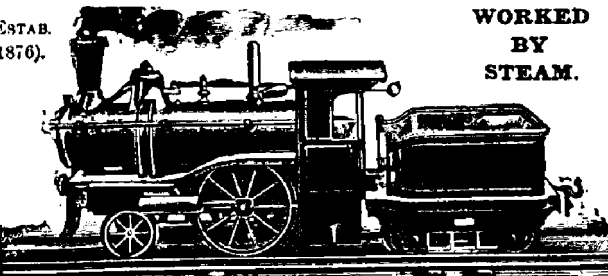


RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

FAST STEAM MODELS. "The Express." (ESTAB. 1870). Beautifully finished and very strongly made of Oxydised Brass, and comprising Solid Drawn Boiler-Safety Valve Whistle, Steam Dome and Tender, REVERSING GEAR, Steam escapes through Funnel, a perfect model, Complete with Circular Rails.

RICHFORD & CO.
153 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WORKED BY STEAM.



SPECIAL LINE OF LOCOS. Complete with Safety Valve Steam Dome, &c., 4/-, with Whistle, 5/-, Superior Locos, of polished Brass, 6/-, 7/-, and 8/- upwards. Complete Loco Sets, 10/6, 16/- and 22/6 to 55/-.

All post free.

VERTICAL ENGINES. New Pattern Vertical Engines, all prices from 1/3 to 30/-.

Donkey Engines from 5/6. Brass Model Cranes, 6/6, 13/6, and 18/6.

Send for lists POST FREE.

PRICE 15/6 complete. Carriage 1/- extra.

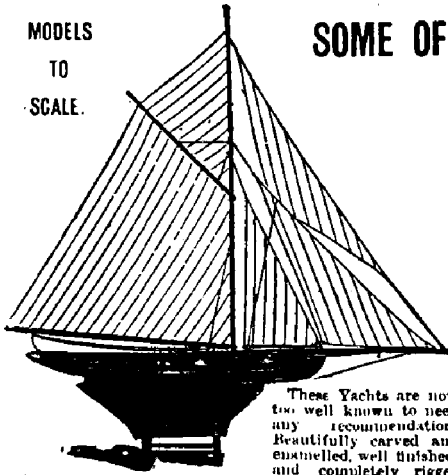
VIGORO

A Fast and Exciting Game of Great Skill, Brilliancy, and Hitting Power.

Immediate Success of the New Game.
Playable Outdoor, or under Cover.

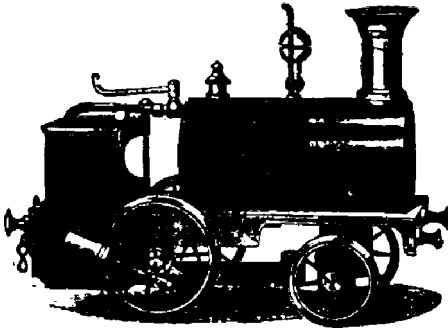
RULES, LISTS, & FULL PARTICULARS OF
VIGORO SYNDICATE, LTD.,
30, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
The VIGORO BALL, 1/- each.

MODELS
TO
SCALE.



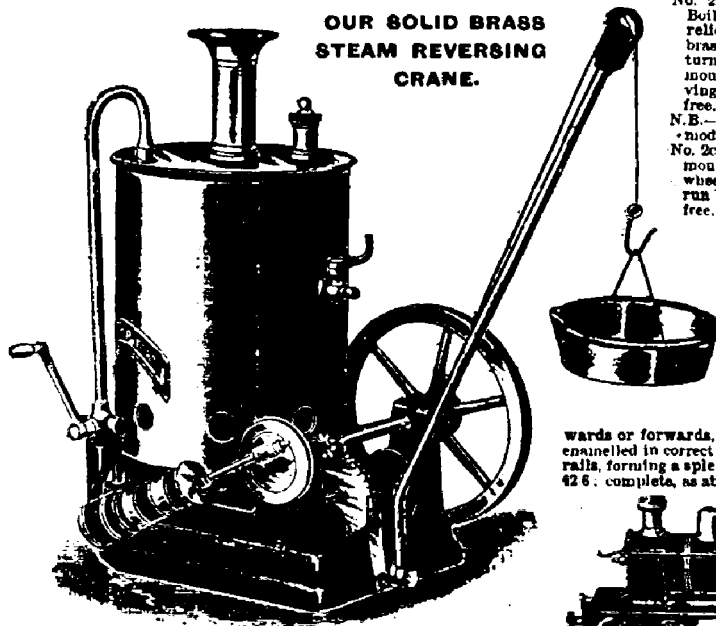
These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled, well finished, and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special Striped Sailcloth. (Size given is length of deck only.) No. 1, length 18 in., 6/9; No. 2, 18 in., 8/9; No. 3, 20 in., 10/9; No. 4, 21 in., 12/6; No. 5, 22 in., 15/6; No. 6, 23 in., 17/6; No. 7, 24 in., 21/-, each carriage free. No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are cutter rigged as per engraving. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished spars and flying jib extra.

For prices of "Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Madras Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the *Edinburgh Evening Times* open for all, see Special Yacht List post free, 1d.



We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

OUR SOLID BRASS STEAM REVERSING CRANE.

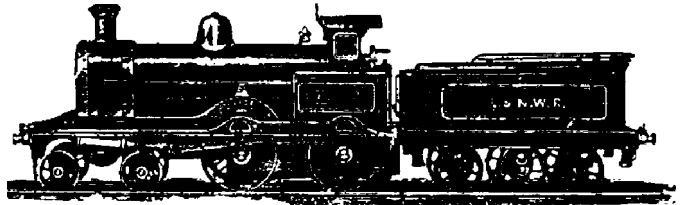


No. 2B - CRANE AND DONKEY ENGINE COMBINED

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, ENGINEERS AND ELECTRICIANS, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

ESTABLISHED 1789. SOME OF OUR LATEST DESIGNS FOR 1902-3.

CONTRACTORS
TO THE
BRITISH ADMIRALTY.



OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N.W. Ry. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE, Jubilee Class 2 in. Gauge, named "Clyde." Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.

Specification—Solid Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam Dome, Safety Valve and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake making an immense quantity of steam; and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "fire and smoke boxes" and "internal flame," exhausts up the funnel and so can be run out in the open air without having the flame continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentric, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent springs, 4-wheeled front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 6 wheeled "patent" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. The tender comprises tank for spirits and is fitted with tap so that the supply can be regulated from foot plate. Length 2 feet, tested and guaranteed, and specially recommended price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Without Steam Pressure Gauge, £4 5s. 6d. Tin Rails, mounted on Sleepers in sections, 2 1/2 in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/- per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine. Engine similar to above, same gauge, etc., with internal flame but no smoke box, price with Steam Pressure Gauge, Glass Water Gauge, &c., £3 15s. 6d., without Pressure Gauge, £3 12s. 6d. carriage free.

Correct Scale Models of reversing "North Eastern," with Reversing D.A.S.V. Cylinder and eccentric, &c., and similar fittings to C. Ry. Loco. "Dunalastair," described below, 2 1/2 in. gauge. Scale Models, "Great Northern," fitted as above, with pair inside O.S. Cylinders, &c., 2 1/2 in. long. Price, engine only, 37/6; with 30 feet oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. Correct Model of "Great Western Railway" Tank Engine, with 2 pairs coupled wheels, pair inside O.S. Cylinders, length 12 in., price 30/- carriage free. Rails, 4/- per doz. lengths, carriage free. (See Catalogue, 4d., for other models.)

New and Improved Design of our Special Solid Brass Locomotive, Gauge 3 in. All made of Solid Brass polished bright. Brass Tubular Boiler fitted with steam whistle, safety valve and manhole, steam cock, pair powerful brass cylinders. Polished Brass Bedplate, with brass buffers, coupling chains, &c., mounted on 4 brass turned flanged wheels with front bogie wheels; runs straight or circular. Complete with spirit tank with 2 burners, filler and full directions.

Specially recommended, runs straight or circular. Price, as per engraving, 7/6 carriage free. Ditto, without buffers and coupling chains, 7/- carriage free. Tin Rails on Sleepers in sections, Gauge 3 in., to suit above locomotives, 4/- per doz. lengths, each 14 in. long. Circular, ditto, 4 ft. dia., 5/-; 5 ft. dia., 6/-; if ordered with Locomotive.

Dear Sir,
I received model locomotive all right. I am very well pleased with it. I consider it a very cheap model.
Yours truly,
G. F. BARKER.

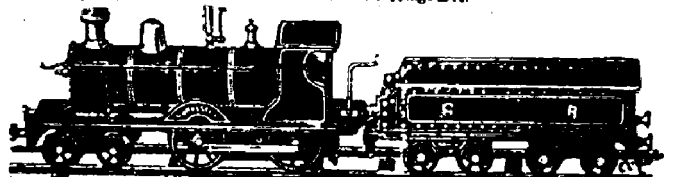
Just published **New Illustrated Catalogue**, containing over 600 splendid Engravings of above Yacht, also Fittings, Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, magnificent Scale Model Locomotives; Launch, Horizontal Gas, Hot Air, &c.; Engines, separate parts of Engines and Castings; Dynamoes, Motors, and Castings of ditto; Electric Searf Pins, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c. post free, 4d.

No. 2a.—Steam Crane and Donkey Engine Combined.—Solid Brass Boiler with fire, steam and water taps, brass safety valve, cast and relieved powerful reversible cylinder with reversing lever, and brass plate—"Back," "Stop," "Forward"—complete, with heavy turned and polished brass fly-wheel and pulley wheel, windlass, etc., mounted on massive and ornamental iron stand, exactly as per engraving. Complete in box, with lamp and full directions. Price, carriage free, 33/6.

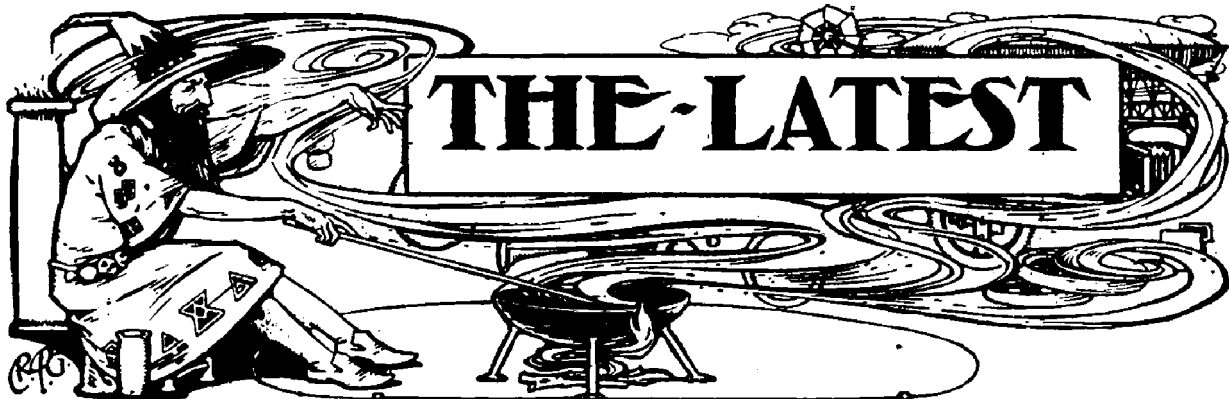
N.B.—The windlass can be thrown out of gear, and you can then use this model as an ordinary donkey or horizontal engine.

No. 2c.—New design, ditto.—Same as above, with similar fittings, but mounted on beautifully polished mahogany stand, on four brass flanged wheels, which enables crane to swing round about, lift a load, and run backwards or forwards and lay it down. Price complete, carriage free, 17/6.

OUR 1902-3 NEW AND IMPROVED REVERSING D.A.S.V. SCALE MODEL DESIGN OF C. Ry. CO.'S FAMOUS EXPRESS ENGINE "Dunalastair," 2 1/2 in. gauge, bronzed brass tubular boiler, dome, safety valve and whistle, glass water gauge, steam water cock, starting and reversing lever. Inside powerful D.A.S.V. cylinder and reversing eccentric front bogie wheels, 2 pairs coupled driving wheels, &c. Beautiful tender mounted on two 4-wheeled bogie carriages, enabling engine to negotiate sharp curves. The back of tender is fitted with spirit tank with pipe fitted with tap for regulating supply of spirits to our new patent design of spirit lamp (patent for this applied for), which is fastened under boiler and fitted with asbestos wick and wire gauze; this lamp does not require to be unswitched from Engine when lighting—a splendid up-to-date design. Runs backwards or forwards, straight or circular. Length, 22 inches, all beautifully lined and enamelled in correct colours of C. Ry. Co., complete, with 30 feet straight and circular rails, forming a splendid oval railroad. Tested and guaranteed. Price, Engine only, £2 6/- complete, as above, with oval railroad, 50/- carriage free.

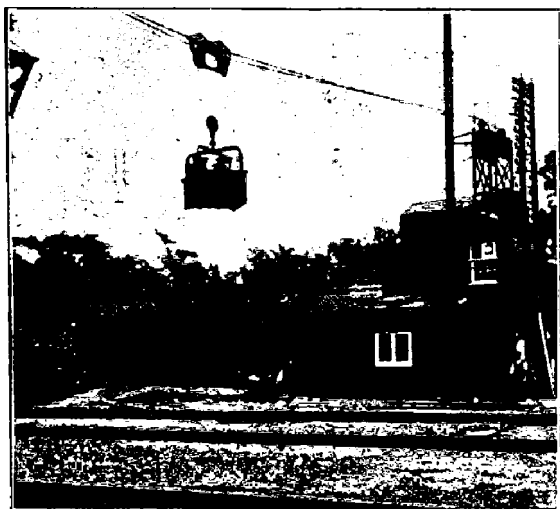


MODEL YACHT BUILDERS, ENGINEERS AND ELECTRICIANS, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.



A Mechanical Porter.

By permission of the London and South-Western Railway Company, I am enabled to reproduce a photograph of the new luggage transmitter, recently erected at Woking. It is somewhat similar to a moving crane, for



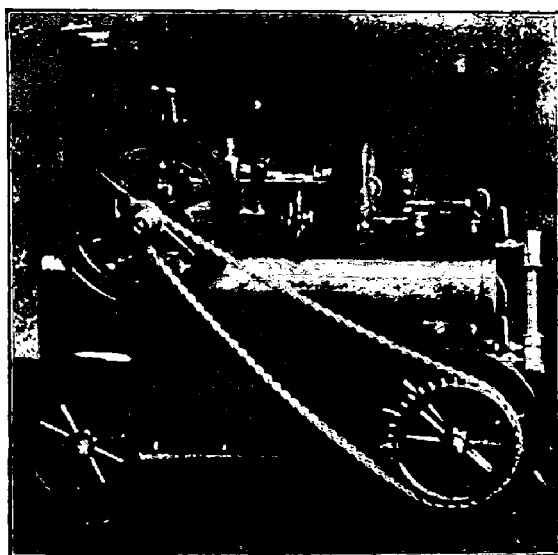
THE AERIAL LUGGAGE TRANSMITTER ON THE SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

transmitting luggage and milk-cans—and there are usually a lot of them at Woking—to and from any of the platforms in this large station. The power is obtained by hydraulic machinery placed on the down platform, and is operated from a small room fitted up with the necessary levers perched up by the roof of the building. The transmitter not only saves a considerable amount of time and trouble, but it also does away with the necessity of the men having to cross the lines laden with trunks, etc., which has been the cause of many serious accidents and much loss of life.

