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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."



C. B. FRY.
Athletic Editor.



E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor.



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

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A HIGHLAND POST-OFFICE.
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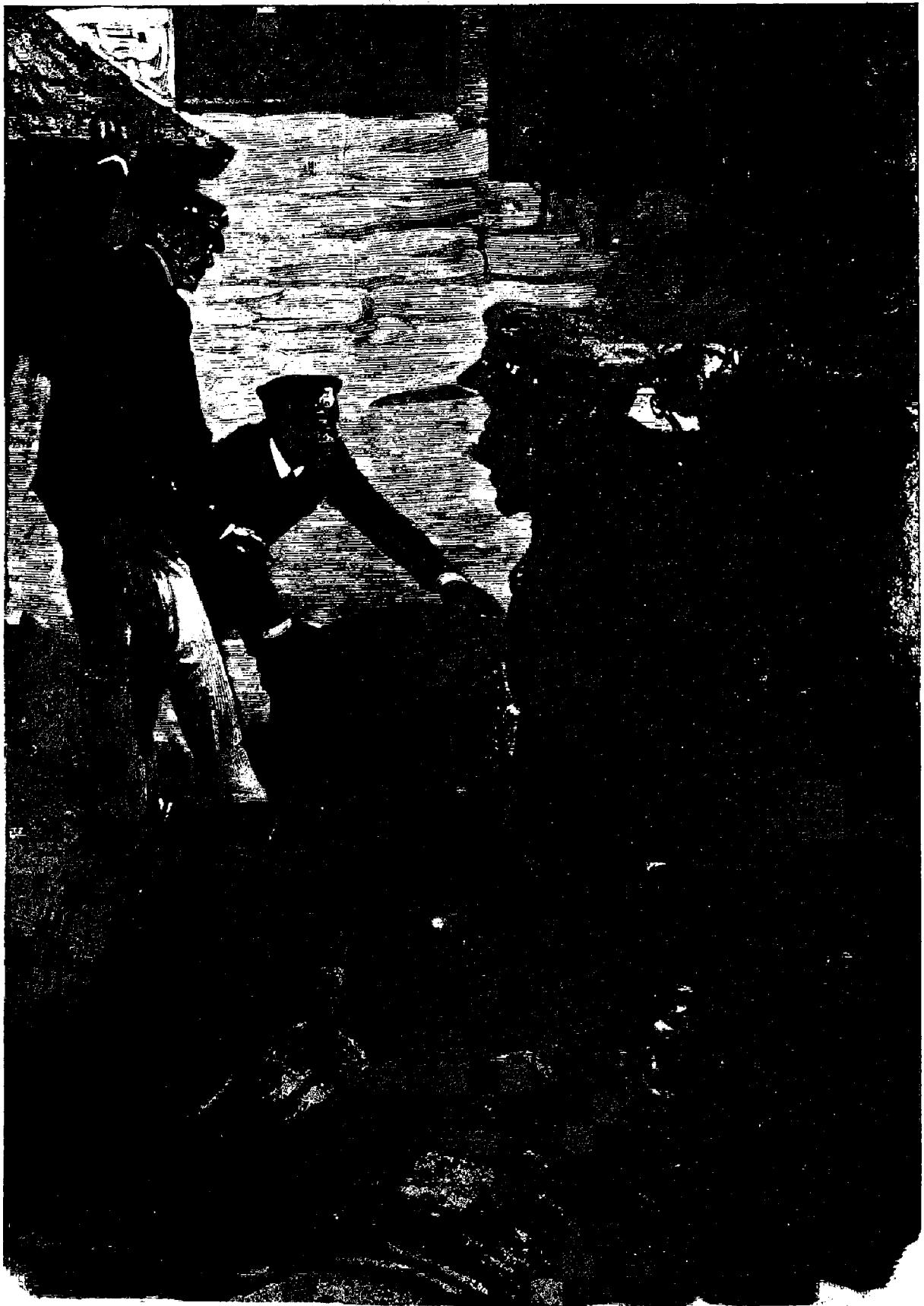
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INSULT + INJURY.

FASTIDIOUS FISH: "I don't know if you're aware of it, young fellow, but that worm was a stale one!"



THE OFFICER RUSHED FURIOUSLY TOWARDS THEM

[See page 8.

SAILORS of the KING.

A story of
WAR
on land and
Sea.

CHAPTER I.

THE CALL ACROSS THE SEAS.

H.M.S. *Arbiter*, a vast bulk of shadow on the night, lay at anchor in the open roadstead of Maldiva. Behind her the town was lighted as for a carnival, garishly. Now and again a rolling wave of sound from moving, excited crowds, eddied across the silent tide.

The black mass of the cruiser was marked by just two points of light, a dim riding lamp on the forestay, and aft a richer gleam touching the water from some unseen light in the captain's cabin. A brooding, shadowy bulk, silent save for the occasional clank of fire-rakes deep within it, and, rarer still, subdued echoing calls along the great decks. No village in all green England lay quieter after nightfall, and yet at the blast of a bugle over eight hundred men could rally round the guns.

Two bells had not long been struck when the sentry on the fore-bridge halted abruptly, peered

By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

intently at the dark surface of the sea, and then loudly hailed a boat.

"The British Consul," rang back sharp and clear to his hail.

The answer had barely died away before the shadowy figures of the watch slipped to the gangway. The visitor mounted briskly to the deck, and, without halting, passed with the lieutenant towards the after cabin, the ship's corporal's lantern making play of bars of light and shadow along their path.

As silently as they had assembled, the watch melted away; but the decks sounded with a muffled hum of many voices for some little time. Once more shouldering his rifle, the sentry resumed his walk; reaching the starboard side he nodded towards the town lights. "No end of trouble brewing somewhere; this is the third time old *Spreadeagle's* been here to-day, and third time does it, so they say. But—what's the good o' thinking? Come day, go day, anyhow."

Indifferently cheerful, he noted the lights of the town, dwelt on them as lighting up possible bars and much-desired bottled beer; but not one thought flitted through his careless mind of what might happen, and yet, within forty-eight hours, on that same deck, he, black with smoke and sweat, would be stumbling over heaped dead and wounded, his throat blistered past all shouting with acrid fumes of gun-fire and all his world of desire centred in a huge brass cylindered cartridge that had to be rolled,

dragged, pushed, and flung into the gun breach before he died.

In the after cabin, Francis Hugh Campion, captain of H.M.S. first-class cruiser *Arbiter*, sat before a table loaded with official books and correspondence. Now and again he rose, and, pacing up and down, dictated a letter to his clerk.

The sentry's challenge reached as far as the open ports, and the captain, halting in his walk, caught the answer. He dismissed his clerk with a gesture, and presently the sentry opened the cabin door, and the lieutenant announced his visitor.

The British Consul, hot with haste, and excitement showing in every gesture, held out a long yellow envelope to Captain Campion.

"From the Admiral, West Indies Station," cried he.

"Anything fresh on shore?" asked Campion, as he deliberately and neatly opened the envelope with a paper-knife.

"Fighting has begun," cried the Consul. "I have also reliable information that the Argentines have crossed the Rio Uruguay."

"Marvellous are the ways of these people," said Captain Campion. "I thought they had settled to arbitrate."

"Which didn't suit the Germans at all. They have forced the pace and hope to seize territory if any of their colonists are attacked by either party."

At this vehement statement a ghost of a smile lurked in Campion's eyes. He unfolded the telegram. The message was in cypher, but when Campion had decoded it, even his trained face betrayed some anxiety as he read:

"Proceed to sea at all costs and stop the three new Uruguayan gunboats (description below). They have left the Tyne after declaration of war between Argentine and Uruguay. They shipped men at Bremerhaven, and possibly ammunition. Have been sighted off Cape Roche on the 13th by steamer just arrived Port Royal, 18th. Captain says there were four, but could not be certain. Am detaching squadron to join you."

Campion drew his chair to the desk, seized a pen and wrote an acknowledgment, handing it to his visitor as he rose to dismiss him.

"I'm for the sea," said the captain.

His visitor knew his man too well to press Campion for details.

They passed out together, Campion instructing him as to the protection of British subjects in the Uruguayan State.

"No half measures," he concluded, "if the Germans come in conflict with any British rights."

With that the Consul stepped into his gig, and even while the bowmen pushed off from the

cruiser's side, orders flew along her dark deck. The boatswain's whistle rose shrilly on the night; lamp signals flashed from her masts to recall the shore-leave people. Already hundreds of bare feet raced and pattered on the iron decks and ladders. Already the stoke-hole resounded to the clang of fire-rakes and shovels. Already the windlass hove home the slack of the ponderous cable, and presently the boatswain called to the first lieutenant, and he in turn—

"Pass the word that the anchor is up and down."

Midshipman Hewitt, scurrying in the dark, bewailed his sad lot of broken sleep.

"Just my miserable luck," groaned he, "no shore-leave to-morrow! and there's Tommy Brown just bursting with purple luck all the time. Shouldn't wonder, too, if he isn't in a bulgy scrimmage on his own, and'll get left behind."

A true prophet spoke there, but with this important reservation. Tommy had been in the thick of it, but now, putting into action the old adage that discretion is the better part of valour, he was in full retreat.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH MIDSHIPMEN TAKE CHARGE OF AFFAIRS OF STATE.



ON shore, in the town of Maldiva, all the world was afoot and pressing towards the Plaza Grand, and in that place more particularly to the northern side.

Here lay the centre of excitement. The Government buildings filled up the whole of this side, and every window from the dormer to the basement was lit up as for a festival.

Above a sea of heads and gesticulating arms, a man, swung from a travelling wire cable, painted in hot haste a line of words on a long strip of white linen which had been stretched across the whole length of the façade. From the roof of a building at the other side of the Plaza, an electric search-light cast a powerful ray upon the writing. It was the first bulletin from the troops.

The babel of voices was deafening. Men jumped upon the *café* chairs, climbed lamps and shop fronts; pulled one another on to porticoes, sun-blinds—anything and everything that would give them a coign of vantage.

To all these people the bulletin was as a strong and heady wine, but the *café* of "All the Nations," modestly retired by itself in the south-west corner of the Plaza, was conspicuous by the calm and temperate air of its customers. On its frontage, the orange trees lined a deserted side-walk. Its marble tables had no more than half a score of guests all told, and these



IT WAS THE FIRST BULLETIN FROM THE TROOPS.

latter, to a man, were seamen of the Narrow Seas, and eight of the ten would therefore be of British nationality. At a table close to the shading trees a couple of men sat alone. Their smart and well-fitting uniforms, and their big night coats, neatly folded on a neighbouring chair, gave them a quiet air of distinction. They eyed the tumultuous scene in front with a fine and tolerant humour. The elder man was the staff-surgeon, and his companion the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*, returning from seeing off the commander, who had departed on sick leave that evening. The younger of the two men translated between-whiles the writing on the scroll. As the sign-writer finished his task, he turned a startled face upon his companion, and exclaimed :

"Doctor! That looks extremely serious."

His friend, a well-set-up, compact, and clean-shaven man, laughed heartily.

"I should rather say, Hilyard, that it has the flavour of a London ha'penny paper headline; but translate the thing again, please."

"Enemy surrounded on the Rio Columbiano immense slaughter."

"Rio Columbiano," said the doctor slowly and dropping his voice. "By Jove, Hilyard! I'm honestly sorry. Isn't that the river where your friends have their Estancia?"

Lieutenant Hilyard nodded gravely and took a deep breath. His sweetheart's home was in the very centre of the battlefield. It had given the name to the fight. For some few moments the young fellow gave way to the baleful pictures which the situation had conjured up in his mind's eye, but the reassuring voice of the doctor recalled him.

"If the other side had won in this skirmish there would be some cause for anxiety about your friends. But as it is, the State officials here know by all things possible that it is their last act if they meddle with English subjects."

"Then," broke in Hilyard, "we had better make our way to the President and warn him."

"Better still, go on board and inform the captain. He won't leave any doubt in the President's head as to what is to be done; and done on the instant in this case."

Even while they were talking they had risen and were putting on their coats. The doctor placed some silver on the table, for every waiter had joined the cheering mob. As they gained the roadways and began to press through the skirts of the crowd, the doctor caught his friend by the arm.

"Those youngsters," he cried, "they have given us the slip after all. No matter, just now," he added, "they must take their chance and trust to luck. Bear to the left, Hilyard," he continued aloud, "there's a little opposition under weigh by the smashing of the crockery in there."

They steered clear of the crush, which was now setting towards the sound of riot in a *café*. Bottles were flying, and hoarse shouts of execration came shrilly from the spot. The crowd inside was too dense for any accurate glance to be had of the fight. On a sudden, every light in the *café* was doused in an instant. The doctor caught a glimpse of this swift transformation as they were on the point of leaving the Plaza.

"That," commented he, "is the handiwork of some skilful operator, and I should not wonder either but what those youngsters are mixed up in the scrimmage," he concluded, and half turned to retrace his steps.

But there was no time to waste over midshipmen. The doctor hastened after the young lieutenant, who had now entered the southern exit of the Plaza.

In the *café*, trampling over broken bottles, an angry crowd cursed the sudden darkness, and the ensuing occultation of their antagonists, and this left them but little breath to vent their rage when they collided with the overturned chairs and tables.

The kitchen, which joined the far end of the *café*, had a window opening into a small yard. It was a deep shaft of a place walled about by the adjoining buildings, and the only outlet lay five stories above, and the only means thereto was by way of a water-pipe on the street wall. Clinging to this, and on the level of the fourth floor, were two white-trousered figures.

The topmost youngster found a safe foothold on a small window close to the spout, and, as good fortune left it, the further half of the window was ajar. Only just in time, they both scrambled through it. Below, the enemy had gained the yard. Never were men more confounded. Candles had been obtained, and threw a light on the sheer sides of the buildings. How had they gone? Not a window broke the walls lower than thirty feet from the basement. The iron fall-pipe was utterly out of the question—no boy could squeeze himself in that. The brickwork was mostly glazed tiles. The crowd that wished to vent its vengeance on the boys who had turned out the gas, were filled with amazement.

Snatching a last peep at the sea of upturned faces, the youngsters softly closed the window and prepared to survey their new surroundings. Profound darkness was about them. For some minutes nothing but their stealthy movements broke the silence; then there was a sudden and sharp gasp, and a heavy crash resounded in the place.

"Piccy!" called Tommy, in a bated whisper.

Barely had a muffled groan answered him when a door somewhere in the building was opened, and an uncertain light flickered from above. Tommy, crouching on all fours, saw by the dim light his chum Piccy staunching a bleeding nose at the bottom of a short flight of stairs.

Whoever it was that had been alarmed, presently, as all remained quiet, became reassured and closed the door again. But Tommy had had time and light enough to note their bearings. They were not in a room at all, but on a landing in the stairs. Tommy had reached the upward flight, while Piccy had marched to the down flight.

Cautiously recommencing their journey, after much crawling and stealthy creeping down many flights of stairs, they found themselves hemmed in by a stone-paved corridor.

At the far end, a strong and pungent odour assailed their nostrils. On applying their eyes to the keyhole of a door, they discovered both darkness and a reinforced strength of acrid odour. The door was unlocked. Inch by inch they opened it, and at length gingerly entered the room. Their hands now came in contact with porcelain surfaces, and soon, as they rose to their feet at the farther end, with a perfect network of wires. Here also they arrived at a short flight of stairs reaching upwards. Mounting these, the sound of voices reached them, mingled now and again with an intermittent metallic clicking.

"Piccy! you conspirator, we've hit upon a telegraph office, and, yes, we turned to the right when we retired from the *café*. Well, I'm jolly certain that we're now mixed up and out of soundings in the Government Buildings."

Just then, as if to verify their position, a hoarse roar from the outside multitude came like the roll of breakers on a shore.

"They sound hungry," said Tommy. "We must make a departure from the lee-side, if our poor little bones are to rest in peace on board to-night, poor wandering boys that we are!"

A trap-door was above their heads, and here they found light, but also, to counterbalance that evil, a snug shelter.

They had emerged, as they could see at a glance, behind a long counter in an office. A single gas-jet lit up a desk at the far end, and here, at a telegraph instrument, a clerk was assiduously spelling out a message. Close to him a man in naval uniform sat smoking a cigar.

From the vantage of a half-closed door in the counter, the boys had a clear view of the two men.

"That's an 'Imitator,'" whispered Tommy, after a sharp glance through the door.

The German naval lieutenant, or the "Imitator," as the middies called his kind, was waiting for any wire that told of the first attack, or what could be construed as such, on any German subject, and particularly on any German colonist whose farm stood on the banks of the Rio Uruguay. The 11th Regiment should be crossing the river that night. So far the only telegram that had arrived mentioned news of but little interest to the German. It came from the telegraph office near the ferry at the junction of the Rio Columbiano with Rio Uruguay, and it ran:—"Outposts are firing on Argentines across

the river." This, and no more, was the foundation of the bulletin in the Plaza.

Suddenly a call rang out from the next instrument. The clerk began to write, throwing the slips to the officer as he finished them.

"Uruguayan regiment has attacked the 'Estancia Columbiano,' owner, John Ferguson, British subject. Cannot find out reason. Estancia is on fire and a survivor just passed here."
SCHULTZ."

The officer gathered up the slips and prepared to depart, but he had only reached out his hand for his coat when another jangling call rang out from the same instrument. The message came to hand slowly, and with many breaks, though its whole length did not fill one slip. As the clerk finished, the German held out his hand for it. The operator, hesitating, explained: "This is for the English warship, *Arbiter*."

"Then," said the officer, with cool insistence, "I can leave it as my boat passes her."

He threw on his big coat, thrust the telegram into his pocket, and hurried out.

The midshipmen had been watching and listening. They had seen the hesitation of the clerk over the second message, and heard beyond dispute, in the midst of the foreign babble, the name of their ship. To reason was but a waste of time.

The German had hardly stepped over the threshold before Tommy had seized and slung a stone ink bottle through a big window at the end of the room. As the plate-glass rattled on the desk, the clerk flew away in dismay. Behind his back, two crouching figures bounded through the door and hurried after the German.

The door opened into a street at the back of the Grand Plaza. Once clear of the public buildings the thoroughfare became quite changed in character. It narrowed, and was dirty and ill-paved, while the houses hereabouts were squalid, square-fronted tenements of the working people. Still narrower alleys branched from this street, and these, by the strong smell of tar, ropes, and oils, ran down towards the harbour.

The midshipmen, stealthily following the German at some fifty paces, saw with delight the man swing down one of these alleys.

"Leg it, Piccy," cried Tommy. So, without questioning, Piccy followed his leader down a parallel alley. A sharp, hot spurt brought them to a cross passage, connecting the one they were in with that which the German was traversing. But at the farther end of their passage they found the footway completely blocked by a long

line of casks. Scrambling over these, they peeped into the alley. Ahead, under a dingy lamp, they sighted their quarry talking to another man—a chance wayfarer, by the officer's gestures, who inquired his way.

"Now what do we do?" asked Piccy.

"I'm going to run out head down and basket him, and you'll follow up. You must grab the telegram; it's in his right-hand pocket, remember."

"Isn't he a trifle big to capsize?" asked Piccy, doubtfully.

"Perhaps he is, a little. Still, it's the suddenness that does it."

Piccy, not quite convinced of possible success by this manœuvre, looked forlornly around for a cudgel of some kind. As he hunted for a weapon, he found that the casks were wedged. The first in the tier moved under his hand.

"Tommy," he said, "couldn't we run a cask on him?"

"Je-hoop!" cried Tommy. "Done! You hold the cask; I'll pull the wedges—right? Now shove like an engine when I shout. Here he comes!"

The heavy footfall of the officer approached. As he came in sight, Tommy gave an appalling yell, and down ran the cask at full tilt. As it went, the boys found it leave their hands—the passage was on an incline. At their heels trundled a procession of hurrying casks.

Tommy's shout had brought the officer to a stand, and on the instant he was struck and flung headlong into the gutter. Regardless of the tumbling crowd of casks, the boys threw themselves upon him, and the telegram was theirs. But the German

was now on his feet, and with a roar like a charging bull he drew his sword and threatened the midshipmen. This time retreat in good order seemed out of the question. They were trapped by their own device!

Fronting the narrow passage from which they had rushed, the alley fell back the width of a small house, and this, by the sounds of a sea-chorus rumbling within, was a public house. The scattered casks held the boys in this recess.

Sword in hand, the officer rushed furiously



THE BOYS HAD A CLEAR VIEW OF THE TWO MEN.

towards them. They dodged, but the big sword and the man's long arm commanded by a single step of his foot the full breadth of the entrance.

"To me," he shouted, "geef de telegrab."

"See you blest, old Sauerkraut," responded Tommy, cheerfully, as he jumped on a cask and felt the low eaves for a chunk of tile; but the mortar was as hard as flint.

"I keel you eef you do not," and the officer made a workmanlike pass within half a foot of Tommy's head. The latter blinked, and put another cask between himself and the sword.

"Piccy," he whispered hurriedly, "you've got the ball. When I get a chance I'm going to shove a cask on him, then you bolt—you've got to, you idiot," he added, as he saw his chum's mouth framing a big "NO."

For some few minutes they dodged in and out of the casks, ever clearing the glittering blade, and ever hearing the sickening hiss of it in the air. The German was a wily antagonist, and for all their feinting he kept his advantage. But at last Tommy arrived behind the particular cask he required. Dropping short, he sent it down on the man, and made a feint as if to run. A sick shudder wrung him; the wind of the sword had fanned his cheek.

Piccy, however, had gone clear, and Tommy heard his triumphant yell, as he rushed down the alley. Then he began a dance for life.

The German, having only one to attack, now commenced a forward movement. In and out sprang Tommy, but every instant losing ground. He was slowly being driven into a corner. The German, his coolness gone, raved for the telegram.

"You're a thief," cried Tommy, with his back to the wall.

At this the man gave a vicious grunt, and shortened his sword to thrust, but even as his arm drew back, a door in the side wall opened, and a man, leaping out, drove straight from the shoulder a horrid blow on the officer's jaw. The German went down like a log, the sword point going sideways, but the hilt struck Tommy square over the eyes, and Midshipman Brown fell headlong on the top of him.

CHAPTER III.

ARMED AND MANNED AND READY.



AS Tommy fell, three other figures dashed up. The first comer bent over Tommy and raised his head. The others, looking over his shoulder, saw a face streaked with blood.

"Did the sword point touch him, Benson?" cried one of them.

"No, doctor, only the hilt caught him," answered Benson, the boatswain of the *Arbiter*.

"Good. That's luck. Hilyard, your handkerchief, and one of you strike a match."

And without more ado the doctor examined the wound, and with quick and skilful hands bandaged Tommy's head.

"That will do till we get him on board. But what about this man?" and Dr. Hattle pointed to the huddled form of the German, who was groaning and feebly clutching at the casks.

"I hit him," said the boatswain.

"So I see," said the doctor suavely, his hand on his chin, "and if his jaw isn't a first-class fracture I know no surgery."

It was as the doctor had said—the jaw was smashed at the inner angle. Placing the man in a more comfortable position, Dr. Hattle quietly took stock of the officer's badges.

"Bo'sun," said he, "do you know anything of this extraordinary affair?"

"No, sir, save I'd just looked into this tavern for a drink, and after a while I heard a scuttling round and round, and then a youngster piping. So out I popped—saw this hulk with sword at the short to thrust—so course I hit clean."

"Nothing cleaner," quoth the doctor, rubbing his chin. "But there's dirty weather brewing to mend it. He's a German. Hilyard, what's young Stanmore's explanation of this skirmish?"

"Hold a minute, though," continued the doctor, "young Brown is coming round."

Piccy was by his chum's side on the instant, and his voice recalled Tommy's scattered wits.

"The telegram, did you save it?" he cried. For answer, Piccy thrust the crumpled envelope in the doctor's hand.

"It's for our ship, and that beast there stole it, sir."

Another match was struck. The doctor read the address on the telegram and then handed the missive to the lieutenant.

"Hilyard, this is for you."

The young lieutenant read the dispatch, and then, with a horror-stricken face, thrust it into the doctor's hands. Dr. Hattle read by the aid of a match:—

"Send help. Troops have attacked our estancia. Uncle is dead—have escaped here—farm burning. —Nancy Clitheroe."

The two men looked at each other for a moment in complete silence; then they both turned to Piccy, and in a few minutes had learned the history of the telegram.

"If that man," cried Hilyard, pointing to the German, "were only standing up!"

"Softly," murmured the doctor. "We are in

deep waters yet, and it's extremely advisable that we get an armoured deck under our feet as early as possible. You lead off, Hilyard. My business lies here as yet," and he began to busy himself with the stricken man, as became the duty of his cloth.

The brawny bo'sun lifted Tommy like a mere feather, and, headed by the lieutenant, they set out for the jetty.

Dr. Hattle patched up the German officer to the best of his ability, and overtook his companions just as they emerged from the alley upon the shore side of the town. Fronting them lay the palisade of the landing jetty, from which all ship's boats had to embark their crews. A couple of dim lamps served to show the entrance, and no more. Round this, a crowd of angry bluejackets were hammering at the gates, and shouting threats of vengeance on the guard inside.

"Ah!" cried the doctor, cocking his head like a horse in a bearing rein. "The night begins to waken! Here's your turn arrived, Hilyard." But already the lieutenant's voice rang out clear and sharp. At the sound the tumult fell dead. Instinctively the men straightened, saluted, and took shape of line.

"What does this mean?" cried Hilyard.

"Ships making signal of recall, sir," cried one.

"And these 'ere sentries," added another, "won't let us into the boats neither, sir."

Both spoke truly. In the distance the recall signals flashed from the cruiser's cross yard, and Hilyard, calling at the gates for admittance, was met by a curt refusal from the sentry, and ordered to fall back on the instant.

"Good," murmured the doctor to himself, but Hilyard, that call for help ever crying aloud within his brain, and the cruiser's urgent signal flashing in his eyes, was goaded nigh to madness by the taunting voice of the sentry.

"Men!" he cried, "hunt for arms over yonder in those engine shops."

They leapt like a breaking wave; were over the wall and back again in a trice armed with bars and rods of iron, while many carried in addition broken fire bars and rods for missiles. Tommy, staggering to his feet, ordered a stalwart bluejacket to give him his weapon, a six-foot length of steel drill-rod; as he took it, he actually reeled beneath its weight, but a pair of firm arms lifted and carried him behind some timbers.

"There, my juvenile fire-eater," said the doctor, "if you move an inch from here before I send for you, on my word of honour I'll give you sick bay for a month, and a brain fever!"

Meanwhile, under the direction of the lieu-

tenant, an old lower mast had been hauled off a lumber heap. Ropes were cut from bales to make slings, and in an incredibly short space of time fifty pairs of arms lifted up the battering ram and moved to the gate.

"Take your time from me—one, two, three," cried Hilyard. "Now, down with the gate!"

At his cry, the ponderous spar struck home, and the barricade fell in a pile of matchwood. Each man had looped his end of the sling, and carried his weapon through it like a cross piece, so that on the spar being dropped it was to hand again at once.

Following their leader, they charged in a compact body at the run, and before the guard, now scampering out at the sentry's shot and the riot of the battering ram, could form up, the bluejackets had surrounded them.

The doctor, a non-combatant, so to speak, and coming in at the tail-end, coolly, as became him, caught sight of a window opening in the back of the guard-house, and at this a soldier, squaring his shoulders to a blow, held a bugle to his lips. Behind him a dark-faced officer cursed him to his work.

Dr. Hattle, quick as light, stretched out an arm from the shadow and plucked the bugle from the soldier's hands.

"Do you speak French, sir?" he asked quietly of the officer in that language.

The officer swore heartily in Spanish, but answered him in French.

"That is fortunate," cheerfully continued the doctor, "because it will save you all being blown to bits. You are incredulous. Good! But it is convincing when you are in bits—eh? You see the lights on that cruiser? Well, the guns were trained on here before dark; fire another shot, call another man, and we'll signal. Perfectly understandable? Good. I'm delighted to meet with such quick intuition."

With that Dr. Hattle returned the bugle, and with a quiet, steady glare into the sullen eyes of the officer, moved out of the lamp light and returned to Tommy.

In that short space of time Lieutenant Hilyard had embarked the whole of his men, save those holding the guard in check. As the doctor marched up with Tommy in his arms, the last boat was ready, and the rear guard embarked in turn.

"Now, men," cried Hilyard, "pull steady and no haste till I give the word."

With intense repression he waited till the jetty had dropped astern some distance, and the obscurity hid their movements.

"Men," cried he, "we are racing for the lives of some English people. Put your backs to it—

every ounce in your bodies. Doctor, double bank your boat oars."

The ash oars flashed and dipped, the boats lifted with a groaning thud, the sharp pant of fifty hard-breathing men broke as one sound, and presently the lieutenant cried:—

"Bows! way enough," and under his breath he added softly to himself, "Thank God we are here."

The scant ceremony of Hilyard's "Come on board, sir," caused the first lieutenant, busy as he was, to stare after his retreating back with astonishment, but Dr. Hattle, in a few words, smoothed over the unintentional affront.

"Um!" remarked Mr. Tautbridge, "I don't know, doctor, but what I might not turn my sword buttons on the Admiral himself for a girl like Miss Clitheroe—but who is this from the wars?"

"Come on board, sir," said Midshipman Brown saluting, but oscillating like a drunken man.

The first lieutenant put his hands behind him, and bending his long length stiffly at the hips, looked down on Tommy's blood-smeared face.

"Are you aware, sir, that your head is the property of His Majesty's Service. No? I imagined not! Doctor, did you ever know any of these young gentlemen come under your hands from service aboard?"

"But rarely," answered the doctor.

"You have the advantage of me, sir, for in all the bounds of my experience, I never met one who did. Now what new diplomatic trouble has Mr. Brown put on the fire to brew for us?"

Tommy winced. Trouble was looming ahead when the first luff sailed free on a polite wind. But the doctor interrupted with a laugh.

"Mr. Brown has merely robbed a German lieutenant. Perfectly true," added the doctor with grim cheerfulness as Mr. Tautbridge gave a startled whistle. "However, he's my patient at present, so my orders first," he concluded with a bow, and as the junior surgeon had arrived he handed Tommy over to him.

"I'll be down in a moment—clean the wound—prepare for stitching." Then, turning to the first luff,

"Mr. Tautbridge, a word privately," and he gave a quick and succinct account of the boy's time on shore.

"Um!" said the lieutenant. "Don't see anything to worry about. Served him right. You would have hit the German too?"

"Oh, nothing less," laughed the doctor. "But look into the matter. These boys seized a telegram from his person."

"Yes, so would I if it were for our ship, sir," and he blew out his cheeks angrily.

"But observe. On the boy's admission, he was going to the jetty where our boats were lying. He could say he was going to give it us."

"He could say so for a whole month of leap years. I wouldn't believe him."

"Quite so! yet—" and here the doctor lifted a forefinger and looked with his hanging judge air at Mr. Tautbridge—"his saying so would put us all in the wrong."

"And even if it does, doctor, there will be no fighting, not over this affair. The German Navy is too small as yet, and too scattered into the bargain."

The doctor weighed his remark, for the lieutenant, beyond dispute, was a master of the powers and capabilities of the larger fleets. His spirits were dashed. He had desired Mr. Tautbridge's opinion, and that opinion had quenched an ever-craving need within him. The judicial face of the doctor masked a soul of turbulent desire for leadership and battle.

He turned to go, but paused another moment. "By the way," he said, "how could our men have signalled for assistance from the jetty?"

"Had they a signal lamp?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Nor a flare?"

"No."

"Well, they couldn't—except by putting off to us. There were no rifles allowed, so they couldn't fire."

"Thank you," said the doctor, and hastened away to the sick boy. But nevertheless he smiled meditatively to himself.

Mr. Tautbridge solemnly tramped in isolated grandeur on the deck. All had fallen to complete stillness; the last cheep and chirp of the boat tackles had died away, and the last thud of the ropes coiling ended. But from far deeps fifty feet below him, the fire rakes still clanked unceasingly. He had just cast an eye on the escape pipe for the fiftieth time when a quick footstep came behind him.

"Mr. Tautbridge," said the clear voice of the captain, "man and arm the launch and the steam pinnace. I'm sending sixty men on shore."

In a minute the boatswain's whistle echoed down the hatchways.

Soon a dark crowd was mustering on the port side. The creak of belts, the snapping of buckles, the jar of rifle butts on the decks, came and went unceasingly as the men hitched their belts and bandoliers to easy fitting. Lieutenant Hilyard, now dressed in marching order, gave the word of command. The rapid calling of numbers from the men followed, then, with a lantern, he minutely inspected their appointments. Another



FOLLOWING HILYARD, THEY CHARGED AT THE RUN.

quick command and the boats were lowered to the water. The stores followed, then, in file, the men descended.

With no more words than a parting "Good-night, Hilyard," from Captain Campion, and—"Good-night, sir," in reply, the boats put off and began their hazardous voyage.

They had barely cleared the thrusting ram, when, with a roar, the steam pipes opened on the cruiser, and at that the last of the cable rumbled through the house-pipe. Round swept her bows, and soon ship and boats were lost to sight of one another.

CHAPTER IV.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

AT sunset, on the same evening, a solitary horseman drew rein on the last ridge of the Cuchilla Ombre.

Though dusty with long travel, the horseman was gay with bright attire. A long black and orange-striped cloak hung from his shoulders to the high Spanish saddle, making a splendid background to set off his yellow shirt and richly-embroidered panta-

loons, these latter being upheld by a silken scarf of many colours. Boots of soft foal-skin showed the smallness of his feet. Coiled on the saddle peak, and ready to his hand, lay a supple length of plaited horse-hair rope: this latter gave his rank and occupation—he was a wandering

Guacho of the plains.

The horseman slowly turned his head to take in every point of the land below him. For some minutes he carefully scrutinised the long shadows which were already creeping over the plains, as if to find some landmark to guide him in his descent.

To the westward, and twenty miles away, the plain was bounded by a winding steel-blue ribbon, the famous Rio Uruguay. Beyond this again, all was Argentine territory, shapeless and dim with coming night and the rising mists. Between the river and the plateau the ground was intersected by many small streams, all tending to join the largest river. For the most part, it was an arid, sun-burnt plain, but on the borders of the streams greener patches chequered the monotonous red-grey, and here and there willows grew in clumps on their banks, while, in the level parts, long stretches of marshy ground made a traveller's road full of long *détours*.

The Guacho at last found the mark he looked for—a single, white, and shapeless speck to the ordinary eye, but he knew it for the estancia of John Ferguson. There lay his journey's end, and not improbably Aqua Ardiente, for the

Guacho brought news to the estancia of a pure-bred mare that could be had on a Brazilian border farm—a mere journey of five hundred miles. But then he was a Guacho.

He was on the point of starting again, when his glance fell upon something a few miles south of the estancia. The sun dipped lower every instant, and already the dusk lay deep in the Uruguayan plain. Strain as he would, his keen eyes were now at fault. Once he could have sworn that a long, glittering flash came from the object, but the night fell deeper, and, as he stared, the sun dipped below the horizon, and the plain was drowned in shadow.

He pricked his horse, and away he bounded, his long, black hair streaming in the wind. Presently he was lost to sight as the track wound round a rocky spur. Soon, too, the last echo of his horse's hoofs had died away. But ride as he might, there would be no *Aqua Ardiente* for Henrique Ribas that night, nor even resting place.

The estancia of John Ferguson had changed its business these last five years. Once it had been a cattle-rearing farm, but good luck following on the better thing, shrewd knowledge, had thrown in the Scotchman's way a speedier road to wealth. In his journeyings to and fro he had discovered that a rich vein of rock, bearing amethysts, which lay in Argentine ground, cropped up again among the foot-hills at the back of his farm.

Mining had now taken the place of cattle-rearing, but his niece, Nancy Clitheroe, still kept up a fine stud of horses and sufficient cattle for the needs of the labourers about the farm, and in the mine.

True, it was a lonely life enough in that isolated corner of the plain, but then hope grew all the richer, and the holiday visits to the seaport towns in the Plate estuary were events to count the days by, and no visitor was more welcome than Nancy Clitheroe in any town from Moldonado to Colonia.

Lieutenant Hilyard had first met Nancy Clitheroe blooming alone among the dark señoritas at a garden *fête* given by the British Consul in Monte Video, and soon he was a bold suitor for her hand. That he was not the only ambitious man was as certain as red cheeks were scarce in Uruguay.

To the westward of the estancia, and bordering the Rio Uruguay for a league and a half on the Argentine side, lay the vast estate of Don Bolero. Many a time had this rich proprietor ridden down to the ferry, Guarda del Rio, and crossed to the Estancia Columbianio, where Nancy held her sway, and as many times he

had galloped back with sombre face. But at last Nancy made her open choice, and Don Bolero came no more to the ferryman at the Guarda del Rio. By day and night he brooded, and at last swore to himself that Nancy should be his wife.

No sooner had he set his purpose before him than fate placed the means in his hands. War broke out between the States. What easier now than for him to raid the isolated estancia? The men upon his estate could be numbered by the hundred, arms could be had by a word to the Government, and his labourers enrolled as a regiment. All the Uruguayan troops, so he had been informed, were massing eighty miles away to guard the expected attack from the regular army at a lower crossing. Thus the estancia was at his mercy. At once he put his scheme in train.

It was on this particular evening that the last Uruguayan regiment, marching to its rendezvous, passed a few miles westward of the estancia.

What the Guacho's lynx eyes had failed to resolve on the dusky plain had been this command on the march near the half-forgotten crossing at the ferry. They were some 500 strong. A dusty, shoeless, ill-clothed set of ragamuffins, but hardy as mountain goats. The flashing that had caught the Guacho's eye had been the last rays of the setting sun striking on the bayonets as they defiled through the fringing willows on the river banks. At their heels trotted a herd of wild mares, their only food whilst on campaign.

Presently the dusty column bore to the right, to avoid a long indentation of marshy ground, and this movement brought the distant hills in front. The last of the sunlight still fell redly on the higher ground, and the commander of the regiment, after a long and scrutinising glance, turned in his saddle and beckoned to his adjutant.

"This son of the Evil One,"—pointing to an Indian at his bridle—"tells me that up there lies the rich mine."

"I have heard it said," answered the adjutant, as he gazed at the far estancia among the foot-hills.

"And we are not rich," said the commander.

"Most true, your excellency; far from it. Our pay is like our hope of salvation—'tis on paper as yet."

"It is but fair," said the other, with a leer, "that, as Uruguay pours her riches into these foreigners' pockets, we should gather the price of our services in their defence."

His subordinate cast a long and avaricious

look at the farm. The red glow was fading from it.

"Your excellency," at last said the adjutant, "speaks with the wisdom of a council."

And presently the two rogues settled their scheme. It would not take more than three hours to diverge from their route. Half an hour

had straightened its course again. A sharp order came, and they leant once more to the right, and, with the distant light for a guide, rapidly disappeared.

The light which shone so far across the plain, came from the sitting-room of the Estancia

Columbiano, a modern addition to the low, thick-walled building erected by dead and gone owners. Long rambling sheds, in the form of a long "L," stretched away from the back, and from these the occasional stamping of horses' hoofs broke the silence. In the barricades of the corral a large herd of cattle encumbered the ground, for it happened to be the branding season. Enclosing the whole, the rough-hewn wall of the corral, fringed with thick cactus and agave bushes, stretched in a long irregular square.

The owner, a rugged old Scotchman, sat reading before a fire of peach-wood, while close to the lamp his niece Nancy sat writing to her heart's desire, a smile upon her face, and joy within her.

Suddenly a dog barked in the corral. Uncle and niece looked at one another questioningly and listened. For some moments the dog remained silent; then he broke out again, and half a dozen others joined in with the utmost vehemence.

John Ferguson strode to the window. In the corral, the voices of the labourers were now heard striving to stop the din.

Presently the sound of horses trotting rose above the uproar, and some one called outside the gate. A lantern had now been lighted, and Nancy saw in the open corral gate two horsemen. One wore a cocked hat and feathers, heavy bullion epaulettes on his shoulders, and a



"UP!" CRIED PEDRO TO NANCY.

to pay their respects to the proprietor and gather toll, and thence one hour to the crossing.

Darkness had completely fallen in the lower grounds. Afar, a spark of light now glowed; a lamp had been lit in the Estancia Columbiano. The officers galloped after the regiment, which

brightly-scoured sword scabbard at his side. The other boasted no more than a brass-buttoned tunic and a shako, but both men were grey with dust, and both ceremoniously greeted John Ferguson.

"Come in," cried he in Spanish.

"We are passing with our regiment, and present our humble selves to the rich owner of the Estancia Columbiano."

"I don't quite know about the riches," said Ferguson, "but it's a dry road by my own experience. Some refreshments will not do you any harm nor your men either, if they're not too many."

"Thanks, señor, but your graciousness is profuse. I am the commandant of the 11th Regiment, now on its way to exterminate the last dog of the Argentines, and to protect also your esteemed self and estancia."

"But," cried Ferguson, "the Guachos tell me that there's not going to be any fighting round here. The troops are centring on Colonia."

"Qien sabe," cried the commandant, "but you have much wealth, and the Argentine country is not far."

"Ah!" cried Ferguson, sharply, but commanding his temper, he again pressed the country hospitality on them. They were, however, in too much haste to stay.

"Yet," added the commandant, "we shall be happy to halt, while your excellency acknowledges the consideration of our troops and the protection we afford you from attack."

"What on earth do you mean, señor?" cried Ferguson, with rising anger.

For a moment the two rogues blinked in open amazement at the obdurate Scotchman. Such temerity passed their understanding, and, worse still, raised their southern blood.

Then came a rapid pass of words, too confused for Nancy to follow from the window. Suddenly the blustering officer reached a quick hand to his sword, and in the same instant her uncle struck heavily on the horse's nose. The animal reared high and collided with the other horse, and both fell back. In the confusion the gate was slammed to and hastily barred.

"Nance! my Winchester!" roared Ferguson. "José, turn out the men; the arms are in the house." When Nancy ran out with the rifle, she found the dark yard full of running figures, and by the time she regained the door there was a crowd of yellow-eyed half-breeds and natives round her. But the firearms were hardly sufficient to arm more than twenty men. Each man, however, had his long knife, which, at close quarters, was of far more deadly use than any rifle.

Scarcely had Ferguson posted his defenders than the noise of many fast-running bare feet came nearer.

"Down with the gate!" cried the commandant, and the stout barricade groaned under the pressure of the soldiers. But not an inch budged the timbers. Ferguson jumped on a horse block and called back:

"The first man that enters I shoot dead."

The officer brandished his sword and roared:

"Over, men! Over, I say!"

The lamp was still burning in the room behind, so little was the art of defence understood by the inmates, and against its brightness John Ferguson stood black as ink. A shot rang out, but, though he jumped down unhurt, the lamp in the room fell from its chain. This first shot opened a hot fusillade, and under its cover the soldiers climbed the gate. John Ferguson levelled his rifle, and as the first seven men successively mounted they as quickly fell, four inside and three outwards, dead or wounded.

But like a rising tide lapping over a reef, others mounted at far corners, and fierce yells and cries of pain mingled with the rattle of musketry. The long, keen-edged *cuchillas* of the defenders had begun their deadly work, and to light them to it a rising flame now broke out in the house. The fallen lamp had fired the room.

From the first rush at the gate to the first successful footing of the enemy in the corral, the time had been so short that Nancy had barely reached the far defenders with a skirtful of cartridges. Turning round at the sudden light, her heart throbbed wildly at the sight of the burning room. Her courage had risen equal to the whistle of the shots, and the shrill cries of the combatants, but this new and most deadly enemy shook her like an ague.

Already the keen instinct of the horses had scented the common danger, and sharp, terrified whinnies and a frantic stamping of hoofs resounded from the stables. The smoke from the burning house rolled black across the corral and mingled with the fog-like rifle smoke. Through this pall, dark figures leapt to and fro, attacking and retreating, grappling hand to hand, falling and still fighting.

As Nancy leant against the stable wall to quieten the disorder of her fears, one man, a soldier, plunging from the murk with uplifted arms, struck blindly against the wall, and sank into a huddled mass at her feet. The dark hilt of a knife stood out stark between his shoulder blades.

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Soon Nancy discovered that the battle was slowly but surely going in one direction, and

also that the flash of the rifle fire all pointed down the slope. The defenders were being driven back on the burning house. As she turned to hurry with them, some one called her name, and at her answer, Pedro, her groom, darted to her side.

"Señorita! Don Ferguson sends for you," cried the man breathlessly. Nancy flew back with the messenger to find her uncle lying in the shadow of the buildings, wounded unto death. She flung herself down by his side.

"Nance," he feebly cried, "it's as you see, my poor lassie. Ride to the telegraph and summon your sweetheart. He'll do justice to these scoundrels. Be a good wife to him, and the Lord be with you both."

She cried she would never leave him, but, even as she cried, it was otherwise. His old rugged head fell back on her young bosom, and he died.

With a bursting heart she helped Pedro carry the body out of the reach of the flames: then, as if acting in some horrid dream, she commenced to move as if under some spell. Everything that followed came about as if by outside influence. Some greater power than hers seemed to move her limbs. She and Pedro were in the stables now—to her the stables seemed to move and surround them. Her favourite horse, its eyes large and wild, its nostrils distended, dripped with sweat, as if from a long race, but shivered like an aspen. Mechanically she soothed it while Pedro blinded it with a bag; she then helped him to do the same with his steed, and all the time an incessant turmoil of plunging and trampling hoofs shook the stout timbers of the halter rails. She heard Pedro shout to her to stand clear. Then,

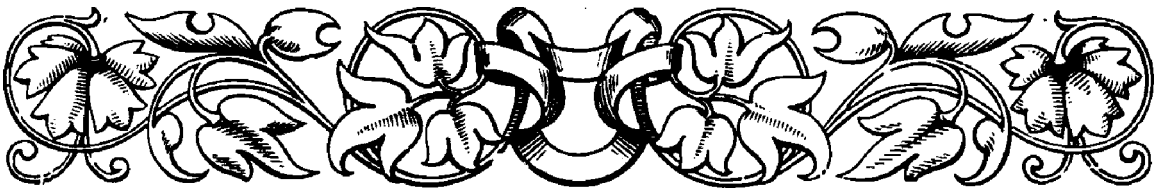
like a man bearing a charmed life, he ran to and fro, cutting the halters of the horses; all but those of their own. The frightened screaming mob swept past her. In a second the cattle barricades were undone, and a foaming, bellowing herd of cattle trampled outwards and joined the horses, and all together instinctively made for the entrance of the corral like a deluge.

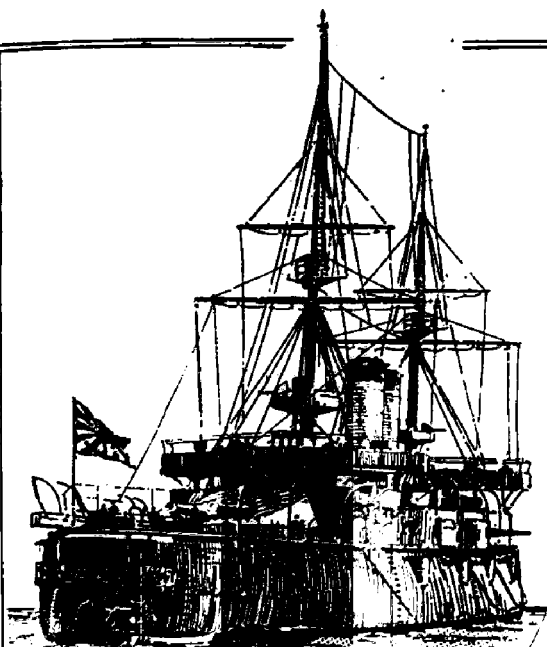
A shout of triumph rang above the din. The invaders had unbarred the gates from the inside and the main body of the regiment was pouring in; but, as the leading ranks gained the yard, they flung down their guns and turned with a scream of terror on their comrades; but it was too late. The maddened cattle bore down upon them and beat a passage through and over the soldiery.

"Up!" cried Pedro to Nancy, as with two swift flashes of his *cuchillo* he cut the halters, and Nancy leapt astride her horse as it reared; alongside of her she saw Pedro hanging by the mane of his horse, trailing. She was lying flat on her horse's neck, for both steeds charged the low stable door abreast. Well for Nancy that she had had a Guacho for her master, for, without saddle or bridle, she now flew across the corral and past the flaming house, heading straight for the gate, where her horse bounded in vicious jumps over the heaps of writhing bodies. Outside, faces seemed to circle about her and then disappear in flashes of fire, but not a shot touched her, so panic-stricken and shaken were the survivors.

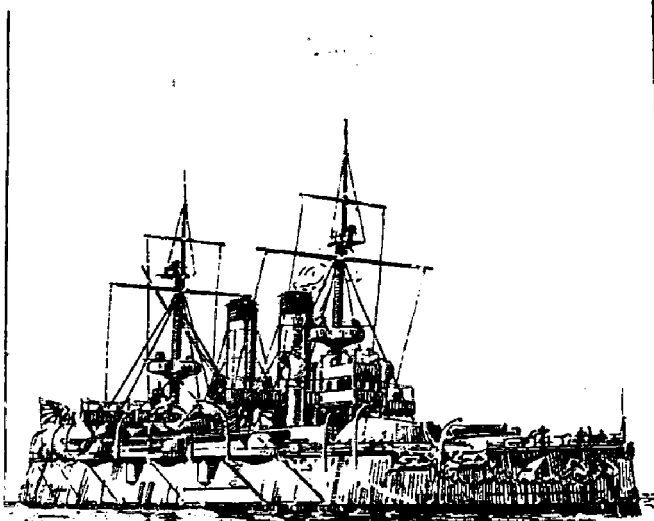
"To the river!" called Pedro at her side, and at length she rose up, and the scent of the night wind called her mind to work and reason. Before her lay the dark plain, and beyond that the salt sea, and her sweetheart.

(To be Continued.)



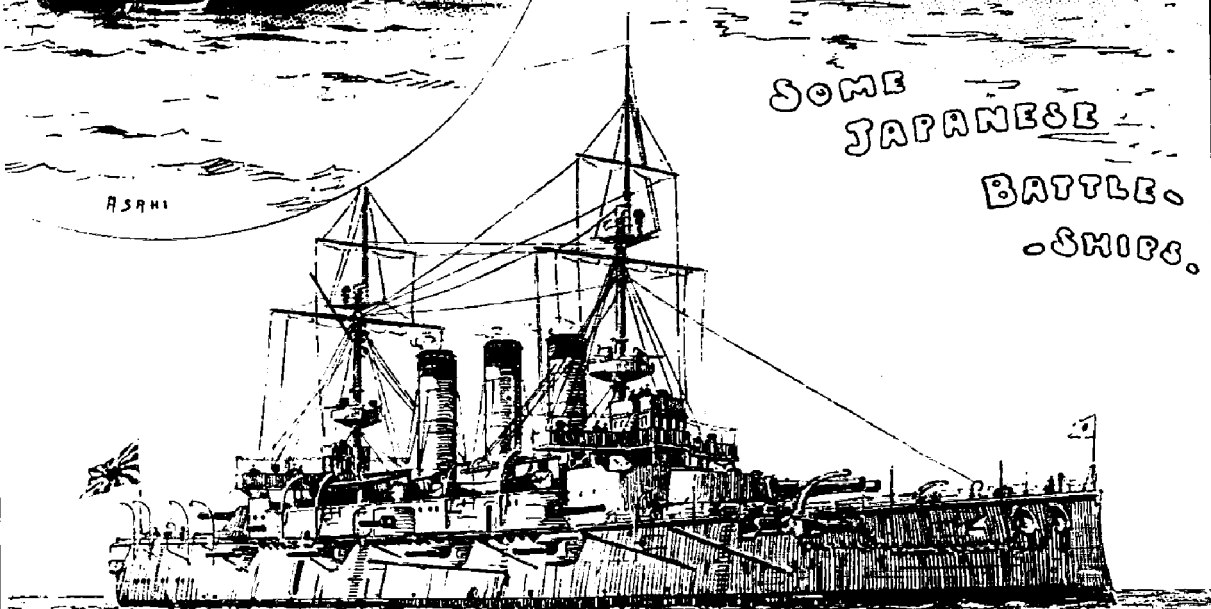


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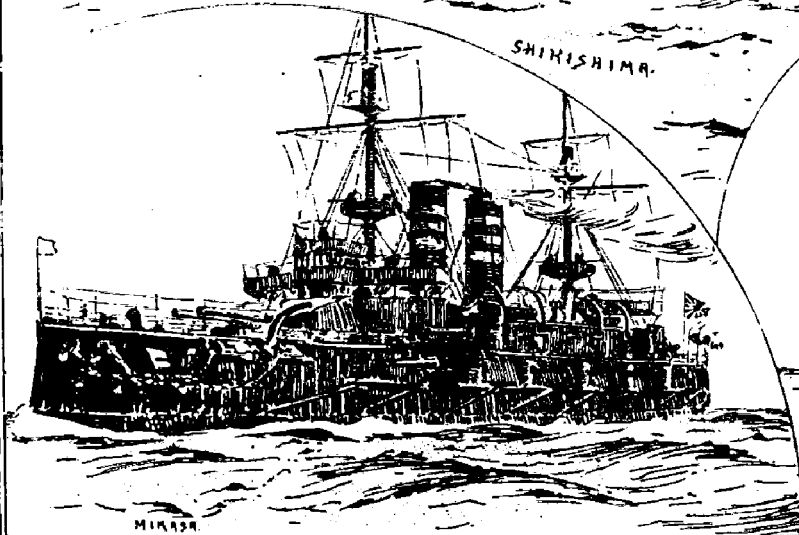


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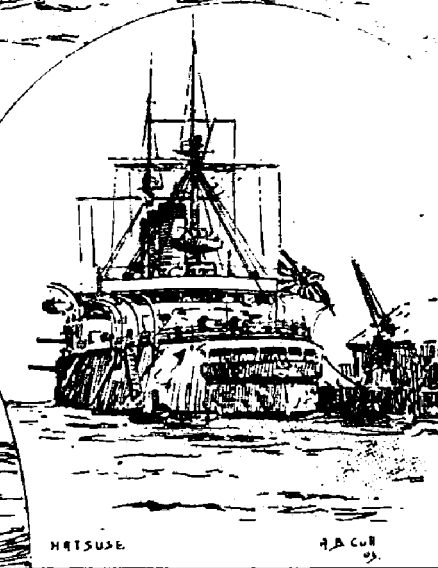
SOME
JAPANESE
BATTLE-
SHIPS.



SHISHIMA



MIKASA



HATSUSE

A. B. CULL

Specially drawn for "The Captain" by A. B. Cull.

MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Romance of Modern Invention," &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

(Continued from the March Number.)

PART IV.—“PUMPS.”

WHEN I first showed my model horizontal engine under steam to a few friends, I improvised for the occasion a boiler made out of a two-pound coffee tin, furnished with pressure-gauge, filler, two 3-16-inch stays from end to end, a steam-tap, and a cycle-tire valve. The whole operation, including the soldering of the joints to perfect steam-tightness, occupied an hour. I then filled the boiler with water and put on my foot-pump, and found that, though the ends showed signs of bulging at 40lbs., there was no leak. My boiler stand was an old spirit-stove, my furnace the ever-faithful benzoline blow-lamp, my connection to engine a piece of stout red rubber tubing. As steam got up, I warmed the cylinder, turned off the tap, and waited till 15lbs. was registered on the dial. Then I "let her go," and, my goodness, how she went! Spokes, connecting-rod, and guide-blocks, invisible; say, 1,000 révolutions a minute. (The governor was disconnected.) After half a minute or so the engine settled down to a more sedate pace, owing to the small heating-surface of the boiler.*

Almost the first criticism that I heard was "I should like to see it *do* something," and, at the moment, I much wished that there was a machine of some sort for the engine to work. And, as my readers will also probably not care to have a *working* model that merely "eats its head off," I propose to de-

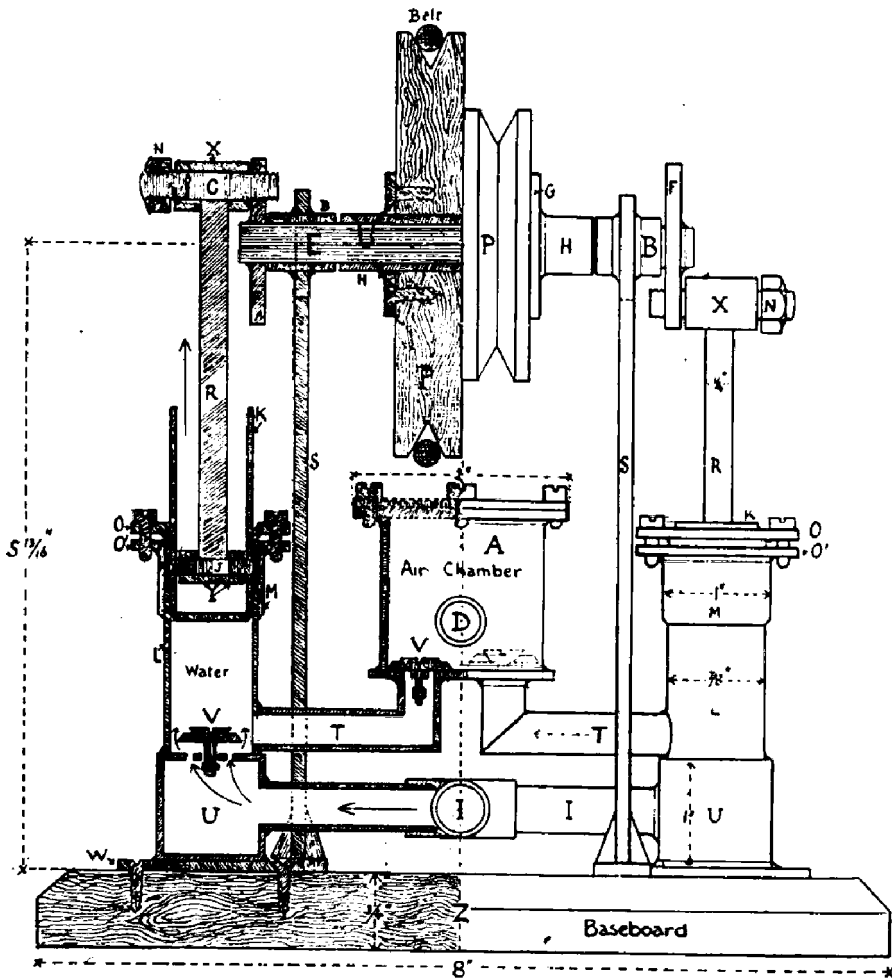


Fig. 1.—Cross elevation of pump, left half in section. Half full-size.

*NOTE.—I cannot recommend my readers to make a similar boiler, unless they test it to 40lbs. with water *every* time before using, and never let it register more than 15lbs. on a *trustworthy* steam gauge. The risk from internal corrosion is such as to make it advisable to abandon the boiler after a few exhibitions.

scribe in this article a simple pump which, owing to the fascinating properties of moving water, will serve very well as an accessory when the engine is exhibited. Fig. 1 shows a half sectional elevation of a pump, which has two barrels, one at each extremity of a shaft turned by the pulley at its centre. Water sucked alternately through the supply-pipe, *i*, into the pumps, is delivered continuously into the air-chamber, *A*, where the air above the delivery-pipe, *D*, acts as a cushion to equalise the flow of the water.

After the putting together of the engine, the construction of the pump will be a comparatively easy matter, and, since the making of glands, bearings, cranks, &c., is practically the same in both cases, there will be no need to enlarge specially on these details. The outlay on the requisite materials will be but small. We shall want:—

1. A baseboard, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch by 8 inches by 12 inches.
2. 6 inches tubing, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter outside.
3. " " " " " "
3. " " " " " "
- (All these $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick so as to telescope a good fit into one another)
- 2 inches tubing, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch diameter outside.
3. 3 feet brass strip, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
- 9 inches " " " "
4. 6 inches by 6 inches brass plate, $\frac{3}{16}$ inch thick.
5. 3 inches square tubing, 1 inch square outside.
6. 7 brass discs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter.
- 2 " " " "
- 2 " " " "
- 2 " " " "
7. 6 inches steel rod, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter.
- 3 " " " "
- 3 " " " "
8. Tubing $\frac{3}{16}$ inch thick, to fit outside these rods.
9. Two brass gas L-pieces and one T-piece $\frac{3}{16}$ inch diameter outside, and tubing same size.
10. Screws for wood and metal.

The pulley I had turned out of hard wood with two grooves, so that the pump can be worked at different speeds from engine, or, if necessary, serve as a shafting for connection to another machine. This item cost ninepence. . .

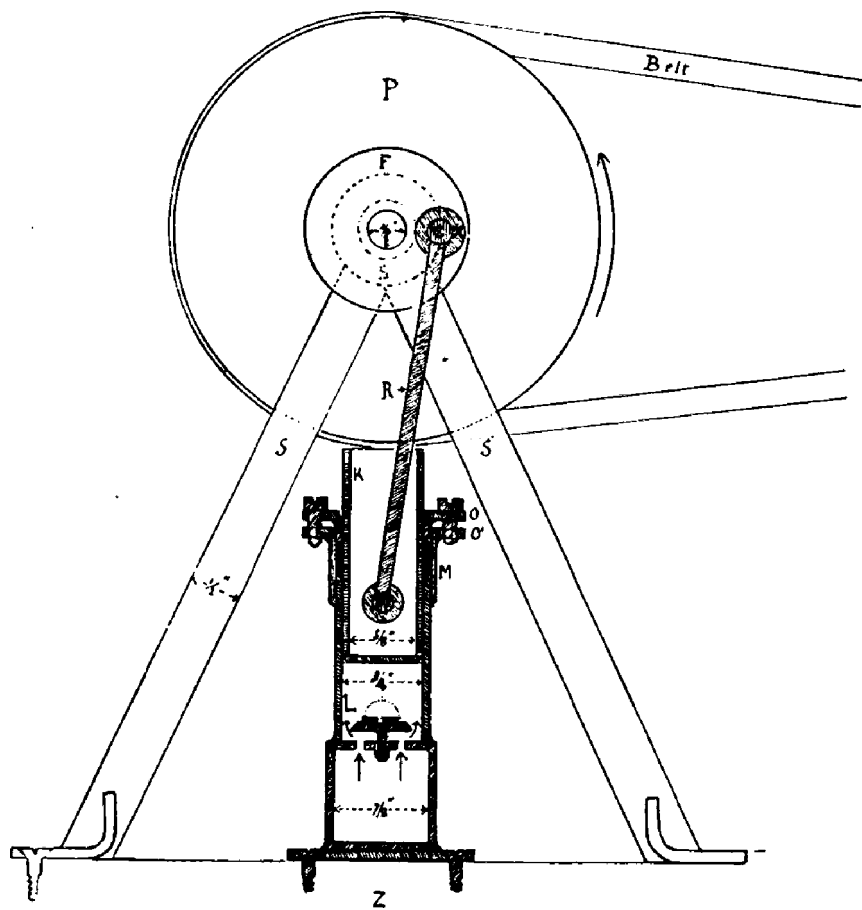


Fig. 2.—Longitudinal elevation, showing supports and one pump in section. Half full-size.

The supports may be either cut out of a sheet of brass or be made more economically by riveting and soldering the legs of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strip to a 1-inch disc. As the twisting of the strip is a rather troublesome operation, I made the feet separately, and soldered them on to the bottom of the legs, taking care that the supports when finished exactly coincided, as Euclid would say.

The tube forming the bearings, *BB*, is passed through the holes cut in bosses of supports, and also through the pulley and two discs, *GG*, attached to each side of the latter by four countersunk screws. Solder tube to supports and then arrange the pulley centrally and solder the discs solidly to the tube, which should then be cut through about $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch from supports, the ends being filed up clean and square. The pulley tube should be attached to the shaft by a couple of screws. Now solder on the crank discs, into which pins have already been screwed for the plunger-rods, *RR*, to work on.

The construction of the pump barrel, *i*, and the stuffing box, *oo'm*, will be obvious

from the diagram, in which the packing (cotton and Russian tallow) is shown by the black portions round the plunger, κ . The plunger must be well polished so as to create as little friction as possible with the packing, and the disc closing its bottom end should be slightly bevelled off to permit easy replacement. The rods, rr , terminate in brass bushes, x and y , into which the ends are let and soldered. The pins, jj , must be a tight fit and be filed perfectly flush with the walls of the plungers.

The valves require special attention. I make mine of a small brass washer, into which a brass screw-head and shank has been

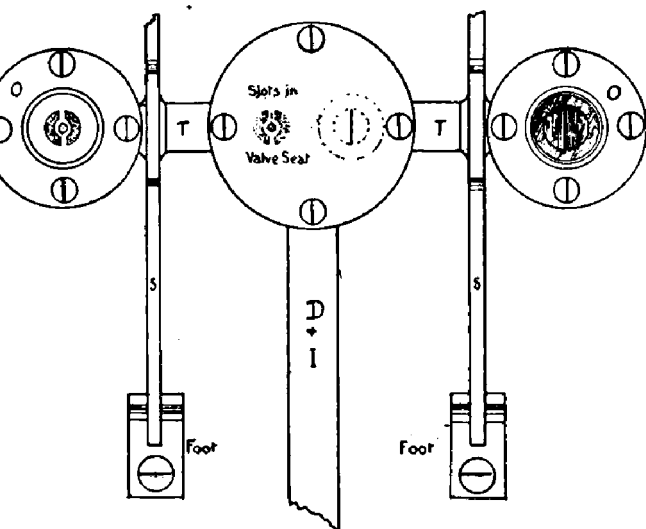


Fig. 3.—Plan of relative position of pumps and air chamber, showing one valve (right) and one seating (left), and half supports. Half full-size.

soldered. The inlet holes are cut in a semi-circular form (see the left of Fig. 3), leaving between them a small bridge in which the valve-shank works. The valves are ground on their seats with fine emery, and their "lift" is regulated by a small collar soldered on to the shank, or by a thin wire crossing the barrel $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch above them, a trifle out of the centre, to permit the introduction of a small screwdriver into the screw-heads for future grinding. The larger the inlet holes, the better, provided that water-tightness is not sacrificed, since throttling the supply at any point will reduce the efficiency of the pump very much.

Two hollow brass cubes, uu , form the feet of the pumps. They consist of 7-8-inch lengths of square tubing closed at the ends by squares of 1-16-inch brass. A cross-pipe, i , connects them with the supply, which

enters through a right-angle joint at the centre. For this last you can buy for a few pence a T such as gas-fitters use, having threaded sockets each side for ordinary 3-8-inch brass pipe; or a V may be cut in the cross-tube, and a pointed piece soldered in at right angles.

Solder the cubes, uu , to ww , brass plates held down to the baseboard by a counter-sunk screw at each corner. (Fig. 1.)

The air-chamber, λ , is closed permanently at the bottom by a brass disc, forming the delivery valve-seat; but at the top has a detachable cover made water-tight against its flange by a circular piece of rubber. Thus the delivery as well as the inlet valves can be easily got at for re-grinding or the removal of grit, &c. The elbows, rr , should be soldered first to λ , and then to the pump barrels, care being taken that the vertical centres of chamber and barrels are all in the same plane and parallel. As shown in Fig. 1, the tubes, rr , are directly above the tubes i ; but possibly you may prefer to lead the supply pipes separately from uu , to the source of supply, which, for exhibition purposes, may be a 6-inch tin pan, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches deep, enamelled white on the inside. This should be fixed at one end of the board and the pump at the other, a neat curved nozzle delivering the water back into the pan. Make this nozzle removable, so that you may substitute for it a neat little 3-8-inch hose, terminating in a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch nozzle, for use when you wish to treat your friends to a small fire-engine display.

The pulley and baseboard look well if stained and varnished. The plates, gg , ff , oo , $o'o'$, the supports, ss , the rods, rr , and their bushes, xx , and yy , together with the air-chamber cover and, of course, the plungers, $\kappa\kappa$, should be left bright and lacquered; but the rest of the pump and the outside of the pan may be fitly painted a dark green.

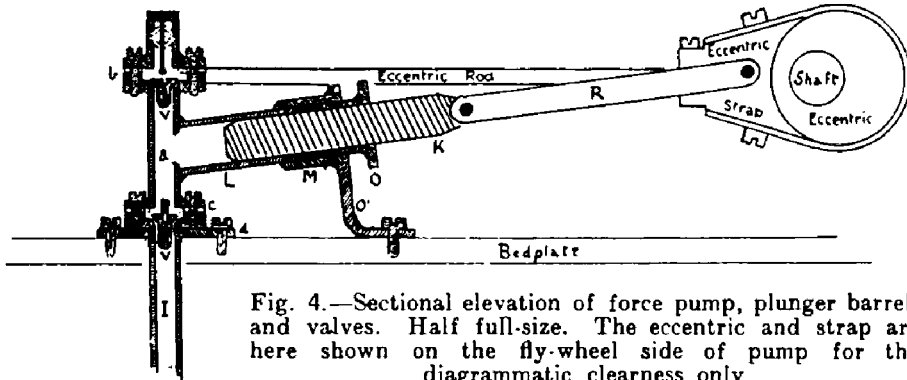
With the engine running at 220 revolutions a minute, and connected up to the big pulley, the pumps will each make 100 strokes a minute, and so deliver in an hour a column of water 12,000 inches long and $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch in diameter, or, roughly, seventeen gallons. A round belt, such as is used on sewing-machines, well treated with castor-oil till very pliant, makes a good connection. By crossing it, more frictional surface will be offered to the pulleys. It will of course be necessary to fix the pump down to something solid, to prevent its being pulled over by the belt.

For the convenience of the reader I append the dimensions of the principal parts:—

- Air chamber, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches high, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter.
- Crank pins, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $\frac{1}{4}$ inch.
- Shaft, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $\frac{3}{8}$ inch.
- Crank discs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter by $\frac{3}{8}$ inch.
- Plungers 2 inches long, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch diameter.
- Pump barrels, LL, $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches long.
- Pulley, 4 inches and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick.
- Rods, RR, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches long.
- Stroke of pumps, 1 inch.

We may now turn to an important acces-

black) and the rubber packings (white) must have central holes larger than the screw-heads, so that the water may pass easily, and stops must be fixed (marked black) to prevent the valves rising more than 3-32-inch from their seats. The tube, A, is soldered into the end of the pump-barrel, L (which has a semi-circular notch cut across the back end), and part of the wall is removed for the water-way. On leaving the pump the water passes (Fig. 6) through D into the air-chamber, A, and thence either through the tube, D', to the boiler, or



sory to the engine, omitted in the previous chapters. This is the force-pump to furnish the boiler with a continuous supply of water. Figs. 4, 5, 6, show it from different points of view, only the chief features being embodied in each diagram. To avoid confusion, the parts of this pump are lettered similarly to those of the one already described.

The force-pump is situated on the fly-wheel side of the eccentric rod, with its rear end just forward of the governor. The plunger, a piece of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch brass rod, is actuated by the rod, R, working on a steel pin projecting from the eccentric strap (see Figs. 4, 5), which gives a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch stroke. The plate O' of the stuffing box is turned over to screw down to the bed-plate, and take the main part of the pumping stress. Brass screw-heads form the valves, the delivery being ground down into the top of the tube, A, and the supply having as seat the bottom plate of the joint, C. Since it is important to have the valves accessible, it will be found worth while to make the joints, C and B, for which brass washers, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter, are handy. The intermediate washers (marked

through the by-pass tap back to the supply tank. It is found the best practice with model pumps to keep them continually at work, regulating the boiler feed by the amount allowed to waste through the by-pass, which also serves as a test that the pump is working properly, and incidentally as a rather pretty little side-show.

The efficiency of a small pump does not increase in proportion to its speed after a certain point, because the inertia of the valves and water has to be reckoned with. When the "critical" speed has been exceeded, the supply will diminish; and it is therefore advisable, when feeding the boiler, not

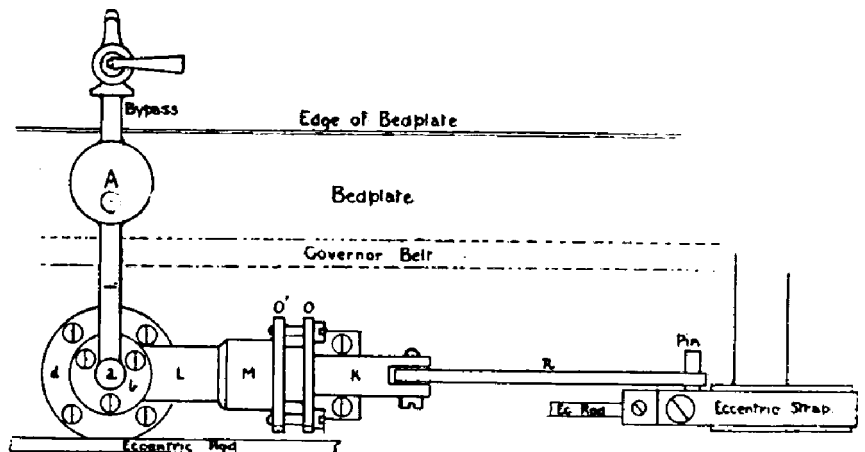


Fig. 5.—Plan of force-pump. Half full-size.

to run the engine at more than 150 revolutions per minute. For a quick feed, a hand

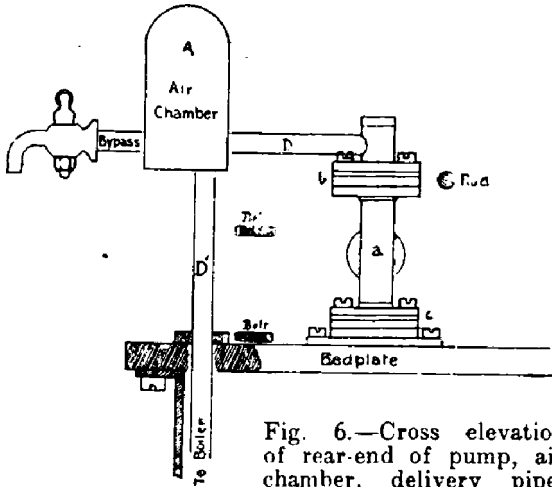


Fig. 6.—Cross elevation of rear-end of pump, air chamber, delivery pipe, and by-pass tap. Half full-size.

pump is very useful. I made a very simple and effective one out of an old cycle pump. It was necessary to put a second leather washer on the piston, turned *upwards*, so that no air might pass the piston during the suction stroke. To the nozzle end, which could be unscrewed, I soldered a short length of $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch tube, perforated in the sides, the top of which served as valve seating. The delivery valve was situated in an L-bend. A small galvanised bath, and a length of inflater tubing, with a union in the end, completed the outfit. A few strokes of this pump would quickly replenish the boiler if by any chance the water had sunk perilously low.

In my next article I shall give instructions for the making of a boiler large enough to drive the engine at high speed.

Note.—All diagrams are half full-size.

A GOLDFISH FARM.



The accompanying photograph was taken at the goldfish farm near Waldron, Indiana, U.S.A. This farm was the outcome of a hobby of the proprietor, Mr. William Shoup, who, finding it did not pay to farm his land in the ordinary way, hit upon the idea of breeding goldfish, which had been his pets. Such a ready sale did he find for them, that eventually the whole of his land became given up to ponds for rearing purposes, and additional stock was ordered from the homes of the goldfish—China and Japan—with the result that from a stock of 150,000 fish, Mr. Shoup now realises about £4,000 annually.

"Topical" Press Photo.

TOO MANY COOKS.

BY
STUART WISHING.



Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

HAVE you ever known what it is to be hard up? If you never have been hard up, you'd better read this story, for it will give you some idea of what a pushing fellow can do to earn his daily bread, *not* by the sweat of his brow (poetry for "forehead," you know)—but by using a little ingenuity and taking advantage of the thick-headedness of other chaps. If you *have* been in low water yourself, and know the dodges for raising the wind—well, all I can say is, read the story for your own amusement, because, in my opinion, it makes a jolly good yarn.

My ancient pal, Dickie, and I were *beastly* hard up. We weren't exactly penniless, as we had about eighteenpence between us; but, being careful chaps, we looked ahead a bit, and saw that in a short time—say about two or three days—we shouldn't have a *son*. This wasn't as it should be; "the times were out of joint," as somebody in Shakespeare remarks, and it was our business to set the fracture as soon as possible. Accordingly we held a committee of two on the subject, and sweated hard to find out the best means of collecting the necessary oof. Dickie began by making some idiotically obvious remarks. "We haven't—or we sha'n't have, any money," he began.

"I know that, you ass," I said. "Get on to some suggestion."

"Wait a bit," answered Dickie, laboriously. (He's rather long-winded at times, except in the three-mile, when he's an utter crock.) "I want to state the case and get at the facts. We may not steal: we can't go and toil in an office—besides, we couldn't if we would—we have nothing worth selling——"

"Oh, chuck it," I said, but Dickie's a stubborn brute. We scrapped for a bit and then he continued:

"The only thing to do is to live by our wits. We must make something worth selling, and then palm it off on a lot of green-horns."

I looked at him doubtfully. (That is what the partner in a crime always does, and finally yields to persuasion.) I saw Dickie had an idea, so I waited for him to explain.

"What is there we could make?" Dickie asked. He knew all the time, of course, but liked mystifying me.

"I don't know," I said. I was rather snappy by this time.

"What does every chap want?" he asked.

"Grub?" I hazarded, and hit the bull's-eye first time.

"Exactly," said Dick. "Therefore, we must make grub, and sell it."

"But no one would buy the stuff we'd make," I said. "You're an ass, Dickie."

"Wait a bit. I've thought this out carefully. You know you're rather a fool, Tommy." I kicked him, but he was too full of his plan to mind. "You know those chocolate biscuits at the grub-shop? Well, what price are they?"

"Penny each," I said.

"Just so. Well, we'll make them, and sell them at two a penny. That's how you make money. Undersell the opposition, and scoop the profits."

"You forget one or two small items," I said. ("Item" is what they stick on bills, you know.) "First of all, we can't cook; next, we'd have to buy the materials. You can't make something out of nothing, in spite of what the advertisements say."

"I've got it all in my head. You know the supper-biscuits? Hardly any one eats them; we'll bag those by degrees. Then we'll buy some plain chocolate, melt it up and dilute it with water, then spread it on the biscuits, bake, and serve cold."

I pondered. It was certainly a good idea, and I had to admit that Dicky was rather clever at times. He didn't crow very much, but I could see he was rather bucked at his idea. Finally, we concluded to try it on. We spent some time in discussing it, and drew up a prospectus of the "Bul-bul" company. "Bul-bul" was to be the name of the new biscuit, and I think it was a jolly good name. Needless to say, I invented it. The next step was to bag the biscuits. This was really quite easy. You see, they put out glasses of milk, bread-and-butter, and plain milk-biscuits for us at supper. As a matter of fact, most fellows hardly eat anything at night, but simply go for the milk. Consequently, we could bag a dozen or so biscuits each night without being spotted. We arranged to do this every night for about a week, cook them on Friday night, and publish on Saturday morning, during interval. I tell you, it worked like a charm. By Friday night we had accumulated about fifty biscuits, and had laid in a stock of chocolate. The cooking operations were to be conducted during prep.

Things worked rather smoothly for us. You see, the stokehole, which heats the hot-water pipes, is quite close to our study, and we had resolved to use it for our nefarious business. (I don't quite know why it was nefarious, unless you consider bagging biscuits a sin—but it's a good, mouth-filling word, anyhow.) Well,

we took our study saucepan along to boil the chocolate on top of the furnace. I superintended this part—though Dickie protested, as he wanted to stir it while melting, and enjoy the sucking of the penholder we used. It didn't work, though—I've got a bit the longer reach, and he had to give in.

The chocolate diluted with water soon melted, and we spread it on a biscuit to try the effect. It looked a bit sloppy, so we stuck it on top to get really hot. Well, it did get really hot—so beastly hot that it was burnt long before the chocolate had dried. The oven was too quick or too slow, or something foolish; and you may guess we felt rather annoyed.

"This is a nuisance," I said. "How are we to cook these rotten things?"

"On the pipes," said my chum, cheerfully, and I was so bucked at his suggestion that I nearly broke his back.

We adjourned to our study, spread the biscuits with the wet stuff, and laid them in a line along the hot-water pipes to dry. I tell you, they looked awfully rummy—a long brown stretch of circles, if you can get the hang of the meaning. I know I don't always express myself as clearly as I should—at least, according to the Guv'nor—but my meaning is as clear as daylight to myself. Well, we sat there chatting amiably (a rather rare occurrence in our study), and pluming ourselves on our cleverness, while I tried to keep Dickie from getting an attack of swelled head. We were feeling jolly comfy and good inside, when we heard a sort of splatter behind us. We turned round to behold Dickie's white rat scampering along our prospective fortune—biscuits being showered on the ground all along the line. I believe I gave a yell—I was so annoyed, don't you know—and I know Dickie did. We stood stock still for a second, and then dashed at the rat—collaring him at the end of the pipe. We shut him up in his cage again, and turned to inspect the damage with heavy hearts.

Would you believe it? Only three were broken. We picked the others up carefully, blew off the dust as much as possible, and then inspected them in detail. There was only one drawback—the rat's paws had made a neat little impression on each biscuit.

"I say," said Dickie. "That looks rather chick." (Chick is a French word, you fellows.) "Why shouldn't we have it on all our biscuits?"

"As a sort of trade-mark, you mean?" I asked.

"Yes—our patent 'Bul-bul' biscuit—Paw brand."

"I vote we wash the paws first," I said.

"Hang it! My rat's paws are as clean as yours. . . . All right, old chap—don't get shirty. . . . oh, very well, we'll clean them thoroughly."

We did; we dipped the rat in warm water, and dried his feet on the study blotting-paper. Then we put newspapers down on the floor, spread the biscuits over them, and chased the rat about inside a sort of ring-fence built of books. The result was simply A1—all the biscuits got splendid impressions; and then, after caging Ezekiel (that's the rat's name), we put them on the pipes to dry, and fell to fresh plans.

"We must advertise our new show," said Dickie, and I agreed with him. Nothing is of any use nowadays unless you placard it about in letters three feet high. The question was, how to do it? Of course, we couldn't paste the form-rooms with posters or we should have been stopped at once. Why people always check you when you're having some fun I fail to see—but there you are, as the poet says. We gibbered a bit more, and then we hit on the idea of sending ads. (technical term for advertisements, you know) round the form room. I undertook the writing of them, and did one or two in prep. I'll give you a specimen.

Be not hungry; be not sad;
BUL-BUL BISCUITS make you glad.
If you want a ripping tea
Come to Study No. 3.

Of course, we were going to sell them before tea, but I had to put that in for the rhyme's sake. I was rather pleased with that verse, and Dickie said it was no worse than most; so I wrote a few more, of which, dear sir (or madame), I will submit to your notice one sample only:

Tell me, ever-gentle youth,
Have you got a sweetsome tooth?
Come and put it to the test—
BUL-BUL BISCUITS ARE THE BEST!

[N.B.—Study No. 3 is the only shop where BUL-BUL BISCUITS can be obtained. Avoid all imitations.]

Next morning we passed these poems round in form. They had a tremendous effect. Every fellow was awfully curious to know what "Bul-bul" biscuits were, and I tell you my poems made even me feel peckish before interval came. We get half-an-hour's

break in the morning, don't you know, and we thought that would be the best time for publication.

When the bell rang, there was a regular rush; but, luckily, Dickie and I got there first, or else the biscuits would have vanished into thin air. We made a bold stand, repelled boarders, and began the business of selling.

"What's the price?" asked Bateman.

"Two a penny," I said.

"Beastly swindle; they're not worth a half-penny each."

"All right, my son," I remarked. "You sha'n't have any at all. If you despise good food in this way, you shall go hungry and starve."

"Don't talk rot. Give me three penn'orth."

"Not one," I answered, firmly. "You mustn't abuse our goods. Clear out of the shop."

He went, looking awfully sick. I knew a little severity would buck the show up. The result was that the rest of the chaps kept their japes to themselves, and simply wolfed the "Bul-buls." We sold every one, and as a pennyworth of chocolate did for six biscuits, and we sold them at two a penny, we made about two hundred per cent. profit. At least, I think that's what it comes to, but I was never good at figures. Not a bad profit, do you think? I consider it was rather good business myself.

We were awfully pleased at the result, and resolved to make it a weekly festival throughout the term, but, as things turned out, it didn't come off. Most good things don't in this world, I'm told, which I think is a rotten system. Anyhow, we were much rejoiced at the oof we'd raked in, and the whole form—or rather all our house—could talk of nothing but "Bul-bul" biscuits for the rest of the day.

But it wasn't all plain sailing after all. Somehow, Bateman had got hold of the rat episode, and he spread a lot of libels through the place as to the uncleanly method of cookery—after we'd washed the beast so carefully, too! It was an awful nuisance, and to restore confidence we had to issue a declaration that we only used the best materials in making "Bul-buls." I wanted to kill Ezekiel and exhibit the corpse as a guarantee of good faith, but Dickie forbade it; and, as it was his rat, I gave in.

That wasn't the only annoyance that we incurred, however. Three days later we had a rival company to compete with. It was



THE RESULT WAS SIMPLY AL.

beastly unfair, as we'd started first; but when we reasoned with them, they simply laughed. Some chaps can see a joke in anything, I believe—even in Latin. The dodge they got hold of wasn't so bad, considering. This was what they did; they used to bag the bread-and-butter at night—though I told them it was as good as stealing—toast it at the stokehole fire, cut it into strips, and then spread anchovy paste on top. I tell you, it was a jolly good wheeze, and I kicked Dickie for not having thought of it before. He kicked me back, so we ended all square, and four to play. (A golf term, you know—rather a good joke, as there were two of us, and two of them.)

They sold their anchovy strips—or

"savouries," as they called them—at the same rate as us. I don't mean they sold *us*, of course—but the strips, at two a penny. As a threepenny tin of paste lasted them no end of a time—(for they used the stuff even round the edges, which always goes a bit off, and sold strips of that kind cheaper) they made a huge profit. We let them know what we thought of their low methods, but it made no difference. Finally, Dickie persuaded me to try to buy out the opposition. I went, and asked them their terms. They were beastly uppish about it.

"Want to buy us out—eh?" said Johnson, the senior partner. "Find the competition a bit too thick?"

We did, as a matter of fact. You see, the

house was now practically divided into two parties—"Savouryites" and "Bul-buls." The latter were a bit stronger, but there was no denying they had made our profits dwindle.

"How much do you want?" I asked.

"We haven't said we wanted to sell yet," the fool replied, and gave a silly laugh.

"I bet you do," I said. "You know 'Bul-buls' are the superior goods. Besides, most chaps like them better. However, if you don't want to sell—very well," and I turned as if to go, thinking to bluff them out.

"Wait a sec. Don't be in such a beastly hurry. Oh—all right. We'll sell."

"How much?"

"Ten bob."

"What! ten bob for a rotten savoury! Give you five."

"Ten bob."

"Five and six."

"Ten bob."

It was no good. I went on bidding, even up to seven. Johnson wasn't taking any less than ten—he had more grit than I thought—and I knew our profits wouldn't run to that—especially as some new comestible (that's what pastry-cooks call it) might be invented before the week was out. Finally, I had a brilliant idea. I get them sometimes through reading the papers. I remembered seeing a lot of rot about Trusts in the newspapers, and determined to work one here. I proposed that Johnson, Sears (the junior partner), and we, should amalgamate, make a corner (that is, buy up, or, rather, bag, the lot) in biscuits and bread-and-butter, and share the profits. They took a lot of persuading, as they thought I was trying to do them, but in the end they agreed.

That was all right, and I thought I saw my way to making a good bit now, but things went wrong, as you will hear. I'll hurry on to the end, as I think I've spun this yarn out

too long already—it's a trick writing-chaps have, you know.

Well, we amalgamated, drew up fresh advertisements of the "Savoury—Bul-bul Company," and waited for results. They came. We bagged a fresh supply of biscuits and bread-and-butter during the week, and on Friday night prepared to cook. Five minutes before prep., as we were sitting in our study, we heard a great S—S—S—izz, and then steps running away. We rushed to the stoke-hole, and saw our castles in the air shattered. Some chap had poured water on the fire and put it out. Need I say more? (One asks these questions and then answers them, of course.) Yes, I need. Cooking was out of the question. There would be no grub on the morrow—the fellows would be furious, and the whole scheme knocked on the head, for we were evidently at the mercy of any fellow who chose to upset water on the fire. I tell you, we were sick. I had a jolly good idea who'd done it—Bateman, of course, in revenge for getting no "Bul-buls"—and I was madder than ever. What made the whole thing sorrowful was the fact that Johnson and Sears insisted on sharing the profits of the previous week. Of course, I protested, but they said the company was formed, and sharing was the only thing to do. We gave in at last—too annoyed to fight it out, and as we'd sold more "Bul-buls" than they had "Savouries," we came out the worst. The only consolation was that Bateman went blubbing to bed—sore, but swearing that he'd damp the fire every time, even if we murdered him.

Thus we had to shut up shop and write home for some chink—which was a much simpler way of getting it than by selling "Bul-buls," but not half so "nice," as girls say.





From a photograph.

ST. PAUL'S, DARJEELING.
"We front the stars of Heaven,
The topmost school on earth."

St. Paul's, Darjeeling.



By John De Grey-Downing.

An article dealing with the only Public School in India, which is otherwise remarkable for the fact that it occupies the highest situation of any school in the world.

AWAY up on the boundary line that separates the territory of Nepaul from the province of Bengal lies Darjeeling, seven thousand feet above the sea, on one of the spurs of the mighty Himalayan range. Darjeeling is interesting to various people for various reasons; to the jaded worker in the hot plains of India the mountain retreat means restoration to health in a cool, delightful climate, where fever is unknown; to the globe-trotter it holds out promises of gorgeous scenery, circled as it is by the everlasting hills, with royal Everest and stately Kinchin-gunga forming its resplendent background. But to readers of *THE CAPTAIN* its chief interest will probably lie in its being the home of the only public school in India, and in altitude the highest in the world.

Nearly three-quarters of a century ago, St. Paul's started its career as a training school for the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta. In 1863, it migrated from the capital of India to the Sanatorium of Bengal, and here it has steadily grown to its present acknowledged position.

Winchester, which has given so many schoolmasters to the world, ranging from the first Head of Eton downward, has given St. Paul's its present Head in the person of the Rev. E. A. Newton, and Winchester ways

and backbone are those to which British boys in India are trained. With an entire staff of English 'Varsity masters, with a bracing climate, and with every facility for making a boy's life a pleasant time, it is no wonder parents prefer to send their sons to St. Paul's, where the Christmas holidays permit of a yearly reunion, to sending them to England, which entails years of separation.

Paulines begin their day early; at 6.30 the bell tolls out its first summons; at 7.0 the early-tea bell clangs a welcome message, and twenty minutes later the chapel bell opens the official day.

Work goes on with brief intervals until 2 o'clock; then come the lessons of the playing fields, quite as important in their way as the

brain-work of the form-rooms.

Many a youngster makes off on the quiet to the library, there to meet a fellow crony and discuss the topic of the day; but pres-



G. A. C. BADHAM,
Head Monitor and Captain of
Cricket.
From a photograph.

ently a heavy footstep echoes along the outer passage, and the captain of the school walks in. "Nets!" he exclaims—only that short, little word, but it breaks up the chattering party. The captain smiles at his own sagacity in finding the "gomps," as junior boys are called, and the "gomps" do a good-natured grin at the hopelessness of trying to get the better of that big chap who, with his fellow monitors, has awful power, according to their Third Form ideas.

Cricket, footer, hockey, fives, all are given their turn during the ten months' school term. There is the same old rush for the

team have been unbeaten in all their matches with military and civil opponents.

Monday afternoons find almost everyone in khaki, some to go through the unutterable misery of learning the goose-step, the full-fledged volunteers headed by their bugle band off on a route march about the hills. Woe betide the Russians if they try to enter India via Darjeeling.

Alternate Friday nights are given over to the Shakespeare Reading Society and the Debating Society, both, of course, being restricted to the higher forms. Debates range over a wide field, but current politics and



THE MONITORIAL STAFF, ST. PAUL'S, DARJEELING.

From a photograph.

fives courts, built on the Eton plan. Fives seems to be an exercise the Fifth and Sixth Form cannot resist; it is only within the past four years that the game has been introduced, the courts having been given by the rector and his brother, Mr. C. W. Newton, and so far as the writer can ascertain there are no other fives courts throughout the length and breadth of India. Hockey comes in for a big share of attention during the rainy season, when bats and stumps are confined to their racks. For three years the senior

religious questions are barred by order of the President. Mr. Secretary, who is also school Librarian, finds queer proposals in his suggestion-book at times. "That it is better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all"—and a heated debate resulted in a big majority for those who preferred to love and risk the losing.

At other times things are more sedate. "That the execution of Charles I. was a mistake," or "That horse-racing should be abolished"—these are not subjects for friv-

olity, which a Sixth Form fellow naturally abhors.

A year ago the boys did what had not been done in India since the far-away days of Chandra-Gupta, that is, they put a Greek play before the public, and that same public came, and saw, and were delighted. Official, ecclesiastical, military, and civil—they all came—and the two performances of *Alcestis* were a huge success.

Throughout the whole of the school records there is but one death to chronicle, and that took place two years ago. The following touching note, issued by the editors in conclave, appeared in the school *Chronicle* of July, 1901: "We have to record the death of Lingthem, the rifle corps goat, from an attack of colic, brought on, it is supposed, by a surfeit of wet grass. His majestic bearing and sturdy independence of character rendered him an ideal regimental pet, and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not live long enough to lead E. Coy. N.B.M.R. on ceremonial parade."

School life in Darjeeling differs very little from such in England; the same work has to be got through, the same recreations fill up some part of each day, and "prep." claims its hour or two hours every night. In climate also there is very little to choose between; in England one gets four seasons, in Darjeeling only three; summer, like a long English July; rains, a sort of exaggerated April lasting four months, then another spell of sunshine as the cold, clear, crisp days of winter come on. Aspiration may well be high living in the shadow of the eternally snow-crowned mountains, symbols of purity by day, and of glory as the sun sets; it need not be wondered at if such surroundings have their influence on the lives of those who dwell amidst them.

From St. Paul's School go forth young lives, many of whom in later years become links in that vast chain of officials through whose hands the governing of India passes.

Many Paulines have already taken their place in this chain. Most go direct from school into the Provincial Service; a few, more fortunate, go home to the Varsity with a



THE FOURTH FORM.
From a photograph.

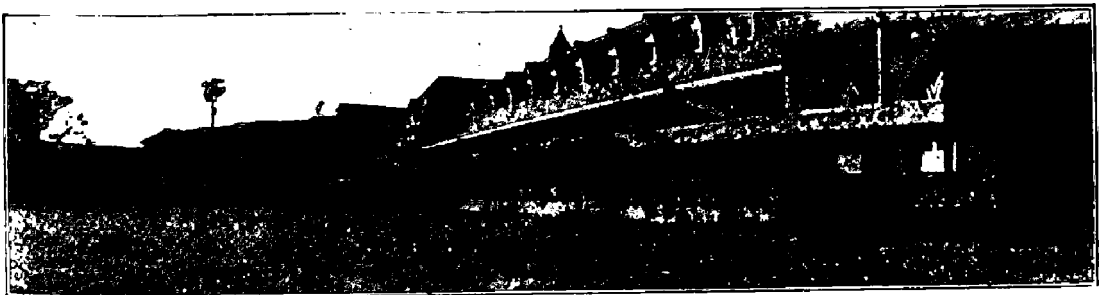
view to entering the Indian Civil Service through its Imperial gate. But wherever they go, or whatever they become, Paulines will never forget their beloved school, the features of which have been so stirringly put by the present headmaster in—

THE SCHOOL SONG.

WHEN Gough's guns on the Sutlej
In flame began to play,
Far down in fair Calcutta
We started on our way :
'Mid the crash of charging squadrons
And the crossing cannon-balls
The heroes of Sobraon
Kept the birth-day of St. Paul's.

When Garvock's men were forcing
Umbeyle's trap of stone.

* 1845



THE DINING HALL AND DORMITORIES.
From a photograph.

We came up to Darjeeling
And made the hill our own :
The mighty Kinchin-gunga
Beheld our rising walls,
And flashed from all his glaciers
A greeting to St. Paul's.

We front the stars of heaven,
The top-most School on earth ;
We've drawn the breath of conquest
Into our lungs from birth :
The Himalayan Eagle
That soars and sweeps and falls,
Scarce seeks a higher eyrie
Than the play-ground of St. Paul's.

And high as is our dwelling
So shall our hearts be high,
With body, soul and spirit,
To work until we die :

* 1863

And higher, ever higher,
When Fame or Duty calls,
Shall rise the answering "Adsum"
From the play-ground of St. Paul's.


And when our work is over,
North, South, or East, or West,
And we turn to meet our Maker
Having tried to do our best :
We shall know that in Darjeeling
As each good wicket falls,
They'll be cheering, wildly cheering,
On the play-ground of St. Paul's.

E. A. N.

In conclusion I beg to thank the rector for permission to use the school song, and Mr. H. W. Shawcross, M.A., Mr. A. de V. Robertson, B.A., and Mr. Parr, for the photographs which illustrate this article.

NATURALISTS CORNER

CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP-F.L.S.



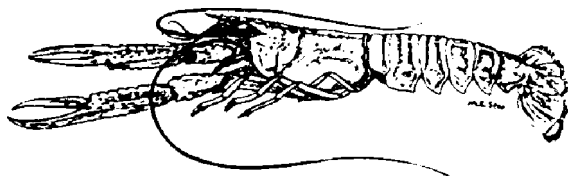
Ants v. White Ants.—R. H. P. Hick (Cambridge) complains that N. C. O. in her interesting essay on p. 185 (CAPTAIN Club) mixes up ants and white ants, insects that are very different in organisation and belong to distinct "orders." I am not responsible for that inadvertence, as the essay in question did not come into my hands; but R. H. P. H. is quite right. Perhaps readers interested will pencil in the word "White," and all will be correct.

Canary.—In reply to T. H. M. (Bolton), although there is sometimes a good deal in a name, canary seed is not a sufficient food for the canary bird. Summer rape is a much better food, but it is advisable to give them a mixture of summer rape, oats, and a little millet or canary seed. To this mixture in spring it is well to add for breeding birds a little poppy seed and crushed hemp. The water for drinking and bathing should be fresh every day, and the vessel must be kept scrupulously clean. Should they refuse to use the bath voluntarily, they may be held in it for a moment or so. You do not mention the "various things" you have been "advised to have in the water and the bottom of the cage." The floor should be strewn with clean sand or shell gravel, particles of which the birds will eat. Green food, such as chickweed, lettuce, and watercress, should be given, varied occasionally

with a piece of apple. It is *not* well to force any pet to take food it has no natural inclination to.

Taxidermists.—I think G. H. Hughes (Westminster) will find Watkins and Doncaster (see advertisement pages) both reasonable and satisfactory for his purpose. The price you name is a bit stiff, but you must remember that the smallest of all birds may be more difficult to manipulate than those three or four times their size.

"Dublin Prawn."—F. Dixon (Hammer-smith) has recently seen what he takes to be young lobsters, exposed for sale in the Strand under the name of Dublin Prawns, and asks if that is the correct description of them. No, F. D., they are not prawns, neither are they young specimens of the common lobster. The species is generally known



THE NORWAY LOBSTER.

in books as the Norway Lobster (*Nephrops norvegicus*), but it must not be assumed that those seen by you came from Norway, where, however, they are very plentiful. The species is taken on the coasts of Scotland, and many parts of the Irish coast, especially in Dublin Bay, whence its name of Dublin Prawn. It does not attain anything like the size of the common lobster, but it is very good fare.

Squirrel.—Stanley Scarr (Hessle) wishes to keep a squirrel, and asks for information *re* size of house, situation, food, and so forth. The cages ordinarily sold for squirrels, with the abominable tread-wheel, are far too small. A rabbit-hutch is a far better model to take, and this can be home-made out of a sugar box, only the front should be of wire instead of wooden bars, as the latter would soon be gnawed through by a liberty-loving squirrel. Provision must be made for a cosy sleeping chamber. This *may* be kept out of doors if sheltered from rain and cold winds, but an outhouse is preferable. It should be remembered that in its native woods the squirrel has far better chances of shelter from inclement weather than would be afforded by a hutch in a back garden. Its food consists of nuts, acorns, fir-cones, apples, and other fruit; to these you should add bread and milk, and milk to drink. A supply of nuts, &c., should always be left in the cage, so that it can eat when so disposed. No; the nuts should not be cracked for it.

Preserving Wild Flowers.—"Amator Naturæ" desires to begin a collection of dried plants this spring, and needs hints as to pressing and mounting. The most characteristic and perfect specimens should be obtained, but first of all the size of your cabinet paper must be determined. Having decided upon this get two stout boards made to the same size, and cut up a number of old newspapers to the same dimensions. Lay half-a-dozen sheets of the paper on one of the boards, and on these lay out a single plant as far as possible in its natural attitude, only the leaves, flowers, &c., must be laid all flat. Over this another half-dozen sheets of newspaper are piled, then another specimen, and so on until the day's collection is complete. With each plant should be a slip of paper on which is written the date and the locality where obtained, together with the name of the plant, if known at this stage. On top of all place the second board, and on this a couple of bricks or similar moderate weights to keep the specimens flat whilst drying. Every day the papers must be changed, for the moisture given off by the plants in drying is absorbed by the paper, and unless these are constantly changed the specimens will go mouldy and a bad colour. When thoroughly dry and stiff, the specimens should be permanently mounted on double

sheets of cartridge paper, on which the name, date, and locality should be neatly written. Do *not* mount them in albums as you suggest, for this entails everlasting remounting with the growth of the collection, if any sort of order is to be maintained. The order and classification should follow that of "The London Catalogue of Plants" (Bell and Sons, 6d.), or of the particular "Flora" by which you are working. The specimens are best attached by a few narrow strips of gummed paper.



GREY-HEADED LOVE BIRDS.

Love Birds.—In answer to Jack Browning (Hackney), the Grey-headed Love Bird comes from Madagascar. Love Birds are distinguished from Parrakeets by their short tails, among other points. Their natural food is berries and large seeds. Like all the Love Birds, the grey-headed species is rather delicate, but they do fairly well in this country if taken care of, and protected from draughts and chills. Yes; they breed here pretty freely.

Age of Spiders.—C. L. N. P. (Maidenhead) wishes to know the average age of the Common Spider. It is not clear whether he refers to the House Spider or the Garden Spider, both of which are usually referred to under that name. However, I regret to be unable to answer his question, which is rather a difficult one, as their life-history cannot be so closely followed under natural conditions as in the case of many other creatures. Jesse mentions the case of two spiders

which occupied two nests in opposite corners of the same drawer for thirteen years; but it is very probable that, though the nests were the same, the inmates represented several generations. Male spiders certainly have little chance of living very long, for their wives are so fond of them that, taking advantage of superior size, they eat their husbands at an early stage of their acquaintance. I should not suppose, from my own limited observations, that the females live for more than two or three years. I am sorry that I cannot put C. L. N. P. into communication with a northern correspondent on natural history. Probably, if he compared the names in the Naturalists' Corner with those in THE CAPTAIN Club lists, he would be able to select one for himself.

Snakes.—G. W. O. Milne (Peterhead) could get snakes from almost any of the dealers in aquaria, of which no doubt there are several in his own part of the country. Unfortunately I have no list of these tradesmen, as I am a field naturalist, and catch, instead of purchasing, what I require. (2) There is a capital book dealing with the "British Serpents," by Dr. Leighton (published by Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 5s.).

Rabbit's Teeth.—R. L. Fieldson (Lewis-ham) has a rabbit which has unfortunately cracked one of its teeth across, and, knowing that the teeth of Rodents continue to grow through life, he is afraid this may break and cause the opposite tooth to grow to an inordinate length, and so cause trouble in mastication. I am afraid R. L. F. is meeting trouble half-way. The cracked tooth may not break, but if it does he must have an eye on the opposing one and keep it short by filing until the injured tooth has grown to its proper length. Growth is always from the root of the tooth, so that there is every chance that the crack may be brought up to the cutting edge before any breakage occurs.

Bullfinch.—In answer to Wilfrid Davison (Chester), (1) during moulting your Bullfinch should be given its usual food of rape-seed mixed with a little hemp-seed. It should also have insect food, such as the so-called "ants'-eggs," and a mild tonic may be provided by putting a well-rusted nail into the drinking water. (2) As the Bullfinch is a resident British bird and quite accustomed to all the vagaries of our climate, you need not be concerned as to keeping up anything like a special temperature for it. All birds in captivity must have plenty of fresh air and protection from draughts. (3) Dyson's "Bird-keeping" (Warne and Co., 1s.), and Greene's "Cage-birds" (Upcott Gill, 6s.)

Plant in Pigeon-house.—"Yesrup" (Bridgwater) asks if Toin Thumb Nasturtiums grown in a pigeon-house will hurt the birds. I should say not; but I have never experimented by

feeding pigeons on Nasturtiums. I am inclined to think, however, that the birds would seriously hurt the plant.

Lizards.—E. J. Solomon (Earl's Court) has had a Wall Lizard for two months and has not yet seen it eat. "Can I throw any light on the matter?" It is not easy to throw light unless you are in possession of all the facts. The first question that suggests itself is—could it have eaten (its proper food) had it so desired? Its natural food is living insects, slugs, and snails. If some of these creatures were not provided the reason for the lizard's abstinence would be apparent. E. J. S. also asks whether he could keep lizards and snakes together? I should consider the experiment a dangerous one for the lizards. Whilst on the subject of Lizards, which appears to be a very popular one with my readers, I should like to say that Dr. Gerald Leighton has followed up his book on "British Serpents" with a volume on "British Lizards" (Morton, Edinburgh, 5s.), including the Green Lizard and the Wall Lizard, of the Channel Islands. It is an admirable volume for all those interested, and contains a number of beautiful photographic portraits of all the species, with full particulars as to their structure, habits, food, &c. I can cordially recommend it to my readers.

Pigeon-keeping.—H. F. Grieve (Dumfries) is thinking of keeping pigeons, and wishes for answers to several queries. (1) The choice of breed is mainly a matter of individual taste; but if you mean what kind is most likely to succeed in the hands of a novice, we should recommend you to begin with the common Blue Rock. (2) Pigeons are seed-eaters, and should be mainly fed on peas and tares, varied with oats, barley, and occasionally a little hemp-seed. A plentiful supply of clean drinking water is essential. (3) A dovecote off the ground, certainly; otherwise they are open to the attacks of rats and cats. (4) They should not be allowed freedom until several weeks after they come into your possession. By that time they will have become attached to their house, and will return to it after a flight—provided, of course, that they have been well treated as regards food and other comforts. (5) Lyell's "Pigeon-Keeping for Amateurs" (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.)

Dog and Distemper.—C. C. Routwood (Hastings) has a fox-terrier pup which has not yet had distemper, but he wishes to be prepared for it. Every dog does not have distemper, any more than every child has measles. General instructions for treatment are no good, because the trouble assumes different forms in different individuals, and special treatment is required according to the character of the attack. If you set any value upon the pup, I would advise that if the attack comes you should consult a vet.



TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

BY
Franklin Welles Calkins,

AUTHOR OF
"ACROSS THE WILDERNESS," &c.

No. 1.

MY ADVENTURE WITH A COUGAR.

WHETHER hunters and dogs abound, the cougar, if found at all, is a timid, shrinking, voiceless brute, fighting only when brought to bay. It learns and practises infinite caution. Hence the beast has fallen into a certain contempt; latter-day naturalists even deny that it gives voice to the long, quavering cry that was formerly attributed to it. But I have often heard that cry, and I know, too, that the tamed, man-hunted cougar differs from its congeners of the mountain wilds somewhat as the Moravian Indian differed from the savage Shawnee of old.

The adventure I am about to relate occurred near French Creek, in the Black Hills of Dakota, in August, 1875—a region then unrodden by white men, except our little band of miners, which had recently gathered along this creek, and the exploring expeditions of General Custer and Professor Jenney. Rich in gold and silver though they are, the Black Hills had been guarded at every avenue of approach by thousands of hostile Sioux. They themselves were deterred by traditions and superstitions from much venturing within the shadows of their black pines; so that we found there no trace of aboriginal habitation, permanent or transient.

There was a solemn and wonderful atmo-

sphere in that primitive wilderness. Its denizens, unscared by man, seldom fled at first approach. The pine-hen sat upon limb of bush or tree and cocked its head without fear. The big, dun mule-deer approached the lone prospector with open-eyed, curious gaze, and, if not stopped by a bullet, would often come within a few steps of him. The grizzly bear actually came into camp to be killed, for he had never before found his path barred by living creatures—and there the cougar, never hunted, knew not fear of man.

I left our camp on a warm Sunday afternoon for a stroll among the hills, and, from force of Sunday habit, I left my gun in my tent. As I disliked to feel a revolver banging against my hips, I went for my walk unarmed.

In the course of half an hour, alternately walking and scrambling, I came to the head of the gulch and out upon a rough slope surmounted by cap-rocks, which formed the highest hilltop within reach. Along the base of these scarred and fissured rocks grew creeping pine, brier and raspberry bushes, bearing ripe fruit. Many berries had fallen and more had been gathered by the bears and birds, but enough yet remained, red and luscious, to furnish me with a palatable after-dinner relish.

When I had eaten all I wished, I resolved to climb to a summit of the rocks, that I might get a more extended view of the beautiful region. But to reach those lookout heights was no easy task. I sought for some time a way up, and at length found a great cleft or split in the rocks which offered an arduous line of ascent along one steep and rugged face.

Along the fissured surface of this cleft I advanced slowly and cautiously, going up slantwise, now on my hands and knees and again drawing myself up bodily by clutching rocky projections with my fingers. As I passed along the face of the cleft it deepened and widened and the ascent became still more difficult and perilous. Below me lay two steep inclines, each with a *chevaux-de-frise* of rock points and scattered pines, reaching to a dizzy depth.

Finally, when I almost despaired of climbing farther and when descent seemed equally dangerous, I reached a flat surface of the rock where there was a thin soil and clustering juniper bush; then I discovered an easier way, of climbing to the summit, still fifty feet or so above my head.

After scanning the ascent I lay, puffing with exertion, tired and heated, flat upon my

face to rest. A cool breeze blowing through the cleft fanned my cheeks, and I enjoyed in anticipation the grand expanse of horizon which awaited me on the heights. I had lain thus several minutes, when I became aware, with a quick and creepy thrill, of some magnetic presence close at hand. What sort of creature was it which could thus make itself felt?

I raised my head, turned my face instinctively towards the wall of rock upon my right, and found myself looking directly into the yellow-green, scintillating eyes of a large red cougar.

The great cat had crept stealthily out from a shelter of bush and rock and lay upon its stomach facing me and not a dozen feet distant. Its ears were pricked forward and it was watching me with intense and savage curiosity. The big eyes, with dilating pupils, were fixed on me in a fascinated stare.

There was no movement of the cougar's body or head, save a slight quivering about the muzzle. Its great paws were outstretched, their claws hidden in the soft fur which covered them; the tail curved upward in a curious twist, not unlike the hook of an interrogation point.

The whole attitude of the animal was one of half-fierce, half-wondering questioning. It was as if it saw in me a big and probably harmless reptile—perhaps a huge kind of lizard or turtle.

I cannot recall that cowardice was ever attributed to me, even in childhood; but as I looked into the eyes of that treacherous beast I was afraid—terribly afraid. I dared not get to my feet and thus invite immediate attack, for had I possessed the speed of a greyhound there was no way to run. I had no weapon save a small and worse than useless pocket-knife. Plainly my only recourse was to lie in perfect quiet until the animal should gratify its curiosity and haply, if not hungry, take itself off.

I had not long to wait until there was a sudden unsheathing of the yellow claws and the cougar leaped lightly to its feet. It came toward me fearlessly, with a slow, cat's tread, holding its head sidewise and lashing its tail.

Sick with a sense of helplessness, I could only lie inert, waiting to grapple barehanded with the beast as a final resort. My only movement was to lower my face to the soil and clasp the back of my neck with both hands to prevent a fatal bite at the outset.

The cougar snarled down at me in a warning fashion. Then it gave me a heavy pat upon the shoulder—a tentative, stingless, half-

playful stroke, intended doubtless to test my defensive qualities. Finding me apparently of a despicable spirit, the brute coolly took possession of my body.

It sniffed fastidiously at my woollen shirt, then roughly rolled me over and lay upon me, the points of its shoulders resting squarely on my chest. I managed, while the animal's claws were pricking my side and leg, to shift my hands in readiness to defend my throat.

There I lay upon my back, with that great beast across me, its heart thumping against my ribs, its red lips parted, its claws ripping at the hard soil as if to sharpen them for a banquet!

In my despair I regretted keenly that I had not flung myself over the declivity and taken my chances in a terrific slide down its steep, ragged slope. I resolved to make the desperate leap if an opportunity should offer in the struggle which must come.

There could be no doubt of the final intention of the beast. The cougar was merely indulging itself in a bit of cat-play and, when this should end, would treat me as a cat does a mouse.

The animal thrust its head down sideways and snarled; its big eyes narrowed to cruel points, and its hot breath played upon my face. Its tail switched back and forth, lashing first my boots and then my head, from which the hat had fallen. In every motion of the creature there was a hard, perfect efficiency and, under the working of its whipcord muscles, I felt myself quite powerless.

Nevertheless, an impulse was strong upon me to clutch the beast by the throat and try to hurl it over the ledge. But reason saved me from such a rash attempt. The cougar was a large one, of a variety since famed as the mountain-lion. Certainly it would instantly tear me asunder if I grappled with it.

The brute snarled and scratched with increasing vehemence. Its hind claws, working against my left side, tore my clothes and sliced me painfully. Through this ordeal I lay in perfect quiet, suppressing breath and appearance of animation.

Suddenly the cougar sprang to its feet and leaped lithely away. I turned my face, in a great hope that it would abandon me, but only to see it sink behind a spray of pencil-cedar a few yards distant. There it lay, with nothing visible save the light play of its tail.



"I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO THE EYES OF A LARGE RED COUGAR."

Despite its great size, the animal was still young enough to be eager for play with a too easily caught victim.

Was it possible the creature might finally go away and leave me? No; amid the clustering cedar sprigs I caught the gleam of its yellow-green eye—an eye fastened upon me in cunning, waiting cruelty. Evidently I was expected to move, and furnish sport in the killing. Without doubt, too, the cougar shrewdly suspected me of playing the part of the turtle or the porcupine.

I now thought of trying to escape. How far and how fast might I go? I rolled cautiously over until I could look down the steep of the ledge. To throw myself over at that point would be destruction. The descent was not perpendicular, but quite appalling in its ragged steeps. There were scattered pines growing in soil-filled crevices, but the nearest

of them was too far below to offer hope of lodgment.

I ran my eye along the slope in advance and saw that, by crawling some twenty-five or thirty feet on the brink I could, if nimble enough, leap down upon a jutting point of rock and thence into the thick top of a pine beneath. What lay immediately beyond was hidden by a projection. It was a desperate chance, even if I might crawl so far in safety—simply a chance of outdoing the cougar in daring a perilous descent.

I crawled slowly forward along the rim of the declivity, keeping a close eye upon the cougar's swaying tail. I guided my movements by that danger-signal. When the tail switched too nervously, I sank upon the rocks and lay inert.

Hitching myself forward, inch by inch, I actually succeeded in delaying an attack until I had reached the only safe footing for a leap. Well out of reach of a single bound of the animal, I sprang to my feet with a yell of defiance and jumped outward with all my might.

I alighted with a heavy jar upon the projecting rock and instantly leaped for the pine-top below. There was a dizzy swoop of

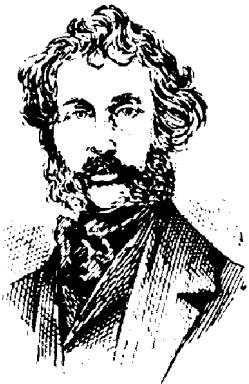
twenty feet and I crashed among the branches and clutched wildly at them as they broke beneath me. By sheer luck, as it seemed, I lodged head downward in a tangle of lower limbs which had been turned aside in their growth by the face of the rock.

Before there was time to move I heard a rushing swish of boughs overhead, the snapping of a big limb and a muffled thud upon the slope below. Then, clinging face downward, with but few limbs to intervene, I saw my enemy, the cougar, go down the fearful steep in a lightning slide, clawing and spitting at the rocks, until it disappeared among some pine-tops below.

Two minutes later, safely seated, I again saw my enemy, with drooping tail, limping along the bottom of the gulch. The cougar had survived that frightful descent, but the courage had been taken out of it, and I had no further fear.

Although much scratched and bruised, I had no broken bones. It was only by the hardest kind of scrambling that I got safely to the top of the ledge. Then, thankful enough for life and freedom, I made my way back to camp.

MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN FICTION: ZANONI.



Edw. Bulwer-Lytton

THROUGHOUT my travels in the world of fiction, I have encountered no more interesting and no nobler character than Zanoni, the hero of Lord Lytton's romance of that name.

In it Lord Lytton has attempted with success to create an ideal being—Zanoni—a being possessing life immortal, a being gifted with magician-like power

over things past, present, and to come, things animate, and things inanimate; a being perfect bodily, morally, and mentally. These terms do not adequately convey what our hero is. Zanoni is no Merlin, Crichton, or Mirandola, nor does he personify an insipid perfection, such as we occasionally find in the pages of a second-rate novelist.

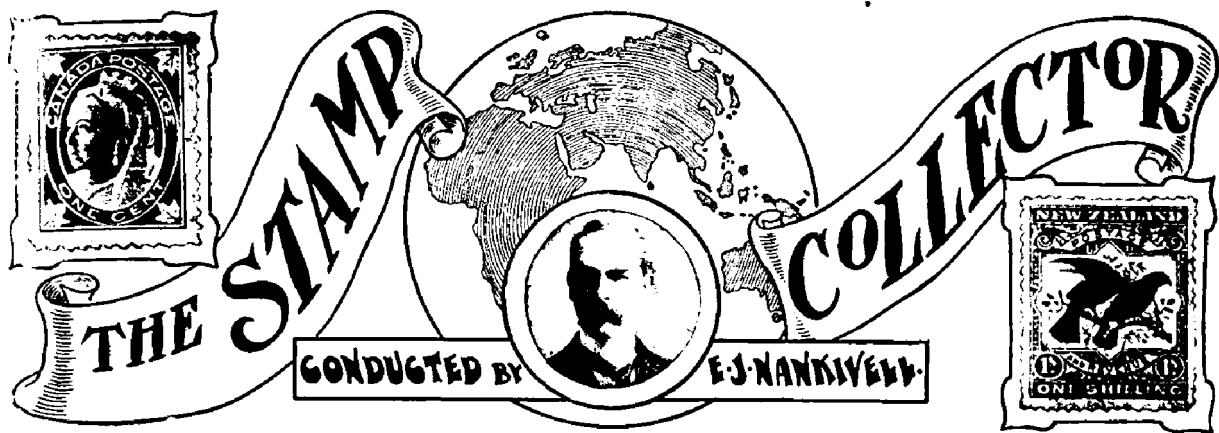
It is hard to define what Zanoni is, but perhaps Apollo Christianised best describes him.

No matter how splendid a deity may be, he cannot really touch the human heart unless he is also to some extent human; and Zanoni is human. He loves a beautiful Italian singer, who is as good as she is beautiful, and for whom he eventually dies.

When Zanoni, wise with the wisdom of innumerable years, so far forgets himself as to marry this beautiful and good but ignorant creature, he is lost, for she fails to grasp the character of her husband. His enemies work upon her womanly fears, representing him as a dabbler in the Black Arts, with the result that she flees to Paris, and it is at the time of the Terror that Zanoni discovers her in prison there, and to save her life lays down his own.

Zanoni is worthy of being placed alongside *The Last Days of Pompeii*, Lord Lytton's most widely-read work. Much of the tale is laid in the regions of the occult world, but there is no cheap charlatanism about it, nothing diabolic. Bulwer-Lytton was too great an artist and too deep a thinker to insult his readers with such things.

HUGH F. WALKER.



HOW I ARRANGE MY STAMPS.

THE care and taste with which a collection of postage stamps is arranged makes all the difference in the world in the display of even the commonest of philatelic accumulations. I have seen great rarities so jumbled together as to present an almost poverty-stricken appearance, and I have seen a modest collection of common stamps so neatly arranged that they evoked the admiration of the wealthy possessors of costly collections. As stamps lend themselves naturally to neat arrangement, there is no reason why they should ever be untidily displayed. Of course, when the printed album is used, the arrangement is settled beforehand for the collector. It is not my purpose, however, to deal at present with the printed album, except to recommend it strongly to all untidy collectors, and to those who are taking their first steps in philately. To such collectors the printed album is almost a necessity.

What I have to say just now is intended for those collectors who adopt what are known as blank or movable leaf albums, and who arrange their treasures with the aid of a good catalogue. Every year the adoption of the movable leaf, or free arrangement, is gaining in popularity, for the simple reason that the printed album is necessarily overloaded with definitely settled spaces for numbers of issues that few collectors can ever hope to possess, and, therefore, the spaces provided for those unattainable series must remain unoccupied to the end of the chapter, and when, as in some countries, like New Zealand, Victoria, and British Guiana, those empty spaces spread themselves over page after page, the printed album presents a very depressing appearance.

The movable leaf album gets over the difficulty, for in its free arrangement the collector may start with any issue he pleases. His first batch of a big country may be its current issue, but as

he progresses he may have opportunities for adding some earlier issues. All he has then to do is to shift a leaf, and place it in front of his current set. And so he goes on building up his collection, step by step.

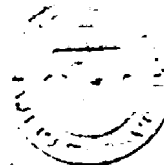
Albums are an evergreen and unsettled question to the specialist. They have been tried in all sizes and shapes. I remember the late Earl of Kingston bringing his magnificent collection of English stamps to the London Philatelic Society one evening. There were several volumes, and each must have measured quite two feet across the page each way. My first question was how on earth he managed to turn the page without damaging his stamps. He shrugged his shoulders, and admitted the size was a great mistake. That was in the early days. Since then albums have been coming down in size to reasonable proportions, till now the most favoured size does not exceed $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 11 inches. My own preference is for even a smaller size; in fact, for what is a popular book size for important works, viz., 6 inches by 9 inches.

In arranging my stamps, I follow a plan adopted by the late Mr. T. K. Tapling. I place on the first page the full series of the normal issue without any varieties of shade or type. These I arrange as neatly as possible on the page, each stamp at equal distance from its neighbour, and in their gradation of values, so that I can see at a glance if I am lacking any stamp of the series. Then on the following pages I arrange varieties of perforation of paper, of shade showing varieties of printings, varieties of type or design, inverted surcharges, errors, &c. In this plan it will be noted that the first page of normal issues plays the part of a "contents" page to the following pages. You want to know first what is the normal issue; then you are ready to appreciate any variations from the normal. But if you jumble them all up, taking

each value, as some do, and following that with its varieties, you have nowhere a reference page of the real series as issued. This plan is also most convenient for any subsequent specialising development. To open out any country in the specialist direction it will only be necessary to

I have tried almost every album arrangement under the sun, and as none was small and neat enough to please me, I have always had my own size made for me. Facility for ready reference is a *sine qua non* in a well-arranged collection, especially if it is to be fully extended into

Wink. C.A.



add subsequent pages for varieties, blocks, &c. The first page is all that the general collector need bother about, and when he cares to dip into specialising he can easily add the necessary following pages, as he takes up variety after variety.

varieties. For some time I have been mounting my stamps in simple Stolzenberg covers for the convenience of classification and sectionising. But these otherwise convenient little booklets have the disadvantage of an unyielding back standing in the way of laying the page flat for

use. But I believe we have at last in the larger card development of the Cistafle, a new method that meets the needs of both general collector and specialist more fully than any other plan. I have been testing it for some months, and the result is that I am now remounting the whole of my collection on Cistafle cards. I use the medium size, four inches by six inches, for countries with simple series and few varieties, and more especially for countries in which I do not specialise, and the large size, six inches by nine inches, for those countries in which I specialise. I have for years used the American card-filing system for business purposes, and it is a real pleasure to have one's stamps arranged on the same convenient plan for ready reference. It enables one to detach any series without disturbing any other portion of the collection, and the plan is so elastic in every part that cards may be arranged or rearranged at will in the simplest manner. Then again, portions may be shifted into a carrier for meeting purposes, whereas in the set album it is almost a necessity to take the album. The illustration shows a card with a set of Niger Coast stamps arranged on the four by six card size.

All album pages and also the Cistafle cards are now provided with close cross ruling, termed quadrille, as guides to the regular spacing of the stamps. In the album, even in those provided with tissue paper to the backs of the leaves which close on the stamps, there is continual friction, and stamps of delicate and fugitive colours rub and set off on the opposite page. The Cistafle cards are protected from friction by thin transparent paper gummed on to the card itself. The cards are arranged in drawers, and are kept in position by a rod which runs through a hole in the bottom of the card, as shown in the illustration. To remove a card the rod is unscrewed and withdrawn, when any card can be lifted out for use.

In arranging a collection it is well to adopt some fixed classification. If the collection is a small general one the countries are best arranged in alphabetical order, but if the collection is a large one it should be classified by groups or continents. Then again, in the arrangement of the stamps it is well to have some fixed order for varieties in the portions which you specialise. The normal issue must always be placed first, then may follow varieties of watermark, perforation, paper, inverteds, errors, and so on. The important thing is to keep to some settled order throughout.

A well-arranged collection is a pleasure to its possessor and to inspecting friends. It tells you at a glance what it includes and what it lacks,

and it enables you more easily to remember its scope and its needs. It also begets a fastidiousness in the selection of specimens that adds materially to its solid value. And should the time ever come for parting with it, its possible selling value will be all the more readily ascertained, for rare varieties will be found in their proper place, and consequently will not be overlooked, as they too often are in badly-arranged collections.

A Stamp Sold for £1,450.

On the 13th January last, Messrs. Puttick and Simpson sold at public auction at their rooms in London, an unused copy of the popular rarity known as the 2d. blue "Post Office" Mauritius, for the sum of £1,450. The bidding started at £500, and rose by bids of £100 to £1,000, then by fifties to £1,250, after

which it went on by tens and twenties to £1,420, which is said to have been the last bid of an agent of the Berlin Museum; finally it was knocked down to Mr. Crawford, a dealer, for £1,450. Bank of England notes were forthwith handed over for the amount, and the stamp has now been transferred, it is said, to the collection of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, the President of the Philatelic Society of London.

The copy is a brilliant unused specimen, and was discovered towards the end of last year by the owner in a collection which he had made when a boy at school in 1864. It cost him then only a few pence. On discovering its value he decided to sell it by auction, and he has now realised £1,450 by his trivial investment of a few pence forty years ago.

This popular rarity is full of romance. It was engraved locally, in two values, 1d. red, and 2d. blue, in 1848, in obvious imitation of the then current English 1d. By some oversight, or misunderstanding, the words "Post Office" were engraved on the left-hand side of the stamp instead of the words "Post Paid." The few copies issued were printed singly from copper plates, and are said to have been used up for sending out invitations to a local officers' banquet.

The issue remained more or less a tradition till the early 'sixties, when one or two copies turned up, but for years only those one or two copies were known. Since then other copies have been discovered, and now twenty-six copies are known to collectors, fourteen of the one



penny, and twelve of the twopence. Two only of the one penny and five only of the twopence exist unused.

The price obtained for the copy recently sold is a record price for a single stamp.

But the "Post Office" Mauritius is by no means the rarest stamp. There are numbers of other stamps of which fewer copies are known, but with three or four exceptions they would none of them probably fetch more shillings than the Mauritius has brought pounds to its fortunate owner. The reason lies solely in the fact that the "Post Office" Mauritius is the most popular of all the great rarities. Hence, whenever a copy turns up there is a general scramble for its possession. A few years since, a London dealer heard of a pair of the 1d. and 2d. for sale in a far-away town in Spain. He at once cabled that he was coming to purchase them, and forthwith packed his portmanteau and started. A few days later he was back in London with his treasures, and, despite the record price which he had paid, he sold them readily at a handsome profit.

Notable New Issues.

At last we have news of the Commonwealth issue for Australia. It is to bear the portrait of the King, and the plates are being prepared in Melbourne. If the designs are also to be of Melbourne workmanship, they are not likely to be objects of beauty, for Melbourne is noted for its hideous stamp designs. Still, the mere fact that the stamps will be of local manufacture adds to the interest of the forthcoming issue. We are informed that they will be issued by the Federal Government, and that the present State issues will all be superseded. On the other hand, it is said that most of the States have large stocks on hand which will have to be worked off first.

The Straits Settlements have adopted a new design for their 1d. and 3d. values, which we will illustrate when we have received copies. The little portrait is discarded in favour of the larger head which appears on the King's head issue of the Transvaal. The design is a great improvement on the small heads of the current series. Presumably these new designs for these two values are the forerunners of a complete new set. And possibly it foreshadows the abandonment of the insignificant small head for other, if not for all, colonies. It is very early days to be already making changes in the King's heads, but if the change is to be more or less general, we are evidently in for a lot of new

King's head issues. Anyway, such recently supplied colonies as British East Africa, British Central Africa, and Somaliland have all been supplied, or are being supplied, with stamps of the larger type of King's head.

New designs are being prepared for the high values of the new sets for the Dutch Colonies (Dutch Indies, Curaçao, and Surinam). The new stamps will be similar in appearance to our illustration of the low values already issued, but will be of larger size. The name of the colony will appear in a straight label at the top instead of in the circular band round the portrait, which will then only contain the word "Postzegel." Figures representative of Commerce and Navigation will also be interpolated in the design. The new high values will be 1, 1½, and 2½ gulden.

Another change that is looming up is the probable inclusion of Newfoundland in the Dominion of Canada, which would mean that there would be no more separate issues for Newfoundland, as the stamps of Canada would then supersede the Newfoundland stamps.

These steps in the Federation of groups of colonies will cut out many stamp-issuing states from making any further contributions to the monthly list of New Issues. One series for all the Australian States, and another series, some day, for all the South African Colonies, will very materially lessen the flow of new issues. But there need be no fear of supplies being plentiful enough for all our pockets from those that will be left in active work.

Argentine Republic.—This month we have another new value, a 4c., to add to the current set. The design is unchanged. As there have been several changes in colour and additions to the current set, since its first issue in 1899, it may be as well to give the list of colours and values now in use:



- 4c. brown.
- 1c. blue-green.
- 2c. indigo.
- 3c. orange.
- 4c. yellow.
- 5c. carmine.
- 6c. black.
- 10c. deep green.
- 12c. olive-green.
- 15c. slate-blue.
- 16c. orange.
- 20c. lake.
- 24c. violet.
- 30c. scarlet.
- 50c. bright blue.
- 1p. deep blue, centre black.
- 5p. orange-brown, centre black.
- 10p. deep green, centre black.
- 20p. carmine, centre black.

Bermuda.—A $\frac{1}{2}$ d. value has now been added to the series of what is known as the dock type. The frame is printed in greyish-green, and the centre in black. The list of this dock type now stands as follows:—

Dock type.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. grey-green, centre black.
- 1d. carmine, centre brown.
- 3d. sage-green, centre magenta.

Cyprus.—Further values have been received of the King's head series.

As in the other values already chronicled in *THE CAPTAIN*, the designs are those of the Queen's head series, with the substitution of the King's head for that of the Queen's. So far the King's heads consist of the following values:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ piastre, green and carmine.
- 30 paras, violet and green.
- 1 piastre, carmine and blue.
- 2 piasres, brown and carmine.
- 4 piasres, sage-green and marone.
- 6 piasres, olive-bistre and green.
- 12 piasres, orange-brown and black.
- 18 piasres, black and brown.
- 45 piasres, purple and ultramarine.

Liberia.—Three provisional stamps have been issued, for the purpose, it is said, of using up the stocks of certain values that are no longer required. It is explained that when the issue of 1892 was made, the postage was 8c. per $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce; in 1896 the rate was reduced to 5c. per $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce, and fresh values were issued (in 1897) to correspond. The 16c., 24c., and 32c. of 1892 have now had their values altered by means of surcharges consisting of the words, "TEN," "FIFTEEN," or "TWENTY," in large *sans serif* capitals, and "cents" in similar, but smaller, type. The surcharging has been done in blue.

Provisionals.

Surcharged on stamps of 1892.

- 10c. in blue on 16c. lilac.
- 15c. in blue on 24c. green on yellow.
- 20c. in blue on 32c. greenish-blue.

Malta.—A 4d. value has been added to the current set, making the list of King's heads to date as follows:—

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. dark green.
- 1d. carmine, head grey.
- 2d. slate-grey, head mauve.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. ultramarine, head marone.
- 3d. deep purple, head slate-grey.
- 4d. brown, head black.
- 1s. deep violet, head slate-grey.

Sudan.—It will be remembered that when the current series of special stamps for use in the Sudan was issued, attention was quickly drawn to the watermark Cross, and to the probability

of its being objected to by the religionists of that region. As a consequence new supplies are now being watermarked with a star and crescent. Of this new watermark the 2m. and 5m. have been issued and other values of the series will no doubt be changed in due course, as the stocks of the Cross watermark are exhausted. Catalogues are styling the new watermark the "multiple star and crescent," or the "multiple watermark," because it is repeated two or three times on each stamp.

Wmk. Star and Crescent.

- 2 milliemes, green and brown.
- 5 milliemes, black and carmine.

Tasmania.—The 1s. value has been issued watermarked V and Crown. As the Tasmanian stamps are now printed in the Victorian Government printing establishment at Melbourne, all values will probably in time appear on Melbourne paper, which is distinguished by being watermarked V and Crown. At present the list of values with V and Crown watermark stands as follows:—

Wmk. V. and Crown.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, *Lake Marion*.
- 1d. carmine, *Mount Wellington*.
- 2d. purple, *Hobart*.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ d. indigo, *Tasman's Arch*.
- 3d. dark brown, *Spring River, Port Davey*.
- 4d. orange brown, *Russell Falls*.
- 5d. ultramarine, *Mount Gould, Lake St. Clair*.
- 6d. lake, *Dilstone Falls*.
- 9d. blue, *Queen's head*.
- 1s. rose and green, *Queen's head*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Phil (Glasgow).—Cape, triangular, 4d. blue is catalogued at 1s. 9d. used. English, 2d. blue, used, 3d., and 1d. black, 6d., used.

A. H. J. (Christchurch, N. Z.).—Many thanks for the Express Delivery stamps, but I do not chronicle anything but the ordinary postage stamps in *THE CAPTAIN*, and they are more than enough for most people; besides, the tendency is to drop Officials, Unpaid, Special Delivery, &c.

M. H. W. (Newcastle).—Cannot say anything about value of fiscals.

H. A. S. (Harrogate).—I should be inclined to keep all Orange Free State stamps for some years. For your collection, select the unused in all cases, but why not keep a specimen of each? The unused is the prime condition of the stamp, but the used, especially when they have dated postmarks, are full of interest.

Novice (Driffield).—Whitfield King's catalogue, price 1s. 3d., will suit your purpose best. See advertisement pages for address, &c.

Jap (Guernsey).—The earliest recognised I. R. Official is dated 1882. The 6d. grey is catalogued at 8d. used.

HUMOURS OF THE VIVARIUM.

By A. BERTRAM HUTTON.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Author.

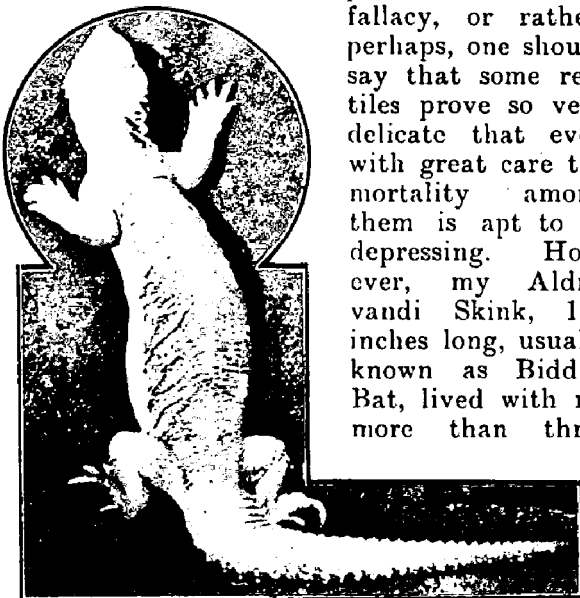


1. ALDROVANDI SKINK, KNOWN AS BIDDLY-BAT, WHO LIVED AS

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY FOR MORE THAN THREE YEARS.



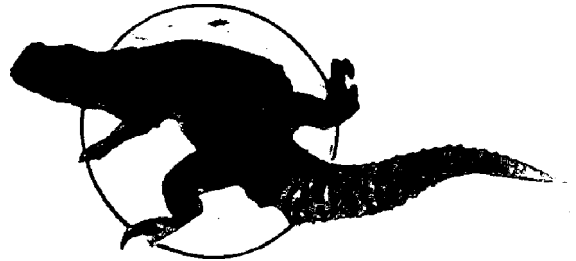
SUPPOSE I shall hardly be believed by many when I say that the word Reptile, instead of being representative of what is loathsome, creepy, and slimy, has a most pleasant sound in my ears in that it recalls some of the happiest experiences of my life. In these days of original pets I cannot claim to be the first lover of snakes and lizards, and all their numerous friends and relations, but I can claim to have been fairly faithful to them, having kept them some thirteen years with only short intervals when, owing to circumstances, such clinging friends had to be dispensed with. As a rule, the longevity assigned by tradition to reptiles proves itself to be a fallacy, or rather, perhaps, one should say that some reptiles prove so very delicate that even with great care the mortality among them is apt to be depressing. However, my Aldrovandi Skink, 16½ inches long, usually known as Biddly-Bat, lived with me more than three



2. EGYPTIAN MASTIGURE (UROMASTIX SPINIPES).

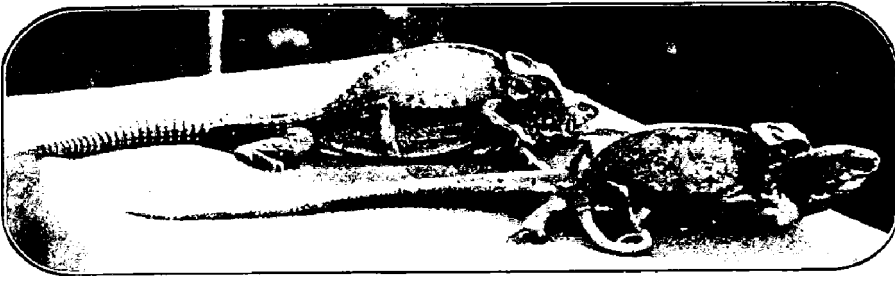
years, in spite of vicissitudes innumerable. He was of a very roving disposition, and his tours when he escaped were usually of a somewhat suicidal nature. One day I came to my reptile house, where Biddly-Bat lived in happy fraternity with an Egyptian Mastigure and a Scheltopusic, besides sundry other residents and visitors, to find him gone. I hunted all round my study, but he could not be found. Then it may have been some slight noise that attracted my attention

to the dead ashes in the grate—and there, wearing his perpetual, self-satisfied grin, amidst dirt and cinders, sat Biddly. But this was not all. Some strange fate, or, more likely, negligent carelessness, caused one of the reptile house doors to be left open, and again Biddly escaped, and once more the reptilian Cinderella was found among the ashes of a recently extinct fire. A third disappearance, and he was immediately restored—we knew where to look for him now. He was a wise fellow, of the Parsec order—he loved



3. SIDE VIEW OF MASTIGURE.

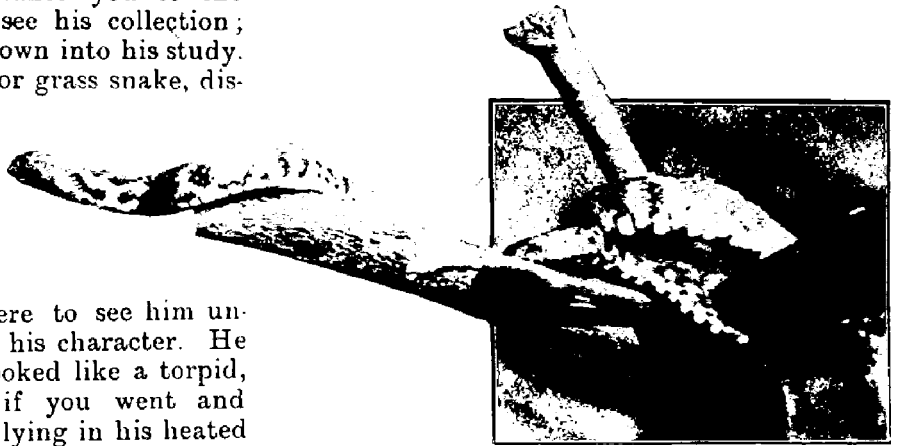
fire and heat, and, as the grate was still warm from the recent fire, he thought it the most comfortable place in the room, next to his own heated house. In one of his expeditions he went so far afield that it was a wonder I ever saw him again. He managed to get out of his house—it was a new one, and I had not reckoned on his power of lifting—and this time he found his way unmolested to the front door, and was gone several nights. Some men happened to be laying drainpipes, to carry our rain-water to an underground tank, at the time, and I was called out to find them in a state of excitement, and one holding



4. THE END OF THE RACE. MASTIGURE AND BIDDLY-BAT AS HORSES, WITH THE CHAMELEONS AS JOCKEYS.

Biddly down with his spade, as if he were a venomous monster. I soon snapped him up, looking as complaisant as ever, after having rudely put out his tongue at the workmen. On a flying visit to London—we lived in Yorkshire then—I found time to visit a gentleman who sells various reptiles. If you visit him in the summer, he takes you to the ground floor and area to see his collection; but, being winter, I was shown into his study. There was a Scheltopusic, or grass snake, disporting itself on the floor. He told me that he had some Egyptian Mastigures coming in shortly, and soon after I had got back to Yorkshire one arrived. I wish you could have been there to see him unpacked and to have learnt his character. He was 25 inches long, and looked like a torpid, wizened-up mummy, but if you went and touched him when he was lying in his heated home, you would be sure to give your knuckles a sharp bang against the wooden sides or top of his house. I never knew such a touchy, literally touchy, customer as Masty; he couldn't bear being touched, and the moment he felt the slightest intimation of any such thing his lethargy vanished like light-

ning. He would lash out with his spiny tail, and hiss as if he were one big safety-valve and had contracted to let steam off with the maximum of noise. I made use of this amusing characteristic of hissing to feed my friend, as, like many other reptiles, he needed much coaxing to persuade him to eat. If I were to say that reptiles are self-denying ascetics, I suppose I should be laughed at, but the fact remains that they often seem to be far superior to such a carnal desire as that for food. Well, when Masty was letting off



5. DICE SNAKE.

steam at high pressure, I used to pop a nice fat meal-worm into his house, and finding dinner so very handy he generally consented to eat it. Though even this method had to be pursued with caution, or his tendency to self-denial would assert itself.

Most of you are aware that chameleons change colour in order to protect themselves: that if they are on something green they will adapt themselves to the changed conditions, and that if they climb on to something brown they will immediately accommodate themselves to that colour. It is well established also that the change of colour is caused by the state of their feelings. And among all their kind I think none have such tempers as chameleons, which fairly boil with rage. My wife on more than one occasion introduced Masty to one of the chameleons, and the result was most laughable. No exclusive clansman could show more indignation on being introduced to some



6. SMALL GRASS SNAKE
. A clinging friend.

hated foreigner than Mr. Armour-Headed Chameleon when brought into close contact with Masti. The former would slowly open his mouth, looking like nothing so much as some animated miniature Sphinx reduced to the last state of fury; he would hiss, and then, as the climax approached, flap himself suddenly to one side as if to sweep his enemy out of existence. But even a chameleon's temper may be overcome, and our photograph (No. 4) shows Mastigure and Biddly-Bat with the chameleons as jockeys riding on their backs.

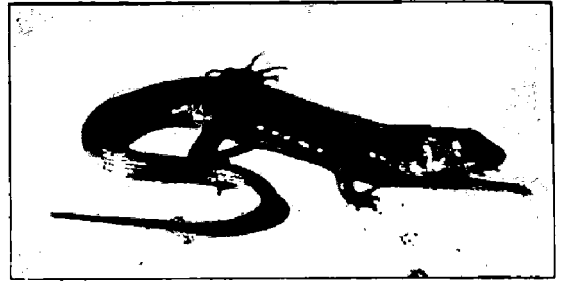
We now pass to the snakes. A dice snake is not a native of the British Isles, but is often imported from other parts of Europe. It is a wonderfully good hand at diving, and it is interesting to time how long it will keep under water, if stones and rockwork are put into the tank for it to hide among. There is something very fascinating about a tame



7. A GRASS SNAKE AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

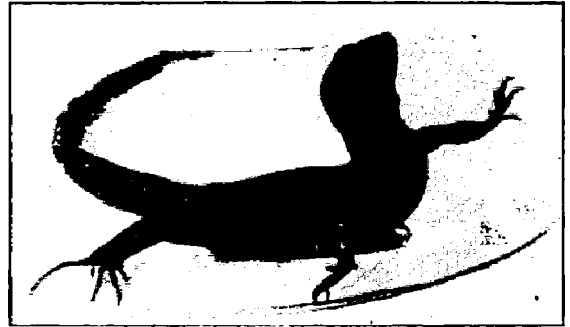
snake. A tame snake will lie in your pocket quite comfortably while you read, if not wanted, or he will cling round your hand, as shown in illustration No. 6; while the babies make the most delightful living rings imaginable, and they like the warmth of your little finger particularly. Snakes soon get accustomed to being handled, they are most graceful in movement, and, unlike almost any other pet, can be put in the pocket at a moment's notice; they require little food and less air. They will sleep all the winter if carefully put away in the right manner for hibernation. Their food is the greatest difficulty, for though they eat seldom they generally want it alive.

The snake in Fig. 7 is a grass snake at close quarters, and not a rattle-snake. The object that resembles the rattle is really a silver match-box placed where it is in order to raise the snake's head conveniently. One of the most beautiful and one of the hardest



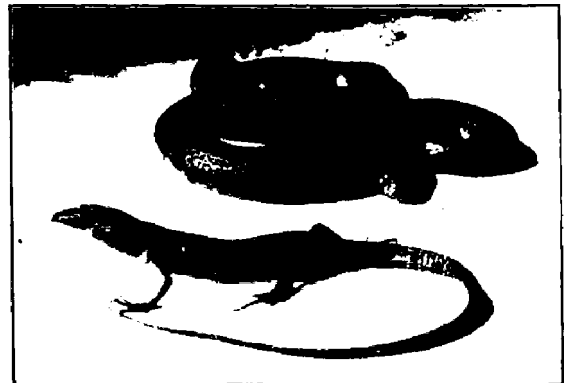
8. THE GREEN LIZARD.
His first venture in life.

reptiles to keep is the green lizard; he is also most amusing. Drop a meal-worm (his favourite food) in front of a green lizard. At first he will take no notice; then the wriggling creature attracts his attention, and in a moment his nose is pointed at it just as a good pointer's is when he suddenly stiffens up and remains rigid. Then a sudden snap takes place,



9. GREEN LIZARD.
"You should see me dance the polka!"

and the meal-worm is caught; next the lizard makes a very fair representation of a terrier with a rat, shaking and worrying his victim; and, lastly, still keeping up the resemblance to our canine friend, he toys with it, balancing it in his mouth like a performing poodle with a stick, working it round till he

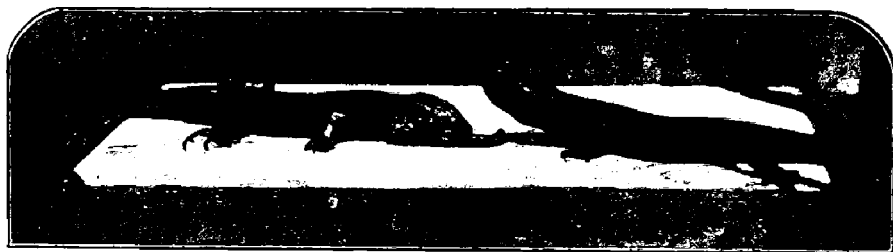


10. LIZARD AND GRASS SNAKE.

can get at one end and begin his feast. Sometimes you would think two lizards were loving sisters, so affectionately is the arm of one thrown over the shoulder of another, but as you get to know them better you come to a different conclusion;

for it is not exactly affectionate to stomp down your foot on your sister's face and stick your claw into her eye. In fact, the marked characteristic of lizards is an utter disregard for their neighbours' feelings. But this quality goes beyond all bounds when they turn cannibals. I once had a lizard who, either out of sheer carelessness about identifying his food or by pure stony-hearted wickedness, ate a lizard only about half his size—he could hardly digest him, so the victim reappeared about a week afterwards. Let us draw the curtain on this scene!

Lizards are often very brave and pugna-

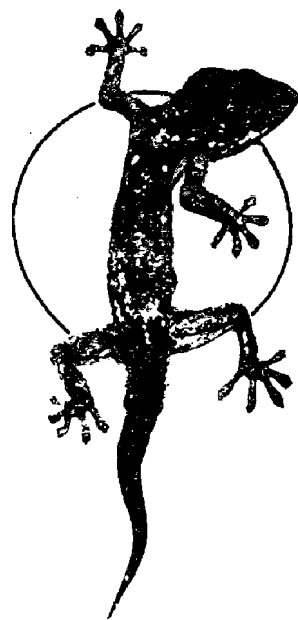


11. GREEN LIZARD.

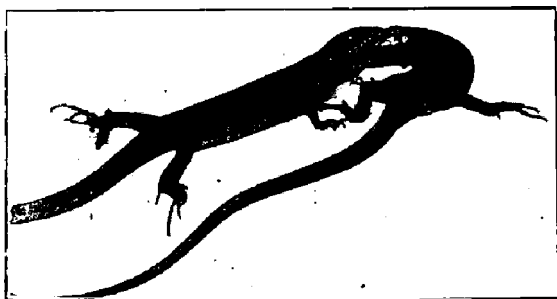
The tug-of-war. "I have won, but have no strength to enjoy my victory."

a scale, as shown in Fig. 10. Lizards are also very amusing in the attitudes they cut, and I was fortunate in securing the one in the capering attitude shown in Fig. 9.

A very curious member of the lizard family is the Gecko. His eyes are queer, his nose is queer, his tail is queer, and his feet are very queer—indeed, they look more like some curious leaves than feet; they are provided with little claws and suckers, so that they enable the Gecko to run up walls like a fly. The eyes of the Gecko are like a cat's, or, rather, vertically contracting, thus showing that its habits are nocturnal. The tail is very brittle, and no doubt often helps the little fellow to escape. When the pursuer seizes the tail, off it comes, and Master Gecko is far away in a moment. The Gecko has the power of reproducing the lost member very rapidly.

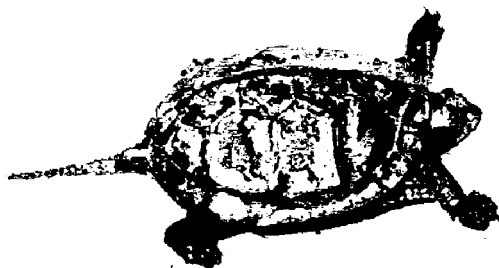


13. FAN-FOOT GECKO.



12. THEY CLOSED WITH SAVAGE VEHEMENCE.

cious; they won't knuckle under, not even to another lizard twice their size, unless, like our last friend, they are absolutely devoured. A snake that will make a cat arch her back, hit out wildly, and run for dear life, that will make a dog look foolish and creep away with a "please-leave-me-alone" look and his tail between his legs, will not make a lizard turn

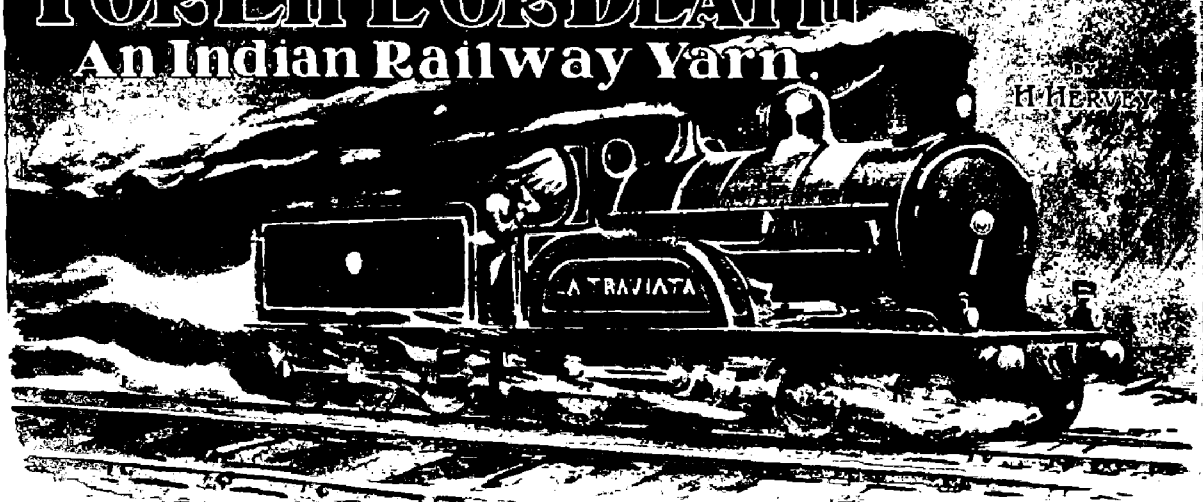


14. MUD TORTOISE, OR TERRAPIN.

Some of the most attractive inmates of the vivarium are water tortoises. I have had them as small as a two-shilling piece, so that you could carry them about in a small glass vase with just a very little water in the bottom, and then you could have them out "for their paces" on the tablecloth or the stone step of a French window, or any other likely spot. Though they are called water tortoises, it is not at all kind to keep them without any land. If you did so, the inevitable result would be that you would very soon lose them; they must have land to crawl about on if they are to be healthy and happy.

FOR LIFE OR DEATH

An Indian Railway Yarn.



Founded on Fact, and Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

LOKAH KINARY, a station on the Bagh-Bahar Railway, stood on the south bank of the river Lokah, an effluent of the mighty Sirriss Gunga, further to the east. The Sirriss Gunga was one of those treacherous Indian rivers that rise or fall with such marvellous rapidity, that dwindle to a brooklet during the dry months, and develop with startling suddenness into a raging torrent when the rains fall. Needless to say that the Lokah was affected by these vagaries of the present stream.

The railway was a broad-gauge double track, with Bagh, the terminus, at the northern, and Bahar at the southern, end, the latter also being the administrative headquarters. It had been built chiefly for the purpose of linking two larger lines, and measured 117 miles. It was comparatively new at the time of the story, and as it did not traverse very populous country, four intermediate stations, with six trains each way per diem, were considered sufficient for all traffic requirements. As a temporary measure, and for reasons irrelevant to the narrative, the locomotive plant and staff at the north end were not located at Bagh, but at Lokah Kinary—the first station, twenty-seven miles to the south. Small “tankers” worked this section, while the through engines hitched or unhitched at Lokah Kinary. A down gradient predominated from Bagh to the river, after which it became fairly level throughout. The Lokah, confined by high banks, was crossed by a two-span girder bridge on masonry piers, and the Lokah Kinary station lay two furlongs to the south-

ward. Recent running rules ordained that the bridge must be passed at a walking pace, for the central pier had evinced signs of weakness. The railway telegraph formed a part of my charge, so I knew all the men, from Mr. Tyce, the agent and manager, to the junior cleaner.

“Halloa, Bertrand! What are you here for?” I exclaimed, addressing a man who stood on the Lokah Kinary platform as I alighted from the afternoon down train. He was the company’s executive engineer, a right good sort, and a prime favourite with every one.

“The bridge,” he replied. “What has brought you, Kitson?”

“The bridge; I’m going to bracket the wires on the railings.”

“You’ll have to wait; the bridge is under observation just now, and we expect the freshet any moment.”

“Bother! I had hoped to make everything snug before the Lokah rose an inch. But what’s wrong?”

“Subsidence of the central pier, I’m afraid if we have a repetition of last year’s flood. Don’t dream of tents, man!” he added, as I told my people to pitch behind the station. “Put up with me in the waiting-room. Look at those clouds,” pointing to the sombre firmament that flashed and muttered ominously; “there’s something coming, as sure as a gun. Have some tea, and then toddle down with me to the bridge.”

My seat commanded a view of the yard. Several locomotives stood about—under steam and not. By some unique conceit of those

responsible for their christening, the engines of this line were all called after operas. I read *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*, while, almost along her entire length, a fourth bore *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Beyond the network of rails appeared the semi-permanent bungalows of the European running staff, flanked by a long, corrugated-iron structure, tenanted by native employés. There were no white residents at Lokah Kinary, so we could occupy the waiting-room undisturbed.

We went to the bridge, and dropped on to the central pierhead, where Bertrand pointed out the mischief. "Day before yesterday," he observed, "Nunford, driving the night mail at a crawl, noticed that his engine listed here. He informed the P. W. Inspector, who wired to me, and I came. Let's see the 5.30 pass. I've done so as each train has gone by—to note the effect. She's due."

"More than due; she's here!" I exclaimed, as a rumbling fell on my ear.

"So she is!" muttered Bertrand. "Surely the driver saw the caution signal! Why, he's running a good——"

Ere more could be said the train rounded the curve and slithered down the final gradient at high speed. In another second it bucketed on to the bridge; the whole fabric vibrated alarmingly, and, as the advancing body approached us, I dreaded lest the pier should collapse, and we be hurled into eternity. In spite of my nervousness, I noticed all too plainly that each successive vehicle in passing us gave an unmistakable curtsey, proving that the rails at that spot were badly out of gear. The screeching of the hand-brakes showed that the driver was at least making an effort to slow down; but it did not suffice to retard the momentum, and the whole train soon cleared the bridge. We thereupon regained the footway and ran towards the station, to see the train pull up far beyond, and then come backing to it. As we reached the platform Jervois, the locomotive superintendent, alighted from a first saloon; his looks were as black as the heavens above us. We scented a row.

Ten minutes later, in the rarely used booking office, Norton, the driver of the 5.30 up, stood before Jervois, with the loco. foreman in attendance, while I and Bertrand were present as witnesses. Norton was charged with intoxication, disobeying the signals, passing a danger point at unauthor-

ised speed, and over-shooting the station by two hundred yards. He was a handsome, fair-haired fellow of about thirty; though his frank features were now marred by the flush of intemperance, but he retained his senses sufficiently to admit his fault and throw himself on his superior's mercy. Norton, however, had already been twice guilty of a similar offence, so Jervois expressed his intention of recommending the man's summary dismissal.

Bertrand now spoke. "What I have said," he observed, addressing Jervois, "has gone against Norton, but, in justice to him, I must mention that I saw the brakes as hard down as the pace would allow of. No doubt he erred in disregarding the standing rules, and the signal, but he did his best to remedy his imprudence."

"God bless you, sir!" exclaimed Norton, fervently.

"Hum," muttered Jervois, "this certainly alters the case." Then aloud to the culprit, "Mr. Bertrand's remarks act in your favour, Norton. The initial blame attaches to Lumbus, at Bagh, for allowing you to mount your engine when not properly sober. You are placed under suspension pending settlement of the matter. You may go."

Norton bowed submissively, and then, approaching Bertrand, said, "I thank you, sir, for speaking up for me and getting me another chance. If ever I can repay you, sir, I'll do it!"

Jervois dined with us, and left by the night mail for Bahar.

That night was insufferably hot, and atmospheric disturbance undoubtedly threatened. Not a star showed behind the heavy clouds, not a breath stirred the leaves, and—truest sign of all—the birds maintained an unwonted chattering in the trees. The dawn revealed all the indications of a hurricane, and, sure enough, while we sat at early coffee, the first southing of the coming hurly-burly fanned our cheeks as from a furnace. Gradually the blow strengthened, and the welkin presented the terrifying spectacle of a jumble of sullen clouds driving before the wind. While we watched the turmoil, the bridge guard came tearing along to announce that the Lokah was already half full. Oblivious of everything else, and anxious to note the effect of the water on the shaky pier, Bertrand dashed off towards the bridge. I followed, both battling against the blast, and presently we gazed down on the turbid brown flood that eddied and tumbled below us.

Suddenly Bertrand consulted his watch; then, striking his hands despairingly, he bawled in my ear, "Kitson, fly to the station; tell them to keep the signal against the up morning—she must not cross the bridge—the pier wouldn't stand it—cut for your life!"

With the wind now at my back I simply skimmed, and, in an incredibly short time, bounded on to the platform; but I was too late; the signal lever had been released, and before I could throw it back there came the distant whistle—to be almost immediately followed by the up morning slowly rounding the bend, and continuing on to the bridge. No use doing anything now. I saw Bertrand on the pier frantically waving his cap; but no—the train rumbled on—its whole length was on the bridge! Then the engine gathered way. I began to hope the danger was past, when, like a flash, and with a roar that sounded above the raging elements, the bridge collapsed, carrying with it the entire train, except the engine, which had crossed, and owed her safety to the snapping of the couplings. As if to cap the disaster, the fury of the storm increased, the telegraph poles fell, the wires were blown into a tangle, and the roofs of buildings were whirled away like so much paper!

Want of space prevents me from describing all the happenings of that terrible day. Every man set to the work of rescue. Outside help was not to be looked for; with the telegraph smashed, and Bagh cut off by the boiling river, not only were we practically isolated, but the tornado, blizzarding straight down the line, made it problematical whether our only hope—the down morning, due at 10 a.m.—could reach us. We were in a fearful fix.

I was recalled to my senses by Norton clutching my hand. "Come on, sir!" he shouted, "let's see after Mr. Bertrand! The others will try and save the passengers. Come on, sir!"

Accompanied by some cleaners, we hastened to the bridge, and, clambering along the ruins, did all we knew to find traces of my chum. We looked in vain, and we lost hope till a man pointed to a great tree uprooted by the flood, and caught in some obstruction. We cowered on the brink of the water, and the tree bobbed about in the mad swirl some fifteen paces below our position. By looking closely, we could perceive Bertrand jammed in among the branches, fortunately with his head above water. We knew not whether he yet lived, but anyhow he had to be re-

covered, and I was trying to devise some means of getting at him when Norton plunged into the seething torrent, and, in a twinkling, reached the tree; then, turning to us, he pointed down river. Instantly divining his intention, we clambered back to *terra firma*, and, scampering along the bank, took post on a little promontory, holding ourselves in readiness to run should Norton fail in fetching the split. I flourished my cap, the plucky driver responded with a wave of the hand, and immediately abandoned hold of the tree, supporting Bertrand's head with one arm and striking out boldly with the other. So they floated down, and soon, to our relief, we were just able to clutch the two bodies and drag them out of the water. Thank God—they were saved! Tussling with the still howling gale, we carried Bertrand to the station; he was conscious, but speechless, and my amateur surgical knowledge told me that two—if not more—ribs, also the left leg, were broken, in addition to other minor injuries. What was to be done? The swollen, bridgeless Lokah barred us from Bagh, and we could not telegraph anywhere. Running my friend on an engine to Bahar—the nearest spot under the circumstances where surgical aid could be procured—was impossible, for we knew that movement, besides causing intense agony, would, in all probability, bring on a fatal crisis before we were half way, and a hundred to one the line was obstructed from end to end. What then, in the name of the Almighty, could I do?

Perplexed beyond measure, I stole out on to the gale-swept platform to try and think it out; some one followed; it was Norton. Before speaking, he led me to a sheltered corner. "Sir," he said, "I'm not going to stand idle and let him who spoke for me die for want of a doctor."

"You're right, Norton; but how to get at one?"

"There's our own doctor at Bahar, sir?"

"Of course! and failing him—others."

"Then, sir, will you come with me to fetch him?"

I stared at the man mutely; I feared that the excitement of the morning had unhinged his brain.

"Look here, sir," he rejoined, noticing my bewilderment, "we must get a doctor to him sharp. Bahar's the nearest place—as things stand. There," he continued, pointing, "is La Traviata. She would have taken on the up morning; she's ready; Myburgh and the fireman are sheltering from the wind. If

you'll come and do a bit of coaling-up, I lay to run you in to Bahar inside of two hours and a half, with God's help!"

The proposal frightened while it fascinated me. He would drive La Traviata at something like a mile a minute in the face of in-

evitable obstacles, foreseen and unforeseen! Certainly, the line was double; there were no trains on the up metals, and we had daylight. But the intermediate stations each presented a potential danger point; down goods trains might be shunting, and the up line be blocked; trees might have been blown down across the track; gangs most probably would be at work, and a thousand other contingencies might be encountered. On the other



"WITH A ROAR THAT SOUNDED
ABOVE THE RAGING ELEMENTS,
THE BRIDGE COLLAPSED."

hand, if the feat could be performed, I could get Dr. Lamond on to La Traviata's foot-plate in five minutes, and we could fly back to poor Bertrand. Even were the telegraph available further south, it would take time to wire; it would take time for an engine to be prepared at Bahar for Lamond's use; the people would conjecture and ask questions, for, as yet, news of the Lokah disaster had not travelled to headquarters; the non-appearance of the up morning and the telegraph interruption would be attributed to the storm. Time was of vital importance; a minute gained might mean the salvation of my chum. I realised that Norton's suggestion was the only feasible one, and I agreed. Creeping back into the room, I whispered my intention to the loco. foreman, and conjured him not to stir from the sufferer's side. In another minute I and Norton stealthily boarded La Traviata; we were not seen; he opened the throttle; she responded, and we were off!

Never shall I forget that ride. La Traviata was one of their more powerful engines, with six-foot coupled wheels. Norton was quite at home on her, and, under his steady hand, she was soon flying along at ultra-express speed. With my cap jammed to my head, I held on like grim death, for not until you ride on a tearing locomotive do you know how different the motion on her is to that felt in a car. La Traviata, under a full head of steam, with the wind in her favour, seemed literally to plunge along in a series of mad leaps. She oscillated alarmingly, her funnel appeared to reel, and her tender came rattling and rollicking behind her as if in a very frenzy; but, in spite of the racket, I managed to keep my wits and shovel in the coal whenever Norton bade me. The track was strewn with *débris*—torn from the trees. Branches lay on the metals, but the scurrying La Traviata, urged by that veritable Hell-Fire-Jack, crashed through everything. Almost before one could think, we had covered twenty-five miles. Singdurr signal loomed, of course, against us. Seeing the line clear, Norton disdained to whistle, and as we streaked past the platform I could see astonishment on the faces of those there. I noticed that the telegraph lines were frequently breached, a fact that justified my acquiescence to our perilous venture. Between Singdurr and Chuttur, twenty-four miles, a branch larger than we had met with hitherto lay on our rails, and I imagined that Norton would pull up to enable us to shift it. But

no, he kept on, and, before I had time to expostulate, we were on it. I looked for instant death, and can tell you that I felt immeasurably relieved when La Traviata, instead of jumping the metals, merely gave a slight jar and flew on. As we tore towards Chuttur station I saw a gang at work on our rails; the lever in position, and the men packing the sleepers. Norton, without slackening, blew both whistles at once; the gangers had barely time to spring for their lives, while the abandoned lever, fortunately inserted on the off side—was whirled into space. Past Chuttur, *en route* to Pasgaon, twenty-two miles, the line ran on a high embankment, and where the storm's ravages were not so apparent; in fact, its force had evidently abated here, for though the telegraph still showed damage, the ruin was not so universal. We had entered on a stretch of straight, and were thundering along at I am afraid to say what rate, when a mile-man, seeing us coming, and, perhaps, suspecting something wrong, deliberately unfurled a red hand-flag, and, dancing about between our rails, signalled us to stop. Norton started both whistles; still the native held his ground. Again did my heart cease throbbing as I expected that we should run that idiot down; but just as Norton was about shutting off, the fellow hopped aside, not half a second too soon. Now Pasgaon signal came in sight, and, as we bowled round the curve to the station, imagine my horror to see a truck on our metals, a goods train standing on the down line, and the locomotive in process of shunting! I looked at Norton; he was leaning outward and gazing intently ahead; then he suddenly slackened and whistled fiercely. Some men were hand-pushing the truck; these, after staring at our galloping engine, and obviously apprehending a smash, skedaddled precipitately; the people on the platform fled in consternation; the driver on the goods locomotive gesticulated. But though we had slowed down considerably, I sprang at Norton, seized him by the coat collar, and shouted to him to stop altogether.

"It's all right, sir!" he bellowed back. "The point's for the main line! We'll shove that wagon along with us!"

In another half-minute we banged against it; the catch buffer locked; Norton re-opened his throttle, and the plebeian truck, infused with life by the splendid La Traviata behind it, was soon racing ahead at lightning speed. Gallant Norton! I could have embraced him for his ready conception. Had we pulled up

to allow of that vehicle being moved out of the way, we would have lost precious time. He had looked for the distant hand lever point; he had seen that it had not yet been thrown over for the siding; our way, therefore, was open, provided the pointsman kept his head, provided he fathomed our intent, and let the lever be. Good man! He did both, and, as we shot past him, in my appreciation of his acumen or density—I'm afraid to say which—I flung him five rupees, and saw the fellow picking up the coins as we whisked round the curve. On, on, sped La Traviata, devouring the nineteen miles that lay between us and Bahar; everything was clear, for the hurricane had not penetrated so far.

Now came the most crucial part of the whole journey. Swooping into the multiple lines of the terminus, disregarding the adverse semaphores that frowned at us on all sides, scattering gangs, mile-men, and watchmen with fierce bursts from both whistles, La Traviata kept running straight for the big station, and it was not until we passed the home signal that Norton handled the brake. Evidently we were expected, for the platform was crowded with officials and others, with Mr. Tyce among them. Approaching, as we did, at a spanking pace, the spectators became apprehensive, and a general *sauve qui peut* ensued; but the manager and railway people, knowing that we had room to stop, held their ground. At last we came to a standstill.

"Kitson!" exclaimed Tyce, staring, "and and—Norton, the man under suspension! What's the meaning of this? Look here," he added, taking a telegram from his pocket and handing it to me; "I have just received this; it must refer to you."

It came from the native stationmaster of Pasgaon, up to which wire communication had held good. The missive, couched in quaint Indo-English, ran:

"From Pasgaon.	To Bahar.
From Station Master.	To Manager.

Clear Line. Emergent.

Two highflown Europeans unknown run away



I SPRANG AT NORTON AND SHOUTED TO HIM TO STOP.

past just on furious light engine, and abducted goods truck from under nose towards Bahar. Please pounce."

I will not detail the hurried explanations, the dismay, the revulsion of feeling when the news became known. How Tyce, after warmly shaking Norton by the hand, commanded him to water and fuel-up at once; how I found Dr. Lamond in the hospital, and trotted him with his necessaries back to the platform just as La Traviata, with boiler and tender replenished, steamed in from the siding; how Tyce, Lamond, I, and several more crowded on to the footplate, and Norton, receiving the word, drove his splendid engine as hard as she could go on her errand of mercy; how our return journey was providentially free of serious obstructions; how, on arrival at Lokah Kinari, Lamond, after careful examination of his patient, reassured us with the blessed information that Bertrand would pull through; how a calm had succeeded the storm; how another locomotive, the Il Trovatore, was sent racing up the line to wherever the telegraph served, with wires, ordering breakdown gangs.


plant, and material; how the work of restoration was taken in hand, and how, in a fortnight's time from that date, a temporary pile bridge had been thrown over the fickle Lokah, and through running resumed.

* * * * *

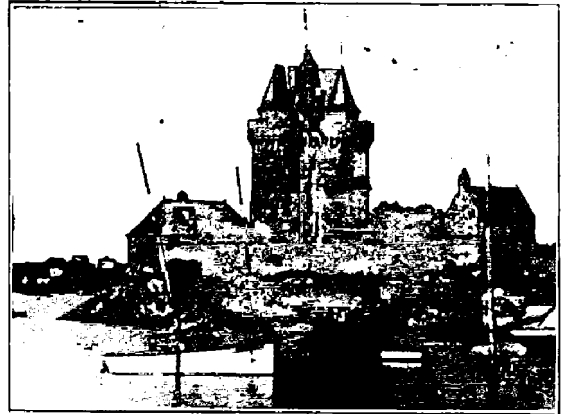
A month later, and a grand function was held on the Bahar station platform. Every one who could get away had assembled there in expectation of something unusually interesting. Presently, at a signal from Mr. Tyce, the railway volunteer band began playing "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." All eyes turned on the closed doors of the engine shed, which stared at us in the near distance. As the first strains of the inspiring air fell on the ear, those doors were rolled aside, and, with a short, sharp whistle, a huge locomotive majestically clanked forth and slowly glided into the station. It was La Traviata, but

verily a transfigured La Traviata. Not only was she smothered in garlands, not only was she bedecked with flags, not only did she wear a fresh coat of bright green picked out with red, but every possible bit of brass-work about her had been electro-plated, including her name, now glorified into old English capitals. Pulling up at the centre of the platform, Norton, in unaccustomed Sunday clothes, stepped down, and, cap in hand, confronted the group of his superiors. A silence fell on all, and then Mr. Tyce, in a few plain words, complimented the driver on his gallant conduct, intimated his promotion in recognition of his pluck, presented him with a cheque for a thousand rupees in the name of the company, and wound up with a whispered injunction to avoid that particular rock which he had already run against on several occasions.