Messrs. W. Macmillan and Co.'s Models.

I have recently received a copy of the latest edition of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s Illustrated Catalogue of Steam, Gas, Oil and Hot Air Engines. This is a most interesting pro-

duction, and there are few firms who are in a position to publish such an array of unsolicited testimonials from contented purchasers as this noted Scotch firm is able to do. One of its interesting model locomotives is illustrated in the accompanying photograph. It is a noteworthy fact, which speaks eloquently for the excellence of Messrs. Macmillan's workmanship, that they have been patronised not only by thousands of people all over the world interested in model engine construction and working, but also by the Government Dock Yards and Training Ships, Shipbuilding and Engineering Yards, and many of the principal schools and technical and engineering colleges in the United Kingdom and abroad. The goods supplied by this firm have, therefore, secured an enviable repu-



MODEL TRACTION ENGINE.

tation for first-class quality. In fact, that is their *only* quality, for they do not supply two grades of any article, believing this to be the best and only way to ensure success in retaining their connection. Every CAPTAIN reader of a mechanical turn of mind should write for a copy of this illustrated cata-

logue to Messrs. W. Macmillan and Co., Mar-
street, Alloa, N.B.

Wireless Telegraphy.

The last days of December, 1902, will long be
memorable, because it was during that time that



WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.—APPARATUS ON THE S.S.
LUCANIA.

the first messages of any length were dis-
patched across the Atlantic by means of Mr.
Marconi's system of wireless telegraphy. But
long before that wireless telegraphy had
proved itself to be of very great value to the
shipping world, and many of the fast At-
lantic liners have been fitted with the Marconi
apparatus. The accompanying photograph
shows the wireless telegraphy installation
on the s.s. "Lucania" of the Cunard
Steamship Co.

"The Romance of Modern Invention."

This is a book that should be in every
school library. The author, Mr. Archi-
bald Williams, is an old contributor to *THE
CAPTAIN*, and into this volume (published
by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., Hen-
rietta-street, London, W.C.), he has put
some of his very best work, which, whilst
more interesting than many a novel, may
be the means of stimulating the inventive
faculties of *CAPTAIN* readers, for, although

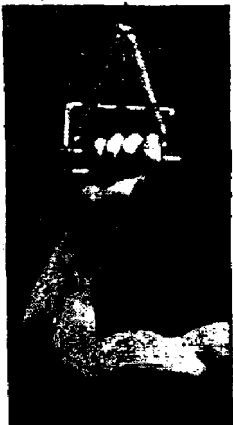
this book deals more particularly with the
most striking inventions of recent years, it
often happens that it is quite a simple
idea that brings fame to its conceiver,
and then hundreds of people wonder why
on earth they never thought of it before.
Amongst the inventions described in Mr. Wil-
liams' book are "High Speed and Wireless Tele-
graphy," and in the article on the former subject
an illustration is given of the receiving instru-
ment used by Messrs. Pollak and Virag in their
high speed system of telegraphy, which is capa-
ble of receiving and photographically recording
messages at the astonishing speed of 50,000 words
an hour. Amongst the other interesting sub-
jects treated so lucidly and comprehensively in
the volume under notice are photography in
colours, submarine boats, liquid air, horseless
carriages, etc.

The Yukon Mail.

In Alaska the mails are drawn by teams of
from six to eight dogs. Such a team can com-
fortably pull a load of from 100 to 150 pounds
in weight and cover about 40 miles a day. By
this means a weekly mail service is maintained
between Dawson City and Cape Nome, a dis-
tance of some 1,400 miles. It is, moreover, the
longest and coldest mail route in the world, the
thermometer often registering forty to sixty
degrees below zero. 252 dogs and 48 sledges are
employed on this service. The dogs are mainly
fed on dried Canadian salmon.



HOW THE MAILS ARE CARRIED IN ALASKA.



**HARDACRE'S PATENT
DUMB-BELL GRIP MACHINE.**

To those who need strong and steady fingers, supple wrists, power in the forearms, this Grip is indispensable. Can be used by the weakest and regulated according to advance in strength. Used in the Army and Navy Colleges and Schools, and acknowledged by experts to be **THE BEST**. Illustrated Course of Exercises is presented with each.

Prices :-

**YOUTHS', 2/6. MEN'S, 2/9.
ATHLETES, 3/6. Postage, 3d.**
Colonies and Abroad 1/- extra.

J. H. HARDACRE,

46 Albert St., Nelson, Lancs.
Wholesale Terms on Application.

Patent No. 19424.

**SUPERIOR PRINTING
OUTFITS.**



For 7d. 1/2. 2/3. 2/8. 3/4. 3/9. 5/9.
and 6/3, Post free.

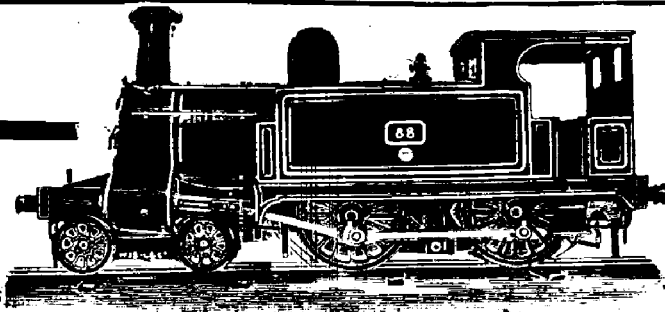
Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, etc. :-

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. *Postage 2d. extra.*

C. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.



Send for our New Catalogue, and compare our prices with other firms.

The price of our Catalogue is, post free, 6d., which may be deducted on orders of 10s. upwards.

**WE ARE THE PIONEERS OF UP-TO-DATE
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES, ROLLING STOCK, &c.**

Some of our Leading Lines include Great Northern Locomotives, L. & N. W. "Black Prince," Midland Express Locomotives, Midland Goods Locomotives, L. & Y. Locomotives, Metropolitan Locomotives, North London Locomotives, London & South Western Locomotives, Twopenny Tube Locomotives . . .

SCALE MODEL COACHES to suit above Locos., painted and lined correct colours.
PRICES TO SUIT ALL POCKETS.

SIGNALS, WAGGONS, ENGLISH PATTERN BRAKE VANS, POINTS, CROSSINGS, STATIONS, LAMPS, AND ALL RAILWAY SUNDRIES.

We are also Manufacturers of High Class Engine and Boiler Fittings, which cannot be surpassed by any firm in the trade.

PRESSURE GAUGES, WATER GAUGES, UNION COCKS, VALVES OF ALL PATTERNS, INJECTORS, LATHES, TOOLS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Our Motto is LOW PRICES, PROMPT DELIVERY, HIGH CLASS GOODS.

W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE CO., NORTHAMPTON.



"Five ..
.. Boys"

**Fry's
Milk Chocolate.**

*Recommended by the Medical Profession
and Press.*

One Grade only—THE BEST.

PREMIER BICYCLES

£12 12s. Net,
or £1 1s. Monthly.

List Free, C. Dept.,
**PREMIER WORKS,
COVENTRY.**

London Depot: 20 HOLBORN VIADUCT.

If you want genuine British-made Models of Dynamos, Motors, Locomotives (built up from solid castings—no sheet-iron foreign rubbish), Marine Engines, Gas Engines, &c., send for our splendid 60-page illustrated list, price 2d., post free.



Our sets of parts for constructing above are in every school workshop and technical college under the sun, and with the instructions and drawings we supply with each set it is impossible to fail in producing a first class model. These sets are designed exactly on the same principle as the large locomotives, dynamos, &c., in every-day use, and are of all prices from 1/9 upwards. Complete sets for constructing the locomotive, from 2/6 upwards; for double cylinder high-speed marine engine, 4/6 upwards. Finished dynamos, to light four lamps, all ready for connecting, 12/6 carriage paid.

An Eminent Engineer writes: "My career began with fitting up a set of your No. 2 Launch Engine Castings, followed by a Horizontal Set. The exhibition of these when at school gained me admission into a large London Engineering Establishment, of which I am now managing engineer." Established 1883.

British Modelling and Electrical Co., Leek, Staffs.

FREE 60 GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.



FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A.T. MILLER, R.N.

SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN TOWNS COMPETITION.

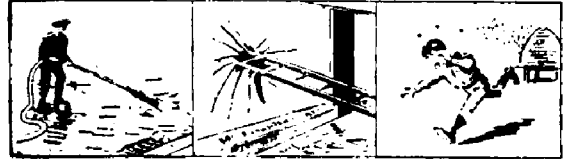
For DECEMBER, 1902.



1. Pinner.

2. Plaistow.

3. Ekye



4. Flushing.

5. Glasgow.

6. Hastings.



7. Limerick.

8. Redcar.

9. Selby.



10. Ringwood.

11. Melton Mowbray.

12. Leyton.

"FUNNY EXPRESSIONS" COMPETITION.

The competitor has to fill in the parts of the faces now left blank, giving the various expressions as already suggested. See "Captain" Competitions for February on page 469.



Name..... Address.....
Age..... Class.....

H. GRADIDGE

- & SONS -

Manufacturers and Exporters of

The Famous - - -
International Footballs.

SHIRTS, KNICKERS, BOOTS.



SHIN-GUARDS, GOAL-POSTS, &c.

Price Lists Free. Only Address:

ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH S.E.

GREAT PRIZE - COMPETITION -

FEBRUARY to APRIL 1st.

- FIRST PRIZE £3 3 0
 SECOND PRIZE... .. 2 2 0
 THIRD PRIZE 1 1 0
 FOURTH PRIZE... No. 1 Roger's Fret Machine.
 SIX PRIZES ... Beautiful Silk Cushions
 from our Furnishing
 Dept.
 SIX PRIZES ... Copy of "Some Principles
 of Every-Day Art,"
 by Lewis F. Day,

and Special Certificates of Merit.

The above Prizes will be awarded to competitors sending the best specimens of Fretwork & Carving. For Conditions send one stamp to HARGER BROS., SETTLE. Three stamps will cover cost of Pattern selected as Test-piece.

HARGER BROS.,

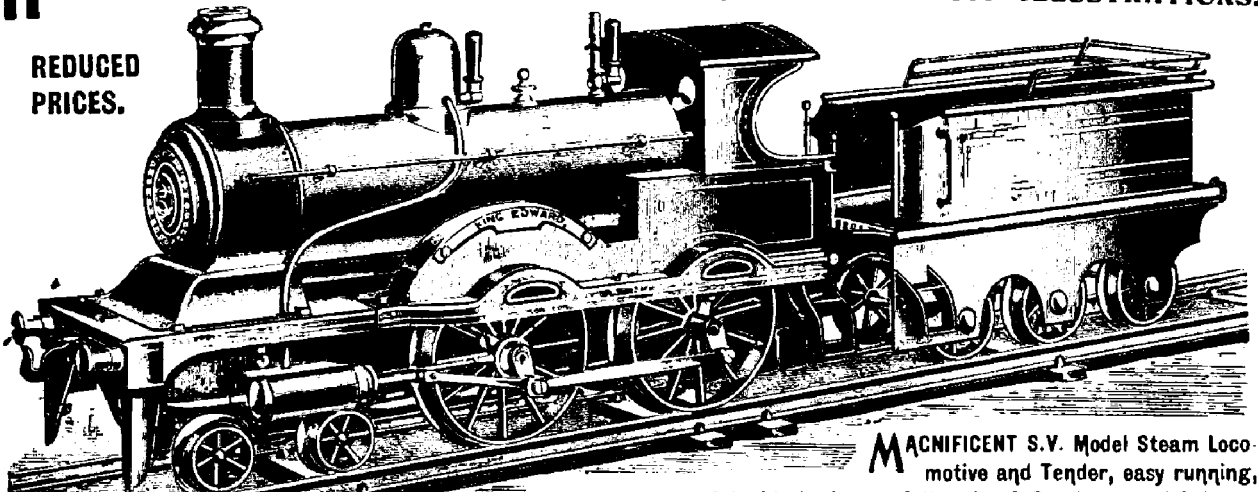
Home Handicrafts Supply Stores,

SETTLE, YORKS.

HANDSOME GIFTS FOR ALL TIMES.

SEE CATALOGUE.
NEARLY 500 ILLUSTRATIONS.

REDUCED
PRICES.



MAGNIFICENT S.V. Model Steam Locomotive and Tender, easy running,

strong and powerful, able to draw a full train of Carriages and Saloons, etc.; named "King Edward," L. & N. W. Railway Pattern; beautifully finished, enamelled and lined in correct colours, fitted up in the best possible style of workman-ship, with Two

Slide Valve Cylinders, Reversing Gear worked from foot-plate to run Backwards and Forwards (enclosed Flame and Lamp), suitable for running in the open air, Nickel-Plated Brass Flanged Wheels, Connecting Rods, Spring Buffers, Strong Oxydised Boiler with Dome, Steam Tap, Steam Whistle, Safety Valve, Water Gauge, Outlet Tap, Hand Rails, Waste Steam Passes through Chimney, Large Tender beautifully Japanned. Entire Length over 2 ft., Gauge, 2 1/4 in. A Splendid Model, Specially Recommended, Guaranteed to give utmost Satisfaction. Price with Complete Oval Railway and full directions, only 70/-, delivered Carriage Paid to any address in the United Kingdom.

Send 6 Penny Stamps (which may be deducted from any order of 7s. 6d. upwards) for our splendid New Enlarged and Fully Illustrated Catalogue with New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, Cars, Saloons, Waggon, Trucks, Rails, Switches, Crossings, Signals, Stations, Platforms, and everything necessary to make up Complete Model Railways at little cost. Steam Traction Engines, Hot Air Engines, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes, Castings to construct Engines, all kinds. Separate Finished Parts: Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Railways, Amateurs' Tools and all Requisites. Model Battleships, Gunboats, Passenger Ships, Torpedo Boats, Division and Submarine Boats, etc., etc. Electric Bells, Batteries, and Accumulators.

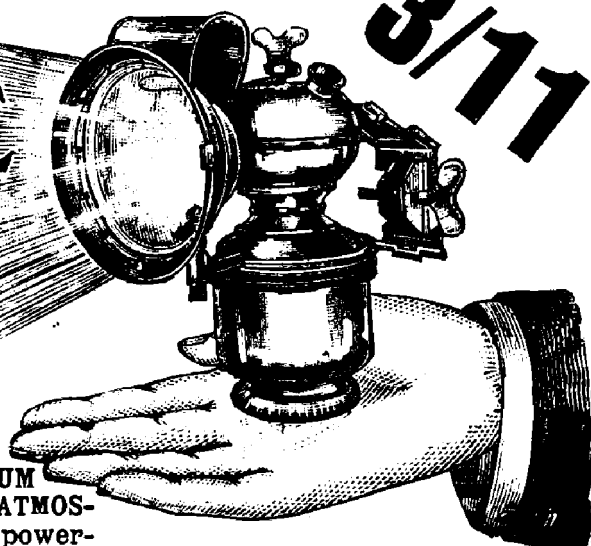
A customer writes: "Your goods are marvellous value at the price, and your catalogue is a treat."

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers & Modellers, MAR ST., ALY OA, N.B.

NEVER MIND

The dark evenings,
you need not drop
your cycle runs.

ACETYLENE GAS



3/11

THIS LAMP has an ALUMINIUM REFLECTOR, SPECIAL ATMOSPHERIC BURNER giving a powerful FANTAIL light, and has been tried and tested by Experts, Novices, and Faddists—in every case pronounced a PERFECT GAS LAMP.