THE TOUR SOLIDOR.

 N Northern Brittany, at the mouth of the swift-flowing Rance, and commanding a magnificent view of the further banks of that river, stands the interesting old building known as the Tour Solidor. Built in 1384 by John Lebon, Duke of Brittany, it has, up to even fairly modern times, been used as a prison, though it should be added that it was once a stronghold of no mean value, and has resisted several attacks. The loopholes for defence, as well as the position of the portcullis, still remain. The main portion of the tower is intact, though the outside works have been removed, and an ugly slate roof surmounts the whole.

One of the first to be imprisoned was John Lebon himself, and my guide pointed out the room in which he was arrested, after, I believe, a brief struggle. Since that event Frenchmen, Spaniards, Bonapartists, British prisoners of war, etc., have all at divers times suffered incarceration within its weather-beaten walls. The original doors are of the most massive description, and the windows, in many cases, are blocked by three sets of bars, some of the latter



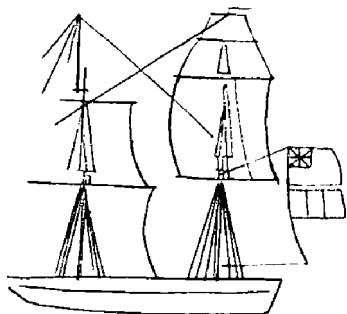
THE TOUR SOLIDOR.—BUILT IN 1384.
From a photograph.

being as much as three inches broad. When a death sentence was carried out, the condemned were dropped into a well beneath the execution chamber; in this they were speedily drowned, and their bodies swept out to sea by the next tide.

When Napoleon declared war against us in 1803, he arrested, and confined as prisoners of war, every Englishman travelling in France without giving them a moment's grace in order that they might clear out of the country. A number of these unfortunate individuals were thrown into the Solidor, being afterwards joined by captured seamen, etc. A story is told of one of these men who wrapped himself round with a Union Jack and jumped from one of the

windows into the water below; nothing was ever heard of him, but it may be supposed that he fell a victim to one of the many currents with which the Rance abounds.

The English prisoners were confined in the larger rooms—two of the latter being set aside as dormitories. The sleeping accommodation

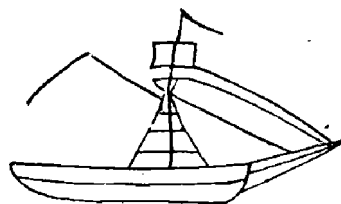


ONE OF THE SKETCHES CARVED BY THE PRISONERS ON THE WALLS OF THE TOUR SOLIDOR.

still exists; in one room it consists of two slanting shelves, one above the other, the first about eight feet from the ground and the second a good fifteen. They each would hold from twenty to twenty-five men, and were reached by foot-holds in one of the wooden supports. The second is furnished in a like elaborate style, except that in this case the second tier is missing. The drainage was of the most primitive kind, and this, combined with the heat in summer, must have made the atmosphere intolerable.

These prisoners have left some interesting relics behind them in the shape of names, dates, etc., carved on the doors, floor and shutters, all over the tower. Of these the most curious is a chess-board cut in the floor of one of the rooms, which possibly was set aside for the use of the officers, as the sleeping shelf is in this case absent, and instead another airy room opens off it. As regards names and dates, the

oldest is 1758; it was cut by T. Price in George the Second's reign, after Minorca was lost and Byng executed. The latest is that of J. Crooks, Hull, 1810; doubtless some of Mr. Crooks' grandchildren (if he had any) are still living. Then there are several inscriptions in an excellent state of preservation; for instance, "Robert James of Trinity" and "W. Dick of Perth, N.B.," both informing us that they were "taken in the success of Poole," and the latter adds a date, January 24th—the year being obliterated. The longest, and the most interesting, inscription, as far as it goes, runs as follows:—"Go Malley, Westport. Taken Jany. the 20th, 1812. Taken by Ft PR in the Marice of Dear Dublin." "Ft PR" means, of course, "French Privateer." The "Marice" would



A PRISONER'S SKETCH ON THE WALL OF THE TOUR SOLIDOR.

probably be a merchantman hailing from Dublin in which Mr. Malley was serving at the time. Besides these and other souvenirs, several ships have been designed, from a big "three decker" downwards; unfortunately most of these drawings are either incomplete or partly obliterated.

The pictures drawn by Captain Marryat of the captivity of those men taken when fighting for England a century ago do not seem at all overdrawn, at least, as far as this example of a French military prison shows, for evidently they were not overloaded with luxuries, and certainly had to "rough it" in a very practical sense of the term.

GEORGE CHARLTON ANNE.



LOUIS A. JONES

THE DUFFER.



By R. S. WARREN BELL,
Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," etc

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

He sat now with his straw hat tilted over his eyes, his whole attitude indicative of depression and discontent. The ribbon on his hat—of two colours, with a shield-shaped badge—proclaimed the wearer, to the *cognoscenti*, a member of Silverdown School, an establishment of comparatively modern foundation, but of huge numbers and excellent fame in class-room and field.

But it was mid-June-time, and a Thursday, and Silverdown was eighty miles away. It was not probable that our young traveller was taking a week-end trip home (for half-term was well over), and it did not seem apparent that a serious illness in his family had called him suddenly to Mellerby, else would he have been gazing thoughtfully out of the window, scanning the accustomed route with eyes full of anxious speculation.

The real reason of his undue appearance in these parts, then, shall be given without more ado. George Wellington Denver—that being the full title of the listless youth—had this day suffered expulsion from Silverdown, and so it was hardly matter for surprise that he did not survey the smiling landscape with interest, or recognise each turn of the railroad which led to his home as a friend to be hailed with a laugh or a happy glimmer in the eyes.

Expelled! The ugly word drummed in the boy's brain, yet brought no tears to his eyes. Only the lines of his mouth took a more sullen shape as the engine in its thunderous beat told him again and again, with monotonous iteration, that he was expelled. . . . expelled. . . . expelled. . . .

The whole scene surged up in his mind as the train rumbled on to its destination—the head-master's stern, cold face, and formal farewell; his house-master's face, too, with its expression of annoyance mingled with pain; the sympathetic words of the good-hearted, fat little matron, as she bent over his box and superintended the safe bestowal of his few goods and chattels; the "Awfully sorry for you, old chap!" good-byes of his friends; the journey to Silverdown station, with the junior house-master, much disliking the task, by his side; buying a ticket,

CHAPTER I.

THE HOME-COMING.

"**M**ELLERBY train! Any more for Mellerby?" demanded the porter at Littleworth Junction.

Two folks of the countryside came hastily out of the booking-hall and got into a third-class compartment. From beneath the stairs of the footbridge by which passengers were requested to cross the line, slunk a lanky boy of sixteen. Carefully avoiding the compartment occupied by the country folk, he climbed into another and threw himself moodily on to the seat.

"Right be'ind!" hallooed the porter to the guard lurking for'ard, and the local train started on its four-mile run, the guard dexterously swinging himself into his van as it reached the spot where he was standing.

By fragrant field and hedgerow, by stream and spinney, the local train toiled on the modest journey which it accomplished eight times a day, its destination being a small seaside town which was threatening to develop into a popular watering-place, the principal testimonial to its merits being the fact that people returned to it year after year, once they had made its acquaintance.

The boy-traveller's home was at Mellerby.

finding a seat, and the young master's awkward words of leave-taking. All of it floated through his memory only too distinctly, and his look became more sullen and more savagely defiant as the rhyme of the wheels said, "You're expelled. . . . expelled. . . . expelled. . . ."

"Mellerby!"

Here, at last, was the end of his journey. Denver rose to his feet, and, before alighting from the train, gazed apprehensively up and down the platform.

Good. No one had come to meet him, although, of course, news of his disgrace had been communicated to his people.

It was not to be supposed that an expelled boy would be allowed to travel home by himself. Having, therefore, been assured by telegram that Denver would be met at Sunningleigh—the train's first stopping-place after leaving Silverdown—the headmaster of the school had carried out his part of the painful transaction by having the boy seen safely away from Silverdown station, and so washed his hands of him. When the train pulled up at Sunningleigh, however, George could not see anybody he knew, and so proceeded on his homeward journey by himself.

Having given up his ticket, the boy pondered. Should he go home by the quaint old High Street, should he go by the fields, or should he make a *détour* by way of the shore? He decided on the fields. He could sneak in quietly by the garden if he took that route.

So he started, leaving his box on the platform to be fetched later by Poole, his father's coachman.

The way by the fields lay along the bank of a stream—a pretty, rippling thing that was not broad enough to be called a river, nor sufficiently narrow to be regarded as a mere brook. People whose gardens it bounded drowned puppies and kittens in it, and it afforded good paddling, but only here and there could one venture to swim a dozen yards or so.

Halfway home, the boy caught sight of a familiar little summer-house on the further side of the brook. Sitting in the summer-house, knitting, was a very old lady. Popular report accredited this old lady with a hundred years, but she was said to be vain about her age, in that she would only admit to eighty-eight.

Catching sight of the boy, she ceased knitting, and gazed at him keenly.

"Is that George Denver?" she croaked.

The boy raised his hat. Every one stood in awe of Mrs. Pardoe, so sharp was her tongue, so overwhelming her personality.

"Yes, Mrs. Pardoe."

FOL. XI.—8.

"What are you skulking along there for?"

"I am going home, Mrs. Pardoe."

A plank bridge, railed on both sides, connected Mrs. Pardoe's garden with the field on the other side of the stream.

"Come here," said the old lady.

The boy crossed the bridge and stood before her.

"Why are you here? This is June. Yes, I am old, but I know these things. You should not be here till the end of July."

"I have been expelled," said the boy, quietly.

Mrs. Pardoe's face showed no astonishment.

"I guessed something was wrong by your walk. Expelled! Hum! You Denvers are a bad lot—a sad, bad lot."

The old lady seemed to like the phrase, for she muttered it over several times to herself.

"There's misery in store for your family," continued the dame, working her old gums about in a most unpleasant manner, "yes—for your father, for you, for all of you. But no—not all. There's one who will always be happy, because she is good. Yes, boy, your family is mostly devil, but there's one angel in it."

The harsh lines of the dame's face softened for the moment.

"She shall not suffer—no. But you others shall. Your father—that proud, fierce man—he shall be brought low. What said Solomon?—'*Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall.*'"

The boy listened in silence.

"And your pretty sister," continued the hag, "her comb shall be cut. Ah, the snap-cat! Why is it that a foolish brain so often wears a fair mask? She has laughed at me. She twists men round her little finger. She is all for self. But her time will come. Aye, and you, you pretty, scowling fellow. Bless me, what was Nature about to give you black hair and blue eyes! The girls are beginning to look at you already. And what good are you? *Good!* Why, it seems you're too bad for a whipping!"

The boy avoided her glance.

"You, too, you'll have your turn. All the family of you—except one. Go on—go home—there's a pleasant evening before you."

And with an abrupt gesture she dismissed him.

CHAPTER II.

OF TRUTH AND A HORSEWHIP.

THE boy raised his hat as he turned silently to the little bridge and passed over it. The old lady's raillery had not hurt him in the least; indeed, he had welcomed it as a relief from the drab thoughts that were weighing upon him.

A little lower down the stream he came to the Great Oak, the pride of Mellerby, now in fullest glory of summer foliage. At this time of the year 'twas said the Great Oak's wide-spreading boughs covered near an acre of ground, while as for its colossal trunk, you could have hewn a chamber out of it that would have held half-a-dozen people seated round a table.

Mrs. Pardoe could see the Great Oak clearly from her summer-house, and, when she was pleased to gossip in genial fashion—which was not often, for she preferred to whip and sting people with her barbed tongue and gnarled wit—she used to declare that the tree seemed just as old when she was a little girl, and that in the days of her great-grandfather it had been known as the oldest and largest oak in the country.

No wonder George gazed with awe upon this tremendous veteran, accustomed though he was to the sight of it. Many a sunny afternoon had he spent perched on one of its broad boughs. There was an atmosphere of paternal protectiveness about this old tree that was singularly inviting even to a school-boy. Of summer evenings, Mellerby maids and youths exchanged love-vows in the shadow of its far-reaching limbs; here, too, was safe shelter to be had from storms. Staunch and steady, for a thousand years the old oak had defied the buffets of tempest and the tooth of Time.

Often when George had felt particularly unhappy at school, his thoughts had turned to this aged friend. Here was strength and comfort and protection! So now a glad greeting shone from his eyes as they wandered over the stupendous trunk and its offshoots in their dainty dress of new greenery. Turning for a moment, he saw that Mrs. Pardoe was still gazing after him, so he hastened on, for, like most other people in Mellerby, he stood in wholesome awe of the virago, and had no desire to be called back and lectured anew.

His father's grounds were not far distant, and a few minutes later he entered the extensive shrubbery which divided the garden from the common land without. As he did so, the sun seemed to go out like an extinguished lamp, and looking up he saw that the sky was darkening over with rain-clouds. The unusual sultriness of the day was seeking its usual vent.

He peeped through the bushes, and saw that a game of croquet was proceeding on the lawn. There was his sister Molly, a girl of seventeen, whom Mrs. Pardoe had somewhat harshly stigmatised as a "snap-cat," and there was May, a cousin, on a visit, and there were two other girls whom he did not know. As to the men, there was, of course, the Mellerby curate, and there was Smallwood, his father's red-haired assistant,

and a young gentleman who bore a close resemblance to the strange young ladies. His father, George observed with relief, was not visible. Seated under a tree, remote from the players, was his little sister Joyce, and George was still peering uncomfortably through the bushes in an indeterminate sort of fashion, when Joyce closed her book, put it under her small arm, and, leaving her seat, strolled along the lawn in the direction of her brother's place of concealment.

For a moment George felt inclined to take to his heels. Then it struck him that it would be ridiculous to turn tail before a child of ten, so he stood his ground. Besides, it was possible she wouldn't see him.

Joyce Denver, however, was a preternaturally sharp little body. She had been expecting George all the afternoon, and when she saw a flash of coloured ribbon far away in the shrubbery, she quietly moved towards it without saying anything to anybody else.

"How do you do, Georgie? I am very glad to see you. Please put your cheek down."

George did so, and she kissed him. Then he kissed her, schoolboy fashion, with assumed indifference.

"Where is papa?" asked Joyce.

"I don't know," said George.

"But he went to Sunningleigh to meet you," she explained.

"Did he?" said George, drily. "Then he missed me, that's certain."

"He'll be in such a temper!" said Joyce, meditatively pushing her hair back from her face and knitting her brows; "dear me! What a pity!"

"There'll be a row," said George, philosophically. "I say, I'm awfully peckish," he added. "Can't I get some tea? . . . Hullo! it's beginning to rain."

True enough, big drops were falling with an ominous thud on the leaves by which they were surrounded. The croquet-party, after a hasty glance at the inky firmament, decided to abandon their game, and so retired precipitately to the drawing-room. The way was clear for George.

"Come on," said Joyce, setting off to the house. George following her, she made her way indoors and upstairs to the first landing. Here the girls shared a tiny little sitting-room, which was dignified by the name of The Boudoir, although two or three chairs, a writing-table, and a bookcase comprised its entire furniture.

"I'll bring you some tea," said Joyce, with a nod to George, as her small legs set off down stairs again at a great rate.

Five minutes later she returned, bearing a well-filled tray.

"I think," she said, as she proceeded to pour

out a cup of tea, "that Cookie must have guessed it was for you, because she didn't ask me who it was for, or why I hadn't sent Kate for it. And, besides, she had one of those teacakes ready that you like so much—now please begin."

The boudoir window was wide open. From the drawing-room below came a tinkling accompaniment on the piano, and then the sound of a nondescript male voice singing.

"Who are those people?" asked George.

"The Blacketts," said Joyce. "They have taken the Hill House. They have plenty of money, and don't do anything."

"Nice?" queried the boy, absently.

Joyce considered. "Nice enough," she said at length. "The girls think of nothing but dress and parties. They never read or play, or do anything sensible. Still, they are quite nice."

"And what's their brother like?"

"Oh, he's just like them. He talks chiefly about Ascot. I believe he is going there to see a horse-race soon."

"Mashed on Molly?" suggested George, with a melancholy grin.

"He admires her," admitted Joyce, "and I fancy she— Oh! shut the window, please!"

This request was elicited by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a long, rolling crash of thunder. The storm had come in earnest, bringing semi-darkness in addition to its other discomforts. In a few moments the asphalt path without was transformed into a sheet of levathan bobbing raindrops, the trees drooped their graceful heads beneath the descending flood, and the fair flowers of summertime were beaten to the ground and pounded without mercy.

Joyce and George watched the storm from the window, the latter mechanically munching teacake the while. Below in the drawing-room, however, the singer was undeterred by the raging elements without. The piano still tinkled in a rapid way, and the nondescript male voice continued to bray out the latest popular melody:

*Keep off the grass,
Keep off the grass,
Conduct like this I won't pardon!
Play at your ease,
But, if you please,
Keep off the grass in the garden!*

"Who's that singing?" asked George.

"Mr. Blackett," said Joyce. "He knows a lot of songs like that. 'Keep off the Grass' is Molly's favourite."

Evidently Mr. Blackett was desirous of pleasing Miss Molly as much as possible, for, having finished the chorus, he was beginning it again, when the front door of the house was opened and

closed with vigour, and a heavy step sounded in the hall.

*Keep off the grass,
Keep off the grass,
Conduct like this I won't—*

A jumble of notes, then a sudden silence and a deep voice—very different in quality to young Mr. Blackett's—making an inquiry.

"Has George arrived?"

Joyce looked at her brother.

"Papa!" she whispered.

The boy rose from his chair. Molly could be heard murmuring some reply.

Then the deep voice again:—"Nonsense, he must be here! They told me at the station he had come. His box was there."

The heavy step again, and then, from the hall: "George!"

The boy moved towards the door of the little room. As he passed her, Joyce pressed his hand.

"George, if you are in the house, come to me at once!"

"All right, father, I'm coming."

The boy descended the staircase. Complete silence reigned in the drawing-room.

Father and son were face to face. Dr. Denver, handsome, upright, terrible; the boy, with a sullen look in his blue eyes, motionless and silent.

"I have wasted the better part of a day fooling about at Sunningleigh. Why did you not meet me?"

"I could not see you when I got there, so I came on by the next train."

The Doctor's lips worked ominously. "We will pass over that, then. Now explain why you have brought this dishonour on my house? Why did you deliberately break one of the strictest rules of your school? Come, now, don't hang your head. Speak out, sir!"

The boy spoke out.

"I broke that rule because I was tired of Silverdown. I was miserable, and wished to leave."

"What!"

"I did it on purpose."

For a moment Dr. Denver glared incredulously at his son. Then he seized a heavy hunting-crop which lay conveniently to his hand on the oaken dresser.

"Stand out there!"

The boy obeyed, and the great lash swept down upon him. Again and again the lash rose and fell upon the boy's back and legs, wielded with the utmost strength of a strong man's arm. It seemed that the flogging would never cease. In the kitchen, the white-faced maids listened shrinkingly to the sounds in the hall, while in the drawing-room, Molly, mute and pale, sat

staring out of the window, the Blackett girls huddling together on the sofa like frightened kittens. The men of the party stood by the fireplace in a group, their faces expressing annoyance. They wished the Doctor could have chosen a more suitable time for administering this chastisement to his son.

"You did it on purpose, did you?"

For the moment the lash lay on the ground as Dr. Denver paused to take breath.

"Yes; because I hated Silverdown as much as I hate you."

"You impertinent young hound! I'll teach you——"

The whip rose again, and whistled savagely through the air. The cord at the end of the lash caught the boy's hand, and drew blood. The whip was again lifted, but, ere it could descend, a little form rushed between father and son.

"Oh, papa, please stop! You have whipped George enough."

"Go away, Joyce! Stand clear! I'll thrash him till he takes back those words. Stand clear, I say. . . ."

"Oh, papa, please don't! Oh, think, if mamma were here——"

The lash, poised in mid-air, dropped to the ground. Then the handle of the hunting-crop slid out of the man's nerveless fingers. For a moment, with haunted eyes, the father gazed at the little speaker, whose childish words had stabbed him to the heart. What a Revenge was this! The gentle lady who had taken refuge in the grave from his ungovernable temper—how her eyes looked at him through the child's!

With a stifled groan he turned on his heel and walked into his consulting-room, closing and locking the door after him.

As for the boy, he, with his teeth hard-set to keep his agony from crying out, snatched open the garden-door. Joyce called to him, but without heeding her he passed into the storm, and was soon swallowed up by the gloom and driving rain.

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCES A BUNGALOW.

THE boy strode swiftly through the rain, heedless of the fact that he was without hat or topcoat. His Eton suit was soaked through by the time he reached the end of the shrubbery, but he didn't care. He wanted to get right away from his father's house—the scene of his flogging and disgrace. He knew that there had been ear-witnesses of the whole affair, and that news of the

punishment he had received would soon be all over Mellerby. For many a day he would be pointed out as the boy who had been expelled from school, and whipped like a dog by his father on arriving home. His brain was in a mad tumult, and he evinced an absolute disregard for the thunder and lightning. If he were to be struck dead that moment—well, what did it matter? Who would mind—except, perhaps, Joyce? Of all the millions in the world, only one person understood him or loved him—and that a little child!

The stream which bounded the east of the village was spanned by several bridges in addition to Mrs. Pardoe's. One of these, a fairly substantial structure, some three feet wide, was situated near Dr. Denver's grounds, forming a continuation of a public footway leading from the principal street of the village to the common that lay adjacent to the beach. George passed over this bridge for the second time that day, barely noticing the change which a brief hour had wrought in the ordinarily peaceful stream. At five, it was ambling gently on its way to the sea, every pebble in its bed clear to the eye; at six—now—a brown and turbulent torrent raced between the banks, its breast nearly touching the planks of the footbridge. All manner of unpicturesque articles were floating down on the flood's turbid bosom—decrepit boots and hats, cans, waste-paper, vegetable refuse—flotsam and jetsam going to the sea instead of coming from it. For alas! the unromantic villagers were too apt to regard this watercourse as a dustbin, and consign to its placid waters such rubbish as, in better-regulated communities, is called for by a cart every Friday morning.

Leaving the swollen stream and its undesirable freightage, George Denver plunged into the reeking grass beyond, and headed away for the shore. In less than half-an-hour he had reached a favourite bathing resort, and here, sheltered from the rain by the overhanging cliffs, he cast himself down on the stones and burst into tears.

After all, he was but a boy. Sixteen is a curious age, in that at sixteen the boy finds himself merging into the man, though his mind still favours childish things.

Half-boy, half-man, George buried his face in his hands and cried his passion away. By the time he had accomplished this the storm had died away to a drizzle, and he sat up to find himself being regarded in an interested fashion by a broad-shouldered gentleman in a Norfolk suit.

"What's the matter?" inquired the gentleman, in a remarkably cheery and mellow voice. "sprained your ankle?"

"Don't be a fool," returned George, in a surly way, "d'you imagine——"

He left his sentence unfinished, but the other understood.

"You're pretty wet," said the stranger.

George, looking rather foolish, rose to his feet. As he did so, he shivered. Yes, he was certainly wet, and in addition he was smarting all over from the effects of his thrashing. The thought of what he had undergone this day, combined with the physical pain he was suffering, turned him giddy, and he reeled back against the cliff.

In a moment the stranger was by his side, and the support of his strong arm was very comforting to the boy, whose lips trembled as they tried to form a sentence of thanks.

"Come along to my place," said the stranger; "it's not far. Pull yourself together. Steady! That's right. Now then!"

They set off, the man's hand inside George's arm. A few hundred yards' walk brought them to a row of bungalows which were occupied every year by visitors to Mellerby. As yet, the holiday season not having commenced, the majority appeared to be untenanted. The stranger stopped at the last bungalow in the row, and took a key from his pocket.

"This is my shanty," he explained, turning the key.

"Good dog, then!" roared a rasping voice, as the two entered the little house. George started violently, for the exclamation seemed to have been shouted into his very ear. Yet, owing to the gloom, he could not discern the speaker.

The man laughed. Don't be alarmed. It's only my parrot."

"Ha! ha!" added the parrot, evidently highly satisfied with the effect produced by his unexpected sally.

Hardly, however, had George recovered from his first surprise, than his equanimity received another shock by the approach, in one bound, of an enormous mastiff, whose attitude towards himself expressed all possible hostility. George's host, however, seized the great brute by the collar.

"Hold on, Rufus, this is a friend of mine. Just speak to him nicely, and he'll cool down," he concluded, turning to George.

"Good dog!" said George, with forced amiability, "good dog, then!"

A low chuckle proceeded from the parrot's perch, and George, in spite of his aches and pains, could not restrain a smile.

"You see, now," said the stranger, "how Polly has picked up that little phrase which he hurled at you. Everybody calls Rufus a good dog, although he's nothing of the kind. Now then, the first thing is to get you dry. I've a grand oil-stove here which will do the business as soon as a fire would."

The man's kindly, unaffected tones went straight to the heart of the desolate lad, and George's lips began to tremble again. Perhaps his host guessed how he was feeling, for he did not ask him any questions, or look at him, but bustled about getting the stove alight, and heating some water.

Meanwhile, George's eyes roamed round the room, and noted that the place was full of pictures. An easel, bearing a half-finished landscape drawing, stood by the window. It would appear, then, that the man who had befriended him was a painter.

In a few minutes the little tin kettle was boiling, and the stranger handed George a steaming glass of brandy and water.

"Drink that off, my lad."

George took a sip and coughed loudly.

"Go on—down with it."

And so, with much coughing, George swallowed the stiff dose, and found himself glowing all over in a most agreeable way, and likewise a little light-headed.

"Feel better?"

"Rather!" said George, smiling weakly.

"Then come in here and change your togs."

"Oh, it doesn't matter—I can change at home," objected George.

"Come along," repeated the stranger, heading off towards a door at the far end of the studio. The door gave entrance to a little bedroom, and here George's friend supplied him with a pair of grey flannel trousers, a cricket shirt, a waistcoat, and a thick woollen dressing-gown of capacious dimensions and gaudy hue.

"Present from a maiden aunt of mine. Get into these as soon as you can, and then I'll dry your things by the stove," quoth the unknown Samaritan, who gave a loud peal of laughter when George emerged, some minutes later, arrayed in the garments referred to. And in truth the boy looked somewhat grotesque in his borrowed plumage, for his friend was six feet high, and constructed on large lines, whereas George himself was slim as a lath.

Whilst George was dressing, the painter had been spreading a meal in rough bachelor fashion. He had pulled a deal table out from the wall, and on this had laid a dish containing a large piece of cold beef-steak, half a pound of butter on a cracked blue plate, a loaf of bread, a brown tea-pot, and a pint bottle of beer.

"Fall to," said he, pulling up a chair for George; "nothing like grub when one's a bit down in the mouth."

George, still feeling tearfully hilarious after his dose of hot medicine, sat down mechanically.

"Tea or beer?" said the painter. "Tea? That's right! Keep the sleeve of my dressing-

gown out of the mustard, please! Here's a bit of bread for you. Now, then, are we all here? Hullo! here's the lady of the house!"

George half rose from his chair, and looked round apprehensively.

"I refer to Miss Florence," laughed the painter, pointing to a small black kitten which had emerged from behind a pile of canvas, and was now stalking gravely across the floor in the direction of the table.

The kitten, having arrived within a yard of her destination, endeavoured to stand on her head. Failing in this project, she lay on her back and regarded George with a fixed stare.

"Don't mind her," said the painter, "she's an eccentric. I suspect her ancestors of having performed in music-halls."

As he finished speaking the kitten jumped up and flew round the room, finally bringing up by Rufus, whose back and head she then utilised by way of gaining the table. Having perched herself at the painter's elbow, she leaned over and administered to Rufus a sharp pat on the nose, and then, stretching herself out at full length, yawned in his face.

But Rufus took no notice of her whatever.

"The New Woman," said the painter, pouring out his beer.

"Here's luck!" suddenly exclaimed the parrot, hoarsely, as the man raised the glass to his lips. "Good dog, then, here's luck! Ha! ha!"

And with this he bit his perch vindictively, and proceeded to look out of the window in an abstracted manner evidently intended to lead George and his host to suppose that he hadn't said a word.

"I bought that bird from a publican," said the painter, as he put his glass down. "He used to be kept in the bar to amuse the customers."

"You have some queer pets," observed George.

"Yes; the kitten I found sitting on my doorstep about a fortnight ago, and as she declined to go away I adopted her."

"And the dog?"

"The dog swam ashore from a ship. I dare say he was thrown overboard, as he's an awkward customer, and objects, like a good many other dogs, to people in uniform. I have no doubt he left the marks of his teeth behind him on that ship's crew. I advertised him in the *Telegraph*, but as no one applied for him I adopted him, too."

"Is he quarrelsome?" asked George.

"On the whole, no. He doesn't like postmen, or policemen, or soldiers, but he doesn't actually go for them. All the same, by special request of the post-master, I call for my letters at the

Mellerby post-office. He's pretty amiable with other dogs, though, unless they deliberately attack him. The other day a dachshund—one of those long-bodied beauties—snapped at him wildly, and old Rufus picked him up by the scruff of the neck and shook him as if he had been a rat. A very charming young lady was with the dachshund, and, of course, I apologised to her for my dog's roughness, although as a matter-of-fact her doggie was in the wrong."

"I wonder if it was my sister," said George.

"What is she like?"

"Oh," said the boy, "dark hair, &c., and not bad-looking as girls go."

The painter smiled.

"That description is distinctly brotherly. Is she tall or short, and how does she dress?"

George considered. He had never really taken much note of these things.

"Well, she's tallish, and wears a tam-o'-shanter when she goes out—a red one, I think."

"And a blue coat and skirt with a white muslin blouse and a red tie?"

George knitted his brows.

"I daresay she does. Girls alter their things so much, you know, and I've been at school since Easter——"

He stopped abruptly, looking somewhat embarrassed.

"Have some more tea," said the painter. "I say, you haven't done much to that steak."

"I'm not hungry," said George.

"That's bad. Hope you're not going to have a cold. By the way, talking of the dachshund's mistress, I made a little sketch of her when I got home. The blend of colours," he added, carelessly, "struck me as being rather picturesque. I'll show it to you."

He got up and went to the far end of the studio, whence he procured a canvas that was propped against the wall.

"Here's the sketch," he said, leaning it against the tea-pot for George's inspection; "how d'you like it?"

For the moment George forgot his misery and the blue marks which the whip had left on his body. The picture before him had been done in a few minutes of happy inspiration. It was, in its way, an idyll—a fragmentary impression of youth, beauty, and perfect health. Yet 'twas but a simple sketch in water-colours of a really pretty English girl, with roses in her cheeks and laughter dancing in her eyes.

"By Jove!" said George, drawing in his breath, "that is my sister. That's Molly to a hair."

CHAPTER IV.

TWO OF A FEATHER.

THE painter made no immediate rejoinder, but stood for a few moments gazing at the sketch over George's shoulder.

"I'm glad you like it," he said presently. "It's only a rough attempt—I'll see if I can improve it when I have time."

He put the sketch on the mantelpiece, and pushed the table back to its original resting-place by the wall.

"Draw up to the stove," he said to George. "And now, Denver," he added, when they had both settled themselves down, "you may as well tell me what's been upsetting you to-day."

George looked surprised. "Why, how did you know my name?" he asked.

"It is marked in a straggling, unsatisfactory roundhand on your collar, drying there in front of the stove," explained the other.

"I didn't think of that," murmured George. Then he looked at the painter with a sly twinkle in his eye, and added: "Molly marked it, and she thinks she writes awfully well, Mr. Munro."

The painter filled his pipe. There was no necessity to inquire how the boy had learned his name, with so many signed sketches scattered about the studio.

"Lots of people," he said, "think they do many things well, but their friends and enemies—especially their friends—hold a contrary opinion. My aunt, who gave me that dressing-gown, for instance, always tells me that I ought to take a ranch in California, and give up painting. I may say that most of my friends and relatives agree with her, and I have been seriously thinking of following their advice."

"Oh, that *would* be a pity!" said George.

Munro laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"You're not an expert, you see, Denver. If the art critic of *The Times* were to call here, and pass a sincere criticism on my work, he would say that my ships are stiff, my landscapes blurred, my sandstone quarries reminiscent of damp blotting-paper, and my seascapes eminently suitable for advertisements of Moonlight Soap. And yet I've been at the game ten years," concluded the painter, looking at George a little wistfully.

"Anyhow," said George, bluntly, "that picture of Molly is jolly good. It's just like her, and you did it from memory, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Well," said George, having weighed up the matter, "I should send that picture to your aunt."

The artist laughed.

"Do you know, boy, you've cheered me up wonderfully. I was feeling awfully down in the



"BY JOVE!" SAID GEORGE, "THAT'S MOLLY TO A HAIR."

mouth to-day, and started out for a long tramp directly the weather began to clear up. And then I found you—ah! now then! What was the trouble?"

George was not the kind of boy to unburden

himself readily even to a close friend, but there was that about Munro which invited confidence. He seemed like a man who could be trusted with a secret.

"Well, I was expelled from school to-day," said George, all in a breath, "and when I got home my pater whacked me. That's all."

"Well, that's enough to go on with. What's your school?"

"Silverdown."

"Oh! Good place. They turn out some decent cricketers. You play cricket?"

"Yes," said George, "but I'm no good at it—or at footer. I never played in my house team. They picked fags before me."

"How about work?"

"Oh, I'm no good at that, either. My form-master—a beastly sarcastic brute—once told me that I had better make up my mind to follow some outdoor occupation, as I was evidently graduating for the plough. He was always trying to be funny, you know."

"But why were you expelled?" asked Munro.

"I got some fellows to let me down from the dormitory window with sheets tied together, and then I went and got a rose out of the Head's garden."

"I should have thought a flogging would have met the case," said Munro.

"Yes, but a chap had broken his leg doing the same thing a week before, and the Head said he'd expel any one who was caught at it after that. He wanted to stop it, you see."

"Decidedly imprudent of you to take the risk then."

"Yes; but, you see," explained George, gazing hard at his drying garments, "I did it hoping I'd be caught. I wanted to get away from Silverdown."

"I see," said the artist. "I suppose," he went on, after a pause, "it never occurred to you that your bravest course would have been to go on trying, instead of writing yourself down a failure and giving up all hope of ever doing anything."

George flushed.

"It's all very well for you to say that," he returned. "You're a man. You don't know how hard it is for a fellow at school."

"On the contrary, I know very well," declared the artist. "I was at a public school, and I didn't do much good for myself there, because I simply didn't take the trouble. I could box a bit, but I don't think I was any good at anything else. I played in the pack for the 2nd Fifteen, and—yes—I once won a prize for German that I didn't in the least deserve. In those days very little German was taught, but a few fellows took it instead of Greek. We were frightfully slack, and our master was almost as

slack as we were. I believe he gave me the prize because he had to give it to somebody, and selected me because I was the oldest."

George smiled. "I should think," he said, with boyish frankness, "that you must have been an awfully jolly chap at school, sir."

It was the big man's turn to change colour at this outspoken compliment.

"Still," he said, "we're getting away from the point. I was suggesting, without in any way wishing to lecture you, that you might have done all right if you'd held on and tried your best if you'd learned 'to labour and to wait,' as old Longfellow says."

Night had fallen, and the gloom of the studio was illumined solely by the dull red glare from the stove. The parrot had apparently dozed off. Rufus was lying at his master's feet, muzzle between paws. Miss Florence, with touching confidence, had nestled down by the great dog's side, and was slumbering peacefully.

"There was another reason why I wanted to get away from Silverdown," said George, steadily. "I had got mixed up with a set of other fellows who were no good at anything, and I hated them, and yet couldn't get away from them. It wasn't any use telling the pater that—he wouldn't have understood, or, at any rate, he wouldn't have believed me."

There was a short silence, and then the artist rose from his chair.

"Don't run away with the idea that you're altogether a duffer, boy," he said. "You've got some good stuff in you, and perhaps this very experience will bring it out. Come—it's time you were getting into your own clothes. They're dry enough now."

CHAPTER V.

RUFUS OBJECTS.



As he lit the gas, the studio woke up all over. The mastiff rose to his feet, and, walking up to George in a stately way, put a gigantic paw on the boy's knee. This was great condescension on the dog's part, meaning that he approved of his master's guest. Miss Florence, after stretching her small self to her utmost capacity, turned over on her back and sparred with the air, and then flew maddly round the studio by way of taking a constitutional. The parrot, waking with a start, coughed loudly, and proceeded to watch George with a suspicious eye.

In their normal state George's knees showed a trifle short at wrist and ankle, so fast had he grown since they had been fashioned for him twelve months since by the leading tailor in Mellerby. Very little imagination, therefore,

will be required to picture their appearance when he put them on after they had been before the stove for a couple of hours. True, he had often got wet in them before, but they had never been submitted to such a deluge as on this June evening.

"They seem to have shrunk a bit," said the artist.

"Yes," said George, surveying himself ruefully, "and they were too short before. I think it's time I left off Etons, don't you? I shall have to speak to Molly about this."

"Is Miss Molly, then, your arbitress in matters sartorial?"

George looked puzzled.

"Does she have to decide what clothes you must wear?" translated Munro.

"Well, I sort of have to consult her," admitted George.

The artist's face exhibited some surprise.

"But surely she is very young to have control of such matters?"

The boy saw that he must explain.

"When mother died," he said, "the pater got a housekeeper. Well, the pater's got a bit of a temper, you know, and she left at the end of a week. Then he got another, and she left at the end of a month. Then one of our aunts came to keep house, and the pater quarrelled with her, too. So then the pater said Molly must look after things, and as our cook is a jolly good sort, we seem to go on all right, although, of course," he added, his voice faltering a little, "it's not quite so nice now as—as it used to be."

"No, of course it isn't," said Munro, gently. "Still, I hope you and your sister get on well together."

"Oh, well enough," George replied, carelessly. "Joyce is my pal, though."

"Joyce is another sister?"

"She is the only other one. She's only ten," he added, "but she's jolly intelligent, and all that. I'll bring her to see you, if you like."

"I should like to see her very much," said Munro. "And now I'll brush myself up a little and walk down to the town with you."

There was a diminutive cottage piano in the studio, but as it was almost entirely covered with sketches, newspapers, and magazines, George inferred that it was little used.

"May I try your piano, sir?" he inquired of the artist, who was struggling with a stiff collar and refractory stud in his bedroom.

"Certainly. I don't play myself, and don't know what it's like. I took it over from my predecessor here when I came in a month ago."

George cleared the lid of its dusty encumbrances, put it up, and ran his fingers over the keys.

"Play a cake-walk," said Munro, in a half-throttled way, having just got the two ends of the collar to come together between his thumb and finger.

George, still standing, played the introductory bars to "Mumbling Moss." Instantly Rufus uttered a blood-curdling howl, the parrot sprang up and down on his perch in a highly excited manner, and the kitten, looking alarmed, crept behind a tall length of canvas, from which she peeped intermittently with bright, inquiring eyes.

"Go ahead; don't mind Rufus," called Munro from his bedroom. "Music always makes him sad."

And indeed it would seem so, for as George proceeded with the lively measure, the mastiff's expostulations grew more and more morose, and finally relapsed into a series of menacing growls, which did not cease until George closed the piano.

"Bravo!" said the painter, coming into the studio. "You have a capital touch. Now, then, we must be off. Your people will be wondering where you are. I'll lend you this cap. Now, Rufus, come on," he added, opening the door.

"So long, old man!" exclaimed the parrot, as George passed him, and then whistled in such a human manner that Rufus pricked up his ears and looked round to see who might be calling him. "*Good dog, then!*" added the parrot, with a chuckle of wicked enjoyment at having taken in the mastiff so neatly.

After the storm had come a wonderful soothing stillness. It was high tide, and the little rippling waves were making music among the pebbles. At various short distances from the shore could be seen the bobbing lights of several yachts at anchor, and nearer than the lights all sorts of boats, also anchored, looking like oblong black spots on the shimmering moonlit surface of the ocean.

The artist drew a deep breath.

"This is heavenly," he said. "So much better than Chelsea! Denver, never live in London if you can help it."

"But people make more money in towns," objected George, whose present fortune was something under half-a-crown.

"Pooh! So long as one has clothes to wear, food to eat, tobacco to smoke, and a decent roof over one's head, what does money matter?"

"But suppose," said George, who, to his surprise, found himself talking more freely to this big painter than he had talked to anybody for years, "suppose a man marries and has a family?"

"Ah!" said the painter, "there's the rub:

What I said applies to a single man like myself. I do not think I shall ever be married, Denver, because, in the first and chief place, I can't afford it. Why, if I get ten pounds for a picture, I think myself very lucky. And I don't sell every picture I paint."

They walked on through the fields, Rufus, with the salt scent of the sea in his nostrils, bounding ahead in great fettle, every now and again emitting a deep, sonorous bark of sheer enjoyment.

"You will come in and see my father?" inquired George, a little shyly.

"No, not to-night. I am going to play billiards at the Mellerby Club."

They were nearing the railed footbridge hard by Dr. Denver's grounds, when the artist suddenly observed something white and fluttering in front. Then came a doggish yap, and Rufus went ahead with enormous strides and a sociable bark. Quickly following his advance sounded a girlish cry of alarm.

"Rufus, sir—come back! Come here, Rufus!" thundered Munro.

The great hound reluctantly obeyed the call, and the artist and his companion, a minute later,



RUFUS, WITH A FIERCE SNARL, LEAPT AT THE DOCTOR'S THROAT.

"Not to-night, Denver. I should like to know him, but another time will do. No. You've got to go in and face the music. Tell him a kind artist gentleman took you in and dried you, and gave you some cold steak, and you may also tell him, if you like, that I shall be most pleased to see him, if he will honour me with a call."

"I quite thought," said George, remembering the stud and collar wrestle, "that you were coming in with me."

arrived at the bridge to find Miss Molly Denver and her dachshund retreating rapidly up the footpath.

"Molly!" called George.

"Oh, is that you, George?" was the reply. "We have all been wondering where you could have got to."

"I've been all right," said George, as Munro and he crossed the bridge. "This is my sister Molly, Mr. Munro," he added, turning to the artist, as they came up with the young lady.

"I believe I have already had the pleasure of meeting you, Miss Denver," said Munro, taking off his hat as Molly bowed to him.

"I hope your great big dog doesn't bear my little dog any ill-will?" said Miss Molly, with perfect self-possession.

"Not in the least," said Munro; "he's too much of a gentleman for that. Now, Denver, I will wish you good-night. Come and see me whenever you like."

As he was speaking, a tall figure emerged from Dr. Denver's grounds and approached the group. Looking at the children, Munro saw apprehension writ large on their faces, and guessed that this was their father.

It was unfortunate that Dr. Denver happened to encounter the artist at this particular moment, for George's father was in one of his worst tempers. The change wrought in his demeanour by Joyce's simple words of rebuke had given place to a fit of sullen anger, which the boy's prolonged absence from the house had but tended to increase. Since his wife's death, Dr. Denver had given way to long spells of brooding. Formerly, when things went well with him, his mood had swung, pendulum-wise, between paroxysms of fury and bursts of boisterous good nature; but now he seldom smiled. He was a man by himself, without a real friend in the world—of fine brain and daring and skill, but feared rather than respected or liked by his neighbours.

To-night, incensed beyond measure by the thought of what George—his only son, upon whom all his hopes were centred—had done, he was ripe for a quarrel, and so was hardly in a state of mind to weigh his speech, or keep a guard on his tongue.

He turned sharply on Munro.

"One moment, sir. Tell me, please, by what right you issue invitations to my son in this liberal manner?"

"I met the boy on the beach to-day. He was very wet, so I took him to my bungalow and dried his clothes," said Munro.

"Then I shall be obliged if you will consider

your acquaintance with him at an end. I do not allow my son to consort with strangers whom he may meet casually on the beach."

"As you please, sir," returned Munro, coldly. Dr. Denver turned to George.

"As for you, get into the house at once, and go to your room."

"All right, father."

George held out his hand to the artist.

"Good-night, sir. Thanks awfully for being so kind to me."

Dr. Denver was carrying a light cane. He raised it menacingly.

"Do you hear?—at once!"

Hardly were the words spoken than Rufus, with a fierce snarl, leapt at the Doctor's throat. They went down together with a crash. But in a moment Munro was to the fore. Seizing Rufus by his collar, he wrenched the great dog off, and held him in a vice, struggle as he would.

Dr. Denver rose to his feet. Except for the shock he was unhurt. But he was white with passion.

"I'll have that brute destroyed for this," he shouted. "Take him away, and take yourself off as well."

"I must really apologise for him," said Munro, quietly. "The dog looks upon my friends as his own. I am afraid he thought you were going to strike your son."

"I will have him shot," reiterated the doctor. "I am a magistrate, and I will see it is done."

"You will have to have me shot first, then," returned Munro, nettled at last. "No man shall lay a finger on my dog."

Dr. Denver turned to the children.

"Molly—be off home; George, go with her. Now, sir, understand; you are not to address another word to my son or to my daughter. As for your dog, I will put the matter into the hands of my solicitors to-morrow. If you are the artist living in a bungalow on the beach, I may tell you that I have already heard accounts of this brute's misbehaviour. This is not its first offence by any means. You will hear from me again, therefore. . . . I wish you good-night."

(To be continued.)



for a heavy ground, short nobs or india-rubber soles, if you are a man of pocket-money, for the frosty, lively ground. Simple little things, so easy and so necessary for success, but so often neglected.

The best motor driver is the man who sees to the car himself; he knows what petrol is in his tank, sees that his sparking plugs are clean, batteries up to 4.2, cylinders clean, all working parts in working order. And when it comes to driving, the boy or man who is a driver will not be found going forty miles an hour for ten seconds in the traffic, on the accelerator, and pulling up with an awful jerk, and hard lines on the hind wheels! No, he who drives well in the traffic will be he who drives as though there was no traffic, free from jerks, making the best use of any openings, passing passable vehicles, sure to get through because he is driving with judgment, and with common sense as his guiding-wheel. A beautiful pair of hands, full of live judgment, and a fellow feeling for the motor—that is what makes a driver. Bicycle riding to a certain extent is on just the same principle; the good rider rides evenly all the way, noticing every

point. Should the road be of the side-slipping kind, he gives his foot the tip to be ready; and his brain demands that his wheels follow accurately the central level of the road.

What does Whyte Melville in his poem say of "A rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat"? "He has nerve and decision and science as well. He knows where he's going and means to be there."

The science spoken of here is Herbert Spencer's science. "The knowledge of things reduced to a system." What wins a race or just turns a defeat into a win? Judgment. The same thing applies during school hours. If you have any judgment whatever, you will use it; willingly, instead of having to be forced. Neither will you worry the brain of the man who is teaching you until, instead of his job being a pleasure to him, your want of judgment has made it a great irritation. And you have not had the best of it, after all!

To have a right judgment in all things would be a very fine object to keep in view.

Cricket—does any game demand finer judgment? And fools regard games as only games with no educational value. What humbug!

STUDY-MANTELPieces, ETCETERA.

EVERY half-year, as the bound volume of THE CAPTAIN turns up, we find ourselves—anyhow, I do—half a year older, and so much the more desirous of filling some of the gaps for others in that great big void I left unfilled myself, and so heartily wish I had not. You may succeed at random; quite likely you will; but as one grows older one begins to want for England's sake that our school-boys should have very, very high ambitions and ideals, and should be helped to cultivate the same in the very simplest ways. Yet these things come from small and above all simple beginnings.

Take a Sixth Form study. Why not at taste and any quantity of real things into the queer little place, the home of so many interesting sayings and doings?

If from his very earliest schooldays a boy starts his life with boy's-method, it will be surprising how far he may go, and how easily.

To start, it will be well never to have cheap, flimsy stuff; it breaks so very easily, and is so unsatisfactory.

Don't have curtains for your mantelpiece, but a good wide painted board, which you may lean against without scorching—it is so easy to scorch in a school study (at least, if the fag has thought to make a proper fire)

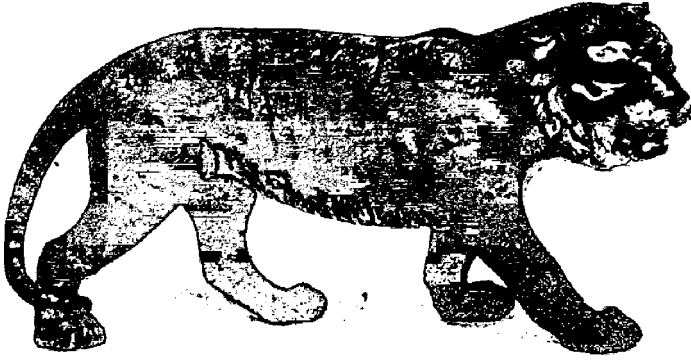


THE LION, WHICH COSTS 3s. 6D.

On your mantelpiece, among your nice things, always have a lion. They cost 3s. 6d., and look like going anywhere—winning anything; in school, football, cricket, or sports, that lion's heart is wanted for every boy to-day. See, too, the adventures you can have with him in your mind! To get on in this world you must cultivate resourceful imagination, and the boy who can describe a lion-hunt, straight from his mantelpiece on to

and G. O. Smith the footballer; taste in every movement, mind and body; quick, alert judgment. It is my belief that it is in every boy's power to be and to do so very much better, if he is just inspired a bit, and that with just very ordinary gear.

It is a wonderful sight in the British Navy to see into the bluejacket's home, that is, into his ditty-box; you will see that little home (which lives on his ditty-box shelf, out



A MOST SUITABLE TIGER, PRICE 2s. 6d.

paper, and make the tale straight from a clear, pure, fiery heart, has not much to fear when he leaves school as to how he will get on in life.

I know of a most suitable tiger, price 2s. 6d., a real creeper, which looks like going on and turning round sharp—a very healthy tiger with plenty of stripes. And I know a long-legged leopard.

For 1s. you can buy a beautiful "Hercules," perfect in its way, so strong—though, maybe, a trifle heavy; a good symbol for you all to look at; especially with this thrown in, as typifying something very athletic, viz., "with the undulations of a tiger, smooth and easy, as if his muscles flowed beneath his skin." Yours must flow beneath your skins, you fresh youngsters, and add to that you must have the Hercules feeling in your limbs. Envy the beautiful Hercules; it will be doing you so much more good, and be getting you so much further on than that ordinary symbol of "boy-manhood"—cigarettes.

These ideas are quite manly, though perhaps a little uncommon; they are within the limit of every boy's purse and thought, if he turns it that way.

Footballs, cricket bats, balls, stumps, racquets, fives' balls, skates—have them all, and love them all, with taste, that taste which makes Ranjitsinhji the cricketer he is.

of the line of the guns) always ready, even if the deck be cleared for action. The ditty-box is sure to contain a housewife, several knives, all sorts of sewing-gear, likely enough a song book, plenty of stuff for patching dickies, lanyards, and little home symbols—these best and most valued of all. The resourceful bluejacket, with his free, open-air neck, who will swing along with the utmost courage, daunted by no foe, aloft or below, in face of the gales. A good model in most things for the public schoolboy.

Some one asked me, did we debate in our studies? I am afraid not, but we ought to have done so. Now, the Captain of the team—wouldn't he do well often to exchange ideas with the remainder of his team, on cricket? The pith of an eleven should be its fielding; a weak side may become comparatively strong by stern fielding, which backs up its bowlers, shortens the batsman's runs. A moderate bowler with good, nay, excellent fielding, aided, in fact, by ten other warlike mates—well, there is no telling what may not happen with eleven hard men against two wooden bats. Such things are worth talking over.

In football, if you have chatted the matter out before, it is wonderful what can be done by co-operation, well planned tactics, changes right over. One day may suit the inside game; another, ball out to the wings, with

the centre man going right through. Oh! there is a deal to talk out in the study which makes for success in the field. For these meetings there won't be chairs enough for all. But the Japanese can think and fight, and they sit, one and all, on the floor. Not a bad idea either, as the floor is generally there.

A very cheap white wooden kitchen table makes a first-class writing-table, or middle tea-table, and you can put weight on it; besides the cups, very likely it would carry six live people.

* * * * *

Be sure it is want of method we nearly

and outdoor life into proper perspective. Sports and games are merely one side of life; they should be treated as such and valued in true relation with the rest of life.

Thamus.—(1) If you wake up with a headache, I should say, as a non-doctor, your liver is out of order. Try eating meat only in the middle of the day, and not at night. (2) No; do not take a cold bath if you feel ill after it. Try a warm one, just more than chill off, or a quite warm one. (3) Ranjitsinhji writes to me he will be back in good time for cricket.

Rhen.—If you play cricket or football in the afternoon on Saturday and take a short walk every day or so, and do ten minutes with 2lb. dumb-bells (wooden), or with light Indian clubs, you should be quite fit. Don't, don't, don't—overdo it!

S. Fernie.—I am too busily engaged turning out the first number of my own new magazine—



A LONG-LEGGED LEOPARD, CHEAP AT 2s. 6d.

all suffer from, much more than want of time.

Brave schooldays; make the best use of them. And may they fit you out with their best for the stern, hard game before you. Best treat life with the spirit of a true, straight-played sporting game. No better spirit is available.

Afterwards—in one's dreams one hears the old school cheers when the goal remained intact, when the last man was bowled, when the winning hit was made, aye, and when the sportsman behaved better than we expected. Schools can cheer, and well it is they can.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Athlete.—A boy of twelve ought not to use dumb-bells of more than $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each. Use wooden one.

Captainite.—Yes; I have been offered, and have accepted, the captaincy of Sussex. Ranji is the better player at his best.

Esquirer.—My new magazine is to be published on March 18th. Yes; it is what you might call a good one. But I expect you'll be surprised to see all that is in it. I hope to bring fresh air

C. B. Fry's Magazine—to be able to help you. Later, perhaps.

Jack Ryan.—Do not train too much for football. Half-an-hour's punt—about twice a week and one practice game is quite enough. This, with your regular walk or ride, will keep you quite fit.

General.—I decline to answer any more queries about "bowed-legs." Consult a surgeon.

Durhamite.—What excellent handwriting! Morning exercise is best, say for ten minutes. But you may do both. Fresh air before breakfast is a great tip for training. Breathe deeply through the nose, and breathe out through the mouth. Fill yourself with ozone!

Ja-Jm van Waterschoot.—Good luck to your attempt to encourage cricket in Holland! You may translate anything I have written into Dutch, and, so far as I am concerned, publish it in Dutch. I am obliged for your photo. Write again.

A. Mitchell.—Probably you suffer from rheumatism—quite a common complaint. You will be all right if you do not go and overdo your games. You should ask your home doctor.

G. R. Cook.—Take a bit of sprinting practice three days a week. Look up back numbers for breathing exercises.

C. B. Fry

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY FRED SWAINSON

AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD" ETC.

N^o 1 "A QUESTION OF COURAGE"

ILLUSTRATED BY TMR. WHITWELL.



JACK LOWTHER was damaged more than a little, and his face showed as much fury as puffiness. He had picked up a first-class thrashing from somewhere, and his anger was to match. Jim Rackstraw, a fascinating tale by Conan Doyle on his knees, and his chair drawn up to the clear study fire, blinked at his friend in mute consternation.

"Oh, yes! I'll be all the colours of the rainbow before the week's out," said Lowther, furiously shying his cap into a corner and banging to his door. He went straight to the glass and looked at himself and tried a bitter smile, but unfortunately it got lost among the new hills and hollows. His nose began to drip the ruddy drops handsomely, and Lowther had then perforce to rush for the cold water jug. He buried his purple face in the basin, and gargled and gurgled in bitterness of spirit. When he lifted his face out, Rackstraw hardly knew him. A first-class thrashing, without a doubt. "Has the claret stopped, Jim?" Lowther asked, anxiously.

"Think so, old man," said Rackstraw, looking wonderingly at Jack's bulbous nose. "What's it all about?"

"Grammar-school," said Lowther, acidly.

"Didn't think any of them was up to your

mark, Jack," said Rackstraw, with a very complete wonder in his voice.

"One, no!" said Jack, bitterly, "but I had two on my hands."

"Wish I'd gone to footer with you," said Rackstraw, longingly. "I'd have taken one of them off your hands. What was it about? Pavement too narrow?"

"The usual rot! Those two brothers, farmery, beefy, hob-naily . . ."

"I know 'em," said Jim, with a nod. "Bag o' books between the shoulder blades."

"Same party. They seemed going past like lambs, and, honour bright, I was not in the mood for a scrimmage, but the bigger gave me his shoulder, and I went neck and crop into the hedge . . . a real purler. He did it rather neatly, Jim, I will say that for him."

Jim added knowingly, "Then?"

"Well, I scrambled out and ran. I caught 'em up at the bottom of Sneyd's lane, and I stopped the light-haired one with a snowball, a mushy, half-thawed crystalline sugar affair. Squish! And I think I put about half a pound down the other's back."

"Then?" said Rackstraw again, as Lowther made a natural pause.

"Oh! the row began. I put in all I knew, but they were as keen as mustard. It was cut-and-come-again with them. If they'd only slipped out of their coats they would have pegged me out inside two minutes . . . but they didn't. It's a quiet place is Sneyd's lane. I propped 'em off and, Jove! old man, I thought of you when I began to slither on the mushy ground. I was in a funk, I own. Then," and Jack's voice began to shake with passion, "with my one little eye, I saw an Eliza fellow coming full pelt down the lane. I never saw any Eliza cap look half so pretty."

Jim nodded sympathetically.

"He was on us before he knew where he was. It was Lockinge."

Rackstraw whistled an odd little wondering blast.

"I said, 'Agnes, take the other.' That thing stopped dead when it saw the scrimmage; it looked like a moon-struck calf, mouth agape, and may I never mill again, but when the farmer lout squared up—the—the—the——"

Lowther couldn't find the substantive he was searching for in his fury, and Rackstraw's lips pursed with uttermost contempt.

"The animal didn't bolt?" said he.

"Didn't it, though? Bolted clean away from a three-parts beaten Grammarian, and left me in the lurch. I was so astonished I couldn't think."

Rackstraw looked at his chum with wide-open eyes of sympathy. Then, in a voice of limitless contempt, he said, "Well, I'm blest!"

"Did anything sound more like a rotten lie before?"

"Never," said Jim.

"They seemed as gravelled as I was," said Jack, "and they dried up for half a minute. I was in for a big hiding, when all at once they turned tail and bolted towards the station. A near shave for Eliza's. As I went up the lane I met a little man, muffled up to his eyes, no end of a thatch under his hat, and sharp little shuffle. He glanced at me curiously as he trotted past. I 'specks he is one of their beaks. Anyhow, he saved my bacon."

"Lockinge! of all the unmitigated cads!" said Rackstraw, after an eloquent pause.

"Agnes, I'll talk to you to-morrow," said Jack, with a snort. That snort started the claret once more, and the gargling and gurgling in the basin recommenced.

Arthur Lockinge, who was christened "Agnes" as soon as he carried his pale face into St. Elizabeth's School, was on the foundation, and a home boarder. He lived with his mother and his aunt in a little cottage with a strip of lawn before the front door like a little square green handkerchief. There was a garden, too, at the back, shut in tightly behind an eight-foot red brick wall—a trim little garden, which, in fulness of time, Jack Lowther came to know very well. Since he was one of the scholarship herd, I need not say he was clever, no end clever, and good-looking in a spoony kind of way, thin and tallish. He knew no more of games than an Armenian; even in the home boarders' raffle he was an object of scorn, but when Eliza's Sixth played its usual comedy

at Christmas, the great ones balloted him for first girl. He could swish about in frocks and feathers, set his pretty pale face to the proper "Save-me-or-I-die-Horace" look, and make his eyes give point to his lines. And Agnes could sing. He had the real creamy voice, and when he got shaking out little, sobbing trills high up, I've seen many dear mammas and silken dowagers busy with their handkerchiefs. Mind you, he could only do one sort of song, and well Irving, who does Eliza's music, knew it. Ask him to sing "Anchored," or "Death of Nelson," or "Hello, Ma Baby," and it was a fizzle. Give him, as Irving once did, "Jerusalem," and the tears in his voice made the very stars blink. And, put this down to Agnes' credit, he had no side.

Jack Lowther was in Cuffe's house, quite the rowdiest in Eliza's, and Lowther, as far as a Fourth Form fellow was allowed to contribute to its reputation, did his best. The only thing that kept Jack moderately in order was a threat to dock him his half-holiday. . . . No footer or a cricketless afternoon were, perhaps, the only things that Jack dreaded. He had rather a decent head upon him, too, and though he togged anyhow, and changed his collars only when his friends advised him to that effect, he looked every whit as good form as Agnes, who was perfection. For the rest he was a loyal Elizabethan, true to his friends and his school, and, because it was simpler—as he always explained—told the truth about himself and to his friends. He treated the beaks more diplomatically, of course.

On the morrow, when P. H. D. Collar, Esq., M.A., left the Upper Fourth Form room (Classical side), Rackstraw stalked in the shadow of his flapping gown, and, when the master had plainly passed into the snowy streets, quietly closed the class-room door and kept his back to it. Jim had passed round the story of Lockinge's base cowardice with an envenomed tongue, and the sight of Jack's face had blown the anger of Upper Fourth to a white heat. Cuffe's fellows would have made him run the gauntlet there and then. Lockinge stood in a ring of his furious school-fellows, a white, timorous figure. His hands shook as he held his books and his lips trembled; he seemed, indeed, as if he were white to the very bone.

"You unspeakable funk!" snarled Harker, clutching him by the collar. "Why didn't you go for the louts? Haven't you any pluck?"

"Half a tick, Ned," said Jack to Harker, "leave him to me." Lowther had been on the point of following Collar and relinquishing Lockinge to his fate, but when the little crowd of his fellows had swarmed round Lockinge, that white face had given him an odd, quick glance, which kept him in the room. It was to Jack an unanalysable look—shame, entreaty, resignation and sorrow seemed inextricably mixed. It hit Jack's honest heart somewhere, and he pushed his way into the ring. The fellows recognised his right, and Harker's hand dropped from Lockinge's collar, unwillingly be it said. Jack surveyed Lockinge with his plum-coloured, serviceable eye for a good half minute, whilst the fellows waited curiously.

"Why didn't you tuck up yesterday, Agnes? I was dead beat."

"I was afraid."

A low roll of sneering scorn ran round the ring.

"Well, that's frank, anyhow," said Jack, "but didn't you know, even if you were in the bluest funk that ever was, you ought to have backed me up?"

"Yes, I know, and I tried. But when I saw him rushing at me with his hands all . . ."

"My claret," said Jack, cheerfully.

"I couldn't—I really couldn't."

"You must be horribly built, then, Agnes," said Jack, looking round at his chums.

"You might kick him straight," growled Rackstraw from the door, truculently.

"Look here, you chaps, this is more or less my affair, isn't it?" asked Lowther, after a pause. Upper Fourth looked rather blank.

"Well, you have here a fellow who owns up cleanly to being sick at the sight of a scrimmage. That's odd to us. But Lord Roberts, V.C., faints when he sees a black cat, and that's almost as funny. Something wrong somewhere, but wrong or right, Bobs and Agnes

can't help it! Vote you don't scrag him."

Harker snorted angrily.

"Now, Lockinge," said Jack, sternly, "you're raw, rank raw, to put it mildly. Here at Eliza's you're supposed to stand by the fellows against outsiders, by your house against other houses, and Eliza's against any other school that ever was. That's almost all the law and the prophets here. When it comes to the beaks, that's not always plain sailing, but there's one good rule—you're not to split on a chum. There's no more. You see, they're awfully short and simple. Get 'em all off by heart, Lockinge, and then keep



"WHY DIDN'T YOU GO FOR THE LOUIS?" SNARLED HARKER.

'em for all you're worth, or things will happen. Gentlemen," concluded Jack, turning to the ring with his hand on his heart and a wink in his eye, "the Riot Act is read. James, the door for Agnes."

Lockinge, pale and hesitating, passed out into the corridor.

One morning, the fifteenth of December, to be precise, Collar bustled into Upper Fourth, fished out his spectacles, carefully laid his notes down on his desk, and began to give those gentlemen their daily dose of Sallust, *plus* his own opinion of Catiline checked by Cicero and Cæsar, and confirmed by other eminent authorities. Things went on as usual until Collar began to get excited about Catiline, arguing that he was not such an utter cad as Sallust and Cicero painted him. The Upper Fourth listened, profoundly bored by Collar's eloquence, and wondering why the dear man should get up so much steam on a little town-council scandal two thousand years stale, but rather glad inasmuch as, while he raved, there was no need for them to show their ignorance. But Collar all at once realised he was playing their game, and, shutting his oration with a snap, began on the recognised lines:

"Sed ego hæc omitto. Coniuravere nobilissimi cives patriam incendere."

As though in answer to his words, a six-penny cracker began a merry and spirited jig on the floor, hissing and cracking like a dancing dervish in an ecstasy, while Upper Fourth held their hands to their aching sides. Collar waited grimly. The laughter died down while the cracker smouldered sullenly and sulphurously in a corner. Then Collar began.

"Who threw that, Lockinge?"

Without a moment's hesitation Lockinge said, "Lowther, sir."

A dead but eloquent silence fell upon Upper Fourth. Two unheard-of things had happened. A beak had asked a fellow to split and the fellow had split. Collar had not played the game fairly, and would receive a certain grim reward, but for Lockinge, that mealy-mouthed Agnes . . . !!

"Lowther, naturally!" said Collar, venomously. "You admit it?"

"Yes, sir," said Jack, blushing. "It is Mrs. Collar's birthday. It is not an unusual thing, sir," added Jack, after a generous ripple had died away in silence.

Collar's jaw dropped. The good man had forgotten, I believe, about Mrs. C., in mucking up Catiline notes. Then a frosty twinkle sparkled in his eyes. "Mrs. Collar will be most pleased to see you, Lowther, this afternoon—say, at three, prompt."

Jack gave no sign that the shaft had gone home . . . imagine an hour's tête-à-tête with Mamma Collar! . . . but murmured politely, "Thank you, Sir. Most happy."

Collar took Lockinge with him, as, indeed, he often did, and this was very fortunate for Lockinge. There was a white-hot meeting then and there. The last words were with Jack. "I've a half idea that our artful old Collar shook the truth out of him in a flurry. But, anyway, as you like. He's a rotter."

The same evening, in the chill dusk, Upper Fourth waited for Lockinge on his way home. They carried him, on capture, tenderly and carefully, and heaved him bodily into the horse pond's four-feet of mud and water. From the moment that he scrambled out, dripping foully, young Eliza's treated him as though he didn't exist.

One bitter cold February day—the thawing cold which follows hard frosts—Lowther, as hare for a junior house-run, emerged from Cuffe's, scent-bag under armpit. He came out into the raw air gingerly, shivering in his thin running gear, feeling on his shrinking skin every stiff, muddy crease of his togs, and when he sped down the windy side streets the slack of his shirt snapped behind him like a flag in a twenty-knot breeze. He was in a beastly temper, too. Who knows not that first five minutes' irritation in the grey months? When the streets had been left behind, the bag settled, the blood began to tingle through every vein and Jack felt the warm flush of health flooding him from hair to heel. Then came the jolly frame of mind which every harrier knows—or, poor fellow! Jack squelched over the wet, greasy fields, feeling underfoot the hard frost which still held the earth, getting into his stride with his second wind. He knew his course exactly. A doubling run to Oak Farm, and then two tacks for home. He dropped field after field merrily, gave his pack a little clogging mud-plugging o'er a frost-crumbled, ploughed ten-acre, struck gamely through an ice-cold watery corner, and scented, grinning cheerfully, up to the farm dog-kennel, where a retriever stood on its hind legs and mouthed frantically at him. Then he turned for his first leg home, a straight run from the farm up to the Willows, "which grew aslant the brook!" Jack's idea was to cross the frozen stream, scramble up the sloping banks, and then, as the Babu had it, cut "for his full value" at right angle for home.

Jack had no suspicions of the river. It was a quiet, deep elbow, where he had skated two days before with a score more of his chums. He had crossed ice at least half a

dozen times in his afternoon's run, and, except that it swam with thawed water, it was firm enough. There wasn't a crack as he ran lightly over it. Jack slithered on the Willows' sheet almost without thinking, dropping scent lavishly so that the pack couldn't shirk his route. When he was in the middle of the pool there was a soft crackle of ice rotted by the thaw and flood-water, and then a slow, thickly dip of a weakened patch, which slid away from under his foot exactly as a well-oiled, well-balanced trap-door would do. Jack was canted into the icy water as smoothly and as surely as a ball from a tilted table. He went deep down, the bitter waters bubbling in his ears and nostrils almost before he realised what had happened. The shock of the deadly cold water made him gasp involuntarily; he felt the horrible strangling of the rushing water as he opened his mouth. He trod water frenziedly and came up—this was a manifest miracle—at the dark, yawning hole where he had gone down. Jack sent an agonised cry for help far across the empty fields. There was no answer.

Lowther followed thereafter the deadly routine of the ice-drowned. He clutched madly at the broken edges of the hole, the rotten ice breaking in his grasp, and went down again. When he reappeared, Jack's senses were almost gone, but his bubbling cry found an answer this time. A youth, thin, tall, with a face as white as chalk, appeared above the Willows and gazed down upon the frozen pool. One glance, and then he scrambled down the bank, holding on by the withies. He did not hesitate a moment.



THE ICE SLID AWAY FROM UNDER HIS FOOT LIKE A TRAP-DOOR.

He stepped upon the swimming surface, and when he heard the soft crunching of the rotten ice, he threw himself flat and crawled without a check to the deadly hole. Jack's wits were gone when Lockinge gripped him by the scent-bag. He was utterly numbed by the cold; feet, legs, and hands were without feeling; his mouth was already bubbling under the black water. Jack was, indeed, in the very article of death.

Rackstraw tells the rest of the tale. "We got to the Willows just in time to see Agnes, flat on the ice, nose just over the hole, shoot out his hand and grip something in the water. We wondered what odd game he was up to. We hadn't guessed for a second that Jack

had broken through, but, when we saw his head come up like a water-logged stump, three or four of us started on the ice. We went a yard, perhaps two; the ice cracked under us, the water squished through like wells in full blast, and we might as well have been a mile away for any help we could give. We skipped back, and some of us went nearly mad with terror. Lockinge played a deep game. He tried to pull Jack, who was as senseless as a log, on to the ice, and the ice broke, a foot at a time, under him. Lockinge crawled back just as much as the ice broke, but his right hand held on to Jack like a vice. And all the time his own life hung by a hair. That was a dead march, foot at a time, if ever there's been one yet. We watched that horrible, slow crawl, our hearts in our mouths, for ten minutes, and I am sure Lockinge never heard or saw us. It was ten minutes of agony for us, but what must it have been for him? Can you guess? He was only four or five yards from the bank when the ice gave way under him, and he and Lowther disappeared. The next moment he was up again, and we howled fiercely, but quaveringly, when we saw that he could bottom the water. He was up to the shoulders, but he walked. He fought his way out, towing Jack by the bag, and then we saw him collapse utterly beside his burden. We ran the mile to the bridge and back on

the far bank, and when we were nearly at the Willows we saw Lockinge half a field away staggering along with Jack, alive, and not much more than that, on his back. Some of us carried him and some of us helped Lockinge, who was in not much better case, to the little cottage with the trim green lawn and the high brick walls. Mrs. Lockinge and the aunt had Jack in warm water, and Agnes in blankets, before we scuttled for the doctor.

"The pair came to school ten days after like David and Jonathan, and Agnes turned white when Eliza's seven hundred cheered themselves hoarse as he answered his name at call over."

"Jove! you can't tell what a fellow really is, now can you? Lockinge was as true and cold as steel when ninety-nine out of a hundred would have funk'd, and yet he ran away when a grammar school boy came for him sporting Lowther's claret, and they tell me he can't pass a butcher's shop without a shiver and a shudder. By the bye, Agnes told me Collar's sudden question jockeyed the truth about the cracker out of him. He never meant to tell, but it was out before he had time to . . . to invent, shall we say?"

This world contains a "vast of various kinds of men"—and of pluck, too.

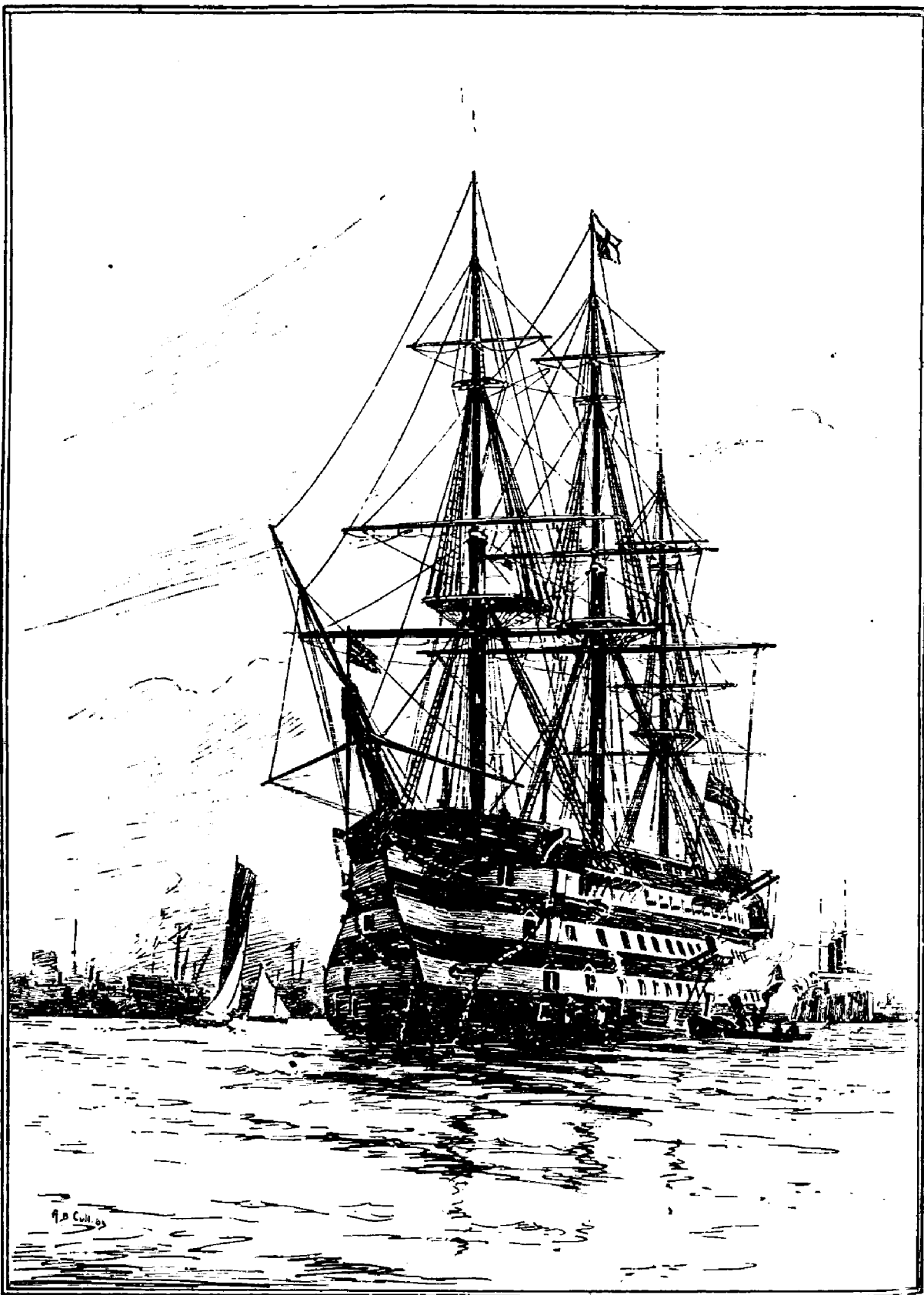
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LAND.

THE screaming gulls are wheeling o'er the rocks
in the wooded bay,
And the seaweed is gold in the sunshine, where
the foam-tipped ripples play;
And the fisherman's bare-legged children, who
laugh on the shore and cry,
Never think of the yellow-haired laddie who came
there in days gone by.
He sailed up the loch in the evening, to Scotland
he thought his own—
He had come to raise the clansmen, and win
back his father's throne.
At the head of Loch Thiel's blue waters, where
the mountains slope to a glen,
There's a monument raised to Charlie, Prince
of the Hielan' men.
Long ago through the night so weary, sadly he
waited there,
For the clans to come to his standard, and his
heart was dull with despair;
But see! in the light of the morning, far off is
the flash of steel,

And streaming over the mountain, the Camerons
of Lochiel!
Then on the grassy meadow, beneath the Sep-
tember sky,
To the joyful skirl of the bagpipes, the standard
waves on high—
The standard of bonny Prince Charlie! Listen
to cheer on cheer!
For the clans have rallied around him, and
victory's looming near!

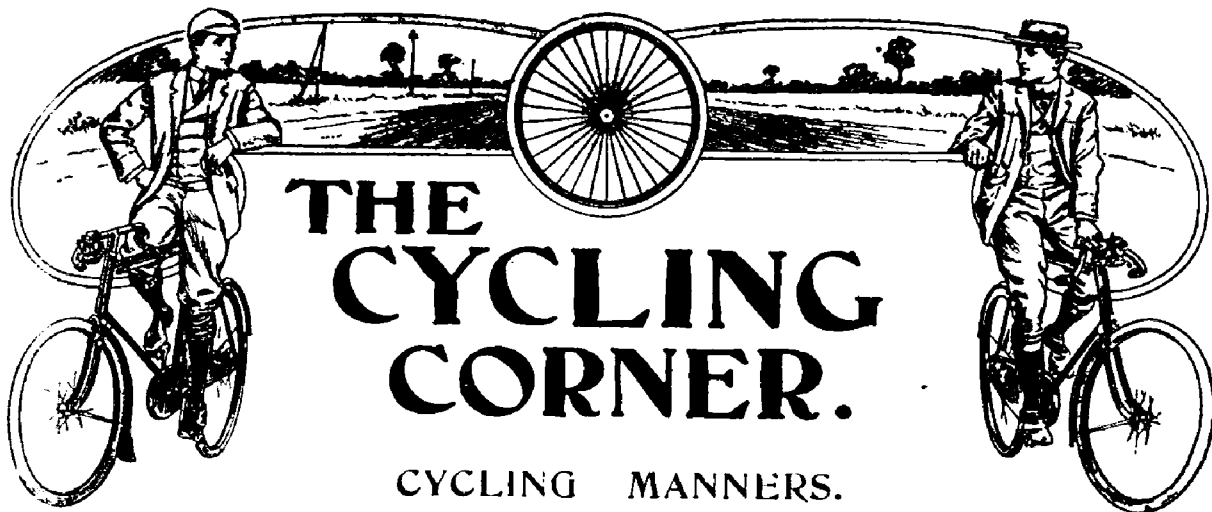
There's a little cave in the Highlands, where
the shady rowans grow,
Where a laddie, broken-hearted, rested long,
long ago;
He had come to gain a kingdom, hopeful and
blithe and gay—
He was now but a weary outcast, hunted all
night and day.
There's a place pointed out to strangers, a spot
on the loch's wild shore,
Where the Prince stood last in the Highlands.
to return to his land no more.

MARY CHILD.



H.M.S. VICTORY.

Drawn by A. B. Cull.



THE CYCLING CORNER.

CYCLING MANNERS.

BY CHAS. H. LARRETTE.

FOR many years cyclists have, rightly or wrongly, had "a bad name" among other users of the road. One cause of this is undoubtedly the prejudice, I might almost call it envy, which arose against the early riders who had adopted a new means of locomotion on the highway which was far speedier than anything which had been in vogue before. But, there is no denying the fact that much of the treatment and dislike with which we have had to contend is entirely the result of our own conduct and our selfish disregard for the privileges and comfort of others. It is not so many years ago that I was refused admission into the coffee room of an hotel in a small town in Surrey. Luckily, I had "a friend at court," and was enabled to ascertain why good money (our party consisted of four) was thus turned away. I was informed that a few weeks previously a party of cyclists, who had lunched there,

HAD TURNED THE PLACE INTO A "BEAR GARDEN,"

pelting each other with bread, &c., and worst of all making some objectionable remarks regarding some ladies who were in the room. They finished up by disputing the charges, which, by the way, were but moderate, considering the class of the "house," and, in fact, made themselves generally obnoxious. This is by no means an isolated case. On the road, too, there are many who display shocking bad form by, what they term, "chi-hiking" every one they pass, making silly and insulting remarks to women and girls, and playing all sorts of insane pranks. Such persons are invariably arrant cowards—greatly in need of a sound thrashing.

There is a certain section of almost every grade of society who seem to fancy that everything they do becomes them—away from home. This class, I am thankful to say, are seldom found awheel beyond the twenty-mile radius from large towns. I must also add that they do not often belong to the working classes, whom I have seldom found aggressively insulting. I have known lads of this description who, in every-day life, were quiet, well-conducted young fellows, but, once clear of their native town, their conduct was that of outrageous cads. If this sort of thing is the result of the advance in education, I could almost wish that many of us had remained in a state of "happy ignorance." But in most cases

THESE OUTBREAKS OF CADDISM ARE DUE TO THE INFLUENCE OF A SINGLE MAN.

In nearly all our clubs and cliques there is one who "rules the roost," though many of his fellows would be loth to admit the fact. He is the strong-minded man, the "leader of the public opinion" of the set (we have often seen him at school, boys), and he often contrives to influence the conduct of his fellows for evil. If he be a thorough-paced "bounder," yet is well supplied with money, he will find plenty to assist him in his career of folly, for folly it undoubtedly is to make ourselves despised and avoided by respectable people. and the pastime brought into disrepute. It is "things" like these which have given us the bad name, which we have partially shaken off, thanks in some measure to the still more caddish conduct of a greater (?) man than ourselves, the motor "bounder," who can make himself ten times more objectionable than we ever could. But do not think, my young friends, that I would

have you take your pleasures sadly, and go about with faces as long as if you had just had an interview with the headmaster. Far from it. 'Tis a poor heart which never rejoices, and I would not give a rap for a young fellow to whom merriment was a bore. But let us enjoy ourselves in a manner which will not make us a nuisance to others. When we work let us work, and when we play, play, and do both thoroughly. My old headmaster, Thring, of Uppingham, one of the most successful managers of boys that ever presided over a public school, repeatedly assured us that he who was good at games was generally good in the schools, or might be if he would work. (Ask Mr. C. B. Fry if he wasn't right.) There was no man who more liked to see his boys thoroughly enjoy themselves, or was more ready to lend a hand to make them happy, or more "down" on

ANY EXHIBITION OF "BAD FORM."

It was bad for the unfortunate wight who was detected in a caddish or contemptible action. He got something worse than a flogging—such a talking-to as effectually prevented any further attacks of that infectious disease, objectionable caddism, not only while at school, but in after-life as well. The dear old fellow was the kindest of men, but when there was occasion for it his words would cut deeper than a blade of steel. I have somewhat digressed from my text, but I have endeavoured to show that it is possible for young men to thoroughly enjoy themselves without interfering with the comfort and pleasure of others. My own club is almost essentially a young man's club, but a livelier or better-class lot of youngsters it has never been my lot to meet. They get a bit "frisky" sometimes, but it is rare that any one goes beyond the limits of good form. Yet, with a weak or caddish captain, there is no knowing what might happen. We old 'uns must not forget that boys will be boys all the world over, or that many unwittingly transgress in the exuberance of youthful spirits.

A VERY COMMON FAILING

of young men is to dash about in crowded thoroughfares, or round corners. This, at its best, is a very foolish practice as regards the riders themselves as well as other cyclists or pedestrians. I love a "burst" as well as any youngster, but only when I can enjoy it with safety—to myself, which also means safety to others. Ride steadily till you get on to

the open roads, and then, if you like, go for all you are worth, and more power to you. I showed you in my last article that the road clubs had fully demonstrated that men, provided proper precautions are taken, may ride as fast as they can without making themselves a nuisance to the dwellers in the districts through which they pass. A most reprehensible form of speed work is the "riding in droves" of a dozen or more fellows, who spread themselves over the road, and yell at people they meet to clear out, just as if they had a proprietary interest in the highways they disgrace by their ungentlemanly behaviour.

ABOVE ALL THINGS, OBEY THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

There is no more fruitful cause of accidents than riding on the right-hand side. Sometimes we are forced, by the bad going on our proper side, to do so, but, in such cases, do not neglect to make ample way for any vehicle or cyclist you may meet. Some of our lady riders are iniquitous sinners in this respect, but let us hope that it is through ignorance. A common but, I must admit, a very irritating custom that prevails with many cyclists, is "getting a lead" whenever they can. The additional ease to be obtained by riding close behind another fellow, so as to gain shelter from the wind, is considerable (it makes quite three miles an hour difference to me), so that the temptation to do so is very great. But it is the very reverse of good form to "hang on" to a party of friends (or a tandem) who are proceeding in the same direction as yourself at a fair pace. What would you think, boys, were any of you walking with a friend, possibly a lady, if some other fellow were to follow a yard or so behind you? Something what a friend of mine did, who was driving some ladies in a motor-car, and found he was "towing" three members of this class; I certainly cannot blame him, because he pulled up suddenly, and there was

A RATTLE OF IRONMONGERY

in his wake. Stealing a lead from a motor-propelled vehicle without the consent of the owner is always risky, as you never know when he is going to slow down, while, when following a cyclist, even though your respective gears may be different, there is not as much risk, for your respective movements seem to synchronise. But I never feel too sure when riding either on or after a free

wheel, on which, by the way, I have not the same amount of confidence as on a machine with a fixed sprocket. (On this question I have the majority of cyclists against me, nay more. Mr. Ernest Godbold, who is mainly responsible for having brought back to prosperity the Premier Bicycle Co., told me that all their standard patterns are now fitted with free wheels, and that they only supply those with "fixed pedals" to order.)

There is one weakness to which even well-educated young cyclists are apt to give way, i.e., an ambition to be mistaken for speed men. It is a deplorable spectacle to see a well-dressed young fellow riding in what may be termed an exaggerated racing position. It is pitiful to watch this make-believe scorcher toiling along with his nose glued to the handle bar. Poor fellow! Where he expects to gain admiration he only excites contempt.

A few words more, and I have done. Whenever you ride, and wherever you may make your temporary home, do your best, my young friends, to show those with whom you may come into contact that it is quite possible for a cyclist to be a gentleman, whatever may be his calling in life. Some of us certainly did deserve the opprobrious epithet applied to wheelmen, by the late Edmund Yates, in the earlier days of the sport, of "cads on castors." There are black sheep in every flock, but it entirely rests with us all whether we make ourselves respected or otherwise by those whom we may meet when a wheel.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Percy S. Wigney.—I very much regret that I felt it was my duty to write as I did in the February CAPTAIN about racing on the path, but my statements are the result of an experience which extends over thirty years. There are very few cycling events of any importance in the south of England that have taken place that I have not witnessed. I have seen the pure amateurism of the earlier days gradually extinguished by the influence of the trade until there was hardly a racing man of any note who was not in the pay of some tyre or cycle firm. Yet through all this age of temptation there have been just a few men of good class left, who are above suspicion, and who all honour to them, have saved the amateur racing path from annihilation. There have been plenty of men who were not worth subsidising who were compelled to be amateurs. But I would ask

you how it is that there are some whose incomes are little, if any, larger than those of working men, whom we find during the season racing all over the country; who, indeed, seem to do little else. It makes one think. I know well the cost of this kind of thing. In my running days, though I seldom travelled far afield, my expenses for training, fees, &c., did not come to much less than £100 a year. Now about betting. Save at one ground in the metropolitan district, it is not as prevalent in London as in the country, but go to any gathering in the North or Midlands, and you will find as many professional betting men present as is the case on a racecourse, and what is more, I cannot see how they are going to be stopped. My experience of road work is gained from actual experience as an active member of the leading road club. I wish I could believe that "roping," which is almost impossible to detect, was merely done for betterment in handicaps. I cannot forget one occasion last summer, when a man, who on previous form had not a chance, upset the cracks. I was subsequently shown a "book" which indicated pretty plainly that his victory was anticipated by some of his friends. He had been made first favourite. 'Tis a pity the "book" was not brought up before the National Cyclists' Union when the matter was investigated. It is cases like this which cause so many men of good social standing to retire from the path after a brief experience, yet it redounds all the more to the credit of those genuine amateurs who so love the sport that they are prepared to risk suspicion rather than not indulge in it.

C. K. D.—The best way to get the polish on the enamelled parts of a machine when it is first delivered is to wipe with a dry cloth and then polish with a second dry cloth. The dulness is only caused by the vaseline which is put on in order to protect the enamel in transit. I do not think you are likely to get very good results by enamelling your own machine. Much better let a proper man have the job; he has the means and appliances which a private individual hasn't got. There is no benefit to be gained by varnishing.

Nuts (Bangor).—There was a firm of that name at Coventry some years ago, but I have not heard of it of late. You had better have a machine by some well-known maker. It will be cheaper in the long run and will sell much more readily when you want to part with it.

P. T. B. (Filey).—(1) I prefer worsted gloves with leather fronts and long wristlets. (2) Always keep on the left-hand side, excepting in case of led horses, which, if possible, pass next to the leader, whether he be riding or on foot. It is usual for a led horse to travel on the right-hand side of the road.

Inquirer (London).—I can strongly recommend the cycles made by Messrs. Alldays and Onions, of Birmingham. The firm is one of the eldest in the trade and their productions are of the best class and thoroughly reliable. It would be impossible to get better value for your money.

T. H. Y. (Dorking).—Ten to twelve, according to the condition of the road and weather.

C. H. L.

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to James H. Walker, D. G. Buxton, W. H. Thomson, Dyke White, and W. S. L. Holt. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address and at the same time to select a book.

Some of C. B's Performances.

SOME of our genial Athletic Editor's achievements in the "grassy arena" are not generally known, owing, no doubt, to his own modesty concerning the merits of his performances.

It will be fresh news to the majority of CAPTAIN readers that Mr. Fry, on several occasions, has run the 100 yards in ten seconds dead. Of the three times he ran for Oxford, his only win, he pathetically remarks, was a dead heat. He fancied he had won, but naturally, the other man's version was that he also had won the race.

His jumping was extraordinary, and at Repton School his long jump still remains the record. In some trial sports at Oxford he jumped 23ft. 6½ins. This is the best he ever did, but as he took off nine inches behind the mark, the actual distance jumped was 24ft. 3½ins. Truly marvellous!

In his first Inter-'Varsity match, the first score he made was a smart cut for four from a ball bowled dead on his middle stump by Mr. F. S. Jackson.

He scored forty-four altogether, and followed this by a decent twenty-seven in the second innings. He captained Oxford in his third year, and delighted the public by getting 100 not out in the 'Varsity match.

His first century in a county match was against Gloucester, for, after originating some marvellous strokes, and being morally bowled half a dozen times by Mr. C. L. Townsend—who, by the way, now piles up centuries for a Durham team—he actually reached 109. Next day he nearly lost the match by missing four dolly catches.

Mr. C. B. also got his "socker" blue, and captained the team; also narrowly missed his "rugger" colours by being unfortunately "crooked" some days before the match. Hard lines that! However, we all wish him the best of luck in the future, and—many centuries!

JAMES H. WALKER.

An Old House at Exeter.

THOSE who have ever visited the city of Exeter have, of course, seen the Cathedral. Now almost under the shadow of this building, to the north, there stands a queer old-fashioned house which has connected with it an incident of the stirring times of the Armada. It was in this house that the English admirals met to discuss their best plan of defence from the Spanish Invasion.

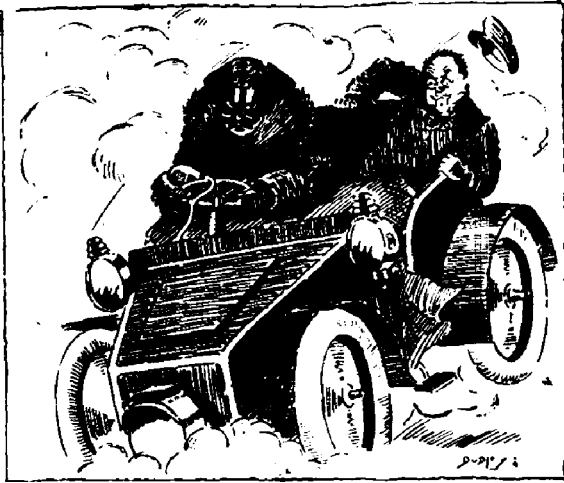
The house itself has three storeys, two of which have windows with projecting casements, the highest having a balcony. As the house is approached from the cathedral yard, it is seen that the windows slant slightly. It was built in this fashion purposely, in order to make the place resemble a ship, so that the seafaring men who frequented the inn might seem more at their ease.

Passing through the ground floor, which is now a shop, and ascending the dark, winding staircase, we find ourselves in the room in which Drake and Raleigh, Lord Howard of Effingham, and others of name and fame, foregathered in the year 1588. The room, which is oak-panelled, is neither large nor small, but of moderate size. At the farther end is a window which stretches



across the whole apartment, and round the room on the walls just below the frieze are the coats of arms of those who were present on the occasion I have mentioned. Each admiral is supposed to have sat under his own arms.

W. H. FREEMAN.



"Say, o-l-d cha-p! can y-ou s-wim?"

"N-n-no. W-h-y?"

"'Cause the b-rake's gone wr-ong, an' there's a r-iver at the b-ottom of this h-ill."

By D. G. Buxton.

After a Hern's Eggs.

LAST April, while staying with some friends at a large country house on the north-western coast of the Isle of Mull, I was suddenly seized with the egg-collecting fever.

One afternoon while walking at a little distance from the sea-shore, I noticed that in the top branches of a tall larch tree which stood side by side with a beech, on the outskirts of a small copse, there was a large nest made of twigs and odds and ends, over which a hern was circling in preparation for descent. When I saw it finally settle on the nest I conceived the idea of returning on the morrow and securing the eggs—if there were any to secure.

The larch for a long way up was devoid of branches, and as I had no apparatus for climbing the trunk it was useless to attempt to reach the nest by that means. The beech tree, however, was a more fully-limbed one, and one of its branches stretched to within almost a few feet of the nest.

That night, when I returned to the house, I rigged up a novel contrivance with which to get hold of the eggs.

I selected a light pole of some seven or eight feet in length, and having borrowed a small tin of soft soap, affixed it to the end of the pole.

On the following morning, armed with this weapon, I made my way to the foot of the beech tree. After a long and tiresome climb I gained the branch which reached nearly to the nest, and swarming out on it as far as I deemed safe, I stretched forward my pole, keeping the soap downwards, and made a shot at my goal. Alas! the pole proved to be too short, and all my labour had been in vain.

At this moment I began to feel a curious sense of dizziness creeping over me, and I clutched at the branch more firmly.

I was at a good height from the ground, and, encumbered as I was with the pole, I began to feel more than a little queer. I let the pole fall to the ground, and as soon as I could steady my nerves I slowly followed it. Though I hardly liked the idea of climbing the tree again, I still less liked the notion of leaving the three eggs which I had seen in the nest.

In the afternoon, having secured a longer pole and lashed on the tin of soft soap as before, I once more returned to the tree and climbed to my branch. The hern had been absent on my first visit, and on this occasion as well it was off—probably in search of food. Crawling out on the bough as before, I pushed forward my pole again and found to my joy that it was long enough.

Pushing my tin carefully over the edge of the nest, I let it gently down until the soap stuck to an egg, and then drew the pole slowly towards me. When about half-way, the law of gravitation asserted itself, and the egg fell to the ground.



"ON HIS OWN HOOK."

By Dyke White.

My next attempts were more successful, and finally, after an exciting descent, I reached the ground, the richer by a couple of eggs.

About a week later, when I revisited the nest, I was glad to see two more eggs in it, but, being a kind-hearted individual, I left these to their parents.

W. H. THOMSON.

[This feat could only have been accomplished by a skilful climber. It may interest Clubbites to hear that W. H. T. was, at the time he wrote this article, a cadet on the *Worcester*, the ship on which Admiral Togo, the "fighting admiral" of the Japanese Navy, received his nautical training.—O.F.]



POLICEMAN (after the *Aston Villa v. Tottenham Hotspur*): "Now then, young himp! Out o' that an' go hout same as 'ee came in!"

DODGER: "All serene, old bluebottle, don't get excited,—that's just what I am doing."

By D. G. Buxton, C.C.

Convict Prisons.

IN England there are four convict establishments—Portland, Parkhurst, Dartmoor and Borstal. Portland prison was built in 1845 by convict labour. It stands high up on the top of Portland isle, nearly 500 feet above the sea level. There are at present 800 convicts there. This is a small number considering that there have been 1,623 men at one time within its walls. There is cell accommodation for 2,000 convicts. If a man is sentenced to three years or more he is sent to a convict establishment, but if sentenced under that time he goes to a "local."

A convict while in prison is well looked after. He gets a nice suit of clothes—knicker-bockers and jacket made of light kaki-coloured cloth with broad arrows marked all over it, striped woollen stockings and heavy hob-nailed boots. The food given to convicts is wholesome and of good quality. Over 200 warders are in attendance at a big convict prison.

P. HOGGER (Weymouth).

A Great Harbour in Building.

GOODWICK is quite a little village in Fishguard Bay, Pembrokeshire. Until recently little had been heard of it, but ere long it will be known all over England, if not all over the world, for in this quiet little village the Great Western Railway are building an immense harbour. The rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly out of the sea, have to be blasted away in great quantities. Some time ago the company made a blast bringing down nine hundred tons of rocks, and quite recently one which brought down 50,000 tons. The walls for the harbour are built of great concrete blocks, which are made on the spot. Four locomotives and as many steam cranes are at work loading and taking away the boulders which are used for the building of a very strong breakwater. The harbour is already six years in construction, and will not be finished for many more. A little way out in the bay is the wreck of a dredger, which was used to deepen the harbour, and is now being taken to pieces as it is sold. Two new ones will shortly take its place.

REGNAL LRAC.

Two Birds' Nests.

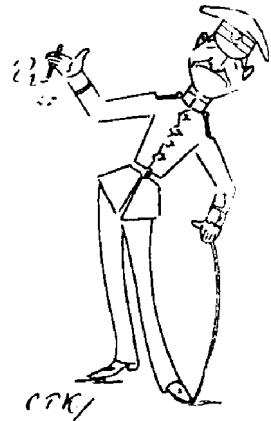


NE of my country friends tells me that in his pump he found a blue tit's nest. There were seven eggs in it. He could not puzzle out how the bird could get in, so he watched, and saw it fly to the hole where the handle joins the machinery, which hole is, roughly, about a foot long and an inch wide. The pump is about five feet high, and the nest is quite two feet down, and two feet beyond that is quite full of nesting materials, some of which have fallen right into the water.

Another quaint building-place is at the back of a target in Hemsted Park. When my father practises there, there must be a fearful row, but the bird doesn't seem to mind it. Her nest was twice taken by boys (little wretches)* but at last she was allowed to remain unmolested, and bring up her chicks in peace.

THE ADDRESS.

* By this I mean those boys who take nests. not those in general.



THE NEW SERVICE CAP.
DON'T CHER KNOW.
By C. T. Kemmis.

Punctuation.

It is strange that the use of points for purposes of punctuation should be such a comparatively modern invention. Of the four generally-used points, only the period (.) dates earlier than the fifteenth century. The colon (:) is said to have been first introduced about 1485, the comma (,) some thirty-five years later, and the semicolon (;) about 1570. It is difficult to understand how the literary world dispensed for so many centuries with the useful points, and their lack must have added to the toil of the decipherer of written documents.

of Tinterfallen, says the inspector, is an ass." The Mayor, it is hoped, apologised.

W. S. L. HOLT.

"Captain" Serials.

WITH the March number of THE CAPTAIN the tenth volume of that magazine was completed.

In those ten volumes there have been twenty-three serials, the titles of which are woven into the short story below. (Each title is written in italics.)



Ball out.

Scrum up.

THE INTER-HOUSE MATCH AT KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

Photos by T. V. Brennan.

When we remember what curious inversions of meaning may be caused by the misplacing of a comma (as the example given below will show), we marvel how early authors contrived to escape strange misreadings of their works, in which no points guided the student. To show what effect the misplacement of a comma may have, the following true incident may be here repeated. In a little German town, which we will call Tinterfallen, an inspector of schools once took it into his head to visit and examine the local school, with its Mayor as a guide, much to the latter gentleman's disgust. "The inspector is an ass!" muttered the Mayor, as he thought, to himself. The inspector, however, heard him, but decided to say nothing—at least, not just then. Going into one of the class rooms at the school, the inspector questioned its inmates on the subject of punctuation, when he discovered that the scholars were very backward therein. Writing on the blackboard, "The Mayor of Tinterfallen says the inspector is an ass," he asked one of the boys to read it. This he did. He next asked the boy to put a comma after "Tinterfallen" and another after "inspector." The sentence then read thus: "The Mayor

Two fags, of Smith's house, named, respectively, Sir Billy and J. O. Jones, otherwise called the Long 'Un, having donned the King's red coat, and having heard a rumour concerning the rising of the red man, took a journey into the heart of the prairie, where they became mixed up in a quarrel known in the newspapers as Acton's feud. Afterwards they got lost in travelling across the wilderness, but were rescued by a person who introduced herself as a cavalier maid.

They then made the acquaintance of an old salt, generally known among his fellows as the red ram, who told them a yarn about the cruise of the "Vengeful."

Then, having joined forces with three scouts, they decided to return home, which they accordingly set out to do in a ship bearing the quaint name of "King Waterbottle the First."

After having set sail, they no sooner arrived in deep water than they had a skirmish with a Jalasco brig, during which one of our heroes lost the gold bat, a prize won by him at his school sports.

Then, after being wrecked on the isle of Fortune, they at last arrived home safely, and began to read those



HA! HA! IT'S MY
INNINGS SOON!
By Will Morton.

splendid stories, *Tales of Greyhouse, Told on the Junior Side, Tales of Eliza's and Lower School Yarns.*

N. S. WOLFENDALE.

CRITICISMS.

B. A. G. (Bexhill).—Hardly good enough.

R. Ball (Claremont, Cape Town).—Your photographs are too dark.

S. H. Critten (New Brompton).—Much more practice required.

"Cumbrian."—(1) You are clubbed. (2) Certainly, a competitor is at liberty to go in for any competition which is set for those older than himself, but in an ordinary way he naturally would not stand such a good chance while competing with his seniors, unless he were exceptionally clever. (3) Football sketch weak; that of the *ss. Captain* shows considerable merit.

F. A. Smyth.—Sketches not great; you want more practice.

Clarence Hadfield.—Clubbed. Drawing not up to *El Capitan* style.

C. B. Parkinson (Bath).—Will use photo if room.

R. Mackay (Wellington, N. Z.).—Will use as space permits. Send photographs of local scenery.

T. V. Brennan (Clifton).—If space permits.

D. Graham Crofts (Durban, S.A.).—Your interesting photographs are not clear enough for reproduction, which is a pity.

"Moke."—Many of the lines in your sketch are too fine for reproduction. Yes, if there is room, editors prefer to have the joke written neatly under the drawing.

F. R. Bourne.—See May or June number. Will consider competition idea.

Pat, C.C.—A fair improvement.

H. Cartwright (Barnstaple).—Try again.

A. Kelly.—Will use, if room. Send again.

Walter J. Goodbrand (Durban, S.A.).—Not a good enough "brand" for C.C.

R. M. Robertson, C.C.—Not so bad. Watch the summer numbers.

R. Simmonds (Sandown).—Clubbed. Take more pains, and try again.

Alec M. Johnston.—Clever line work—not of sufficient interest.

Dyke White.—Your threatening letter made me pale. I hope you have licenses for those two bull-pups.

E. N. Lee.—You're improving, young sir! Pay more attention to details.

J. H. Jeffery.—You can't be a Gordon Browne all at once. Draw from the model. I do not think any stamp dealer would take the foreign post-cards you have, unless they have some special value.

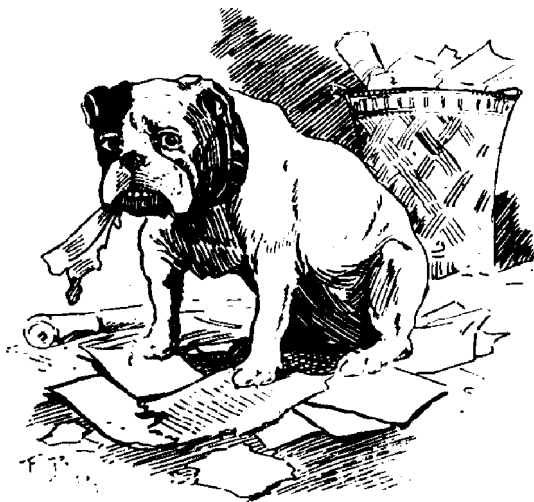
"Little Tim" (Seacombe).—At the Menagerie "shows a considerable amount of practice with the pen, but do pay more attention to your drawing, and don't make such ridiculously fine lines.

Max Mason.—(Clubbed).—What an army of you fellows there must be who "Would be a Tom Browne or a Phil May"! See back numbers for advice on drawing materials.

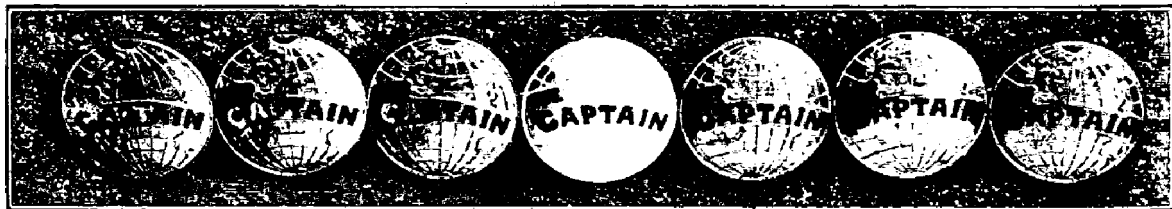
Sirrah.—Let us have some facts about Lake Ontario. Information is better than description.

Jack Daws.—Your verses show promise.

Contributions (literary and artistic) have been received from a great number of other readers. We have no space to criticise everything sent in, and must, therefore, ask those readers whose work we are unable to mention to accept this explanation.




THE OFFICE DOG (otherwise the Hound of the Waste-paper Basketvilles) devouring rejected contributions.



"CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Our 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.

THE CAPTAIN



CAMERA CORNER

APRIL NOTES.

AS outdoor photography will come into full swing with the Easter holidays, your cameras should be overhauled without further delay. If they want repairing, have it done at once. In all probability the most they will need will be a spring cleaning. Don't leave this to any one else to do—do it yourself. In the case of a hand camera, open the back, remove the sheaths, and dust them well. Any rust may be removed by first rubbing them with fine emery paper and then coating them with Bates' Dead Black; or a little household black lead rubbed over the sheaths will answer the purpose. See that the plate-changing arrangement is in easy working order. Give the inside of the camera a coat of dead black, too, if necessary. The next thing is to remove the front. In most well-made cameras this has the shutter fixed to it. Don't attempt to take the shutter to pieces, and don't oil it. Should any parts work at all stiffly, rub a little black lead over them. If the lens is attached to the inner front, unscrew the flange and clean the lens, but be careful to replace it correctly, and to screw the flange up tightly. See that every part is in place before replacing the front. If the leather covering is scratched, rub a little oil and black lead, or a little varnish, with just a trace of dead black, over the damaged parts.

THE STAND CAMERA.

The most vital part of a stand camera is the bellows and as it is often put away all the winter under pressure, the edges are likely to crack. Test these very carefully by closing the shutter or capping the lens, and examining them in strong sunlight, with the head enveloped in the focussing cloth. Thin black tape may be used inside the bellows to cover any cracks or small holes. Some people advise rubber cloth, but it has its disadvantages, as if a camera so repaired is put away in a warm place, or left in the sun, the folds of the bellows are liable to stick together and cause much trouble. The dark

slides, too, should be tested, as leakage often happens through the warping of the wood. Should the joints have started, send the slides away at once and have them properly repaired. See that they fit and work easily in the reversing back.

Don't attempt to polish brass work or lens mounts. If these are of good quality, and are wiped occasionally with a soft leather, they will



THIS REMARKABLE PHOTO, WHICH, WE ARE ASSURED, IS QUITE UNTOUCHED, WAS TAKEN OFF THE LIZARD. THE WAVES, DASHING AGAINST THE ROCKS, FORMED THEMSELVES INTO THE SHAPE OF A HEAD, AS DEPICTED.

Sent by E. Cooper.

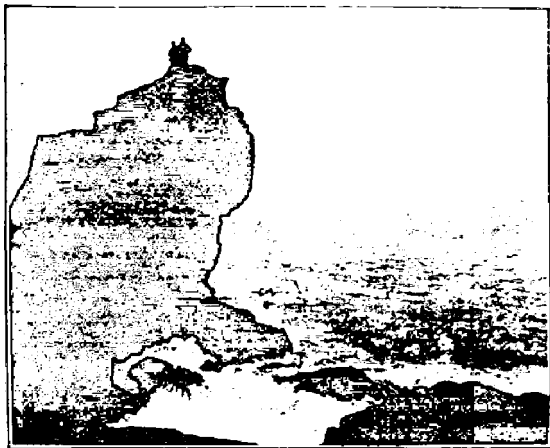
keep bright for a long time. Test thoroughly the roller blind-shutter. See that the blind works freely, that there is no abrasion of the cord, that the spring of the speed indicator is in good condition, and that the "teat" of the pneumatic release, the bulb, and the tube are perfectly pliable. India-rubber soon perishes, and if the camera has been put on one side for any length of time it is well to replace these accessories. The lens requires to be handled with care. When taking out the glasses, note their position, and wipe carefully with an old

silk handkerchief. If an R. R. or symmetrical lens, replace the front combination before touching the back.

THE DARK ROOM.

In these days there are many who practise photography all the year round, but on the other hand there are many who do not, and these will find that after so long a rest their dark rooms will be in a bit of a muddle; a general clear-up is therefore necessary.

So get some warm water and soda, and wash all glass measures, bottles, porcelain dishes, &c. Clean out the sink, and scrub down all wood work, and then perhaps the housemaid will come in and give the place a good scouring. Destroy all chemicals except such as have been kept in properly-stoppered bottles, and bear in mind



THE PULPIT ROCK, BILL OF PORTLAND. MANY A FINE VESSEL HAS BEEN LOST THROUGH BEING BLOWN ON TO THIS ROCK.

Photo by Frank Swallow.

that plates and paper that have been kept through the winter should not be used until they have been tested, or else great disappointment may result.

POST-CARD PHOTOGRAPHY.

The difficulty which has attended the making of photographic pictorial post-cards has been removed by the introduction of a hand camera to take plates of the regulation post-card size, viz., $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For eighteen shillings you can obtain one which carries six plates; or twelve plates, twenty-one shillings. A camera with a better lens costs a guinea-and-a-half. Plates cost 1s. 6d. per dozen. Or if you have a half-plate camera you can use these post-card plates in the dark slides, by means of special adapters, now on the market.

A NEW HAND CAMERA.

An excellent hand camera is now being advertised at one guinea. It is of the "Midg" type, and has all the movements of that excellent series of cameras. We have seen almost every hand camera that has been offered for sale, but the 1904 No. 0 "Midg" is quite the best. We do not ourselves believe in the multiplicity of movements, but rather in simplicity of action and design. Still, it is impossible not to admire the ingenuity of the inventors of this remarkably cheap instrument.

EXPOSURE METERS.

These are really very simple to use, if the instructions are carefully followed. There are two which are well known—Watkin's and Wynne's. By the use of these meters, elaborate calculations as to exposure are unnecessary, the inventors having done all the work and tabulated the results in a simple and easily comprehended form. Most makers now give the speed number of their plates, as exemplified by the Wynne meter. Given these numbers, correct exposure may easily be determined by the assistance of the exposure meter.

HINTS ABOUT EXPOSURE.

Avoid under-exposure. An over-exposed plate may be saved by judicious development, but an under-exposed plate will never give a good print. The longer the shadows, the longer the exposure required. The greater the distance from the object, the less the exposure necessary. The smaller the stop used, the sharper the result; but, on the other hand, the longer the exposure, the less contrast in the negative. Over-exposure is generally indicated by a positive image being shown on the glass side of the plate; correct exposure, by an image on both sides. Under-exposed plates show coarser grain than those fully exposed. Finally, understand the lens, the focus, and the size, as well as the value of the stops used. If the correct exposure at $f/32$ is found to be 1 second, then, $f/22$, $f/16$, $f/11$, $f/8$ will require $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, and $\frac{1}{16}$ of a second respectively.

DEVELOPMENT WITH THE BRUSH.

Bromide paper is very popular with beginners and young photographers. Many, too, try their hand at enlargements. The process of brush development of enlargements is as follows. The bromide enlargement should be placed, after exposure, in a dish large enough to allow a good margin all round at the bottom, and must be well soaked in water until quite soft and flat; the water should then be drained off, and the surface moisture removed with clean white blot-

ting paper. The developer recommended for this work is:—

No. 1.

Hydroquinone	8 grammes.
Citric Acid	4 "
Potassium Bromide	2 "
Sodium Sulphate	74 "
Water	1000 C.C.

No. 2.

Sodium Carbonate	8 grammes.
Potassium Hydrate	8 "
Water	1000 C.C.

For use, mix one part of No. 1 with two parts of No. 2. The dish in which the bromide paper has been soaked should be tilted to an angle of about 30 degrees, and the enlargement rapidly brushed all over with the developer. The image will appear slowly, and it is quite easy to coax out parts and keep back others by local development. For fine work, several sizes of brushes should be used, but for general work one or two are quite sufficient. We are indebted to the *Bromide Monthly* for the substance of the above. There is a very fine field of work for the brush in connection with bromide enlargements: effects of light and shade

are obtained, which are quite impossible with the ordinary developing procedure.

LACK OF BRILLIANCY IN NEGATIVES.

An expert recently stated that an unsuspected cause of lack of brilliancy in negatives was due to the reflection of light from the brasswork of the lens, or from the interior of the camera. This is, of course, possible, although much care is taken by makers that the interior of cameras and all brass, or metal work, shall be blackened. It is, however, useful to know that brass may be blackened by mixing two hundred grains of copper nitrate in one ounce of water, with the same amount of silver nitrate in another ounce of water. When the brasswork has been cleaned, immerse it in the above solution, heating the brass work after immersion by placing it on the top of the oven in a kitchen range. A good dead black for woodwork may be made by dissolving 40 drachms of shellac, 20 drachms of borax, and 20 drachms of glycerine in 500 drachms of water, and adding 50 drachms of aniline black. A very good commercial article for this purpose is Tyler's dead black, which can be purchased of any dealer.



The above photograph shows a man collecting the sap from maple trees for the manufacture of sugar. A hole is bored in the side of the tree, the sap oozes out through this, is caught in a pail, collected at regular intervals, and made into sugar at the adjacent factory.

"Topical" Press Photo.

COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

Last day for sending in, April 18th.

SPECIAL PRIZE: A "RALEIGH" BICYCLE, VALUE £19 5s.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 18th.

The Results will be published in June.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"My Reading Bill."—Imagine that you are allowed 5s. a month to spend on periodicals. Send us a neatly drawn up statement showing how you would lay out this sum. To the sender of the best list will be awarded a 1904 First Grade "Raleigh" Roadster Bicycle, fitted with the Three-Speed Gear attachment, value £19 5s., as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Captain Birthday Book."—Take the month of January, divide it into 31 days, giving each day a separate space, and select as a motto for it a brief extract from a CAPTAIN story (serial or otherwise), from the Old Fag's Editorial, from Mr. C. B. Fry's articles or any other article or essay, or from one of the pages which we have devoted to selections from poetical and prose writers on various subjects. Disperse your poetical, descriptive, moral, reflective, and philosophical quotations in an artistic and

agreeable way. This will call for a good deal of judgment on your part, and so this competition should prove beneficial to you apart from the idea of prize-winning. Remember: *every quotation must have appeared in THE CAPTAIN.* A 1904 No. 0 "Midg." Hand Camera, value £1 1s., supplied by Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons, will be the prize in each class.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 3.—"Handwriting."—Copy out in your ordinary, everyday hand writing the first 15½ lines of the Old Fag's Editorial, from "Pet" down to "liberty." Prizes: Three "Swan" Fountain Pens.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

Class III. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—"Drawing of a Mastiff, Kitten, or Parrot."—In our new serial, "The Duffer," the author describes a bungalow which boasts a mastiff, kitten, and parrot. Draw any one of these you please, in pen, pencil, or colours, *from life or memory.* Do not copy it from any other artist's work. A handsome Post-Card Album, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page, will be awarded in each class.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Sandow" Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Oddities of Odd People."—Most of you know or have been told of people with odd ways, such as the habit of the eccentric clergyman who used to hold his walking stick over his head when it rained, being under the impression that it was an umbrella. Send us an "oddity" of this kind, written on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained from this office for 1½d., post-free (mark envelopes "Post-cards," please). Bear in mind that we don't want to hear about the doings of lunatics. There is a great difference between merely odd and really mad people. Prizes: Class I., a John Piggott, Ltd., "Surrey Driver" Cricket Bat. Class II., a City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" Cricket Bat—as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes page.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLINGHEAD STREET,
ST. ANDREW, LONDON.

Pet-keeping. I always read Mr Edward Steps "Naturalists' Corner" with considerable interest. But during my perusal of these pages it sometimes occurs to me that there is not a little unkindness connected with certain forms of pet-keeping. For instance, in the present number a correspondent states that he wishes to keep a squirrel. Now, it seems to me a worse than thoughtless act to take a squirrel, which has been accustomed to a life of boundless freedom, and put it into a little hutch, there to remain day after day staring out at the sunshine with plaintive, yearning eyes—a creature accustomed, as I said before, to unfettered liberty. It is different with rabbits, which, bred in confinement, never know any other life, and so their cramped condition in a hutch comes natural to them. If you turned them loose they would soon fall a prey to rats and cats. Again, it is no great hardship to a canary bred in confinement to spend its life in a cage, singing its heart out to the four walls of a room. If it were set free I don't suppose a canary could look after itself; it would soon perish. So, while my young friends can keep dogs and cats, canaries and rabbits, lizards and hedgehogs, why should they hanker after squirrel-keeping? It is not as if you kept the animal to study its habits in the excellent cause of natural history. You can only study a very few of a squirrel's habits if you keep it in a hutch. You can study it to far greater advantage when it is running wild. Indeed, it is one of the most exhilarating experiences, during a rural tramp, to watch a squirrel dash up a tree, bound from that tree to another, and so on down a long avenue of trees, exulting in its freedom and marvellous agility.

I hold the opinion, too, that snakes ought not to be made pets of, because they, like squirrels, are accustomed to heaps of freedom, and to keep them penned up seems to me a very unnecessary proceeding on the part of young naturalists. Not that snakes commend themselves to our sympathy like the squirrel does. A snake is probably the most detested of all reptiles; still, it has its feelings, and we ought to have a regard for the feelings of all living creatures. With lizards it is different, because you can make a nice big aquarium and shove in plenty of rocks and bits of wood, and the lizards can have a good time. Nor is there any harm in keeping pigeons, because they can always fly about as much as they like; indeed, pigeons are rather lucky birds, because they have homes made for them and food provided for them—that is why they grow so terrifically fat. The only bit of hard luck in their existence comes when they are put into a sack and taken off for the abominably cruel pursuit—misnamed "sport,"—known as pigeon-shooting. The little pigeon-shoots which you see in the country generally attract all the riff-raff of the neighbourhood, who drink beer, and make shilling bets, and look as if they would all be greatly improved by a month's hard labour.

I don't know very much about natural history myself, because it has never appealed to me to any great extent, although I am fond of watching the habits of birds and animals when I am taking walks in the country or on the sea-shore. But I am never inspired by a desire to catch a butterfly, suffocate it, and pin it to a card, nor do I wish to dissect beetles, or take the life of any creature whatever. But I quite understand that a good many people do these things very humanely

indeed, with an earnest desire to study natural history and preserve the fruits of their researches, and I have enlisted Mr. Step's services for this magazine because I know there is a great deal of ignorance among boys with regard to natural history, and here Mr. Step comes in. With his all-round knowledge he is able to give them advice and information which will not only prove valuable to them, but also of inestimable service to the creatures they keep as pets.

Schoolboys' Letters in 1679.

In a recent number of "The Home Counties Magazine," there is an article by Mr. R. T. Warner on "Some Unpublished Letters from the Verney MSS." These letters concern Ralph and Edmund Verney, who went to school at Bicester. Says the author: "In the days when there were no trains, or even regular coaches, holidays were not taken for granted as at present, and schoolboys had to importune their parents to fetch them home." The letter I quote below is written in a most neat and elaborate hand. "Evidently," says Mr. Warner, "the schoolmaster dictated it, and took care that it should be a favourite specimen of the writer's calligraphy."

This For Edmund Verney esq at his house in East claydon—this present with care.

May ye 28 1679.

Most Honoured Father,

These few Lines are to Let you understand That we Breck of one Saterday next, and I humbly beseech you to send for us home that day that we may a Little Refresh ourselves after our heard Study we both present our humble Duties to your self and to my Mother and Grandmother and our Loves to my Sister.

I subscribe myself
Your Dutifull son
RALPH VERNEY.

In another letter, Master Ralph writes to his "Most Honoured Father" to ask for a new Bible. I append the parental reply:—

*East Claydon,
the 1st of September, 1681.*

Child,

Since I came Home I received yr. long Epistle about a new Bible with Comon Prayer Apocrypha and Singing Psalmes to it wch. (if you want) yr. master may Buy you, and I'll Repay Him, but methinks you teare yr. Bookes to much, and are very careless of them: wch. is an ill Signe.

You write truer English than you didd, but not true enough by a great deale; and then you make up yr. Letters always in the ugliest fashion that ever was for I cannot open them without taring some of the written. . . . If the Cooke mayd you tell me of Goes away from yr. Master and Mistrisse; and that they are willing to part with Her; and that the mayd

is not otherwise provided: but is willing to come to me, I will Hyre Her, and Give Her three pounds a yeare wages: But first (before you speake to the Wench about this) aske Both yr. Master and Mistrisse's consents, for otherwise I will not meddle with her upon any Termes: and so present my service unto yr. Master and Mistrisse and Tell them as much from me: and write me a punctual Answer as to this Businesse: that I may suddenly know whether I shall depend upon this wenche's service or noe:

Yr. uncle John Verney and his wife came downe to Day unto yr. Grandfather: I Pray God Blesse you and yr. Brother: I am yr. ever Loving ffather,
EDMUND VERNEY.

It appears rather strange that a father should be desiring his son to engage a "Cooke mayd," and it must have been somewhat diverting to have heard Ralph speaking to the "Wench" and offering her "three pounds a yeare wages." It would seem that even in those days the servant question must have been—as now—a very vexatious one. "Cooke Mayds" must have been scarce in the East Claydon district, or Mr. Verney would hardly have written to his son authorising him to engage one.

In the next letter it will be observed that Ralph faithfully carried out his father's behest:

*To Edmund Verney Esq at his house in
East Claydon—This present.
Bister Sep. the: 6: 1681.*

Sr.

I have hyerd the Cokemaid; I Gave her two Shillings earnest and I asked her what Day she would have you send for her to which she made me answer, if you please to send for her from tane for there her Mother Lives; the next friday or Saturday come sennet She will come after michlemas; Ned being in great (haste) I have only time to present my most humble Duty to you and my Mother and Grandfather and my Love to my Sister and soe subscribe my self your most

Dutyfull Son
RALPH VERNEY.

Sr. pray present my most humble servis to my uncle. I should be Glad If I could be soe hapy as to see my uncle before he Goes from Claydon.

The author of the article explains that "tame" should read "Thame," and that "Saturday come sennet" means "Saturday come seven-night," i.e., Saturday week.

The last letter I am quoting is from Edmund, the younger of the two boys, writing after his elder brother, Ralph, had left Bicester to go to Winchester. "It is noticeable," says the author, "as containing an allusion to a recreation, namely, a swung; though January is hardly the month we should expect to hear about this form of

amusement. The pair of sleeves are, no doubt, washing-sleeves, which were to be sewn to the coat. The proportion of handkerchiefs to the rest of the linen seems hardly adequate."

These

for Edmund Verney Esq at his house in East
Claydon.

Most Honoured Father

These few Lines are to acquaint you that I am very well now, only I have a breaking out in my face. I have 8 crevats, and 4 new shirts, and one old one. one pair of sleeves, and one hanchecher. I return you many thanks for my swing, and I hope that both you and my Brother will have a prosperous journey to Winton on Tuesday next. I present my Duty to both you and my Mother; and my love to my Brother and Sister. This is all at present from him, who is

(Sr.) Your obediand Sonn

Burcester

Jan. 29 168½

EDMUND VERNEY.

How very different this sort of letter is to the modern schoolboy epistle, as, for instance:

Winchester,
March 22nd, 1904.

DEAR PATER.—

I shall be awfully obliged if you will send me ten bob, as that will just get me on to the end of term. Awfully sorry to bother you. Love to Ciss and the mater.

Yours affectly. Tom.

Such are the changes which Time brings about. In the earlier part of last century, up to 1840 or '50, boys often called their father "Sir." Proper respect for one's parents is all very well, but the relations of fathers and sons are much better as they are now. The old stiff barrier necessitating the use of "Sir" has been swept away, and now pater et filius are real chums, playing cricket together when filius is a youngster, and billiards when the latter comes to larger growth. Still, the letters I have quoted are very amusing, and not uninteresting in showing us the mode of schoolboys' epistles in those far-away days. I hope Ralph Verney did well at "Winton," and that the time arrived in due course when Edmund was allowed to have more than one "hanchecher."

Captain Birthday Book: I beg to call the attention of readers who do not generally enter for the competitions to the offer contained in our "Competitions for April." It will be observed that we are awarding Hand Cameras for the best sets of quotations from CAPTAIN stories, articles, &c., such as will prove suitable for

mottoes in a birthday book. I may add that as time goes on we shall set the other months to be treated in the same way, so that readers will find it useful to make a note of anything they may see in this and subsequent numbers of THE CAPTAIN that should seem appropriate for a birthday book. All the numbers of THE CAPTAIN issued so far, including the present one, may be ransacked for passages of this nature.

The "C. A. C.": In our February number readers were asked to compose a CAPTAIN ATHLETIC CABINET to act as a governing body with regard to sports and pastimes. The following is the list submitted by Mr. Edward G. Lymberg, the winner of the Phonograph offered as prize. Mr. Lymberg's selections were those which most nearly agreed with the selections of the majority of competitors.

THE CAPTAIN ATHLETIC CABINET.

<i>President</i>	Dr. W. G. Grace.
<i>Minister of Swimming</i>	Mr. J. Jarvis.
<i>Minister of Cricket</i>	Lord Hawke.
<i>Minister of Cycling</i>	Mr. G. Lacey Hillier.
<i>Minister of Football</i>	Mr. G. O. Smith.
<i>Minister of Gymnastics</i>	Professor Hoffman.
<i>Minister of Sports</i>	Mr. C. B. Fry.
<i>Minister of Net Games</i>	Mr. R. F. Doherty.
<i>Minister of Hockey</i>	Mr. F. S. Cresswell.
<i>Referee-in-Chief</i>	Mr. G. T. Dunning.
<i>Handicapper-in-Chief</i>	Mr. A. J. Fowden.
<i>Secretary to the Cabinet</i>	Mr. C. W. Alcock.

"Excruiseratingly Smart."

(From our "Anecdotes" Competition.)

"What is this vessel?" asked the visitor at the docks, in search of information, indicating a magnificent ship close by.

"A cruiser," was the reply of a smart boy.

"And where may it be going?"

"On a cruise, sir."

"What makes it go?"

"Its screw, sir."

"Who are on board?"

"Its crew, sir."

"I suppose it's kept pretty clean, eh?"

"Yes; if it wasn't, rubbish would accrue, sir."

"What do they clean that brasswork with?"

"With grease from a cruse, sir."

"You're a smart lad. Where do you come from?"

"From Crewe, sir."

Then a little crude wealth accrued in the boy's palm, and as he departed he sort of crew, sirs.

ALBERT ALBROW.

"Why he Laughed."—A Chinese Mandarin was celebrating his birthday not long ago, and among the presents which he received was a basket of apples. The Mandarin was so enraged at what he deemed an insult, that he ordered his guards to thrust the apples, one by one, down the throat of the man who had brought them. Although in great agony, the man was laughing during this operation. The Mandarin asked the reason. The Chinaman answered that he was thinking of his mother-in-law, who was bringing a basket of pine-apples!

A. W. LOACH.

"The Black Prince."—Soon after the unveiling of the statue of the Black Prince in Leeds, two workmen were passing it when one asked his companion who it was. When he was told it was the Black Prince he exclaimed in surprise: "Why, what's Ranji. done for Yorkshire?"

WALTER D. GOUDIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. P.—Because you hear bad language used by your associates, there is no reason why you should use it too, and I am glad to hear that you don't. It is my experience that when there is a strong man in an office or shop, who goes his own way steadily, and is not in the least influenced by the silliness or vice of his comrades, he earns the very greatest respect from those about him. When they see that chaff is wasted on him they generally come to the conclusion that he is a fellow to be respected, and very often they follow his example and endeavour to model themselves on his pattern.

Billy the Bo'sun writes to say that the ship we describe as a barque in our "Photographic Gallery" (February) is really a brig. Billy is right. The ship is a brig, but the Art Editor wrote "barque" under it, and I (wishing to give the Gallery a nautical flavour) added "ahoy!" and that's how it happened. But, William, you must be lenient with the Art Editor, for he is now Art Editor to *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, *Technics*, and the *Sunday Strand*, as well as to *El Capitan*. Sometimes when I go down to ask him to kindly have a few pictures drawn for our next number I find two other editors talking to him at the rate of 180 words a minute. I start in at 200 a minute, and the other two retire—scowling. If necessary, I shall introduce the Office Dog to the Art Editor's calf, and then it will be a bite as well as a barque. (Now, then, steady with that ink-bottle. Billy!)

Henry VIII. Howler.—In my February Editorial I suggested, quite good-humouredly, that Miss Maud Sanderson was indulging in a gentle jest at our expense when she sent her "howler" about Henry VIII. I am now informed that Miss Sanderson sent this howler in perfect good faith, as she saw it in a newspaper as an answer which had been given in a Board School examination. I therefore retract what I said as to Miss Sanderson's attempt to worry the Competition Editor. At the same time, I don't at all think any Board School child ever gave that answer.

Lost Relatives.—"Young Nick" (dear me, what a strange name!) writes as follows:—"Can you tell me where to inquire for lost relatives abroad and in the Colonies? My grandfather on my mother's side had a brother about his own age, and as boys they were jolly thick together. My great-uncle left for Australia in his teens, wrote home for a few weeks, and then was heard of no more. My grandfather has often tried to find out if his brother is dead or alive, where he is, and what he is doing. I told him you would most likely be able to tell us how to find out."—The best way to find lost relatives is to advertise for them in *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, which sets aside a special column for such inquiries. My correspondent might also advertise in an Australian paper such as the *Sydney Bulletin*.

Simian writes:—"Did you read an article in the *Century Magazine* for January, by Maurice Maeterlinck, entitled 'Our Friend, the Dog'? I have no doubt it was a very interesting and well-written article, but I think the author makes a mistake. He tries to make out that the dog is the only animal that has any love for man. In one place he writes: 'The uncertain and craven horse, who responds only to pain, and is attached to nothing.' Can any one agree with him here? Of course, there are some horses (and dogs, too, I might add) that know no love for their masters, but that depends on the latter. I wouldn't mind betting that the horses belonging to the American lady of the fable, who said she didn't mind what colour they were as long as they were nice and 'frothy' about the mouth, weren't much attached to her! But then, the watch-dog, chained up to a kennel, or some sporting dogs, very often have no friends among man. I think it depends if animals are made pets of or not, whether they get fond of their owners."—I have not read the article "Simian" mentions, but I agree with him that the dog is by no means the only animal which becomes attached to man. Horses become very attached to man, and so do cats. Cats very often follow people about when they are very fond of them. Then, again, elephants and all sorts of other animals become attached to their masters. At the same time, I am willing to admit that of all animals the dog is the most faithful and affectionate.

Dorothy M. R.—You write me such a nice letter, my dear, that I will go to the length of telling you (in spite of the fact that I have said it often before) that all you have to do to qualify for membership of THE CAPTAIN Club is to buy the magazine regularly. I am interested to hear that you and your sister take half-hour turns at reading THE CAPTAIN. That is a sort of unsolicited testimonial.

O. A.—Every reader who writes in and asks to be clubbed is clubbed, and there is an end of it; and that is what happened to you. Get a "Brownie" or "Scout" camera, and study the "Ilford Manual of Photography." I do not answer every question asked me by correspondents. We provide a six-penny magazine for sixpence every month, and some of you fellows seem to want a good deal more than the magazine for your money.

Recruit.—Lists of members of the club can only be obtained from back numbers of the magazine. We do not send lists by post. If you have not got all the CAPTAINS containing these, I am afraid you must "go without." The club badge is still supplied at two shillings, and also at sixpence.

R. A. A. (Cheadle).—I wonder such a constant

reader as yourself did not observe, in our number for September, 1902, an article by Mr. A. T. Story, entitled, "How Smoking Hurts You." You will find yourself notified as "O. R." for Cheadle in our January number.

W. S. Biggs.—I must repeat what I have already said many times before: I cannot put readers into communication with one another for the purpose of exchanging pictorial postcards or anything else.

H. S. B. (Oxford)—Clubbed.—Thanks for letter. Sorry cannot do with any articles on Oxford or Cambridge for some time. I have published several and have others in hand.

K. D. Vacha.—If your contribution on Madagascar has been accepted, it will be used in due course in THE CAPTAIN Club pages. If it doesn't appear, you may take it for granted that it has not proved suitable.

H. W. F. L.—If you repeat your request, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope, I shall be pleased to return the MS. of your article on "Crests."

Mace.—Only a very, very limited number of competitors could send in good draughts problems. I liked your letter.

K. B. Allen.—Clubbed. Your writing is not below the average "for a kid of thirteen."

K. Wilson.—See answer to Dorothy M. R.

E. Harper.—I don't want to go into that salary question any further. It involves too many figures, and is an old problem that has been thrashed out many times.

Rugbiensis kindly puts me right over Rugby School colours. I said I thought they were "light blue." My correspondent says: "Dark and 'light blue.'" **G. R. S.**—Go in for our competitions.

If you can do comic sketches, send them to the comic papers. **I. N. G.**—You ask the same question as "G. R. S." You can most readily earn money by making fancy goods in fretwork, brasswork, leather-work, &c., and selling them to your friends.

"Captain" Enthusiast.—I quite agree with your sentiments. But opinions differ. Kingsley said: "It's English weather that makes Englishmen." *The Rapid Review* quotes some writer who says: "The English climate kills half the population and English cooking the other half." Nevertheless, most of us seem to jog along all right. All the same, I hope it will be fine this summer. We are all getting rather tired of buying umbrellas.

R. C. S.—People who read character from photographs adopt general rules regarding the physiognomy. A square chin means decision; a high forehead, intellect; and so on. But you can only read a very little character from a photograph—not enough to be trustworthy as a correct estimate.

W. Edgar Jones.—How do you like this number?

Another Old Boy.—In school tales it is impossible to make the characters always speak perfectly correct grammar. It would not be true to life. Thanks for letter, all the same.

A. B. C. (Winchester).—Next time you write a "spoot" letter, exercise your wits, if you have any, in making it read more "genuine."

L. G. C.—Thank nothing very curious about your "curly y." I fear. I received an absolute "bull's-eye" post-mark some little time ago.

E. C. A. (Chelt. ham).—Most pleased to hear from you.

Four Uppinghamians—All in good time.

dear sirs. I have made a note of your request. Meanwhile, have you got any good photos we could use? **T. B. H.**—I cannot insert notices of that kind. If I began it, I should be inundated with them. I will consider the question of setting aside a page for readers to advertise their wants in. **C.**—I am not acquainted with the merits of all the encyclopædias you mention. We have "Chambers'" in this office, and it appears to answer very well. "Cassell's" ought to be good, being issued by a firm notable for such productions. **A Lame Dog.**—See answer to T. B. H. Your letter was altogether too nice to give to the Office Dog, of whom, by the way, a portrait appears this month in the C. C. C. pages.

William Philpott.—A capital idea, William. Go on and prosper. **A. J. W. S. (Nottingham).**—Address your query to the editor of *The Connoisseur*. **Frank L. Christie.**—The change in your address has already been noted. **Nancy Rees (Dresden).**—As you fulfil the only condition required by purchasing THE CAPTAIN regularly, I am pleased to club you. Your handwriting is not formed yet, but will improve with time and constant practice. **H. Charik.**—Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood gained the V.C. in the Indian Mutiny in 1859, when a Brigade-Major in the 17th Lancers.

T. J. Southern, jun.—The annual subscription to THE CAPTAIN Club is 6s., paid to your news-agent at the rate of 6d. per month—for a copy of THE CAPTAIN. That is all. **J. A. J.**—You can only obtain early volumes of THE CAPTAIN by advertising for them in the *B.O.P.* and *The Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*, I am afraid. **Willie B. Meff.**—Shall be pleased to see the photograph.

D. Jenkins.—The salaries of electrical engineers vary exceedingly. The first number of THE CAPTAIN appeared exactly five years ago.

A Member of the C.C.—Drop a line to the Secretary, Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., for particulars of a clerk's prospects in New Zealand. **A Pedestrian.**—*"Tales of Greyhouse"* is published by Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. Write to Mr. Fry, care of this office.

E. W. Moorhead (N.Z.).—See reply to Wilfred Gill last month. I am sorry, but that is my rule. **"Hugo."**—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply direct.

J. West.—"Light, Shade, and Shadow," by John Skeaping, published by George Newnes, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. **Ronald Broatch.**—(1) Shall be pleased to club you as well as your brother if you, too, take a copy of THE CAPTAIN every month. That is the rule, you know. (2) A "Swan" fountain pen. **"Quill."**—

(1) Change it at a shop; you cannot dissolve it into liquid Indian ink. (2) Yes. (3) 400 words.

Letters have been received from a number of readers asking for admission to THE CAPTAIN Club. All such communications have been duly attended to. Letters have also been received from: "W." A. R. Whatmore. "G. P." L. S. Davis (N.Z.), and many others who will receive replies next month.

Correction.—The photo entitled "Has anybody got a bit of string?" (March CAPTAIN) should have been attributed to A. W. German, and not to R. Hargreaves.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"The 'C. A. C.' " (No age limit.)

WINNER OF TWO GUINEA "COQUET" PHONOGRAPH: Edward G. Lynberg, 61 Copleston Road, Peckham, London, S.E.

WINNER OF 12s. 6d. SUNDOW DEVELOPER: Adolphus Le Lacheur, 3 Columbia Terrace, Guernsey.

WINNER OF "GRADIGOR" FOOTBALL: H. H. Roden, The Constitutional Club, Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John L. Turner, John Fergusson, Hugh C. B. Roden, Sarah Laredo, R. D. Brewis, Tom Haslam, W. Turton, C. Scriven, Cyril F. Hall, H. L. L. Shapley, B. F. Lawrance, Geoffrey C. Leech.

No. II.—"Portrait Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNERS OF ALBUMS: M. C. Rhodes, 19 Royal Avenue, Scarborough; S. C. Harrison, Hill's Dale, Grealam Road, Redmister, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. C. Harrison, Miss Tayler, David Duff Mitchell, Alexander Guy Wills, Dorothy Allechin, Kate Reeves.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNERS OF ALBUMS: Lewis E. Whitfield, 35 Askew Mansions, Askew Road, W.; R. H. Eames, 23 Dudley Street, Brierley Hill, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. Hodges, Elsa Johnson, Lily G. Pether, E. G. Caldecleugh, W. S. Gales, W. Alfred S. Statter, Thomas E. Creagan, W. Embry, C. H. Probert, Henry Hall, A. E. Higgins, J. Cecil Davison, Elcie Bobbett, G. I. Wagstaff, George D. Currie, Alice M. Archer.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF ALBUMS: Clement Breare, 24 Grandage Terrace, Whetley Hill, Bradford; G. Saunders, 33 The Avenue, West Ealing, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Richard Wish, H. Turner, P. A. Boisier, Frank Linnell, A. F. Heynes, William Dobson, Victoria Thornton Down, G. C. MacLaran, S. Gurney, J. Allen, Marian Wadsworth.

No. III.—"Change of Name."

WINNER OF NEW COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE: Adam Steedman, Jun., 66 Cambridge Drive, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to Jack T. Magee, 10 Woodland Avenue, Belfast; Norman Pegg, Quebec House, near St. Leonards, Sussex; Maurice O'Connell, St. Augustine's College, Ramegate.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas R. Davis, W. G. Sherlock, John F. Lochhead, W. J. Juleff, W. Jones, Thomas Bates, Alex. Scott, George Wilson, Mabel H. Morley, Edwin Backhouse, Edwin C. George.

No. IV.—"Drawing of a Chair."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: Wilfrid Joseph Harris, "Uplyme," Amersham Road, High Wycombe, Bucks; Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred D. Ereaut, Evelyn Byrde, Frank L. Leslie, E. Millicent Wood, C. T. Down.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: Oliver Procter, 32 Seaborn Road, Bare, Morecambe; Dorothy H. Atkinson, 2 Bourne Terrace, Jersey, C.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Herbert S. Stalker, William Creighton, Arthur V. Penn, E. Halliday, Charles Stevens, Kenneth Tobutt, A. G. Barratt, Frank Millington, Guy Davison, Joseph O'Neill, R. Weatherley, Morley Randall.

WINNER OF HOCKEY STICK: Nina Murray, Villa Roche Corneille, Dinard, Ile et Vilaine, France.

WINNER OF "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Cyril Cole, Tezper, Hayne Road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John Alexandra, R. V. Wyld, Cecil D. Lovering, Edgar Pilbeam, S. W. Worth, David McCartney, Harold Bettsworth, Henry Page, George F. Drummond, W. G. Kent, Gladys Burrows.

No. V.—"People who read my 'Captain.'"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF SET OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: Dr. J. Michael, Jun., 5 Glendale Place, Paisley, N.B.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF SET OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: C. E. Marriott, Cornville, Heckmondwike.

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: W. Alfred Statter, King Edward's School, Bury St. Edmunds; Arthur J. Strouts, 1 Norfolk Villas, Gordon Road, Herne Bay.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Locking, H. C. Smith, B. C. Lilley, C. S. Foulstone.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF SET OF HOBBIES' FRETWORK OUTFIT: H. M. Wharry, Glengorse Meads, Eastbourne.

WINNERS OF HOCKEY STICKS: Andrew Bell, Maine A. Christ's Hospital, W. Horsham, Sussex; Frank J. Garford, South Brink, Wisbech, Cambs; L. E. Palmer, The Towers, Crowthorne, Berks; C. H. March, Junior School, Bradfield College, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Thornton, Norman Johns, Edward C. Hodges, J. G. Green.

No. VI.—"A Competition for Mothers."

WINNER OF WORK-BASKET: Mrs. Arthur Philip, 109 Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF "J. O. JONES" have been awarded to: Mrs. Charlton Anne, 47 Lansdown Crescent, Cheltenham; Mrs. Grace, c/o Mrs. Beaufort, 51 Lansdowne Place, Brighton; Mrs. Paraley, 34 St. Paul's Crescent, Camden Square, London, N.W.; Mrs. F. L. Leigh-Bennet, c/o D. Leigh-Bennett, Esq., 195 Piccadilly, London; Mrs. F. W. Heighway, 18 Orlando Road, Clapham, S.W.; Mrs. Langdale Smith, Holton Rectory, Wheatley, Oxon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs. Denton Leech, Mrs. G. A. Anderson, Mrs. G. Gilbert, Mrs. Partridge, Mrs. Egbert Robertson, Mrs. Oakley, "An Old Mother," Mrs. Belham, Mrs. J. Willson, Mrs. Annie Gordon, Materfamilias.

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—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Urquhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the February Competitions.

No. I.—See "Editorial."

No. II.—The change in the subject this month saw a falling off in the number of competitors, and discovered a weakness in our photographic readers, who will do well to pay more attention to natural posing and artistic lighting. However, some good work was submitted, Lewis E. Whitfield's study being exceptionally good.

No. III.—This was a popular competition. Among the more amusing names sent in we noticed, "A Million Acre," "Sunny Jim," "J. O. Warren-Bell Jones," "Saxon Hook" (vice Norman Pegg!), "Pompey Gumley" (from a competitor aged 9!), and "Hercules Armstrong," and while many aspired to such names as Andrew Carnegie, Charles Burgess Fry, David Livingstone, Joseph Chamberlain, &c., a few even soared to such heights as Albert Edward Guelf!

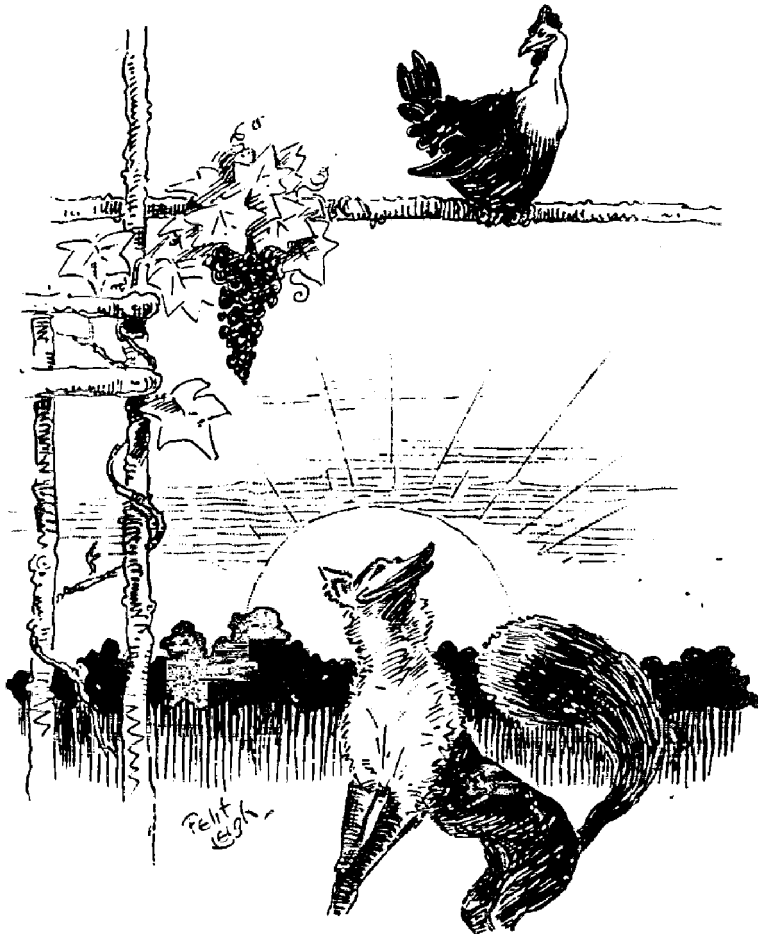
No. IV.—By an oversight the subject set in last month's drawing competition was repeated, but, nevertheless, there was a large number of entries, the winning drawings being very cleverly executed. As Cyril Cole is only ten years of

age, I am sending him a "Brownie" camera, which will probably be more useful to him than a hockey stick.

No. V.—There were not so many entries for this competition as I should have liked—do not be afraid of giving me plenty of competitions to adjudicate upon! One competitor actually lends his "CAPTAIN" to sixty-five people every month, which at first blush seems a little hard on the publishers of the magazine. These matters eventually right themselves, I suppose, as it is probable that many of the sixty-five borrowers will sooner or later become purchasers.

No. VI.—This was the most interesting competition that it has been my lot and pleasure to adjudge. Fortunate CAPTAIN readers to possess such wise and thoughtful mothers! I should like to have given a prize to all of them! In spite of certain well-deserved criticisms there seems no doubt in the minds of mothers that a good and carefully-chosen school does all that can be desired in forming a boy's character and fitting him for the battle of life.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

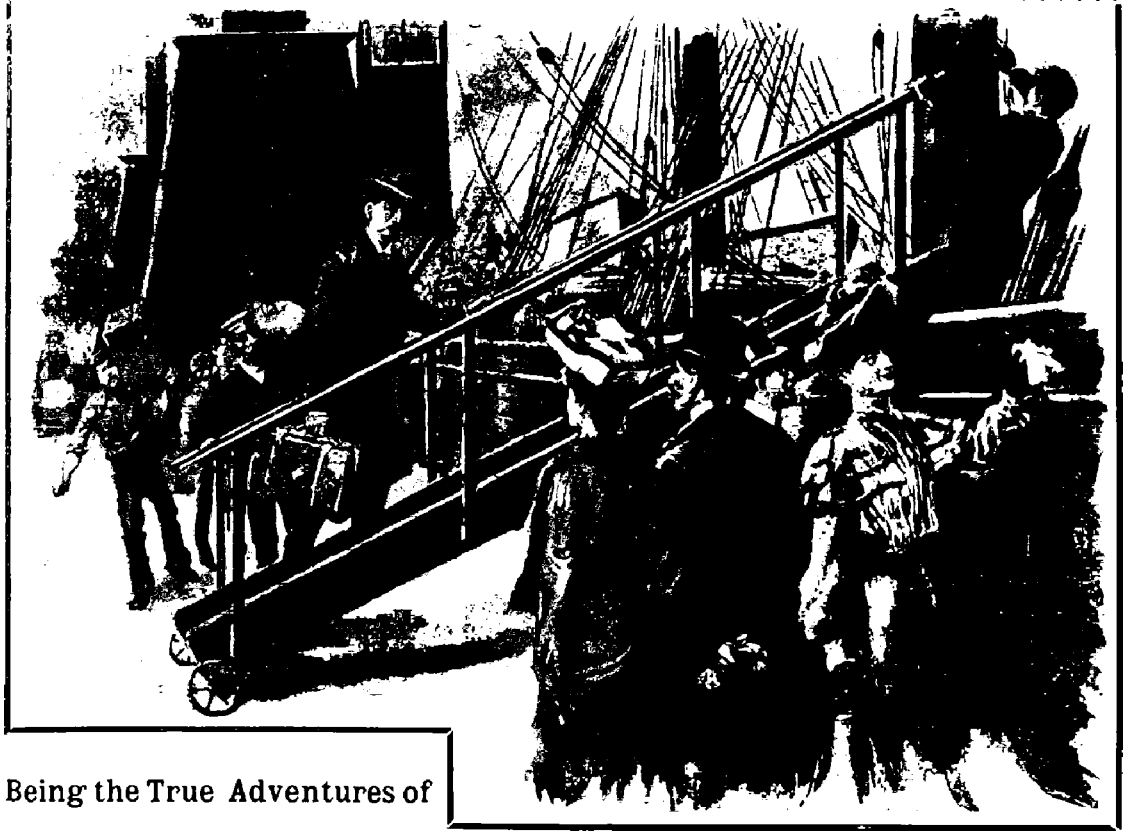


A NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD FABLE.
THE LADY UP ALOFT · "Dear me, I believe I'm even sourer
than the grapes!"



THE EMU TURNED AND DIVED BETWEEN THE FOREMOST HORSE'S FRONT LEGS.

A NEW CHUM'S EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA



Being the True Adventures of

MARCUS STEIN.*

Illustrated by J. MACFARLANE.

CHAPTER I.

BUSH SPORT AND FUN.

TWENTY years of age, five feet ten in height, strong and active, of a romantic, roaming disposition, and, though tenderly brought up, spurning all ease and luxury, I embarked at the Port of Liverpool, England, on board a fine large sailing vessel bound for Melbourne, Australia, early in the year 1880, with a fair kit, a few pounds in my pocket, and the blessings of my parents on my head.

After the usual incidents peculiar to those who cross the seas, we sailed into Victorian waters and were towed up Hobson's Bay to the pier at Williamstown about the middle of June, having been about eighty-five days on the water—an experience I don't want again.

As soon as possible I proceeded to the City

of Melbourne by rail, determined to lose no time in securing work. I shall not weary you with an account of all my struggles to obtain employment, of all the trials and troubles and disappointments I went through, of the weary waiting and the never-ending drain upon my resources. Day followed day without success, until at last I began to despair. Clerks were at a discount, and were not wanted in the city. So at last I determined to try the country, and, just as I had made up my mind to start, I was agreeably surprised one morning by receiving a letter asking me to call on a merchant in the city, which I promptly did, and was offered and accepted a position as storeman in a little township on the Murrumbidgee River, some hundreds of miles away in the back country.

Off I went, happy as a king. Ten hours in the train, twelve hours in the coach, landed me in a small township called Hay, on the banks of the Murrumbidgee River. I stayed at the store for a month or two, and then grew restless, and wanted to be on the move again.

I may as well state here that about the time

of my arrival in the Colonies the notorious bush-rangers, Ned Kelly and his gang, were caught, and there were all sorts of wild stories flying about as to other gangs being formed, and, as I was then in the very heart of the country frequented by them and their friends, I was always expecting to come in contact with them, which I eventually did in a rather unexpected manner, of which more anon.

The store in which I worked was the rendezvous of all sorts of people, squatters, shearers, station hands, drovers, and others, and I used to have many a long and pleasant chat with them, and so learnt a great deal about my new surroundings, and also had my imagination fired by stories of encounters with bushrangers and blacks, adventures on the gold fields, &c., &c., until at last I made up my mind that I would follow the bush track, and see what there was to see for myself.

So I purchased a nag (a flea-bitten mare). As hard as flint and good as gold she proved, and many a glorious spree we've had together; for on holidays and Sundays I used to ride with a chum out to one of the adjacent sheep or cattle stations, and there we were always sure of a warm welcome, the squatters' daughters playing and singing, telling stories, &c. Being a new chum they considered me fair game to play practical jokes upon, and would tell me all sorts of horrible yarns about blacks, snakes, bush-rangers, and mosquitoes, all of which they supposed I swallowed. They told me that the mosquitoes were so large in some places that if you tried to send them away they would stand up on their hind legs and bark at you, and that they frequently took the shingles off the roof on the hot summer nights to fan themselves with. They also related a simple little story of two Irishmen who had just arrived in the country not being able to sleep at night through the mosquitoes pulling the bedclothes off them. One of the young men bethought him of a large hog's-head, and made his bed in that. Securing the end, he thought himself free from their attacks; but, alas for poor Pat! the fates were against him, for, having left the bung-hole open for ventilation, he saw a firefly buzzing about with its flame-like glow. Up he sprang and called out to his mate, "Micky, Micky, it's no use at all; the beggars are looking for me wid a light." And so, yarning and laughing, the time passed pleasantly.

Then we would occasionally get up a kangaroo or emu hunt. I shall never forget my first one. It happened thus. I had expressed a desire to see one, so they promptly saddled up their horses, that is, the men did, and off we started to look for an "old man," as the large kangaroos

are called. Shortly after leaving I noticed my horse behaving in rather a peculiar manner, but saw nothing wrong until he nearly ran into a tree that I was trying to avoid, and then I discovered that those nice young ladies at the homestead had crossed the reins under my horse's chin, so that when I pulled on one rein he invariably went the other way. I also discovered that they had unbuckled my girths, and had we started to gallop I should most certainly have come a "cropper." However, I bore them no ill-will, and as things turned out they were properly punished for their pains. Shortly afterwards we sighted a fine "old man," and off we went at a gallop. Away-spied the marsupial, leaping twenty feet at a bound. The dogs yelped, the horses shook themselves, and every huntsman threw himself into the chase with heart and soul. Away, away we sped, past clumps of bushes, now in a hollow, now racing up a steep hill, now skirting the great plain, the kangaroo making for cover. But we were too fast for him, and eventually he had to give it up, so he turned sharp round and stood with his back against a giant gum, and seemed to dare us to come on. He was a formidable-looking antagonist, standing fully six feet high, a savage gleam in his eyes, and one of his great powerful hind legs half-raised to rip up any one foolish or daring enough to come within reach of his deadly embrace. One of the men slipped off his horse, picked up a piece of dead timber in his left hand, and, holding a heavy hunting-crop in the other, approached the furious old fellow. Holding out the left-hand stick as he advanced, he pushed it into the animal's face. The kangaroo immediately seized the stick with his two little hands, when, his attention being thus taken up for an instant, the huntsman gave him a terrific blow on the head with the hunting-crop, which partially stunned him. After a few struggles he was overcome, and promptly denuded of his skin, which was presented to me. When I had fastened the pelt upon the front of my saddle we once more started off in search of other game.

This time we made for the plains, as we wished to find an emu. We were a merry party, and well pleased with our morning's run, and so laughed and talked freely, each one telling of the one *he had killed* out by old Brown's, or on the one tree on Seven Mile, and how, just as the kangaroo faced round, his horse propped, and he was thrown over its head right into the "old man's" arms, and how, being a good wrestler, he gave him a "cross buttock," and so on. There was no end to the wonderful yarns I heard, some of which no doubt were true, and some intended specially for my benefit.

"Halt! Hush! Go steady! Keep down in the hollow," said the leader, who saw something ahead, for by this time we were well on to the plains again.

There are really no plains like them that I know of. They are mostly of a dead lead or reddish-brown colour, dotted here and there with little tufts of salt bush and coarse grass. Some of them are a hundred miles in extent. The atmosphere is clear and bracing in winter, and in summer dazzling in its brightness. You can see as far as the horizon in every direction. When alone the effect on one's feelings is most weird, as you seem to be the only person left on the earth.

"There she goes! Now, boys, let her have it! Look out for the crabs, if you haven't got a stick. Loosen your stirrup."

And away we went. After going a mile or so I found that the skin I was carrying had become loose, and shortly afterwards it fell off, so I stopped to recover it, and by the time I was into the saddle again my companions were far away out on the plain. I could

see them closing in on the emu, and all at once they seemed to rush together in a bunch, and remain so for an instant, and then from out their midst a riderless horse careered over the plain back in the direction in which I stood. As he came nearer I saw that the saddle had turned, and was under his belly, and soon after he made for a clump of trees on the edge of the plain, and stood. I followed him, and on getting near got off my horse, and leading him tried to catch the runaway, which, after two or three attempts, I finally succeeded in doing. But in adjusting the saddle my horse took fright and bolted, leaving me with the stranger. However, I did not mind much so long as I had a horse, and when I had



THE KANGAROO IMMEDIATELY SEIZED THE STICK WITH HIS TWO LITTLE HANDS.

fixed him up I started off to meet my companions, whom I discovered returning across the plain at a walk, with the thrown man mounted up behind one of the others. They complimented me on my capture, but chaffed me for losing my own horse, and then explained how it was that the man had been dismounted. It appears that as soon as the emu (which was a very large one) found that it was nearly done, it suddenly turned and dived between the foremost horse's front legs, thus upsetting both horse and man, and, had my friend been alone, no doubt it would have escaped. After killing the bird they brought away his skin, which was also given to me; then off we started for home, which we reached without further adventure, but found

great excitement and expectation ruling there. Immediately the young ladies saw me they rushed forward to inquire if I was severely injured, and upon receiving my assurances to the contrary seemed greatly relieved and pleased. It appears that my horse, finding himself free, made straight for home, and on his way dropped the kangaroo skin. When he arrived at the station with blood on his saddle, their consciences pricked them, as they thought that I had come to grief through their tricks. Hence their relief when they saw me return safe and sound.

CHAPTER II.

AS A SHEEP-DROVER.



T was while returning from one of these jolly sprees that I made my first acquaintance with the bushrangers. The station we had been visiting was some twenty miles or more from the store, and on our way home we had to pass a sort of bush shanty, *i.e.*, a sly grog shop, which was known to my companion. Upon nearing it we were surprised to hear sounds of revelry within; the shrill tones of a concertina and wild laughter, together with sounds of dancing in hob-nailed boots, came floating out through the partly open door. Having dismounted and tied up our horses we entered the rough slab hut, and there a strange sight met my view. Ranged round the walls were a number of wooden forms, and on them, in all sorts of attitudes, sat a number of rough-looking men, dressed like the typical bushman in moles and shirt, with a belt round the waist containing only a small leather pouch, or purse. I saw no weapons at all. We could see by the glances which were cast in our direction that we were not very welcome. On a rough packing-case counter at the end were two or three glasses containing liquor. All the men were smoking except one, a regular giant, who occupied the floor. He was pacing up and down in a frenzy of excitement, his great shaggy head thrown well back, his eyes wide and glaring like a wild beast's, and his whole face twitching and working with passion as he stamped and raved up and down the room.

I was considerably scared at first, but he seemed to take no notice of anybody, continuing his march up and down, every now and then striking his forehead a violent blow with his closed fist, until I thought he would surely burst his head in. Every one was watching him and talking in a low, serious tone of voice, and soon afterwards a rather decent-looking young fellow sidled up to where we were sitting, and, asking

for a match, said in a whisper, "Do you coves know where you are? That," meaning the man on the floor, "is Wild Wright, and that cove by the bar is Jim Kelly. You'd better skoot." Thanking him for his advice, we watched our chance and "skooted," considering ourselves lucky to have got away so easily, for they were a notorious gang, and not safe company for a new chum to be in by any means. Outside we met the landlord, German Charlie, who seemed angry, and gruffly told us to clear off sharp. Did we want to get him into trouble? he asked. Had the Kellys taken us for "traps," that is, police, they would most likely have shot us and him, too. My companion, who knew the angry man through his coming to the store, apologised, and we departed.

Not long after this I met a man in the store who had just completed arrangements to take a mob of 14,000 sheep to a distant part of the colony, and hearing that he wanted a young fellow to do reporting and assist in the droving I offered my services, which he gladly accepted, giving me full directions as to my kit, &c., &c. So, after putting away all my best clothes and other things which I could not take with me, and leaving them in charge of my chum, I mounted my old flea-bitten mare and started to the camp some miles up the river where I was to join the other men, and wait until the sheep arrived.

Up to that time I had had no experience of sleeping out, and was rather afraid of snakes, damp, and insects, so I took a hammock with me. My kit consisted of a tweed suit, which I wore, a spare pair of trousers, a soft felt hat, two shirts, two undershirts, three pairs of socks, several handkerchiefs, two towels, comb and brush, a spare pair of boots and leather leggings, a revolver, and two or three small articles too insignificant to mention. All these things were rolled up in a pair of good blue blankets and strapped on to the front of the saddle. I was a little bit scared at first going off into the unknown, with a lot of strangers in a strange country, to lead a life that was utterly foreign to me. However, I put the best face I could on the matter, and, after travelling all day and not meeting a soul, towards evening I saw smoke arising from a bend in the river bank, and upon drawing closer perceived it to be the camp to which I had been directed. The men, who were three in number, welcomed me, and I joined them in some damper and tea; after which we all reclined on the grass around the fire and smoked and yarned until it was time to go to bed. I found a suitable spot between two trees, and slung my hamnock and turned in, but not to sleep. The strange bed,



"WELL, JACK, WHAT SAY TO A
GAME OF CARDS?"

the strange scene, the buzz of insects, the stings of mosquitoes, all tended to keep me awake, but at last Nature asserted herself, and I dozed off. I had not been very long asleep before I imagined that the earth had suddenly jumped up and hit me on the head, and upon scrambling to my feet discovered that one of the boys had cut my head rope and let me down. I hear sounds of smothered laughter coming from their direction, but thought it better to pretend that the rope had broken, so said nothing, but rolled myself up in my blanket and went off to sleep again.

"All aboard, oh!" was called out, and at five o'clock the camp was up. We went to the river,

had a wash, and prepared breakfast, composed of damper, mutton, and tea. Towards noon I saw a great cloud of dust some distance away, and upon inquiry was told that the sheep were coming, so we cleared up our camp, packed our swags, and went out to meet them. Our horses were all hobbled some distance off, so we did not trouble to get them, but just waited for the mob to come up, which they did shortly afterwards. By the dust created one would have thought that an army was approaching, and it was some time before we could distinguish the three men who were driving them. Following close behind was a light-covered American waggon, containing all

our supplies, consisting of a bag of flour, a bag or two of potatoes, tea, sugar, a few loaves of bread, a tent, ten by eight, two rifles, a fowling piece, hatchet, tomahawk, some rope, hobbles, halters, a colonial camp oven, other kitchen utensils, and several smaller things that I have forgotten. The sheep were all driven into the bend of the river's bank, and at night fires were lighted at intervals across the entrance, which were kept up all night, a watch being set and changed every two hours.

Next morning the camp was astir at four o'clock. One of the men who was to act as cook caught a sheep, killed and dressed it, and grilled some chops for breakfast, and also some for us to carry with us for dinner. The sheep were drafted off into mobs of about four thousand each, the boss going first, and each mob being in charge of two men. The mobs were kept some considerable space apart, so as not to trespass on one another's feeding ground. They were kept apart all day long, and only brought together again at night, at the next camping-place, where they were watered. The cook would stay behind, clear up the camp, and then in due course move on to the next ground, generally about five or six miles off.

The laws which regulate the travelling of stock are very strict, and compel the drover to move a distance of five miles each day with sheep, and about twice that far with cattle. The drover has also to send one of his men on in advance to inform the squatter through whose run he will pass that he is coming, thus enabling the squatters to get their own stock out of the way. This is called "reporting," and this is the task that was allotted to me after I had been in the camp for a week or two. Of this I have more to say later on, as it was while out reporting that a certain little adventure befell me.

Several of the men had dogs—an absolute necessity in droving—and these dogs in time become so clever at it that they seem to be able to do anything but talk.

For instance, when the sheep are spread out, feeding, they cover an immense area, and the drover or shepherd will send his dog to close in the wings or check a break. While the dog is away the drover, by merely waving his arms, will redirect the dog to do some other service. I have also seen a dog told to catch a certain sheep, and he would rush into a mob, seize the right one, and hold on until his master arrived.

Some of the old shepherds "out back" lead very lonely lives, so lonely, in fact, that they often do not see a human being for weeks together, and they will talk to their dogs, and even play cards with them. For instance, the old man will sit in his hut at one side of the fire,

his dog on the other, and an empty case between them. The man will say to his dog,

"Well, Jack, what say to a game of cards?"

The dog, on hearing his name, will sit up, wag his tail, and look intelligent. Out comes a dirty, greasy old pack, and they are dealt out, the pile in front of the dog being turned face down. And so they play the game, the dog looking on and the man lifting his cards for him. The dog is his constant companion night and day, and so they become very much attached to one another. I bought one, a fine collie, for twenty shillings, and we soon became great friends.

CHAPTER III.

A TOUCH-AND-GO SWIM.

BUT to return to the sheep. We travelled along very slowly to allow the animals to feed, and about eleven o'clock, if near any trees, camped until about three o'clock, on account of the heat, which was intense in the middle of the day. During those four hours we had absolutely nothing to do except keep an eye on our flock. About noon we would make a fire, boil the billy, wet some tea, and have dinner. And then, by yarning and dozing, we would while away the time until the sun had lost some of its power. Then it was on again towards camp. This was the routine day after day, varied occasionally by little excitements, such as rivers to cross, ravines and mountains to get over, and so on. On reaching camp at about seven p.m. the sheep would be secured for the night, after having been watered, either by yarding them, or in a bend of a creek or river, or in the angle of two fences, or any other natural protection. Then fires would be lighted at intervals as explained before, and it was the duty of the man on guard to keep the fires going. The fires would frighten away the dingoes, and also enable the watcher to see if any of the sheep were straying. Then we would water and hobble out our horses, have a wash and then tea—consisting sometimes of tea, mutton, potatoes, and damper, sometimes of a stew made of the same ingredients, and sometimes of tea and damper and mutton alone. On rare occasions we would have "plum duff." Then we would lounge about yarning until bed time, which was generally ten o'clock, when the first guard was set. A tent was erected for the head drover and his next in command, while the men would roll themselves in their blankets.

Some of the young men had never seen a city, the railway, or the sea. Still, they thought they knew as much as those who had seen these things, and made fun of me because I was not familiar

with bush logic. Almost the only themes of conversation were horses, dogs, cattle, sheep, &c. One day they asked me how we managed at night time when crossing the ocean, and I told them that we fastened the boat up to the telegraph poles. They knew that the cable crossed the sea, and thought it quite feasible.

After I had been once or twice with the boss reporting he sent me by myself, and I managed very well. It was while away on one of these expeditions that I heard of a dreadful murder that had been committed on the very run that I was then on. It seems that a hawker had been murdered, his body thrown on his own camp fire, and his waggon pillaged, just a few days before I reached the station. During my tours of reporting it often happened that I got back to camp very late, for the squatters and their families were very kind to me, and would ask me in, and, seeing that I was a new chum, offer me refreshments, and I often spent a very pleasant evening in that way. Well, on this occasion I started back to the camp, some seven miles away, at eleven o'clock, with my head full of the murdered hawker, and as I had to pass the very spot, which was near the boundary gate, I felt anything but comfortable.

The night was very dark and cloudy, and not far off on my left was the dark flowing river, fringed with trees and bushes, while my track ran alternately over open ground and amidst clumps of trees. I had just entered one of the clumps of trees, and was looking towards the river, a few hundred feet away, when I distinctly saw a light moving towards me and heard a distant cooe. I pulled up my horse and stood still, my heart beating quickly, and a cold perspiration breaking out on my face. I knew that I was close to where the crime had been committed, and that no one lived within miles of the place. After a moment's hesitation I moved on at a quick walk, but, as the light seemed to be coming closer, I started to trot, when I noticed the light bobbing up and down and could hear the man running. Just then he called out to me to stop, but I took no heed, as I thought he was running so as to cut me off. So I urged my horse into a gallop, when he again called out,

"Stop, you fool! Why don't you stop?"

Still I went on, until I reached the gate close to which the awful deed had been done. Then on looking round I saw the light still advancing in my direction; but, as I was then on the other side of the gate, I thought I would wait and see what he wanted. So I unslung my stirrup iron and leather, sat on my horse, and waited for him to come up. As he got nearer I could hear him panting from his exertions. He had a common stable lantern in his hand, and seemed annoyed

at me for not stopping when he called out at first. He told me that a young man had been drowned in the river that day, and that he and some friends were camped down by the water, where they had been looking for the body. They had seen me passing, and wished me to call at the station and let them know that they had not succeeded so far, and that they would continue the search in the morning.

This I readily promised, and felt greatly relieved as I turned my horse's head once more towards the camp, which in due course I reached, after I had delivered the message at the station mentioned.

It was our habit when near a river to go down of an evening, after the sheep had been yarded, and have a swim, and it was on one of these occasions that I nearly lost my life. There were three of us who went down to the river, which at this part was about two hundred feet wide, with a strong current in the middle. We swam about for some time, and being a very fair swimmer I thought I would swim across to the other side, which under ordinary circumstances I could easily have done; but I had reckoned without the current, and found myself being carried down stream, my legs being twisted about in such an awkward manner that it was all I could do to reach the opposite shore, where I arrived in a most exhausted state.

I looked around to see where my companions were, but they had by this time dressed themselves, and, waving me an adieu, were returning to the camp, little knowing the terrible plight I was in; and I was too exhausted to call out to them, as they were nearly a quarter of a mile away. After a few minutes' rest I reviewed the situation. It was rapidly becoming dark, and there was I, utterly naked, on one side of a dark, fast-flowing river, with my clothes a quarter of a mile away on the opposite bank. And there was no one within call, the camp being nearly a mile distant. I knew it would be some time before they would note my absence, and then it would be quite dark, and nothing could be done until daylight. The prospect of sitting naked on the bank all night, with the mosquitoes and other insects devouring me, to say nothing of snakes—of which I had a holy horror—was not a pleasant one. Besides, I was hungry, and knew that I would not be stronger in the morning. So I determined to make the attempt to get back then, before it got quite dark. I felt that it would be touch-and-go, but there was no help for it. I selected a good place to land on the other side, where the bank was low, and some considerable distance down so as to allow for the current, and then, commending my soul to God, after a despairing look around

I plunged in, swimming slowly so as to conserve my strength for the terrible rush of waters against which I had to do battle. When I felt the worst had come, I put forth all my remaining strength, and fought for dear life. It was a desperate struggle, and once or twice, when my legs were twisted one over the other by the violence of the flood, I felt like giving up, but then

After a rest I slowly and painfully picked my way to where I had only one short hour ago so gaily undressed. I was sick and sore, covered with stings of insects, and my feet were torn and bleeding; in fact, a more miserable-looking object it would be hard to imagine. Just as I was getting dressed my comrades came down in a body to see what had become of me, and with their



I MANAGED TO CATCH HOLD OF AN OVERHANGING BOUGH.

the thought of home and friends braced me up, and I struggled on until at last I found myself in smooth water again. Then a reaction set in, and I was almost drowned within reach of shore, but I managed to catch hold of an overhanging bough and cling to it for a few minutes. After which I crawled up the bank some half a mile or so from where my clothes were.

assistance I reached the camp a sadder and wiser man. For some days I had to submit to the witticisms of my mates, who would inquire after my poor feet, &c., but I was too thankful at having escaped a watery grave to pay much attention to them.

(To be continued.)



MAY MODELS IN CRICKET BAGS.

For every County Boy a County Bag.

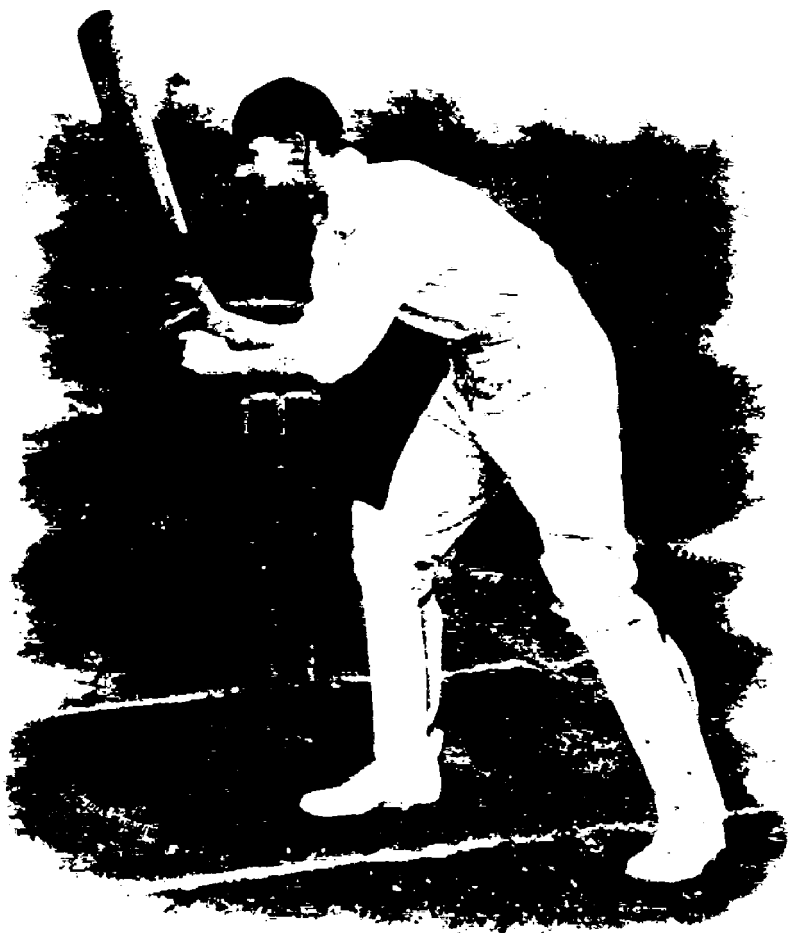
WHEREVER you may meet some cricketers' cricket bags, there is, as it were, outside a likeness of

the man who is owner of the bats inside—a self-reliant look, though the bag is only made of leather, which tells you what the owner can do with the heart of the willow tree which lives inside.

"F. S. J."—A great, big, aristocratic-looking bag is one you may come across on any of the big Yorkshire railway stations; it has three letters on it, "F. S. J." Better runs than come out of that bag so very consistently it would be very difficult to find; with the ball, too, who can do better on his day? What a model to take as your own; spotless flannels, blue white cricket pads and boots, a cool, firm head, with a pair of most resourceful eyes, ready to bat or bowl on any wicket. Watch F. S. Jackson, and learn how to play all-round cricket as it should be played.

"D. D."—His bag is not so cheek full of splendid willow trees. But here we have a brilliant bat, who hits for all the space he occupies in the world, who

can defend, too, with the most perfect skill, with that neat pair of feet and



F. S. JACKSON.—LOOK OUT, THIRD-MAN.
From "The Book of Cricket."



J. T. TYLDESLEY.—LANCASHIRE'S LUCK.
From "The Book of Cricket."

perfect balance. More, though, as a beautiful field do I recommend David Denton to you; watch him pick up and return; watch him closely, and follow him humbly, afar off maybe, but do follow. He sometimes goes on to bowl for Yorkshire about 6.15 on the evening of the second day; he wears a very long sweater, and bowls quite a good ball.

"W. R."—His bag contains principally a ball; could you handle it as he does you would find teams stretching wide their arms to beg you to play for them every match. Find out by watching him the secret of his success; it lies in his length and command of the ball. Practise length; don't try break as the only thing that is worth practising. When the team is being selected and talked over, remember the man "who can bowl a length" is nearly always inquired after. Rhodes with bat, ball, and in the field, will be a very good model for you. A genuine all-round cricketer.

Three Yorkshiremen for you to sketch your 1904 cricket from.

"A. C. M."—A strong, determined-looking bag, indeed, is one we may meet on its way to Manchester, and we feel envious of the knowledge that some of those bats have learnt from belonging to A. C. MacLaren. There is very little that you will be all the better for not copying from his style of play. Perfect defence on any class of wicket; a daring forcing player, with an infinity of strokes; master of any bowling at the top of his form. As a field, again, I mark him top, watchful, mindful of the bowling, alert, shifting his place with knowledge for every likely shot a batsman may make. His is just the quality required to make a bowler feel he is understood—a great quality.

"W. R. C."—Rather a lean-looking bag this, but don't miss its quality; possibly it does not hold many bats, but certainly a ball. Genial, wily, hard-working Willis Cuttell, always open to beguile a batsman to his own doom and a rest in the pavilion; a strong believer in instruction; many a batsman have he and MacLaren between them caused to go. Study their methods. Of course, on sticky days Cuttell finds the wicket helps him greatly; it is on a good one that you see his fine turn of persevering patience; perhaps a little too much "off" theory for you boys, but always a good length.

"J. T. T."—This is a keen, alert, daring-looking bag; the very leather of it might have been the hide of a very good hunter. Every kind of neat daring have the bats

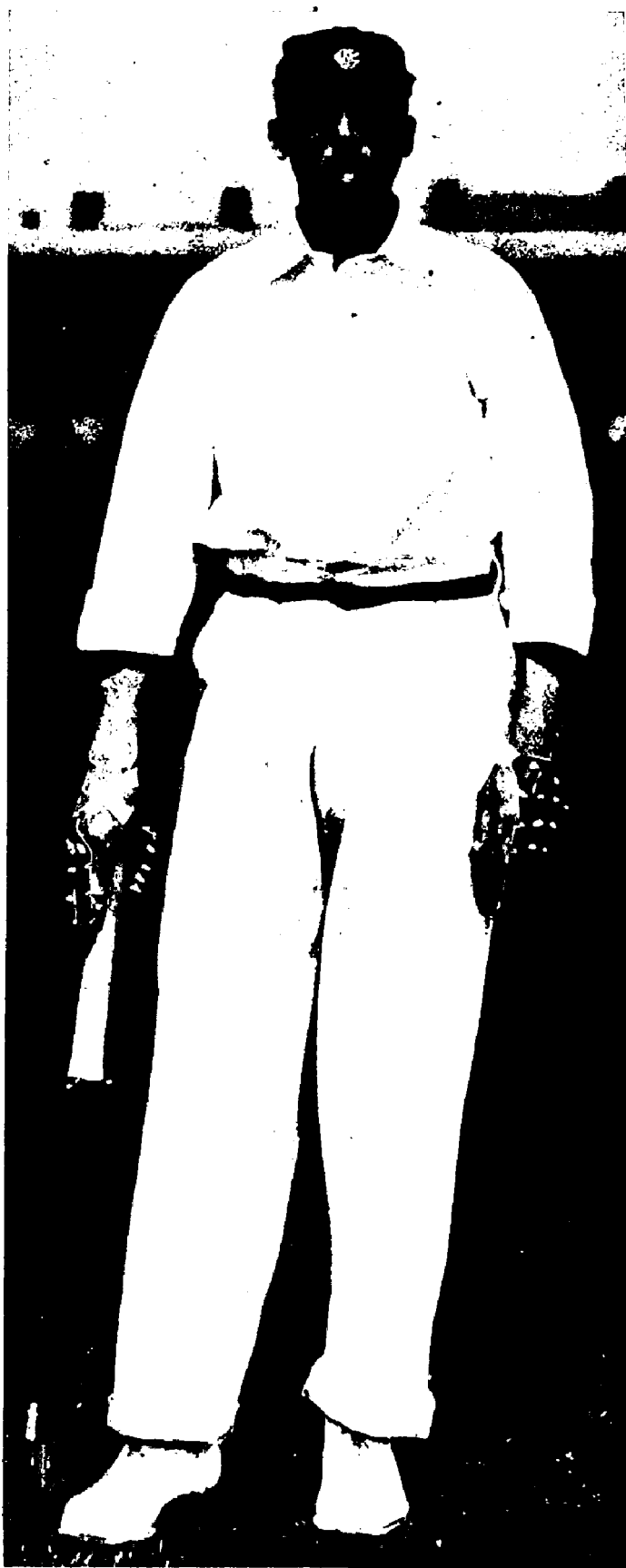
inside this bag taken from their owner, both in this country and in Australia. After John has been at the wicket for ten minutes, I recommend him to you, if you are quick of eye and foot, as a model. Tyldesley is here really as a field for boys—a most beautiful field; go and observe him; he nearly always fields in the country, so you will have a chance of watching closely; see him always on his toes, always anticipating, never slack or napping.

“W. G.”—Domineering the whole railway station sits a bag waiting with the initials “W. G.” Beautifully balanced bats live in this bag—bats that murmur softly as the ball glides or drives for four. A powerful, splendid model is William Gunn for any one who has the sense to observe his method. To begin with, he has the knack of making his bat appear to have such a very broad face for the bowler. Perhaps he is the most correct playing model at the present time for a boy.

“A. H.”—You would hardly notice his bag among the rest; it is so quiet; but you would be making a mistake if you did not seek him out. Hallam cheerfully proceeds to the wicket as a bat to keep his end up, or make required runs. As a bowler he goes to the wicket with great natural ability to move the batsman. He can bowl for long spells together, and his bowling has that about it which stops the other side getting runs; watch him.

“A. O. J.”—Spinning, alert, alive, his bag waits for orders; it is a lively bag, and bulging with “Gunn and Moore” bats and the hits therefrom. As a field, A. O. Jones comes to you as a model; hard to beat, indeed; watch him and employ his methods, not allowing your brains to neglect to notice the part his brains play in the good result.

“A. E. K.”—A very wide, unpretentious-looking bag, chock full of runs, with the letters “A. E. K.” on the side. Quiet runs come out of this bag; the bats have learnt to do their very best patiently or brilliantly as the case may be. You will see Knight scoring away, a very excellent pattern for boys. His keenness in the field would exactly meet the Hon. E. Lyttelton’s ideas of boys always being on their toes; there



WILLIAM GUNN.
From "The Book of Cricket."



ALBERT E. KNIGHT.—AN ORIGINAL.
From "The Book of Cricket."

is no heel work about Knight's fielding. As a bat and field, with perfect safety, watch and copy this man with the quiet, keen-looking bag.

"T. K.'s" (or H. M. K.'s) bag has a very upright, almost stiff-necked look about it, the bag of a bat and bowler, most useful at both, and left-handed. King will come on as a bowler; observe his methods—they will repay you. Many a good bat has been reckoned with by King. He can hit hard or play the "sitting-geese game" to perfection; you might watch him for hours at either.

"P. P." is a bag you notice lying about at Leyton, saying little, but few bags contain more comprehensive strokes than that of Percy Perrin. With his great reach and sound defence he is a very beautiful player on any wicket; observe him closely.

"H. Y."—An open-air look about this bag, the look of one that might have come from the sea and ships. A ball is the principal occupant of the bag, and some very useful hints are to be picked up from watching the long, snake-tattooed arms of Young; tall, he makes good use of his height, and when you get to his head there is still a very long arm high above it. As a run-getter, he hits hard anywhere.

"E. H. D. S."—These initials very often spell runs; quite the quality of bag, too, that you would say contained them. A gallant



P. F. WARNER.—THE WICKET LOOKS GOOD ENOUGH.
From "The Book of Cricket."

trier, picked here as a specimen-field for you—a slip or a country field. I have seen E. H. D. Sewell field beautifully in either place, getting to and holding what seemed impossible catches.

"P. F. W."—A very much labelled bag takes your eye marked simply "P. F. W."; those letters stand for "Please, fellows, win." You will like to have P. F. Warner to copy this year—a very straight-batted player, one who himself has always had a model, and has done his best to study the model's methods; if by watching him you learn to play a quarter as well as Warner does, your time will have been well spent; he is also a very earnest, thorough trier.

"J. T. H."—Another far-away-land bag. Many trips has it been to India and to Australia, this old bag; a ball always lives in this bag. A beautiful run and length, and an almost perfect knowledge of the Lord's cricket ground; watch and learn from him. There is a bat in the bag if you keep your eye on it; it is there, and one that helps Hearne to keep in very good practice.

"T. H."—Gaze on it steadily, resting at the Oval, this way-worn bag, so honourably filled with good bats and runs. Simply "T. H." on its side. Tom Hayward it belongs to. Watch him play, and be content to get a quarter of his runs in a season. A fine player; you may come early and go late, and may chance on a day Hayward has



P. PERRIN.—A SWEEP TO LEG.
From "The Book of Cricket."

selected to spend at the wicket; that will be your chance to learn.

"W. L."—Not a calm-looking bag this; it contains bats and balls, and a billiard cue, all very well used. One particular ball Lees bowls "goes away"; that will be quite a useful ball to practise; if you ask him, and are really keen, he might tell you. People ask



E. G. HAYES.—ON HIS TOES.
From "The Book of Cricket."

lots of questions at the Oval, but you can learn most by watching.

"E. G. H."—This bag belongs to a hitter—you can see that at a glance—a beautiful hitter, too; he is here, though, to be copied for his balance and quickness as slip. A match-winning field is Hayes.

Seven first-class counties for THE CAPTAIN readers to pick their models from. I have done them this way with the idea of a boy, wherever he is, being able to get hold of certain players to watch. Derbyshire, Worcester, Warwick, Sussex, Somerset, Kent,

Gloucester, will perhaps come in next month; so the boys who live in those counties can look forward. Living models are better than anything I can tell you to ensure a good season for you with bat, ball, or in the field. If you go to the nets and watch with observant, persevering, humble eyes, you are quite sure to come away the richer for having seen your model play; work out the theory with your own school brains in your own way. Get hold of the art of playing back; MacLaren's play will teach you that.

You want advice about your bag? Certainly never be ashamed of a carpet bag with one handle; many a joyous run of mine has lain inside a green carpet bag, with a brass label on the face of one of the very hardest bats, a bat that can never have had any idea of a sunny south-sided willow tree. But what did it matter? Laughter rang in the runs, and, my goodness! that bat did wear, and I did use it, all hours, no sun, sunrise, sunset. Sometimes stones—that is not fair on a bat. What do I use now? Well, I have grown older, and it's a sunny-sided bat finds the softest spot in my heart and bag, a bat that comes up right into the handle, and you hardly know it is in your grasp; one that rings true right through—provided, of course, you hit the ball plumb in the middle; no self-respecting bat will put up with anything else. For this year I have not yet settled. I have a beautiful Gradidge, a very promising Warsop, several Alfred Shaws and William Gunns. You will hear about them all, perhaps, later. Health you must have to make runs, and never be above practising with anybody anywhere. When a sister is not having batting practice with you, get her to bowl or throw; you can have real good times with either, especially if you have fielders like I have that never tire, that anticipate every stroke, and find the ball anywhere; my fielders wear four legs; their names are "Jane Brindle"—she is small Scotch—and "John Sandy"—he is big Scotch, and has the finest nose you can imagine for finding a ball; with them I have fine times in rain, wind, snow, or sunshine. After letting you into all these secrets, I say go and practise, and watch carefully for the bags to unload and the models to come forth.

A book from which you might derive very useful information on every subject, and one which will give you easy, satisfactory, practical knowledge, is a book entitled "The Cricket of Abel, Hirst and Shrewsbury," published by Hurst and Blackett, by E. F. Benson and Eustace Miles.

AN AWKWARD PET.

By "ISIS."

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.



IS six years since it happened. If clever people think that Barry and I behaved like fools, let them be comforted in knowing that we were only fourteen, and are very different now. We had a room at the very end of the ground-floor passage in Ellis's house, on the right as you reach the door which opens on the street. To this room we returned together after tea, on the night in question, and since

it was Wednesday we put our heads out of the window to watch the Salvation Army meeting by the Queen's statue.

"I say, what's that noise?" said Barry suddenly.

I put my head into the room and listened.

"It's a mouse," said I, conscious that mice do not make gurgling sounds, but anxious to offer a practical suggestion.

"And what's that shawl thing?" he asked, pointing at the larger of our two arm-chairs. "I say, look, it's moving. Whatever in the world have you brought in here now?"

His manner did not please me.

"Look for yourself, if you want to find out," I remarked. "I don't know what it is, and I don't care." But I did care.

I had seen them before, and I have seen them since, and once upon a time I suppose I was one of them myself. I am godfather to my sister's, and one meets them often in the streets, but never in all my life have I been thrown into such close and dangerous proximity with one, or realised what strange emotions the possession of one can cause. Barry lifted up the shawl, and we saw the sight, and gasped. I think Barry laughed a lot, but it must have been hysteria. To cut short suspense, let me say that what we found under the shawl was a living human baby, clothed in a garment, and placed front uppermost on the seat of the chair. Don't ask me its points. I had no notion, nor have I now, nor is it material

to my narrative. It may have been any age or of any sex, and though its cast of features was somewhat of the type of Buddha's, its colouring seemed European.

Now I defy any sane person to assert that the predicament of Barry and me, two healthy-minded, public-school, fourteen-year-old boys, was anything else but positively staggering. Life has its ups and downs, of course, but I do not think that the Archbishop of Canterbury would have felt more uncomfortable if his Dean and Chapter had found him beating the big drum at the Salvationist meeting outside than we did as it dawned upon us that in the midst of Ellis's house we stood possessed of, and answerable for, this article which we found in our own familiar chair, with one end resting on our cushion and the other barricaded by our dictionary.

Barry's ill-timed mirth subsided, and we took counsel, as befitted the occasion. We had never before heard of babies being found in the boys' rooms; it could certainly have had no right to be there, for the room was ours. A glance at Barry's face showed me that in this matter he was as innocent as I was. Yet it did not seem probable that it had come here by itself. Who had dared, who had been sufficiently inhuman, to play this trick upon us? How had it come here? This question was interesting, but not so pressing as the other one, How could it be induced to go away again? Most especially was it desirable that its departure should be marked by the strictest privacy. We consulted, but our consultation was short. More immediate dangers pressed upon us, for the partition walls were thin, and alarming changes were becoming manifest in the condition of the thing in the chair. Its mouth opened, and its eyes shut, and awful sounds rose up from it, wails and howls and imprecations. We should be a nuisance to the whole passage. Mr. Ellis would come and tell us that we must really keep our baby quiet, or he could not allow it in the house. Barry, brave boy, flinging himself into the breach, seized the whole concern in his arms and rocked it to and fro, remarking as he did so, in persuasive, civil tones, "Diddums, diddums." I helped him by also saying "diddums" several times in succession. But I had a better thought.

In our cupboard, besides cheese, we had a tall biscuit tin containing a weak solution of condensed milk. I took it out. With my knife I bored two holes in the lid. From my pocket I took a bit of rubber tube, and I connected this with one of the holes. Then we attached the arrangement to the baby's mouth and hoped it would work. It did. Barry said we ought to touch its throat, but that really did not seem necessary. Thus in the hour of our need we had turned to two copy-book maxims, one about a soft answer turning away wrath, and the other about necessity being the mother of invention.

That child will not come to a good end. I am sure it was full of original sin. It was willing enough to satisfy its wants with our milk. Oh, yes, but it wasn't going to lose the chance of ruining us. The connection between it and the tube gave way before we had really had any time to discuss our future movements, and when I tried to mend it, the mouth wouldn't act. It was the baby's fault, not mine. A sucking pig would have had more consideration. I was trying to help the tube inwards with a pencil, when suddenly the whole mouth went off in a howl.

It was all up! Merriton came out of his room next door, and we heard him approaching us. Barry threw the little beast to me, and told me to smother it. He met Merriton in the passage and said we had a puppy in our room. I can see now that honesty would have been a better policy, but that was not what Barry thought at the moment of crisis. He said the puppy was ill. He begged Merriton not to come into our room till we had got it quiet, or the whole passage would be upon us. And Merriton, expressing doubts as to our sanity, was good enough to return scornfully to his own room.

We breathed again. So did the baby. It cleverly produced a species of monotonous noise unlike the cry of any other animals I happen to have met. Goodness knows what it wanted.

We gave it milk, and shook it, and held it at all sorts of angles, but it still seemed discontented. Hoping that it might make less noise if it were warmer, we spread the shawl on the floor and did the baby up in it, leaving an aperture at the top to enable us to watch the movements of its face, and thus foresee its line of action from moment to moment. Instinctively I felt that our best hope of deliverance was in putting the whole affair into the hands of some capable woman, trusting to her entirely and unreservedly. It was one of those cases which demand a woman's intuitive knowledge

and tact, and the unscrupulous feline adroitness which is shown by that sex in small matters. If only my sister had been present! As it was, our only available woman was the matron of the house, and we had every confidence in her abilities.

To take the thing itself to the matron's room was naturally out of the question. That would be as if our afore-mentioned Archbishop were to lead the Salvation Army across Trafalgar Square. Everything had to be done cautiously, and bright hope dawned in our hearts as we

thought that perhaps after all deliverance might come before any serious mischief had been caused. Which of us was to be left alone with it? Alone with it; do you understand? Alone with a malicious, ill-conditioned baby in a school house! We tossed up, and I won. I tried to comfort poor old Barry, and promised to be quick, and off I went.

The matron, Mrs. Hawkins, received me coldly. The housekeeper was with her, and young Pigot was sucking a thermometer by the window. I drew Mrs. Hawkins aside, and with all the earnestness at my command I begged her to come quickly to our room, as we had got something there which did not belong to us, and, well, she was deaf, and I had to shout, and Pigot was listening hard; "and it's making Barry ill," I said.



WE FED THE BABY WITH A WEAK SOLUTION OF
CONDENSED MILK.

"It's your lump of cheese," said Pigot.

Really, it wasn't that. "Please, Mrs. Hawkins, please come as soon as you can," I said.

She promised that she would, and I returned. Since there was nothing to prevent my spending the evening in some one else's room, I really think it was rather noble of me to rejoin Barry and his baby as I did. I did not hurry. I kept looking back to see if Mrs. Hawkins was coming. When I reached our room a wave of true sorrow burst upon my heart. I was so sorry for Barry. For, instead of the small family party I had left, I now found the room brightened by the presence of some half-dozen boys. I knew them. They were a little band who used to go round together, paying brief visits to various of their friends, and with a pang of despair I realised that we were ruined. I had generosity enough to wonder how poor Barry had met his fate, whether the baby was alive or dead, and especially how far the disclosures had already incriminated me.

As I stood in the doorway they greeted me with light-hearted questions as to what I had been doing. I suppose I looked dejected. My feelings, however, were soon swallowed up in surprise, for there was Barry at the table, rather cross and inhospitable, with his books spread out grandly before him, while the others were seated here and there on tables and chairs and chests-of-drawers. The whole room was looking absolutely as usual. Where was the baby? That is a pretty question to arise in a schoolboy's mind as he returns to his room. "Where's the baby?" I can imagine Barry's courteous voice replying, "Nurse has been and taken him upstairs to bed."

Covered by the general roar of conversation I went and leant my arms on the table by Barry and whispered, "Where is it?"

"Where is *what*?" said Barry. That boy will live to be an ambassador at Constantinople. I wandered round the room, wildly curious to discover what he had done with it. *Could* he have thrown it out of the window? I looked. Only a cat was on the pavement. I moved cautiously about, fearing to come upon its podgy form round every chair, and behind every book and picture-frame. I suspiciously eyed the curtain which concealed our coats. I avoided kicking my foot against Barry's play-box. I was sure the cushion in the big chair had never looked so large before, and I awaited the recommencement of the terrible wailing as a harassed debtor dreads the sound of the bell.

"I say, Croft," said Williams to me, "you said you'd lend me your tin of milk to-night. Can I have it?"

I turned to Barry, rather feebly. He was

drawing faces on his blotting-paper. Left to my own resources, I said he could certainly have it. It was in the cupboard.

"No, it isn't," said Barry.

"I'll look," said I, all eager to please.

If I could get as much of Todhunter's Euclid inside my head as I received on the back of it as I marched to the cupboard, I should be a genius.

"I'm sorry," said Barry, after he had thrown the book, "but I've lent the milk to Bruce. If any of you fellows want it, you can go and ask him for it."

Two things dawned upon my intelligence at that moment. I felt convinced that our dear old homely cupboard, which contained my fragrant cheese, held also the body, living or dead, of our foe. Secondly I realised that all things were working up to a grand dénouement, when Mrs. Hawkins should arrive. My hope was in Barry's cleverness.

One of the fellows found that the cupboard was locked, and they all fell upon me to get the key from my pockets. Of course, it was really in Barry's all the time. I ran out into the passage, creating a diversion. You can't say we were altogether fools.

I could have killed Merriton. Out he came into the passage, asking after our puppy. Back they all trooped into the room, and said they would see our puppy. The storm that followed was dreadful, and how that child continued its placid milk-sucking through it all will for ever remain a mystery. We were calmed only by the intervention of Mrs. Elizabeth Hawkins herself. The worthy soul soon came to business.

"Now, Mr. Barry," she said, "what's this thing you've got here that doesn't belong to you?"

"It's a puppy," they all roared, and wrath overspread the face of Mrs. Hawkins.

She sniffed vigorously. "There's a peculiar smell," said she. "It may be a puppy, but it seems to me like cheese. Anyhow, Mr. Barry, where is the puppy?"

"There's no puppy," said Barry.

"There is, and it's in the locker," exclaimed one of our visitors.

"There's only cheese in the locker," expostulated Barry.

"Please lend me the key of the locker, Mr. Barry," said Mrs. Hawkins.

"I would rather not," returned Barry, shortly.

"We'll make him," cried our visitors, and we were instantly in a tumult again.

Providence had sent us Mrs. Hawkins to no purpose, but now a more potent force was brought to our relief. It was a kill or cure

force, pressing on all alike, from Mrs. Hawkins down to the offending cheese, not forgetting Barry and me and our baby. It was Mr. Ellis.

This charming man was never angry if he could possibly escape by being merely amused. He made a nightly expedition through the house, and in our passage he was naturally attracted by the disturbance that had gathered round Barry.

puppy. I said I didn't see why we shouldn't lock up our own cupboard, and Mrs. Hawkins declared that puppies were against the rules.

We were all of us on the most friendly terms with Mr. Ellis. I expect the situation amused him vastly.

"What is in the cupboard," he asked, "besides the smell?"



"MY CHILD! MY CHILD!" SHE SHRIEKED.

He came smiling into the room, and asked questions.

Now Barry felt, and I felt, that all would be well if only we could take Mr. Ellis alone to the cupboard, and explain the whole story to him with unadorned exactness. This, however, was impossible. He asked questions, and Barry answered, the answers being generally drowned by a simultaneous outburst from Mrs. Hawkins. What was it all about? The cupboard, said Barry, and Mrs. Hawkins declared it was the

One of the fellows called out, "A puppy!"

Another said, "A tin of milk."

"A piece of cheese, sir," said Barry, with decision.

"Let us see it," said Mr. Ellis. "Open the cupboard."

With a last wild hope I implored that we might go to Mr. Ellis's study and explain. Alas! the explanation came only too soon. All the fellows in their excitement were begging to have the cupboard opened at once, and Mr. Ellis was

good-naturedly hesitating between the rival claimants, when with ghastly suddenness all doubt was ended by a long, wild, piercing shriek, that came from the inside of the cupboard.

Barry put the key back into his pocket. I remarked, diplomatically, "Whatever was that?"

Mrs. Hawkins, calling on all her gods, declared that the cupboard contained a baby, and general excitement filled the room.

But as Barry's treble was to the big school organ, so was the noise in our room to the volume of sound that now arose from the far distant end of the passage. Louder and nearer and more fearful it became, and we all stood spellbound. I expect a Greek would have said that the Goddess of Wrath, and the Goddess of Noise, and the presiding deities of Battle and Thunder and Murder were engaged in a heated argument all along the passage. The old house stood the shock nobly. Not a doorpost or a panel gave way. In time one thrilling voice became audible above the tumult, shrieking out what sounded like, "My child! My child! You wicked, bad, shameless woman!"

Other voices were audible also, and hysterical sobbing.

It all arrived in our room just when poor Barry was frantically unlocking the cupboard, possessed by sudden terror as to what had been happening inside. Evidently there was vengeance for some one if that little wretch had come to any harm.

I may here state what we subsequently discovered, namely, that one Mrs. Bulling, of Tow-

field-in-the-Mud, had visited Mr. Ellis's cook that evening, bringing her child with her. The child was entrusted to Annie, the housemaid, who loved Salvation Armies. Annie came to the door by our room to watch the meeting, bringing the child in her arms. It was teatime. All the boys were in the dining-room. Drawn by the fervour of her religious feeling, this reprobate girl deposited her charge in the arm-chair in our room, while she, "just for a minute," went out to hear the preacher. So impressive was the preacher's oration that Annie forgot all else but the claims of religion, and in an hour or so she returned, blissful but alone, to the kitchen, and the cook and the cook's visitor. Then the trouble began.

In our room stood the lady from Towfield-in-the-Mud, looking, as Mrs. Hawkins admiringly remarked, like a lioness robbed of her spawn. It was restored to her, somewhat cheesy in scent, perhaps, and a good deal damped by the upsetting of the milk-tin, which had kept it quiet for so long in the cupboard. We made not the least difficulty in acceding to her request that the child should be returned. Mr. Ellis gave her money, and she departed. That invaluable man brought out so well the humorous side, as it seemed to him, of our adventure, that we became the heroes rather than the idiots of the occasion. We were grateful to him. But neither Mr. Ellis's tact nor any other consideration will ever induce me to look upon babies with anything more than a cool and qualified tolerance. On this point Barry and I are agreed.



A ST. PETERSBURG MILLIONAIRE'S SLEIGH.

MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Romance of Modern Invention," &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

(Continued from the April Number.)

PART V.

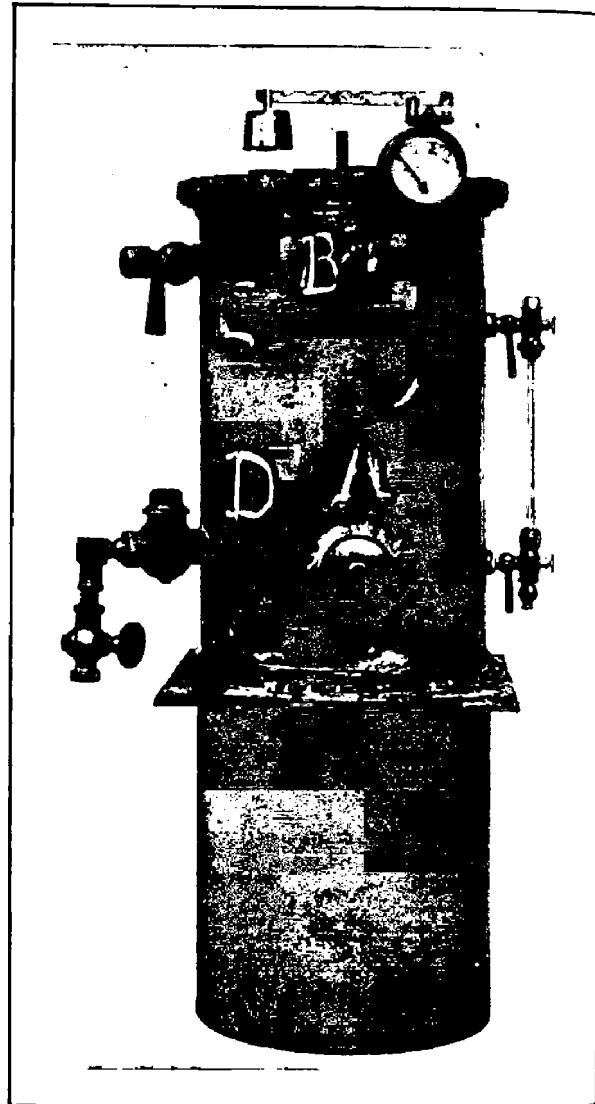
THE making of a model boiler is interesting work, and not merely on account of the necessary operations themselves, since there is an element of danger attending the use of the boiler which must be constantly borne in the mind of the model engineer. Several disastrous accidents have occurred in cases where boys, especially, have "run up" a boiler out of materials which a practical person would have regarded with horror—oil drums, paint cans, and other articles, useful enough for their proper work, but ill-suited to the heavy demand made by high-pressure steam.

It is my duty, therefore, to set before my readers a boiler that shall be, above all things, *safe* at the moderate pressures used for model work, and, indeed, able to stand a great deal more than the normal strains. Safety has been secured by using metal and stays of proper stoutness for the relative stresses that they will have to undergo.

The second consideration, *efficiency*, has also been provided for by crowding into a comparatively small space a large heating surface for the furnace flames to attack. After considerable thought, I have chosen the vertical boiler as my type, but have modified it from the usual pattern in such a way as to render its construction comparatively easy for my readers. Not that the making of a boiler of this size in a proper fashion can be considered an easy matter, at least for a beginner, as the greatest care must be exercised at all points, and "bodging" is not to be tolerated with the bogey, Explosion, sitting behind you. But one thing is certain, that the putting together of such a piece of machinery will be a most valuable lesson in the gentle arts of soldering, riveting, and handling tubes.

A vertical boiler usually has the furnace enclosed by a water-jacket, the furnace itself being a truncated cone, from the top of which tubes lead the gases of combustion through the water into the smoke-box crowning the boiler. There is no doubt that this is practi-

cally the best method, but on the other hand it entails some rather difficult work for the



View of boiler in the rough ready for testing. It stands on the inner lining of firebox.

A is mud-hole.

B, syphon tube for steam gauge.

C, steam tap.

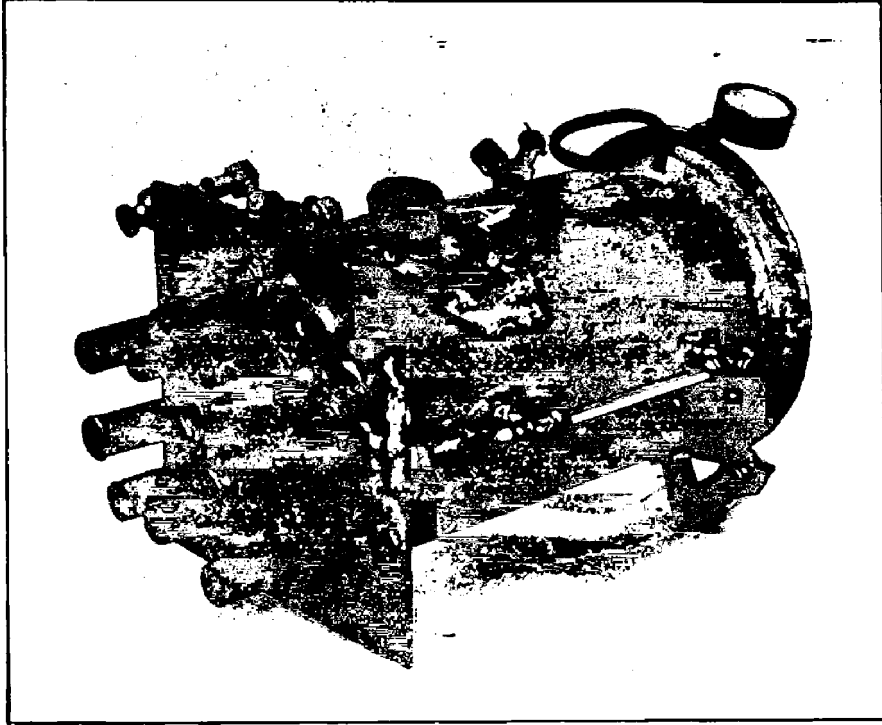
D, pump inlet valve

Observe stay plates round A and D.

beginner. In my boiler, I have not neglected the most valuable part of the furnace's heat, since by inserting ten "Field" tubes a large portion of the water-jacket is compensated for; and, as the boiler can be easily detached from the furnace, any repairs may be conveniently made.

In Fig. 1, the whole boiler is seen in sec-

inside to prevent the driving inwards of the plates. The hot gases, ascending through the fifteen tubes, reach the smoke-box riveted down to the boiler top. Thence they pass through the funnel—provided with a ring "blower"—to the outer air, helped, while the engine is running, by the exhaust steam, which creates a powerful "induced" draught.



VIEW OF BOILER SHOWING 10 FIELD TUBES IN BOTTOM; AND THE FIRE TUBE ENDS.

tion. Beginning at the bottom, we have the furnace, enclosed by a sheet-iron cylinder and a square box, between which asbestos is packed to an average thickness of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This will effectively retain most of the fire heat. If the inner lining burns away, it can soon be replaced; and, if fire-clay be substituted for asbestos, the disappearance of the metal will not be noticed. A firing hole, 2 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, is cut through both walls and, of course, through the intermediate packing, and air inlets are provided on each of the four sides. Fig. 2 shows the bottom tube plate, drilled ready for the tubes and stays that will pass through it. These have been so arranged as to distribute the heating as evenly as possible, the flames being drawn to the sides as well as the centre by the steam blast in the funnel, passing among the central "Field" tubes on the way. The fire-tubes, of which only two are shown in the diagram, are expanded outside the plates to make them act as stays against outward pressure, and

Materials.—I know from experience that the directions, "take this," or "cut that," are so easy to give and often hard to follow. Thus, "take a sheet of brass of proper size and roll it round a 6-inch wooden cylinder" is an insidious piece of advice to the beginner. It indicates so much more than is seen on the surface. I therefore recommend you to secure for the barrel of the boiler a $10\frac{1}{4}$ inch length of 6-inch (outside) *solid-drawn* brass tubing, 1-16 inch thick. This was the largest diameter I could obtain of the thickness mentioned, special sizes being much more expensive, and supplied only in larger quantities. This item will cost about six shillings, but is worth it, as a solid-drawn seamless tube is at least 45 per cent. stronger than the best riveted cylinder, and will be most convenient to handle. Personally, I should have preferred 7-inch or 8-inch tubings, but as they are so much more costly, I have not taken them here into consideration.

For the end plates (see Figs. 2 and 3),

copper is the *proper* thing to use, as it stands heat better, but its use will make the soldering operations undoubtedly more difficult, so that, on that head, I would recommend brass, while, as regards *ductility*, which plays an important part in the flattening and riveting of the plates, copper is certainly preferable. Again, brass is nicer to bore and file than copper. So I will leave you to make your own choice; and, as the brass cannot possibly burn before the solder melts, you need not be afraid of heat troubles so long as water is in the boiler. The plates should be 5-32 inch thick. The *tubes* should, however, be of copper, solid-drawn, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch (outside), and 3-64 inch thick. Of this you will need fifteen 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch lengths, and ten 3-inch, in addition to ten 3-inch brass tubes, 5-16 inch in diameter.

One of the plates—the bottom—is square, 7 1-8 inches, the other round. The latter must be cut out of a sheet after a 7-inch circle has been deeply scribed on it, about 1-16 inch being allowed all round for filing up after the riveting. *Remember that there are ten more holes in the bottom than in the top.* I didn't; and it cost me several very unpleasant hours to put things right.

Marking out.—"Pop" the plate centres plainly with a centre punch, and draw four circles of 15-16, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 15-16, 2 7-16 inch radius. These are respectively for the inner fire-tubes, the "Field" tubes, the stays, and the outer fire-tubes. These circles must now be broken up into 5, 5, 10, 15 equal parts. The distance between the outer tube centres is approximately 1 inch, but you must get this quite right with your dividers, and "pop" the spots. Now draw your 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch circles, and mark them F, F, FT, F, F, FT, all round, F denoting a fire-tube, and FT a "Field" tube. Then draw lines from the "Field" tube centres in outside ring to the main centre, and mark the points where they cut the inner fire-tube circle *before* reaching the centre, and where they cut the field-tube circle when produced. You can then finish

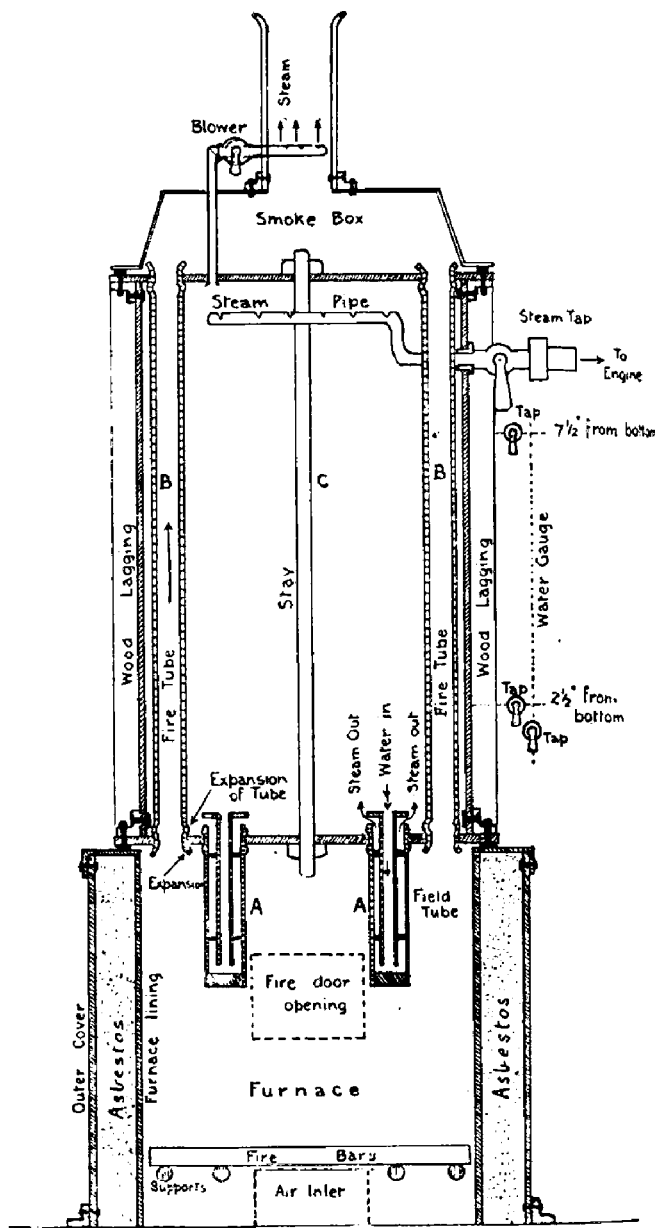


FIG. 1.

Section of complete boiler, one-quarter full size, showing two fire and two field tubes. The boiler is jacketed with $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch wood staves on top of sheet asbestos; and the furnace enclosed with asbestos fibre.

your marking out for the tubes. The positions of the stay-holes explain themselves; they are arranged to come opposite the outer "Field" tubes in pairs, the openings being useful for the various fittings to project into (see Fig. 4). I should advise the drawing-out to be done on a sheet of paper, which can be spread on the plates, and both marked through it, with the precaution of only using fifteen tube centres for the top plate. To make quite sure that all is right, stand your

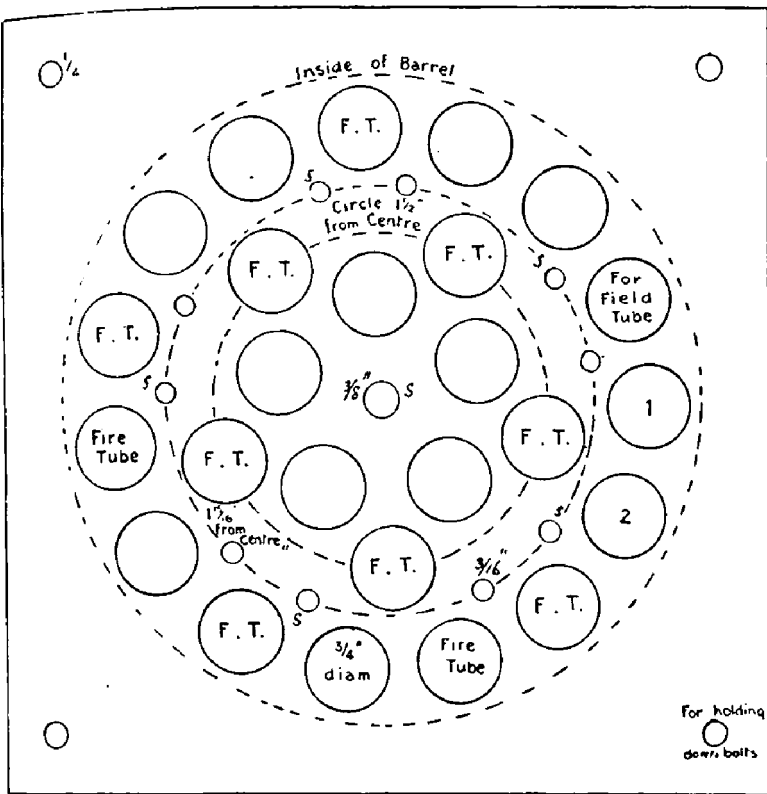


FIG. 2.

Bottom tube plate, 7 inches square, 25 holes $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter. F.T. signifies Field Tube hole. S.S. stay-holes. Plates are $\frac{5}{32}$ thick copper sheet.

face of which presses on the barrel, the other on the plate. Each face is $\frac{1}{2}$ inch broad, and the arms $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick. I had a couple cast for half-a-crown, just a trifle less than six inches on the inside to allow for filing up. As a matter of fact, I had them lathed to a tight fit, but careful filing will do if the joints are well sweated with solder after riveting. The plate surfaces of the collars are rubbed on a sheet of emery cloth laid on an old looking-glass.

Now slip on the collars after well cleaning the barrel ends. It is a good plan to stand the metal on the kitchen range till as hot as it can get there before applying the bit, as the latter will then encounter hot surfaces. I used my blowlamp for this operation till the solder completely filled the joints.

Rivets.—Get $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each of rivets, $\frac{1}{4}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, and $\frac{1}{8}$ inch diameter, and flat-ended. With your compasses now scratch a line round the barrel arm of the rings, 3-16 inch from

boiler barrel on the paper, and see that the inside, when properly centred, clears all the circles by about $\frac{1}{8}$ inch.

Now comes the tiresome operation of clearing the holes. Probably only few, if any, of you possess $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch drills. But you have fretsaws, with which the holes can be cut to within 1-32 of their circles. Scratch top plainly on what you destine to be the upper side of each plate in more than one place. With a round or semicircular file, clear out the holes to the mark, allowing a slight bevel towards the outer faces to give the tubes a better grip when expanded. For this I found a taper reamer, contracting from 7-8 to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in about 5 inches, very useful, as it made the holes at once round and of the proper bevel.

How to fasten the plates to the barrel? Certainly by means of an L-section collar or ring, one

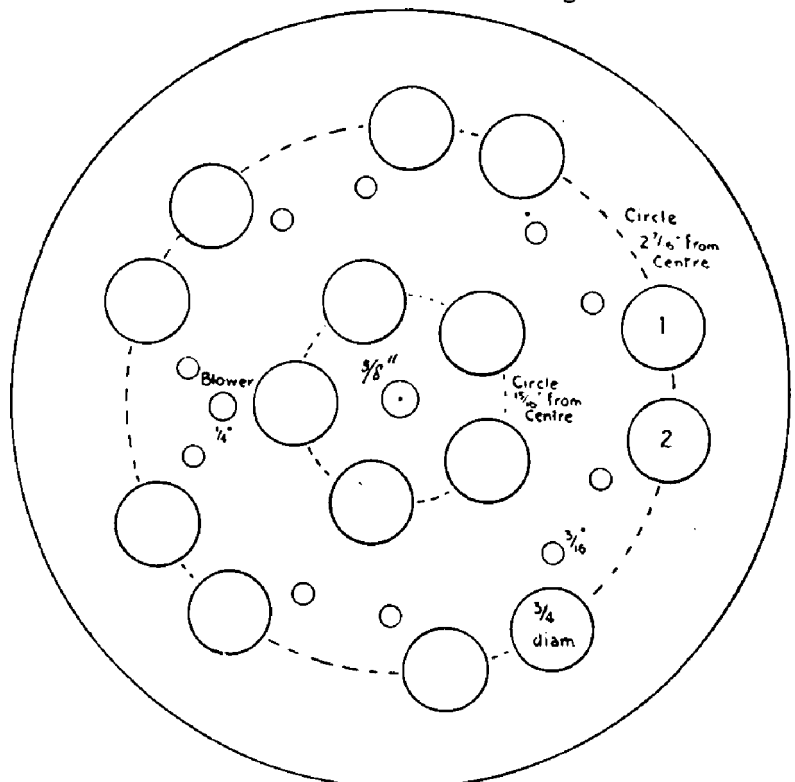


FIG. 3.

Top plate, 7 1-16 inch diameter; 15 holes $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch diameter.

the edge, and drill $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch holes $\frac{1}{2}$ inch apart all round. If too tight for the rivets to be easily driven through, enlarge them slightly with a small broach, such as a square bradawl. Counter-sink the holes on the outside with a $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch drill to a slight depth. You will then need a second pair of hands to hold the barrel on something solid (a blacksmith and his anvil are just the things) while you close the $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch rivets with a long hammer, the points being, of course, on the outside. Be careful that the rivet is square on the supporting surface, and that it only is in contact. When the rivets are in file down the heads flush with the rings. This is all easy work.

We must now give attention to the openings in the barrel to accommodate the mud-hole, gauges, pump-valve, and safety-valve. And here I must presuppose that you have already provided yourself with these accessories, which require very neat workmanship, and may with advantage be bought ready-made, to smarten up the model. The steam-gauge, which should register to about 100lbs. per square inch, must, in any case, be purchased.

When the holes have been cut out they should be reinforced by plates soldered to the inside or the outside, as may be most convenient (see Fig. 4). Let the plate have as much breadth on each side of the hole as the hole is across, and be half as long again as it is broad, the longer axis following the circumference of the barrel. When the plate has been soldered on, fix it with four or more rivets, which will prevent it coming loose when the sockets for the various parts are soldered in.

Into the steam-tap socket is let from the inner side the steam pipe of ring shape, notched in several places on the top side, and bent up to as near the crown as possible. By drawing your steam from a number of points, "priming," or water-suction, will be minimised. The ring must be large enough to go outside the inner fire-tubes. For bending copper pipes, or plates, heat them to a dull red and let

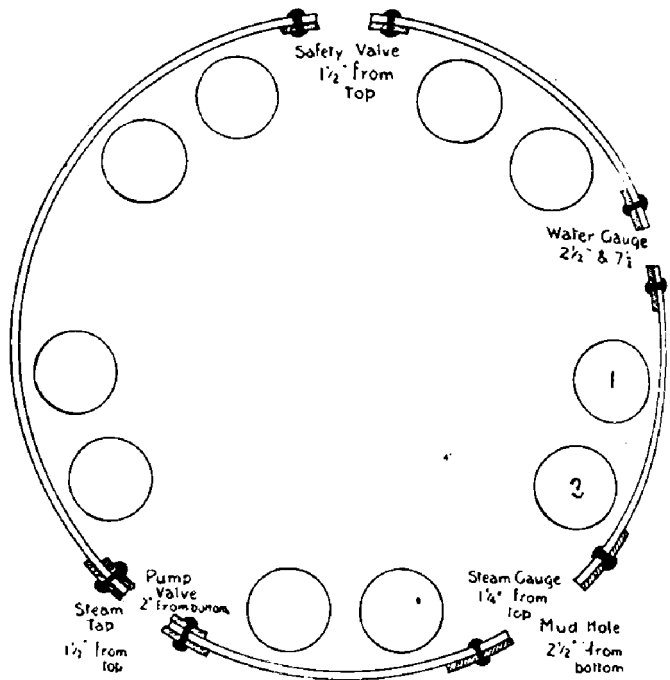


FIG. 4.

Shell of boiler as seen from above showing openings cut at the points between fire tubes. The shaded portions are the strengthening plates. Distances are reckoned from the centre of the openings.

them cool, after which the pipes should be filled with lead and twisted as desired, the lead being then melted out of them. It is surprising how pliant copper thus "annealed" becomes.

Stays.—Cut ten 11-inch lengths of 3-16-inch brass rod, and chase threads at each end for nuts; also one length of 3-8-inch rod for the central stay. The nuts should go on rather stiffly at one end and easily at the other.

Place the plates on one another, so that the holes exactly coincide, and punch a deep mark at the same spot of the circumference. Then, with a square, draw a line along the boiler and punch the rims at each end, taking care that the line is in such a position that when it lies between the two marks on the plates the openings in the barrel are conveniently placed relative to the sides of the bottom plate. Thus the water-gauge should not come over the side intended for the fire door.

As soon as a seven-inch

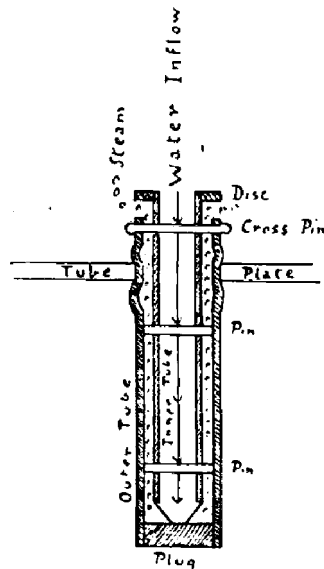


FIG. 5.

A "Field" Tube in section, showing action of water and steam. Half full size.

circle has been described on the underside of the top plate, it is ready for fixing to the barrel. Lay it on the flat, bottom upwards, and the barrel on top with its punch mark corresponding to that on the plate, and clamp the latter to the ring with a couple of small screw spanners, taking care that the collar is centred on the plate. Bore a hole at each end of a diameter and secure the plate with a couple of small bolts. The drilling is then done with a $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch drill, the holes lying half way between the rivets of the ring. Push $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rivets through from the plate side, and close them on the ring with a small steel bar, in which a 5-32-inch drill has been sunk to a depth of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch. Hammer the plate up to the ring as you go to make the joint as close as possible. These rivets should not be countersunk.

The preparation of the bottom plate and completion of the boiler I must leave to my next chapter.

The photographic views of the boiler in its rough state as ready for testing will, I hope,

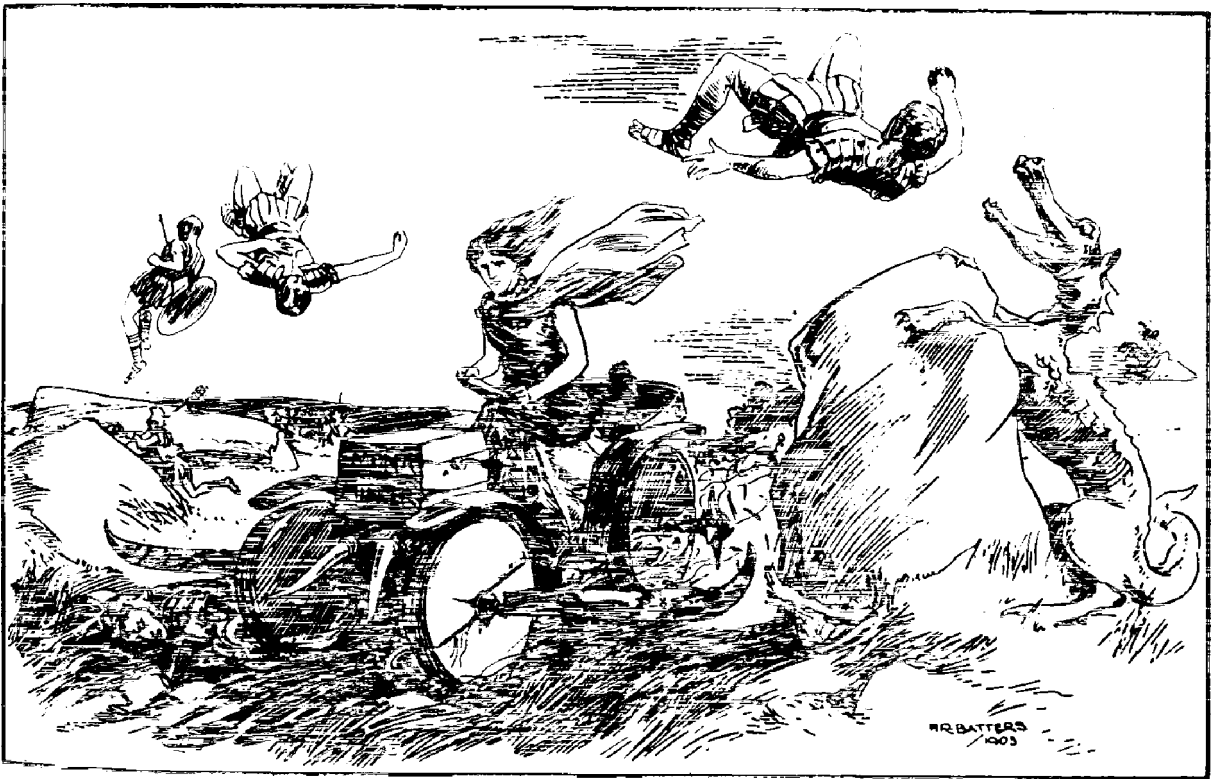
help the reader to an understanding of its construction.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. G. C. Reay.—Must apologise for keeping you waiting. Your question, "What size should the arms of a windmill be to drive a six volt dynamo?" is rather vague, as the amperage, or amount of current, required must also be considered. I don't think you would do much good with arms less than thirty inches long, as your mill must be able to work in fairly light winds. Painted canvas stretched on stiff wooden frames will make useful sails. In a future number I may possibly describe a practical windmill for your and other purposes.

H. P. Williams.—The same apology to you. Your doubts are justified, as I must have been thinking of my friend 'Arry when I put in the second "H." The model is one of Royal Horse Artillery pattern.

J. Heron.—You can get a good benzoline lamp from any of the model-makers who advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*. Mine is a "Vulkan," of Swedish manufacture, and cost £1. It has an air-pump to increase the pressure of the benzoline. I find ordinary petrol better. If your funds do not justify so great an outlay, try for a second-hand article at the local painter's or ironmonger's.



WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FATE OF SUTONIUS HAD BOADICEA POSSESSED A MOTOR-CAR.

By F. R. Batters.

SAILORS of the KING.

A story of
WAR
on land and
Sea.

WAR is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbiano, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats.

CHAPTER V.

CALLED TO QUARTERS.

WHEN Midshipman Brown came on deck the second morning after leaving Maldiva, the sun, dead ahead, had just risen clear of the horizon.

Not a vestige of land broke the horizon. A smooth swell ran swiftly, though barely strong enough to lift the great ship clear of the bed of foam she ever tossed to either side.

By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

Owing to his bandage Tommy had but one serviceable eye, but he cocked that one at the hissing wake as professionally as any torpedo-boat destroyer's lieutenant, and overhead again at the coiling stream of smoke which cast a mile long shadow on the sea behind him.

"Twenty-two knots," said Tommy to himself.

The ship, abating not a jot her racing speed, altered her course every hour, gradually working to the north-eastward in a long series of zig-zags, each leg covering some twenty-five miles of open sea. Not a minute was she slowed down: not a moment's idleness was there for any hand below the armoured deck. But all otherwise about the ship went on in daily routine, save for the incessant searching of the horizon from the tops. Soon after noon observation, a voice in the fore-top called:

"Sail O, on the starboard bow!"

On that the ship's head changed due eastward, and in half an hour four ships were visible even to the naked eye from the cruiser's deck.

At their first being sighted, Captain Campion had passed to the bridge, and for an extraordinary length of time observed them through the binoculars.

The strange ships rose fast over the horizon, and their speed, which might be roughly estimated at twelve knots, added to the cruiser's twenty-two, made up a rate of nearly forty

miles an hour—a fair express train speed of approach.

The commander at last put down the glasses and looked at Mr. Tautbridge. The three sister ships, rapidly steaming up, had hoisted colours one after the other, and all three were Uruguayan. But the battleship hoisted none as yet—a flagrant act of discourtesy.

The first luff put his hands behind him, and for a moment looked at his commander questioningly. Then he asked, with a visible air of hesitation :

"The cable mentions three ships, sir, and they are unmistakably these three gunboats. But the other, sir?"

Captain Campion nodded his head firmly.

"We are to stop the sister ships," said he brusquely. "The other is not mentioned. Half speed and stand by to stop. Make the signal to speak, if you please, Mr. Tautbridge."

The signal was made. The four ships, all abreast, advanced with about two cables' length between the smaller ones, and a greater distance between them and their battleship. Not a sign or a flutter of an answering signal showed aboard them. On they came, and each moment brought a catastrophe nearer.

The *Arbiter*, slowing down, had edged in towards the twin ships, and now moved athwart the line of the largest ship. Unless the latter edged out, the *Arbiter's* side would be ripped by her ram; if she edged in towards her friends, it would be the *Arbiter's* ram that would impale her.

The distance when the signal had been first made was such that all the ships could easily have been slowed down and stopped abreast of one another and the *Arbiter*, but, in utter indifference to the signal, they all held boldly on. The critical moment had now arrived. The foreign battleship's stem began to sheer to port, and brushed past the *Arbiter* with no more than a biscuit's toss to spare.

The British officers searched her keenly, but not a soul was on the bridge! Her captain must be in the conning tower, and, more ominous still, as she fell away here and there a glimpse of peering faces showed through the openings in the gun-shields, but these could only be seen by a chance shot of the glasses. To the naked eye her decks were deserted.

Captain Campion gave a sharp, low order, and the *Arbiter* engines began to move ahead. Passing across the bridge, he curtly hailed the smaller ships on his port hand.

"Heave to, or I'll fire into you!"

"Is England at war with us?" called out some one on the bridge of the nearer boat.

But the British ship was already out of ear-

shot. Her helm to starboard, and her engines racing at full speed, she had swung round the gunboats, and now circled to come up to them on their starboard side. Her greater speed made this possible, though it occupied close upon half an hour. Meanwhile the four ships were together again, and through glasses the officers could be seen busily hailing one another from the bridges, while all over the decks of the smaller vessels their crews swarmed about the guns.

These three latter ships were identical in every line and point. They bore the same relation to a battleship that the old corvettes did to the famous seventy-fours. On the other hand, the battleship's armament presented a most formidable appearance. Her immense two-decked gun sponsons carried a whole battery in themselves. Huge twelve-inch guns jutted out from barbettes on her fore and after decks, and in the two small turrets placed in *échelon* on her upper works, short squat guns of enormous calibre looked grimly forth. These latter guns, a reversion to the old "murdering-pieces" of the Elizabethan period, the development of the side turrets into sponsons, and the massive covered-in fighting tops, gave a wonderful likeness to the old-time sea castles, the pride of stout Admiral Hawkins, "whereof to overawe the enemy," as he quaintly had it. But there the similarity ended, for the bulging, forward-thrusting ram exceeded any offensive weapon of its kind that ever cleft the sea. Altogether she presented an ominous spectacle for the Englishmen to reflect upon, if she joined in the trouble evidently brewing.

The sister ships, on the other hand, showed a straighter side, and only one six-inch gun forward, and six twelve-pounder quick-firers, but no armament aloft.

The moment that the *Arbiter's* helm went round, a signal had also gone from deck to deck. The watertight doors ground home in their sockets, the ammunition hoists swished up and down their tubes heavily laden with cartridges, the guns' crews fell into place, the last door was clamped down on the engine room, and silence fell upon the *Arbiter*. Steadily and surely she made up her leeway on the flying ships. Undoubtedly she had the heels of any of the four.

Mr. Tautbridge hurried to the captain, and reported "All ready, sir."

"Thank you," said the captain. "Now, Mr. Tautbridge, what do you think of that battleship?"

"It's German built in every square foot, but it was not built for the Uruguayan. They haven't the money to buy a ship of that figure, which would be a white elephant, as their fleet

must always be a river one. It might be," he added cautiously, "that she's been sold to them on a mortgage principle."

"That is my solution, Mr. Tautbridge. Those two ships cleared out of the Clyde just one day after the declaration of hostilities, and so must be taken back. The cable mentioned that they had gone north about, which is certain as their guns are now on board, and they've apparently run round to a German port and armed. I suspect some collusion on the part of the German Government, which, of course, isn't mentioned in the cable."

"Anyway, sir, that does not affect our action?"

"No. They are to be stopped at all costs."

"At all costs gives us a clear hand."

"Yes," said the captain, and faced his lieutenant squarely. They looked at one another for a moment, and then both glanced anxiously at the battleship on the outer side.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tautbridge at length, "I quite understand why we forged ahead, and risked his ram. We're on this side to open the ball." And he gave a dry chuckle of approval.

"Precisely," returned the captain. "If he stands by his friends, he will have to fire over or come round them."

"We're sixty men short, sir."

"But no gunners. If it comes to the big one joining in, mark, the very first shot from her, the three smaller ships must be disabled before he comes clear of them. I mentioned it in case of accident to myself. Only as a last extreme measure can they be sunk."

"I understand, sir. But we can't expect much gunnery from these people, and in new ships—unless——" And again he eyed his captain questioningly.

"There's the rub," said the captain impressively. "All my doubts are as to what is on board the big one. Everything looks most businesslike and cool."

"So I observed, sir; yet," added Mr. Tautbridge pointedly, "if you'll run her over from my point of view, you'll see that her wickedest stings are in her fore part. Once her bow armament is crippled, she will have to take the rest of her mauling while on the run."

"True!" said the captain. Then after a moment's reflection he put his hand on Mr. Tautbridge's shoulder.

"Go round the men," he said, quietly, "and acquaint them with the whole strength of the battleship's armament, for if any complication should arise with her, I desire that the crew may know what they may be called upon to face. Let them know the worst, and there'll be no surprise to demoralise them."

Mr. Tautbridge nodded vehemently.

"And now," added Captain Campion, "see to all clear in the No. 1 six-inch gun. Shell across the gunboat's bows to heave them to."

Mr. Tautbridge touched his cap and rattled down the ladder to the battery, where his sleek-coated pets awaited his word.

The *Arbiter* had now gained a station on the starboard beam of the ships, and at about nine hundred yards' distance. A sharp crack sung upon the wind, and a series of long skipping white fountains leapt up in the sea athwart their bows. No sign or signal answered this imperative message.

Again a sharp crack, but this time a cloud of smoke hung over the bows of the nearer one; only an instant, however. Then she ran clear and disclosed her forward fly pole and stanchions twisted and bent.

But, even as the eye fell upon the wreckage, three successive flashes spurted from her decks, a shrill whistling swept overhead the *Arbiter's* fore-deck, a thudding explosion came abaft her funnels, and a man slowly turned round as if to walk away, only to topple sideways and collapse in a pool of blood.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ROAR OF GREAT GUNS.

CAPTAIN CAMPION'S orders were to "stop at all cost," but the whole world of difference lay between that and "stop or sink." For thirty seconds his big guns would have ripped them open, but now, in answer to a sudden string of flags in the jack yard of the battleship, the gunboats had sheered and presented a slanting side. Two shells, however, plumped on the after deck of the nearest, and burst open the plating for a score of feet. As they sheered, their big friend suddenly appeared coming round astern, stem on, and, at the instant she had cleared them, her huge bow gun thundered, and a great shell sang fiercely between the funnels of the *Arbiter*. Three feet lower, and half the midship guns would have been disabled.

Before that gun had time to speak again, the *Arbiter* sheered, and, going full speed ahead, swung in towards the bows of the gunboats. No more critical evolution could have been performed. It threw the gunboats inwards, and gave the *Arbiter* time to clear her broadside; but as she passed athwart the smaller ships she riddled their decks and gun crews with a scathing fire of maxims from her tops. Not another gun of heavier calibre was fired—they were waiting.



HE SUDDENLY TOPPLED SIDWAYS AND COLLAPSED.

Captain Campion peered through the slits of the conning tower, his hands on the electrical buttons. A swift thought of his men and a half-breathed prayer passed through his mind. Then the bows of the great antagonist came clear into view. His hand pressed the signal, and so ready were his men that the *Arbiter's* fore twenty-two ton gun gave fire on the same instant of time. A cloud of smoke leapt into sight on the enemy's front; then she came clear, and showed her gun muzzle pointed skyward, and her upper bridge a raft of ruin hanging over her conning tower.

Both ships' quick-firing guns flashed and rattled in an appalling roar. The *Arbiter's* conning tower reeled and jumped on its foundations, and seemed to fill with sheet lightning. Captain Campion fell violently, but, though half asphyxiated, was presently up again and at the sights, alert and ready. The smoke blew clear at last, and he found that the *Arbiter* had

circled faster than the enemy, whose after gun now came into action. In the same instant the *Arbiter's* fore gun boomed again, and a litter of wreckage rose up on the enemy's midship battery.

By this time every gun that could bear fired unceasingly. Men saw one another dimly through a red gauze-like haze, as in a nightmare. A pulsating roar of sound assailed the ear; the violent crack of the quick-firers was drowned at instants by the roaring boom of the wire guns, and, at still longer intervals, by the heart-shaking crash and flaming explosions of the enemy's shells above and around them. At times men felt the solid deck shiver and slide under their feet, as some big projectile stung home on the armour belt. Floods of water dashed over the decks. Men seemed to melt into space. At the fore six-inch quick-firer a marine came stumbling back with another cartridge to find himself alone, save for a tattered arm still clenching the breech-block. The high singing voices of the lieutenants called as from an immeasurable distance; fresh men condensed out of the fog and shouldered to and fro the long muzzle like demons in the nether pit, and they also, by ones and twos, whirled eerily and vanished. An invisible, annihilating blow seemed launched at them out of each sudden spume of green, incandescent flame.

And far below, in the bowels of this reeling, smitten handiwork of man, the engines slung round the heated cranks everlastingly; seemingly as true as time itself. But Time had ceased down there—Eternity faced them. Steel doors imprisoned all below. The shudder and creep of the iron fabric, under the impact of the explosives, made all penned there marvel even that steel and iron could endure the monstrous onslaught.

burst into the conning tower. The after gun had blown the breach out and killed or maimed half its crew.

Even as the middy told the awful disaster, the telephone called from the engine room. The coupling bolts of one shaft were strained, and the bearings red-hot. They must be slowed down, or be utterly demolished.

Captain Campion clenched his hand on the supporting rail.



THEY ADDED A FURTHER DELUGE TO THE IRON HAIL THAT BEAT UPON THE REELING "ARBITER."

The two ships had circled round one another, the *Arbiter* striving to come on the bow of the enemy, and the latter concentrating all his skill on keeping his after gun to bear on the *Arbiter*. Meanwhile they had also increased their distance, and what was more, drawn apart from the smaller ships, which hung afar off, nursing their wounds from the deadly raking they had received from the *Arbiter* on passing. But presently their courage revived, and they rushed nearer, and added a further deluge to the iron hail that beat upon the reeling *Arbiter*. But not for long. The starboard battery of six-inch firers broke out at the foremost ship, six rounds each from inside one minute and a half. The gunners ceased, peered out, and saw the ragged gaping fore-part of the gunboat lurch under the water. The other two ships fled back to the horizon. With a yell of triumph the gunners swung across to help the port side battery.

"At twenty-five hundred yards," at length cried a lieutenant, and, as he named the distance, a breathless messenger, braving the hail of shot,

"Slow down then," he called back; "you are working for your lives!"

But affairs now took another turn. The enemy increased the distance on his own account, and, when the *Arbiter* slowed down, he soon placed over two miles of water between them.

Captain Campion drew a breath of exquisite relief. If they could only gain half an hour! If they could but keep the enemy from finding out their helpless state till he was out of range, their mission would yet be achieved, and the smaller ships captured. He signalled the bow gun to fire, even more carefully, and with every other shot to use black powder. There was thinking time now, for the battleship was still running, and through the glasses displayed a battered chaotic mass of deck works. Once in a while he fired from the after gun, but on both ships the smaller arms had completely ceased firing.

Mr. Tautbridge had gone below to the engine room, and now entered the conning tower to give his report. No more than twelve minutes had

passed since he carried the captain's message concerning the enemy's strength to the men at the midship battery, but a casual observer would not have known him for the same man. His face dropped with sweat, which furrowed white lines down his begrimed visage. He was capless, half his jacket was burnt to ribbons, and his trousers were flapping in rags about his legs.

"It is worse than the chief engineer thought it was, sir," he said quietly. "Both thrust blocks are too hot, and must be cooled."

"Do they know the critical position we're in?" asked Campion.

Mr. Tautbridge nodded grimly and continued: "Two men are dead already from exhaustion down there, sir, but they say they'll have it made good or they'll all die for it. It's Bedlam inside a volcano below!"

"Good men," cried the captain. "Good men! Have you had the doctor's report yet?" he added gravely.

"Yes, sir; it's a very heavy list. Eighty-five dead, and about one hundred and twenty wounded already."

"Ah!"—and the captain bowed his head a moment; then he turned to the lieutenant.

"Their guns were most accurately served."

Mr. Tautbridge actually swore before his captain. "No Uruguayan ever laid a single gun on that ship, whoever is in the stoke-hole!"

"Another quarter of an hour will decide that question," said Captain Campion ominously, and just then the *Arbiter's* engines came to a dead stop.

On this they both stepped out into clearer air, for the enemy was, according to the range-finders, precisely four miles away, and had ceased firing. On the starboard hand, the remaining gunboats were scurrying after him, but nearly hull down on the horizon. Away to the westward the sky was black with rising vapour, which already obscured the sun and blotted out the horizon on that hand. About a mile away, an iron four-masted clipper ship, the mainyard to the mast, slowly swayed and fell on the ground swell.

It was a startling apparition for the smoke and heat-seared eyes of the *Arbiters* to fall upon, and many found comfort in the picture of the clean pile of towering canvas, and the taut, smart tuck about her, as they turned their gaze from their own horrid blood-splashed decks and mangled fittings. Not a soul had observed the approach of the ship, or, rather, their rushing into her vicinity. But most entrancing of all was the sight of three crimson flags, the British Merchant-Jack, one at the fore mast, one at his main, and one at the mizzen, while on the spanker gaff of his jigger-mast a string of parti-

coloured flags blew clear in a bow-like curve. And these latter, read through the glasses, bore the bold and startling message:—

"I WILL STAND BY YOU."

The minnow to help the leviathan!

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE HOUR OF NEED.

DOWN the wind came a cheer, but not one of the *Arbiters* could hear it; every ear sang and throbbed tumultuously with the pulsation of the past firing.

A tattered spectacle must the *Arbiter* have presented to the clipper's crew—one funnel toppled over sideways; rails and boat-davits twisted and bent in the air; two boats, burning furiously, were being tossed over; the paint charred in sickly-coloured splashes by the heated gases from the shells; her foremast bowed forward and threatening to ruin the foreward gun; the whole ship canting heavily to starboard. But the St. George's cross still hung aloft, and nothing else mattered.

Ten minutes' fire alone had achieved all this ruin.

Long and anxiously Campion watched the enemy on the horizon. Fifteen minutes had passed, and the last report from the engine room stated that the engine shafts would be sound within the half hour.

Presently, however, and there was no doubt about it, the distant battleship loomed larger in the glasses. She was coming back, and within a short time she had got within long range, and rounded stern on to the *Arbiter*. Another moment, and against the darkening sky a flash of fire came and went. Then a rushing scream passed over the *Arbiter*. The enemy's intention was evident; they were going to pound the *Arbiter* at long range!

The foreward gun lay in imminent danger if a shot hit the tottering mast, but not a soul hesitated. Her crew, cool and steady, returned the fire. On them the ship's safety had now devolved.

Slowly round and round crept the *Arbiter*, one propeller working, and ever keeping her bow to the enemy, who now, as the darkness increased, crept stealthily to and fro. The shells burst along the *Arbiter's* deck, raining a torrent of iron fragments upon her. Three times she reeled from the thunderous impact upon her bow, but there the missile hit slanting, and the armour strip held firm as yet.

A cooler wind had come with the dark, and soon blew in heavy, moaning gusts. All at once an appalling crash of thunder drowned for a moment even the noise of the big guns, but, un-



THE CLIPPER HAD RAMMED THE CRUISER DEAD ON THE QUARTER IN HER THINNEST PART.

appalled by their dreadful situation, the Arbiters worked doggedly on, grim-eyed and defiant. If they were out-classed in weight of shell, they at least could get theirs home quicker and truer. Already the enemy had lessened his fire again, but at last even their skill was un-availing: the *Arbiter's* bow gun fired three rounds of black powder, which filled the air with dense clouds of smoke, and, screening herself in its thick folds, the British cruiser ceased firing and went slowly astern. The gun must be cooled, cost what it might.

Hardly had she got stern way before the *Pampero* swept down in full fury, ripping the veil of smoke and tossing it open on all sides. No respite for the weary crew. Still the pitiless shells swept down, paling even the lightning flash and mingling their crash with the thunder. Save the men dashing water on the gun, all who lived had been sent down below, and there hearts grew sick with sullen rage at their impotent situation, but not all the ruin and dreadful carnage shook their resolution or their faith in themselves or their commander.

Suddenly one little figure leapt along the deserted upper works, crying shrilly:

"On deck, all of you—they've got him!"

In the circling, to and fro, the ships had changed positions, and the enemy now lay to windward, and to the westward. In that position the clipper was still further to the westward of the enemy, and also up wind.

And as the lightning flashed again, it disclosed the long deep-sea ship driving before the *Pampero*, every sail set, and her bow buried to the hause in foam; behind she trailed two boats. What happened came and went like a changing scene in a theatre. She neared the enemy, seemed to leap at her and stop dead. Her tower of sails leant forward and disappeared, and down the mile of water which lay between the *Arbiter* and that strange thing, came on the blast the dull echo of the collision.

The clipper had rammed the cruiser dead on the quarter in her thinnest part. The minnow had saved the leviathan!

The clipper was carrying rails, and ships loaded with steel rails have them shored up so that they will not be too low in the vessel. Then they are packed in each layer crossing, until they form a solid mass. No ironclad afloat could withstand such a battering ram when launched at sixteen miles an hour, for ironclads are only thin-plated three feet below the water line.

The British cruiser, by her own volition, as it were, stopped her stern movement, and then began to creep slowly ahead, much as if she were an entranced spectator of the catastrophe. Not a gunshot resounded from the enemy.

As for the clipper, not a vestige remained, save the two boats, which, like black insects, were now crawling away.

The battleship already lay at an angle of thirty degrees, and as the Arbiters looked on in awe she suddenly began to careen helplessly over and still further over, a black crowd of men sliding and falling with her. Then she half righted, lurched heavily, and slowly glided stern first under the sea. A few seconds after a huge cloud of steam from her boiler fires rose up with a muffled explosion, hurling black *débris* and contorted figures into the air.

The *Arbiter*, still forging ahead, passed into the ring of oily water, swirling over the drowned ship. But the last agonised swimmer's head had disappeared under the waves.

The strange boats pulled vigorously to the cruiser, and as the first one came alongside, Captain Campion moved to the gangway and met a strong-built, burly, black-bearded, quick-moving man. His truculent eyes, though they glanced challengingly enough about him, had yet withal an air of lurking humour in their depths.

"Are you the captain of the sailing ship?"

It was a formal question, for Captain Campion read the sea-marks of command in the newcomer's face. Their hands met, and Campion was the last to relinquish the other's hand.

"I, sir, am Captain Tobutt, and that was the *Attila*. She was loaded," he added, "chock-a-block with twenty-five hundred tons of steel rails."

When the crew of the *Attila* had come aboard the warship, Captain Campion turned the *Arbiter* and made after the flying gunboats.

The engine-room had triumphed, and both engines pounded on, at full speed, though only under natural draught.

There was a breathing space again, and he beckoned to Captain Tobutt, who was eyeing the devastation around him with a not uninterested gaze.

"Pretty tough little scrimmage, sir," said he to Captain Campion.

"Yes, it might have been worse but for your prompt action; you too might have been sunk out of hand before you got into the boats if they had fired into you."

"I'd sent my crew in first, sir. I steered, and jumped over when she hit. As to being sunk before I bilged 'em, why, they were all too busy looking after this ship, as I calculated. What troubles me is how the underwriters will take to this little affair. It isn't foundering through stress of weather, or act of God, or piracy. It's clean casting away, I make it now. But whatever they call it, it was a smash! Blue thunder!

but even I quaked as she plowed up her nose on their side! You could hear the steel rails below crunching in the German's ribs, and——"

"Whose?" sharply asked his listener.

"The German's, sir. That's the language they hailed and yelled in, and you don't find people in a collision hanging round to be polite in fancy tongues!"

Here was news! The gunnery and all the cool tactics of his late foe were explained. His gratitude to Captain Tobutt lay all the deeper. But there was no further time for questioning, as the *Arbiter* had now got within range of the last gunboat. The bow gun, too, had been cooled, and now shell after shell hurtled after the flying ship. It was wild firing, though. The sea as yet ran flat under the gale, but the wind struck like a solid body. Despite all efforts in the stokehole, the engines could not keep the *Arbiter* from losing ground on the flying ships. The foremost of them was already hidden by the rain and the darkness.

At length, however, a lucky shell exploded on the stern of the last ship, and she broached to, blundered to and fro without steering, and presently, before another shot could be launched at her, stopped dead and hauled down her flag.

CHAPTER VIII.

TREACHERY!

THE day's work was done. But at what a cost the doctor alone could tell, until the hands were beat to quarters. But that due cost had not been too great (so strange a thing is man) when the story went publicly about that they had fought and beaten a German battleship. For at the moment when the *Arbiter's* engines, after the stress of two days' forced draught, had broken down, their burly antagonist had slackened fire, and at the same time rushed out of range. He had been beaten, and that was the truth, nothing less.

There lay, however, one drop of gall in the cup—if only Captain Campion had opened fire on the big ship immediately she began to come round her convoy, "we could have gutted him to the bilge, sir," growled one commenter, as he raised his dripping head from a bucket of water.

Their lame engines, they considered with good reason, counterbalanced the action of the clipper, and though the navy man has but a tolerant appreciation of the merchant Jack, in this instance their criticism remained mute, and they saluted Captain Tobutt as an officer and a man of proven mettle.

The engine-room, now thrown open to the clear breath of the gale, permitted its weary

toilers to come on deck. They stared about them like men from a far age; some indeed believed that they had lived down there many years. They brought their dead with them to swell the quiet row laid on the after deck.

At sight of the newcomers' faces, Tobutt called his crew together, and briskly approached Captain Campion.

"Sir," said he, "my crowd is a fresh watch, and perhaps might take a spell in your stoke-holes. You see," he added, as Captain Campion frowned at him in some perplexity, "I've just seen your lot come up, and they're done, sir! They're done! I know when men are done, and when there's not an ounce of go left in them. You might kill your lot one by one, and they'd not move a finger to save themselves."

"Thank ye," said Captain Campion, with a brighter look, "but I'm going to use your men otherwise and yourself, too, captain."

"How?" cried Captain Tobutt, interrupting him with a quick fighting ring in his voice; he "ordered" himself.

"In a way more to your liking than clearing fire-bars," added Campion, noting the warning ring in Tobutt's voice. "For, capt'n, we must do the best we can in the engine-room, as I would prefer you to take charge of the captured gunboat."

"There! I'm your man, sir," broke in Tobutt impetuously. "Give me your orders, and I'll see them carried out to the letter."

"To take her," continued Campion, nodding approvingly, "in to Maldonado, but not to anchor until you see the *Tamar*, my consort. If we are not in, send the crew on board her, and both come back to find me. Now, put your men in the boats while my secretary writes your instructions."

There was no time to lose, for the boats were already threatened with destruction from the rising sea, despite the exertions of the boat-keepers.

But Tobutt was not the man to lose time. He whipped his men together, and presently, after wild jumping from the deck, they were embarked, and with a most important personage amongst them—Midshipman Brown; not another man could be spared from the cruiser's depleted crew.

Tommy's appointment was quite out of all customary law, for Hewitt, the senior midshipman, should have taken charge of the prize, failing a lieutenant. But Captain Campion foresaw the certain conflict that would arise between the free-sailing clipper captain and any other officer but Thomas Brown, and Tobutt, he had read by a glance, could, backed up by his reckless crew, awe down any Uruguayan crew that



THE TWO BOATS, AFTER A HARD
TUSSELE, GAINED THE PRIZE.

floated. The British commander counted their arrival, indeed, as an added strength to his depleted forces. It was best, however, that they sailed in separate ships.

The two boats, after a hard tussle against the rising sea, gained the prize. Lanterns hung about the entering port, and in their light a small knot of officers awaited their captors.

Tommy being the only person with any show of uniform (for Captain Tobutt had only a badge to his cap, and no brass buttons) found himself somewhat nonplussed when a sword, hilt foremost, was proffered to him, but he rose to the occasion with ready spirit and took the weapons, and in turn handed them to the boatswain of the clipper.

That old-fashioned ceremony over, Tommy proposed to his chief that they should muster her crew.

"No, sir," cried Tobutt, "we first unshackle the anchors, and get this ship head on to the sea."

He called his boatswain, and presently the hoarse roar of the anchorless cables running out was followed by the ship swinging out of the trough and coming head to the seas.

"And now, sir," said Tobutt, "we inspect the vessel while we are under your ship's guns. I want to know what is under me; then we will do your idea, but the moment we've done that and divided watches, we feed, sir, we feed."

Together they made their way from the fore peak bulkheads to the shaft tunnels in the run. Every nook and corner, magazines, engines, and even the coal bunkers did they scrutinise; at last they returned on deck.

"Now," cried Tobutt, "we'll have the engineers to work on the steering gear." Tobutt addressed them in sea Spanish, and at that turbulent voice and truculent glance the dusky engineers set to work with such will that their commander stared with open eyes at the miracle.

"Now Mr. Midshipman," said Tobutt, "you are responsible for the guns. I know how to handle a six-shooter and a distress banger, but not these guns. I'll suggest to you, if you don't mind, that we have the breech-blocks taken to

our berths. We'll fix them up in the chart-room to have our eyes handy on the scenery."

"Better throw them overboard," said Tommy. "That's the proper way."

"Ah! there you go astray," cried Tobutt hastily; "we might want to do a bit on our own, you understand? We can train my crew tomorrow, and be all A1 and ready to take a turn in the row there will be when we trot into the Plate River."

And so it was decided, and presently they were as thick as thieves, and picking out their men for their respective watches.

The captured crew were beat to quarters and the small arms piled in a boat on the bridge, save what Captain Tobutt reserved to arm his thirty-three shell-backs with. He then posted a sentry at each magazine door and the hatches, after the prisoners, with the exception of the cooks and the stewards, had been driven below.

"Now, McCreath," said Tobutt to his boat-swain, "you take charge. Any trouble happening, you call me, but begin to shoot while you are calling."

Whatever stray uneasy thoughts might have flitted through Tommy's mind at being thus placed in charge of the sullen-eyed crowd of captives, he now followed Tobutt with cheerful confidence, and even a touch of his light-hearted careless old self, for in a few short minutes Captain Tobutt had cast such a breath of cold and deadly fear around the captive crew that Tommy mentally set them down as incapable as a flock of sheep.

In the cabin, the officers and commander were awaiting their captors. Tobutt moved instinctively to the head of the table, and motioned them all to be seated, and at the same time ordered another chair to be placed at his right hand for Tommy.

The meal was well served, and of undeniable quality; Tobutt glanced round with an approving eye.

"Gentlemen," said he, in a hearty voice, "we should not have felt dismayed even with cold sea-beef and biscuit, but here is Palais Royal fare—and talking is a sinful waste of time!" Slicing vigorously and with a gusto of sheer enjoyment, Tobutt began to fill the plates, and Tommy, who, if not quick to reason was doubly keen of observation, noticed in some wonder how Tobutt's warmth and manner presently chased the sombre cloud from their companions' faces. From all but one—that of the navigating lieutenant. He, Tommy could see, would have risen from the board but for the presence of his commanding officer, and, further, Tommy presently noticed that the quick black eyes of this man were secretly taking the measure of Tobutt's

capabilities. The latter, slicing quickly and deftly, talking all the time, and without making one slip of a kind to jar on the feelings of his listeners, might have been presiding at a dinner given in his own honour. And Tommy marvelled at this beyond his former wonder.

"Now, Mr. Brown," cried he at length, poisoning the carving knife professionally, "a little off the knuckle, or the——?"

"Just something to eat," said Tommy concisely.

Tobutt swept the knife like a surgeon.

"Mr. Brown, you and I are alike, I see," he cried warmly; "we shall sail together good friends, and live well—a good feeder, sir, in each watch, to keep an eye on the steward, brings peace and goodwill to all hands."

By the time the cheese appeared, the gunboat was rolling heavily; Tommy, his most pressing needs satisfied, longed to know who would take first watch, for ever and anon he found himself leaning over the table in a sudden snatch of slumber. But Captain Tobutt had a good story in hand—it was about himself, and at the same time against himself. Tommy, in one of his waking intervals, caught sight of the navigating lieutenant listening with undisguised interest. The rest of the listeners laughed frankly, their eyes even admiringly fixed on the story teller, but the former man seemed struck by one point only; he reflected while he listened. Just then, as the decanters came into the swinging racks, there was a hail from the deck—"The *Arbiter* is showing signals."

As they ascended the stairs, Tommy, awakened by the fresher air, suddenly pieced together the fragments of Tobutt's story, and in a flash understood the point, which was how the relater had had the tables turned upon himself by his own crew in a battle of authority.

He just remembered that, then set to work to answer a light flashing in the distance, and presently to decipher the message which began to blink and flicker across the dark waste of running seas.

"How long before you can have steering gear right?" Tommy read off.

"One minute," quoth Tobutt, and he disappeared aft, but his voice rose high on the gale as he neared the toiling engineers and their flaring lamps on the stern decks. Presently he returned.

"We shall be ready in half an hour; or," he added airily, "their chief tinker will be dead."

Tommy signalled back, and on that the cruiser flickered her lamp somewhat lengthily.

They were to get under way when ready. The *Arbiter* would follow at half speed on account of a leak. Former orders held good. If in before

Arbiter, gain information of expedition. Should they be returned, Hilyard to take command of gunboat.

"Coolish, isn't it, Mr. Brown?" cried Tobutt, as the message finished. "Hilyard to take command! I say, but you and I will have to hurry up if we are to do any biz on our own. However, we must finish the dinner, then I'll take first watch."

At that last sentence, Tommy hugged himself with delight, and made a flying slide for the companion hatch.

They redescended and resumed their places, and found that the others had politely waited for Tobutt to pass the decanters. Tommy filled up half a glass for himself, then handed the port to Tobutt.

"No, thank'ee," cried Tobutt, and Tommy glanced around at the table as a murmur of protestation arose from the officers. The last man he had looked at before he went on deck again caught his eye. Nothing but bitter disappointment was depicted on his countenance. It showed so plainly that Tommy glanced again to make sure. Tobutt stuck to his refusal.

"You see," he added, "I'm on duty, and it's my rule that duty and liquor don't keep watch and watch—that is—" he added, with an explanatory smile of self-confession—"with my particular build of constitution. Work being over, and we being on shore, why, I'll pass the bottle till the best amongst us wins; but I'll drink with you anyway. A glass of coffee, if it is ready, steward!"

As the man brought it, Tommy noticed that the lights at their end of the table were not burning as before. It was a small matter, and was brought to his notice by his striking the fiddle ledge on the table with his glass and losing his small portion of the wine. Just then the steward handed in the coffee, and reaching a glass from the swinging rack above them, dexterously filled it on his tray.

"Well!" cried Tobutt, raising his glass. "Here's better fortune next time we meet."

No one but the bitterest foe could have taken exception to his tone, and Tommy unconsciously turned to look at the sour lieutenant; he too drank the toast in good faith, and more too, for a flash of pleasure crossed his face as he drained his glass to the very dregs.

The toast was returned, the ship's surgeon having that delicate duty to perform, as his profession left him a neutral. When the decanters came to Tommy, he reached up to the tray and got another glass. They were not such bad fellows after all, thought he, and it'll look mean not to be chummy with them. But, after all, he had no wine, for on reaching the glass he dis-

covered that it had some drainings in the bottom, and so, too, had all the other glasses round their side of the rack. Tommy passed on the decanter, too sleepy to order a clean glass from the steward, and, as Tobutt now rose, he followed him on deck.

"Feel better now, Mister Brown?" asked Tobutt, as they gained the dark and windy deck. "It's wonderful how a square meal does hearten a man after a scrimmage. You looked limp as wet blotting-paper; but I don't take kindly to their foreign coffee, though I like it in a glass, their fashion. So you and I will just go into the chart room, and have my steward fix some genuine tip-top stuff for us. Phew! but they put no end of salt or something into their kind of coffee. And we'll have a real cigar to give a finish to this festivity; I spotted the brand on the box below."

He called out for his steward and ordered coffee, then pulled down a chart from the racks overhead.

"Now we'll just make a departure, and be ready to start—yes, let me see; that was my noon position. Now, Mr. Brown, it's five hundred and twenty miles to the Plate light, but if you care—why! Hello! but he's played out flat, poor nipper!"

And he fell back a stride and gazed on Tommy, who, having dropped back into the angle of the seat, was slumbering as profoundly as one of the seven sleepers.

He gently moved the boy into a more comfortable position, and, having tucked a coat about him, fell back again with a dreamy softening of his quick-glancing eyes. He clearly recognised this foreign state of his feelings, for presently he muttered,

"Oddish thing, but I never thought about it since I left that Island of Docks" (meaning Hull on the Humber). "But," he continued, "his white overalls and blue jacket just put me in mind of myself, a Trinity House boy, and Sunday parade at Holy Trinity Church! What a vast of men and things I've seen since then, and never thought to see—Trinity House bull-dogs they called us in those days—and, yes! By all that's blue! They once gave me a prize—two books, and one of them I've bought a score of times since, and lost it like my last—always in a smash, or lent it to some one who was going to a smash. Odd thing now, I never fitted it together like this before. It's an unlucky book is 'Faust'; the other one? I can see it before me, a fat book in a green cover, and old Reed, the mathematic master's face sarcastic at the back of the crowd as I came down from the platform. What was it? Eurekaosiphat!! I've got it! 'Self Help,' by a man named Smiles. Thirty years

since! and I never read it. A kid borrowed it the same night. Wonder what's become of him—but the other is a book! Yes. How does it go?

"'A member of that same power which ever more wills evil and does good.'"

He softly recited line after line to himself, nodding ever and anon at the youngster.

"Well," said he at length, "I'm hopeful it don't go contrarywise, and wishing the good, do the evil. Now if I'd a nipper of my own like this young whippet—" but the steward entered at that instant, and Tobutt, who, if not the man of the moment, was not anything, poured out his coffee and lived the present up to the very hilt.

"But," he continued, "I am just feeling as sleepy as we used to in Holy Trinity Church. More coffee, steward, double strength, and that box of cigars from the cabin; then whip Mr. Brown's boots off, and don't you wake him!"

Presently a dripping figure looked in the lee door, and reported the steering gear fit for duty once more.

"Right," said Tobutt, glancing at the clock. "You're saved by one minute to the good. Give my orders to your steward that each man in your gang is to have what feed he likes and what liquor. Only mark me, you're responsible for

'em drunk, or if any swap pannikins with my crew."

Tobutt passed out to the open bridge, calling mechanically "south-west by quarter-west," and then rang up the engines to stand by. The cables were hove home, and soon the gunboat churned into the head seas. Presently the *Arbiter's* light dropped astern and soon vanished altogether in the night and flying sprays.

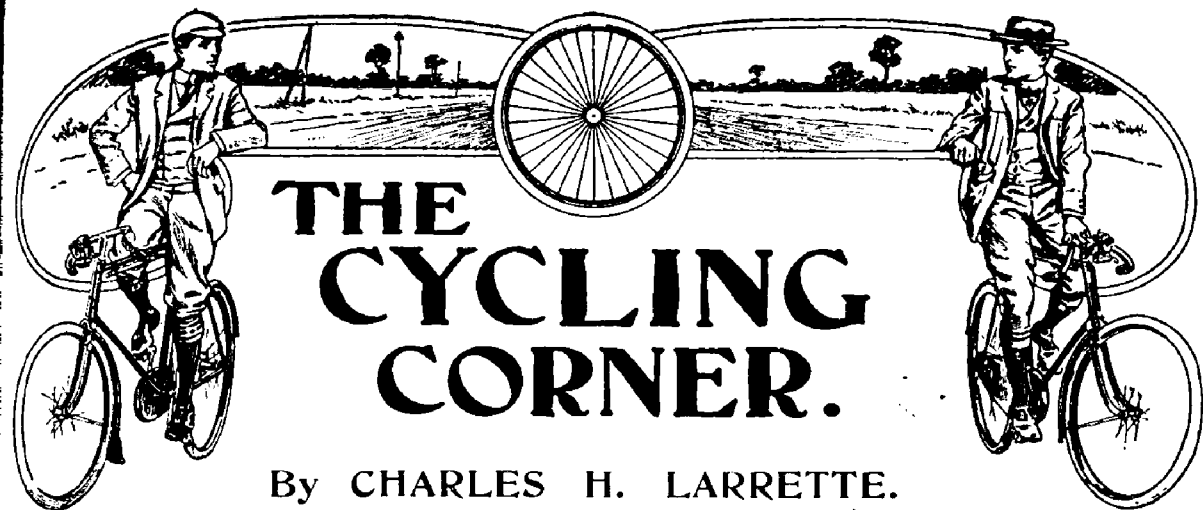
And Tommy, snugly ensconced on the chart-room cushions, slept the dead, dreamless sleep of sheer exhaustion. Tobutt had taken the first watch, and, with that redoubtable presence in charge, all responsibility had fallen from his shoulders until his turn came.

But even at that moment, Tobutt, heavy of foot, and swearing profusely at his leaden eyelids, swayed on the bridge, and wrestled with a dreadful sense of muffling sleep. Once he started as if a voice called him from the twining shapeless darkness, and murmured something incoherent by way of reply. Then his eyes closed and his senses left him. And time after time stealthy figures crawled up from the after cabin, and, seeing his upright form, crept back as stealthily, and whispered that there was no power in the drugs, or else this son of the north was also a son of the devils, and therefore proof against all the medicine chests afloat that black night on the tossing sea.

(To be continued.)



TRAVELLING IN SIBERIA.



By CHARLES H. LARRETTE.

MULTI-SPEED GEARING AND FREE-WHEELING.

THOUGH the use of the free-wheel can be indulged in without multi-speed gearing, the latter, as at present constructed, is inseparable from the former. Our cycle makers are doubtlessly wise in their generation. The free-wheel has become so thoroughly part and parcel of the cycle of to-day that it is now fitted on all standard machines. I fear I shall get myself disliked by some of my friends in the trade by saying that, for long-distance riding, I find the free-wheel gives me no advantage, but rather the reverse. It is very enjoyable, when pottering about, to coast down long slopes, and I must admit that when doing so I find my steering is under better control than when I am either pedalling or riding with "feet up." This is obviously a great advantage, especially for nervous riders, but on the other hand I find that after the first 40 miles or so, or a spell of speed work, which I think, whether we be old or young, we all like now and then, the slight muscular exertion which is necessary to keep the feet steady on the swinging pedals, so stiffens the muscle of the legs that it makes pedalling a labour for a short time, when work is re-started. A couple of seasons back I was three months without riding anything but a free-wheel machine.

THE DISADVANTAGES OF FREE-WHEELING.

I was using one of the best of its class, an aluminium Beeston Humber, but my regular riding companions all twitted me with having got very slow. It was possible, I thought, that the practice of coasting, whenever an opportunity occurred, had made me lazy, but when, at the request of a friend, I brought out a machine with a fixed wheel, my pace, as soon as I had accustomed myself to the altered

conditions, improved materially. It may be urged that I have not given sufficient study to the free-wheel, and therefore cannot get the best results out of it. I cannot get away, however, from the fact that the majority of the more active men belonging to the chief road racing clubs never use one except, perhaps, for slow work, and I may here say that I pay much respect to the experience of men who race on the road entirely without extraneous assistance from 50 miles to 24 hours, entirely for the love of the thing. It should teach us a useful lesson as to how to make the best of our cycles, be they racers or roadsters. Yet the majority of the men of the class I am familiar with, and their name is legion, prefer fixed wheels. A well-known manufacturer told me the other day, and with some truth, I regret to say, that long-distance riders now form a very small section of the cyclists of to-day, and that it is therefore

THE MAJORITY THAT MUST BE CATERED FOR.

They have decided for the free-wheel, and will use no other; in fact, with the majority of buyers of good class cycles of to-day, the fixed-wheel has become almost obsolete.

Turning to multi-speed gearing, there is every reason to believe that some device of the kind will be in far greater use this season than has ever been the case before. Nearly all the multi-speed gears in use are adaptations of James Watt's "Sun and Planet" gearing, the "sun" wheel in the centre actuating the "planet" wheels, which work into cogs in the outer ring of the gear box, in which they are enclosed. This was invented a hundred years ago. Devices of this kind have been introduced for cycles at intervals during the last twenty years, but

it is only for the last two years or so that the riding public have regarded them favourably. The early devices were far too heavy and complicated, and these, together with the additional price, fairly stopped them. The first really practical multi-speed gear was introduced three or four years ago. This was "The Hub," and as soon as it was demonstrated that the seemingly delicate mechanism would stand that driving strain, it became

A MARKED SUCCESS.

Others have followed, and of these "The Eadie," a finely made two speeder on similar lines to "The Hub," and equally simple, has only just been introduced. I have yet to gain practical experience of this, which is the invention of Mr. Fagan, of Dublin, though one has been offered me as soon as I can find time to try it. The "Garrard" is another system of "Sun and Planet" gearing, but I think the most popular of the class will be the "Sturmey and Archer" three speeder, which is manufactured by the Raleigh Cycle Co., a firm who enjoy a reputation that is second to none for first-class work. I have one of these now under trial, but owing to the indifferent weather I have been unable to take it for a really long journey. My machines have gears of 57, 72, and 89 respectively, and when the low and high speeds are in use the drive is through the mechanism. I am by no means satisfied as to the loss of power this entails. I am told that this is infinitesimal, but should this be so I consider the difference in the respective gears is far too great. This opinion is based on the following experience. I had two light machines which were geared to 81, but, in order to take part in an annual club run from London to York, in which the pace is limited to twelve miles an hour, I had that of one lowered about twelve inches. What I lost in pace I gained in power, and on this machine I can now ride up some of the steepest hills in Kent and Surrey—which I could not do with the higher gear—and against severe gales, with ease. My opinion on this subject is endorsed by Professor Sharp, who is a practical rider as well as a great scientist.

A LOGICAL INFERENCE.

Surely, therefore, provided there is no loss of power, when using a "multi-speeder," a difference of 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. in the respective gears is too much. Repeated changes, too, are puzzling, especially when the gear is lowered. After driving for some

little time at the top speed and then, owing to having to master a really steep hill, on the low speed, I have felt absolutely helpless. This I attribute to an instinctive feeling to try and maintain the speed at which I had been previously travelling, instead of only a similar rate of pedalling. I invariably use the medium or normal gear, when the driving is direct, and reserve the high and the low for exceptional conditions of wind and road. One great advantage of the "Sturmey and Archer" is that it is actuated by a little trigger on the handle-bar, which communicates with the hub of the driving wheel by means of a Bowden wire. The Sunbeam gear is an adaptation of the "Sun and Planet" system to the driving sprocket on the crank axle. A wonderful piece of mechanism is the Paradox expanding sprocket, which gives no fewer than seven different combinations varying about three inches each. In both this and the Whippet change gear, which is altered by shifting the chain from one sprocket to another, the "slack" is taken up by a jockey wheel fixed on the head of a hinged rod (which is held in position by a spring), over which the chain runs.

THE QUESTION AT ISSUE

is: are the advantages of multi-speed gears sufficient to warrant the carrying of additional weight, the increased complication (which, by the way, has given me no trouble), and the cost, which is about £3? I hardly think so, even for those who can only afford one machine. It is by no means an expensive or a lengthy operation to change one's gearing; an additional chain ring and another link or two of chain only are wanted, and the job can be done by any mechanic in a few minutes. But when one has two machines, one should be geared fairly low and used for touring and riding in bad weather, and the other for speedier work. But, my young friends, do not forget one thing if you elect to use multi-speed gearing, that to get the best results out of it you will have to "serve an apprenticeship." As far as my experience goes, they all want a considerable amount of learning, and entail a little patience before you can get the best results out of them.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Inquirer.—You may safely trust yourself in the hands of Brown Bros. They are one of the oldest as well as the largest firms of cycle accessory factors in the country, and would not, I am sure, take up any article which was not likely to give satisfaction. Their motor bicycle is one of the best made.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.



No. 2.—MY HOST THE ENEMY.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

IN 1855 my nearest neighbours at Long Slough were Musquakie. Joe and old Chief Nehauger, who lived in earth lodges at the upper end of the shallow lake. To west of us an unbroken Sioux country extended indefinitely; but the Sioux seldom came upon Iowa ground.

In my second autumn in this country it became necessary for me to go to the new town of Sioux City on business, but I could not leave my autumn work and make the trip until about November 1st, and then deep snows prevented me from travelling by team. But go I must, and so one morning I packed a single large buffalo-robe and some provisions upon my back, bade my family goodbye, and went to the Musquakie lodges, where I succeeded in hiring Joe as my guide. We had to traverse fully one hundred miles of snow-bound prairie which to me was unknown.

The snow was soft and "mealy," the drifts

were deep, and our snow-shoes sank and ploughed so much that progress was slow: but the weather was propitious and all went well until the third afternoon. Then Joe, who was rather lively and talkative for an Indian, became glum and solemn as an owl. He answered my questions in gruff monosyllables or not at all, and I feared he was inclined to turn back and desert me.

At sundown we reached a good camping-place in a willow patch near the head of a small stream. While we were gathering dry wood and scraping snow for a night bivouac, Joe now and then looked anxiously at the sky. It was a warm and beautiful winter evening, so I asked my guide, in some surprise, whether he thought it was going to storm.

"Hungh!" he grunted, in amazement; then seeing serious inquiry in my face, he pointed to the sky. "To-morrow," he said,

"sun so high"—indicating about eleven o'clock—"snow, wind, she come b-b-b-buh!" He hunched his back and shivered as if the storm were already upon us.

But the next morning dawned bright and pleasant and I smiled with pleasure as I crawled out of my buffalo-robe and took a look at the fleckless sky. Joe was already singeing a piece of side pork for our breakfast. After we had eaten he led the way to a near rise of ground which overlooked a vast level stretch to west and north.

With a single glance over this snow waste, Joe gave a grunt of satisfaction.

"Hungh!" he said. "Heap Injun on river, mebbe Musquakie, mebbe Johnny Green tribe. We go!"

Away upon the rim of the north-west horizon a dim smudge of smoke rose. People of some sort, ten or fifteen miles away, were building their morning fires. Sioux City was not in that direction, but remonstrance was in vain with Musquakie Joe. Go he would, and a stranger upon that monotonous waste had nothing to do but follow. He went at a run, too, or as near it as I could accomplish.

This pace soon tired me; but at about ten o'clock I saw the reason for haste. The north-west sky had turned a silvery slate colour; there was a big bright ring around the sun, with sun-dogs of extraordinary brilliancy at four diameters, and from these straight bars of light were projected half-way to zenith and horizon line.

From time to time Joe cast his eyes up at these phenomena and muttered hoarsely as he ran. Those rings, bars, and mock suns were to him the visible threats and signs portent of the awful god of winter storms.

We could no longer see the smoke of the Indian village, trappers' camp, or whatever it was; but away upon our right a break in the snow-line showed a river bend thinly fringed with trees and willow clumps. Presently upon our left loped two big buffalo wolves, running for cover in a haste as great as our own, and these ominous figures passed at fifty yards without so much as turning their heads.

A woollen blankness suddenly obscured the west, and the few landmarks in our front were blotted out as if by magic. The loping wolves were swallowed up in it. A gust of cold wind slapped in our faces, and curls of powdered snow writhed at our feet. Then came the sharp spit of ice-flakes and a fresh howl of the wind. A roaring blizzard was upon us.

From the outset I could see nothing five

paces distant. I had no idea of direction. I followed at the heels of Joe, staggering against a searching, icy wind which chilled me to the bone. I dared not attempt to undo my robe and wrap it about my body. I could not have held to it for an instant. We could not lift our snow-shoes from the surface and we ploughed forward at a snail's pace.

Presently we shuffled down-hill and I knew the Indian's wonderful instinct was holding us to a straight course. Benumbed and ready to drop from fatigue, I followed at his heels. Then we began to run against tree-trunks where trees offered no protection from the fury of the storm. Soon we were standing up against an Indian tepee and Joe was shouting and thumping at its frozen flaps. These were undone from the inside and a black head was thrust out into the storm.

Instantly Joe turned upon me, shouting: "Sioux! Sioux! *Petit Corbeau's* camp!" He attempted to drag me away, but I resisted stoutly and he vanished in thick snow-dust. A hostile camp-fire, with a final risk of burning at the stake, held no such terrors for me as that awful storm.

When I turned to the tepee a gun was protruding where the head had been. I dodged behind this lodge and saw, in a whirl of snow-dust, the top stakes of another looming up in front of me. Toward this one I lunged, determined to enter before alarming its inmates. Once inside the tepee of even the bitterest of hostiles I would not be refused hospitality.

Whiffs of smoke were blown down into my face while I felt for the tepee's opening; its door was to leeward. The outside flap was tied down to within two feet or so of the bottom and a big stone had been laid upon an extra fold of skin to hold it in place. I stripped myself of pack and snow-shoes, set aside the boulder, lifted the skin and dived inside, drawing my bundle after me. I heard exclamations of astonishment as I replaced the flap and boulder.

The tepee was a large one, and, when I had pushed my way among piles of dry wood, there was a good blaze to greet my numbed fingers at the firepit. When my snow-blindness had somewhat passed I made out four muffled figures, sitting or reclining upon robes, and several pairs of black eyes snapping at me from blanket folds.

I made signs—lost, cold, hungry; must stay till the storm passes. The Indians shook their heads and remained mute, regarding me owlshly.

When I had recovered my normal tempera-



I RETURNED A COUPLE OF BULLETS.

ture, I discovered a stack of frozen fish near the wood-piles—Iowa lake streams were then alive with pickerel, pike, and sucker buffalo fish. From the pile I took several pickerel and laid them about the fire to thaw.

A woman now arose and put on fresh sticks.

This was encouraging, and, in much elation, while the blizzard shook the tepee poles, I turned, scraped, and prepared the fish. I cut thin slices of bacon from my slender stock, put a slice inside each fish and broiled them whole. In these proceedings my host, a man of middle age, his wife and two young girls, evinced a good deal of interest, and, at the end, ate their share of the fish with evident relish.

All this time I felt concerned about Joe, but I dared not let it be known that a Musquakie Indian had

been in my company, for the Sioux and Iowas were at deadly enmity.

Our tepee, which was on grassland of the valley, was now so banked in drifts that it was tolerably comfortable, so I rolled myself in my robe and slept. Night had fallen when I awoke, but the blizzard still howled above our heads. A pot was hung over the fire and I was given a turtle-shell bowl, a ladle of buffalo horn, and signed to help myself to the thick soup composed of venison, dried corn, and some kind of prairie root. When salted it was savoury and good.

My host still refused to talk, shaking his head in token that he could not understand. So I smoked at ease, save for the worry about Joe. The Sioux and his woman took turns pulling at his long-stemmed pipe and the little girls played "odd or even" and "hide the moccasin," quite oblivious of my presence. We were now comfortably banked with snow to half the height of the tepee, and presently I fell asleep, with the roar of the storm as a lullaby.

When morning came I bade my involuntary entertainers good-bye, and crawled out upon the drift, first taking pains to let them see my new Colt's revolver. Then I found myself in the midst of an encampment of eight or ten tepees half-buried in snow, with no one, not even a dog, astir outside their folds.

The morning was biting cold and travel good upon the hard drifts. I congratulated myself that I should make an easy escape from this Sioux camp. Joe had told me the river in front ran into the Missouri near Sioux City. Hence my course was plain. As for my poor guide, I never expected to see him again.

As I shuffled along at a half-run, passing wind-blown skeletons of trees and tops of willows thrust up from the drifts, columns of steam arose here and there where the water fell over beaver-dams. At one point I saw the open water so thick with sluggish fish that one could have thrown them out with the hand. This abundant food supply was the secret of the isolated Sioux camp.

I pushed on at a fair rate of speed, and must have gone over eight or ten miles when I saw an Indian run across a drift and dodge into a half-buried thicket in front of me.

Astonished, I paused, and saw the black head and shoulders of another rising above the drift. This one fired a rifle and his bullet sang in my ear. An instant later his fellow rose among the willow-tops and let fly

two arrows, which I dodged as I might have dodged a snowball.

I saw at once that these Indians were Sioux, who had raced over the prairie to "bushwhack" me and had failed in timing their flight to the creek cover.

Something must be done quickly, so I decided to fight. I hastily unfolded my robe, dodging two more arrows meantime. Then I hung the robe in four folds over my left arm and, carrying it as a shield to my body, advanced with levelled revolver.

The Indian among the willows again rose and shot two arrows at once, straight and true, and so viciously that three folds of my heavy robe were pierced. For his arrows I returned a couple of bullets. One of them must have hit him, for the rascal threw up an arm with a shrill "*Ye-ough!*" and scampered toward his companion. Both took refuge behind the drift. Then I crossed the creek out of their limited range, for although I did not much fear the two, others might be close at hand. I hoped these might be young bucks who had followed me in the hope to put some feathers in their war-bonnets.

I pushed on, with an eye over my shoulder and keeping well away from the creek cover. Presently I saw my bushwhackers, standing upon their drift and looking after me—wistfully, no doubt. Ten minutes later I had passed a curve in the narrow valley, and, shortly afterward, was alarmed by the roar of a gun behind me. Again I halted and prepared to fight.

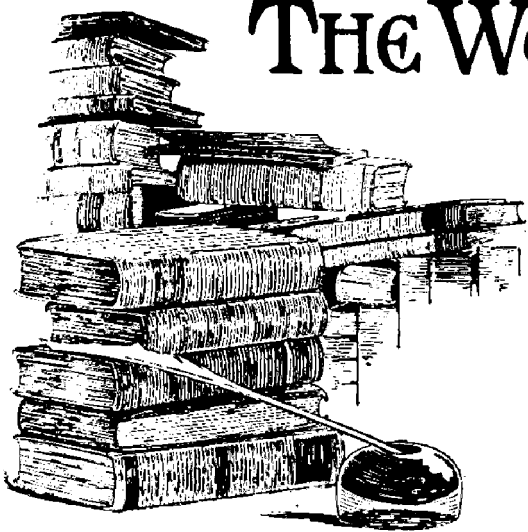
Within about fifteen minutes a solitary blanketed Indian came off the opposite hill and strode toward me. With revolver ready, I stood on my guard watching this muffled figure until I recognised Musquakie Joe. He came up with his big-bore buffalo gun under one arm and grinning from ear to ear.

"Did you hit them, Joe?" was my first question.

"*Na!*" said Joe. "Heap scare—run lak jack-rabbit."

In answer to further inquiry, Joe explained that he had burrowed in a drift under the creek-bank, where he had built a fire and kept warm. Like the willow grouse, he had broken out of his snow covering when the sun shone. He had followed my tracks and had been within sight when the Sioux tried to bushwhack me. They had finally seen him, but, muffled as he was, had thought him a recruit from their camp until his shot sent them flying.

Next Month: "Those Gordon Girls."



THE WORLD OF BOOKS

and some GUIDEPOSTS

By Richard Le Gallienne.

do with such books is to hand them over to some one who has a use for them. On our shelves they are like so much good thrown away, or invitations to entertainments for which we have no taste. In all vital libraries, such a process of progressive rejection is continually going on, and to realise what we don't want in books, or cannot use, must, obviously, be a first principle in our getting the best out of them. We must first study this in making a library.

Yes, we read too many books, and too many that, as they don't really interest us, bring us neither benefit nor diversion. Even from the point of view of reading for pleasure, we manage our reading badly. We listlessly allow ourselves to be bullied by publishers' advertisements into reading the latest fatuity in fiction, without, in one case out of twenty, finding any of that pleasure we are ostensibly seeking. Instead, indeed, we are bored and enervated, where we might have been refreshed, either by romance or laughter. Such reading resembles the idle absorption of innocuous but uninteresting beverages, which cheer as little as they inebriate, and yet at the same time make frivolous demands on the digestive functions. No one but a publisher could call such reading "light." Actually it is weariness of the flesh and heaviness of the spirit.

If, therefore, our idea of the best in books is the recreation they can so well bring, if we go to books as to a playground to forget our cares, and to blow off the cobwebs of business, let us make sure that we find what we seek. It is there safe enough. The playgrounds of literature are indeed wide, and alive with bracing excitement, nor is there any limit to the variety of the games. But let us be sure, when we set out to be amused, that we are really amused, that our humorists do really make us laugh, and that our story-tellers have stories to tell and know how to tell them. Beware of imitations, and, when in doubt, try Shakespeare and Dumas



Shakspeare.

ONE is sometimes asked by young people panting for the water brooks of knowledge: "How shall I get the best out of books?" Here, indeed, is one of those questions which can only be answered in general terms, with possible illustrations from one's own personal experience. Misgivings, too, as to one's fitness to answer it may well arise, as, wistfully looking round his own bookshelves, he asks himself: "Have I myself got the best out of this wonderful world of books?" It is almost like asking one's self: "Have I got the best out of life?"

As we make the survey, it will surely happen that our eyes fall on many writers whom the stress of life, or spiritual indolence, has prevented us from using as all the while they have been eager to be used; friends we might have made yet we never have made, neglected counsellors we would have so often done well to consult, guides that could have saved us many a wrong turning in the difficult way. There, in unvisited corners of our shelves, what neglected fountains of refreshment, gardens in which we have never walked, hills we have never climbed!

"Well," we say with a sigh, "a man cannot read everything; it is life that has interrupted our studies, and probably the fact is that we have accumulated more books than we really need." The young reader's appetite is largely in his eyes, and it is very natural for one who is born with a taste for books to collect them about him at first indiscriminately, on the hearsay recommendation of fame, before he really knows what his own individual tastes are or are going to be; and, in that wistful survey, I have imagined, our eyes will fall, too, with some amusement on not a few volumes to which we never have had any real personal relation, and which, whatever their distinction or their value for others, were never meant for us. The way to

—even Ouida. As a rule, avoid the “pruig lists” or “summer reading.” “Summer reading” is usually very hot work.

Here are some words of wisdom for all readers. Yes, hackneyed as it is, there is no better general advice on reading than Shakespeare’s—

“No profit is where is no pleasure taken,
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.”

Not only in regard to books whose purpose, frankly, is recreation, but also in regard to the graver uses of books, this counsel no less holds. No reading does us any good that is not a pleasure to us. Her paths are paths of pleasantness. Yet, of course, this does not mean that all profitable reading is easy reading. Some of the books that give us the finest pleasure need the closest application for their enjoyment. There is always a certain spiritual and mental effort necessary to be made before we tackle the great books. One might compare it to the effort of getting up to see the sun rise. It is no little of a tug to leave one’s warm bed—but once we

are out in the crystalline morning air, isn’t it worth it? Perhaps our first pleasures always demand some such austerity of preparation. That is the secret of the truest epicureanism. Books like Dante’s “Divine Comedy,” or Plato’s dialogues, will not give themselves to a lounging reader. They demand a braced, attentive spirit. But when the first effort has been



Dante.

made, how exhilarating are the altitudes in which we find ourselves, what a glow of pure joy is the reward which we are almost sure to win by our mental mountaineering!

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—even Ouida. As a rule, avoid the "prying lists" or "summer reading." "Summer reading" is usually very hot work.

Here are some words of wisdom for all readers. Yes, hackneyed as it is, there is no better general advice on reading than Shakespeare's—

"No profit is where is no pleasure taken,
In brief, sir, study what you most affect."

Not only in regard to books whose purpose, frankly, is recreation, but also in regard to the graver uses of books, this counsel no less holds. No reading does us any good that is not a pleasure to us. Her paths are paths of pleasantness. Yet, of course, this does not mean that all profitable reading is easy reading. Some of the books that give us the finest pleasure need the closest application for their enjoyment. There is always a certain spiritual and mental effort necessary to be made before we tackle the great books. One might compare it to the effort of getting up to see the sun rise. It is no little of a tug to leave one's warm bed—but once we



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are out in the crystalline morning air, isn't it worth it? Perhaps our first pleasures always demand some such austerity of preparation. That is the secret of the truest epicureanism. Books like Dante's "Divine Comedy," or Plato's dialogues, will not give themselves to a lounging reader. They demand a braced, attentive spirit. But when the first effort has been

made, how exhilarating are the altitudes in which we find ourselves, what a glow of pure joy is the reward which we are almost sure to win by our mental mountaineering!

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THE DUFFER.



By R. S. WARREN BELL,
Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

GEORGE WELLINGTON DENVER, a boy of sixteen, is expelled from Silverdown, a big public school, in the middle of a summer term. The first chapter of the story describes his arrival at Mellerby, a seaside town, where his father practises as a doctor, and his encounter with Mrs. Pardoe, who is supposed to be a centenarian. Mrs. Pardoe tells him that there is a great deal of unhappiness in store for himself and his family. In the second chapter the reader is introduced to George's little sister, Joyce, aged ten, and to his elder sister, Molly, aged seventeen. When father and son meet there is a fierce scene, the outcome of which is summed up in the first chapter of the present instalment.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LETTER.

IT was a wonderfully still night. From the sweet-smelling garden came all sorts of queer little sounds such as one never hears save when a perfect calm prevails. The nocturnal insects, emerging from their

homes now that the tempest had abated, were calling to one another in a quaint medley of minute voices. Refreshed and soothed, all waking things seemed to be chatting contentedly in a soft chorus.

The hush of slumber-time had fallen upon Dr. Denver's house. George, worn out by the excitements and sorrows of the day, was sleeping heavily, with an ominous flush upon his face. Despite Munro's good Samaritan-like offices, the boy had caught cold, and the fever of the chill was even now working in his blood.

All in the house, in fact, were asleep, with one exception, and that was Joyce. She, with wide-open, troubled eyes, was gazing into the darkness, her little brain greatly perplexed and her heart full of sympathy with her brother in his self-made trouble.

Joyce had a tiny room all to herself right at the top of the house. It was a very little room, but quite large enough for such a small lady. It was a very dainty room, too, decked out with the simple pictures and cards wherewith inno-

cent childhood loves to surround itself. On the mantelpiece were many photographs of girl-friends, and in the middle one of George—a snapshot—laughing merrily in the sunshine. Perched on the top of the miniature Swiss clock with white hands and figures, was a picture of Molly—also a “snap”—looking very demure in a hammock, with a novel on her lap. There was also a quaint photograph of Cook, posed for the camera in cap and apron, another of good coachman Poole, on his box, the personification of dignity, and a third of Mr. Smallwood, the assistant, who had been caught asleep on the lawn with his mouth wide open.

Joyce arranged all these photographs every day, and saw that they were kept quite free from dust. For she was a very particular little lady, as could be seen by the neat manner in which she had folded up her clothes and laid them upon a chair by her bedside. Everything in the room, indeed, betokened the nature of its mistress. Whatever storms might rage elsewhere in the house, here was always tranquillity.

Presently Joyce sat up in bed.

“Yes,” she said, “I had better write. I will write at once, so as not to forget.”

She got out of bed, slipped on a pink dressing-gown, and sat down at her little writing-table. Then, carefully selecting a perfectly clean piece of notepaper, in a very small, neat round-hand she wrote as follows:—

THE GABLES, MELLERBY,
Thursday Night.

DEAREST GOD,—

I am so much obliged to you for answering my last letter so soon. My white dove came back the very next day, and seemed so sorry for having run away that I hadn't the heart to scold it. But now I am afraid I have to tell you of a much greater trouble. George, my brother, has been *expelled from school*. He got himself expelled *on purpose* because he was so unhappy there, so Papa whipped him, and there was a dreadful scene. And after that George went out into the rain and met a very nice man, named Mr. Munro, an artist, who was so kind to him and dried his things and gave him some tea. But the worst part is to come. On the way back George and Mr. Munro met Papa, and Mr. Munro's big dog knocked Papa down, and Papa was *dreadfully* angry, and said he would have the dog shot. So, you see, we are in great trouble, and I am writing to ask you to comfort George and make him a good boy, and also to make Papa and Mr. Munro *friends*. Hoping you will do this for me, I am, dearest God, with best love,

Yours very affectionately,
JOYCE.

P.S.—The dog's name is Rufus. He is really a nice dog, but very hasty.

Having indited this epistle, Joyce put it into a very small envelope, and stuck it up. So

then, feeling much comforted, she got into bed and was soon fast asleep.

Lest any deem the recording of this letter an irreverent act, of a kind to breed scoffing remarks, let it be known that the appeal was written by this little maid in perfect good faith. She regarded her Creator (and rightly) not as a Presence to be feared—as so many do—but as a dearly-beloved Friend, kind, merciful, and forgiving. To Joyce, God was an always-tender Father, watching His children on earth with loving eyes, grieving over their sins, and rejoicing when they resisted temptation. So to Him she wrote what was in her heart, with the frankness and simplicity of a child unspoilt by the world—to Him she explained all her little troubles. For she had nobody else to go to. Her mother was dead; her sister—though possessed of many latent good qualities—was as yet but a worldly creature, rejoicing in the power her beauty gave her, of the earth, very earthy. Dr. Denver had been unapproachable since his wife's death. So Joyce was left alone, and was it wonderful, therefore, that her original little mind, craving to confide her childish woes to some sympathetic breast, turned to the only Being she knew of who would listen to her and “pitifully behold” the sorrows of her heart?

So she slept, and, when morning came, went forth, fresh as a flower, to post her letter. She tripped down the garden and out on to the bridge which led to the common. Turning to the left, she bent her steps in the direction of the Great Oak.

For 'twas a cranny in this famous old tree that she utilised as a letter-box. And she was quite certain that her missives reached their destination, for as surely as she examined the cranny the day after she posted a letter, so surely did she find it empty. Thus she knew that an Angel had fetched it in the night, and taken it to her Master.

On this fair June morning Joyce inserted her letter in the customary place—after looking carefully round to ascertain that she was quite unobserved—and then with light, swift steps retraced her way to the garden.

She fed her rabbits, took a bowlful of Indian corn down to the hens, and then sped upstairs to George's bedroom. She knocked, and then, in reply to a grunt, entered.

“Good-morning, Georgie! Do you know it will be breakfast-time in five minutes?”

Georgie gave another grunt, and turned his back on her.

Joyce sat down on the bedside. She understood men—and beings growing into men.

“Georgie, dear—what's the matter?”

"I feel beastly seedy," vouchsafed George.

"You must have caught a cold when you went out into the rain yesterday."

Joyce leant over and put her hand on his forehead.

"Your head's burning. Perhaps you'd better not get up."

"Don't worry. I'm all right," growled George.

"I'll soon see," said Joyce, and ran downstairs to the surgery.

She found her father making some quaint Latin entries in his ledger. What a strange thing is custom! Though this is a Christian country, doctors still call the days of the week after the mythological deities from which they originally received their names.

"Papa, will you lend me the temperature thing, please?"

"Why?" demanded Dr. Denver.

"I'm afraid George has a cold. He is very feverish."

Dr. Denver smiled, and handed her his clinical thermometer, with an injunction "not to break it."

Joyce ran upstairs, her little feet hardly seeming to touch the carpet, and after some persuasion succeeded in making George let her take his temperature. A few minutes having elapsed she withdrew the thermometer from his mouth and walked to the window, where she gravely inspected the quicksilver. The boy's temperature was over a hundred, instead of being the normal 98.2.

"Georgie," she said, "you must stay in bed to-day. You've got a very bad cold."

"I don't care," said George. And he didn't.

"No, dear," said Joyce, bending over him, "but I do!"

The miserable boy buried his face in the pillow. He was feeling just then that existence was a very rotten, hollow thing. But Joyce's words had touched him.

"So you'll do as I tell you, won't you, dear?" demanded Joyce, with a certain gentle authority.

"All right. But I'd rather get up. I might get worse and die then."

Joyce did not, as many girls would have done, reprove him for his wicked speech. She merely arranged his pillows and bed-clothes, and then went downstairs to the kitchen, reappearing ten minutes later with a basin of bread-and-milk. Cook had been much perturbed to hear that Master George was ill, and you may be sure that the bread-and-milk was perfection of its kind, with the bread quite soft, and the milk creamy and sweet to the palate.

George stayed in bed all that day.

The average doctor is apt to be rather callous

concerning the complaints of those living under his roof. Dr. Denver did not go near his son. He knew George was in good hands, and that he would be informed promptly if the lad grew any worse. So he did not visit the sick room, and George was very thankful for that mercy.

Joyce wrote a polite note excusing herself from a tea-party at the Bracketts' that she was to have gone to, and spent the majority of the day in George's bedroom, taking him up soup and other nourishing comestibles when meal times came round. In the intervals she read to him out of the *Boy's Own Paper*, choosing something very exciting about wolves, in order to enchain his interest.

And in the middle of the night, when the house was quite still and everybody had been in bed for hours, a little figure in a pink dressing-gown stole up to George's room and opened the door without making the slightest sound. It was, of course, George's nurse, who returned to her own room easy in her mind, for she had found her patient fast asleep, and, as she told herself, going on very well indeed.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE EBBING TIDE.

GEORGE was much better in the morning, but he still—as the phrase is—had a temperature, and so Joyce told him that she was afraid he must stay in bed another day. George did not submit to her ruling quite so willingly as had been the case when she had first taken him in hand, for he was a healthy boy, and what healthy boy likes to lie abed all through a long June day, when the sun is shining hot and all Nature calling to him to come out and revel in her summer delights? However, he knew that if he did not obey his sister there might possibly be an appeal on her part to his father—for she was very conscientious—and so, with his customary grunt, he gave in.

He soon dispatched the bread-and-milk she brought him.

"Can't I have some bacon as well?" asked the invalid.

"No," said Joyce, firmly; "bacon would not be very good for you. You may have an egg, though."

"Bacon and eggs?" suggested George.

"No; an egg only."

"You're a little beast, and I'll pay you out for this," said George, feeling rather helpless.

"If you are rude, Georgie," was the demure rejoinder, "I shall be obliged to punish you."

"Pooh! How?"

"By not reading you any more stories."

George therefore subsided, for Joyce had left off her reading in the middle of a most exciting yarn which (in Part I.) described how a pack of wolves chased a Russian boy named Ivan Stepanovitch up to a hunter's lodge, in which he took refuge, just shutting and bolting the door in the face of his foremost pursuer. The wolves thereupon camped out round the hut, for a fresh, plump boy was just the kind of dainty to appeal to their palates when they had been sustaining life for several days by eating the more decrepit members of their pack. So the Russian boy, without a morsel of food or a drop to drink, was fairly cornered—and George greatly wished to hear how he got out of his fix. That information was contained in Part II. Waking in the night, George had lit his candle and opened the volume at the point where Joyce left off. But his eyes, though blue as the heavens, were his weak spot, and I suppose his chill had flown there, for they smarted and ached directly he turned them on to the printed page, and so he reluctantly gave up his attempt to steal a march on his nurse.

Dr. Denver briefly enquired after George's condition, and, being reassured on the point by Joyce, dismissed the subject from his mind. For he had more than enough to occupy his attention just then, the most pressing of several important cases being that of a little boy who had been struck on the head by a cricket ball. The child, since the accident, had been unconscious. Mr. Smallwood had stayed by his bedside all night, and to-day it was the doctor's intention, if the boy had not come round, to perform the operation of trepanning. In addition to this his most wealthy patient—a retired city merchant—had had a paralytic seizure, and a dear, good, maiden lady who had decided to keep bees by way of adding to her interests in life had developed alarming symptoms of blood-poisoning, as the result of a venomous sting from one of her new pets.

In spite, however, of these and other claims upon his time and attention, Dr. Denver had not forgotten the manner in which he had been attacked by Munro's dog. The details of this sudden, savage, and—from his point of view—unprovoked attack, rankled in his mind, and he was determined that the brute should die for his sin.

This day, therefore, as he started out on his rounds, he called in at the offices of Garrick and Mappin, solicitors. Mr. Garrick, the senior partner, acted as Magistrate's Clerk for Mellerby, and was, in addition, coroner for the southern division of the county. But on account of his white hairs and advancing age, he depu-

tised the more arduous of his duties to his partner, Mr. Mappin, a bright, intelligent, handsome fellow of seven-and-twenty, always dapper, with a smile for everybody; well-dressed, well-off, and much sought after as a guest at all the social functions held in the district. He could sing well, too, and played tennis and cricket with exceptional skill. In a word, Mr. Mappin was the smartest and most eligible young gentleman in the district. And in view of all this, many mammas in and around Mellerby thought it very silly of him to pay so much attention to a child like Molly Denver.

But that by the way, for the doctor has called at his office on business.

"I wish," said Dr. Denver, as he walked into the junior partner's room, "to take out a summons against a man called Munro, who lives in one of those bungalow affairs on the beach."

"Ah, yes—I have heard of the man," said Mappin. "What has he been doing?"

"His dog attacked me on Thursday night. In fact, he knocked me down. The attack was quite unprovoked."

"This is not the first time that dog has been complained of," said Mappin.

"I know it," replied the doctor, "and so I think it high time the beast was destroyed. Do you know Munro?"

Mr. Mappin said he did not know Munro.

"He's a truculent sort of fellow," Dr. Denver informed the solicitor, "and so a lesson would do him good. He has no right to keep such a dog. I wish you, therefore, to issue a summons against him on my behalf, and I have no doubt you or Mr. Garrick will advise the Bench that the dog ought to be put out of the way. He's a danger to the neighbourhood—a common nuisance."

"Quite so," said Mr. Mappin. "Did the dog bite you?"

"No, he didn't bite me. Munro pulled him off. But the beast was full of the worst intentions. He took me off my guard, or I could have made a better fight for it. As it was, he jumped at me and bowled me clean over."

"This must certainly be seen into," said Mappin. "I'll issue the summons at once, and the case will be heard at the Sessions held next Wednesday. Any witnesses?"

"Yes—my son and my daughter—er—Molly."

"Ah!" said Mr. Mappin, making a few notes on a piece of paper.

"So I'll leave it in your hands," added Dr. Denver. "I must be off now, as I'm very busy. Come round and have a game of croquet after the Sessions on Wednesday, Mappin, if you have time. The young folks will be glad to see you."

"Thanks very much, doctor," returned Mr. Mappin. "I shall be most happy to come."

Whereat Dr. Denver took his departure.

Meanwhile, all unconscious of the fate in store for him, Rufus the mastiff was leaping from rock to rock with stentorian barks, ever and anon looking back at his master, who was taking a stroll along the beach. Very handsome did Rufus look, this morning on which his doom had been practically sealed—very big, too, for he scaled not a pound under eleven stone. And the pity of the sentence passed upon him seemed the greater on account of his youth—in the case of an erring doggie, alas! not an extenuating plea. But, though still a youngster, Rufus was of enormously powerful build, his chest and skull being both very wide and deep, his legs straight and strong, and his ribs well barrelled out. He held his head like a king, and in his dark hazel eyes lurked a gleam of indomitable courage. There was, indeed, no little majesty in his appearance, as he stood on a high, flat rock, awaiting his master's arrival ere he set out on a further exploratory tour among the boulders and shells and seaweed.

George fell a-talking of Rufus when Joyce had finished the wolf story, which, of course, ended satisfactorily, the wolves leaving the hut to chase a sleigh containing two Russian gentlemen, and drawn by three horses. A man was not such tender eating as a boy, nor was a horse quite so sweet to the taste as a man, but either a man or a horse was preferable to a boy they couldn't get at. One of the gentlemen, however, happened to be a noted shot, and wolf after wolf leapt into the air and then fell with a death-snarl into the snow. So many brothers and cousins did the rest of the pack find themselves compelled to stop and devour (wolves never waste even a close relative), that the sleigh and its occupants got away, and when the wolves returned to the hut they found, to their chagrin, that their boy-bird had flown. Their appetites still possessing some edge, they finished off an old grey she-wolf that had been mortally wounded, and then set out on the trail again, though (as will be readily apparent) with sadly depleted numbers.

So, the story ended, George began to talk of Rufus, and incidentally of the kitten and parrot. On the night of the *contretemps* in the lane Joyce had received a brief account of it from her sister, and so she was greatly interested in what George had to tell her of the bungalow's master and his pets; and of the picture he had made of Molly. George's reference to this matter was of the briefest, but it was the item in his narrative which remained longest in Joyce's memory. That is the difference between the mind masculine and the mind feminine; what the former dismisses as a matter worthy of little notice the

latter stores up as something to be deliberated on in the future.

Mention of the beach reminded Joyce of the bathing-tent of which Molly and she were the proud proprietresses. A bathe on this glorious summer day offered many attractions. George wouldn't mind being left for that little time.

Joyce therefore went in search of Molly, and not finding her, commandeered the chaperonage of Kate, the parlour-maid. These two, therefore, set out across the common, and arrived at the beach to find that the other possessors of tents had already bathed and departed. For high tide was at ten, whereas it was now nearly noon.

When, therefore, some minutes later, Joyce picked her way down over the stones, no laughing, dripping faces greeted her from the sea's somewhat turbulent surface. She was the last of the bathers. Still, she would have her dip. She knew very well that her father would not have allowed her to bathe alone had he been present, and that lent a spice of naughtiness to the proceedings. For Joyce was not entirely the paragon that the reader may hitherto have supposed her to be.

She was safe enough when the water did not reach up to her knees—although a wave, returning on the ebb with some force, caused her to stagger a little. She could swim fairly well, however, and so felt tolerably confident as she advanced into greater depths. Now the water was up to her waist, and she was about to strike out when the backwash caught her with such disregard for her feelings that she was swept off her feet.

We all know the unpleasant effect a sudden immersion produces. The water pours into one's mouth, and produces a confusing din in the ears: it is then that we realise how puny we are when Father Ocean gives us just this little taste of his quality. Joyce regained her feet, and stood up spluttering and gasping, but before she had time to see in which direction the shore lay the backwash came hurtling down the pebbles again and robbed her of such insecure footing as she had managed to obtain. Again Joyce involuntarily swallowed a copious dose of salt water, and as, bewildered and not a little frightened, she again essayed to stand upright, a third receding wave carried her out of her depth, for when she put her feet down, after swimming a few yards, she could feel no bottom.

"Please come back, Miss Joyce!" called Kate, who was anxiously regarding her little mistress from the stones left wet by the outgoing tide.

Joyce dimly heard Kate's call, and made a frantic effort to swim shorewards. But her legs and arms were not working in unison, her heart

was thumping against her ribs, and her breath coming in laboured gasps. She felt the terrible surge of the ebb-tide force her still further outwards, and then, as all the strength seemed to vanish, she shrieked for help. She shrieked once, and then was silent—a little, voiceless figure pitting her feeble might against that of the omnipotent, implacable ocean—a tiny, unimportant fragment of humanity in the grim clutch of Death.

From the maid's white lips issued a sob of horror—she could not swim a stroke! How then could she aid the drowning child? Wildly the

the shingle. Into the water and away, first leaping through the shallows, and then swimming with all his strength and speed. The outgoing tide helped him, and his progress was rapid. . . .

At length he reached Joyce, announcing the fact with a loud bark. He seized her by the middle of her bathing dress, and turned his head shorewards.

Brave Rufus! You may have bullied policemen and other folks in uniform, but we forgive and forget all that as we see you coming home with our little Joyce in your mouth! With your great chest to the opposing tide, and your



AT LENGTH HE REACHED JOYCE.

woman scanned the beach on either side of her—there was nobody in sight. Again she gave an agonising sob, and wrung her hands in bitter despair. And meanwhile the little child drifted further and further away from the beach.

It was at this juncture that Munro and his mastiff rounded a projecting portion of the cliff hard by the row of bungalows. At a glance the artist discerned the situation. He saw the little patch on the sea, and laid his hand on the mastiff's head.

"Rufus—good dog—fetch it out," he said, pointing.

Rufus glared seawards, saw the floating figure, and in a moment his great feet were racing over

leather lungs going like bellows—what a splendid old chap you are! Here's a dog for you! Don't give up—your burden's heavy, but your heart is big and full of fight. You're no petted craven of the drawing-room. You're a real dog, and we love you. . . .

At last—at last Rufus is in the shallows. A few stately strides, and he lays his burden at his master's feet. He has saved little Joyce, and if in his doggy vanity he gives another great bark of self-congratulation, why, we forgive him that. For whatever crime he has committed, whatever crime he may commit, can we ever forget what he has done to-day?

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ANSWER.

MUNRO'S big heart throbbed with pity as he looked upon the white, drawn face of the unconscious child, whose fair hair lay desolately on the pebbles while the sea-water dribbled furtively—and, as it were, reluctantly—out of her skimpy little blue bathing costume. The voracious ocean had been baffled; Rufus had robbed the ebb-tide of its spoil.

Munro picked Joyce up and bore her away to his bungalow. Though she was a dead weight in her lifeless condition, she was as a bunch of feathers in his strong arms. He had no idea who Joyce was. He guessed she was not a poor child, or she would hardly have been attended by a maid. Little peeress or little peasant, however, it mattered nothing to him. He carried her up to his bungalow, and before entering the place gripped her by the ankles and held her head downwards, so that the sea-water might run out of her. Never in her life before had Joyce been poised in such a fashion!

Beckoning to Kate to follow, Munro hastened into his bedroom, and in a twinkling had the sheets off his bed. Instructing Kate to get the child's bathing-dress off and lay her on her face, he dashed out of the bungalow and up the hill beyond it in the direction of a white-walled cottage. Here lived young Tom Dwyer, the coastguard, and his apple-faced wife, who acted as a non-resident domestic to the artist.

Munro had absolute confidence in the coast-guard's wife, whose people had been fisher-folk for centuries back. She had assisted in restoring animation—or in endeavouring to restore it—in a score of drowning cases. Having dispatched her to the bungalow, he started off at a run across the common in the direction of Dr. Denver's house. Rufus, who had regarded the whole of the proceedings as a rather exciting game, and had continued to exult over his part of the performance in a series of deep-chested howls and majestic gambols, was at first inclined to follow his master. But it occurred to him that there were strangers in the bungalow, and that it would be as well to keep an eye on the unknown woman—Mrs. Dwyer he knew well, of course—and the queer little wet creature he had brought to the shore. So he stalked into the house and was actually invading the bedroom when Mrs. Dwyer, in shrill tones, bade him begone about his business. Rufus was ruffled, but did not dare disobey, so he stalked back to the doorway and settled himself in a dignified manner on his haunches. And it was

just as well that no man in a uniform happened to pass by just then.

Miss Florence, the kitten, had been panic-stricken by the turn of events. With terrified eyes she had watched her master bear his dripping burden across the studio, and had then, with a rapidly-beating heart, taken permanent refuge behind her customary tall length of canvas. The parrot had been disturbed in the midst of a noontide doze by Munro's sudden entrance. Accordingly, he had been exceedingly wakeful and suspicious ever since. His conduct was decorous enough, however, for he refrained from demanding a "*Hum, hot!*" or a "*Gin and seltzer, miss!*" as he so often did when thoroughly roused by untoward circumstances.

Rufus was beginning to blink sleepily in the sunshine when a huge form loomed up before him. The mastiff growled in a menacing manner, for he was acquainted with the new-comer, Mr. John Blunt—whose nickname along the coast was the unlovely one of "Black Jack"—and the acquaintance was hardly a cordial one. He didn't quite know why, but Rufus entertained an instinctive dislike for Black Jack, a waterman who stood four inches higher than Munro himself, and rejoiced in a black-bearded countenance expressive of a lawless disposition and much malevolent cunning.

Mr. Blunt was carrying an oar over his shoulder. As he arrived opposite the bungalow he paused for a moment and gazed loweringly at Rufus. The mastiff returned the inspection with interest.

"All right, my beauty," said Black Jack. "you and I will get square one day. I'll smash that ugly skull of yours in before I've finished with 'ee. I've half a mind to do it now."

However, as the dog rose to his feet and stepped out on to the shingle, Black Jack deemed it wise not to provoke him further. So he went on his way, and Rufus resumed his watch on the threshold.

Meanwhile, in the bedroom, "first aid" principles were being put into practice. Mrs. Dwyer was working Joyce's arms up and down, and Kate was supposed to be belabouring the child's limbs.

"Don't pat 'em like that," almost shrieked Mrs. Dwyer; "hit 'em—hit 'em hard."

Kate burst into tears.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she sobbed.

"Don't be a fool!" exclaimed the coastguard's lady, "d'you want the little thing to die? Smack her—smack her as if you meant it."

The invertebrate parlour-maid therefore recommenced her thwackings, but so feebly that Mrs. Dwyer lost all patience with her. Dropping Joyce's arms for a few moments she pushed

Kate aside and applied her own broad red palms to Joyce's tender little body.

"There!" said Mrs. Dwyer, "that's to warm her blood up. Now you do it, you silly loony! Fancy a big girl like you being so helpless! It's not surprising men think a good many times before they take a wife nowadays, if you're a sample of the goods they have to choose from!"

Mrs. Dwyer would hardly have given voice to these irrelevant remarks had not Joyce already shown signs of returning consciousness. Mrs. Dwyer felt sure of victory, and so had no compunction in letting Kate feel the lash of her tongue. She had the utmost contempt for the town-bred maid. It was *her* hour of triumph—she (the countrywoman) was mistress of the situation, and did not intend that the young lady's attendant should forget it.

On arriving at Dr. Denver's house, Munro encountered the Doctor himself dismounting from his dog-cart.

It occurred to the Doctor that the artist had come to proffer further apologies for his dog's conduct, and he promptly determined that a thousand apologies should not avail the erring mastiff.

Munro's errand, however, proved to be of a totally different nature.

"I should be glad if you would come to my bungalow at once, sir," he said. "A little girl has narrowly escaped being drowned——"

Dr. Denver had been busily engaged all the morning, and wanted his lunch.

"Is it serious?" he asked.

"Very—or I should not have come for you," said Munro.

"Very well. There's a road round to the Bungalows. I'll drive."

Munro nodded. "Mine is the last house in the row," he said, and turned on his heel.

The way by road was half-a-mile longer than the short cut across the common. Munro, by putting his best foot foremost, arrived at his bungalow as Dr. Denver dismounted from his trap.

"The child is in my bedroom," said Munro. "Please come in. Rufus—lie down, sir," as the big dog assumed a distinctly hostile attitude towards the visitor.

Munro opened the door of the bedroom. At that moment Joyce heaved a deep breath and opened her eyes.

As the Doctor walked into the little apartment a close observer would have noticed that his manner, though strictly professional, was a trifle impatient. He was annoyed that he should have been summoned by this Munro fellow, of all people. But as he gazed upon the face of the

child before him his expression underwent a striking change, and a sudden pallor showed under the tan of his weatherbeaten countenance.

"This—this is my little girl," he faltered, turning to speak to Munro. But the artist had remained in the outer room.

Joyce's eyelids quivered and closed. Immediately Mrs. Dwyer seized her arms and worked them backwards and forwards with renewed energy. Then Dr. Denver took the case in hand, and Joyce was soon able to recognise those about her.

"We've got the little lady round, sir," said Mrs. Dwyer, putting her head into the studio; "it's Miss Denver, sir—the Doctor's own daughter. You can come in now, sir—she's tucked up in the blankets and doing nicely, bless the little lamb!"

Munro therefore went into the room which had witnessed the recent fight with death, and in a few sentences explained to Dr. Denver how he and his dog had come upon the scene in the nick of time.

"The child seemed to have lost her head, and so I sent Rufus in after her and he brought her ashore," he concluded.

Dr. Denver did not speak for a full minute. He gazed from Munro to the child, and from the child to the women who had attended her. Then he walked into the studio, signing to the artist to follow him.

"It seems strange, Mr. Munro," he said, "that you should have given assistance to two of my children in so short a space of time. I intended to have done my utmost to have your dog destroyed. Of course, *now*——"

"You'll give him another chance?" said Munro, smiling.

"I'll give him a new collar," said the Doctor, putting out his hand.

Munro grasped it, and Dr. Denver returned to the little bedroom.

"Are you feeling better, dear?" he asked, bending over the bed.

"Yes, papa—but—wasn't it queer?"

"What was queer?"

"Why—that my letter should have been answered so soon!"

"What letter, my darling?"

"The one I wrote to God asking Him to make you and Mr. Munro friends again. Because, of course, you won't have Rufus shot *now*, will you?"

Dr. Denver took the little hand in his. His black mood had vanished: his heart was all tenderness. But for that rough dog, his one little child would have been washed away to sea—would have been tossed about by the merciless waves, their plaything until they should tire

of her and cast her upon the shore among the weed and driftwood.

He thought Joyce was wandering in her mind, and must therefore be humoured.

"Yes, dear—it was very strange, very wonderful. No, of course I shall not have anything done to the dog. He is a very good, brave dog, and I will give him a new collar."

"I am so glad you have forgiven him, papa," said Joyce. "Do you know," she added, "I think that if you ask God *properly* to do a thing, He will always do it—in some sort of way!"

"Yes, dear, I am sure He will," said Dr. Denver, stooping to kiss her.

CHAPTER IX.

BLACK JACK.



ONCE she had been restored to consciousness, beyond a certain amount of shock and exhaustion there was nothing much the matter with Joyce. So, when Kate had brought in her clothes from the bathing tent, and helped her to dress, Dr. Denver said that there was no reason why the child should not return home with him in the dog-cart. Mrs. Dwyer therefore sallied forth to get a thick shawl from her cottage, and Dr. Denver walked into the studio. As he did so, Munro, with his artist's eye, noted with approval the general outline and bearing of his visitor. Tall and erect, with short, iron-grey curls, and a firmly-cut, clean-shaven face, Dr. Denver was one of the most comely, personable men in the neighbourhood. He could not have been more than two-and-fifty, at the most, and was still alert and vigorous, a sure shot and fine horseman. Just now his handsome, refined face wore a most pleasing expression. His little girl was safe and sound, and he had made up what had threatened to be a very ugly quarrel. Though quick to take offence, imperious, exacting, and passionate, Dr. Denver was not quarrelsome by nature. Therefore he was glad that this reconciliation had come about.

"I must thank you again for the service you have done me, Mr. Munro," he said to the artist. "But for you and your dog——"

He turned to the window and gazed out upon the retreating sea. Of his three children, little Joyce occupied by far the largest portion of his heart. He passed his hand over his eyes.

"So forget," he said, "the harsh words I used the other night. I was very much annoyed and upset. I am not quite the man I was. Forgive me, then, and come to my house as often as you like. I feel I should like to talk to you. You must be lonely here, too, and my young people will cheer you up."

He spoke bravely, right from his heart, and Munro, who knew what it must have cost this proud gentleman to utter these words, was greatly touched.

"Thank you, sir," he said.

The bungalow seemed strangely forlorn and empty when Dr. Denver had driven off with Joyce by his side, and Kate on the back seat with Poole. Munro did not feel inclined to paint, so, after lunching off the remains of a cold leg of mutton, he put a novel under his arm and set out with Rufus to a shady nook under the cliffs. On the way he thought over Dr. Denver's words. Yes, he certainly was lonely—very lonely—and it would therefore give him great pleasure to pay occasional calls at the Doctor's house, and to have George and the girls to tea at the bungalow. Munro had a weakness for good-looking people, and the whole of the Denver family seemed to be exceptionally favoured in that respect. Besides, to a man of Munro's age—he was thirty-two—to a man who, though past his first youth, not very young nor yet middle-aged—such society as these children promised to afford is generally very welcome. He enjoys the genuineness and freshness of boys and girls; they say what they mean, they are frankly grateful for his various gifts and kindnesses, they make his heart purer, and bring sunlight into his life. For young minds, uncontaminated by the world, are like clear-flowing brooks and fields of green grass.

Munro was musing somewhat in this fashion rather than reading his novel, when a heavy step crunched upon the pebbles near by, and a hoarse voice proceeded to address him.

"Mr. Munro, sir!"

The artist looked up. It was Black Jack, and as Munro knew Black Jack to be an incorrigible blackguard—as perfect a ruffian, indeed, as had ever managed to dodge penal servitude (he had served several short terms of imprisonment)—he was on his guard at once.

"Well, what is it, Blunt?"

"In that 'ere storm on Thursday evening, sir, your boat, the *W'ky Not*, broke away from 'er moorings, and would 'ave been blown out to sea and capsized if I 'adn't fetched 'er back at the peril of me life."

"Well?"

"That bein' the case," added Black Jack, dividing his gaze between Munro and the latter's mastiff, which was showing signs of restiveness. "ow about salvage?"

"Oh, you claim salvage on my boat, do you?"

"Well, I don't want a legal fourth, but I think it's worth a bit. Say two quid?"

Munro coolly lit his pipe ere he said: "I won't give you a farthing."

"Eh!"

"You're a scoundrel and a liar. My boat was perfectly safe during the storm. Tom Dwyer looks after the *Why Not*, and he was keeping an eye on her while the storm lasted."

A very unpleasant expression came into Black Jack's eyes. He regarded coastguards, police-

Black Jack ran his eye over the artist. Mr. Blunt was by no means a fool, and he knew a good man when he saw one. He was also well aware of his own tremendous strength, and he knew that he was more than Munro's equal. Likewise he guessed that, in the event of a fair encounter, he would receive a good deal of



"THERE AIN'T A MAN IN MELLERBY THAT CAN STAND UP TO ME!" SAID BLACK JACK.

men, and all officials having authority, as his natural enemies. Tom Dwyer he especially hated.

"I'll wring that feller's neck if 'e gives me the lie over this 'ere matter," observed Black Jack, savagely.

"I should advise you to be careful how you set about it," returned Munro—for Tom was a strongly-built young man of thirty, who had served for ten years in the Navy before he took a wife and settled down to a life ashore.

"Careful!" roared Black Jack. "Why, there ain't a man in Mellerby or round Mellerby that can stand up to me. There ain't any two men!" he concluded, arrogantly.

"There you make a mistake," said Munro, springing to his feet and looking coolly into the face of the giant boatman.

punishment before he finally triumphed over the other.

What he wanted now was cash, however, not a black eye.

"You talk very brave with that dog be'ind yer," he sneered.

"I should talk in exactly the same way if the dog were not here," replied Munro, calmly. "Now come—I think you had better be off. You have failed to get anything out of me, and you may think yourself lucky if I don't set the police on your track."

The boatman showed the back of his throat in a great laugh.

"Perlice! *That* for them!" he snarled, snapping his fingers.

"Go!" said Munro, pointing down the beach.

Black Jack's eyes blazed with fury. He had

had the worst of it with a vengeance. A good many yachtsmen came to Mellerby in the summer, and Black Jack looked upon them as his lawful prey. When he couldn't help it, he worked—served as a "hand" on short cruises—and at other times put in spells of painting, carpentry, and sail-mending. He preferred, however, to make money in solid sums by chasing yachts that had broken away from their moorings. On this account he was always prowling about, sometimes on the beach, sometimes on the water, in a battered old dinghy which he was generally believed to have stolen. He was also suspected, and with good reason, of helping boats away from their moorings when they would not break away of their own free will. He was an expert in this particular line of work, for he never left any incriminating mark or cut to show where his fingers had been at work—and of course he always played his tricks under cover of darkness. His application to Munro will serve as a sample of the manner in which he endeavoured to eke out his income during the Mellerby season.

Munro's boat, the *Why Not*, was a neat little three-tonner, with a tiny cabin in which there was just room for a couple of men to sleep. Munro had taken her over with the bungalow, and was capable of sailing her himself, provided he had somebody to steer for him. As a rule, if the young coastguard was off duty, he took Tom Dwyer out with him; when Tom was not available he hired one of the men who were generally to be found loafing about the beach in search of odd jobs.

Seeing that there was no possibility of extorting any cash from the *Why Not*'s owner, Mr. Blunt turned away. But, when he had traversed half-a-dozen yards, he turned to make a farewell remark.

"I'll get level with you, my pretty gentleman," he said.

Munro merely resumed his seat by the cliff.

"No man ever gave me lip what didn't suffer for it!" added Black Jack.

Munro picked up his book and continued his reading, and Mr. Blunt, after staring at him vindictively for a few moments, went on his way to the town. There, in the "Horse and Groom," he comforted himself with a few tots of rum, each of which he tossed wholesale down his throat, finishing it at a gulp. With many expletives he informed the landlord of his unsuccessful application to Munro for salvage, and threw out hints, in a vague, threatening way, that he might invoke the aid of "the lor."

"I should advise you to keep clear o' that, Jack," said the landlord drily.

Leaving the "Horse and Groom," Mr. Blunt set out in the direction of his home. This was

not, as romantic people might suppose, a wind-blown cottage near the beach, but a perfectly modern, jerry-built house, one of a jerry-built row in what was called the "poor" part of Mellerby.

Mr. Blunt's gait became less swaggering as he drew nearer his house. By the time he put his foot on the doorstep his demeanour was modest—nay, retiring. He opened the door and peeped in. The living-room was empty. He stole in and sat down by the fire.

But he was not destined to rest long in peace, for of a sudden a small, dark-haired boy of some four years entered the kitchen, gazed at his father, and then retired quickly.

"'Ere 'e is, mother!" cried the urchin in a shrill voice.

Instantly a very small, slight, fair-haired woman of a dried-up and vinegary appearance strode in out of the scullery, and confronted the huge longshoreman.

"Give me some money," she said, abruptly.

"I ain't got none," was the sullen reply.

Without a moment's hesitation the tiny little woman snatched up the frying-pan and aimed a blow at her husband's head with it. Black Jack caught the blow on his arm. The woman raised the frying-pan again, and aimed another blow at her husband. This time the weapon fell on his knuckles.

The little boy—an exact replica in miniature of his father—crowed with delight.

"Money!" exclaimed Mrs. Blunt.

"Money!" echoed the little boy.

"I tell you I ain't got none," whimpered the giant.

"'Ow are we to live, then? If you ain't got none, go an' earn some!"

Black Jack put his hand into his trousers pocket. His wife poised the frying-pan above his head. Meanwhile, Master Blunt chuckled approvingly. Black Jack produced a shilling then, with his eye on the frying-pan, another; finally, six coppers.

"Now you may 'ave your dinner," said Mrs. Blunt, putting down the frying-pan; "but take care you never come 'ome again and say you've earned no money. Oh, you bad man—call yourself a 'usband?"

"Call yourself a 'usband?" echoed Master Blunt, rolling his eyes in intense glee.

"You're a idle, wicked rascal!" added Mrs. Blunt.

"Wicked rascal!" repeated Master Blunt.

And such was Black Jack's home-coming. He was only afraid of one person in the world, and we leave him for the present taking his dinner with her, and making up his mind that he will certainly get his tea somewhere else.

CHAPTER X.

THE DUFFER AT BAY.

ON Sunday George was well enough to get up, but he did not pay Joyce—who stayed in bed by paternal decree—half so much attention as she had paid him. This was quite natural, for sickness does not arouse the same sympathy in the breast of a boy or man as it does in that of a girl or woman. It is all part of a woman's lot in life to attend the ailing, but a man feels clumsy or ill at ease in an invalid's room, save he be a doctor or an orderly in a military hospital. In a somewhat gruff way George offered to read to his sister "out of the *B. O. P.*," but Joyce said that he ought to be in the fresh air, "getting well." Much relieved, George ventured into the garden, but most of his getting well consisted of slinking in and out of odd, unobserved corners. His chief aim seemed to be, indeed, to make himself invisible. He felt most at home in the stables, for the horses, at any rate, did not know he had been expelled from school and ignominiously chastised on reaching home.

Coming out of the stables he met Molly, who, by special request, had been feeding Joyce's rabbits. And she had found them uncommonly hungry when she finally reached their hutch some hours after their proper breakfast-time.

This was about half-past ten, and the church bells were already ringing for morning service. George having breakfasted in bed, this was Molly's first view of him.

"How d'you feel, George?" she asked, in sisterly fashion, as he approached.

"Oh, all right, thanks," said George, proceeding to sneeze four times in succession.

"Going to church?"

"No," said George, shortly.

"You had boy. Why not?"

George's principal reason for not going was that he felt—in his present state of morbid self-consciousness—that everybody would look at him and wonder why he was at home. Sixteen is perhaps a boy's most self-conscious age; let him but don a stick-up collar or a tail-coat, and he imagines himself the cynosure of all eyes—just as a girl does if she is wearing another girl's hat or dress. Truly conscience makes self-conscious donkeys of us all!

"How can I go in these things?" said George,



MOLLY REGARDED HIM CRITICALLY.

indicating his shrunken Etons. "I say, I must have a new suit for Sundays."

Molly regarded him critically. "Yes," she said, "I think it's time you had one. I'll speak to Papa about it. But remember, I must go with you to Miggs's and choose the cloth."

"Oh, don't bother," said George, airily. "I can choose the cloth."

"No, I *must* come, George," said Molly, a little severely. "Will you have Etons again?"

"No," said George, "I want a blue suit—I think I'm too big for Etons now. And I want some more shirts and some new grey flannel bags. I spilt some ink on those I've got now."

"I can get the ink out with ammonia and salts," said Molly, in her most frugal and domesticated manner.

"It's not only the ink," said George; "they've shrunk awfully in the wash. I look an awful ass in them."

"Perhaps that's not entirely the trousers' fault," said Molly, demurely.

"Don't be a silly chump," was George's polite rejoinder. "I say—I suppose it's all right about the flannel bags?"

"I must see the ones you've got now on you first," said Molly. "Papa told me to be *very* economical."

"You take care to have jolly nice things yourself," was the boy's retort.

Molly, not displeased by this unintentional compliment, turned herself about for his inspection.

"Do you really think I look nice?" she asked, being quite assured of the fact in her own mind.

"Ripping," said George, craftily. He felt it would be as well to keep in with his elder sister. Besides, she did look rather nice, he thought.

There is a certain amount of reflected glory to be had from a pretty sister. Molly's photo on George's study mantelpiece had been much admired by his cronies in the Lower Fifth at Silverdown. His possession of a pretty sister was, therefore, one of the few items he could put down on the credit side of his school account.

Molly and George were quite used to discussing wearing apparel in this manner—strange as the foregoing dialogue may sound in the ears of boys and girls who have a Mother to fly to for everything they want. But the mother of these, the mother who would have discussed George's new suit with unfailing taste and sure judgment, was lying asleep there in Mellerby churchyard, and now Molly's young shoulders had to bear the weight of these not unweighty matters. And Molly, despite her prettiness and decided turn for coquetry, was not without wisdom.

"Well, I must go and see if Joyce is comfortable, and then I must be off to church," said George's sister.

"Does Mr. Munro go to church?" asked George.

"Oh, yes; he sits three pews in front of us."

"D'you like him?" asked George.

"Y—es," said Molly, carelessly, "in a way. He's one of those nice, quiet, uninteresting men that make excellent husbands."

"He's a jolly sight better chap than Mappin," retorted George, warmly.

"That's your opinion. But, you see," said Molly, looking at the point of her dainty shoe, "you're a boy, Georgie."

"I always think Mappin's rather a bounder," added Georgie.

"Which shows that you don't understand him in the least," returned Molly, moving off with saucy toss of her shapely head.

When service had commenced and the ancient organ was drowsily droning out the psalm tunes, George left the garden and went for a walk along the brook. In time he arrived opposite his friend the Great Oak, and a few more paces took him up to the bridge which spanned the stream opposite Mrs. Pardoe's garden. When it was too late to retreat he saw that the old lady was in her summer-house.

"Good-day, Master Denver," croaked the old lady.

"Good-day, Mrs. Pardoe," said George, raising his hat.

"Won't you step across the bridge?" she inquired.

Much against his will George accepted the invitation, wondering somewhat at the dame's unusual politeness. As a rule she expressed herself in commands of a harsh and imperious character.

"There are some nice strawberries in the bed there," proceeded Mrs. Pardoe. "Pray help yourself, Master Denver."

George therefore thanked her and helped himself to strawberries. He did not enjoy them very much, however, knowing that her grim, ironical gaze was fixed on him all the time. It was rather like a prisoner in the dock accepting a cigar from the judge.

"So," said Mrs. Pardoe, when George finally straightened himself and left the strawberry bed, "you *had* a pleasant evening after all on Thursday?"

"Yes, thank you," replied George.

"Did it hurt very much?" inquired the old lady, with a snap of her gums.

"What?" queried George.

"The whipping?"

"Yes," said George, coldly.

"But Mr. Munro was very kind afterwards, and that made up for it, I suppose?" she continued, acidly.

"Mr. Munro! How did you hear——" began the boy.

"Perhaps," said the old lady, "a little bird told me. Little birds tell me all sorts of things. And so Mr. Munro has a savage dog, has he?"

"He's all right when you know him," replied George, much puzzled at the ancient dame's knowledge of all these facts.

"And what are you going to do with yourself now?" asked Mrs. Pardoe.

"I don't know," said George, with absolute truth.

"I wonder you didn't run back to school after that whipping," observed Mrs. Pardoe, with much sarcasm. "Well, boy, go along for your walk. It's a bad sign, though, when a lad of your age doesn't go to church."

George did not feel called upon to explain his reasons for abstaining from attending public worship on this particular Sunday morning, so once again he saluted the lady and went his way over the bridge.

George will always remember this fair June Sunday as one of the most miserable Sundays of his life. His head was heavy with a bad cold, and about his body there was a general feeling of staleness and lack of vigour. He had little appetite, and made a poor mid-day meal. The Blackett girls, accompanied, as was inevitable, by young Mr. Blackett, came to tea, and so George was only too glad to take that meal in Joyce's room. The little girl was still suffering from shock and exhaustion, and therefore

when his sisters were laughing with particular heartiness.

But Molly, while looking upon this young gentleman's devotion as quite her due, kept him thoroughly in his place. He was but one of her court and entitled only to a certain allowance of smiles—a far too meagre allowance, in Mr. Blackett's opinion.

George sat silently before his plate, speaking only in monosyllables. He remembered that these people had heard all that had passed in the hall on that Thursday afternoon—the blackest Thursday afternoon in his life.

When Molly and her friends betook themselves to the drawing-room, George went up to say good-night to Joyce. Five minutes later he



THREW HIMSELF ON TO HIS BED IN AN ABANDONMENT OF DESPAIR.

said but little, so George wandered into the garden again and hid himself in the stables when the Blacketts and Molly came frisking out on to the lawn.

They all went off to evening service together and left George with the sleepy flowers and birds. He paid Joyce another visit, but, finding her dozing, retired to his own room and tried to get interested in a book.

The Blackett girls and their brother stayed to supper. Dr. Denver's mood had taken a fairly long change for the better. He chatted amiably with the kittenish Miss Blacketts, and thus gave young Mr. Blackett plenty of opportunities for engaging Molly in conversation, and even for venturing on one or two tender speeches

received a message by Kate to the effect that "the Doctor wished to speak to him in the dining-room."

George found his father smoking a cigar and sipping port wine—his invariable practice after the last meal of the day. Mr. Smallwood, his assistant, it should be added, had lodgings in the town, and was spending this Sunday evening with friends, though as a rule he supped on Sunday with his chief.

"Sit down, George," said Dr. Denver. His tone was quiet and inclined to be friendly. "Now," he added, "I want to tell you that I will give you another chance at school. I am willing to send you to a private school in order that you may complete your education."

"I would rather not go to school again, father," said the boy.

The Doctor's expression underwent a rapid change.

"But I have decided that you are to go," he replied sharply.

"I would rather not I *hate* being at school," said George.

"Then what are you to do?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know. I haven't thought about it yet."

For a couple of minutes Dr. Denver smoked in silence. He knew now that this son of his was not a boy to be coerced by corporal punishment. Thrash him for a year and you would only render him so much the more mutinous.

At length Dr. Denver spoke.

"When I tell you, George, my boy, that it is my particular wish that you should complete your education in the proper way—what do you say then?"

"I am willing to complete my education anywhere you like except at school."

"Suppose I insist on your going to school?"

"I'm sorry, father, but I won't go."

There was a peculiar gleam in the boy's blue eyes as he uttered this defiance. For a moment Dr. Denver sat erect, and his eyes blazed. But it was Sunday night.

He restrained himself, therefore, and said quietly:

"You may go now. I intend that you shall obey me, mind, and so I will talk to you again about this during the week. Good-night."

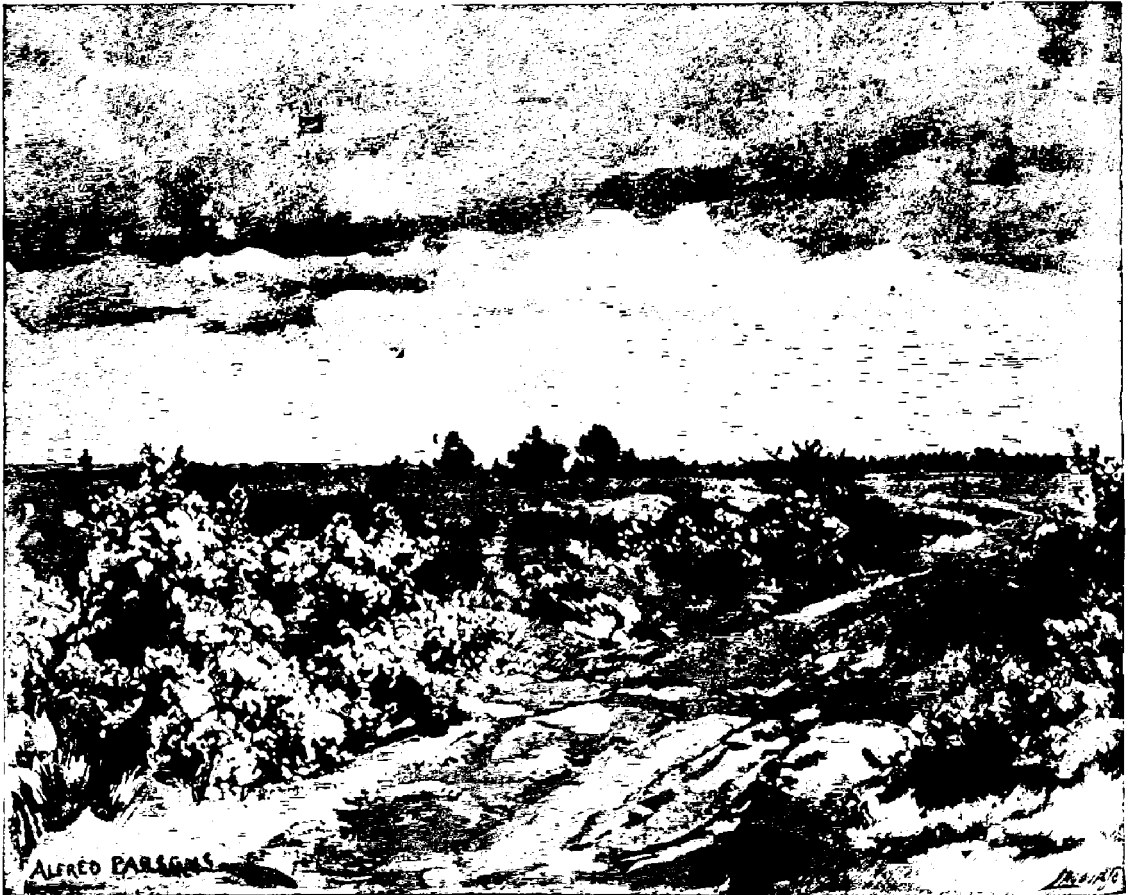
"Good-night, father," said George, rising from his chair. He paused half-way to the door, and, turning, said: "I hate school, father; I am miserable there. Please don't ask me to go to school again."

"I will think about it, my boy," said Dr. Denver. "Good-night."

With trembling lips George went upstairs and sat down by his bedroom window. He looked out on to the still garden for a long time, and then, suddenly, rose and threw himself on to his bed in an abandonment of despair.