Please send for my large Illustrated Price List, Post Free.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd. (Dept. J.) 117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, & MILK STREET, E.C.

"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons

Cocoa

THE "KING" AIR RIFLE.

SINGLE SHOT OR REPEATER.



ALL STEEL.

The Best Air Gun in Existence.

- - SOLD EVERYWHERE - -

Descriptive Booklets from Sole European Agents—

MARKT & CO., 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., London and Bungay.

MARCH. THE PANTHER ON THE BOUGH. By R. L. GARNER.

HINTS ON ACCURATE KICKING. By C. B. FRY.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." ATHLETIC EDITOR, C. B. FRY.

6^d

Vol. VIII. No. 48.

MARCH, 1903.

Fry's

PURE

CONCENTRATED

COCOA



Try also

Fry's Malted Cocoa,

A Combination of Fry's Pure Cocoa and
Allen & Hanbury's Extract of Malt.



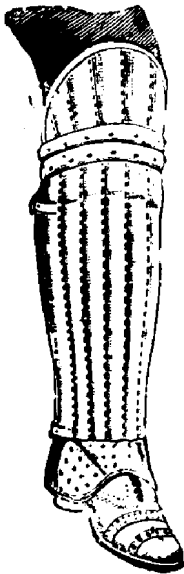
GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

When talking of CRICKET and all Sports one's thoughts naturally turn to

GAMAGE'S OF HOLBORN

The best, largest, and cheapest house in the trade for all Sporting Requisites.

CRICKET LEG GUARDS.



Moleskin, Youths' 3/3
Men's ... 3/6
Chamois Leather,
Youths' ... 4/6
Men's ... 4/11
White Buck, Youths' 5/6
Men's 5/11 & 7/11

WICKET-KEEPING CLOVES.

Chamois Leather, Cane Protected, Youths' 2/8
Men's 2/11
White Buck, Youths' 4/3
Men's 4/6 & 5/6
Do., Rubber-faced 6/3 & 6/6
Gold Cape, Men's 5/9
Do., Rubber-faced 6/11 & 8/8

BATTING CLOVES.

White Leather (Tubular Rubber) 3/9 & 4/-
Extra Qualities, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/6

BELTS—Elastic Web, all Colours, 6d. & 10d.

CRICKET BALLS.

Gamage's— Men's
Youths' 5½ oz.
3-Seam Leather ... 1/10 2/3
Club 3-Seam Match 3/1 3/6
Referee 3-Seam Match,
Guaranteed ... 4/3 4/6
Referee Match ... 4/6
Australian Match ... 5/-
Do. Catgut Sewn
Guaranteed ... 4/9 5/-
Compo Match, Ma-
ponite ... 2/-
Compo Eclipse ... 1/9
" Practice ... 7½d. 9d.
" Boys, 4½d.
" Child's, 2½in, 3½d.

CRICKET SHIRTS, ETC.

White Mat ... 2/6. 3/6
" Flannel, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11
" " Trousers ... 4/11, 5/11, 7/11

CRICKET SHOES.

Brown Canvas, Sewn Leather
Soles ... 3/11
Brown Calf Shoes ... 4/6
Extra Quality ... 6/11
White Buck ... 8/6
Spikes, 6d. extra. *Posture, 6d.*

CRICKET BATS.



Youths' Willow, Half Cane Handle, Size 4 2/6, Size 5 2/11, Size 6 3/6
Youths' Willow, all Cane Handle, Size 4 3/6, Size 5 4/3, Size 6 4/11
Men's all Cane Handles, 4/11, 7/6, 9/6
The Yorkshire Driver, Patent Spring Handle, Size 6, Youths', 12/6; Men's, 14/6, Warranted.
Gamage's Patent Double Splice Bat, specially selected blades, 18/6; Youths', 15/6



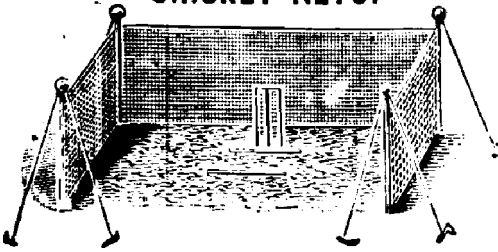
STUMPS WITH BALLS.

Polished Ash, 26in. 1/5, 28in. 1/11, Men's Size, 2/6
Polished Ash, with Brass Ferrules, 26in. 2/6, 28in. 2/9, Men's 3/6, and 4/-
Polished Ash, Brass Tops, Steel Shoes, Youths' 4/6, Men's 4/11. Best Quality 6/9, 7/11, 9/-

CRICKET BAGS.

The "All England," with 2 Handles, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
The "Marylebone" ... 8/-, 10/-
Cowhide, Full Club Size ... 25/6 and 30/-
Cowhide, Private Size ... 18/6 and 21/-

CRICKET NETS.



With Lines Top and Bottom and Poles, complete, 7/11, 9/-, 9/10
With Lines Top and Bottom, Poles, with 2 Side Wings, complete, 17/9, 19/10, 22/-
County Council Regulation Nets, from 35/-

CRICKET SCORING BOOKS.

Club Book for 18 Matches 1/-, 24 Matches 1/6, and 36 Matches 2/6. *Posture 3d.*
Cricket or Tennis Pocket Scoring Books, with Laws and Calendar, 4½d.; Leather Cases, 10½d. Re-fills 2d. each.

TENNIS BALLS.

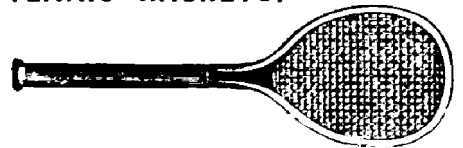
From 4/6 Doz.



The "Gamage" ... 11/-
Gamage's Champion ... 8/9
" Referee ... 7/6
" Practice ... 5/6
See Catalogue.

Hand Corks for Walking or Running... 4d. & 6d.
Chamois Toe Socks, 4d. and 6d.
Large Size, 9d. and 1/-

TENNIS RACKETS.



Boys' Oval Shape ... 2/3 and 3/-
Youths' Cedar Handle ... 3/9
Cedar Handle, Club Size ... 3/11
Fish Tail Handle ... 5/6
The "Gamage" Champion ... 6/9
The "Holborn," close strung ... 11/6
The "Demon" ... 11/6
The "Gamage" (Guaranteed) ... 18/6
The "E. D. Black," as used by the Scotch Champion (Guaranteed) ... 20/9
POSTS and NETS, complete, from 9/-
RACKET CASES, 1/6, 1/11, 2/6
RACKET PRESSES, 1/3, 1/6, 2/-

RUNNING SUITS.

Sateen Drawers, all Colours and Sizes ... 1/3
White Cotton Jerseys ... 1/-, 1/6, 1/9
VESTS Coloured Ditto ... 1/3

STILL OUR LEADING LINE.

The "ONE GUINEA" Hand Camera.

Special Price to "Captain" Readers, 19/3; Carriage Free, 20/-.

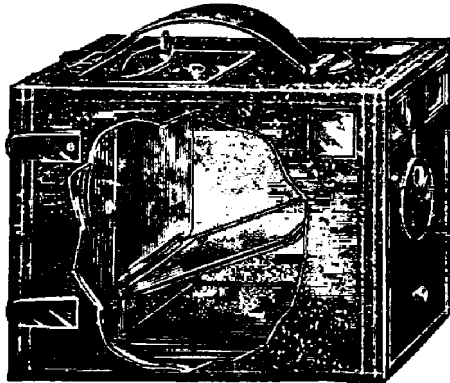
The "Holborn Guinea" 1903 Hand Camera has now reached perfection. The Body is Mahogany and covered Leather. Every detail has been carefully thought out. The following are some of the leading features:—

Lens.—Rapid Achromatic Meniscus of excellent quality.
Shutter.—Everest Time and Instantaneous.
Stops.—Rotating, adjustable.
Finders.—Two, for upright & oblong pictures.
Changing Arrangement.—Simple, easy to work, cannot get out of order. No tilting or shaking of Camera required.

Sheaths.—Of Russian Iron, which can be put into the Camera in any order, and when changed are fixed firmly in position in the bottom of the Camera.
Size.—Smallest possible, carrying 12 1-Plates.
Automatic Indicator.—Showing number of Plates.

They are thoroughly well finished both inside and out, and in appearance will bear comparison with much higher priced instruments.

NOTE.—We can thoroughly recommend this Camera.



Write for our Mammoth Illustrated General List, post free.

A. W. GAMAGE, Ltd., Holborn, E.C.

THE "SCOUT"

CAMERA

TAKES
SPLENDID
PICTURES
AND IS
THE
EASIEST
TO USE.

LOADED OR
UNLOADED IN
DAYLIGHT.

The Most Efficient
Cameras ever offered
at such Prices.



The No. 1 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 2 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with a Rapid Lens and an Everset Shutter, giving either time or instantaneous exposures, and View-Finder.

Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT."

Takes pictures 3 1/2 by 2 1/2. Fitted with excellent Rapid Lens, Everset Shutter, and 2 View-Finders.

Price Complete, **10/-**

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, 4/6

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS.

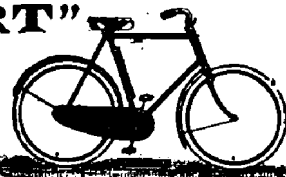
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

G. HOUGHTON & SON, Ltd

88 and 89, High Holborn, LONDON, W.C.

"HOBART" CYCLES

World's Best Free Wheel.
Finest Value Obtainable.



HOBART CYCLES.

New Featherweight X-Frames, 16 guineas.
Elegantes 12 "
Imperials 10 "

Supplied to Sandringham: Ridden by
Royalty: Eulogised by The Lord Bishop
of Coventry, Lord Northcote, Lord
Guernsey, Lord Byron, &c., &c.

Lists from HOBART WORKS, COVENTRY, and Agents. (Est'd 1885)

One of MACKENZIE'S SWEETS

SOUTOUMA

THE SOCIETY

Delicious, creamy flavour.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
Sole Mfrs., S. J. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd
London, N.E.

SWEET

Distinguished everywhere
for Delicacy of Flavour,

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Superior Quality, and
Highly Nutritive Properties.



"THE MODEL ENGINEER AND AMATEUR ELECTRICIAN"

is a splendid paper for those interested in Model Engines, Railways, Locomotives, Steamboats, Sailing Yachts, Lathes, Tools, Dynamos, Motors, Electric Light, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Telephones, Electrical Experiments, Scientific Novelties, and all kinds of Mechanical and Electrical Work. Full of practical articles, and interesting photographs, and working drawings. Send for specimen copy, post free, to any part of the world—DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd., 6c, Farringdon Avenue, E.C.



"THE WOODWORKER."

A Journal of Practical Instruction in Carpentry and Joinery, Wood-carving, Fretwork, Cabinet-making, Inlaying, Turning, Manual Training, and all branches of Wood-working.

Original Artistic Designs and Working Drawings are a Special Feature.

Send for Specimen Copy, post free, 3d.
DAWBARN & WARD, Ltd.,
6c, FARRINGTON AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.



For LADIES . . .
and GENTLEMEN.

Free Wheels, Bowden and Front Rim Brake, new departure Hubs, & all latest improvements, together with—Lamp, Bell, Valve, Wrench, Oiler, and Inflator, and Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

For Cash	or 12 monthly payments of:—
£8 8 0	15/10 each
£9 0 0	16/8 "
£9 10 0	17/6 "
£10 5 0	19/8 "

Also JUNOS from £7 5 0, or 12/4 monthly.

Cycle and Motor accessories of best quality at lower prices than any other house: Acetylene Lamp, 2/11. C-Huloid Guards, 3/9 per pair. Cycle Stand, 1/8. Rim Brake, 3/6. Motor Horn, 5/6. Write at once for our 100-page Illustrated Cycle and Motor Catalogue. Sent Post Free to all parts of the world. Metropolitan Machineists' Co., Ltd. (Op. dep.), 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE
IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S THE ORIGINAL MILK-CHOCOLATE

Delicately flavoured and absolutely pure, PETER'S Milk-Chocolate is far ahead of all other Chocolates. It is most invigorating and sustaining, and is thus

A TRUE FOOD-SWEET.

Sold Everywhere 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., & 1s. Sole Agents (Trade only)
S. J. MACKENZIE & CO., LTD., LONDON, N.E.

REFUSE IMITATIONS. INSIST ON PETER'S

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas!"

You will understand when you remember that **Mr. DINGWALL** has been collecting stamps for over 25 years why his prices defy competition. Read the following testimonials just received. Mr. J. H. Young, of Dorking, writes: Jan. 11th. "Again I say that your Colonial sheets are the very best which I have ever come across both in quality and price, and I thank you for your prompt and early attention. Mr. H. S. Altham, of Ealing, writes: Jan. 8th. "Thanks for the SPLENDID sheet you sent me; my friend and I were simply delighted with it, as you may see from the number we removed, &c." Mr. A. H. DINGWALL of Weston-super-Mare, has just bought a magnificent collection of over 5,000 picked copies, and is selling off the larger portion at half catalogue prices. A great many of the older Colonials are in "Mint" condition, and amongst other rarities are the following:—Gibraltar, 2nd issue, 4d., 6d., and 1s., all Mint, Ceylon 10d. and 1s., C.C., both Mint, together with many of the surcharged stamps in mint condition, and a superb very lightly post-marked copy of the rare 16c. Ilac C.A. Very fine triangular Capes, with large margins, and including a fine copy of the 4d. wood-block, Gambia C.C. issue, all mint, Gold Coast 1d. blue, C.A., Niger Coast first issue, mint, Sierra Leone 2d., C.C. 12d. mint, and 2d. mauve, C.A. mint, Barbados 3d. star, and 6s. large rose, both well centred, Nevis 2d., brown C.A., a very fine used specimen and Montserrat 2d. brown, used and very fine, St. Kitts 2d., dark brown C.A., and 1s. mauve, Trinidad 4d. mauve C.A., unused, a very rare stamp, &c., &c. The collection is besides rich in other good countries, all the U.S. Columbians being mint copies, with a very fine used copy of the 55 black and very complete collections of French and Dutch in exceptionally fine condition, every copy being practically "picked." Selections will be sent to respectable collectors, but good references are indispensable. Catalogues 3d. each. Wholesale free to dealers only. Mention Captain, when writing.

"KING'S HEAD" PACKET

Contains 50 different British Colonials, including Natal (King's Head Unused), St. Helena (King's Head Unused), India (King's Head Unused), Straits Settlements (King's Head Unused), Transvaal (King's Head Used), Grenada (King's Head Used), &c., &c.

Price 1s. Post Free.

R. PITTILO, Junr., KIRKGATE, BURNTISLAND.**FIVE OLYMPIC GAMES FREE**

With Packet No. 148, which contains Costa Rica picture of Puerto Limon, India 3 ples Queen, Trinidad Head & Britannia, surcharged South Australia, Jamaica (Llandoverly Falls), N. Z. "Universal Postage," old Cuba, Colombia Republic, Dutch Indies surcharged on Holland, obsolete Argentine, Travancore (Native Indian State), Mexico obsolete, Italy Segnataste, New South Wales, Captain Cook, U. S. A. Locomotive, Wurtemberg Service, N. S. W. Jubilee, Chili Telegraphs (large), Cape Table Bay. Price 4d. Postage extra.

THE PREMIER STAMP COMPANY, BRIGHTON.**INDIAN NATIVE STATES STAMPS.**

25 varieties for 1/4; 50 for 4/-; 75 for 8/-; and 100 for 12/-. Cash with order, or unused English stamps.

C. S. IYER, Athingal, Travancore, India.
Member Birmingham Philatelic Society.

TRANSVAAL! To Applicants for Approval Selections, enclosing stamp for postage, I present gratis the Rare Transvaal Commemorative Stamp, postally used, catalogued 8d. For sterling value my sheets and sets are unsurpassed. Write to-day.

GRAHAM MORRIS, The Avenue, St. Margaret's, Twickenham.
NOW READY.**THE 5TH ("KING EDWARD") EDITION "A B C" CATALOGUE.**

Nearly 900 pages, containing a full List of all Adhesive Stamps, also Envelopes, Post Cards, &c., fully illustrated and Revised to date. All varieties of Type, Perforation, Watermark, and Shades of Colour are given. The most complete Catalogue in the English language. **EVERY COUNTRY IN ONE HANDY VOLUME.**

Price 2/6 Complete, or Post-free, 2/10

12 Months after the issue of this Catalogue, viz. in November, 1903, a Supplement will be published, containing an Illustrated and Priced List of all Stamps issued during that period.

This can be Booked at the same time as the above, price 7d. Post-free.

Approval Sheets, Medium Selections, Special Books of separate Countries. For Stamps in Good Condition, our Prices are Cheaper than those of any other Firm. Novelty List of Sets, Packets, Albums, Accessories, &c., 32 pages, post-free.

BRIGHT & SON, 164 STRAND W.C.**BREAKING LARGE COLLECTION**

and offer 50 picked stamps from the Colonies, Africa, Asia, &c., for One Shilling Postal Order or 10p for 2s. all clean; good and different; many unused Colonials; value guaranteed; no rubbish. 2,500 assorted duplicates 1/4, to clear. Small collection, 500 different stamps, 4s. bargain. Address all communications to **N. T. HILLIER, Horshamden, Kent.**

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA FREE to all purchasers of this NEW PACKET who ask for approval sheets.

This packet contains 50 different stamps, including Grenada (Queen's Head), Leeward Islands (obsolete), Transvaal (King Edward VII.), Barbados, Tansania, (the picture stamp), new issue Orange River Colony, Jamaica (picture), other Colonial, &c., &c. Post free 4d., and all purchasers asking for approval sheets receive the 2 British South African stamps mentioned above.

Note.—All new applicants for approval sheets will be presented with 50 stamps absolutely free.

New approval sheets ready. Stamps new and old. Liberal discount, low prices and fine variety. Write for sheets to-day.

Collections purchased. Duplicates exchanged. Correspondence desired with Collectors in all Colonies.

F. G. ROWE (formerly of Bath), 23 DEBBOROUGH ROAD, FLYMOUTH.**STAFFORD SMITH'S ALBUMS** always give satisfaction.

Send for 36-page Stamp Circular, post free. Permanent Stamp Album, 4s. and 5s.; 9,000 stamps described, 12,000 extra spaces.

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRIGHTON.**3d. THE "IRRESISTIBLE." 3d.**

80 different stamps, used and unused. Including Cuba, Philippines, Porto Rico, Honduras, Guatemala Jubilee, Corea, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Baden Land Post, Chili, Argentine, Japan, Victoria; set of 7 United States including Columbus and Omaha issues; set of 11 New Issues, &c., &c. Price 3d., postage 1d. extra. Every Purchaser of this Packet asking to see our Cheap Approval Sheets is, in addition, presented with a Grand set of 12 Canadian, including Jubilee issue and Large Map Stamp. Only one packet to each applicant.

Our new and enlarged Illustrated Catalogue gratis and post free

CAPE & CO., Stamp Importers, BRISTOL.**BARGAINS** Hundreds of bargains in stamps are advertised in every number of**"Poole's Monthly Philatelist"**

Send a postcard for a specimen copy and see for yourself.

B. W. H. POOLE, 6 Rock Terrace, Stamford, Lincoln.**YOUR OPPORTUNITY**

to obtain a collection of 300 entirely different stamps for the cost of postage only. Write at once to **THE EMPIRE STAMP CO., Horshamden, Kent** (enclosing 1d. for postage), for one of their celebrated Approval Sheets with full particulars of the

FREE STAMP COLLECTIONS.**500 STAMPS for 5d.**

OUR RECENT BIG PURCHASE ENABLES US TO MAKE THIS MARVELOUS OFFER.

We guarantee you will find at least 150 different varieties. Never before has such an opportunity been given to add to your collection at such small cost.

SEND AT ONCE for packet; you will be delighted. This offer will be withdrawn shortly. NEW MONTHLY CIRCULAR of novelties, &c., post free.

ALFRED GILBERT & CO.,
Wholesale Stamp Importers, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.**BARGAINS.**

100 English Colonial stamps; all different, 1/-; 100 United States, 1/-; 50 Spanish Colonial, 1/4; 50 Australian, 1/-; 50 English, 1/-; 50 South and Central America, 2/6.

Packets of 25 varieties, 10s. 3d.; 100, 4d.; 150, 8d.; 200, 1/-; 1000, 14/- (Post extra).

SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 64, Northumberland Park, Tottenham, N.**No. 40 SPECIAL.**

Contains 100 Foreign Stamps, Post Free, 3d.

Includes Stamps from all parts of the World as follows:—

Peru (Surcharged Head of Bermudez), Borneo, South Australia (4d. green), Brazil (Head of Emperor), British Guiana, Jamaica (Large Picture Stamp), Columbia, Bolivia (a rare stamp catalogued at 1s.), Ecuador (Jubilee), Victoria, Porto Rico, Spain, Argentine, Deccan, India, Roumania, China, Mauritius, Canada, Cape Colony, &c., &c. Post free 3d.

SPECIAL VARIETY PACKETS. THE CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. 500 all different, price 5s. 250 all different, price 1s. 6d. 1,000 all different, price post free, 18s. 6d. 100 British Colonials all different, and including many scarce, post free, 3s. 6d.

APPROVAL SHEETS.—Our sheets are known all over the world for their marvellous cheapness. All collectors should send for one to inspect. Discount 6d. in 1s.

Also books of Stamps for advanced collectors

No. '41 SPECIAL.

Contains 100 Foreign Stamps, Post Free, 4d.

Includes stamps from all parts of the World as follows:—Hayti (large stamp, scarce), Peru (old issue), Straits Settlements, Travancore (native Indian), Queensland, Western Australia, Costa Rica (obsolete), Cuba, Bulgaria, Nyassa (Giraffe), Tasmania (large Picture stamp), Japan, Venezuela, Barbados, Jamaica, Turkey, Three different Philippine Islands, Three different Brazil, Three different Spain, Java, Egypt, Persia (old issue), Roumania.

Post free, 4d.

NEW PRICE LIST, 40 Pages. The cheapest in the Trade, post free on application.

STAMP COLLECTORS IN LONDON should call at our Shop (between Tottenham Court Road and Regent Street), where a fine selection of Stamps can be seen at lowest prices.

EDWARD COOPER & CO., 17, Mortimer St., London, W.

THE FOURTH EDITION OF THE UNIVERSAL
STANDARD CATALOGUE OF THE

POSTAGE STAMPS

OF THE WORLD . . . IS NOW READY

It includes all stamps known to be issued up to FEBRUARY, 1903,
and is the latest published.



1903
EDITION.

NEARLY 3,000 ILLUSTRATIONS. NO MEASUREMENTS OF PERFORATION.

The cheapest, simplest, and most easily understood Catalogue in
the world. Price 1s. 3d. post free; cloth gilt, interleaved, 3s. 6d.

NEW 64-PAGE PRICE LIST (1903 Edition) of 1,520 different Packets and Sets of Stamps, sent on
receipt of penny stamp for postage. NEW STAMP ALBUMS FOR 1903, from 1s. 6d. to £12.

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

"CAPTAIN" PACKET. 200 varieties, including Newfoundland, Borneo, Philippines, 5 Cuba, New Spain, Mexico, Brazil, Venezuela Map, New Greek, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Peru, Iama, 4 U. States War, Ecuador Jubilee, Canada Map, Austria 1 Gulden, Persia, Java, Guatemala, Dahomey, Labuan, Honduras, Jhind, Patiala, South Zimbel, Nyassa, Jamaica Falls, free, 1/1.

Cheap Sets of Stamps, all Different. 20 Argentine, 6d.; 46 Austria, 8d.; 20 Brazil, 7d.; 20 Ecuador, 8d.; 40 France, 6d.; 25 French Colonies, 8d.; 25 Wurtemberg, 7d.; 30 Holland, 6d.; 20 Honduras, 8d.; 20 Mexico, 6d.; 40 Japan, 6d.; 20 Nicaragua, 8d.; 30 Roumania, 8d.; 21 Russia, 4d.; 15 Finland, 6d.; 20 Salvador, 8d.; 30 Sweden, 5d.; 30 Spain, 4d.; 25 Cuba, 6d.; 14 Philippine, 6d.; 20 Turkey, 6d.; 40 United States, 6d.; 2 Venezuela, 6d. For hundreds of other Cheap Sets and Packets, send for Price List, free.

MIDLAND STAMP CO., Castle Bromwich, Birmingham

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (March), 6d. (Quote March when ordering.) 110 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, New Malay, Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, W. Australia. Gratis Large List Sets. 8penns 3d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 2 Rare old Mexico gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted, 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 and album for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra)—A. C. McAUFLAN & CO., 95 Bath Street, Glasgow.

VENEZUELA PACKET, 3d. (Postage 1d. extra.)

50 different stamps, including set of 3 large Egyptian salt tax (very pretty stamps), 3 small oblong Egypt (pylons and pyramids), large bicolor red Jamaican picture stamp (Lindourey Falls), Cape Russia, set of 8 Japan, Denmark, U.S.A. (Columbus), Roumania, Argentine, U.S.A. (battleship), Trinidad (Britannia), &c., &c.

Only one packet will be supplied to each person. In addition, every purchaser of "Venezuela" packet asking for a selection of our approval sheets will receive, FREE, a rare set of 6 UNUSED VENEZUELA (including Instruction, Correo, Escuelos, and scarce oblong Map stamp). Write at once for our new 64-page list of stamps, albums, &c., over 250 illustrations of stamps. Thousands of bargains. Best value anywhere.

ERNEST WOOD & CO., Chorlton-n-cum-Hardy, Manchester.

50 STAMPS 6 1/2d. Post Free.—Comprising Mauritius (surcharged obsolete), F. Colonies, Newfoundland, Boudan (Camel), Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, Tasmania (View), Venezuela, Johor Straits, Transvaal (King's Heads), &c., &c. Purchasers of above packet applying for an Approval Sheet will receive gratis 5 Cuba or Porto Rico Approval Sheets and Books at 25 and 50 per cent. off marked prices. Old Collectors and loose lots bought. Picture Postcards 1d to 6d. each (Views, &c.). **PEARCE & STAMFORD, 1 Katharine Street, Croydon.**

B A BIG BARGAIN. B

The GREAT Packet contains 130 different Stamps, including TEN PICTURESQUE BRITISH COLONIALS, OF TURKS ISLAND, Jamaica, New Zealand, New South Wales, Western Australia, &c., Portugal, Chili, United States Columbus, French Empire, Sweden, Hungary, Spain, Austria, a SET OF TEN INDIA, including King's Head and scarce H.M.S., Argentine Republic, a set of SIX Brazil, &c., post free, 5d. And also free to every purchaser a SET OF EIGHT SWEDEN SERVICE (the scarce oblong issue used only on Government letters).

Every packet is a dead loss to us, and we only offer it to circulate our list, the four sets contained in the packet are worth 2s. in any list, but we have bargains to offer in our 1903 PRICE LIST of 74 pages, full of illustrations.

WRITE AT ONCE, or you may be too late; only one packet to each purchaser.

Approval Selections upon application.
B BUTLER BROS., B CLEVEDON.

THE INVINCIBLE PACKET. No. 142. WORTH 5s. OUR PRICE 6d.

Our March Packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, including:—
Virgin Islands 1899.
British Seychelles Islands 1900.
Sriroor Elephant issue.
Queensland Sixpence.

New South Wales Centenary issue "On Service," Straits Settlements, Pictorial New Zealand (Mount Cook), Barbados, Trinidad, 2 Jamaica, Java (King's Head), Leeward Islands, St. Thomas and Prince Islands, Persian Empire, Egypt, Argentine 1900, Austria 1891 2kr., Norway United States Columbus, Wurtemberg Service, Sweden Official, Switzerland 40c. old issue, Guatemala 6c. Bird issue and a fine set 3 Canada 1c. to 5c.
Price 6d. Postage 1d. extra (without which no orders can be sent).

GIVEN FREE to all purchasers of above Packet who apply for a selection of our Approval Sheets (5d. in 1/- discount).

A fine set of 8 Victoria including 2 1/2d., 4d., and 6d. values. (This set alone is catalogued at 1s.)

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

WHY PAY MORE ?

I am sending stamps out on approval for you to make your own selection at prices working out ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF of Catalogue Rates!

I have allowed 50 per cent. discount for years, and am now pricing my stamps

CHEAPER THAN EVER

One trial will convince you of this, and whether dealer or collector, you will find it to your advantage to write to me.

WRITE TO-DAY

Lists of Sets, Packets, and Colonials FREE.

F. W. FRANKLIN, Exchange Buildings, Birmingham.

THE "SENSATION." 3d. 110 DIFFERENT STAMPS 110

Including TRANSVAAL COLONY (King Edward VII.), STATE OF BORNEO (Gorilla), NYASSA (Giraffe), MALAY STATES (Tiger), BIRMOOR STATE (Elephant).

Venezuela, Luxembourg, Dutch Indies, W. Australia (swan), Argentine Republic, Gt. Britain 1841 (rare 1d. imperf. on blue paper), new issue Greece, Costa Rica (ships, etc.), Bulgaria (Prince Ferdinand), 2 Japanese, set of 5 Sweden including "Service," Corea, new issue France, Egypt, Italy "Seguataase," India, British Guiana (ship), new issue Hungary, Canada, Norway, Spain, Wurtemberg.

Set of 5 BRAZIL, Set of 5 unused CUBA, Set of 6 PORTUGAL, including picturesque Vasco da Gama issue, etc., etc. 3d. Postage 1d. extra.

Only one packet supplied to each person.

IN ADDITION to Stamps mentioned above, every purchaser of this packet applying for a selection of our "Ideal" Approval Sheets will receive GRATIS, a remarkably handsome

SET OF 5 GUATEMALA

Parrot (1882), Picturesque Exhibition issue (1897).

The above packet is offered at a sensational price simply as an advertisement, and in order to circulate our

NEW PRICE LIST FOR 1903.

Post free and gratis to everyone. Undoubtedly the largest, most artistic and best Price List published in the Stamp Trade.

80 pages, splendidly illustrated, and full of genuine bargains.

Sets 2d. to 19. Packets 3d. to 240. Albums 6d. to 24 1/2s. each, etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON.

BARGAINS!

from many old collections. Write to-day for

APPROVAL SHEETS 50% DISCOUNT.

PACKETS.—100 Foreign, 4d. 50 British Colonials, 1s. post free.

J. S. BREEZE,

18, Crosby Road, Birkdale, Southport.