"Oh, mother, dear!" he cried, "if you were *only* here!"

(To be continued.)



A MOORLAND ROAD.

From the drawing by Alfred Parsons

"THE CAPTAIN" Photographic Gallery.

BEING A SELECTION OF PHOTOGRAPHS
ENTERED FOR OUR
COMPETITIONS.



CHILDREN OF THE DESERT.
By Hedley V. Fielding, Dublin.



"SUMMER."
By B. C. Prior,
Colchester.



AN ARAB DONKEY BOY.
By Hedley V. Fielding, Dublin.



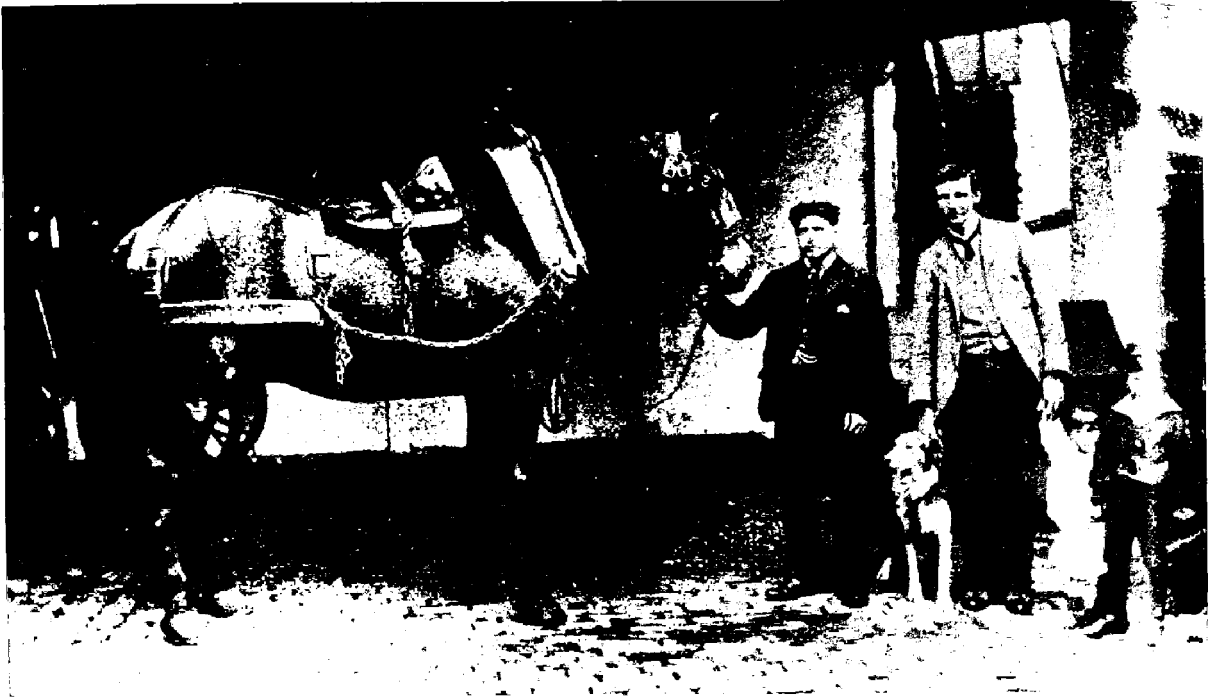
AN ENGLISH "JAP."
By No Name.



STUDENTS IN THE GARDENS AT ARIAM, JAPAN.
By H. Hunter, Helensburgh, N.B.



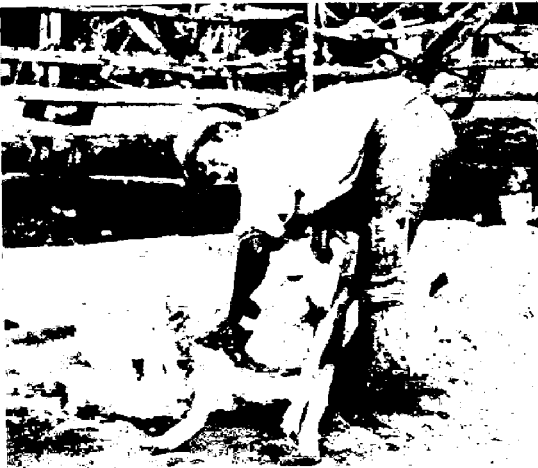
THE LAST LOAD OF HAY.
By Alfred M. Bosdet, Southend-on-Sea



By Hugh T. Noble]

[Govanhill, Glasgow.

A STABLE SCENE.



SHEARING.

By H. J. Henderson, Brockley.



A HEALTHY BROOD OF BUFF ORPINGTONS.

By Henry Ray Martin, Lee.



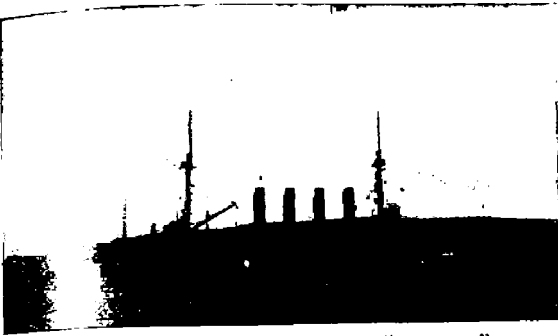
A WHITE RAT STUDY.

By W. P. Huntley, Düsseldorf.

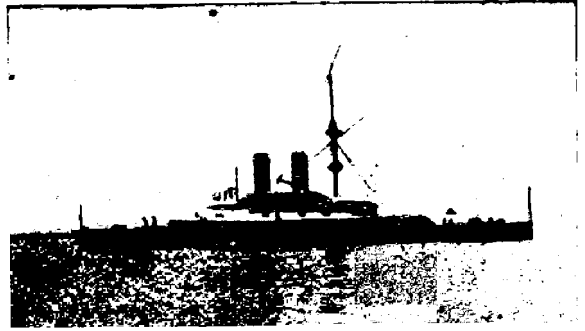


"MOSCOW," THE BORZOI.

By A. A. Parry, Stoke Poges



H.M. 1st CLASS CRUISER, "DRAKE."
By Melvill M. Piercy, Bournemouth.



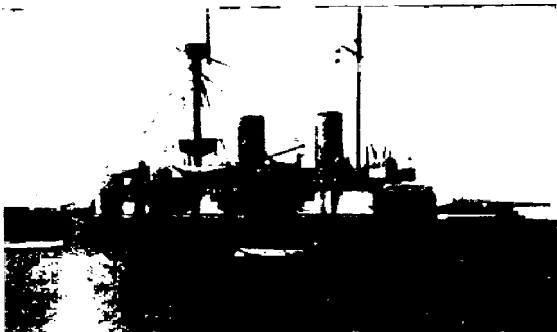
H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD," 1st CLASS BATTLESHIP.
By W. M. McWalters.



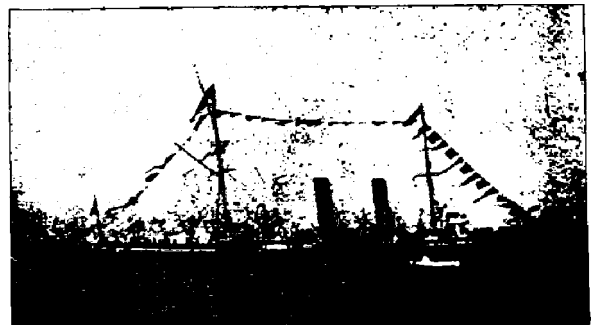
H.M.S. TRAINING BRIG, "NORTHAMPTON," 1st CLASS
ARMOURED CRUISER, COMPLETE IN 1878.
By W. M. McWalters.



TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER, "RACEHORSE," BUILT
1900.
By W. M. McWalters.



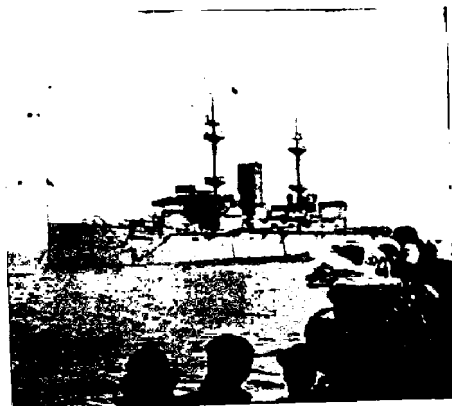
H.M.S. "BENBOW"
By Tommie Thompson, Kensington.



H.M.S. "SCYLLA," 2ND CLASS CRUISER
(UNARMOURED), COMPLETE IN 1892.
By W. M. McWalters.



H.M. TORPEDO BOATS "SUNFISH" AND
"RANGER" IN DOCK.
By W. F. Manse.



H.M.S. "HANNIBAL," OF THE CHANNEL
SQUADRON.
By Geo. Herbert.



THE STAMPS OF RUSSIA.

JUST now, when Russia and Japan are engaged in a war over Manchuria and Korea, it will be interesting to have a chat about the postal issues of those countries. Let us, therefore, begin with the stamps of the land of the Czar.

The stamps of Russia are amongst the daintiest of all the postal issues of the world, and they are also what we term the cleanest, i.e., they have never yet been degraded by the issue of labels made merely for sale to collectors, like the commemorative stamps of Bulgaria, or the stamps issued to advertise local shows by the Government of the United States. Nor have they ever been disfigured with a single surcharge, and what is of equal importance to the general collector, they are easy to understand and to arrange. The specialist makes a few varieties of paper, wove and laid. But the general collector need not bother his head about those varieties.

All collectors of Russian issues will have to be very careful how they handle them. They are more delicate than any other stamps. They will not stand the bath. The colours are certain to suffer if the face is wetted in the process of removing the backings of used copies. Indeed, the safest plan is to collect only unused, so far as you can afford them. This delicacy has been attributed to printing in water-colours, but the late Mr. Westoby gives the following explanation:—"From the first, the paper before having the stamps printed upon it was coated with a preparation of what is said to be oxide of zinc, similar to that employed in making enamelled paper, and this has been applied more or less thickly. The effect of this is that, even when thinly applied, any detergent used to clean the stamp would inevitably ruin it, and when thickly applied, the whole impression comes off in a film, if the stamp is put into water."

Russia has always designed, engraved, and printed its own stamps at the State printing works in St. Petersburg. The currency is in kopecs and roubles; 100 kopecs make one rouble,

and a rouble is equal to about 3s. 2d. of our money.

The central portion of the design has from the first been the national arms. Of late there have been rumours of an issue with a portrait of the Czar.

1858. - The first adhesive postage stamp was issued in January, 1858, and was intended for internal use only. It bore the inscription around the oval containing the arms, in Russian type, "Potstowaja marka," i.e., postage stamp, and at the bottom of the stamp "10 kop. sa lot," i.e., 10 kopecs for one lot. "Lot" was the unit of weight. The arms were embossed. The stamps were watermarked with double-lined figures. The first supply of three millions of the 10 kop. was



issued imperforate, owing, it is said, to the perforating machine not being in working order when received. At first, the stamps were cancelled with a pen. But the perforating machine was soon got to work, and the 10 kop., with the two other values of the same design completing the first series, were all duly perforated. As will be gathered from the catalogue prices appended, these first issues of Russia are very scarce, and are rarely met with in fine mint condition.

Wmk. double-lined figures. Imperf.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
10 kop., brown and blue	—	10 0

Perf. 15.

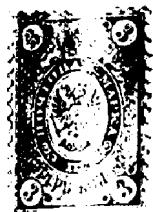
10 kop., brown and blue	60 0	3 0
20 kop., deep blue and orange	120 0	30 0
30 kop., crimson and green	—	60 0

1858. - In November of the same year the same designs, values, and colours were issued on unwatermarked paper.

No. wmk. Perf. 12½.

10 kop., brown and blue	3 0	0 3
20 kop., blue and orange	3 6	2 0
30 kop., rose and green	5 0	2 6

1864.—In July three low values were added to the previous issues, viz., 1 kop., 3 kop., and 5 kop., all of the same design. In these gems of the engraver's art the background of the space around the oval is formed of closely-packed miniature figures. In the case of the 5



kop., the background is formed of V's. The design was printed in black, on a coloured ground.

No. wmk. Perf. 12½.

1 kop., black and yellow	2 0	1 6
3 kop., black and green	3 6	4 0
5 kop., black and lilac	5 0	3 6

1865.—The perforation was changed from 12½ to 15. The paper was still unwatermarked, and the designs and colours were unchanged.

No wmk. Perf. 15.

1 kop., black and yellow	20 0	0 4
3 kop., black and green	4 0	1 0
5 kop., black and lilac	6 0	0 4
10 kop., brown and blue	30 0	2 0
20 kop., blue and orange	25 0	0 9
30 kop., rose and green	20 0	1 0

1868-71.—In this issue a watermark of wavy lines was introduced. Only small portions of the watermark show on each stamp, but there is generally enough of the wavy line to clearly distinguish the stamps. There are many distinct shades of the three lower values for those who extend their collecting to shades. The shades occur in the printing of the background. Designs as before.

Wmk. wavy lines. Perf. 15.

1 kop., black and yellow	0 2	0 1
3 kop., black and green	1 3	0 1
5 kop., black and lilac	2 6	0 1
10 kop., brown and blue	3 0	0 1
20 kop., blue and orange	12 6	0 6
30 kop., rose and green	30 0	0 6

A curious error in this series is the 3 kop. with the background formed of V's, the background of the 5 kop. Used it is fairly common, but unused it is very scarce.

3 kop., black and green, error	20 0	1 6
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1875-9.—Three new values 2 kop., 7 kop., and 8 kop. were issued. These values were added to meet the postal union rates.

The 8 kop. had a short life, being withdrawn on the alteration of the rate for a single letter from 8 kop. to 7 kop. The designs of the 10 kop. and 20 kop. were slightly altered, Roman numerals of value taking the place of the



words of value in the lower part of the oval, and the inscription under the oval being altered from a curved to a straight line, as in the 7 kop. illus-

trated. The 7 kop., 8 kop., 10 kop., and 20 kop. were of similar design. The 2 kop. was of the design of the lowest values, with background in figures of value.

Same wmk. and perf. Designs modified.

2 kop., black and rose	1 6	0 1
7 kop., grey and carmine	1 6	0 1
8 kop., grey and carmine	1 6	0 1
10 kop., brown and blue	5 0	1 0
20 kop., blue and orange	6 0	0 3

1883.—The low values, 1, 2, 3, and 5 kopecs, were no longer printed in two colours; the background changed from numerals to network being now printed in the same colour as the rest of the design. Five new values, 14, 35, and 70 kopecs,



and 3½ and 7 roubles, were added. The 14, 35, and 70 kopecs were similar in design to the 10 and 20 kopecs of the last issue. The rouble values were, as illustrated, of larger size, and are very handsome stamps, with their combination of rich colouring and embossing.



Wmk. as before. Perf. 15.

1 kop., orange	0 1	0 1
2 kop., green	0 2	0 1
3 kop., carmine	0 2	0 1
5 kop., mauve	0 6	0 1
7 kop., blue	1 6	0 1
14 kop., blue and rose	1 6	0 1
35 kop., lilac and green	2 6	0 2
70 kop., brown and orange	2 6	0 6
3r. 50k. black and grey (perf. 13½)	50 0	40 0
7r. black and orange (perf. 13½)	50 0	45 0

1889.—In consequence of a rise in the international postage rates, new stamps were rendered necessary. With the introduction of new values came new designs. The arms as before formed the central portion of the design, but they were enclosed in what is termed a horseshoe frame. The new series was made up of 4, 10, 20 and 50 kopecs, and 1 rouble.



New designs. Perf. 14½.

4 kop., carmine	0 2	0 1
10 kop., blue	0 4	0 1
20 kop., blue and carmine	0 8	0 1
50 kop., mauve and green	1 9	0 4
1r. brown and orange	3 0	0 4

1890-92.—This, with the previous set, making the current series, is distinguished from its predecessors as the "thunderbolts" issue. Across the posthorn, at the base of the arms, arrows, or "thunderbolts," as they are termed in philately,



NO THUNDERBOLTS.



WITH THUNDERBOLTS.

were added. In values and colours there is otherwise no change.

With thunderbolts across the posthorn.

1 kop., orange	0 1	0 1
2 kop., green	0 1	0 1
3 kop., carmine	0 2	0 1
5 kop., mauve	0 3	0 1
7 kop., blue	0 3	0 1
14 kop., blue and rose	0 6	0 1
35 kop., purple and green	1 3	0 2
3½r. black and grey	10 6	5 0
7r. black and yellow	21 0	5 0

On Valuing Stamps.

THE reasons why dealers and collectors refrain from valuing collections are many. In the first place, so many excellent catalogues are now published, that even the tyro can easily price his own collection. In the second place it was found that as a rule collections sent for valuation were not worth the cost of time and labour in valuing. I give only the catalogue price when asked to value a stamp, and that value the collector can turn up as easily as I can. When a stamp is left unpriced, it is very difficult to fix a price. Probably no two dealers would ask the same sum. This valuing or pricing question is a very old one. Some years ago it was proposed by a few leading specialists that collectors should publish a priced catalogue which should give their ideas of the real values of stamps, particularly of rare stamps. This proposal was scouted by other prominent collectors. It was contended, and rightly so, in my opinion, that the buyer has no claim to price the goods he buys, and in any case he could not compel the dealer to sell at his price. The dealer alone must fix the

price of the goods he sells, and he is guided by the price he has to pay for his stock. Most collectors have an exaggerated idea of the value of their collections. They imagine that catalogue price is the value for them, whereas it is only the value the dealer is willing to sell at. In order to sell at his catalogue prices he must, obviously, buy at a much lower figure, or he would soon be in the Bankruptcy Court. Common stamps catalogued under a shilling are sold at wholesale rates per thousand. Higher priced stamps are scarcer, and therefore command a better price. But as a rule the collector may count himself fortunate if he gets anywhere near half catalogue price for any ordinary collection, and he will be valuing his treasures very liberally indeed if he prices them on the half catalogue basis. There are, of course, many rare stamps, copies of which seldom come on the market, and when they do they are on so many want lists that full, and sometimes over catalogue can be got for them, even from dealers. Experience in buying and selling as a collector comes with study and the accumulation of philatelic knowledge.

New Philatelic Publications.

PART II., Foreign Countries, of Stanley Gibbons' catalogue for 1904 has just been published. The chief alteration of the text is the rearrangement of the lists of Portugal and colonies. In the pricing there is a more or less general reduction of all ordinary stamps, due to the fact that foreign countries suffer from the greater popularity of the stamps of the British Colonies. The growth of new issues is represented by an addition of nearly fifty pages. Price 2s.

We have also received the following:—

Butler Bros.—Foreign Stamp and Album Price List for 1904. Free.

Whitfield King and Co.—Annual Price List of Postage Stamps in Packets and Sets. Free.

P. L. Pemberton and Co.—Price List of British and British Colonial Stamps. 3d.

C. Nissen and Co.—Stamp Collectors' Annual, 1904. 1s.

Notable New Issues.

THE official notice published by the Ministry of the Interior, calling for tenders for the manufacture of a new issue of postage stamps for Chili, sets out the requirements as to values, colours, and designs as follows:—

- 1c., green; head of Diego Portales.
- 2c., rose; head of Arthur Prat.
- 3c., sepia; head of Lord Cochrane.
- 4c., dark brown; head of Camilo Henriquez.
- 5c., blue; statue of Bernardo O'Higgins.
- 10c., pearl-grey; head of Ramon Freire.
- 12c., pale rose; head of Manuel Blanco Encalada.

- 15c., scarlet; head of Francisco Antonio Pinto.
 20c., purple; head of Joaquin Prieto.
 25c., reddish-brown; head of Manuel Bulnes.
 30c., dark green; head of Manuel Montt.
 50c., light blue; head of José Joaquín Pérez.
 1p., golden yellow; picture of a Condor.
 2p., bronze; statue of José de San Martín.

The 10c. and higher values are to have the centre in *black*. The stamps up to 50c., inclusive, are to be 25×28 mm., and the 1 and 2 pesos 25×35 mm. They are to be printed from steel plates, engraved in *taille douce*, and to be perforated.

Cyprus.—The two piastres included in the series of King's heads chronicled in the last number of *THE CAPTAIN*, should be blue and chocolate, not brown and carmine.

French Colonies. *Madagascar.* This French colony has been provided with a series of new designs, as illustrated. The values and colours are as follows:—



- 1c., brown-violet.
 2c., black-brown.
 4c., brown.
 5c., yellow-green.
 10c., red.
 15c., carmine.
 20c., orange.
 25c., blue.
 30c., orange-red.
 40c., violet.
 50c., bistre.
 75c., yellow.
 1fr., green.
 2fr., grey-green.

Somali Coast.—A gorgeous lot of new designs have also been issued here. They are bi-coloured throughout, the centres being all in black, and the frames in varying colours. The

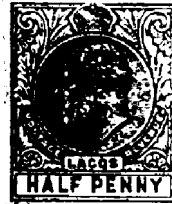


lowest values are of the type of the 4c. illustrated, the middle values of the type of the 75c.

illustrated, and the frames of the large size. The values and colours are as follows:—

- 1c., black and purple.
 2c., brown.
 4c., red.
 5c., green.
 10c., carmine.
 15c., brown.
 20c., lilac.
 25c., blue.
 30c., carmine.
 40c., orange-brown.
 50c., green.
 75c., pale brown.
 1fr., orange.
 2fr., green.

Lagos.—The King's head stamps for this West African Colony have been received. The design resembles the Queen's head series which it supersedes. Coloured papers have been adopted for a couple of values, the 1d. being printed on red paper, and the 2½d. on blue paper. The following values have been issued:—



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1d., dull green, value in green.
 1d., purple, value in black; *red paper*.
 2d., purple, blue.
 2½d., purple, blue; *blue paper*.
 3d., purple, brown.
 6d., purple, mauve.
 1s., green, black.

Mexico.—The colours of the current set are undergoing a change. The following are the new colours which have been issued up to date:—

- 1c., deep purple.
 2c., green.
 4c., rose red.
 5c., orange.
 10c., blue and orange.

Straits Settlements.—As already intimated the design of the King's head series recently issued is being set aside in favour of the much more effective design with larger head, which we now illustrate. As yet only the 1c. and 3c. have been seen; but the other values will no doubt be changed, as the current stock is exhausted.



Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1 cent, green.
 3 cents, purple.

Johore.—The current 2 dollars has been surcharged "one dollar" in black, with a bar obliterating the old value.

"One dollar" in black on 2 dollars, purple and red.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following for early copies of new issues:—

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Stanley Gibbons.—Straits Settlements, ¼c. and 3c.

THE SIRDAR.

By "JACK."

Author of "Screamer and Skilful."

SKETCHES BY REX OSBORNE.

IT was a glorious summer's evening, and I was floating lazily down the river in my little craft when I first saw the Sirdar.

He was superintending a ratting party, and, in his thorough, methodical way, he was initiating some ignorant puppies into the mysteries of that noble sport. I was greatly amused with him, and lay in under the willows to watch his proceedings.

He was very much in earnest, and the expression on his little face was a comical mixture of resolute patience and genuine anxiety: a tiny, orange terrier, of that non-descript species which completely baffles classification. His little feet set you thinking of long pedigree, so perfect were they in their daintiness. His tail, which he carried as bravely as the flag of a hound, cast doubts on your first impressions, while the sporting set of his ears and the absolute rakishness of his wicked little face spoke volumes. His quaintness was far more attractive than any amount of beauty could have been, and was in itself a charm one found difficult to resist.

It was fascinating to watch his manœuvres with the pups. He was like some grim sergeant-instructor with a squad of raw recruits, or a great strategist directing an attack, urging on a backward one here, checking a too venturesome one there, with his eye ever on the rats to prevent escape.

"'E be ah prime little dawg, 'e be, miss," said one of the group of interested spectators; "'e do larn awl on 'em tew ketch them varmints. Us hev tried tew voind ah na-a-me vur 'un, zummat better nor t'other 'uns, but us carn't." "'E doan't belong to nobody, 'e doan't," said another,

in reply to a question of mine regarding ownership. "'E grubs hisself, 'e do, an' us clubs vur tew pay tha tax; zum on us gies ah bob an zome on us carn't gie more nor ah brown, but us awl gies zummat. Then us tosses vur tew zee whosen's na-a-me 'e be writ in, and tha dawg be hissen's vur that year." There was something about this story that appealed very strongly to me, the glimpse of the true gem of kindness sparkling in such a rough setting.



IT WAS FASCINATING TO WATCH HIS MANŒUVRES WITH THE PUPS.

These uncouth men deprived themselves perhaps of their quid of tobacco to pay the tax for their four-footed friend, and I felt anxious to help them without offending them. By this time the rat-hunt was over, and the little dog was swaggering towards us with an air of as much boredom as a man of the world assumes after he has been doing the agreeable. He joined us as a matter of course, and I am positive that he knew that we were discussing him.

"Zee 'ere, miss," said a man, suddenly seizing the unfortunate animal by his tail

I often saw the Sirdar after this, and he was always very busy, organising ratting parties, stalking moor-hens in the bulrushes, or playing hockey with the village lads. At this game he was in great form, and the boys declared that to play without him was not half the sport. Into whatever he did he threw the whole of his little heart and soul, and his tireless energy was a perfect marvel. Every bargee on the river bade him welcome, for they knew that he came to slay, and it must be a very hardened sinner who could evade his vigilance. I have seen him return



RETURNING FROM ONE OF HIS OUTINGS AS BLACK AS ANY COAL-HEAVER.

and holding him aloft, "ain't 'e ah ga-a-me little dawg? Thee can kick 'un, an' cuff 'un, and thee woan't get no zound out of 'ee." I remonstrated on this treatment, but was assured that the tyke liked it, and, from the diabolical grin on his face when he was once more set down, I was half inclined to believe it.

"Why do you not call him 'The Sirdar'?" I asked, with sudden inspiration. "An' wot may that be, miss?" said the spokesman, "be it ammat furrin?" After I had assured them that the Sirdar was an Englishman (for they were mighty particular on this point), and explained that he was considered one of our bravest generals, they were all eager to adopt the name, and declared that it must be done at once. Again the dog was lifted in mid-air by his tail, this time over the river, into which he was plunged, the spokesman solemnly muttering, "Oi 'ereby calls yer Zirdar." Then they repaired to the village pub to drink his health—not at their own cost, as you may suspect—and I resumed my cruise.

from one of these outings as black as any coal-heaver, trotting steadily homewards with the light of triumph in his roguish little eyes, and his little face more comic than ever, with gory stains and marks of victory on it. He never turned aside at these times, but made a bee-line for the inn, where he was always received with cheers of approbation. There he would stretch himself out on the grass, and wait patiently for the saucer of beer that he knew would be his reward. The Sirdar had never taken the pledge, so that he had no scruples about indulging his tastes in this line, and I am afraid that he needed no encouragement. It must be remembered, however, that he was a dog of the people, who, as the spokesman quaintly put it, shared their "vittles" with him, and it is quite possible that it was not always a land flowing with milk; it may be that beer, which seems always plentiful, was its substitute, and this may explain things. Anyhow, the Sirdar loved it, and after he had drunk he smacked his little lips with unmistakable relish, and grinned more than ever.

close at home. an open chip-basket is about the most convenient receptacle.

Canary.—In answer to Miss A. Friedrichs (W. Hampstead), I do not think there should be any difficulty in keeping canaries under the conditions she names. I do not think it is well for a bird to have more than two broods in a season. The young should be removed when they are *fully* able to take care of themselves. There are so many dealers in London that it would be invidious to mention names; all you need to take care of is that you go to an established firm that has a reputation to keep up. Prices vary greatly, and depend upon the fancy breed and vocal abilities of the individual. Probably the friend from whom you have obtained one bird could give you good advice as to the selection of its mate.

Feeding Dog.—"Fire-fly" (Bridgnorth) wishes to know how to feed a St. Bernard dog. Pretty much as you would feed any other dog, but as the dog is bigger his rations must be in proportion. A varied diet is necessary, with dog-biscuit as the staple. Most dogs dislike these in the dry condition, and they should be soaked in the liquor in which meat has been boiled. Bread-crusts served in the same way will also be appreciated. All meat should be cooked, and several times a week they should have green vegetables cut up small or mashed, and well-mixed up with their other food, so that they cannot easily be separated and left.

Fox-Terrier.—The book wanted by P. K. Clapham (Prestwich) is *The Fox-Terrier*, by Hugh Dalziel, and published by L. Upcott Gill, price 1s.

Poultry.—In answer to H. Coates (Bexhill). (1) There are several periodicals devoted to Poultry. Among these may be mentioned *The Feathered World*, 1d. weekly; *The Fancier's Gazette*, 1d. weekly; *Poultry*, 1d. weekly; and *Poultry Journal*, 3d. monthly. (2) Orpingtons are regarded as good all-round birds for laying and table purposes.

Cat and Rabbit.—(1) Unless "H. B. T.'s" (Byfleet) cat is a valuable one I think it would be wiser to have it destroyed. If value is set upon it a "vet." should be consulted. (2) There is no harm in giving rabbits bread and milk as an occasional item in a varied diet, but they must not be fed entirely, or even largely, upon it. Green vegetables, carrots, turnips, parsnips, crushed oats, barley, bran, &c., must be the staple food, or they will quickly deteriorate and die.

Tortoiseshell Butterfly.—W. H. S. Truell (Cheltenham) saw a small Tortoiseshell flying at Rathnew, Co. Wicklow, on January 3rd, and wishes to know if this is "the usual thing." Although winter is not the season usually associated with the flight of butterflies, it is not at all unusual to see the species named, and some few others, flying on a mild sunny day thus early in the year.

These butterflies are hibernated examples—those that hide away in some sheltered nook in autumn that they may deposit their eggs in spring. A mild day and burst of sunshine will bring them out at any time for a "constitutional" flight, after which they retire to their quarters for another nap.

Preserving Plants.—C. J. Patterson (Balasalla, I.M.) asks (1) where he can obtain cards for mounting pressed flowers, and (2) how to proceed with plants like dandelion, rich in milky sap. (1) Cards are not usually adopted for mounting, as they would make the collection needlessly heavy and bulky. Cartridge-paper folded to size (like a four page sheet of notepaper) is generally adopted. Watkins and Doncaster, 36 Strand, London, supply a special thick white paper for this purpose, from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. per quire, according to size, which ranges from 15 by 10 to 20 by 15. (2) All juicy plants can be pressed like others, only the drying papers must be changed much more frequently. For general method of procedure see my answer to "Amator Naturæ" in April CAPTAIN.

Query as to Tree.—F. Gordon Grigsby (Reading) sends me a leafy twig for identification, from a large tree in his garden. He says, "It has been quite green all the winter," and asks for its name. Your tree is the Evergreen Oak or Holm-oak, as it is also called (*Quercus ilex*). It is a native of the South of Europe, but by no means rare in English gardens, especially in the south, where it has been grown for over 300 years. In some



LEAVES OF HOLM-OAK.

forms, the leathery leaves have prickles at the edges, which suggested the name of Holm- (Holly) oak. These are only slightly developed in some of your leaves, which we have had drawn. If you look again, you will probably discover the slender acorns, which will satisfy you that it really is an oak.

Garden Matters.—"A Reader" (Balsham) asks how to grow mignonette and carnations; how much to pay for plants of the latter; how to make a hotbed and manage a frame, and the best situation for one. That is a little lot that might well take the whole "Corner" space for answers. Briefly, mignonette can be easily grown if you sow the seed at once, thinly, on a well-raked border that is not ex-

posed to too much sunshine; cover very lightly with fine soil and, when the seedlings have got five or six leaves, thin out. Water freely in dry weather. Carnations may be grown from seed sown in a greenhouse or frame in April or May, but I judge from your letter that you wish to buy plants already grown. These may be obtained from any florist, and the price varies from a few pence to as many shillings, according to the variety desired. For the purpose of gaining experience in their cultivation the well-known and cheaper sorts are as good as, or better than, the high-priced novelties; and the choice is so wide that you cannot do better than consult your local florist as to the sorts he has that do well in your neighbourhood. The making of hotbeds is not usually undertaken until one has had a good deal of gardening experience, for though then of great value to the horticulturist, they may prove a snare and a danger to the tyro. They are compounded of fresh stable-litter mixed with an equal quantity of dead leaves, the whole well watered, and every other day for a week

well turned. Then build up into a flat heap, three or four feet thick, and extending for several feet beyond the sides of the frame, with which it is to be covered. Tread down firmly and cover with about six inches of ashes or cocoanut fibre. At first it will steam greatly, and until this stage passes plants should not be placed in the frames, or they will be killed. A hotbed is best placed in a shady corner, otherwise it must be shaded from the sunshine. Frames are used for striking cuttings, raising plants from seed, and for protecting certain plants in winter. Space will not permit at the present time saying more than that great care is needed to give them sufficient ventilation and keeping the temperature at the right level for the immediate purpose in view.

Frogs.—In answer to "S." (W. Kensington), the breeding-time of frogs is the spring. Then they all seek the ponds or ditches to deposit their eggs. In captivity, however, provision should always be made for enabling them to get a swim, quite apart from this consideration.



THE PRE-HISTORIC SWIMMING RACE.—(BOYS' HANDICAP.)

By F. R. Batters.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S

FRANK SWAINSON.

"ACTIONS FEUD"

II A NARROW SQUEAK

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THE average clean-minded English youth, when he hears of theft or cheating, thinks very narrowly about it, if he even thinks at all. The thief is a mere gaol-bird. Now, this is a story of a fellow, clean-minded, honest, and straight, who found it fearfully easy to be a liar and a cheat. Temptation came, as it were, in jest. But in a moment the thing was done, and then the adamant doors of circumstance seemed to him to shut off an escape from his sin. Because he was an honest lad he suffered severely. You may stretch this story to fit other cases, and when you hear of the wretched, thieving clerk standing with shaking knees and pallid face in the dock, in haste condemn him not. But for Providence it might be you.

Young William Wanklyn, Bill to friends, of Cuffe's house, Eliza's, explained to his chum, Hamish McNair, that other houses would do well to keep an eye, nay, both eyes, on his house team for the cricket championship. McNair, as an Aberdonian knowing little of cricket and caring less, said "Why?"

"Why? I'll tell you why. We haven't got an eleven's man in our crowd, have we?"

Asked the Scotchman, innocently, "That helps our chance awfully, eh? I can almost see it myself."

"No," said Bill, disregarding Scotch satire, "but next year Cuffe's will have five or six in, or I'm a Dutchman, and those five or six are jolly, good, almost-in men already. Listen

—Seymour, Aldridge, Arlecdon, Secker, Hooker, and young Raleigh. We'll strut next year, Mac."

"Thought we were speaking of this year's houser."

"Well and good, Mac, and I'm saying now Cuffe's house for Cock house before a fortnight's over. The eleven are spattered over Eliza's—two home boarders, by the powers!—and if you run over the house you'll find it pretty well amounts to this: 'A wee sma' heid and a lang lang tail.'"

McNair louted low to Bill's Saxon Scotch.

"As for our house, it's got neither head nor tail, but it's just all body. Body, Mac—an' nothing else."

"Thought lots of unexpected fellows came out strong in the housers. Fellows put in at last moment, regular duffers, you know, bowl out cracks for ducks, or swipe up an awful fifty. Why, I hear you're a choice!"

"Thanks, Mac," said Bill, acidly; "praise St. George, I know more about a bat than any Scot who's got to come south for education . . . an' refinement. We've drawn against Court's for first round. An even shilling we lick 'em?"

McNair said, slowly, "It's risky. Besides. I don't bet."

Bill laughed. "I'm plunging on Cuffe's this time. See? I put a shilling on our first round. We win. Then I put two shillings on round two. We win. The four shillings go on round four. We win. I put eight shillings on ours for final. Sixteen shillings, Mac! My system's as easy as falling off a log."

"Simpleceety itself," said Mac. "Never met a grander theory. You'll have mapped out what you're going to do with the system's sixteen shillings, too, eh?"

"Oh, rather!" said Bill, twinkling. "You see, I on't stand to lose a bob, for if Court's do snuff us out, well, I'm done; I don't care a brass farthing after that. What do you think of my idea?"

Said Mac, with a sparkle in his grey eye—the other was shut—"It's a *pairfect* system, without a flaw."

William's reputation as a prophet was almost immediately firmly established among his friends. His house went on conquering and to conquer, and, to Bill's greater glory, Cuffe's pulled off each match just as he had prophesied. When they played Court's, not one man got thirty in either innings, but seven of them got into the twenties, and really two-fifty in a second innings, without a crack, is good scoring. Court's found "body" of this sort a lot too good. Then Bolton's tried, and came within seventeen of victory, and a win by three wickets against Laxton's was Cuffe's penultimate performance. Thus, with this last as passport, William's house bowed themselves smiling into the final. The other house was, *mirabile dictu*, Collar's.

An epidemic of laughter broke over Eliza's. Cuffe's v. Collar's tickled Eliza's fancy, and, to a man and girl, it took sides amid Homeric peals of enjoyment. Only the puns, which, if you think of cricket slang, you'll see couldn't be helped, made life at times a weariness to the flesh.

Bill's "system" worked beautifully. McNair owned as much when Bill placed his own original staked shilling on the top of seven others at the corner of their common mantelpiece, and announced that on the next day he would be eight shillings richer . . . or poorer . . . richer or poorer choice. Wanklyn too, nearly did get into Cuffe's victorious eleven. He was down for first reserve, but because he had no conceit, hoped devoutly he would

not be called upon. Seymour met him on the morning of the match, and said, "You're scoring for us, Bill, this afternoon. I want some one who's smart and keen." Bill was flattered by the implication, so much so, indeed, that he forgot to find a friend of Collar's house staunch enough to meet his own last even shilling on Cuffe's.

After ten o'clock school, Bill went to Seymour's room and got the book, and, as he entered the scoring box, he saw Dick Allen already on the perch gravely sharpening a pencil.

"Hullo, Dick! Doing shorthand notes on the *post-mortem*?"

"Rather," said Dick, quietly. "But I know the verdict already. Sudden collapse of Cuffe's."

"Have an even shilling against the corpse, then," said Will, persuasively. "It's a dead cert, as you say."

"I'm on," said Dick, smiling at Bill's coruscation. Thus Wanklyn planted his last shilling



HE WAS ON HIS KNEES SEARCHING FOR IT FEVERISHLY.

All houser finals are jolly well alike, and, bar that everybody seemed interested in being a "collar" or a "cuff," this one was very like every other. Each hit, from the blindest swipe to the daintiest glance, was cheered to the echo. Eliza's style was not at stake here; a run was a run, and there were no points for grace. The loudest bursts were for buttered catches, fierce overthrows, and muddled fielding. Dick and Bill, within their box, chaffed each other good-naturedly, but attended like grim death to their duties, and they snapped out the total to the fag at the scoring-board with the precision of calculating machines. At six o'clock Collar's wanted twenty runs to win when their last man came in. The last man, who knew his business, blocked and blocked for all he was worth, leaving the scoring to Collar's swiper, Denny. The score rose steadily, too. The excitement grew with every ball bowled, and a clap like thunder crashed over the ground every time that wretched eleventh man blocked even the simplest donkey-drop. Denny, thought Collar's, Denny would bring them home, and Cuffe's half prayed that . . . well, of the half dozen things that might happen, one *would* happen. In the scoring box Bill bit his lips and Allen chewed the top of his pencil into splinters. In his nervousness he dropped it on the floor, and was down on his knees searching for it feverishly. The box was beastly dark, and a thundering cheer out on the field brought Dick's heart to his mouth. Still ferreting on the floor, he said, anxiously, "What's that, Bill?"

"Raleigh stopping a hot one," said Bill.

"Jove! thought it might be Denny lifting one," said Allen, longingly.

"Did yer?" said Bill, with acute derision.

Now what really happened was this. Denny drove mightily, and Raleigh made a very, very plucky stop. Instead of being a boundary "four," it was a sharp and close "two." When Allen reappeared with the lost pencil, he knew nothing of this—indeed, he knows nothing of it to this day.

Wanklyn, smiling sily to himself, said nothing of that momentous two to Allen. I am sure he never dreamt of cheating. He thought it rather a good idea to keep the score dark for a moment or so; he would give his secret up within a minute and digest Dick's certain ecstatic look as best he might. The pair scored together, but Denny wanted his fine couple.

Run by run the score crawled up; victory and defeat hung on a thread. An indescrib-

able excitement held Eliza's crowd. The cheering had something breathlessly feverish in it; it was not as before, long and rolling, as of a hound on scent, but the sharp, *staccato* crash of the ill-trained dog at view. Dick's eyes were alive with suspense, and Bill's hands clutched the sloping shelf as though he were afraid of falling. He had utterly forgotten that *two* . . .

When the board told assembled Eliza's that Collar's only wanted one run to tie and two for a win, a hush fell on the hundreds round the field. All depended on Denny, and Denny the swiper lifted the ball to the rails. It was a lovely hit; it fell with a slow, lingering drag, as though loth to come down, and young Raleigh ran for it like a hare. Not one in all that crowd thought he could get to it. It was dropping easily over the palings when he jumped into the air, a thin, boyish arm shot up, and Eliza's saw the pluckiest, sweetest left-handed catch that was ever made on its green acres.

Cuffe's had won by one run. The board said so.

As Raleigh came rushing across the field, eager to get to the pavilion before Cuffe's could lay their itching palms upon him, Dick said, coolly and calmly, "Denny, forty-five; Henderson, duck, not out; total, one-six-nine, eh?"

Then Bill remembered with horror what he had done. He stared at Allen as though he saw the Gorgon's head. Allen noticed nothing; he was far too busy with his own thoughts, and snapped out sharply to the fag at the board, "Forty-five; duck; one-six-nine. That's correct, Bill?" he asked again, pausing this time with his hand on his half-shut scoring-book.

Wanklyn, face pale as death, was now staring at his own sheet. He did not see a figure. He had observed the crowd swarming on the cricket pitch, he had heard the hoarse, deafening roar of the triumphant Cuffe's, he had beheld Raleigh caught and lifted shoulder high. He would have given anything to stand up and shout to that swarming multitude that there was a mistake—a horrible mistake—that Collar's were the winners and Cuffe's the beaten side; that he had scored unfairly for fun. Then flashed the deadly poisonous thought that the time for explanation had passed . . . and what was the explanation, anyhow? He felt, for good or for evil, he could not explain. His mind, still flying, pictured Allen's mouth of wondering scorn, heard his incredulous scream, "*What!*" saw each and every one

of Eliza's ever afterwards turn on him the doubtful looks which cut to the soul. He could hear his enemies say, "*In fun!*" as he walked his way. No, never. He could not explain. William Wanklyn said to the waiting Allen, "One—six—nine; correct."

Dick banged his book decisively. "By Jove, old man, you had a squeak! Here's your bob. I want to cut before I get Collar's round me asking why in thunder I didn't shove in an innocent two."

Dick never made a grimmer joke. His light words and his flung shilling began Bill's tortures. As he went out of the gates two or three of Cuffe's spun him their lost coins and Bill caught them; each seemed to nail him more securely to his bed of torment.

What Wanklyn went through that night I cannot describe. If he ever thinks of it now it is with a shiver of horror. He did not sleep a wink; he could hear McNair breathing quietly in the still room—the tick of the Scotchman's watch on the chair, and almost the throbbing of his own pulse. These sounds interwove agonisingly with his own thoughts. Still, in the grey dawn he would rather bear his agony than confess.

Coming out of chapel that day, Seymour, Cuffe's captain, said to him kindly, "Hope you're in trim for supper to-morrow night, young 'un. After your box performance yesterday you deserve the benefit."

This was "the flower of his torment." As Wanklyn went towards Cuffe's, Allen came forward to meet him. "I say, Bill, I want to speak to you a moment, please. Rather serious, too."

Bill could feel no more, and he merely looked at Dick in stony despair. "Where's Cuffe's scoring-book?" said Allen.

"In my room."

"I've brought ours with me. Let's go up and look at it. There's something wrong with the scores."

Bill led the way as though his corridor was to be his scaffold. Some one, of course,

had kept Collar's scores—Denny's chums, perhaps—and had spotted the missing two. His doom was sealed. He was an outcast for ever. Allen flung his book on the table and Bill handed over his. Dick pounced on it like a hawk and ran his fingers rapidly over the scores. "I've got it, Bill. Denny . . ."

At the word Bill collapsed in the chair and hid his face in his hands. Dick went on with his scrutiny, not attending to aught else. "Now did you ever see such a rotten, hole-in-a-corner space left for the *No-Balls*? Why couldn't the forsaken printers give 'em a line under the *Byes*? We've both of us come a real purler, Bill! Blest if we haven't left out Denny's two no-balls in your first innings!"

Bill sprang up as though an electric needle had touched him. "Quite correct, old man. You're three up. Narrow win, but not such a close shave as that measly single."

Bill stared at the totals and that heavenly skulking line where Denny's no-balls lay enshrined in solitary state—and a flood of happiness dimmed his eyes and blotted out the figures. "I was so riled, Bill, last night at being licked by 'one' that I cast the totals up again and again and found that sneaking two about sixth time of asking. It was against us, but, hang it, three doesn't pinch a fellow like a beastly, measly single. I thought I'd come and let you know. Shall we let the thing stand as it is or publish our beastly incompetence, though, really, it's the stupid book's asinine arrangement that's responsible."

"Let it stay as it is, Dick, please. We've won, and that's enough for me."

It was, too. When Allen had gone, Bill flung himself on the bed and wept. He felt as though he had been hanging helpless over an abyss and that some strong hand had plucked him back to his fellows again. But—what a squeak!!!

Next month: "A Purple Emperor."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

Allan Glen's Monthly.—This is the organ of the Allan Glen School, Glasgow. The last issue to hand is the Christmas Number, which reflects great credit on the energy of the editor. The author of "The Loankey Bank Episode" has invention, and with the exercise of care and restraint he should be able in time to write a capital tale.

It is one of the duties of a school periodical to discover and foster latent literary ability, and we congratulate the editor of *Allan Glen's Monthly* on his efforts in this direction.

Avonian (Port Talbot County School).—The last number to hand gives the awards in the various literary prize competitions promoted by the editor. Some of the prize essays are published, and very promising many of them are. THE CAPTAIN'S prize for the best original contribution was awarded to John Oswald Williams, whose article on "The Pyramids" displays very considerable merit in a very young boy. The matter is interesting, and the style excellent. We quote the opening paragraph:—

"The pyramids are the structures in which the illustrious dead of Egypt are laid to rest. The way in which the intricate chambers were built still puzzles the present-day architects. Who would have thought that the old Egyptian architects could teach a lesson even to the architects of today in the art of building, not perhaps for beauty, but for durability, for these wonderful structures have lasted from time immemorial! The pyramids were built—as it were—tier on tier, until they tapered to a point. They were not built wholly of stones, but also of mud."

Elsewhere in the magazine we learn of the formation of the "Form VI. Male Voice Party." The description of the society's meetings is harrowing to the nerves. Here is a list of the "kinds of voices":—

"Bass, Double Bass, Profound Bass, Unfathomable Bass, Dauntless Howler, Glamorgan Growler, Squeaky Tenor, Thunder, Electric Shock, Tin Pan, Lost Chord."

The first two voices, it may interest our readers to know, are owned by gentlemen who possess respectively the degrees of Mus.Bac. and Full Bao.!

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—A good number lies before us. Particularly interesting is "A Look at Lanka," the writer of which is engaged in "rubbing lessons learned at Housey into the mild receptive Cingalese." Lanka is the native name for Ceylon. The contrast between school life in England and in the "Pearl set on the brows of India" is amusingly drawn.

"Schoolboys are barefooted, and schoolrooms have no glazed windows, but are open to every breeze that blows. Hence there is no clatter of boots, no stuffiness of atmosphere, no shivering of those far removed from the fire. Clad in linen jacket and coloured skirt or sarong (only that and nothing more), the pride of Lanka sit in rapt attention, without the restlessness of English boys, who can rarely sit still for two minutes together. But they need more keeping up to the mark, especially in the matter of school attendance. Frequent weddings, feast days, slight ailments, and other trivial accidents of life are made the hinges on which

to hang excuses for absence. Here are a few instances. 'Sir, my uncle was marry.' 'Coconut fell on my cousin.' 'I had a business.' 'I had a vow to pay,' or 'Sir, I was shaved just now.'"

Later, the author sketches a capital picture of the scene in a Cingalese town. Amongst the types he parades before our eyes is one gentleman who would seem to be a disciple of Mr. J. M. Barrie in his study of "Little Mary." Sacrificing appearances to hygiene, "he has, with some scientific knowledge, pipe-clayed his stomach to protect that important part from the rays of the sun!"

We gather from incidental remarks in the course of the issue before us that a Bluecoat Cadet Corps is in contemplation. *Prosit!*

Colstonian.—The best thing in the December number is the first part of an article upon Chatterton, "the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride," extracted from the *Church Times*. Chatterton was born in Bristol, and was educated at Colston's School. His poems are comparatively little read, and the boy's extraordinary history being not too well known the article before us impresses us as of exceptional use and interest. Chatterton's story, however, makes tragic reading. Of the burning, consuming spirit within him the following anecdote gives some indication:—

"A manufacturer of earthenware in the City promised a number of children a present, and invited them to name any device they would like upon it. 'Paint me an angel with wings and trumpet,' said young Chatterton, 'to proclaim my name all over the world.'"

Coopers' School Magazine.—We have often complained against editors who, guilty of the fault of omission, present us with pages of stale news, bare of literary merit, and destitute of interest to the majority of readers; but better that than the fault of commission which can permit such a paragraph as the following to appear—a model of style to the youthful aspirant for literary fame:—

"Perhaps one of the things that strikes a man most on his entering this noble old 'Varsity town, is the splendour of some of the College Buildings. They are indeed venerable piles and the Freshman feels a kind of awe as he goes about them, although this is coupled with pride at the thought of being a member of the 'Varsity.'"

These be the "Impressions of an Old Boy at Cambridge." The article contains more in the same strain as the passage just quoted. Its fund of information is remarkable; we learn amongst other things that "King's College has a magnificent chapel," and that "discipline is maintained amongst the students when out of college by means of Proctors and Bull-dogs." Where *did* the writer learn all these things?

Durban High School Magazine.—We had always thought that the Natal cadet was greatly to be envied his workmanlike and comfort-

able uniform of jersey and knickerbockers. Rumours of alterations in the colour of the jersey have evoked a parody on Gilbert's "When I first put this uniform on," which seems to indicate some dissatisfaction with that garment.

"When I first put my uniform on,
I thought as I gazed in the glass,
I'll give information to every relation
To call me a soldier's a farce.
If these are Cadets of Natal,
Then leave me alone in my peace;
I'd rather a million just be a civilian
Than appear like the Kafir police.

"I've a tight-fitting jersey of blue,
With a glaring great yellowy crest,
The shopman who sells me the uniform tells me,
They want to develop my chest.
The breeches I gladly admit,
In footer might be of some use,
But the kit altogether's absurd for the weather;
I wish it would go to the deuce."

But better, O comrades-in-arms of Natal, a jersey which permits of free movement than a tight-chested, tight-collared, tight-sleeved tunic, which cramps your every movement; better a pair of footer breeks than the trousers beloved of the Army clothier, through the legs of which it is as easy for an ammunition boot to push as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle! We speak from bitter experience.

Harrovian.—The leading article consists of an impressive obituary notice of the late Lord Rowton,—

"truly a character deserving the emulation of every Harrovian. . . . Of Lord Rowton it may truly be said 'si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.' He can have no better monument than the five magnificent 'Poor Men's Hotels' at Vauxhall, King's Cross, Newington Butts, Hammersmith, and Whitechapel, which bear his name, and in which upwards of 3,500 men are housed decently, comfortably, and under the best sanitary conditions."

Ipswich School Magazine.—From a posy of "howlers" (some quite new), we take the following choice exotics:—

"The Athenians spent most of their time in the public houses (buildings).
Pauca benigne respondit.—He answered the pig kindly.
Ecole de natation.—National school.
The Goodwin Sands.—A pretty seaside watering-place."

Lily (Magdalen College School).—The Debating Society, at the first meeting of the last session, discussed a vital question of school life. The motion before the House was, that "Early preparation is an undesirable institution."

"The Mover said that getting up early was unpleasant; he was sure his shaggy ancestors did not get up early and hunt their breakfast; but subsisted on one evening meal a day. He said that late to bed and early to rise was a bad principle. He thought that with a meal before early prep. every difficulty would be met. He suggested two breakfasts, one before and one after. He was great on meals."

There is a pathos in that last confession which should surely have won many votes. Yet the motion was lost by a large majority! And St. Paul's has recently been divided on the question of reducing the whole Saturday holiday! Whither (in the words of the excellent Mr. Leno) are we whithering?

Malvernian.—"Lines on an Examination," is the title of a clever essay in verse. The matter is not, perhaps, brilliant; but sapphics in English (as any who have attempted them will agree) are not the easiest things the versifier can try his hand at. We quote two stanzas:—

"Seated sedately in a dismal school room,
Gazing forlornly at a printed paper,

Covered with awful hieroglyphics at an Examination.

Watching the others writing all serenely,
Almost enjoying answering the questions,
While I alone sit chewing at my pencil,
Sucking my pen nib."

North Point Annual (Darjeeling).—This is a bulky volume which awaits review. Well printed, illustrated with excellent photographs, and containing an epitome of last year's doings, the "North Point Annual" is the record of St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, the splendid school of the Jesuit Fathers in Bengal. The college was founded quite recently, in 1893 to be precise, and the present volume is the ninth of the Annual. There are a few general contributions, but the bulk of the issue consists of a review of the previous year in the various departments of school work. The illustrations are excellent, especially those showing scenes at the athletic sports

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—A malignant (as we fear) editor dismissed his readers at the end of last term with this Parthian shot:—

"John was Henry's son and heir,
Kate of Jane was daughter fair.
Widow Jane with John did mate,
Henry (widower) wedded Kate,
Guy was born to John and Jane.
Reader, if you can, explain
What relation Guy to Kate is,
And to Harry, who her mate is."

Congratulations to J. G. Milton on being chosen to play for England against Wales. As the *Ousel* remarks, schoolboys have, before now, played for Scotland and Ireland, but the honour is unprecedented in the annals of English football.

Petriburgian (King's School, Peterborough).—The best contribution is an interesting article on "School Life in France." The horrible system of espionage, so character-destroying in its effect, which obtains at the French *lycée*, is contrasted with the freedom and character-building independence which is the keynote of life at an English public school. Here is a brief extract showing how a *lycée* appears outwardly:—

"A French School is generally a huge square building with narrow, barred windows, as if to prevent the boys from taking flight. It is, as a rule, divided into three parts, the elementary school, the middle school, and the high school, every one of which contains a dormitory, a refectory, a playground, and many class-rooms. An English boy would in vain look for a reading-room: there is none, for his French comrade is not allowed to read the paper, and is punished whenever one is seen in his hands. There is no football, no cricket-field, no five-court, but a single playground, with a few slender trees which, like the boys, seem to pine for the open space and the air of the country. It is not very large so that supervision may be easier, and you realise that it is impossible to play any of those healthy games which strengthen the body and purify the mind."

Even Yorick himself would admit that the education of boys is not one of those things which they order better in France. As many readers of *THE CAPTAIN* may be aware, M. Duhamel, late French master at Harrow, has returned to his own country for the purpose of founding a school on English public school lines, but adapted to the special requirements of French social life. It will be interesting to see what measure of success attends his "Collège de Normandie," and what influence it may have upon French education in the future.

Review (Grocers' Company's School).—The most interesting feature is the account of the presentation, by the Lord Mayor, of the Frankfort Shield which is offered by the N.R.A. for competition at Bisley amongst secondary schools not entered for the

Ashburton Shield. There is not a little fitness in the fact of the Shield having been won last year by the Grocers' Company's School, which for twenty-two years has made military training part of its regular curriculum, and whose headmaster, the Rev. C. G. Gull, has been the pioneer of the agitation for non-uniform cadet corps.

Sedberghian.—A letter to the editors upon "The Choice of a Profession," though flippantly worded, has much that is serious underlying it. After mentioning all sorts of occupations in turn and dismissing each with some contemptuous objection, the writer remarks:—

"No, these things are impossible—but, happy thought! I have just read in an article on Oxford and Cambridge: 'No one ever yet regretted his University career: it is an unique opportunity for forming friendships, and gives rise to a kind of freemasonry which exists for all life.' This sounds better, there is no disagreeable note in it. Why not go there and, at any rate, put off the fatal question for another three or four years? I shall do so, unless you, Sirs, have any brilliant alternative suggestion. 'A fig for care!'"

This may strike the reader as merely amusing. Yet how often is the course of action thus jokingly suggested in the extract above actually taken? A 'Varsity career may be an excellent thing; for some callings it is an almost indispensable "preparation." But let the boy who is leaving school beware. Let him study himself, his tastes, and his abilities carefully. Let him decide for what work he is most fitted and inclined; and having made that decision let him consider carefully whether the three years start which he will gain, by foregoing a 'Varsity career, over his fellows who elect to go to college, does not recommend him to renounce the pleasures of life at Oxford or Cambridge. Or, should he determine upon a course at the 'Varsity, then as freshman let him also beware. Let him not put off deciding upon his future career, but choosing early, so employ his time that, when he "comes down," he may be well-equipped for his work and able to enter upon it at once; not then hesitating and casting around for "something to suit him."

The *Sedberghian* has likewise the following views of a French boy upon football and cricket:—

"My greatest amusement is the football and the cricket. For the football I like to be half-back and to jump an boys of the other camp and run into touch or through the ball in the scrimmage or to give a ckik in the 25 lines or to hold the ball when there is a boy how is going to do a gol. The cricket is fine to, I like to bat, I like to ball, I like to field, and I like to be wicketquiper."

Sotoniensis.—F. W. Canfield replies with an article on "Idealism," to a paper on "Realism," by E. R. Porter, in the last issue. Well written literary contributions of this kind come as a relief after the trivialities with which school magazines are too apt to be filled. Papers such as that under notice at the moment, though above the heads, perhaps, of the lower forms, ought to be (and we hope are) appreciated by the seniors. A capital feature of the issue before us is afforded by the pages of "Miscellanea" at the end. Odds and ends, tags, cuttings, *et hoc genus omne*, are herein included, and a very interesting hotch-potch they make. We quote a few paragraphs:—

"To know that we know what we do know, and to know

that we do not know what we don't know—this is true knowledge."—*Persian Saying*.

"God made the woman; money made the lady."—*Ivan Zangwill*.

"Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company, and reflection must finish him."—*Locke*.

"Little Boy (after the Sunday School treat): 'Carry me home, mother, but do not bend me.'"—*Dean Pigou*.

The cover of *Sotoniensis* (in colours) is a very bright and attractive one.

Stanley House School Magazine

—This is a capital little periodical, with some bright and readable articles. The editorial address at the beginning is unexceptional in motive, but mistaken, we venture to think, in its guise. Boys are apt to shun anything which looks like a sermon; and we would respectfully submit that the writer might better have achieved his object by clothing his thoughts in less serious and sombre language. The best feature of the number before us is not, unfortunately, home-grown. We refer to some verses, "How Did You Die?", which are quoted from *The Saturday Evening Post*. At the risk of plagiarising we extract the last two stanzas:—

"You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce.
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?"

"And though you be done to death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only—how did you die?"

Westminsterian.—This is the "Organ of the Westminster Training College," which we are specially requested to notice. The fourth article in the series of "Rambles in Westminster" appears in the last issue to hand, and impresses us as easily the best thing in the number. The writer deals with Dickens and Disraeli, and the extent to which Westminster figures in their works. Dickens introduces the neighbourhood into *David Copperfield* and *Our Mutual Friend*, and the best scenes in Disraeli's *Sybil*; or, *The Two Nations*, are laid in the old Rectory House in Smith Square. There are sundry other contributions to this issue of the *Westminsterian*, but they mostly contain allusions which are lost upon the stranger.

We have also received copies of the following:—*Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine*, *Arronian*, *Baptist Outlook*, *Blue*, *Christowe Record*, 1903, *Craleighian*, *Hudleian*, *Haileyburian* (2), *Holmwood Magazine*, *Hurrovian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Isis*, *Johnian* (5), *Kelly College Chronicle*, *Lorettonian* (2), *Milvernia*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *North Park Magazine*, *Olavian*, *Ousel* (4), *Sedberghian*, *Soccer*, *Tauntonian*, *Tollingtonian*, *Tomahawk*, *Tonbridgian*, *Tolnesian*, *University College Magazine* (Adelaide).

(Magazines which reached us after March 12th will be reviewed or acknowledged in our next number.)

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to "Nita," H. Kilburn Scott, P. W. Bennet, "N. C. O.," "G. E. A.," and "Trefoil." Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

G. L. Jessop.

GILBERT JESSOP is without doubt one of the most popular sportsmen of to-day, with players and spectators alike. He first played for Gloucester in 1894, and has ever done great service for his county as an all-round cricketer. Everyone remembers his *début* for Cambridge University, when, scoring forty-two in fifteen minutes, he put such heart into his side that Oxford received a big thrashing. He also assisted the Gentlemen to beat the Players the same year (1897). He is very partial to the Yorkshire bowling, and his largest totals have been compiled against it, *e.g.*, 101, made in forty minutes, in 1897, and 104 and 139 (in the same match), in 1900. His best score against Yorkshire will long be remembered. In the Yardley benefit, at Lord's, in 1901, going in fifth he was quieter than usual, temporarily, then hit with his customary vigour, and was not out 176 the first evening; he eventually increased his score to 233, batting two and a half hours, and only giving two chances. In the close season he visited Australia with MacLaren's team, but was never able to get his eye in; but on one or two occasions he bowled admirably, and his fielding was always brilliant. In 1902, a season of small scores, he was very consistent in batting, and often did great execution with the ball. The best performance of an ever-stylish career was in the final test match at the Oval. Aided by Jackson and Hirst, he stemmed the current of disaster, and scored 104 in seventy-five minutes by sheer pluck against admirable bowling and accurate fielding, enabling England

to obtain her finest victory over Australia. Last season, more suitable for football than cricket, he was the star of the year, and it was disappointing to many that he was unable to go to Australia. In conclusion, *re* this great hitter, fast change bowler, and certain field, I may appropriately quote Horace, and say: "Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet!"

"NITA."



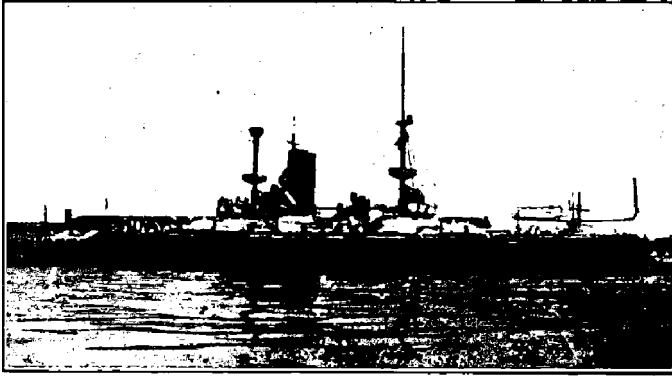
GENERAL KURAPATKIN, EX-MINISTER OF WAR, IN
COMMAND OF THE RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE
FAR EAST.

Photo by H. Kilburn Scott.

A Plea for more Story-telling Photographs.



GREAT benefit derived from photography, generally quoted by its advocates, is that the pursuit of subjects for our cameras takes us into the health-giving country. This cannot be denied, but to those who really desire to produce lasting



H.M.S. "CENTURION,"

Which recently returned to Chinese waters. Her crew took an active part in the Chinese War of 1900.
Photo by "A CAPTAIN Reader."

pictures, let me say there are certain subjects at home which, while completely overlooked, are much choicer than the loveliest views in these islands.

It is strange that we with cameras all seem so infatuated with landscapes, and that, out of a collection of several hundred photographs, there will be a vast preponderance of landscape, and few, if any, of the real pictures that one cannot help seeing on every side right in our homes and in our own streets.

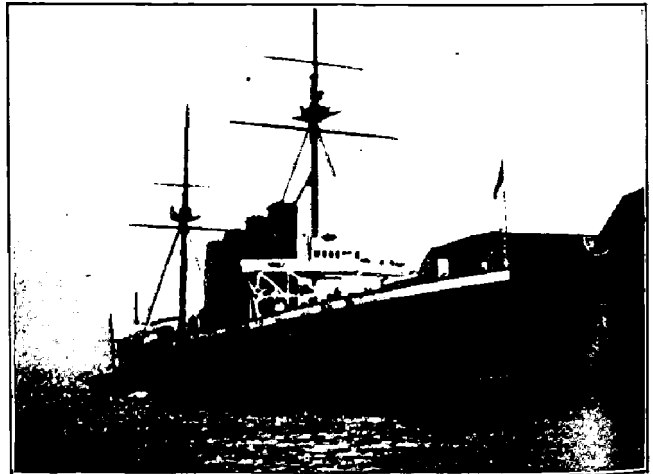
As a record of where one spent a pleasant summer these views are not to be despised, though all will admit that their interest is usually personal. The pictures rarely exhibit great artistic excellence, and even if they do, the credit does not belong to the photographer, for he merely placed his camera in front of these existing gems, and obtained a copy of what he found there, what others had duplicates of, and others to come would produce.

There is nothing meritorious about such work, since it is in no sense original. I admit that the taking of records to recall a pleasant summer has its excuse, since the practice affords pleasure.

But what of the man who, in attempting to win a prize or merely to produce something extra fine, shoulders his photographic outfit, and takes long trips from home to secure some quiet bit of landscape? Is he not, after all, wasting time, when right at his door there exists

material for a more pleasing picture? After a long ride and some walking, he finds a field of corn that he fancies, an old farmhouse, a rustic bridge over a brook, a scene down a lane, and maybe, a haystack or two. When they are printed he perhaps finds them so good that he enters them in a competition, or sends them to an exhibition, and later he wonders why he got no prize or mention, when some prints that were vastly inferior to his in photographic technique won distinction. The fact is that a landscape is not so attractive as a story-telling picture, or one which appeals to the imagination. It is small credit to the photographer, even if well done, and to command attention it must be wonderfully well done.

Suppose the individual had stayed at home. As he opened his door he overlooked the fact that a swarthy son of Italy was there grinding an organ, and that several little children were dancing gracefully, making in all a most effective grouping, and telling a story. For a trifle the Italian would have put down his organ and sat beside it on a step, resting, lighting his pipe, or counting his gains. Before our friend left the house he might have taken one of his sisters as she came to meet the postman bearing a letter she evidently expected, and a little later he could have found her reading it, beside the



H.M.S. "CRESSEY."

An armoured cruiser of the latest type, now on the China Station.

Photo by "A CAPTAIN Reader."

window. After this he could have got a good picture of two street urchins fighting, surrounded by a dozen others, highly excited and interested.

This is merely an idea of what he could have

done—of the pictures he could have secured that would have commanded attention. Charity and photography are alike in one respect, it is well to begin them at home.

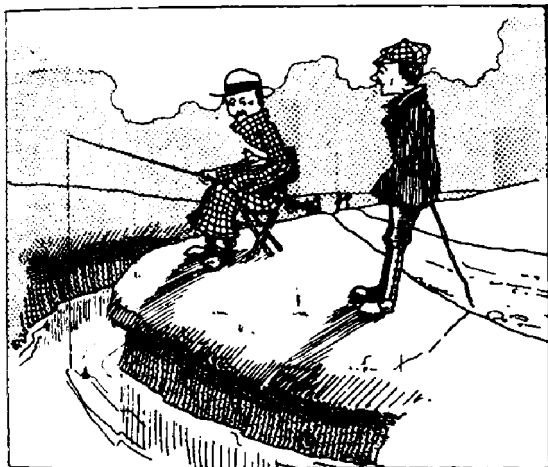
Have something doing in all the photographs taken, and don't forget that the nearer home this work is done, the greater the advantage, for there the artist and his camera will not be novelties, and few poses will be strained or unnatural.

[An excellent suggestion which I hope all my photographic readers will take well to heart.—O.F.]

PERCY WM. BENNET.

The King of the Magazines.

One afternoon I lay and dreamed,
And saw (at least to me it seemed),
Magazines gathered to choose a king
Whose fame the entire world might sing.



RUSTIC: "What are yer fishin' for?"

ANGLER: "Oh—er—just for recreation."

RUSTIC: "Well, yer won't catch any. There be nowt but minnows and mud-eels there."

Drawn by Frank P. Newbould.

They were there by scores, *The Strand*, *Pall Mall*,

Captain, *Royal*, *London*, and all.

Sunday Strand was the judge, in a gown,
To determine which should have the crown;

Each magazine then forward came,

To lay before the judge its claim.

"I give a corner to stamps," said one,

The *Royal* had stories by the ton,

While still another cried with zest,

"Look here! my pictures are quite the best."

Then quoth the judge, "All can't be kings,
We must choose the one that combines these things."

"THE CAPTAIN, THE CAPTAIN," all cried out,

"THE CAPTAIN, THE CAPTAIN," rose the shout!

Then the crowd took it up with a deafening
roar,

"THE CAPTAIN, THE CAPTAIN," cried more and
more.

So THE CAPTAIN was chosen the magazine king,
While the others all gathered around to sing—
"Our sovereign, who now reigns supreme."
Then I awoke, and 'twas but a dream.

BRIAN CRAIG, C.C.

(Age 13).

[I am sure I am greatly obliged to Mr. Craig for this enthusiastic burst of poesy with regard to our noble selves. I trust we deserve the proud award.—O.F.]



A CHUM FROM CHINA.

Drawn by Phil Bell.

Ghost Photography.



Looking at the accompanying photo, any one unacquainted with "trick" photography would be puzzled to account for the effect produced, and might even attribute it to supernatural agencies.

Nevertheless, "it is all very easy when you know how"—to quote a favourite remark of conjurers—and the "how" is simply the fact that the photo has been doubly exposed.

In order to take a successful ghost scene, two people—besides the photographer—are neces-



SCENE I.
By G. E. A.

sary, one to act as the ghost, and the other to take the part of the horrified spectator. Having arrayed the former in white flowing draperies, such as spirits presumably wear, adjourn to the garden and arrange your two characters in a picturesque style. The "ghost" should



SCENE II.
By G. E. A.

pose in a menacing attitude, as though about to strike his petrified victim.

A snapshot is taken with the two in this position, and then the "ghost" moves out of range of the lens of the camera, and a second snapshot is taken of the lady by herself. It is scarcely needful to say that neither the camera nor the lady—presuming the second character is a lady—must move in the slightest during this operation.

After the photo is developed the "ghost" will be found to be perfectly transparent, thus forming a most perplexing problem to any one unacquainted with the trickery employed.

G. E. A.

The Child and the Peach.

HO could vouchsafe the remark that children are weak, after being told the following true story? There was to be a dinner party, and the hostess was busy in a corner of the dining-room, from where, unseen, she watched this little by-play. The youngest member of the family, aged about four, entered the room and eyed with evident satisfaction the various fruits and bonbons upon the table. At length, selecting a large and luscious peach, the small thief withdrew. Some minutes elapsed ere again she entered, still carrying her booty. Carefully replacing the fruit, she exclaimed: "Sold again, Devil!"

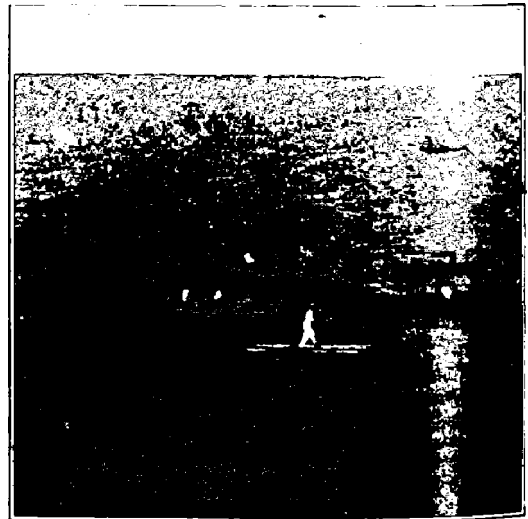
N. C. O.

An Irish National Anthem.

God bless old Ireland's race,
And ever give them grace,
True men to be.
Revere their homes and God,
Shamrock and native sod,
Though scattered far abroad,
On land or sea!

Grant them prosperity,
Freedom, fertility,
Power from above!
Safeguard the island green,
Circling with saintly sheen,
Hearts true to King and Queen,
Girt with Thy love!

"TREFOIL."



CAPTAIN GEORGE GROSSMAN, THE WATER-WALKER.

The shoes in which Captain Grossman walks are made of aluminium, and are rounded and pointed at each end. The Captain moves easily, sliding his shoes through the waves, and balancing himself with a scull.

Sent by O. J. Harran.

Criticisms.

Sportsman.—Your essay is thoughtful. I do not, however, entirely agree with you, and I don't think cricketers and footballers will ever come round to your point of view and play a game simply for the sake of playing it. The desire to evince superiority must be always present. Keen rivalry produces a hard game. Therefore, the combative element, kept within really sporting limits, is desirable. When rivalry becomes so intense that the players resort to shady tricks after the manner of many professional footballers of the present day, the game is robbed of its sporting flavour. Rivalry of this kind is, consequently, a matter to be deplored.

Hugh Adam.—Your essay contains germs of an ability to describe. You must remember, however, that the contributions I select for publication are those which I consider will interest the bulk of my readers. And Master Adam's "first attempt" will hardly do that, I fear, though, no doubt, he will send me something in time that will.

J. H. H.—When you set out to describe a castle for CAPTAIN readers, endeavour to find out a legend or anecdote about it which at once fixes the attention. That is the secret of successful writing—an ability to captivate the interest. A man may be an artist in words and a fine scholar and, nevertheless, bore his readers, while another with half his descriptive powers and a quarter of his learning may possess the secret of "gripping" his reader straight away. Study this point, all you young writers. As for your essay, J. H. H., I can't say it "grips" me. You mention too many places, and your style savours somewhat of the guide-book. Next time tell us something really interesting about *one* place.

H. Goodbrand.—"The Kafirs" is too long for these pages, but as it is interesting I hope to use it in some other part of the magazine. I cannot say when it will appear, though. Contributions for these pages should not exceed 400 words at the outside.

R. Mallett.—You don't give us half enough information about your "Greek Hermit."

Violet Barnjum.—You do not tell us anything at all interesting about Bousecours Market. You mention the market and tell us of what is sold there and send two sketches of market-women. But, my dear young lady, I want far more interesting matter than this for the C.C.C. pages from my Canadian readers. You will, I know, forgive my plain speaking, but I want to impress on other contributors as well as yourself that I can only accept what is really informative, instructive, humorous, or poetical.

N. C. O.—I don't want Biblical jokes, nor in any case do I want "chestnuts."

H. S. E.—Your bit of "amateur poetry" is now causing the Office Dog some dyspeptic qualms.

E. D.—Your "Ramble by the Ouse" is very well done, and will appear in the autumn.

Q.—I am surprised to see you uphold "professional Rugby." If I had my way I would entirely abolish professionalism in football.

"Nita."—Your punctuation, young lady, is your worst failing. Your essay on Jessop, which I have just corrected and sent to the printer's, contains a superabundance of "commas."

T. C.—The idea of your poem is good, but you have carried it out indifferently. Some of the lines are very halting. I don't really think you are the hero of your effort, as stated in the last verse of the set, quoted below:—

Aye, a Laggard! That he's been
From the first to final scene,
For now he's nearly "laid upon the shelf."
"Nothing venture, nothing win."
Fear to venture's been my sin,
For that Laggard—how I scorn him—is Myself.

Ellerslie.—Your sketch—a story composed of names of newspapers—hardly calls for a "searching criticism." I hope your next effort will be of a more original nature, as this idea is a very old one.

H. Johnson.—I do not think "A Solway Scene" would interest my readers. Nevertheless, you seem to have a knack of describing. You must put more "beef" into your work if you want to get into print.

Eric Barker sends a well-written essay on "The Legend of Montrose," which he calls a "neglected romance." I have no room for the essay, but I am willing to echo Eric's hope that you will all proceed to read this book.

E. W. Lloyd.—Next time get somebody to look over your essay before you send it. Your matter is all right, but your composition is very defective. Do not crowd so many words on to a sheet; correct your first draft with the greatest care, and then copy it out again before you send the essay to an editor.

Contributions have also been received from Benjamin Gunn, Alfred Judd, D. Badham. "A Girl Reader," Jack L—, W. P. Ryte, and others whose efforts will be acknowledged or criticised in future numbers.



THE WEIGHT OF THE LAW
Drawn by Wilfrid B. Bussy.

COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

Last day for sending in, May 18th.

SPECIAL PRIZE: SCOTTISH TERRIER PUP, "JOHN BRINDLE,"

Son of Mr. C. B. FRY'S "JANE BRINDLE." Presented for Competition by the Athletic Editor.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by May 18th.

The Results will be published in July.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"June Models in Cricket Bags."—In our June number Mr. Fry will deal with the owners of cricket bags playing for Derbyshire, Worcester, Warwick, Sussex, Somerset, Kent, Hampshire, and Gloucester. Which two players from each of these counties would you prefer him to describe in the manner he has adopted in this month's "Athletic Corner"? Write the names of the players you choose on a post-card and forward to us. The list most nearly agreeing with Mr. Fry's selections will win the prize, which will consist of a Scottish terrier pup recently presented to her master by Mr. Fry's "Jane Brindle"—the wonderful terrier who fields for our Athletic Editor when he practises down at his home in Hampshire. There will also be six Consolation Prizes consisting of books by CAPTAIN authors.

One age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"Sailor or Soldier."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, stating your reasons for preferring to be either (1) a sailor, or (2) a soldier. In each class a No. 2 "Brownie" Camera will be presented as a prize.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.

Class II. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Twelve Books."—As Mr. Le Gallienne remarks, in his thoughtful article, we keep books on our shelves which we have no possible use for. Suppose, therefore, that you had to limit the number of your books to *twelve*, what twelve books would you select? The three competitors who send what the Competition Editor considers the best lists will be allowed to choose as a prize any six-shilling book they please.

One age limit: Twenty-five.

No. 4.—"Drawing of Flowers."—Arrange a bunch of flowers in a vase, and draw it in pen, pencil, or colours. Prizes: Three handsome Post-card Albums.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. The Prize in each Class will consist of a Tennis Racquet, Fishing-Rod, or Cricket Bat (supplied by Messrs. Benetfink).

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"I am most struck by the Remark in —" Well, what remark in the present number of THE CAPTAIN, now that you have read it all through, has lingered the longest in your memory? Story or article, it doesn't matter in what feature it appears. Write it on a post-card and send it along. Prizes: Three selected "X L R" Cricket Bats (supplied by Cook's Athletic Company).

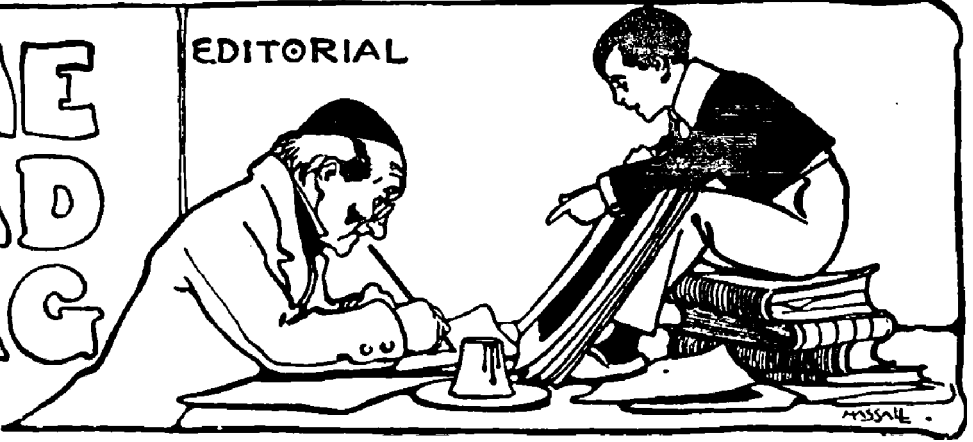
Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

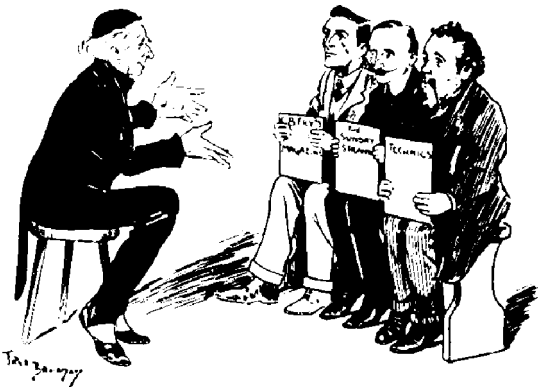
THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Our Tame Artist has been letting himself go this month. Scattered over these pages you will find various sketches by him depicting what obtains at 12 Burleigh Street nowadays. I see he has made one sketch



"DRINKING IN ELDER BROTHER'S ADVICE WITH DUE HUMILITY."

representing the O. F., by virtue of his seniority, purveying advice to his young brother editors. Behold then, on the form, Young Brother Fry (editor of *C. B. Fry's Magazine*), Young Brother A. B. Cooper (editor of *The Sunday Strand*), and Young Brother Edser (editor of *Technics*). As you see, they are drinking in Elder Brother's advice with due humility. This, of course, is a state of things which exists only in Our Tame One's imagination. As a matter of fact, the young brothers—like most young brothers—are rather fond of giving the Elder One advice.

In the midst of it all sits Brother Art-Editor, art-editing all four magazines for

all he is worth. What a man to work! Here is an extract from the

DIARY OF AN INDUSTRIOUS ART-EDITOR.

6 a.m.	Rise from couch.
6.30 a.m.	Breakfast.
6.45 to 8 a.m.	Work in study.
8.15 a.m.	Catch train.
9 a.m. to 1 p.m.	Work.
1 p.m. to 1.15 p.m.	Lunch.
1.15 p.m. to 6 p.m.	Work.
6.15 p.m.	Catch train home.
7 p.m.	Dine.
7.15 p.m. to 1.45 a.m.	Work in study.
1.45 a.m.	Smoke cigarette.
2 a.m.	Bed.
2 a.m. to 6 a.m.	Turn on electric light during wakeful moments and make memoranda on note-slab kept by side of bed.



"ART-EDITING ALL FOUR MAGAZINES FOR ALL HE IS WORTH."

Yes, our Art-Ed. is a breathing representative of all Dr. Samuel Smiles's works compressed into a tabloid.

The Idea Merchant, having been released from Holloway prison, pays us frequent calls. He came in the other day while the Office Dog was taking a little walk down Burleigh Street, and said he wanted to ask me a few questions about the war.

"Go ahead, sir," said I, genially, for I like the poor fellow in spite of his faults.

"What wine of a fruity, topical nature did Mr. Chamberlain recommend to the Prime Minister during the latter's convalescence after his severe cold?"

"*Beaune* of contention," said I, having Korea in my mind.

"Thou art wrong, old one."

"Sham-pain," I ventured, thinking that even great politicians have their little jokes with one another.

"Again you go down one," returned the I. M.

"Well—what wine?" I asked, testily.

"Port, Arthur," he informed me with a smirk.

"That is not bad," I said. "What's the next?"



"CHASED HIM ALL THE WAY DOWN TO CHARING CROSS STATION."



"TAKES SCREEN IN ART-EDITOR'S ROOM AT A BOUND."

"Why have the Russians left off painting their ships?"

"Well—why?"

"Because they are all japped," he explained.

The London Directory is a ponderous work. It hit the Idea Merchant flush on the nose and converted that organ from a Roman into a proboscis of the squat Esquimaux type. And as the Office Dog met him on the stairs and chased him all the way down to Charing Cross Station, where he took refuge in the cloak-room and had to pay twopence on himself before he could get out, I don't think the I. M. will be in a hurry to come up with any more riddles. He will prefer to ask them in a letter, and enclose a stamp for reply.

Mr. C. B. Fry, the athlete, you have all seen. It is the privilege of the few, however, to gaze upon Mr. C. B. Fry, the editor. In endeavouring to settle down quietly to the routine work of a magazine office, he reminds one of a tiger-cub trying to behave like a domesticated cat in a drawing-room. Every now and again, after a spell of solid desk-work, he has to get up and pace his room with fevered steps. This is his vent for bottled-up energy. Then by way of throat and lung exercise he holds animated conversations through the speaking-tube with the Art-Editor. Here's a sample:—

"Whoop-hoop! You there, Art-Ed.?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Got that block of Jessop?"

"I thought he was a slogger, Mr. Fry."

"I mean the block of his picture."

"Oh, I see. Aye, aye, sir."

"Not so much 'Aye, aye, sir.' This isn't a war-ship. I say, look here, you know—are we getting to press in good time?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"It'll be no nose for you in a moment if you give me any more of those parrot answers. Got Stanley Wood's boxing picture yet?"

"What boxing picture?"

"Thunder——"

Here Mr. Fry leaves the tube and ascends two flights of stairs in 3 1-5 seconds, takes screen in Art-Editor's room in a bound (5ft. 11½ins.—office record), and finally descends stairs in two springs. Having thus let off steam he settles down to his desk until another query sends him flying upstairs again.

"Yes," said Mr. Fry's gifted assistant-editor to me the other day, "I guess it's a bit more placid editing the *Guardian* over the road there. Never mind—we're selling like hot cakes . . . have another cigar."



YOURS VERY TRULY, THE TAME ARTIST.
P.S.—OBSERVE MY LEG-CHAIN.

The Kind Bishop.

(From our "Anecdotes" Competition.)

The following story is told about the Bishop of Lincoln. While walking along the street one day, the Bishop noticed a small boy making strenuous but unavailing efforts

to reach a house-bell, and, with his usual kindness, offered to assist him. He therefore lifted the boy up, and the urchin rang most vigorously. But when the Bishop placed him on the ground again the lad ran away as hard as he could, leaving the poor Bishop at the door to make the best of his action.

W. A. OLDFIELD.

When it Didn't Rain. While spending our holidays in the Lake district last year we had very wet weather. My father, who was playing golf, got desperate at the continual downpour, so he turned to the boy who was carrying his clubs for him and said, "Boy, does it ever do anything but rain here?" "Yes," said the boy, "it sometimes snows."

P. W. DAVIDSON.

At the Kindergarten School.

TEACHER (to Tired Teddy): "What does 'A' stand for?"

TEDDY (crossly): "'Cos it can't sit down!"

A Story With No Moral. A party of four sportsmen were out shooting one day, only one having a license. While busily engaged in killing birds they perceived a revenue officer coming towards them. One of the other three said to the one with the license, "You run off, and he will follow." Accordingly, he set off at a smart pace, the unwary officer following. After having run nearly a mile, the sportsman stopped and asked the officer what he wanted. "I wish to see your license," said the man of the law. "Oh, is that all? Here it is," said the other. Meanwhile the three without licenses escaped.

VICTOR R. WESTCOTT.

Rather Rough! A certain labourer once asked a country clergyman to write a letter for him to a duke, from whom he wished to obtain aid. "But you ought to go yourself and see his Grace," said the clergyman. "I would, sir," was the nervous answer, "but, you see, I don't like to speak to the Duke. He may be too proud to listen to the likes of me. I can talk to you well enough, sir; there's nothing of the gentleman about you."

W. PASS

The Usual Reason. The following conversation was overheard in a third-class carriage, the speakers being a dean (about to

be made a bishop, but who always travelled "third") and an old farmer.

FARMER: "Curate, I suppose?"

DEAN: "Yes, my friend, I was *once* a curate."

FARMER: "Dear! Dear! Drink, I suppose?"

B. LAWTHER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Bolek**" writes:—"While reading through the Answers to Correspondents in the March number, I stumbled across an amusing letter, signed 'E. S.' upon the subject of Volunteers. Does he know how Volunteers are spoken of by men who know better than to waste their time in such a peculiarly feeble-minded recreation? Has he never been called a 'Saturday-night soldier,' or a 'Middlesex muddler'? Does he not know that the majority of men are engaged in the struggle for a living wage, or in an effort to shape their careers? When fellows can only spare perhaps one evening a week, or Saturday afternoon, for a game of football—and I know several who are so placed—is it not a great privilege to be able to drop into a house for an hour or two to have a quiet read, or game of chess, or talk to a friend? I am trying to think where the 'laziness and nothing more' comes in. It is a pity that 'E. S.' has not the ability to understand the feelings of those who prefer a quiet life, instead of an exciting and disagreeable life spent amongst a company of yahoos playing at soldiers. **THE CAPTAIN** did the best thing it has done during its existence when it suggested the formation of **CAPTAIN Clubs**. Long life to all such clubs, and let us hear no more of such feeble attempts to undervalue them, but let us rather help in their formation and extension in every way possible."

J. W. W. also appears to have been ruffled by the remarks made by "E. S." re non-Volunteers. **J. W. W.** hints darkly at the jovial blades of the canteen, and suggests that the society afforded by **CAPTAIN Clubs** would be highly preferable to that found in Volunteer corps. And this in spite of the fact that **J. W. W.** is a Volunteer himself. Now, see here, you young fellows. Don't run to extremes. **CAPTAIN Clubs** are good, and Volunteering is good—as well as necessary to the nation's welfare. Don't start chipping each other, but live your own lives to the best of your ability. Go to a Volunteer drill hall or to a club, as you please, but whatever manner you adopt in which to spend your evenings, let it be a healthy and a manly one.

Only a Girl tells me that the Henry VIII. "Howler" recently referred to in these columns was really a genuine answer given by a boy attending the Cardiff Board School. Dean Pigou vouches for its authenticity in his "Odds and Ends." Having settled that matter, I beg to suggest that my correspondent's *nom-de-plume* is hardly the sort of one to reflect credit on her sex. She explains it by saying: "I have always wanted to be a boy, in order to be able to go to a Public School." The fact remains, however, that she is a girl, and I daresay she occasionally appreciates that state of being when young gentlemen kneel down in the snow to put her skates on, and consider it a privilege to conduct her to a dance or tennis party, buy her chocolate, and generally make it manifest that they regard her as a person greatly superior to themselves.

M. B. Hynson.—I am scheming out a new set of **CAPTAIN Picture Cards**. Our next set will probably be in black and white, and consist of pictures from our most popular serials. They will not be so cheap, and the price will not appear on the cards themselves.

Patriotic Colonist wishes to express his admiration for the late Mr. G. A. Henty's book, "True to the Old Flag," in which the author vindicates the honour of the British troops which took part in the American War of Independence. "I am sure your readers," says my correspondent, at the end of his eloquent letter, "will second me in laying a wreath of thanks on the tomb of him who cleaned an otherwise tarnished slate."

"**Traveller**" writes:—"In your last November number I notice your remarks on Porangi Potae's letter. Before you change places with him, will you please ask him the following questions? Can he show you a more beautiful country than England? Where does he get his singing birds from? England. There is not a native singing bird in New Zealand. What does he clothe the green fields with? English grass. I defy him to gather a bunch of flowers in the green fields. He may find some on the forest trees, or a bunch of English yellow gorse, which he would be glad to get rid of. Where does he get the trout, the deer, and the pheasant from? England—and the quail from California. Has he ever a purely blue sky? On how many days does it rain in the year, and is New Zealand a beautiful country to look at from under an umbrella? Tell him that you can buy bread and meat cheaper in London than you can in Wellington. No, dear Old Fag, I think when Porangi Potae has answered these questions you will find yourself far better off in dear old England." (All the same, I hope to take a trip to New Zealand when I have saved up enough money.—O.F.)

A. R. W. noticed a recent reply of mine to the effect that Volumes I. to VI. were out of print, and could not be reprinted. My correspondent wanted some of these volumes, and, not knowing how to get them, adopted the plan of writing to all the prize-winners whose addresses were given, and asking them if they had any back numbers of **THE CAPTAIN** to dispose of. A good many of them wrote back and said that they would not part with their back numbers, but **A. R. W.** was persistent in his endeavours, and was at length successful in finding a boy who possessed the lot and was willing to part with them for 6s. 6d. I have simply mentioned **A. R. W.**'s method by way of information to readers who want to buy back numbers.

A. R. is waiting to see his essay appear in the **C. C. C.** pages, and suggests that I should not accept so many contributions if I am unable to use them fairly soon. Well, there is the difficulty. I am sorry fellows have to wait, but it is necessary. I receive a lot of contributions that I don't like to refuse, because they are interesting. At the same time, I cannot afford space for them immediately. Every contributor is at liberty to put on his contribution: "If you are unable to use this contribution within six months, I would rather you did not accept it." Then I should know what to do. It is not as if **THE CAPTAIN** were a weekly magazine; it is a monthly magazine, and every monthly magazine in the world has a large number of articles and stories in hand. **C. C. C.** contributions, of course, are not returned unless accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope.

"Yet Another Girl" writes:—"I have seen in THE CAPTAIN letters from girls who say such things as this: 'On my last birthday I received a knife and fishing-rod. No other thing could have pleased me so much, though they seem queer things to give to a girl. If every girl knew the joy of possessing a knife, they would have one . . . &c.' I am only quoting at random, but this is the sort of thing I have often seen. Now, I would like to let those girls know that their cases are not exceptional, as they seem to think. The modern girl is not contented to sit sewing, painting, &c., all day, as her grandmother may have done (did she? I rather doubt it. Our grandmothers, I am sure, were not such good, contented maidens as we suppose them to have been). No, indeed, she can fish, ride, swim, &c., almost, if not quite as well as, her brother, and nearly every girl I know has a knife and uses it—rather! I for one could not do without mine. I'm afraid it is no wonder that some boys think girls muffs if they don't know girls, and these letters I have mentioned will not make them think any better of us."—There; that is a letter from a modern girl. But, dear modern girl, don't overdo it. Fish, ride, jump, play hockey, but always preserve your womanliness. I have no liking for the girl who is really a boy in skirts.

Bexhillian writes supporting the idea of starting a CAPTAIN Club at Bexhill, and adds that "Bexhill is very much behind in the matter of places of entertainment and instruction." I trust the proposed Club will come into being and prosper exceedingly.

"**Footlights.**"—The life of an actor is a wandering and uncertain one. He is in a "shop"—as an engagement is called—for three months and out for six. He has to put up with a lot of hardship, and he meets many very questionable companions. I do not advise you to adopt this profession, because at your age, without influence, it is doubtful whether you could obtain an engagement other than that of a "super," at a few shillings a week. Stick to your office work, and it won't seem so slow after a time.

W. M. Conway writes:—"Referring to the article in your February number in which you give a description, with illustrations, of a glass called 'Prismatic Rolled,' I think it is only right that it should be known that the original makers of this article are the Union Plate Glass Co., Ltd., St. Helen's, Lancs. This Company (which was established in 1837) began the manufacture of the glass several years ago, and still make it. They are also the patentees, and the proper name of the glass is 'Refrax.' I write this so that honour may be given where it is due."

S. E. H. Very glad to welcome you to our ranks, especially as you go to a school in which I spent many happy months years ago as a master.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Twickenham.—V. W. Dougherty, 24 Amyard Park Road, Twickenham, will be glad to hear from any readers of THE CAPTAIN who would like to start a CAPTAIN Club in that neighbourhood.

G. Graham.—We don't go in for acrostics. Yours seem to be rather clever. **Frank K. Hill** (N.S.W.)—Was much pleased by your letter. It's rather a long way to send a Rugby team, but perhaps one may visit you some day. **Mire** (Antwerp).—It astonishes me to see how THE CAPTAIN gets about. I receive delightful letters from all parts of the world. This encourages me to hope that THE CAPTAIN is making a peculiar niche for itself, quite unlike that of any other paper or magazine. I am interested to hear of your English-Teaching Club, and shall keep that essay by me and find a corner for it if I possibly can. My best regards to you and all other CAPTAINITES in Antwerp.

E. J. Hitzen.—The photo is only "fair," being far too dim for reproduction in this magazine. The car looks snug enough. **H. Harman** (Meerut).—Have sent your criticism of tiger-shooting picture to the artist.

Ambitious School-Girl.—I have given a lot of advice to would-be authors from time to time, and I really cannot keep on repeating myself. If you are destined to be an author, you will be one. If you are a "born writer" you won't be able to help writing. One must have the art of writing born in one to achieve success. Meanwhile, go in for our literary competitions, and try your strength against other young people of your own age. **H. A. Belfast.**—We can supply the back number you mention for 8½d. post free. **A. L. C.** (East Acton).—You would obtain first-class preparation for all Higher Civil Service exams. from Messrs. Gibson and Loly, Quernmore, Bromley. They have a London branch at 24 Chancery-lane, W.C.

Wild Olrishman.—(1) Watch the advertisement columns in the daily papers, and write to any shipping firms that advertise such vacancies as you desire. **Photographer.**—You may win as many prizes as you like in our competitions. Mr. Bell thanks you for your kindly expressions of approval, and Rufus extends the paw of friendship in your direction.

I have also to acknowledge letters from Donald Smith, H. F. Mackie (appointed Official Representative for Boston, U.S.A.), O. M. T. (sorry, too busy to solve problem), S. G. H., "Pem," H. Malcolm, J. T. Iredale (sorry, no space for your little article), Ignoramus, Byron Burns (yes, tell him of his mistake), Well-Wisher, and many others, whom I wish to thank for suggestions, criticisms, and corrections.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"The Twelve Best Features."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: W. F. Curtis, Stockwood, Dorchester, Dorset.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Leigh Turner, "Ingersley," Shaw Heath, Stockport; Lionel H. Woods, 32 Cornhaught-road, Harlesden, London, N.W.; R. C. Woodthorne, Bede terrace, Whitley, R.S.O.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. C. Kenneth, Agnes James, Charles H. Crane, George Charlton Anne, John S. Kennedy, Harold Scholfield, W. E. Gunter, J. G. Dunham, Albert Albrow, Sydney D. Wale.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: G. F. Crouch, 101 Sherrard-road, Green-street, Forest Gate, E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. T. Reeves, 48 Whitbread road, Brockley, S.E.; Edgar S. Blackburn, 85 St. Mark's-road, N. Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. M. Evans, T. R. Davis, Ernest Kleinjung, M. Grant, G. P. Rubie, Enid Wilkinson, Cyril A. Wheeler, A. D. Hall, Ernestine C. Anne, S. Southern, Royden Wilkinson, F. P. Newbould, Tom Haslam.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: R. D. Wright, Cabalva, Reigate, Surrey.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harman J. Howland, C. W. Stewart, E. Venables, V. Barningham, Cyril Cole, Kenneth Pike, Otto Boole, G. G. Wilson.

No. II.—"Comic Sentence."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Ella Kirkpatrick, "Lincluden," Liscard, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Gerald J. Bellew, Wellesley-terrace, Bradford; Mollie Denning, The Priory, Wellington, Somerset; Mollie Siddons, Babies Castle, Hawkhurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. B. Jones, W. E. New, Ida M. Churchward, R. L. Pawlby, Sydney D. Wale, J. T. Morris, T. B. Sladin, R. McDonald, F. Lines, Evelyn Byrde, T. J. Rolton, Dorothy Binney.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Ethel Talbot, 9 Merivale road, Putney.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. K. Dawson, Chilton Hall, Clare, Suffolk; Winifred Silk, Gleneg, Birmingham-road, Kidderminster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Herbert Johnson, Chas. M. Manners, Victor McQuilkin, N. F. Howard, Leonard Phillips, E. Pentreath, David C. Paterson, A. L. Lowry, Frida Phillips, A. W. Hall, H. Hall.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: T. L. Smith, Home House, Broughty Ferry.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. V. Smith, City Police Office, St. Albans.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. W. Gammett, D. K. Sarkies, N. S. Wolfendale, Percy Hartill, Gerald Matthews, Johnstone Brown, F. Shaw, E. M. Gibbon, Owen Richardson, T. E. Hill, M. J. Alexander.

No. III.—"The Best Employment for a Wet Afternoon."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Alfred Judd, South View, Summerland-road, Barnstaple.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Ereaud, Afsa Horner, H. T. Austin, Harry Payne, John L. Turner, R. B. Beveridge, Alfred R. Sheaves, Kate Popert, C. T. Down, Ivan W. Jutsum, Maud M. Lyne, Jas. Nevin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" TENNIS RACQUET: Evelyn Byrde, Widworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff, 12 Lord-street, West Southport; Ida M. Churchward, The Red House, Boie-street, Lichfield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alexander Walker, C. Preedy, Molly Siddons, H. C. Smith, J. H. Weeks, J. Hodgkinson, Andrew B. Whitehill, P. N. F. Young, Agnes James, W. S. Cameron, E. N. Parsons, A. Maud Parsons.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" TENNIS RACQUET: Muriel Bray, 9 Linton-crescent, Hastings.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Ernestine C. Anne, 47 Lansdown-crescent, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Stables, G. St. G. Higginson, E. M. Schindhelm, C. H. Bishop, E. A. Weaver, Wallace W. B. Fish, Noel A. Scott, John O. W. Lewis, W. H. Palethorpe, H. A. Patrick, B. F. Lawrence, Henry Vause, Martin B. Parker, Nora Kauntze, C. E. Kirkpatrick.

No. IV.—"Drawing of a Clock."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-three.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: C. E. Altman, 54 Lewisham Park, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Judd, South View, Summerland-road, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William Shaw, John Brown, Winifred D. Ereaud, Constance H. Graves, Nora Simmonds.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Charles Henry Fry, 33 Burghley-road, St. Andrew's-park, Bristol.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale-terrace, Muttley, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kitty C. Barker, Lena Gilkes, Mollie Marrow, H. J. Simkin, William Ringham, R. Goodman, Frida Phillips, Lorenzo Bennington, George William Bailey.

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—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MARCH COMPETITIONS.

I.—The correct list, according to vote, was as follows:—

"The Gold Bat."	"How Number Four was Saved."
"Across the Wilderness."	The Photographic Gallery.
The Athletic Corner.	"The Picked Seven at Hat-Band."
The Competitions.	
"Poor, dear Harry."	
The Old Fag.	Models and Model-Making.
The Stamp Collector.	CAPTAIN Club Contributions.

No one gave the correct list, but one competitor had only one mistake. There were a large number of entries.

II.—An immense number of competitors sent in sentences—some indeed whole paragraphs—but there was a great similarity between them, the really comic sentences being comparatively few.

III.—This was a most popular and interesting competition, and the editor was able to beguile a wet afternoon (one of the many) in judging it. All sorts of suggestions were

Erneat F. Pate, William Charles Boswell, R. S. Roberts, Sidney G. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fourteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Muriel Lane, 189 Illey-road, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Cuttriss, C. G. Smith, Herbert Pizer, Violet Salter, J. B. Mahony, B. Brunskill, Leonard George Boswell, Gwen M. Evans, Patricia Crossman.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: E. S. Maples, The Lawn, Hopton, near Mirfield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. Radford, Tunnel-road, The Park, Nottingham; William J. Wain, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. E. Patterson, R. Reeve, Dorothy Allchin, Robert M. Williams, Avena S. R. A. Brooke, Rupert Lindley, Elizabeth Twynam, F. J. Sharpley, Harold J. Brough.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: H. C. Hooper, 65 Clarence-road, King's Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Fred. Carter, 89 High-street, Hartlepool; J. J. R. H. Oldham, Haddock Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield; John Harman Young, Balgovan, Dorking.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. A. Worfolk, R. Hindle Kay, Noel Edward Lean, Humphrey F. Foster, E. W. Girnsdale, Lewis E. Whitfield, R. O. Ward, Harry Farnish, A. F. Van Swae, J. H. Stretton, F. C. Graham, James Parker Gardner, W. E. Gundill, W. Long, M. Grant, E. H. Honeyburn, Harold V. Lone, M. P. Fraser, Henry Ponsford, Eliza Bobbett.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Thomas Hughes, Newick House, Bath road, Cheltenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. E. Hargrave, All Saints' School, Bloxham, Banbury; Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, Canterbury.

HONOURABLE MENTION: K. Dowie (Canada), W. F. Laing, E. R. Despard, A. R. Courtenny, J. Webb, J. Metherell, O. Hughes Jones, Harold Hill, Claud M. Rowson, C. Hartnell, Arthur Clifford Langhorne, F. W. Patman, Victoria Thornton Down, C. Pratt, W. Shaw, Alan Broome, F. S. Linnell, Theo White.

No. VI.—"The Poets and the Spring."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" FISHING-ROD OR "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: J. H. Leng, 6 Wenlock-terrace, York.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Winifred D. Ereaud, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; Wm. Shaw, 3 Armside-road, W. Bowling, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. S. L. Holt, Sam Crawford, Ursula M. Peck, Horace T. Austin, E. R. Swallow, Margaret S. Galloway, Kathleen M. Light, P. G. Margetta, Evelyn Byrde, Evelyn J. M. Kettrick, John L. Turner, Constance Kirkpatrick.

WINNER OF "JOHN PIGGOTT" FISHING-ROD OR "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Rosemary Rooker, Christ Church Vicarage, Beckenham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Hugh B. Dawes, 63 Waldeck-avenue, Bedford; Walter S. Round, 8 Victoria-terrace, Dudley, Worc.; J. Honeysett, 88 Beaumont-road, E. Dulwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. C. Anne, H. R. Stanley, G. B. Johnson, Thos. Matthew, Lilian Georgeson, Patricia Crossman, Eleanor Hunt, Inga S. Bell, F. C. Warburton, W. L. Roome, James V. Lorimer, D. Chisholm.

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—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

made, including reading, photography, stamps, carpentry, making toffee, and almost every one recommended doing "CAPTAIN Comps." as a sure cure for boredom on a wet day. We gathered, however, from most of the essays, that the only way to spend a wet afternoon enjoyably is to do something. Don't grumble at the weather, and don't loaf.

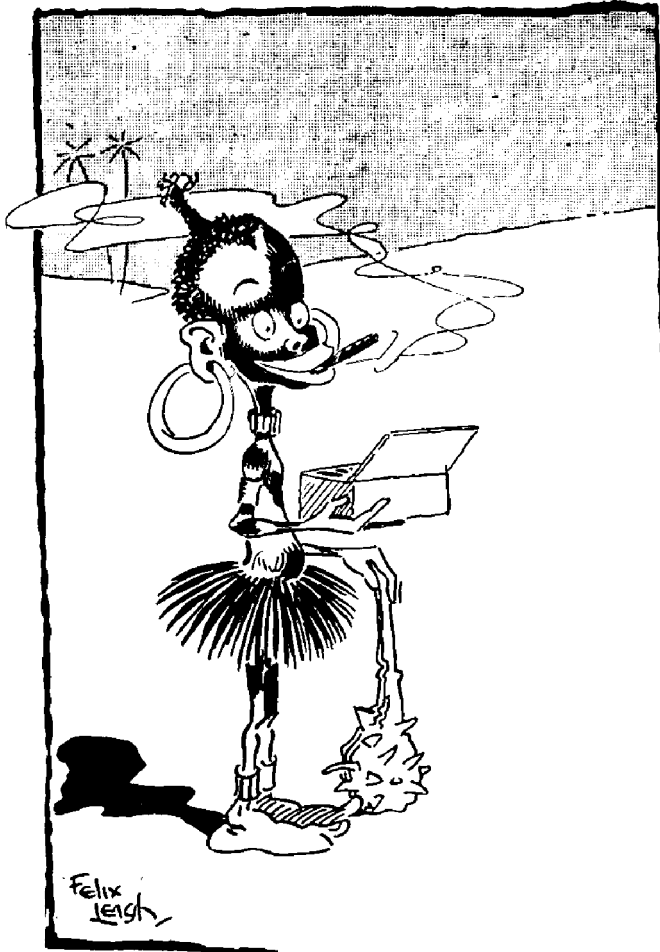
IV.—A rather difficult subject, but some remarkably tasteful drawings were submitted in all Classes, the winning sketch in Class II. being exceptionally fine.

V.—Quite a record number of entries, rendering adjudication somewhat difficult, so well executed were the majority of photographs.

VI.—A large number of most interesting and beautiful poetical extracts on "Spring" were sent in. Tennyson, Chancer, Ben Jonson, Mrs. Hemans, Wordsworth, Milton, and the present Post Laureate all finding their admirers among CAPTAIN Competitors.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

AFTER THE BANQUET.



KING CALIBAN (SAMPLING HIS VICTIM'S CIGARS): "NOW I
KNOW WHY THAT STRANDED EXPLORER TASTED SO LIKE CAB-
BAGE SOUP."

By Felix Leigh.



"SURRENDER!" YELLED TOMMY, BUT THE OFFICER WHIPPED OUT A REVOLVER.

SAILORS of the KING.

A story of
WAR
on land and
Sea.

War is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbian, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats. Some days' sail from Maldiva the *Arbiter* encounters a cruiser and three gunboats—all apparently Uruguayan—and engages them. A desperate encounter results in her engines breaking down, and she is at the mercy of the enemy when a British sailing ship, the *Attila*, loaded with iron rails, rams the cruiser and sinks her. The collision proves fatal to the *Attila*, which sinks, her commander (Captain Tobutt) and crew escaping in boats to the *Arbiter*. After thanking Tobutt for coming to the rescue in so effectual a manner, the commander of the *Arbiter* puts the merchant skipper and his men in charge of one of the Uruguayan gunboats which has been captured. With Tobutt goes Midshipman Brown as the *Arbiter's* representative on the prize. The Uruguayans, however, succeed in dragging the coffee served to Tobutt and the midshipman, and it appears probable that they will succeed in recapturing the gunboat.

By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

CHAPTER IX.

TOBUTT AWAKES.

“O N deck, sir, for your life!”

The words rang out meaningless in Midshipman Brown's ears, but their bated note of fear plucked him to his feet on the instant. He found himself staring into the glittering eyes of the bo'swain. The man, with no more ado, seized Tommy by the shoulders and thrust him to the open door, shaking him meanwhile like a puppet.

“I'm awake now; what's gone wrong?” cried the middy.

Instead of answering, the man stealthily put out the light and led him by the arm towards the bridge rail.

“Sir,” said he wrathfully, “we've nearly sent a big ship to glory—see, there goes her lights up to windward—and here's our captain blind, dumb, and a frozen image. Mischief's afoot, I tell you—and look at our skipper!”

They approached the figure of Captain Tobutt, who, his head sunk on his breast, still clenched the rails with his hands by the force of sheer unconscious will. Tommy strove to shake him, but he might as well have put hands to the boat's steel davits.

“Oh! you'll not move him, sir, and it's wasting time. See you! they've been prowling up

and down from the after cabin all this last watch. When that ship loomed upon our bows we waited orders, seeing the captain so close, but at last everything rushed on us quicker than our thinking. Without orders we just got the wheel over, and I tell you, sir, with not a second to our credit. We've ripped all the stern rails off that ship, and our skipper has not moved a hand before or since."

"Are they on deck now?"

"Yes, they're skulking in the shadows; see, there goes one!"

Tommy just caught the glance of a head against the whitened back-wash. That fleeting glance set Tommy's heart drumming on his ribs. He was face to face with threatened danger for the first time in his life, when the responsibility of other lives lay with his doing. The dark night, the unknown ship, the hostile men lurking in the hollow shadows of the deck, all threatened his person; yet, after all, one could but die fighting—that was no hardship. But by his misjudgment or good judgment the others died or lived. In that moment he drained the bitter cup to the dregs; all who would lead must drink it.

"Bo'swain," said he, at last, after wetting his lips, "we must double the fore-hatch sentries. Quietly rouse out your crew, and arm them, and drive those fellows hiding there below."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried the bo'swain heartily, and turned to the bridge ladder, but half way down he retraced his steps leisurely, calling aloud,

"The light is quite right, sir."

"What?" cried Tommy, as the man approached him. "What's the light got to do with it?"

The bo'swain bent down to his ear under the shelter of the weather cloth.

"Sir," said he, "I just saw them. There's two laid under the bridge alley-ways with rifles to stop any one from the bridge going forward!"

It was quite clear that their chance of striking first had been lost. Everything now depended on their gaining time to put themselves in a stout posture of defence. There were twelve officers aft, all certainly now on deck, and armed into the bargain. All the trend of circumstances pointed to them seeking to rush the fore-hatch guard to liberate the prisoners.

Why not at this moment as well as any other? Tommy reflected. Tobutt was the evident answer. But again the same question occurred, for even if they were afraid of Tobutt's personality they must fight sooner or later, because they had now placed themselves in a state of

open warfare by the men under the bridge, who might be found at any moment. So why did they wait?

He swiftly placed the situation before the bo'swain, and the latter, after biting hard on his quid for some moments, at length cried,

"It's the change of watch they're waiting for, when the guard undo the gratings to let our men up. That's when they'll do the rush!"

Tommy moved to the binnacle and looked at his watch.

"Ten minutes more!" he cried, "and how many can we arm?"

"There's only Bryan here at the wheel, and us two. If only the captain would pull together there'd be half a watch more, but it ain't no use," he added bitterly, and going up to Tobutt he again essayed to shake him. To their great relief the captain's arms relaxed, and he settled heavily on the bo'swain. Laying him on the planks they leant over him, and caught the end of a muttered sentence.

"He's not done by long chalks, not he!" cried the bo'swain, with an exulting ring, "there, let the rain on his face and undo his collar."

There was no time to do more. The minutes were flying fast, and the time for the clang of the bell nearing that would bring the onset from the lurking foe along the dark after-deck.

The bo'swain crawled into the boat, and handed down at least twenty magazine rifles and a box of ammunition.

As the weapons were loaded they stacked them in sets, flat on the deck, and to hand on either side of the ladders. They worked in complete confidence, for not an object could be seen save when a sudden burst of sea showed the ink-black outline of the ship against the foam.

At last they were ready, and Tommy went to the wheel.

"Bryan," cried he, "when we shout, you must lash it, and come and take your turn by us."

"Take my turn by you, sir," said the man simply, as if repeating a new course, and said no more till the bell struck, just as quietly as all the time he had nursed the ship to the roaring onslaughts of the sea, and knowing that the deck behind him held a band of armed and desperate men.

"Watch time, bo'swain," at length said Tommy, in a quick, hard voice.

"Aye, aye, sir, we'll just put this grating up to block the port side ladder."

It was soon done, and then they seized their rifles. Just as the bo'swain raised his hand to the bell, Tommy restrained him.


"Bo'swain, you can shout louder than I can, when I make the bells, you hail the fore sentries."

"Shoot at sight any one who approaches you from aft on deck."

Then he turned, crying, "Look out, sir!"

The gauntlet had been flung at the foe.

Intense darkness and the noise of breaking seas had hitherto given every chance to the assailants, outnumbering as they did the English watch on deck. But now, at the bo'swain's call, the odds were levelled. Given open daylight and a quiet deck, it would have been a simple



and warn them to be careful and ready when they open the hatch; do it naturally."

"That's good, sir," said he.

The bell rang out, and the last stroke had barely sounded before the bo'swain roared out into the gale,

"Fore-deck there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Call the watch—but be careful and shoot at sight—do you hear?"

A clear "Aye, aye, sir," echoed back.

SUDDENLY A RIFLE CRACKED BELOW THEM.

attack; the bridge would have been carried with a rush, while the fore-guard were held off. But the gunboat rolled so heavily, and dipped and lifted so high and low that no man was sure for a second of his footing.

The three defenders of the bridge lay prone, a rifle muzzle over the top round of each ladder, a row of loaded weapons to hand.

For the length of time the ship dipped and swooped thrice up the black hills of water not a movement came on deck. Then a confused calling echoed from the guard on the fore-hatch. Suddenly a rifle cracked below them, and Bryan at the port fore side ladder saw by the flash the watch crawling aft by the weather bulwarks. Following that a rapid gush of firing broke out under the starboard side of the bridge, and disclosed the men now scrambling back in a flurry to gain the shelter of the fore gun-casing. Once there, the fore-guard opened fire briskly on the alley-way, and the vicious splashing thud of the bullets jarred the stanchions below the bridge.

From the ladders facing the stern, Tommy and the bo'swain watched and waited. Nothing moved; not a rifle flash broke the alternate blackness and ghostlike pallor of the seas breaking near the ship's after-deck.

At length Bryan's rifle cracked behind Tommy, and the man called exultingly, "Got one!"

At the man's sudden cry Tommy had involuntarily half turned his head. As he resumed his watch again, a white spout of foam leapt up, and against this, black and threatening, rose a man's head within four feet of his own. Tommy thrust out his rifle, and pulled the trigger in the same action; the head vanished, but he heard the thud of a body striking the deck below. So black after the flash seemed everything, that with a nervous gesture he even swept the muzzle of the rifle to and fro above the steps ready to pull the trigger if it encountered any solid body. Directly after a murderous quick firing volleyed from the bo'swain's post and lit up the after-deck and a knot of men springing up Tommy's ladder.

He tilted his rifle down and emptied the magazine, flung it down, grasped another, emptied it, and had another in hand.

The bo'swain's fire lashed as rapidly, and so incessantly that Tommy risked a quick glance from the tail of his eye along the line of his firing.

A sea broke snowy white, and disclosed a body of men pouring from the engine room! The engines were slowing down, and the ship lurched more giddily, and wallowed deeper and deeper as her speed decreased. Another sea came and broke white, and Tommy fired and flung the

rifles after the shots. He had reached for his fifth rifle when a heavy body dropped on him. The enemy had taken them in the flank by climbing along the lee side rails. Tommy clutched the first man before he recovered his balance and down he came. The ship lurched in the trough as he fell, and emptied both through the open square of the ladder entrance.

Falling men see much, and Tommy, as he whirled down, saw by the flashes their fore-guard and the watch rushing to the bridge. By good luck he landed uppermost. He was on his feet in a flash, blank with amazement to find himself uninjured.

To gain the ladder was his first thought, but at that instant the body of a man crashed down on the first, and the ringing voice of Captain Tobutt stormed out, "Hold on forward for your lives!"

Tommy gave a wheeling swift glance from stem to stern. Then he clutched the handles of the ventilator that sheltered him, and waited with pent-up breath for the onslaught. The gunboat had swung into the trough, and now sidled drunkenly till her stern faced the seas. And she had come almost to a standstill. The firing had ceased abruptly. Darkness followed, black as an unlit mine; the ship dropped her stern. A deep hush came in the wind as the onrushing rising wave barred the gale. Then the huge comber glanced white into sight, topped high over her taffrail, hung a moment, then crashed on board, and swept forward in frightful chaos.

The ventilator held firm, and broke the force of the torrent before it touched Tommy, but as the water roared over his head he felt bodies and hands sweeping past like straw in a torrent. At last his feet touched the deck, and he opened his eyes. The decks were still full with the hissing, white torrent washing out, and by the phosphorescence he saw that the bridge stanchions were still upright. In a trice he gained the ladder and flew up. A hand grasped him by the throat, and Tobutt's voice roared,

"What! not all gone?"

Tommy had just breath enough to cry out his name.

"Thunder, Mr. Brown!" and that was all Captain Tobutt said just then. The ship lay black below them squelching in a dim white track of water. Another wave like the last meant the foundering of the ship, and friend and foe.

Suddenly Tobutt's voice rang out,

"Any of you engineers left?"

An affrighted call or two echoed back.

"Whip below and start her full speed, or you'll be dead men inside of two minutes."

Within that limit of time the engines opened out, and lifted the ship's head to the seas once more.

The watch by this time had gained the bridge and were rearmed, and now, led by Tommy, crept warily aft searching the decks. Save a single dead body jammed in the bulwark rails, not a soul remained. Every survivor had flown to the engine-room, and by his working had tacitly

Tommy returned to the bridge, and found Tobutt still at the wheel.

"Send Bryan here," said he. "I'm going to be sick no end."

"I'll take her," said the bo'swain. "Bryan's handed in his checks, sir—dead down there."

The ship was theirs again. Every hatchway was battened down till daybreak. Search revealed that every one of the twelve officers had



THE VENTILATOR HELD FIRM.

surrendered at his captor's mercy. Three men were left to guard the grating, and then Tommy went forward. The fore-guard had lost two men, but the third still kept his post and threatened with the muzzle of his rifle the crowd of prisoners below the hatch grating. A fearful sound of supplication and terrified cries came through the bars. Every man below knew that another sea like the last meant death to them, caged like rats.

paid full penalty for his daring attempt, while of the men from the engine-room they had liberated, six men and the second engineer had been washed over with them dead or alive.

"Mr. Brown," said Captain Tobutt, as he hung limply against the chart-room door at dawn. "I've been a fool, sir! I, that ought to have been a fixed light for you to steer by—an utter fool——"

"Don't see it," cried Tommy stoutly. "At

any rate, I was just as bad as you. I drank the stuff, too."

"That's the rub," cried Tobutt. "I'd had experience, crammed on it, fed, drank, loaded to the deck beams. And here, all because I just take on a new thing, I leave all that experience behind. See you, Mr. Brown, there's no difference whatever change of life comes to you—or you get thrown into—the same things happen. And what you learn by your own cost, one shouldn't want to learn twice—as I've done. I——! Do you think I'd have been hocused if this had been a deep sea crowd? No, sir!" he concluded bitterly.

"Well, Captain," said Tommy, by way of consolation, "I don't quite follow you; but it doesn't stand to reason that you'll be had again."

"I hope not," cried Tobutt dejectedly. But then his pride had received as severe a blow as his digestion, and both were valiant possessions.

Suddenly his lack-lustre eyes brightened somewhat.

"Thunder!" he cried, "when I did rouse, I even made up leeway, though when I put the wheel up I thought the thing an even bet she'd wash the very boilers off the bed-plates!"

CHAPTER X.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.



N the early morning of the second day Captain Tobutt warily piloted the gunboat over the muddy shoals of the Plate estuary. Every channel buoy had been torn up, and, what was worse, sent adrift, and here and there hung capsized on far shoals. The gunboat worked cautiously up the devious tracts, the incessant call and counter-call of two leadsmen echoing across the smooth brown flood to a rhythmic accompaniment of her engines. Two ships and one steamer were in sight, stranded, the crews busily carrying anchors out.

Through the binoculars a dark line was rising quickly on the north-western horizon, and presently showed the clustered town of Maldiva.

The cautious passage of the gunboat brought her within hail of the stranded steamer, and a red-whiskered, plump little man sprang on to her bridge, pulling the whistle cord in angry jerks.

Tobutt acknowledged it, and waved his hand fraternally.

"His Majesty's ship, ahoy!"

"Steamer, ahoy!" called back the gunboat, for the St. George's flag streamed on the captured ship.

"Can you help me off? This is the mail-boat,

sir, and they've cut all the buoys adrift—it's scandalous——"

"Sorry for you," replied Tobutt. "By the way, did you see the *Tamar* in when you left?"

"No, she sailed yesterday morning. Can't you give me a pull, sir?"

"Should with pleasure," returned Tobutt, with a sudden glow of happiness, "but I'm going in to make some music up there."

Maldiva rose quickly on the bow. When they were within a mile of its long flat shores, a steam launch headed at full speed for the gunboat, and rounded alongside. A hot-faced, nervous-looking man climbed on board.

"I am sent by his Excellency the President to see the commander of the ship," cried he, as he set foot on the deck.

"Call Captain Brown," answered Tobutt, and presently Tommy emerged from the chart-room, fit and cheerful after his two days' rest.

The messenger hurriedly explained that the president wished to see a British officer, as the Consul was unapproachable. Everything was a mistake that could be explained. "Everything was merely diplomatic," he added, with a comprehensive gesture.

He had got so far when he noticed the extreme youth of the British commander. He paused dubiously, and asked, as he glanced from Tommy to Tobutt,

"I have the honour to be speaking to the commander of one of his Britannic Majesty's ships?"

"Do you see my uniform?" said Tommy, drawing himself up stiffly. He had fought and won a fight on his own command.

"A thousand pardons," murmured the envoy, "but I don't see any others."

"What does that matter? I'm an officer of the *Arbiter*, and in charge of this ship. Go on."

"Will you grant his Excellency an interview?"

"One moment," said Tommy to the messenger, and calling Tobutt on one side he deliberated with the merchant skipper.

The situation held grim possibilities. Though not a single war vessel in the roadstead flew Uruguayan colours, they were in the dark as to what manner of reception awaited them—peace or war. Had the escaped gunboat passed, and if she had, would they seek to recapture the prize? And were they actually at war with Uruguay?

"Look you, Captain Brown, there's nothing gained by sounding all those depths. The consort's gone, and we are here with orders to wait. I vote you go; only, mark you, everything has to be carried shoulder high—you must talk as if the whole Atlantic squadron steamed behind us."

"And what are you going to do?" asked Tommy.

"Oh, same thing, not a word less. I shall steam right in, alongside the jetty, and train the guns on their palace, and if you aren't back in an hour by the chronometers, you'll just hear the walls humming about your ears. One thing, if the British Consul should be there, don't let him chip in or we'll be done. Now, here's a sword; I know you'll have to carry the darned thing in your hand or it will trip you up, but it will do for you to slap about when you talk. Wish I could join you," concluded Tobutt, leaning back and surveying Tommy with a sparkling eye, "for I'd make that Consul just hold my cap while I ran the show!"

Tommy departed chuckling, Tobutt calling after him, "Remember, you'll have the whole palace flat if you aren't back in an hour."

At the quay he was received by a captain's guard, which marched with him in full state through the very gate that the Arbiters had broken in on the night of departure.

As Tommy advanced, every step showed more and more that a panic was sweeping black and hotly over the threatened town. A battery of forty-pounder Armstrongs, big guns of position, passed them at a gallop, twelve horses to each gun, and, following them, thundered big caissons of ammunition. They passed like a flood, strewing the roadway with smashed wheels and carts, which they had crushed against the walls of the narrow streets.

As they debouched into the Grand Plaza, Tommy hardly recognised it. Hundreds of soldiers swarmed like ants, burrowing trenches and casting up breastworks at the entrances. The heart of panic lay bare in that square. The enemy was nearing their gates.

Tommy's eye fell on the *café*, and he suddenly remembered that he ought to get some news of his chum Piccy, and incidentally of the expedition. They ought to be returning by this; that was a happy thought. He'd get Hilyard to let Piccy join him and Captain Tobutt. Just as he had arranged this he set foot on the staircase of the Government buildings. He returned the salute of the sentries with a glow of pride. To-day he entered with all honours as the representative of the British navy. One day by the water-spout, the next by the grand staircase.

At the top step he was literally embraced by a palpitating little gentleman in a white waistcoat and a broad red sash of silk, the President himself.

"How d'ye do?" said Captain Thomas Brown, extricating himself, "fine morning."

"Propitious, indeed," said the President, in excellent English; "but I wish to assure you, his Britannic Majesty's representative, that there

has been a fatal misunderstanding. I might even describe it as culpable. I——"

"Quite so," said Tommy, helping him in a pause. The President led the way to the council-room.

"My motive," he continued, "in seeing you, in seeing you, sir"—here he stepped back, thrust his hand in his white waistcoat, and raised the other oratorically—"is to place it on record that the earliest possible moment I had the honour to meet a representative of his Britannic Majesty, I hastened to express my regret."

"Don't trouble any more about it, sir. Time's going on," said Tommy. "You see," he explained, in answer to the President's bewildered gesture, and looking at the clock, "if I don't return inside an hour, my ship opens fire on this place. I'm awfully sorry, you know; it isn't nice, but that's the arrangement."

The President stared at him, utterly bewildered.

"I don't understand," said he.

"No more do I," interposed Tommy, cheerfully, "but one does not understand everything, or know how things are going to happen, do we?"

The President's volubility was immediately checked by this inconsequent young diplomat. The latter made haste to gain news of his chum.

"Don't you worry, sir," he said. "By the way," he added, "while I think of it, has our boat expedition returned?"

The President made a dramatic gesture, eloquent with despair.

"I am explaining it to you. The attack on the mine was culpable—an irrepressible fool in command of the 11th regiment."

He stamped on the ground, and Tommy looked at the clock again. The President poured out a cataract of words which Tommy at length condensed into the following facts. The estancia had been attacked (which he knew); Miss Clitheroe had escaped, but had been recaptured by the Argentines; finally, the Argentines were even now massing on the river in order to attack the town.

"I don't see there's any information there about Piccy—I mean our boat expedition," remarked Tommy.

"I do not wish to express myself unfeelingly, but I am pointing out to you that the expedition is cut off by the Argentines," said the President.

Tommy barely suppressed an astonished cry.

"Oh! that does not matter," he returned aloud; "they'll take care of themselves—don't you worry about them. They won't hurt any of your people. They have not sent any message for the *Arbiter*?"

"No," said the President gloomily. "Every wire is cut."

"Well, good-bye," said Tommy, "my hour's up."

And thus Captain Brown retired, the President attending him to the doorway and desiring him again and again to report that he had

Tobutt, "before *they* came up," and he pointed out eastward, where a column of smoke broke the horizon.

"That's your ship and another, Mr. Brown, that's rising up way there. And the captain of a Yankee warship just in, has been here and gone. His news is that the Argentines captured the other gunboat last night, and that the music will be playing Wagner in the morning. How did you get on?"

Tommy gave him as clear an account as he could remember of his interview, and then, by way of explanation, Tobutt heard the story of the telegram and the boat expedition. Tobutt meditatively bit a cigar and lit it.

"It appears to me that we shall want the whole Atlantic squadron, after all. That's a bad affair about the girl, Mr. Brown."

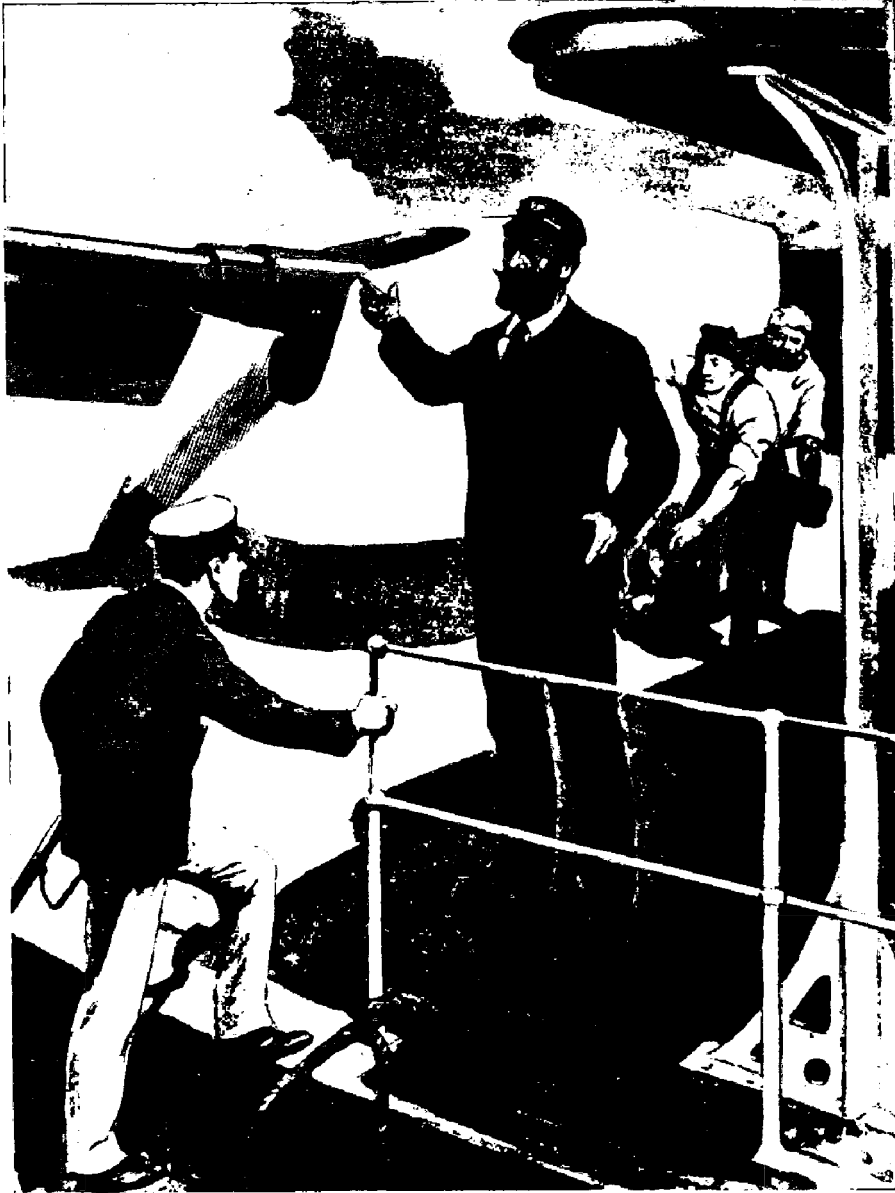
"Hilyard will see to that," said Tommy, complacently. And if Tommy showed so little interest, it was quite natural on his part. Nancy Clitheroe he had never seen. And the fact of sixty men, and Hilyard, having been sent to protect her settled in Tommy's mind any doubts about her safety, in spite of the President's serious statement. Tobutt, on the other hand, viewed the incident with experience.

"It's undeniable, Mr. Brown," said he, "that your lieutenant isn't going to lay hands on his lady-love in so easy a fashion, or any other fashion

either; particularly, too, with a whole ship's company clanking round at his heels."

For the next two hours the commanders took their ease, watching, free from care, the rising ships, and watching, too, the opposite horizon where at twenty different points ominous clouds of smoke broke the sea level.

"That's the music getting ready for to-mor-



"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GRAND," SAID CAPTAIN TOBUTT.

expressed regret at the earliest possible moment for the unfortunate attack upon the mine.

When Tommy gained the deck of his ship, Tobutt welcomed him somewhat regretfully; the two guns, their attendant rows of cartridges about them, had their long muzzles sighted on the Plaza.

"It would have been grand," said Captain

row," succinctly remarked Tobutt, as he put down the glasses. With that they went out on the bridge, and Tommy pulled off to the *Arbiter*, now steaming close at hand.

He mounted to the deck in the same instant of time that the President in person arrived.

"Glad to see you got in safely, Brown," said Captain Campion; "no trouble, I hope?"

Just then the President was announced, and the little gentleman, recognising Tommy, called upon him to witness that he had not lost a moment in offering an apology. He in turn was interrupted by the arrival of the captain of the *Tennessee*, the American warship on the station. Finally the *Tamar's* commander was signalled to come on board.

Tommy kicked his heels in dignified resentment as the chiefs retired below.

"It seems to be," he confided to a bandaged chum, "that midshipmen do the piloting, and they just follow in the wake and take the credit. I might have lost my life in that town, you know," he concluded darkly.

CHAPTER XI.

TOBUTT AND TOMMY LEND A HAND.

WHEN the council broke up there ensued a rapid change of cards. Tommy sorrowfully returned to his ship to strike his flag, and incidentally that of Captain Tobutt.

The prisoners were released, and the lieutenant from the consort put in command, and the captain of the *Arbiter* hurried on board a fast despatch steamer, and departed for Buenos Aires under forced draught.

That evening Tommy and Tobutt might have been seen, arm-in-arm, crossing the trenches of the Grand Plaza.

"—For, do you see, Captain Tobutt," Tommy was saying, "my orders were to accompany you to the Consul, and verify the loss of your ship. We've done that, eh?"

"We have, sir, and didn't we shake him up?"

"You did," said Tommy, with nice correction. "Now, as I was remarking, I did not get any further orders; so the question is, what shall we do next—see the sights?"

"We will feed next, sir," quoth Tobutt sententially. With that they stopped at the Café of All the Nations. It was completely abandoned—the doors locked, and every window dark.

Just then a whirring scream leapt into hearing overhead, ending in the blinding flash and deafening explosion of a shell.

The bombardment had commenced.

When Tommy and Tobutt scrambled to their

feet they found that the corner of the Café of All the Nations gaped widely open.

"That's the overture starting," commented Tobutt, as he dusted his clothes. Then his quick eye fell on the shattered corner. "We will go in here," he said.

"We shall get blown up," replied Tommy.

"Hit or missed, we must feed," cried Tobutt, mounting the breach.

Tommy followed him incontinently, and they entered the hotel. By the light of a succession of wax matches (for they found the gas supply cut off) the adventurers explored the deserted building. But in vain they ransacked the basement room by room. Save a half-finished tin of Abernethy biscuits on a shelf in the bar, not another trace of food was discoverable.

Yet even this depressing fact fled out of mind before the amazing discovery that no kitchen existed.

"There's no sense in it," cried Tobutt wearily; and he shook his head at an endless succession of himself, and an endless line of waving matches, for they had at length stranded hopelessly in an ornate drawing-room lined with massive gilt-framed mirrors. Tobutt shook an angry fist at the repeating hordes of frowning likenesses. "There's no sense in it," he repeated; "you might as well expect to sail a ship without ballast."

Overcome by this gloomy marvel, he dejectedly returned to the bar, where he thoughtfully mixed a strong grog preparatory to exploring the upper chambers. As for Tommy, he laid ready hands upon the tin of biscuits.

"There's worse things afloat," said he, "than ancient Abernethys."

Tobutt acquiesced in gloomy silence. An hotel without a kitchen shook his faith in the laws of nature. Moreover (and what mattered above all), he was hungry, and had mortified an epicurean palate the whole long day with anticipation. He mixed himself another drink, and with some diffidence joined Tommy at the biscuit tin. By this time they had possessed themselves of a box of candles. Lighting a couple they embarked on a second voyage of exploration.

They mounted the stairs. Their flying shadows and the deserted bulk of the place drove a chill through the youngster's blood, and he was more than passing grateful for the company of his fellow explorer. They gained the first floor, and their glances fell upon a wilderness of bedrooms and accompanying suites of apartments, all unspeakably forlorn. Their feet trod a sea of scattered clothing, draperies, odds and ends, jettison from flying guests. At length they mounted to the fifth floor, and here the

first open door betrayed the secret of the hotel. Tobutt, pausing tragically in the doorway, brandished aloft his candle like a torch, and laughed till the echoes started.

The kitchen was on the top floor, and in that portion called the storage nestled the bravest show of everything that hungry men could wish to find at hand. Reindeer tongues, smoked bear-hams, sausages, long, lean, fat, round, black, red and white; cheeses of all aromas and shapes, from the genteel Parmesan to the mighty and redolent Gorgonzola; and lastly (and chiefest thing of all), a noble joint of beef, the hook in it ready for the oven, the salt even yet dry on it—the last act of the cook ere terror drove him forth. The oven door hung open for its reception, but the long range loomed black and cold upon the sight.

And then Tobutt, with unerring skill, next discovered and disclosed the contents of the refrigerator. Before this last crowning and palatable discovery the raiders were dumb. Tobutt struck the door with the palm of his hand a resounding blow. As if in echo a sudden, loud, and clamorous knocking rolled through the empty building. At that imperious summons Tobutt slammed to the refrigerator door, much as a surprised burglar might shut an open safe. Hastily throwing open the window, Tobutt leaned out and discerned a dusky knot of people clustered about the hotel entrance.

"Below there!" roared he.

As the sound of his voice reverberated in the deserted Plaza, confused exclamations of surprise broke out among the newcomers. At length one voice replied,

"It's we, sir—got a consul's billet on the Hotel of all Sorts of Nations—is this here place the hotel?"

"Is the cook with you?" replied Tobutt irrelevantly.

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a voice.

"Lay aloft, then; you'll find your way up by the hole in the starboard hand."

With that he swung inwards. "Here's luck," said he. "My crew's turned up! Captain Brown, I see a mighty time in Egypt for us, corn and oil flowing like honey on the weary and the outcast."

So saying, Captain Tobutt assumed command, and by the time the clocks struck midnight it might have been said that an Eastern magician had waved his wand over that hotel.

While Tobutt and Midshipman Brown, assisted by twenty-eight capable mariners, fed, revelled, and ultimately slumbered, Captain Campion sought an interview with the Argentine Presi-

dent, but all communication save by an official was denied to him.

Nothing perturbed, Captain Campion presented his open ultimatum, threatening swift action unless Nancy Clitheroe were not escorted safely to his ship within the next forty-eight hours. The officials denied all knowledge of Miss Clitheroe in the first place, and, in the second, pointed out with extreme politeness that, judging by their personal knowledge, the *Arbiter* was not in fit condition to undertake any drastic measure. Campion smiled as politely, but the words stung with their truth. He hastened on board the destroyer and set off at full speed to the *Arbiter*, which he found busy replenishing her almost empty coal bunkers, the very blood of sea-battle.

Just before dawn, and as the *Arbiter* was moving away, her bunkers replete, a sudden and dense fog descended on the estuary. It was this fog which Captain Tobutt looked into when a sudden blare of bugles roused him from his slumbers. He rose to his feet and with consummate enjoyment eyed the magnificent apartment in which he had reposed. Ulysses, in his memorable return from seafaring, would have understood. But a second and more searching bugle brought the captain to the window. He looked out and saw a blank wall of dense fog. Though everything was lost to sight, the ear had enough to complete distraction; the rush and patter of feet flew past like a muffled torrent, while afar a continuous crackle of rifle-firing grew every moment more insistent of the attention.

Tobutt made a hasty toilet and emerged on the landing to rouse out the steward, but in the watches of the night professional pride had stirred the soul of that sea functionary with laudable desires. Not every day did it fall to his lot to have a first-class hotel under his orders. There was no sleeping idly with such fortune waiting at his elbow. So it befell that as Tobutt raised a thundering call, the words were flung back in his teeth by a sonorous metallic voice. The breakfast gong, stridently vociferous, rang through the labyrinth of empty rooms.

"Ah," ejaculated Tobutt, and accepted the marvel as within the ordinary laws of the commonplace. He descended, and joined Midshipman Brown at a well-served table in the coffee-room.

The steward, slightly flushed of countenance, but with an immaculate napkin on arm, placed a menu card before each of the commanders. Tobutt again accepted this as another sober fact of life, and his attitude filled the steward's cup of satisfaction to the brim—it was expected!

"Now, Mr. Brown, what's the sailing orders for the day?" asked the captain, pushing his chair away at last, and diving in his pocket for a handful of loose tobacco. He filled his pipe, pleasantly eyeing Tommy's countenance the while, and now and again cocking an ear at the commotion caused by the cannonade.

"I think, captain," said Tommy, frowning considerably to impose himself with mature judgment, "that we get in touch with—with —"

"Just my idea," said the captain suggestively. "We get in touch, as you say, with the fighting. So I shall put my crowd together as you order."

Tommy rose up with enhanced satisfaction with himself. He buttoned his jacket with extreme particularity. Tobutt lit his pipe, gave some directions to the steward, and presently they issued forth leading a band of well-fed mariners across the fog-bound Plaza. Then by the most natural gravitation (and Tobutt's wily suggestion), towards the water front.

Here the fog was denser if anything, and the windless air conveyed the explosions of the big guns with extraordinary effect. At every instant they expected to see the ships close in and actually firing on the town, and what helped to give this impression was the flitting across them from intersecting streets of stragglers from the regiments in the firing line. They were casting away their arms and accoutrements to fly with greater expedition.

"Lucky thing, Mr. Brown," remarked Tobutt, as he eyed the fugitives with increasing interest. "It's lucky, I say, that you led us down here; we might not have got arms at the arsenal so quickly," and at a word from Tommy he bade his men pick up the rifles.

The crew, nothing loth, readily obeyed, and even seized the defaulters, and, after stripping them of their ammunition bandoliers and pouches, helped them on with a kick and a curse.

The crew armed, Midshipman Brown, his chin well up, marched at their head; presently they debouched from a narrow wooden passage on to a wharf. Here Tobutt sniffed the air suspiciously.

"That's paraffin alight, and in bulk."

As he spoke, Tommy observed that the fog was denser and darker, with a fat oily spreading pall of smoke issuing from the doorways and windows of a many-storied warehouse.

They had come upon the jetty, and looking down, discovered a big ship's boat pulling off into the fog deeply laden with Argentine sailors.

"That's the game, Mr. Brown! They're firing all these depôts. Don't you see they're going

to settle all the coal store, and that's the final of any war. There's a Big Chief out in the fog. You'll attack them there, eh, Mr. Brown? Come on!"

And headed by their commanders the sailors retraced their steps in order to strike the river front higher up, and come out on the coal-landing wharves.

CHAPTER XII.

A DARING FEAT.

THE smoke spread darkly overhead, and in the confusing obscurity they made several false turns. When at last they emerged in the open they sighted busy figures flitting to and fro, thrusting flaring torches into the stacks of oil-saturated timber thrown on the coal. It was too late to save the depôt, but the incendiaries paid full measure for their daring work.

Captain Tobutt and Tommy flung the crew behind the stout timber fence, and from there opened a deadly fire. The Argentines fell right and left, and many of the wounded, blinded with the thick smoke, stumbled into the dark alley left between the long walls of coal to find a pitiful death.

"Cut 'em off from the boat," shouted Tobutt.

Tommy and the chief officer, Mr. Westcott, heading a dozen of the youngest men, flew round the fencing. They were only just in time. Seven or eight survivors, led by an officer, were jumping into the boat, while the bow men were actually shoving off.

"Surrender!" yelled Tommy. But the officer whipped out his revolver. Tommy ducked involuntarily and stumbled, but the Attilas had fired at the same time a merciless volley point blank, and, when he recovered his balance and looked into the boat, the officer hung over the boat's transom, dead, every man being also dead about him.

The *Attila's* crew, unaccustomed to fire discipline, were still firing, in the new-born frenzy of battle. Tommy shouted himself hoarse, striving to stop the waste of ammunition, and had barely got them in hand before he heard a rushing stampede behind him. The remainder of the crew were tearing pell mell down the jetty with Captain Tobutt at their heels. He was flushed, shining of eye, and gesticulatory.

"We've sprung a whole regiment!" he shouted, as he neared Tommy. "That a boat?" he added. "In with you."

With the activity of chased cats they boarded the long boat, tumbling the poor bodies out to make room for themselves, and had shoved off

before the first of the soldiery sprang through the fog.

Tobutt had retained the officer's sword, and as Tommy got his breath again he observed the captain brandishing the weapon at the disappearing shore. Another second, and every landmark was lost to sight; but of sound there was more than enough to satisfy every one, Tobutt necessarily excepted. One might have said that the fog reeled and palpitated like a flurried heart. The stunning concussions of the big guns still rivalled the rapidity of the rifle fire. Now and again the whole crew, Tobutt not excepted this time, crouched hurriedly, staring with flickering eyes as random horrible rushes screamed overhead. Once a shell plumped into the water just within their sight, ricocheted over the boat, and leapt scaringly on its path to nowhere.

"Never even dreamed I would live to see the like of this off a stage," cried Tobutt, flourishing his sword approvingly at the four points of the compass. "But there's a lot to be learnt yet about fighting. Take myself; I didn't understand the cuteness of a rearguard. Better next time! Famous way, Mr. Brown, you kept open this line of retreat, for it's—easy all, men!" he suddenly cried, staring hard into the fog. "What's this coming athwart?"

"This" was a long shadow condensing in the fog, and overlapping the boat at all points. Presently it resolved itself into a huddled flotilla of coal barges and hulks, solemnly idling down the tide. A black trailing cloud of smoke drooped over them like a pall. In its middle, faintly seen, a mass of dull fire. The smoke coiled sluggishly on the windless air, save when at rare intervals a fresh, swift, and startling outburst of flames parted it momentarily.

It was at one of these lightings of the murk that Tommy, standing on the thwarts and looking over a low barge they were hanging to, caught a shifting glimpse of a masted vessel on the far side of the hulks. He pointed with a sharp hand.

"Argentine gunboat," said the captain briefly. "We must hang dark and low till they have finished. Anyway, they'll not sight us through all this muck."

Captain Tobutt's last sentence fired a new and glorious idea. He peered long and intently, absorbed in nice speculations on the laws of probabilities as applied to the situation.

At that time there were seven or eight hulks and barges jumbled together in a mob between the warship and the longboat. They were not in a compact mass, but sidling in and out, and twisting round one another, now colliding, now drifting apart, and other barges kept forging

in and increasing the confusion. So in the obscurity of the pall of smoke and fog and the dire business of the evening, Tobutt saw the dawn of a great feat of arms. His eye searched under every chance lifting of the smoke; he photographed in his mind's eye every movement of the erratic fleet.

"Mr. Brown," said he at length, planting the sword, like a pike staff, point down in the bottom boards, "what arms do your gun crews carry when at stations?"

"None, of course; don't want——"

"Well," said Tobutt, with impressive levelness of voice, "here's a conundrum to pass the time—if one man has a pistol and the other a six-inch quick-firer, warranted to burst armour-plate at two miles, and they both happen to be on the same deck, and at close quarters, who is going to win?"

"Man with the pistol," answered Tommy conclusively.

"Right—good!" said Tobutt. "And now look ye, Mr. Brown, suppose you were saying to me anticipatory, Can you as sailing master get me these men on that deck 'way over there? and I doing it satisfactorily, why, you are not the man I know to object to chances if you were on that deck, and us backing you?"

Tommy silently rubbed his thumb to and fro on the cylinder of his revolver. For some moments he did not grasp the full extent of the captain's argument, but that he was serious his eyes bore witness, for he shot a masterful glance through the lad as he looked at him for further explanation. Suddenly the captain's brown face wrinkled with an alluring smile, and he twisted his moustache with both hands, and nodded genially at the still wondering lad.

"Then, sir," said the captain promptly, "you give me orders to start! I knew it. Give me always to sail with a man of your penetration, and I ask no better than to follow you."

And it was only after Tommy had given a tentative "yes" that he grasped the full meaning of Tobutt's daring plan.

The boat was put in motion, and like arctic mariners icebound, forcing a path through a field of ice, the heavy boat was pulled, thrust in, and guided among the drifted tangle. Every ship made a screen for them. Tobutt, with keen and secret glances over the sides of lower barges, directed their course. They thrust converging broadsides till their muscles cracked. They shot under oars as in a race in open lanes of water. At times they stopped at a hoarse cry from Tobutt, and clung by their finger-nails to tarry sides till another hulk obscured an opened passage. At last they shot under the transom

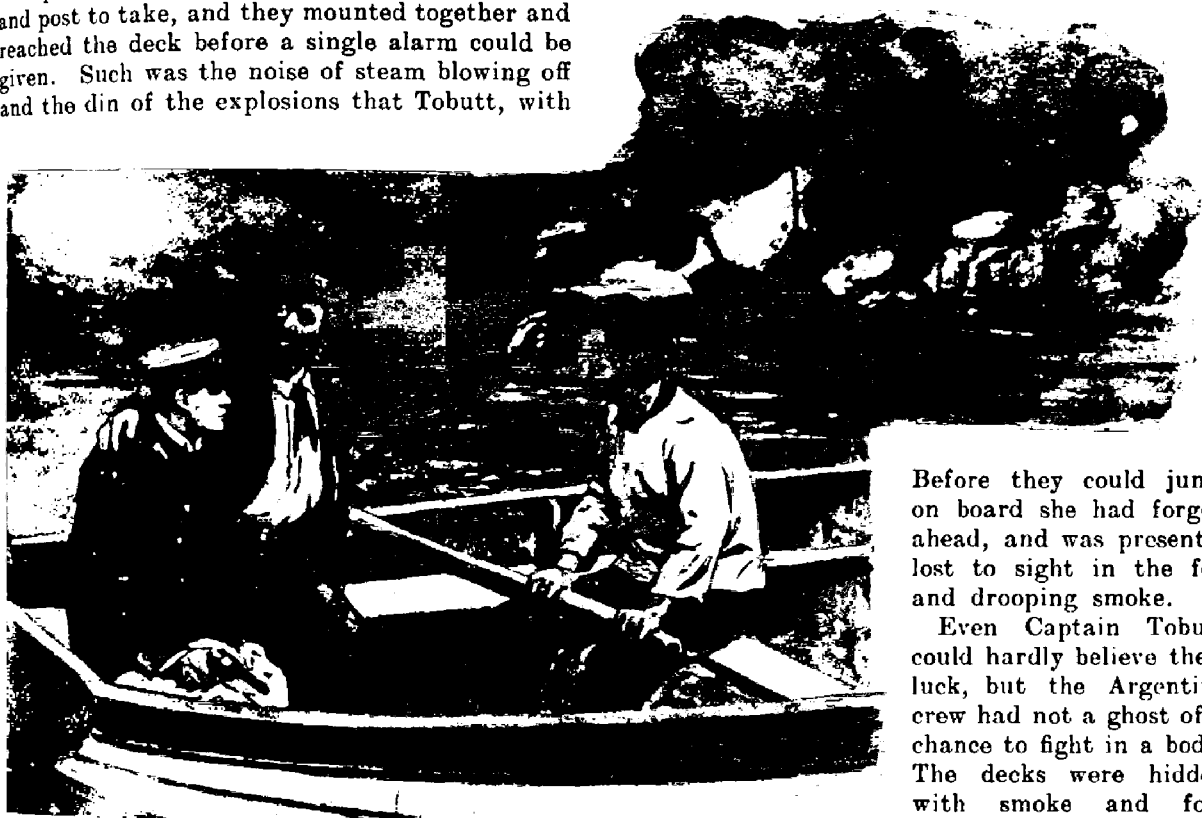
of two hulks, just closing together, and found themselves out on the open water. Their oars could have touched the stern plates of the Argentine gunboat. The boat, hugging the vessel stealthily, rounded her on the outer side, the men actually using their hands to pull their craft along her side.

On board the ship the crew were busy handling inflammatory materials on to the hulks, and what men were on the look-out were observing a far wider field than the immediate water-line below them.

Captain Tobutt had given every man his part and post to take, and they mounted together and reached the deck before a single alarm could be given. Such was the noise of steam blowing off and the din of the explosions that Tobutt, with

When Tobutt dashed up on to the bridge, one half of the party, led by Tommy, rushed forward, shooting down all who were on deck, and seized upon the fore maxims. The other half, eighteen seamen, led by the mate, first cleared the after-deck with a rapid volley, and then jumped to the boiler-room gratings.

The surprise was complete. Those of the Argentines who were on the barges had no clear idea as to what was happening until they actually saw the bow of their ship falling away.



"THEN, SIR," SAID CAPTAIN TOBUTT PROMPTLY, "YOU GIVE ME ORDERS TO START."

a mighty rush, actually gained the bridge; but two men died in his path. The officer directing the fire operations continued oblivious of the assault until the sudden crack of the rifles on the deck below made him turn the wheel round, but only to flinch from the point of Tobutt's sword.

"Hands up," said Tobutt, "or if you like it better—surrender!"

The man cast a horrified glance forward and aft, saw dim figures scurrying through the obscure air, and fighting, falling as they ran. He dropped his chin on his breast.

"I surrender," said he, with a despairing gesture, as Tobutt lightened him of his pistol.

Before they could jump on board she had forged ahead, and was presently lost to sight in the fog and drooping smoke.

Even Captain Tobutt could hardly believe their luck, but the Argentine crew had not a ghost of a chance to fight in a body. The decks were hidden with smoke and fog. They were all busy tending on the fire party, and necessarily all their small

arms were stacked in the racks.

The gunboat, as was mentioned, went ahead, the reason being that Midshipman Brown, at Tobutt's bland suggestion, entertained the engine-room staff with his company and a select party of capable and also exceedingly well-armed seamen.

The commander and the remaining officers were sent to the saloon, and Tobutt, wary from past experience, had a strong guard placed upon the door. Then he slammed his sword in the sheath and trilled the engine-room bell with exuberant action to the full speed ahead.

Not five minutes after, by one of those atmospheric surprises peculiar to sea-fogs, the gun-

boat ran into a sudden clearing. It could have been open brilliant daylight, save for the mingled smoke from burning coal and gun fire. In this clearer atmosphere, blurred phantoms, like shapes of ships, extended till lost in the mist, a disorderly line, with here and there masts leaning at an acute angle, and more than one gunboat head down, or stern awash.

Apart from this reeling line, a ship of great bulk, gushes of fire streaming from its guns, moved threateningly on its path.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WARSHIP AND THE TORPEDOES.

TOBUTT recognised the *Arbiter*. She was circling at the time he sighted her. Then another ship came into view—this one close to him, and on his port hand—and rushed across their bows at close quarters. A signalman was frantically signalling, apparently, to him. In a rush of dawning intuition Tobutt grasped the situation. The commander of the passing ship had no suspicions of its capture, and signalled in good faith to a consort.

"Near enough," quoth Tobutt, as an intervening eddy of vapour dimmed the outline of the ships, "but what's he after, so close in to the *Arbiter*?"

It was evident that the strange ship was running under cover of a bank of smoke, and was quite hidden from the cruiser. Then Tobutt remembered the type of ship—a torpedo gunboat, the favourite style of South American waters—and at that all was clear to him.

"Starboard," he waved to the wheel, and rang up the engines to full speed, and the ship rushed on, crossing the wake of the now hidden gunboat, and then sweeping up on a curve which would pass the *Arbiter* on the port hand, crossing her bows some distance ahead if she still carried the same helm; and true enough, before another minute had passed, Tobutt's calculation proved exact, and he discerned her again in another clear environment. He drew his sword and flourishing it as they rushed past, roared at the top of his stentorian voice:—

"It's coming on your port hand!"

Captain Campion, on hearing the warning, sprang out of his stronghold and peered to starboard, where the smoke hung dark as night. Truly he was just in time, and even his nerve shook for the instant, as the horror raced from the murk. The enemy's torpedo gunboat had watched and waited. Her chance had come—now or never. She was already circling round, a dim, quick-moving shadow in the gloom.

Campion struck signal after signal. The star-

board side gun-crews leapt across the deck like a wave of rushing water. The port crews came to light as if by some stage trap work. Deep below, the engines broke out into full speed astern. Then came two simultaneous scintillating green flashes from the shadowy strip—the deadly projectiles were launched and hissing on their voyage. Half a second too late the *Arbiter's* quick firers opened fire, and one second too late the bow gun hurled a twelve-inch shell into the enemy's very entrails, and spat out the boilers in a whirl of steam and smoke. There were no eyes for that sight; every glance hung magnetised on the two bubbling tracks nearing them, for an instant only to take a flying aim: then all around the water was ripped and slashed by every gun that could bear upon the deadly missiles. Had the *Arbiter's* engines failed, that she moved so slowly astern? She gathered way at last. Good heart! One torpedo must go clear. Her speed increased, but the *Arbiter* had yet three hundred feet to drag clear ere she was safe. The noise of the guns rose to an unbroken shattering crack. Still in vain. Every moment, however, she gained in pace, and began to answer her stern helm more briskly, and on that being apparent there loomed a faint gleam of hope. So far the gunners had been shooting at the moving targets coming straight to them, and far below as well, but as the *Arbiter's* pace increased, and her stern helm began to operate, her bow fell away at an ever-increasing angle. Mr. Tautbridge tore down the gunner at No. 5, the after gun in the sponson, shouldered the breech up and up, and the muzzle parallel to the cruiser's side, and, as the rushing shimmer neared the sights, he fired. A prodigious shivering explosion resounded, and the *Arbiter* shook from keel plate to fighting top. A white-capped dome of water leaped up and overwhelmed the fore-deck, rushed the battery from end to end, and canted the vessel heavily under its weight.

When Mr. Tautbridge cleared his eyes from the water, and gave breathless and humble thanks for the luck of his shot, he saw a score at least of his best men lying limp and bleeding among the sharp projections of the gun fittings. He was dazed himself, and twice he failed in his attempt to gain his feet before he recognised that his left arm was broken.

Confusion ran high for the moment on all sides; Campion swung outside the tower, pale to the eyes, but undaunted.

"Steady, men!" called he. "There is time enough to hang a dozen of you before the ship sinks. To quarters! Master-at-arms to me."

His eye travelled the round of the crowd below him, and quietness came.

"If we have to drown, we drown at stations on his Majesty's ships. Pass the word for the carpenter to sound the well."

He was about to give orders to ensure a free death for the engine-room staff, when a messenger from Mr. Tautbridge arrived with the welcome news of the last shot. Nevertheless, the *Arbiter* was a sorely shaken fabric, and the carpenter arrived on the heels of the messenger to report the fore-compartment rapidly filling.

Meanwhile, she had run clear of the smoke from the burning coal, and clear as well from the thick smoke from the black gunpowder. The enemy were in full flight, chased by the *Arbiter's* consort and the efficient ships of the Uruguayan fleet. As they turned the elbow of a shoal, each ship in succession offered a broadside target at a thousand yards to the *Arbiter*. *Campion*, risking his fore bulkhead, ordered the remaining twelve-inch gun into action. The first shell crumpled up the bow of the leading ship as if she had collided with an iceberg, and on that the rest of the line slowed down. In another moment ringing British cheers rolled out. The enemy had struck—six ships in all. But the captured gunboat had made good an earlier passage, and now steamed in shoal water, four miles away.

From the instant when the strange ship hailed the *Arbiter* to the firing of the bow gun, no more time had elapsed over and above necessary for a smart steam craft to complete a circle, and now in the clear daylight *Campion* observed the stranger swinging round on his starboard side. The man with the big voice still walked the tiny bridge, and still flourished the bright sword, which he now presented at a passable salute, and then, pointing to the flying ship, gleefully called out,

"Shall we chase, sir?"

For once Captain *Campion* was at a loss to grasp the situation.

"Captain Tobutt," cried he, "how came you by that ship?"

"Captured it," cried Tobutt laconically, "with the help of your young gent. He's in the engine-room with a gun to keep the natives at it. Fine battle, sir! But shall we chase?" And again Tobutt flourished his weapon.

"No," said *Campion*, "I should like you to

cruise around and help some of the poor fellows who may be still afloat on the wreckage."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Tobutt, and twirled the engine-room bell and departed on his errand of mercy as energetically as if to capture a flag-ship.

Campion kept the *Arbiter* under sternway to lessen the strain on the shaken plates in her bows, and by some wily steering brought her without mishap alongside a wharf, and in shoal water.

The collapse of the sea attack overturned for the time the whole scheme of the military movements, and one by one the captured posts were abandoned. By nightfall the Argentine troops had fallen back on their reserves—all in good order, and there was no denial of it.

That evening Captain Tobutt and Midshipman Brown dined in full state with Captain *Campion*, and Tobutt's story lost nothing by his melodramatic recital of their adventures.

"But," said Dr. Hattle, "how did you arm your men in the first place?"

"Well, we borrowed some from the Uruguayan bunkers who were scooting away from the trenches, and more we got later from the Argentines on the wharf—borrowed this from their officer," said he, as he jerked his sword on the table.

Campion nodded delightedly, but Dr. Hattle, as his glance fell on the weapon, reached out his hand for it and began to examine it carefully. A dark frown gathered on his brows, and then without a word he placed the sword in *Campion's* hands. The latter looked at the doctor questioningly, but met the eyes of a sphinx. He reviewed the sword, and, as he half drew the blade, a sudden flush of emotion passed over his face. Then he turned to Captain Tobutt:—

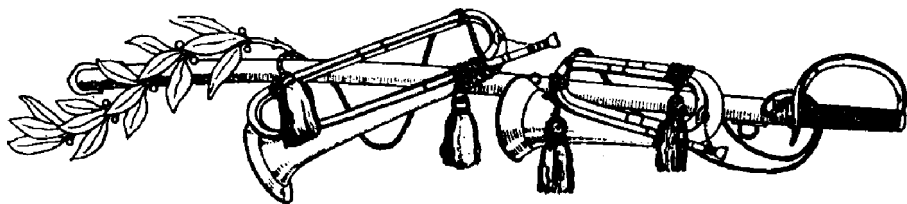
"From whom did you get this—not a navy man?"

"No, a soldier man, muddy as a river bank. Anything bad form about it?" he asked anxiously.

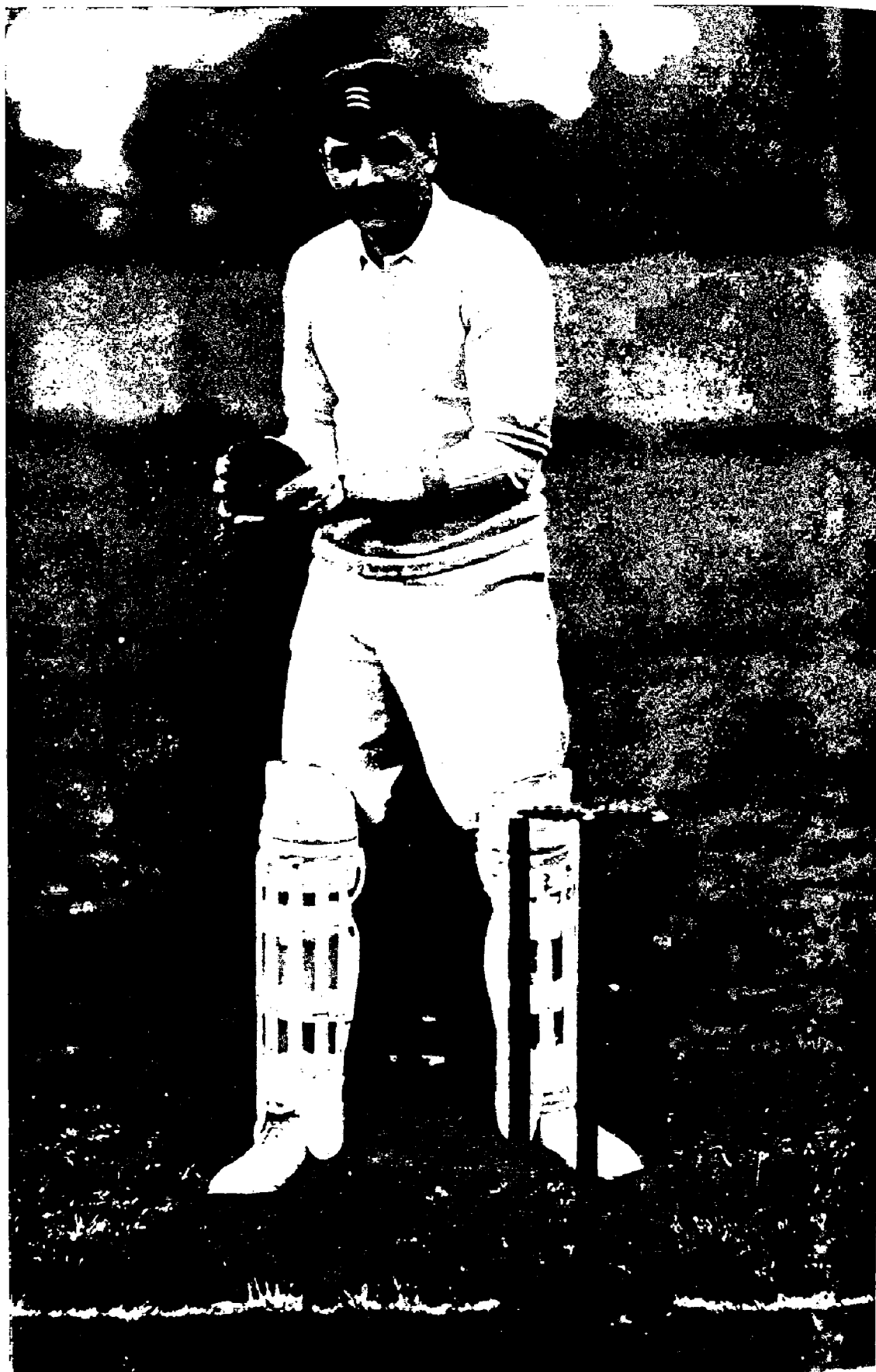
Campion shook his head.

"This," said he, gently, "is the sword of Lieutenant Hilyard!"

(To be continued.)



LEWIS A. JONES



MR. G. MACGREGOR.—"HOW'S THAT?"
From "The Book of Cricket."

such a sound defence; chiefly because of the neatest pair of feet, which have been taught how much depends on their behaviour for correct play. Surely the little bats in this little bag chat together over reminiscences of many, very many, long days spent between the wickets. Surely, too, more boys would make useful cricketers had they the methods in fielding and batting that organise and govern this bag.

"S. H.," standing for Sam Hargreave, are the letters that ornament a bag which looks as though it could wait patiently for results, yet work hard all the time. At any rate it would always be very hopeful as long as the seam remains on the ball, for a good seam gives a good grip. For bowling upon a perfect fast wicket you could not find a



MR. H. K. FOSTER.—A LOW ONE AT SLIP.

superior model. Good length, accurate pitch, change of pace, variety, all are there welded together by perseverance. You may not be able to imitate, though it will do you good to try—the smooth liveliness of Sam Hargreave's run-up to the wicket, and the vivacity of his whole style of bowling.

In the Worcestershire heap the bag of "H. K. F." perhaps strikes your eye. Well it may, for it is a stout and thoroughly well-organised bag. Yet there is an inside lining of hurry in it; hurry to pick out a bat and pass in to the wicket; hurry to make runs which shall be scored in a free, generous style, creditable to the batsman. Then, too, a patent knack of fielding in the slips is

kept in this bag. You might watch all this with attention, and put some of it to good use.

The initials "E. A." are on the outside of a long, rather lean, sad-looking bag. Inside there are some bats acquainted with sound cricket, but, more important, a ball which knows bowling, not mechanically, but as an elaborate art. It is a terrible ball when rain has fallen, and the sun has baked the pitch a little. It is a ball that "talks." It is a ball of value even when the pitch is hard and true. As it is a medium-pace, right-hand ball, this of Edward Arnold, and as most bowlers are medium and right, there is no more useful standard model—one to be studied, not only in Worcester, but in every other county.

With Gloucestershire one small, narrow bag travels; it is marked simply "D."; it holds a ball, and not much else, but it works hard, especially when rain has fallen. Quite a good, slow model for boys to follow, and it belongs to Dennett. Next is the bag you expected, "G. L. J.'s," one of the most noteworthy bags that travel; a loose, overflowing kind of bag, with bats inside that rest chuckling because they never the very least know what use may be made of them; they win matches on their own, do these bats; they save them, they provide excitement and draw sixpences; they have the power of making you sorry when they leave the wicket, from sheer individual daring merit. Really the only bag of its class now playing, or alive. Where shall we see such another crouching, springing, fearless player as Gilbert Jessop? But such an unusual cricketer, more is the pity, must be carefully considered before being accepted as your model. If you can take this bag wholesale as a model, trusting your eye, heart, and hand, you may win many a match; but it is not certain you will be able to. For this sort of batting involves speculation, and sometimes has the worst of luck when it deserves it least. Still, it is the batting which is a pleasure even to fielders, as it yields crops of surprises the whole way through, never bores you, or allows you to sleep. You are awake hoping that your hands will hold the wonderfully high catch which is always likely to come, as long as this sterling bat stays in. This bag also holds the fielding properties of one of the very finest cover points that ever lived, with the very quickest of returns. Study "G. L. J.'s" fielding methods till your head aches.

Wherever in Somerset you meet a bag

with "L. C. H. P." on it, have a good look at it; it holds some beautiful willow bats, and the master brain has all the knowledge for guiding very beautiful strokes all round the wicket. No boy can possibly be anything but richer for closely watching this first-class model, certainly quite perfect in style on a hard wicket. Go and see him play; go out of your way to; and then don't go away and exactly copy, but allow his methods as much as possible to combine with yours. As a field and a reserve wicket-keeper, he is worth noting; a calm, untiring enemy as a fielder, hardly ever throwing crooked.

Another Somerset bag is "L. C. B.'s," and it contains all round cricket-field excellence, very nearly of the George Lohmann degree. Always vigilant behind the wicket is Leonard Braund, with safe and receptive hands for the ball passed on to him from the unthinking bat. Then he bowls bothersome balls, which break, and look quite simple, and he can work a bat into its best from start to finish, and be still in. Quite a first-rate bag of a genuine cricketer.

At Derby there is a great big railway station, which somehow leads one to think of football bags and boots; one has met there so many football teams going and coming from various parts of the spider's-web of the League. But that big, quiet-looking sack of cow-hide would hold a dozen football bags; it is the cricket companion of "A. E. L.," and it contains a sportsmanlike bat or two. For A. E. Lawton is a sportsman player, and a hitter, owning a couple of the very best timing eyes, and a powerful pair of wrists. He deals a shrewd blow, indeed, and a merry, untrammelled by what may happen; a modified and perhaps more temperate "G. L. J." Him you may follow if your bent is towards freedom. Then, too, note that he is one of the most genuinely brilliant fieldsmen of the day. He chases the ball everywhere at any angle and secures it. Watch him in the field, and be glad; his methods will teach you much. Another Derbyshire bag, that of "L. G. W.," contains lessons for you in batting, especially patience and watchfulness and straightness, the taking of pains and the acquirement of precision. And, above all, if you field at point, nowhere can you learn a bigger lesson. Study L. G. Wright at point; he is a marvel, yet one you may imitate not without hope.

Kent makes a good moral at the end, the county of old cricket families and pleasant traditions, for the men of Kent were always men in the game. Have you heard of Alfred

Mynn? No, his bag is never seen nowadays at Tonbridge or Canterbury; but you will see one of a very different kind marked "C. J. B." A busy, level-headed, woolly, fiery little bag, containing some very first-class strokes. One of the best of modern batsmen is C. J. Burnup, and a fielder above reproach all round the wicket. Can you learn to pick up



MR. G. L. JESSOP.—A SKIER AT COVER.

as neatly and throw in as fast and straight? It would earn you a place on almost any side.