STAMP BARGAINS READ THROUGH

SETS :—Queen's Heads, 50 different without English, 1s.; 10 Iceland, 5d.; 35 Norway, 1s.; 6 Montenegro, 4d.; 12 Gold Coast, 2s.; 12 British Guiana, 1s.; 12 Mauritius, 1s.; 12 Tunis, 6d.; 6 Sarawak, 6d.; 5 Barbados, 3d.; 7 Ecuador Jubilee, 6d.; 30 Cuba, 1s. 3d.; 15 Persia, 6d.; 9 Borneo, 9d.; 6 Egypt, 2d.; 4 St. Vincent, 4d.; 16 Turkey, 6d.; 21 Roumania, 7d.; 50 Sweden, 1s.; 18 Greece, 6d.; 20 Bulgaria, 6d.; 3 Curacao, 2d.; 5 Trinidad, 2d.; 4 Grenada, 3d.; 50 Australian, 1s.; 50 Colonials, 8d.; 100 Colonials, 2s. 6d.; 2 St. Helena, 3d.; 3 Bermuda, 2d.; 5 Jamaica, 2d.; 20 Finland, 9d.; 25 Denmark, 9d.

PACKETS :—100 varieties, comprising Argentine, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Persia, Hyderabad, Australia, Gold Coast, Brazil, Mexico, and others, 3d. 200 different Foreign and Colonial stamps, all guaranteed clean and genuine, 10d.; 250 ditto, 1s. 6d.; 500, 5s.; 1,000, 17s. 6d. Special offer to beginners. A cloth bound, British made Album and 1,000 assorted Stamps, 1s. 9d. All kinds of postage stamps bought, sold, and exchanged. Lists free. All postage extra.

THE MIDLAND STAMP CO., Cheylesmore, Coventry.

75 FOREIGN STAMPS, all different, no rubbish, but containing the following: set of 5 Peru (4 surcharged), 4 Portuguese Indies, 4 Mexico, magnificent set 7 Costa Rica, 5 Italian, 4 Bolivia, 5 Portuguese, 2 Jamaica, Trinidad, 4 N. S. Wales, Victoria, New Zealand, India, Roumania, Ceylon 5s., Nyassa (Giraffe), &c. Post free 7d. only. *H. & A. Prince, Stamp Importers, 79 Edward St., W. Bromwich*

UNUSED FOREIGN STAMPS.

Feychelles 3 c. on 1 bc. (Catalogued at 2s.), 1s.

*United States, 1903, Cyclist 10 c., 1s.

West Australia, 2s red on yellow, 4s.

Set of 8 Leeward Islands (hexagonal surcharge) from 1d. to 5s., very rare, 45s.

Set of 7 Bhopal, 1902, from 1/4 to 8 annas and 1 rupee, for 6s. Set of 9 Cook Islands (1902) from 1d. to 1s. cheap 6s. 6d. Malta, block of 4, including the error "Poney," only 7s. 6d. the four. South Australia large 1902 9d. for 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d. for 4s. 6d. Selangor "Stamp Office" Cancellation, 1 dollar for 2s. 6d., 2 dollar for 5s. Grand packet of 100 different includes Pan-American (Omaha), British Guiana, Jamaica, Natal, Ceylon, Japan, only 6d. post free. Approval Sheets on application (references required).

JAMES HOGG, 26 Bank Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

50 British Colonials, 6d.

All different. Postage 1d. extra, without which the Packet cannot be sent.

MARVELLOUS SUCCESS "ONKAPARINGA"

Series of Cheap Approval Books of stamps, from 1d. to 6d. Send 1d. for postage, and receive one on approval.

CHEAP SETS. 20 Bulgaria, 10d.; 16 Canada, 4d.; 20 Argentine, 6d.; 30 Spain, 6d.; South Australia New Issue, Large Stamps, 3d., 4d., 6d., set of 3 used, 3d.; 13 Hungary, 1900, 4d. All postage extra.

Exchange wanted with Collectors in **BRITISH COLONIES ONLY.**

Business by correspondence only.

L. S. CHARLICK, 55 & 56, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

FREE GIFTS. My March packet contains: Turks Islands, Nyassa, British Guiana, Trinidad, Persia, Corea, Roumanian, Costa Rica, Greece, Selangor, Straits, Colombian Republic, Sarawak, Javan, Cape, Bolivian, Virgin Islands, and one hundred other stamps, all different. Post free. 10d., and to every purchaser of this packet I will give a set of 7 Java and perforation Gauge **FREE OF CHARGE.** My Approval Sheets are the **CHEAPEST in the WORLD.** **W. LACEY, Mythe Road, Brighton.**

A STAMP CATALOGUE AT SIXPENCE

Given to all who purchase to value of One Shilling net from our Celebrated Approval Sheets.

THE INTERNATIONAL STAMP EXCHANGE CO., 37, SHEEP STREET, NORTHAMPTON.

A RECORD BARGAIN for 1d.

- 5 Entire different Japanese Post-cards (including the new issue, 1/4 set.)
- 8 Spanish, including a War Stamp and new issue (1901 and 1902).
- 8 Japanese, all different, including the new issue 3 sen, and a large square fiscal stamp.
- 1 IVORY COAST (1c. unused).

Send an extra stamp for postage (2d. in all), and ask to see my **Water-fumed Approval Sheets.** Only ONE packet supplied to each applicant. If the above does not give *perfect satisfaction*, return it and I will send you 3d. back for every packet so returned. Postage abroad, 3d. extra. Quote No. 5881 when ordering.

H. C. WATKINS, 86, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The **NORTHERN STAMP Co.,**
Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

STAFFORD SMITH'S STAMPS

always give satisfaction. Send for 36 page Stamp Circular, gratis and post free. Ask for samples of the New Perforated Stamp Hinge (Registered).

H. STAFFORD SMITH & CO., STAMP IMPORTERS, BRICHTON.

CHEAP STAMPS.

No. 1 PACKET contains the following unused stamps: Niger Coast (obsolete), Malay States, Transvaal (King's Head), Sarawak, Falkland Islands (Queen's Head), Bermuda, Hong Kong, Morocco, Labuan (crown, 1902), Mauritius (2 cents). Post free, 7d. Approval Sheets on Application.

HINE & CO., 10 QUEEN'S ROAD, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

STAMPS.

Grand Novelty Packet, 50 recent issues, rare Colonial and Foreign stamps, including many King's Heads, and unused. Marvellous value **1s. 1d.** post free.

WINCH BROS., COLCHESTER.

Selections on Approval, suit beginners or advanced collectors.

THE YARMOUTH PACKET (cheapest and best).—250 Stamps including 20 BRITISH COLONIALS, Alexandria (1902), Cape Verde, Monaco, Nyassa (Giraffe), Martinique, Jamaica (Llanlovery Falls, obsolete), Argentine, and many others. Catalogue value of this packet **over 5s.** Only 3d. Write for our famous approval sheets for cheapness; lowest possible prices, liberal discount. Price Lists gratis.

JOHN SWALLOW & Co., Stamp Importers, Great Yarmouth.

SIT AT EASE!!

By Using

SEAMLESS SEAT KNICKERS

For CYCLISTS.

The only really comfortable Cycling Knickers yet produced. No chafing, freedom of movement, smarter in appearance, double-seated, and made in the most durable fabrics.

"Cycling,"

London, May 18th, 1901, says:—

"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in the knickers."

Should your Tailor not stock them, send his name to the Sole Patentees

JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.,
18 & 20 New Brown St., MANCHESTER.

TRIUMPH

Patronised
by Royalty.

CYCLES.



10 GUINEAS } Or from a
to } Guinea
19 GUINEAS } per month

Art Catalogue Gratis.

'The best bicycle that British workmanship can produce.'

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., Ltd., Coventry.
4 and 5, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.
30, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

"Cygnet" Stylos



3/- & 5/-
Post free.

Also sold by
Stationers.

Are Pencils of Ink, and the next best thing to a
'Swan' Fountain Pen. Write for Catalogue, free.

MABIE, TODD & BARD, Manufacturers,
93, Cheapside, London. 95a, Regent Street, W.
3, Exchange Street, Manchester.

28
YEARS' SUCCESS.
THE
UNIVERSAL REMEDY
FOR
**Coughs, Colds,
Asthma, Bronchitis,
Influenza, Whooping-
Cough, Hoarseness, &c.**

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

IMPORTANT NOTICE:

SUBSTITUTION.—There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Sold everywhere
in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,
4s. 6d., & 11s.

COPYRIGHT.

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM
£10 10s.
WITH
FREE
WHEEL.

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES.

Catalogue
post free from
the ENFIELD
CYCLE CO.,
Ltd.,
REDDITCH,
ENGLAND.

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"



LIVERPOOL.
FOR TRAINING
YOUNG GENTLEMEN
TO BECOME OFFICERS
IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.
FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO
THE CAPT. A. T. MILLER, R.N.

TO CREST COLLECTORS.

Sheets of 26 Oxford Colleges and 22 Cambridge, 13 stamps each, 2/6 the two, post free. List of other Crests on application to **The OXFORD STATIONERY CO.,** 6, Turl Street, Oxford.

BIRDS' EGGS, SKINS, INSECTS, SHELLS, CURIOS, BOOKS,

and all kinds of APPARATUS and REQUISITES for Collectors and Students in all branches of NATURAL HISTORY. Largest Authentic Stock in Kingdom. Price Lists free.

CHAS. JEFFERYS, Naturalist,
TETBURY, Gloucestershire.

Established Quarter of Century.



THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enameled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. O. 88, Aldersgate St., London.

6d.
Post Free.

A PERFECT SHOT.



12/6 Carriage Free.

RICHFORD'S REMINGTON PATTERN RIFLE

The Smartest and most Accurate Little Rifle made.

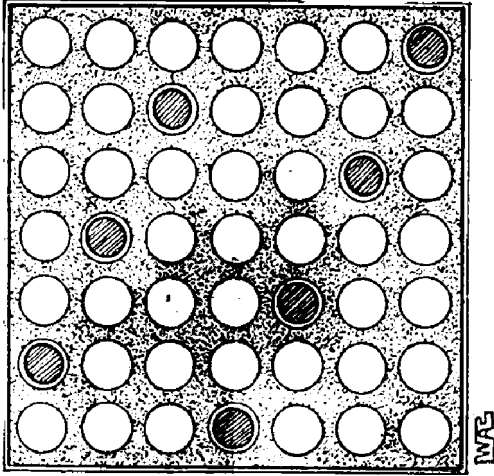
Has splendid Rifled Barrel, Engine-Turned Top, and is beautifully finished in every respect.

Will carry any distance up to 120 yards. The very thing for Target or Rabbit Shooting. Also WINCHESTER BOLT ACTION RIFLES, 19/8; SALOON GUNS, 1, 2 or 3 BORE, from 12.6 each. COLT'S CELEBRATED REPEATING RIFLES—take 16 Cartridges, .22 Calibre, £2 10s. each.

Send for New Gun List Post Free.

RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.

THE PEG PUZZLE.



The above represents a board containing 100 Holes. Seven pegs have been placed in such a way that each row, column and diagonal, is occupied by one peg only. Now the puzzle is, move six of the pegs to new positions, but in moving to another hole you must not skip over any. When this is done, each row, &c., is still occupied by one peg only. See "Captain" Competitions for March on page 568.



Correct solution of the "Boys and Master" Competition from the January "Captain," 1903.

See Competition Results on page 576.

"MISSING FEATURES" COMPETITION.

The competitor has to fill in the parts of these animals' heads, &c., where now left blank. See "Captain" Competitions for March on page 568.



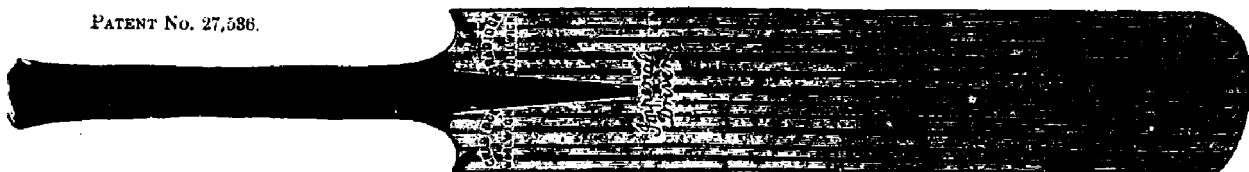
Name Address

Age Class

H. GRADIDGE & SONS,

Manufacturers and Exporters of all Articles used in
CRICKET, RACQUETS, LAWN TENNIS, FIVES, POLO, GOLF, FOOTBALL, HOCKEY, &c.
 Patentees and Sole Makers of the "IMPERIAL DRIVER CRICKET BATS."

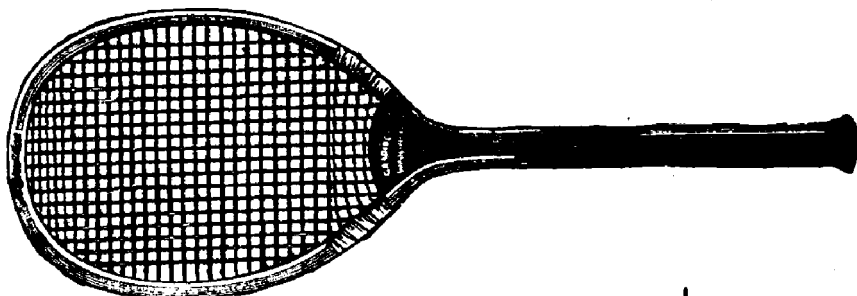
PATENT No. 27,586.



As used by A. C. MacLaren, Esq., C. McGahey, Esq., C. B. Fry, Esq., P. Perrin, Esq., A. J. Turner, Esq., K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Esq., J. T. Tyldesley, W. Brockwell, G. Baker, A. Lilley, V. Barton, A. Ward, and all the leading first-class players in County, University and Public School Cricket.

LAWN TENNIS A SPECIALITE,

"THE GRADIDGE"
 "EXTRA SPECIAL"
 "CLOSE CROOVED"
 "THE FISHTAIL"

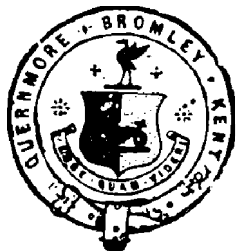


"THE 'SPECIAL'
 "THE CLUB"

Price Lists Free
 on application.

Factory:—Artillery Place, Woolwich, S.E.

Army (ALL BRANCHES), Higher Civil Service, &
 University. **SPECIAL PREPARATION.**



JOHN GIBSON, M.A. (First Class, Cambridge, Late of Uppingham and Westminster, Educational Medalist at Antwerp, Bordeaux, and Brussels International Exhibitions).

G. LOY, B.A. (First Class, London), Author of "The Illustrated French Grammar," etc. Spanish and German Examiner at the City of London College.

LARGE STAFF OF SPECIALIST TUTORS.
 SMALL CLASSES. INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.

Over 3,000 successes to date in Competitive and Pass Examinations. Pupils received at (1) 14-18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood; the resident department of Quermore; (2) 24, Chancery Lane; (3) 9, Finchchurch Street, E.C. (H. Louks Lynch & Co.) for Chartered Accountants' Examinations only. Over 400 successes in 1901 only, including several First places and honours. Prospectus and full particulars on application to

JOHN GIBSON, M.A., 18, Victoria Road, Upper Norwood.

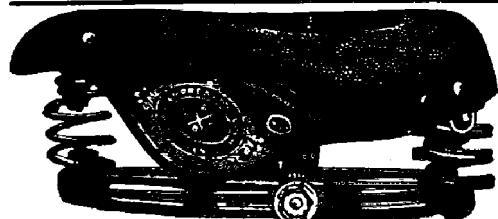
One Grade only—**THE BEST.**

PREMIER BICYCLES

£12 12s. Net,
 or **£11s. Monthly.**

List Free. C. Dept.,
PREMIER WORKS,
COVENTRY.

London Depot: 20 **HOLBORN VIADUCT.**



Gent's Saddle, 930 B.



PARLOUR FOOTBALL.

A Game of Skill on Association Lines. Board, Men, and Ball complete. Sent per Parcel Post, 1/3.

Though a knowledge of Football is an advantage, the rules are so simple and the movements of each piece so clearly defined, that any person could master this fine game in an hour.—*Irish Sportsman.*

RUGBY CHAMPIONSHIP

Board, Rules, &c. complete, 7/6
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.
WRIGHT & CO., 2 Amen Corner, E.C.
Publishers of Accurate, Up-to-date Rules of all Indoor and Outdoor Games.

SUPERIOR PRINTING OUTFITS.



For 7d., 1/2, 2/3, 2/6, 3/4, 3/6, 5/6, and 6/3, Post free.

Consisting of Letters, Points and Ornaments, a Type-holder, supply of Ink, Pad, and Tweezers. Any name, etc., can be made at pleasure, for stamping Books, Papers, and Printing Cards.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.

Patent "Air Cushion" Rubber Stamps, viz:—

Your Name, 1/9; Your Name and Address, 2/3; Your Monogram, 6d. *Postage 3d. extra.*

G. LINDNER, 170 Fleet St., London, E.C.

A SADDLE THAT GIVES SOLID COMFORT.

THE RIDEASY

Padded Top, never gets hard. Scientifically constructed.

Sent on approval for two weeks' trial on receipt of 2/6, which forms part payment if Saddle is kept. *Please name this Paper.*

12/6 Enamelled Springs. 15/- Plated Springs.

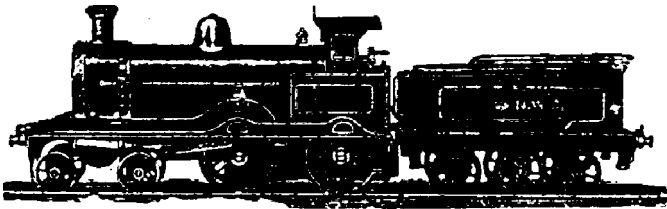
LIST OF SADDLES ON APPLICATION.

Middlemore & Lamplugh, Ltd., Coventry.

ESTABLISHED 1789.

Some of our Latest Designs for 1902-3

MODELS
TO
SCALE



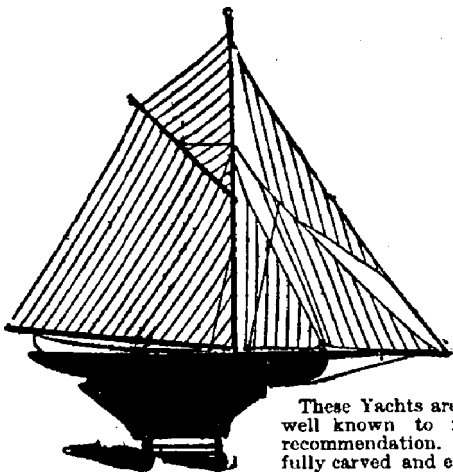
CONTRACTORS
TO THE
BRITISH
ADMIRALTY.

OUR NEW POWERFUL REVERSING SCALE MODEL OF L. & N. W. RLY. EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.

Jubilee Class $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. Gauge, named "Clyde," Our Own Design, and can be had only from us. These Engines are not of Foreign make, but are made by British workmen, and guaranteed to work, not for a short time only and then get out of order, but for years, until every part has fulfilled its duty.

Specification—Solid Bronzed Brass Tubular Boiler, fitted with Steam Dome, Safety Valve and Manhole, Brass Bell Whistle, Glass Water Gauge, Starting and Stopping Lever, Steam Pressure Gauge, CROSS TUBES to uptake making an immense quantity of steam and enabling the engine to draw 3 large Corridor Carriages each 19 in. long at a rapid rate without having to stop every few minutes to get up steam, as most of the foreign-made engines have to do. This splendid Loco. is also fitted with "fire and smoke boxes" and "internal flame," exhausts up the funnel and so can be run out in the open air without having the flame continually blown out. Pair Powerful Cast D.A.S.V. Cylinders, with reversing eccentrics, connecting rods, &c. The whole mounted on solid brass, bronzed sole plate on 2 Pairs Coupled Massive Driving Wheels, fitted with patent springs, 4-wheeled front bogie carriage. Large Bronzed Brass Tender mounted on 6-wheeled "patent" bogie for negotiating sharp curves. The tender comprises tank for spirits and is fitted with tap so that the supply can be regulated from foot plate. Length 2 feet, tested and guaranteed, and specially recommended, price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Tin Rails, mounted on Sleepers in sections, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. Gauge, to suit above Locomotive, price 4/- per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Engine.

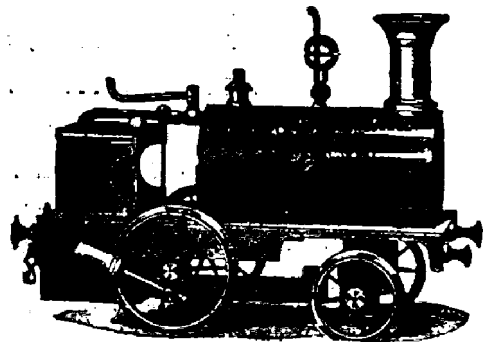
Our new Scale Model of London and South-Western Ry. Locomotive with Tender, 28 in. long, bronzed brass tube boiler, pair powerful Double Action Slide Valve Cylinders with eccentrics. Reversing motion worked from Cab, and fitted with Smoke Box, Flame Guard, and Inside Fire. 4 Coupled Large Driving Wheels, 4-Wheeled Bogie Carriage, Exhaust steam into Funnel, Water Gauge, Bell Whistle, Safety Valve, Steam Gauge, Steam Dome, Handrail, Brass Spring Buffers, &c. The whole Engine and Tender is finished in first-class style and beautifully enamelled and lined, correct L. & S. W. R. colours, 3 in. Gauge, price £4 10s. 6d. carriage free. Rails to suit above L. & S. W. R. Loco. 3 in. Gauge, 4s. per doz. lengths of 14 in. each, carriage free if ordered with Loco. Correct Scale Model of reversing C. R. Express Loco. "Dunalastair," with Reversing D.A.S.V. Cylinder and eccentric, &c., $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. gauge, 21 in. long. Price, engine only, 42/6; with 30 feet oval railroad, 50/- carriage free. (See Catalogue, 4d., for other models.)



These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. Beautifully carved and enamelled,

well finished, and completely rigged with brass fittings. Sails of our Special Striped Sailcloth (Sizes given is length of deck only). No. 1, length 16 in., 6/9; No. 2, 18 in., 8/9; No. 3, 20 in., 10/9; No. 4, 21 in., 12/6; No. 5, 22 in., 15/6; No. 6, 23 in., 17/6; No. 7, 24 in., 21/-, each carriage free. No. 1 Size is Bermuda rigged, the others are cutter rigged as per engraving. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 have beautifully varnished spars and flying jib extra.

For prices of "Special Built PRIZE DESIGN YACHTS," winner of First Prize at Edinburgh and Midlothian Industrial Exhibition, and the Silver Medal presented by the *Edinburgh Evening Times* open for all, see Special Yacht List post free, 1d.



New and Improved Design of our Special Solid Brass Locomotive, Gauge 3 in. All made of Solid Brass polished bright. Brass Tubular Boiler fitted with steam whistle, safety valve and manhole, steam cock, pair powerful brass cylinders. Polished Brass Bedplate, with brass buffers, coupling chains, &c., mounted on 4 brass turned flanged wheels with front bogie wheels; runs straight or circular. Complete with spirit tank with 2 burners, filler and full directions.

Specially recommended, runs Straight or Circular.

Price, as per engraving, 7/6 carr. free. Ditto, without buffers and coupling chains, 7/- carr. free.

Tin Rails on Sleepers in sections, Gauge 3 in., to suit above locomotives, 4/- per doz. lengths each 14 in. long. Circular, ditto, 4 ft. dia., 5/-; 5 ft. dia., 6/-; if ordered with Locomotive.

Just published, New Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 600 splendid Engravings of above Yacht, also Fittings, Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, magnificent Scale Model Locomotives: Launch, Horizontal, Gas, Hot Air, &c., Engines, separate parts of Engines and Castings: Dynamos, Motors, and Castings of ditto; Electric Scarf-Fins, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c., post free, 4d.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT,

Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians,
ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for March, 1903.

	PAGE
SPEAK OF THE WEATHER AS YOU FIND IT	<i>Back of Frontispiece</i>
"LOOK OUT," ROARED JIM. "YOU'LL GO SMASH THROUGH THE MIDDLE OF THEM!"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE GELERT CUP	HAROLD BINDLOSS 483
Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	
THE CHASE OF HARE WITH BEETLES	VIVE LA FRANCE 489
Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE.	
VIKINGS	C. HOWELL 492
AN INDOOR CRICKET GAME	MARGARET K. S. EDWARDS 493
With Illustrations from Photographs.	
THE YELLOW PARIAH... ..	E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS 495
Illustrated by the Author.	
ISABELLA	SYBIL REID 502
Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	
FRONTENAC, THE SAVIOUR OF CANADA	CYRIL TOWNSEND BRADY 503
Illustrated by HOWARD GILES.	
STRANGE SPORTS	HAROLD MACFARLANE 512
Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.	
ANOTHER PANTHER ON THE BOUGH	TOM BROWNE, R.I. 516
THE PANTHER ON THE BOUGH	R. L. GARNER 517
Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.	
THE STAMP COLLECTOR. (How to Buy Stamps.)	E. J. NANKIVELL 522
With Illustrations of New Issues.	

(Further contents on next page.)

MODEL STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS.

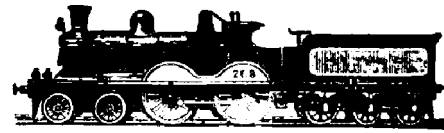
Locomotives, Marine, Horizontal, Vertical.

MODEL ENGINE PARTS. Cylinders, Fly-wheels, Pumps, Eccentrics, Cranks, Bearings, Locomotive Parts and Fittings.

MODEL BOILER FITTINGS. Steam and Water Gauges, Safety Valves, Steam and Water Cocks, Check Valves, Model Castings in sets, Screws, Nuts and Bolts, Tubes, Brass Rods, Sheet Brass and Copper, Steel Rods, &c.

MODEL SAILING YACHTS, MODEL STEAM BOATS, MODEL STEAM AND ELECTRIC LAUNCHES. Racing Yachts, Cutters, Schooners, Brigs, &c.

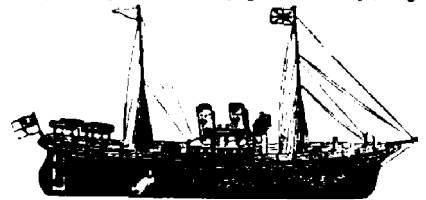
MODEL YACHT FITTINGS. Blocks, Dead-eyes, Wheels, Skylights, Hatchways, Flugs and Stanchions, Model Sail Cloth, Set of Masts and Spars, Rigging Cord, &c.



We manufacture and supply everything for making and fitting Model Sailing Yachts, Steam and Electric Boats, Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Model Railways, &c., and we have the largest and most complete stock in the world.

SEE OUR FULLY ILLUSTRATED COPYRIGHT CATALOGUE.

600 Engravings and Prices of Model Steam Engines, Boilers, Steam and Electric Boats, Sailing Yachts, Fittings and Parts for Boiler Engines, Ships Castings, &c. Electric Motors, Dynamos, Telescopes, Balloons, Microscopes, Electrical, Chemical, Photographic, and Scientific Amusements, by post, 3d.



STEVENS'S MODEL DOCKYARD,

ESTABLISHED 1843

22^K Aldgate, City, London.

Works, ALDGATE AND GREEN LANES.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS OF SHIP'S FITTINGS, ENGINE AND BOILER FITTINGS, CASTINGS, POST FREE.

STRENGTH:

and How to Obtain It,
BY

SANDOW

With Anatomical Chart
showing Exercises for Physical
Development of Men,
Women and Children.

Price 2 6.

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

BOXING:

The MODERN SYSTEM of
GLOVE FIGHTING.

Captain
W. Edgeworth Johnstone.
H.W. Champion 1895-6.

Profusely Illustrated.

Price 2 6

GALE & POLDEN, Ltd.,
2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

Contents—continued.

	PAGE
NEW PUNISHMENTS Illustrated by HARRY ROUNTREE	"CAPTAIN" READERS 526
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (HINTS ON ACCURATE KICKING.) AND ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	C. B. FRY 529
ON AUTOGRAPH COLLECTING	WINIFRED D. ERAUT 532
THE RISING OF THE RED MAN. (CONCLUSION.) Illustrated by E. F. SKINNER.	JOHN MACKIE 533
THE CYCLING CORNER. (MORE RIDING RULES.) With Illustrations.	HAYDON PERRY 549
A BOY'S LIFE AT SEA. (No. V.—BEFORE THE MAST.) Illustrated by GEORGE HAWLEY.	J. E. PATTERSON 553
TRIED BY FIRE: A TALE OF THE FORGE Illustrated by GEORGE SOPER.	A. B. COOPER 557
"CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER. (COMMON ERRORS OF YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS) With Illustrations.	THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR 560
NATURALISTS' CORNER With an Illustration.	EDWARD STEP, F.L.S. 562
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS	563
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH	568
"THE OLD FAG." (EDITORIAL)	569
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS	573
RESULTS OF JANUARY COMPETITIONS	576

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. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

THE CAPTAIN will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d. each; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. V. to VII. are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d. Vols. I. to IV. are out of print.

GLASS PLATES SUPERSEDED!

KODAK PELLOID PLATES

(FLAT FILMS.)

Now Ready. ALL PLATE PHOTOGRAPHERS SHOULD TRY THEM

Thin. Light. Flat. Unbreakable. Reduce halation to a minimum. Can be used wherever glass plates can be used, and with equal ease and convenience.

NEARLY 20 PER CENT. CHEAPER THAN OTHER CUT FILMS.

PRICES.	Per doz
$\frac{1}{2}$ Plate (4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ")	1/3
5" x 4"	2/-
$\frac{1}{2}$ Plate (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ ")	2/10

Full Particulars of any Dealer or of

KODAK, Ltd., 41-43 Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

*Wholesale and Retail Branches—96 Bold St., Liverpool, and 72-74 Buchanan St., Glasgow.
Retail Branches—59 Brompton Road, S.W.; 60 Cheapside, E.C.; 115 Oxford St., W.;
171-173 Regent Street, W.; and 40 Strand, London, W.C.*

THE RALEIGH

MARVELLOUS THREE SPEED GEAR. (SIR JAMES SPENCER'S PATENT)

FREE WHEEL ON EACH GEAR



WILLS DISAPPEAR WITH THE LOW GEAR

THE HIGH GEAR WITH A FAVORING WIND LEAVES OTHER RIDERS FAR BEHIND



THE RALEIGH THE BEST WATER-TIGHT ON BY DEFLECTS IN THE WIND

THE BOOK OF THE RALEIGH FOR 1903
 Contains full particulars interesting and instructive articles on Cycle manufacture etc etc
 It should be read before buying ANY CYCLE.
 FREE from RALEIGH AGENTS everywhere.
 London Depot: 41 Holborn Viaduct — Bristol Depot: 85, Queens Road
 or by post from

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD NOTTINGHAM

MACKINTOSH'S

Extra Cream

TOFFEE.