A good bowling companion to "C. J. B.'s" batting and fielding is a thin and rather sad bag with the letters "C. B." upon it. This belongs to Blythe, the slow left-hand bowler, who wins matches for Kent often on sticky wickets, and sometimes on hard ones. To follow his bowling method you must learn a little guile, and the knack of not doing what

you appear to be doing with the ball; it will not come easily, guile or knack, for it is guile of hand and knack of mind. Still, if you are a left-hander, you should have a try.

And so, good-bye to the bags.

Who gets "John Brindle"?—that is the question—the sturdiest son of one of the best fielders in England, to wit, "Jane Brindle," a little, hard, Scottish lady, whose sport is entirely cricket. She can kill rats, but her real joy is cricket. She invites me at the window of my sitting-room; she comes and says she is ready, and we go out together. It is to be hoped that whoever gets the "boy pup" of this original fielder will treat him



MR. C. J. BURNUP.—EXPECTATION.

well, and show him a good example. He will not be a made field, mind, when he comes to you, but he has the inborn makings of a champion. Play with him with a ball, encouraging him to return it to you, or take a piece of string and draw it along, amusing the puppy by so doing. Never bore him; that is unpardonable, even though he is only a small dog. Twenty-one minutes a day, regularly in spaces of seven, would be quite enough. And be sure that the ball is right as to size, and fairly soft. Feed him after his game; teach him right—and you will find him a real good sort.

Write and tell me how John gets on; don't expect of a three-months'-old puppy what

you might of a year-old dog. According to your own sense, so will the dog arrange him. He may even forget you if you forget him. He comes of a justice-loving and a penetrating stock. Give him a chance of proving his worth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In General.—Can it be that THE CAPTAIN readers are becoming less intelligent, or is it that they have already asked all the questions that are worth answering? Because it seems to me that nowadays we are bombarded with all sorts of inquiries which are not in the least suitable for being answered in our correspondence. In mere numbers the letters we receive increase prodigiously month by month, because, I suppose, the circulation of THE CAPTAIN is continually increasing. But the number of interesting letters asking interesting and suitable questions appears to be decreasing in a somewhat alarming proportion. Will readers kindly take into consideration the following points before they take the trouble to post us, or, at any rate, to post me, letters of inquiry. First of all it is hopeless for me to try and answer people who ask vague questions of enormous extent. It is impossible, for instance, within the limits of an answer to deal with the whole subject of training. You might almost just as well ask me what is the whole duty of a man. Some correspondents, it seems to me, are either very careless in the way they ask questions, and because careless, therefore selfish others appear not to have any clear idea what they want to be told. Please, in making inquiries, think out what it is in particular that you want to know. It is the very speciality of answers to correspondents to deal with particular points. I am sure you will understand this if you think for a moment. Secondly, the questions which we like answering are those which are of interest to a number of our readers, and not merely to the one person who makes the inquiry. Thirdly, it is impossible to give satisfactory answers unless people who want to know things explain clearly and precisely the purpose for which they want information. This applies particularly to questions about games. For instance, it is very difficult for me to answer such a question as "How ought I to learn to bowl?"

It is comparatively easy to offer some suggestions to one who explains that he is a medium-paced, slow bowler who desires to learn how to correct a fault in his run up to the wicket, and how to acquire an accurate length. Fourthly, the staff of this magazine is fairly complete, but it does not comprise a family physician.

P. R. Fulton propounds a rather interesting theory. He has noticed that most of our great slow bowlers are short, and most of our great fast bowlers tall, men. "Why is it?" he asks. His theory is that the explanation is to be found in the natural elevation a small man can give a ball. "A slow, high-tossed ball," he writes, "comes off the pitch with a different spin, and it also comes up pretty high, but a tall chap makes the ball hit the pitch at an angle which is too direct to get the same effect as a ball bowled well up in the air. A tall fellow, of course, has to bowl very slow in order to bowl this slow ball; but a small fellow does not." The point of

the theory is that a tall man in order to bowl slow balls of a good length must bowl so slow that he is liable to be ineffective. I doubt whether the theory applies to fast bowlers; for we have had some fine fast bowlers (e.g., George Hirst, of Yorkshire, and E. Jones, the Australian) of quite moderate stature. But it is certainly true that good slow bowlers are, for the most part, short men, and that short men have a greater facility for bowling a slow ball with plenty of spin.

G. G. R.—Your letter is quite clear. W. G. and Ranji play "back" quite differently. I prefer Ranji's method, or rather my own, which is very similar. I always, if possible, move my right foot back towards the wicket, so that it is just about two inches inside the line of the ball from the pitch; I do not care where the wicket is, or whether I am getting in front. Then I play the ball about a foot in front of my right leg. I find that on fast wickets it is, as a rule, better to step back sideways, not facing the ball, but with the left shoulder forwards; but on slow or sticky wickets to right-hand off-break bowlers. I generally face the bowler square, because I find that then I can force the ball away more easily on the on-side. Take my advice, and work out your own method; we must all do that. I like your way of studying methods; you will get on. Rely on your own judgment. Come and ask me if you see me on a cricket ground.

T. Elliot.—After an illness such as you have had, you must be very careful to allow yourself to grow quite well and strong before you go in for dumb-bell exercise. Otherwise, you are liable to strain yourself. If I were you I should be careful to consult a doctor and follow his advice. Probably he will advise you to confine yourself to walking for some time. But walking, you must remember, is in itself a very fine exercise. It is a great mistake to begin building up muscle before your general health is thoroughly sound. You see, your body requires all its energy for curative purposes after an illness, and if you go in for premature muscle building you rob your body of energy, which it requires for other and more important purposes than muscle making. I would counsel you to have patience. There will be plenty of time for you to grow muscular after you have grown quite well and strong.

Cestrian.—You show a very good spirit in wanting to do something famous in the way of beating records, and that quite soon. But you must bear in mind that, unless you have extraordinary natural gifts, you will not be able to take records by storm. Even the most gifted of us do not break records without a great deal of perseverance and patience. A great many people have ambitions, but have not the perseverance and energy to work them out. I cannot decide for you whether it would be best for you to take up running, walking, or cycling. It all depends on your natural physical gifts. Suppose you go in for running, I cannot very well give you advice until you tell me whether you are going in for long distances or short distances, or for hurdle races or for what. As for your wind, it will no doubt improve with regular practice in running.

Doubtful.—In my opinion a beginner in boxing ought to learn absolute correctness in foot-work before using his hands at all; then absolute correctness in hitting before he attempts to hit hard (which means hitting quickly). I do not understand your second question: moving round your man left foot forward is one thing, jumping back is another. Both methods of ball-punching

are used; you can stand still or move about on your feet: it depends what point in boxing you are practising. I have seen Peter Jackson ball-punching on a platform where he absolutely had no room to move. All these things simply require common-sense; rigid rules are of no value. Work out the problem. Have you read Captain Edworth-Johnstone's excellent little book?

Fresh Air Fiend writes as follows:—"In your reply to Thamus some time ago, I see you attribute his headache at waking to a disordered liver. It may be so, but I think you would probably find that the fellow sleeps with a closed window and a bunged-up chimney. And, therefore, by the time he wakes, he is breathing poisonous carbonic acid gas instead of pure oxygen. The average amount of carbonic acid in pure air is 4 parts in 10,000, while in the air we expire there are 400 parts in 10,000. And in a room, 150 parts in 10,000 will cause a severe headache. In an ordinary room the air ought to be completely changed once in every hour. This can be done with proper ventilation without causing a draught. Tell Thamus to keep a free chimney, and to open his window at the top." Perhaps Thamus will see this and give it due and minute consideration.

Enthusiast.—If you have a natural power of bowling leg-breaks you should pursue that particular kind of bowling. It is quite true that leg-breaks are often bowled with a bad length, but any one who practises them can learn to bowl a good length. It is absolute nonsense to say that bowling leg-breaks is bad for a boy. A boy should bowl in the way that comes most natural to him. I have never heard that the bowling of leg-breaks produced a lump in the arm. If I were you I would not use dumb-bells weighing more than 1½ lbs. each. John Piggott's Surrey Driver is a good bat. I should think you could do with one a size smaller than full size. Bosanquet is pronounced like banquet. Lockwood at his best has no superior as a fast bowler.

Scribbler.—It is kind of you to tell us how much you appreciate THE CAPTAIN. I am afraid it is you that are wrong touching my grammar. If you will think a minute you will see that possibly it is correct to write "A better than him I never wish to see," because "him" may be in the accusative case after the verb "to see." Surely you would not have me write "I never wish to see he." If you don't agree to this, I suggest to you that it is a case of "sense-construction." Very sorry to hear of your bad luck. But you will be all right for cricket; one of the best batsmen, and certainly the finest hitter who has ever played for Middlesex, was short of two fingers, blown off in a gun accident.

Notts.—There is no room here to give you an account of dumb-bell exercises for generally strengthening the muscles. There are any amount of good little books on dumb-bells now with charts and diagrams. You will find some in our advertisement pages, I expect. The great thing is to settle on one particular system, and then follow it regularly, with great care not to do too much at a time. You will find many scattered hints in back Answers to Correspondents. Remember, it is the quality of muscles and not the size that counts.

Batmender.—I cannot honestly recommend you to try your own hand at bat-mending. Of course, your skill in joinery may be greater than I suppose; still, a bat is easily spoilt. Send the old sportsman to Mr. H. Pether, Cowley-road, Oxford.

who makes a speciality of bat-mending, and works for many county players. He mends dozens for me every year, and never makes a mistake with one. You might send the bat to its maker, but the chances are Mr. Pether will make a better and quicker job of it.

W. R. Button.—The reason why it is bad to oil the splice of a bat is that the oil is liable to work in between the splice and the willow, and so dissolve the glue. You should oil a bat with a piece of rag, and skirt round just clear of the splice. Young bowlers often lose their power of breaking the ball; it will probably come back to you; but you should always think more of length than of break. A total of 2 for a whole eleven is certainly small, but, on the other hand, a whole eleven has been known to be dismissed for 0.

A Girl Reader.—The very fact that your back gets tired when you sit upright proves that the muscles which would keep your back upright are not properly developed and require cultivation. Any good system of dumb-bell exercise will do you good if you follow it in strict moderation and with very light dumb-bells. I should advise wooden dumb-bells weighing less than a pound each. I expect it would do you a great deal of good to go for a walk regularly for an hour every day. I am afraid I do not know any book which gives the Swedish gymnastic exercises, but you might hear of one by writing to Fräulein Wilke, South-Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea.

Official (Dunedin).—I do not quite understand your question about the delegate and the committee. Such a case as you describe would be decided here according to its merits; precedent would not be taken into account. A referee who ordered a player off the field for misbehaviour would be supported by the Football Association. A good referee here would decide whether to order a man off or whether to warn him first, according to the misbehaviour in question. It is a matter of degree. As to the decisions of the committee, I imagine they were given on the merits of each particular case.

A. M. Sims.—There is no doubt that it is far better to play cricket without spectacles if you can possibly manage to do so. On the other hand, I have known several cricketers who wear glasses, and have never heard of an accident. G. H. Killick, of Sussex, wears glasses. If you do decide to wear them you should be sure to get a good pair of the kind that do not easily break. I fancy Killick uses some special kind. If you wrote to him at the County Ground, Brighton, he would, no doubt, be pleased to give you information.

G. A. L.—There is no way of practising for swimming except by swimming. You should divide yourself between what may be called slow practice, in which you give complete attention to style, and fast practice, in which you give attention to speed and stamina. You had better study Holbein's book on swimming. It will do you no harm to go in for regular walking, and a certain amount of running. And, of course, you can use light dumb-bells. No, you are not too heavy for your age.

A. O.—There is no cup or badge, or any kind of medal, for the team that wins the County Cricket Championship. But I believe that last year the Middlesex Club gave their players a medal each in commemoration of their success. To my mind, the prejudice against cups and medals is exaggerated, for these things are only symbols which would be meaningless but for the honour involved in the actual achievement.

Caddy.—During the sweep of a driver the shaft of the club bends away from the player until right at the end of the stroke, that is to say, until when the stroke begins to be arrested at the end of the swing. You will see some extraordinary instantaneous photographs of golf strokes in action in "C. B. Fry's Magazine." They were taken by Mr. G. W. Beldam with a camera, the shutter of which gives an exposure of 1-1000th of a second.

Round-Shouldered.—I should say that the best way of curing round shoulders, or any other acquired physical fault, is to attend a course of curative gymnastics at a Swedish or German gymnasium. There is one at the South-Western Polytechnic, Manresa Road, Chelsea. If you cannot manage that, you should pay great attention to how you sit and stand. You might find "Cassell's Physical Educator," which is now coming out in parts, of use to you.

J. H. Howlett.—The cigarette picture of J. Darling, "the South Australian cricketer whose death last season is greatly lamented," gave you very incorrect information. Darling did not play against Warner's team; he is now farming in Tasmania, and has not time for big cricket. He enjoys the best of health, and is certainly one of the toughest living creatures of the day.

Emerald.—It is a mistake, in my opinion, to take hard exercise before breakfast. But, of course, a gentle trot or a brisk walk for a few minutes is a very different thing. A plunge and a short swim is all right, but you ought not, I think, to go for a real training swim before breakfast. Boxing is splendid training for running.

C. Allcock.—By the time you get this answer you will probably have forgotten all about football, but I may as well tell you for future use that the best way to learn to shoot well is to practise with a large india-rubber bouncing ball, such as you can buy at most toy-shops. You should wear gymnastic shoes and practise in some yard. You will find that by wearing light shoes you get a better feel of the ball, and quickly acquire some sort of knack.

F. L. Brewer.—Wides count against the bowler, but are not entered in the analysis. If a wide goes for 4 byes it counts against the bowler as 4 wides. No-balls count against the bowler. If no runs are made off a no-ball, it is not entered in the analysis. If runs are made the runs are put down in the analysis and the no-ball is not put down against the bowler.

Cavalier.—Enquire of the "Old Fag" about THE CAPTAIN Club. The best time for hard exercise is half-way between two meals; but you can do a little light dumb-bell work for, say, ten minutes just after getting up and just before going to bed. Stomping is a splendid exercise for developing the leg muscles. You will find all about chest development in "Sandow's Book on Strength."

Will Moore.—You ought not to undertake a long bicycle ride without plenty of practice. Begin by riding moderate distances and gradually extend them until you can do twenty miles with comfort. When you can do that you will probably find that you can manage a longer distance without exhaustion.

C.B.A.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

No. III.—THOSE GORDON GIRLS

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

THE scattered homesteaders of Hat Creek Valley all knew Betty and Callie Gordon by sight, for they were annual summer visitors at Ten Bar Ranch on Coyote Creek; and three times a week the girls rode up the valley and across the prairie to Oelrich's for their mail.

But for two or three years the farmers and their families never spoke of the ranchman's daughters except as "those Gordon girls," or "them girls from Omaha." Plainly they disapproved of Betty and Callie, of their felt hats and "new-fangled" dress and of their riding astride. Secretly, however, the fine horsemanship and blooming faces of the Gordon sisters were admired, for the women and children dwelling in the log shacks and weather-beaten pine cabins would watch the girls furtively whenever they rode by.

These people of Hat Creek and other valleys of a semi-arid region had for years been seeing the stockmen about them growing rich. They themselves found it hard to bring sufficient water to nourish their little plots of land. A good many of them felt an envious jealousy of their richer neighbours.

Betty and Callie Gordon would often have liked to stop and talk with women and children whom they met, but these invariably hurried on with curt nods and cold looks, or simply passed by with averted faces. None of the outlying neighbours ever called at Ten Bar Ranch, although any of them would have been made heartily welcome.

Near the close of their third summer at the ranch Betty and Callie resolved to make an end of this condition of things. They put on plain calico dresses and called upon their "five-mile neighbours," the Lasseters, where there was a school-teacher and a large family of engaging young girls. But their reception



was cool and diffident. The very calico dresses which they hoped would commend them were looked upon as marks of condescension.

Callie, the youngest, who was fifteen and fond of company, cried with vexation as she and Betty rode homeward.

"It's just too silly for anything," she declared, "the way those people act toward us! If they'd only say something mean 'twould be a relief! There's Georgie and—and—what's her name?—just our ages, and they could come over and have the jolliest times!"

"They think we think we're above them," answered Betty, "and that we're aching to patronise them, when we're just aching to be good friends! They'd have liked us better

with our summer flannels on," and Betty sighed in a disappointment quite as genuine as her sister's.

They did not try to call on their Hat Creek neighbours again; but occasionally, on their rides to and from Oelrich's, they stopped to get a drink at Lasseter's well, which was walled up and held the coolest and best water in the valley. There was a rusty tin cup chained to its curb and all passers-by were welcome to help themselves; but the Lasseter girls never came out to offer any greetings, as Betty and Callie would have liked them to do.

Sometimes the Gordon girls overtook Miss Lasseter and the younger children on their way home from the prairie school-house, which was two miles distant. On these occasions they got only brief nods of recognition from the teacher and shy glances of embarrassment from the little ones. Betty and Callie would have been delighted to load their ponies with those four little girls, but they knew that an invitation to ride would be refused.

In the following June, when they came from Omaha, Miss Lasseter was still teaching the home school. Two weeks later the Gordon girls saw her on her way down the valley.

With three little sisters she had reached the bottom lands and was trudging along the dusty Hat Creek road when Betty and Callie came upon the bluffs above.

"They've got on new pink dresses, all of them," remarked Betty. "Maybe Mr. Lasseter is getting rich, and then they'll be willing to speak to us."

"Oh, the schoolma'am bought those new dresses, I guess," said Callie. "How I wish Georgie and all the girls could have been with us at Lost Spring Cañon to-day!"

The two had carried their luncheon and picket-ropes and, for the twentieth time, perhaps, had spent a half-day in exploring the nooks and crannies of a picturesque, pine-grown cañon.

They had leisurely descended the Hat Creek bluffs and were well out upon the valley road, when Betty's attention was called to the peculiar antics of a range-horse at the foot of a hill a little in front of them. The animal was going round in a circle at a swift gallop and appeared to be striking and biting at some imaginary foe.

"Why, look at that pony!" exclaimed Betty. "What can be the matter with it?"

"Oh, Betty," cried Callie, after a brief look, "it's a locoed horse! Don't you know Joe has told us about the epidemic of eating loco-

weed? He said four of our range-horses had gone stark crazy this season. We must ride back upon the prairie and get out of the way!"

"No," said Betty. "The foreman said: when you see a locoed horse, stand or sit perfectly still and it will never notice you. The cowmen have learned that, and that's the reason there are so few accidents when the horses eat the weed."

So the young girls sat on their ponies, hardly daring to speak aloud as the careering pony circled about in its mad gallop and drew nearer and nearer to the road. Now and then the fighting creature stopped, threw up its head and stared; then, with bared teeth, it plunged sidewise, snapping and striking viciously into space.

In three or four minutes the animal came to the road and stood, seemingly impressed with the sense that here was a big trail, but undetermined which way to turn. Then it wheeled, and in a cloud of dust dashed straight down the valley toward those four pink dresses, now mere blotches of colour, nearly a mile away.

Not for an instant did the Gordon girls hesitate. With a single impulse they plied their short whips, and, with sharp cries to their ponies, were racing neck and neck upon the dusty trail of the crazy range-horse.

Each was riding a swift and sure-footed cattle-pony, perfectly trained to the chase; and each, of necessity, was mounted upon the stout, double-cinch stock-saddle, which is the only one in use in the cattle country.

Each, also, had practised rope-throwing as a pastime, but neither had ever roped a wild creature from the saddle. Nevertheless, as their ponies took the road and flattened their heads and stretched their necks in the strenuous action of a hard chase, each of these brave girls ran her picket-rope off her saddle-pommel—to which one end was fast—and coiled it for a cast.

Futile as their efforts might prove, the ropes were their only weapons against the fury of the beast they were chasing. Speed, too, was necessary if they would save the defenceless teacher and those three shy-eyed little girls. So they again plied their quirts mercilessly, bending forward upon their ponies' necks and pushing the animals to a pace which made the wind whistle shrilly in their ears.

Nearer and nearer they drew, for the locoed pony, although running hard, wasted its energy in vicious sidestrokes and now and then in wild shakings of the head.



THREE TIMES CALLIE DREW
OFF THE DANGEROUS BEAST IN A
FIERCE DASH AFTER HER OWN MOUNT.

Soon the flying riders were almost upon the wild horse's heels; but now the pink dresses, too, were close at hand. Miss Laster and her little sisters had heard the clatter of hoofs and were standing well out from the road, curiously watching the chase.

"What *can* she be saying about 'those Gordon girls' now?" wondered Betty, who was in the lead of her sister and almost alongside the mad pony. She raised her voice in a shrill, clear cry: "Down! Down! Lie down! Locoed pony! Lie down!"

The teacher heard and understood. She dropped upon the grass, almost fainting from fright, and motioned the little ones to lie down beside her. One of them obeyed, but the other two instantly took to flight and sped across the prairie, as swift of foot as young rabbits.

Almost instantly, too, the flutter of their pink dresses caught the eye of the locoed horse, and, with teeth snapping like the click

of wire shears, the creature dashed straight at them.

This turn gave the watchful and waiting Betty her opportunity. Her trained cow-horse took the quarter course perfectly, its nose upon the quarry's flank, and Betty, leaning well forward, swung her wide noose with care and dropped it fairly over the head of the crazy charger.

With set teeth she braced herself for the shock and reined her pony in. The locoed one was thrown a somersault as expeditiously as though a cowboy had managed it. But the fight had just begun.

Callie cast her noose at the struggling creature's legs, as she had seen cowboys do with steers and horses; but her throw missed, and, before she could turn her pony to try again, the mad animal had got upon its feet.

The frightened school-teacher with a child clinging to her dress, with clasped hands and bated breath, wanting to help, yet too helpless even to run away, now watched a fight that was exciting and perilous.

The crazed horse, in spite of the cow-pony's tugs, leapt to its feet as if its muscles were springs of steel and charged headlong at its captor. But the cow-pony dodged with the dexterity of its kind. Back and forth and round and round the horses darted, with brave Betty Gordon sticking to her saddle, catching in slack rope at critical moments and doing it all with the coolness and courage of an old line-rider.

Her pony, indeed, dodged the slapping hoofs and snapping jaws of its adversary with a cleverness that left its rider free to attend to the rope and to her seat. But how many girls could have kept that seat at all?

Callie circled rapidly round the fighting animals, riding in and throwing her noose again and again, only to be foiled by the erratic movements of the locoed pony.

Both girls had forgotten fear. Their hats were off, their hair flying, their faces flushed, and their eyes shining with the light of battle.

The fight circled out upon the prairie and back to the road again.

Three times Callie drew off the dangerous beast in a fierce dash after her own mount, and three times the locoed one was thrown

heels over head. Each time, as her pony wheeled, Callie threw her noose upon the struggling animal's legs and the third time succeeded in looping both its hind feet.

The fight was now quickly finished, and a crazy pony was stretched helpless between taut ropes.

"Oh, Miss Lasseter," called the panting Betty, "please run for your papa's rifle! Too bad, but—it's the only way for us!"

And Miss Lasseter ran. Five minutes later, however, Lasseter himself, who had seen

the fight from a distance, came riding up and proceeded to tie the loosed pony fast.

"It's my horse," he explained; "just took to-day. Three days of starvin' and plenty of carbonate of soda will fix him all right. There, now, I'm mightily obliged to you girls, an' we'll take it awful kind if you'll come in to supper—it's waitin'."

And there was never any coolness between the Lasseters and "those Gordon girls" after that.

Next month: "Go!" An Episode of Invasion.

THE WALLACE COLLECTION.



ANY one who takes an interest in things rare or curious, who admires fine old paintings, and can appreciate their worth, should certainly see the Wallace Collection.

This valuable collection of paintings, miniatures, bronzes, armour, furniture, porcelain, ivories, medals, etc., was bequeathed to the British nation by the late Lady Wallace some few years ago, and is on view at Hereford House, W.

Thither, accordingly, you wend your way, and having paused for an instant to gaze upon the exterior of this substantial stone building, you ascend the steps and boldly push open the entrance doors.

Immediately a smart official swoops down upon you, politely but firmly divests you of your "gamp," and then you are free to wander where you will.

Within those spacious galleries you will find much that is interesting and beautiful.

Valuable pictures, by some of the world's greatest painters, line the walls. The masters of the French school of the eighteenth century are represented here as they are in no other private or public gallery in Europe, excepting that of the Louvre.

Paintings by such artists as Velasquez, Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Greuze, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Turner, and Landseer, are to be found here, among many others by equally famous masters.



REYNOLDS.
P.R.A. 1768-1792

Then there is the armoury. Probably you will hurry there at once and revel in the suits of polished mail and the numerous weapons of war which line the room from floor to ceiling. The armoury is divided into two parts, the European and the Eastern; but an attempt to describe either would fill a small book. The collection of French furniture, clocks, candlesticks, bronzes, and other ornaments of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, stands unrivalled; the Sèvres porcelain is among the finest in the world, and can only be equalled by that in the collection of our late Queen at Buckingham Palace.

while the collection of French snuff boxes of the eighteenth century is well worth notice. There are also several cases filled with exquisite miniatures of famous people.

Of interesting curios there are any amount. The maiden may see the identical looking-glass with which the unhappy Queen Marie Antoinette was wont to make her toilet, and the youth who has lately begun to smoke may gaze with awe upon the weird-looking contrivance labelled "Sir Walter Raleigh's first pipe."

There may also be seen beautiful medallions carried out in coloured wax, and hidden from the light in carefully closed cases.

Altogether the Wallace Collection is full of interest from beginning to end; it is, indeed, well worth seeing, and the very next chance I get I am going to Hereford House again myself.



LAWRENCE.
P.R.A. 1820-1830

"PUELLA"

MODELS & MODEL-MAKING.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

Author of "The Romance of Modern Invention," &c.

Illustrated with diagrams by the Author.

PART VI.—CONCLUSION.

THE bottom tube-plate has twenty-five holes cut in it for $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch tubes. As their positions have already been described, it will suffice to say that those for the Field-tubes should be reamed from the top side of the plate; those for the fire-tubes from the bottom side. All these holes must be a pretty tight fit for their tubes.

The next thing to do is to clean the plate thoroughly, and "tin" it all over on the under side, clearing out any solder that may stray into the holes.

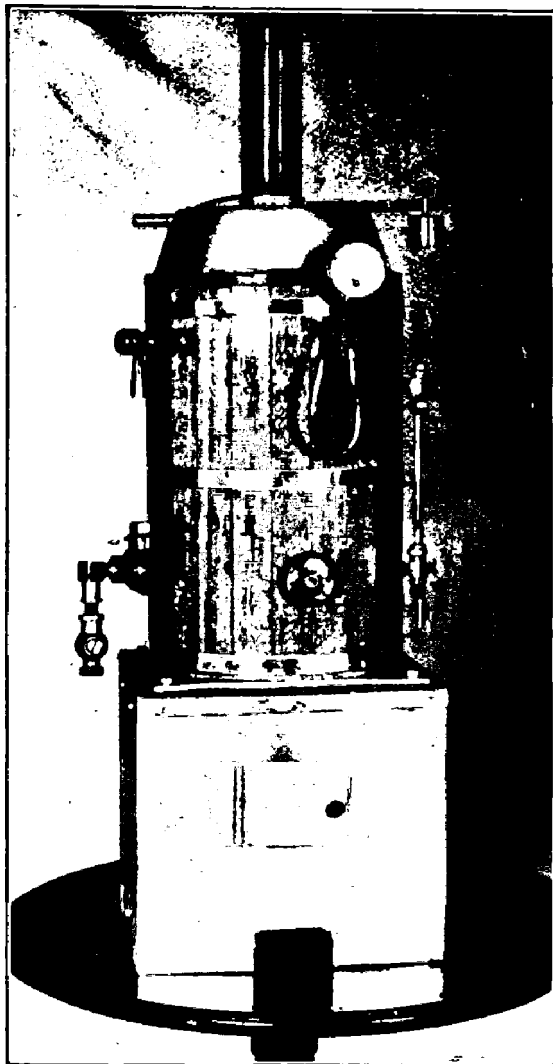
The Field-tubes.—A section of a Field-tube is given in Fig. 5 of last issue. Its principle will be easily understood:—A small tube, open at the bottom, arranged centrally in a larger tube, on which the fire acts. As fast as steam is generated in the space between the two tubes, it rises, and is deflected by a disc, in order not to check the water rushing down through the inner tube. The circulation in this form of water-tube is practically perfect.

Construction.—Cut ten 3-inch lengths each of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch copper tubing, and 5-16-inch brass tubing. File the bottom ends of the smaller tubes to a point, and clear out the sides of the cuts. The upper ends are driven *tightly* into $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch brass washers, the holes of which will probably require some enlargement, and soldered at the joints. It is very important that the washers should have a good hold independently of the solder, as the latter *may* melt during subsequent operations.

To keep the inner and outer tubes apart, drive four brass pins through the inner tube, so as to form two horizontal crosses. $\frac{3}{4}$ inch and 2 inches from the bottom. The pins must be just shorter than the internal diameter of the outer tubes. Holes are then drilled through both tubes near the top for a fifth pin to hold the inner tube in place.

Tube-expander.—This handy little tool is shown in section in Fig. 6. A is a steel bar

tapering from 3-8 inch to 1-8 inch; B, a 3-4 inch length of 19-32 brass bar, drilled centrally with a 5-16 inch hole. The walls of the ring thus formed are pierced with three openings 3-8 inch long, to take three steel rollers, C. On the outside, the slots are just too contracted to allow the rollers to

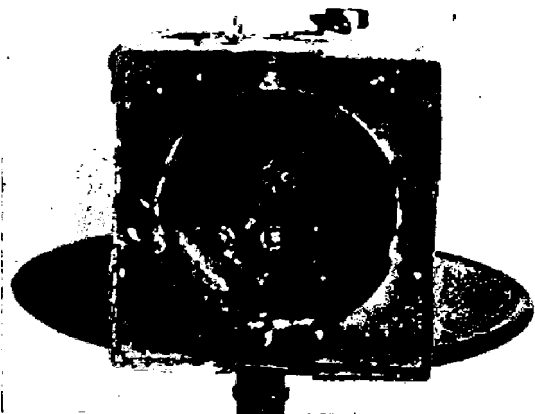


GENERAL VIEW OF BOILER.

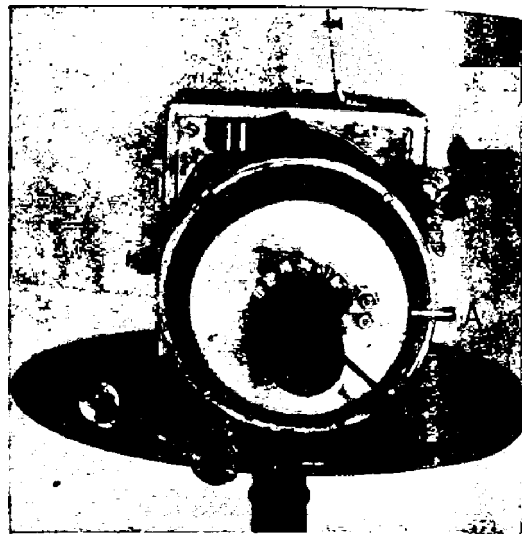
fall out. The bar is filed square at the larger end so that it can be held by a screw-spanner. An expander of this size may be bought for a few shillings. You will find it invaluable for boiler-making; in fact, without it you cannot do first-class work. Of course, the range of an expander is limited, and must be proportioned to the tube you wish to treat. Soldering in and stretching with a tapered bar *will do*; but I shall here assume that you procure a proper tool, and proceed to

Fixing the Field-tubes.—Push the outer tubes through the plate till they stand out 5-16 inch on upper side, getting them as perpendicular with the plate as possible. Expand them against the walls of the holes. To do this, push the brass sleeve into the tube till the rollers are opposite the plate; then tap the bar till it is tight, and twist it with a spanner; tap again and twist, till the tube is rigidly fixed. Withdraw bar a little and push the sleeve in till the rollers are below the plate. Expand the tube to the limit of the tool, and repeat the operation on the upper side of the plate. Now solder the tubes all round, and fix the inner tubes in place, beading over the upper cross-pin at both ends. To close the bottom of the tubes cut discs off a 5-8-inch brass bar, and solder them in. It is well to have 1-8 inch of tube to spare so that you may bead it over the discs with a hammer.

Fixing the bottom tube-plate.—This operation is precisely similar to that already described in the case of the upper plate. Before performing it, make sure that you have done everything in connection with the fittings that requires a hand inside the boiler.



VIEW OF FURNACE END OF BOILER, SHOWING THE LINING.



VIEW OF FUNNEL END OF BOILER.

Fixing the fire-tubes.—These must be expanded inside and outside of the plate, and sweated with solder. As the Field-tubes make it difficult to get a copper bit to the joints, you will find a blowlamp the best thing to use.

Fixing the stays.—These are nuted at one end and passed through from the bottom plate, the other nut being then screwed on. Sweat them well with solder.

The fittings.—I placed my safety-valve (of the weight and lever type) on the top of an L-bend, which screws into a socket on the boiler. The steam-gauge is fitted to a small syphon pipe of U shape, which, by retaining water in the bend, keeps the gauge cool. The water-gauge should have three taps, and a cock may advantageously be attached just above the bottom plate-ring. A 1½-inch screw-plug, or filler, serves as cover for the mud-hole. The pump inlet clack-valve (furnished with a cock) had better be bought.

I should warn you to take great care, while fitting the water-gauge, that the two parts are perfectly in line. To ensure this, pass a steel rod through them both in place of the glass tube, and move the parts about till the bar is quite central in the screw-glands, and everything looks square and parallel. Then solder the sockets into the boiler.

As soon as all fittings are on, proceed to

Testing the boiler.—Fit a cycle pump to the clack-valve and get on a few pounds' pressure. Smear all joints over with soapy water, and mark any places where bubbling takes place. Make these secure with solder, and pump again, to a higher pressure. As soon as all

leaks have been stopped, fill the boiler right up with cold water, and place it over a spirit stove. Keep your hand on the safety-valve till 70 or 80lb. has been reached. If no further leaks have developed, the boiler may safely be used with steam to 45 or 50lb. To prevent accidents from "tampering" with the safety-valve, find out in what position the weight causes the steam to blow off at 50lb., and shorten it to that point. No one can then possibly set the valve to a higher pressure.

The furnace is composed of a circular inner lining, six inches in diameter, and an outer case, eight inches square. You will see the exact dimensions on referring to Figs. 7, 8, 9, which show the lining, casing, and cover of the furnace. All three should be carefully cut out of sheet iron, 1-20 inch thick. The dotted lines of the diagrams indicate the points at which the metal is to be bent to a right angle. The cover should be a good fit, for neatness' sake, and the lining be made as circular as possible. I will here correct a statement made in the last chapter about the size of the firing holes. That in the casing should be 2 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, that in the lining $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 3 inches, the top edges being at the same level. You will be able to stoke and

with the door. As for a catch, something of the oven-door variety is most satisfactory, but a plain knob will do, as draughts tend to keep the door close to the casing.

When the cover has been riveted to the casing, secure the bottom tube-plate to the casing with bolts near each other. Have the mud-hole over the door.

Now stand the boiler on its head, and mix some asbestos boiler-packing (bought for a few pence) with water, until you have a firm paste. Place the lining in position, its fire-hole in line with that of the casing, and ram in the asbestos evenly all round, until it has reached to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the air-holes. Then cut a metal plate, flanged at the edges, to lie in between the casing and lining; press it down hard on

the asbestos, and secure with a few screws and nuts. The firing-hole must be cleared and trimmed up quite square. The asbestos will soon set if the boiler is stood over the kitchen range—on an old iron sheet, to prevent trouble with the cook.

The smoke-box I made out of a penny tin pan, seven inches in diameter. Four screws hold it down to the boiler-top. It has a $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch hole cut in the centre for the funnel to stand over. The last is held to the pan by a

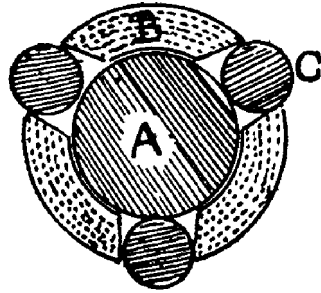


FIG. 6.—CROSS SECTION OF EXPANDER. TWICE FULL SIZE. A, TAPERED BAR; B, BRASS SLEEVE TO HOLD C, THREE ROLLERS $\frac{3}{4}$ IN. LONG.

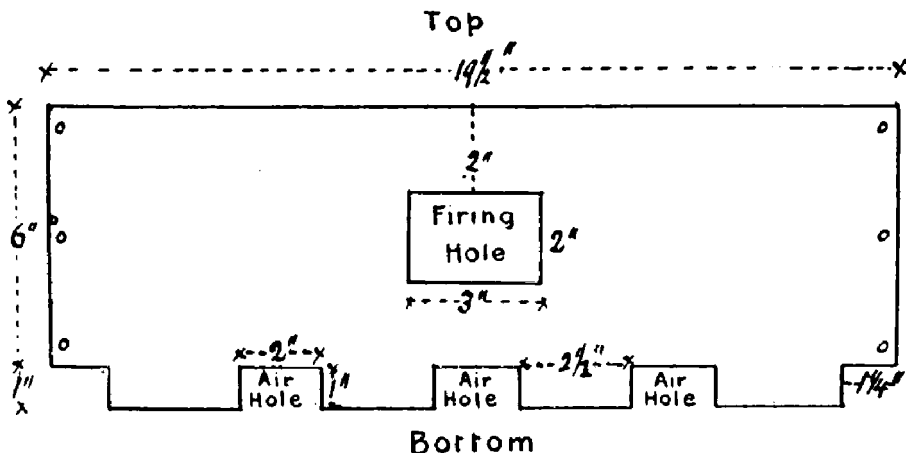


FIG. 7.—CUT OUT LINING OF FURNACE ACCORDING TO MEASUREMENTS GIVEN IN THIS DIAGRAM.

watch the fire much more satisfactorily with the orifice expanding inwards.

I made the fire-door out of a brass plate, 2 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and attached it to the casing by a 2-inch butt hinge, backed on the fixed half with a brass strip, to bring it up level

collar made as follows:—Get a piece of angle brass as long as the circumference of the funnel, anneal it, and cut one arm through to the angle at intervals of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch. You will then be able to bend the brass easily into a ring, which is attached to the funnel by a

few rivets, and to the pan by four screws and nuts.

You must now make

The blower out of very small tubing (annealed), bent at one end into a ring, one inch in diameter. Close the extremity by

becoming dull. In appearance, it resembles oxydised silver.

Heating the boiler.—If you can command a gas-supply, a ring kettle-heater will make a very convenient fire, as it can be regulated so easily. Failing that, use charcoal or anth.

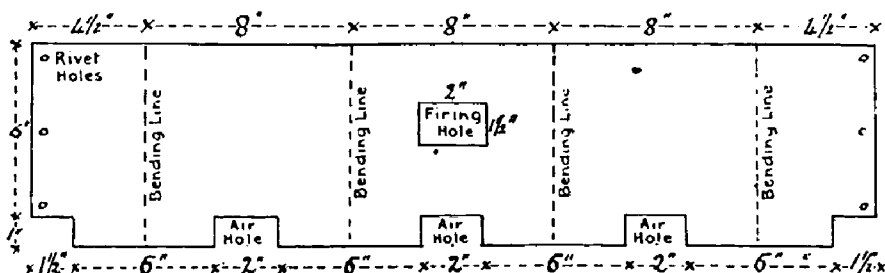


FIG. 8.—OUTSIDE CASING OF FURNACE.

pinching it with pincers, and on the upper side of the ring make a dozen small notches reaching down to the hollow interior. Push the plain end through a hole bored in the funnel just above the collar, and screw the smoke-box in place. The blower tube is then bent round the side of the smoke-box and boiler-top and soldered into the boiler. To cut out a piece and insert a small tap and union will be an easy matter if you first carefully smoke with a match all parts to which solder must not adhere.

The pipe for exhaust steam is led through the side of the smoke-box and under the top, to which it is attached by a brass strap and rivets. The end is nicked with a file, and bent up to a right angle, in the exact centre of the funnel. Its bore should be contracted to about 5-32-inch at the nozzle.

Caulk the joints between the smoke-box and boiler, and between the furnace and boiler with asbestos till air-tight.

Only one operation now remains, namely, to "lag" or jacket the boiler. I used 3-8 inch mahogany on top of 1-8 inch asbestos mill-board. The wood is cut into slats, one inch broad, and bevelled slightly at the sides so that the outer edges touch all along. Brass bands at the top, centre, and bottom hold the slats in place.

This operation requires some patience and handiness, but it gives the boiler a very smart appearance, and also much better steaming capacities. You must, of course, leave a small clearance all round the fittings, where they enter the boiler, so that they may easily be screwed on or off.

As regards painting, I used galvanised enamel for the furnace and smoke-box, as it will stand great heat without peeling off or

racite (not ordinary) coal, always starting with red-hot embers. A draught should be induced in the funnel by means of a bellows attached to the exhaust pipe by rubber tubing. I usually get up steam with the blow-lamp, turn on the steam blower, and soon have a roaring fire. The boiler works best with about four inches of water, so regulate your force-pump to keep it as near that height as possible. If steam is made too freely, open the furnace door and put something in the funnel to prevent the hot gases passing upwards. At present I connect the boiler to the engine with large cycle-pump tubing, which will stand high pressure and does not appear to suffer from the heat. The

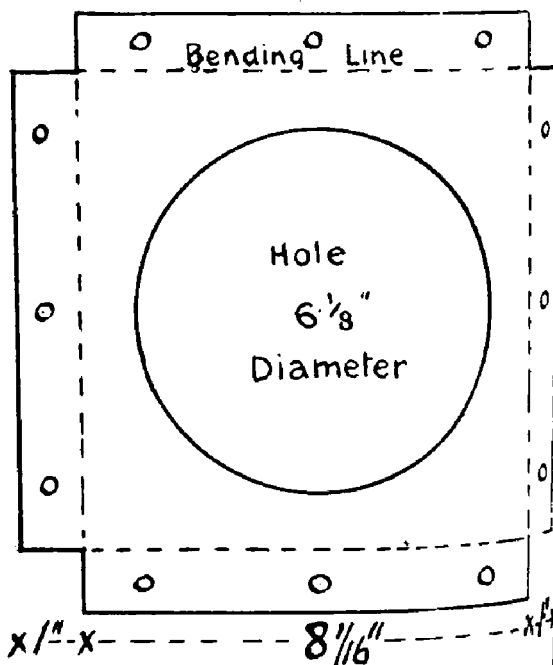
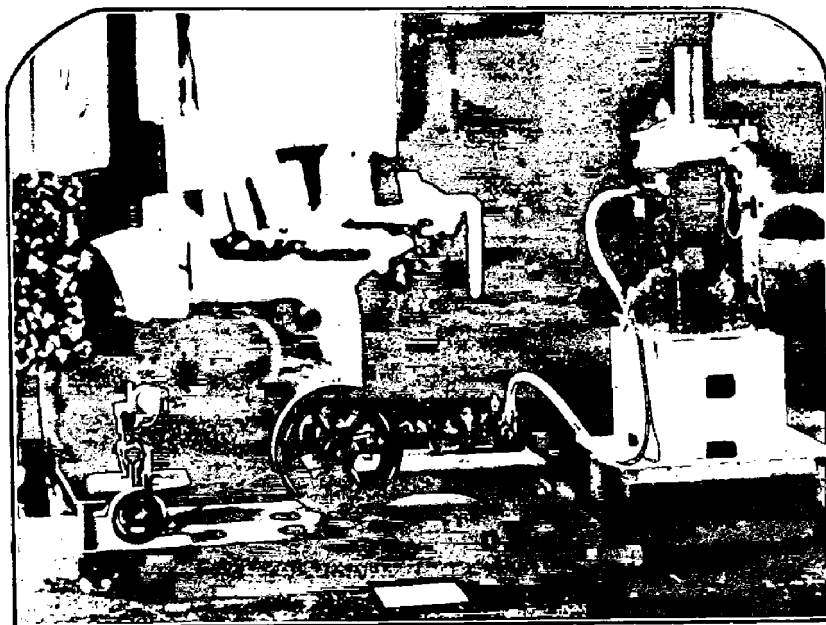


FIG. 9.—COVER OF FURNACE.

exhaust steam is delivered to the funnel through 3-8-inch rubber tubing.

To get good results, the fire-tubes should

NOTE.—I have, on second thoughts, somewhat altered the blower attachment from the design given in Fig. 1 of last chapter.



BOILER AND ENGINE WORKING A SEWING MACHINE.

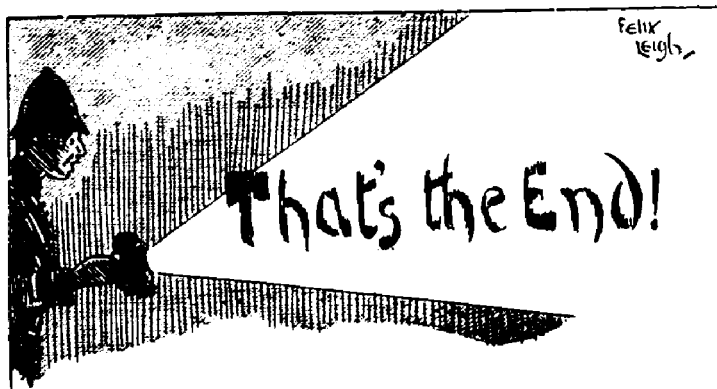
be frequently cleaned, if coal is used, and the boiler washed out. *Filtered* rain water will leave very little deposit, while "hard" (or chalky) water causes incrustation. Blow out the boiler after use, and polish up the fittings before they get badly tarnished. Dirty fittings suggest a slovenly owner.

In conclusion, I hope that the construction of the boiler described in the last two chapters will give you as much pleasure as I have derived from the many solderings, rivetings, and borings, cuttings out, and other "ings" that are the steps leading to the glorious end—a boiler under steam!

Therefore no hole need be bored for the blower in top tube-plate.

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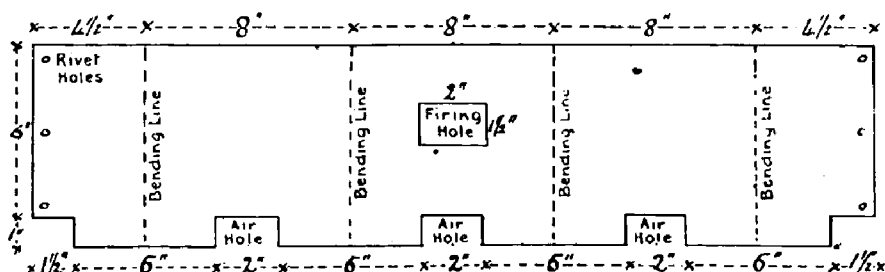


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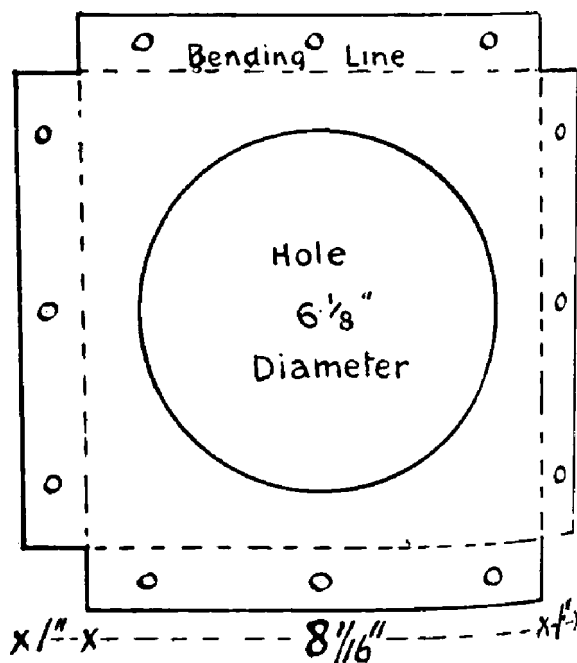
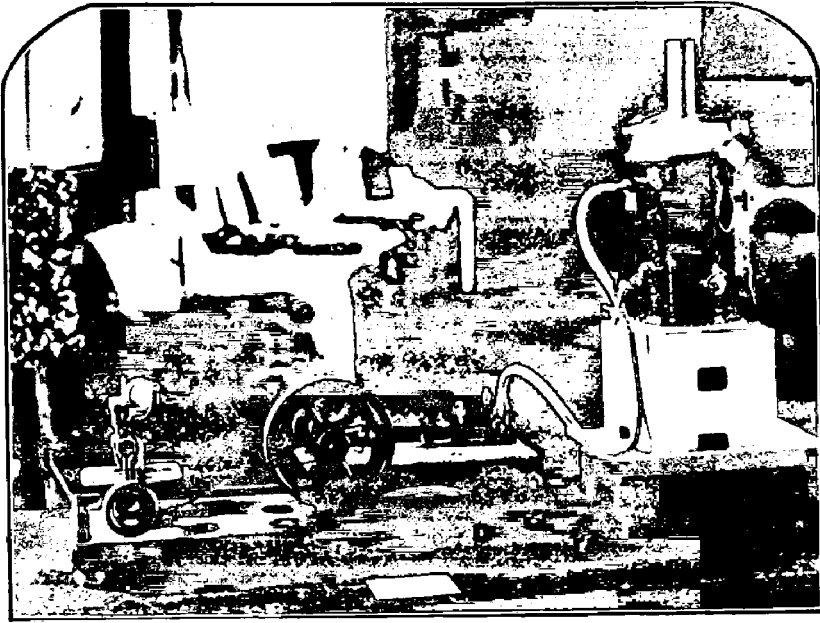


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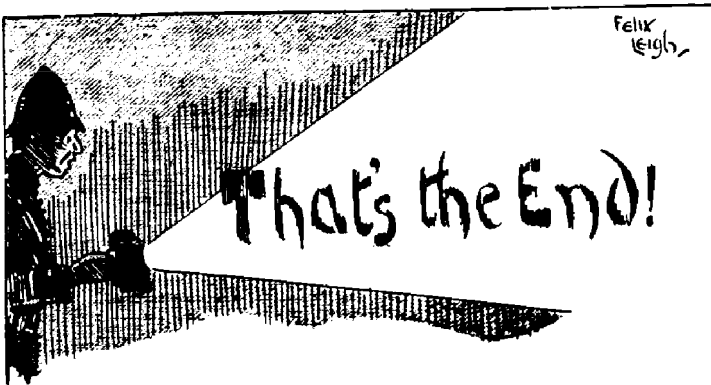
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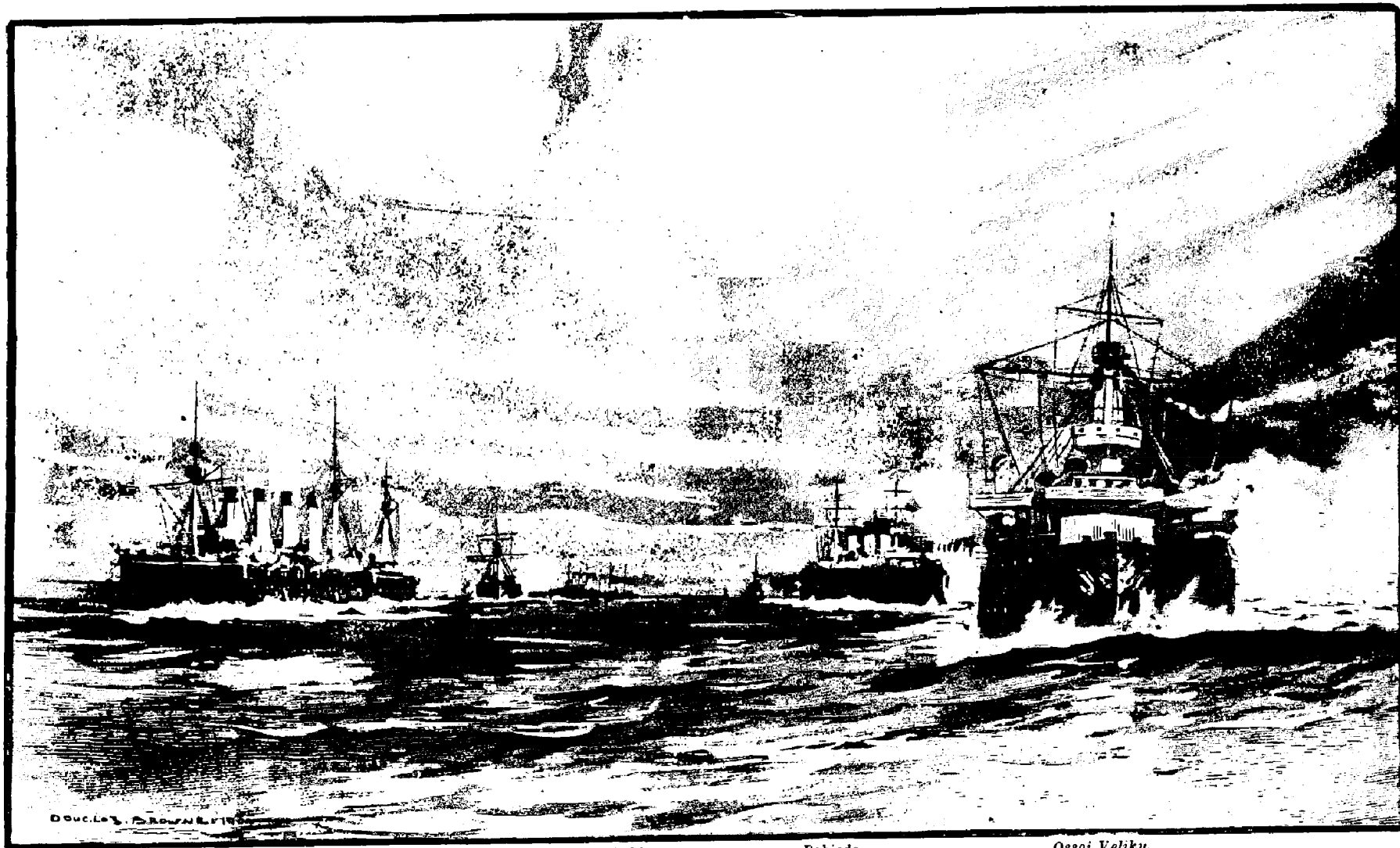
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Rossia.

Pamyat Asova.

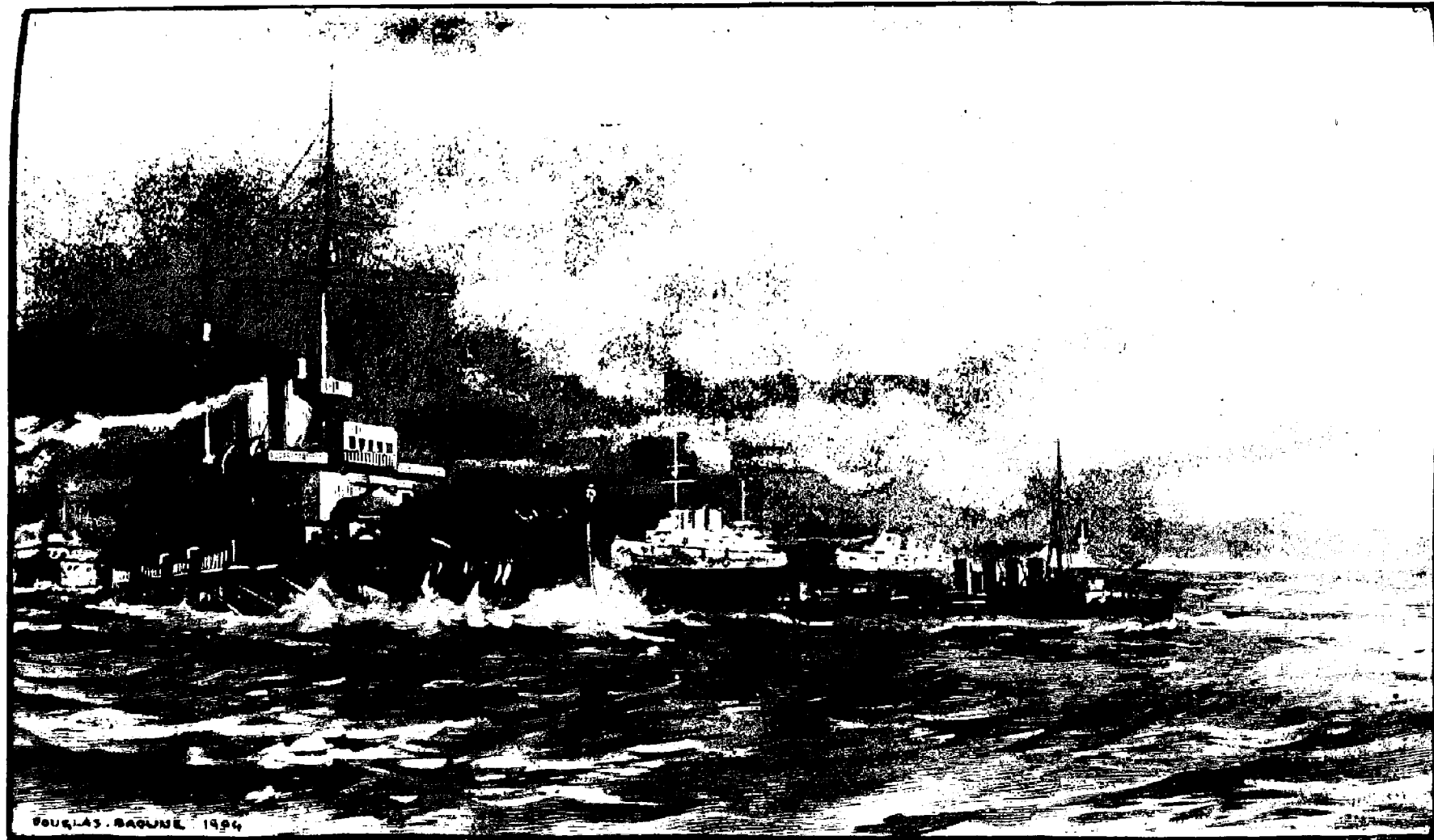
Askold.

Pobieda.

Ossoi Veliky.

THE RIVAL FLEETS IN THE FAR EAST. SOME RUSSIAN COMBATANTS.

The *Askold*, a five-funnel cruiser, it will be remembered, was badly damaged by Japanese shells in the naval engagement off Port Arthur early in February. It is interesting to note that a battleship is not armoured along her whole length on either side, nor from the deck to the keel, the armour-belt, varying in thickness from four inches to nine inches, extending from amidships only a sufficient distance fore and aft to cover her most vital parts, and to a certain depth below the water-line, as no armour is torpedo-proof. The consequent saving in a vessel's displacement means a considerable increase to her speed.



Yoshima.

Mikasa.

Shikishima.

Yoshino.

Asashio.

Naniwa.

THE RIVAL FLEETS IN THE FAR EAST. PART OF THE JAPANESE SQUADRON.

The *Mikasa* is Japan's largest battleship, and has a displacement of 15,200 tons. Her engines are 16,000 horse-power, and can maintain a speed of eighteen knots. She was Admiral Togo's flag-ship during the Port Arthur engagement, in which action the protected cruiser, *Naniwa*, also took part. The *Asashio* is a torpedo-boat destroyer of the latest type, her average speed being about thirty knots per hour. Her hull is a mere shell, the plates being about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and she has a displacement of close upon 350 tons. She carries no armour-plating, and her armament consists of one 12-pounder quick-firing gun, and five 6-pounder quick-firing guns. Her full crew numbers sixty, inclusive of officers.

A NEW CHUM'S EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA



Being the True Adventures of MARCUS STEIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.

CHAPTER IV.

PLEASURES OF TRAVEL.

IT was shortly after this that my old mare gave out, and I had to look around for a fresh mount. She had carried me hundreds of miles, and badly wanted a change, so I sold her to a small farmer, or rather, exchanged her for another younger and stronger horse, paying four pounds to boot. I had great trouble with my new animal; he broke my bridle, behaving very badly at first, always making for his home directly he was let loose at night, although he was hobbled. But as we got farther and farther away he settled down to the inevitable, and turned out a first-class steed for the work.

Later on we left the river, and struck out across country for the Lachlan, and it was here that our sufferings began, as it had been, and was, a very dry season, no rain having fallen for

nine months. When we left the river I was told that in two days we would reach Wallace Town, and I naturally looked forward to that event, as I wished to purchase a few luxuries, such as a packet of cocoa, to make a change from the everlasting tea, a tin or so of jam, sardines, fruit, and so on. What was my surprise to find that Wallace Town was composed of one old slab house with bark roof, called the Wallace Town Hotel, two private houses, also built of timber, and about half a dozen sheds. That was all! We managed, however, to add some jam and sardines to our larder.

The country that we passed through after this was very dry, and we had to undergo some dreadful hardships. Things got so bad at last that the sheep died in hundreds. The agony of the poor brutes was pitiful to see. Every day stragglers would drop behind. And if we urged them on they would fall down, so weak were they. Yet we tried all we knew to get them into camp

each day. When we found that they were too weak to travel, we had to kill them, and on some stages this had to be done very frequently. Often when we left camp in the morning we did not know where we would get water again. And when we did come across it, it was only in meagre quantities, such as a dam or small lagoon, and there were always dead animals in it, bullocks, sheep, and occasionally wild animals. The water was often slimy and putrid; still, as there was nothing else, we had to use it. On other occasions we would come across a swamp nearly all dried up, with just a little water here and there in the crab holes, that is, the holes that cattle had left in the soft ground. Then we would take a pannikin and dip up the water, or rather mud, little by little into a billy-can, then strain it through a handkerchief, a piece of old shirt, or anything of like nature, then boil it and skim it, and, after we had got it fairly clean, make tea.

My memories of Christmas Day will always be green. We had been looking forward to it for some time, as we expected a plum duff. The weather was dreadfully hot, being about 120 in the shade and about 160 or 170 in the sun,—and of course we were in the sun all day long, except for an occasional tree. We had to travel thirty-two miles for water, and when we reached it there were several dead animals in it. I got the colic so bad from using it that I had to lie under a bush all day in great agony, and could not eat any of the plum duff that I had been looking forward to. The next day we came across an old abandoned diggings, and eagerly searched the old shafts to find water,—but in vain; they were all dry. As a last resort we went to the top of a small hill, and there, in a shaft about sixty feet deep, strange to say, we found water, although there was none on the lower levels. I really cannot explain this; perhaps some geologist might. However, we were all nearly dead for want of liquid; our tongues were hard and dry; our dogs were as bad as we; and our poor horses could scarcely drag themselves along. We knew there was water there by dropping a stone and hearing the splash, but how to get at it was the question. We were only three horse-men, and the shaft was sixty feet deep at least, and about five feet long by two feet wide. After some deliberation we took all our reins off the bridles, collected all our belts, whips, and straps of every description, together with a piece of old wire that we found close by, and with this improvised rope lowered down a billy-can with a stone in it to make it sink, and pulled it up again full of clear water. But there were two dead birds in it. They had evidently

gone down after the water, but could not get up again, and so were drowned. We then scooped a hollow in the ground, lined it with our greasy saddle cloths, and poured water in that for the dogs, and then we watered the poor horses one by one in a similar manner. But it was a slow process. When the beasts were satisfied we made our usual tea.

The whole of this country was covered with ants of the soldier variety, some of them an inch long or more. They are very ferocious, and can give a nasty bite, and yet we had to camp in their midst. The camp fire kept them off a bit, yet I could feel them crawling over me all night long. It was also a common thing, when camped near water, to find a snake coiled up in your blanket when you awoke in the morning; but, although I once found two, and saw others in the blankets of the men at different times, I was never bitten myself, nor did I see any of the others come to harm from this cause.

Our larder would suffer occasionally from the depredations of the iguana, a creature something like a young crocodile or big lizard. They are of all sizes, up to about four or five feet long, and would often run away with a leg of mutton or other large piece of meat. I remember once receiving a bit of a fright through coming unexpectedly in contact with one of these ugly creatures.

On the occasion in question we were camped near a river, and it was my turn to be on guard from midnight till two in the morning. It was a very dark, dismal night, and the row of fires was an unusually long one. That evening I had been away reporting, and had not returned to camp until after dark, and so knew nothing of the surroundings, but when on guard I saw a little fence close by and went up and leant against it. Near by I could see the silent forms of my mates rolled up in their blankets, looking for all the world like so many corpses in their winding sheets. All was still. There were no sounds except those made by the dark running water in the river, and the usual croak and hum of insects. As I leant against the railing, peering every now and then into the black darkness around me, and fancying I saw all sorts of weird, fantastic shapes in the gnarled limbs of the gum trees, my thoughts sometimes taking me back to that dear old home so many thousands of miles away, and to all the strange sights I had seen, and the strange life I had led, since leaving those distant shores; and when I was about to start on my usual tour along the fires, replenishing them with dry wood from the bush, I heard a peculiar noise and splash behind me, which caused me to turn round. My eyes by this time having be-

come accustomed to the darkness, I saw, within the enclosure that I was leaning against, a rude wooden cross, which I knew denoted a grave. I gave a start and moved rapidly away. To say that I was scared would be a mild way of expressing my feelings. It is all very well to pooh-pooh the idea of being frightened at a solitary grave. No doubt in broad daylight it is nothing, but in the silent bush at midnight, and alone, it is different. I went on my round, throwing timber

when I was able to call the next guard at two o'clock. I rolled myself up in my blankets and forgot all my discomforts in sleep.

A drover's lot in the Australian bush is by no means an easy one. There are many hardships to undergo. And it is by no means free from danger, although it is much better now than it was in the early "eighties." A prolonged and severe drought was on the land then, and the governments had not put down any artesian



THE WHOLE BELLOWING MOB THUNDERING BEHIND US.

on each fire as I came to it, and when near the last one picked up—as I thought—a lump of wood,—which immediately commenced to wriggle. I dropped it as though it had been red-hot, and away it darted into the bush. What I had mistaken in the darkness for a piece of dry timber was really an iguana—or "goana," as they are called. It was evidently asleep, having, I suppose, approached the fire for warmth. That finished me. I thought my two hours were never coming to an end, and never felt so thankful as

bores, nor did the railways run so far west. In fine weather, with good feed and plenty of good water, the life is an easy one, but in time of drought when feed is scarce and water almost unobtainable it is a terribly hard one. It is also very unpleasant in very wet weather. I remember once it rained for nearly a week. The thousands of sheep travelling over the sodden ground puddled it up and made it very disagreeable, especially at night when we camped, as we had to camp in close proximity to them, and

often it was over our boots in mud, and the difficulties of making a decent bed were greatly increased, more especially if it was pouring with rain at the same time. However, as there was no help for it we had to make the best of it.


I recollect one camp in particular that was most wretched for us. It had been raining all day. Our waggon had become bogged somewhere and did not reach the camp. My horse was so done up that he could not carry me, and when within half-a-mile of camp he fell and could not rise. So I left him there lying in the mud, and walked into camp. There seemed to be some trouble about a fire at first, as everything was so wet, but at last we started one by getting some of the dry inner bark from a certain tree, rubbing it up in the hand, and then, after setting it alight, putting on very small twigs, and so coaxing it, until, by degrees, we obtained a large fire. Having partaken of a scanty meal we set to work preparing our beds, which was done as follows :—

With a tomahawk we cut down some boughs of trees, young saplings, &c., and then, cutting off all the smaller branches, we first laid the thick stems on the ground in as sheltered a spot as we could find, close together in rows; then laid the thinner ones across them; and then, taking the leafy boughs, we whisked them through the flames until they were fairly dry, and laid them finally on the top of the sticks, and, rolling ourselves up in our blankets, tried to sleep. By this means we were kept up out of the mud and surface water, but it was anything but a comfortable bed.

As for the dangers, they were many and various. In the first place there was always the danger of being taken seriously ill through drinking foul water, or of scurvy from want of fresh vegetables and fruit. Then there was the danger of meeting with an accident, such as being thrown from your horse through his stumbling in a hole, being kicked, &c. Then there was the danger from meeting wild cattle when on foot. I had a rather unpleasant experience of this.

CHAPTER V.

A FIGHT WITH STOCK WHIPS.

 WAS out in the bush one day with a mate looking for our horses, which had strayed, when we unexpectedly came upon a large mob of cattle. At first they stared at us, and we did not know whether to go on or turn back. Then the cattle walked towards us a little way and bellowed, on which they all gathered in a sort of crescent, and, placing their heads low down, gave out a low

bellow, and pawed the ground as though working themselves up into a passion. My mate tried a dodge he had used before, which was to go down on one's hands and knees and hop along like a frog, but it didn't work this time, so we took to our heels with the whole bellowing mob thundering behind us. How we escaped was a miracle. We made for a distant fence, and only just reached it in time. Had we been a minute late our bones would have been picked by the crows, and we should have added two more to that long and ever-lengthening list of "missing friends."

Then there is the danger from snakes, crossing rivers, &c., and occasionally from the blacks and desperadoes who frequent—or did frequent—the back blocks. Some of the latter were poor miserable outcasts who had missed their aim in life and taken to the bush; others were horse stealers, cattle duffers, sheep stealers, &c. They seldom came into any town, but would wander about the bush and engage in any enterprise that came their way. A common practice was to follow travelling sheep or cattle, make a rough yard of bushes in the midst of some almost impenetrable scrub, then watch for an opportunity, either by day or night, cut off a hundred or two hundred sheep, drive them away to this secret yard or enclosure, wait until the drover had gone on, and then sell them to some rascally butcher or selector, who would kill and skin them, taking care to destroy the brands by burning them, and so all trace would be lost. At times, in both sheep and cattle camps, they mount armed guard, and do not hesitate to fire at any suspicious characters. It was near Cobrah, on the Talbragar, that I saw a most desperate encounter between a drover and one of these cattle duffers.

It appears that the outlaws, three in number, stampeded the cattle in the middle of the night. The drover and his men were roused by the sentry who, hearing some suspicious sounds, and seeing a dim, shadowy outline, as of a man on foot, creeping up to where the cattle were camped, gave the alarm, but not before the cattle had become restless. By the time the men had reached their horses, the whole mob of cattle had stampeded, and were with great difficulty got together again. Next day a search was made, and they came across the trail of three horses, and finally tracked them to a camp some two miles away, when they came upon the three men, who seemed surprised at the visit. The drover, who was a big, powerful chap, immediately accused the men of trying to lift his cattle, and used threatening language, whereupon one of the three, a tall, broad-shouldered,

red-haired man denied the imputation, and wanted to fight the whole crowd.

The language that passed was very lurid, and more expressive than polite. It seemed that the

he was known as Bogan Ginger, and had a great reputation among the shearing sheds as a slogger. In fact, there were few men in that part who cared to stand up against him. But the



IT WAS A TERRIFIC ENCOUNTER.

drover knew the other fellow, who had once been a drover himself, but had lost his vocation through dishonesty. I forget his name now, but

drover, who was greatly enraged at the trouble he and his men had been put to, aimed a blow at Ginger with his stock whip. Ginger then

rushed the drover, and attempted to pull him off his horse, when the men interfered, and kept them apart. However, there was bound to be a fight. But the drover wanted to use his whip, and Ginger wanted to fight on foot with his fists. But as Ginger was such a well-known fighter the drover declined the challenge. At last, after a lot of barneying, the drover left, threatening to put the troopers on his track as soon as he reached town. Ginger was not to be gainsaid, however, and accompanied by his mates, jumped on his horse and came after the drover, at whom he aimed a blow with his stock whip.

Now a stock whip, in the hands of a man who knows how to use it, is a most dangerous weapon. It has a handle about fifteen to eighteen inches long, generally made of hard wood, and a lash or thong of from ten to twenty feet in length, the portion near the handle being very thick, sometimes three to five inches in circumference, all of plaited leather or green hide. I have seen a man cut a piece of hide as big as a five shilling piece out of a bullock. The crack from such a whip sounds like a rifle going off. Now Jim Dalton, the drover, was an expert with the whip, and when Bogan Ginger aimed a blow at him with his whip he shook out his own lash, and at it they went.

It was a terrific encounter. Blood and hair were flying all over the place, and what with the wild yells and screams of the combatants, the plunging and snorting of the horses, the shouts of the onlookers, and the loud explosions (I can call them nothing else) of the whips, the scene was a fearsome one, and the other men on both sides, as by common consent, withdrew, and with bated breath and itching palms awaited the result of the terrible duel that was being fought by their leaders. Watching the varying fortunes of their principals, their whips coiled in their hands, and their horses prancing with excitement, they seemed ready and even anxious to rush in and take part in the fray.

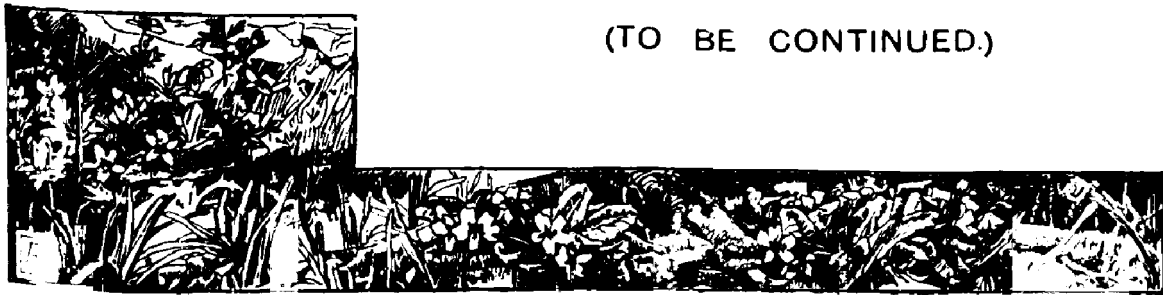
It seemed to me that nothing could prevent a general *mêlée*. It was an awful sight and made me tremble in every limb. Blood was streaming down both horses and riders, when, from some

cause or other, Dalton's horse stumbled and fell, throwing his rider, who, however, was not hurt. Ginger at the same time lost his whip, and springing to the ground, rushed at Dalton, when a fearful rough and tumble set in between them. Four of the spectators rushed up and separated the antagonists, who were an awful sight to look at. Disfigured with blood, pieces of horse-hair and dust, and foaming with rage and pain, they were more like wild beasts than men. They both struggled hard for a few moments, and then Ginger, who seemed to have got by far the worst of the battle, his shirt being simply saturated with blood, again challenged Dalton to fight him with his fists. This time Dalton did not refuse him, and both men stood up to one another in ring fashion, and there followed a fearful tussle.

Ginger was the better fighter—that is, he had the most skill—but he had received the most punishment from the whip, and was in a shocking condition. His left ear was hanging off, his cheek cut open, his arms and legs looked as if they had been flayed, and his clothes were all in ribbons. Dalton was in a similar condition, only not quite so bad. He had lost a piece of his scalp, his lip was half cut off, and there were several wounds about his limbs and body. Yet these cast iron men stood up and slogged at one another until Ginger was knocked senseless, and Dalton was so weak that he could hardly stand.

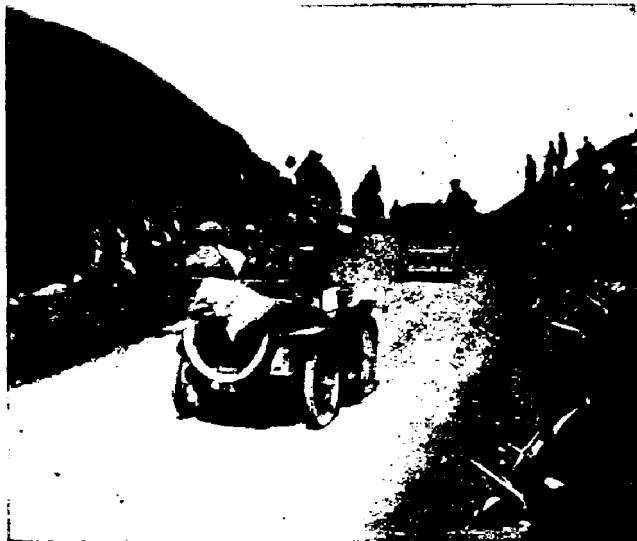
Water was brought, their wounds were dressed, and all that was possible was done to repair the damage. Dalton after a time was able to mount his horse, or, rather, one of his men's, his own having cleared out after throwing its rider. It was not found for two days, when it was in a terrible state, the flies having got at its wounds and made them very bad. Ginger did not come to, so he was hoisted up on to his horse and brought along to the cattle camp, and there, after some time, he revived. He was carefully nursed, and travelled in the waggon with Dalton until we reached Coboora, when he was left in charge of his men. On parting he shook hands with Dalton, and nothing more was said about the attempt on the cattle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"THE CAPTAIN" Photographic Gallery.

Being a Selection of Photographs entered for our
Competitions.



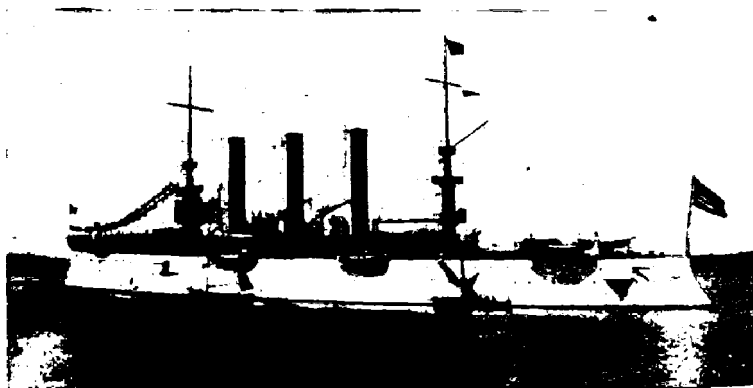
MOTOR CARS ASCENDING DUNMAIL RAISE, WESTMORELAND,
IN THE 1,000 MILES TOUR.
By W. Milburn, Sunderland.



HEALTHY "CAPTAINITES."
By F. J. Sharpley, Glasnevin, Dublin.



AN OLD PENSIONER.
By B. Rae, Winchester.



A UNITED STATES GUNBOAT.
By Harold B. Randall, Hastings.



LAUNCHING THE LLANDUDNO LIFEBOAT.
By G. E. Pearson, Nottingham.



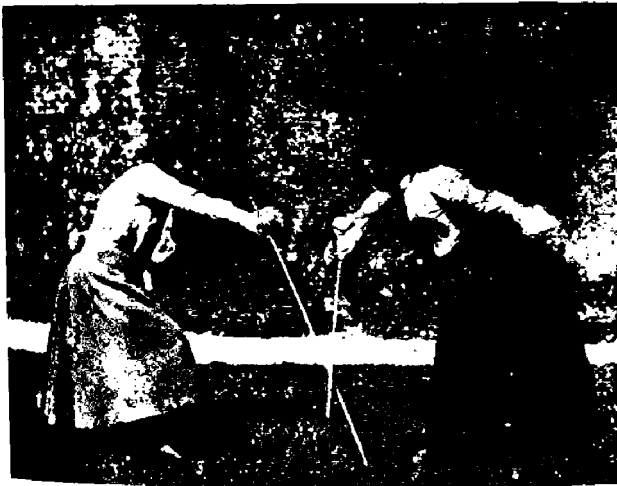
A KNIGHT OF THE ROAD.
By Frank Millington, Hanley, Staffs.



A TYPICAL FLEMISH KITCHEN SCENE.
By A. F. Van Swae, Antwerp.



THE "VARDY" MEMORIAL BUST, KING EDWARD'S
HIGH SCHOOL, BIRMINGHAM.
By Harold Hill, Birmingham.



By L. Ogier Ward, "FAIR DUELLISTS."
Surbiton.



A LAVENDER GATHERER.
By H. C. Cooper, Birmingham.



By J. H. Stretton, AFTER THE RESCUE.

Ripley.



AN EXCITING NIGHT.

A JUNGLE STORY OF SOUTH INDIA.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by Geo. Soper.

"**S**IR," said the old native pensioned soldier, as I was leaving the rest-house he held charge of, "Sir, I advise your honour to make all haste and get into Wussoor before sun-set." He spoke in the vernacular—which I

understood, for I had been in India previously as a child, when, like most Anglo-Indian youngsters, I had picked up several dialects, and had not forgotten them. Though still very green, I, Thomas Selwyn, held a good post under Government, and on the occasion in question was travelling for the first time from Belagaon to Sathayra making a preliminary inspection of the road along which the Telegraph Department intended to construct a line. Both places were large towns, with civil and military canton-

ments, lying two hundred miles apart, and towards midway, for a distance of about fifty miles, the track traversed a dense belt of jungle, known to be infested with wild animals of all sorts. This jungle had been neglected by sportsmen for some years; in fact, ever since the opening of a new but longer road that passed through better country. Telegraphs, however, generally adhere to the shortest route, hence the adoption of this one for the contemplated line. The rest-houses or travellers' bungalows were still maintained—now almost exclusively for the use of stray district officials, whose duties took them along that well-nigh deserted highway.

The story opens at the rest-house of Sripuram village, which stood on the southern verge of the jungle zone aforesaid; and Wussoor—the next halting place—lay fifteen miles further on, well into the depths of the forest. Owing to the dangerous reputation of that particular stage, my servants had begged permission to start earlier than usual to ensure their reaching Wussoor before evening; so they—with the carts—left at nine a.m., after breakfast. Indian bullocks are slow movers; they would take a good eight hours to do those fifteen miles, while my horse could cover it in four with ease, especially as I had nothing to detain me beyond the making of a few notes. I remained, therefore, at Sripuram, whiling away the time with a book till one p.m., when, on proceeding to mount, the pensioner made the remark that opens this narrative.

Erebus, my horse, was a large black South American, a few of which used to be imported to India in those days. I was accompanied by two dogs, Rani, and her full-grown son, Rajah; they were poligars, a big hound-like breed, indigenous to the country. I had reared them both from their respective puppyhoods, and they had turned out well worth their salt. My *syce*, or groom, was my sole follower, all the others having gone with the carts. After partaking of a dish of curry-and-rice—furnished by the pensioner—I divided what remained between the pariah groom and dogs. Erebus had been grazing all the morning, so we started on full stomachs. We soon cleared the little hamlet of Sripuram—to plunge into a silence and desolation that seemed to weigh one down by its impressiveness. The jungle, composed of tall trees and a thicket-like undergrowth, walled in the road on both flanks, and we did not meet a soul. The dogs were alert and excited, evidently alive to the

nature of their surroundings; the horse also showed anxiety, for he kept his ears pricked, and looked timorously from side to side; the groom trotted on foot—close to my knee. I carried a short Snider—slung over the shoulder, as I required my hands free to write notes when necessary.

We had progressed some two miles when the dogs, which were in advance, began to show signs of uneasiness. Rani halted in her tracks and snuffed suspiciously; Rajah, after doing likewise, doubled back and looked up inquiringly at me, as if asking for orders; the horse slackened pace of his own accord; I unslung my rifle and cocked it, while the timid *syce* whimpered with alarm and clung to my stirrup-leather. I confess I felt far from comfortable. I was not through my novitiate in things of this kind, so it was with some trepidation that I proceeded towards a bend in the road. Rani was ahead; on reaching the turning point she started, stopped, and commenced growling. Rajah joined her, and, observing whatever it was, he began barking furiously, but neither would go a step further. What did the dogs see that caused them to behave thus? If it were any ordinary enemy they would have dashed at it without incentive from me, but as it was they showed unmistakable funk. The horse appeared to be similarly affected, and I had to touch him gently with the spur before he would move on. I got up to the poligars, and, following the trend of their gaze, looked for some moments in vain; but, after straining my eyes a bit, I made out the face of a cheetah staring at us from the undergrowth to the right! Here was an opportunity of distinguishing myself as a shikarrie! Muttering the dogs to heel, I quietly dismounted, with a view to getting in a sure shot on foot. I gave the bridle to the shivering groom, but when I turned to draw head on that cheetah it had vanished! Commanding the poligars to stay with the *syce*, I gingerly advanced to the spot where the feline's ugly mug had peeped forth, and looked about on all sides, also scrutinising the branches above me, knowing that the cheetah was a climber. But to no purpose; he was nowhere visible. Resolving, however, to wait and see if the beast would give another look-in, I shinned up a tree and ensconced myself in a convenient fork, with my eyes everywhere and my finger on the trigger. It was no go; Spots declined to come to the front. But I had no idea of going after him, so I sat and sat; the afternoon wore on, and the lengthening shadows suddenly reminded me

that I had thirteen miles to travel before reaching Wussoor, with a little over an hour's daylight to do it in, while the pensioner's warning began hammering on my brain. Had I not had my groom to consider, I should not have cared, for Erebus could accomplish the distance within the time specified; being long-winded and swift the feat would have been nothing to him, and the dogs would have kept up, but I should certainly have had to leave my poor follower in the lurch, and this I could not, would not do. Blaming my fatuous forgetfulness, I hastily descended, regained the saddle, and, telling the man not to fall behind, continued the journey. The gloaming had nigh overtaken us by the time we had progressed four miles, for, naturally, I suited my pace to that of the groom, and I was beginning to feel seriously uneasy at the possibilities of a nine-mile ride in the dark through such a country, when, like heavenly music, the sound of human voices fell on my ear. The dogs—in advance as usual—appeared to be regarding something to their left with considerable satisfaction, wagging their tails and throwing back glances of invitation at me to come on. As I rode forward the voices grew more distinct, and I cannot describe my relief when, on getting abreast of the poligars, I saw a comfortable-looking little mat-and-thatch bungalow, standing just off the road, wedged into a small clearing. The doors and windows were all closed, and the voices did not seem to issue from the interior of the building.

"Who speaks?" I shouted in the vernacular.

The talking stopped, and then came the gruff response, "Who calls?"

"I, telegraph officer! Who are you people, and where are you?"

By now I had evidently been seen, for the tone changed to one of respect. "Sir, we are forest rangers. We are on a *mâchân*, sir."

Now I understood it. I dismounted, approached the bungalow, looked up, and there, right in among the foliage at a good height above the ground, I saw a thatched hut, resting on a *mâchân* or wooden framework, constructed in the branches of a huge tree. The trunk was denuded of all protuberances that might facilitate climbing, and the tree itself stood somewhat apart from its neighbours. Several natives crouched on the platform, and all saluted on observing me.

"This is the forest officer's bungalow, sir," continued the spokesman, indicating the building below, "and we are his subordinates."

"Well, whosoever it is, I intend occupying it for the night, so come down and open the doors."

At this they placed a ladder in position, lowering it from the tree, and four fellows descended.

"Sir," said the headman, "your honour cannot stay in the bungalow during the night."

"Why not?"

"Many wild animals prowl round, sir; you would not be safe."

"Nonsense! How then does the forest officer manage when he comes here?"

"He uses the bungalow only in the daytime, sir. Whenever he is obliged to spend a night at this place he sleeps up there," and the speaker pointed to a second hut in an adjacent tree. "We remain above at night, sir, for safety; we have no night patrolling."

I decided to take possession of the other tree hut. But what should I do with my horse? The groom could refuge with me, and the dogs—big though they were—could be carried aloft. Erebus, however, could not negotiate that ladder anyhow; he would have to remain below. But surely the forest officer brought horses with him and had some means of securing them during the night!

"What does your master do with his horses when he brings them here?" I inquired.

"If he has to pass the night here, sir, he sends them with the bullocks during the day either to Wussoor or Sripuram, whence they return in the morning."

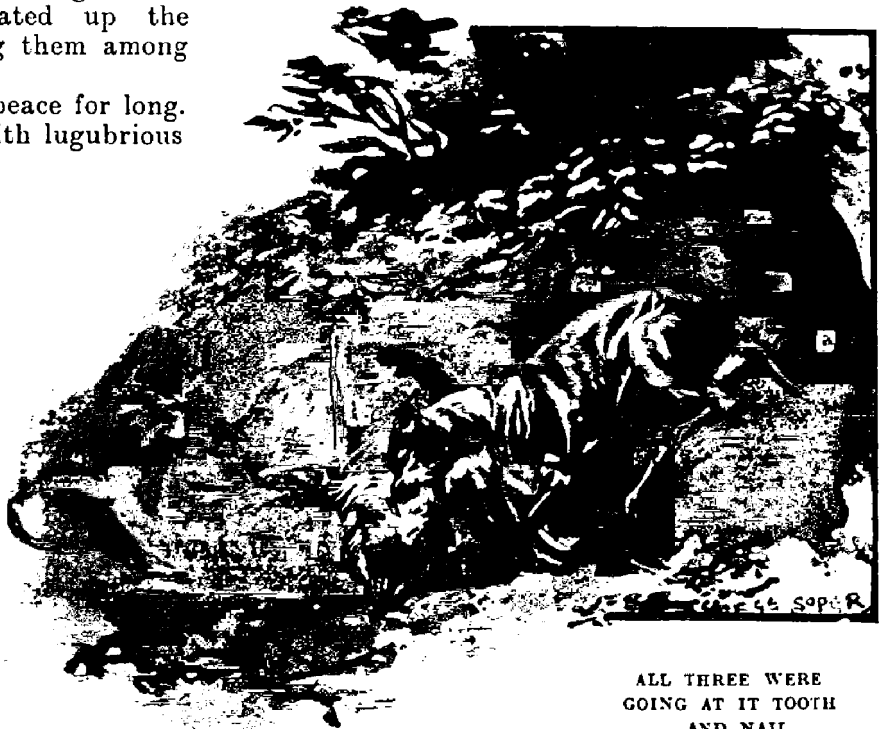
Too late for me to do anything of that sort now. The sun had set, and there is but little twilight in India. Besides, my solitary follower, quite unaccustomed to situations of this kind, was in too great a state of alarm to move from my side, even in broad daylight. I could not ask the forest rangers to leave their post to escort him to Wussoor or Sripuram; indeed, in all probability they would have refused to budge. For obvious reasons I could not convert the bungalow into a stable for the nonce, leave alone the fact of the flimsy mat walls, which would afford Erebus no protection against wild beasts, however much they might shield him from the chill air. I made up my mind, therefore, to tether the horse to two saplings between the hut trees, within point-blank range of my Snider, and leave the dogs to keep him company. But the night promised to be dark; the shades of the forest were deep; a cheetah or tiger, unnoticed by us, might spring on Erebus, and it was consequently

necessary to have a light of some sort. The rangers furnished it. Among the stores supplied them from their headquarters were four hurricane lanterns and a tin of kerosene oil. Filling and igniting the former, I had them suspended near the horse, an arrangement that enabled me to see well for some distance around. The men gave me a bundle of grass for Erebus, and, in answer to my appeal for something to eat, they produced a mess of rice and salt-fish curry, which I portioned out to myself, groom, and the dogs. After disposing of the meal, and taking a final look-round, we all retreated up the ladders, lifting and lodging them among the boughs. So far, good.

But we were not left in peace for long. Heralding their approach with lugubrious howls, succeeded by a crafty silence, on scenting us, four jackals presently poked their sharp noses out of the scrub. My dogs, who were on the *qui vive* for visitors, went for the intruders, and immediately a free fight ensued, for, contrary to my expectations, the jacks met the onslaught bravely. They were smaller and lighter than their assailants, but the odds—as they stood—were quite in favour of the former. Rani pinned the biggest by the ear; he, in turn, caught her by the throat, while another antagonist, a younger brute, danced round, snapping at her legs. Rajah disposed of his enemies in a more summary manner. Seizing the first comer by the neck, the powerful young dog soon shook all fight out of him, and drove him off yelping with pain. Then he turned on his second adversary, and both combatants, rising on their hind legs, fought savagely. Anon, Rajah received a bite in the paw: he gave a cry of rage, and, grabbing the jack by the throat, bore him to the ground, where he lay, apparently done for. I thought that Rajah had indeed finished him, but now, when the poligar momentarily relaxed his hold, the cunning varmint regained his feet and bolted. The dog, evidently disdaining to pursue the beaten enemy, flew limping to Rani's assistance, bowled over the pup jack in a trice, sent

him scudding for his life, and then fastened his teeth on Rani's opponent, the two ultimately worrying their foe to death.

It was a grand fight, and my blood tingled as I looked on. "Bravo, Rani! Good dog, Rajah!" I whispered, encouragingly, as the panting canines glanced up at me, wagging their tails. I did not speak loudly, for fear of helping to attract other nocturnal prowlers, but so far as that was concerned, sufficient row had already been created. I had heard the rangers say that for this very



ALL THREE WERE
GOING AT IT TOOTH
AND NAIL.

reason they never raised their voices after sun-down, and I had my horse to think of; he was my chief anxiety now, for the dogs could better take care of themselves. They were in high feather over their victory, but Rajah kept holding up his wounded paw, as if in mute appeal, so I resolved to go down and see what I could do for him. I tore a couple of strips off my handkerchief, and, getting the groom to assist me in lowering the ladder, I descended—rather nervously, I own. I examined the bite; it was not much to speak of, and I was proceeding to put on a bandage when both dogs growled ominously, and Erebus snorted. Evidently something more formidable than jackal was close at hand, and I stood unarmed! My follower crouched on the platform, watching me; the ladder was in position. "Syce!" I called,

in a stage whisper, "bring my rifle, quick!"

"No, sir," he blubbered in reply. "Master can kill me, but I cannot come down."

Poor chap! I did not feel angry with him; for, barring his timidity, he was an excellent servant, and had been with me ever since my arrival in the country. Jumping to my feet, I made for the ladder, but before I placed foot on the lowermost rung, there, from out of the tangle, a filthy hyena sneaked into the circle of light! Erebus, tethered head and heels—the custom in India—saw the beast, and forthwith commenced bucketing about in frantic attempts to break loose. Fearing he might injure himself, I went and quietened him. The hyena, confronted by the dogs, stood showing his teeth and emitting a sort of moan, while the latter, with ears and tails cocked, growled defiantly. I had never pitted my poligars against a hyena, and I now feared that the ugly brute would prove more than a match for my faithful pets, so I called them off. Obedient to the mandate they came to me, whereupon the hyena immediately advanced. Whether he intended attacking me or Erebus I knew not, but his mien was so threatening that otherwise, helpless as I was, I had no alternative but to give the word to the dogs. "Tsoo, Rani! Tsoo, Rajah! At him! Fetch him out!" With a simultaneous bay of exultation mother and son threw themselves on the beast. There was a terrible scuffle; the varmint grabbed Rani by the shoulder; she fixed on to the side of his neck, while Rajah held the hideous prowler by the cheek. All three rolled over and over, going at it tooth and nail; not one would let go. Every now and then, hyena or dog gave vent to a muffled cry, either of rage or pain, as in the phases of the fight teeth or claws did their work. I looked on—fascinated; and presently I thought that Rani would be killed, for she appeared to be flagging. I was turning to fly up the ladder to fetch my rifle when Rajah took a fresh grip of the hyena, this time by the throat. A good move, for it decided the issue. Both dogs held on like grim death; gradually the hyena's struggles subsided; the smothered worrying of the poligars was now mingled with a choking gurgle; then the latter ceased, and finally, when at my call the gasping, bleeding canines released their hold, I saw that they had killed their adversary. It was a murderous set-to, but one in which my dogs had amply justified the reputation of their breed for grit and tenacity. Having caressed

them, done what little I could for their hurts, and pacified my horse, I ascended to my tree refuge. No more animals came, and, except for the distant howling of jackals, a weird hush reigned. Time passed. Erebus, having eaten his fill, stood dozing on three legs; Rani and Rajah lay close by, licking their wounds; the rangers on the other tree retired into their hut; my groom nodded as he crouched behind me; and I, after vainly endeavouring to keep awake, fell back on the open platform and went to sleep.

I had slumbered for two hours perhaps when I was aroused by the pounding of the horse's hoofs and the whining of the dogs. "What now?" I asked myself, looking down over the framework edge. Erebus had freed himself of his heel-ropes, and was fidgeting about as far as his head tether would allow. The poligars showed signs of absolute fear; the hysterical tone of their voices, and their depressed tails, as they gazed at one particular spot in the thicket, betokened unusual anxiety. I sat up, and, holding my rifle, bent my eyes in the same direction. A minute or so passed, and then, lo! the cruel face of a tiger peeped out of the bushes, right in front of the horse! Though the feline must have seen the terrified dogs, though it must have scented the presence of man, yet it seemed to be concentrating all its attention on the horse; I quaked for my nag! Presently, the tiger made a step forward; half the body was exposed to view; my chance had come, and I was in the act of aiming, when Erebus commenced plunging and circling about wildly. I dared not fire for fear of hitting him; I could not trust myself, for at this time I was neither a good or cool shot, so I waited for a more favourable opportunity of letting fly without risk to my animal. The dogs, keeping at a safe distance, snarled feverishly; I knew they were demoralised; a beast of this sort was too formidable a foe, and I could expect nothing from them. Stripes gradually crept forward; the horse frenziedly endeavoured to break away, backing on the halter with all his strength, and screaming with terror. The feline was now within five paces. I saw it settle down for a spring. I looked to see the brute shoot into the air, and my heart stood still, when, at that supreme moment, Erebus, as if realising his desperate plight, suddenly rushed towards the tiger, and, slewing round in a twinkling, hurled his ponderous iron-shod heels with terrific force full in the feline's face, knocking the animal senseless. It lay still, limp and inert! Now was my

time! I must administer the *coup de grace* before the dangerous brute recovered, as I could not suppose that the horse's kick had been fatal. Erebus stood clear, snorting and pawing the ground, as if rejoicing over his achievement. I raised my rifle, but here again I was foiled, for, ere I could take

oozed from Rani and Rajah; they simply streaked it to the rear. The huge cat's eyes rested on me; it emitted a deep, hoarse growl, and would no doubt have sprung on me had I not up with my rifle, and, firing from the hip rather than shoulder, luckily plugged the beast between the optics, killing

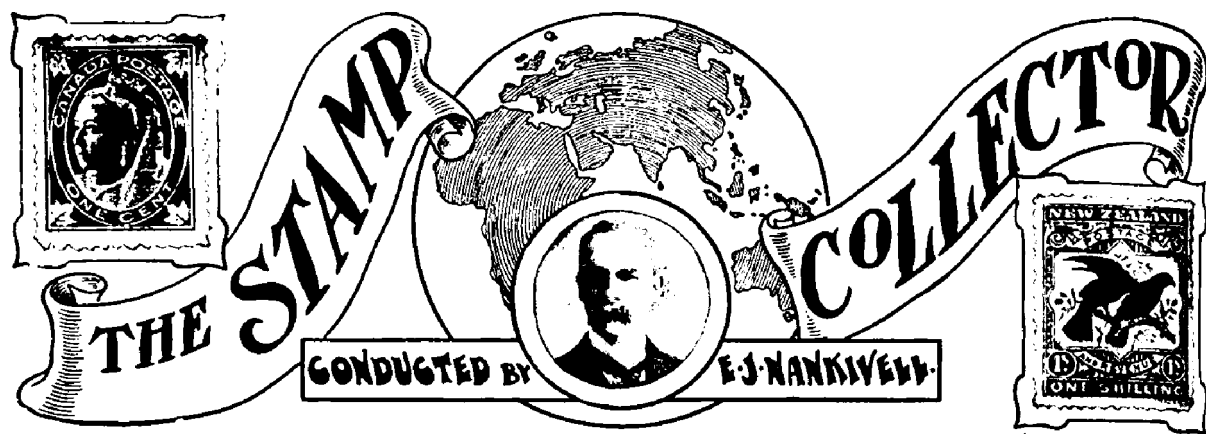


EREBUS HURLED HIS IRON-SHOD HEELS WITH TERRIFIC FORCE FULL IN THE TIGER'S FACE.

aim, the dogs, evidently encouraged by the tiger's collapse, threw themselves furiously on the yellow, huddled-up body, and set to worrying it. I whistled, I scolded, but to no purpose; the poligars, maddened with pain and excitement combined, would not obey me. I hastily descended and ran forward, intending to pull the canines off so that I might get in a shot, when the tiger stirred, and the next instant staggered to its feet! The pluck

it on the spot! Thus did I "bag" my first tiger.

I met with no more adventures for the rest of the journey. Young and inexperienced as I then was, the concentrated incidents of that one night were sufficient to last me my lifetime. Nevertheless, I underwent many more thrilling experiences in after years, and when I was more able to cope with them.



THE STAMPS OF JAPAN.

IN their postal arrangements, as in other matters, the Japanese have assimilated Western ideas, but, as in other things, they have gone their own way to work in the process of assimilation. There has been no slavish imitation. On the contrary, they have given us stamp collectors some of the very quaintest postage stamps ever produced. From the first they have done their own designs and their own printing on their own peculiarly manufactured paper. And the result is that the postage stamps of Japan, from 1871 till now, are most interestingly characteristic of the country of their issue, even more so than the postal labels of any other country of the world.

The ordinary catalogue presentation of its stamps is enough to terrify the stoutest of young collectors. The list abounds in minor varieties of design, perforation, and paper. Even the professedly simplified catalogue of Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. expects the general collector to make separate issues of stamps with plate numbers and those without. There is, in fact, no good simplified guide for the general collector of Japanese. In the list which follows I have, therefore, grouped the issues according to my own plan of simplification.

There is no denying the fact that the stamps of Japan lend themselves particularly to specialisation. Nevertheless, the general collector will do well to start with such an outline as I have mapped out for him, and postpone his attempts at specialisation until he understands the simpler grouping. Then, should he some day find himself with the means, the leisure, and the inclination for specialising, he will secure ample employment in opening out into the almost infinite varieties that are to be found in Japanese postal issues.

The sheets of the first issue were made up of forty stamps, and every stamp on the sheet, having been separately engraved, differed in some minor detail from its fellow, thus giving the specialist forty varieties of each value, or a total of 160 varieties for the four values. This, again, may be multiplied by three for the varieties of paper, so that the four simple values of the first issue, imperforate, yield the specialist as many as 480 varieties, and when he has added thereto the many shades that are to be had for the trouble of a little research, he may gather together a collection of over a thousand varieties of the four simple values of the first issue of Japan, ranging in catalogue price from 6d. to 60s. each. Such is the business, or pleasure, of the specialist in the stamps of Japan. And the tale of collectable varieties continues as you reach other issues; for, later on, plate numbers were ingeniously introduced into the designs in what are termed syllabic characters. one value, the 2 sen yellow, of 1874, having as many as twenty-three plates. Of varieties of perforation the number is almost endless. All these varieties make glad the heart of the specialist who revels in the field of research and possible discoveries that they open up to him. But they need not alarm the general collector. Even Gibbons's catalogue, written as it is for the specialist, does not venture to set out in all their detail the endless varieties that obtain recognition in a specialised collection. The general collector will find quite enough to satisfy him in my simplified list.

The young collector with only a few spare coppers may get together a very pretty show of recent issues, for there are many of the low values that may be had, even unused, for a penny apiece, and for the same useful coin he may get most of the higher values lightly cancelled.

1871.—The first issue was a small square-size label, on very thin hand-made native paper. The value was expressed in "mons," separately printed in black in the centre of the design. 100 mons were equal to our halfpenny. The inscriptions were all in Japanese characters, and the stamps were issued imperforate.



Type 1.

Imperforate.

	Unused.	Used.
48 mons, brown	0 4	3 0
100 mons, blue	0 9	6 0
200 mons, vermillion	5 0	3 0
500 mons, green	5 6	7 6

1872.—The denominations of value were changed from "mons" to "sen." 100 sen equalled one yen, and one yen was equivalent to 4s. 6d. The design, except for the expression of the new currency, was unaltered. The stamps were printed on thin native paper as before, but were perforated.

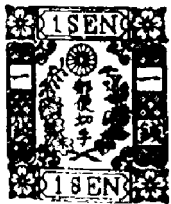


Type 2.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
1 sen, brown	1 0	2 6
1 sen, blue	1 0	5 0
2 sen, vermillion	2 0	—
5 sen, green	4 0	—

1872-5. — The issues of these years are generally divided into the designs with, and those without, the syllabic characters. The syllabic characters are tiny Japanese plate numbers introduced into the design, much after the fashion of the plate numbers upon our early English issues. The general collector may wisely simplify his list by disregarding all plate



Type 3.



Type 4.



Type 5.



Type 6.



Type 7.

numbers as he does those on English stamps. There is no reason why he should collect Japanese plate numbers any more than English. The designs and colours of the two sets of values, with and without plate numbers, are the same: the stamps with plate numbers being the cheaper of the two.

	Unused.	Used.
1/2 sen, brown, type 3	0 4	0 6
1 sen, blue, type 3	5 0	0 4
2 sen, yellow, type 3	4 0	0 4
4 sen, rose, type 3	10 0	0 6
6 sen, brown, type 4	4 0	6 0
10 sen, green, type 5	6 0	6 0
20 sen, purple, type 6	10 0	10 0
30 sen, grey, type 7	15 0	15 0

1875.—Three new values, 12 sen, 15 sen, and 45 sen, were added in this year, and the large-sized stamps of 10 sen, 20 sen, and 30 sen were redrawn, and reduced to the same size as the



Type 8.



Type 9.



Type 10.

lower values. The 1/2 sen was changed in colour from brown to grey, the 4 sen from rose to green, and the 6 sen from brown to orange.

	Unused.	Used.
1/2 sen, grey, type 3	0 6	9 4
1 sen, brown, type 3	2 6	0 2
4 sen, green, type 3	7 6	0 6
6 sen, orange, type 4	7 6	1 0
10 sen, blue, type 5	4 0	4 0
12 sen, rose, type 8	7 6	7 6
15 sen, lilac, type 9	6 0	7 6
20 sen, carmine, type 6	5 0	0 6
30 sen, violet, type 7	12 6	10 0
45 sen, carmine, type 10	7 6	6 0

1875-6.—The design in the case of the 1 sen and 2 sen was slightly altered. The branches of the wreaths which met and crossed in simple stems at the bottom of the oval in the previous issue were now tied with a bow of ribbon where



Type 11.

they crossed, and a 5 sen, similar in design to the 6 sen, was issued as a new value.

	Unused.	Used.
1 sen, brown, type 3	1 0	0 3
2 sen, yellow, type 3	2 6	0 3
5 sen, green, type 11	10 0	10 0

This completes the series of stamps engraved in what is termed *taille douce*, i.e., on copper plates. Next month we shall complete the issues of Japan up to date.

(To be continued.)

Notable New Issues.

THERE is at last to be an end to the sale of the old issues of St. Helena. By order of the Secretary of State the whole of the stock of Queen's head stamps were to be withdrawn from sale on April 1st, and those remaining unsold were to be destroyed. These remainders would consist of the 5s. CC., the 2d., 2½d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. CA. of the old type; the 1½d., 2d., 2½d., 5d., and 10d. of the small Queen's head (De la Rue) type. The ½d., 1d., and 2d. of the surcharged type, and ½d. and 1d. of the 1896 issue were exhausted some time ago. Of the ½d. and 1d. small King's head type issued in 1902, no more are to be printed after the present stock is exhausted, so that the only stamps current will be the pictorial set of 1903. As I surmised in the April CAPTAIN, the new design of the Straits Settlements with the larger King's head were the forerunners of a new set, and the abandonment of the small King's head. A further value, the 4c., has been received in the new type. The set of small King's heads will have had a short life of little more than a year. Nothing further has been heard of the new portrait sets we are promised by Russia and by Italy. The Italian will come in due course, but I have doubts about the issue of a Russian portrait series of postage stamps. So far the war in the East has not given rise to any special issues for the use of troops or —stamp collectors.

Antioquia.—We illustrate the new design of two low values. These provinces of the Republic of Colombia seem to be very prolific in the production of postage stamps.



Perf. 12.

4 centavos, buff.
5 centavos, blue.

Bermuda.—The 4d. Queen's head, watermarked CC., issued in 1880, and which has been current ever since, has just been issued watermarked CA.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

4d. orange brown.



Boyaca.—The ten centavos has been issued in a new design as illustrated.

Perf. 11½.

10 centavos, pale orange.

British Somaliland.—The ½d., the first of the King's head permanent set for this Protectorate, has been received. As will be seen from our illustration, it is of what may be termed the East African type, i.e., of the same type as East Africa and Central Africa.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green

Cape of Good Hope.—Another value, the 2½d., has been added to the new King's head series. Like the others, it is of a separate design. It is printed in the Postal Union colour, blue. This leaves only the 2d. to complete the full set of King's heads.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., rose.
2½d., blue.
3d., magenta.
4d., olive green.
6d., mauve.
1s., ochre.
5s., orange-brown.

Colombia.—The stamp illustrated is a lithographed provisional recently issued at Barranquilla. It is printed in blue on various coloured papers. The specimen sent me is in blue on bluish paper.

**Imperforate.**

- 10c., blue on bluish paper.
- 10c., blue on buff paper.
- 10c., blue on rose paper.
- 10c., blue on salmon paper.

Jamaica.—Evidently we are to have a full set of values of the recently chronicled arms type.



We have already listed the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., and now the 5d. has been received.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green, centre black.
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., blue, centre black.
- 5d., yellow, centre black.

Siam.—A new set is being issued consisting of new values and new colours of the current type. So far, I have seen the following. The second colour is that of the tablets and top corners.

**Perf. 14.**

- 2 atts, scarlet and blue.
- 3 atts, green.
- 4 atts, chocolate and red.
- 6 atts, carmine
- 14 atts, blue.
- 28 atts, chocolate and blue.

Tolima.—A new set of the design illustrated has just been issued. Some of the new stamps are perforated and some are imperforate.

**Imperforate.**

- 10 centavos, blue.
- 1 peso, brown.
- 2 pesos, grey.
- 5 pesos, red.

Perforated.

- 4 centavos, black on green paper.
- 10 centavos, blue.
- 20 centavos, pale orange.
- 50 centavos, black on rose.
- 50 centavos, black on buff.
- 1 peso, brown.
- 2 pesos, grey.
- 5 pesos, red.
- 10 pesos, black on blue paper.
- 10 pesos, black on green paper.

Sarawak.—The 2 cents. of the current series has been received in a much darker shade of green.

Trinidad.—This colony is turning out some curious combinations of colours in its changes in the current type. The Postal Union rate of $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. is supposed to be represented by a blue stamp, but Trinidad has given us a purple stamp printed on blue paper, with the value in words in blue. Of this strange set there have been issued the following values.

Wmk. Cr. CA. Perf. 14.

- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., black on red paper.
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ d., purple on blue paper, value in blue.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ d., green on buff paper, value in blue.
- 1s., black on yellow paper, value in blue.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. C. F. (Lymington).—The stamps of private carriers, despite their Government license, are regarded as locals, and are not included in our catalogues of ordinary postage stamps. But if you are specialising in Scandinavians there is no reason why you should not include them as an interesting supplement.

R. J. (Fulham).—The "B. D." surcharged on your O. F. S. is probably the protecting overprint of a private firm. From 1870 to 1889 Spanish stamps used for telegrams were cancelled by punching a round hole through them.

J. W. T. (Charlottenberg, Germany). Your envelopes, sent by German soldiers to friends during the march to relieve the Legations, are most interesting as curios, but I cannot say anything about their philatelic value. The same remark applies to the Orange River Colony envelopes with the Censor's stamp.

An English Reader Abroad (Germany).—The O. W. Officials are now only priced used. The prices are. 1896, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. vermilion, 3s. 6d.; 1d. lilac, 1s. 6d.; 1902, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. blue green, 25s.; 1902, King's head, $\frac{1}{2}$ d. green, 4s.; 1d. scarlet, 2s.

A. B. H. (W. Kensington Park, London).—The old duty stamps printed on newspapers are not included in our postage stamp catalogues. I can, therefore, say nothing as to their value. The I. R. Officials depend upon the year of issue as to value. The $\frac{1}{2}$ d. of any year is only worth a few pence. There are two $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. Queen's heads, viz., 1885, lilac, catalogued at 20s., and the 1892, purple on blue, at 5d.

C. J. N. (Erith).—The small second "z" in the Zanzibar 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ a., is a well-known variety. It is priced by Gibbons at 1s. 6d. unused, and 2s. used. The same variety runs through all the values up to 1r.

H. F. F. (Streatham).—The inverted king's head Transvaal is no doubt a valuable stamp, but I cannot offer any opinion as to whether it will rival the "Post Office" Mauritius in price. That can only be decided when the Transvaal has reached the age of the Mauritius, fifty-seven years. You might buy one and keep it as an experiment. The inverted watermarks are of no philatelic consequence.

L. J. W. (Newcastle).—I have no idea what is the largest number of stamps in any collection. It would probably run into six figures. The total number of stamps issued is given in Whitfield King's 1903 Catalogue as 17,382. Of course, this number takes no account of the thousands of varieties recognised by specialists.

A. A. C. (New South Wales).—The variety known as "LA" joined runs through all the values of the Queenslands of 1882-3, and occurs in each group of four stamps, i.e., several times on the sheet. You will find it mentioned in a note in Gibbons, and the 28 blue is priced 3 cents, used, in Scott. It has, therefore, no special value. I do not know the variety you speak of with an "I" instead of "L" in Queensland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Sons.—Cape of Good Hope, $2\frac{1}{2}$ d.

Pemberton and Co.—Bermuda, 4d. Ca.
Stanley Gibbons.—Somaliland, 1d. King's head. Jamaica. Arms, 5d.

Whitfield King and Co.—Antioquia, 4c., 5c.; Boyaca, 10c.; Colombia, 10c.; Tolima, 4c.; Siam, set.

THE DUFFER.



By R. S. WARREN BELL, *Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," etc.*
Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. This brings the story up to the beginning of the present instalment. Incidentally the reader is introduced to other characters in the shape of Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, who, although so young, has to keep house for her father; Mappin, a well-to-do solicitor, who admires Molly; Mrs. Pardoe, a centenarian with a sharp tongue; Black Jack, a huge waterman of dubious character; and several people of minor importance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OTHER DUFFER.

WHAT was to be done with George had not been decided when the day of the croquet-party came round. Dr. Denver's humour had held good, in spite of the boy's firm refusal to try his fortune

at another school, and George had kept out of his father's way as much as possible, which was the wisest thing he could have done under the circumstances.

About noon Molly went into the garden with a note in her hand. She found her brother lying in a hammock, reading another wolf-story. But this one did not interest him very much. Every now and again his eyes would stray from the printed page, and he would stare abstractedly at the blue sky overhead, or the foliage around him, and reflect upon the fact that he was very miserable, in spite of his having nothing to do. For he had not lived long enough to learn that the most industrious people are far and away the happiest. Watch the cobbler whistling over his work, or the housemaid warbling the latest sentimental ditty as she cleans her windows, and you will realise that steady attention to whatever business one has in hand is the best medicine for the blues.

"George, papa wants Mr. Munro to come and play croquet this afternoon. Will you take this note to his bungalow?"

The boy's lethargy vanished, and he leapt out of the hammock. His spirits rose simultaneously, and he looked quizzingly at his sister.

"Rather! Shall I ask him to bring that picture of you with him?"

"What picture?" Molly turned away carelessly.

"Don't pretend you've forgotten about it. The only fault in it is that he's made you far too pretty," George called after her.

But Molly continued on her way back to the house without deigning to bestow any further attention upon the only person who ever ventured to make derogatory remarks about her appearance.

Molly repaired to the kitchen to give instructions for tea on the lawn.

"And you won't forget the cress sandwiches, Cook? Mr. Mappin is very fond of them."

"I won't forget them, Miss."

"Or the Yorkshire scones I made. Papa always asks for my scones."

"Very well, Miss."

"And Mr. Blackett says he could eat those little cocoanut cakes I make for an hour on end."

Cook gave a broad smile as Molly marched out of the kitchen looking very saucy.

"Yes," she said, "it's wonderful how men will eat what's made with pretty white hands. It's not quite the same cry when their stomachs are upset after marriage. . . . Well, she can only marry one of 'em, and I reckon she hasn't met Mr. Right yet."

Betty, the kitchen-maid, ventured to remark that Mr. Mappin was a very handsome gentleman.

"Don't give opinions what's not asked for," snapped Cook. "Miss Molly will marry a very different sort of gentleman to *him*!"

Then the worthy old soul, who did not like Mr. Mappin, pounded her dough with irritable vigour. The welfare of these motherless young people was very dear to her heart, and she was watching the passage of events with a worldly-wise, matronly eye.

Molly then went into the drawing-room, and dusted it. That done, she sat down at the piano and strummed "Stars and Stripes," following this performance by fetching a large bowl of lukewarm water from the kitchen. In this she washed the drawing-room ornaments, afterwards wiping them with great care. Then, taking the vases out into the garden, she emptied their contents on to the rubbish heap. Earlier in the morning she had picked a lot of fresh flowers, and these she now proceeded to put in the vases, making her selection with taste and judgment. The vases were all of white glass, except the two green ones which stood upon the top of the piano. She put roses and marguerites

together in the green vases, and for the mantel-piece vases she hit on a blend of jasmine and barberries. Elsewhere she arranged geraniums with maidenhair ferns, and pansies with periwinkles and lobelias. Having put all the vases in their places, she surveyed her work with a critical eye; satisfied with her inspection she then, like a good elder sister, called Joyce out of the garden and went upstairs to settle upon that little lady's attire for the afternoon party.

Whilst his sister was thus usefully employed, George was striding briskly over the common. He found Mr. Munro ruefully surveying a large packing-case which had just been delivered at his bungalow by a railway van.

"Hullo, Denver," said the artist, "come in!"

"Morning!" said the parrot, "*how are yer, old man?*"

George was quite taken aback by the friendliness of his reception.

"*How goes it?*" demanded the parrot, in a throaty manner which he had picked up from the landlord of the public-house in which he had formerly resided.

Feeling satisfied that he had shown off his vocal abilities sufficiently, the parrot snapped fiercely at his perch and then peered under it as if suspecting the approach of some foe. Miss Florence, the kitten, had meanwhile stolen coquettishly up to George, and was now ambling round his boots, rubbing her soft little body against the sides of them in a way which rendered it somewhat difficult for George to take another step forward without treading on her. So he picked her up, and she spent a happy five minutes investigating the back of his neck.

Rufus sat on his haunches gravely regarding the newcomer. There was a jolly-looking frown above his deep black mask which, however, did not indicate the least unfriendliness. It was merely his expression, which he really couldn't help. He remembered George quite well, of course, and rather liked him, but wasn't going to be too effusive. It was for parrots and kittens to make themselves cheap—not mastiffs. By and by he and this young gentleman might go for a walk together—it depended on how they got on.

"I've brought you a note, sir," said George.

Munro opened Molly's letter.

"Croquet, eh?" he said. "Will you tell your father I shall be very glad to come, and thank your sister for her invitation? And now—how are you?"

"Pretty fit, thanks," said George.

"That's right—and what's your programme for the future?"

"The gov'nor wants me to go to school again," said George.

"I see—to another school. And you?"

"I told him I wouldn't go," said George, a dull flush coming into his face.

"You'll be getting another whacking if you're not careful," said the artist. "What's your idea, then? You must do something, you know."

"I shouldn't mind going abroad," returned George, vaguely.

"What should you do there?"

"Oh—work," George answered, still more vaguely.

"Let me tell you," said Munro, "that a boy like you hasn't twopenn'orth of a chance in the Colonies. A blacksmith's boy or a young farm-hand could get work, because either could offer definite skilled labour in return for wages. You can't."

"I could learn," George suggested.

"And who do you think has time to teach schoolboys a calling, except in return for a handsome premium? Besides, you're not big and strong enough, yet. You're a bit under weight and don't look like a chap who could stand roughing it."

"Yes, I know I'm not up to much," admitted George, a little despairingly. "Still, I won't go to school again."

"Well, well—if I get a chance I'll have a chat with your father on the matter," said Munro.

"Thanks, awfully," said George. "I must trot now, as it's lunch-time. Awfully glad you can come, sir."

When the boy had departed, Munro got a hammer and chisel and went to work on the packing-case, from whose interior he proceeded to extract a dozen paintings of various sizes. These had been returned to him by a London dealer, who, having exposed them for sale (on a commission basis) for over a year, had grown suddenly tired of cumbering his walls with such unprofitable ware.

Munro stacked the pictures away very thoughtfully. They represented a good many months' labour, and it was hard to get them back all in a lump like this. The dealer he had sent them to—one Solomon—was a fair man, and did his best for his clients, and so Munro knew that he would not have returned these paintings had he thought there was the slightest likelihood of their being sold.

Many of the men who had been students with Munro at old Julien's, in Paris, were now successful and well known. They knew him for a good man, but they also knew that the luck was against him. Nevertheless, although he found courage in the sincere praises of his contemporaries—and a man's best

critics are his contemporaries in art—it was small wonder that he did not feel like whistling when he surveyed that sheaf of unsaleable pictures.

With a heavy heart the artist dragged out his little deal table and sat down to his modest mid-day meal. Big Rufus seemed to know that all was not going well to-day with his master, and rubbed his black muzzle affectionately against Munro's sleeve.

"Yes, old man," said the artist, "it's an uphill grind. But we'll come out on top some day."

Having finished his meal he went to his easel. The painting he was engaged upon bore a close resemblance to the subjects depicted on the returned canvases—a pretty piece of white cliff, with green bushes growing out of its bosom; below, a boat drawn up above the high-water mark. Any day he could go out and make a charcoal sketch of such a scene; such work was near to his hand and easy to do.

By and by he put down his palette, and, walking to the open doorway, gazed out upon the sunlit beach.

"What's the good!" he muttered. "This will share the fate of the others. * What's the good!"

He turned moodily into the studio. Whilst looking for a match, his gaze fell upon the hurried sketch he had made of Moltly Denver.

His face brightened. This picture had been knocked off in a moment of happy inspiration. Why not elaborate it in oils?

"It's an omen, and I'll act on it," he said.

So, shelving the cliff scene for the nonce, he put a clean canvas upon his easel, poised the little sketch near at hand, and set to work. So engrossed did he become in his task that when his pipe went out he did not trouble to relight it—a sure sign that one's work is entirely absorbent of the attention. It was only when Mellerby church clock tolled the hour of four that he awoke to the actualities of life, and remembered that the original of his picture was awaiting him on a cool green lawn but a mile and a half distant.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. MAPPIN'S IDEA.

GOING into his bedroom, Munro took a grey flannel suit out of his chest-of-drawers, and submitted the same to an anxious scrutiny. His inspection disclosed an ugly rent—a delicate attention bestowed on it by barbed wire—in the right-hand pocket of the coat. Bearing the garment over his arm he hastened up to Mrs. Dwyer's cottage. The door was unlocked, but no

body was at home. Almost feverishly Munro searched for the good woman's work-basket; finding it, he picked out a needle, hesitated between black cotton and white, finally fixed on black, and proceeded to remedy the injury the grey cloth had received. This done, he dressed himself, and having locked up the studio (leaving Rufus to keep house) he repaired to Dr. Denver's, uncomfortably conscious of the fact that his flannel suit was very creased and that he had made a sad bungle of his sewing.

A game of croquet was in progress when he arrived. Young Mr. Blackett, immaculate in new flannels and new brown boots, a Baden-Powell collar and a crimson and yellow tie, was partnering Molly, while Mr. Mappin, also irreproachably attired, was with the elder and less kittenish of the two Miss Blacketts. As Molly did not take croquet seriously, and Mr. Blackett was always nervous and self-conscious when her eye was upon him, it was not strange that these two were getting much the worst of matters, for Mr. Mappin was the best player in Mellerby.

Munro sat down by George and Joyce, and became an interested spectator of the play. Meanwhile, he examined the players. Naturally, of these, Molly claimed most observation. Dressed in pink muslin, with a frilled muslin hat from which depended one string that she had fastened to her blouse with a little gold brooch, she made a dainty picture. But, in addition, she was lissome and pleasing in her movements, having the light step and perfect bodily poise that result from good proportions. Full of life and spirits, she cast sunshine about her wherever she flitted, and it was not surprising that the eyes of the three men were turned so frequently in her direction.

The attitude Molly habitually assumed towards Mr. Blackett was almost imperious, but Mr. Blackett seemed very much obliged to her for even showing herself to be aware of his existence. Mr. Mappin she treated with a flippant off-handedness to which he had hitherto been quite unaccustomed in his dealings with the opposite sex. Consequently, it piqued him considerably. Every visit of his to this gabled old house saw a new link added to the chain which Molly's eyes were forging about his heart. Elsewhere he conquered with ease, and ruled like a king; here he was entirely a subject. It was, indeed, most wholesome medicine, this medicine which Molly, the doctor's daughter, dealt out in coquettish doses to the young lawyer. He had a very good opinion of himself at all times, but his self-esteem received many wounds whenever he was actively engaged in attempts to subdue Miss Molly Denver.

When the game was over, and Mappin had been introduced to Munro, the lawyer ran his keen dark eyes over every inch of the painter in an endeavour to sum up the latter's points. Every unmarried man visiting at The Gables loomed a rival in Mappin's prejudiced gaze. He looked Munro well over. "Finely-built and muscular—well-cut face—a bit over thirty—not brilliant—rather old suit—not a Cræsus." Thus Mappin weighed up the artist. The latter delivered judgment in his own way on the lawyer. "Would move heaven and earth to win the girl. Clever man. Will probably get her if he plays his cards well and waits long enough."

And then, just as lawyer and artist, instinctively recognising a rival in the other, fell to talking of county cricket and other matters quite foreign to their trend of thought, Kate came out with the tea, and poor Mr. Blackett fell to work on the cocoanut cakes that Molly had made. It was little he could do to show his devotion—little more than he had already done, that is to say—but he could at least compliment her on her pastry by showing his appreciation of it—yea, even if he suffered all the rest of the day from indigestion, which had happened when he last took tea from her fair hands.

Of the three men on the lawn, admirers of Molly all (and she well aware of it), the present historian's sympathies are most with Mr. Blackett. For his love for her is very real and true. Molly would as soon live in a tree as marry a young nincompoop like this; but we sympathise with him because we were once a nincompoop like him, and loved—and lost. But young hearts heal—ours did—and so we pray the gentle reader not to tremble for Mr. Blackett's mental or physical well-being. He is going through an attack of Love's measles—a capital thing for youngsters—and it will help to build him into a man.

So, we repeat, our sympathies are most with him as he recklessly attacks the cocoanut cakes. The other two can take care of themselves, but this third is a lad, and our heart beats for him. And if there is any young gentleman reading this tale whose case is similar to Mr. Blackett's, we extend to him, too, the hand of sympathy. Eat the cocoanut cakes, sir, and get indigestion, by all means. It does you honour. To love is to be human and natural. So—your hand again!

Munro and Joyce took up mallets after tea, and threw down the gauntlet to George and the younger Miss Blackett, Molly disappearing into the drawing-room with her most youthful squire in close attendance upon her. Mr. Smallwood, the assistant, had by this time appeared upon

the scene, and, being apparently smitten by the epidemic which seemed to be very general in this quarter of Mellerby about now, was taking his tea from the fair hands of the elder Miss Blackett (acting, by request, as Molly's deputy), and gazing into the elder Miss Blackett's rather washed-out blue eyes in a manner that *spoke worlds*. Mr. Smallwood was short, stoutly-built, and freckled—a useful half-back at Rugby football when he played for Bart's, and now an equally useful and energetic assistant-surgeon. He was the very man for Dr. Denver, as he didn't mind that gentleman's explosions of temper in the least. He worked hard, ate well, and slept well, and wasn't in the least nervous or imaginative. A cobby, sterling little Bart's man.

So now they were all paired off except Mr. Mappin, who, with a fragrant Turkish cigarette between his lips, was pacing the asphalt path which ran alongside the lawn and continued down to the very end of the garden.

Mr. Mappin was thinking. In everything he undertook he liked to make full use of all persons available. As regards the conquest of Molly, now, it appeared to Mr. Mappin that it would be a good idea to "cultivate the brother."

Otherwise, George.

This thought ran through the astute Mr. Mappin's brain as he paced the long garden-path. The boy had been expelled from school—that was known all over Mellerby by this time. What would be done with him now?

His idea—thought Mr. Mappin—was certainly a good one. Why not offer the lad a berth in his—Mappin's—office? Say, if you like, a temporary berth—something to keep him from being entirely idle. Result: Molly would call for her brother sometimes, and sometimes Mr. Mappin would walk back to The Gables with the boy. Mr. Mappin would then become, as it were, more one of the family. It was a highly excellent idea.

Ah! here was the Doctor himself. It was Mappin's way to act promptly: a good way, which had paid him very well up to now.

Dr. Denver, having saluted Munro and the other guests, joined the lawyer in his smoke and stroll. The latter led up to his subject adroitly, and was filled with a quiet rejoicing when he saw how ready Dr. Denver was to "bite." Evidently George was a bit of a handful, concluded Mr. Mappin.

For half-an-hour doctor and lawyer paced the asphalt path, their eyes occasionally straying in George's direction. But George was very keen on his game, and had no idea at all that his fate was being settled over the cigarette smoke. Nor did Molly, engaged in light chatter with Mr.

Blackett, imagine for one moment that her pretty face had won her brother a stool in a lawyer's office.

And the best of it was that when the whole thing had been settled—when George had been called to the council and consulted—when (he agreeing readily to the proposal) it had been decided that he should enter the office for a preliminary month's trial on the nominal salary of £10 per annum—'twas Dr. Denver who expressed his deep obligation to Mr. Mappin for kindly consenting to tide over the difficulties of George's present position in this way. For Mr. Mappin had so manœuvred the conversation that he had led the Doctor to wonder whether anybody in the neighbourhood would give his son temporary work just to keep him from being idle. Whereat Mr. Mappin had most good-naturedly suggested his own office, and a stool in that office. Mr. Garrick, he was sure, would agree. His partner never ran counter to him in anything. Yes, the firm would be most happy to oblige Dr. Denver in this small matter, the junior partner undertook to say.

CHAPTER XIII.

OVER THE STITCHES.

MUNRO had not played croquet for years, but he quickly picked up the principles of the game again, and threw himself heart and soul into it, with the result that his side finished up victorious.

After this the other four decided to play a return match, and Joyce took Munro for a walk round the garden. She showed him the small plot which she cultivated with her own hands, and pointed with pride to a sturdy young gooseberry-bush which, as a tiny fledgling, she had found "growing out of the wall."

She showed him the horses, and expatiated on their virtues and faults. "Robin didn't go at all well when papa first bought him," she explained, "but he soon improved. Papa said that it was because he had been dull in his old place, as he was all by himself. But here he has plenty of company. I suppose horses like to talk to one another as well as people."

"If I were a horse I should," said Munro, with a smile.

She produced some lumps of sugar from a mysterious pocket, and, advancing quite fearlessly into the stalls, gave each animal a lump.

"This black one is Emperor," said Joyce, as she went into the end stall; "he has won a lot of steeple-chases. He is papa's favourite. I am afraid he is rather bad-tempered, as nobody but papa can manage him. Mr. Smallwood

rides Peter, the cob. Molly and I ride Peter, too. You are a *dear*, aren't you, Peter?" she concluded, coming out of Emperor's stall and giving Peter's brown flank a pat.

Peter looked round at her in a way which seemed to imply that he was a very decent sort of fellow—and was there any more sugar, please?

But the sugar was all eaten, and so the artist and his small guide journeyed on to see the rabbits.

"And now," said Joyce, as they left the long-eared folk devouring their supper at express speed, "I want you to see my boudoir, Mr. Munro. Molly's and mine. And if you like I will mend your coat for you."

"My coat!" exclaimed Munro.

"Yes," said Joyce, examining the injury, "you've mended it very badly yourself—no woman could have sewn it up like that."

"Oh, very well," said Munro, much amused; "you may have a shot at it if you like."

When they reached the boudoir Munro took his coat off, and Joyce, having picked out his clumsy white stitches, procured some grey silk and went to work on the torn place in a manner which filled the artist with admiration.

"You will excuse the question, Miss Denver," he said, entering into the humour of the situation, "but how old might you be?"

"Ten," said Joyce.

"You seem to be older than ten," said Munro.

"Yes, I suppose I do appear to be a rather precocious child," said Joyce, "but I don't like people to think I am. I dislike precocious children. You see, I've lived so much among grown-up people that I've got into many of their ways. I know very few children, I am afraid. John Thomson is my greatest friend."

"Who is John Thomson?"

"He's the vicar's son, and a friend of George's. He is fourteen, and fat, and very jolly. He and Georgie and I go out for walks, and John always helps me over the stiles, and gets me flowers and ferns and things I can't reach. And he does everything so quietly, and never makes a fuss—that is one reason why I like him."

"In fact, John Thomson is a gentleman," said Munro.

"Of course," replied Joyce.

"And what school does he go to?"

"Oh, a school where they don't have to pay. You see, his father is poor, and cannot afford to send John to a public school like Silverdown. But the school he goes to is a very good one, and all the boys are gentlemen."

"And what is John going to be?"

"At one time," said Joyce, her little legs crossed and her fingers busy with their stitching, "when he was *quite* small he thought of

being a station-master, but now he says he hopes to get into something in India. You have to pass a very hard examination for it."

"The Indian Civil Service?"

"I think that's it," said Joyce. "And John says the pay is very good."

"A young fellow has to be exceedingly smart to get into the Indian Civil," observed the artist.

"John will," said Joyce, quite confidently. "He can learn anything, and is wonderful at sums, although he doesn't call them that. I forget what he calls them."

"Mathematics, you mean," said Munro. "And so you like John very much?"

"I love John," said Joyce simply. "He gave me this," she added, holding up what is called the "engaged" finger of her left hand, and displaying a little silver ring. "And I worked him a belt and had a silver buckle put on it. He always wears it when he plays cricket, and has had one or two fights because sometimes the other boys make fun of it."

"John seems to be made of the right stuff," said Munro.

"Another reason why I like him is that he has a way of understanding people," continued Joyce. "He is the only boy in Mellerby that George can get on with. George is very hard to understand, you see."

"Yes, I should say he is," said Munro. "He has what is called a 'difficult' temperament, if you understand what I mean."

"I think I do," said Joyce.

"Your friend John is a clever boy with a sound, practical brain. George has brains, too, but he hasn't learnt yet how to apply them."

"John talks about George like that," said Joyce. "He admires George awfully, and says that George is really much cleverer than he is. I suppose he means that being able to learn lessons easily is only one sort of cleverness."

"Precisely," said Munro. "Time will show what George can do in his own way."

At that moment Molly, radiant as a flower in the garden she had just left, came into the boudoir.

"You must excuse my shirt-sleeves, Miss Denver," said the artist. "Your sister is very kindly mending my coat."

Molly laughed, and perched herself on the table. She was rather tired of listening to the compliments that came so easily from Mr. Mappin's practised lips. Nevertheless, she, like others, could not help admiring the young solicitor's all-round abilities. Whether it were game, song, or dance, Mr. Mappin was always the foremost spirit. The fun of the fair never flagged when he was present. And he always had plenty to

say, and Molly always found it quite easy to talk to him. She rather wondered what she would say if she were left alone with Mr. Munro for a quarter of an hour.

"Miss Molly!" It was a mellifluous hail from below.

"Here!" cried Molly, remaining on the table. There were footsteps on the stairs, and Mappin appeared in the doorway.

"Dear me! a sewing-party!" he exclaimed, shooting a keen glance at the artist ere his eyes wandered to Molly's beaming countenance. "We are going to have some music, Miss Molly, and I want you to play my accompaniments."

"Oh, very well," said Molly, getting off the table rather slowly—a fact which the young solicitor's jealous eyes did not fail to note.

Molly liked Mr. Mappin's singing, and liked playing his accompaniments, but for some reason incomprehensible to her seventeen-year-old mind she did not particularly want to hear him sing or to accompany him at this precise moment.

"Pray don't let me disturb you——" began Mappin, but Molly snapped him up quickly.

"You are not disturbing me. I will play for you with pleasure," she replied, moving to the door.

There she turned. "Papa hopes you will stay to dinner, Mr. Munro," she said. "He was called out suddenly just now, and told me to ask you."

It was on the tip of Munro's tongue to accept the invitation, but a sudden warning came from his heart. He was a poor fellow who couldn't sell his pictures, and the girl in the doorway was very, very pretty. Common sense bade him avoid the snare awaiting him in those blue eyes ere 'twas too late.

"Thank you," he said, "I am very much obliged, but I cannot stay to-night."

"Papa will be so sorry," said Molly, going her way downstairs. And somehow it seemed to Mr. Mappin—though it was probably his fancy—that she didn't play his accompaniments quite so well as was usually the case.

"There," said Joyce, handing over the coat, "I am afraid I have not done it very well, but it looks better, I think."

"Thank you, dear," said Munro, putting on the coat.

Then they shook hands—her little fingers looking smaller than ever in the clasp of his big brown ones—and Munro, after taking his leave of the others, went out into the sweet June evening feeling strangely happy, in spite of those unsold pictures in his studio.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LAW—AND MR. BARRY.

THE offices of Garrick and Mappin occupied the left wing of Mr. Garrick's house. It was an ancient edifice, this, the rooms low and dark and oak-panelled, with five fir-trees of a great age standing up in front of it like five gaunt sentinels. The place had been occupied by lawyers from time immemorial, and its whole atmosphere was appropriately legal.

Mr. Mappin was sitting at his desk. He was perfectly dressed; his linen was spotless, his hair was carefully brushed, his nails and teeth were well-groomed; he looked healthy, sane, sharp, and determined. His face expressed no particular emotion. "Office hours" might have been written across it.

It was the morning after the croquet-party, and the young solicitor was thinking of his compact with Dr. Denver. Presently he touched a bell, and a middle-aged, rather stout man, with brown beard and whiskers, and wearing spectacles, entered the junior partner's private room. This was Garrick and Mappin's managing clerk, Andrews.

"Oh—er—Andrews!"

"Sir?"

"Dr. Denver's son is coming here to-morrow on a month's trial. He is a boy of sixteen who has had the ordinary public school education. I want you to take him under your wing, and put him in the way of our work. He must do his share of copying and pressing letters, counting folios, and so on, but footing here must be regarded by you and the others as that of an articulated clerk."

"Very good, sir."

"You had better give him a place at Mr. Barry's table. I take a particular interest in the youth, as his father is a great personal friend of mine. You will bear that in mind, please."

"I will bear that in mind, sir," said Andrews, a little drily.

For of course Mr. Andrews knew of the junior partner's partiality for Molly Denver.

Mr. Mappin looked sharply at his managing clerk, and then proceeded to discuss other business.

Andrews presently went into the clerks' office laden with papers and letters.

"Here, Jones," he said to a tall, pale-faced young man of three-and-twenty, "I want a fair copy of this affidavit. Thirty folios for signature at four o'clock."

"Can't be done, Mr. Andrews; this mortgage

is not nearly finished, and the new parchment is that greasy it won't take the pen."

"Nonsense! Don't talk to me! Talk to the young governor if you like, and have your over-time stopped."

Without making any further remarks Andrews laid the affidavit by Jones's elbow, and went into his own room. With much reluctance and several exclamations of a forcible character, Jones commenced his task, Smith, his junior, and Harry, the office-boy, smirking with delight on hearing the senior man in the room "dressed down" in this way.

Punctually at 9.30 on the following morning George walked into the office, and was handed over by Mr. Mappin to Andrews.

"After all," thought the junior partner, as he went back to his own room, "we want another clerk badly, and this boy may do all right. I have my doubts though. He doesn't seem the sort of chap to shake down in an office . . . looks too artistic. . . . rather dreamy eyes."

For a moment Mr. Mappin's face lost its "office hours" expression. George's eyes bore a great resemblance to Molly's. . . . Mr. Mappin was lost in reverie for a few moments; then, bringing himself back to his prosaic duties with an effort, he took up a pen and commenced to write.

Andrews showed George a chair at a moderately large table.

"You will share this table with Mr. Barry, please, Mr. Denver. Mr. Barry has recently been articled to the firm. I hope you two young gentlemen will get on well together. If I may offer you a word of advice, I should advise you not to be too stiff with the other clerks, but at the same time to avoid any familiarity with them in or out of the office. The office hours," continued Andrews, as George took his seat, "are 9.30 to 6, with an hour for dinner. On Saturdays you will be free after 1.30."

"Thank you," said George.

"Now for your first job," said Andrews, in a friendly way—for he noticed that the lad was wearing rather a forlorn look.

The managing clerk took a brief out of a rack on his desk, opened it, and placed it before George. "I want you to count the folios in this," he said, and proceeded to explain the nature of the task.

Counting folios is a wearisome business, even to an expert, while to a new hand it is at first trying in the extreme. A "folio" in a lawyer's office is seventy-two words, every figure counting as a word. The person counting uses a pencil, and makes a tick at the end of every seventy-two words, writing 1, 2, 3, &c., in the margin, by

way of intimating the completion of each folio. The brief which had been given to George contained about a hundred folios, and the boy was very glad when he had finished it. After this Andrews instructed him to make a copy of a shorter piece of work, full of strange words and phrases and absolutely innocent of any sort of punctuation, which bewildered his mind almost as much as the folios had tried his patience and eyesight.

Presently Andrews came and looked over his shoulder. The managing clerk shook his head.

"You must learn to write straighter without lines. This copy has to go out by to-night's post, and I don't think it will do. You begin too near the top, and finish too near the bottom of a sheet. You have missed out three lines in one page owing to the words coming over again, as they often do in legal documents, and the lines you have ruled under words are smeared and blotted. Begin again and use this."

He handed George a piece of lead covered with paper, measuring about eight inches by two.

"Place this on your copy, and move it down line by line, so as not to miss any. Put blotting-paper under your hand, and try to make a neater job of it. You don't seem to have learnt much about handwriting and neatness at your boarding-school," concluded Andrews, a little irritably.

Mr. Mappin came in a few moments later and looked over George's shoulder.

"Getting on well?" he asked in a genial tone of encouragement.

"I'm afraid not," said George.

"Andrews, just get me the Parkinson evidence. It is on my desk," said Mr. Mappin.

Directly Andrews had left the room, Mappin put his hand on George's shoulder.

"When you are in the office, Denver," he said, "you had better call me 'sir'! You understand, don't you? That is business."

"I quite understand, sir," said George.

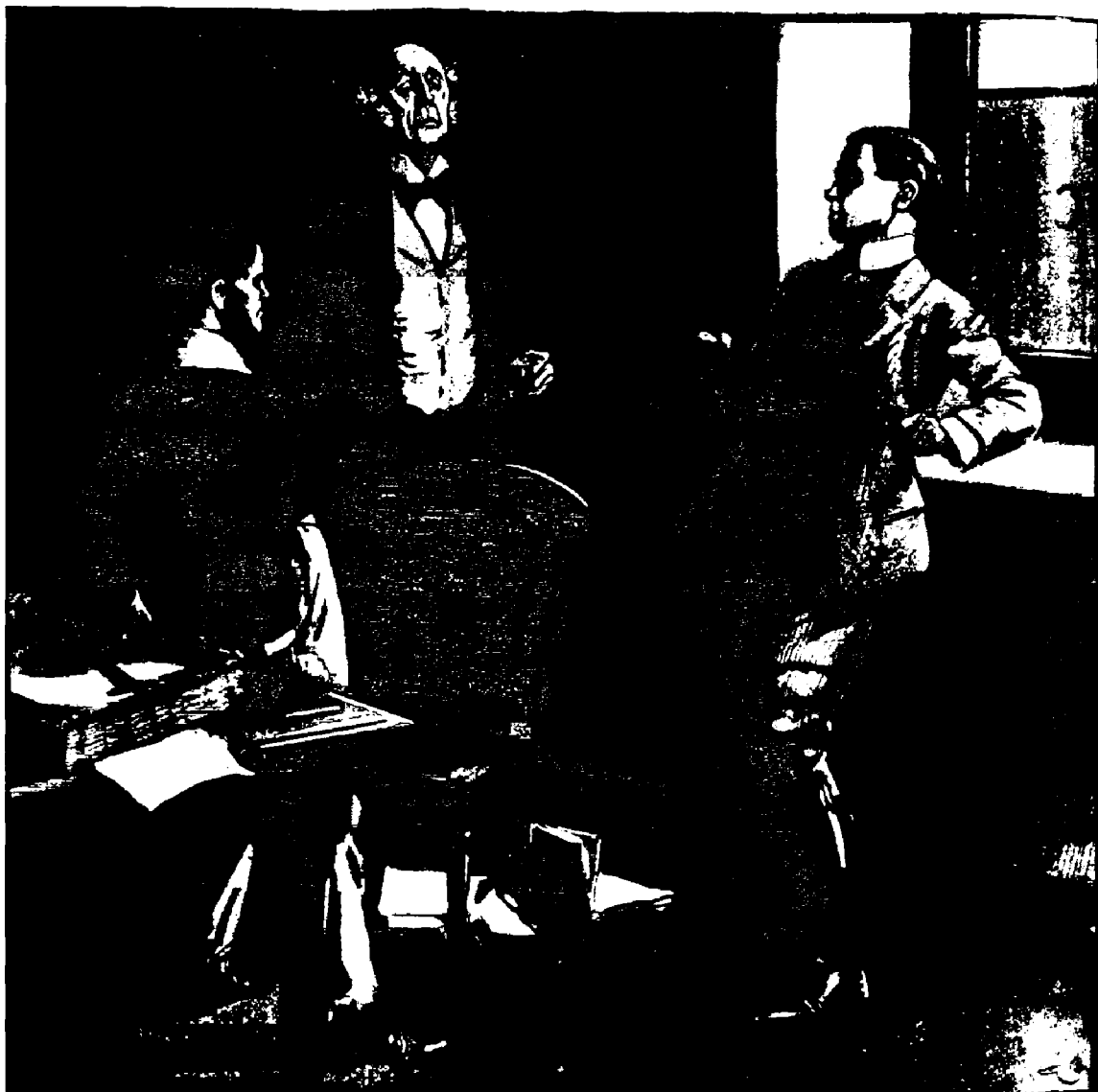
Then Mr. Mappin went quickly into his own room, so as to intercept Andrews on his way back.

"Jones or Smith must re-copy that draft," he said, referring to the document George was engaged upon; "it can't go out of the office in that boy's handwriting."

"They have both got as much as they can do by post-time, sir," objected Andrews.

"Then you must do it," said the junior partner decisively.

Andrews knew it would be useless to urge reasons why he could not copy the draft, so he went back to his own room in a somewhat bad



"FIGHTING, GENTLEMEN!"

humour. He suspected this boy would prove a little troublesome.

"You needn't do any more of that," he said to George, rather curtly. "As it's getting on to one, perhaps you'd better go to your dinner now," he added, after consulting his watch.

George walked down Mellerby high street feeling very uncomfortable. It was evident that Andrews was dissatisfied with him. That remark about his "boarding-school" had galled him considerably. Did Andrews suppose that fellows at public schools had copy-books, and learned how to write neatly, like clerks! Silverdown didn't play it quite so low as that. Still, decided George, he must stick to this work until something better turned up. It wasn't so bad as being miserable at Silverdown, anyway.

He was, of course, going through the mill; and going through the mill in a lawyer's office in the country is about as pleasant as eating cold veal for a fortnight. There are—as in other trades and professions—certain things to learn and get used to—mostly trifles—which no book or teacher can impart. Whilst undergoing this process the articled clerk who pays a three hundred guineas' premium, and runs up heavy "ticks" for law books and startling suits of "dittos," is no better off than the office boy on four shillings a week, in a threadbare jacket and patched boots. As a rule the articled clerk fares the worse.

The daily drudgery and routine gradually wear in and become part of the fetters of existence, leaving a sort of mark on the memory, rather

after the style of the uncouth sounds and symbols of shorthand, which, once learnt, are never forgotten, and accompany the student to his grave. Shorthand, taken seriously, may lead to a competence—it may lead as far as the Gallery of the House or a moneyed berth in the Law Courts, but a “do the work” clerk in a lawyer’s office may be a “do the work” clerk all his life, and make no more forward progress than our dear old friend the rocking-horse.*

Molly was very inquisitive while George demolished a quantity of beefsteak pie and rice-pudding. Work had made him hungry. How had he got on with his first morning’s work? Wouldn’t he soon get very cunning?—all lawyers were cunning, weren’t they? Was Mr. Mappin nice? What were the other clerks like? What was Mr. Barry, the article clerk, like? George could bring Mr. Barry in to tea one day, if he liked. He *looked* rather nice.

To which George replied gruffly that he had got on “pretty well,” that Mappin was “all right,” and that he hadn’t seen Barry.

He was destined, however, to make Mr. Barry’s acquaintance before another hour had elapsed.

After dinner Mr. Mappin took George in hand and set him to sort and arrange a litter of letters, some of which had been copied for the purposes of a lawsuit. Copies and originals were in an untidy heap in a drawer. Certain press copy letters had to be ferreted out of two letter books, originals and copies had to be placed in order of date, and a list of uncopied letters made out. Accuracy and patience are put to a pretty severe test in work of this kind, simple though it may appear, and George, sitting at his place in the managing clerk’s room, was endeavouring to take an interest in his labours and carry them out to Mr. Mappin’s satisfaction, when a light-haired, bold-looking youth of some nineteen summers, attired in riding breeches and boots, strode into the office and stared hard at Garrick and Mappin’s latest recruit.

“Good-day, Mr. Barry,” said Andrews.

“Day, Andrews,” the newcomer replied, and shot an inquiring glance at George’s back.

“Mr. Denver, this is Mr. Barry,” quoth Andrews by way of introducing the two young fellows.

“How are you?” said Barry, surveying George’s slight form rather impudently as the Silverdown boy got up and shook hands with him, “article?”

“No,” said George.

“Oh,” said Barry, after a pause.

* For these particulars as to the routine work of a lawyer’s office the author wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to his friend, Mr. H. Stanley Taylor, Solicitor.

George’s table-mat pitched his cap on to the window-sill and sat down in his chair. He was the son of a wealthy tradesman who had decided to make this young hopeful of his brood a gentleman by putting him into a learned profession. Messrs. Garrick and Mappin had therefore pocketed a hundred and fifty pounds apiece, the Crown another eighty for Mr. Barry’s “stamp,” and Mr. William Barry had proceeded to join the Mellerby social club, cricket club, and tennis club, to buy a two-ton racing sloop, hire a horse, and take other measures to spend a happy existence in which work should play as small a part as possible.

As he had intimated to the partners that he did not intend to slave at law from 9.30 to 6—whatever their paid men might do—the partners shrugged their shoulders, and, bar an occasional reprimand, allowed him to go his own way. So Mr. Barry worked when he liked—and he did not like very often.

Soon after Barry’s arrival a client of importance called, and Andrews took him into the junior partner’s room.

Barry seized upon the opportunity to fix a stare of close inspection on George, who, on becoming aware that the other was looking at him, coloured up foolishly.

Barry stretched his legs.

“Mind your feet, you—what’s-your-name.”

George moved his feet.

“And hand over my pen,” added Barry.

George went on with his list-making.

“Hand over that pen,” repeated Barry.

“Mr. Andrews gave me this pen to use, and I intend to use it,” said George.

“Now, look here, you young Denver,” said Barry, leaning over the table, “I’m not taking any cheek. By rights you ought to be in the other room, for if *you’re* not article, *I* am. Hand over that pen—d’you hear?”

George apparently did not hear. Barry glared at him furiously, and then, jumping up, walked round the table and caught hold of George’s ear.

“That pen, please!”

George, his slim form trembling with rage, sprang up and much surprised his tormentor by hitting him squarely on the nose.

Barry staggered back; then, with a bellow, he leapt forward. But at that moment—luckily, perhaps, for George—Mr. Garrick, the senior partner, who had just returned from an inquest he had been holding in a neighbouring village, walked into the room on his way to his own sanctum.

He was a handsome old gentleman of seventy—one of the old school of country solicitors.

“*Fighting, gentlemen!*” he exclaimed, in a courtly tone conveying surprise and rebuke.

"The young beast hit me——" burst out Barry.

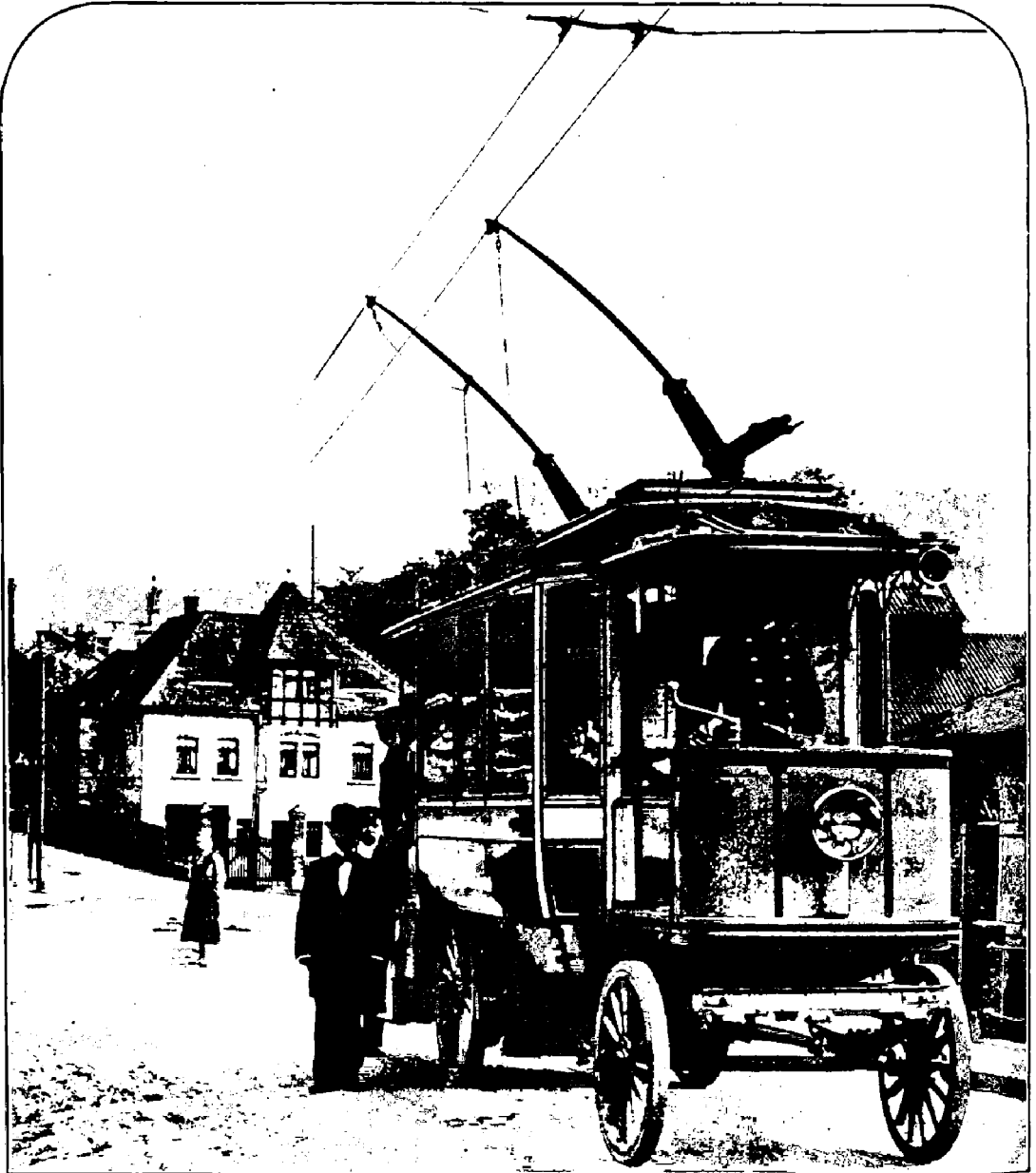
"This is not a school-room," said the senior partner, "and I must beg you, Mr. Barry, to moderate your language. May I ask you both to postpone your quarrel for the present and go on with your work?"

It was, as they knew, a command, so they went to their places. Then Mr. Garrick proceeded to his room, leaving the two youths glaring battle and murder at each other across the table.

"I'll settle with you after, you cub," muttered Barry.

(To be continued.)

AN ELECTRIC OMNIBUS.



This is a new electric omnibus, which derives its power from an overhead track, yet does not run on rails. This class of car is now in use in German towns.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS IN THE EAST

By "ANGLO-INDIAN."

IT will be news to many English school-boys that almost every town in India and many of the Colonies has an English School, and, in some cases, two or three public schools run on lines very similar to those that obtain here, where scholars, white and black, are trained and educated with equal care and solicitude.

Some of these public schools are under the direct control of the local Government; others are conducted, as they are in this country, by private individuals and governing bodies. All the schools of any pretensions have English head-masters, graduates of Oxford, Cambridge, and other universities of Great Britain; the higher forms are generally instructed by English, and the lower by native teachers.

In addition to the principal public schools, there are numerous small schools, chiefly grant-in-aid or Government subsidised schools, missionary schools, and private schools, where English and the vernacular are taught; and we may add that last, and least of all, there are the little native schools, which abound in every Indian village, where the scholars squat, tailor-fashion, on the floor, bending over their *olla*, or leaf books, the village pedagogue walking in and out among his pupils, explaining, supervising, and directing their studies. These village seminaries are nearly always under non-Christian management—Hindoo, Buddhist, or some other Oriental creed obtaining. They stand quite apart from the large westernised institutions, belonging entirely to the old order of things, for which reason they are sufficiently interesting to be mentioned here, although they have no connection with the subject of this article.

I will only refer here to some of the schools in India and Ceylon. The depreciated value of the rupee and the lessening prejudice against the native races have led many English parents to send their sons to schools in India, instead of to the old country, thereby producing a beneficial change in the tone and efficiency of these schools.

The English school-boy abroad is very like his brother at home, but the native school-boy is the very antithesis, and neither age, nor time, nor everlasting contact can lessen the contrast. Rudyard Kipling never uttered more sapient words than

East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.

But, in spite of this unsurmountable barrier, it must not be supposed that the English and native school-boy keep strictly aloof from each other; on the contrary, they fraternise easily in playground and school-room, and are often good

friends, while, far from there being any feeling of racial rivalry, there generally exists a strong *esprit de corps* in every school.

The *pukka* native school-boy is a curiosity—a quaint combination of Europe and Asia. In appearance he is a caricature in ill-shaped Western outline. When he first goes to an English "college" he wears his native dress, but this is gradually sloughed off, bit by bit, in favour of items of European clothing, until he finally assumes a complete Indo-British outfit. The sartorial metamorphosis presents many weird and motley stages, English and native articles of dress being worn in as many permutations and combinations as the human figure can accommodate. It is no uncommon sight to see a "bowler" perched on a large coil of black hair, supported by a tortoiseshell comb; a Norfolk jacket, in combination with a strip of calico in lieu of trousers; shoes, without socks; and many equally fantastic compromises between the fashions of the East and the West.

At his books the native school-boy is clever and industrious, and, it must be admitted, he often passes the English boy in examinations. Considering that he talks nothing but his native tongue at home and out of school, the ease and rapidity with which he learns English is very creditable, in addition to which it is a remarkable fact that he is a better speller than the English boy. Endowed with a wonderful memory, he is able to store up a vast amount of knowledge in his mind, but, unfortunately, to little purpose, for he is unable to assimilate what he acquires or turn it to any real account. He is, in fact, a book-worm pure and simple, and after much feeding on tomes becomes nothing more than a sort of living encyclopædia. He can never attain to the realms of scientific research and invention.

At games he is usually good, though, as a rule, he does not care much about them. Cricket is universal, but football is hardly ever played in these schools, chiefly, no doubt, because it is too vigorous a game for the tropics. Cricket matches between rival schools are contested all the year round, the teams being composed of both European and native boys, and often captained by the latter. Swimming races, paper-chases, and various athletic sports are also zealously entered into. The native school-boy is a capital swimmer, a fast runner, and, all round, a fairly good athlete. Native games he quite discards for the more manly English ones, and it is not inaccurate to say that what he learns in the playground of an English school is more beneficial to his race than the accumulated wisdom of the class-room.

CRICKET FROM A GIRL'S STANDPOINT.

By A Champion Lady Bowler.

[Modesty on the part of the writer of the following article precludes us from disclosing her identity. She is sister of one of the captains of English county cricket, and has distinguished herself by bowling the great W. G. and many famous batsmen.—ED.]

WHEN

I first suggested the formation of a ladies' cricket club, those kind friends and relations who didn't utterly scorn the idea looked dubious, while others gave me a year in which to see its rise and decline.

In spite of, and very likely because of, these dismal prognostications, the club still remains in good condition, and besides affording a delightful way in which to spend the summer, is a source of great amusement. When our club was still in its infancy and I was glad of any match practice, I was asked to play for a team in that most humorous of events, a Ladies v. Gentlemen match. I went down to the ground for a preliminary practice, and when my turn to bowl came round I asked one of the members of the team to keep wicket. "Certainly," she said, "that's behind the bowler, isn't it?"

One very amusing incident happened in this match. The captain of our side viewed with dismay one after another of the batsmen caught at "silly point." The fielders were standing as close in as possible, and it was a little difficult with the bowling to do anything but send up catches. But this sort of thing didn't appeal at all to our captain, who, after a few minutes of wrathful uncertainty, went out to the opposing captain and suggested that the placing of the field so close in to the wicket was a little unfair, and that she thought it only right they should be moved further back. Whether because of this or not it is impossible to say, but our side won by thirty runs.

As a contrast to this ignorance of the game was the feat performed by one member of our club against one of the best ladies' clubs we play. Going in first she made 59 not out, out of a total of 100, and never gave a chance.

I saw a very amusing thing at a county match once. An enthusiastic lady was eagerly intent on the play. A batsman (the opposing side were in) had stayed in for a very long time, and run up a big score. At last he sent a very high ball to the boundary. One of the fielders on the boundary watched it very carefully, but just failed to catch it. The lady evidently sympathised with him, for she applauded heartily, and called out encouragingly, "Well missed!"

Wicket-keepers have to cultivate a stentorian voice for the purpose of frightening the umpire (or so I take it), when they call out, "How's

that?" but one man was once given undeserved pity from an unknowing lady. He had taken the ball smartly behind the wicket, and was evidently convinced it was a catch. "'S that?" he yelled.

"Good gracious! Did it hurt him?" said the lady sympathetically.

It speaks well for the nobility of character of the brothers of our club-members, that they are willing to offer not only advice but instruction in the game during our practices.

But one day one of them was rewarded. His sister, who had a vague idea (not backed up by any signs) that she was destined to rival Jessop as a hitter, went on to bowl. "By Jove!" her brother cried out, "that broke about a foot."

"I don't know why it should," she answered. "I never tried to put any spin on the ball."

After several more balls, all of which broke more or less, she resigned the more showy rôle of batsman for that of bowler.

It is an instance of a really natural break, provided a good length is kept, the ball is practically unplayable, besides doing an amount of damage to the stumps. The ball pitches well on the offside, and usually takes the leg stump.

Tales of the idiosyncrasies of umpires are numerous. There can be no doubt that a friendly umpire is a great help in winning a friendly match. Perhaps one instance of this will suffice. The umpire was very keen on my side winning. I was bowling, and the ball hit the batsman's bat and then his knee pad, and from that bounced under his chin. "How's that?" I called, more because it sounded well than that I thought he was out. "Leg before!" cried the umpire—and he came out—"chin before" he called it.

Apart from our experiences as players, the members of our club are all enthusiastic spectators of the game, and I know many houses which are not within an easy distance of the county ground, where the advent of the evening paper is the chief event of the day.

Each one has a special favourite in cricketer and county, and is absolutely certain "drawn" matches would have resulted in a win for their favourite.

During matches they are as critically approving or disapproving as any one could be, though I think, perhaps, there is a personal element in their interest, more than in a man's attitude to the game.

Personally, I have never been to a match, county or otherwise, where I haven't distinctly desired the victory of one eleven, and I am afraid my enjoyment of good play isn't pure and undiluted, if the good play isn't shown by the side I favour. But is there anything more delightful (except the playing of the game oneself), than to spend a hot summer's day watching a cricket match; watching the tactics of the bowler, the skill of the batsman, and the judgment of the fielder?

I have not said much about batting because—well, I suppose it really is because I am not a batsman myself, and I am envious of those who can bat. I have not mentioned my “stone-walling” qualities, but I offer as proof of these the fact that I have only once been clean bowled (in a match). But I understand this is not anything to be proud of.

I remember seeing in a ladies' match one girl hit two boundaries on the leg side, off two consecutive balls, and it left me consumed with jealousy, but she was the sister of a county captain and has some of his “master-strokes.” I always find there is a great tendency in girls to hit, or pull everything to leg; it seems very difficult for us to send a good hit on the off-side. Once I saw this tendency being taken advantage of. A girl went in



fifth wicket down; she noticed that all the preceding batsmen played to leg, so that the majority of fielders were on the legside. She had some very powerful off-strokes, but unfortunately the remaining fielders on the offside were distinctly in her way. So she played very cautiously every ball to leg. After three overs the only fielder on the offside was point. Altering her play, the girl began to hit out, and had scored twenty runs before the opposing captain realised what was happening. Many girls seem to overlook the pleasures of fielding, but these are many and include the huge satisfaction of bringing off a difficult catch. I once played in a match for another team, where a fielder, after picking up the ball, walked up and *handed* it to me! Meanwhile the batsmen were running. In the same match I saw the fielders on the leg boundary make a mighty effort to throw the ball at the wicket. It ascended twenty yards or so into the air, and fell at her feet! But in contradistinction to these memories I have seen some very clever and difficult catches at the wicket, and some very smart fielding in the ladies' matches.

I have not yet seen in any forecasts of the future allusions to ladies' county cricket matches, but I am of an optimistic temperament, and am very hopeful that the realisation of this idea is only a matter of time.

“OUR ACTS OUR ANGELS ARE.”

WHAT a true ring hath the old adage—“Honesty is the Best Policy”! A lie will never prove of permanent service to you; it may bring you temporary advantage, but your gain is dishonest gain, and you are a moral thief. You find out an acquaintance in a lie; ever after you will suspect him of untruthfulness. You will not trust him. If he will tell one lie, he will tell another. We will imagine that you tell the truth under very difficult circumstances, and place yourself thereby in an uncomfortable position; nevertheless, you are aware of a certain inward glow—an approving pat on the back from Conscience—which makes up to you for all the inconvenience you have to suffer by adhering to honesty. Many men understate their incomes in order to save £2 on the tax. Fancy pawning one's honour for forty shillings! In such matters, and many others, our honesty is constantly being put to the test, but there need be no hesitation on our part as to how we should proceed. A certain “still, small voice” emphatically directs us as to the path to be trodden. Be bold and follow the Right, and the world, which honours brave men, will honour you.

“Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.”

THE OLD FAG.



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL HARDY.

WITHOUT realising it, Jimmy Corbold was a very lucky boy, for he had waiting at home, whenever the holidays began, a sister whose chief delight it was to perform as many little services as possible for him before the train should once again swallow him up and bear him back to school.

Jimmy had been born selfish. Among his schoolfellows he was obliged to behave in a tolerably open-handed way, but when free of this wholesome restraint, and under the family roof-tree, he succeeded in making a good many people miserable by his thoughtless ways.

The indoor servants secretly hated him for the trails of mud and water and open doors he left behind him about the house. In the garden, "as bad as Master James" was becoming a stereotyped rebuke for erring youths, while in the stable he was about as welcome as an attack of glanders, thanks to the life he led the men, teasing the animals or ordering them into harness at awkward and inconsiderate times.

Whatever the servants thought of him they were careful not to express before his pretty sister Madge, whom they loved, one and all, from Perkins, the butler, to the very small

boy who helped in the stable and garden. To speak evil of Jimmy was to hurt *her*, so they said nothing, only wondering the more why a "downright hangel" took such pleasure in mending socks, feeding pets, and running errands for a young scapegrace two years her junior.

To Madge's lot it often fell, during the holidays, to act as buffer between Jimmy and their father, a rather cantankerous, book-loving widower. Mr. Corbold had made up his mind that Jimmy must shine as a scholar in days to come, and therefore prescribed a daily quatum of holiday task entirely disproportionate to his son's love for the pleasantries of Euclid and Eutropius.

While his father said "scholar," Jimmy said "engineer." Like many boys, his ideas of engineering were mainly limited to its mechanical side, and he might have been horrified by a peep into the engineer's books of mathematical formulæ. Yet, as a maker of models, he had the true methods of genius—intense application and an infinite capacity for taking pains.

With the simplest tools he could turn out miniature masterpieces, to the great admiration of his schoolfellows. Report had it that the Head himself was surprised while run-

ning his (Corbold's) G.W.R. locomotive—feited in class—over the deep pile of the study carpet.

Mr. Corbold cared for none of these "trumpery models." His eye rested coldly on the—as he considered it—misdirected energy that produced so little useful result. After one of the periodical holiday-task cyclones, Jimmy was wont to retire from the uncongenial atmosphere of the ground-floor, where he had a small work-shop, to his bedroom, accompanied by faithful Madge, who was most useful in lighting the fire for his soldering operations, and holding bits of metal while he drilled them, and generally acting as his "boy."

During the particular holidays, which our story deals with, Jimmy had been very busy on a small steam crane. Having boasted that he could make a model to stand on an ordinary postcard, and yet lift 56lbs., Baker Major took him at his word and bet him he couldn't.

The engineer in J. Corbold rose to the occasion. He bet he would bring back the model next term, all ready for work. On the first day of the holidays the insides of the kitchen grandfather clock mysteriously disappeared. On the second the plans were ready. On the third the foundation-stone, otherwise the bedplate, was laid. And now, with but a week more of the Easter holidays to run, the model had almost reached completion.

Jimmy hovered about it in his bedroom, adding the finishing touches previous to a trial run, rubbing it with a file here, or tightening a screw there.

It certainly was a wonderful little machine, very compact and original in its shape. A shaving-lamp, converted to nobler uses, acted as boiler, two small pieces of tubing were the cylinders, and the precious box labelled "Various" had supplied the hundred and one minor parts.

"Isn't it fine?" said its author, proudly, as he stood back a foot or two to admire.

"It's a ripper," warmly echoed Madge, who had imported the hero's slang into her devotion to him.

"Have you got the meth., the good stuff?" She produced a bottle from her pocket and held it out to him to sniff at.

"And did you bring up the weight from the barn?"

"Yes, it's here, behind the door."

"All right, then, fill up the lamp while I do the boiler, and when you've done that

you can put the weight exactly under the middle of the big stool."

These things finished, Jimmy placed his model on the stool, so that a hole in its centre coincided with an opening in the stool, and passed a stout piece of wire cord through, the free end of which was made fast to the weight, the other being attached to what he grandly styled the "winding gear."

"Now, then, you shall light the furnace, and don't get in the way more than you can help," said the engineer, pointing to the tiny spirit lamp under the boiler.

For a few minutes neither spoke. "It's beginning," said Jimmy at last, as a singing noise was heard. Then silence again, until a faint hiss came through the safety-valve.

"That's twenty pounds at least," quoth he. "Do you see that brass nail? That's the regulator. You can pull it over if you like, though you don't deserve to after dropping the solder on my hand."

"I'm awfully sorry, Jimmy, dear, and I'd like ever soto open the works."

She pushed the nail across, and the minute cylinders, after a moment's hesitation, began to work furiously in true model fashion. The series of cogs rotated at their proportionate speeds.

Slowly, very slowly, the weight tilted on to one side, then to one corner; then swung round free of the ground.

"Hooray!" shouted Jimmy, beside himself with triumph. "That'll settle young Baker Major. Look! I touch this lever and it releases the drum-brake."

Whirr! the wheels hummed, and the weight rested once more on the floor.

"Oh! Jimmy, you *are* a clever boy," cried Madge, reaching to give him a nice, sisterly hug. But, alas! her frock whisked round and caught one of the many angularities of the model, which fell to the floor with a sad rattle.

"You clumsy brute," raged her brother, as he sprang to retrieve his treasure. "You always *were* clumsy, with your great hands and big feet and dresses, and you're only fit to be a girl. See, that crank's bent, and you've ruined everything. Get out and take that beastly weight with you; it's no more good here."

"Oh, Jimmy! I'm so awfully——"

"Do you hear? get *out*," almost screamed the hero.

She got out, bearing away the half-hundredweight to her bedroom, where she dissolved into tears, while her brother flung

himself on to his bed in a fit of direful sulks.

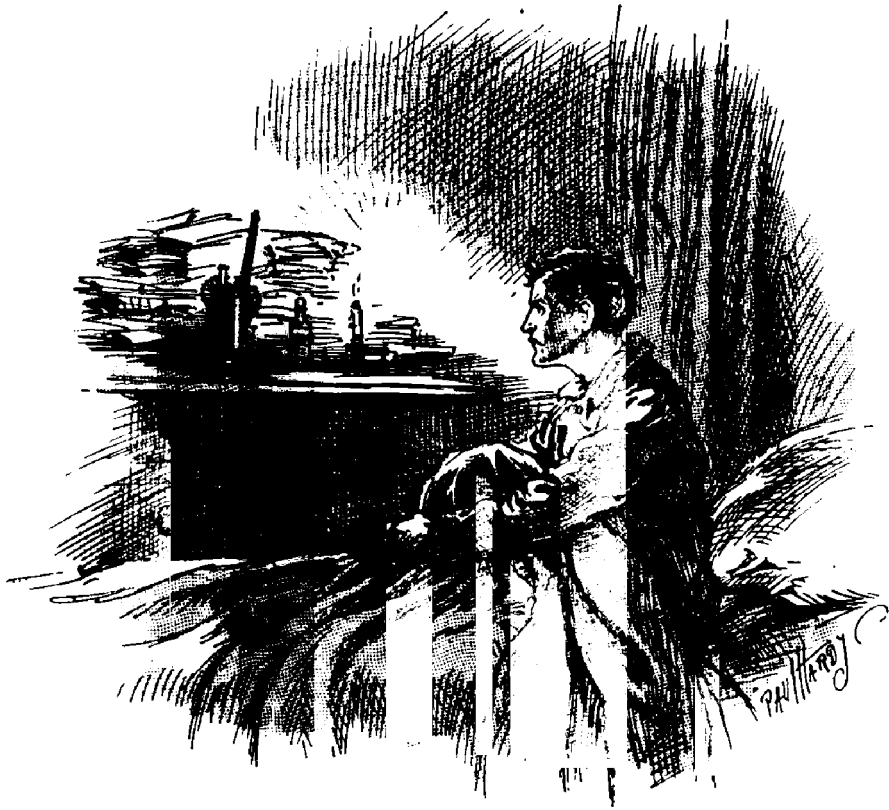
He lay there for half-an-hour, fuming against poor Madge. Then he calmed down and examined the model's wounds more closely. Nothing so very serious after all; mere scalp wounds, he saw. Anyway, if he had made a thing, he could mend it. As a result of this philosophy, the model was running merrily again before he was an hour older. Jimmy's good humour returned. He would bottle Baker Major after all.

He undressed and got into bed, first standing the model on his chest-of-drawers

corded together. He attaches the crane cable. Steam is up. Baker Major himself opens the throttles, the wheels go round, round——

Jimmy Corbold is asleep. He has worked hard and late.

But the candle is still alight, and near it stands the uncorked bottle of spirit. A disorderly pile of boys' magazines at the back of the chest slips, slips, slips, and in a moment the candle is down, and the spirit spreads, gulping, from the bottle. A thin blue flame soon spreads, too. It catches the papers, the curtains, the furniture.



VISIONS OF COMING TRIUMPH FLOATED BETWEEN HIM AND THE CANDLE.

with the candle close by that he might enjoy a final contemplation of the crane before putting out the light.

Visions of coming triumph floated between him and the candle. He would unpack the little case very deliberately in the Fourth Form room, after setting a *cave* for big boys. The Fourth would see shavings, brown paper, tissue paper. Finally would burst on their eyes the stand, with its engine, boiler, and cunning wheels. He would carefully fasten on the jib of the crane, and stand the model on a desk, over an ink-pot hole. Under the table is a pile of books, properly weighed and

Jimmy Corbold is asleep; nay, senseless for the thick smoke soon overpowers him.

Madge is awake, with the restlessness of a troubled mind. Suddenly she lay, quite still, all her senses tense. What is it, that smell? When the study chimney-piece caught fire last winter there was a smell like that.

In a moment she was out of bed, groping for the matches. Then into the passage, treading swiftly to Jimmy's room. For him was her first care.

She looked. Under the door and round the frame came light wisps of smoke. She listened. A cracking noise within.

Then she rushed at the handle and turned it. But sulky Jimmy had locked the door on her three hours before to prevent her return.

"Jimmy, Jimmy," she cried, in agony. But there was no answer.

The children slept in a wing apart from the rest of the household. Even one precious moment must not be wasted in racing down the twisting corridor to summon help. She stepped back and flung herself with all her force on the door. As well try to knock down the wall itself. Horror and terror seized her. She sank on to her knees and covered her face with her hands.

The weight! the weight! She whirled it from her bedroom, and, exerting all her strength, dealt the door a blow that shattered the lock.

A furious gust of smoke and flame drove her back, scorching her hands and face. But

The firemen and their engine were soon on the spot, and the fire succumbed to the floods of water squirted at it before any very serious damage had been done to the house.

But poor Madge lay for a long time in a darkened room, her face and hands shapeless in air-excluding bandages. Amid her torture, bravely borne, the blessed thought kept obtruding itself, "Jimmy is safe. Better any number of burns, and Jimmy alive, than no burns, and Jimmy dead." Such was the simple reasoning that relieved her wounds more effectively than the oil dressings.

Her hero hung about the bedroom door in no enviable state of mind. He knew that his carelessness in leaving the lighted candle on the chest-of-drawers, though he *meant* to put it out before going to sleep, was the ultimate cause of the disaster. And, mingled with his real remorse, was an undercurrent



"OH, MADGE! WHAT A BEAST I'VE BEEN."

love prevailed, and she had soon reached the bed and plucked the unconscious Jimmy from it in her strong young arms, after flinging a blanket hastily round him. Never did the "great hands and big feet" of her brother's aunt do better work.

As she struggled through the flaming door again something caught in a trailing corner of the blanket, and clanked down the passage behind her.

of humiliation that he, a public-school boy, owed his safety, not to brazen-helmeted, stalwart men, but to a "mere girl." How would it sound, "Young Corbold was saved by his sister"? He felt it was mean, despicable, to think thus; and he struggled to crush himself into the nobler rôle of grateful admirer.

A step sounded behind him. It was his father, very anxious and pale.

"Jimmy, my boy, come to my study a

moment," he said, in a gentle voice that sounded strangely on his son's ears.

Jimmy followed to the study, where the first thing he saw was the model, blackened, twisted, gaping in places, but still entire.

Mr. Corbold closed the door behind him and paced up and down in silence, until his son began to fear a lecture.

"That little machine came out of the fire with you, clinging to the blanket," said Mr. Corbold, at last. "On thinking over the fact, I feel inclined to take it for an omen, especially as a close examination of the model shows that you have no mean skill with your fingers, and may shine in things mechanical. We all make mistakes, and I may have been trying to fit a square peg into a round hole. So, in future, your holiday studies shall be of your own choosing, and you will be at liberty to follow your bent. If you mean to take up engineering seriously, I shall help you to the extent of my power. It is a great thing for any man to have a daughter like Madge, and a son who, if God will it, may follow worthily in the steps of George Stephenson."

This long speech, so far removed from the laconic "Do this," or "Do that," of their usual intercourse, gave Jimmy time to take in the change of the wind.

"Father," he said, earnestly, "I'll work like a nigger."

"Or like a good English schoolboy," suggested Mr. Corbold, as he set a seal on their compact with a hearty pat on the shoulder.

That was good thing number one that resulted from the fire.

A few days later the doctor allowed Jimmy to visit his sister. Her eyes and chin were still swathed in bandages, but she managed to smile a glad welcome. He felt a big, choky lump rise in his throat as he leant over the bed and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Madge! what a beast I've been," he said, and then broke down.

"Hush, Jimmy, hush!" she replied, stroking the boy's hair. "If you had been a beast I shouldn't have loved you as I do."

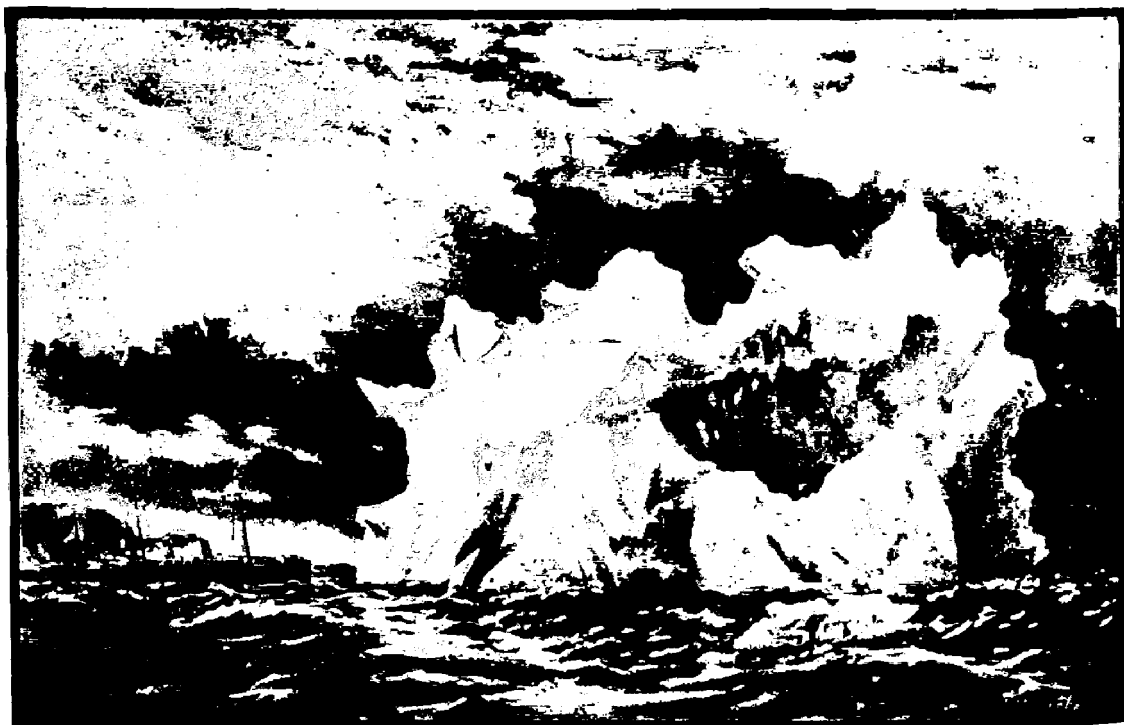
As he became more articulate he blurted out:

"And you are the very brickiest brick that there ever was, and I don't care a bit if Baker Major wins his bet, for I'm going to mend the model and have it silver-plated all over and mounted on a stand."

Madge smiled softly.

"And I'm going to put on it," added Jimmy, "'To the best sister a boy ever had, from her very loving brother.'"

This was good thing number two.



SUMMER IN MID-ATLANTIC.

NATURALISTS CORNER



CONDUCTED BY
EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

SUBJECT for Study.—H.

J. Nicholls (Redditch) wishes to take up a branch of natural history for study, and asks advice as to a suitable subject and the books to read thereon. He "would like to get acquainted with Botany, Archæ-

ology, and Antiquities." You could not do better than take up the subject for which you feel a preference, and as botany is my own favourite study I can strongly recommend it to you as one that will give you open-air employment all the year round. As for a beginning in books: in order to understand descriptions you must have a general knowledge of plant structure and growth, and this you will get in an elementary form (paving the way for bigger books), in Hooker's "Primer of Botany" (Macmillan, 1s.), or Oliver's "Elementary Botany" (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.). Then you might read my own "In Flora's Realm" (Nelson, 3s. 6d.), and "The Romance of Wild Flowers" (Warne, 6s.). For identification of species you might consult my "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms," 1st and 2nd Series (Warne, 6s. each), as these give nearly all the generally distributed wild flowers, ferns, &c., of these islands, with coloured plates. Make botany your chief study, but there is no reason why you should not take a secondary interest in all the matters that come under observation during your rambles. Your suggested local Natural History Society should be very helpful, for the principle of mutual aid engendered by these societies is most valuable. I belong to several such societies, and in two my membership goes back thirty-two years.

Lizards.—H. Carpenter (Brighton) asks for title of cheap book on Lizards. Hopley's "British Reptiles" (Sonnenschein, 1s.) contains a good deal of information concerning the British species, but the only book devoted to them entirely is Dr. Leighton's "British Lizards" (Morton, Edinburgh, 5s.), noticed in the April CAPTAIN, which see.—A. J. Groll (Tunbridge Wells) also wants books on lizards, and above answer will do for him. He also wishes to know how to keep and feed these reptiles. A fern-case makes a capital lizard-house, and should be furnished with gravel, stones, and moss, among which they may hide. A shallow vessel should always contain fresh water for drinking. Their food consists of living flies, beetles, spiders, and cater-

pillars. Meal-worms, to be obtained from bird-dealers, will be found a useful stock food when other insects are difficult to secure.

Dormice.—Ivan Carryer (Leicester) wants to keep dormice, but cannot obtain them in Leicester, and asks where he can get them. Write to A. Zache and Co., 196 Great Portland-street, London, W. They cost about 2s. 6d. a pair.

Snake.—A. A. Gray (Highbury) wishes to keep a grass-snake, and asks where he can buy one, the probable price, &c. (1) There are several shops in St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, where snakes are kept for sale. (2) A shilling or eighteen-pence upwards, according to size. (3) They grow to a length of four—occasionally five—feet. (4) A snake is satisfied with occasional meals, and will only eat when he is hungry. Small live frogs are the best fare to provide for him.

Newts.—E. W. H. (Sidcup)*wants to know the winter habits of newts, as "we had one hundred



HAMER'S BARNACLE.

or more in a pond," and now he cannot see any. Newts are not water-animals in the sense that fish are. They spend the first few months of their life there, but soon after they are adult they leave the water and seek their food among the grass and

herbage, returning to the pond in spring to deposit their eggs. They spend the winter in a torpid state under stones, dead leaves, &c., in out of the way corners. If the pond offers suitable attractions as a nursery, many of them will probably have returned to it long before this reply appears.

Snails.—Monmothian (Monmouth) wishes to make a collection of snail shells, in which his neighbourhood is rich, but he complains that the hot-water method of extracting the inmates "injures the very delicate films and ruins the beauty of the shells." These "delicate films" indicate that the shell is not properly formed, and therefore such specimens should not be selected. If mature examples, with the *lip* complete, are taken—and these are the only ones of value in a collection—no difficulty will arise. The water should be boiling, and after a few minutes' immersion the shells should be placed in cold water, and left for an hour before you attempt to clean them out.

Cat.—J. B. Fonblanque (Bexhill). If, as you state, the bald places on your Persian cat show clean skin, it does not look like disease. The fact that the fur gets matted before coming off indicates that the cat may have torn it off, either in an effort to comb it, or in passing through some narrow space where rough wood, nails, or wires catch in it. Try what careful washing and grooming will do, using fuller's earth and soap in the bath to get rid of dirt and the matting of the fur, afterwards washing out these substances in clear water before drying the fur. The wild scampering is probably only due to an excess of animal spirits, which young cats, as yours, frequently exhibit. You will find Jennings' "Domestic and Fancy Cats" (Upcott Gill, ls.) a useful little manual for guidance.

Pigeons.—C. W. Campbell (St. Asaph) "would be very grateful if I would answer one or two questions on pigeons," and then asks no less than eleven! (1) I think you will find all that you require in Lyell's *Fancy Pigeons* (10s. 6d.), or his smaller work, *Pigeon-Keeping for Amateurs* (Upcott Gill, 2/6). (2) *Fanciers' Gazette* or *The Feathered World*, 1d. each, weekly. (3) I have no lists of local pigeon clubs. Any dealer in your neighbourhood could tell you if such exist. (4) For identification. (5) Ordinary pigeon food. (6) When full-grown. (7) Cannot refer to an advertisement of this at time of writing, but should say you had better compound your own salt-cat, which is (8) merely a mixture of gritty sand, old lime mortar, and coarse salt; one and two should be in equal proportions and to half a bushel of the mixture 7lbs. of salt are added. (9) Your suggestion of an article on Pigeon-flying is a matter solely for the O. F., and it would be a species of *lèse majesté* for me to express an opinion. (10) The males are, age for age, slightly larger and of brighter colours than the females. (11) Drinking

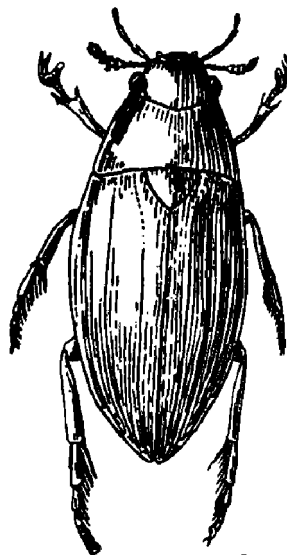
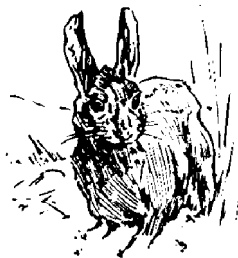
water always accessible, but the bath only once a week, and removed as soon as done with.

[An article entitled "Pigeons that Fly Fast" appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* for May, 1899 (Vol. II.).—O.F.]

Rabbits.—H. C. (Burgess Hill). (1) Get Rayson's *Rabbits for Prizes and Profit* (Upcott Gill, 2s. 6d.). (2) I cannot say what is "the reason" why your rabbits lose their fur without knowing under what conditions they have been kept. Probably it is a case of mange, due to insufficiency of green food and roots, or to a want of cleanliness and ventilation in the hutch. Sprinkle the bare places with flowers of sulphur every day; give plenty of fresh air, fresh hay, and green food, and see that the hutch is clean and dry. Add a little flowers of sulphur to their bran and oats. (3) Yes; wild rabbits may be kept in a run, but they should be obtained when very young.

Chaffinch.—C. Hockey (Edgbaston). It is probable that your bird has had too stimulating and heating food. Hemp-seed should only be given sparingly, in spring. There is far too much of this seed in the sample of mixed seeds you send—a very mixed lot. Try it on rape, canary, and oats, with plenty of green food and insects—such as meal-worms, "ants'-egg," &c. See that it has fresh water for drinking and bath every day.

Water Beetle.—B. Hewlett (Ealing). Your beetle is not the destructive *Dytiscus*, which, you have been rightly informed, is too rapacious a creature to introduce to an aquarium where there are other forms of animal life. Yours is the *Hydrophilus piceus*, which is a vegetarian, and, therefore, quite above suspicion of damaging anything but the weeds. Note that this insect is uniformly black in colour, whilst *Dytiscus* is dark brown bordered with yellow. *Hydrophilus* is not nearly so



BLACK WATER BEETLE.

plentiful as *Dytiscus*, perhaps because the former is regularly hunted for by the dealers in aquaria.

"Indian Parrot."—Evelyn Donne (Chichester). (1) Your "Indian green parrot" is really a parakeet. Indiscriminate feeding on all sorts of substances is bad. They are chiefly seed and fruit eaters. Give hemp, canary, millet, and such seeds, also Indian corn and oats, with green food and occasional fruit; but, certainly, stop the bread and butter and cake, though a piece of dry biscuit now and then may be allowed. They should have no animal food *whatever*. (2) They should not be separated altogether, though until they have ceased to fight they may be kept in separate cages not far apart. Keep them out of doors as much as possible; they are quite hardy.

Barnacles.—B. Joy (Stratford). Your description and rough sketch agree with Hamer's barnacles (*Balanus hameri*). Although, as you say, it is often found coating the bottoms of ships, yet it is not the species known in books as the ship-barnacle (*Lepas anatifera*), which is of very different form and attached to a flexible "neck" four or five inches in length. Hamer's barnacle is more closely related to the little acorn-barnacle (*Balanus balanoides*), which encrusts all our seaside rocks between tide-marks, to the discomfort of the barefooted bather.

Furniture Beetles (?).—F. F. (W. Hampstead), from whose family I have already had communications in respect to the little beetles that destroy furniture, sends me a number of minute beetles which they fear are these pests; but I am glad to be able to set their minds at rest upon this point. The larger pale brown beetles are some species of *Cryptophagus*, and the smaller, darker ones, of which you sent me a sketch, are *Coninomus nodifer*. I have no doubt that these escaped from the packing materials when you moved, as they are to be found feeding among hay and among vegetable rubbish in general. They are generally present in cellars and lumber

rooms, but do no damage to ordinary furniture. You may be quite sure that these beetles never made the holes in your furniture.

Various Bird Matters.—I was asked in this "Corner" recently whether the skylark ever perched on rails, and replied that it was not within my experience. Mr. Clifford Moore, of North Finchley, who is rather an old boy, now writes to say that he has frequently seen it perch in hedges, and "in Derbyshire on the walls in the country, on gates, and flat-topped hedges, you may see it any day." I am pleased to receive this information, and to make Mr. Moore's observations known. Another old boy writes *apropos* of my remarks on the destructiveness and good works of sparrows. Mr. J. Marshall Sturge (Charlbury) claims to have been interested in birds for fifty years, and whilst acknowledging the good they do in destroying noxious insects, grudges them the beautiful butterflies they eat in the larval stage. Rooks, he thinks, are too plentiful, and sparrows should be reduced by one-half, as they drive away the martins, and in his own garden dispossess the tits of the nest-boxes he has put up for them. As Mr. Sturge says, the bird v. insect problem is a very complicated one, for though we like to hear the blackbird's song we do not appreciate the way in which he strips our currant-bushes and strawberry-beds of their fruit. We delight to see the butterfly flitting over the flowers, but to see our cabbages reduced to unsightly skeletons by their larvæ is another matter.—Gordon Neil (Haileybury) wishes to know of a magazine devoted to natural history in general, and birds in particular. *The Zoologist* (West, Newman and Co., 1s. monthly) is the magazine that most nearly meets this want. It takes cognisance of all the higher forms of animal life, but is chiefly concerned with birds and mammals. The "O. F." informs me that he has clubbed you, as requested.



THE PROCESSION OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—A PRETTY WHITSUNTIDE CUSTOM AT PRESTON, LANCs.

Sent by Clifford Turner, Preston.

THE CAMERA CORNER.

HOW TO HOLD A HAND CAMERA.

THE camera should be held perfectly level so that the plate or film is plumb. Then, with regard to the view-finder, to get the most correct idea of the picture reflected upon the sensitive plate, the finder should be regarded from directly above and not merely glanced at from the back of the camera. If this method were generally adopted we should hear a good deal less about the view on the plate not being in register with the finder. The camera should be held firmly in both hands, and pressed against the thigh. It is then possible to give as long an exposure as one second, and even longer, without any vibration. It is advisable to take a good breath and hold it during exposure. The shutter should be released firmly, care being taken not to move the camera. In many hand cameras the shutter is released by means of a pneumatic ball and tube. This renders vibration almost impossible. For exposures of any lengthy duration the use of a tripod is desirable. The telescopic variety are very portable, perfectly rigid, and may be obtained from five shillings upwards. When made in aluminium they cost a little more, but weigh less than half as much as the ordinary metal ones. All the movements of a hand camera should be thoroughly mastered before an exposure is made. Charge the sheaths with old negatives, and test the changing mechanism. There wouldn't be so many spoilt plates if beginners were patient enough to learn how to use their cameras before exposing plates.

WHAT TO PHOTOGRAPH.

The snapshotting of everything is a great mistake. Have some set scheme of work. Don't take your camera out every day for a week, and then discard it altogether. Choose one day in the week and photograph things handy. The local environment must suggest subjects. In a farming district, secure farmyard views, pictures of cattle, farm scenes, ploughing, sowing, harrowing, &c.; if near a river devote time to a series of scenes on its banks, backwaters, locks, craft, &c. In a town, street scenes, public buildings, and types of men and women in the market place, call for attention. At the seaside a multitude of subjects find expression in seascapes, shipping, fishing boats, fishermen, and old salts with their quaint dress and gear. There is work for the camera everywhere, but don't do so much that you tire of it. The question of lighting must be carefully studied, and the exposure varied accordingly. Twelve

exposures a week are not too few, and the development of the plates and subsequent processes will give ample work for spare time. Each process should be done carefully, and not hurriedly, and presentable pictures will be the result.

FIGURES IN LANDSCAPES.

Upon this subject a well-known and clever photographer—Rev. F. C. Lambert, M.A.—suggests the following considerations:—"Figures when properly introduced may be made to yield the suggestion of life and movement. By their costume, they may help to fix the time, locality, or point to some special feature of interest. By their action or position they will help to convey the sentiment of the scene, tell the story, explain the position. They will also materially assist by giving scale, and so help in forming the conceptions of space, distance and atmosphere. Lastly, they may help to balance a line or mass, to accentuate or hide a point, and to connect together the different parts of the picture." Those who desire to learn how to make landscape photography pictorial should read "Pictorial Effect in Photography" and "Picture-Making by Photography," both written by the late H. P. Robinson, and published at 2s. 6d. each.

MATT P. O. P.

Many photographers prefer to make their prints on a mat-surface paper. The new Barnet P.O.P. of this variety gives a print of great brilliancy, and is easy to work. The makers do not recommend the combined toning and fixing bath, but advise the following formula:—

No. 1 SOLUTION.	
Ammonium sulphocyanide ...	80 grs.
Water	80 ozs.
No. 2 SOLUTION.	
Gold chloride	15 grs.
Water	15 drams.
No. 3 SOLUTION.	
Sulphite of Soda	15 grs.
Water	15 drams.

(To be made up fresh every day.)

For use take 16 grs. No. 1, 2 drams No. 2, and 2 drams of No. 3. To secure a good and rich brown tone, about three minutes' immersion should suffice, the prints being continually turned. For colder tones the immersion must be longer and the toning carried further; the tone may be judged by looking on the surface of the print. All prints should be washed for five minutes after toning, and then placed in the fixing bath of the usual strength for about ten or even fifteen minutes, and well washed.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY FRED SWAINSON

AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD"
ETC. ETC.

THE PURPLE EMPEROR



IF you ask Dick Croome to show you his Purple Emperor he will take out a little cedar case, unhasp its clasp, and disclose within the gorgeous butterfly, an absolutely perfect specimen. Always considering that the Purple Emperor is of the rarest and loveliest, that collectors thrill when they even see one high up above the oaks, and sing praises when they capture one, you will ask Dick, naturally, where he got his. Dick, as he turns his back to put away his treasure into the locked cabinet, will say, "Oh! it was given me," but he will not tell you more. I will. This is the story of Dick Croome's Purple Emperor.

Croome was a youngster who rarely did things by halves. Just then his particular craze was eggs and egg-collecting, and there was a whole-heartedness about his devotion that commanded the respect—or derision—of his cronies. Jim Bruce, who shared his study, said many things. Dick recked nothing. He spent his half-holidays—cutting his cricket as finely as he dared—beating the hedges, quartering the fields, crouching up the half-dried ditches rank with heavy

grass, entering slyly and unobtrusively into quite private woods, brazenly into those where he might, keeping his eyes alow in the brushwood, and aloft in the tree tops, looking unconcerned and innocent when tall men with a ground-ash under their armpits, and a dog at heel, passed him by, and swarming up the rough boles with grim determination when he saw a suspicious darkness far up on the topmost forks. On roll-call Dick staggered in at the gate, his face purple from a two-mile rush, and his grey flannels green from the lichen of the firs, or with generous jagged rents, with hands torn and raw, but with a little harvest of warm eggs in his woolled collecting box, eggs from the faintest, delicate pink-white of the sand-martin to the strong fox-red of the windover. Then the delicious hours in the gloaming, drilling and blowing his clutches, labelling them, Latin-English, writing up his diary, and telling the unenthusiastic Bruce he was no wiser than he ought to be. Those were grand days, *Messieurs et Mesdames!*

Dick was a hardened trespasser. Those ground-ash men with the dogs would have given more than a little to know who it was who set the pheasants on the run in the coverts, and the partridge in the hedge side, but Dick was as sharp as he was daring, and had come out of many a tight corner with a normal skin. On this particular afternoon he had an easy task before him. Easy, but, if successful, what a jolly afternoon's work! Under one of the grey bridges that straddled the Rod, he had discovered a dipper's nest with three eggs. Now the water ousel is not very common in the south, and Dick had sung pæans of joy when he found that green ball of moss, as big as his own silk hat, snugly tucked away where a stone had fallen from the concave arch. The bridge might be

a quarter-mile from the road in old Captain Ingham's grounds, which were preserved more straightly and strictly than any within Dick's half-holiday range. But Dick had already got a fair average from Ingham's copses and coverts, and his little woods of larches and fir, and he despised the old soldier's guardians with the uncaught schoolboy poacher's deep contempt. He followed the Rod from where it came rushing out across the road, taking the cover of its hazel-fringed banks artistically, until he came to the bridge. Under the gloom of the arch he paused, scouted carefully before he went on, judged all safe, and then boldly went into the long, dark tunnel, the water up to his knees. He bargained that the three would have grown to half a dozen, and could already see the little white treasures carefully blown, carefully carmined to show the first, faint, lovely pink, and carefully shut up in his cabinet. When he got to the well-remembered place, without a doubt you could have knocked Dick down with a feather. There was some one else at the nest, and, "By the powers!" gasped Dick, "it's a girl." In the deep gloom Dick at first knew nothing of this, but when he waded somewhat out of midstream towards the low wall, and gave his gasp of astonishment, there was an answering hail of amazement and fright that was unmistakably feminine.

"What are you doing in here?" said the young lady, with a something in her tone which implied the right to ask.

"That's cool!" thought Dick, but he said blankly, "Same as you, I should fancy."

"The ousel's nest?"

"Rather."

"I can't quite reach it."

"Shall I try?" said Dick, eagerly, "there should be six by now."

"Shares!" said the voice.

"That's one each," said Dick.

"Yes."

Dick heard, and dimly saw, some one step away from the wall into the water, and he took the vacant place.

"There are seven."

"Only two," said the voice, authoritatively.

"I have them," said Dick, gently lifting out the eggs.

"Have you? How jolly! Come out this way. The water's not so strong."

"All right," said Dick, still in the gasping stage of astonishment. "I'll follow."

The boy and girl waded out, and she cut short an awkward situation by saying, "I'm Ethel Ingham."

Dick took off his cap, "My name's Croome, Dick Croome."

"Eliza's?" asked the girl.

"Yes," said Dick; and since there was no good hiding it, for he had his house cap on his head, he added, "of Conington's house."

"I've seen you before," said she, whilst Dick looked his astonishment. "Three or four times in the spinneys. Rackham hasn't, though. I think you must be lucky."

Dick thought he was lucky to run against the Captain's daughter instead of his keeper, and mumbled something to that effect.

"Well, I don't know," she said. "But give me my egg, please. I'm wet through."

Dick handed over the egg, and her little brown palm closed on it lovingly, and the shoulders rose with a shrug of joy. Something in the eagerness of the outstretched arm awoke an answer in Croome's heart.

"I say, you collect, don't you? I mean, you're keen about it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Got many?"

"Twenty-five. I know of dozens I can't get. I can't climb . . . much."

"No," said Dick, looking at the dripping figure before him. "Of course. But you're jolly plucky to go burrowing under the old bridge, anyhow. I suppose you keep 'em on a string . . . hole at each end?" Croome's tone suggested a little of the professional's contempt for the mere girl amateur.

"Two holes, of course," said Ethel, "but I deny the string."

"That's not the way. Get a blow-pipe and drill. You don't spoil your eggs then."

"Oh, thanks," said Ethel, vaguely. "I suppose you can climb, can't you?"

Dick blushed with wounded pride. "Oh, a bit," he said, shortly.

"I know of a sparrow hawk's."

"Jove!" said Dick, taking fire at once.

"I wish I did."

Ethel ran an inquiring eye over Dick, as though she pondered something very carefully. "Will you come here to-morrow, and I'll show you my eggs and the hawk's?" she said, at last.

"Rather!" said Dick, with a flash of delight. Then remembering, he said, "Awfully sorry. It's not a halfer."

"Next day, then, at two?"

"Won't I just!"

"Good-bye."

Croome raised his hat as the girl hurried off.

Next half-holiday Dick was there to the

minute, and Ethel was gravely awaiting him by the bridge, and, tucked lovingly under her arm, was a chocolate box. She explained to him her treasures, asked his opinion about doubtful beauties, and rather flattered him by adopting his verdicts on the spot. Dick operated professionally with drill and blowpipe on her dipper's egg, and broke the news to her gently that she had practically spoiled her collection by the two-hole process. "But, of course, you didn't know," he said, soothingly. Then she took him to the sparrow hawk's nest.

"Why, it's a crow's," said Dick, dejectedly, looking up.

"It was last year, but I've seen the hawks to-day," said the girl, confidently. "Of course, it is rather high."

The girl's accent sent Dick shinning up the tree in a moment, whilst the girl silently contemplated his upward progress. She stood a little way from under, and when Dick, at the top fork, seemed rather like a small football, her hand went to her heart with sheer envy and jealousy.

Oh! to climb like that! The girl was right, as Dick found when a little fierce brown hawk flashed past his face. Dick left the bird three, and, with a lovely-marked pair under his cap, reached ground. "You were quite right," he said, looking at the girl with repentant respect. "Which will you have?"

"That, thanks. You climb awfully well."

"Let's blow them now," said Dick.

Blowing took a long time, and when it was done Ethel said, slowly and quietly, "Shall we share like this for the season?"

"I'd jolly well like to," said Dick, with a sparkle of joy, thinking of more hawks.

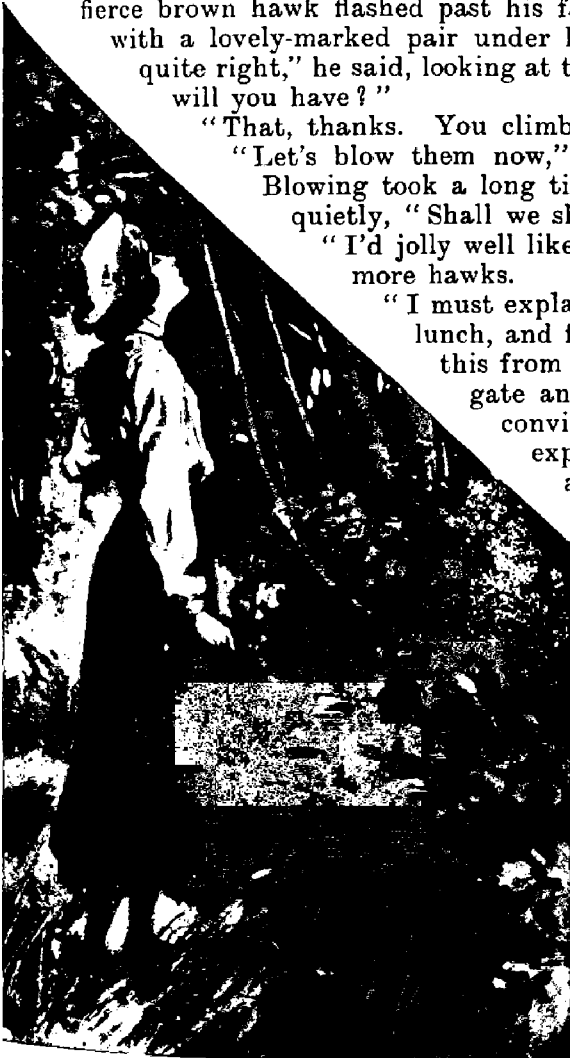
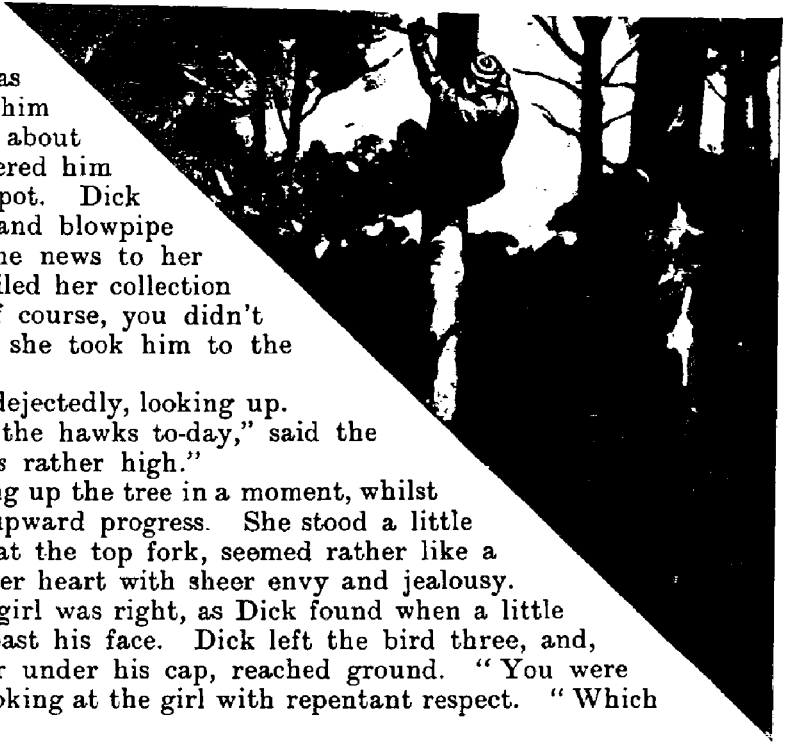
"I must explain, though, first. I work with my governess until lunch, and from then until tea I am generally free. I begged this from father, and he agreed, if I never passed the lodge gate and was ready for tea. It was an awful bother to convince him that I did not need Miss Smith, but I explained what a nuisance she was when I collected, and he laughed and gave in at last. I have no mother, you know. But Rackham doesn't like my going through the coverts, I am sure, and he'd make a bother at once if he had the chance. That shows he is a good keeper, of course," said Ethel, loyally.

"Yes," said Dick, without enthusiasm.

"If Rackham catches you, though, you will have to manage him yourself. He'd go direct to father, and then there'd be a full-stop put to my afternoons. I can't stand a promenade every day to St. Elizabeth's and back with Miss Smith, when the woods are green and the birds are singing. I simply couldn't do it. I do hope you understand just how it is. It sounds very selfish, doesn't it?"

"Not at all," said Dick, and, indeed, he understood perfectly just how the girl felt.

Then began for the pair a blissful partnership. Croome, before he met Ethel, had a polite scorn for all girls, but, after a second



THE GIRL SILENTLY CONTEMPLATED HIS UPWARD PROGRESS.



RACKHAM WAS FIFTY YARDS BEHIND WHEN DICK

day's outing, his contempt for them vanished for ever. Ethel had the book of the woods off by heart. There was barely a nest she did not know, and, consequently, with Dick's help, her collection did not suffer from her climbing handicap. She would take Dick to a tree and say, confidently, "Magpie. Finished last week," and Dick found it was so. She was always right. Each day the girl was ready with tales of roots in hedges looking suspiciously like bullfinches' house-keeping, of nightingales crying to the moon in ecstasies, of blackcaps singing madly, and black-headed buntings whisking among the reeds. Dick respected her more than ever when he found that she did not confuse blackcaps with black-headed buntings. One afternoon went in sawing a square piece out of a hollow tree to get at a pied-flycatcher's, who, Ethel thought, might have begun house-keeping too early for blowable eggs, but Dick managed beautifully the lovely blue eggs with his blowpipe. Whilst Ethel watched for Rackham, Dick fished out at the end of a spoon a couple of rough white eggs—a brown owl's, deep down a rotten elm. And then Dick, from information received, had an off-day from Ingham's, and spent it robbing a heronry, his finest season's performance, and ran five miles to bring Ethel her egg. Her smile at sight of the huge sky-blue treasure was reward enough for Dick for his run and perilous climb. Those were golden days.

But all good things come to an end sooner or later, and there came a day when, grown

holder from weeks of immunity, they went out hunting in Rackham's pet preserve... a nice, wind-sheltered copse which ran out from the little country lane. Ethel saw the tall, burly keeper first, and gave the alarm. Dick saw she was dead-white, and on the instant had his plan. "Cut, Ethel, back to the Big Wood."

The girl, despite her original warning, refused to budge.

"I'm not going to cut until you're out," said Dick, hurriedly. "I stay here, but I've a jolly good chance if you'll go. I mean it."

Ethel looked quietly at Dick; he seemed as cool as a cucumber, and she saw he meant what he said. She turned and flitted away as noiselessly as a little owl. Dick saw her leave the copse—he felt certain Rackham had not seen her—and then he ran for all he was worth to the lane hedge. The keeper lurched heavily after him. It was a grim race. Rackham might be fifty yards behind when Dick took the hedge at a flying leap. The take-off was vile, loose, soft soil, clogged with weed, and Dick caught his left foot as he rose. He fell over, neck and crop, into the deep-cut trench... a good ten foot drop for Dick. When he struck the ground he thought the very life had been knocked out of him, and he lay there doubled up, just as he had fallen. He heard, as in a haze, the rustling of the hedge above him, and the growls of Rackham, who was snarling to himself like an angry dog. That worthy man had expected to reach Dick as he boggled the hedge,



TOOK A FLYING LEAP.

but he never dreamt of Croome taking it in his stride, and when he got to the take-off and, peering over, saw only the empty, dusty lane below, and no sign of his quarry, he gave up the chase as too problematical.

It was fully five minutes before things began to slide into their proper places in Dick's head, but when they were more or less in working order there he discovered that his left ankle hurt him abominably, and that to scramble out of the weed-choked ditch was uncommonly difficult, and to walk painfully impossible. He tried hopping, and gave that up groaning, and then began to crawl on hands and knees. Two hundred yards from his desperate jump a band of Eliza fellows discovered him and shouldered the stricken naturalist home.

That evening Dick Croome was the sole inmate of St. Elizabeth's hospital, in a little white bed, a cage over his dislocated ankle. The doctor genially informed him that, with luck, a month would see him pottering gingerly over the familiar Eliza flags again. This was serious news for Dick, but what really bothered him was what would Ethel do. Bruce came in for ten minutes the next

day, and, after a few sympathetic moans, Croome staggered the easy-going, loyal Jim.

"Jim, you know old Ingham's place? Yes? Sneak up the Rod—there's gorgeous cover as far as the bridge—and you'll see a girl. She'll be expecting me, you know."

Jim whistled. "Crumbs, Dick, I didn't know."

"Oh, it's not the usual fuzzy-girl rot. Wait until you see her. Blue serge, scratched a bit, hair tied decently, not in a beastly straight-cut door mat, brown hands and face. Her name is Ethel; Ingham's girl. She's not bad-looking, either." Dick threw this last in casually, as though he were ashamed to notice it.

"Well?" said Jim, staring at his chum.

"Oh, just tell her that I've ricked my ankle. Make her understand it's a mere nothing, and that I'm beastly sorry about the collections. You might also offer to take my place."

"Not me," said Jim, decisively.

"She'll only want you to shin up a few trees, at most."

Jim winced. "Look here, Dick, I can't do all this footle. The cricket, you know, old man."

"Well, do as much as you can. The season's getting on, any way. I guess she'll want you to dig her out a sand martin's. You know the pit?"

Before tea Jim was back. "She's no end sorry about the ankle. Said so a dozen times, and looked rather sick, too, so she may have meant it. Yes, I went up a tree or two; beastly slow work, and there was nothing in the filthy nests, either. I say, old man, I'm not cut out for the collectin' line at all," Jim declared, piteously. "The girl looked bored, though she said I was very good, and so on."

"The sand-martin's?"

"She said she was going to dig one out with a spade. No, she didn't want me, thanks awf'ly, but if I could call occasionally she'd be glad to hear about the ankle."

A week later Jim came back with Ethel's kind regards, and that she was getting on jolly well with the eggs, but that the birds were slacking off fast, and that she was going to do some mothing and butterflying and "treacling." "If you know what she means by that, Dick; I suppose it's all right."

Dick's ankle was a very slow business, but in the last week of the summer term he walked gingerly over to Ingham's. He was hospital-white, but Ethel had colour enough for two. Dick admired everything immensely, the arrangements, the specimens, the rarer duplicates. Talk was strictly professional until Dick saw he would just have time to crawl back to school.

Then Ethel said, "Oh, I'm awfully sorry, Dick, but we're going away next week, abroad. After the holidays I'm to go to school in Dresden. It doesn't look as though we'd collect again, does it? I'm very sorry, for it was a jolly, jolly time."

"Rather," said Dick, forlornly.

"I've a little present for you, Dick—in *pianam memoriam*—of our happy time. I got it on my first treacle patch . . . the first I ever made, and I'm almost certain no one ever caught a Purple Emperor on a treacle patch before."

When Dick saw the glorious butterfly, perfect in its marking, without the faintest trace of battered wings or rubbed "plumage," he gasped in astonishment and delight, "But, Ethel, this is a gem. Men collect for years and never even see one. It's almost priceless."

"Not quite that, Dick. Watkins and Doncaster catalogue it at . . ."

"You keep your beauty, Ethel," interrupted Dick. "It's perfect."

"That's why I give it to you. Good-bye, Dick."

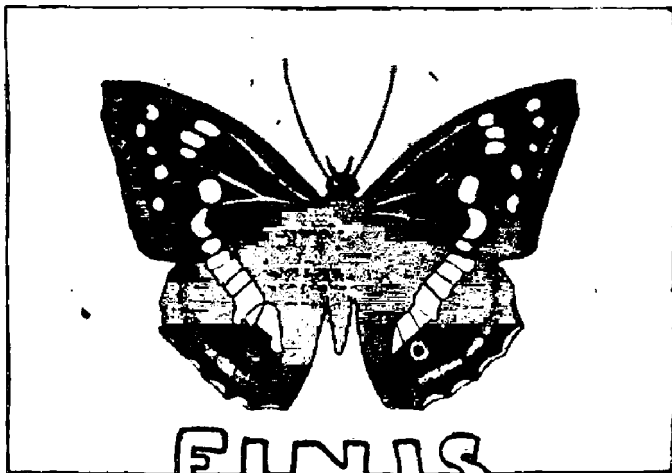
There was a long pause, and Ethel, with the point of her boot, moved the gravel with great intentness. At last she said, looking at Dick with the only trace of shyness she had ever shown, "Well, I suppose that's all, Dick?"

Dick held out his hand. "S'pose so. Good-bye, Ethel." Then, because Ethel was so near, and had such nice eyes, and flew such a pretty colour in her cheeks, and because he would never see her again, and because he very much wanted to, and, above and beyond all, because he was an idiot, Dick Croome kissed her. Ladies and gentlemen.

. . . . Dick's first non-party kiss.

"Now, good-bye, Dick," said Ethel. "I thought you might . . . I wanted you to . . . There! Good-bye, good-bye."

So now—can you wonder that Dick never explains much about his Purple Emperor?



FINIS

NEXT MONTH

"BARBEL."

COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

Last day for sending in, June 18th.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows :—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 18th.

The Results will be published in August.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"History in Rhyme."—Describe in rhyme—adopting the metre and style of the historic rhymes in the Editorial—the principal events of our present king's reign. Do not exceed *twenty lines*. Prizes: Classes I. and II., a "Boundarie" Cricket Bat, supplied by Frank Sugg; Class III., a City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" Cricket Bat.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 2.—"Captain Birthday Book."—The first competition of this nature (January) having proved very popular and produced surprisingly good results, we will now proceed to the next month. Take February (twenty-eight days), giving each day a separate space, and select as a motto for it a brief extract from a CAPTAIN Story (serial or other-

wise), from the Old Fag's Editorial, from Mr. C. B. Fry's articles, or any other article or essay, or from one of the pages which we have devoted to selections from poetical and prose writers on various subjects. Disperse your quotations in an artistic and agreeable way. Remember: *Every quotation must have appeared in "The Captain."* Prizes: Two John Piggott Tennis Rackets.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Eighteen.

No. 3.—"Drawing of a Gate."—Draw any sort of gate you please in pen, pencil or water-colours. Prizes: Three "Sandow" Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., one of Edward J. Page and Co's. "Specially Selected" Cricket Bats; Classes II. and III., a City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" Cricket Bat.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Description of a Place."—Every one of you must know at least one place very well, be it a hamlet of a hundred souls or a city of five hundred thousand population. Describe it in an essay not exceeding 400 words in length. Tell us of its situation, its chief industry, its beauties (or the contrary), and any peculiarities attaching to it. The size of the place will not affect the awarding of the prize; your description is the thing. A selection of the best essays will be printed in THE CAPTAIN. Prizes: Three Benetfink's No. 2 "Flash" Cameras.

Class I. ... Age limit: Twenty-five.

Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.

Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"A Competition for Fathers."—The mothers having had their turn, we now invite the fathers to tell us, under the heading of "When I Went to School," of their youthful experiences, bestowing special attention on what "school" was like then compared with what it is like now. Prize: Books to the value of Ten Shillings, to be chosen by the winner.

No age limit.



ON THE ROAD TO THE HORSE-FAIR.
From the painting by E. Chevalot. By permission, the Autotype Co.

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Mary Child, Fred Thompson, "Chris," P. S. French, A. E. Meeres, H. W. F. Long, "Tod," J. H. Butler, Walter C. R. Rose, G. Thorp, F. R. Bourne, "Puella," and E. M. Murray-Morgan. The contributions sent by the two last-named will be found in other parts of the magazine. Each prize-winner is requested to send his or her present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Valete.

THE photograph below, taken from the roof of THE CAPTAIN office, immediately opposite, shows all that was left in April last of the Lyceum Theatre, for so many years associated with the labours of the greatest tragedian of modern times—Henry Irving, who made his first appearance there in November, 1871, as Mathias in *The Bells*. In December 1878, Sir Henry was joined by Miss Ellen

Terry, who became his colleague in most of his successes. This historic theatre has been demolished to make place for a music hall.

C. G. P.

The Beauchamp Chapel, Warwick.



THE Beauchamp Chapel is in St. Mary's, Warwick, and was founded by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, about 1400. It was originally used as a mortuary chapel.

Richard Beauchamp was buried there, and his tomb, which is made of marble, is very magnificent. Placed in little niches all round the tomb are small gilt figures, each representing one of the Earl's relations; each is accompanied by a little gilt guardian angel.

In the wall of the chapel there is the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite. His effigy is supposed to be lifelike, and it certainly bears a resemblance to the face of Ambrose, "the good Earl of Warwick," whose tomb is just opposite that of his brother Robert.

Up near the altar there is an alabaster tomb, on which lies the figure of a little humpbacked boy. Underneath is the inscription,

"Here lieth the Noble Snipe, &c."

The "Noble Snipe" was the little deformed son of Robert, Earl of Leicester. He died when he was only nine, and his mother had him buried in the Beauchamp Chapel. Afterwards, to her grief, she discovered that he had been poisoned by his nurse.

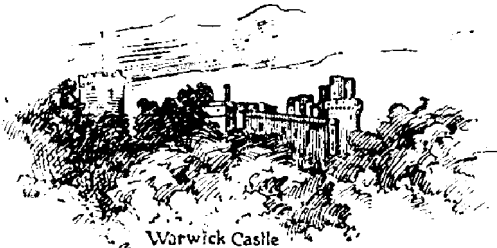


THE LAST OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.
Photo by F. C. Turner.

All round the chapel there are niches where gold figures originally stood. During the Civil War Cromwell's soldiers relieved the chapel of these gold images.

Leading out of the chapel there is a small room possessing a beautifully carved ceiling. Here in the olden days the priests used to pray for the repose of the soul of Richard Beauchamp, founder of the chapel.

In the wall there is a door opening on to some



Warwick Castle

old stone steps; these are so worn away by the footsteps of the priests that only with many stumblings can they be climbed.

They lead to a chamber so small that there is only room in it for three people. Through gratings in its wall you look on to the main body of the church, and a spyhole about the size of one's fist looks straight on to the altar.



SLEEPY SAM: "There's worse-looking men than you in the world, Bill."

BLEARY BILL: "Go on—really?"

SLEEPY SAM: "Not many, though."

Drawn by Fred Thompson.

The guide-books say that this little place was a confessional, but the guide-books are wrong, for the room was used by the priests as a place where they might sit and watch the service unseen, after they had finished their prayers for Richard Beauchamp.

In the little vestry adjoining the chapel there is a huge wooden mitre, 800 years old, which was formerly on the bishop's chair. MARY CHILD.

John Bunyan.

THE author of the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and died in London of fever at the age of sixty years. He was the son of a travelling tinker, and for some years he followed his father's trade. For a short time he was in the Parliamentary Army. His marriage, which took place when he was only eighteen, brought about his religious awakening, and he used to preach in the barn shown in the accompanying photograph. Becoming a member



THE BARN IN WHICH JOHN BUNYAN PREACHED.
Photo by D. Graham-Crafts.

of the Baptist congregation in 1655, he eventually became its pastor. Five years later he was convicted under the Act against the Conventicles, and was put into Bedford gaol, where he was kept for a little over eleven years, being released, through the interposition of Bishop Barlow of Lincoln, in 1672. He again resumed his pastorate of the Bedford congregation, which position he occupied until his death. It is to his incarceration in Bedford gaol, however, that the world owes that wonderful work, "The Pilgrim's



JOHN BUNYAN'S HOUSE.
Photo by D. Graham-Crafts.



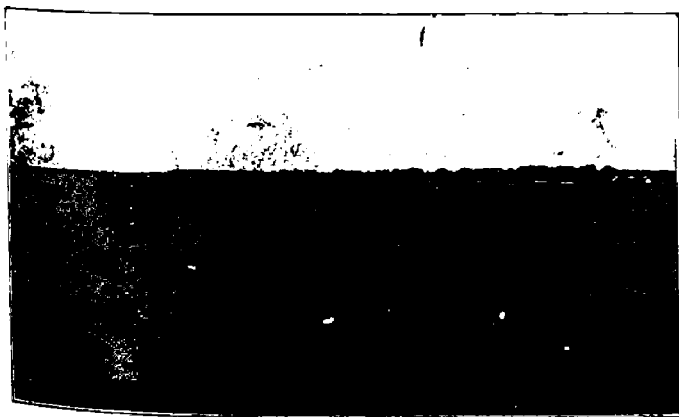
GETTING UP TIME.
From the idea sent by A. E. Meeres.

Progress," a book of which Macaulay has written: "There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language—no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed." The last lineal descendant of John Bunyan, Robert Bunyan, died at Lincoln in 1855.

CHRIS.

**My Favourite Character in Fiction:
"Sherlock Holmes."**

ALTHOUGH, unfortunately, I have only read a few of Sir A. Conan Doyle's books, yet I have read enough to convince me that never in any book have I come across such a person as Sherlock Holmes.



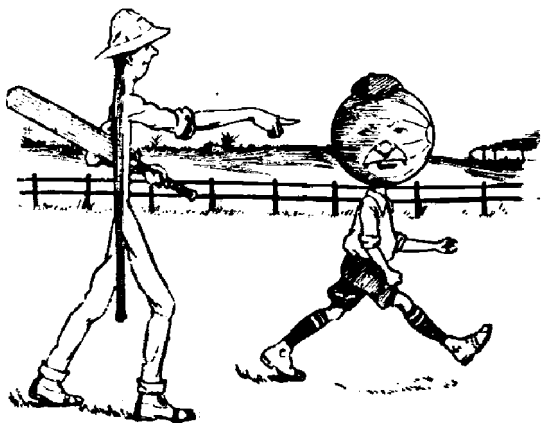
HOW THE POOR IN THE EASTERN ROUMANIAN STATES EARN
THEIR LIVING.

They are often on these rafts for months at a time, sleeping on board even while the temperature is below freezing point.

Sent by P. S. French.

Indeed, I always think of him as *real*, not fictitious. This is the man who did not even grudge his own life in order to rid the world of that arch-villain, Moriarty.

His great characteristic is, of course, his extraordinary faculty of perception, and this he used for the benefit of his country. This unusually active mind was supplemented by a wonderful will-power, by which he could easily detach his mind from anything at once. In the Baskerville tragedy, for instance, while on the direct scent of a very important clue, instead of worrying about it he took his friend into a picture-gallery and talked of nothing but art for the whole afternoon! Being a man of rest-



"GO!"
From the idea sent by A. E. Meeres.

less temperament, ordinary life was to him unbearable—hence his only vice, the occasional use of cocaine. So monotonous did he sometimes find it that on one occasion he amused himself by adorning the wall of his room with a patriotic "V.R.," done in bullet-holes! One great trait in his character was his scrupulous personal cleanliness, but his room was ordered otherwise—he kept his tobacco in the toe of a slipper, his cigars in the coal-scuttle, and pinned his letters to the mantelpiece with a jack-knife! Although so thoroughly serious when engaged in his wonderful work, he was not without humour, and was the first to admire the ingenuity of any person who was clever enough to outwit him. His inflexible will commanded the respect of every one, and the police officials with whom he came in contact were those who revered him most. But he was kind and sympathetic, and what a friend he must have been! He and Dr. Watson were inseparables, and their love for one another is shown throughout his whole career. I am sure that every one will

agree with me that Sherlock Holmes is one of the noblest men who have ever lived in fiction—a "manly" man was he in every sense of the word.
H. W. F. LONG.

A Curious Old Church.

GREENSTED Church is a quaint and very interesting building, situated about a mile from Ongar. It was built in

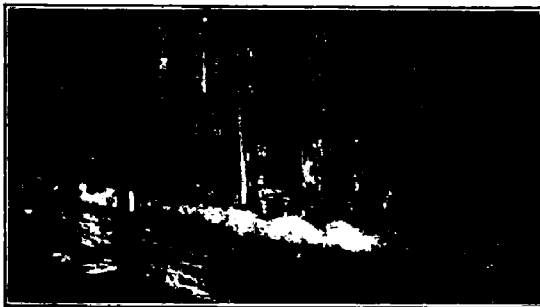


GREENSTED CHURCH.

Photo by J. H. Butler.

861 A.D., in the reign of King Ethelbert, and is dedicated to his son Edmund, the Martyr King, whose body more than one hundred years after his death rested here for a night on its way from London to Bury St. Edmunds.

In the Abbey of St. Edmund there is a manuscript which records that "his body was likewise entertained at Aungre (Ongar), where a wooden chapel erected to his memory remains to this day."



THIS PHOTO SHOWS A PORTION OF THE
BOTTOM OF THE WALL.

As a building, this church is a curiosity; its walls consist of solid trunks of oak trees, tied with wooden tongues to make the walls watertight.

Outside, the trees have been left rough, and although exposed to the weather for a thousand years, are uninjured, save for ridges and deep grooves.

In 1848 the lower part of this wonderful wall was found to be in a state of decay, and was then replaced by a low brick wall.

There is a very interesting tradition in connection with this alteration. When the rotten timber had been cut away, to make room for the brick wall, an old oak tree near Eye, in Suffolk—which is supposed to be the scene of King Edmund's death—fell, and in it was found an arrow head; the annual rings showed that over a thousand years had gone by since it had struck the tree.

The interior wall of the church has been given a plane surface by means of the adze, the marks of which may be plainly seen.

Yet another interesting point. On the north side of the church there is a three-cornered hole in the wall, now blocked up, which was known as the lepers' hole, through which, hundreds of years ago, lepers, of whom there were several in the district, were allowed to look and to listen when Divine service was held. It is one of the oldest churches still used for public worship in England, and is a pleasant cycle run from London. "Tod."

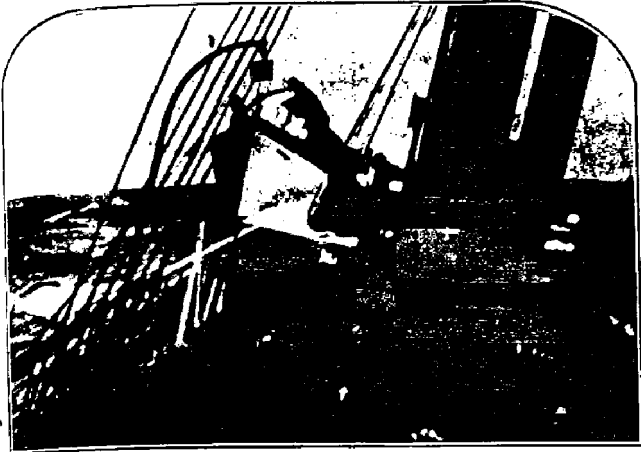
A Narrow Gauge Railway.



NE of the smallest railways in the United Kingdom is to be found in Derbyshire. Its gauge is fifteen inches, and the total length, exclusive of "branch" lines to workshops and sidings, is half-a-mile, and it is laid in the form of the figure 8. There are two signal-boxes, six stations, three sheds and workshops, with various points, junctions, &c. The rolling stock consists of two engines, four open and one closed bogie carriages, a dining-car to seat eight persons, with kitchen complete, a sleeping-car with four berths, a guard's and luggage van, and a score of trucks and waggons. All of these have been made in the adjacent workshops, which include machine erecting, carriage-building, painting, and joinery shops, all the machinery being driven by a gas-engine. One of the locomotives, which are painted green, has eight, and the other six, wheels, all of which are coupled on account of the steep gradient—1 in 10—which occurs in the track, and both are so pivoted that they can take very sharp curves. Two more six-coupled flexible wheel-base locomotives and a bogie passenger carriage were nearing completion when I was there some months ago. The operation of casting is performed in the foundry once a week.

This railway, so far from being a toy, is put to no little service by its owners, but it is quite a private concern, although only slightly smaller than the Festiniog Railway in North Wales.

"ENGLISH GIRL."

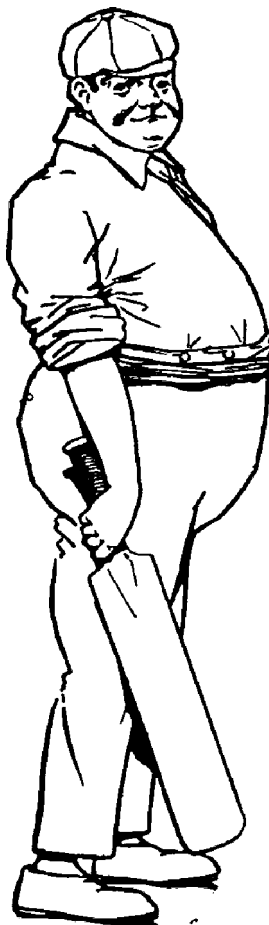


THE S.S. "ORCHIS" ROLLING IN A HEAVY SEA IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Photo by P. S. French.

How English is Taught in France.

THE description of the mode of teaching modern languages in Belgium, given "par Un Petit Belge," is no doubt exact; but it must not be thought for a moment that this applies as well to the great French-speaking country of which Belgium is only an independent branch. Modern languages—more especially German and English—are taught in France as if they were but dead tongues; it would be as impossible for a *Lycée* boy who has ended his school studies to converse coherently in English as for a fifth form English schoolboy to converse in Greek. Your correspondent may run down the English method of teaching languages, but it is in every respect far superior to that in vogue in France. In most good English schools, are not German and French masters provided, who are natives of the country whose language they are engaged to teach? It is not so in France. To qualify for any kind of mastership in a French *Lycée* the applicant must, *by law*, be French. What "Froggie" can possibly know our lingo sufficiently well to be capable of instructing others in it, up to such a point that they become able to converse fluently? Surely none! I might quote many instances of French teaching, but one in particular strikes me as typical. A year ago a friend of mine—a French boy attending a big *Lycée* here as a day-boarder—had got very behindhand with his home



"LAST MAN IN."

By G. Thorp

prep., and asked me to write his English essay for him. I carefully wrote an essay on the given subject, and the next day, when he presented it to his master, he was told that every sentence contained several grammatical mistakes. It seems ludicrous that a composition written by an Englishman, as I am, should be found fault with grammatically by a "Froggie" master who had never been out of La Belle France. "Un Petit Belge" might possibly inquire about the methods of teaching employed by his closest neighbours before he slangs the methods of English schools. I have lived in France now for fifteen years—ever since I was four—so I am quite acquainted with French methods.

WALTER C. R. ROSE.

The Origins of Words.

THE word "saunterer" has an interesting history. At the time of the Crusades, French was largely spoken in England, and men returning from the Crusades said that they had been to "la sainte terre"—

"the Holy Land." They were therefore called "saunterers," which became saunterers. There were, however, many impostors who, in order to obtain money, said they had been to "la sainte terre." On this account "saunterer" came to mean "idler," and thus we get the present meaning of the verb "to saunter."

Again, how many know why a *tabby-cat* is so called? The markings on a cat are somewhat similar to the wavy markings on watered silk. Now, this silk used to be made in the "Atab" Street at Bagdad, and thus the cat gets its name.

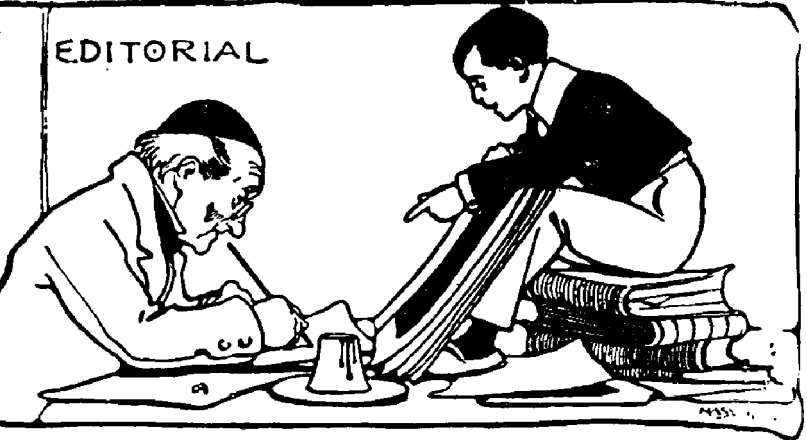
"Dunces" or "Dunsmen" were originally the followers of the great scholar Duns Scotus. The name received its derisive meaning through their opponents, the "Thomists," the followers of Thomas Aquinas. "Money" was originally the name given to the coins offered at the temple of "Juno Moneta."

There is a mountain in Switzerland called *Mt. Pilatus*—I believe on account of the clouds which cover its summit. This name gave rise to a legend that Pontius Pilate, overcome with remorse, wandered here and committed suicide by throwing himself into the lake.

F. R. BOURNE.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Rhyming aids to memory have always been popular. I have lately been reading with no little amusement a work in which the dates of historical events are quaintly and ingeniously interwoven with a relation of the facts themselves. The book in question is *Bartle's English History*, published in the early seventies by the firm of Longmans, Green, Reader, and Dyer.

Starting with the coming of Cæsar (diary in pocket) in B.C. 55, the poet quickly dismisses the Roman Period and passes on to the Saxons.

Cerdic and Cynic next arrive,
With Saxon troops, four nine and five;
King Arthur died, five four and two,
He gallant knights around him drew.

You will see as we go on how deftly the author fits his dates in. For instance:

Then Edgar, who made Britain great,
Ascends the throne in nine five eight.
This seat by Edward next was filled,
He, nine seven nine, was basely killed.

The Danish period is honoured with but six lines, and the "Saxon Line Restored" with but four. Follows the Conqueror, whose deeds do not seem to have inspired the bard, for he hastens on to inform us that

In ten and eighty-seven, his son,
Will Rufus, then to rule begun.

In "one, one hundred" the intellectual Henry ascends the throne.

In one and one and nought and six,
To pay off Robert's evil tricks,

Henry, as you will remember, overran Normandy, and eventually shut Robert up in Cardiff castle. Progressing on to the Plantagenet period, Henry the Second is

introduced and the tragedy of Becket related. Richard succeeds Henry:

His reign of glory 'gan to shine,
In one and one and eighty-nine.
In one and one and ninety-one,
He gained the fight at Ascalon—

himself performing prodigies of valour. John signs the Great Charter, and

In twelve sixteen was pow'r conferred
On gentle-minded Henry Third.

Edward follows Edward, and in the reign of the third of our present sovereign's name we are told with moving simplicity of the blood that flowed at "Hal'don Hill":

'Twas said that forty thousand men
Were altogether slaughtered then.

The fortunes of the Houses of Lancaster and York are described, and a plea is urged on behalf of "crook'd Richard":

Tho' Richard has been oft defamed,
And by historians greatly blamed,
His laws, tho' few, were just and sage,
And shewed a mind before his age.

Henry the Seventh's claims to rule are put very neatly:

He claimed the Crown, first, by descent;
Next, by a conqueror's argument;
The third, that marriage would foreclose
The wranglings of each rival Rose.

The pretenders who worried Henry receive due attention, Master Warbeck's fate being summed up with a dramatic brevity that is in the bard's best manner:

Next Perkin Warbeck went to Cork,
And styled himself the Duke of York;
In fourteen nine and nine was he
As traitor hung on Tyburn tree.

The historic poet has not much to say of Henry VIII., but he could not ignore that monarch's many experiments in matrimony:

Six times was burly Henry wed.
And wretched lives his consorts led.

A little further on, though circumscribed in metre, he vividly recalls to our minds one of the most pathetic incidents in English history :

In fifteen fifty-four, we find
Jane Grey, the lovely, good, and kind,
Led forth to die on Tower Hill,
With Dudley, whom she loved so well.

And for whom, of course, she died, for it was Dudley's ambition which brought his innocent bride of sixteen to the scaffold.

Succeeding next, at Mary's death,
We find the great Elizabeth.
Her reign commenced—noteworthy date—
In one and five and fifty-eight.

Mr. Fred Swainson, in his fine stories of public school life, has taken liberties with the name of good Queen Bess, but we had never seen Elizabeth's name deprived of its last syllable in a school history book before we happened on the following :

In that great age are some dark spots :
As when died Mary Queen of Scots ;
Upon the scaffold she was driven
In one and five and eighty-seven.
Her hapless fate must ever stain
The glory of Eliza's reign.

Monarchs who were very big in their own estimation come under the flail of our historian :

Next Scottish James, that learned fool,
Sixteen nought three, commenced to rule.

However great his contempt, our bard, as you see, attends strictly to business and never forgets the date. Referring to the Gunpowder Plot, he tells us that the whole Christian world stood aghast at the vastness of its design :

Its object demons might contrive,
Its date was one six nought and five.

To the ill-fated Charles I. more than a page of verse is devoted, and following him

In one and six and five and three,
We Cromwell now in power see.

But in "one and six and six and nought" King Charles II. succeeds to the throne; the Plague and Fire are referred to, and then the "Second James" rules for a brief spell. Arrives William of Orange, during whose reign Derry is besieged by James and Louis, and eventually relieved by General Kirk. Compared with the diet enjoyed by the beleaguered Derryites, the rations served out at Mafeking appear epicurean :

So stoutly were the walls maintained,
That at the last no food remained,
Were horses eaten, dogs, and cats,
Small birds and mice, and even rats.

It would seem that at the Battle of the Boyne the prince from Orange displayed more valour (or less discretion) than the king whose place he had been invited to fill. As witness our bard :

There William in each charge was found,
While James looked on from rising ground.

After a reign of thirteen years, William is thrown from his horse and sustains injuries which result in his death, "one seven nought two." Queen Anne succeeds, and upon her decease Britain comes under the sway of the House of Hanover. In George the Second's reign was fought the battle of Dettingen :

This fight was last on foreign land,
Where th' English monarch took command.

Next we hear of the eventful year, '45, and after that of Clive, to whom we owe India. Wolfe dies at Quebec, and so the tide of history rolls on; at Trafalgar the brilliant Nelson falls, "England's noblest Tar" (according to our bard); and "bright laurels" bestrew the name of Wellesley. Now more flail :

Next cometh he of little worth,
The Sybarite gross, King George the Fourth.

The humble "bobby" is introduced in a couplet whereof we question the strict truth of the rhyme :

To order keep, and hinder vice,
Then Peel enrolled the New Police.

The italics are our own. William the Fourth ascends the throne, and, after a brief spell of power, gives place to Queen Victoria. In "one and eight and four and nought" the Syrian War is brought to a close. But other troubles arise in the East, for

In that same year, on various pleas,
We war declare against Chinese.

After that we fight the Afghans, and subdue "the noble Sikhs" as well as the Kaffirs. Then we blunder about in the Crimea, and hardly is that campaign over than we have to tackle a mutiny in India. That uprising successfully quelled, clouds again arise in the East :

The year one eight and sixty sees
War waged once more against Chinese.

We then invade Abyssinia and find its King amongst the slain at Magdala. Irish Fenians cause some commotion, and the poetic record ends in 1869 with a change "i' th' Irish Church."

A Rhyming Competition.—So there, my boys, you have the history of

England in a ten minutes' scamper. The O.F. turned historian! Well, now, by way of improving the occasion, let us have a competition. Let us deal with "Edward Seventh," as our bard would have called him, and describe the chief events of our present Monarch's reign in simple rhymes. Limit yourselves to *twenty lines*, metre as above, and pray write only on one side of the paper. For further particulars see "Competitions for June." And remember, please, that

Your comps. must reach this office door,
By June 18, one nine nought four.

"The Most Miserable Day I Ever Spent."

I was travelling on a hot, muggy day from a seaport town in Queensland, Australia, to a dairy farm some hundred miles distant, whither I had been invited to spend my summer holidays. After a twenty-mile run in the train I had an hour's wait, and then continued my journey for another fifty miles at a painfully slow rate. Then I had a four hours' wait at a small bush station, tormented the while by mosquitoes and flies. No refreshment to be had anywhere, and only a rough wooden bench to rest upon. I tried to snatch a few minutes' sleep, but was made the victim of a practical joke, somebody throwing a bucket of water over me. At last the train crawled into the station, and I was slowly conveyed over the remaining fifteen miles of my train journey. But the worst had yet to come. The last sixteen miles of country had to be done in an antiquated old coach drawn by four bony though muscular horses. Being the only passenger, I sat beside the driver. Inside the coach were milk-cans. As we got on to the bush roads the coach heaved and rocked to an alarming extent, causing the milk-cans to rattle with a deafening din. Many times I thought we should capsize, but the driver was an expert whip. It was marvellous how he steered within a hair's breadth of huge trees, and dashed at break-neck speed down the gullies. I was considerably shaken up and very thankful when I arrived at my destination. Although I longed for home sweet home, I was not at all anxious to start on the return journey.

H. J. S.

"A Christmas Disappointment." Happily—the days of my life that can be characterised as completely

miserable are so few that to recall the "palm-bearer" in this respect is not difficult.

It was Christmas Day, when I was about six, and it happened thus. On Christmas Eve my brother (a year my junior) and I had been put to bed by our nurse, and, according to the good old custom, our little stockings hung at the end of the bed; for at that tender age neither of us had experienced the disillusionment that Time must bring in regard to these cherished make-believes of childhood.

Billy was soon fast in the arms of Morpheus, but I lay wide awake. There was a crescent moon, which hung like a pale-gold lamp in the sky, and the familiar objects of our room were here thrown into sharp relief, there plunged in deepest shadow. Silhouetted clearly against the window were the four little stockings, hanging, as it seemed, limp and expectant. This must have suggested the train of thought which ultimately so disastrously for me. I began to think how ridiculously small they looked. Santa Claus could never get anything worth the having in so small a receptacle.

Visions of rocking-horses, and other mammoths of toy-land, floated tantalisingly before me, and then, like a flash, came the guilty inspiration.

As stealthily as a thief who fears detection. I crept from sleeping Billy's side, and stood upon the ground. Trembling as much from fear as cold, I stole to the bed-end, removed my stockings, and substituted the most capacious garment I could find—my knickers.

I lay awake a long time in the hope of catching a glimpse of the genial old Saint, but outraged nature would have no more, and I, too, fell asleep.

On the morrow we awoke, eager and bright, to inspect our gifts. Lamentation! Billy's stockings were not only crammed with a variety of good things, but a heap of toys were piled about his pillow, whilst I had—nothing! A card was pinned on my knickers bearing this legend:—

"Santa Claus never gives gifts to greedy little boys."

That Christmas Day was absolutely the most miserable day I have yet known, but I have lived to bless its bitterness many and many a time.

H. P.

"Mal de Mer." The most miserable day I ever spent was on board ship. We were two days out from New York, and were

experiencing (so I was told) a mild hurricane. For certain reasons I remained in my state room. At eight o'clock the first horn was blown—a sort of call-bell. I got out of my berth to get dressed, but soon got back into it again. I thought I would stay in bed till about eleven o'clock, and then get ready for luncheon. But the sea got rougher, and the wind blew fearfully. I got up to shut my port hole, which was open. Directly I did so I was hopelessly sick. At one o'clock the smell of luncheon absolutely did me. I was fearfully ill. At about two I had the good luck to go to sleep. I slept till about three. After that I was a bit better; not much, though. If I shut my eyes I felt as if I was squinting horribly; if I kept them open I was ill immediately. And, to make matters worse, I was asked by the steward (who had a plate in his hand) if I would have some coffee. I was then violently ill. The cabin I was in being on the promenade deck, I could plainly hear the splashing of the waves as they washed over the deck, and also the laughing and merrymaking of the lucky people who were not ill. This, of course, helped matters awfully. That was the most miserable day I ever spent.

J. A. M.

"Instinct or Common Sense?"

The following letter strikes me as being an able criticism of the paper referred to. I may add that in my own opinion animals act *entirely* by instinct.

DEAR OLD FAG,

Is not Mr. Dacre rather too dogmatic in his essay under the above heading, in your March number? He concludes by asserting—"There is no such thing as instinct amongst animals, what we call by that name being *pure common sense*."

It is undoubtedly wrong to say that animals do everything by instinct, but it is just as wrong to go to the other extreme, and say that there is no such thing as instinct. The more probable explanation is that both animals and ourselves act sometimes by instinct, and sometimes by reason. For instance, Mr. Dacre takes the case of bees, which, as he says, gather honey, bring it to the hive, and seal it up in wax. But this is not all. It has been proved mathematically that the waxen cells in which the honey is stored are of just that shape which is most economical of wax. Not only is the six-sided cell the one which gives most storage room for honey with least outlay in wax, but the bottom of the cell is made with its three surfaces at just the angle which gives most strength and space with least wax. Now is it reasonable to say that the bee has a sufficiently mathematical brain to calculate this, seeing that the calculation is a difficult one, even for an expert mathematician? It is far more likely that the bee makes the cell of

this form because it is impelled to do so by an in-born impulse, without thought of the quantity of wax which it is using.

Again, is it reason which urges a butterfly to lay its eggs on just the one plant, of all the hundreds around, which is the only suitable food for the caterpillars which will hatch out from those eggs? Does the butterfly remember the details of the plant on which it fed as a caterpillar, with such exactness that it is able to recognise that food plant with certainty as it flies over it? And, even supposing it consciously remembers it, how is it to know that this kind of plant, and this only, is the one on which it must lay its eggs? It is evident that reason cannot come into play here, and the only other supposition which is possible is that it is instinct.

But if Mr. Dacre wants proof of the existence of instinct, he has no need to go to the lower animals for it. It is present in himself. If any one stumbles or falls over anything, he will invariably put out his hands to save himself. Does one stop to think, "Now I am falling, and there is a chance that I may hurt myself, therefore I will put out my hands to save my face"? Of course not; there is no time to do so. One puts out one's hands, as we say, *instinctively*, that is, *by instinct*, not by reason.

Many more instances might be given, but I think I have said enough to prove that if there is "Common Sense" among animals, there is instinct as well, and that to say "*Everything* in the animal kingdom is done with reason, just as we do things," is wrong, since neither animals nor ourselves are governed purely by reason; there is a spice of instinct in both of us.

Yours faithfully,

A. H. BRETT.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Murray Dick, writing from Lausanne, tells me that towards the end of March the British Consul at that place received a letter written on official Government paper to the effect that on a certain date the Duke of Connaught would pay a visit to Lausanne on his way to Montreux. On the appointed day the Consul, the clergy of the English and Scotch churches, the Mayor and other dignitaries, as well as three-quarters of the British residents, with two specially decorated carriages, assembled at the railway station. The train arrived, the Consul, the clergy, the Mayor and everybody else removed their hats, and there were a few moments of expectant and breathless silence. Out of the train streamed the usual throng of tourists and commercial travellers. "Where is the Duke?" was heard on all sides. "What Duke?" "Why, the Duke of Connaught, of course! We are expecting him." The English tourists raised a great laugh. "The Duke of Connaught is in Dublin." And then the Consul and the Mayor and all the other dignitaries remembered that it was the 1st of April.

H. J. S. sends me an amusing extract from an essay by one of his school-fellows. The subject was "The Burial of the Duke of Wellington," and the boy in question wrote: "He was conveyed to the Abbey on a cart made out of all the obstacles he had overcome."

Greyhound.—If you want to know about your cavy you must write to Mr. Step direct and give full

particulars as to its condition before it died. You will improve your "fist" by using lined paper and writing your letters out twice.

F. J. Ahrens.—I cannot accede to your request, as I fail to see why people who are perfect strangers should exchange picture-cards.

B. E. P., commenting on the length of time he has been a Captainite, tells a tale of virtue rewarded. One day in March, 1899, his sister asked him to do some little job for her. "At first I refused, but after a little persuasion I went away and did it—as a boy of fifteen does a thing when he doesn't want to. After I had completed my task I took it to my sister, who then said that as a reward for my work she had bought for me a copy of a new magazine that had just come out, and handed me No. I. of *THE CAPTAIN*. That is the way I got my first copy, and I always look back on that little bit of work I did for my sister as a most fortunate bit of work for me."—This is interesting and instructive and conveys a wholesome moral. A good many people have told me how they came to read "the little CAP." One gentleman found some old copies of it in a house he was moving into, started reading them in an idle way, and—took it in ever after!

"Jacobite" writes: "May I be permitted, with all due respect to Miss Mary Child, to point out that the loch, called Loch Thiel, in her poem on page 77 of the April *CAPTAIN*, is in reality Loch Shiel, and also that Prince Charles Edward, while he waited for the rising, never himself lost heart, although the young laird of Kinloch Moidart was the only one of his followers who hoped with him, the rest all trying to dissuade him from what they considered a foolhardy attempt."

Tall Readers.—I am often struck by the tallness of the modern girl. I have a girl-correspondent at Brighton who is 5ft. 11in., and here is "The Abbess," another girl-reader, who is fifteen years of age and 5ft. 9½in. Her eldest brother is 6ft. 4in., and she has three other brothers over 6ft. I wonder how many other *CAPTAIN* families run to inches in this way. Some years ago I enquired in these columns for the "tallest schoolboy," and was told by a Marlburian that a "fellow who had just left Marlborough" was 6ft. 8½in.!

The Volunteer Annual (1904).—A most useful book, to which I would refer all my London readers who are desirous of joining our Citizen Army. It contains full particulars concerning every Metropolitan corps, and is published by A. and C. Black, price 1s. net.

A. W. B.—An inventor's best course is to first provisionally patent his invention. The stamp for this costs £1, and protects it for nine months, during which period he would be able to exploit it and see whether it would be worth putting money into. If the idea is likely to be workable and remunerative, he then takes out a full patent, which lasts fourteen years and costs another £2. Of course, if a man is not able to make out his own specification, it would be necessary to employ the services of a patent agent, whose fees vary from £10 to anything, according to the size of the patent. Patent agents advertise in such papers as *Patents* and *Invention*, and will send their handbook gratis upon application. A copy of the Patent Act, which costs about a shilling, would be useful to you, and a perusal of the *Patent Office Journal*, which can be seen at any public library, would give you an idea of what a "specification" is like.

The Kodak Catalogue for 1904 is a handy book to have on the shelf, as in addition to the Kodak manufactures it includes everything by all the well-known makers that is necessary or useful to the photographer.

"Scottie" writes:—"I have just read your answer to a few Scotch readers regarding your writing of 'England' when you mean the 'United Kingdom.' The next thing I notice is that 'E. S.' whilst advising the lonely boy to join the volunteers says: 'In so doing he will not only make friends galore, but he will also be improving his own physique, and discharging a duty which every man, and especially every Englishman, owes to his country.' There you are again! You English people seem to think that everything is 'English,' when it may be as much Scotch as can be. Of course, you have promised to rectify this fault in future, and so if 'E. S.' and all other English readers will do the same, we Scotties will cease to torment you on this subject."—Thank you, friend Scottie! "E. S." and others, please make a note of this.

"Vegetarianism."—"Jack L." writes:—"In his letter to you Mr. Bertram Theobald takes up the various arguments of your anti-veg. correspondents, and, apparently, proves them false. I say apparently, because he triumphantly states that there are fewer insane among vegetarians than beef-eaters. That may be true, but then there are infinitely more beef-eaters than vegetarians. One supporter of vegetarianism claims that many athletes (very vague) do not eat flesh; but against that, take those who do—Sandow, C. B. Fry, Nansen, and many others too numerous to mention. Especially in very cold climates meat is absolutely necessary to life. The opinions of our explorers fully bear this out. I myself look upon this doctrine as a fad to be tolerated but not imitated, and I fail to understand the man or woman who would hesitate in choosing between a good chop and potatoes and a few nuts and cabbages. I wonder often if 'veges' envy us our meat that they so persistently try to reform us. As yet Vegetarianism has given us no very famous man; when it has done so we may begin to think there is something in it. At present its best use seems to be bringing out the argumentative abilities of the readers of *THE CAPTAIN*."—This is a bold, bluff opinion, unbacked by any scientific reasoning, and not unamusing. To bracket up Nansen as an athlete with C. B. Fry and Sandow struck me as "smileful." However, I daresay Nansen can jump and lift weights as well as explore icy regions.

Albert Henry.—Let all competitors (including yourself, Albert H.), take note that a winner need not accept the prize we announce if he would prefer something else of equal value.

Anglo-Argentine kindly sends me a cutting from the *Buenos Aires Standard* from which I gather that football is very popular in the Argentine Republic, which possesses a League containing forty clubs, that play three hundred matches annually. Commenting on the final Cup Tie, a contributor to a paper writes:—"The crowd—what a crowd! I never saw so well-dressed a crowd at a final. Contrast an English final crowd, composed largely of colliers and mechanics, who make their annual outing to see the 'Coop' won and lost. There could not have been less than 800 ladies present, many, especially the Argentine ladies, beautiful in the extreme in figure and dress. I lost lots of the play and part of my heart in admiration of them. And

yet with all this wealth of beauty and comfort, it was a football match pure and simple."

Student.—You should be able to manage at Oxford on £150 a year. Your tutor should know whether you will be ready by October year. We don't club a *nom-de-plume*. You must send your real name and full address.

S. C. Williams wants to know whether the Office Dog is a bull-dog or a bull-terrier. Our Hound of the W.P.B.V., dear sir, is a bull-dog, and a bull-dog of a particularly ferocious character. S.C.W.'s pater, who lives at Hong Kong, keeps a bull-terrier. This mischievous animal has a go for everything mostly, and one day was called off in the act of trying to worry a Chinaman's pigtail!

"Flying-fish."—An apprentice on board ship works in a "watch," having four hours on and four hours off alternately. He will clean brass-work, carry messages, keep a look-out generally, and, if under a good skipper, may learn a little navigation. He would require two good working suits—one of dungaree, another better one with brass buttons, to impress shore people. The latter should be locked up on board. He will need plenty of underclothing and at least a dozen pairs of socks. Flannel shirts with turn-down collars are handy. The following are really indispensable:—sea-boots (these might be of rubber), oil-skins, sou-wester, mittens, boot-stockings (two pairs), and several caps. £10 should cover the cost of an outfit of good quality. A supply of soap should not be forgotten, as although some ships carry this commodity, it is never heard of in others. When an apprentice has served his time, he is given the post he is most capable of filling—before the mast if he hasn't studied. If he has studied, and has worked one year (the last) in a ship that has at least two yard-rigged masts, he could go as third mate, after passing a slight exam., if the berth were available. It is, therefore, better to learn the profession by serving one's whole time in a "sailor," as there is not one man in a thousand who can be trusted with a square-rigged ship after only a year's experience. The scale of pay varies with the voyage or port of sailing, but it may be put down roughly as follows:—Third mate, £4 to £5 a month; second mate, £5 to £6 10s.; first mate, £7 to £8; captain, £8 and upwards.

W. Maynard.—Write to the chief shipping lines, giving full particulars as to your qualifications, and ask if they have a vacancy such as you desire. In a liner the most suitable post for you, I think, would be as a clerk or assistant to the purser or chief steward. Any newspapers that are printed *en voyage* would not employ a printer for anything like full time, such work probably being done by a clerk.

T. M. J. (Malta).—Under the new *régime* the conditions of entering the Navy for engineer officers are the same as for combative officers. All the cadets are trained together, and are not placed in the branch they desire to follow until they have acquired a certain knowledge of both engine-room and navigation duties. The reason for this is obvious. The age-limit for entering, too, has been reduced to fourteen years, and a nomination must be obtained from the Admiralty.

T. G. B.—Mix two parts of common soda with one part of pumice-stone and one of finely-powdered

chalk. Sift through a fine sieve, and add water. This will remove stains from marble, which should afterwards be washed with ordinary soap and water.

Ayres' Cricket Companion (price 6d.) is a very useful compendium of cricket information, containing, in addition to last year's statistics, a brief sketch of the history of our national game.

The "County" Cricket Scoring Book, published by Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., 160a, Fleet Street, price 2s., is of a very serviceable size, and contains the rules of the game revised to date. **F. N.**—Address your inquiry to the Editor of *The Studio*.

Fred Davey.—J. W. Jones, 444, Strand, London. **W. H. C.**—"What Shall I be?" price 3s. 6d., published by George Newnes, Ltd. **"A Constant Reader."**—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply by post.

Ernest N., "Blobs," and "Jumbo."—Send full name for Club. **A. Van Swae.**—Full particulars of the exams. can be obtained from the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C. **Owen Samuel** (Jamaica).—The ace of spades is usually embellished by playing-card makers as a sort of trade-mark. **"Boy"** (Oswestry).—An article on Eton appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* for October, 1899 (Vol. II.), a number long since out of print. We shall deal with Charterhouse in due course. **E. J. P. and P. Hartill.**—See reply to Ronald Broatch in April number. **S. A. White.**—Lists of Club Members have appeared at intervals from August, 1901. **Walter J.** (Glasgow).—Shall be pleased to consider some of your Continental photographs for the *CAPTAIN* Club pages. **L. Nahum.**—See preceding answer. **Esmè R. Burrowes.**—Only original matter must be sent to the *CAPTAIN* Club pages. **E. D. S. and E. Halliday.**—See reply to T. J. Southern, Jun., in April number. **"Girlingtonian"** and **S. H. Field.**—Send your coin queries to Messrs. W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. **"Dublinite."**—See Mr. Nankivell's article on the "Cistafie," in the April number, and write to our various Editors, c/o this office. **G. A. Tate.**—For post-card exchanges see *The Girl's Realm*, price 6d. monthly. **"Wolf."**—Your story is weak in plot, and contains too many improbable coincidences. You are rather young yet to write fiction. **B. Trotter and P. Martin** (Pas-de-Calais).—Am much interested to hear that the French fellows at your school like *THE CAPTAIN*. Clubbed. **E. M. R.**—Much pleased by your letter. My best regards. **"A. Ritz."**—I hope things will soon be brighter your way.

Official Representatives Appointed.—Harry Cross (Thornhill, Ontario), V. W. Dougherty (Twickenham), James W. Chisholm (Kirriemuir, N.B.)

I have also to acknowledge letters from "Osborne," Frank H. Swallow, Porangi Potae. E. V. Whitehorne (Jamaica), James Clifton (many thanks), Thomas Marston, F. Holman, R. Jones, "Ireland," "Lynt Eye," Ada Phillpot, "Premier," "Bitslumpis," ("O wa ta na siam," is a pretty well-known catch, I think), "Nemo," "Sportikus." Those which reached me after the middle of April will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.



Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—"My Reading Bill."

WINNER OF FIRST GRADE "RALEIGH" ROADSTER BICYCLE: Eric Moore-Ritohie, Beaufort House, Alexandra Park, Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: F. A. Smyth, 10 Grosvenor-road, South Norwood, London, S.E.; Fortescue Long, Kilmerston, near Bath; Walter C. Helsdon, 58 Marlborough-road, Dalston, N.E.; Jack Loutet, Dalkeith-road, Dundee; John Protheroe, 98 Farleigh-road, London; John A. Terrace, 30 Quality-street, Dyserart, Fifeshire, Scotland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. O. Pickering, J. H. Smith, Harry Payne, J. Hunter Watts, Marian Hewitt, Thomas P. Bennett, Owain Ogwen, R. S. Gruchy, J. D. Ashe, C. Grenville Maile, F. C. Simpson, John C. Grundie, W. S. Leeming, G. W. Bailey, Victor Towers, James Y. Miller, S. J. Rolton, C. Herbert, David Lang, Alfred Baggs, Norman Cowell, Albert Albrow.

No. II. "Captain Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF NO. 0 "MIDG" HAND CAMERA: T. R. Davis, 6 Thurlby-road, West Norwood, London, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Alex. Scott, junr, Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.; Evelyn C. Pritchett, 14 Norton-road, Hove, Sussex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. D. Ereat, Frank Haslam, Maud M. Lyne, E. Hartill, Alys Jones, Robert H. Cochrane, Evelyn Hewitt, Lillian Ormiston, C. T. Down, Marian Hewitt, W. J. Watt, John C. Grundie, Fred Ford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 0 "MIDG" HAND CAMERA: Victoria T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. H. Weeks, 61 Talbot-street, Whitechurch, Salop; Grace Eliaston, 37 Cloudesdale-road, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Henry S. Hingston, Gladys von Stralendorff, Frank Harding, Albert Albrow, Harold Dinsdale, Sarah Laredo, May Watkins, Arthur R. N. Rooksby, J. S. Dawson, Dorothy Kerr-Smith, Margaret S. Bray.

No. III.—"Handwriting."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: F. F. McMullen, 77 Glangarry-road, Dulwich, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: P. A. J. Coleman, Derby House, Worsley-street, Redfield, Bristol; Kathleen Procter, 11 Buckingham Mount, Headingley, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. A. Williams, Adelaide M. Row, E. H. Cooper, James Black, Sydney C. Roberts, Arthur C. Sneezum, Jessie Woodfin, Alfred White, Gwendolen Harrison, Lionel H. Woods, P. W. Mawgan Franklin, Ben G. Neilson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: G. Gibbon, 4 St. Mary's-crescent, Leamington Spa.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. A. Dodgson, The Cottage, Handborough, Oxon; Gwen Greenish, The Grove, Haverfordwest, South Wales.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Staveley R. Hill, F. R. Yearsley, Robert S. Thorburn, Kirby Busfield, Stanley Martin, F. J. Davis, J. S. B. Stopford, Harry Chandler, Doris Hueffner, Ethel M. Pells, William Liver.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Rachel M. Tancock, School House, Tonbridge.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Clifford Dinsdale, 87 Stratford-street, Dewsbury-road, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Olive Coxhead, Tom L. Walsh, Alan Evans, Wilfrid Whitfield, Walter E. Folkard, Marshall W. Hewlett, Cecil Cattermull, Alan R. Marriott, John Lightwood, L. M. Brewis.

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—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the April Competitions.

I.—There were an enormous number of entries for this competition, and a great many competitors submitted very well-thought-out lists. A certain number, however, failed to remember that daily papers are not published on Sunday, so that there could not be more than twenty-seven issues in one month at most.

II.—This proved a most interesting competition, a large number of competitors having taken great pains to disperse their quotations in an artistic way. Some prettily designed books were also sent in, two beautifully illuminated ones by W. D. Ereat and Fred Ford deserving special mention.

III.—The handwriting was excellent, as usual, and a great many competed—also as usual.

IV.—The subjects were apparently beyond the abilities

No. IV.—"Drawing of a Mastiff, Kitten, or Parrot."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Muriel Weston, 38 Goldington-avenue, Bedford.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: George A. Bell, 30 Melbourne-road, Leicester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: E. W. Soulsby, 104 Joan-street, New Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne; and John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ralph A. Yearsley, Bessie Dalgarno, A. R. White, B. J. Freeman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: R. Goodman, 63 Claremont-road, Bishopston, Bristol.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: James McTear, Munro, 138 Adelaide-street, Heywood, Lancs; and Frank Millington, 34 Mollart-street, Hanley, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy M. Gibson, William C. Be well, C. Cowell, G. F. Kelly, Sidney G. Bennett, Thomas A. Morris, Jack Gardiner.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: A. E. Radford, Tunnel road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. S. Maples, Harold J. Brough, W. Jungins, Howard S. Brown, Ernest A. Taylor, Charles E. Fowler, Dorothy Allichin, W. J. Watt, Herbert J. Emrys.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: George Smith, 10 Dale road, Kentish Town, N.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: John Y. Haswell, Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge; and George Chance, 84 Warren-road, Leyton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. H. Byfield, Frederick K. Attwood, Hilton Fox, Cecil G. Waudby, H. V. Pascoe, F. S. Clark, Walter Clark, W. H. R. King, H. S. Cardoso, A. C. Withington, Richard F. Rous, Benjamin Corbyn, James P. Gardner, J. H. Young, Fred Davey (Winnipeg), Euphie Malden.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: Cecil Cotton, 52 Lassdowne-road, Notting Hill, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: S. P. Whitfield, The Gables, Watford; and Stanley Martin, 11 Washing-ton-terrace, North Shields.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Gardiner, John A. Bleakley, George Bourne, Arthur Russell Smith, Marian Wadsworth, R. L. Richmond, Cyril Mendi (Roumania), Norman P. Johns, G. B. Smith, F. A. Yearsley, C. Hutchinson, Percy Cartlie, W. L. Strong, E. S. Hallett, Charlie S. Smith.

No. VI.—"Oddities of Odd People."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Cyril B. Joynt, 94 Wellesley-avenue, Lisburn-road, Belfast.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Evelyn Byrde, Widworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon; Thomas Milburn, Hutton Ruddy, Yorkshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. N. F. Young, Stephen T. Boy, T. W. Spikin, Dorothea Hearn, Bessie Dalgarno, W. S. L. Holt, Margaret Woolrough, Esmé R. Burrows, Thomas Bones, John C. Grundie.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: A. H. Morrison, Lawrence Hill, Londonderry.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. B. Seymour, Ure, House 2, L. O. A. Watford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gordon Horn, T. Proud, A. S. Barks, J. B. Greaves, L. Laing, Mervyn T. Jones, John Diggle, John Habberfeld, Gladys Clemason, H. V. Holmes, Alan S. Cooper, N. Norman, Alec. Woods.

of our artistic competitors, for out of a whole host of drawings submitted only a few were really well executed.

V.—Quite a variety of subjects were submitted, the prize in Class I. being awarded to the sender of a landscape study, while in Classes II. and III. the successful pictures were an interior and an animal study, respectively.

VI.—Only a few really amusing instances of odd behaviour came to hand. The majority of the instances, though doubtless amusing enough in real life, proved somewhat commonplace in the recording.

N.B.—I must again request competitors to read the conditions very carefully before sending in their work. Several competitors had to be disqualified for enclosing more than one "try" in the same envelope. A number of wrongly addressed competitions met with a similar fate.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

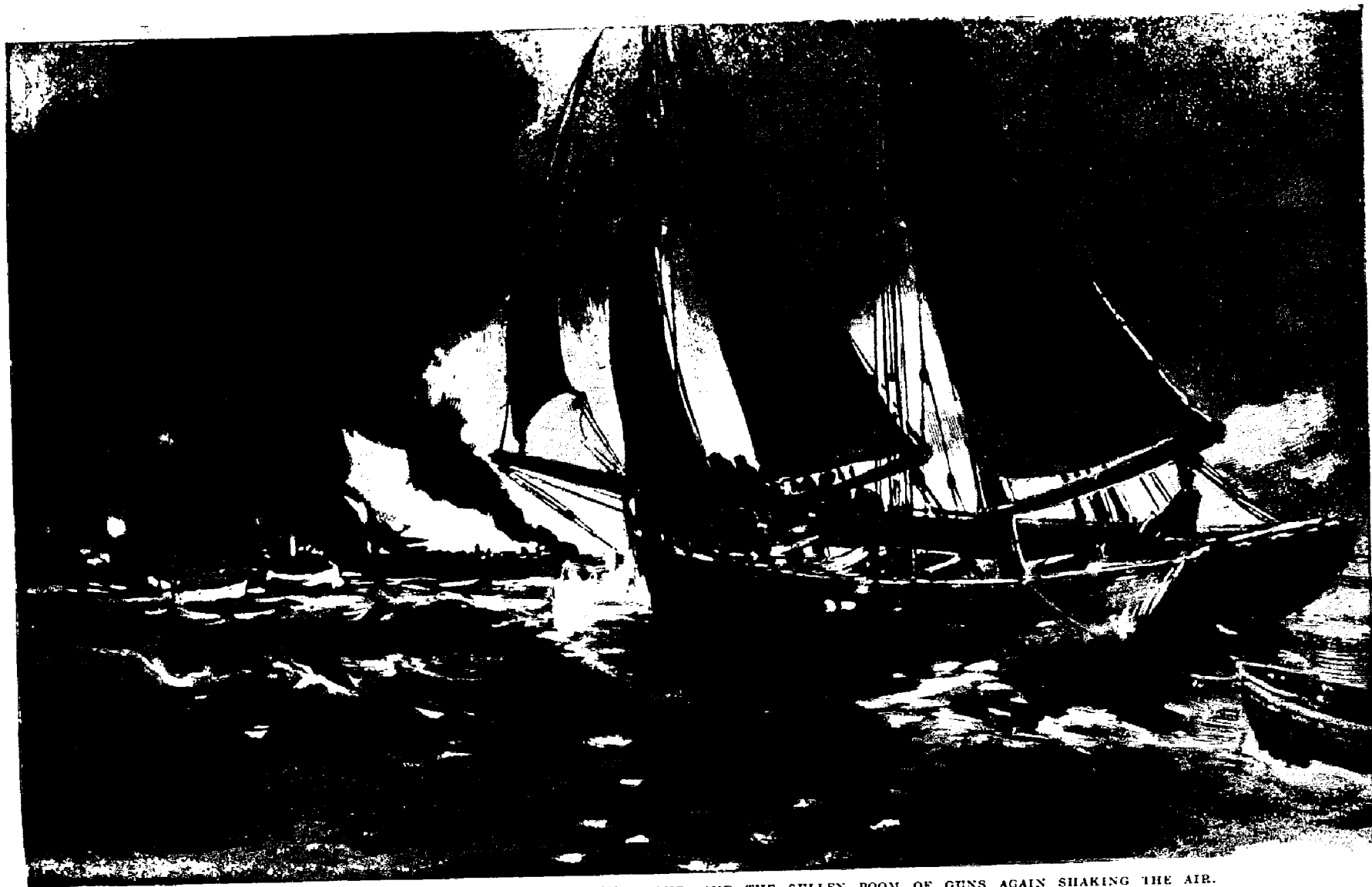


A POSITIVE CERTAINTY.

"Everyfink is gitting ter be done by masheenery nowadays.
Hits somefink awful."

"I don't see no 'casion fer you ner me ter git hexcited
about it. No machine won't never tike hup our tride an'
ruin it."

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.



THEY FOUND MALDIVA ONCE MORE SHROUDED IN SMOKE, AND THE SULLEN BOOM OF GUNS AGAIN SHAKING THE AIR.
Drawn by George Hawley.



By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

a
story
of
WAR
on land & sea.

War is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbian, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats. Some days' sail from Maldiva the *Arbiter* encounters a cruiser and three gunboats—all apparently Uruguayan—and engages them. A desperate encounter results in her engines breaking down, and she is at the mercy of the enemy when a British sailing ship, the *Attila*, loaded with iron rails, rams the cruiser and sinks her. The collision proves fatal to the *Attila*, which sinks, her commander (Captain Tobutt) and crew escaping in boats to the *Arbiter*. After thanking Tobutt for coming to the rescue in so effectual a manner, the commander of the *Arbiter* puts the merchant skipper and his men in charge of one of the Uruguayan gunboats which has been captured. With Tobutt goes Midshipman Brown as the *Arbiter*'s representative on the prize. The Uruguayans, however, succeed in drugging the coffee served to Tobutt and the midshipman, and it appears probable that they will succeed in recapturing the gunboat. In the nick of time Tobutt comes to his senses, and by his spirited and decisive action saves the gunboat from the conspirators, most of whom are either killed or drowned. Arriving at Maldiva, Tobutt, his crew, and Midshipman Brown take up their quarters at the deserted Café of All the Nations, where they feast and sleep. Attracted forth in the morning by the sounds of heavy firing off the port, they seize arms from a number of fugitive Uruguayan soldiers, help themselves to a boat, and, taking advantage of the fog, board and capture an Argentine gunboat. Captain Campion is much pleased by this feat, but he and his brother officers are greatly distressed on finding that the sword Tobutt has wrested from an Argentine soldier is one that had belonged to no less a person than Lieutenant Hilyard, who, it will be remembered, was commanding the party of bluejackets sent to rescue Nancy Clitheroe. The present instalment opens with the setting out of a second rescue party under the charge of Lieutenant Chesterfield, Tobutt, and Midshipman Brown.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ABANDONED SHIPS.

IN the dark hour before the break of day, and on the last of the flood-tide, three boats stealthily entered a wide reach of the Rio Uruguay.

The three boats followed one after the other,

their oars muffled; not a spark of light betrayed them. A hunter's eye alone could have distinguished that anything moved across the dark face of the stream.

Despite the darkness, the boats were unerringly piloted, and presently came clear of an unseen high bluff on their left hand; and clear of this, the night was suddenly spangled with a growing line of watch-fires. Not long after, the opposite bank loomed faintly visible against a paling sky. At this, the leading boat edged in towards the bluff, and dropped alongside the second craft. A man's voice broke the silence.

"Here's the dawn upon us, Mr. Brown, and there's the enemy's camp fires in the Boca del Serpiente. In plain English, we must bring up here, and not there in the *mouth* of the *Serpent*. And we'll have a council of war."

"Miserable footy shame to get landed here," growled Tommy. "Don't you think we might make a dash even yet—see, it's still dark along the banks and——"

"No go, sir. It's not the dawn, it's the ebb tide," interrupted Captain Tobutt. "It would snap us up half way in the Boca, and then we'd get potted off like rats on a raft—picturesque, but too one-sided for my liking; besides, our orders are to help Hilyard's people."

They were now abreast the third boat, in charge of Lieutenant Chesterfield, of the *Tamar*, and he held strongly to his junior's opinion that a rapid dash would carry them past the Argentine battery.

"And, my man," he concluded sharply, at

Captain Tobutt, "for the future, and when necessary, I will pass the word to bring up."

"Good," growled Tobutt, curbing his temper in his teeth, for quarrelling before a crew was the greatest sin in Tobutt's scanty list; "but as pilot I tell you that once round this point you'll meet a mill-sluice of an ebb; it sets down in the Boca while the flood runs here for half an hour or more. It's that, or I wasted two years on a Plate schooner up and down——"

"Well, be it so," broke in Chesterfield testily. "If the ebb is already setting down, that precludes our rushing the post."

"Nothing less," quoth Tobutt.

"Then do you, as pilot, propose that we bring up here—in the open?"

"Suicide isn't one of my strong virtues, but here's my plan, and it's worth listening to. First thing settled is that we can't go on, or the Boca will shut its teeth on us for good. We can't lay here either, but we can hide, snug as water-rats, and the place is right to hand, under the trees of the bluff. We can just snuggle in and give the hands a rest." He bent a shade nearer the lieutenant. "Listen to them, sir," he whispered, and in the silence the sound of deep and distressed panting rose from the three boats.

Chesterfield, despite his irritation, accepted tide law, if not Tobutt's. And also the complete exhaustion of his men rendered it imperative that they should have complete and immediate rest. Having no better suggestion, he reluctantly acquiesced in Tobutt's scheme. At once, like birds of the night flying the coming day, the boats effaced themselves among the overhanging willows fringing Foul Current Point.

Throughout the succeeding hours of open daylight the broad stream ebbed and flowed again in the utterly deserted highway. But in the falling dusk, and where the shadows were even deeper still under the high bluff, an apparent miracle happened: a length of the fringing foliage slowly broke away and drifted down stream, and while it drifted it crossed athwart the current to the further shore.

By the time this singular piece of flotsam had passed out of any watcher's sight, and brushed the outlying sedges of the swampy shore, the dusk had fallen to complete night.

This bank was formed by an intricate tangle of vegetation growing in the ooze of a silted-up backwater some two miles in extent. Three openings penetrated this forbidding area, and, when the flotsam had crept abreast the centre one, it suddenly careened bodily, and disclosed the three boats.

With extreme caution they followed one

another into this heart of desolation—this unfathomable blackness. Once a melancholy owl-like cry sounded as if to warn them. Once a heavy rustle of slowly flighting wings almost brushed the rowers, and once something of a shudder filled them as a sudden, near, and deep plunge disturbed the brooding calm of the inlet.

Presently, the sound of wind in high trees assured Tobutt of his position, and three minutes later they had crept like ghosts alongside two schooners moored head and stern to the trees. In a trice the boarders gained the decks; not a soul disputed their passage, not even when the hatches were slammed down upon the cabins. No voice hailed, not a step moved below. There came a moment's uneasy hesitation, broken only by the sound of wind overhead and the quick breathing of the listening crews. The leaders groped their way to one another.

Such complete success pointed to a lure; had they fallen into some well-laid trap? Even Tobutt's stout soul was filled with inquietude.

"My mind," whispered he, "is as dark as this swamp. If a bait is laid, I'll swear by all that's blue it's not for us, for when I sighted the bare trucks of these mastheads against the morning star, the man isn't afloat who could have seen us against that bank 'way yonder. It's no trap. It's——"

"Absolutely impossible," said Chesterfield, who had now joined them. "These ships have been undoubtedly abandoned by their crews." He was decisively sweeping all doubts aside with phrases about "panics," "state of war," &c., when a smothered cry arose from a man in the other ship, and on the top of that another man cried aloud on board theirs.

"Here's dead men all round us, sir."

Even Chesterfield was staggered for the instant, but the necessity for haste overruled everything else. To him dead men were dead men, harmless, and common to any day or situation.

"Clear them overboard," cried he, "and you, Smithson, and you, Bowen, cast loose the fore-stay sails."

The latter homely order braced every one, and put an end to rising speculations—if not worse.

Presently, dull splashes resounded in the bayou, though not before Tobutt, who had been seized with a humane idea, went the round of both ships, feeling the poor bodies; but every one of them was cold and limp. On that latter fact his comment was: "Dead more than thirty hours."

If only they had dared to risk a light on deck to see what men these were, to find a clue to



HIS GLANCE FELL UPON
LONG TIERS OF POWDER
KEGS.

this wayside battle, fought and lost and buried beyond all discovery!

Time pressed. The boats warped the schooners round, and presently, under stay sails and jibs, they flitted eerily down the passage and out to the broad stream and sweeter air.

Meanwhile the holds had been thoroughly ex-

plored with a carefully screened lantern. The first schooner carried a general cargo of furniture, several pianos, food stuffs, wines and dry goods, among the latter a dozen bales of clothing, including a number of what they took to be monks' robes, addressed to a Retreat in Argentine. The second schooner's hold showed a

far simpler freight, and Tommy, who was in charge, swiftly grasped the lamp as if it were the dearest thing on earth to him. Under the low beams his glance fell upon long tiers of powder kegs, cases of shrapnel shell, and small arm ammunition and fuses.

When he made his report on board the other ship, he found Lieutenant Chesterfield and Tobutt for once in complete accord. They were both calling down unstinted confusion on the Argentines. But the cause surprised him even more. A steady, silvery beam of light, level with the water, cut the darkness in the reach ahead. It was like a shining sword laid across the Boca del Serpiente to bar their secret passage.

"These Argentines," said Tobutt, ruefully, "are too clever to become venerable. Imagine, Mr. Brown, people like this running a searchlight."

"What we have to imagine is, what's going to happen when we get there?" replied Tommy.

"True for you," Tobutt remarked, and he glanced askance at Chesterfield.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH CAPTAIN TOBUTT STRIKES A MATCH AND PRODUCES DARKNESS.

WAS the relief expedition also doomed to failure? The question sprang naturally enough to the minds of the startled crew when they found this sudden and culminating barrier slashed athwart their passage.

From the very beginning it had been common knowledge that trouble was brewing between Captain Tobutt and their leader, for blue-jackets have eyes and ears, if not tongues, when on duty. Ill luck had also followed; the tow-boat which had been requisitioned had plumped on a snag and left them to face a scouring ebb. They had left the derelict behind them with a jibe and a jest, and then shamed galley slaves at the oar. Tobutt had been a very Argus—the men swore that he could smell shoals in the dark. His, too, had been the suggestion for capturing the schooners to help them on again and save their muscles for the "crush time" (when they love a man they get his words to tongue). And now it seemed that neither toil nor skill nor ingenuity could carry them past the enemy's strong post; against it their show of force was simply futile—nothing less than an armoured gunboat could force the reach.

Lieutenant Chesterfield, for his part, no more doubted his ability to lead his men to victory than he doubted that the earth went round the

sun; both were simple natural laws. Another gift he had, and this too an unconscious one. He could seize upon another man's proposal, and, after it had been successful, attribute that end solely to his own power of execution. Unfortunately for the present situation, Captain Tobutt was the last man to sink, even momentarily, his pride of invention for another's benefit; and least of all for a man he undisguisedly condemned.

The Yankee at last broke the uneasy silence.

"I've a plan," he said bluntly.

"Well?" queried Chesterfield.

"First thing is, that once round the point we shall get pulled up by their patrol boat. They'll hail us to bring up, of course. We'll haul the fore-sheet to show there's no guile about us, and by hook or by crook get the officer on board to examine us. You and I will disguise anyhow, but the crew will be down below dressed in those monks' clothes which are among the lading—and they'll be singing!—singing fit to raise angels. Oh, they shall sing. They are to be flying from the war in the town. All the time we'll be drifting down, sneaking the fore-sheet off little by little, and dodging inshore under their guns. Once we get to the bend, there's an island, and in the shore channel the stream runs double pace in the narrow—that's why we ought to wait for the flood. Well, once getting there, it's up helm, jibe her all standing, and we shoot under cover as snug as rats in a grain ship. Pity," cried Tobutt, warming to his scheme, "pity, isn't it, that a few of the men aren't bald-headed! It would be so convincing," he added regretfully. "Anyhow, we'll wait for the flood."

Lieutenant Chesterfield turned upon him scornfully.

"A comic opera troupe," he sneered. "By Jove, but these men shall die in his Majesty's uniform if they've got to die."

By one of those flashes which illuminate dark turnings in men's minds, Tobutt cried out on the word,

"Then, by thunder, I'm saved!"

It was too dark for Chesterfield to read Tobutt's face, but then the thing was not worth the trouble of understanding. "Idiotic mountebank," he muttered, and then called aloud to stand by the mainsail halliards.

"One moment," cried Tobutt. "Captain Champion placed me as pilot with sailing orders that I was to use all discretion; and that he said after he had accepted my plan for taking these boats past all the enemy's posts in the dark. It was also particularly mentioned that this expedition could not venture except by

stratagem. I'm just putting it to you—do you see what gives us a chance of success——”

“Now, pilot!” said Chesterfield, in a level voice, “once and for all, you must understand that you are under my orders—not another word! My instructions are to relieve Hilyard’s people. The minute the ammunition is served out, we shall run that battery.”

So saying he turned on his heel, and set about getting his men in fighting array, now that he had placed the pilot in his proper order of succession.

But Captain Tobutt was not the man to be so airily daunted. Words, accent, manner, all were as naught to him. The man to impress him must show his better skill, strength in visible actual doing. In a word, the right to rule had to be proven. There was also satisfaction ready to hand any moment, as without a pilot the expedition came to a finish. But the love of staunch men held his hand.

It was in this spirit that Tobutt muttered “stiff-necked young fool,” and the moment after, “But that youngster’s too good to glorify that brass-bound idiot’s monumental—what the deuce is the word?—no matter.” He sheered the schooner alongside the other ship, and stepped on board. Tommy was steering. Tobutt placed an affectionate hand on his shoulder, and cried out,

“Mr. Brown, orders are to go ahead.”

Tommy stiffened himself as if to face ice-cold water.

“Very good,” said he simply.

“Do you believe in glory?” asked Tobutt.

“Never thought about it,” said Tommy.

“I have, and my leaning is all this way—glory is *Al* when you stand to get your money’s worth in exchange—or, in this particular instance, kill some one in exchange for our carcases.”

“Look here, Captain Tobutt, I don’t care to talk about being killed. Plenty of time after. Now, do you mean we are in a tight corner?”

“Just that and no less.”

“Some of us will get through,” said Tommy hopefully.

“All of you ought to if——!” Tobutt suddenly held his tongue; to talk grievances was puerile.

He walked forward and watched the bright glare of the search-light for some little time in silence. Suddenly he returned to Tommy.

“What did you say this ship was loaded with—any clothes on board her too?”

“Clothes!” cried Tommy in surprise. “She’s chock full of powder and ammunition.”

“Oh! ho!” sang out Tobutt, and he laughed

like a boy coming upon hidden and fabulous treasure. What possibilities lay right under his feet!

“I was going,” he remarked, after a moment’s gloating silence, “to disguise the crew on this boat at least, but I’ve changed my mind. . . . Have you ever seen Brock’s Benefit at the Crystal Palace by any chance?”

“I was born at Lavender Hill,” answered Tommy.

“Lucky man!” cried Tobutt enviously. “But, anyhow,” he continued, “the Crystal Palace will make no more show than a candle against our display.”

Tommy’s mind leaped to his meaning in a flash.

“We shall get blown up?” he asked.

“No, we shall blow her up,” answered Tobutt joyfully. “But while I remember, see if there is any grub in the cabin; pity to waste victuals.” And then Tobutt set to work against time.

Up to this point, the two ships, with only stay sails and jibs set, had just been able to stem the ebb, and at the same time they had gradually sheered across to Foul Current Point. Once under its shelter, Tobutt steered to round the bluff as close in as he dare venture. By taking risk they gained no inconsiderable advantage, as it saved at least half a mile where the schooner would have been a fair mark for every shot from the light. There was a second and even greater gain; by rounding the point close in, they sprang unheralded as it were into the light, and the greatest luck of all would be theirs if the light remained stationary; they would be half way across the bight before they were discovered.

Under Tobutt’s directions the men had piled up on the after deck all the stores and lumber from the fore peak and cabin, and now Chesterfield asked him how many men he required to handle the schooner.

“Mr. Brown and myself,” replied Tobutt, “as soon as we get the gaff sails on her. He’s going to boss all the fighting, that’s as plain as his language,” commented Tobutt softly, as Chesterfield ordered him to make sail at once.

The “cheep” and rattle of their blocks was presently echoed by those of the other schooner, and soon after, when all was fair and drawing, the men tumbled into the boat and returned to Chesterfield. Tobutt edged the schooner warily within quiet hailing distance.

“I’m going for the guard boat, if she turns up,” said Tobutt.

“Very good; if you don’t run her down, we’ll sink her——”

“I’m going to talk with them,” said Tobutt,

"and give your ship a chance. Directly the light bears on your fore-rigging, jibe, and keep it over your port quarter till you pick up the tail of the island; hang close in there, as the channel runs deep that side. You'll get cover from the trees in two minutes. Don't fire if you can possibly help it, not even if they plug into you—"

"Take your station ahead," cried Chesterfield curtly, "and attend to your business."

"Mr. Brown," said Tobutt, as he took the wheel from Tommy's hands, "I'd give one of

my eyes for Captain Campion to be here for three minutes only by the clock."

Tommy remained silent.

"Still," continued Tobutt, as he filled the schooner, "we may save 'em even yet, if they haven't got that sort of shell they chucked all over the town—snappy things, you remember?"

"Shrapnel," explained Tommy.

"Yes, if that kind of thing gets planted over the decks, it's all up with the crew. But here's the reach open and a snoring breeze."

He returned the wheel into Tommy's hands.

"Treat her lightly," said he.

"These fore and afters are as touchy as a spinning jenny; and be smart as lightning to follow my orders if you love your men."

Once in the open reach of the Boca del Serpiente, the ships caught the full weight of the fresh breeze, and sped rapidly across the water. The first schooner's jibboom aimed full tilt at the incandescent disc which terminated the great beam of light. Chesterfield followed closely, his schooner keeping hard by the leader's weather quarter.

Two-thirds of the distance between the bluff and the arc light had been run before the long expected hail rang out.

Tobutt returned it loud and cheerily, and in Spanish. Then he cautiously warned Chesterfield to go ahead, and before the lieutenant could remonstrate, the captain called to Tommy to luff, and very adroitly the schooner was swung in the wind, and presently a boat drifted abroast her main channels.

"Better late than never," said a voice.

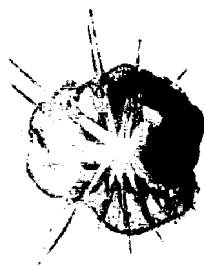
"But what can you expect," cried Tobutt, "on a river like this, and war everywhere, and wind contrary these two days?"

He turned and whispered to Tommy, "Sheer luck. Mr. Brown." Just then the men in the boat asked which ship had the ammunition on board.

"We have," cried Tobutt with a start. The



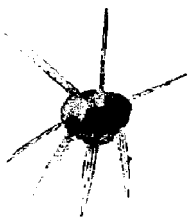
A STUNNING EXPLOSION FOLLOWED, AND THE WHOLE SKY WAS FILLED WITH A MAZE OF BURSTING SHELLS.



schooners were evidently expected.

"And the other guns?"

"Quite right," answered Tobutt at a venture. "Put the wheel down gently, Mr. Brown."



"She is to come alongside at once."

And with that the boat whisked off in chase of the other ship, loudly hailing her as she departed.

The peremptory hail and the noise of the oars soon attracted the attention of sentries on shore. The light flickered and wheeled round the reach, and caught the flying schooner in a mesh of light. She was heading straight as an arrow for the marking island. The boat hung in her wake, four men pulling strenuously, looking in the fierce glare like little automatons. The man standing in the stern sheets suddenly hailed the battery, for the schooner was sailing five feet to their one.

Tobutt stamped on the deck in sudden passion.

"Oh! Blue thunder!" he cried, and he shook an impotent fist at the flying ship, "if he would even now shake her up in the wind, and dodge only for three minutes. Oh, the fool! Look! he's done it!"

A sudden volley of small arm fire from the schooner riddled the pursuing boat.

"Fill on her, Mr. Brown," said Tobutt grimly. "Here's for us now to play chuck-farthing with all our chances."

Then he flew from cleat to cleat with untiring energy, and in fast succession the mainsail bellied out with drooping peak, the jib was flattened like a sheet of board, and the schooner whirled round and flew before the wind.

"Now," cried Tobutt, dashing the sweat from his eyes, "keep her dead for that arc light."

While Tobutt had toiled, the dark reach of the river echoed and re-echoed with the blare of bugles, and now lines of flashing fire streamed out from the battery. Every moment the fire

increased both on shore and on board the schooner.

So far there was not much harm done. Tobutt, casting a comprehensive glance at the other schooner's situation, noted with no little satisfaction that she was well in towards the island; indeed, the glare which followed her had now caught the trees on the tail end of it. The schooner, bathed in the brilliant light, stood out on the black field of the night, every fold and seam in the sails sharp and visible. And by the wheel, cool and erect, stood Chesterfield. He was shading his eyes from the glare which held them in bondage. Suddenly a shaking report drowned the rattle of the rifle fire.

"There goes a cannon," cried Tobutt.

"It's shrapnel," said Tommy, pointing swiftly to a sudden little cloud among the trees on the island. "But it missed by lengths."

Though the gunners soon got the range, the schooner made a flying target. There were six guns, and but for one all might have yet gone well. But every time this particular gun fired, a little cloud of smoke burst exactly over the schooner's decks.



Tobutt, moved to the heart, roared out as if they could hear him:—

"Keep up your pluck, men; only another minute! Luff her a bit," he cried to Tommy.

The shore seemed to rush across their bows, and Tommy, sweating at the wheel, saw Tobutt, black against the nearing light, with a tin in hand deluging with paraffin the heap of lumber around them.

"Ready, Mr. Brown?" cried he.

"Aye, aye."

"Lash the wheel, and over into the boat."

"You first. I'm in command," cried Tommy.

Tobutt swore blankly, struck a match on his trousers, and thrust it into the heap. That done, he jumped at Tommy, seized him, lifted him bodily over the rail, and dropped him into the boat like a bundle. He slashed the painter in two with a cutlass and jumped after him. Behind them a sudden licking pillar of fire streamed as high as the cross-trees.

Without another word they seized the oars and pulled for very life. The schooner, dead before the wind, swept on like a torch towards the white glare of the searchlight, and presently they saw her jib-boom, like a black bar, jut across it and come to a sudden rest.

They pulled with consuming toil, pulled and pulled till breathing was sheer agony. The boat was light enough, and they travelled at a

flying pace, but to their expectant minds it moved slower than a weed-bound derelict.

The schooner's mainsail caught fire and burst into a soaring flame. Their eyes no sooner caught this than sail and schooner, battery and shore, seemed to split asunder in a prodigious rush of fire. A stunning explosion followed, and on the top of that the whole sky filled with a whirling maze of bursting shells and cases. The boat was tossed hither and thither, as in a rapid, while falling wreckage deluged it with water. For a long half minute the succeeding blackness was stabbed by random cases bursting on the river banks and among the distant trees.

Both Tommy and Tobutt had been hurled to the bottom of the boat, and the lad, as the last case of shells exploded in a far thicket, heard his companion give breath to a prolonged cry of bewildered, yet exquisite, delight.

Tommy struggled to his feet, amazed beyond measure to find his limbs still capable of movement.

"You all right?" asked Tobutt softly, like a man filled with a beatific vision.

"Believe so," muttered Tommy, though his head still reeled.

For some moments they harkened to the deadly silence, and also strove to pierce the thick darkness which encompassed them.

"The searchlight's gone," remarked Tommy, half involuntarily, and with dawning interest.

"So it is," affirmed Tobutt; "everything's gone!"

"No one is shooting either."

"Not a shoot! Schooner's gone too—Chesterfield's."

"Can't be," said Tommy, still lost in a vague land of unreality. Just then he made an alarming discovery which brought his wits together at a bound; the boat was half full of water.

"We're sinking," cried he, with sudden energy.

"Then we'll get ashore," quoth Tobutt. And they made a still further and still more alarming discovery; they had lost all sense of direction, and, to top all, they had lost both oars.

The boat, which had been struck by some splinter, soon had its gunwales awash and its occupants hanging to it on either side.

They had voyaged for a bewildering hour on the current, when some leaves brushed their faces and presently the boat grounded on a shingly bank. They waded out and wrung the water from their clothes. That done, they sat down together to deliberate.

"There's one thing I'm bound to tell you," said Tobutt. "I remarked previous that the Crystal Palace was going to be outdone, but I never, I'll be hanged if I did, dreamt that it was

going to be left behind, hull down and under. I forgot," he added, with gloating surprise, "that shells went off as well!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FAR LIGHT.

FOR over half an hour they sat in complete silence, listening for any chance sound or hail from their comrades; nothing could be heard but the wind in the trees and the swirling current.

Now that all necessity for action was over, Tommy's mind was filled with dismal forebodings as to the fate of his comrades, and then with a sudden fit of resentment against Tobutt's mad action. The fate of the other schooner lay at the captain's door, so he considered in his haste.

Presently a steady rain began to fall, and the wind rose in squally gusts, chilling him to the marrow. Even Tobutt had perforce to rise and swing his arms and stamp his feet to keep his blood running with some comfort.

"I didn't think," said he, "that Chesterfield would be so smart as not to show a light after the smash up, and give himself away again."

Tommy jumped to his feet, hopeful once more at Tobutt's words.

"Do you think they did not get blown up too?"

"Blown up? Not a bit, though I would not care to swear that their masts didn't go by the board. Oh, it was palatial, and those boxes of shells beat everything I had ever thought about in that line."

Life began again. Tommy forgot the rain and the benumbing cold and their helpless situation. That their expedition had not come to a miserable ending satisfied that unwritten feeling of comradeship so strong afloat. With even two men left, one might lead and effect some feat of arms. And then a sense of justice forced him to admit that Tobutt's action, though drastic, had been the only course to save the schooner's crew from total destruction by shell fire.

"You are still young, Mr. Brown," said Tobutt, marking Tommy's manner, "and don't see that even if you fail you have done the only right thing at the time. If I have blown the whole caboodle of them up, at least I've put all the enemy out of action as well. Did you think one of our men would have been whole after five minutes more of that shell fire?"

"But," said Tommy involuntarily, "Chester-

field could have——" The word shamed him as it came.

"We won't say that," said Tobutt softly, "for Chesterfield's your last man to dip colours, though he and I aren't likely to canoodle much together or lay wreaths on one another's tombstones. But this is all talk; let's do something to warm you. Did you keep your matches dry—I saw you with a silver boxful?"

"I put them in my cap when we dropped overboard," said Tommy.

"Now that's an all-fired smarter thing than blowing up a dozen schooners," cried Tobutt delightedly.

The match revealed no more than clusters of dripping, wind-tossed leaves, slanting streaks of falling rain, and a bank of shingly cliff at their back. In front, the stream edge was the edge of profound blackness beyond.

"We'll get on the bank top," said Tobutt. "There's no old wood here to burn."

They scrambled up and came into the full force of the pelting rain. After listening for some moments to see if there was any sound of a body of trees where they might find shelter and dry fuel, they were about to descend when another sound began to rise above the noise of the elements—the creak of harness and splashing of several horses trotting over uneven ground. As the horses drew nearer, the rumble of wheels trundling over deeply-rutted ground showed that a big carriage was in motion.

It was only just in time that the wayfarers remembered that they were in a hostile country, and abandoned their first natural impulse to hail whomever it was passing.

"There must be a road of sorts over yonder," said Tommy, "for driving in this darkness would puzzle even a busman used to city fog."

"That's good argument," cried Tobutt, and he took a quick bearing of the wind and the now fast-vanishing sounds.

They struck out, keeping the wind over their left shoulders, and, after several rough tumbles over prickly bushes, they came upon a deeply worn track. By the time they had gained it, however, nothing could be seen or heard of the equipage.

To find a path, however small or rugged, in the bewildering darkness, gave them no little comfort, despite the rain, which now fell with redoubled violence on the open ground.

"They're hard pressed to travel such a night as this," said Tobutt, while he pondered whether they should follow after it.

"There's a light," cried Tommy suddenly.

In the opposite direction to the path the *cortège* had disappeared in, a little gleam of

light shone through the slanting rain. How far off it was impossible to guess, and what it was puzzled them completely. For a time the light showed, then went out, flashed in and out in quick succession, gleamed steadily, and then as flickeringly. Satisfying themselves with guessing as to its purpose or place, they pressed forward towards it, heads down and collars turned up to their ears. Half a dozen steps brought Tobutt to an abrupt halt.

"I'm hungry enough, but it's no good prancing like a pair of fools into trouble. Have you any arms—I've got a cutlass?"

"And I've a revolver."

"Any cartridges?"

"Close on thirty."

"All serene, then. We'll be good enough for half a dozen dagoes on a night like this."

With that they bowed their heads once more and tramped steadily on towards the light. They had gone a mile when Tobutt called a halt.

"We're coming upon a place of some kind," he remarked to Tommy.

And true enough before them stood a long rough-built wall, while above it in an upper chamber a shutter flapped to and fro in the wind, causing the flicker of the light they had originally spied. Groping their way with outstretched hands along the wall, they came upon a large entrance. Halting in the recess, they considered the risks of boldly knocking or seeking an entrance by stealth.

While they deliberated, the question was settled for them. A sudden lull in the wind came, and the great door against which they huddled from the rain gave way behind them, no more than an inch or two, but enough to show that the strong wind blowing flat against it alone held it in place.

"No use looking a gift horse in the mouth, though it does look somewhat fishy to find doors open on a night like this, and at such times," said Tobutt, as he led the way in, his cutlass point at the vanguard.

They found themselves in the enclosed grounds of an estancia. The house itself occupied the far corner to their left, and from this a chain of sheds and low buildings formed the outer wall on the side they had entered. As they turned to feel their way to the house they became aware of a furious knocking. It ceased as abruptly as it began, but now a voice roared out passionate oaths and furious threats against some unknown person.

They had come to a stand upon this extraordinary sign of habitation, and listened attentively for some moments. Then Tobutt chuckled under his breath, and bent to Tommy's ear.

"There's a rare genius locked up here. I thought I knew Spanish fairly well, but he's a pure blood artist!"

Suddenly he gripped Tommy's arm and added: "He's on our side, too, and we're in a risky corner of the globe! He's cussing everything that's Argentine from one end of the earth to the other."

"Go softly," said Tommy. "But anyway I'm going to fight for a supper if need be."

"That's good talk," cried Tobutt, "and we'll see if we can't get this roysterer loose; wanting revenge, he'll make two more!"

Guided by another outbreak, they soon found the door of the prisoner. Tobutt cautiously knocked and guardedly asked who called inside. He was answered by a volley of unparalleled abuse. Tobutt tried once more.

"We are English," said he. "If we let you out will you fight with us?"

"English!" cried the man, his voice dropping like magic. "English!" whispered he, and then quick on that, "The Senorita Clitheroe is here!"

Tommy caught the name amid the Spanish, awkwardly though the man pronounced it.

Tobutt swore in two languages, and both betrayed him in his need.

Without another word they set to work on the door. The fastenings were stout enough to cage an elephant, but after all they were wooden bars in sockets, fixed by a padlock and chain. A handy pole from a cart made a lever, the padlock snapped asunder, and in another half minute the man was by their sides.

"Now," said Tobutt, "tell me how we stand—short as possible."

"I," said the man, "am Henrico Ribas."

"Hush," whispered Tommy, "see that!"

A flicker and gush of light moved athwart the dark enclosure, and presently came to rest in a far corner.

Without another word the three watchers instinctively crept after it. There was no need to prepare any scheme; what noise they made was drowned by the wind and rain. Coming to a shed, they peered round the angle of it, and saw, by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, a man digging. There was haste and secrecy in every movement, and from time to time he craned his head forward and listened. Once his face caught the light, and showed a tough old man, brown-faced and wrinkled like a walnut. He had not excavated more than a couple of feet of the loose soil when he cast down his spade and produced from under his clothing a small leathern bag. Just as he was stooping down with it Tobutt and Ribas leapt upon him. The man had not the slightest chance; he was thrown

on his face, and his hands and feet were cunningly secured by the Gaucho's lazo.

While the others were busy securing the prisoner, Tommy seized the lamp and turned the slide to prevent their movements being seen from the house.

"What next?" asked he.

"Prisoner of war," answered Tobutt. "And we'll extract information from him—also grub, if we have to roast him for it."

Without more ado Tobutt slung the captive on his shoulder, and they returned to the Gaucho's prison.

As soon as Tommy had been posted outside to watch for any sign of movement in the house, Tobutt and Ribas proceeded to extract information from their prisoner. Closing the door they cautiously opened a slit of their lantern.

"Now," said Tobutt, "we're in a hurry. We want Miss Clitheroe first of all, and then grub. Grub! you understand, otherwise *gastado*," and he drew an expressive hand across his throat.

The Gaucho repeated "*gastados*" with the utmost relish, yet but for the movements of the man's eyes they might as well have talked to a gargoyle. Not a word would he utter; no threats availed.

"So?" cried Tobutt at length, as he shut the door a little closer between them and the midshipman. He raised an eyebrow at the Gaucho. The latter nodded agreeably, and uncoiled the end of the lazo and adjusted the noose round the prisoner's neck with alacrity. He then threw the end over a rafter, and slowly bringing his weight to bear on it, the prisoner's head rose from the ground, his face darkened and the eyes protruded. Tobutt directed with slight hand gestures as he would a man at the wheel in smooth water. The head and shoulders were rising clear of the ground, when a sudden gurgling cry escaped the man's lips.

He would speak; but when they eased the noose he did so with extreme difficulty.

"Well," asked Tobutt, as the man recovered his breath, "where's Miss Clitheroe?"

"Gone."

"When?"

"Two hours ago."

"Have you horses here?"

"No."

"How many people?"

"None but myself."

Tobutt whistled in surprise.

"Guarda!" cried the Gaucho, "*amhuscado!*"

"You bet," cried Tobutt in English.

And then they learned that the morning after Nancy's capture she had been recognised, and word sent to Don Bolero. An express rider had



THEY WERE ROUGH UNCUT AMETHYSTS.

arrived from the Argentine regiment which had captured Nancy and the Gaucho. They had fought and beaten off the Uruguayan regiment, and returning had been attacked by British sailors, and a rear guard fight had been on the way for two days, the Argentines striving to recross and get to the Estancia Columbian, and the British seeking to stop them. And shortly after dark last night news had come that a second British force had passed and blown

up the battery lower down, and was expected to get in touch any hour with their comrades. Upon receipt of this desperate news Don Bolero had ordered a complete retreat, sending on orders for Nancy to be taken in advance to the capital, there to wait Don Bolero, as a despatch had been received that all troops would be required at the scene of operations.

The prisoner's statement that all had left the house, proved on cautious exploration of the

apartments to be absolutely true. They secured him in the Gaucho's erstwhile prison, and then set to work to satisfy their craving hunger.

"Grub at any price," cried Tobutt.

"And a fire," said Tommy.

Yet, but for the Gaucho, they might have gone hungry. He discovered some strips of dried meat which Tommy had passed over in his section of the search as mere rubbish. Soon a fire blazed high in a corner of a lower room, the window of which looked upon an interior court.

They ate heartily, the luxurious warmth thawing Tommy's chilled blood like old wine, as he watched the steam rise from their dripping clothes, and watched, too, Tobutt brewing coffee. Despite their risky situation, deep in a hostile country, Tommy felt contented. Hilyard and Piccy were still alive if the old man's report were true, and, if all went well, a few more hours would see them all chasing this Argentine scoundrel.

"Now," said Tobutt, when they had satisfied their hunger, "now let us see what old Shylock was burying."

He pulled the leathern bag out of his pocket, cut the fastening, and shook out a heap of small stones in front of the fire. They gazed upon them with dilated eyes; no one spoke a word. They were rough uncut amethysts, a couple of big double handfuls—a whole fortune.

Tobutt and the Gaucho looked at one another, watchful and speculative, hidden things shining in their eyes. They looked at the gems, they looked at one another, and they smiled foolishly, but suddenly Tommy broke the spell.

"I say," cried he, in all simplicity, "here's tip-top luck! These belong to Miss Clitheroe's people, I know, for they've a mine at their estancia, and those brutes must have collared them when they sacked it."

Tobutt swept them into the bag.

"That's saved us a truck-load of trouble, Mr. Brown!" He jumped to his feet and passed outside and tramped up and down in the rain for some time to clear his mind from the sudden assault. Presently he returned to the fire, his real self again.

"We'll risk another hour's rest," he remarked, "and then march for Hilyard. You know the way down to the Guarda del Rio?" he asked Ribas.

The Gaucho said he knew the path blindfolded.

Then Tobutt went out to take the first watch while the other two snatched some hasty slumber.

CHAPTER XVII.

DOWN THE RIVER.

THEY were afoot by two o'clock. The rain had ceased, but the wind still swept across the plateau in a roaring gale. A big star, low down and right in the path they were traversing, glanced through the flying scud. The wind cut like a knife, and Tommy was glad enough when now and again their track ran evenly, and they could move more briskly. Their prisoner slunk on in silence, his hands bound behind his back and fastened to the Gaucho's belt by the lazo.

After an hour's weary buffeting with the gale they began to descend. In the lower levels the wind blew less boisterously, and presently the track the Gaucho followed led them among thickening clumps of trees and hillocky ground. Under the trees the darkness grew more profound at each step, and their leader moved slowly and with extreme caution. For all his care, however, he at length stumbled headlong, dragging the prisoner with him. As he rose he warned the others to proceed warily, for they had come upon the ground of some late skirmish, and dead bodies cumbered the path in scattered heaps for many paces. Tobutt and the Gaucho seized the opportunity to arm themselves, each picking up a rifle and a bandolier. They now crept rather than walked, driving the prisoner at the point of a bayonet, for at any moment they might come upon some sentinel or vedette.

The path once more began to dip quickly, and strike between deep banks where the wind, damp and gusty, blew upwards from the river. As they turned a bend, a shifting red glow came to view, and at that they halted and held a whispered consultation. At length it was decided that Tobutt and Tommy should creep forward to reconnoitre while the Gaucho mounted guard over the prisoner.

They climbed the banks of the cutting, and, taking a large circuit, crept stealthily and with many pauses to listen if they were stalked in turn, towards the light from the rear. At length after worming their way through thick bushes of acacia, fringing an overhanging bank, they looked down upon a little sandy flat, and the dark river beyond it. The dull red embers of a fire smouldered in a little hollow, and round it, on a litter of cut rushes and grass, lay half a dozen bandaged men. A boyish figure stooped over the fire absorbed in some delicate task which occupied his whole attention. The fire being so low, it barely lit up the surroundings, but at last the spies made out the object in the boy's hands to be a white strip, rolled round a

bottle, which he was carefully drying. Just then he unwound it and inspected it critically, and the watchers discovered the white strip to be no more than a linen collar.

"Blue thunder! Mr. Brown," whispered Tobutt in amazement, "there's tone for you!"

As he spoke, a pebble slipped beneath his hand and rolled down the bank. The amateur laundryman looked up on the instant, his hand reaching out to a rifle. The firelight glinted in his bright eyes, glancing swiftly to and fro to penetrate the surrounding darkness for the cause of the pebble's sudden fall.

"That's Piccy!" cried Tommy, whooping out, "our Piccy!" and down he shot feet first, landing alongside his old chum.

"Hello, Brown!" cried Piccy, leaping back, but otherwise undismayed, as he grounded the rifle. "It's time some of the old Arbiters turned up. Where's the rest of you?"

"Tell you all about them later on," answered Tommy, and he framed the question which had been in his thoughts since the dinner on the cruiser—"I don't see Hilyard?" he continued; "this is Captain Tobutt, you know," he added, to delay, even for a moment, bad news—if such there were.

"Pleased to know you, sir," cried the captain, as Piccy, adjusting his collar, gazed up in some doubt at the stalwart, truculent figure nodding genially at him.

"Where's Hilyard?" again asked Tommy. "We've had news of Miss Clitheroe."

"So have we," said Piccy. "Everything turned up trumps to-night. Hilyard's gone to capture the estancia where she's imprisoned, and settle the whole of the gang."

As Piccy concluded, it was quite clear to his hearers that Hilyard, like them, had also missed the fugitives, and, after a hurried consultation, the Gaucho was sent hot-foot to recall the party. Shortly after daybreak they tramped in dog-tired, and though temporarily dejected at missing success by so little, they were all game to follow wherever their leader took them.

Hilyard, as Tommy gave him a hurried account of their relief party's mishap, had more responsibility thrown upon him than older shoulders than his could feel easy under. He stood apart, staring into the grey mists rising from the river. Before the sun had chased them away, he had to come to a decision, for on Hilyard now devolved the duty of succouring the relief expedition. Gloomy and depressing thoughts filled his mind as he watched the twining mists. To have been so near success, and for even young Brown and this big sailor to have been so near her! And then the work that must

be done captured the whole of his mind. The thought of the duty he owed the men under his command lessened the dead drag of the benumbing speculations that assailed his mind as to Nancy's situation. Yes, it was clear to demonstration on fitting in the time and place that the carriage which had passed these two stragglers in the dark had carried Nancy away to—where? He cast his eye around the little camp; the wounded men recalled him again to his duty to those others who must be hard pressed down the river.

At length he nodded heavily to himself. "Yes, strike camp and down river; there is no other way."

"You'll excuse me," said Tobutt, after watching for some time Hilyard's distressed face, as he slowly paced the river bank, staring into the rising mist, "interfering with your personal affairs, but I'll stake my conscience that the prisoner spoke the truth, and the young woman's gone, as he said, to the capital. I'll suggest that we go full tilt back to your ship, and then you can go after her with the whole British fleet, and if you care to put me in charge as your pilot I can perhaps save you twelve hours or more dodging the lower water courses on this flood rain."

Hilyard at once seized the opportunity of saving even a single hour. The steam pinnace was signalled from her patrol at the ferry, and before the mist had even risen high enough to disclose the further bank, the wounded men had been carefully embarked, the little camp struck, and the expedition turned away from the scene of its futile sufferings.

Tommy embarked with Piccy in command of the launch, and when they were in mid stream and the tow rope taut, they exchanged their budget of news. "Oh, yes," said Piccy, "we got up here all serene after one or two prelims. They made a scaring attack on us, though, once, and we had to retreat in good order for our lives. Hilyard lost his sword in the confounded darkness and the surprise.

"Then the trouble began the day before yesterday. We'd got news from a straggler that Miss Clitheroe had been rushed off by those dirty Argentines. They had been mixed up somehow in a gorgeous sort of Kilkenny scrimmage with another tribe at the farm, and not many were left of them, luckily for us. They came tumbling down to the ferry to get home again, and of course we chivied them all over the shop with the Maxim on the launch till that game got too hot even for us, so we laid up and hung low on the Argentine side, pot-shotting by day and sneaking round at

nights, and hoping somebody would come up and give us a chance. They didn't dare move, and I don't believe we did, either! Then we collared a messenger at dusk, swimming, and he'd news of Miss Clitheroe at that place you've been to. And then, not long after, we heard a stunning blow-up from miles down the river—that must have been your people. Anyhow, Hilyard reckoned it was the Arbiters worrying along to us, so he took chances as we'd got hold of a guide—then you turned up. I suppose things have got awfully slack on board since I left."

"Yes," said Tommy. "The skipper misses you dreadfully; he's got quite thin carrying all his responsibility alone."

Meanwhile, the steam pinnace, a strong ebb running with her, and Tobutt at the wheel, quickly made her way through the silent and deserted reaches. Woodlands, sandy banks, clayey bluff, followed in apparently unending sequence. Towards noon a slight interruption occurred, as they ran a narrow. A brisk but scattered fusillade suddenly opened on them from some thick cover on the Argentine bank. The Maxim joined in, ripping and slashing through and through the screen of foliage. There came no more shots after that, not even when, towards sunset, they drew near to the outpost of the Boca del Serpiente.

The pinnace now slowed down, and edged in to the banks of an islet to wait for the dark before risking the passage. As they rounded the tail of the shoal at its extremity, and opened the next bend, they saw over the far trees, boldly streaming on the evening breeze, the St. George's Cross flag.

Tobutt turned to Hilyard. "That's the other schooner, and all O.K. by the flag! By the way, Mr. Hilyard," he added, in some doubt, "how do things go when you get there? Do you take command, or does he?"

"I'm his senior," said Hilyard; and then quickly added, "I see, captain. You'll take all orders from me."

Tobutt's frowning face cleared on the instant.

When the boats rounded the bend, and the schooner was in full view, it was seen that she lay hard and fast on a shoal. As they hove in sight a cheer rolled across from a party of blue-jackets and marines who were carrying out warps to the trees on the near bank.

As the pinnace came alongside, Lieutenant Chesterfield leant over and stared at Tobutt with unfeigned dismay, absolutely forgetful of the officer by the latter's side.

"How's this, you charlatan?" cried he. "Didn't you get blown up with your infernal ship?"

Hilyard raised his hand at Tobutt, and checked for the time the outbreak.

"Captain Tobutt," said he pointedly, "is in charge as pilot," and without even introducing himself, stepped on board. The ship was a floating hospital, the surgeon still busy.

"Glad to see you back," said Chesterfield coolly. "But anyway, I was coming up shortly to assist you, when I got afloat again."

Hilyard cast a sympathetic glance round the row of white-faced sufferers, and then looked sternly into Chesterfield's eyes.

"Was this all done by the explosion?" he asked.

"Not exactly; in fact, we'd been under fire previously, to some extent——"

"Quite so!" said Hilyard meaningly, and without another word he turned away to give directions to the surgeon for the removal of his wounded to the schooner. That done, he had every available man set to work to refloat the schooner.

Tobutt was in his element, and the ship no more than a toy in his hands. Two hours later, and despite the darkness which had come, she floated again, and was pointed down the river, ready to start. Hilyard had, wisely enough, left the matter completely in Tobutt's hands, for no naval officer, he knew, could equal the latter's skill in handling sailing craft. He was thankful enough, besides, to have the matter off his hands, for he wanted time to think. Every minute's delay in getting the assistance of the *Arbiter's* captain to bring pressure on the Argentines for Nancy's release, galled him like chains. He might send on the pinnace, but that was dwindling their terribly weakened forces to desperate straits. The stir and stifled groans about him told him that it was imperative he got down to better aid without a moment's delay. The pinnace must remain and help the bigger vessel along. That was essential to duty.

Just then the surgeon made his report, and also expressed some private opinions on the mishap.

"It was simply murder! Imagine shrapnel at three hundred yards, and a good shot sending it!—and not of any earthly use, either! If they had not blown up the other ship, we'd have been exterminated to the last man."

"Those two blew it up exactly for that purpose," said Hilyard.

The surgeon gave a low whistle.

"That's how the wind blew, eh? But here's the man himself," he added, as Tobutt appeared to report all ready to get under weigh.

The ebb, swollen by the late heavy rain, bore them swiftly into the Boca del Serpiente. Every

light was hidden, and the steam pinnace towed by the boats for fear of the noise of her engines, but neither sound nor light broke the still darkness. The battery had either been utterly destroyed, or the Argentines had abandoned the post.

So ran the whispered consensus of opinion as the flotilla emerged round Foul Current Point unnoticed. The truth was that the troops were centring on the Uruguayan capital, and every regiment had been recalled to assist in the final assault.

The prisoner from the estancia, as he found himself well treated, became more and more communicative. He treated, as it were, for his own safety, and Hilyard learned for the first time that Don Bolero was in command of a

regiment. This sent a flash of hope through his mind, as he reflected that a public man could be more easily reached by the British forces and brought to bay. For the first time since he had halted, baffled at the ferry, Hilyard's face brightened. And the wind coming fair within the hour, the schooner flew like a bird down deserted reaches under Tobutt's orders, doing everything but sail on the wet grass.

When at length they emerged on the broad waters of the Plate and neared Maldiva, they found the port once more shrouded in smoke, and the sullen boom of guns again shaking the air. But to the eastward a mighty array of battle-ships were dropping anchor. The British Squadron had arrived.

(To be continued.)



BRER RABBIT: "I suppose that's what they call a 'Bear-hunting'!"

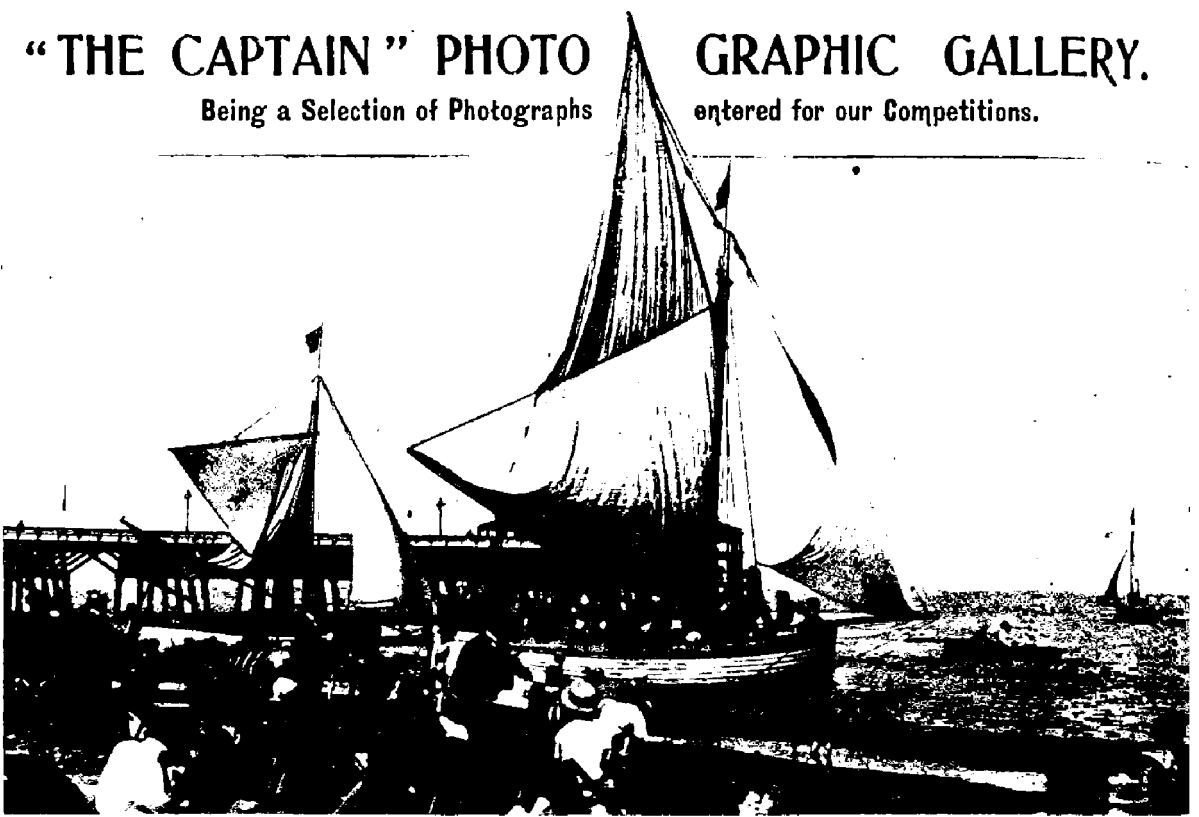
(Drawn by T. C. Smith.)

"THE CAPTAIN" PHOTO

Being a Selection of Photographs

GRAPHIC GALLERY.

entered for our Competitions.



By W. D. Gimron.

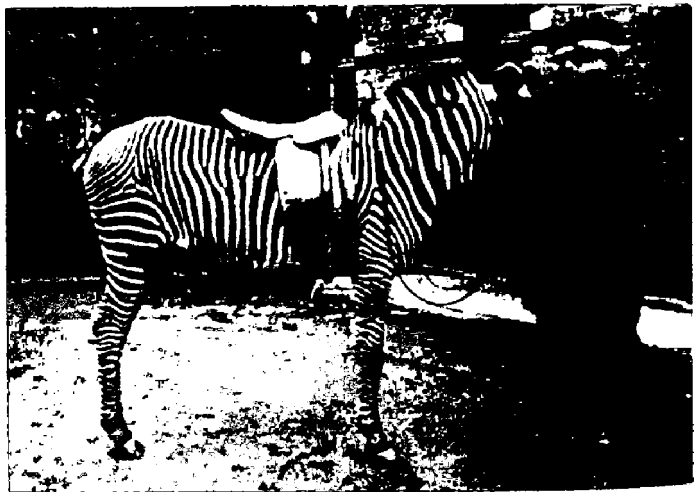
A SUMMER SAIL AT YARMOUTH.

Yarmouth.



"FOR MEN MUST WORK AND WOMEN MUST
WEEP."

By S. Milburn, Sunderland.



A HARNESSSED ZEBRA AT THE ZOO.

By F. K. Attwood, Brockley.

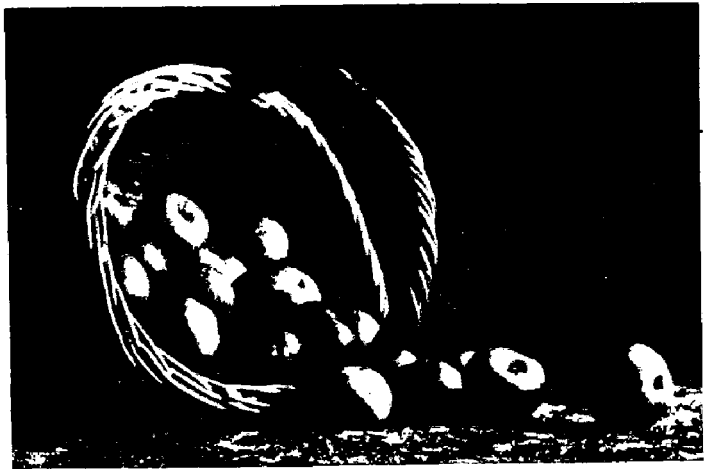


"YOUNG 'UNS."

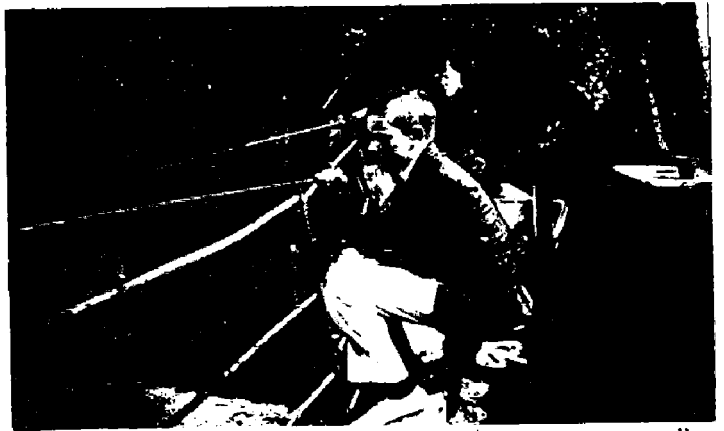
By O. E. Vivian Sykes, Chester.



"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE WORK."
By John H. Young, Dorking.



APPLES.
By William L. Taylor



"TO-MORROW WILL BE FRIDAY."
By G. E. Arrowsmith.



ON THE 22ND.
By J. Webb, Newton Abbot.



JAPANESE ANEMONES.
By W. J. Jones.

UNE ENTENTE PAS CORDIALE.



A FRANCO-ANGLO-INDIAN STORY.

By H. HERVEY.

HE came to the low dividing hedge, glared at us for a few seconds, shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and disappeared into the house. Anon, the rumbling of cart-wheels driving in at the next gate, the jabbering of native servants, and the sustained barking of a large dog told us that the individual who had taken stock of us so unceremoniously had come to stay. We did not object to neighbours; the rumbling of those cart-wheels would not continue, and the jabbering of the native servants would presently subside; but that large dog kept up his barking with irritating persistency; that large dog had apparently arrived on the scene for the express purpose of defeating our own *raison d'être* there.

I, Edgar Bayne, and Frank Archer, late importations from Cooper's Hill, were serving for the nonce at Coconada, a big seaport and civil station on the eastern coast of India. At the time of this story we were in all the throes and agonies of learning a native language, the acquirement of which

was compulsory. The examinations would be held in another month, and as our advancement in the Government service depended on our getting through, we had obtained four weeks' leave—to be employed in a final spurt of "mugging." Coconada, however, with its large European society—English, French, and German—presented attractions detrimental to anything like hard study; there was always lots doing in the way of sport, amusement, social amenities, and so forth. Consequently, I and Archer had only the day before migrated to Samulkottah, eight miles inland, there to grind at our Telugu—the language alluded to—in peace and quietness.

Samulkottah was a deserted military cantonment. The bungalows of the English officers still stood in various stages of decay; but two were habitable, ours and the next one. They lay in rather small enclosures of their own, and each was surrounded by a low hedge.

We were seated at early breakfast in our front verandah, when the new comer sur-

veyed us as above described. He was a middle-aged, swarthy-complexioned individual, wearing a moustache and imperial, dressed in white, with a slouch hat cocked knowingly over his left eye, a man who did not strike us as having much of the milk of human kindness in his composition.

"Cool," remarked Archer, as the stranger retired; "who can he be?"

"No one from Coconada, at all events," said I.

"Hang the dog though! I wonder when he'll stop barking?"

"Expect he's one of those ill-conditioned brutes that keep it up with little intermission day and night. But let's find out who the chap is." I hereupon called my "boy," and told him to go and enquire of the servants.

"Well," I asked, on his return, "who is he?"

"One Frenchy gentleman, sar, pram the Yanam," he replied, in the quaint jargon-English peculiar to the natives all over South India.

"By Jingo! A Frenchman from Yanam—eh? I vote we look the beggar up, Bayne."

"All right, after tea, if only to get him to smother his beast of a dog."

The station of Yanam or Yanaon was a tiny French settlement a few miles to the south of Coconada.

In the cool of the evening, and while that fiend of a dog was in full yelp, we strolled over—to find Monsieur in an arm chair, reading. Our reception was not very encouraging.

"*Holà!*" he shouted, jumping to his feet as soon as he spotted us; "*que voulez-vous donc, Messieurs?*"

Neither of us could speak French fluently; so we adhered to our mother tongue, on the chance of Monsieur knowing something of it.

"Come to pay you a neighbourly call," I replied, indicating our abode beyond the ledge. "We do not know much of French. Do you speak English?"

"Ver leetler I spik. Vy you haf called for me? Vat you veez?"

"Nothing," observed Archer, grinning. "We are calling on you, not for you. *Pour faire des visites,*" he added, dashing at French.

"Ah, hah! ees eet? Zen you vill seet," he continued, skipping away and bringing out two chairs.

"Thank you, Monsieur," I said, tendering our cards as we seated ourselves.

"Mistaire Bayne, Mistaire Arshaire?" he read, interrogatively. "You are not ze—ze—militaire?"

"No; we are engineers."

"Ainjainyur?"

"Yes."

"I am ze capitain of ze armee of ze late Empereur Napoleon," he returned pompously. "Zey call me Eugene Gromieux. I am of Briançon."

"Thank you, Captain Gromieux," said Archer. "We know several of your countrymen in Coconada."

"Bah!" he snapped with disgust. "Zey aire of ze republique! Zey aire no frriend to me!"

Considering that the great "Débâcle" had been enacted twenty-five years before the gallant captain made this disclaimer, I thought it strange that he should yet be so staunch an imperialist, especially when other Frenchmen had apparently accepted the Republic long ago, or, if still cherishing imperialistic tendencies, had ceased obtruding their sentiments on the outer world.

Archer now embarked on the main object of our visit without further talk. "Listen, Captain Gromieux," said he. "We have come out here to study Telugu."

He did not understand, and glanced angrily, enquiringly, at us in turn.

"*Pour étudier la langue native,*" I ventured.

"Ah, ees eet?"

"Yes. Are you doing anything of the same kind?"

"Ah, no. Ze natifs we mek zem learn ze Ffrench."

"Then you have not come here for any special object?"

"*Intention particulière,*" I added.

"I haf come for ze schainche of ze—ze—aire."

"Well," rejoined Archer, "as we came to study, and that, too, before you arrived, we want you kindly to silence your dog, Captain Gromieux. He has been barking all day, and the noise disturbs us."

His look turned into a scowl as he digested what Archer had said, and then, bursting into a loud laugh, "Sall I give ze dogue ze—ze—poison?" he enquired sardonically.

"All we civilly ask you is to prevent his incessant barking, which annoys us," I answered, ruffled by his manner.

"I do not hold!" he exclaimed, rising to his feet, a movement which we followed. "You aire frree pipples; I am living in ze law



ov free pipple. I pay for ze occupation of zees haouse; I do my like. You pay for ze occupation ov yours haouse; you do yours like. Vat ees more?"

"This!" shouted Archer, losing his temper, "that if you do not comply with our reasonable request, I will snoot your dog, and take the consequences!"

"You vill snoot my dogue? All right! I haf fusil; I vill snoot yours shicken who kome by hetch—*voilà!*"

Relations were becoming decidedly strained. Fearing that my hot-headed chum might say or do something rash, I dragged him with me down the steps, and we walked off without so much as bidding this very un-Frenchman-like Frenchman "*Bon soir.*"

"Confounded frog-eater!" fumed Archer; "I'll slip a cartridge into my Martini and pot his beast of a dog at once!"

"No, you won't, old chap," I observed, taking his arm again. "Let's go for a stroll before dinner. Keep cool, and don't be running your head against a wall for nothing."

We went a long round, during which I succeeded in pacifying him. For some time he maintained a moody silence, but presently came to, and admitted that shooting the Frenchman's dog would possibly cause ructions, unpleasant if not dangerous; for the Captain was armed, as well as we.

For two blessed days and nights did we put up with the nuisance, hoping that Guillot—as we heard Gromieux call the dog—would cease worrying us as soon as he had accustomed himself to his new surroundings. Vain idea! There was no abatement; the brute would bark steadily for half-an-hour, stop a few minutes—then resume; and so on, day and night. The least thing set that dog going; a native crossing the deserted parade ground, a fellow canine giving tongue in the distance, the screaming of a kite, a sneeze—everything started him. Study, sleep, were impossible; life itself became unbearable, and Archer chortled in his joy when he realised that my annoyance bid fair to eclipse his.

"Captain Gromieux!" I bellowed to the Frenchman on his appearing in his verandah, and while Guillot barked away at nothing. "For goodness' sake be reasonable and scold your dog!"

"Vy zen? Ze dogue ees on zees side ov ze hetch. I sall permit him."

"His row prevents us from studying—we've already told you!"

"Ees eet? Zat do me nothing. Carry yourselves to anozer haouse if you desire."

"Say at once you *won't* oblige us!" bawled Archer.

Without rejoinder the Frenchman indulged in one of his favourite shrugs, and went inside.

"Shut up—you beast!" thundered my chum at Guillot, the only effect being to cause the dog to break into a very tornado of yaps.

"I'm not going to stand this any longer. If you are, Bayne," exclaimed Archer, thoroughly exasperated. "The fellow's attitude has been offensive from the start, and we ought to take reprisals."

"Nothing I should like better, so long as we do it without getting into a mess of sorts. The question is—how?"

"Let's make it so hot for him that *he* will be the one to move—not we, as he suggests. Touch him on his confounded *amour propre*, or whatever it is."

"By kicking up an opposition row here—you mean?"

"No. Evidently he doesn't mind noise if he can stand that pestilent dog of his. But I've formed an idea, and am going into Coconada about it after breakfast."

"What's your idea?"

"Leave it to me, and you'll see."

He went, and I was left alone in my glory. Guillot barked with little respite throughout the day; I tried in vain to mug; I became wearied beyond measure, and was heartily glad when Archer rode in about four o'clock.

"Well, what's the news?" I asked.

"Look there!" he chuckled, pointing across the parade ground at two covered carts making for the house. From the leading one, a long wooden staff protruded fore and aft; the second appeared to be full up, with a tarpaulin thrown over the contents, while alongside walked a disreputable-looking European, half-loafer, half-brigand.

"What's the meaning of all this? Who's that chap?" I asked in astonishment.

"You'll soon know," he replied, again chuckling. "If we don't ruffle up old Gromieux the wrong way and make him move on, I'll eat my hat!"

Motioning the carts to that side of our bungalow where they would not be visible to any one in the next, we mobilised our servants and speedily relieved the vehicles of their contents. What did I see? A light flagstaff with guys and halyards complete, a bundle—inferentially—of bunting, and then a veritable piano-organ on its own wheeled truck! This last accounted for the seedy-looking foreigner. My chum had chartered the man and his instrument! Why, remained to be explained. I *did* stare.

After paying up the carts, dismissing them, showing the organ grinder into a side room and telling the servants to give the fellow something to eat, Archer at length condescended to enlighten me.

"I went straight to the Monteliers," said he, naming the leading French merchant in Coconada who, with his wife, were great friends of ours, "told them all, and asked for their advice. They were highly amused, and said that old Gromieux was a well-known character, a rabid imperialist, and made

himself obnoxious on that account to his own fellow-countrymen in Yanam. Though the French colony in Coconada, too, have made friendly advances towards him, he won't have it, and calls all republicans *canaille*. He has been in Yanam for some years as a merchant, but does not seem to do much. Both Montelier and his wife sympathised with us in our dilemma, but could make no suggestion; so I fell back on my own plan. I hied on to old Barber, the port officer, and repeated my story, whereupon he gladly agreed to lend me the staff and a couple of flags. He——"

"What for?" I interrupted, testily.

"Give a feller time to speak! One flag is the Union Jack, the other the tricolour. Barber, who was immensely diverted and half threatened to come and see the fun, advises that we wait till late at night to erect the staff."

"Well?"

"We'll do so, and run up the two flags, with the tricolour *below* the jack, a sight which, when the Frenchman beholds it in the morning, will make him feel somewhat



HE SHOOK HIS FIST IN THE DIRECTION OF THE FLAGS.

sick, and ought to send him packing at once."

"Good!" I cried, now grasping his scheme; "a capital idea!"

"Well," continued Archer, "I had hardly left Barber's ere a messenger came—calling me back to the Monteliers. I went there, and found that frowsy party—he in the side room—playing his organ in front of the house. The 'Marseillaise' being one of the tunes, it had struck the Monteliers that, all else failing, the instrument would serve us in

landed from the steamer the day before with the intention of tramping up the coast to Calcutta. After a heap of palavering he agreed to come with me for five rupees a day, food and all expenses found; so I lugged him along."

"What for?" I enquired, crossly, for I was again in a fog.

"You duffer! to grind out the 'Marseillaise,' the republican war song, into old Gromieux's very ears—that is, if the flag dodge doesn't do the trick. The Monteliers assured me that the air would have the same effect on the old bounder as a red rag would have on a bull. Now do you twig?"

Yes; I saw his drift, and heartily approved.

"We'll try the flags first," quoth Archer, gleefully, "and if they don't do, we'll spring the 'Marseillaise' on him!"

Accordingly, that night, without noise, we had the staff erected in front of our bungalow, in full view of the next house, and ran up the Union Jack, with the tricolour below it. Rising before dawn, we swallowed our coffee and took cover—to watch the effect on our neighbour. In due course out he came, caught sight of the flags, started as if shot, paused, appeared

to cogitate, and then, shaking his fist in our direction, retreated into the house. Presently one of his servants went flying towards the native town—to return shortly with a covered bullock cart. Gromieux immediately mounted the conveyance, and was driven off as fast as the bullocks could go.

"Well, I'm blowed!" exclaimed Archer, emerging from his concealment; "has he actually flown?"

"Perhaps he has, and his things and servants will follow."

We waited on in expectation, but there



THE IMPERIALIST
RUSHED OUT INTO
HIS VERANDAH AND
HURLED ALL MANNER OF
UNINTELLIGIBLE STUFF AT
OUR ITALIAN.

hounding old Gromieux out of this. I jumped at the notion; but we could do nothing with the chap, for he knew neither French nor English, and none of us spoke Italian. A deadlock threatened till Madame recollected that the Eberhardts had a Piedmontese stoker on their launch. Montelier good-naturedly drove down to the jetty and brought the fellow back. All became plain sailing now. Through the fireman we learnt that the organ bloke was one of those itinerants occasionally to be met with out here, that he was last from Madras, and had

were no signs of limbering up next door. Guillot continued his row, and the Frenchman's servants lounged about in idleness. After breakfast, I hailed them in Telugu.

"Where has your master gone?"

"To Yanam, sir."

"Is he coming back?"

"Yes, sir; but we do not know when."

I did not like to put more questions, so we were obliged to nurse our curiosity with what patience we could command. The day passed; the dog barked throughout it; our friend came not, and even by ten o'clock, when we went to bed, he had not returned.

But imagine our feelings on rising the next morning to see, displayed before the Frenchman's door, a staff flying flags the same as ours, but with their positions reversed, the tricolour topping "the banner of our pride!" Gromieux was on the watch for us, and laughed sarcastically as we appeared in our verandah.

"Aha!" he shouted in derisive tones, "vat you theenk now? I haf give vat you call ze tat for ze teet, ees eet not?"

So! he had gone into Yanam for the express purpose of procuring the staff and flags from the port officer there! Thus far then we had been nicely checkmated; he had, indeed, given us tit for tat, and in our own coin, too!

We said nothing, made ourselves scarce, and waited till after breakfast. Then, seeing the coast clear next door, we succeeded, with an infinity of dumb show and subdued

whistling of the air, to get that organ man to set his instrument at the "Marseillaise," and we made him comprehend that he was to keep grinding it out indefinitely. So, wheeling the machine round to the side facing Gromieux's bungalow, the oaf struck up. Barely had a few bars rolled forth ere the imperialist rushed out into his verandah, shook both fists, danced about madly, and hurled all manner of unintelligible stuff at our Italian. The organ man grinned approvingly, and gaily continued grinding. Gromieux stormed and raved, till, perceiving that his vociferations had no effect, and seeing us both convulsed with laughter, he shouted hysterically for his servants, gave some hurried orders, clapped on his sun hat, and, treating us to a parting scowl of hatred, walked quickly out of his gates. His servants were now seen to bestir themselves. While some ran for carts, others packed up, pulled down the flags and prostrated the staff. Anon, several carts came; they were loaded, and finally the whole posse, with that still barking dog, took the road—presumably—for Yanam—to leave us in peace at last!

We went up for our examinations and managed to get through. On subsequently comparing notes, we had a similar tale to tell. It seemed to each that when any difficulty met him during the ordeal, it was accompanied by a wracking undercurrent of sound—torturing the brain with cruel persistence. The sound was that of Captain Gromieux's barking dog, Guillot!