Doctors recommend it.
DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!!
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
 If any difficulty in procuring, send eight penny stamps for a very large Sample Packet, to
J. MACKINTOSH, Ltd.,
 The Toffee Mills, Halifax.

BOWDEN BRAKE

Best for Bicycles.

Fitted by all Cycle Manufacturers and Dealers.

CATALOGUE FREE 6D.
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES, ROLLING STOCK, &c.

Some of our Leading Lines include S. E. & C., Great Northern, L. & N. W. "Black Prince," Midland Express, Midland Goods, L. & Y., Metropolitan, North London, London and South Western, and Twopenny Tube Locomotives

SCALE MODEL COACHES to suit above Locos., painted and lined correct colours.

SIGNALS, WAGGONS, ENGLISH PATTERN BRAKE VANS, POINTS, CROSSINGS, STATIONS, LAMPS, & all Railway Sundries.

We also Manufacture Engine and Boiler Fittings, which cannot be surpassed by any firm in the trade.

PRESSURE & WATER GAUGES, UNION COCKS, VALVES of all PATTERNS, INJECTORS, LATHES, Tools of all Descriptions.

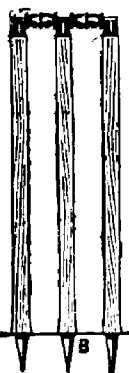


A Group of Models by . . .
W. J. BASSETT-LOWKE & CO., Northampton.

BENEFINK & CO.

THE GREAT ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, ETC.
 COMPLETE OUTFITS and EVERY REQUISITE FOR CRICKET,
 RUNNING, TENNIS, CYCLING, AND ALL SPORTS AND GAMES.

CRICKET STUMPS.

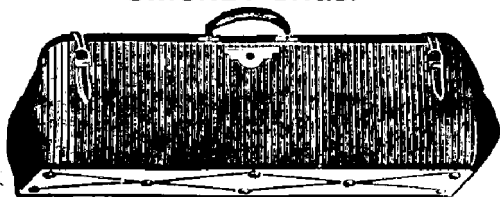


	Boys'	Men's
Polished Ash	1/5, 1/11,	2/6
Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6,	3/-
Ditto, Steel Shod	—	4/-
Solid Brass Tops	—5/3, 8/6, 10/-	—
Ditto, Revolving Tops... ..	—	7/-, 8/-
	Postage, 7d.	

CRICKET BALLS.

Duke's SUPER... ..	5/3
Dark's CROWN	5/-
GRASSHOPPER	4/10
Benefink's Practice, 3-seam	3/6
Ditto, B.C.B. (Warranted)...	4/6
Ditto, Ditto, Boys'	3/1
Wisden's Special School Boys'	3/10
Ditto, Crown Match Ball	5/-
Per dozen, 57/-.	Post free.
"ECLIPSE" Compo., 5½ oz	1/9
Composition	8d., 10d.
	Postage 2d.

CRICKET BAGS.



Fancy Carpet	5/9
Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
Ditto, ditto ditto with Leather Ends	12/9
All Leather... ..	23/-, 26/6, 28/-
	Postage, 7d.



CRICKET BATS.

Boys', Half Cane,	No. 4, 3/3; No. 5, 3/8; No. 6, 4/6
Ditto, All Cane (as illustration),	No. 5, 5/3; No. 6, 6/-
Ditto, "Resilient," Selected... ..	No. 6, 8/3
Men's All Cane	6/-
Ditto, ditto, Super	8/5
Ditto, ditto, Selected	9/6
Claphaw's "Resilient"	15/6
Warsop's "CONQUEROR," Improved	18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER"	16/9, 20/-
	Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Claphaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, G. G. Hearne, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

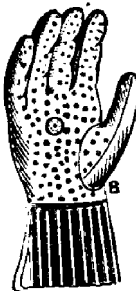


CRICKET NETS.

BACK NETS ONLY. With Poles, Lines, & Pegs.			
18 ft. by 6 ft.	13 ft. by 7 ft.	18 ft. by 8 ft.	
7/11 nett.	9/- nett.	9/10 nett.	
WITH SIDE WINGS (as illustration). With Poles, Lines, and Pegs			
42 ft. by 6 ft.	42 ft. by 7 ft.	42 ft. by 8 ft.	
17/9 nett.	19/10 nett.	22/- nett.	
STEAM TARRIED.			
19/6	22/8	25/6	

WICKET-KEEPING GLOVES.

Men's Chamois, Cane Protected	2/9, 3/3
Ditto, Leather, Ventilated	4/6, 5/3
Ditto, Kid, ditto, Super	6/8
	Boys' 3d. per pair less. Post free.



CATALOGUES POST FREE.

Mention "CAPTAIN."

CRICKET BOOTS.



The "UNIVERSAL," White Canvas	4/11
The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked, equal in wear and appearance to real Buck (as illustration)	8/11
The "MARYLEBONE" Buck Dressed Pyramid Spikes	10/6
The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed Machine Weltd, equal to Hand Sewn, Pyramid Spikes	16/8
	Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

CRICKET TROUSERS.

	Boys'	Men's
White Flannel, shrunk,	4/3, 5/3, 7/6, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11	
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk,	9/11 nett.	
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed not to shrink	15/6	
Plain Grey or Striped Flannel	7/6, 10/6	
White Drill	5/11, 7/6	
	Postage, 4d under 10/-	

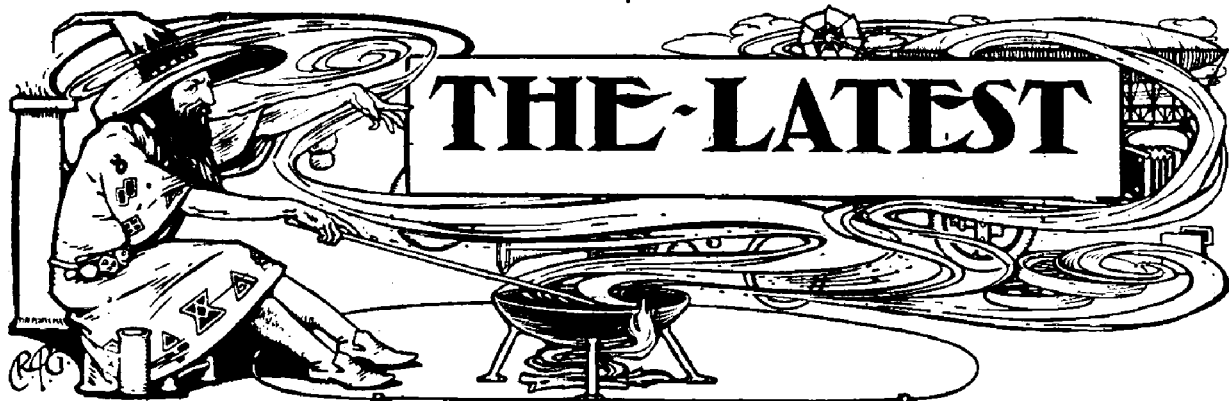
CRICKET SHIRTS.

	Boys'	Men's
White Flannelette	2/3	2/6
Ditto Flannel	3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
Twill Flannel	5/11	6/11
THE CLUB Coarse Canvas, White,	2/6, 3/6, 4/6	
Umpires' Coats	4 11, 6/6, 8/6, 10/6	
	Postage. 4d.	



89, 90,
107 & 108,

CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



A Wonderful New Lamp.

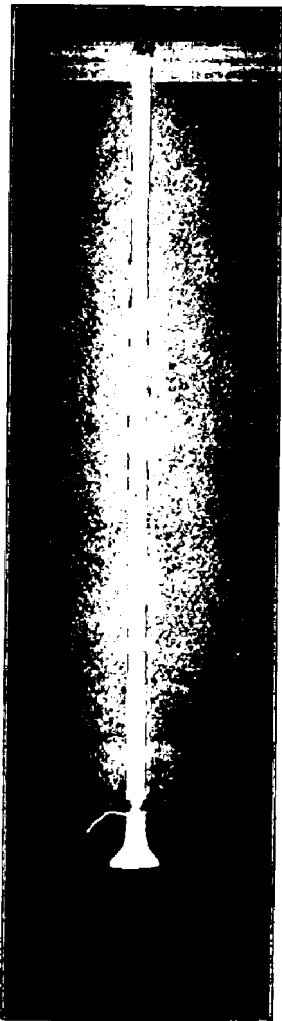
When gas light was superseded by the electric everybody thought that no better form of illuminant could possibly be devised. A remarkable invention, however, has just been introduced into this country, which, from what I saw of it at a recent demonstration held at the offices of the British Westinghouse Co., bids fair to give the ordinary electric lamp its *congé*.

One of the accompanying photographs affords a good idea of this brilliant invention at work. It takes the form of a long glass tube, full, apparently, of some mysteriously glowing substance, which is really nothing more nor less than mercury vapour raised to a height of incandescence by means of an electric current. The bulb at the lower end contains the liquid metal, which is continually vaporised, condensed, and then returned to the bulb in its natural state. The lamp, therefore,

never wears out, wants no attention, beyond starting it, and will burn, or glow, for an extraordinary long time without stopping. Owing to the absence of red rays, however, the light produces a most peculiar distortion of colour. This effect can be easily remedied, however, by the use of red or other coloured shades. The lamp is known as the Hewitt Mercury Vapour Lamp, after the inventor, Mr. Peter Cooper Hewitt, a scientist of—America, of course.

A French Locomotive for a British Railway.

If those of my readers who live anywhere on

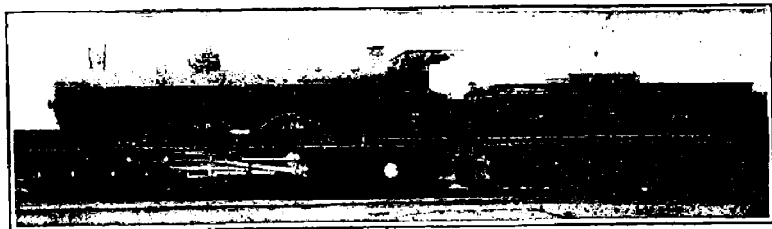


THE REMARKABLE NEW MERCURY VAPOUR.



WESTINGHOUSE MERCURY VAPOUR LAMP, Showing Hewitt Mercury Vapour Lamp, with starting gear. This photo was taken by the light of two vapour lamps with very moderate exposure.

the Great Western Railway will keep a sharp look-out during the fall of the year, they will have the opportunity of seeing one of the most powerful locomotives in existence, going "full steam ahead." This fine engine is a foreigner, of French origin, and is to be brought into this country by the Great Western Railway in July next, in order that its capabilities may be tested on an English line. It is pretty certain that

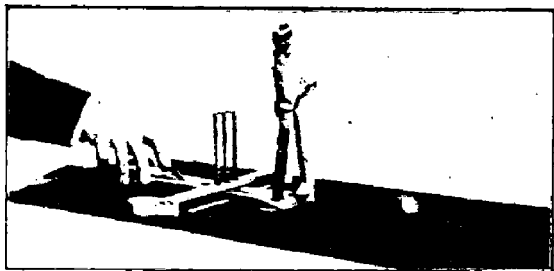


THE NEW DE GLEHN LOCOMOTIVE.

it will come through the ordeal with flying colours, considering that it is one of a type known as the De Glehn, which, for some years past, has worked the Mediterranean express between Calais and Paris. The distance between these two cities is nearly 185 miles, but at a push the De Glehns can cover it in the incredibly short space of three hours, that is to say, at an average speed of just under sixty-two miles an hour. The official timing is three hours, fifteen minutes. Without wishing to enter into technicalities, which would only be interesting to, and possibly understood by, THE CAPTAIN'S engineering readers, I may add that they are compound engines, with the high and low pressure cylinders fitted with separate pairs of wheels, coupled by side rods, while the boiler pressure is said to be from 20 to 25 per cent., and the steam pressure from 10 to 20 per cent. greater than in the most powerful English express engine. The accompanying illustration of a "De Glehn," which will doubtless be of particular interest, is reproduced from a photograph by Mr. F. Moore, Charing Cross-road, W.C.

Home Cricket.

A game that bids fair to equal even ping-pong in popularity is Home Cricket, an ingenious adaptation of the national pastime to the dining-room table, on which is spread a length of green baize to mark the "pitch." The base-board, to which the batsman is attached, is held between the



thumb and fingers, and may be moved at will according to the direction of the ball, which is struck on the bat being released by depressing a lever with the fore-finger, as seen in the accompanying illustration, and, in turn, fielded by

the players who take up their positions round the table, each taking it in turn to bowl an "over." Home Cricket is at present made in two sizes and may be obtained of all dealers in games, athletic goods, etc., or direct from the manufacturer, F. H. Ayres, 111, Aldersgate-street, London, E.C.

A Squaw Dress of Elk Teeth.

With the Indians an elk tooth represents the value of a pony, and stands for so much wealth, and just now, with Buffalo Bill's Wild West about to tour the country, special interest attaches to the accompanying photograph of a squaw dress. It is ornamented with 1024 elk teeth and before



coming into the hands of its present owner had been in one Cheyenne Indian family for 127 years.

A Liquid Pistol.

Amongst the many novelties and bargains described in Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.'s latest catalogue is their "Liquid Pistol." This is said to be "a weapon which protects bicyclists against vicious dogs and footpads, travellers against robbers and roughs, and homes against thieves and tramps, and is adapted to many other situations." From this it will be seen that Messrs. Gamage think a good deal of this "liquid pistol," and CAPTAIN readers will know that they are not in the habit of selling anything but the best, and have a great reputation to maintain. One curious point about the pistol is that it shoots, not once, but many times, without reloading, and protects by its reputation in time of danger, although only loaded with water. Messrs. Gamage's address is 125-128 Holborn, London.

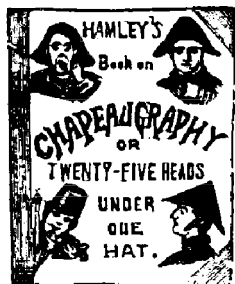
“ and they got more ”



BOVRIL

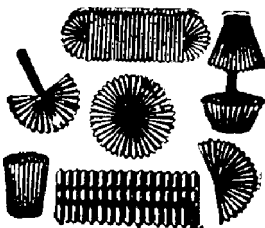
Reg. S.H.D.

HAMLEY'S CONJURING TRICKS & NOVELTIES.



CHAPEAUGRAPHY. Or Twenty-Five Heads Under One Hat. Price 6s. Post free, 7d.
A Complete Set of Apparatus, Book, &c., &c., for Chapeaugraphy. An immense success for Public Entertainments, Private Parties, Bazaars, Penny Readings, &c., &c. Price 10/6, complete, post free, 11/-.

Small Catalogue
Post Free, 1d.



TROUBLE WITH.
Latest Novelty.

It will be the Leading Feature at every Entertainment the coming season. Very amusing and clever. Price 2/6, post free, 2/9.