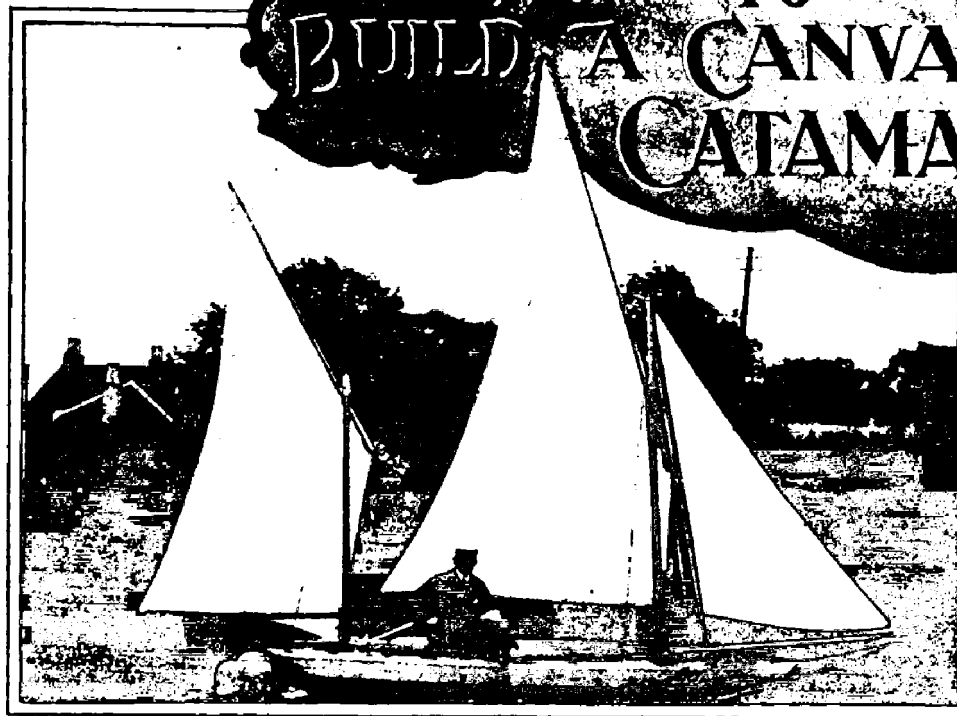
HOW A SMALL BOY BECAME A BIG BLOT.—A WARNING TO YOUNGSTERS WHO INK THEIR COPY-BOOKS.

By Felix Leigh.

HOW TO BUILD A CANVAS CATAMARAN.

BY
LAWRENCE
STURROCK

Illustrated by the
Author's Diagrams



CAPTAINITES who are fond of boat sailing will be looking forward to some fine cruises in the coming holidays. How much more enjoyable and satisfactory these cruises can be made when the boat used is from one's own building yard, only those who have had the pleasure of building their own boat can tell.

Home-made boats of the ordinary type, if they are to be really strong and seaworthy, must be built of the best material. This means expense. Then again, the correct shaping and general building of a boat of the ordinary type is, I think, a task beyond the ability of the average youthful boat-builder, unless he has had considerable experience beforehand.

The object of this article then is to describe the construction of a craft at once safe, speedy, simple in construction, and inexpensive. It is not of the ordinary type, being more after the style of a catamaran, and, as these crafts are well known for their speed and safety, I trust the following description may interest some of our amateur boat-builders, and lead to their constructing a boat in which they will, I trust, spend many a happy hour.

As will be seen from the general deck plan, our craft is really composed of two pontoons,

lying parallel to one another at a distance of 3ft. 6in. apart, and fixed together by strong crossbeams running from the deck of one to the deck of the other, on the top of which again is placed the deck proper.

Let us first consider the construction of the pontoons.

For these the following wood will be required:—

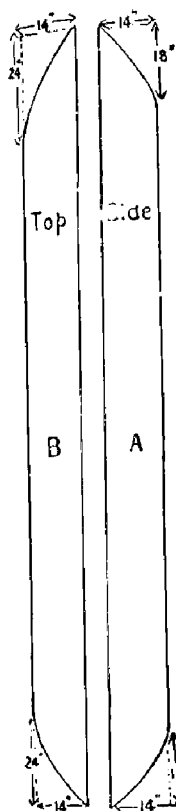
Four white pine planks, 14ft. by 14in. by 1in. (for the flat sides and tops of the pontoons).

Thirty-six pieces white pine, 20in. by 6in. by 1in. (for ribs).

Ten pieces yellow pine, 15ft. by 3½in. by ½in. (these are for the bilges, and must be of even grained wood, as free from knots as possible).

Also ten yards canvas, 26in. wide, half gallon boiled linseed oil, and one pound copper tacks.

Having trued up the edges of your 14ft. planks, cut two of them to the shape shown at Fig. 1A, and two of them as shown at Fig. 1B. Take one of each shape, and fix them together at right angles to one another with 2in. light screws, driven in about nine inches apart, all the way along. Strengthen your joint with some three-inch blocks, six inches long, as shown at A in Fig. 2.

FIG. 1A. FIG. 2B.
FIG. 1.

Now take one of your twenty-inch rib pieces, and cut it to a nice curve, as shown at B, Fig. 2. Cut off the corners, c and d, so as to make the rib fit in exactly between your two planks, and yet small enough to allow each plank to overlap the rib by $\frac{1}{4}$ in. (the thickness of your bilges).

Make all the ribs in the same manner, the end ones being, of course, rather smaller, to allow for the taper in the pontoons. Fix the ribs in place with two 2 in. light screws in each end, as shown in Fig. 2. The ribs should be about ten inches apart.

Now take the bilges and secure them to all the ribs with brass screws, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, as at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Fig. 2. Great care must be taken in bending the bilges to the curve at each end. They will require to be tapered down with a sharp chisel, and fixed by means of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. brass screws to a tapered block placed in the angle of the 14 ft. planks. Fig. 3 shows this clearly.

The next business is the canvassing, about which a great deal of care must be taken. It will be found much easier if, before commencing, the pontoon is turned upon its edge thus, ∇ , keeping it in place with a couple of wedges.

Take five yards of the canvas, and lay it

evenly along the curved side of the pontoon, making sure that it overlaps evenly at each end and each edge. Start tacking from the shoulder of one of the end curves towards the other end. Tack all along one edge first, stretching the canvas well between each tack, and stopping when the other shoulder is reached. Now go along the other edge in the same manner, stretching the canvas very tight. Cut your canvas to the correct shape at each end, and tack it down in the same manner as before, being very careful not to twist it in any way. I found striped canvas of great service in keeping me straight, and should advise the builder either to obtain canvas with a stripe in it, or, failing that, to paint one. The tacks should be driven, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart, into the edges of the 14 ft. planks, the overlapping edges of the canvas being afterwards tacked down to the flat sides.

When all the tacking has been done, give the whole canvas a thorough coat of boiled oil, rubbing it well in with a large brush. Having done this, you can lay the pontoon aside to let the oil dry, and start to your other pontoon.

It is needless to give a detailed description of the construction of the other pontoon, it being built on exactly the same lines as the first; in fact, on the exactitude of design depends the correct steering of the catamaran.

When the canvas has thoroughly dried on both pontoons, place them parallel to one another, and 3 ft. 6 in. apart. Fig. 4.

The side with the 24 in. taper at each end should be the deck in both cases, as will be seen from the general plan.

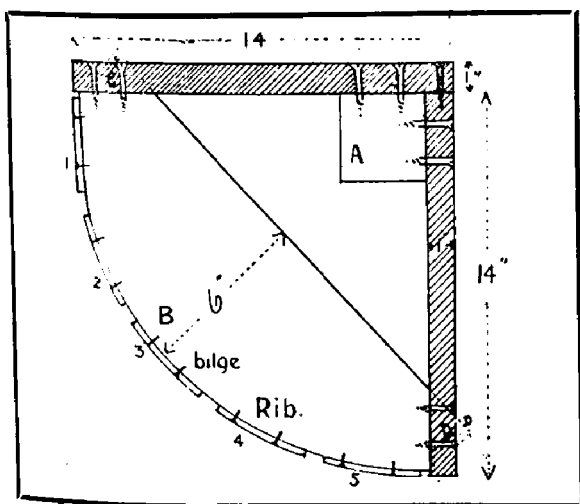


FIG. 2.

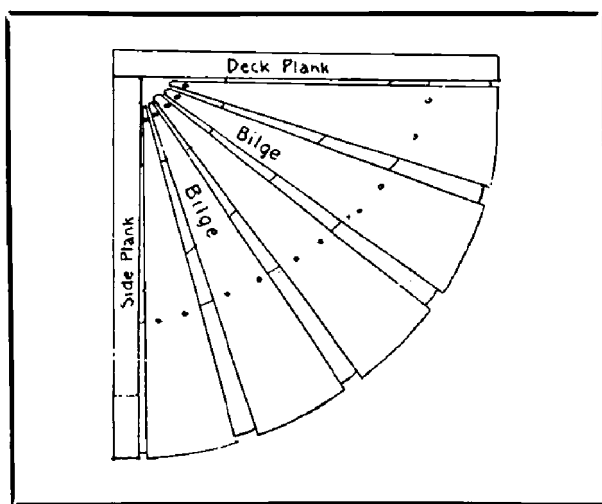


FIG. 3.

You must now obtain the wood for your crossbeams, deck, &c.

The following is a list:—

One piece white pine (planed), 5ft. by 5in. by 2½in. (for crossbeam to support mast).

Five pieces white pine (planed), 5ft. by 3½in. by 2in. (for other crossbeams).

Ten pieces feathered and grooved planking, 7ft. by 6in. by 1in. (for deck).

Four pieces white pine, 5ft. by 4in. by 1½in. (back bars for deck).

It will be noticed from the general plan that the crossbeams are held in place by iron clamps, screwed on to the decks of the pontoons. These clamps should be just large enough to let the beams slide through. There will be twenty required to suit the small beams, and four to suit the large one, which is to support the mast. Any blacksmith can make them, and get the holes

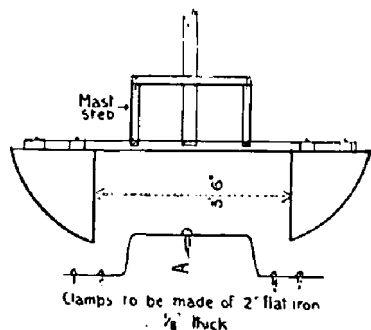


FIG. 4.

bored for the screws as well. A sketch of the shape of the clamps is shown at A, Fig. 4.

Having made sure that your pontoons are parallel, measure four feet along from one end of each, and draw a line at right angles across the decks. Measure two inches in, on each side, from the edges of the decks of the pontoons, and place one of your large clamps at each of the four points thus obtained. When you have screwed them firmly down, slide your heavy beam through and fix it in place by driving a strong brass screw through the hole in the top of each clamp into the beam. Place the other five beams in like manner, one in front of the mast beam, and four behind, at the distances apart shown in the general plan. The furthest aft of the four should have a hole exactly in the centre, large enough to take an ordinary boat rowlock. This is for the steering oar.

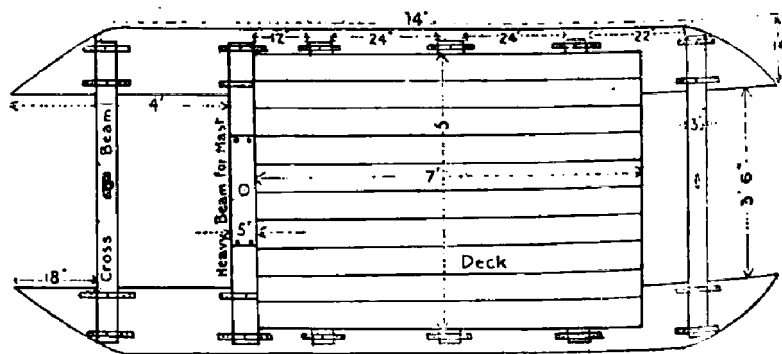
The beams all being in place, the next thing to be made is the deck.

Having fitted all the planks into one another, so as to make an oblong, 7ft. by 5ft., lay your five feet back bars across them, and fix the back bars in place with 2in. brass screws. Be careful to place these pieces so as to avoid the crossbeams, and let the front edge of the deck, when in place, rest just behind the mast beam. Finish off your deck by putting a neat strip all round it. When finished, put the deck in its place on the crossbeams, and bore four 5-8in. holes down through the deck, and through each of the beams below the deck, that is to say, twelve holes altogether. Into each of these holes place a 5-8in. snap-headed bolt, the required length, and, having first slipped on a couple of washers, screw the nuts up tight from below.

The deck and beams should all be nicely planed and varnished, to give a neat finish to the boat. Only one coat of varnish should be put on so far, however, it being merely for the purpose of keeping the planed wood from being dirtied during the process of rigging, which is the next step to turn attention to. The mast is ten feet long, and is fixed by means of a little step, as shown in Fig. 4. There are four stays of half-inch rope, which are hooked to screw eyes driven into the decks of the pontoons. The method of fixing the stays to the mast, and of tightening them and slackening them, is shown in Fig. 5.

The boom is secured to the mast, three inches above the step, by means of a screw eye driven into the end of the boom, two screw eyes in the mast, and a bolt slipped down through the three (Fig. 5). The length of the boom is ten feet.

When the mast is stayed, and the boom in place, the next thing for consideration is the



General Plan
FIG. 4.

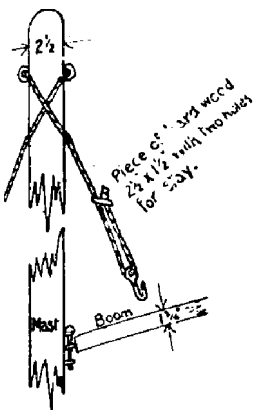


FIG. 5.

sails. Captainites staying near the sea, or on a river, may be able to buy them second hand. If so, I should advise them to take the chance, as it is no easy task making a satisfactory sail. However, as some may be unable to get sails in this manner, I will describe how I made mine, which did all I expected of them.

In the case of the large lugsail, I simply laid the mast, gaff, and boom, on the floor of a large room, in the position I expected them to be in when the sail was completed and in place. I then cut my sail cloth into lengths, as shown in Fig. 6, and having overlapped the edges $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., and pinned them together, I cut off the projecting ends to the desired shape. Next I twice doubled the edge over $\frac{3}{4}$ in. all round, thus making a good strong hem. When this was done, I had all the seams and hems run over by a sewing machine, giving each seam and each hem three rows of stitching. Into each corner of the sail I then inserted a brass sail ring. These rings can be obtained from any sailmaker, and give the sail a good finish.

When the sail has been completely finished, or obtained second hand, the next thing to do is to secure it to the upper spar, or "gaff." This spar is 11 ft. long, and the sail is attached to it by means of a piece of codline run round the spar and through the sail from end to end. One of the bottom corners of the sail should be attached to the boom in the usual manner, and into the other corner should be placed a rope to tighten down the sail when hoisted. The gaff is attached at a point four feet above its lower end, to the mast, by

means of a screw eye in the gaff, and a runner on the mast (Fig. 7). This runner can also be had from the sailmaker, and is hoisted by means of a rope passing from it up through a screw eye in the mast, and back down to the deck, where it is secured.

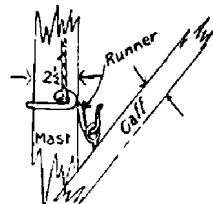


FIG. 7.

The foresail is very easily made, being simply a right-angled triangle, with its sides 10 ft., 8 ft., and 6 ft., respectively. The bowsprit fits into a hole in the front of the mast crossbeam, and rests on the front crossbeam to which it is secured by means of a clamp, which fits it neatly, but not so tightly as to keep the bowsprit from coming out when required. A stay runs from the end of the bowsprit to the end of each pontoon, where it is hooked just above the water line. Fig. 6 gives a general view of the rigging, and shows all details. In my boat the thickness of the spars was as follows:—mast, $2\frac{1}{2}$ in., gaff, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., boom, $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., bowsprit, $1\frac{3}{4}$ in. These spars, I found, stood the strain splendidly, even when exposed to very strong and

sudden gusts. I used half-inch rope for all the rigging. It will be noticed from the illustration that my boat had two masts, and that she was steered by means of a helm on each pontoon.

Were I making another boat, however, I would incline to have one mast only, and no helms, as

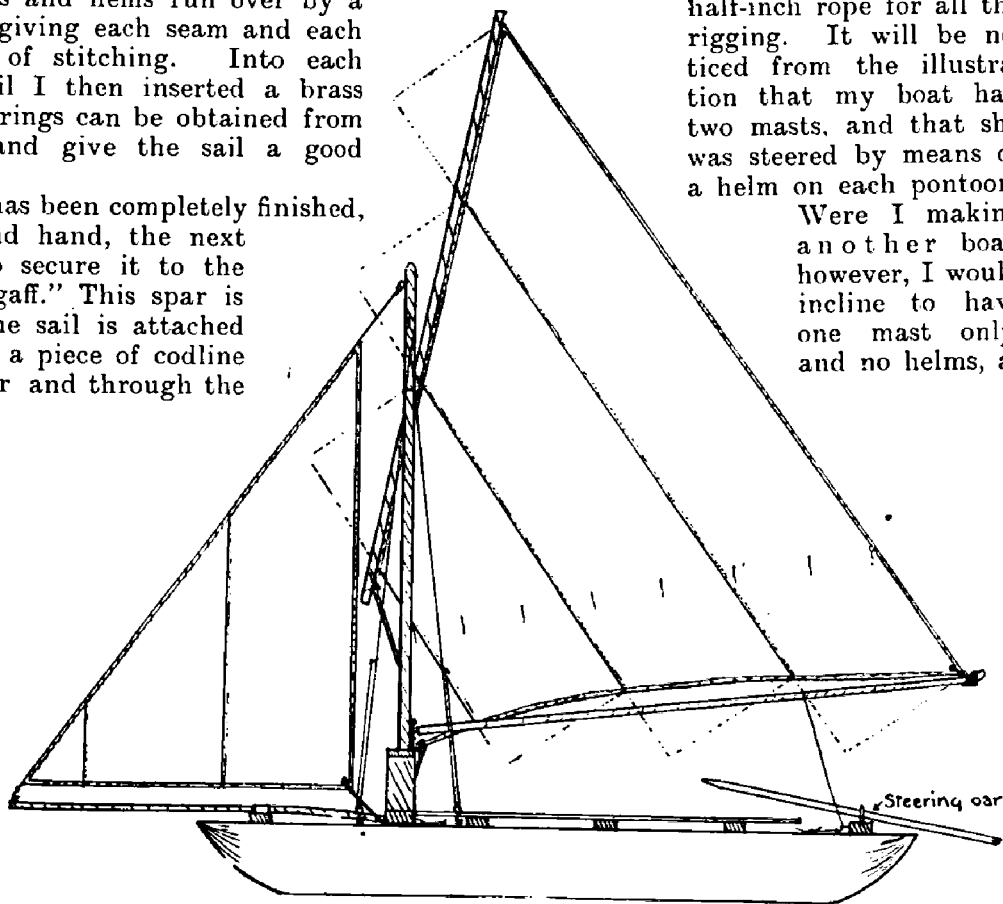


FIG. 6.

I found having two masts did not leave sufficient room for the crew, and that the helms did not bring her round quite smartly enough. I think the extra leverage of a fairly long steering oar should do this nicely.

The canvas should receive two thorough coats of oil and one of paint, and all joints should be carefully calked up. The colour of the paint I leave to taste, but should advise a coat of white paint in the first place, as it contains so much white lead. A strip of thin wood should be nailed along all the canvassed edges to protect the canvas.

I built my boat in slightly over a month, and when launched she turned out to be very

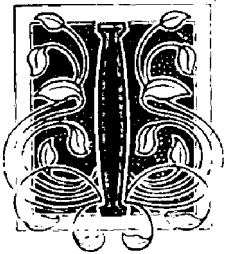
fast indeed. The most delightful part of the business, however, was that the only effect a sudden strengthening of the wind had was to make her travel faster, as it will be obvious to every one that she could not capsize without lifting one of the pontoons out of the water.

When sailing I usually had a canvas bulwark about twelve inches high all along each side of the deck, to keep the spray from coming on board.

In conclusion, I can only wish those who may take advantage of this description as much pleasure from their work as I had from mine.



THE TUCKSHOP.



SHOULD hardly say
there's one shop, from
the City tea-and-bun-
shop

To the clubs, hotels, and
cafés of the West—

From resorts of poor and
lowborn, of Frascati's
and the Holborn—

Whose cuisine I've not

at some time put to test.

In utterest satiety of all, and each variety,
I've hunted for contentment, but where
is it?

E'er I sadly answer "Nowhere!" I'm re-
solved once more to go where
I could find it, years ago, at every visit!

Thus reflecting I returned to my school, and,
as I journey'd,

Oh! if song could sing the feelings that I
felt!

Or describe with what sensation, when we
steamed into the station,

On those clust'ring rooves once more my
vision dwelt!

But I hurried, hurried straightway, through
the Ancient Gothic Gateway,

Past the Chapel, Fives-courts, Gym—but
didn't stop

For a fraction of a minute, till I found my-
self within it—

Just the dear, familiar, cosy little *shop!*

Then, to make the same selection from the
samples of confection

That adorned its ancient counter I essayed.
All in vain! For poor old Mother Jones
had made way for another

Dame who kept a *fin-de-siècle* stock-in-
trade.

Where the scone in my young days lay, *now*
before my startled gaze lay

Some French pastry, whose elaborate de-
sign meant

That the British boy was surely being wound
and bound securely

In the trammels of luxurious refinement!

But the marvellous capacity (I will not say
voracity)

The youngsters there displayed for every
kind

Of up-to-date comestible and tempting in-
digestible,

Soon led me to a broader frame of
mind.

And I finally relented altogether—quite con-
tented

That the ultra-complex nature of their
fare

Made our boys, beyond a question, far
robuster of digestion

Than their dull, old-fashioned predecessors
were!

ARTHUR STANLEY.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZAS

BY FRED SWAINSON
AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD"



NO IV BARBEL

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

SMITH'S house had covered itself with glory; its dark blue and white cap conferred dignity upon its wearer, however personally insignificant, and Smith was supposed to go to bed at night wondering what new title to fame his thirty-seven shining ones would earn him on the morrow. Take the house how you like, it was the cream of Eliza's. Scholarship? Hats off, gentlemen! They lifted one Balliol, a classical scholarship to Lincoln, and an open exhibition in Modern History to Merton, a scholarship in Nat. Sci. and Maths. to King's College on the Cam, and practically shook their own Elizabethan fruit tree of its ripest and best. Seven men were in the cricket XI., five in the football ditto, and they were cock house, bat and ball; their man Croome *max* went to Aldershot for the Heavy-Weight, Croome *maj* for Light-Weight, and the band had met the victorious heroes on their return. The house annexed everything that was worth having; they mowed down their fields, distances and sprints, in the Sports, on a lovely April day, and put that championship in their own pocket without turning a hair; and King-Hardman captained and headed Eliza's crack shots at Bisley. It would, I suppose, be a shorter matter to say what they didn't get, only I can't just recall what that was. Yes! 1902 was Smith's comet year.

Marshall, of Laxton's, put the case with much point to his friend Kershaw. "I'm rather tired of that ineffable house. Hanged if I don't believe they'd take the hop-scotch

sweeps, the knuckle-down gold vase, cat's cradle, handicap, kiss-in-the-ring stakes, and My-Friend's-Chair china mug. I can hardly breathe when one of 'em sails by; there's such a wind goes with 'em. I think I'll take to colouring clays or blowing bubbles. You'd better try the Jew's harp, old man."

Knowing just how high Smith's house reared its mighty head, you can imagine what a trial James Asquith Bullock was to them. I mean to the junior portion of it, for, of course, the heroes of the Fifth and Sixth weren't aware of his existence. James was short, fat, chubby, very dense, very, very slow, a hearty sleeper and a heavy eater; but his chief outstanding quality was his surpassing dulness. Indeed, some of his exasperated fellow-juniors rather wondered whether their house didn't hold another championship, but, since they only valued one kind of distinction, they never openly pressed James' claim for a record. To particularise a little, James was an object of scorn in the Lower Fourth class-rooms; he played cricket—if his style could fairly be called "playing"—with the outcast M U G S on their switchback crease in a waste corner of Eliza's playing fields; his football was something like a peaceful siesta, and his brightest run a fair round trot. He was Smith's blight, their crumpled roseleaf in the bed of roses. Yet James had his hobby; he fished. When he was not down for compulsory cricket or footer, he fished. When June came in and the close season went out, James, in full rig—rod, basket, bait-can, landing net—waddled down to the river and fished. From the banks, usually, because, by the time he got down to the boat-house, there was not even a solitary tub left. His landing net was never in great requisition. I rather suspect he was too slow in striking. I doubt if he would have noticed a roach's delicate

nibble—but now and then a plucky perch or purblind eel came to basket. James gave them plenty of time; indeed, it usually ended in his making a guess how far down the hook had gone, and amputating the eel there. Naturally, James didn't like eels.

On the Mugs' sacred pitch one broiling

idleness. "I fairly loathe cricket," said Jim, wistfully staring into the glaring sunshine.

"It's all tommee rott," said Oung, a Malay princeling; "I hate it, too."

"Your house must be awfully sick about you, Jimmy," said Crake, who was making desperate efforts to get out of the Mugs'



"I'LL FISH YOU, JIMMY, AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, FOR WHAT YOU LIKE, AND WHERE YOU LIKE."

game. "They can't like to see their precious blue-and-white in this forsaken corner. Isn't there *anything* you can do?"

"I can fish," said Jimmy, thoughtfully.

"So can I," said Crake, "but I sometimes catch something, you know."

"Same here, Frankie," said James. "Eels and perch. There's no fellow in Eliza's that's fetched out more eels and perch from the Loden than me."

"Plucky lot anybody cares about fishing in Eliza's," said Crake. "There's nothing in it."

"Isn't there?" said Jimmy, with a rare

July afternoon James was "fielding" square leg. A big sycamore threw a rounded shadow on the grass, and whenever an incompetent bowled out an incompetent, James would let himself down gently on the turf as the gods might do on Olympus. One or two fielding Mugs invariably anchored beside Jimmy, but, somehow, all lacked his perfect pose of

thrill of interest in his tone. "It's the best thing going at Eliza's, only you fellows know nothing about it . . . no, not that!" and Bullock snapped with a contemptuous finger and thumb.

"All right," said Crake, hotly. "I'm not a professor, but I'll fish you, Jimmy, as long as you like, for what you like, and where you like."

James Asquith Bullock sat up with an unaccustomed jerk. "Do you mean that, Frank?"

"Rather."

"Done!" said James, positively sparkling. "Saturday next from two till five call-over, and the loser stands tea at Moon's . . . his best." And then, as a slow afterthought, "Whether I win or lose, there's bound to be a square meal, anyhow. What about the best swims, though, Frank?"

"We'll toss for 'em, Jimmy. Each his own boat!"

"I'd rather. Less row."

"It's to be all square, Jimmy, 'pon honour. No fishmongering and mackerel, you know."

Jim nodded solemnly. "I wouldn't cram about my lot, Frank. We'll weigh out at Moon's. Heaviest poundage, any kind, wins."

Then, as another Mug came out to "bat," Jim rose slowly to his feet, and said, "Jove! I think I'll give Smith's another leg up."

Crake and his fellow-Mugs could hardly field for laughter.

In some mysterious way the news of Bullock's wager, and, above all, of his little hopeful prophecy, travelled round Eliza's, and coming, as it did, just at a slack time, tickled the fancy of Elizabethans mightily. The school generally, half-humorously, looked to Crake, of Worsfold's, to withstand the vaulting ambition of Smith's, who, not content with holding all terra-firma championships, must needs put their greedy paws out upon the waters, and Smith's, though they had no choice as to their champion, felt for the honour of the house that they had to uphold him. Jim's squabby, comfortable figure became a land-mark in Eliza's; Smith's seniors nodded genially—a smile rippling on their lips—when they met him, and his fellow juniors said he was an utter ass, and they'd scrag him into *dissecta membra* or love him for ever, just as circumstances might demand. And the wagering reminded one of Boat Race day.

Shortly after five o'clock on the fateful Saturday there was a crowd of pretty well

a hundred juniors before Moon's shop. A casual observer might have thought it was a case of fire, but within there was one spare table sacredly reserved for Crake and Bullock, who had fished as foes, but were to take tea as friends. A faint burst of cheering and laughter was heard afar off, and the combatants appeared. Smith's juniors were patting their man on the back, and he was purple with pride and joy, excitement and heat. Crake walked alongside, dismally disgusted. Whatever fish the Worsfoldian had were in his basket, but out of the open lid of Smith's champion's waggled dolorously a huge barbel's head, and, slung in his handkerchief, was another, bearded like a Viking and mouth tightly shut in death. Neither looked pretty, but each was immense. In Moon's back premises they weighed out. Crake had five perch and one chub, which, collectively, kicked the beam at nineteen ounces. Jim had three perch, one eel—in two parts—and two barbel, which, after due balancing, reduced sweetly to *four hundred and twenty-one and three-quarter ounces*. Once again was Smith's first and the rest nowhere.

Now a barbel is not a little fish, averaging in good seasons somewhere between nine and ten pounds, but Jim's lesser was eleven and the larger fourteen; grand total, a lovely, rounded, four hundred ounces. Lock, the guardian of St. Elizabeth's museum, a fisherman all his life, who knew and had caught of every fish that swam in Lodden waters, pronounced the fourteen pounder a record. That stone weight of fish, long, olive-green above, with an odd bluish tinge on the sides, with its four beards, and repulsive, receding lower jaw, small scaled, slimy, and altogether unlovely, was, said he positively, Lodden's record barbel.

Bullock had fished himself into fame. A local reporter interviewed James, and the paper came out with little ravishing bits about Jim's "great courtesy in showing our representative the harvest of his patient angle," "a true disciple of Isaac Walton, modest and unaffected," and one glorious burst of sustained panegyric in which Smith's was "that renowned Elizabethan house, great on the finny deep as in the Olympic games or on the slopes of Parnassus." There was a procession of curious sightseers to Smith's to see Jim's barbel, for the modest disciple had made his table a mossy bed, whereon lay his fish, majestic in death and record breaking. His house despised him no more; Croome, even the mighty Croome, nodded to him as

one record holder to another, and as for the juniors, well, Jim had to decline twelve invitations to tea for the next day.

In due time the barbel went to Rowland Ward's, that wonderful place in Piccadilly, and then, each in a glass case, found a final resting place. The eleven pounder went home and hangs in Jim's bedroom to this day, and the other beauty found a reserved corner of the St. Elizabeth's school museum. If you pay Eliza's a visit, you can still see it standing out in all its greenish, bearded glory against the white wall of the cabinet. It is labelled thus:—

BARBEL

(*Barbus Vulgaris*),

Weight 14 lbs. $\frac{3}{4}$ ozs.

Presented by

JAMES ASQUITH BULLOCK, Esq.,

July 23rd, 1902.

Jim, after the holidays, went into the museum to see how the fourteen pounder looked in its long home. Whilst he gloated, Lock came up quietly and said to him, "By the way, Mr. Bullock, where did you get 'im?"

"Rodden pool, Lock."

"How? Boiled wheat?"

Jim, looking at the barbel, said slowly, "No. He rose to fly, Lock."

Lock's cheeks went in with a little dry whistle of astonishment. "Never heard of 'em taking fly, sir."

"He rose to fly, Lock, all the same, and then I nailed him," said Jim, with a slow, lingering smile round his mouth. It was a tantalising smile, such a smile as comes naturally to a fellow who is no wit but has got hold of a creamy joke and likes to think it over.

Lock rubbed his nose in bewilderment. "Chub fly'r trout? And anyway, 'ow could you 'old *him* on a fine line?"

Jim laughed softly, and winked solemnly at Lock. "Funny things do happen in fishing," he said, oracularly, as he made to move off. "Anyway, he rose at a fly."

Lock almost danced with curiosity and bewilderment. He knew there must be something more behind James' drawling smile.

"I asks you, Mr. Bullock," said he, imploringly following, "as one fisherman to another, 'ow *did* you get that barbel?"

Jim stopped. Deep answered to deep. There was no one he respected more than Lock, the mighty rod. "I say, Lock, you'll keep it dark if I tell," he said at last.



"I ASKS YOU, MR. BULLOCK, 'OW DID YOU GET THAT BARBEL?"

"My word an' my honour, sir," said Lock, earnestly.

"Well, on the day when I fished Crake, I'd hardly got the rypecks out of the mud at the top edge of Rodden pool to go home with only three perch and eel—twenty-one ounces, you know—and was going to pole the punt down stream, than this barbel sprang clear out of the water and fell into the boat. I had my net over him in a jiffy, and then I gasped. So did the fish," said Jim, thoughtfully.

Lock imitated the fish.

"That's funny, but this is funnier. Out came another bang after it, for all the world as though they were playing leap-frog. *That* one is at home . . . eleven pounds."

"Ah!" said Lock, looking at Jim with wide-open eyes, "they do jump at times."

"They rise to fly," said Jim, with a delicious chuckle.

Lock, in his enthusiasm, shook Jim's hand. St. Elizabeth's museum walls will never echo back such gurgling, smothered laughter as they did that day. Lock wiped his streaming eyes and muttered ravishingly, "Of course they did; they rose to fly! You're a deep 'un, sir."

"As deep as Rodden pool, Lock," said Jim, with fearful exaggeration.

Reader.—Consider the gorgeous fluke of it all.

["This is not a 'tall' tale," says the author, in a letter to the Editor, "because I have more or less participated in a similar incident. Barbel do jump."]

MY FIRST AND LAST BULL-FIGHT.

[The following is an extract from a letter written by a young fellow of seventeen years of age who recently witnessed a bull-fight at Barcelona.]

YESTERDAY I went to see my first "bull-fight." The Plaza "de Toros," i.e., bull-ring, is like a huge open-air circus, with the back seats roofed over like a stand at a cricket or football match in England.

Of course it is an enormous place and holds I don't know how many thousands of people. Opposite the main entrance to the arena is the band, which plays before the show starts, and between each bull.

The arena is made of hard-beaten sand, and all round is a solid wooden paling painted red and about five feet high. Outside this there is a space the whole way round about eight or ten feet wide, and then another wooden wall with a couple of wire ridge ropes round the top. Then close up to this and getting higher and higher as you recede from the ring are the seats.

First of all comes a Johnny in a black velvet cloak, plumed hat, riding boots, spurs, &c., &c. on a big grey horse, who prances up to the presidential box, and bows, &c. Then he clears out, but presently returns and does it all over again,

this time followed by all the matadors, who also walk to the edge and bow.

They are all dressed most beautifully, with plush, scarlet, blue, red, green, &c., coloured tight knee breeches, with pink or white stockings, and buckle shoes. Their short tight-fitting coats are also made of some bright-coloured velvety stuff, and covered with gold or silver lace, until they almost appear to have golden or silver armour on, as the case may be. Their breeches also are very richly embroidered down the sides and round the waist with gold and silver lace. They wear sort of black jam puff-shaped caps, and a sort of pig-tail; of course you have seen pictures of them, and so know more or less what they look like. Then the picadors, or men on horseback, come in. These are wonderful men, and have by far the most dangerous part to play. They have a sort of stiff hat with a pudding basin-shaped crown, all of a brown colour. They wear short coats like the matadors, but not so richly embroidered, their trousers are of thick brown leather, with fringed sides, and all up their legs they wear (underneath the trousers)

strong steel armour, and their arms and bodies are also (beneath their jackets) well padded and protected with steel bands, &c.

Later on one of the picadors was walking round the alley-way outside the arena, between the two palings; he had had one trouser leg ripped right up, and you could see his armour underneath. None of the matadors have any protection, and they don't need it, as you will see later on. The picadors have long spears in their hands, with which they are supposed to keep off the bull, which, however, they very rarely manage to do. These spears are really more like lances, and are about the same thickness as a broom-stick.

When all is ready, and the matadors and the picadors have distributed themselves about the arena, a side door (labelled "Toros") is opened and the bull rushes in. It is rather fine seeing him run in, and then suddenly stop, look round, and charge with a snort at the man nearest to him, who stands quite still until he is about a yard off, and then flaps his red cloak in his face and slips out of the way. Of course, by far the most horrible part of the show is the horse part, although it wasn't anything like as bad as I expected. The bull sees a picador on a horse, and charges as hard as he can; the picador levels his lance straight at him, and tries to keep him off, as also do the matadors with their red cloaks; but unless the bull is a very poor one, he makes straight for the horse, in a sort of frenzy, without taking any notice of lance or anything else. As I've said before, unless he is a rotten bull he goes straight for the horse, and nearly always knocks him down. The picadors are wonderful men and splendid riders, and they stick on awfully well, but nearly always come off eventually with a fearful bang, which they don't seem to mind in the least. They are so padded and heavily armoured (although, as it is beneath their clothes, you don't notice it very much) that they hardly ever manage to get up by themselves, and seeing them dragged up on to their feet makes you at first think they are hurt, whereas they are really perfectly all right, and get another horse, or mount their old one, if it is fit, and go on again. The odd part is that

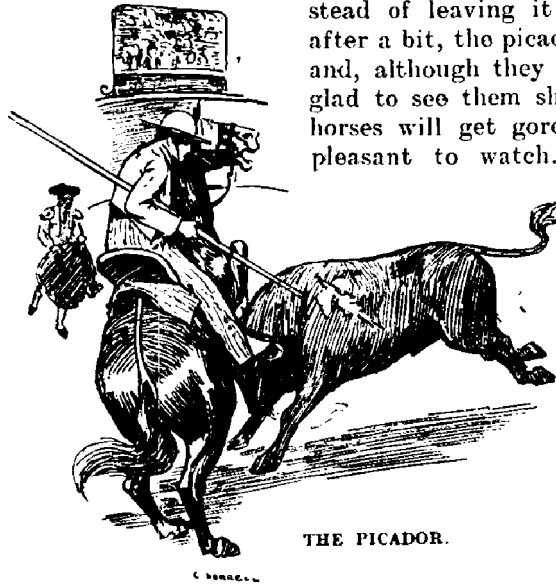
the horses don't seem a bit frightened of the bull, and don't neigh or do anything of that sort when the bull charges them; it would seem much worse if they did so, though, of course, it would make no difference really.

There is one good thing about it, and that is that when a horse has been gored by the bull, and is too bad to get up again, one of the attendants always rushes in and kills it at once, instead of leaving it to bleed to death. Well, after a bit, the picadors and their horses go out, and, although they are splendid fellows, one is glad to see them shunt, as you know no more horses will get gored, which is extremely unpleasant to watch. As a matter of fact, the horses are as old as the hills, and would probably die of old age in the next week or so. Still, that makes it none the less cruel.

Now comes the best part of the show, namely, the placing of the banderillas and the killing of the bull. The matadors take it in turns to be the banderilleros, and they do it beautifully. Of course

you know what a banderilla is like? It is a sharp-pointed dart, about thirty inches long, and it is covered all over with coloured paper frills, on the same principle as a leg of mutton frill. Well, the banderilleros take a pair of banderillas, and hold one in each hand, in the same manner as you do a carving knife, only they hold their arms out nearly straight, with their hands on a level with their eyes, pointing straight at the bull. Well, the matadors bring the bull round face towards the banderillero, who occasionally waves his arms round his head to attract his attention. Then, as soon as he has succeeded in doing this, he starts running as hard as he can towards him, still holding his banderillas straight out at arm's length in front of him, pointing slightly downwards. At the same instant the bull starts charging towards the man, and here you see these two, the very picturesquely-dressed man, with his outstretched arms, running at a remarkable pace towards the bull, whilst the infuriated beast charges down from the opposite direction.

It is a thrilling and magnificent sight seeing these two rushing at each other, and there is a breathless silence among the audience. He goes on running until he is almost on top of the bull, when, without stopping, he goes slightly to one side and lances his banderillas beautifully into



THE PICADOR.

the bull just above his shoulders, on top of his neck, and if he does it skilfully, and places them in the exact spot, the silence is broken by a roar of applause from the audience. It really is awfully thrilling and exciting, and one begins to understand how it is that bull-fighting is so popular in Spain.

All this goes on until there are two or three pairs of banderillas in the bull's neck, and then there is a blare of trumpets at a signal from the presidential box, and the banderilleros retire.

Next comes the espada, or the Johnny who actually kills the bull. He is dressed just the same as, only, if possible, more richly than, the matadors, but he wears no hat. He has a very small, bright red rag affair, one side of which is bent on to a stick of sorts, on the same principle as a window blind, and in his right hand he carries a long, tapering, and beautifully tempered sword, with which to kill the bull. The espada then goes up to the bull alone, and for some time exhibits his courage and skill by standing still and letting the bull charge him, each time escaping by waving the red towel thing about, and so the bull alters his direction, and charges the rag instead of the man. After this has gone on for a few minutes, he awaits a favourable opportunity, and then seems almost to stand between the bull's horns. Lifting his flashing sword high above his head, he drives it home into the bull's neck, and so sharp is the sword, and so skilfully is it thrust in, that only the hilt and a few inches of the blade can be seen, sticking up out of the bull's neck.



THE ESPADA.

If he has judged his thrust well the blade goes bang through the heart, and the bull drops dead at his feet amidst roar upon roar of excited applause. Then the successful espada goes up and bows towards the presidential box, and everybody throws flowers, &c., into the arena, and the band plays away for all it's worth, and so on.

I was really awfully pleased I went, and shall never forget it. With the exception of the horse part, which was very revolting, it was very fine indeed, and awfully exciting. It is wonderful to

see the pace which these chaps have, and their intrepidity and nimbieness are wonderful. It is splendid seeing them, when hard pressed, sprint to the side of the arena with the bull tearing after them, snorting, and with his head low down, ready to toss the man he is pursuing, who meantime waits till the bull is practically on him, and then lightly leaps over the barrier, while the bull fetches up with a bang. Sometimes they have such close shaves that their red cloaks carried on their left hand (they leap over with their right) get entangled in the bull's horns, and he rags and

worries them to pieces. Of course, if the man slipped, the bull would be on him at once, and he would be gored to death, so that you see it is very dangerous and exciting. What made us so angry was that lots of ladies and children were there, and all these beastly Spaniards fairly shout with delight when they see a horse gored. It really is horrid to hear the brutes. Well, I've seen my first, and I expect my last, bull-fight, as, although it is so fine in many ways, the horse business spoils it all, and I don't think I'll want to go to one again.

AT ANOTHER BULL-FIGHT.

BY this time I was hoping that a bull would kill a man. My sympathies had gone over now altogether to the side of the bulls. The ingenuity of the toreros had at last become monotonous to me. They were fine, brave fellows, but they were too skilful. Perhaps I might have felt differently if the bulls were not so game. Had they got afraid, or shirked the fight, I might not have minded so much their being killed. But to see them fight bravely, one after another, till they fell dying, made me wish that they could kill in turn. In the great reckoning of things one life has much the same value as another. And there is a fine magnetism about the thing that dies game.

From BART KENNEDY'S "A TRAMP IN SPAIN."

SOME OFFICIAL CRESTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY,

Now in Daily Use.

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Gale and Polden, Military Publishers, London and Aldershot.



1st Life Guards.



Royal Horse Guards
(The Blues).



2nd Dragoon Guards
(Queen's Bays).



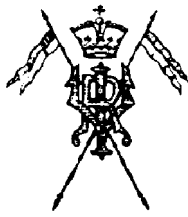
2nd Dragoons
(Royal Scots Greys).



7th Hussars.



17th Lancers.



21st Lancers.



Royal Artillery.



Royal Engineers.



Grenadier Guards.



Coldstream Guards



Scots Guards.



Irish Guards.



Royal Fusiliers,
7th Foot.



Suffolk Regiment,
12th Foot.



Royal Scots Fusiliers,
21st Foot.



Royal Welch Fusiliers,
23rd Foot.



Scottish Rifles,
26th and 90th Foot.



Border Regiment,
55th Foot.



Black Watch (R.H.),
47th and 73rd Foot.



Essex Regiment.
50th Foot.



Derbyshire Regiment,
45th and 95th Foot.



R. West Kent Regt.,
50th and 97th Foot.



K.O. Yorkshire L.I.,
51st and 105th Foot.



King's R. Rifle Corps,
60th Foot.



Gordon Highlanders,
75th and 92nd Foot.



Royal Irish Rifles,
83rd and 86th Foot.



Royal Irish Fusiliers,
87th and 89th Foot.



Rifle Brigade.



West India Regiment.



Army Service Corps.



Royal Army Medical
Corps.



Army Ordnance Corps.



Royal Marine L.I.



R. Marine Artillery.



Military Police.



Chinese Regiment.



N.S. Wales Lancers.



Kimberley Rifles.



Cape Mounted
Riflemen.



TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

No. 4.—“GO!” An Episode of Invasion.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of “Across the Wilderness,” &c.

the men of Custer's expedition, lay before them.

Two more days and the gold-seekers would gain the shelter of those pine-covered hills, where their merry axes would “eat chips” until shelter, comfort and safety from attack were secured. Out of the bitter cold, after weeks of toil and danger, into warmth and safety—no wonder they were glad!

As yet they had seen no sign of the hostile Sioux, but their frosty cheers, thin and piping, had hardly been borne away by the cutting wind when a moving black speck appeared on the western horizon.

The speck drew nearer and resolved itself into a solitary horseman. Could it be that a single Sioux would approach a party of their strength? They watched the rider without anxiety. They were so near the goal now that no war-party of sufficient strength to become a menace was likely to be gathered. They were equipped with an arsenal of modern guns and fifty thousand rounds of ammunition, and had boasted that they were “good to stand off three hundred Sioux.”

Nearer and nearer drew the horseman, his pony coming on in rabbit-like jumps to clear the drifts. Speculation ceased. It was an Indian—probably a hunter strayed far from his village, half-starved and coming to beg for food. Well, the poor wretch should have frozen bread and meat, as much as he could eat—they could not stop to give him better fare.

It was as cold as Greenland. The bundled driver upon the great wagon slapped his single line and yelled at the plodding mules. Eleven buffalo-coated, fur-encased men, with feet clad in snow-packs, marched at the tail of the freighter. In such weather their cold “shooting-irons” were left in the wagon, nor

THE new El Dorado was in sight. Gordon's party of twelve tired frontiersmen had mounted the high divide which separates the sources of the Running Water from those of the Cheyenne. For five weeks the men had shovelled drifts, buffeted blizzards, and kept a constant vigil among the interminable sandhills. By means, too, of stable-canvas, shovels, axes, iron picket-pins and a modicum of dry feed, they had kept in good condition the splendid eight-mule team which drew their big freighter.

In fact, “Gordon's outfit” was a model one in every respect. Probably no similar body of men ever faced our snow-bound, trackless plains, better equipped for the adventure. And now the muffled marchers cheered as “Cap” Gordon halted them and pointed to a blurred and inky upheaval upon the far rim of a limitless waste of white. The famous Black Hills, a veritable wonderland, unseen hitherto by any party of whites save

did they deem it necessary now to get them out.

They were prepared for a begging Indian, but the apparition which finally rode in upon the monotony of their long march seemed to them a figure as farcical as savage. As the Sioux horseman confronted them he lowered his blanket, uncovering his solemn barbarian face and, stretching out one long arm, pointed them back upon their trail.

"Go!" he said; and he repeated the command with fierce insistence.

The big freight-wagon rattled on, but the footmen halted for a moment to laugh.

The Indian stretched his lean arm and shouted, "Go!" still more savagely. It was immensely funny. Gordon's men jeered the solitary autocrat and laughed until their iced beards pulled. They bade him get into a drift and cool off; asked him if his mother knew he were out; whether his feet were sore; if it hurt him much to talk, and if he hadn't a brother who could chin-chin *rash tudo*.

His sole answer to their jeering, as he rode alongside, was "Go! Go! Go!" repeated with savage emphasis and a flourish of his arm to southward.

The footmen were plodding a dozen rods in the rear of their freight-wagon, and still laughing frostily at this queer specimen of "Injun," when the savage spurred his pony forward. A few quick leaps carried him up to the toiling eight-mule team. His blanket dropped around his hips and a repeating carbine rose to his face. Both wheelers dropped at the first shot, killed by a single ounce slug. A rapid fusillade of shots was distributed among the struggling mules, and then the Sioux was off, shaking his gun and yelling defiance, his pony going in zigzag leaps and like the wind.

Men ran tumbling over each other to get into the wagon and at their guns. The teamster and two or three others who, despite the cold, carried revolvers under their greatcoats, jerked their mittens and fumbled with stiff fingers for their weapons. They had not been nerved up with excitement, like the Sioux, and before they could bring their guns to bear the savage was well out upon the prairie.

And when these men tried, with rifle or revolver, to shoot at the swiftly moving, erratic mark presented by the cunning Sioux and his rabbit-like pony, the cutting wind numbed their fingers and filled their eyes with water, the glistening snow obscured their front sights, and they pelted a white waste harmlessly with bullets.

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The anger which raged in them when they knew the Sioux had escaped scot-free was something frightful. Six mules of the splendid eight lay weltering in blood; another was disabled, and only one had come off without hurt. Half the counties of north-western Iowa had been scoured to get together "Gordon's Pride," as this fine freight-team had been named before the party left Sioux City.

The blight of their hopeful expedition, the frightful peril of their situation, were lost sight of in the absorbing desire for revenge which burned in every man of them as they gazed upon the stricken, stiffening heap of animals. All were for giving chase immediately. They believed they could easily overtake the Sioux among the drifts of the lower lands, where creeks and snow-filled ravines must cause him to shift his course continually.

"Boys," said Gordon, when some of them had hastily begun to strip for the chase, "boys, this is my particular affair. You make camp and fix it for fightin'. I'll either get that Sioux or he'll fetch his tribe back an' get us."

Cy Gordon was their captain. He had been a hay and wood-contractor for many years in the Sioux country, and his word was law to this little band.

There was no need to argue that no man could have even guessed at the daring and disaster they had looked upon. The performance had been too appallingly simple and easy. It had come as unexpectedly as the flood of a cloudburst or the bursting of a gun.

While his men stood vengefully watching the flying Sioux, Gordon stripped himself of superfluous wrappings, stocked his pockets with frozen bread and cartridges, slipped on a pair of snow-shoes kept for emergency, tightened his belt and launched himself in pursuit.

Horse and rider were again no more than a speck upon the vast snow-field. Gordon, with an "express" rifle under his arm, took the long, swinging stride of the accomplished snow-shoer. In an hour the speck upon the snow had not grown smaller.

At high noon, by the sun, upon a broad flat where tall grass held the snow, Gordon came almost within bullet-range of the Sioux. An hour later, among a tangle of drifted ravines, there was an exchange of shots, and the Sioux's pony dropped in its tracks. The Indian dodged out of sight, and Gordon pushed warily on with a grin of hate under his icicles.

He took up the Sioux tracks and noted with satisfaction that the Indian's moccasined feet punched through the light crust at every other step. In just a little while!

But he followed for an hour or more among a seemingly interminable tangle of gullies without catching a glimpse of the wary dodger. Then he emerged into a wider valley, to find that the artful rascal had escaped out of range and out of sight upon a wind-swept stretch of river ice.

Gordon ground his teeth and swept over the smooth surface, sweating, despite the sharp cold, from fierce exertion. At a turn of the river he saw the Sioux; but there were others—more than a score of them, mounted and approaching the runner. The mule-killer's camp or town was close at hand.

Exhausted from his long run, Gordon, in his own language, "threw up the sponge." He hastily sought the cover of river-drifts and scooped himself a kind of rifle-pit. Then, with a pile of cartridges between his

knees and slapping his hands to keep his fingers ready for action, he waited, meaning to do what execution he could before the end.

There was considerable parley among the Sioux, and then only a single Indian advanced toward the white man. This one came on afoot within gunshot, then stopped and shook his blanket in token that he



IT WAS THE CHIEF, RED CLOUD.

wanted to approach and talk.

Gordon laughed. The situation seemed to him grimly humorous. He motioned to the Indian to come on, but kept him well covered with his rifle. A moment later, however, he lowered his gun.

Whatever fate awaited Gordon, he knew that he stood in no danger of a treacherous stroke from the approaching Sioux. It was the chief, Red Cloud. Gordon arose, and the chief came forward with a hand outstretched.

"My young man has killed your mules," was Red Cloud's greeting in the Sioux tongue. Gordon understood. "Yes," he said, "and I will not take your hand until you have done right."

The grave old chief drew his blanket about his shoulders with a shrug. "Now listen," he said. "If one of your soldiers had approached a party of my soldiers and had killed all their horses, and so crippled them and escaped, your people would have made him a big captain. It is so. My young man

is very brave. He did as he was told. You cannot come here and take my country—not yet. I have watched your advance and complained to your soldiers at White River. When I saw they did not go out and catch you as our Great Father has said they should do, I sent my young man to stop you. You will find your soldiers at the three forks of White River. Now go!"

And without another word, Red Cloud turned upon his heel and stalked away.

This time Gordon was glad enough to obey the injunction to "go." Three days later his little party filed in at the military camp on White River. Some time afterward, when their boxes of freight had been recovered, not so much as a blanket or a pound of sugar had been taken by Red Cloud's Sioux.

MOZART.

MOZART was born at Salzburg. His father was a teacher of music, much respected by his acquaintances, but possessing a great amount of that pride which makes a man "keep himself to himself," whether with regard to his inferiors or superiors; but to his diligence we owe the thorough musical training which his son received, and which effectually barred from his compositions all that childish nonsense which is so characteristic in amateur composers.

His first composition was the celebrated "Minuet," which brought him fame, and excited the wonder and admiration of leaders of the musical world. They were surprised beyond measure that a mere youth could create such a piece of music, worthy of men three times his age, and with twice as much experience.

His father then obtained a commission for him to write a short Mass to be performed at the dedication of a chapel; this, however, appears to have been somewhat of a failure.

And thus we already notice that Mozart's genius was more at home on the Gine Stage than in the church choir. The immortal "Requiem"—his last composition, composed in view of another world—is about the only composition of this nature in which he excelled.

When composing, Mozart was quite unconscious of what was passing around him; he composed an opera in twelve days, with a violinist in the room above, another in the room below, a singing master next door, and an oboe player opposite.

"It is capital for composing," he laughingly remarked; "it gives one new ideas."

His youthful epic dramas are, of course, now looked upon as mere curiosities as compared with his mature works, viz., *Don Juan*, that incomparable masterpiece of the Epic drama.

Mozart's masses were all written in Salzburg, for the Prince Archbishop, whose taste had to be consulted, and who loved all music that was pompous and sumptuous, and thus the compositions which so many take as their models were really his weakest efforts, as Mozart's efforts were crushed, and cut down to run in the one groove which did not agree with his natural gifts.

His symphonies were works which showed what his imagination could do if left alone.

We see in his later compositions the expressions of humanity, wit, elation, dejection, and peace shining forth at their brightest.

None can tell how the process might have developed if he had lived to the age of Beethoven or Haydn, but he was cut off in the middle of his career, just at the time when man is at his best, and at the age at which Beethoven excelled. Had he lived, he might have been the first to break into that vista of musical feeling which Beethoven, his great successor, opened: not that in any case he could have been a Beethoven.

He was a musician of humanity, not of schools, and so, being dead, yet speaks, his melodious voice still ringing above all others.

E. M. MURRAY-MORGAN.



THE STAMPS OF JAPAN.

HAVING dealt in the last number of *THE CAPTAIN* with the early stamps of Japan, we now come to the modern typographed issues, commencing with the year 1876.

All the stamps prior to 1876 were printed from separately engraved plates, each of which contained forty varieties. And because of these many varieties the early stamps are much prized by specialists, who hunt up complete sheets, or, failing complete sheets, endeavour to reconstruct the plates from single copies.

The young collector may well begin with the simple, straightforward issues of 1876. These later issues are complicated in the catalogues by many varieties of perforation, but there is no necessity to burden an ordinary collection with such varieties.

One characteristic of all Japanese stamps may be noted in the little circle with radiating lines which represents the chrysanthemum, the national flower. It is to be found in all the designs. In some it is more prominent than in others. It is most prominent as the centre piece in all the values of the current series.

In the matter of shades the stamps of Japan are most prolific. A few of the colours are fairly constant, but most of the values of all the issues are full of varieties of colour tints.

I have purposely omitted from my list the commemorative stamps which have been issued from time to time. There is a silver wedding stamp, a series of stamps commemorative of the war with China, and a Prince Imperial wedding stamp. The general collector may safely leave such stamps as these for those who do not mind filling their albums with rubbish specially made for sale to stamp collectors.

1876-7.—New designs, inscribed in English "Imperial Japanese Post." Typographed on white wove paper. Thirteen values of uniform size. Perforated.



Type 12.



Type 13.



Type 14.



Type 15.



Type 16.



Type 17.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
5 rin, slate, type 12	0 1	0 2
1 sen, black, type 13	1 0	0 1
2 sen, drab, type 13	0 9	0 1
4 sen, green, type 14	0 4	0 1
5 sen, brown, type 15	0 6	1 0
6 sen, orange, type 15	1 6	0 9
8 sen, brown, type 15	0 8	0 2
10 sen, blue, type 15	1 0	0 1
12 sen, rose, type 15	6 0	0 4
15 sen, green, type 16	6 0	0 4
20 sen, blue, type 17	3 0	1 0
30 sen, mauve, type 17	7 6	7 6
45 sen, carmine, type 17	20 0	15 0

1879.—In this year the colour of the 1 sen was changed from black to red-brown, and the 2 sen from drab to violet, and two new values

—3 sen and 50 sen—were added to the series. The designs remain the same as before, the 3 sen being type 13 and the 50 sen type 17.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
1 sen, red-brown, type 12	0 2	0 1
2 sen, violet, type 12	0 9	0 1
3 sen, orange, type 13	1 0	0 6
50 sen, carmine, type 17	7 6	2 6

1883.—Another change of colours, the 1 sen, from red-brown to green, the 2 sen, from violet to rose, and the 5 sen, from brown to blue. Designs as before.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
1 sen, green, type 13	0 2	0 2
2 sen, rose, type 13	0 4	0 1
5 sen, blue, type 15	1 0	0 4

1888-92.—An entire change of colours in all values, from 3 sen, upwards, with the addition of two new values—25 sen and 1 yen. The two new values had each its own design, but the other designs remain as before.



Type 18.

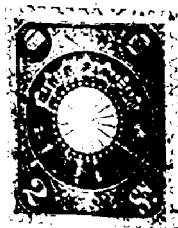


Type 19

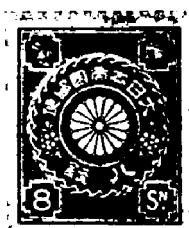
Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
3 sen, lilac-rose, type 13	0 2	0 1
4 sen, bistre, type 14	0 6	0 1
8 sen, blue-lilac, type 15	1 0	0 1
10 sen, chestnut, type 15	1 0	0 1
15 sen, violet, type 16	1 6	0 1
20 sen, orange, type 17	2 0	0 1
25 sen, green, type 18	1 6	0 1
50 sen, brown, type 17	3 0	0 1
1 yen, scarlet, type 19	7 6	0 2

1899.—All new designs, and mostly new colours. Clearer engraving and brighter colours, in fact, quite European in appearance and style. The inscription "Imperial Japanese Post" no longer forms part of the design. The chrysanthemum makes an effective centre-piece in each value.



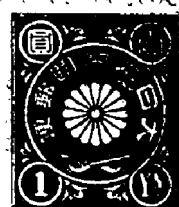
Type 20



Type 21.



Type 22.



Type 23.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
5 rin, slate, type 20	0 1	0 1
1 sen, red-brown, type 20	0 1	0 1
2 sen, green, type 20	0 1	0 1
3 sen, claret, type 20	0 2	0 1
4 sen, red, type 20	0 2	0 1
5 sen, orange, type 20	0 2	0 1
8 sen, olive-green, type 21	0 3	0 1
10 sen, blue, type 21	0 4	0 1
15 sen, mauve, type 21	0 6	0 1
20 sen, orange-vermilion, type 21	0 8	0 1
25 sen, green, type 22	0 9	0 1
50 sen, brown, type 22	1 6	0 4
1 yen, scarlet, type 23	3 0	0 6

1900-1.—Two new low values of the same design (type 20) as the other low values of the current series.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
1/2 sen, slate, type 20	0 1	0 1
1 1/2 sen, ultramarine, type 20	0 1	0 1

For the fine picked copies which have been used for illustrating this article I am indebted to Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., who very kindly placed their splendid stock of Japanese stamps at my service.

Notable New Issues.

THERE is very little in the way of new issues to chronicle this month, nor are the promises of forthcoming novelties very plentiful. Now that the Colonies are mostly supplied with King's heads we may expect less activity in the new issue direction, though it is quite possible that the change which is taking place in the stamps of the Straits Settlements, from the small King's head to the larger size of the Transvaal stamps, may be extended to other colonies.

Another change that seems probable is one of watermark. From the first the large size high value Colonial stamps have been printed on paper watermarked "CC." It is now said that the stock of CC. paper is all but exhausted, and that already some large size Colonials have been seen.

The Falkland Islands are the latest to be provided with King's heads, but no copies have yet come to hand. The Virgin Islands authorities are clearing the way for a new issue by asking for tenders for the remainder of the current series, which are to be recalled as soon as the new issue ordered is received.

The new larger King's head series of the Straits Settlements seem to be following the lead of the Cape of Good Hope in having a separate design for each value. The three values already issued, though resembling each other in general design, differ in details. If all five values are varied in design the series will be much more interesting than the monotonous small King's head set.

India.—I have waited till the series was complete to chronicle the new King's heads for India, and now give the set as a whole. The designs throughout resemble the Queen's heads, but differ in detail in each of the anna values. The three high values, 2r., 3r., and 5r., are all of the same type as the 3r. illustrated.



Wmk. Star. Perf. 14

- 3 pies, grey.
- ½a., green.
- 1a., carmine.
- 2a., purple.
- 3a., orange-brown.
- 4a., olive green.
- 6a., bistre.
- 8a., magenta.
- 12a., purple on red.
- 1r., carmine and green.
- 2r., yellow brown and carmine.
- 3r., green and brown.
- 5r., violet and ultramarine.

Jamaica.—Two more values of the Arms type have been received, the 1d. and 5d., making four stamps issued of this new set.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- ½d., arms black, frame green.
- 1d., arms black, frame carmine.
- 2½d., arms black, frame ultramarine.
- 5d., arms black, frame yellow.

Southern Nigeria.—Somehow I seem to have omitted to illustrate and list the King's head series for this West African Colony. I am reminded of this by the addition of a 2½d. value to the set. Up to this time no 2½d. stamp has been included, and now we may expect a 5d. as well, for the double foreign rate of 2½d.



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- ½d., yellow-green, centre black.
- 1d., carmine, centre black.
- 2d., orange-brown, centre black.
- 2½d., blue, centre black.
- 4d., olive-green, centre black.
- 6d., mauve, centre black.
- 1s., black, centre green.
- 2s. 6d., brown, centre black.
- 5s., yellow, centre black.
- 10s., purple, on yellow, centre black.
- £1, violet, centre green.

Straits Settlements.—Another value of the larger King's head series has come to hand. The 4c., like its predecessor, is printed in purple on red paper. As will be seen from our illustration, though similar in design to the other two



values issued, it varies slightly in detail. We also illustrate the 1c. The 3c. was illustrated in the May number of *THE CAPTAIN*.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

1 cent, green.
3 cents, purple.
4 cents, purple on red paper.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:—

Ewen, Straits Settlements, 4c.
Lawn and Barlow, India, complete set, Jamaica, 5d.

W. H. Peckitt, Southern Nigeria, 2½d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Member (Langport).—Postcards have very little value, and as there is no recently published catalogue I cannot give you the value of those you ask about.

H. R. M. (Cambridge).—The rare English 1d. plate number is 225. It is priced, used, at 10s.; unused, it is not priced.

R. A. R. (Calcutta).—Your doubly embossed envelope stamp ranks as a double print, and should have some value as a variety, but I am afraid I cannot say to what extent. You will find out best by trying to sell. Put it into an auction.

D. B. P. (Crouch End).—The Orange River Colony 4d. on 6d. is catalogued at 9d., unused, and 1s., used.

B. G. H. (Brighton).—The newspaper paragraph about the inverted watermarked English stamps in the little 2s. books of 1d. becoming valuable, is, like most newspaper paragraphs about stamps, sheer twaddle. They have been issued by the million.

C. J. C. (West Dulwich).—The New South

Wales 5d. green you refer to is probably that of 1854-5, now priced £8 unused, and £7 used.

Stamp Collector (Oxon.).—None of the catalogues price the Tasmanian 6d. rouletted. The British South Africa on Cape 2d. is catalogued at 4s. used and unused.

P. H. H. (Midlands).—There are many Confederate States, 5c. green, of 1861; I cannot, therefore, give you the catalogue value unless you describe the stamp, but you can refer to any catalogue yourself. If you have not a catalogue, get a look at a friend's. The first 5d. green of New South Wales was issued in 1854. It was imperfect, and it is catalogued to-day at £8, unused, and £7 used.

W. S. (Oxon.).—I cannot say anything about the value of fiscal stamps. Better write to Mr. L. W. Fulcher, 56, Buckleigh Road, Streatham, London, who is an authority on fiscals.

Fudger (Batley).—You will find the catalogue values of your Japs set out in full in the June number of *THE CAPTAIN*. I do not quite understand your difficulty in finding the Canadian beaver, 3c. perforated, in Whitfield King's catalogue. It is No. 10, priced 50s. unused, and 12s. 6d. used.

G. M. (Edinburgh).—Thanks for your newsy letter. Yes, that Transvaal was cheap, if fine. The used Jubilee English Postcard is catalogued at 10s. No, there is no difference in type between the 2½d. on 3d. overprinted "V. R. I." and without the surcharge, as it was only the already surcharged sheets of 2½d. which were overprinted "V. R. I." The 2½d. blue, Rhodesia, was not issued until after the publication of King's last catalogue; hence its omission. The stamp is still current. The catalogues do not make any difference between the colours of cancellation of the English 1d. black, but specialists, I believe, attach more value to the black cancellation. The red ink was first used, and the change to black cancellation ink was made at the same time as the colour of the stamp itself was ordered to be changed. You put me a poser when you ask me what British Colony I would advise you to specialise. Everything depends on the amount of money you are inclined to spend. If you don't want to spend much, take a country that has not an overburden of old issues, and stick to it. Take Northern or Southern Nigeria, British Somaliland, or the Sudan. All these will ripen into good countries. A good start may be made, by and bye, with the first stamps of the Australian Commonwealth. If I were a youth, these are the colonies I should take up and stick to. The Sudan is already getting interesting. If you want a foreign country, take up Egypt. If it should some day be formally made a British possession, you will have made a fine investment in a most interesting series of stamps.

A NEW CHUM'S EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA




Being the True Adventures of
MARCUS STEIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.

CHAPTER VI.

BUSH HORSES.

 NCE when crossing a dry creek I met with a misadventure which will give you some idea of the stupidity of sheep, and the difficulties that a drover has to put up with. We, that is, my mate and I, were tailing the sheep (about four thousand in number) between two fences about one hundred feet or so apart. We were approaching a dry creek with very high and steep banks, but there was a cutting in the banks leading down to the ford. This cutting was about twenty feet wide, and at its deepest end about sixteen or eighteen feet deep. I noticed that many of the sheep were not going down the

cutting, but were jumping over the bank, so sent my mate forward to stop them on one side while I went on the other. When I got near I could see that the bank was very steep, and that the sheep were being maimed by jumping into the dry bed of the creek, a depth of about sixteen to eighteen feet, so called my dog, and did my best to drive them back by riding about in front of them. It was rather dangerous work, as owing to the great crush of sheep I could not see where the edge was. All at once the horse I was riding slipped. He made an effort to recover himself, when a piece of the bank gave way, and we were both precipitated into the creek. The horse unfortunately put his head down to save himself, and his neck was broken. I was thrown some distance, and alighted on my side and face. It was a severe shock, but I had broken no bones, so considered myself lucky.

My poor horse was killed, and for the rest of the day I had to walk; my face and hands were torn and scratched, and I felt very sore, and terribly disgusted with the stupid sheep, who had been the cause of my disaster.

I forgot to state that we used to count the sheep frequently. It was generally done at a gate as we left each station or run. The method is to fix a gate so that only two or three sheep can go through at a time. The head drover stands close by, and an assistant also, who holds a green stick, and as each hundred sheep pass through the drover holds up his hand, when the assistant makes a notch in the stick with his knife. Then the total number of notches are counted, and it is at once seen if there are the right complement of sheep there or not.

We had nearly reached the end of our journey when it was discovered that there were some two thousand sheep missing, and I was commissioned to take a man with me and scour the country in search of them, with instructions to call at a well-known bush hotel at a certain date and report myself.

I had now been battling my way through the bush, climbing the mountains and swimming the rivers, eating scarcely anything but meat and damper, often wet, scorched by day and cold by night, but had never even had a cold. It is true I had suffered from colic, but that was from drinking foul water, and I had also had an attack of sandy blight; but my general health was splendid, as any young man's of twenty-one should be. I had roughed it with the roughest, and could hold my own with the best of them. But this was not all done without some trouble. At first my mates looked upon me as a feather bed or dude, and I had to literally fight my way into their good graces. I also rose in their opinion by showing them I could take my own part when called upon, and by my quickness in picking up bush knowledge, such as finding my way by day or night, knowing where to look for water, tracking, and finding horses when lost, making a fire when wet, &c. My horsemanship had also greatly improved. When I first mounted an Australian horse my mates would make fun of me because, my stirrups being too short, I put my feet too far through the iron, while they rode full length of leg, with only the tips of their toes through the iron. They delighted in getting me on an old outlaw, that is, a buckjumper, and roared with laughter when I came off, which I often did at first.

Once I mounted one of these beauties that had only one eye, the other having been knocked out years ago. He went all right for a little way,

and I rode him over a bridge crossing the river. The bridge was a narrow one, and the river being low the water was some sixty feet below. When I arrived about half way over, this old renegade would not go any further, and when I struck him with my whip he commenced to buck. Just ahead of me I saw Cobb and Co.'s stage coach, with five horses in it, coming at full speed down the incline toward the bridge. I felt that I was between the devil and the deep sea—or rather, river—for if I stayed where I was I was bound to be crushed by the coach, and if I urged my horse on he was certain to buck me off, perhaps into the river below. However, I managed to turn him round, and he consented to trot off the bridge. When I felt myself once more on *terra firma* I gave him a few cuts with the whip, and he bolted with me and tried to dash my brains out by brushing me against a tree. As it was my leg was considerably bruised, and shortly afterwards he did succeed in throwing me off. But I gradually became accustomed to that kind of horses, and became pretty expert when in the saddle; could lift with one hand a sheep from the ground, without dismounting, and place it in front of me; could also pick up my hat off the ground without dismounting, and do many other little things of a similar nature. Once, on being challenged by the men, I raced them through the scrub (back to camp from where we had been watering the horses) without saddle or bridle, guiding the horse with my knees and hands. After that they were satisfied that I could ride.

Some of the horses in the bush are never properly broken in, and unless you are a very good rider it is impossible to keep on them. On some of the stations they keep an Aboriginal to break in horses for use on the station. Some large stations require a great many horses. This is the method. A number of horses would be run into a large yard or fenced enclosure. The horses are almost wild, never having been handled before, sometimes having never seen a man. One is then selected and driven into a narrow place called a crush. With considerable difficulty a bridle and saddle are put on him. Then the black fellow will drop on to his back from above. At the same time the railing or gate is opened at the end of the narrow space, and out rushes the horse, doing his very best by pigging and bucking to get the man off his back. Often they will buck for a considerable time, and then bolt and pig again, and sometimes, when they cannot get the man off in any other way, they will lie down and roll. Some horses are very vicious, and will kick at you

when in the saddle, also bite you when on their backs, and try to knock you off by tossing up their heads and striking you in the face. After about an hour's riding a horse is considered

principal forms of amusement on some stations.

I must now return to where I started to look for the lost sheep. I made arrangements to meet



I SWUNG THE IRON ROUND AND AIMED A BLOW AT THE FELLOW'S HEAD.

broken and fit to ride. It is a very unwise thing to say that you can ride when visiting a station, as they will invariably produce one of these brutes for you to mount, and then they stand round to see the fun. That is one of the

my mate at a certain place fifty miles away, and at ten o'clock one morning we set off, he going one way and I another. I had my swag fastened on the front of my saddle, and some tucker and water on either side. I had not gone more than

ten miles when I saw two swagmen approaching on foot. When I got up to them I pulled up, and spoke to them for a minute or so, and was just about to proceed when one of the men said to the other,

"Isn't that the dog Morgan lost?" at the same time pointing to my dog, that I had had for so long.

The other man immediately said,

"Yes."

And then they tried to get hold of him. I saw at once what their game was, so I called the dog to me, at the same time moving on. Then one of the men seized my bridle, but I had been taught to keep my right-hand stirrup-leather well greased, and slipping this off I swung the iron round and aimed a blow at the fellow's head, which, fortunately for him, I missed. But he caught it on his arm, and immediately released his hold with a howl of pain. I did not wait to see how much he was hurt, but galloped off, my dog following.

That is one of the worst features of travelling in the Australian bush—you never know whom you will meet. You may go for days or weeks, and never meet any one, or you may just be preparing to camp for the night when a dirty-looking old swagman may come along and camp alongside of you. I once had that experience.

I had hobbled my horse, lit my fire, and put the billy on to boil, when up came a rough, dirty, evil-looking fellow on foot, who, after the usual salutation, threw down his swag, and of course I had to invite him to have some tea, after which he unrolled his swag and prepared to spend the night there—much to my discomfort, for I was afraid to go to sleep, and so had a most miserable time of it. It is bad enough being alone in the weird and lonely bush at night, but to have for companion a man like that is far worse.

About two o'clock I thought I would leave the track I had been following and strike across country, thus saving a mile or two. After going some distance I came to a small river, and, as the water did not seem very deep, I knelt upon the saddle and urged my horse in. We got on very well for a short distance, and then struck a mud bank near the middle. My horse began to flounder, and I was thrown off, and of course got very wet. With much difficulty I scrambled out on the opposite bank. I was in a sorry plight, my clothes wet and muddy, my blankets wet, my tucker spoilt, and little more than half my journey over. However, I took my things and spread them out to dry in the sun, which, thanks to the great heat, they soon did. After dressing and fixing things right again, I con-

tinued my journey, some two hours later, but the delay was fatal to the fulfilment of my promise to meet my mate that night, as it would have been quite impossible for me to have found my way. So when it became dusk I looked about for a place in which to camp, and fortunately saw a slab hut some few hundreds of yards farther on, which I immediately made for, rejoicing at my good luck.

I found that it belonged to two men who had taken up a selection and were busily engaged in clearing their land. They told me that I was welcome to camp there that night, and offered me some tea, damper, and mutton. The men were not very communicative, and all my efforts to raise a conversation failed. I have no doubt they considered me somewhat of a bore for talking so much, which reminds me of an excellent story I heard of a traveller who called at a similar place. After the usual greeting neither party said a word, but simply sat round the fire and smoked. Suddenly a noise was heard from the bush, and the traveller said,

"That's a bull."

The other man said never a word for several minutes. Then he replied:

"'Tain't; it's a cow."

Not another word was spoken. In the morning, when the owner of the hut arose, he found that his companion of the previous night had gone, but there was a note on the table in pencil as follows:—

"Too much argument in this place to suit me; I'm off."

CHAPTER VII.

LOOKING FOR SHEEP.



HAD mutton, damper, and tea for breakfast, and took with me some damper and mutton for my dinner, and, thanking them for their hospitality, continued my journey, arriving at my destination without further mishap. After a short rest, which was much needed by our horses, and after mapping out a plan of campaign, we set off together and searched a large tract of country lying between the Bogan and Lachlan Rivers. We had been out about a fortnight without finding more than a few stragglers, which, of course, we took no notice of, as they would have been more bother than they were worth.

One morning we found that our horses had strayed during the night, and were not to be seen or heard anywhere near the camp. One of them had a small cow bell round his neck, and of course they were both hobbled, so could not be very far away. My mate being the better cook,

he offered to make the breakfast while I went for the horses, so off I went with the bridles on my arm. We were camped in fairly open country, with here and there a few trees bunched together. I followed the tracks as well as I could, but the ground was very hard and dry, and after a time I lost their tracks, and could not pick them up, other horses having been there, mixing the tracks. After about three-quarters of an hour's search I returned and reported my ill-luck to my mate, who roundly abused me, and said he knew I would not find them when I set off, and that it was only so much time lost. Then,



I HAD NOT BEEN ALONE LONG WHEN I SAW FIVE BLACKFELLOWS APPROACHING.

taking the bridles from me, he told me to watch the loaf he had made, and keep it well covered with ashes, and not let it burn, although he fully expected it would not be fit to eat when he returned, &c.; and so, grumbling like a bear with a sore head, off he started to find the horses, and I, feeling very small and much humiliated, sat down by the fire and watched the bread bake. It had been made as follows:—

We had a small bag of flour with us, and a tin of baking powder, salt, &c. The top of the bag would be turned down, some baking powder and salt mixed up in the dry flour, and then, when some water from a billy had been poured in, the whole was mixed up into dough in the bag, a dish thus being dispensed with. After it was properly mixed, the lump of dough would be wrapped up in a piece of paper, if

procurable, or, failing that, some leaves, and then put into the ashes of the fire which had been burning all night. Some of the ashes would be raked on one side, and then put on top, so as to entirely cover the dough. Occasionally we would rake the ashes off to see how it was progressing, and could generally tell when it was cooked by tapping it with the finger or a stick. If it gave forth a hollow sound it was done.

Fish were cooked somewhat similarly. After cleaning them we used to wrap them up in clay or mud from the bank of the river in which they had been caught. When cooked they were delicious.

I had not been alone for more than a quarter of an hour when I saw some Blackfellows (Aboriginals) approaching. Two of them had

tomahawks, and one had a kerosene tin with a piece of fencing wire for a handle. There were five of them, and as they came nearer I felt a bit alarmed, and felt in the swag for my revolver; but they showed no hostile intentions; on the contrary, they were very affable, and after the usual salutation asked me where my mate was. They could see that there were two of us by the saddles. I told them that my mate had gone to look for horses. They then said they had seen two fellow yarraman just behind trees, pointing at the same time in the direction from which they had come. They also described in their pigeon English what the horses were like. They also told me that they were out getting wild honey, and asked me for tobacco. I had none myself, but gave them a piece of my mate's, also some meat, upon which they took their departure, greatly to my relief; for although black fellows are harmless enough as a rule, there are times when the "debble-debble" gets into their silly heads, and they will spear or tomahawk you at the first opportunity; in fact, it is not safe to let a black fellow walk behind you when you are alone in the bush.

They are a careless, improvident race, and make no provision for the future. Sufficient for the day is the grub thereof. When they obtain a good supply of meat or other food, they simply cram themselves full, and then go to sleep for a day, and then feast again until it is all gone. They obtain a blanket once a year, that is, those do who live within the civilised zone, and when they visit a town or station cover themselves with it, but on getting back to the bush they generally trail it behind them.

I was once in a camp when a telegraph wire was being erected. A black who had been watching the men fixing the wire to the top of the high poles exclaimed,

"White man fool! White man build big fellow fence. Big fellow bullock go underneath."

He had seen wire fences for keeping cattle and sheep in, but of course could not understand the telegraph. Another black who had seen a railway for the first time came running into camp in a state of great excitement, and tried to explain what he had seen to his companions. He said the thing was bail yarraman in front, bail yarraman behind, and altogether like a great wheelbarrow going puff-puff, and here he waved his arms like a windmill, and ran round the camp like one demented. (*Bail is no, and yarraman is horse.*) So what he meant was that there were no horses in front and none behind, and yet the thing was wheeled along like a great wheelbarrow, a vehicle he had evidently seen somewhere.

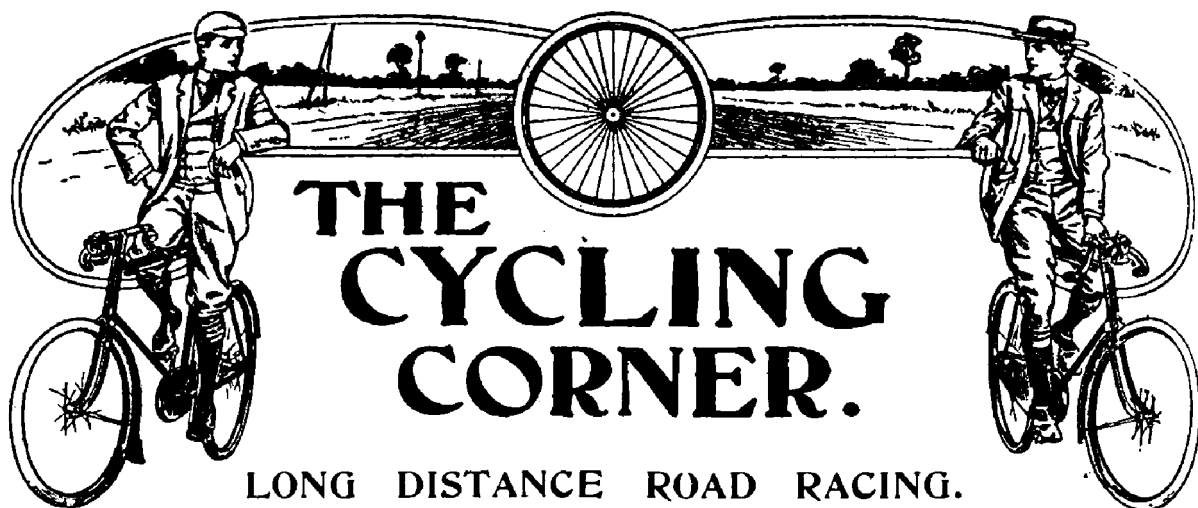
To return to my yarn. I waited until the blacks were out of sight in the scrub, and then I thought I would like to get those horses, as the direction the blacks had pointed out was almost opposite to that my mate had taken, and, smarting as I was under his taunts, I thought, now, if I can have the horses here by the time he returns, I will have the laugh of him. So, rapidly snatching up a leather belt to lead them with, I fixed the loaf so that it could not burn, and off I went to get the horses, which, according to the blacks, were only a short distance away.

As I neared the place I wondered I could not hear the bell. I searched high and low, but could neither hear the bell nor see the horses, so gave it up in disgust and was returning to the camp when what should I see but my mate riding one horse and leading the other. When we came within speaking distance he wanted to know why I had left the camp. I told him. He gave me a withering look, and hurried on to the camp, only to find that it had been looted by the blacks. They had taken everything, even the saddles. I will draw a kindly veil over the scene which then took place. There is no necessity for me here to recapitulate all the choice expressions that my incensed comrade made use of; let it suffice for me to say that he had once been a bullock driver, and the choice epithets he showered down on my poor devoted head were a credit to that profession.

Hastily gathering up what was left, and covering them over, we raced away in the direction the thieves had gone, their tracks being very distinct owing to their loads. After going some distance we came upon the saddles stuffed into a hollow tree. Quickly placing them on our horses' backs we followed on, but the tracks were not so distinct, as they had separated. So, upon finding some of the clothing, we gave up the pursuit and returned to the camp, where we made a more careful scrutiny into our losses.

They had taken one blanket, one shirt, a coat, a whip, and several other things, and the next few days I think were the most miserable I ever spent in the bush. My mate was silent and morose, and would scarcely speak to me, while at night time it was very cold. I had nothing on but my trousers and shirt, and would wrap my saddle cloth round my shoulders and get as near the fire as I could. But it was very uncomfortable, and towards morning very cold, and I was glad when we got back to the bush from which we had started some three weeks before.

(To be continued.)



BY CHARLES H. LARRETTE.

ALL those who have indulged in this branch of the sport of cycling are of but one opinion as to its fascination. It speedily became popular when the historic boneshaker gave way to the higher built machine, with its "spider-built" wheels, and it was not long ere a record was established by Stanley Thorpe, of the Pickwick B.C. (the first cycling club established, and which is still flourishing), who, in the middle 'seventies, astonished the sporting world by riding from London to York under twenty-four hours. His example was speedily followed, but it was not till ten or a dozen years later that road racing was properly organised, and a controlling body formed to investigate all claims to record that might be made. This was absolutely necessary, as the cycle industry was just beginning to develop, and the makers rightly estimated the value which would be placed by the riding public on records made on the road. Hence, there were not a few attempts to foist on them what I may term "barney" records. I will give you an instance. A certain firm had a large number of a particular type of machine in stock which was not going off as well as was anticipated, so it was necessary to give its sale an impetus. With this view a long distance rider was engaged and set the task of breaking the existing twenty-four hours' record, which then stood to the credit of a man past middle age.

ESTABLISHING A RECORD!

Reliable timekeepers were engaged, of whom I was one. Unluckily, about two hours from the finish, I was thrown when descending a hill, and thus lost some distance. There was no damage, but, though I was soon

on the road again, I was never within half a mile of the leaders. But at midnight I knew the party could not have reached the spot where record would have gone, yet all who were there (I fear my fellow timekeeper wasn't) contended that they were, so the record was duly claimed, and the machine, for a time, sold "like wild fire." Had the Road Records Association then been in existence, the claim would not have been entertained for a moment. The ride showed to the trade what were the advantages of long distance riding and racing in exploiting new machines. Races from 100 miles and upwards, confined to certain makes of cycles, became frequent. One of the first that was organised was

TO INTRODUCE THE "KANGAROO";

then there were the well-remembered Facile contests, which brought out some of our best long distance champions, while it was in such a contest that the "Rover," the parent of the present day cycle, of which a certain scribe said rightly that "it set the fashion to the world," made the name and fame which it has retained till to-day. This is singular, as even the titles of the other two machines I have named have almost passed out of the minds of even old-time riders. While there could be no objection to the trade promoting races of this description, in order to give a public trial to any new invention, their subsequent action was much to be deprecated. For a time, in the early 'nineties, they fairly killed what was

THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL ROAD CONTESTS, the North Road "24." I seldom missed any of these, and, like many others who

could not give the necessary time for training, or who were not good enough to have a chance of doing a good performance, I was only too pleased to give a helping hand, either in the way of time-keeping, checking, or piloting (pacing had not then become a science) a tired-out competitor, or doing my best to get him through somehow. Biggleswade was always *en fête* on these occasions, and how we managed to get accommodation there, year after year, it is difficult now to imagine. But we did, and enjoyed ourselves too. Yes, we had some high old times during the "pre-trade" era, the days when G. P. Mills, Bidlake, Shorland, Holbein, T. A. Edge, and others, did what then were really wonderful performances, and which interested the whole of the sporting world. But then came the trade invasion. I remember one instance in which a firm, now dead and gone, had over thirty men on the road, pacing and looking after those who were riding in their interests. The consequence was that the local residents along the route came to regard the event as a nuisance, and compelled the police, who formerly had rendered valuable assistance, to take action, while the times became false and unreliable. So the contest speedily declined, on account of the absence of real amateurs who had no chance against the trade *employés* and their assistants. What test of the reliability of a machine could be obtained, when over half-a-dozen were ridden by one man in the same race?

THE SPORT SUFFERED ITS MOST SERIOUS BLOW when motor-impelled machines were brought in to assist record breakers. What earthly value is F. R. Goodwin's record of 428 miles, made by the assistance of automobiles? It tells us nothing. But it set the whole countryside in arms against us, and it was only with difficulty that any contest could be carried out. The police got wind of our "24" in the same year, and at two places on the course were present in force. It was brought off, however, and the local authorities had to console themselves by stopping a few unoffending riders. The best unpaced "24" ever accomplished was the ride by H. Green of 394 miles. He was a wonderful rider, but, unlike the men I have mentioned, the giants of a past age, he was a professional, and devoted all his time to long distance riding and training, and had plenty of help in the shape of feeding and spare machines. A very big "24," one of the best in my opinion, was

the 356½ miles on a tricycle, by F. T. Bidlake, which was accomplished under none too good conditions. He was a great rider; the fact that it was made ten years ago speaks for itself. I am inclined, however, to divide the honour of being

THE BEST ALL-ROUND RIDER WE HAVE EVER HAD

between G. P. Mills and Frank Shorland, who had not the advantage of machines and pacing enjoyed by their successors. Holbein was rather a record breaker than a racer, as he was far too nervous to be seen to advantage in a crowd, although he won a couple of "24's." Since road-racing was organised on its present lines, "24's" have had little support. They entail a lot of expense, more than the majority of our young amateurs can afford. The cost of machines, checkers, and feeding expenses, and the thousand and one details which crop up, damp the ardour of our most enthusiastic young men, and even though these are reduced in organised contests (which are very few nowadays), the aids to success are still beyond the means of all but a very small minority. They provide grand sport, however, and the fact that all the men I have named are all alive and vigorous, shows that if proper precautions are taken such races can be indulged in without any injurious effect, provided, of course, a man is organically sound. Take the case of my old brother athlete, T. G. King. He is nearer sixty than fifty, and usually has a twelve hours' ride every season, and has seldom failed to get outside 180 miles. And he enjoys it; and though I am his senior it makes me positively envious. I don't know what it may not incite me to do. Boys, will you let old men get the better of you?

AN IMPORTANT MATTER.

The cheapening of tyres has had a rather prejudicial effect on cycling generally. I am afraid that with the lowering of prices quality has also suffered. Be this as it may, I never remember a season in which more complaints of punctures and bursts have been made. It is possible that this may be in some measure due to the disintegration of the surface of those roads which are made wholly or partially of gravel, by motor-cars, which "lick up" the binding material in the shape of dust, and leave the small, sharp stones ex-

posed. Writing personally, I have never had more punctures, in a single year than has been the case up to the time of writing, although the tyres on my two new machines are of a similar make and class, as those which I have used for the past four or five years. Tyre covers, made of poor or "perished" materials, are far more liable to puncture than when the rubber covering is good, but from my own experience I am inclined to attribute our present tyre troubles to, in a great measure, the substitutes which, I fear, are being used in many cases for good rubber. The best safeguard that can be adopted is to have machines fitted with tyres that have a fairly substantial tread. Those I have just fitted on my own machine are Dunlop "grass racers," protected by Smith's bands, which have gained a big reputation, owing to the excellent quality of the rubber of which they are made. They are fine puncture preventers, while in the case of those who do not want to travel at quite express speed, they do not slow a machine to any appreciable extent.

NORFOLK AS A TOURING GROUND.

A correspondent inquires respecting this county as a touring ground. For those who do not require mountain scenery, it is unequalled by any English county. It is not, excepting in the Broads district, flat, but, on the whole, is fairly undulating, with but few really steep hills to climb. The county simply abounds in objects of antiquarian interest. Castleacre Priory is one of the finest monastic ruins in East Anglia, while there are others, and any number of grand old churches, unequalled in any other English county. There are many townlets, places with from 2,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, containing hotels at which, one can easily live, and live well, too, for

10s. a day or less. The sea-coast towns and villages are somewhat more expensive, and should only be visited for a few hours, a statement which also applies to Norwich, on the ground of economy. The main roads are invariably good, while the lanes generally provide excellent going. The "Warren" roads in the neighbourhood of Thetford, Brandon, and Attleboro' are apt to get very loose in hot weather, but they have all been greatly improved during the last few years, previously to which they were almost unrideable. Norfolk will provide a week's most enjoyable cycling of about seventy miles or so per day, with about a couple or three days' stay at, say, Swaffham (or Fakenham), North Walsham, and Beccles (or Harleston) in turn. The journey down the Waveney Valley from Diss to Beccles, and thence on to Lowestoft, wants a lot of beating.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rusty.—I am afraid you will have to have your brake levers and cranks replated. Try what greasing them well, and then, after two or three days, rubbing them clean and polishing with a good polishing paste, will do. You had better have your rims and spokes enamelled. All hard riders regard bright spokes and rims as a nuisance.

Robt. T. Brickell.—You will see I have written an article on the subject you enquired about—long distance road racing.

J. T. Pollard.—Yes. See my note this month on the subject. You are, however, postponing your tour till very late in the year, and may have to struggle against east winds, which are very strong indeed in East Anglia.

Eric Lawson (Wellington, N.Z.).—We believe the firm you name to be respectable dealers, but if you are thinking of importing a cycle should advise you to approach one of the leading manufacturers direct.

R. H. P. Hicks (Cambridge).—It is some years since I was at Lyndhurst, but I found the "Crown" comfortable and fairly reasonable. You might do worse than join the C.T.C. Your best route will be via Lichfield, Coventry, Kenilworth, Warwick, Banbury, Oxford, Reading, Basingstoke, Winchester, and Romsey.

To our August number Mr. Archibald Williams will contribute an article entitled "The Prudent Cyclist," in which he will tell you how to grapple with punctures and similar mishaps.

C.D.



THE MAKING OF A YEOMAN.

By REGINALD OTTER.

Sketches by Rex Osborne.



THE Rev. Charles Farfield, B.D., head-master of Highfield College, was a bachelor about fifty years of age. In moments when he was candid with himself, he owned that he was growing somewhat tired of teaching. Probably this had been his motive for taking his nephew, Arthur Willoughby, into the school ten years ago, "with a view to an ultimate partnership." Willoughby had been a Junior Optime in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos and an international half-back. There was no other assistant.

One Friday afternoon, towards the middle of December, Willoughby sat in charge of some forty boys, whose ages varied from seven to seventeen. As a matter of fact, his class consisted of the whole school. The Head had sent for him after morning school to say that he would be unavoidably absent that afternoon. Willoughby used to notice, with some irritation, that those "unavoidable absences" became more frequent towards the end of term, when increasing fatigue made the work harder for masters and boys alike. He was inclined to suspect that his uncle's programme for the afternoon consisted of nothing more than a nap at the

club, to be followed by a stroll on the seashore.

If the discipline that afternoon failed to be everything that could have been desired, the fault was perhaps not entirely Willoughby's. A man in charge of forty boys, all about the same age and working at the same subject, may justly be expected to keep order and get a certain amount of work out of his class. But how can he teach Euclid to one set, Latin vocabularies to another, arithmetic to a third, and at the same time see that half-a-dozen fidgety little rascals do their best at their copy books? Of course, it is possible, provided they are all willing to work.

Most of these boys, however, were tired, and if some of them were not exactly willing, the reason was not far to seek. They knew Mr. Farfield "was not strict." No doubt he was rather easy-going, and, as a general rule, averse to the use of the cane. He had a large proportion of delicate boys in the school, and ran it "on health lines."

But, if the cane is to be kept in the background, extra consideration is required to make the school a success. Had an inspector from Whitehall visited the place that after-

noon he would doubtless have reported at headquarters that the discipline required attention.

Willoughby noticed that a loutish boy in the back row had tied a piece of elastic round his fore-finger and thumb, and was preparing to take aim with a paper pellet.

"Branscombe, bring that here!" The boy shuffled up rather noisily.

"Give it to me. Do you know your proposition yet?"

"Well, sir, I don't think I do *quite* know it yet, sir!"

"One 'sir' is enough. Your manners are not much better than your work. Go back to your place."

Branscombe lurched back again and sat down. Then he supported his head on his hand and stared about in an attitude of studied negligence.

"Now then," said Willoughby, sharply, "get on to it. Quick, get to work!"

"Oh," replied the boy, with open impertinence, "I can't. I'm tired."

Some one sniggered. There was every prospect of a scene. In an instant all the small fry were wide awake and watching Branscombe, whom they worshipped because he was big and strong and bullied them indiscriminately in private.

Now Willoughby did not dislike the lad, although he was aware that Branscombe had been practically expelled as unmanageable from two schools before coming to Highfield College. It was true Branscombe remained ignorant and idle, and that his manners at times verged upon the impudent. But a certain comradeship engendered between them, by playing in the same football team, gave Willoughby more influence with him than any one else possessed.

"Being tired, Branscombe, is not a good reason for giving up trying at football. When you grow up you will find that you have to do your work whether you are tired or not. In fact, you come here to learn how to work. So stick to it!"

For a moment the boy appeared impressed. But in most mundane affairs there is the inevitable flaw. Wherever boys—or men for that matter—are assembled, there is nearly always one whose sole discoverable function seems to be the making of mischief.

One of these little pests put his hand to his mouth and whispered loudly,

"Go it, Bran! Farfield won't let Willows give the cane!"

"Do you imagine, Knight, that if you

whisper at the top of your voice I cannot hear you? Write out fifty times, after school, 'I must not behave like a cad.' Branscombe, shut your book, and write out that proposition."

The small boy subsided, but the mischief was done. Branscombe closed his book, but did not write a word. Willoughby observed this, but turned a blind eye towards him for some time. Occasionally it is expedient to possess a blind eye.

"Branscombe," he said at last, "let me see what you've done."

"Why, certainly," replied the boy with offensive familiarity, "but there's not much to show."

He displayed a blank sheet.

"Come to me after school. Also, you will write it out six times. Now you may sit down," said Willoughby, in his sternest manner.

Branscombe saw that he had lost prestige with the toady section. Taking the bit between his teeth, he blurted out with fiery sullenness,

"I sha'n't come. You can only report me to Farfield, and I don't care for his canings."

"Branscombe, that is gross impertinence. Come here. The headmaster is away, and I am going to cane you. Stand still."

After the first two strokes the braggart winced. At the third he called Willoughby a brute, and at the fourth collapsed, blubbing, in a heap on the floor, and roared out that he would get his mother to take him away from the beastly school.

"There, Knight," said Willoughby, "have a good look at the boy you have egged on to open rebellion."

Dead silence reigned in the room. Not a boy stirred. To outward seeming, an absolutely perfect devotion to work was universal. Yet Willoughby knew that the victory was dearly bought. Any lie that Branscombe chose to tell his widowed mother would be implicitly believed. Ructions would doubtless follow. When Branscombe's evil spirit was aroused, he would stop at nothing. Probably he would leave. Willoughby felt himself further than ever from that partnership. It was so much easier to replace a master than a boy.

However, duty was duty. When the Head came in after school, his face aglow from the fresh sea breeze, Willoughby at once reported the facts.

"Branscombe has been grossly impertinent

this afternoon, and I felt it necessary to cane him severely."

"I told you, Arthur," said Mr. Farfield, looking annoyed, "that you must not give the cane."

"Yes, and a small boy heard you. That was the principal cause of this afternoon's trouble."

"You ought to have reported him to me. I would have caned him myself."

"You might have sent him to bed."

Willoughby laughed. It was a mirthless, dogged laugh.

"I might have sent him, but if you had seen his face you would have known he wouldn't go."

"Well, don't let it happen again. You have exceeded your duty."

"True," retorted Willoughby, with no little heat, "I have done yours." Then he



"IS THERE ANY ANSWER, SIR?"

The flush of combat came into Willoughby's face. He was going to speak his mind.

"Look here, Uncle Charles. In the first place, the situation was critical, and required to be dealt with immediately. Then, you were not there. Besides, Branscombe said to me, before the whole school, that he did not care for your canings. I know that is true. I have seen him coming out of your study laughing in derision at one of your thrashings."

realised that he had said more than was prudent. It was evident that his uncle was deeply offended, probably all the more because he could not hold himself blameless in the matter. He was about to make some angry reply when there came a knock at the door, and he desisted.

"Come in."

A maid entered, bringing a letter.

The headmaster opened it and read. His face darkened. As he handed it to Wil-

loughby his eyes were averted and his fingers trembled with passion.

"Read this. You've lost us that boy." Willoughby read as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I have to tell you that my son, Frederick Branscombe, will, for the future, cease to attend your school. He came home to-day with four heavy weals on his legs, having been brutally flogged by Mr. Willoughby in your absence. My son tells me that it was because he was too tired to do his work. I cannot imagine why such things are allowed. Mr. Willoughby may consider himself lucky if I do not prosecute him for assault.

Yours very truly,

KATHERINE BRANSCOMBE.

"I hope she will prosecute me," said Willoughby. "She might then receive a little light."

"What nonsense you talk," testily replied the elder man. "It would do immense harm to the school. You might go and see her."

"It seems to me that if she will not come to see the headmaster he ought to go to her, or at least to write. But, on one condition, I will go."

Willoughby paused.

"And that is?"

"I have been in the school ten years now. Make me your partner, and I will go to see this woman. Otherwise, I will not."

For some moments Mr. Farfield said nothing. He knew that his nephew's personality was a stronger one than his own. In all probability the school would go up fast under the proposed arrangement, but he felt he would sink into the second place if he put Willoughby on equal terms with himself. And besides, he was angry and therefore unreasonable. He rose abruptly and went out, saying,

"I will think it over."

Willoughby supervised the boarders' tea and prep. After supper he made the usual round of the dormitories, and sat down at last in his own little den, free till bed-time. He filled a pipe and smoked in great weariness. On the whole, he felt glad to have had it out with his uncle. He had possibly been lacking in tact, for his temper had been aroused. However, the issue now lay on the knees of the gods, and for the present he would dismiss it from his mind. Taking up a novel, he had read a few pages when the

maid brought up a note in his uncle's writing.

MY DEAR ARTHUR (he read), I feel it is impossible for us to work together any longer. Your disregard of my wishes, and the insulting language you used this afternoon, have rendered it, for the future, out of the question. I enclose your cheque for this term, and a further term's salary in lieu of notice. Any idea of a partnership can no longer be considered.

Believe me to remain,

Your affectionate uncle,

CHARLES FARFIELD.

When Willoughby's indignation had subsided a little, he began to take stock of the situation. In a week's time he would be a free man, with some sixty pounds at his disposal. Now there was young Barker, who had gone out to the front, and a month ago received a commission in the Army. Could he not do the same himself? Passage would cost nothing. He could ride, and had been a marksman in his 'Varsity days. If he came through all right he would throw up teaching for good and get a fresh start out there. If not, what of that? A man could only die once. Perhaps Mary would cry a little——

"Is there any answer, sir?"

"Eh? I beg your pardon! Answer? No, no answer, thank you. Good-night, Lucy."

"Good-night, sir."

The girl went down to the kitchen and told the other servants she felt sure Mr. Farfield and Mr. Arthur had disagreed about something.

"For," said she, "Mr. Arthur, he did look so queer."

Willoughby turned out the lamp and walked along the corridor to his bedroom. As he undressed, he thought it over. After he lay down he thought it over. His watch said to him, rhythmically,

"What about the front? Is it worth while? What about the front? Is it worth while? What about——"

Then came oblivion.

When the clanging bell awoke him next morning from a deep sleep, he sprang out of bed with a bound, and as he swished the cold water over his limbs, exclaimed,

"B-r-r-r! Of course it's worth while. Hooray for the front! Where's my towel! B-r-r-r!"

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim membralesse juvabit."

Alleynian (Dulwich).—Measles seem to have decimated the public schools during the spring term. The ingeniously-rhymed "Dudson's Duty," in the *Alleynian* for March, has the epidemic for its theme:—

Oh, when a kid has lantern jaws,
And skin "as pale as boxwood,"
If nothing else explained the cause,
Perhaps the chicken-pox would.

Oh, when his frame becomes as lean
And skinny as a weasel's,
And spots upon his face are seen,
You say he has the measles.

So Dudson should have stayed in bed,
And "frowsted" in a warm room,
But duty called! So he, instead,
Crept feebly to his form-room.

And his form master gaily smiled;
Then, with engaging *bonhomie*,
Observed: "I see some spots, my child,
Upon your physiognomy."

With frenzied fear he almost raved,
And terror at his spirit ate.
"Oh! sir," he cried, "when one has shaved,
The place is apt to irritate!"

They sent him packing, double quick,
Away from school, but still I
Am told the air is simply thick
With dangerous bacilli.

Bede Magazine (Whitley Bay).—We are glad to notice that in the issue before us there are none of the portraits and "personal appreciations" which disturbed our equanimity the last time a copy of this bright little magazine came into our hands. An excellent innovation is the instalment of Prosper Mérimée's Corsican story of "Mateo Falcone." The translation is a very creditable one.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—"The Indian Nankar" is a very amusing dissertation on the vagaries of the *nankar-log*—the servant caste of India. The writer tells some capital stories. Not all are quite new (we seem to recollect, for instance, the cook's boy, who, being discovered by his master straining the soup through a pair of socks, excuses himself with the piteous appeal, "Not clean socks, sahib, not clean socks!"), but the following tale is fresh to us. It appears there was once

an official who rather prided himself on his menu, which was duly written out and appeared at every meal. To this duty his Bombay boy had been trained, and as a rule he fulfilled expectations. On one occasion, however, a specially good breakfast was ordered, the reason being the presence of the Bishop—the lord padre sahib—and one item on the list handed to the boy was "devil'd turkey." This rather puzzled him, his cogitations taking this form: "'Devil'd' very bad word for lord padre sahib—what can do?" And at last the menu card was neatly written out, the objectionable item appearing as "d—d turkey."

Christowe Record.—It seems but the

other day that the present writer reviewed, in other pages than those of *THE CAPTAIN*, the first number of this annual record of Christowe House, Cheltenham College. Yet the legend, "Fourth Year," stares from the title-page of the issue before us. *Fugaces labuntur anni*: but it is pleasant to find that a periodical for which we prophesied success is justifying our prognostications. *Christowe Record* is a complete history of the doings of the House during last year. It is excellently illustrated, unimpeachably turned out, and a model of what such a publication should be.

Haileyburian.—In a recent number appeared a very amusing skit of the "Buried Treasure" craze which held the town not long ago. The editors announce the completion of their scheme.

Popular opinion as to what form the Treasure should take seems to point unanimously in one direction.—We are therefore delighted to be able to announce that we shall bury the *Fat Boy of Peckham*, together with all existing copies of that marvellously pathetic song, "*I have made up my mind to sail away*."

The Prizes have been selected with the greatest care. The Winner will be offered the alternative of a Scholarship of £3,000 a month at Dotyville or Dartmoor or the larger of the two loaves handled by Mr. Chamberlain.

The 2nd prize will be a deciding voice in all matters of international importance (by kind permission of the "D—Iy M—I").

The 3rd prize will be an exact facsimile of the "Express" Parrot, with the pleasing difference that it will ejaculate at intervals of not more than one minute "Your food will cost you less!"

The 4th prize will be a model in Radium of Shamrock XXXIV., together with a portrait of Sunny James, and a plan of Japan by Mr. Tree.

The 5th will be free permission to loop the loop, fly the flume, circ the circ, maze the maze, or shoot the chute to the winner's heart's content in an elegant oasis (most kindly lent by the Emperor of Sahara).

And so on. Capital fooling, very topically carried out.

Harrovian.—The February and March numbers contain some capital things. The verses "Harrow Before the Flood" are somewhat reminiscent of one of the late Mr. Bowen's school songs. We extract a few stanzas to illustrate the march of Harrow through the ages:—

No sight or sound in all around
To mar sweet Nature's quiet—
Where fancy led his fairy tread,
The soft-eyed mammoth daily fed
On vegetarian diet.

Up through the Grove he'd slowly rove,
Through trees and brushwood crunching,
And echoes, unexplored by "Lunn,"
Reverberated to his un-
sophisticated munching.

At one fell stroke the spill is broke,
Our Hill's no longer silent,

A recent supplement to the *Ousel* prints some interesting documents bearing on the history of the school in 1629.

Salopian (Shrewsbury).—The April number contains a good deal of verse. The tit-bit is this "School Song":—

LENT TERM, 1904.
In and out of every House,
Cunning as a Weasel;
Sly, evasive as a Mouse,
Pop goes the Measle.

Sedberghian.—In an article on "The Catholic Association in Ireland" occurs the following passage:—

Now almost all the Roman Catholics in Ireland belong to the lower classes, and the educational system of their priests prevents them from rising to any considerable post. They are kept in ignorance by these *arrant blackguards* in order that they may be easily imposed upon, and that their money may be extorted from them.

The italics are ours; but we emphasise the words not to endorse, but to protest against, the dictum of the writer. The latter, we fear, is either an ignorant or a very young man. He is certainly devoid of good taste.

Stanley House School Magazine.—The April issue is an excellent one. A most interesting feature is a charming poem in Dorsetshire dialect, "Pentridge by the River"—a felicitous example of the late Rev. Wm. Barnes' verse.

The miscellaneous contributions include a clever sketch, "The Clonbarry Fishing Party," a pleasant account of "Charles Lamb's School Days," and a particularly interesting and instructive article on "Cyclones." Footballers will like to read the account of the match played in Paris between the Brighton Club and the "Stade Français." The writer (who was also one of the players) sums up the foreign team thus:—

The play of the French team was a bit of a surprise to us. If not brilliant, it was full of promise. Their forwards were really good, and packed and screwed well. They used their feet to some purpose, too, but the quarters and three-quarters were all at sea. If they were well coached, however, they would turn out good players, as they have speed and grit too.

The Tomahawk.—This is an "independent" ('tis the Editor's own word) magazine, published at Glasgow Academy. A copy of the first number has been sent to us, with a request for its return "as copies are at a premium; the first impression of fifty copies being sold within an hour, and a second impression 'going' with equal rapidity." With an anxious hand clutching our scalp we hurried to the nearest pillar-box, upon perusal of this note, and despatched *The Tomahawk* to Glasgow by the next post. It is ill to offend the proprietors of so sinisterly-named a journal.

It is difficult to say much about the contents of this first number. Naturally, there is little to interest any but a Glaswegian Academic. It is a merry little production, however, and will doubtless have a lively, if brief, existence. The illustrations are capital, and the printing (presumably by some

"mimeograph" process) is remarkably good for an "independent" (I thank thee, Ed., for teaching me that word!) periodical.

University College Magazine (Adelaide).—From Australia comes the third number of this magazine, with a long and interesting letter from "Stalky," one of the contributors. The magazine, be it noted, is *printed and published* entirely by the boys of the College. A unique distinction, surely. We can well understand that the labour is immense, and our congratulations are proportionately the greater. The Editor and his "sole assistant" thus unburden themselves:—

We take advantage of lack of copy to say something about ourselves. We are very hard-working, without salaries or even wages, but no one seems to take notice of the fact. Our schoolmates, who ought to be exceedingly grateful and polite to us, are distinctly the reverse. In fact, they grow quite angry when we ask them for copy, as if we were a "country rag" searching for advertisements. But "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country," so we still have hopes of being appreciated by outsiders.

Our office suggests malarial fever and icicles in winter, and is a few hundred degrees hotter than purgatory in summer. But whether as Nansens or as Salamanders, we continue on the straight path, and turn out our splendid periodical.

Here we break out into poetry:

There may be many an earthly hell,

But none like ours:

We work all day with never a spell,

Through sweltering hours.

We set and spill and print and "dis"

From morn till eve,

And all that we produce is **THIS**—

And thus we live.

That's all we can make up, so we wish you all a Merry Xmas, a Happy New Year, and a lifelong estrangement from the horrors of type, and may you hope the same for us.

But let them rest assured that "THIS" is a great deal better than many school editors over here succeed in producing, no matter how much greater their facilities.

Wyvern (Taunton).—The following two "Answers to Correspondents" strike the eye rather alarmingly:—

CONSTANT READER.—It was an awkward lie. They are of common occurrence, but a little practice will enable you to avoid unpleasant consequences.

FORGIFTER.—(1) Don't let the rope go until you have got her in the eye. (2) No, it will not harm her to ram her nose into the mud.

It is a relief to learn from a footnote that these are replies to a "golf query" and a "boating query," respectively.

We have also received copies of the following:—*Grammar School Magazine* (Aberdeen), *Aluredian*, *Arrow*, *Aronian*, *Birmingham Municipal Technical School Magazine*, *Bridlingtonian*, *Brighton College Magazine*, *Cadet*, *Cap and Gown*, *Carlisle*, *Clarivian*, *Cranleigh*, *Dragon*, *Esmeduna*, *Fettesian*, *Hadleighian*, *Hickcliffeian*, *Holmwood Magazine*, *Holyroodian*, *Kelly College Chronicle*, *Leopard*, *Liverpool Coll. U.S. Magazine*, *Lily*, *Mercers' School Magazine*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Nelsonian*, *North Park Magazine*, *Olavian*, *Owlet*, *Quernmorian*, *Sotoniensis*, *Tauntonian*, *Tollingtonian*, *Totnesian*, *Whitgift Magazine*, *Williamsonian*.

THE DUFFER.

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL,

Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," &c.

Illustrated by

GORDON BROWNE, R.I.



SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silver-down, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. On the first day he attends at Garrick and Mappin's, George receives great provocation from Barry, an overbearing articulated clerk, and an encounter between the two is imminent when Mr. Garrick enters the room and orders them back to their places.

CHAPTER XV.

OF A PUGILISTIC NATURE.

A LITTLE later George was called off his letter-sorting to help Mr. Mappin in the examination of a document by reading a copy aloud. George acquitted himself moderately, and Mr. Mappin bore the ordeal with a show of patience which put rather a tax upon his temper. This done, George returned to his own room with a draft in Mr. Mappin's writing to copy--which writing was fairly easy to read, but strayed rather too frequently into margins and corners, variety being occasionally supplied by half-a-page of print, which had to be copied from a book of legal precedents.

"Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At the length it ringeth to evensong."

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says an old monkish rhyme, and George's first day in a lawyer's office, weary and long enough in all conscience, at last drew to a close.

First Mr. Garrick went, with an urbane "Good-evening, gentlemen!" to Andrews and the two youngsters who had been placed under the managing clerk's wing. Then Mr. Mappin bustled off to play tennis at the Blacketts', where he hoped to meet Molly, leaving a pile of letters for the post, and sundry little odd jobs to be finished. When passing through Andrews' room he instructed George to let him see what progress he had made on the copy draft at 10.30 the next morning.

Meanwhile Barry idled over some work he was supposed to be doing, punctuating his limp efforts to concentrate himself on his task by glowering at George.

As soon as the firm's employés felt that Mr. Mappin was well away from the premises—when he had been gone a sufficient time to make it highly unlikely that he would return unexpectedly to attend to some overlooked item (Mr. Garrick never came back once he had set foot in his residence proper)—the office relaxed. Smith, the third clerk, produced a packet of doubtful cigarettes, and gave one to Jones; the office-boy began to crunch bulls-eyes and read a halfpenny boys' paper of the *Adventures at Smackem Academy* type; Barry lit a cigar; and Mr. Andrews, being powerless to stop this general consumption of the weed, himself produced a substantial-looking briar pipe and proceeded to fill its capacious bowl from a packet of bird's-eye.

Puffing at his pipe with the relish of a man who has had to mortify the tobacco-loving flesh during a long day's work, Andrews went into the junior partner's room to finish the aforesaid little jobs left by Mr. Mappin. He closed the communicating door behind him, and thus the two youths were left alone together.

Barry pushed his work aside with a vicious sweep of his hand, put his cigar down, and rose to his feet. He was a well-built fellow of the bull-necked order, with a large amount of natural strength. Owing to his vigorous outdoor life he was in the pink of condition, and looked powerful enough to make mincemeat of the slim boy who had but an hour or two ago smitten him in the nose.

"Now, young Denver, or whatever your beastly name is, I'm going to lick you."

Well aware of his superior strength, and that the bang in the nose he had had from George was a mere fluke that wouldn't occur again, Barry was taking his time over reprisals. He didn't particularly want to hit the boy in cold

blood, so thought it might be as well to rouse George a little. His task would be more congenial if the other fellow showed fight.

"Perhaps you'd like to say you're sorry," he remarked, cuttingly, taking a seat on the table. "I might let you off lightly then."

Nothing could have been farther from George's thoughts than the proffering of an apology. Little as he had learned at Silverdown, he had learned, at least, how to take a licking. But he turned rather pale, as most fellows of his size and age would have done, when Barry assumed the offensive, for he knew that he was going to get it very hot indeed. If he had been Brutton, the Silverdown heavyweight boxer—and as kind a gentleman, be it added, as ever donned gloves—secure in his conscious might he would have treated Barry with contempt and subsequently knocked him out inside sixty seconds, but he was merely an overgrown boy of sixteen, thin, under weight for his age, and nothing of a "scrapper." To meet Barry in equal fistic combat was out of the question; he would be hammered unmercifully.

He had once overheard a conversation between a number of men in a railway carriage, in which it had been laid down, and rightly, that when a man is forced into a fight with another of superior skill and physique, he is perfectly justified in equalising matters by picking up whatever weapon comes handy—be it a stick, poker, or water-bottle. When Barry uttered these threatening words, therefore, George's eyes wandered in the direction of a ruler which lay conveniently to hand—a ruler of some weight, with a hard, polished surface.

Barry took out his watch and laid it on the table.

"I'll give you sixty seconds in which to apologise," said he.

And while the time allowance dwindled away he whistled softly, swinging his leg the while.

"Time's up," said the articked clerk, getting on to his feet and walking round the table.

George stood up and grasped the ruler.

"If you touch me," he said, "I'll hit you with this."

By way of rejoinder, Barry made a rush at him. George bided his time, and then, as Barry was about to seize him with his right hand, struck him over the knuckles. Barry uttered a cry—for the blow was no light one—and George, quick as lightning, nipped under the table and put that article of furniture between himself and his foe.

"I'll kill you for that," cried Barry, in a passion. "I'll teach you!"

He dashed round the table, but George dashed

round too, and they came to a halt, breathing hard, with the table between them. Then Barry scrambled on to the table, and made as if he would leap at George. But Denver, ruler well to the fore, ready for further attack, watched him warily. Finally, when Barry did jump, George scampered out of the way just in the nick of time, and once more they glowered at each other from the opposite sides like two tiger-cubs at war.

Barry then got an idea. As it appeared likely that George would go on eluding him by dashing round, under or over the table, he determined, in a happy burst of inspiration, to cut off one side of the table by pushing it up against the wall.

Whereupon he put his weight against it and shoved; George, laying his heels to the wall, shoved too. For a brief interval they both strained their hardest, and neither gained any advantage, for George found the wall a stout ally. Suddenly, with a war-whoop, Barry let go of the table, and jumping on to it launched himself furiously at his enemy. In desperation George lashed out with the ruler and got home smartly on Barry's kneecap. The article clerk yelped with pain, hopping on one leg and nursing his knee with his hand. In the meantime, however, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly made a jump at George, who ducked, with the result that Barry flew headlong over him, coming down on his hands and knees. Rising quickly, Barry saw that the wall side of the table was vacant. Without his friend the wall George would be no match for him at pushing. He flew to that side, therefore, and, although George tried his hardest to keep the table in the position it then occupied, he found himself losing ground rapidly, for in addition to being by far the stronger of the two Barry was now able to use the wall for leverage purposes.

As Wellington prayed for night or Blucher, so George, as he felt himself losing ground, prayed for the immediate return of Mr. Andrews. But he prayed in vain, for Mr. Andrews had gone from Mr. Mappin's room into Mr. Garrick's, and thus the sounds of strife reached him not. But the noise of the encounter had fallen on the ears of Jones, Smith, and the office-boy, who were already in the doorway gaping at the combatants, Jones and Smith, in the excitement engendered by the spectacle, forgetting to keep their cigarettes alight, and the boy pausing with a half-consumed bull's-eye between his teeth.

At length, with a prodigious shove, Barry fairly pinned his foe against the opposite wall.

He grunted with venomous satisfaction as he watched George writhing in a futile endeavour to escape. Then he sprang on to the table and advanced towards his victim.

George still had a good deal of fight left in him, however. He flourished the ruler, and Barry hesitated.

At that moment, unluckily for George, one of the clerks chuckled. It was Jones. He hated Barry, and was filled with honest joy at seeing the article clerk—the 'aughty Mr. B.—kept at bay in this manner.

The consequence was that Barry, throwing discretion to the winds, sprang headlong at George and received a smack on the head from the ruler which raised a lump as big as a plum. But that was the only blow George got home, for next moment he was in Barry's infuriated grasp, the ruler was wrenched from his fingers, and he knew the end was at hand.

It was indeed. Irresistible in his blind fury, Barry dragged the boy on to the table, pinned him firmly down by placing his knees upon his arms, and then struck him again and again in the face. George was absolutely powerless—and neither of the men in the doorway dared raise a hand in his behalf.

But help was nigh, for, just as George's senses were reeling under the weight of the blows his enemy was raining upon him, a little girl pushed past the clerks and hastened up to the table.

"Oh, you coward! Stop!" cried Joyce, who, passing by the office about this time, had called in to accompany her brother home.

Barry's hands fell to his sides. He looked at Joyce in a shamefaced way; then, releasing his victim, he got off the table.

Joyce confronted him.

"Why were you hitting George?"

"Because he checked me," was the surly rejoinder.

"But he wasn't able to hit you back. You were holding him—you coward!"

Her tone indicated the infinite contempt she felt for George's assailant. The glance she cast on Barry burnt into his soul.

"Fancy," she said, "fancy a 'big man like you hitting my brother. He isn't half so strong or big as you. Oh, I am ashamed of you!"

By this time George had scrambled off the table, and was dabbing at his bleeding nose and lips with his handkerchief.

"Come home with me, Georgie," said Joyce, putting her little hand on his arm, "and I will bathe your face."

The clerks slunk back into their own room. They knew they ought to have interfered. A

fight was one thing, but that vindictive onslaught was another. They were ashamed.

At the doorway Joyce turned and looked at Barry. Her generally peaceful countenance was aflame with anger.

"You are a coward!" she said. "I will tell everybody what you have done, and I hope some man as strong as yourself will give you a thrashing—you coward!"

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

GEORGE did not feel half so sorry for himself as Joyce did. The indignation was mostly on her side. It is so much better to receive a couple of black eyes than show the white feather and cave in. When a vanquished combatant is getting into his coat, his mental attitude should be one of exhilaration. He has done his best, and if in doing his best he gets the worst of it—well, what does that matter? In full view of gods and men he has exhibited pluck. No man can brand him as a coward, so his honour is untarnished. Besides, a little bleeding at the nose is not at all a bad thing for one. It clears the head of a lot of hot nonsense. In the case of a man threatened with apoplexy, for instance, bleeding at the nose often saves him from a fit which would cost him his life. Nature looks after these things.

George was not threatened with apoplexy, but this nose-bleeding which he was endeavouring to stem with a not over-clean handkerchief augured good things in the future which would compensate him many times over for his present physical discomfort. He had shown Barry that he was not a fellow who would tamely surrender his self-respect and take a licking by way of saving himself from more savage treatment. Barry would think twice before he even ventured to speak rudely to him again. True, George had received a fine hammering, but the hammerer had not come off scatheless. The ruler had left more than one mark on him.

Women and girls, however, do not regard fighting quite in the same light as men and boys do. Their sympathies are entirely with him whom they love. They seldom trouble to inquire into the causes of the combat; they simply detest the man who has hurt their husband, brother, or lover. If you interfere with a man who is beating his wife, as often as not the woman will turn and rend you, because her instinct leads her to side with her husband against you.

All this, I will admit, is not very elevating talk, but it is an honest endeavour to show Joyce's view of the position and explain the horrified surprise the little girl exhibited when, a few days later, she observed George and Barry walking down the street together, talking in a most friendly fashion.

But of that anon. For the present we have to deal with what immediately followed the fight.

"Poor George!" said Joyce, when they found themselves outside the office, "I'm so sorry for you. What a brute that man must be!"

"That'll do," retorted George testily from beneath the handkerchief; "anybody would think I was a kid by the way you go on."

"Did he hurt you very much?"

"He hurt me a bit," said George, "but I sloshed him one or two with the ruler," he added cheerily.

"How unmanly it was of him to hold you down and hit you!"

"Oh," said George, "I'd stung him up with the ruler, you see. He was in an awful wax."

"Then you *had* hurt him before I came in?" said Joyce, in a tone of much satisfaction.

"Rather!"

When they reached home Joyce got her brother some warm water, but he roughly declined to let her bathe his face for him, as she, in the full flush of her feminine sympathy, would have loved to do.

"I don't want you messing me about," he explained. "Here, give *me* the sponge."

Joyce gazed at the gory contents of the basin with dainty horror. She had often heard of boys fighting one another—had not John Thompson, indeed, battled with sundry schoolfellows because they had jeered at the belt she had made for him?—but she had never before been a close witness of the effects of such a punching as George had received. She thought it was dreadful that boys should knock one another about in this way—girls *never* did!—and determined to tell John Thompson that he was on no account to fight again on her behalf.

When George arrived at the office on the following morning his right eye was nearly closed up, and his nose and lips were puffy and swollen.

"Hello!" said Andrews, observing these signs facial, "been fighting?"

"I've had a bit of a scrap," acknowledged George.

"You and Mr. Barry, I suppose? I found the place in a nice state when I came in from the gov'nor's room last evening. Everybody had gone, so I couldn't ask. Was it you two?"

"Yes," said George. "He said I was using his pen, and I wouldn't give it to him."

"Was that all?"

"Well, that began it."

"You'll be interested to hear, then," said Andrews, with a grim smile, "that it was his pen. I gave you the first pen I came across, and it happened to be the one Mr. Barry generally uses."

"Oh!" said George, who didn't trouble to explain to the managing clerk that it wasn't so much the rightful ownership of the pen as the manner in which Barry had demanded it that caused the trouble.

When George reported progress on the draft to Mr. Mappin at the time appointed, the junior partner did not fail to notice the boy's damaged features. He said nothing at the time, however. It did not look very well, of course, for a clerk attached to the highly respectable firm of Garrick and Mappin to walk about with a face such as George owned just now, but it was not an affair of any great consequence. Boys would be boys, Mappin told himself in quite a fatherly way. But the draft had suffered, so the next time Andrews came into his room Mappin thought fit to mention the matter.

"Oh, by the way, Andrews—was there any disturbance in your room yesterday? The draft Denver has been copying looks as if somebody had been jumping on it."

"I believe the two young gentlemen did have a little set-to," said Andrews, rubbing his chin.

"Why didn't you stop it?"

"I was in Mr. Garrick's room, sir, at the time, looking up some accounts."

"That sort of thing mustn't go on here," said Mappin, sternly. "I expect you to preserve order, Andrews. Young Denver's face looks like a beetroot. It seems to me we're going to have trouble with that lad, Andrews. His writing is disgraceful, and it would seem that he is quarrelsome—two distinct disqualifications for an office like this. Of course, I don't expect boys to behave like angels, but——"

The door of Andrews' room was banged loudly at that instant, and there was a sound of heavy footsteps and a chair falling over.

"That's Mr. Barry," said Mappin. "Go and keep the peace, Andrews. Don't leave them alone together, or they'll be fighting again. See that Denver gets his dinner when you are getting yours."

"Very good, sir," said Andrews.

Mr. Mappin need not have been so anxious, however. Barry hadn't the slightest intention of provoking George, a lump on his head, a

sore knee, and bruised knuckles being enough for him to go on with for the time being.

He stumped sullenly into the room, upsetting a chair in the course of his clumsy progress towards his own seat. Entering a few moments later, Andrews was relieved to see that the two young gentlemen were not throwing ink-pots at each other. He sat down and went on with his work, but ever and anon he cast a wary and distrustful glance at the two erstwhile beligerents. For all he knew they might start kicking one another under the table at any moment.

When ten minutes had passed in a silence that was only broken by the scratching of pens, Andrews was surprised to hear George address his truculent *vis-à-vis*.

"I say, Barry."

Barry looked up and scowled.

"Well?"

"I must apologise for not giving you your pen yesterday. I find it was yours."

"I said it was. Didn't you believe me?"

George hesitated a moment, and then replied, "I didn't like the way you asked me for it."

Barry grunted. "Well, don't use it again now you know it's mine."

Another ten minutes elapsed in silence. Then Barry, looking very red, addressed George.

"I didn't mean to hurt you like that. I lost my temper. . . . tell your sister, will you?"

"Thanks. Yes, I'll tell her," George answered.

Barry and George had very little to say to one another during the remainder of the week. Each watched the other pretty closely, however, and Andrews kept an impartial, paternal eye on both.

A good many youths had passed through the managing clerk's experienced hands, and he had gained much knowledge of the tribe.

"I think they're all right now, sir," he said to Mr. Mappin on Saturday morning: "shouldn't be surprised if they're falling on each other's necks in another week. Nothing like a fight for making two boys friends," added the clerk knowingly.

"Yes, but I'd rather they didn't choose this office for having the fight in. How's Denver getting on?"

Andrews did not look hopeful.

"I shouldn't think he'll ever be much good to us, sir," he said, frankly. "I can't send anything in his writing out of the office. He doesn't seem built for our sort of work. I often see him rubbing his eyes, and he told me when I asked him about them that the constant reading

makes them smart. Trouble coming along there, I should say. He ought to be put to some outdoor job."

Mr. Mappin coughed.

"H'm. We might send him out collecting rents—if his father doesn't object. By the way, he's to have a small salary. Give him four shillings a week."

"Which is a bit more than he earns," thought Andrews, departing to his own room.

Shortly before twelve Andrews had to go down to the bank to make some inquiries about a client's bonds. Barry and George therefore had the room to themselves. Barry had not come in till eleven, and since then, cheerfully oblivious of the fact that he was supposed to be qualifying for the legal profession, had been drawing a ship on his blotting-paper.

Presently he looked at George.

"Care for a sail this afternoon?" he asked.

George's face betokened some surprise.

"I don't mind," he said.

Both turned red, and then Barry observed: "I've got a boat. Be on the beach near the bungalows about three."

From these rather lame utterances they drifted into conversation of an easier kind, and, when the office closed, walked down the street talking in the amiable way which caused Joyce, who saw them from a window, such unbounded astonishment.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded of George, when the boy entered the house, "that you are friends with that bully?"

"Oh, he's all right," said George, offhandedly, "when you know him;" and stumped upstairs to get into his flannels.

Mellerby Bay, owing to its sheltered situation, afforded safe anchorage even for such light craft as Barry's sloop, which possessed the pert and undignified title of *Tut Tut*. She was a quaint little vessel, and had played many pranks in her time. Barry had picked her up third or fourth-hand for a few pounds from the local boat-builder, who had warned him that she was "tricky."

Barry and George rowed off to the *Tut Tut* in the dinghy. Black Jack looming into view from apparently nowhere to assist in dragging the dinghy down to the water's edge.

There was a steady breeze from the south-west, and they beat out against the wind into the Channel. George had often been out sailing before, but his ability to handle a boat was about on a par with his penmanship. Barry possessed that little knowledge of sailing which is truly a dangerous thing. On this occasion, however, he was lucky enough to pull the right ropes,

and the boys enjoyed an hour's sail without mishap.

As the saucy *Tut Tut* sped over the blue water these two foes of a few days since laughed and chatted like old friends. Barry was especially loquacious, and bragged stoutly of his prowess in various sporting pursuits. It appeared, indeed, from his conversation, that he could hold his own with the best at cricket and football, boxing and wrestling, that he was a veritable terror at billiards and a knowing dog on the race-course and at the card-table.

Branching off to Mellerby and the ladies of the little seaside town, he summed up the points of the fair ones he had met in a trenchant manner.

"Do you know the Blacketts?" inquired George, who had listened good-humouredly to the highly-coloured yarns Barry was good enough to spin him.

"Yes, I've met them. Dead—quite dead."

George laughed.

"You don't think much of them?"

"They're *dead*, my good man," repeated Barry, with emphasis.

"You've met the Peels?"

"Yes, silly little fish—always on the giggle."

"What d'you think of the Rice girls?"

"Those girls with the pink eyes? Oh, I don't know. Mappin introduced me to them, and said they were charming. Like a lot of white mice, I thought."

In this manner did the lordly young article clerk dismiss sundry pleasant young ladies from the conversation as unworthy of serious discussion. As a matter of fact, he had made great efforts to impress each and all with his magnificence, and had failed signally in such attempts, had he but known it.

Presently he headed the *Tut Tut* for home. The wind had freshened, but Barry saw no cause for anxiety. He was running before it, and the boat was gliding smoothly over the waves. He had yet to learn that a run before the wind, which seems the simplest of all sailing manœuvres, is in reality the most fruitful in causing disaster. When within fifty yards of the *Tut Tut's* moorings, he gybed the boat. The boom swung over with such force that it carried away the mast, and the sloop promptly turned turtle.

When Barry and George, spluttering and gasping, reappeared on the surface, they struck out for the shore, Black Jack appearing as if by magic to attend to the overturned boat. George, being the quicker swimmer, reached the beach first, that proud athlete, the owner of the *Tut Tut*, coming in a bad second, and presenting,



THE SLOOP PROMPTLY TURNED TURTLE.

as he staggered over the stones, a spectacle as unedifying as that of a drowned rat—or mouse—possibly a white one.

CHAPTER XVII.

ONE SUNDAY EVENING.

THE world was eight days older, and again it was Sunday. George had discharged his second week's duties in a fairly satisfactory manner, but Andrews was still of opinion that the lad was overpaid even at the lowly salary he received from the firm.

"He'll never make a lawyer," Andrews informed his wife with conviction, "no, nor that Barry fellow. I often catch young Denver dreaming over his work. I shouldn't think he knows what he wants to do, but I'm pretty certain he knows what he doesn't want to do—and that's work in an office."

"It's a pity Mr. Barry's pa has paid so much to have his son taught lawyering," opined Mrs. Andrews, a needle-faced little dame who moved quickly, spoke sharply, and possessed that rare thing in woman, a discreet tongue.

"Yes," agreed Andrews, pulling meditatively at his pipe, "it does seem a lot of money. And then he has to be kept, which comes to a tidy bit, for he isn't the sort of chap to look twice at his money before he spends it. But I'll take my Sam—he'll never make a lawyer—not got it in him. The sort for our work is the quiet, level-headed chap who is able to throw himself heart and soul into other folks' business. This young Denver thinks about himself too much to be able to do that."

"And Mr. Barry?"

"Oh, he's all for cricket and suchlike games. He knows his dad's got plenty of money, and so doesn't worry about making any himself."

"Well, what ought he to be doing?" queried Mrs. Andrews.

"Can't say. He's one of those youngsters who consider it their duty to spend the cash their old man has toiled and moiled all his life for. There's plenty of 'em about. It's the education does it," declared Andrews. "If Barry senior sends Barry junior to a swell school where he gets a lot of high ideas, how can Barry senior expect Barry junior to come home and mind the shop, so to speak?"

"What is Mr. Barry's father?"

"He's a big boot man in the midlands—makes good boots, too. Now," continued the managing clerk impressively, "if I was a man like that, I'd send my son to a school where he wouldn't get hold of ideas above his station, and then at sixteen I'd have him home for good, and set

him to learn the business, so that he could take my place when I felt inclined to retire, like. But this man—he wants to make his son a gentleman. As if," concluded Andrews, "any man could be made a gentleman if he isn't one by nature, like Mr. Garrick, or Dr. Denver, or Mr. Munro!"

"Or," put in Mrs. Andrews, looking sharply at her husband, "Mr. Mappin?"

But Andrews merely pulled at his pipe, and Mrs. Andrews' thin lips curled into a smile as she went on with her preparations for the Sunday dinner.

"There's Mr. Munro," continued the managing clerk, after a lengthy pause, "comes into our club, subscription fifteen bob a year, and plays billiards with me and Miggs and Porter and the other chaps, and any one can see at a glance he's not the same as we are, though Miggs and Porter and plenty of others could buy him up a dozen times over, easy. And we like him to come, because he's a gentleman. Mr. Mappin and Mr. Barry come, too, and to them we're just 'Andrews,' 'Miggs,' 'Porter,' but you never hear Mr. Munro talking like that. With him it's always 'Mr. Miggs' and 'Mr. Porter,' and it's in little things like that that the gentleman comes out."

"Well," said Mrs. Andrews, branching off, as women will, at a somewhat inconsequent tangent, "it sometimes strikes me that you don't think quite enough of yourself, Jim. You're all the gentleman I want. You do your work well, and pay your debts, and have never done anything you have cause to be ashamed of. And if that's not behaving like a gentleman, what is?"

Having said which, Mrs. Andrews shelled her peas with extra rapidity, while Andrews, with a slight cough, walked out into the garden. They had no children, these two, and were, like most childless couples, exceedingly attached to one another. Andrews liked no place so much as his own fireside, and Mrs. Andrews held that a wife's first duty was to make her husband happy and comfortable, and to prove, by her devotion to his interests, how much she appreciated the fact that he was the breadwinner of the home they shared.

Mr. Andrews found his garden a pleasant place to walk in on this Sunday morning, for the fine weather was still holding, and the heat of the sun was tempered by a cool breeze. Mr. Andrews was a gardener of merit, and the attention he had bestowed upon his garden in the spring was bearing fruit in the fact that all around him his modest plot was wreathed in smiles of yellow, of pink, of white, and of

crimson. Mr. Andrews cast a satisfied eye on the harvest of his April toiling, and, having paced up and down for a while, presently went in to dinner with a heart full of quiet content.

In the afternoon of the same day, the young gentleman who was wont to fall a-dreaming in Mr. Andrews' office, climbed into a hammock and fell a-dreaming over a story book.

The spirit of the day was on the house and the garden. Is there not an indefinable charm, a special quietude, in the air on Sunday? It is as if God were saying: "Hush, this is My day." It is as if a spell were cast over the world.

A little distance off, in easy cane-chairs, sat Molly and Joyce. Each had a story book on her lap, but neither was reading, for the most engrossing story book often fails to enchain the attention when one finds a counter-attraction in the beauties of Nature, or is drawn into conversation of real human interest. Actual people must perforce take precedence of those who live and breathe only in printed pages. So Molly, whose book was "*Lorna Doone*"—prince of romances!—forgot John Ridd for the nonce while Joyce chatted of the little tea-party to which George and she had been invited on the previous afternoon at Mr. Munro's bungalow.

"I like him awfully," she was saying; "I don't know why, but I do. He doesn't talk very much, but what he says is so nice."

"He struck me as being rather dull," said Molly.

"Oh, he *isn't* dull!" Joyce exclaimed. "You don't understand him, Molly. He says all sorts of odd little things that make you laugh."

"He didn't make *me* laugh."

"He will when you know him properly. You see," added Joyce, with great demureness, "Mr. Munro and I understand one another. And then there's Rufus—I love Rufus! He looks so grave and fierce, and you know all the time he doesn't feel a *bit* fierce. When nobody annoys him he is as good-tempered as Mr. Munro is."

"I hate men who are always good-tempered," said Molly. "They bore me."

"Mr. Munro isn't always good-tempered," retorted Joyce; "he got frightfully angry with Black Jack, that horrid rough-looking boatman who quarrels with everybody."

"Why did Mr. Munro get angry?" asked Molly with interest.

"Well, you know, Mr. Barry has a boat, the *Tut Tut*—"

Joyce broke off into a peal of merriment. Molly laughed, too.

"The *what*?"

"The *Tut Tut*," giggled Joyce, rolling her handkerchief into a ball and biting it; "isn't it

a funny name! But it's such a queer little thing—the name just suits it. Well, when the *Tut Tut* turned over, Mr. Barry and George swam ashore—you remember, they both came in dripping wet?—and Black Jack rowed out and towed the poor little *Tut Tut* in. By that time Mr. Barry and George had disappeared, and since then Black Jack hasn't seen Mr. Barry to get payment from him for bringing the *Tut Tut* ashore. Well," continued Joyce, spreading out her crumpled and exceedingly diminutive handkerchief on her knees, "we went for a walk with Mr. Munro after tea yesterday, and while we were walking along Black Jack came up and asked George very rudely what he was going to get for bringing the boat in. George said it wasn't his boat, and that he didn't know. So then Black Jack used perfectly dreadful language, and said he'd have five pounds out of the young shaver that owned it, or know the reason why. When he began to swear Mr. Munro told him to be off, and said that if he got a sovereign he'd be well paid for what he had done. Then Black Jack swore all the more, and Mr. Munro stepped up to him quickly, and said: 'Look here, my man, if you don't move off I'll knock you down;' and although Black Jack is much bigger than Mr. Munro he seemed afraid, and went away. Rufus wasn't there either, as he'd gone on a long way ahead. It would have been terrible if they'd had a fight, wouldn't it? Mr. Munro was quite white—he was so angry—and I think it was very brave of him to say what he did, because George says Black Jack is the strongest man in Mellerby."

Molly had listened to this recital with shining eyes. "How exciting!" she exclaimed. "I wish I had been there!"

"Well, you could have been—you were asked," returned Joyce, folding her handkerchief up into a square. "And you could have seen Mr. Munro's picture of you. It's sweet—and just like you. He must have taken great pains with it."

"I shall go and see it when it's finished," said Molly airily. "Do you think he will give it to me?" she added.

"Oh, you mustn't take it, Molly!" cried Joyce. "He is very poor, I am sure, and ought to sell it."

"How do you know he is poor?"

"Oh, well—I am sure he is. I asked him why he had so many pictures in his studio, and he said it was because nobody wanted to buy them. So he must be poor if nobody cares for his pictures. Besides," continued Joyce, following up her simple and childlike line of reasoning, "if he weren't poor he would be married."

Molly smiled with the superior knowledge of the world that appertained unto her seven years' seniority.

"Do you imagine that marriage is simply a matter of having enough money to marry on?" she inquired of her little sister.

But Joyce stuck gallantly to her theory. "I am certain Mr. Munro would have been married by now if he had been well off. He is so nice that no girl could possibly refuse him."

Molly smiled. "You see, my dear," she said, "you're only a child. When you are grown up you will understand these things better."

So then, having administered this elder-sisterly snub, Molly picked up her book and went on with her reading.

Tea on the lawn, and Dr. Denver arrived in due course. After tea Poole brought the dog-cart round to the front door. Five miles away lay a farmer's wife sick unto death, necessitating a morning and evening visit from either the Doctor or his assistant. But Mr. Smallwood had gone off on his bicycle to attend another urgent case, so it behoved Dr. Denver to sacrifice his Sunday evening as well.

Dr. Denver always spared his servants and horses as much as possible on Sunday. Cold supper at eight gave the kitchen a holiday, and if the patients to be seen lived within reasonable walking distance, Robin and Peter and Emperor were left to laze away the evening in their stalls or the paddock, whilst the Doctor or Mr. Smallwood footed it over the green meadows. The Doctor, however, when he drove, preferred to have somebody with him to hold the reins whilst he was seeing his patients, and often took one of the children by way of saving Poole's time. Poole always had Sunday evening "off," and so: "Who wants a drive?" asked the Doctor, as he rose from his chair.

George and his sisters looked at one another, and then Molly proffered her company. Accustomed as she was to these expeditions, a drive on such an evening had, nevertheless, considerable attractions. It was a pretty drive through sweet-smelling lanes to the farmhouse, and (if you want another reason for Molly's alacrity) this drive would relieve her from the necessity of going to church. It would be rather stuffy in church this warm evening, she thought.

So Dr. Denver, who was right proud of his pretty daughter, drove off with Molly; Emperor the noble hunter, lifting his hoofs to some purpose and making short work of the miles that lay between Mellerby and the farmhouse where, behind white-curtained windows evidencing the care of a good housewife, a woman lay

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SLIPPED THE NOTE INTO THE USUAL CRANNY.

fighting for her life—the life whose preservation depended almost entirely on her physician's skill.

Step out, good Emperor! Little do you know of the journey's object whilst you toss your proud head and set your broad chest to the hills. Little as you know it, a glimpse of that black head of yours, appearing in the distance, has brought comfort to many an anxious bedside watcher. Step out, Emperor—splendid horse with the hot brain and gallant heart!

George and Joyce were therefore left to keep house, but George prowled away down the banks of the stream, his thoughts intent on night-lines.

Joyce, left alone, paced up and down the long asphalt path, looking much like a white flower that had taken human form and come forth from its bed to promenade the garden in the cool

of the evening. She was thinking of a friend whom she would like to help.

Presently, struck by a sudden thought, she fetched a sheet of paper and a pencil out of the house, and, taking up a book which lay on one of the chairs, nestled down and commenced to write. And she wrote thus:—

THE GABLES,
Sunday Night.

DEAREST GOD,—

I was so pleased by your answer to my last letter. George has got something to do, and Papa and Mr. Munro are quite good friends. But I hope you won't think me too bothering if I write again now to ask you to help Mr. Munro a little. I am afraid he is rather disappointed because he has not got on better. *Please* help him, because he is so brave and nice and poor, and *deserves* to get on, I am sure. Please, dear God, do what you can for him, and you will oblige ever so much

Your loving friend,

JOYCE.

Keeping a wary eye about her, the little maid tripped out of the garden, over the bridge, and away to the Great Oak. She breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that nobody was about. Quickly she slipped the note into the usual cranny, and then returned at full speed.

"I am sure," she said, rather breathlessly, as she regained the garden, "that God *will* help Mr. Munro, but—I wonder how!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. BLUNT RETALIATES.

MR. JOHN BLUNT, that bad, black-bearded waterman, was full of wrath. Though of huge bulk and acknowledged prowess he had been routed by one sharp sentence uttered by a man of determined will and unflinching courage. Out there in the sunshine, before a boy and a little girl, he had been told to go—and he had gone. He went, as a matter of fact, to the "Horse and Groom" public house, and, having gulped down two neat glasses of rum, told the landlord darkly that there was going to be trouble for some one.

"Be careful what you're up to, Jack," said the landlord. "You're too quarrelsome, that's what you are."

"Them as tries to put on me," cried Black Jack, bringing his ponderous fist down on to the bar with a crash, "will find out their mistake. I don't care a 'ang for nobody," he added, with an oath.

"You'll find yourself in quod again if you're not careful," said the landlord, as he leisurely polished a glass.

"*Eh?*" demanded Black Jack, gripping the

counter with his gnarled, hairy fingers, and staring truculently at the other.

"You 'eard," said the landlord quietly.

The "Horse and Groom" being the only tavern in Mellerby where Mr. Blunt was treated with any consideration, the waterman decided not to press the matter.

"Go 'ome and 'ave a sleep," said the landlord.

Black Jack turned towards the door. "There'll be words between you and me, Mr. 'Ecks," he muttered, "if you're not more careful what you say."

"Go and 'ave a sleep," repeated the landlord soothingly.

Mr. Hicks was a retired police sergeant—square-built, level-headed. Before joining the police he had served in the Army, and had seen some fighting in Egypt. He was well acquainted with most sorts of men, and knew how to handle bad ones; on this account he treated Mr. Blunt with more leniency than did his brother landlords in Mellerby. And it was as well that Black Jack always went to the "Horse and Groom" for his liquor, for, in addition to supplying him with fatherly advice, the ex-sergeant took care that the big waterman never got drunk on his premises.

Mr. Blunt lurched along Mellerby's quiet thoroughfares with an air intended to bear out his assertion to the effect that he didn't care a hang for anybody. A Scotch terrier belonging to Mr. Porter, the leading grocer of the place, came frisking up to the waterman in the friendliest manner possible. Black Jack gave the terrier a savage kick, and the poor brute, with a yelp of pain, cowered away from him. The waterman laughed coarsely.

"You cruel man!" exclaimed a severe-looking elderly lady who had witnessed the deed, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I ain't at all," retorted Blunt, his beard parting in a sardonic grin.

So he continued on his way, nodding in a surly fashion to his acquaintances, and scowling at such children as crossed his path in a manner which caused them to shrink from him as if he were a bad giant that had stepped out of the pages of a fairy tale.

Presently, as on an occasion formerly described, when he drew near a certain humble thoroughfare on the outskirts of the little town his overbearing swagger sensibly diminished, and by the time he had reached the top of the street in question hardly a trace of it remained. His quiet demeanour, indeed, as he approached his own domicile, might have led a casual observer to suppose that he was a sober, hard-working

boatman returning from a regulation day's toil.

Approaching his door in an apprehensive manner, Black Jack took a few steps to one side and surveyed the interior with a wary eye. His manner altered on the instant. Mrs. Blunt's hat and cape were missing from their usual peg—a clear sign that Mrs. Blunt was "out."

The waterman entered the living-room, threw his cap on to the table, and sat down. Suddenly a small form appeared in the doorway leading to the scullery. It was J. Blunt, junior. The small form halted and surveyed its father with large, suspicious eyes.

"Ello, Jack," said the big waterman, "come and give your pa a kiss."

A more uninviting face to bestow a caress upon it would be hard to imagine. Master Blunt seemed to hold that opinion, too, for he remained where he was.

"Come 'ere," said Blunt, in a wheedling tone; "come an' see wot I've got in my pocket for my son and hair."

Little Master Blunt, however, was not to be easily tempted. He put his head on one side and looked doubtful. He did not recollect that his father had ever brought anything home for him before. Why, therefore, this sudden thoughtfulness?

"'Old it up and let's see," suggested the boy, who had evidently inherited his sire's suspicious nature and not a little of his cunning.

"It's summing you'll like," said Black Jack. "Come 'ere and I'll show it yer."

"'Old it up," said the boy.

Seeing that his word did not go for much with his son and heir, Black Jack dived his hand into a pocket big enough to hold a rabbit, and drew forth an enormous crab.

Master Blunt's eyes grew round with wonder.

"This is what I've brought 'ome for my little boy," said Black Jack—who had really done nothing of the kind, the crab being intended for his own consumption;—"come and look at it."

Fascinated by the sight of the monster, Master Blunt approached slowly. As soon as he was within grabbing distance, Black Jack pitched the crab on to the table and snatched hold of the urchin. Master Blunt struggled in a manner which filled his father's heart with pride.

"My, but 'e 'as got some strength!" chuckled the waterman, selecting a mild oath from his varied vocabulary wherewith to round off the sentence. "You're the son of yer father, my lad, ain't yer?"

Little Blunt swore and kicked vehemently—having picked up the former accomplishment from his papa—until he was exhausted, when he

lay still with his black eyes snapping venomously, and his mouth fast closed in an ugly frown.

"Why didn't yer come when I told yer to?" demanded the waterman, giving the boy a shake.

He received no reply.

"Speak up, or I'll squeeze yer 'ead off," observed the fond parent.

"Lemme go," snarled the child, renewing his wriggings.

"Ha! ha!" roared the giant, "you'll be a fine chap when yer growed up. You and I will go out salvin' boats together. I'll teach yer all the tricks, sonny. Lie still, will yer!" he concluded, with sudden irritation.

The little boy obeyed, and a pleased expression flitted across his father's face.

"That's a good lad. Now give your pa a kiss."

How Black Jack could possibly have imagined that his son would bestow upon him such an affectionate salute after being mauled about in this rough fashion, we cannot say. The kiss, indeed, was not forthcoming, but, as the waterman relaxed his grasp, the boy's small brown hands shot up and seized upon his beard in a vice-like grip.

"Let go!" howled the waterman. "Let go, you brat!"

Master Blunt, his eyes shooting fire, tugged all the harder.

"'Ere, I've had enough o' this," exclaimed Mr. Blunt. He wrenched the brown little fingers out of his beard, gave the lad a sound cuff, and flung him on to the hearthrug.

"There, you young viper, that's for you!" observed the irate parent, stroking his beard with sympathetic fingers.

The boy rose quickly to his feet, and, darting a look of hatred at his huge tormentor, stole away into the scullery—his customary haven of refuge.

"Now for grub," said Black Jack briskly. "She may be back any minute, so I'll look slippy."

Opening a cupboard near the fireplace he took out all the food it contained, and stowed it away in his capacious pockets. There was some bread, cheese, cold meat, onions, a few tomatoes, and half a German sausage in the cupboard. The waterman took the lot.

"Tell your ma I'm goin' to Carstow with some gentlemen," he observed to the boy, who was lurking dismally in the vicinity of the sink; "sha'n't be back till Monday. Do you 'ear?"

The boy glinted at him sullenly.

"Mind you tell 'er!" added Black Jack, turning away.

Then he hastened out of the house, leaving the boy once more in solitary possession of the

home which had been desolated by its master's idle and drunken habits.

To tell the truth, Black Jack had not been engaged to go on a yachting expedition to Carstow or anywhere else. He intended to spend the week-end loafing about the shore. At

from the cave's mouth till evening fell. Then he thought he would take a walk.

As he paced along his thoughts reverted to the manner in which he had been treated by Munro. Presently the artist's bungalow hove in sight. Black Jack moved cautiously towards it.



THE BOULDER HIT THE PAINTING SQUARE IN THE MIDDLE.

night his bedroom would consist of a cave, where he slept on a pile of dry litter that he had conveyed there. This was his favourite retreat. He had enough money to buy rum with, and he was looking forward to a bibulous day of rest on the morrow. He had gone home in order to get a meal, but as his wife happened to be out he had deemed it best to take all the food he could lay hands on and clear off before she returned.

Having conveyed the food to his cave, he ate his fill, and then tramped off to a tavern situated in a village four miles away along the cliffs. There he drank and bragged till closing-time, when he returned to his cave and threw himself on to his primitive bed. He slept till noon the next day, and did not move many yards

feeling that he would dearly like to brain the mastiff, wring the parrot's neck, and pitch the kitten into the sea. Munro, he knew, would be very much annoyed by any one of these deeds, and Mr. Blunt's desire for revengo would be temporarily assuaged. He would not, however, feel entirely satisfied until he had done the artist some physical harm.

He walked softly when he found himself quite close to the bungalow. One of the windows was open—the studio window. Shambling by, Black Jack glanced in. The studio, save for the kitten and parrot, was empty, Munro and his dog having evidently gone off for a walk.

The waterman leaned his brawny arms on the sill. If he could only get hold of that kitten!

"Puss! Puss!" he called, in a persuasive voice, "come 'ere, kitty!"

But kitty merely regarded him with distrustful eyes.

The parrot was well out of reach, too.

Black Jack's malignant gaze wandered round the room and presently came to a halt on the half-finished picture of Molly Denver which stood upon the easel.

"Paintin' some young lady, is 'e?" grunted the waterman.

He continued to gaze at the picture, and while thus employed he was more than ever filled with a longing to annoy Munro in some way.

"Said 'e'd knock me down, did 'e?" muttered the giant. "I'll make 'im smart for that."

He scowled fiercely as he thought of the scene

that had been enacted but a few furlongs distant from the spot where he now stood.

"And the two kids 'eard him say it!"

He looked round for a missile. A large fragment of rock lay conveniently to hand.

With a stealthy glance up and down the beach to make sure that he was unobserved, Black Jack snatched up the piece of rock, poised it carefully, and then flung it with all his force at the canvas.

The boulder hit the painting square in the middle, bringing canvas and easel to the ground with a crash, and leaving a great gaping hole in the former, which was completely ruined.

"There, my pretty artist—that's a bit on account," observed Black Jack, moving away as cautiously as he had approached.

(To be continued.)

THE SONG OF THE SUBMARINE.

WHERE the great ships ride in the swing of
the tide

I mark my destined prey;

The search-lights sweep o'er the face of the
deep

To cover my darkling way.

Far, far below from the sight of the foe,

In the depths unclov'n by keel,

I thread the dark like the slinking shark

That follows me hard to heel.

Death in my wake, and a way to take

Where death shall the haven be;

The scent of death in my throbbing breath,

And death in the heart of me!—

Like a crew of ghosts from the hellish
coasts,

White faces through me glare,

Fierce eyes that strain some glimpse to gain

Of the foe they hunt to lair.

Where the great ship swings at her anchor-
ings

I have groped the way of the dark:

Sudden I leap from the covering deep,

And the fierce quick-firers bark!

Too late, too late! We have loosed our
hate;

With a roar our bolt drives home!

And the foeman's pride is the sport of the
tide,

The drift of the driving foam!

HAROLD B. RYLEY.

MAULED BY A PANTHER.

By E.A. DOWN.



HAD been on Fire Conservancy work during the whole of April and the greater part of May, and was very busy finishing up odd jobs and giving final orders to the Ranger before removing to another part of my district. I did not reach my bungalow until past nine o'clock at night,

and on stepping on to the dark verandah I was greeted by a native yelling "Duhai, duhai, sahib"—the vernacular for "Help, help!"

I inquired what he wanted, and the man replied that his only bullock had been killed at sunset by a tiger, and that he had been waiting for me ever since in the hope that I would come at once and shoot the brute, who was probably still prowling in the vicinity.

Telling him to wait while I had something to eat, I ordered dinner; for tiger-shooting on an empty stomach would have been anything

but pleasant. I made short work of my meal, however, and we were soon on our way to the kill.

There was only a small moon, barely enough to shoot by. I questioned the man, as we stepped out at a brisk pace, as to how far off the kill was, and learnt it was a good three miles away, among low, broken hills, much intersected with deep ravines. I knew the ground well, but much more as a resort of panther than tiger. The man was certain that Stripes was responsible for the death of his animal, but of this I had my doubts.

We reached the kill at about 11 p.m.—a full-grown bullock lying among the white stones in a dry watercourse with banks about four feet high. I began to think that perhaps the man was right after all, and that Stripes had committed the deed. Taking a careful look round, I decided on a grassy spot for our silent vigil on the opposite bank to where the kill was lying, which would give me a clear shot at about 30 yards.

The small moon had sunk rather low, yet with the help of my night-sight I could get a perfect aim. After we had been sitting there for some time we distinctly heard our friend approaching on our left flank. The excitement was quite enjoyable, as we expected every moment to see him come down the nullah to the kill, and I was looking forward to hearing a grand row echo through the hills in the intense stillness of the night, following the report of my '500 express.

But in this I was disappointed, as our friend had evidently got our wind. We heard him fidgiting about for some time, and then he quietly sneaked away. Waiting until the moon had disappeared altogether, we then wended our way home, reaching the bungalow about two in the morning.

The bungalow was a good thirty-two miles from the railway line, and my train left at 4 a.m. the next day, so I had arranged for a doolie in which to have a good night's rest. We started at half-past four in the afternoon, and as there was a good stretch of likely jungle before the road emerged into the open country, I mounted my elephant with the intention of shooting my way through the forest.

It so happened that the road crossed the very nullah in which the kill was lying, and it struck me just to go and have a look at it.

Not wishing to make any noise I dismounted from my elephant and sent it away, and ordered the doolie up to a village at the top of a precipice which overlooked the

ground where the kill was lying. The bullock's unfortunate owner accompanying me, we cautiously approached the lonely spot, and, when turning a bend in the road, saw a magnificent panther bound away. The bullock, however, had not been touched.

We took up a position quickly and awaited the return of Spots. Presently a kaker (small deer) barked, the little jungle sentinel doing its duty as usual, from which I knew Spots was again on the move. Shortly afterwards some cows strolled along a path in front, and between us and the direction the panther had lately taken. There was a sudden stampede and out bounded Master Spots, bowling one of them over and pinning it by the throat. The evening had closed in, and the light was somewhat uncertain; I could see the cow kicking, but, owing to the shade from surrounding bushes, I could not see Spots distinctly. Getting out my binoculars, however, I could see him plainly holding the cow by the throat, with his left paw on its head to keep it down. But on lowering my glasses, I again lost sight of him. For a moment I thought of changing my position to the right, but, on having another look through the glasses, I noticed that the panther's head was just behind and above a short stump growing on the side of the nullah, and that, if I could manage to make my bullet just miss the top of the stump, I should catch Spots nicely. So, aiming just at the root, I gradually raised my foresight up the stump and pulled the trigger just as it overtopped it. My friend gave a terrific grunt, let go the cow's throat, and then cleared into the bushes. It afterwards turned out that the bullet had missed his head and hit him in the forearm with which he was holding the cow down.

The villagers, doolie-bearers, and a Forest Guard had a fine bird's-eye view of the whole scene from the top of the precipice, and five or six men and the Forest Guard quickly joined me. First we went up to the cow, which was still struggling, her neck somewhat out of the straight; two or three of the villagers soon had this right, and, by twisting its tail, had it up to the village in no time. I then walked forward in the direction taken by the panther, the remaining villagers and the Forest Guard following at a very respectable distance in my rear.

The light was decidedly bad by this time, and before I knew where I was I almost stumbled over Master Spots. He was only foxing, but I thought him dead. Not so the



I STOPPED THAT LITTLE GAME BY RAMMING MY RIFLE INTO HIS MOUTH.

villagers, who said he was a notorious bud-mash (blackguard), and begged me to plug him through the head. This I unfortunately declined to do, not wishing to injure his skull. However, to decide the matter, I heaved a rock at him, and was promptly charged.

The villagers were all up trees before you could say "knife," but the Forest Guard only ran back a short distance.

I let Spots get fairly close, and then I gave him the right barrel, catching him in the centre of the throat, where it joins the head: however, he did not seem to feel this at all.

and the next minute he was up on his hind legs and at my throat. I stopped that little game by ramming my rifle horizontally into his mouth. He bit it savagely and drove all his claws into my hands, literally pinning them to the barrel. He was a big, heavy beast; we struggled for a second or so and then he got me over on to my back. This was too much for the poor Forest Guard, who had not even as much as a stick in his hand, so he bolted wisely, though not well enough. Spots let go of my rifle smartly and seized me by the right thigh, and, after giving it a good crunch, let go and made for the Forest Guard. I then seized my chance, and, from a sitting position, let drive into his ribs with my left barrel. However, nothing seemed to do the brute any harm, and he bounded after the Forest Guard, who, by his wild, despairing shriek, I knew had been caught. Picking myself up I rammed in two more cartridges and ran to the rescue. The panther had got him down and was lying full length on him, gripping him by the shoulder.

Covering Spots, I walked up to him, but he would not get off the man until I was within a few feet of him. With ears back and eyes glaring he defied me, and I thought I was in for another vicious charge, but he had been severely wounded, and as, rising from the man, he was coming for me a second time, I dropped him dead, thereby saving the man's life.

Spots was a good eight feet and a heavy beast.

The Forest Guard had fainted. The villagers who were up surrounding trees now jumped down, and between us we carried the poor fellow up to the village.

I had his wounds—which were many and serious—well washed and bound up, and ordered my men to take him to the nearest dispensary, distant about 20 miles.

My own thigh was a bit "holey," and I made the villagers pour water from a height into each of the fang holes. Then, getting into the doolie, I started off to catch my train.

I reached the dispensary at one o'clock in the morning, but the native surgeon wisely refused to let me go on, and kept poulticing me till seven that evening. I then went by boat down the canal and reached my station that night.

Next morning I arrived at Umballa, where my leg was again attended to by an English doctor, the native surgeon being still with me.

I remained in Umballa that day, and left by dāk-gharry in the evening, reaching my home in the hills early next morning.

I had a bad time of it; I was under treatment for lockjaw for nine days, in bed for six weeks, and spent about as many more on a sofa, but eventually recovered, not much the worse except that my tennis and dancing were for ever put a stop to.

The Forest Guard also recovered, after being two months in hospital. Since then I have had a down on panthers, and I am glad to say have fairly knocked fits out of a good many of them.

NATURALISTS' CORNER.

Conducted by EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.

EGG-COLLECTING, &c.—H. P. Pestle (Heddon) is "an ardent collector of birds' eggs, and a studier (!) of birds," but acknowledges that he has not learnt much during the years he has been studying them. He now wishes for a book that will give him "useful information" about his hobby. Many boys who have during several years collected large numbers of eggs, manage to amass a surprisingly small amount of knowledge, and this points to the fact that they make collecting an end, whilst it should be merely a means to an end. To my mind there is no justification for the mere collecting of birds' eggs. Rather make a point of getting all the information you can about the birds as living creatures, their forms, colours, habits, songs, or calls, their special styles of architecture, nesting seasons, Vol. XI.—47.

&c., and let your egg-collection be made merely as illustrations to the volume of knowledge you are gathering in your head and your note-books. You will then find that it is not necessary to rob every nest you come across, and you will be moved, I hope, to entirely respect the nests and eggs of all uncommon birds. You say you "could not possibly buy an expensive book," but you do not give me any idea as to the price that would suit you. Kerton's "British Birds'-nests, Eggs, and Egg-Collecting" is a good book; its price is 5s. (Cassell and Co.). If this is too much, Canon Atkinson's "Birds' Eggs and Nests" (Routledge, 2s. 6d.) may suit you.

Snake and other Reptiles.—P. P. S. (Stonehouse, Glos.) wants information respecting treatment of (1) Ringed Snake, (2) Water Tortoise (3) Newts, (4) Green Lizard; also prices he should

pay for some of these, and will they all live together? They certainly should *not* be kept together, for the newts would disappear inside the snake or the tortoise, and the latter might shorten the length of both snake and lizard. The snake wants a sunny house, floored with gravel, and with bathing arrangements. The water-tortoise should be kept in an aquarium, where he is provided with the means for spending intervals out of the water. The newts want a moist, shady case, where there is water to plunge in at will. The green lizard should have a similar house to the snake's, with slanting branches up which he can climb. The snake can be fed upon small living frogs; the water-tortoise eats insects, water-snails, and small fishes. The newts and lizards live entirely upon live insects and worms. As to cost: snake 1s. 6d. or 2s.; water-tortoise 1s. or 1s. 6d.; newts 2d. to 6d., according to size and kind; green lizard 1s. to 2s.

Tortoises.—P. G. Atkinson (Wandsworth Road) has not much room for pet-keeping, but manages "to keep a bird, a dog, a cat, a rabbit, three goldfish, chickens, and (formerly) two tortoises." One of these was a land tortoise, but, after passing safely through the period of hibernation, and enjoying a few days in the garden, it was found dead. Can I explain this? I fear I cannot. There may have been a sharp frost which took it unawares; or it may have eaten "not wisely but too well" after its long fast. I imagine that an early *post mortem* alone could have solved the mystery. It must be remembered that the vitality of hibernating animals must be at a much lower point after a long fast, than at ordinary times, and that if such creatures are turned out into the open air during our fickle springs, some protection against frosts should be given them at night. The other tortoise is a marsh tortoise, and P. G. A. asks if it is necessary to feed it, considering that it has the run of the garden. I have never kept a marsh (or fresh-water) tortoise in the garden, so am not sure. They are in the habit of feeding on the small inhabitants of the pond, and I should see that the sunken zinc bath is well supplied with pond-weeds, water insects, and pond-snails. Of course, it may pick up worms and slugs on land, but it would probably prefer to find its food in the water.

Gold-fish.—H. Gordon Holmes (London, W.) bought four gold-fish and placed them in a 12-inch bowl with fresh water. The next day the water had turned milky, and there was a whitish sediment. The same thing has happened several times since. What is the cause? and the remedy? To venture

a reasonable answer one should be supplied with *all* the facts, and my readers commonly suppose this is not at all necessary. Were there any living water-plants in the bowl? Probably not, as most people think that water to swim in and bread-crumbs (!) to eat, are all a gold-fish can possibly require. Presuming there were no plants to give off oxygen to make up for that consumed by the gold-fish, the answer is probably this:—The water was "hard," and contained a slight quantity of lime in solution. The carbonic acid given off by the fish united with this lime, which was deposited as carbonate of lime at the bottom. Pond-weeds should always be well established in an aquarium before any animal life is introduced, or the latter must soon be poisoned.

Long-eared Owl.—In answer to R. W. Reid (Alloa), the natural food of this owl is mice and small birds. It is probable that your specimen was removed from the nest too soon, and wants parental attention. Try it with mutton from which all fat, skin, and bones have been removed. It must be remembered that owls feed at night, and it would be well, therefore, if in addition to the hand-feeding you were to leave a mouse in the cage, and see if it eats at night. I should try it also with large insects, which owls often catch to vary their food.

Gardening Papers.—Miss C. Taylor (Aberdeen) asks for the names and prices of a few good papers and books on gardening. The number of both is legion. The principal weekly for the amateur is *The Garden* (3d.); for the professional, *The Gardener's Chronicle* (3d.). Other weeklies for the amateur are *Gardening Illustrated*, *Garden Life*, *The Gardener*, and *Gardening World*, each 1d. A good small book on the subject generally is *Home Gardening*, by Drury (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.). Special books on distinct subjects, such as roses, are issued by G. Newnes, Ltd., who would send you a list on application.

Sick Chaffinch.—C. Hockey (Birmingham), who wrote about his chaffinch last month, reports that he has altered its food without effecting improvement. The feathers of its neck and tail are falling out, and the skin is red and inflamed. Probably parasites are causing the trouble. Have you observed such? A strong infusion of quassia chips in water, applied with a brush or soft rag, should be tried, and the cage should be baked. Essence of quassia, in a handy form ready for application, can be obtained from F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst-road, Holloway, London.

THE CAPTAIN

CAMERA CORNER

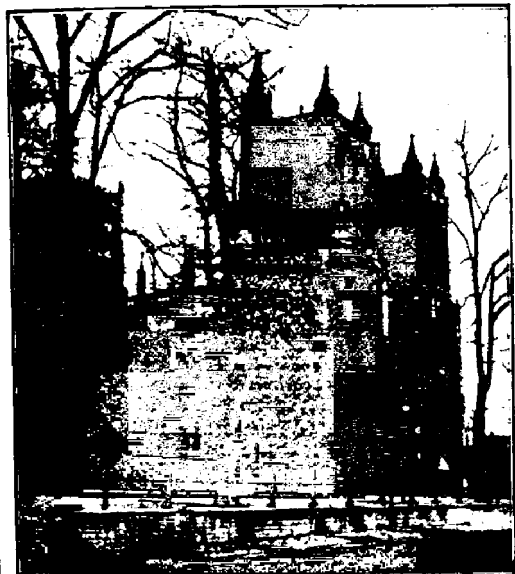
ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

FOR this work a stand camera is the best, the most useful size being half-plate. In order to do the most satisfactory work the camera should be fitted with a rising and falling front, reversible and swing back, while the lens must be of the rapid rectilinear variety.

cathedrals, abbeys, and parish churches, will always have a value of its own, apart from the genuine enjoyment afforded to photographers in taking them. Just one word of caution: Don't try to get too much on the plate.

PHOTOGRAPHING FLOWERS.

This is a very pretty and instructive branch of work. The flowers—not too many—should be naturally arranged in a plain vase of suitable shape, and a good background can be made by folding a piece of black velvet over a slightly tilted board. A long extension camera is best,



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

By C. G. Paul.

A very good lens for architectural work, which may also be used for general subjects, is a Busch Rapid Aplanat, costing 33s. (half-plate). It works at $f/8$, and is a well-finished and thoroughly reliable instrument. A wide-angle lens is sometimes useful, but it is often the cause of failure, the extreme angle of view having a tendency to foreshorten the perspective, and thus exaggerate both distance and foreground. In order to secure the sharpest definition a small diaphragm should be used, and a longer exposure given in consequence.

The lighting of the subject should be carefully considered in order to get the best effect. For pictorial effect both light and shade are necessary, a result it would not be possible to obtain at midday, with the sun directly overhead. A series of photographs of exteriors or interiors,



LILIES.

Exposure, 8 second plate medium, stop F.30.
Good light at 1.30 p.m.

By J. Ineson, Heckmondwike.

and the use of an isochromatic plate is imperative to secure correct colour values. The exposure will be somewhat prolonged, but if the plate is slightly over-exposed this may be remedied in development. Before making the exposure, study the image on the ground glass, and be careful to obtain a strong and equally diffused light, avoiding heavy shadows.

CARBON OR AUTOTYPE PROCESS.

The autotype process is not practised to anything like the extent that it deserves, and needs to be more popularised amongst amateurs. This method yields prints absolutely permanent of almost any colour, and gives equally good



SUMMER ROSES.

Frank C. Cane, Chiswick, W.

results from dense or thin negatives. The paper itself and the necessary chemicals will keep for months. The process is cheap, and easily learnt. The Autotype Company are now supplying an outfit containing all that is necessary to make a trial of autotype printing, together with a book of simple instructions, and an actinometer, for half a crown. We are quite sure that success awaits those who take up the process.



A PLEASING STUDY OF A "CAPTAIN" GIRL.

By F. Beeson.

HINTS ON FRAMING.

Simplicity is the keynote of artistic framing. The photograph is the principal object, and one's attention should not be led away by either the frame or the mount. Gilt frames are suitable, but a gold "slip," or inner frame, may sometimes be used with effect. Dark wood is preferable—plain oak, walnut, and olive green. To those who do not care to go to the expense of wooden picture frames for small prints we would recommend the "Passe Partout" system, which is a very cheap, quick, and effective method of mounting. Briefly described, the system consists of a sheet of glass, practically the same size as the mount, a piece of stiff cardboard, and strips of gummed paper of different art shades to contrast or harmonise with the paper on which the photograph is mounted, or with the tone of the print itself. The glass is laid down on



STORM CLOUDS: BRISTOL DOCKS.

By C. G. Paul.

these strips of paper, the mounted print is placed on the glass, and the backing board on the top of that, and all are bound together by the strips as in the case of lantern slides, care being taken to have the strips quite even round the front edges of the glass, to which they should be gummed first. A piece of strong paper should be pasted over the back of the frame to strengthen it. Cloth strips are also sold; these make a much better and more lasting binding than paper. Complete "Passe Partout" outfits with an assortment of edgings, and rings for hanging the frames can be obtained for 2s. 6d. and 5s. Old negatives with the film washed off are suitable pieces of glass for the purpose.

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 18th.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows :—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by July 18th.

The Results will be published in September.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Odd Occurrences."—Tell us on a post-card of some odd occurrence that you have heard of or actually witnessed. For instance, a boy spending his summer holidays in a Devonshire town once saw a bull *really* run into a china shop; having smashed that up, the bull proceeded on and dashed into a church where a service was being held, entering by one door, rushing up the aisle, and making his exit by a door at the far end. This little story indicates the kind of "odd occurrence" we refer to, though anything "odd" will do—odd incidents at cricket and football, on the battlefield, at sea, &c., &c. Prizes: Six Sets of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, two to each Class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"Drawing of a Flight of Steps."—Draw a flight of steps in pen, pencil, or water colours. It may be a short or a long flight, as you please. Prize (in each class): A No. 2 "Brownie"

Camera, as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"The March of Invention."—Tell us, in an essay not exceeding 400 words, under what conditions we shall live in twenty years' time, taking into consideration the rapidity with which invention is advancing. Of one thing you may be sure—that there will not be half so much horse traffic as there is at the present time, owing to the fact that automobiles of all kinds and sizes will be very much cheaper than they are at the present day. A "Bowden" Brake Outfit for your cycle, or a Set of Grip Dumb-Bells, will be awarded in each Class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a photograph taken in a garden. It may be a public or private garden. Select what you consider the prettiest nook in it, or look round for a quaint old sundial, arbour, arch, or curiously cropped tree. Photographs must be original, and not copied from the work of others. One of Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons' Cricket Bats, or a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, will be awarded in each Class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Design for a 'Captain' Cover."—Every month, you will have observed, we have a design on our cover—a picture of a cricketer or a footballer, a ship, or a soldier, &c. &c. Send us a design for this space—an actual drawing if you can execute it; if you can't, send a good idea for a design. A handsome Post card Album, or a "Swan" Fountain Pen, will be awarded in each Class.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Twelve most Popular Seaside Places."—Send, on a CAPTAIN post-card, a packet of which can be obtained for 1d. post-free from this office, a list of what you consider to be the twelve most popular seaside places in the United Kingdom, in their order of popularity. To the sender of the list most nearly agreeing with that selected by the votes of the majority we will award a handsomely framed platino-bromide enlargement of the best photograph as yet taken of Mr. C. B. Fry, bearing his autograph. Two of Messrs. A. G. Spalding and Bros.' "Single Rubber" Cricket Bats will be awarded as second and third prizes.