- Boxes of Conjuring Tricks, 1/3, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 16/-, 22/6, post free.
- Cabinets of Card Tricks, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 22/-, 48/6, post free.
- Boxes of Puzzles, 2/9, 6/-, 11/3, 22/6, 64/6, post free.
- Cabinet of Coin Tricks, containing 8 Tricks, 6/9, post free.
- Cabinet of Amusing Jokes, Latest Novelty, very Funny and Laughable, containing 13 surprises, price 10/10, post free.
- Cabinet of Fireworks for Drawing-room, 1/3 and 2/9, post free.
- Cabinet of Chemical Experiments, 1/3, 2/9, 6/3, 8/3, 11/6, 22/-, 44/-, post free.

CATALOGUE OF CONJURING TRICKS.

New Edition, 800 Engravings, all the Latest Novelties. Price 6d. post free.



A Complete Set of "SHADOW-GRAPHY." Containing every piece of apparatus named in the book. There are about 20 different pieces, and exactly the same as used by TWIGG. Price only 3/6. Post free, 3/9. Book only 6d., post free.

512, OXFORD STREET, Near The Marble Arch.

NEW SIXPENNY VOLUME (Illustrated)

A SAILOR TRAMP. By BART KENNEDY.

A remarkable story of the real experience of an English sailor on tramp in Texas; as fresh and vivid as anything of Bret Harte. With Picture cover, and Strikingly Illustrated by F. H. TOWNSEND.

Post free, 8d.

New Tit-Bits Monster Penny Book.

TALES FROM EAST AND WEST.

A COLLECTION OF STORIES SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES.

Well Illustrated and with an attractive cover. Post free, 2d.

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

TWO GREAT GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

H.M. WAR OFFICE and H.M. POST OFFICE

have adopted

Bartlett-

"CLINCHER"

Still unequalled for QUALITY
and DURABILITY A.D. 1903.

Easiest to Detach.

Have no Wires.

NORTH BRITISH RUBBER Co., Ltd., 57, Moorgate St., LONDON, E.C.

The First
DETACHABLE
Pneumatic
Invented, A.D. 1890.

TYRES

"Rational"
Physical Culture.

By PERCY C. WARREN.

A valuable handbook containing sound theories and pithy remarks on matters of vital importance to the Athlete, the Novice, and Physical Culturists in general. To those who desire a healthy, muscular, and all-round physical condition, the course is clearly indicated. Concludes with a graduated system of 29 excellent Exercises. Every page will interest you.

"Sandow's Magazine."—"A most useful little book giving most timely hints to would-be athletes."

Price 1/- Post Free from P. WARREN, 3, Palace Road, Crouch End, London. Please mention "The Captain."

PUBLISHER: GEO. HINE, MACCLESFIELD.

PHOTO. PRIZE
COMPETITION.

MAY 1, 1903.

Valuable Prizes.

SPECIAL TO JUNIORS UNDER 18
YEARS.

Send at once for particulars to

MAWSON & SWAN, 33, Soho Square, London.

THE MOST POPULAR LIBRARY ATLAS
PUBLISHED. 21/- net.

The XXth Century Citizen's Atlas.

SIZE—Crown folio, art canvas, 21s. net;
half morocco, 25s. net. 156 pages of
Maps and Plans, with Statistical
Tables, General Index, and a Descriptive
Gazetteer

Pall Mall Gazette.—"The Citizen's Atlas of the World is the most complete Atlas in popular form that we have seen."

THE MOST COMPLETE NEW EDUCATIONAL
ATLAS. 6/- net.

The International Student's Atlas.

SIZE—Royal 4to, bound in cloth, price 6s.
net. Containing 105 Physical,
Political, and Statistical Maps, with
Index to 40,000 Names.

THE BEST AND LATEST POPULAR SHILLING
ATLAS. 1/- net.

The Handy Shilling Atlas.

SIZE—18 mo, limp cloth, price 1s. net.
120 Maps, and a World Gazetteer
describing 10,000 Places. [Shortly]

Published by GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., London.

HIGH EFFICIENCY.

KAPP DYNAMOS.

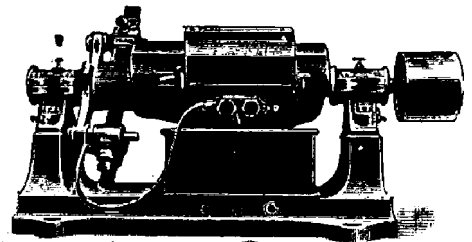
SPECIAL NOTICE.—We will do the following free of charge to all Sets ordered before March 5th: Drill and Fit Armature Bearings and Rocker Bar, Wind the Armature, and provide finished Eight-Section Commutator, which will be connected to Armature Wires ready for running. This offer applies only to the First 500 Sets, being solely to introduce our Goods.

The splendid machine is of the "Kapp" type, and is specially designed for working with the Sets of Horizontal Parts. The No. 3, 4, and 5 Sets have drum armatures, such as are fitted to the most expensive machines only, adjustable rocker brushes, extra long bearings, with oil cups, and in fact are the finest small dynamos procurable where real and constant work is required. Full Drawings and Book of Illustrations sent out with all Sets of both Engine and Dynamo free of charge. Complete Sets, with wire for winding, screws and bolts for erecting—in fact, everything required to complete the Dynamos with-out further expenditure.

No. 1 Set car. paid 9/6, to light 4 3-c.-p. lamps	No. 4 Set car. paid 25/0, to light 8 8-c.-p. lamps
" 2 " " 13/6. " 4 5-c.-p. " "	" 5 " " 35/0. " 5 18-c.-p. " "
" 3 " " 19/6. " 4 8-c.-p. " "	" 6 " " 47/6. " 8 16-c.-p. " "

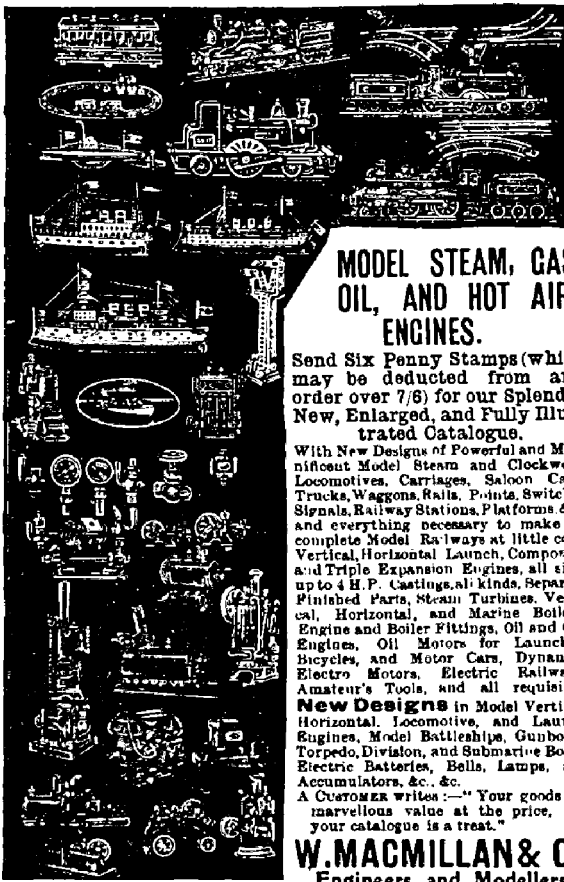
BELOW ARE A FEW OPINIONS ON OUR GOODS

31, Bowbridge Road, Newark.—Dear Sirs, The No. 3 Set of "Kapp" Dynamo Parts you sent me I like very much. They are very clean and good. I fitted it together and put it in the Industrial Exhibition here (open to the United Kingdom), where it took third prize. It also runs very well as a motor, driving a small lathe splendidly.—Yours truly, J. T. ROBINSON.
Ryeter Villa, Uplands, Swansea, September 3rd, 1902.—Dear Sirs,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of No. 3 Set "Kapp" Dynamo. They are the neatest and best Set of Castings I have ever seen.—Yours truly, J. P. MARTIN.



If you want genuine British-made Models of Dynamos, Electric Motors, Locomotives (built up from solid castings—no sheet-iron foreign rubbish), Marine Engines, Gas Engines, &c., send for our splendid 60-page illustrated list, price 2d. post free.

BRITISH MODELLING & ELECTRICAL CO., LEEK, STAFFS.



**MODEL STEAM, GAS,
OIL, AND HOT AIR
ENGINES.**

Send Six Penny Stamps (which may be deducted from any order over 7/6) for our Splendid New, Enlarged, and Fully Illustrated Catalogue.

With New Designs of Powerful and Magnificent Model Steam and Clockwork Locomotives, Carriages, Saloon Cars, Trucks, Waggon, Rails, Points, Switches, Signals, Railway Stations, Platforms, &c., and everything necessary to make up complete Model Railways at little cost. Vertical, Horizontal Launch, Compound and Triple Expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Castings, all kinds, Separate Finished Parts, Steam Turbines, Vertical, Horizontal, and Marine Boilers, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles, and Motor Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Electric Railways, Amateur's Tools, and all requisites, **New Designs** in Model Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines, Model Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats, Electric Batteries, Bells, Lamps, and Accumulators, &c., &c.

A CUSTOMER writes:—"Your goods are marvellous value at the price, and your catalogue is a treat."

W. MACMILLAN & Co.
Engineers and Modellers,

MAR STREET, ALOA, N.B.

It's better to spend
half-a-guinea well
than half-a-crown
on an experiment.

'SWAN'

Fountain Pens

ARE PROVED
THE BEST.

Prices :

10/6, 16/6,

25/- to

£20.

Postage
free.



Sold
by
all
Stationers

GUARANTEED.
SEE CATALOGUE
SENT FREE.

No more steel
pens, dirty ink
pots, pen wipers,
rusty holders.

Mabie, Todd & Bard,

93, Cheapside, London, E.C.

95a, Regent St., W.; 3, Exchange St.,
Manchester; and 37, Ave. de l'Opera, Paris.

VIGORO

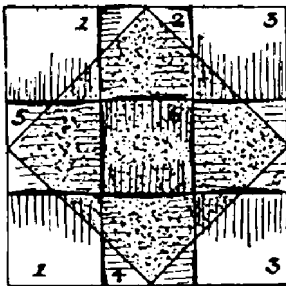
A Fast and Exciting Game of Great Skill,
Brilliancy, and Hitting Power.

Immediate Success of the New Game
Playable Outdoor, or under Cover.

RULES, LISTS, & FULL PARTICULARS OF
VIGORO SYNDICATE, LTD.,
30, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

The VIGORO BALL, 1/- each.

SOLUTION OF
BLACK SQUARE PUZZLE.



W&A

**THE DISAPPEARANCE OF
Mr. EGAN.**

MR. EGAN was the General Superintendent of the Great Northern Railroad Co. of America, and went on a shooting trip in the Kootenay Mountains with a party of friends. The others duly returned, but Mr. Egan failed to put in an appearance. From that day to this no trace of the missing man has been discovered, although hundreds of men have scoured the mountains. Mr. Egan's disappearance has caused a great sensation in the West, and all sorts of extraordinary theories have been advanced as to his fate.

A full account of this extraordinary case appears in THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE for March. Buy a copy to-day, and see if

YOU CAN ELUCIDATE THE MYSTERY

from the facts there presented. You will find the task most fascinating.

. . . THE MARCH . . .

WIDE WORLD 6^d.

See "CAPTAIN" Competition Results,
on page 576.

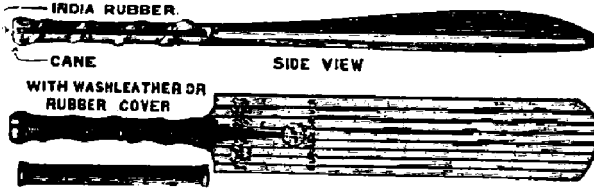
START THE SEASON WELL!!

THE BEST OUTFITS ARE BOUGHT AT OUR ESTABLISHMENTS.



CRICKET BAGS.

Green-figured carpet—
 Size 36 x 5 x 12 in. deep **4/3.**
 " 36 x 5 x 12 " **4/11.**
 " 36 x 7 x 12 " **6/11.**
 Postage 8d.



THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER.

This Bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonder ful "GRIP" obtained by the peculiar construction of the handle, together with its perfect balance and driving power, render it undoubtedly the leading bat of the day. **MEN'S, Full Size, 15/9. YOUTHS, No 6, 12/9.**

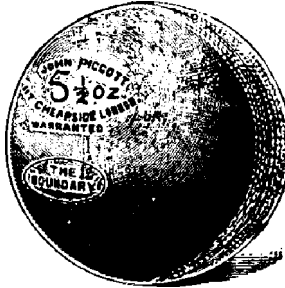


CRICKET BELTS.
 8d., 10d.
 Postage 2d.

RING CRICKET CAPS.
 10d., 1/-, 1/6.
 Postage 2d.

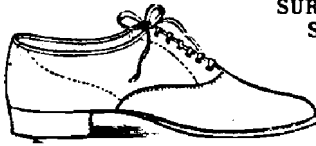
WHITE FLANNEL SHIRTS, 1/11.
 Superior, 3/6, 4/6, 5/2,
 Postage 3d.

STRIPED FLANNEL BLAZERS,
 5/11.
 Postage 4d.



The **COLLEGE BALL,**
 Small Size,
 Best Quality,
 4/6.
 Postage 3d.

LEG GUARDS.
 4/6 and 5/9.
 Postage 3d.



CRICKET SHOE.

Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.
 White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.
 Postage 6d.

SURREY BATTING SHIELDS.
 6/- per doz.

GAUNTLETS.
 Youths', 2/11.
 Men's, 3/2,
 3/8, 4/6, 5/9.
 Postage 3d.

The New **BOUNDARY BALL.**
 5/3 each : 30/- per half doz.

MEN'S,
 5/9, 6/3, 7/6.
 The "J.P."
 "RESISTUM" Spring Guards,
 15/9

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3,
 6/-, 6/11.
GREY, do., plain or fancy stripes,
 4/6, 5/11, 6/11.

Please send for my Price List, Post Free.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., (Dept. J), 117 & 118 CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Cadbury's

"The Standard of Highest Purity."
 THE LANCET.

A MOST VALUABLE BEVERAGE FOR ATHLETES.
 Highly Nutritious and Absolutely Pure, being entirely free from drugs or any admixture.

What a Famous Footballer says of Cadbury's Cocoa:—"I have tried CADBURY'S Cocoa, and can personally testify to its giving stamina. It has great qualities for all who, like myself, participate in Football. It imparts vitality, without overheating."

ERNEST NEEDHAM.

(Captain, Sheffield United Football Club, Winners of the English Cup, 1902.)

Cocoa

THE NEW AND IMPROVED VEEDER CYCLOMETER.



Regular Model.

DID you ever stop and consider what a reliable cyclometer will do for you? It will inform you of just the amount of work your wheel is doing. If a tyre wears out, you will know just the number of miles that wore it out. It will inform you of the amount of exercise you are getting each day. It will tell you how far it is from one town to another, or from any one point to another. It is educating, interesting, and indispensable to the intelligent wheelman.

VEEDER Cyclometers have been for years and now are the standard distance recorders for bicycles throughout the civilised world.

SOLD BY ALL CYCLE DEALERS.

Made for 20, 24, 26, 27½, 28, 29½, and 30 inch Wheels.



Trip Model.

Write for Descriptive Booklets to Sole Agents: **MARKT & CO.,** (Dept. III), 20, Chapel St., Milton St., London, E.C.