No age limit.

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to W. J. White, Walter Clark, W. L. Adams, P. Dacre, and "M. D." Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Cricketers and their Pet Teams.

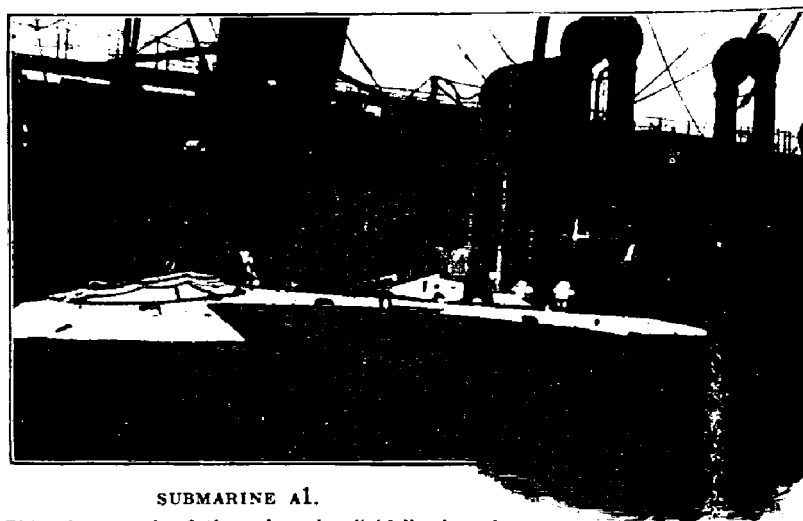
THE majority of cricket enthusiasts have, I expect, noticed the fact that our greatest bats compile nearly all their big scores against one team. This may seem to some who follow the game a bold assertion, but a glance at the figures quoted will prove there is at least a grain of truth in my statement. Take, for instance, the Indian prince, and note his achievements v. Surrey. Why, an average of over a hundred per innings! Once more the cricket-lover may say, "Oh! but he scores against every team." Granted; but I think Surrey must be far and away his principal victim. Again, we have C. B. Fry and his scores v. Middlesex as another example. How the Middlesex team must fear this prolific run-getter! How anxiously they must hope that a faulty hit, or perhaps a yorker, may send him back to the pavilion again! Their hopes, however, are rarely realised, as he generally exceeds the fifty, and not seldom runs into three figures. Confidence is the golden secret of success, and, equipped with this invaluable gift, we invariably succeed.

Here are some figures bearing out my assertions:—

K. S. RANJITSINHJI	C. B. FRY
v. Surrey.	v. Middlesex.
(1898)	(1898)
Did not play.	108—123.*
	104*—0.
(1899)	(1899)
40—197.	72—94.
174—83.*	94—5.
(1900)	(1900)
17.	3.
8—103.	110.
(1901)	(1901)
0.	149.
11—100.*	126—26.
(1902)	(1902)
234.*	122.
135—36.*	10—159.*
(1903)	(1903)
Did not play.	89.
204.	55.*

* Not out.

W. J. WHITE.



SUBMARINE AL.

This photograph of the submarine "Al," whose loss during the manœuvres off the Nab, when she sank with her crew of nine, on March 18th, is still fresh in our minds, gives some idea of the size of these craft.

By Walter Clark, Stoke Newington.

An Interesting Cycle Tour.

TO those readers of THE CAPTAIN intending to take a cycle tour this summer I would suggest a trip which I have myself taken, and which includes places of great historical and picturesque interest, whilst not occupying many days to perform. Starting from London, and riding through Uxbridge and High Wycombe, Oxford would be reached in



THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.
By a Reader.

time to allow seeing over the city the same day. On the next day Woodstock, Chipping Norton, and Evesham would be passed, and Worcester reached. The country between Oxford and Evesham is exceedingly picturesque, though somewhat hilly, whilst the town of Evesham is of historical importance. On the third day Malvern would be reached, and a halt made to enable the tourist to ascend one or more of the Malvern Hills, the finest view being obtained from the Worcestershire Beacon. From Malvern, Tewkesbury would be reached on the same day. This place has a splendid abbey, and is of great importance historically. On the fourth day Gloucester and Cheltenham would be visited. On leaving Cheltenham the tourist, taking the Cirencester road, would, after riding five miles, come to Seven Springs, the source of the River Thames. A few feet below the road is a hollow, having on one side of it a stone wall, from beneath which several streams flow. Proceeding from here, Cirencester would be reached the same day. On the fifth day Marlborough would be reached, and from there the tourist would push on the same day to Wantage, passing along the famous White Horse Vale. On the side of White Horse Hill is the figure of a horse carved in chalk, in commemoration, it is said, of a victory obtained by King Alfred over the Danes. On the sixth day the tourist would conclude his trip by riding to London through Goring and Reading. This interesting tour would thus be

performed comfortably in six days, taking from Monday to Saturday (inclusive). The distance covered would be about two hundred and eighty miles, and the following counties would be touched:—Middlesex, Bucks, Berks, Oxford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Wilts. I feel sure that this tour would prove full of interest to most people.

W. L. ADAMS.

Trials of an M.D.

THE following are some of the sweets of a doctor's life:—If he goes to church regularly, it is because he has nothing else to do; if he does not go, it is because he has no respect for the Sabbath or religion. If he has a good carriage, he is extravagant; if he uses a poor one, on the score of economy, he is deficient in necessary pride. If he visits his patients every day, it is to run up a bill; if he does not, it is unjustifiable negligence. If he says anything about religion, he is a hypocrite; if he does not, he is an infidel. If he uses any of the popular remedies of the day, he indulges the whims and prejudices of the people to fill his pockets; if he does not use them, it is from



PRISONER (looking out of cell window): "What beastly wet weather! I don't think I'll go out to-day."

By Frank Newbould.



"TOMMY PLAYS CRICKET WHEREVER HE GOES."
By O. Wain Ogwen, Sefton Park.

professional selfishness. If he is in the habit of having counsel often, it is because he knows nothing; if he objects to have it, on the ground that he understands his own business, he is afraid of exposing his ignorance to his superiors. If his horse is fat, it is because he has nothing to do; if it is lean, it is because it doesn't get enough to eat. If he drives fast, it is to make the people think somebody is very ill; if he drives slow, he takes no interest in the welfare of his patients. Finally, if he gets paid for one half of his services, he has the reputation of being a great doctor.

"M. D."

All the Fun of the Fair!

ALL the fun of the fair!
Roundabouts, cocoanut
men, megaphones,
rattles, drums and rifles,
all add their voices to swell the
deafening pandemonium.

"'Ere y'are! Every article you
ring you have!" vociferates a
burly gipsy in hoarse tones. A
crowd has gathered round his
stand, eagerly throwing down their
pennies, receiving in return six
small wooden rings which they
endeavour to toss over various
small articles in front of them.
Walking-sticks, tea-pots, orna-
ments and clocks, all to be had for
a throw, *as it seems*. But let us
try a penn'orth. One—two—
three—four—five—six. And we
retire in disgust, *minus* a penny.

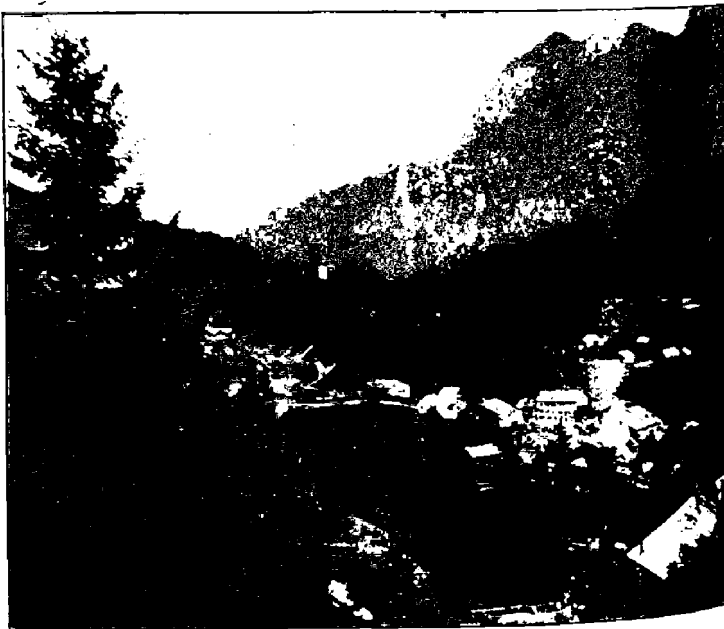
"Play up at the cocoanuts! 'It
'im hard, he ain't got no friends!"
We play up accordingly, securing
two nuts, warranted "milky 'uns,"
for the small sum of sevenpence.

On every side the people are in-
dulging in the pastimes peculiar
to country fairs. The prehistoric
amusement known as "Aunt
Sally" is in full swing, and, in
spite of the hard knocks which
they receive, the wooden figures
continue to grin cheerfully, as
though in derision of the lusty
yokels who madly hurl small
wooden balls at their battered
faces. There are many gaudy red
and white striped booths where re-
freshments may be obtained, in-
cluding weak, watery lemonade,

hokey-pokey, and lumps of that mysterious, dark-
complexioned and sticky compound known as
gingerbread.

"Two a penny, get your own back!" cries a
buxom, fair lady, sticking a couple of water
squirts under our noses. Every boy seems to
be in possession of one of these squirts, and he
takes delight in filling your ears, or sending a
stream of dirty liquid trickling down the back
of your neck.

"Now open—the eighth wonder of the world!"
bellows a crimson-faced individual mounted on a
barrel. "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, also
boys! Inside we have Lazello, the dog-faced



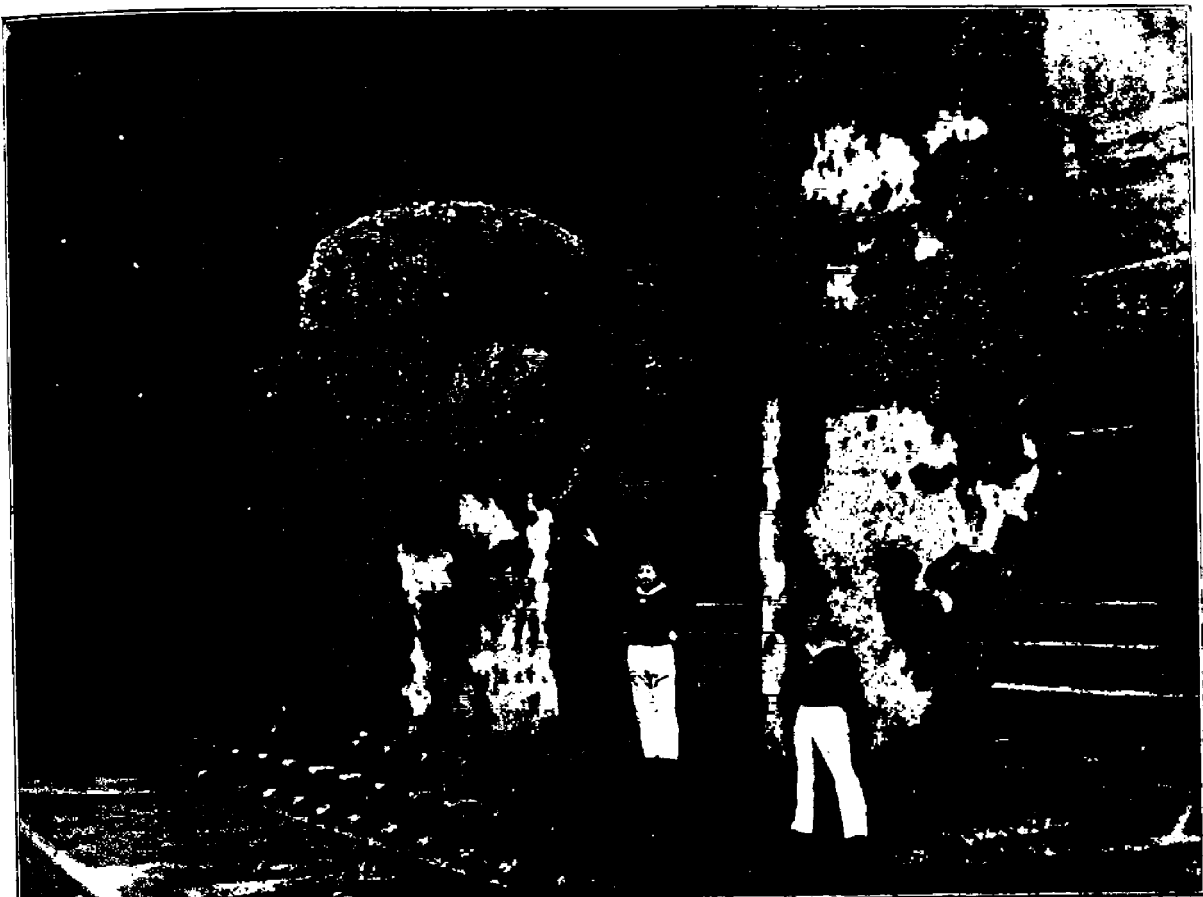
A SCENE IN THE ALPS.
A fine piece of landscape photography by H. Kingacote.

boy, also Rarazinga, the one, only, and horiginal whiskered woman! Scientists have been amazed by these most 'stroordinarily stupendous freaks o' Nature. Every annum millions o' people flock from every corner o' the world to view this unparrylled sight! A boy who barks, growls and bites just like a canine dog! Oh! Oh!

Tivoli man, as he springs a policeman's rattle. "Now is your ti-me!" announces the showman in seductive tones, and the organ of the merry-go-round peals forth "There's a Good Time Coming!"

Yes, it's jolly fun—all the fun of the fair!

PENAWAY DACRE



This extraordinary photograph, taken at Kiel, shows the curious disguise with which Father Neptune has covered the helm, screw, and keel of the German war-ship, *Kaiser Friedrich*. It also gives some idea of the necessity to dry-dock a vessel after a voyage. Such a mass of barnacles would ultimately prevent the working of the screw and helm.

Oh! Walk up! Walk in!" He seizes a huge trumpet, produces a strident, brassy, nerve-jarring note, and again shouts "Walk in!"

But reflecting sagely that if we walked in we should probably be taken in, we pass on.

The cries we hear are many and various.

"Roly, boly, gammon and pitch!" shrieks the cocoanut man.

"Hokey-pokey, penny a lump, that's the stuff to make you jump!" choruses the refreshment lady.

Crack! crack! go the rifles. Crash! go the bottles. Ping! the sharp sound of a gong proclaims that a strong man grasps the hammer.

"Try yer luck! Wee-ee-e-e!" screams the

Vol. XI.—48.

Criticisms.

Fryite.—I hope to print your article, "A Spring Day," next April.

Sirrah.—Let us have some *facts* about Lake Ontario. Information is better than description.

Jack Daws.—Your verses show promise.

Arthur French.—Yes, a student generally goes through a course of drawing from the antique before studying from the living model. Such men as Tom Browne and the late Phil May had no artistic training in the academic manner.

L. Shaw (Whitehaven).—(1) The three wash drawings are well carried out; you are on the right lines, but require much careful study from the model. (2) When stamps are *not* enclosed, all drawings and photos not used are destroyed.

A. R. Townsend (Walsall).—I do not advise you to make a study of architectural drawings for

the magazines. Photography has practically done away with that style of illustration, excepting in isolated cases, and so, however clever, you might have a hard time of it.

Norman Wilks (Lymm).—(1) You are clubbed. (2) Use Indian ink as you would any other, but take care that your pen doesn't clog with half-dried ink, and keep the cork in the bottle when not using. (3) Fair ability and perseverance; the curves are well drawn, but the picture is not good enough to print.

Ronald Hurley (Edgbaston).—Stop that awful niggling and microscopic shading; otherwise, the composition is good in all sketches.

Jack Francis, "Broadstairs," and several others, who want to be great artists in five minutes, are advised to keep on drawing with the utmost care from *models*—anything will serve as a model, as even a candlestick requires the most careful attention before it can be drawn well. G. F. Watts, R.A., our greatest living painter, says: "To produce great things, one ought to be intent only upon doing one's utmost, and never stop to consider whether the thing be great or little in the abstract. To work with all one's heart, but with all singleness of heart, is the right thing, and whoso does this may feel satisfied, whatever the results of his labours may be." You all might follow this advice, whether you are to be artists, or anything else.

H. Pizey.—Your black shadows are well put in, but, like many others, you shirk hands and feet.

"Tom B." (Bales, not Browne).—Idea good, but execution poor.

"Curious" (Perth).—(1) We haven't time to see casual callers at these offices, as, if we consented to see one half of the readers who want to chat with the O. F., we should have little time left for the magazine. (2) Yes, it ought to be "convent" garden, as, many years ago, where the CAPTAIN office now stands, the monks of Westminster Abbey used to grow their fruit and vegetables, and what is now Covent Garden was then the garden of the convent.

"Haddon" (Barnstaple).—(1) Try drawing in pure outline, and leave shading alone. (2) Mr. Gordon Browne is one of the busiest black and white artists living, and for that reason I cannot recommend you to send your album. (3) We don't

criticise the works of famous draughtsmen in these columns. All those you mention are men of repute, and it is largely a matter of opinion as to which is the cleverest.

Geo. Edward Kay (South Melbourne, Victoria).—Your pencil sketches show very genuine ability. You are on the right lines; but I strongly advise you to stick to your present position. Your lengthy letter was distinctly interesting, and we are glad you all appreciate the magazine. The O.F. sends his regards to all "those other fellows."

Gordon Sanderson (Scarborough).—Very careful work, with a genuine appreciation for detail, which is a good point; but stick to civil engineering, that's my advice.

"Hare and Tortoise," when sending some clever pen sketches, writes to say that—

When a schoolboy I copied the cartoons from *Moonshine*, and a boy used to give me a whole lump of almond rock for them; he gave them to workmen at a sweet manufactory in Lambeth-walk, and they used to stick them on the walls with hot toffee!

Some of my oil sketches have been hung on the walls of the Tower of London; the way they got there was simple enough. I gave them to a young lady, and she in turn gave them to her soldier sweetheart, who happened to be at the Tower, and he simply hung them up.

I was three and a half years at a wine merchant's, bottling wine, wheeling trucks, cleaning windows, &c. I thought I was wasting my time, so ran away from there, and have never been to work since; that is six years ago.

I am a great admirer of the late Phil May, for many reasons, one being that he was born at Wortley, near Leeds (my mother was born not far off, at Boar Lane), and another that Phil May's doctor's name is Gibson, and also that his great rival is C. Dana Gibson, and also because he was a dear kind soul.

J. E. Burke (Dublin).—Clever; lines too fine; wash drawing the best of the four.

Clarence (Hadfield).—Not topical enough.

Drawings have also been received from: "Tammy" Hase (Southampton), Frank A. Garrett, Ernest Cott (Wesley College), Arthur Townsend (pretty good, write again), J. Weeks (Whitchurch), Phil Bell, Frank Newbould, F. A. Smyth, J. W. Morton, Neville Wilson (Calcutta), Elsie Simpson, C. B. F. Parkinson, G. R. Hoare (Alberta, Canada), James Coupar, A. A. Campbell (N.S.W.), Victor McQuilkin, Harry Gloin, W. C. Boswell, and A. C. Cooper.

Literary Contributions: We have a very large number of these in hand. They will be criticised or acknowledged in future issues.

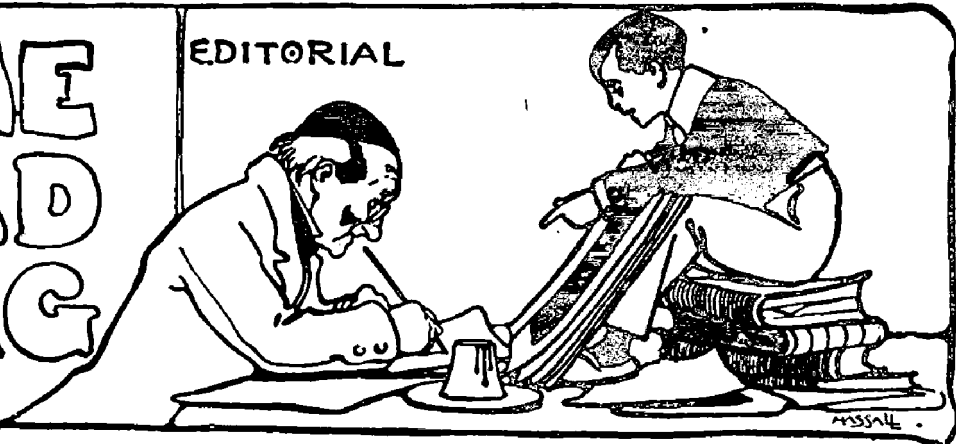
SELF-RELIANCE.

DISCONTENT is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities, if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work, and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly, and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide. Him all tongues greet, all honours crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him, because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."

—EMERSON.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"Oddities of Odd People.":

Readers of *THE CAPTAIN* appear to know or to have heard of some very queer folk, as will be seen by the instances I shall quote presently. Years ago I myself knew an eccentric newspaper proprietor who used to wash his money. This, I presume, was to rid the coins of any disease germs that might be hanging about them. I used to write an article—which was supposed to be of a humorous character—for his paper every week. When I wrote one which tickled his fancy he would read it aloud to his sister, with whom he lived. One day I was waiting about the office—for a cheque, as a matter of fact—when he walked into the editor's room and glared at me (he had a habit of glaring at his contributors). "I like your article this week," he roared. "My sister likes it, too. I am sending you a couple of fowls." And sure enough he sent them, and had the forethought, knowing me to be a bachelor living in chambers, to have them cooked first. What was more to the point, he also gave me the cheque I was waiting for. Poor fellow! he had a horrible temper which made him a difficult man to work for. The paper I am speaking of only lasted eighteen months, and during that period no less than ten editors served upon it, one after another, some only occupying the Chair for a week. . . . He died some years ago—peace to his ashes!

I have known some quaint newspaper people, and have heard some diverting yarns spun concerning others. There were two Scotchmen in Fleet Street once—London correspondents of Scotch newspapers. One had an office on one side of Fleet Street, the other an office on the other side, and they used to compare notes. Both spoke broad

Scotch, and both were extraordinarily indistinct in their utterance, so much so that when they were excited they couldn't always understand one another. So then they would resort to writing, but they both wrote so execrably that neither could decipher the other's "fist." At last, when both were worked up to a high pitch of exasperation, some amateur interpreter or caligraphy expert would step in and put matters straight with a little gentle translation.

There was a leader writer on the old *Morning Echo* who was generally very behind-hand with his "copy." They often had to send urgent notes and messages to him before he would consent to sit down and "do his whack." Once he was very behindhand indeed, and it was almost time for the paper to go to press—or "to bed," as they say in Fleet Street. The leader hadn't arrived. A peremptory demand was issued—"Send your leader at once." Back came a piece of paper on which was scribbled: *What does the "Times" mean by this?* Below the question was pinned the whole of the principal leader in that day's *Times*! That was our friend's simple, ingenious scheme for filling the space allotted to him!

The late Charles Williams, the famous war-correspondent, was one of the most cantankerous men that ever did newspaper work. Doubtless the many hardships he endured during the thirteen campaigns in which he figured as a correspondent affected his internal organisation, and, as a consequence, his temper. At the same time he was, when in the mood, a most genial companion, and many a pleasant evening have I spent in his society. As to the times when he was not genial—well, here is an instance. During a spell of peace, many years ago, he

was appointed editor of an evening paper. He was naturally a domineering man, and carried things with a high hand. In his editorial leaders he began, presently, to say some particularly peppery things about the party of which his paper was an avowed supporter, so at length one of the directors of the paper called on Williams to expostulate with him as regards the attitude he had adopted. Williams glared at his visitor. "I'll have you to know," said he, "that I am editor of this paper, and shall say what I like." "But, Mr. Williams, the directors are of opinion——" "Get out of my office!" roared Williams. "You must understand, Mr. Williams," returned the other, "that as a director I wish to express——" "If you don't get out I'll throw you out," said Williams fiercely. "Mr. Williams, I am a director of this paper, and I insist——" Up jumped Williams, who was a powerful man, clutched hold of the unfortunate director, and threw him downstairs—the outcome of which was that the director brought an action for and obtained damages against the irate war correspondent.

Now let us run through a selection of the "oddities" which came to hand in April competition No. 6. The following was submitted by A. H. Morrison, prize-winner in Class II.:

Lessing, the German author, was subject to extraordinary fits of self-forgetfulness. Returning home one evening, when he knocked a maid looked out of a window to see who was there. Not recognising her master in the dark, she called out: "The professor is not at home, sir." "Oh, very well," replied Lessing; "no matter, I'll call again."

Most of the "oddities," I find, relate to learned gentlemen, or gentlemen well on in years. Here is an instance, forwarded by Thomas Milburn:

An amusing oddity concerns the way in which an old miser kept himself warm. He would not waste coals by burning them, on any account, but would buy a bag, and, instead of making a fire, carry them up and down the stairs until he was quite warm, repeating the process when he got cooled down.

I have heard of an eccentric old clergyman who used to break off in the middle of his sermon with, "Oh, I forgot to mention that there will be a Mothers' Meeting at the Vicarage on Friday afternoon next." Then he would continue his discourse. Miss Evelyn Byrde tells us of a cleric whose pulpit utterances must surely possess a great attraction for the athletic members of his flock, though his "illustrations" possibly bewilder

some of the dear old ladies who have never seen a cricket match:

I know a clergyman who is a great cricketer. One day, when preaching, he knocked over a book, but caught it before it fell to the ground. To the astonishment of the congregation he cried out, "How's that, umpire?" He often illustrates his discourses with cricket stories.

Thomas Bones, junior, dips into sport for an oddity. "Residing in this neighbourhood," he says, "is a rather eccentric sportsman. After a shot at a bird on the wing he instantly drops his gun and raises a pair of binoculars to his eyes, presumably to watch the aerial manœuvres of the ejected shot, for he very rarely, if ever, hits his mark."

Master Bones, I am pleased to observe, was "honourably mentioned" by the Competition Editor for this sprightly anecdote. Another "hon. men." was awarded to Miss Margaret Woolrough for recording the following involuntarily ferocious mistake:

A lady having occasion to visit her kitchen one Sunday morning, astonished her friends by setting out for church holding a large carving-knife under the impression that it was a fan.

Miss Dorothea Hearn is short and sweet—pardon me, Miss Dorothea! I mean your anecdote is:

I know an old lady who puts a basin of cold water under her bed at night to cure cramps.

I trust it cures them.

"A very wise old man," writes W. B. Seymour-Ure, "who lived in the sixteenth century, was so absent-minded as to forget whether he had ordered his meals or not." A good many absent-minded people do that, but this very wise old man's absent-mindedness extended, it would seem, to most mundane matters, for Mr. Seymour-Ure continues:

The best story that is told about him is one about when his house was on fire. A servant-girl came rushing into his study. "Fire, sir!" she screamed. He turned round dreamily. "Go and tell your mistress," he said; "you know I never have anything to do with these household matters."

• It is probable that this very wise old gentleman had wisdom enough to make tracks for the street when the flames began to curl round his study door.

As I said before, most of these anecdotes concern old men. N. Norman can claim the acquaintance of a venerable gentleman who can hardly be held in veneration by the servants in his locality:

A curious old man I know always, after ringing the bell of a house, walks down the road and then

comes back again and jaws the servant for not having answered it.

J. H. Rose informs us that his great-uncle used to hire a brougham, at the cost of £1, in order to go to a market-town where he could buy butter twopence a pound cheaper than the butter procurable in his own village. Oh, well—I daresay he enjoyed the drive. Alan S. Cooper has heard of a “certain odd gentleman” who rarely spends more than sixpence in any shop, and always changes gold when paying for the article purchased. I have heard of other gentlemen, Mr. Cooper, sir, who were noted for the frequency and persistency with which they proffered gold in payment for quite insignificant articles; but in their case it was generally found that the gold coins they changed were of their own manufacture.

Clergymen share with gentlemen of an advanced age the honour of figuring most frequently in our April Competition No. 6. For instance, how is this for quaint?

A clergyman was going to have company, and his wife told him to go and dress himself, but when he had gone upstairs to do so he forgot what he had gone for, and went to bed.

The gifted author of the above is Master L. Laing. Another competitor whose contribution is commendably brief—T. Proud—says that he knows an “odd gentleman” who reads with spectacles which have no glass in them. But A. S. Barks levels up matters by giving us glass where we should never expect to find it:

A clergyman at Niesky used to go about with a small pane of glass let into his umbrella. His eyes were weak, and he carried the umbrella in front of him to shelter them from the wind, whilst at the same time he could see where he was going.

People collect stamps, ferns, butterflies, penny toys, fans, coins, and a hundred other things, but it is not every day one comes across a person who collects cigar and cigarette ends. H. V. Holmes, however, has discovered such a person:

An old dock labourer, through sheer force of habit, has accumulated a collection of cigar and cigarette ends weighing two tons, which, if spread out end to end, would cover a length of 13½ miles—all picked up during his daily tramp from Romerton to the docks and back. He has formed them in the shape of two crosses, and stipulates in his will that the larger one (of cigar ends), and the smaller one (of cigarette ends), shall be laid outside and inside his coffin, respectively. This collection took fifteen years to complete, and, being unique, is worthy of his pride and the pains he took to compile it. The mania of collecting is still upon him, and he has amassed since tremendous quantities of stones, hairpins, horseshoes, breadcrusts, nails, &c.

But there!—if I go on discoursing of odd behaviour I shall begin to do something odd myself—collect apple cores, start off to my tennis club with a poker instead of a racquet, try to send myself away as a parcel, or put myself to bed. I will therefore desist, and conclude by proposing, seconding, and passing a hearty vote of thanks to those competitors who have provided me with the opportunity of quoting these amusing “oddities of odd people.”

Felsted School Sports, 1904.—

I append the results of the Felsted Sports. They reached me some months ago, but were unfortunately overlooked. Next year I hope to receive results from a number of schools, as it will be interesting to compare times, jumps, &c. At the Felsted Sports, competitors in flat races were somewhat impeded by a strong head wind:

One Mile	D. E. C. Wood.	4 min. 51 secs.
Quarter Mile ...	R. W. Hallows.	56½ secs.
100 yds	R. W. Hallows.	11½ secs.
Long Jump	R. W. Hallows.	19 ft. 6½ ins.
High Jump	R. S. Preston.	5 ft. 0½ in.
Hurdles	B. M. Ackland	18½ secs.
Putting the		
Weight	C. N. Hutt.	29 ft. 4½ ins.
Throwing the		
Cricket Ball ..	R. S. Preston.	93 yds. 1 ft. 9 ins.

“Boys’ Empire League.”—As our readers will observe, we commence this month to include a page dealing with the “Boys’ Empire League.” You will find out all about this League in the page referred to. The moving spirit of the “B.E.L.” is Mr. Howard Spicer, who initiated it three years ago. Its membership now amounts to about ten thousand, the members having been drawn from all parts of the world, particularly the Colonies, as well as from the home country.

It must be understood that the page above-mentioned is entirely controlled by Mr. Spicer. The Editor of THE CAPTAIN, while desirous of giving all the assistance he can to the League by arranging for THE CAPTAIN to be its official organ, does not desire that correspondence shall be addressed to him on the subject. All inquiries should be sent to the Secretary, Boys’ Empire League, 56 Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. H. D.—Although engineering is certainly better than ordinary clerking, I should say the posts attainable in the Higher Civil Service were superior to average engineering appointments. I am not sure what premium is charged for apprentices at Messrs. Armstrong’s, but it is rather high—about

£200 to £300 for a full term of seven years. Unless your parents could afford to pay a high premium for you, I would advise you to go into the shops as an ordinary apprentice, and not pay a premium. Of course, the work would be slightly rougher, especially at the beginning, but you would learn as much and as quickly as a premium apprentice. Messrs. Armstrong's is such a large place that men are kept on special work, and do not change about; for an ordinary apprentice who wishes to get as varied an experience as possible, a smaller firm, therefore, offers certain advantages, although Armstrong's have such a great name that the fact of having been with them is in itself a recommendation.

E. S. and Others.—I cannot pursue this volunteering matter any further. Volunteering is all right; it does the individual a lot of good, and it is excellent for the welfare of the community. E. S. now writes to say that he said a lot more than he intended to do. I can quite understand that: he wrote in a rather hot-headed fashion. So, too, did "Bolek," who replied to him. That, therefore, concludes the matter.

Lindsay Boyle.—I have no space for any further article on books at present, but I will bear your petition in mind. What I think is, that we ought to read what we like to read. It is no use settling down to heavy reading if you don't like heavy reading. That is to say, simply with the idea of improving your mind. You don't improve your mind if you merely bore yourself. At the same time I don't advocate a diet consisting entirely of light novels. Read essays, travel books, and poetry, as well as novels, and remember that one ought to be on more than a nodding acquaintance with the English classics, the great books which Time has kept alive. As for current literature, if you manage to get a look at a paper like the *Spectator* every week you will find mention there of most of the new books really worth reading.

H. S. B. (Highbridge).—I know several long-distance walkers who take Keen, Robinson and Co.'s barley water for athletes as liquid refreshment while on the road, and they speak highly of it.

Gladys A. von S. has been racking her brains to discover a new competition for THE CAPTAIN, and has at last hit upon one. She suggests that we should have a plain-sewing competition. Personally, she is not very keen on plain-sewing, but she thinks that such a competition would prove useful, as the articles entered could be given to a charity.—No, my dear, I do not think we can quite run to that, although it certainly would be rather amusing if readers could see the Competition Editor, the Art Editor, and myself making the final awards and examining into the handiwork of all sorts of dainty articles, with the Office Dog waiting about in case anything should come his way. Seriously, though, Miss Gladys, you must understand that this is a magazine "for boys and old boys," girls being allowed to enter for such competitions as they are able to grapple with. Plain-sewing doesn't come under the category of what Smith Minor can do, and so I am afraid you will have to rack your brains a little more in order to think of a new competition that I can set.

"One Who Takes a Sensible View."—Please let bygones be bygones. The illustration of the boy who smokes growing into "an old tramp with a long, uncut beard and clay pipe," was only put in to terrify youngsters. We do

not really think that the boy who smokes will grow into an individual like this. At the same time, we think that boys ought not to smoke, and that if they do they run the risk of deteriorating physically and finishing up in a rather dilapidated condition.

"An Old Boy" wants to know why our top age-limit in the competitions is twenty-five. "I should like it to be sixty," he says, "rather than twenty-five." My correspondent will observe that I have taken the hint. As this old boy has been unable to enter for the "Twelve Best Books" Competition, he sends me his list, which is as follows:—

1. The Bible.
2. The Works of Shakespeare.
3. The Mind and Art of Shakespeare, by Professor Dowden.
4. Bacon's Essays.
5. Green's Short History of the English People.
6. The Works of Lord Tennyson.
7. Dante's Divine Comedy (Translation).
8. The Book of Common Prayer.
- 9 AND 10. Browning's Works, in two volumes.
11. Law's Serious Call.
12. The Arabian Nights' Entertainments.

E. W. Moorhead.—Many thanks for your kind letter and offer to act as our agent for badges. We do not care to appoint agents, thanks all the same.

Agag.—Thanks for your sensible suggestion. You will see it has been adopted. Of course, no true Briton would be ashamed to have the Bible on his bookshelf; that certainly ought to be one of his twelve books. The works of Shakespeare should be another, and "Nuttall's Dictionary," a perfect mine of information, might well be included.

C. L. Fisher.—I fear I cannot put in the notice you forward, as I don't think a CAPTAIN Club would be of much service in a rural district.

A Girl's Brother, commenting on a letter I received from "Yet Another Girl," says he hopes and believes there are not many girls who still look upon their boy friends as young animals with a broken clasp knife in one pocket, and a unique collection of toffee, string, and marbles in the other, clad in a tattered knicker suit with a dirty face protruding from the top. Personally, my correspondent likes girls—not hybrids; girls who play tennis, cycle, and swim, and with whom it is a pleasure and a profit to associate.—I congratulate this correspondent's sister on the possession of such a sensible brother.

"Despondent One" is a naval cadet much against his will. His friends advise him to give up the Navy and read for the Church, as he ardently desires to do this. My correspondent asks for my candid opinion on the point. From what I can see it seems that this cadet's parents wish him to be a naval officer. He cannot enter the Church for another seven or eight years. What, therefore, is he to do (except study) during the long intervening period? Of course, I believe in a fellow doing what his heart inclines him to do, as he would put more enthusiasm into that class of work than he would into work that is distasteful to him. At the same time, I should advise "Despondent One" to give the Navy a little longer trial, and then, when he is older, if he still wishes to enter the Church, he should put the matter before his parents and ask their permission to change his profession.

E. F. Patterson.—The best way to find the address of a German pension at Coblenz is to write to the Editress of that excellent weekly paper, *The Ladies' Field*, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. You might also consult *The Lady*.

"A Girl Who is Glad to be One" (Hear, hear!) says that she thinks cricket, tennis, swimming, and jumping great fun, but that girls should take part in them without so much talk about them. She thinks that the girls who are the best players are usually the nicest, and that only the silly ones do not take part in games.—I don't know that that is altogether correct, as there are a great many nice girls who do not play games at all, but who are quite content to sit out in the garden doing needlework, with an occasional run on a cycle or a walk as exercise. There are all sorts and conditions of girls, my dear young lady, and there are as good girls amongst those who do not go in for athletics as amongst those who do. As you say, the great point is not to overdo whatever you go in for. If ever there is a Mrs. O. F., for instance, I shall insist on her not doing too much needlework if she is a non-athletic girl, and if she is an athletic girl I shall put my foot down if she insists on practising dumb-bells and Indian clubs in the drawing-room when I want to read my evening paper.

"Reader since 1899."—You can obtain all the information you require about the legal profession in a book called "What Shall I Be?" by E. H. Coumbe, B.A., published by George Newnes, Ltd., price 3s. 6d. If you have kept your back numbers you will find an article in No. 7 (September, 1899), entitled, "The Law as a Profession," written by a barrister-at-law. But, after all, your simplest way would be to consult any solicitor of your acquaintance, as he will be able to set you right on all points.

Charles Mann wears a CAPTAIN badge, and is often asked: "What are you captain of?" He does not know how to answer questions like this, and wants me to tell him.—Next time anybody asks you why you wear that CAPTAIN badge, Charles, you can say that it is because you are a reader of the CAPTAIN, and wear the badge to signify the same, and to cause inquiry about the CAPTAIN, so that you may advise those who do not read it to start reading it at once. That ought to satisfy them. I think.

"Long 'Un."—(1) We have tried Colonial competitions, and stopped them because they were not sufficiently supported. (2) The CAPTAIN Club exists for the purpose of furthering the interests of the magazine, and making it known to persons who are not acquainted with it. Members also contribute essays and pictures to their own corner, and receive advice from Mr. Fry, Mr. Step, Mr. Nankivell, and other experts. (3) Since the CAPTAIN started, Mr. Bell has contributed the following stories: "Tales of Greyhouse," "Sir Billy," "J. O. Jones," and "The Long 'Un." Of these, "Tales of Greyhouse" and "J. O. Jones" have been published in book-form, at 3s. 6d., by Messrs. George Newnes and A. and C. Black, respectively. "The Long 'Un" will be published this coming September by Messrs. George Newnes, and its price will also be 3s. 6d. In book-form, however, it will bear the title of "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon."

"The Abbess" writes:—"I came across a rather curious thing yesterday. A golden-crested

wren had flown on to a rhododendron, and had got its wing stuck on to the gummy young shoots so that it could not escape. I released it, and it flew away, quite all right. We have had many bi-coloured birds here, the prettiest being a white robin. There is also a blackbird with a white ring round its neck, one with a white head, and another with a white back."

Correction in "The Duffer."—A number of readers have called my attention to a mistake in the June instalment (p. 251). "Clumsy white stitches" should read, of course, "clumsy black stitches."

Back Volumes.—I cannot insert notices offering back volumes of *THE CAPTAIN* for sale. All readers who have written to me on the subject are requested to regard this announcement as final.

Horace J. V. Stevens calls my attention to an inaccuracy in "The Latest" for May, in which it was stated that the traction engine that won the prize awarded by the War Office recently was capable of a speed of forty miles an hour. He says that, according to the *Engineering Review*, the engine is able to complete a run of forty miles at a speed averaging three but not exceeding five miles an hour.

Mrs. R. Butler (Penang).—As you will see, we have an article this month on the construction of a catamaran. Many thanks for your letter.

Hugh Bell.—Although entrance scholarships are obtainable at the Royal Naval Colleges at Eltham and Greenwich, I do not think that the *Britannia*, or the Royal Naval School at Osborne, can be entered in that way.

"Scout."—Probably from the American Importing Co., 8 Long-lane, Aldersgate-street, E.C. **Photographic Readers** are reminded that the £1,000 competition promoted by Kodak, Ltd., closes on June 30th, by which date all entries must be submitted.

A. Wycherley.—(1) Yes. (2) Benzine applied by means of a sponge will clean playing-cards. **G. L. Long.**—(1) Certainly. (2) At Simla, I believe. **W. E. Sid-dorn.**—Writing good. **"Un Qui Rougit."**

—You are too self-conscious. Mix more with other people, think less of yourself, and you will soon grow out of the habit. You must understand that people are not taking the notice of you that you think they are. **"Hopeful."**—The West Indian Regiment. Send stamped envelope for further particulars. **"Avel."**—Detectives are selected from police officers. You can obtain information on this subject from Scotland Yard, S.W.

"Musical."—The pianist you mention made his first appearance in America some years ago as a boy prodigy, I fancy.

F. Pratt.—Write to Messrs. Hatchard and Castarede, 523 Birkbeck Bank-chambers, W.C., for particulars of their course of postal tuition in book-keeping and kindred subjects.

Young Canadian.—Very pleased to hear from you. The subscription to *THE CAPTAIN* is 8s. 6d. per annum, post free. Send a short essay (400 words) on Canadian school life to CAPTAIN Club Corner.

Official Representative Appointed.—C. L. Fisher (Seascale, Cumberland).

I have also to acknowledge letters from C. McCaig, N. A. Zelinsky (answer next month), "Captainite." Letters received after the middle of May will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"June Models in Cricket Bags."

ONE AGE LIMIT: Twenty-one.

WINNER OF MR. FRY'S SCOTTISH TERRIER PUP: C. A. Wheeler, Malvern House, Littlehampton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Thomas A. Gourlay, 2 Tulloch-crescent, Dundee; B. Brooke, Weston Lodge, Bath; W. D. Hunter, Union Bank House, Elgin, N.B.; Fred Milburn, Hutton Ruddy, Yorks; T. Cooper, 14 Salisbury road, Barnet, Herts; Sidney Wheeler, 33 Albemarle-crescent, Scarborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. E. Petter, Harold Fox Walton, Charles H. Craik, A. H. Douglass.

No. II.—"Sailor or Soldier."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: A. Armour, 19 Sutherland-road, West Ealing, W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Terry Davis, 28 Silver-street, Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George E. Russell, Awaia Ogwen, George Doig, Shirley Wilson, A. Bridgman, Edward Sandell, Randolph L. Pawby, Charles W. Jones, Hugh F. Walker, J. H. Weeks, Andrew B. Whitehill, P. W. Mawgan Fremlin, Wilfrid C. Spelman, Llewellyn Evans.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: W. E. R. Saunders, 12 Church-street, Wellingborough.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, W. Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Victor McQuilkin, W. O. Winter, R. H. Ferguson, Noel A. Scott, Thomas Whitehead, Mary E. Nillan, A. H. Macklin, F. L. Tonlinson, Clive J. McManus, H. F. Towler, Stanley Julian, Vincent Griffith.

No. III.—"Twelve Books."

ONE AGE LIMIT: Twenty-five.

WINNERS OF SIX SHILLING BOOKS: Bec Zelinsky, 37 Bow-road, E.; Dorothy Maltby, 46 Warwick-road, South Kensington, S.W.; J. K. Rooker, Christ Church Vicarage, Beckenham, Kent.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy House, Eaton road, Chester; O. L. Coxhead, 7 Essex villas, Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Tudor Haires, Cecil G. Waudby, Enid M. Phillips, Marian Hewitt, Mildred Dickin, Arthur Bischofberger, William J. Watt, John Leigh Turner, Grace L. Dunstan, J. R. Walton.

No. IV.—"Drawing of Flowers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Kate Reeves, 47 Bell-street, Henley-on-Thames.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis square, Brighton; Ida Clark, Oxford street, Spondon, Derby; Florence E. Warde, Stonehurst, Beenham, near Reading.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred D. Ereaut, Alfred J. Judd, Edith M. Tucker, Fred. Ashworth, May Berkeley, H. Lawrence Oakley, William Henry Fry.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: E. Scott Malden, Windle-sham House, Brighton.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. G. Holman, 22 St. Andrew's mansions, Dorset square, W.; Ian C. Russell, 34 Gillespie-crescent, Edinburgh; John William Nutt, Glen-ville, Weston, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Minnie Bosdet, John Brown, Fullarton Baird, Olive Robertson, F. English, Alfred H. Brett, Charlotte E. Tucker, Joan Sterling.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF POST-CARD ALBUM: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leslie Shaw, 1 Lonsdale-place, Whitehaven; Nesta Wells, 9 Petersham terrace, South Kensington, W.; Nancy Huntly, Rochus Strasse

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Grzyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

COMMENTS ON THE MAY COMPETITIONS.

I.—C. A. Wheeler had only two wrong in his list, so that he becomes the fortunate owner of Mr. Fry's Scottish terrier pup. The winner of the Consolation Prize had only three wrong, and the Honourable Mentions four wrong.

II.—The essays were not quite up to the usual standard, many competitors losing sight of the point of the competition, viz.: to compare the reasons for preferring a soldier's life to that of a sailor, or *vice versa*. The majority were decided in favour of a naval career.

III.—A large number of excellent lists were sent in, the final selection being no easy matter. Quite a number of competitors failed to notice that they were only allowed twelve volumes, and not twelve "works," putting on their list such things as the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which, I fear,

22, Dusseldorf, Germany; Owen Squires, 29 St. Stephen's road, Leicester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James B. Mahony, Rider Smith, Edith Moncrieff, Nina Murray, R. Goodman, Betty Perkins, Hubert Haward, Winifred Parkin, Gladys R. Smith, Mollie Lea, Mollie Marrow, R. M. Tancock.

No. V.—"Photographic."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-road W, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lanos.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. Radford, Cedar Lodge, The Park, Nottingham; William H. Fry, 6 Wellwood-street, Belfast.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Wise, William J. Watt, S. C. Harrison, J. E. Paterson, W. Paterson, R. B. Wilkins, Edith Baines, Louis J. Lévy, Seymour C. Smith, Ernest A. Taylor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: J. J. R. H. Oldham, Haddon Cottage, Brampton, Chesterfield.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Harold F. Woods, 13 Oakley square, N.W.; George F. Taylor, 18 Mayfair road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne; J. D. Sturrock, Moor View, Watts-road, Tavistock.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George H. Webber, J. B. Meldrum, R. H. H. Newton, V. Wakeford, James Parker Gardner, Roy C. Griffin, Lily Isabel Oliver, C. A. Bigwood, W. J. R. Smith, A. Friedrichs, A. Lawson, May Hughes, P. E. Petter, Walter J. Whittaker, A. E. Bass.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. Gundry, jun., Hope House, Balby, Doncaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Dorothy A. Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury; W. Hughes, Dalechoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down; Wm. W. Sapote, 11 Carlyle road, Edgbaston, Birmingham; William G. Briggs, 80 Reedworth-street, Kennington, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. C. Money, E. R. Bent, A. R. Courteray, E. L. Burgin, R. G. Smith, J. D. Faulkner, G. Crookshank, Eric Wilson-Hughes, W. M. Marshall, Alan B. Peck, K. W. Dowie, E. Tufnell, Robert Gardner.

No. VI.—"I am Most Struck by the Remark in—"

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "X L R" CRICKET BAT: Hilda Gilling, De Mowbray House, Sowerby, Thirsk.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: William Armstrong, 11 Marchmont-road, Edinburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred D. Ereaut, Ernest A. Taylor, William H. Fry, Henry T. F. Parker, J. Michael, John Leigh Turner, Albert Smith, W. L. Adams.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "X L R" CRICKET BAT: Mary Chilton, Worthingford Vicarage, R.S.O., Colchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Percy A. Maydwell, 16 Sydney road, Stoke Newington, N.; T. Mackenzie, 47 York-terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary M. Gardner, Sydney Adlane, H. C. James, Arthur Sills, C. Hubbard, Randolph L. Pawby, F. A. Smyth, James Jackson, T. F. Rodgers, Edith Wallford, Wm. Greene, T. R. Davis, George Wm. Bailey.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "X L R" CRICKET BAT: C. Osborne, 3 Grant ham villas, Armagh.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Geoffrey C. Leech, South Hill, Bury St. Edmunds; Edgar Ehrmann, 31 Hildrop-road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: John T. Gardiner, Ernest Church, J. McNeil, Godfrey E. J. Foster, R. D. Wright, Winifred Middleton, Frederick E. Gall, Edward N. Marshall, R. E. Thomas, Charles Laidlaw, Roy Ridley, Mervyn Thoreby Jones.

would alone be more than sufficient to fill the shelf. The majority are to be congratulated on the high standard of their literary taste.

IV.—The photograph which won the prize in Class I. was an excellent portrait study, while in Classes II. and III. a picturesque corner of Minehead and a pretty pastoral scene were respectively successful.

V.—As usual, there were many excellent entries.

VI.—So many competitors were "struck" by the same "Remark" that it became a question of picking out the solitary ones. Most of the quotations were from "The Duffer," quite the largest number choosing "Truly, conscience makes tell conscious donkeys of us all" from that serial.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



THE WORST OF THOSE LONG EARS!

IRATE BRITON :— "Hang you, sir; do you know you've shot my dog?"

AUSTRIAN SPORTSMAN : "Ach! Pardon, Mistaire; I tink he vos vat you call rabbeet."

By Tom Browne, R.I.



TOM BROWNE, R.I.

ARTIST AND SPORTSMAN.

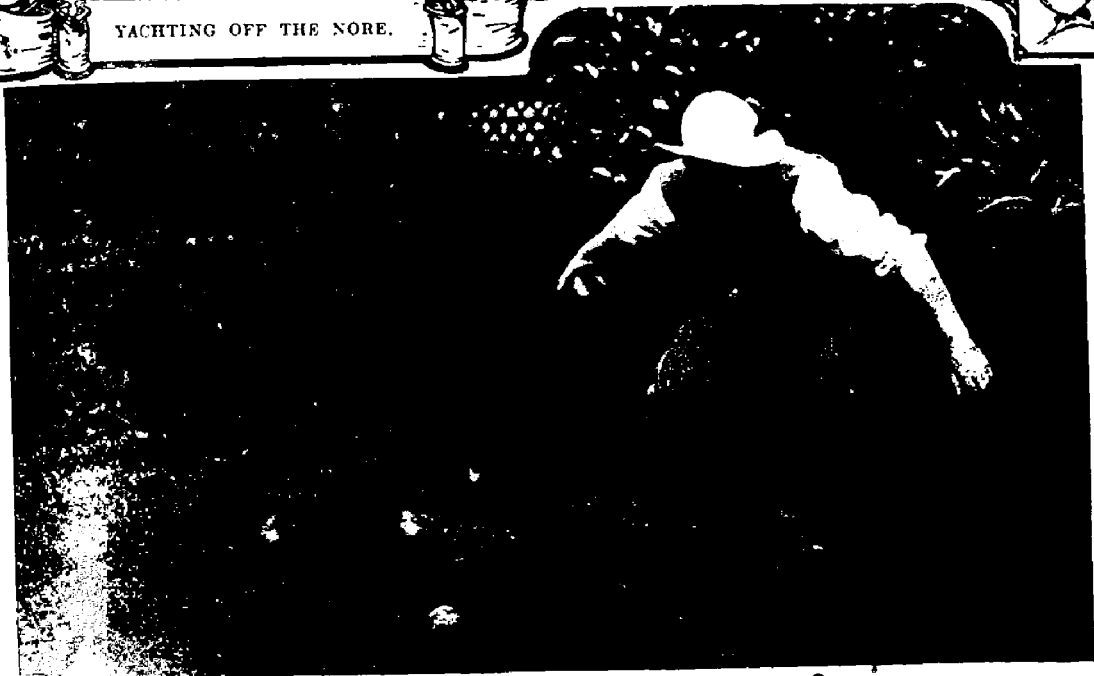
Photo. by Geo. Newnes. Ltd.



YACHTING OFF THE NORE.



T. B. READY FOR A DAY'S PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.



BOWLS: "HOW'S THIS FOR THE JACK?"



A GALLOP OVER CHISLEHURST COMMON.





BASS FISHING OFF
APPLEDORE, N. DEVON.



A GAME OF TENNIS ON THE LAWN
BEHIND THE ARTIST'S STUDIO.



HERE WE HAVE T. B. PRACTISING FOR A LOCAL
RIFLE CLUB COMPETITION.

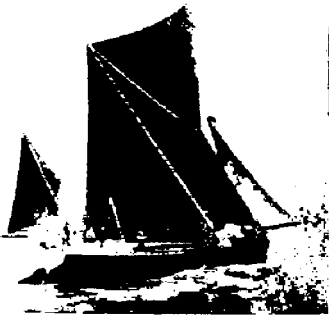




BILLIARDS, AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.



HUNTING.



Barge Racing off Sheerness.
T. B. on the starb'd quarter.



THE CARICATURIST ON HIS AMERICAN
LIGHT STEAM CAR.



SAILORS OF THE KING.

By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

WAR is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbian, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats. Some days' sail from Maldiva the *Arbiter* encounters a cruiser and three gunboats—all apparently Uruguayan—and engages them. A desperate encounter results in her engines breaking down, and she is at the mercy of the enemy when a British sailing ship, the *Attila*, loaded with iron rails, rams the cruiser and sinks her. The collision proves fatal to the *Attila*, which sinks, her commander (Captain Tobutt) and crew escaping in boats to the *Arbiter*. After thanking Tobutt for coming to the rescue in so effectual a manner, the commander of the *Arbiter* puts the merchant skipper and his men in charge of one of the Uruguayan gunboats which has been captured. With Tobutt goes Midshipman Brown as the *Arbiter's* representative on the prize. The Uruguayans, however, succeed in drugging the coffee served to Tobutt and the midshipman, and it appears probable that they will succeed in recapturing the gunboat. In the nick of time Tobutt comes to his senses, and by his spirited and decisive action saves the gunboat from the conspirators, most of whom are either killed or drowned. Arriving at Maldiva, Tobutt, his crew, and Midshipman Brown take up their quarters at the deserted Café of All the Nations, where they feast and sleep. Attracted forth in the morning by the sounds of heavy firing off the port, they seize arms from a number of fugitive Uruguayan soldiers, help themselves to a boat, and, taking advantage of the fog, board and capture an Argentine gunboat. It is then determined that a second rescue party shall go in search of Nancy Clitheroe, Captain Campion's instructions being that the expedition must absolutely depend on strategy for its success. Tobutt is put under Lieutenant Chesterfield as pilot, with strict orders to avoid placing the boats in open conflict with any Argentine posts. They discover a heavily-gunned battery in a narrow bight of the river. Next, Tobutt finds two schooners hidden in a swamp, and transfers the crews to them, but when he suggests that Chesterfield should disguise the crews his proposal is received with scorn, as being beneath the dignity of the British sailor. Tobutt protests, but obeys orders. The ships sail, and a hopeless fight begins. But by sheer luck Tobutt and Midshipman Brown discover that the schooner they are on is loaded with ammunition and blasting powder. They head it at the battery, and blow the latter up just in time to save the men on board Chesterfield's schooner. Tobutt and the midshipman escape on shore, and learn that Nancy Clitheroe has been conveyed to Buenos Aires. They presently come upon the first expedition under Hilyard, encamped higher up the river, slowly fighting their way on. They all return, and find that Chesterfield has got his schooner hard ashore and full of wounded men. They warp her off, and all rejoin the *Arbiter*.

a
story
of
WAR

on land & sea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOBUTT HELPS HIMSELF.

SO the combined expeditions returned, a complete failure. They returned without beat of drum or mast-heading of a single colour. Hilyard's want of success would, without misstatement, be set down to sheer ill-luck. But, on the other hand, the second relief expedition had been the very pattern of mismanagement; and no little folly, and in this verdict, when the facts became known, the whole fleet concurred with but one dissenting voice—Lieutenant Chesterfield's.

The schooner was moored to a jetty on the seaward outskirts of the town, and the wounded were removed to a temporary hospital which had been erected on a sandy and sheltered scree of ground. That task accomplished, the survivors departed to their respective ships.

Towards the close of the day Captain Tobutt, the last man on board, marched up and down the deck. He marched fiercely, occasionally stopping to stamp angrily, curling his moustaches with both hands at once; and every time he turned at the taffrail he shook his fist and hurled vituperative comments into the dusk, particularly after a boat now fast vanishing in the direction of the *Tamar*.

"If they've many more standard idiots like him," growled Tobutt, "that young fellow Hilyard stands well to lose his girl altogether. It's deuced hard luck on him, I admit, but you can't help these R.N. people if they won't have it."

Lieutenant Chesterfield had wisely made his

report to the admiral in person, and then returned with orders for Tobutt to await the inquiry as to the miscarriage of the expedition, and as to whether the responsibility of the stranding of the schooner lay on the captain's shoulders.

Chesterfield had further added, entirely on his own authority, that Tobutt remained by the schooner as watchman; this latter order he added merely by way of pointing out his authority. Tobutt's thoughts again veered to the retreating boat, and again he aired his opinion.

"Watchman!" roared he. "Stand by as watchman!" And he let loose a perfect storm of vociferous language. His conscience temporarily appeased by this outbreak, he jumped on to the jetty alongside which the schooner had been moored, and departed.

He filled his pipe, and, smoking furiously, strode towards the town. But at the jetty end, from sheer seamanlike habit, he turned his head to look at the schooner. As he did so, he was conscious of some undefined feeling as to work left undone, some moment of happy chances fleeting; that he ought not to leave her idle and neglected. But the more he pondered the more the sensation evaded him. "Let everything go hang!" he cried at last, and turning on his heel tramped off towards the town to seek fellowship and by good fortune gain a sympathetic ear.

From the land side the bombardment was proceeding apace, and, as Tobutt entered the streets, more than once he had to scramble over piles of rubbish which blocked up the roadway. When he had gained a thoroughfare of some business pretensions, a forty-pounder shell plumped down with a crack no more than six feet from him. He threw himself down on the instant, and for some never-ending moments waited for the explosion, but the shell lay inert second after second; still, the heavy missile was not to be trusted, as the time fuse might reach the appointed orifice in its disc at any fraction of time, and then——! Eyes at such a moment are abnormally sensitive, and Tobutt saw all the near vicinity with microscopic clearness, and noticed also, for the first time, that he was surrounded by a scattered mass of books. A book-shop, on his right hand, had had the front blown out, and its contents strewn broadcast on the street. His eye fixed upon the shell again, and then upon a particular book on which the missile had tilted. His curiosity now being also on a microscopic plane, and as the gilt title of the volume caught what light there was, Tobutt mechanically read it. For some time the words carried no meaning to his brain, but suddenly he chuckled. It

was a Spanish translation of "Self-Help," by Dr. Smiles. Then the schooner came into his mind, and the indefinable feeling about it which had seized upon his mind. The next instant he was on his feet, everything definite, and he in full activity. "Self-Help!" cried he. "That's it!" And recklessly rolling the shell aside he picked up the little volume, and sped down the street like an arrow from a bow.

His path led him to a narrow passage among the alleys on the river front. Here he stopped, and, as the night was falling darkly in this entry, he had to grope for the particular door he wanted. For some time he knocked in vain, but at last a flicker of light shone under the door.

"It's Captain Tobutt," cried he. "Move a leg briskly, Cassrill; there's business going a-begging."

"Tis the captain himself," cried a voice. Then, after a considerable rattling of bolts, the door was opened.

"Terrible days, captain," said the Jew, after welcoming Tobutt fervently.

"Good times, though, for business, eh!" briskly returned the captain, as he followed the host within.

Inside the air was heavy with the mingled flavour of tarred rope, paints, oilskins, clothing, and the rest of the thousand things a ship chandlery contains. Tobutt followed his guide through a long sparred passage, crowded with ships' cables and anchors, then up a short ladder, and entered an apartment—half office, half living-room. This place overlooked a dark creek which communicated with the inner harbour.

The table was already laid for supper, the brass samovar gently simmering on the table. As Tobutt's strong foot sounded on the threshold a young woman rose from her seat. She was a handsome archangel Jewess, whose dark eye-brows contrasted strongly with her blue eyes. Two thick plaits of hair were looped below the level of her ears, and then coiled together on her head. She rose alertly, with sinuous grace of movement, and greeted Tobutt with a frank smile of welcome.

Tobutt took a seat, waving aside the proffered glass of spirits, and prepared to face a keen contest for price.

For Tobutt, under the subverted influence of the book which he had never read—"Self-Help"—was about to sell the schooner and her cargo outright; and that without a single qualm of conscience. But it was not the price that stopped negotiations; it was the risk of running her out which influenced Aaron, the business man of the family.

Tobutt smoked, strode up and down, filled pipe after pipe, argued, jeered, cajoled, and finally, abjuring Aaron as a



HIS EYE FIXED UPON THE SHELL AGAIN, AND THEN UPON A PARTICULAR BOOK ON WHICH THE MISSILE HAD TILTED.

"I'll just pick a morsel of food, and set off forthwith to hunt them together." And he sat down to the table.

backslider from his kindred's faith, declared that he would try elsewhere. Aaron nodded in gloomy resignation, but Rebecca, who, amidst her household duties, had followed every twist and detail of the bargaining, seized Tobutt's cap from his hand, and, pointing to a chair, quietly interposed. "Sit down, captain," said she; "the table's ready. I take the schooner if you can find the men to run her."

Tobutt peered long and keenly into her eyes, and saw unflinching resolution.

"Now, there's pluck for you," cried he, putting his hands on her shoulders, and holding her at arm's length in admiration. "Your father's daughter, every inch of you," and he fell back to give full justice to his admiring gaze.

"And there is to be a bonus for her father's daughter of ten per cent. on the figures, eh, captain?" laughed she.

"By thunder, Rebecca! but there's no saying 'no' to a woman's bid. Aaron, my young spendthrift, you'll see your name last in the firm yet."

And, despite her brother's protestations, Rebecca stuck to the bargain when Tobutt affirmed that he could find the men to run the ship.

Aaron subsided into gloomy silence, while his sister and the captain joined in a battle of wits between the carvings. She was filling his glass after the cloth had been removed.

"And do you," she was saying, "expect any woman to marry a man who lives in a coat like that?"

Aaron rose to his feet instantly. "One moment, captain," he said, and disappeared into the store. Business was business, whether floating the country's national debt or buying the waste paper it was written upon.

"Yes, we've had a lean time lately," cried Tobutt, glancing at his weather-stained and ragged clothing with a rueful countenance.

Aaron returned, loaded up with a pile of ready-made clothing, and proceeded to invest Tobutt in a blue pilot reefer and a vest. That feat accomplished to his satisfaction, he walked round him in well-affected enchantment.

"Wonderful," said he, after a silent pause of admiration at Tobutt's big frame. "You could walk down Bond Street now, arm-in-arm with a couple of dukes, and everyone take you for another."

"How much?" said Tobutt concisely.

"I could not charge less than twenty-five

dollars to you, captain; I'd ask my dearest friend thirty and cash down."

"Ten, I give," said Tobutt unmoved.

Rebecca critically turned Tobutt's back into the light.

"The captain can't wear a coat like that," said she, smoothing a big wrinkle on the shoulders; "and he doesn't want brass buttons—he's not a London stage sailor—but it won't be a bad fit for a slop when I've altered it for you. I'm not selling it, mind, it's the firm," she added, with a rippling laugh.

Trade was trade even to Rebecca, and, when she joined forces with her brother, Tobutt was prevailed upon to raise his offer to twenty dollars for the suit. And then she settled the amount on the schooner transaction, which totalled up to 2,300 dollars for the ship and her cargo, conditionally on the vessel being safely landed in the Rio Janiero under another name, Rebecca undertaking to procure the new papers for her, which, by necessity, must be bogus ones. And in this lay the nicest touch in the whole transaction.

"Rebecca," said Tobutt, eyeing her thoughtfully, "there's two things that I've never done yet; first is, I've never broken cargo, and that, I wouldn't; the second is, I've never yet got on the track of how to get dummy papers, and that I couldn't, or I'd be running out that schooner on my own."

At that moment the sound of a discreet knock-echoed from the yard.

"Hush," cried Rebecca; "here they come. I've sent for you, you understand?" she added, as she slipped past him and left the room. For some little time Tobutt heard the murmur of smothered voices in the passage; then Rebecca returned and beckoned him outside. "Better not to see faces," she whispered; "it prevents trouble afterwards."

It was pitchy dark in the sparred alley, and all that Tobutt could tell of the new visitor was that he was speaking to a man of some position—so he judged by his voice. For some time they held a whispered conference, which gradually grew louder and louder as Tobutt keenly bargained on a point of money, raising five thousand dollars to six thousand paid down on the spot—three thousand in cash and three thousand in a bond payable on the conclusion of Tobutt's service.

Before they parted, Rebecca went in to count the money. On its being found correct and the bill good, the visitor departed as secretly as he had entered, and Tobutt noticed that he returned as he came—by water.

"I raised the price an odd thousand," said

Tobutt to Rebecca, as they returned to the room, "to put in a little commission for you."

Rebecca's face coloured, and her level brows clouded. "That's money," said she with a tinge of sullenness, "and offered without my asking."

"But you asked for commission," persisted Tobutt.

"Tchutt!" she cried, with a frowning toss of her head.

"Well, well," exclaimed Tobutt. "You women are like a ship in irons—don't know which tack you'll fall off on next. But I've nothing to give you this time, Rebecca. I haven't a single thing but what I stand in. Hold, though!" he added, as he remembered the book in his pocket. "You might like this to read when business is slack."

She received the volume with expectant delight, spelling out the Spanish name with a puzzled air.

"What is it about?" she asked, her gaiety returning.

"Haven't read it," said Tobutt; "but I believe it's full of tips on business and how to help yourself when things are going a-begging—how to get on without giving people commissions. It helped me to pick up that schooner, for I should never have thought of it but for seeing this book."

"I'll read it, every page," said Rebecca with decision; "it is a very good book. Now, it's time you were off."

"It is," said Tobutt, meaning the book, though he had not read it, and he could not have said more if he had.

Rebecca lighted a lamp, and escorted Tobutt to the door. There was much work to be done—work that only a Tobutt could get through in the time, and not even he without the help of such a lieutenant as Rebecca.

"The schooner must be got off before I tackle the big thing," he said, as he bade her farewell. "The stores I'll leave to you."

"How many men and where to?" asked she.

"Say eight, all told, to Rio Janiero."

She nodded, and Tobutt swung off at full stride.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SCHOONER SAILS.

WHILE Tobutt had bargained, the British admiral had held an unofficial council of war. Captain Campion had accompanied Hilyard to the flagship, taking with them the Gaucho and the prisoner, and placed the admiral in touch with the latest information regarding Nancy Clitheroe. Definite news was everything, and the prisoner's assertion that she had been carried

to the capital rendered the outlook more hopeful, especially as Don Bolero was a public man, and the British squadron now assembled in overwhelming strength was capable of enforcing the most arbitrary demand. The admiral, without a moment's hesitation, decided to demand Nancy Clitheroe's release in person, and as Tobutt turned out of the alley he saw the sky over the river full of flashing signal lights to seaward, as the fleet departed to their appointed stations, to blockade the estuary—the admiral leaving for Buenos Aires in a destroyer.

"Everybody busy to-night," said Tobutt, turning once more on his way. He had not far to go; in fact, he wheeled into the very yard where Tommy and Piccy had held the German at bay. Unceremoniously kicking open the door, he entered the tavern.

At first it was impossible to see much beyond the smoky halo of a tin lamp hanging in a dense fog of tobacco smoke. Through this veil shifting figures came and disappeared. The sound of heavy feet, dancing to the music of an accordion, shook the whole place, while shouts of laughter and encouragement almost deafened the newcomer. But Tobutt raised a Cape Horn voice above the din, calling for any seamen of the *Attila*, or news of his chief officer.

A bow-legged, brown, sinewy-faced man emerged from the reek and touched his cap.

"He's in the skittle alley, sir," and led the way to that particular place of noise combined with amusement.

"Many of our hands here, Chips?" asked Tobutt, as they forced a passage through the dancing crowd of sailors and soldiers.

"Half a score, more or less," said the carpenter of the *Attila*. "The rest of 'em's gathering in what's to hand in the main streets."

"There must have been a big edition of that book chucked round," mused Tobutt. "Hello, Mr. Westcott!" he called, as they entered a long wooden corridor. "There's a berth going a-begging!"

Mr. Westcott, a young fellow of twenty-seven, six foot two, big-boned, with muscles of wire rope, and, when occasion needed, a voice to drive men like a whip, and a jest to back it. Just now he looked quiet enough to escort a ladies' school on an afternoon promenade. He sat quietly smoking a cigarette and watching the bowls trundle down the shining vista of paraffin lamps.

Tobutt put his project before him in half a dozen sentences. The mate was to take half a dozen hands and slip off with the schooner, while Tobutt, for appearance' sake, would condemn them from the quay as a gang of water thieves.

"It's piracy, captain, anyway," said the young fellow dispassionately, yet, withal, a nice touch of professional interest.

"That's how it strikes me," said Tobutt cheerfully.

The young fellow meditatively rolled another cigarette with light fingers.

"I'll take the job on if you'll tell me square why you don't run it yourself, sir," and he delicately moistened the paper edge as he looked steadily into Tobutt's eyes.

"That's fair enough. First thing is, I'm left in charge as watchman, and can't run off without papers. I had to let Cassrill stand in for them. And next thing is, I'm fixed up to take on the daisiest thing this side of San Francisco," and here Tobutt lowered his voice and whispered in the other's ear.

The young fellow drew back with actual interest.

"That's one higher than piracy, capt'n!"

"Yes, my son, and the money's paid down! But about the schooner; do you take it, or don't you?—time's short," and Tobutt filled his pipe.

"I take it if I can pick my men. I'm not going to dodge men-o'-war with only square-sail men on a 'fore-and-after.'"

Tobutt nodded in professional agreement, and then rapidly placed him in touch with the position of the warships in the road.

"And now I'll call for the papers, and get them on board ready for you,"—and then, with a sudden burst of generosity, he added, "and I'll lend you one of my chronometers."

They parted, the mate to hunt his men up, sober, if possible, and Tobutt to get the papers, without which it was no more possible to take a ship into a foreign port than to drive any carriage less than royal through the middle gate of the Marble Arch.

Three hours later Tobutt stepped briskly on board the schooner, the new suit upon his back, though there had been no more time than allowed for the change of buttons. However, the necessary papers were in his breast pocket, and these, or, rather, the act of getting them, filled his mind with sober wonder. His musings were presently cut short by the sound of many feet marching up the jetty, and presently the mate led a selected set of capable and hardy men on board.

"There's no time to lose," said the captain, as Westcott came aft and followed him into the cabin. "Here's the papers, all A1; only you've got to paint the name out, or there'll be fireworks!"

"What's the name on the new papers?"

"Shining thunder!" cried Tobutt. "I forgot myself. Let's see what they've done." He

unfolded the new manifest while Westcott struck a match.

"Self-Help!" cried Tobutt, chuckling with delight. "The schooner *Self-Help*. Well, that's a lucky name to start under. You'll have wind enough shortly when this heat breaks."

ward, where fitful streaks of lightning played low down. Wandering draughts of unrefreshing air came and went from all points of the compass. A mile away, the lights of the remaining British ships broke the darkness, but in the north-west, and over the town, a band of lurid



"HELLO, MR. WESTCOTT!" HE CALLED, "THERE'S A BERTH GOING A-BEGGING!"

They returned to the deck, where the hands were already expeditiously loosening the sails and passing the reef pennants.

The two men looked at the dark horizon sea-

light reached from the end of the enemy's entrenchment, and from this band rushing streaks swept over the stricken town. The wind breezed up again, hotter than ever, and blowing

off the town came laden with sulphurous fumes and the reek from burning wood.

"Here's the first of the pampero," cried Tobutt; "and here's the stores," he added, as a river craft sheered alongside. "Smart people, those Cassrills!"

Both he and the mate jumped to the rail as a boat rounded to under the counter laden with hard bread, meat, and some additional fresh water, also a special case of provisions for the mate's use in the cabin. They were no sooner on deck than Mr. Westcott cried:—

"Stand by there, forward! Better clear now, captain," he added; "here's the wind coming up big guns full."

"So long, then, Mr. Westcott. Just handle me off—for form's sake, if there's any inquiries."

On that Captain Tobutt felt the ring of a revolver muzzle pressed against his back, and away he marched accordingly on to the jetty.

The fore sail was hove to windward, and the schooner's head began to slide away, and then, with a hurried parting call from the mate, the schooner flitted into the darkness.

"He'll have wind enough and to spare," mused Tobutt, as he turned away, now a man at his leisure for some hours. Tobutt had the rare faculty of detaching his mind from all worry that was not actually at hand. It was now close upon nine o'clock, and he had at least four hours before his rendezvous at a far creek to meet the agent and take over his new command. Now, leisure with Tobutt necessarily included refreshments, and refreshments included social intercourse—but refreshments were imperative.

Tobutt bent his steps towards the Plaza Grande, as the most possible place to find what he called "respectable liquor," and also, perhaps, some officers to talk with. He tramped on, humming a snatch of song, his heart light, for life was filled with the keenest zest when hazardous ventures were afoot, and every second precious to their successful issue. Just now there was a lull, so to say, in the storm of his night's business, and, too, his conscience sang sweetly within him as he pictured the successful exit of the schooner, and the crackling paper of a good bill for her value in his inside breast pocket.

"Got to windward of Young Duster, anyhow," reflected he—"Duster" being Tobutt's synonym for a fashionable variety of overcoat and Chesterfield. Then Hilyard followed Chesterfield in the captain's idling mind, and here he meandered into fitful speculations over Nancy's fate, and the possibility of the admiral effecting her release. "Anyhow," he concluded, "this rascal, Don Bolero, is a sort of certified

major-general of ragamuffins, and they'll no doubt get hold of him. Hope they'll give him a nip when they do! Blue thunder, though, but if I laid hands on him!" and he pawed the air with an expressive fist.

Tobutt, as was remarked, reflected fitfully. Indeed, no one could have done otherwise, considering the darkness of the streets, which were littered with broken carts, abandoned goods, fallen brickwork, and occasional dead bodies. In one place the road was blocked by an overturned ambulance waggon, the poor occupants now past all suffering, the horses dead in the traces, and a big pit in the road beneath it from the explosion of a shell. And more than once he had to halt warily and grip his revolver in his side pocket as he passed dark figures heavily laden, moving in and out of some house of better quality.

"When the end is near jackals get plucky," said Tobutt. "I must look out and not get left." As he quickened his pace he noticed that the occasional rifle shots were now swelling into a continuous rattle, but the heavy punctuations of the guns were still keeping the same time. At length the Plaza Grande lay before him, but he had no sooner turned a corner than he came to an abrupt halt as a bayonet point touched him.

"Shunt, Johnny!" said a British marine.

"Hillo!" cried the captain. "Is that you, Adams?"

"Captain Tobutt!" cried the man. "You are wanted, sir. Lieutenant's been asking for you all over; he's in the hotel; so are the Yankoes' party on shore to protect the British and American interests, sir."

"Capital idea," commented Tobutt. "Free drinks everywhere, I suppose."

The sentry called the guard, and Tobutt was escorted to the Hotel of All the Nations. There was no necessity this time to enter by the breach, as the doors now stood wide open, but inside no little skill had to be used in passing to the billiard saloon at the back, as several shells had visited the building during the last four days.

No sooner had Tobutt's burly figure appeared in the doorway than a rousing chorus of welcome greeted him.

CHAPTER XX.

TOBUTT SPEAKS HIS MIND.

CAPTAIN TOBUTT paused, radiant, like a man entering at last upon his kingdom. To face a crowd of mutinous seamen flooded life with a quality of champagne, but an appreciative audience was like a whole constellation of suns warming him

to the soul; it touched him on the boyish side of his nature, and that was even yet the greater one.

Radiant he stood; around him a crowd of officers from the combined squadrons, British and American, with Dr. Hattle more immediately in front of him. Names flew to and fro until Tobutt's iron grip of a handshake was at length weary.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a deep, vibrating voice, "I'm glad to see you, but this night's like a lime kiln."

Some one filled him a double litre tankard of lager. The captain looked round him with a kindling and all-embracing eye, then with a sweeping gesture raised the vessel to his lips. Slowly, but steadily, it tilted, and without a pause, until the spectators saw the base of the measure. At last he set it down, drew a big breath of satisfaction, and, while all gazed at the mighty draught in wonder, he quietly remarked: "I'll take same again."

At his words there fell a silence. Tobutt looked round puzzled and somewhat dashed. His eye caught the doctor's.

"That," said Dr. Hattle, pointing to the empty tankard, "was the last drink to be obtained in this hotel. We turned your men out at sunset."

Tobutt looked thoughtfully into the bottom of the vessel.

"They always were a thirsty crowd," he commented. He selected a cigar out of one of the many cases proffered him, and, taking a seat by Dr. Hattle's side on the velvet-covered lounge, fell into agreeable and much longed for conversation. There were some ten or twelve officers present, who, but for the lack of any passing waiter, and the absence of conventional lighting, might have been members in their own club-room. Several watched a game proceeding at one of the tables, which was illuminated by a row of candles, drunkenly flaring in empty bottles; the remainder, and these were by far the youngest, gathered round Tobutt and the doctor to hear the proper version of the captain's famous "Fortoblaster," as the schooner episode had been duly christened. Never was a more willing narrator called upon to set forth his own fame.

"But," said Tobutt, as he at length concluded his story, "what's in the wind that you're all on shore here?"

Then Tobutt learned that the final assault on the town was expected hourly from the enemy's trenches. Spies had reported that their heavy siege guns had arrived, and were now in position and ready to open fire at any moment. As a consequence, British and American bluejackets

had been landed to police the town, and protect the property of either nation in the event of the Argentines capturing the place.

"And the fleet?" queried Tobutt. "They have moved, but they can't get close to the Argentine side. There's not an inch more than twenty feet of water in the best channels."

Tobutt was filled with uneasy foreboding as to the schooner's chances of self-help if she had to run the combined fleet.

The doctor replied.

"No. Only gone higher on the flood, ready to shell the trenches, if possible, while the admiral goes in a destroyer. The old *Arbiter's* left and the *Tamar*, with a ten per cent. solution of the other crews to act on shore if they get into the town. I've just looked in on my way from the temporary hospital. I thought it extremely probable that I might find you here."

"Here?" asked Tobutt in surprise.

"Yes. Captain Campion sent Mr. Tautbridge with orders to get your report on the expedition. You ought to have sent it in by this time, as you were instructed by him personally."

Tobutt failed to grasp the delicate shade of etiquette; he turned an angry eye on the doctor. "Now, does Captain Campion or anyone else expect a report from a man rated as ship's watchman?"

"I'm absolutely at sea, captain," said the doctor, crossing his legs with his hands between his knees, and sitting very upright. "I'll take it as a favour if you'll explain."

Thereupon Tobutt related with quite unnecessary vehemence his charge of watchman by Chesterfield.

The doctor looked steadily with half-closed eyes at the nearest candle, a quiver rippling across his clean-shaven mouth.

"I notice," he said, when Tobutt's outburst came to an end, "you say nothing of the friction which occurred up the river."

"No," said Tobutt bluntly, "I say nothing out of school—but here he is!"—and the doctor's glance, following the line of Tobutt's angry gesture, fell upon Lieutenant Chesterfield entering in company with Mr. Tautbridge, the latter somewhat pale, with his arm in a sling.

Chesterfield caught Tobutt's threatening eye immediately, but, nothing daunted, pointed to the captain.

"Here's the man," cried he to Mr. Tautbridge, and raising his voice, called out in his clear, unimpassioned voice:—

"I left you in charge. How is it you are here—eh?"

Tobutt surveyed him slowly from his boot toe to his eyes, leaning forward on the lounge with both hands gripping his knees.

"Where's the schooner?" repeated the lieutenant, nettled by Tobutt's continued silence and threatening glance.

Then at a flash all Tobutt's anger vanished, his eyes twinkled, and he lifted his cigar to his lips; after slowly inhaling a prodigious volume of smoke, he slowly puffed it out again.

"Pirates," said he, in a solemn voice.

"Pirates?" echoed several of his listeners, who, seeing trouble imminent, had gathered round the group.

"Yes," repeated Tobutt. "Pirates came and boarded me, and I had to walk the plank—ashore."

"An end to this foolishness," cried Chesterfield. "Do you mean that the schooner has been taken from you?"

Tobutt nodded disinterestedly as he inhaled another mighty draught of smoke.

"And you let them simply walk over you—you! a man of your sufficiency?" said Chesterfield.

"Let 'em walk straight over me—cheerfully," said Tobutt, "and they've gone, vanished, skedaddled, vamoosed, gastadoed, and altogether got clean off—but they haven't jammed her on shore, and on that, Mr. Chesterfield, I'll lay my bottom dollar."

For one moment the lieutenant's comrades made a brave attempt to keep straight faces for the sake of their cloth, but the next a volleying burst of laughter shook the ceiling. Chesterfield drew himself up, red and biting his lip. The arrow had been barbed by his comrades' mirth. Mr. Tautbridge, as senior officer, stepped into the breach. With some difficulty he smoothed his face, and, beckoning Chesterfield aside, despatched him the rounds of the sentinels.

"Um! And now, captain," said he, as he returned, and a junior placed a seat for him in front of Tobutt and the doctor, "what is this twopenny coloured yarn about the schooner?"

"As I tell you, sir," answered Tobutt, "she's gone. I walked at the end of a pistol barrel."

Mr. Tautbridge critically surveyed Tobutt's well-pleased countenance. Then he turned to Dr. Hattle. "What do you make of it, doctor?"

"I," said the latter sententiously, but with an odd smile lingering on his lips, "take it that there are times and seasons when it is best not to ask questions; I maintain that this is one."

Tobutt nodded his complete acquiescence with the decision, while Mr. Tautbridge nodded back in sympathy, and then looked across at the doctor.

"Captain," said the latter, dropping into seriousness, as one reminded of other affairs, "you are a man well acquainted with these people and these waters? Quite so. We all reckoned upon that. And so, after Hilyard had

returned so badly hit, we were talking the matter over in the ward-room, and ultimately we all veered round to the same opinion—that it might help matters if you undertook a private venture on Hilyard's behalf, only, of course, at our sole expense. To put the scheme on the boards at once, I'll say you are the most likely man to get information of Miss Clitheroe's whereabouts while political pressure is getting ready to step in. We leave the methods to you—but we suggest a small trading craft, in which you could hunt round their harbours and——"

Tobutt threw away the cigar and put up his hand. "Gentlemen," said he, "it's three hours too late. I'd have been your man like a terrier on a rat track—but I've signed on for a command, and, good or bad, there it is, though no one could be more heartfelt sorry than I am."

At this unlooked-for refusal his listeners' faces expressed the keenest disappointment.

"There's no breaking your command?" asked the doctor, after an awkward silence.

Mr. Tautbridge hurriedly spoke for Tobutt. "Can't do that, doctor, can't do that. No ship-master breaks command!"

"No," added Tobutt earnestly. "If I could I would, and I'd be only too pleased to do it for either of you, or young Hilyard, as a personal matter."

Tobutt pulled out his pipe and filled it from a new tin of Richmond. Reaching across to a candle in a bottle, he lit his pipe and smoked in silence. Resting the bottle on his knee, he peered into the flame lost in meditation. His companions, distressed at the unforeseen mischance that had lost them Tobutt's services, fell back also on their thoughts. The billiard balls clicked, the amateur marker called the points, the wind swept gustily against the windows, and in the lulls the tap-tapping of the distant rifle fire rose and fell in fitful chorus.

The captain smoked for some time, steadily peering into the candle, and gradually enveloping himself in a cloud of smoke.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said he at length. "I won't mention places or names, but I've got a swagger command, and one likely as not to run me—well, not to be too exact, there's no end of chances of me hearing about her soon, and of course you know I'm not a man to stop half-way if I can help, she being English, and, above all, a young woman."

"We know that," they cried together heartily, and with more lightness in their voices.

"But," continued Tobutt, "no more sailing under St. George's flag for me. I've had enough. Just think," cried he, his temper rising again, "how I've been chucked three times after doing a fight A1. And me with a Board

of Trade inquiry ready to lay me by the heels for chucking away the finest deep sea ship that ever dropped the Pole Star over the line. The

whole thing rankles, I say, though you may call my troubles a matter of diplomatic circumstances. That's your schooling, but no more R.N. commissions for me, not even if the King——"

"Captain Tobutt," said the doctor, interrupting him, and looking at him with his hanging judge air, "you do not understand that you are a little out of joint with the times—nay!" lifting a soothing hand at Tobutt's rising wrath, "nay! to be precise, both of us are. 'Born too late, and were not satisfied,' should be placed on our tombstones."

The doctor smiled with an ironical smile at his own expense.

"You," he continued,



THE ENEMY HAD CARRIED ONE OF THE DEFENCES AND WERE NOW ATTACKING THE PLAZA ITSELF.

fixing a critical eye on Tobutt, "should be squinting along the sights of a long brass nine-pounder on your own deck, privateer or buccaneer at your choice."

Tobutt nodded with dancing eyes.

"And you?" he asked.

"Well," said the doctor judiciously, "as for myself, I might have been sentencing you to hang and sun-dry in Execution Dock a little later if——" and he paused reflectively.

"If?" repeated Tobutt, hanging on his words.

"If I had not been laying with my own maintopsail aback hull down off Port Royal *on the same game myself!*"

Tobutt's eyes opened wide, and shone with boyish wonder and delight. He struck the table a blow that shot the glasses on to the floor.

"That's it, that's it," he cried, and hung on the doctor's glance in delighted bewilderment. "On watch, at dark o' night," continued he, "and at break o' dawn. I've wondered what it was that troubled me, and couldn't understand, but you've seen it! told me! I'm, I am——"

"Both of you," interposed Mr. Tautbridge, rising, "are rank pirates. I'm off! There go the siege guns."

"That's it, sir," cried Tobutt, ignoring the present, "and no less! What a time we could have had together! Hello, here's my chief fire-eater, and trouble chasing him."

For just then Tommy Brown, breathless with running, burst in, and gave a hurried message to Mr. Tautbridge, who passed out with him on the instant. A sudden blare of bugles rang out. The billiard table was deserted, the room emptied like a changing trick, and the doctor and Captain Tobutt found themselves alone.

"And I must be going too," said the latter, as the windows shook under another concussion of the siege guns. He approached the door, buttoning his coat, as a roaring blast swept down the streets, hot, dust-laden, and blinding, and peered outside. The ringing cries of men and the rifle fire grew into an unbroken hail of sound. The wind rushed through the empty windows, half the candles were blown out, and then a wounded marine staggered in through the door and fell down.

"Billiard table," cried the doctor, and Tobutt turned to help him lift the man upon it.

He left the doctor stripping to his shirt sleeves. As he gained the door more men staggered in. He had to stem a growing torrent; the shouts grew louder, and the rattle of falling glass mingled with the crashing of small-arm fire. He forced himself by sheer strength through the press, and this time got as far as into the Plaza. Then he realised that his evening's leisure was likely to cost him his

new command if he delayed another minute, for the enemy had evidently carried one of the defences, and were now actually attacking the Plaza itself.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FIGHT AT THE HOTEL.

FOR some moments, so confusing was the rapid come and go of darkness and flashing gun fire, it was extremely difficult to gain an exact understanding of the position of affairs on the Plaza. The trenches which Tobutt had crossed on the way to the hotel were now outlined in rippling, jetting streaks of fire, like a pyrotechnic set-piece. At the first glance this suggested a stout and capable defence. While Tobutt considered which would be his best path to leave the Plaza by, it began to dawn upon him that the firing from the far trenches was directed inwards, while the near trenches were as energetically returning this fire. For a moment he failed to grasp the full significance of the fact; then he realised that the trenches on the main exit had been captured, and were now used by the enemy to enfilade the others, and in turn to capture them as well.

The only good point in the position was that Mr. Tautbridge had at least checked the enemy's first rush, and gained breathing time for the Uruguayan regiment to re-form behind them if they had any heart left for further work. Their comrades, to judge by the increasing fusillade on the outskirts of the town, were holding on to their positions like leeches.

Tobutt mentally reviewed every point of exit from the Plaza, and one by one he abandoned each as offering any escape for him; then he became conscious that the innumerable flutings and *psht-pshts* mingling on the hot blast were not insects but bullets, for the brickwork around him was flying as if under chopping hammers. High over the housetops flitted gigantic shells from the siege guns to add still further confusion to the stricken town; one at length tumbled down from the sky plump into a second-floor window of a corner house, and incontinently exploded. Tobutt saw the whole of the front wall thrown outwards, disclosing the hanging floors and joists with the furniture raining pell mell into the trenches.

Tobutt's hands itched to grasp a gun and join in the fight, but he shook his head resolutely. "Can't do it! Can't do it! Mr. Tautbridge would be down on it—mustn't break commands—but it's unedifying to be killed doing nothing, which same is also against my principles. That's just the way life gets you by the throat: it says: 'Drink, or you'll die of thirst—and the

drink is poison.' I've got my ship in irons this time with a vengeance! Hello!" he suddenly cried, and before he could add another word he was overborne and carried back into the hotel by a mass of bluejackets, marines, and the remnants of the regiment.

When Tobutt regained his feet he found that the British and American sailors were busy barricading the entrance to the hotel, there to make a last stand until reinforcements arrived, but Mr. Tautbridge's chief hope lay in the fleet presently replying to the siege guns, and forcing the enemy to recall the troops. He was weary for a few six-inch guns to whiff shrapnel around the Plaza. However, he had got his men under shelter, and it rested now with him to husband them like a wily captain.

The enemy were now in complete possession of the Plaza, and cheering shrilly as they broke their ranks and ran here and there to break into the houses. But their surprise was complete. A withering fire caught them in the open, and their leaders learned that the sailors had retreated only in order to make a better defence. However, though they had been demoralised in a sense by the rapid and unexpected check, they had at the same time caught a taste of the riches waiting to be looted, and to troops of their kind no greater incentive to make a stubborn fight could have been offered. Regaining the cover of the trenches, they waited no more than to recover breath and make up their ranks, and they were ready to begin the attack on the hotel.

At the first inspection this did not present a very formidable task to the Argentine brigadier, but whatever was to be done was to be done without delay. He had eight hundred men at his command, and after a hasty disposal of a force to act as a reserve, he crammed the leading trenches with marksmen ready to overwhelm the fire from the hotel when the real attack got close in. A third and still smaller body of picked men slunk off at the peculiar slouching trot of the South American troops. They disappeared in the houses to the right of the hotel.

The hotel itself was separated on the left from the next houses by a carriage way which gave upon the back, but the great wooden gates were firmly barred and proof against any fire save that from field guns. Besides, the whole of the side windows commanded this entrance with a flanking fire. The portico of the building, reached by a short flight of steps, gave entrance at once into a vestibule of considerable extent. From this apartment a massive and ornate staircase circled completely round the three sides and gained the first floor by a handsome gallery which overlooked the porch.

By the windows, any entrance, save with scaling ladders, was absolutely out of the question. Having no field guns, the enemy had to enter by the hall door if they would capture the hotel. Inside the vestibule three doors opened to the right and left upon the dining saloon and the bar respectively—the latter by two doors.

The whole of the combined sea forces under Mr. Tautbridge barely touched a hundred, yet he was as unruffled as if he had a battleship's crew and guns to back it.

"Quiet man, the chief," commented Captain Tobutt, "but things do move on oiled castors when he passes around the deck, and the Greasers will find they have got a stiffish nut to crack," he concluded, as by the light of passing shells he observed the speedy and complete defences of the hall. Tobutt had taken up a station behind the bar (somewhat unconsciously), and the little window used for serving the waiters also served him as a post of observation. Leaning out a little, he could command a full view of the ruined entrance, and the dusty square of the Plaza beyond.

"I'd give anything," he muttered, "to strike a match and explore some of these fancy bottles—but that crew of mine are like patent double-action brake pumps when liquor is cheap." He composed himself into a comfortable position, like a man preparing to enjoy a half-time pass ticket at a play, but presently, hearing a voice below him, he craned out:—

"That you, Mr. Brown?" he called softly.

"You there, captain?" said Tommy, and in the same breath ordered a bluejacket to hand Tobutt a rifle and a bandolier.

"No," said Tobutt sadly. "Count me out; I'm not on in this act."

"How's that?" asked Tommy dubiously; but just then Mr. Tautbridge curtly called for silence, and all conversation abruptly ceased.

It was a silence full of sounds, like a dark place of sleepers—soft creakings of leather belts, deep breathings, rustles, sudden slips, and a trickle of loosened mortar from the disrupted entrance, while a shifting and sullen murmur of stealthy movement eddied in from the Plaza.

While all listened in the intense stillness, a distant sharp cracking report began to rattle the window panes.

"Ah!" said Mr. Tautbridge, and nodded, well satisfied. His long steel pet had at length given tongue. If he could hold his own for half an hour, this regiment would have to be withdrawn.

Over the far houses an increasing reverberation of ruddy light filled the sky, and now and again streamy gushes of whirling dust completely hid the Plaza from end to end. The wind roared up from the south-west as the watchers blinked



THEY LEAPT IN AS IF HURLED BY THE RUSHING WIND.

their eyes to it, and the square filled with rippling rows and flashes. The foe was upon them.

They leapt in, as if hurled by the rushing wind, a cloud of dust spangled with bright points of bayonets, and in its heart a horrid chorus of shrill, terrific cries. The hall was gorged to its full with stabbing, yelling men, desperate figures lit up by rifle flashes. Tobutt had never seen the like; never even dreamed of it. He held his breath like a man under water, and, utterly unmindful of a chance shot, he peered out and waited.

The hall had been filled by the enemy, but there they found a barrier breast-high of mattresses, tables, boxes, chests of drawers, and sofas; and from behind these and through the interstices a horrible fire engaged the assailants. And not from these alone. The stairway and the landing round the three sides of the hall above their heads poured down an even more deadly fire. The explosions in that confined place stunned the hearing. The enemy had surged in, breasted the resistance for a few terrible moments, and then fallen away like a shattered ware off a half-tide rock. And then Tobutt released his pent-up breath.

From first man in to last man out the period had been no longer than a good swimmer might stay under water. It was some time before the dust and mephitic gases from the burnt powder had disseminated sufficiently to again disclose the entrance. The rifles still wore fiery patterns in the Plaza, and Tobutt heard, overhead, the defenders on the upper floors busily returning the battle. The night was hotter than ever, the hall pungent with acrid vapour and the cloying smell of blood. The wounded cried incessantly for water.

"I've a thirst beyond quenching," said Tobutt, "and I'm not even scratched." He leant out again and peered right and left, at last making out Tommy's figure close at hand.

"You all right, Mr. Brown?"

"Pretty fair, only I've banged my funny bone abominably. It was pretty huffish with all that yelling, wasn't it?"

"So I thought—but I wanted to ask where the water is kept; I might pass some round in the lull."

At the word *water* there came a hoarse chorus of inquiring whispers from all around them.

"There's only the ice in the big refrigerator, if it's left," said Tommy, with inspiration.

Mr. Tautbridge readily agreed and at once had Captain Tobutt passed on to the staircase. "And here, youngster," he cried to Piccy, "drop that rifle and help Captain Tobutt—you're under his orders, mind ye!" he said warningly,

and then turned to prepare his post for the next rush, which now showed signs of advancing. And again the bullet spatter on the outer brickwork swept up like a primeval hailstorm.

Before the wave of bayonets and ear-piercing yells broke in below for the second time, Tobutt and the boy had gained the first floor. The captain and Piccy had mounted the same stairway, attended only by their own noiseless shadows. They flew past floor after floor, catching swift glances of mattress windows, their black edges broken by the line of a rifle, a cheek against the breech, an eye glinting on the sight. They saw these outlined against the baleful red light streaming in from the Plaza. But the most unnerving sound was the incessant clash and tinkle of breaking windows, mirrors and chandeliers. At every floor the horrid sound smote them on their passage, until it seemed to fill the whole building and overflow and drown the firing in every trench.

At last they gained the top floor, which, being too high to see from, was empty of defenders. The riot and outeries from the hall soared tumultuously up the stairway for a long minute, then died away in a scattered sputtering fire; the second wave had been flung back.

Tobutt opened the big door of the refrigerator while Piccy struck a match. The sight aroused a cheer from both their dry throats, for there was ice left, and, what was as good to thirsts like theirs, the water from that already melted. They hastily filled four big brass soup-pans with water and small pieces of ice, took a hurried gulping draught themselves, then descended to the thirsty fighters.

The pans were scarcely empty, and the last pieces of ice put in the mouths of the wounded, before Mr. Tautbridge pulled his men together again; another charge was preparing.

"I'll get some more water," said Tobutt to Piccy. "It's not good for a man's soul to look on at this kind of fighting unless he's a gun in his hands—now come along!"

Piccy reluctantly dropped his rifle once more and ascended again with Tobutt to the refrigerator, the riot swelling loudly in the square as the enemy advanced.

They filled the pans this time without the aid of a match, as sufficient light entered from the window to enable them to discern the general position of objects. Piccy seized his burden and moved to the door, but, the formidable din again resounding in the hall, Tobutt ordered him back. This time the firing from the trenches stripped the very sashes from their frames.

"We'll wait, my son, till this squall's blown over," he remarked, hunting up a handful of tobacco in his pocket as he spoke.

"I'm off, anyhow," cried Piccy.

Tobutt reached out his arms and swung Piccy on to a table like a kitten.

"Let me go—hang you!" cried the lad, impotently struggling in the captain's grasp.

"Be good," murmured Tobutt, "you'll wait till—I say, Mr. Piccy," he added, dropping his voice and suddenly releasing the lad, "look round here! The old show's on fire!"

Piccy sat up with a start, and an extraordinary spectacle at the far end of the apartment struck his eyes. The well extended some twenty feet across, and had been clear of incumbrances—a dim flat space. It was now outlined in a map-like system of luminous lines, lighting up and fading away, and lighting up again, and, as they looked, a muffled thud resounded, and a patch the size of a dish fell out and disclosed a soldier's kepi—and a pair of eyes glanced warily into the room.

The enemy had entered the hotel by breaking in from the next houses, and were now in the side portions of the mansard roof.

"Scoot," cried Tobutt to Piccy. "Bring up the men below!"

Even as Piccy disappeared, another section of plaster fell in and the laths began to crackle right and left beneath sturdy blows of gun butts. The rafters were close together, and the laths well seamed, but in a minute the first man was thrusting with his rifle to enter. Tobutt hurled a pan of ice water square at him, and even another at the second man before they could return a shot. Everything to hand he flung until at last he seized a heavy chair and felled the first man in as he pulled the trigger. Then a score of marines and bluejackets surged in from below. Some one cried: "The bayonet!" and the fight began. The room became a

slippery shambles; floor after floor lent its defenders from the windows, and every moment fresh rushes came in from the roof. Twice the seamen were driven back to the door by sheer weight, and twice they thrust the enemy back with the bayonet. There was only the bayonet; no one had a cartridge left. There was no



A PATCH FELL OUT OF THE WALL, DISCLOSING A SOLDIER'S KEPÍ.

quarter given, and none asked. They fought in that upper floor in a world of their own, until at last it finished for lack of men to kill—the last enemy had fallen.

It was then that Tobutt, wiping the sweat from his eyes, looked round to find Tommy at his elbow and Mr. Tautbridge peering

askance at the ugly littered floor. Then Tobutt and the others learned (and as a matter of very small importance) that the enemy were in full retreat—that reinforcements from the ships occupied the square. That was, of course, of some interest to those below, but they had had other matters of still greater importance to occupy their time.

"Didn't you hear their cheering as they came?" asked Tommy.

"No. We were too mighty busy here," said Tobutt, still wiping his face.

"Glad to see you gave my men a hand," said Mr. Tautbridge.

"Had to," said the captain grimly. "No neutrals in here; had to fight for my skin."

Those of the men who remained on their feet rested in every conceivable attitude, panting for breath and dripping with sweat.

Lamps were lighted and the wounded taken below to the billiard room, where Dr. Hattle plied without intermission his terrible profession.

Tommy observed Tobutt binding up a cut in the wrist, and went to assist him.

"Why didn't you take that rifle I offered you?" asked he, as he adjusted the bandage.

"Couldn't, Mr. Brown. Had signed on under different owners. What about me here? Well, there's some leeway allowed when a man has to fight for his body. I had to join in or be wiped out."

Tommy noted the tameness of Tobutt's usually direct address.

"And I must be off, full sail," continued the captain. "I'm sorry to leave you, understand; we've lived hard together, wet and fair, shine and squalls, and we fought like one hand. But I've no liking for R.N. service." He dropped

his voice. "Better 'pay and better command 'tween you and me and Aldebaran! And if you weren't fixed up, I'd say, come with me." He gave Tommy a handshake which filled the lad's eyes with tears, and, directing another mysterious glance at the middy, vanished straightway into the Plaza.

The boy, puzzled by Tobutt's manner, turned to help a wounded marine to the billiard room. As he returned, Piccy ran full tilt into him, asking for Mr. Tautbridge.

"Got some news," he cried. "One of the soldier men we've carried in fought us at the ferry, and told me he was just back from escorting Miss Clitheroe across to the other side. The man knew me by my white collar! Took me for a big chief. He's one of the Don's men, and after we fixed him he said that they've been hunting up some smart sailor to run a craft out before the British fleet gets the blockade set."

Tommy seized him by the arm. "Come on, Piccy, here's a mess!" and without another word of explanation he flew off with him to Mr. Tautbridge, and hurriedly told him the news.

"The man must be taken to the admiral."

"Can I ask for leave, sir, to go with Captain Tobutt? There's perhaps a chance in another way."

"Um!" said Mr. Tautbridge, busy with a thousand and one matters of duty. "If it's to go with Tobutt, mind you tell him he's responsible for you."

"Both of us, sir," cried Tommy, as Mr. Tautbridge was moving away.

"Um—yes. Don't be late."

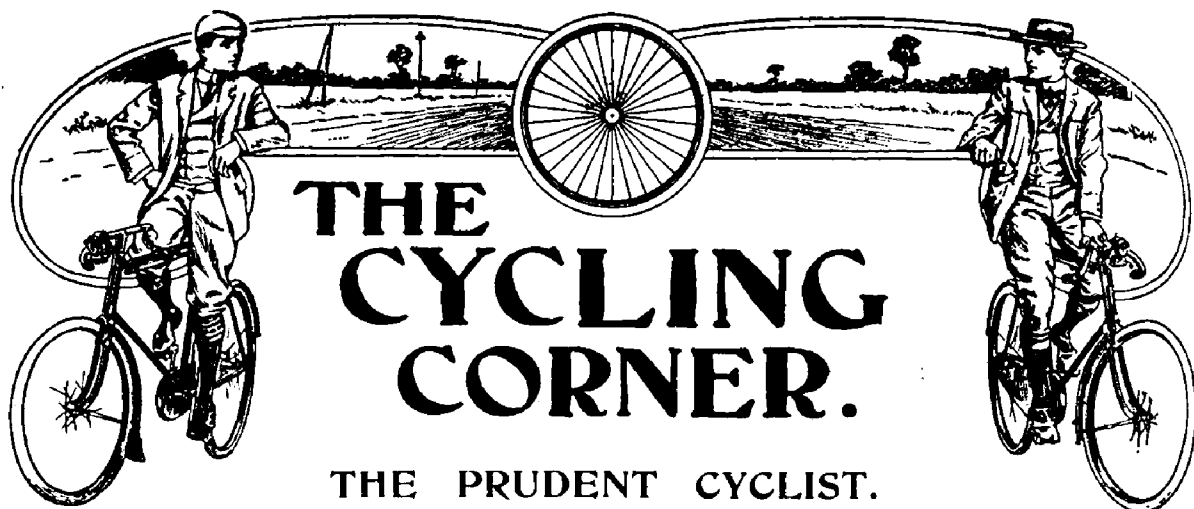
"Come on, Piccy," cried Tommy, "and we'll catch him up."

And they rushed off at top speed.

(To be concluded.)



THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.
By Tom Kelly.



BY ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

NOW that the summer holidays have arrived, it will be a good idea to take the question of cycling as a whole, and consider in what ways we may make it an even greater success than it has been with us individually in the past.

The cycle is, as regards its capacities and suitability for the uses for which it is planned, almost perfection. Yet who of us, on looking back over but a few years' acquaintance with it, has not at one time or another felt its limitations? We rush to catch a train—the back tyre punctures. We are in the midst of a delightful ride—when bang! the back cover is breached by a gaping hole. Or the free-wheel suddenly becomes all too free, and refuses to bite. Or a brake cable snaps at a particularly awkward time. Or we find ourselves overtaken by darkness minus a lamp.

The chapter of accidents, or *contretemps*, may be extended almost indefinitely. The question is;—how are we to materially reduce their number?

HOW TO TREAT A CYCLE.

In the first place, then, let us regard our cycles as our horses, and to be treated as such. They should not be flung away uncleaned time after time when the ride is over. They should not be stored in damp outhouses, and left neglected for months together, till rust bites through the plating, and rot has its hold on the tyres. Nor, even if tended outwardly, should their inward parts be uncared for—bearings and chain badly adjusted.

It pays well to become thoroughly acquainted with the purpose, nature, and treatment of all the multitudinous parts that go to make up a cycle. A little practical

mechanical knowledge will carry you a long way, while a good deal of ignorance leaves you stranded, through not understanding whereto put in a few minutes' work. I wonder how often I have been told "my brake won't act," or "my tyre keeps getting flat," or "the front wheel rattles so"; and how surprised the informant seems when I promptly point to the worn blocks, or the leaky valve, or loose nut. It would be a grand lesson for an unmechanical cyclist to call in an expert for an hour or two, and, under his eye, reduce a cycle to its elements and reassemble them properly again. Ladies especially please note this, as a brother or masculine friend isn't *always* at hand to put things straight. It is curious how a simple mechanical problem "stumps" the clever wielders of knitting-pin and needle.

ON OVERHAULING THE TYRES.

Very well. Now let me invade the cycle room of a house, and have a good look at the tyres. Ah! plenty of cuts, I see; these modern covers aren't of the same stuff as the old smooth-treads. Suppose we take this cover off its rim and see what is going on beneath. Just as could be expected; small, dark areas in the canvas backing at the largest cuts, each area the potential scene of a "burst" by and by. Now, these cuts should have been spotted weeks ago, solution squirted in, and patches of rubber and canvas applied behind them. In yonder corner is a dusty cycle, back tube empty, tyre flat. It certainly looks as if that machine hadn't been moved for many a day. Very bad that for the tyre, which, as likely as not, is crystallising in its flattened portion. It is a very good practice to now and then inflate

the tyres and take the bicycle out for a "constitutional" on a damp road or grass, so that the rubber may imbibe a little moisture, and be kept flexible. Continuing the inspection, we notice that the tool-bags are very poorly equipped. Where is the puncture-mending outfit, tube of rubber solution, patches, sandpaper, valve sleeves, powdered chalk, &c., that should be in every wallet? Where the tyre-lifter? Where the set of accurately-made spanners? Where the properly-filled oil-can? No wonder that we so often see the cyclist pushing his mount dejectedly to the nearest repairer, and hear the squeak and rattle of badly-tended ironmongery. Again, where is the pump that should be seen clinging to each glossy frame? Without this the repairing outfit is useless—at least, until some kind Samaritan passes by.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR LAMPS!

As we glance round, our eyes fall on a collection of lamps; many such as even Aladdin's false uncle would not have taken in exchange for new. I wonder whether one out of the dozen is kept ready for instant use, with clean wick, fresh oil, and clean lenses. How out-of-date I am; every one uses acetylene nowadays! All right; then are those acetylene lamps the lamps of the Foolish Virgins, full of exhausted carbide, or empty, ready for a new charge? And is that charge on the premises? As a class, lamps suffer badly from neglect, probably because they are comparatively seldom used. When you have to borrow one, what wretched, unclean specimens are generally offered, as though your honesty were a doubtful quantity!

THE RIDER'S ATTITUDE.

In cycling you must take thought for your body as well as for your machine. The human frame is delicately made, and deserves proper treatment. You must also try to ride gracefully as well as effectively. If your handles are too high you lose power; if they are too low you will be guilty of an unbecoming stoop. Similarly with the saddle; an undue elevation produces a strain on delicate parts of the body, while the other extreme prevents the leg muscles from doing their fair share of work. *So have the handles just high enough to let you sit perpendicularly in the saddle, and the saddle low enough to enable the heel to reach the pedal at the bottom of the stroke.*

Much has been written about coasting on hills. The enormous improvement in brakes has robbed the downward rush of some of its

danger, but the introduction of the free-wheel, by abstracting the possibility of back pedalling, makes it very imperative that *both brakes should be in good working order*. These words are italicised because I want to impress upon you that it is a mistake to suppose that one brake is sufficient, especially in view of the fact that one brake is often badly adjusted.

TWO BRAKES ARE NECESSARY.

Only the other day a lady brought me a free-wheel cycle to look at. The first thing I noticed was its one-brakedness; the second, that her one stand-by could not possibly be applied. So that, had she happened to come by another route, which includes a very steep and dangerous hill, disaster would probably have been her fate. Even if your rear brake will pull you up "all standing," *there is no reason why some day the thin cable should not snap*; and then where may you be if there is no second to fall back upon? When one considers the terrible list of fatal accidents resulting from shortcomings in this respect, there is little need to press the point. You must also remember that your own danger may be some one else's danger as well. There occurs to me an occasion on which a young lady came flying, panic stricken, down a severe incline. At the bottom was a sharp bend, and round the bend a man pedalling diligently up hill. Bad collision. Both flung violently into a ditch, fortunately with small hurt to either. But there were all the makings of a serious smash.

A good rider is a careful rider, and considerate to others. He doesn't rush round corners without warning, trusting to luck that there be no obstacle in the way. When approaching a pedestrian he doesn't wait till the last moment to sound the alarm. Nor does he fly at full speed between other cyclists, or under the noses of restive horses. At night he arms himself with a proper light, not a flicker that would shame a farthing dip. When about to dismount, especially in traffic, he holds up his hand as a signal to any one following behind. And if a driver draws out of his way he acknowledges the courtesy. If he be *very* considerate he will dismount and remove from the road thorns, bricks, or any other object that may cause trouble to some fellow cyclist passing that way in the dark.

As regards

RIDING ON THE FOOTPATH,

in fact it is illegal, and in theory justifiable only under exceptional conditions—such as

when the road is covered for some distance with newly-laid stones. At one time or another all of us have probably strayed from the road, police and magistrates included. Anent the latter, I recall a rather amusing incident that happened a few years ago. A certain gentleman was cycling home after a morning spent on the Bench in levying fines on cyclists who had trespassed on to the footpath. He was in a hurry; the road was bad; the pathway good. He succumbed to the temptation, and ran into the arms of a policeman, who happened to be a recruit and unacquainted with the magistrate's person. The consequence was that on the following bench day he had to sit in judgment on his own misdemeanour, and levy a fine accordingly.

No one has even the moral right to pass a pedestrian on the footpath, and as to driving him or her off it, 'tis monstrous, though by no means uncommon. After dark, the path should be strict taboo.

For prudence' sake, every cyclist, young or old, should endeavour to become somewhat of an acrobat on his machine. Boys, of course, can do wonders in the way of twisting and turning; it is their nature to. But they may not be able to dismount or mount with equal ease and rapidity on either side.

PRACTISE RIDING VERY SLOWLY.

so that in traffic you may not be constantly compelled to dismount and mount again—a fatiguing business. You ought to manage as slow a pace as a mile an hour without much trouble. You should also learn how to use the brakes properly. It is very hard on the back tyre if you fly a hill at top speed for three-quarters of its length, and then pull the machine up sharply to negotiate a curve at the bottom. Rather apply the brake gently all the time, and on a really steep hill let each brake do some work, so as to distribute the friction over both tyres. It makes one shudder now to think how we used once to jam down the front plunger—our only hope—on the tyre, and demonstrate to our friends that it could bring us up in a few yards. Poor tyre!

Now, as regards ascending hills. On no account "plug" up a stiff incline. It will take more out of you than twenty times the distance on the flat. There are also your free-wheel clutch, chain, and tyres to be thought of. The strain on the two first is of course tremendous. At the same time don't "funk" a gradient simply because it is a gradient. You will learn by experience what is worth while attacking, and when dis-

cretion is the better part of valour. On a long ride, however, it is a safe rule to do a fair amount of walking, for even though you can get up a few hills almost without feeling them, a large number of ascents will tell severely towards the end of the day.

On the subject of

LONG RIDES OR TOURING,

there are other remarks to be made. In the first place, it is rash for most people to undertake a really long journey without getting into some sort of condition for it. After a day's pedalling they may feel surprisingly fresh, and wonder how they did it. But the next morning they are slack and disinclined for further efforts just yet. The muscles are loudly demanding a rest. Consequently, treat a tour like a race, and reserve your spurt for the end, when you will have got your "second wind."

Secondly, you should conduct a tour in fresh country as an explorer rather than as a mere traveller. We are given two eyes, and Nature does not put all her best goods in her shop windows flanking the road. My idea of a tour is that one should start betimes in the morning, *after* food always, and jog along quietly for an hour or two till some picturesque spot is reached. Then the cycles are left in a cottager's care while we enter the unknown—a pretty, green lane, or woodland path, or track following a stream. On meeting a native who looks as if he contains information, we inquire after the local lions, often passed over silently in the guide-books. And so, Kodak or sketch-book in hand, we may, by the exercise of judgment, collect some delightful little mementoes for winter months, when good roads and long days are no more.

This is *real* touring. What so often parades under that name is the hurried rush from place to place in the desire to make the cyclometer register as many miles as possible. Even if you "jog along quietly" you will be surprised what a lot of ground you cover in a fortnight.

DON'T OVER-EXERT YOURSELF.

Too strenuous pedalling often leads to stomaching troubles, which completely ruin the holiday. This I say from sad experience. I remember how one evening I dropped down into Winchester, after a long day's grinding over heavy roads all the way from near Bridgewater. Feeling hungry as a hunter, I ordered a liberal supper at my hotel, and cleaned myself up while it was prepared. But alas! when confronted with

the dainty dishes, a horrible nausea seized me, and I had to turn empty away. I had taken liberties with Dame Nature, and she naturally had her revenge. On another occasion I spent two very unpleasant days at Avranches, in Brittany, as the result of riding in a blazing sun till it "struck" me. In both cases I fear that the desire to put in a long day's work was the responsible cause. And no doubt many another rider has erred and suffered similarly.

The tourist also must guard against chills. It is extremely imprudent to work one's self into a white heat, and then recline on the grass under some shady tree, with a fresh breeze fanning one's back to coolness.

WEAR FLANNEL OR WOOL.

Insufficient clothing is strongly to be avoided. It is very pleasant, no doubt, at mid-day to be lightly clad; but as the sun sets the temperature falls rapidly, and comfort gives place to a chilly feeling that mars the enjoyment of the evening ride. Linen underwear should be shunned. You can look very respectable in a flannel shirt, which need not preclude a white collar, though it is best to dispense with such a thing. A "Jaeger" shirt is excellent for cycling.

Don't eat rashly or drink too much. Ginger-beer and such-like stuff is a poor servant and a bad master; cocoa is a valuable ally. Though riding on an empty stomach is bad, exertion immediately after a good meal is equally imprudent. Plenty of sleep is a necessity.

To sum up in a sentence the gist of this article: understand your machine thoroughly; keep it in good repair; be considerate of the road; other occupants of the road; and take care of yourself, as regards personal safety, health, and a proper enjoyment of your rides.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. M. L. S. (Kensington).—There is nothing much to be done for tyres perishing from old age. If the rubber goes, the canvas generally goes too. Inner

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tubes, like outer covers, crystallise in time, especially if left idle, and become full of minute holes which cannot be found by the water test. A little treacle or sugar and water syrup injected through the valve will often stop these tiny leakages, and this is worth a trial if you don't mind risking some trouble when a patch has to be put over puncture No. 2. You have, indeed, been most extraordinarily lucky in having only one puncture in seven years. Almost a record, I should think!

O. L. P. (Clifton).—If you put a good coating of vaseline on the plated parts of your cycle you need not fear rust attacking them for many months. As regards the crumbling of enamel on the tubes, I should advise you to scrape the tube quite clean and polish it well with emery cloth. Then coat it as evenly as possible with Maurice's Porcelaine, and heat the enamel with a spirit lamp until it spreads into a smooth surface. Take care not to burn the surface. Try "stoving" a tin-lid first, for a trial. The enamel will dry very fast after heating, and look much more like the "real thing" than mere painting on. The job will be more easily done if the wheels, handles, &c., are detached, so that you can turn the frame about. Vaseline is a good lubricant, but proper oil better—at least, for the pedal bearings. All first-class machines should run well. Yours is a very good make. Like bats and motors, cycles of the same "brand" differ among themselves in their behaviour, for some obscure reason.

A. W.



SCENE: A COUNTRY INN 25 MILES FROM LONDON.

Scorchers: "Sharp run, that. I've come from London in 30 minutes."

Landlord: "Yes, sir, this is a fishing village."

By Tom Browne. R.I.

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S

FRED SWAINSON

AUTHOR OF "ACTON'S FEUD" ETC.

No 5

APPLIED SCIENCE.



I.

IF you will reach down your 1902 Wisden and look up the averages of St. Elizabeth's school, and then compare Jim Heron's batting average with his 1903 performances, your remark—if you don't limit yourself to a surprised whistle—will be: "There's a fellow gone right off his game," or something to that effect. A drop from 53.66 to 30.07 makes any one wonder. Well, that great little man Abel's average of 45.55 in 1902 drops to 18.80 next year, and there's an explanation for the Guv'nor's fall, as there is for Heron's. Heron's case makes rather a curious yarn.

Remember that Heron was a really fine cricketer, a superb cover-point, and his batting represented the high-water mark—nay, flood-mark—of the Elizabethan game, and there's none better than that the wide world over. He was in the Sixth, a monitor, elevensman twice over, and a sure and certain captain of the old place when Croome should go. His friends were the cream of Eliza's, straight-backed, clean-limbed, clean-run, clean-minded seniors, and you can judge of him by them.

Arthur Thorn thought his master a brutal beast, and Heron thought his fag, the said Arthur, a weak, white-faced little slackster. Now Elizabethans do not ever make demigods of brutal beasts, so Arthur's theory about Heron was monstrously wrong, and, as for Heron's verdict on Thorn, you shall judge of that for yourself. Probably Thorn would never have thought anything of his master

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

one way or the other if Heron had let him go his own strange way, but it so happened that Arthur's pater had asked Heron to give an eye to his son, and to see that he took his fences in the orthodox Elizabethan fashion. And, as we all do in similar cases, Heron thought his own way the best way. He wanted Thorn to graduate out of the Mugs' game, and get into one of Smith's junior house elevens, to take a run out in a swishing February rain, and say he enjoyed it, and to come up the hill in November's dust, clothes muddy, hair damp, and the rosy pink mantling nobly on his cheeks, and after tea to count his footer hacks by his study fire and apply the soothing Elliman's. Heron, too, would have had his fag make something of a show in the class rooms, would have liked him to have been better disposed to wards Horatius Flaccus, Tibullus, Ovidius Naso, and Company, than he was. Young Thorn did not come to heel. He cut out of all games when he could, hated cricket, loathed footer, and a February run in the swishing rain moved him with chill horror. In the schools he was deplorable . . . bar one item. He *could* write English, and did. Otherwise he merely loafed from term to term.

Thorn had a craving for the uncommon Elizabethan, good or bad. He was thick as thieves with every foreigner, black, brown, or yellow, haunted them each on an average for about six days, and then passed on to another colour. What precisely he wanted with them only he knew. He didn't jaw much, but let them do the talking, while he listened with an absorbed look of interest in his solemn black eyes. When he had presumably weighed up each dusky beauty, he threw him aside like a squeezed orange. He stuck like a limpet for three days to Pope, who was on the expelled list for the term's end, and Pope unburdened himself of a great

many details about himself and his miserable affairs to an intensely interested listener. When Pope began to repeat himself, Thorn came near him no more. Presumably Pope's emotions had a fascination for him. Young Parsons was almost drowned, having been fished out of the water when he'd been under it for nearly five minutes. Thorn stalked him when he came out of bed a week later "palely loitering." He wanted to know just how little Billy felt when he lost his head. Cramond had his middle toe amputated, and Thorn was his bosom friend until he'd seen the toe floating oozily in spirits of wine. Then his interest evaporated. Isaacs managed to borrow £50 from his own father's money-lending establishment, and Isaacs, after he'd been felicitated on his achievement by interested friends—black sheep to a man—found young Thorn greedily drinking in the lying yarn the beauty had spun for the paternal firm. But he wouldn't accept the ice Isaacs offered to stand. To put it shortly, Thorn had an overwhelming curiosity for the new, the odd, the very strange, the very rotten, the exceptionally fine. Not one of his many subjects knew what he thought of them—some of them might have been less friendly if they had. He merely listened, absorbed all, and went away. Eliza's has had rum fellows within her gates, and Arthur Thorn was one of the strangest. Jim Heron, being what he was, detested this mooning, this loafing, this friendliness towards queer fellows. He regarded his fag's peculiarities as morbid, undesirable, un-Elizabethan.

One Thursday afternoon Jim Heron came into his study to a latish tea, and when he opened the door he found young Thorn looking ponderingly out of the window. "Hullo, young man," said Heron, with a little tinkle of anger in his tone, "Bullock tells me you cut your cricket this afternoon. Why was that?"

Thorn turned round, and, staring at his master as cool as a cucumber, said, "By Jove, I forgot, Heron."

Jim laughed, but not exactly winningly. "Oh-h, I thought I didn't spot you at the Mugs' corner. What were you doing?"

"I took a stroll round with Oung, Heron."

"Worsfold's new nigger?"

"Malay, Heron," corrected Arthur Thorn, gently.

"Interestin' creature?" said the monitor, grimly.

"Oh, very. Curious things he tells a fellow. Father went head-hunting before

Rajah Brooke came to those parts. He's seen a prah go out to a disabled steamer—er—to help them. The Malays shied every sailor-man into the sea—to the sharks in the blue waters. That's the way they help in those parts."

"Father among the pirates?" inquired Heron, casually.

"Don't know, but he told me a heap of curious things, Heron. He speaks a very funny clipped sort of English. You should hear him."

"Thanks," said the monitor, politely. "We'll drop Prince Oung *pro tem.*, though. How many times have you cut your cricket this term, eh?"

"Don't know, really," said Thorn.

"Bullock says five, and that's five times too many. I've spoken to you about it twice, I think."

"Yes," said Thorn, "but I hate the beastly game. Besides, I forgot this afternoon."

"I don't expect you'll forget next time," said Heron, fishing out a business-like ground-ash from the top of his book-case. "Little boys can't forget five times in a month at Eliza's anything they've got to do without coming to grief."

Thorn's lip quivered, his cheeks paled ever so little, and his eyes looked at the grim monitor with a something that was half appeal and half defiance.

Heron, who was of a simple nature, saw only the defiance. He held his fag in his strong grasp, and Arthur Thorn got the full penalty that Eliza's prescribes for cutting cricket. The ground-ash—each stroke of it—stung like a hornet. Thorn didn't whimper; Heron did not even feel him flinch; but when the lad felt the monitor's hand loosen on the collar, he did something which Elizabethan fags never do—he threw himself on his master and struck him in the face. Heron felt nothing but a feeling of disgust for a little beast who could not take his deserved thrashing like a man. Heron's hand fell on the lad's collar again, and the ground-ash whistled once more. Just and true to a hair, he got his thrashing over again. Not one stroke more, not one bitterer cut. The monitor waited with a kind of contemptuous patience for Thorn's next move. The lad faced round to his master; his eyes were dry and bright, his lips were closed together with pain and hate, and his hands were clenched in the impotence of his fury.



HE THREW HIMSELF ON HIS MASTER AND STRUCK HIM IN THE FACE.

"Cut, now, Thorn," said Heron, solemnly, pointing to the door.

"You cad," said Thorn, before he turned. "You'll repent this yet." The lad seemed

his delivery a trifle. Brought his arm over, so that it tickled his ear, so to say, stood up every inch of his six foot two, and dropped me a straight one, fastish. I saw

to form his words slowly at the back of his mouth, and to spit them out at the end of his tongue. His look was vitriolic. Then he went.

Heron put back the ground-ash in disgusted thoughtfulness.

"I'll never lightly promise to look after strange kids again. There's too much dirty work in it sometimes," said he, rubbing his chin.

II.

A LITTLE knot of seniors, Croome *max*, Seaton Major, and

Lloyd, were occupying all available seats in Heron's den, whilst the owner himself sat on his table and meditatively nursed a knee. The night was cutting in, and, since it was Saturday, and a match day, the talk was cricket.

"By the way, Jim," said Croome, the Elizabethan captain, "I thought you were set this afternoon. When I saw you and Major take the score to thirty, principally you, I fancied you were good for anything."

"Well," said Jim, slowly, "I felt jolly comfortable, too. I'd got the hang of the ground, and I was beginning to love the fast bowler like a brother, and I thought, in my wretched conceit, that the slow leg-breaks were too slow, and the twist problematical. Never felt steadier or easier in my life. Then old Erpingham shifted

the ball leave his hand, and that's about as much as I did see. The sun was plumb behind him, you'll observe, and his straight one seemed to me to climb into the glare and vanish. I knew the ball had arrived when my leg and middle rattled behind me. I got the sun full in my eye as I squinted up at Erpingham's fist. Old Erpingham's fast high ball, and the solar system, were too good for me. A plain, unvarnished tale, gents," said Jim, half apolo- gising for his explanation.

"Jim," said Croome, "you've explained it. I guessed it was something of the sort when I saw you grope for it. High action from six-footers, with a sun behind 'em, and there you are. Richardson, eh, and Hesketh-Pritchard as cases in point."

Thorn had come in to see about Jim's letters when Croome had been first speaking, but Major, who was curious to hear, caught him by the arm warningly, and said, 'Half a minute, young 'un.'

Arthur waited, listening quietly as Heron spoke, and when Major said "Pipe up, Thorn," Arthur said, "Any letters, Heron?"

"Thanks, no, Thorn. I posted 'em myself."

"Ah," said Croome, winking at the company, "the mugs haven't got high-g geared bowlers and excess of sunshine on their patch, so the hint doesn't apply to you, Thorn. You prefer the coolth of the sycamore and interestin' foreign talk, I've heard."

"I do," said Thorn, turning on his heel.

Young Thorn's thrashing had turned the lad into a little venomous beast. He hated Heron with a bitter hatred. Jim's manner towards him did not vary a hair's breadth; he looked him over cool and kind, inquiring as to his people and his cricket just as he had before the encounter. But, though Thorn's feelings towards Jim were not so tumultuous as when he endured his deserved smart, they were as deep. Oh, for something to make his brutal bully writhe as he had writhed on his bed that night!

When he turned on his heel after Croome's chaff he saw his way to his miserable wish. The idea came to him in a flash . . . literally in a flash.

The sensation, the weekly wonder of the cricket season at St. Elizabeth's school, was the total loss of form of James Heron, of Smith's house, the first bat of old times in the XI. I give you below his full scores up to when he made his startling recovery against the M.C.C.

v. Old Elizabethans, run out	2
v. Foresters, bowled	21
v. Emeriti, bowled	4
v. 11th Hussars, caught and bowled	3
v. Quidnuncs, bowled	0
v. Corbet's XI, bowled	2
v. Cognoscenti, bowled	54
v. St. Elizabeth's, caught and bowled	5
v. Crusaders, bowled	0
v. I Zingari, bowled	4
v. M. C. C., not out	108

Croome watched, more than any one, the downward career of his best bat with astonishment qualified by a very lively fear. After Jim's failure against the Quidnuncs, he put him in fourth wicket down, fancying that when the bowling had had a little of its gilt edge rubbed off, Jim might come out strong and regain his old form with a steady fifty. Jim replied as above. Croome eased Jim off to the sixth place, and then, on a spoiled sodden wicket, under a grey, sunless sky, Jim played a perfect 54 when the others mainly took middle and an immediate departure to the pavilion. This fairly puzzled Eliza's and Croome. He came into Heron's study that night and unburdened himself a little of his harassed thoughts.

"I say, Jim, you're the greatest curiosity out."

"Horribly funny, Dick," said Jim, gloomily. "I can't understand myself. To-day, when it would have been nothing odd if I'd made a pair, I come out all right, and I am all right in the nets against the best they can send down."

"When it doesn't matter you're miles ahead of any of us," replied the worried captain.

"I'm rather sick of it all," said Heron, with a sort of sullen anger against himself and his luck, and then, after a gloomy silence,

"Do you think I'm a reasonable sort of fellow, Dick, for I'm going to say a rather funny thing?"

"Your cricket isn't reasonable, old man," said Croome, with equal gloom. "What is it?"

"You remember when old Erpingham jockeyed me out with a high ball in the sunshine? Well, every time I've failed I've lost the ball in just the same way. I know myself it sounds rotten, but there it is. Against Corbet's I got a flash bang in the eye; anyhow, it seemed so, and I put it down to a hansom's window glittering against the sun, and then playing on to me."

"Rather far-fetched," said Dick; "but we can't hold up the cabs passing in the road, anyhow. Are your eyes all right, do you think?"

"Well, they're all right six days of the week, and on Saturdays, except just when I'm in and at the pavilion end. I give it up. But, if I can't fathom the eye business, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to resign."

"I'm captain, Jim," said Croome, hastily, "and you're not going out of my eleven if I know it. Jove! where am I to get another cover with a stop and return just like yours? And then your fifty-four to-day on a filthy pitch! I'll let you know, old man, when you're to resign."

Jim shrugged his shoulders, half pleased at Croome's verdict, half in despair at his own lucklessness.

Again I refer you to Jim's scores to show his decadence after his really fine 54. Jim returned to his original idea of resigning, and Croome had to admit that Heron was dead out of form. The bowling was strong and the fielding very good, but the Elizabethan batting was only fairly moderate . . . since Heron's deterioration. Then a promising bat crept into the ken of Elizabethans, Dawson of Bultitude's was the man. He was tried in two matches, and rattled up 49 and 64. Lurgan, the house master, talked to Croome, and Croome spoke to Heron. Matters were settled entirely to Heron's idea. If the wickets were likely to be bad he was to play at Lord's—in the only match that really matters—otherwise, Dawson would. This was the miserable sequel to his last year's triumphs.

Meanwhile, Arthur Thorn was improving in his ways. Apparently his thrashing had done him some good, as he never cut cricket now, worked better in the schools, and was always down near the screen watching the matches on Saturdays. He became a model fag, studying his master's gloomy face with rapt attention; it might be, to anticipate his slightest wish.

Jim's final chance came in the M.C.C. match, the last before Lord's, on a Saturday, sunny, warm, and still. Not a breath fluttered the pavilion flag through the hot air. The wicket prepared on the green field seemed to spell "CENTURIES." After first school, Heron saw Thorn at breakfast. "Thorn, I want you to do me a favour this afternoon. My people, mother and Tessa, are coming down about two. Tessa's keen on a grind up the Lodden. Do you mind steering her? I expect mater will motor over to some friends at Hornby and have an hour or so with me after the match. I suppose you

know I'm on my trial this afternoon?" he concluded, with a wry smile.

"I heard so," said Thorn, with a faint colour in his cheeks.

"Will you cox?"

"I'd like it," said Thorn.

Tessa came down from town, with her mater, in all the glory of her seventeen-year-old healthy girlhood, of her pretty summer frock and her pretty face. Now, Arthur remembered Tessa as the usual fussy girl, with very pronounced opinions on the proper behaviour of little boys, and very sensitive to remarks about the cut of her hair, and her inefficiency as longstop. But this radiant creature, all smiles and jollity, who could become a full-grown woman in a moment if she piled up her hair, was a revelation. Thorn's powers of observation were remarkable, and he did not miss a solitary glance of admiration which came his way from the impressed Elizabethan, usually so *blasé* and critical.

Jim had chartered them the lightest, neatest, sweetest skiff which glittered in the cool waters in new enamel. The seat had just the proper rake, the cushions were of the pluffiest, and young Thorn thought that, if only Tessa would talk and tell him things, this afternoon would be glorious. And Tessa did talk. She had been to Pau and Toulouse, and Lourdes and Biarritz, had seen a bull fight at San Sebastien, also a man with a beard ten feet long, and had dined next to Dreyfus in her hotel. Thorn was very interested about the bull fight, but Tessa gave no details beyond saying she shut her eyes, felt ill, and Captain Hayes took them away in ten minutes. She had gambled in the Casino, and lost ten francs in ten minutes, and said that she liked best to watch the children, nearly all Spanish, playing on the sands at Biarritz. They generally played at bull fights.

Then, as she flicked her boat gently up stream, she spied a little cottage, all overgrown with roses and honeysuckle, across the fields, and she *would* land and snap-shot it. This brought out the old lady under the porch—it usually does—and the civilities exchanged became tea, on a round table, under an apple tree, half an hour later. Such a tea even Moon couldn't have eclipsed. Brown bread and white, crab-apple jelly and strawberries and cream, and the strawberries gathered as they watched.

Thorn pulled back, talking much more than he ever had done at Eliza's, telling

Tessa strange things of strange Elizabethans, and the girl laughed and wondered what a curious lad Arthur was. Then, when the home reach came, a fair mile of straight water, Tessa told Thorn a few things which staggered him. "Oh, by the way, Arthur, mother has a sovereign for you. Your father sent it. He's awfully pleased with you."

"Whatever for?" said Thorn, easing in the sculls.

"Oh! about your cricket, principally, I think. And Mr. Smith said you had not potted quite so much for the last two months. Jim has written glowing letters home about you, and I show them to your

friends. Heaps of girls are coming. We'll have a jolly time."

Thorn murmured, "Oh, thank you," in a strangled voice, and pulled on once more. He looked as though he saw ghosts on the water.

"That's," said Tessa, with a gloomy afterthought, "if Jim plays. He's in awful form this year, isn't he, Arthur?"

The fag made no reply, but looked as though he saw whole battalions of ghosts.

"He can't understand himself," went on



"HERON, I MUST TELL YOU THIS:
I WAS THE FELLOW WHO GOT YOU
OUT TIME AFTER TIME IN THE MATCHES."

mother every Sunday as we walk home from church. He says you're heaps a better boy than you were. I think, though," said Tessa, laughing, "you're an odd boy yet."

Thorn had flushed scarlet, and then this fainted to a dead pallor. "That's not all, either. Jim wants you—so does mother—and so do I—" Tessa laughed bewitchingly here—"to stay with us over Lord's. You'll take me and pass round the strawberries to all my

Tessa, "why he has such awful luck. He is awfully worried about it I can see, though he tries not to show it. That's why I did not particularly want to see him play against the M.C.C. this afternoon. If I had seen him out for a duck I should have cried. It is his last chance . . . and he *was* the best in the school last year. Don't you think it hard, Arthur?"

Thorn, whose face was as white as paper,

nevertheless took out his handkerchief and wiped his brow. He was dank with perspiration. He said, with an odd little vibration in his voice, "Oh! Tessa, don't say anything more about it. I'm an utter. . . ." the lad brought himself up with a jerk. . . . "it's an awful shame."

Heron's sister looked at Thorn with a quick glance of loving pride in her eyes. "Ah! you like him, too. Who wouldn't, though? He's the finest fellow in the world!"

Arthur Thorn stifled a groan, and pulled silently down the stream.

The first fellow they met on the cricket ground was Jim. His face was radiant. Tessa looked him in the eyes, smiling. "Well?" said she.

Heron put his arm round her, and said, gaily, "It's all right, little girl. Let's go round. Dick Croome put me in first ('I'll never forget that, Dick,' he murmured to himself), and I carried my bat for 108. The club licked us ten minutes ago, but I got on my legs again. Yes, it's Lord's, Tess. Had a good time on the river? Arthur in good form?"

"Oh, splendid," said Tessa.

"Mater wants to see you, Thorn," said Jim, kindly. "She's over there with Smith. I say, kid, you look seedy."

"I'm all right, Heron," said Thorn, in a hurried stammer, as he went off.

"He's a funny boy, Jim," said Tessa; "but I think he's awfully fond of you."

Jim whistled. "Shall we take a walk under the elms, sis?"

"Oh, let's!" said Tessa.

III.

THORN rapped at Jim's door when it was perilously near "lights-out." He had not been able to see him before, because Croome and Major, and other worthies, had been cooing over Jim's century, and kindred matters, at length.

"What is it, young 'un?"

"Heron," said his fag, "I must tell you

this. I was the fellow who got you out time after time in the matches."

Heron looked at Thorn in bewilderment. "You! what on earth had you to do with it?"

"I stood just a little from the screen and blinded you with this every time the sun shone." The fag put into the hands of the aghast senior a curiously rounded mirror. "It was horribly easy," he concluded, with a dry sob.

Emotion after emotion chased across Heron's brain, and it was a full minute before he said, "Why did you do it?"

"I hated you for thrashing me when I cut cricket. You didn't believe when I said I had forgotten."

"Why do you tell me now?" asked Heron, after another long minute's silence.

"Things that Tess said."

"Ah!" said Heron. . . . "Go to bed."

There was a short conversation between a grave but kindly senior and a chalk-faced fag on the Sunday morning after chapel. The last words were with Heron. "No, I won't say a word about it, Thorn, or else Tessa would think you a miserable little beast. I don't somehow think you are that, after all. I'd cut now." A lump in Thorn's throat prevented conversation on his side. He went out quickly.

Turn to Wisden, and then you'll see how at Lord's Heron made up for a season's beastly luck. He played a first innings that stands as the high water mark of Elizabethan skill.

Unless any miserable, beastly cad is prepared to spend 32s. 6d. in buying a specially silvered mirror (which is what A. T. did), and unless he knows exactly the right sort of mirror to buy (which A. T. knew), and finally, unless he's prepared to be lynched on detection (which A. T. never thought about), he had better "take it out of" hard, unfeeling seniors in the usual orthodox ways, and leave risky scientific heliograms severely alone. Thorn blushes in bed, even now, when he thinks of his wretched experiments in sunlight.



HOLIDAYS.

"An aim in life is the only fortune worth the finding, and it is not to be found in foreign lands, but in the heart itself."—R. L. STEVENSON.

AUGUST is the month for holidays, both for young and old. Boys mostly have their holidays given them; triumphant times for those who know how to spend them right, for those who miss nothing of all that is going on around, who by the sea hear the music, and in imagination fancy the man-o'-war cutting her way through the mass of water, with the white foam at her bow—the obedient ship governed by man, going exactly where she has orders to go, sailing those boundless waters, almost every fathom of which have been sounded by man—these are good thoughts for holidays. There are many more to be deducted from the sea; the hardy brown-sailed fishing-boat with the tan sails; and the man who sets his net, who knows almost exactly where the shoal is to be found, and dares the weather with his skilled hand and brain; the fisherman who can make the finest net and handle fish without removing a scale; hardy, a man apart from trippers. But what a holiday to take, what refreshing health to be gained from such a trip, if the fisherman will take you! Watch those brown-sailed boats at rest at Brighton, and envy them the broadness of their horizon, never afraid, the strongest wind just making music in the rigging. No luxury on board these boats; simply healthy, open-air hardiness. There is no better life for a boy than the sea. Two flannel shirts, two pairs of trousers, one blue jersey, and an oil-skin suit, not too expensive, and the vigour of the trip. In these orthodox days of games, when you play sternly, with hardly a smile in your heart or on your face, play every day and all day, cricket is all very well, but there are other ways of spending holidays than in

watching or playing cricket. Boys' cricket is good played in real meadows, with just a sweep mown for the pitch, and the fielders all in the long grass, knee-deep in buttercups; here there is only joyous laughter over the missed catch; that is a holiday. Nothing but a game. It will soon become stern, though, to the boy who has ambition and plays for his school; not much more game for him then, though far be it from me to put any boy off cricket. This is written mainly with the idea of suggesting holidays. Games are not the only way for youth to enjoy its holidays.

In this green land of England, simply from intimate though limited experience of places, I shall tell you of a few that have struck me with their extreme suitability. The boy who means taking his holiday hanging on some one's arm, looking in at shop windows, and if he is not eating wishing he was—well, of course, he won't be so very interested in lovely places; he is arranged for easily enough.

In holiday times, railway companies reduce their fares, and they generally choose very suitable routes, and get you to your destination in excellent time. Don't forget to look out of the window as you go through county after county in the train, each noted for something in its own special line. The boy who rides, as the train rolls through Leicestershire, may fancy he is galloping with the hounds alongside of the line; no fence will be too big, no brook too broad. Just before reaching Leicester, travelling from London to the North, look out; you may see the county ground, the members of which wear a red and green cap, with a fox on the front in gold.

Some beautiful places are to be seen around Leicester if you have two good legs or a

bicycle. Boots flourish here. It is not a bad plan to go over a big boot manufactory. With ordinarily decent manners, you will be able to get a permit, and will come away surprised at the wonderful machinery which turns out most of the "hand-sewn" boots. The country between Leicester and Nottingham is lovely and well-cared-for, both by nature and by man. In the matter of athletics, at intervals along the line lawn tennis clubs flourish; and good cricket, happy cricket, is being played; small thriving villages, with their 1st and 2nd XI.'s striving for the highest honours. Well 'for the cricketing boy if he lives near Nottingham; for surely, if he is any use, he can get plenty of real good cricket of some sort that may take him into county cricket a good all-round cricketer. By the River Trent, on a Saturday afternoon, you might most likely watch four or five really good matches. Then the Trent itself at Nottingham owns plenty of steamers; also very nice light rowing boats, and most likely the angling temperament may find fishing of a very satisfactory kind. For those who dream football, the great big well-found Notts Forest ground is suggestive, as you cross the Trent from the town. On your left-hand, further on, the Notts County Cricket Ground is seen, with the great dark reproachful-looking stand, which belongs to the Notts County Football Club. It would be well if the football stands could be whitewashed for the cricket season, as the ball gets lost sometimes in the empty blackness. One of the finest score boards on any English cricket ground belongs to Nottingham—a great big affair, which magnifies your 0, and makes a picture of the "One nought nought."

Apart from games, Nottingham makes beautiful lace, and has a great big upstanding castle, which you can turn into all sorts of things in your own imagination. The electric trams take you for miles very cheaply into Sherwood Forest, where you can fancy what Robin Hood thought and did. Every town has its own quaint customs and ways. Walk in the market place on a market morning. It would be hard in any land to find a more picturesque sight. And to the collector—what splendid odd things he might find here—baskets of all shapes, and nearly every sort of animal, dead or alive. Nottingham makes extraordinary great big blocks of yellow "rock" well worth trying. To see the country-folk, too, coming in to the market, teaches many a practical lesson.

A beautiful county is Derbyshire. It has

everything—lovely running, fishing streams, and in some places miles of caves, with wonderful stalactites which have been dripping regularly in the same spots for centuries, and have established the roundest of round holes in the stone beneath. Hours might be spent by the cave lover in these caves, with no check possible to a boy's or a man's riotous imagination. A stream runs through the middle of the cave.

From Derbyshire a wonderful railway takes you to Lancashire, right through magnificent hills and woods, and big gaily-running streams, where the fishing looks like you read of in books—in some places certainly spoilt by manufactories, but only rarely. Little stone houses are dotted about the hills—houses with well-cared-for gardens. It is a steep railway climb, but a beautiful trip. As you near Manchester the houses get somewhat blacker, and there is an air of business all round. Manchester breathes of football and all athletic sports. Surely there is no more sport-loving town in England, with its big, well-organised cricket grounds, and everything to match. But the weather can be against Manchester at times. Bookshops have always struck me as being wonderfully up-to-date there; all "discounts." In the centre of the town is its hospital, with a statue of Queen Victoria. There are various museums and picture galleries, and the people are wonderfully fond of music.

From Manchester to Sheffield is through a land of tall chimneys, with huge heaps of earth, heaving with life below. These are some of England's coal-mines. If you have never been down a coal-pit, and have the chance to go, it will be an experience. You go down in a cage, very much faster than any lift you can ever have thought of; it is quite pleasant, and when you get down, observe the miner at work. Not much skulking or lazying about there. Fancy, day in and out, working down in that blackness twelve months in the year. He has his football, and during the close time for that game you may be sure some other sport takes his fancy.

Sheffield. Plenty of hard blackness here, but such a working town! Quite full of sport! See the fishing competitions start, all equipped ready to fish and catch against time. The hardihood of it does one good to think of.

Only just outside the town are the wonderful moors.

Get a pass while in Sheffield to see over a big cutlery manufactory; the very finest and the very heaviest work side by side—all skill.

Do not leave without having seen one of the big steel plate foundries, where every plate is ready named for the man-o'-war for which it is being forged. Watch these men work in that heat which exceeds description; the colour of the red-hot furnaces is one of the most striking sights you can see.

It is a strong, fine type of man that works at the forgings. The firms supply these men with barley water, as much as they care to drink. A man working in that fiery heat requires frequent moisture to replace the large amount he gets rid of.

Sheffield boasts two first-class football clubs; also several quite first-rate amateur sides. The Yorkshire County XI. belongs to it. Altogether Sheffield is a wonderfully sporting place—well worthy to be highly thought of among English possessions.

Northumberland—with its broad Tweed and beautiful walls, and the memories of all its old battles. It is very pleasant to spend days at Cornhill-on-Tweed.

Further north comes Scotland, with its mountains and its lochs; quite as beautiful as Switzerland, with a beauty like none other; a purple heather haze, which once you have seen makes you feel home-sick to see again. It does rain in Scotland, though, very hard at times; but when it clears, the beauty and the colouring are so striking as to be worth the waiting for. The food is plain and good. Go fishing and catch plenty of fish, and you will have them for your dinner.

If you want a sea trip and some adventure, start from London *via* Glasgow and Oban to the Outer Hebrides. This will give you plenty of time at sea to test your sea-going qualities. The air when you get to the Outer Islands is unlike anything else—pure gulf-stream air; what a resurrection for the lungs of the tired town-worker! It should cure and make impossible disease. Islands out there with the free sea all around, and wonderful lone birds such as you only read of in picture books. Cormorants with fishes' tails in their mouths, silhouetted against the evening sky; gorgeous, absolutely gorgeous sunrises and sunsets—sights which reduce you in your estimation, and send you away with a better pair of eyes for having seen them. Salt water rivers, where you can catch sea trout with a worm or a fly, and if you have any luck and can get an invitation to certain private lochs, you may catch basketfuls of genuine sea trout. Surely this sounds like a holiday worth trying—it has so much romance and adventure.

My recollection tells me there is one post and a half daily. But what of that? The cargo boats will interest you. The solemn, long-coated, long-horned Highland cattle are not treated with the consideration they should receive on the boat; it is all stick and tail-twisting; and if the weather is at all rough they are unhappy. The patient little long-wooled, black-faced sheep might also have a good word spoken for them. You can buy real homespun at the "general merchant's"—stuff that will never lose the smell of peat, a pleasant reminder for when the golden holiday is over.

The hotels are good; and the memory of the South Uist that my mind stores is one large bed of blue forget-me-nots, surrounded with a wealth of Scotch mignonette.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Queen's Park.—You are quite wrong about my view of amateur footballers. Individually, they are just as good as the professionals, and the leading clubs, such as the Corinthians and Queen's Park, are, of course, first-class. Do not listen to people who tell you that you are likely to shorten your life by seeking after physical fitness. Obvious nonsense.

C. Baily.—All kinds of games will help you to success in cross-country running by helping to keep you fit. As regards gymnastics, it is important to follow a proper system and not to overdo them. The table of practice holds good for four miles as well as for a one mile race; but you ought, now and then, to interpolate a longer spin than for the one mile.

R. S. P.—The person in question obtained three "Blues" at Oxford. He lost his fourth "Blue" (for Rugby) owing to an accident a fortnight before the match with Cambridge. A man does not obtain his "Blue" at Oxford unless he actually appears against Cambridge. I am afraid your friend is right about the Test matches.

R. Ledgley.—If the varicose veins are not at all bad, you can play football wearing an elastic leg-piece. But you ought certainly to take the advice of a doctor about them. The only remedy for varicose veins is to have them cut out, an operation which is in most cases very simple.

I. W.—Look up one of the athletic outfitters in our advertisement columns and write for a price list of gymnastic apparatus. I should say you would find parallel bars or a horizontal bar too cumbersome.

Speaker.—A doctor would probably advise you to eat plenty of green food and take some kind of tonic. From the very little you say it appears to me that your blood is out of order.

H. H. B.—You will find excellent advice on training for the mile race in the Athletics Volume of the All England Series.

Lover of Cricket.—All the well-known makers turn out beautiful bats, which can scarcely be distinguished in point of quality. Why not look at the advertisement pages of this magazine, and send to the makers you see there for price lists? You will then be able to choose a bat at the price you mention. A bat of what is usually known as the public school size ought to suit you, i.e., one size under full size. I do not think you are likely to sell

your old bat (which is of excellent make) except by private contract. You can find out all about how to put on "break" in A. G. Steel's chapter in the "Badminton Cricket Volume," which you should be able to get from a library, or in Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book of Cricket."

Ornament and others.—The lion and tiger ornaments and the Hercules, described in my article, came from Ernest Wahliss and Co. (Vienna Pottery), Oxford-street. I expect you can still obtain them there if you write. Thank you for your appreciation.

Miserable.—It is always difficult to recommend hobbies, for hobbies are usually the product of the individual's taste and ingenuity combined. You say you have a camera and a bicycle. Well, there is a good deal of amusement there. Have you also a dark-room? Remember, you are only half a photographer if you do not develop your own films or plates. Many first-rate photographers, recollect, make their dark-rooms out of a bath-room or pantry. It is not difficult to block up windows with a wooden frame stretched with light, tight material. You will find instructions on 'the point in any of the photographic handbooks. Autograph collection I have no opinion of; it has become a public and private nuisance.

G. C. A.—To begin with, you ought not, in my opinion, to use 4lb. dumb-bells; 2lb. each is heavy enough. It is, of course, most important to understand that no good comes of overdoing "physical development." This leads to exhaustion and strain, and not to improvement in physique. There are many little books which give various courses of dumb-bell exercises. But from what you say of yourself, I expect you would do better to begin with 'ree gymnastics and breathing exercises. Messrs. Gale and Polden, 3 Amen-corner, E.C., publish little books on these.

B. H. Maplesden.—(1) A cricket club should possess at least six stumps, four bats, two bats, three balls, two pairs of pads, two pairs of batting gloves, and a pair of wicket-keeping gloves. If you write to any of the athletic outfitters who advertise in our pages you will be able to get a price list. Then you can reckon up the least cost of the items. (2) If you do not know the secretaries of clubs in your district you might, as you suggest, advertise in a local paper. Be careful to specify the kind of clubs you wish to play.

The Friar.—The best bats cost a guinea, but you can get a fairly good one much cheaper. It would be best for you to get one at the shop you mention, because you could pick out one that you found suited you in size and weight. If you write for one you should give your height and age. Bat-makers nowadays produce beautiful articles of the smaller sizes and lighter weights.

Jay Cee.—You can only improve at goalkeeping by practice in that position. As for learning to kick with your left foot, the only advice I can give you is to practise kicking with it. How did you learn to kick with your right? You might make up your mind never to kick with your right foot in practice till you have become ambi-pedestrian.

W. A. Champion.—The advice constantly given about not taking exercise before breakfast refers to hard exercise such as is likely to exhaust the system. A mild game of cricket is quite different. Clearly, if you find it does you no harm, it is for you not harmful. A. E. Relf, who won the Half-Mile, is not the Sussex cricketer.

Nero.—I know no valid objections to the Swedish system of gymnastics. But, of course, any system can be abused by being overdone. The severity of a course of gymnastics should be carefully proportioned to the strength of the individual. It is, naturally, best to take a course under a competent instructor. You might like the free gymnastic exercises practised in the army. See above. Light Indian clubs are excellent.

Lancastrian.—Your letter has not come under my notice in time for the answer to be of any use to you, I fear. If so, I am sorry. Training for the 440 yards should consist of short sprints of about fifty yards, in which the sole object is the cultivation of sheer pace, and of longer spins of from 200 to 300 yards, in which attention is given to style and stride. It is a mistake to exaggerate the length of your stride, especially if by nature you already have a long one. Be careful not to run the full distance of your race too often. Twice or three times in a month is enough. It is a good thing now and then to stride through a half-mile at a moderate pace.

Breaks.—I see no reason why a ball which pitched behind the wicket, and broke back enough to hit it, should not be "out." I wish you would send along a bowler of that kind to play for Sussex. But I fancy no mortal bowler could accomplish what you describe unless the ground behind the wicket were of ridge and furrow.

The Duffer.—Weak ankles are very difficult to cure; but I should say that bicycling is the best exercise for that purpose. There is, I believe, a machine with pulleys and a weight which is adapted to ankle exercises.

O. N. Smith.—"Cricket of To-day and Yesterday," was published, I believe, by Messrs. Jack. If still in print you can get it through any bookseller. You could probably get a second-hand copy by advertising for it in "The Bazaar."

Mancunian.—A. E. J. Collins made 628, not out, in June, 1899, for Clarke's House v. North Town, at Clifton. He is not the A. Collins who played for Sussex a season or two ago.

Ignoramus.—The whipping on a cricket bat is fastened by putting a thin stick (or bradawl) under the last two or three turns, then pushing the end of the string through where the stick was, and then skilfully tightening up the last turns and pulling the string through taut. But it is difficult to explain without a diagram. Consult the nearest bat-mender.

Drab.—The only way to overcome nervousness is simply to make up your mind not to be nervous: in fact, to put into practice what is commonly called an "effort of will."

C. H. Gardner.—You are evidently a philosopher. A ball similar to that which has bowled a batsman will not necessarily bowl him again. Good players are sometimes beaten by the ball, but sometimes lose their wickets from trying to do too much with the ball. For instance, Ranjitsinhji, when in form, and well set, gets out chiefly by trying to place his stroke, instead of playing plainly in the easiest direction. There is an element of chance in cricket, but, on the whole, the most skilful batsmen make the most runs, and the most skilful bowlers take the most wickets. So the game is chiefly one of skill.

R. N. Cook.—The method of selecting the team by the votes of all the members of the club does not commend itself to my judgment. If I

were you I would have a small match committee, consisting of the captain, the secretary, and one other member, who might be elected by voting. A committee of three is quite big enough for selection work.

Gower Gibbon.—You might get the vaseline off your buckskin boots with benzine or ammonia, or with Lasso soap. The latter is a most extraordinarily good article for cleaning the hands of tar, or anything of anything.

Persistent Trier.—Leg-break bowlers sometimes lose their power of putting on leg-spin. The only thing to do is to wait patiently to see whether, after a rest of a few weeks, the knack comes back to you. Usually it does so. So far as I know, Brockwell is not qualifying for another county. Certainly, boys ought to hit hard at cricket if nature so prompts them; but they should discriminate between balls which are suited for hitting and those which are not. You see, many batsmen can play the various strokes of cricket well; but only a few consistently pick the right ball for each stroke. If you try to drive a ball which you ought to have played back at, you probably get caught. Yet it was a ball at which you could have played back successfully with a walking-stick! Half the art of a good bowler consists in making the batsman think the ball is different from what it really is.

Sprinter.—It certainly pays to specialise in athletics to this extent: that a sprinter should not go in for middle-distance or long-distance races. If your *forte* is speed, and you find you do best at sprint distances, you had better not try anything longer than the quarter-mile. The best method of increasing speed is to practise assiduously short bursts of about forty yards. But do not overdo this. Four or five at intervals of five minutes suffice for one day's practice. You should also master the art of starting.

Stumped.—If you have a perpetual itch to play forward at every ball you must reconstruct your method of batting. To begin with, you must make up your mind to let the ball come well on its way before you play any stroke at all, and you must watch the ball with intense concentration. If you feel you cannot reach out far enough to meet it almost directly after it has pitched, you must play back. Begin by practising with the right hand alone holding the bat. You will be astonished how you can defend your wicket thus, if you watch the ball right on to your bat. As to slogging, you must understand that even if you hit your hardest you must watch the ball as intently as though you were

playing back at it, and you must think far more of timing your stroke accurately than of the force you are trying to apply. Many batsmen fail because they play not at the ball but at the bowler's arm; they do not trust their eyes.

S. Selkirk.—The umpire was right. If a batsman has some one to run for him, both batsman and runner must keep inside the crease. If either of them is out of his ground when the wicket is put down, the batsman is "out."

J. T. C.—Good length is a variable. The faster a bowler the shorter he can bowl and yet keep a good length. The slower a bowler the smaller is the margin within which a ball is of good length. But, given a bowler of a certain pace, good length varies somewhat according to the batsman. A good length ball to Abel may be a half-volley to W. Gunn. A lob bowler's good length would be approximately from four to six feet from the batsman's block-hole. As a lob-bowler wants the batsman to hit, a half-volley from him is not a bad length ball.

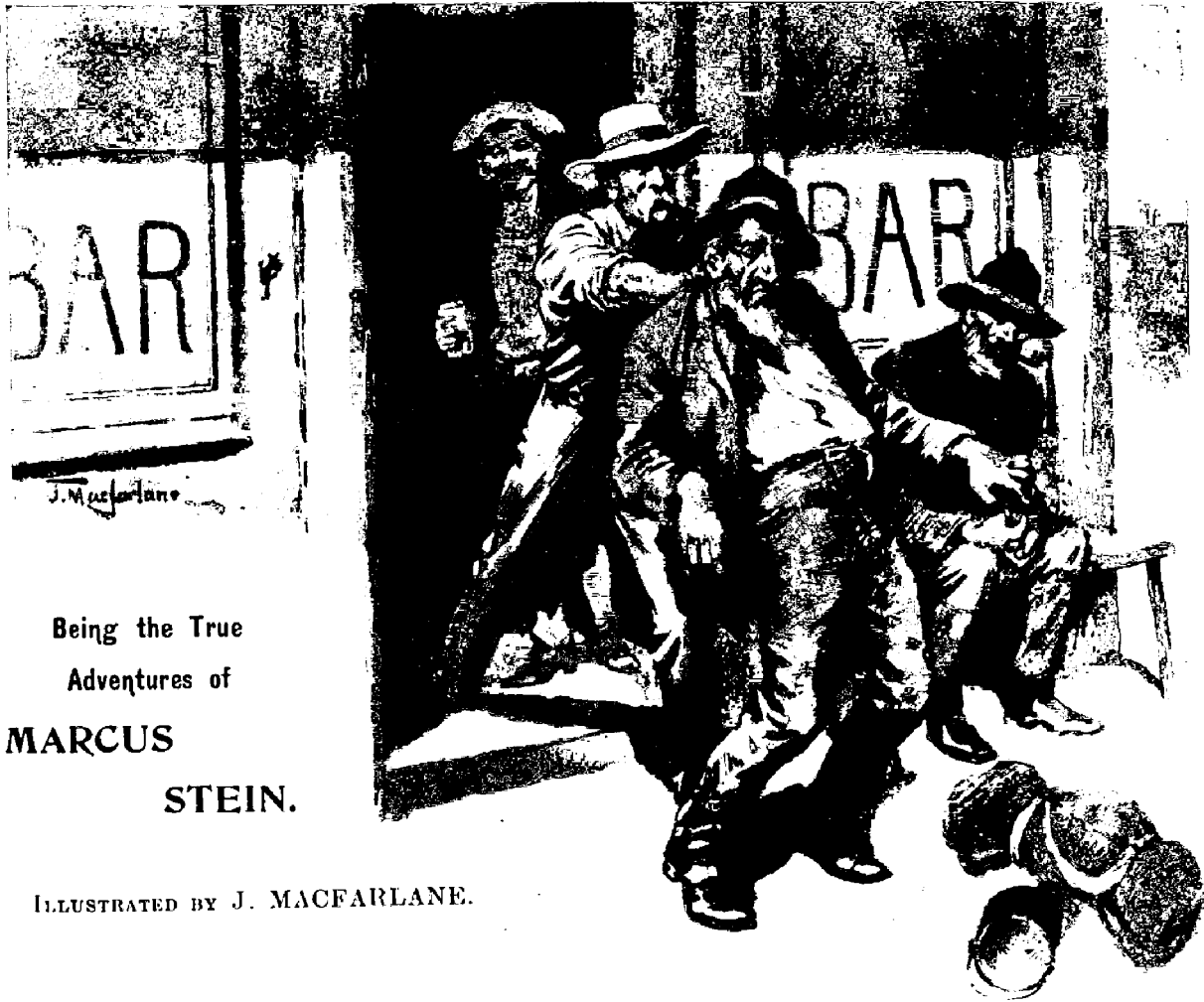
An Etonian.—No room to set forth all the colours of all the clubs. The crimson, green, and white you speak of, are, I fancy, the Free Foresters' colours. G. L. Jessop's variegated cap is probably East Gloucestershire C.C. P. F. Warner's dark blue, crimson, and pink cap is the Harlequins. A. E. Stoddart is alive—but a golfer.

Paddy.—You might obtain Holbein's book on swimming. You need not alter your diet for training if it is simple and wholesome. No exercise but swimming will get you fit for a swimming race. But you might supplement it by walking and light dumbbell work. I expect your headache after swimming was due to unskilful management of your breathing.

C. M.—At the age of seventeen the human being may be of very various weights. There is no fixed standard. If you cannot middle the ball from the wing as well as you used to you have probably lost the accuracy of your poise and balance. Try kicking with your non-kicking foot placed closer to the ball. It is not a matter of strength, but of neatness of foot and accurate timing. You might improve by practising with gymnastic shoes and a small light ball in a yard.

C. B. Fry

A NEW CHUM'S EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA



Being the True
Adventures of
**MARCUS
STEIN.**

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.

CHAPTER VIII.

TRAVEL INCIDENTS.



T was while staying at this place that I was initiated into the mysteries of hotel life in the Australian back-blocks. The one in question was situated on the road to Bourke, not far from the Macquarie River, and was patronised largely by bullockeys and teamsters travelling between Wellington, Dubbo,

Warren, Cobar, and Bourke, and occasionally by shearers, shepherds, and miners.

I saw a very smart piece of housekeeping done by the landlady, which may be of interest to the reader as showing the resourcefulness of the Colonials. One day word was received that a magistrate and several squatters would call at the hotel, and stay for dinner. The landlady was much concerned at this news, as she had

nothing in the house but a piece of corned beef and a pumpkin. However, she set to work. I went down to the river and caught several fine fish, and when I sat down to dinner at one o'clock I was surprised to find that there was a brave spread. A clean white cloth covered the board. I fancy it was a sheet, but am not certain. There was soup, then fish, boiled corned beef, and pumpkin. Then for sweets a very tasty pie appeared, made, as I afterwards ascertained, from the same pumpkin, with the addition of some jam and other stuff. And of course there was plenty to drink, beer, whiskey, and brandy. So that altogether I think it reflected great credit on the ingenuity of the landlady to produce such a repast from so little.

Sometimes two or three teams would camp near the pub, and then there would be lively times, dancing, songs, yarns, and now and then a general fight. Sometimes an old fellow from out-back would come in, put down a cheque for, say, twenty pounds, and say he wanted to take that out, or leave it in the care of the landlord. For the first day he would get good stuff supplied him, that is, pure, or comparatively pure, liquor; after that he would be continually drunk, and would shout (or stand treat) to anybody who came along, and then he would be served with all sorts of vile stuff. The usual practice was to put tobacco into the beer and spirits, also painkiller, or any other stuff that would burn, such as cayenne pepper, &c. In fact I have heard it said that some of these old out-backs did not think the rum any good unless the drops from their beards burnt holes in their shirts. However, you can take that for what it is worth, but it is quite true that they adulterate their liquors very largely, so much so that the poor wretches who drink it go mad for a time. After a man of this sort has been about the place for a week or ten days he is told that his cheque is all gone, and if he will not leave he is then kicked out, and goes back to his lonely post in the never-never country, from which he will not emerge again until his next cheque becomes due, perhaps six months later.

It is surprising how far some of these men will travel just to get a drink of rum or beer. I have known men travel for forty miles just to get a drink, and they think nothing of going ten or twelve miles on foot for the same purpose.

There is not much comfort in such hotels as a rule. They are built of roughly-hewn slabs of timber, and sometimes you have to go through one room to another; for instance, to get to my bedroom I had to pass through what was called the parlour, then through a bedroom.

One night I had been shaving, and had left my razor on the table in front of the window and

gone to bed. About two o'clock I was awakened by hearing some one talking in my room; I also heard footsteps. I raised myself on my elbows and saw the shadow of a man pass the window. In groping about the table he must have cut himself. I got out of bed, hardly knowing what to do, when he seized me, and I clutched him with the intention of holding him, but directly I touched him he gave a most unearthly yell and struggled to get free, all the time calling, "Let me out, let me out! Where is the ladder?" At last we rolled over on the floor, and being by this time thoroughly aroused I struck out with all my force. Finally the landlord and others came with lights, and my assailant was removed. Then I learned that he was a squatter who had been to town to attend to some court business, and had been on the spree, and was suffering from the effects of it. However, beyond being a bit bruised, I was not much the worse, and soon left the hotel, going with my mate in search of fresh scenes and pastures new.

Poor old George! I wonder where he is now, for it is many a long year since we wandered over the country together, and what I should have done without him I don't know, for he was a native, and a better bushman never breathed. He was born in the bush, and had lived in the bush all his life, and although but young, being only about twenty-two or three, seemed to know all there was to know of bush lore. We became fast friends, and travelled many hundreds of miles together, starved together, feasted together, fought together, and shared many adventures in each other's company. I had a little money, and that and the wages we had received, thirty shillings a week, from the drover, made a decent little sum, so we determined to strike out for the diggings, and try our luck on the goldfields. The first store we came to we bought a dish, pick, short-handled shovel, and other mining requisites, and then pushed on for Parks, that being the nearest alluvial goldfield.

On our arrival we pitched our camp, and soon got into conversation with some of the diggers, who told us the field was worked out, and was no good for alluvial. However, we pegged out a claim, and set to work at a place called Frenchman's Gully; but although we worked hard for some time, and sank several shafts, bottoming it from seven to twelve feet, we never got enough to keep us in tucker. So, hearing of a new rush at a place called Mount Brown, in the extreme north-western portion of New South Wales, we packed up our traps and off we set, our destination being some four or five hundred miles distant, through as dry and God-forsaken-look-

ing a country as it is possible to find in the colony.

The weather was very hot, and we would often travel at night and sleep during the day. Other times we started about three o'clock in the morning, and travelled until eleven, then rested, and went on again about three or four in the afternoon. We carried water in small canvas water bags strapped to our saddles, and these bags used to get caked with mud inside through the dirty water which we were compelled to put into them at times; and then the sweat from the horses used to soak into them, and that, together with the hot sun beating down on them all day, made the liquid inside very unpleasant to drink.

In the neck of the bag, which was only about seven by nine inches, was the neck of a glass lemonade bottle with a cork in it. Often on a hot day when we pulled out the cork it would pop like the cork of a gingerbeer bottle, and the smell was enough to poison one. However, there was nothing for it but to take that or nothing.

One morning we were in a rather dry part, and started off at three a.m. with our bags full, but after some hours' travelling in the hot sun our bags gradually gave out. By three o'clock we became very thirsty, our tongues being dry and hard, and we were anxiously looking for water, which we knew was not far off. At last, about four o'clock, we came upon a hut, and saw just inside the fence a water-barrel, with a wooden tap, and standing at the door of the hut was a man, another being some distance away. We stopped, said good-day, and asked the man if he would allow us to fill out water-bags. He appeared put out about something or other, and said no, mumbling something to the effect that he wasn't going to cart water for lazy beggars like us. By this time we had taken the bags off the saddle, and stood with them. We then asked him to let us have a drink. But he again refused, and said we might just as well go on to the river, which was only three miles further on. My mate then became abusive, and just as things looked as though there would be a fight, I said,

"Here, George, you fill the bags, and I will deal with him."

George took the bags and proceeded to fill them, I standing between him and the man, who at this seized a piece of timber and rushed at me, but I hastily snatched up a piece of broken slip rail, and as he came on aimed a vicious blow at his head, which fortunately struck him on the shoulder and felled him.

I stood ready to repeat the blow if he again came on, but, scrambling to his feet, he rushed

into the hut. Surmising that he had gone for firearms, we both made for our horses and bolted as hard as we could go, and only just in time, as two loud reports, followed by several small shots striking us on the back, proved that our surmise was correct. But we were too far away then for the shot to do us any harm, and raising ourselves in the saddle we shook our fists at him, but at the same time, thinking discretion the better part of valour, rode on, and had the satisfaction of seeing him rubbing his shoulder as though he was hurt, which served him right for his inhospitable treatment of two thirsty travellers.

CHAPTER IX.

A TALE OF A LOAF.—THE MIRAGE.

WHEN we reached the river we promptly camped on the far side, hobbled the horses, made a fire, put the billy on, and then had a good bogey in the river. That night, over the camp fire, George said that the little incident of the afternoon reminded him of a similar thing that had happened to him when droving cattle in Queensland.

A friend of his bought a mob of cattle in northern Queensland very cheap, and started overland with them to New South Wales. They had a terrible time of it, not only being short of water, but running short of food. They lost their way, provisions gave out, and things looked very black indeed. They made several attempts to kill a bullock, but without success, as, owing to the open country, and the cattle being very wild, they could not get near to them. Their only firearm was a revolver, carried by the boss. The party consisted of five white men and a black fellow, or rather Kanaka, one of the men being a new chum. Death of starvation seemed to be staring them in the face, and on the second day the men deserted in a body to look for food, leaving the owner alone with his cattle.

What his thoughts must have been as he saw his men ride away, gradually growing less and less until they disappeared on the horizon, may be better imagined than described. In a few hours he saw with great joy that the men were returning, and hoped that they had managed to get some food, but upon their arrival found that they had utterly failed. They reported that as far as they could tell there was nothing in sight, and unless they could manage to kill a beast there was nothing for it but starvation.

The men were gaunt and weak, and obviously

it was almost impossible to catch one of the bullocks. But later they managed to wound a young steer and get a rope on him, when they soon finished his earthly career, and there was a great feast in the camp that night. They cut the flesh into long thin strips, and allowed it to dry in the sun. They travelled on for three

one meal. They still refused. All the time the drover had been talking to the folks his men had been gazing with covetous eyes at a loaf of bread that was baking in a camp oven. When they saw that the boss had failed to obtain any bread or flour, one of them gave the pot a kick, and out rolled the half-baked loaf of bread. One



SO THEY TORE ALONG, TOSSING THE LOAF FROM ONE TO ANOTHER UNTIL IT BECAME COOL ENOUGH TO HOLD.

days; then they saw a hut on ahead, and upon coming up made the necessary inquiries as to the right track, and then asked for flour and bread, but found that the people were almost out of flour, and had none to spare, although money was offered, and the drover tried his best to induce them to part with enough flour or bread for

of the men snatched it up and mounted his horse, all the others doing the same, and away they raced. The man who had the loaf, finding it too hot to hold, tossed it to another as they rode along, and when it began to burn him he tossed it to another, and so they tore along, tossing it from one to another until it became cool

enough to hold. It was then roughly torn into pieces and greedily devoured, half done as it was, and George assured me that it was the sweetest bread that he had ever tasted.

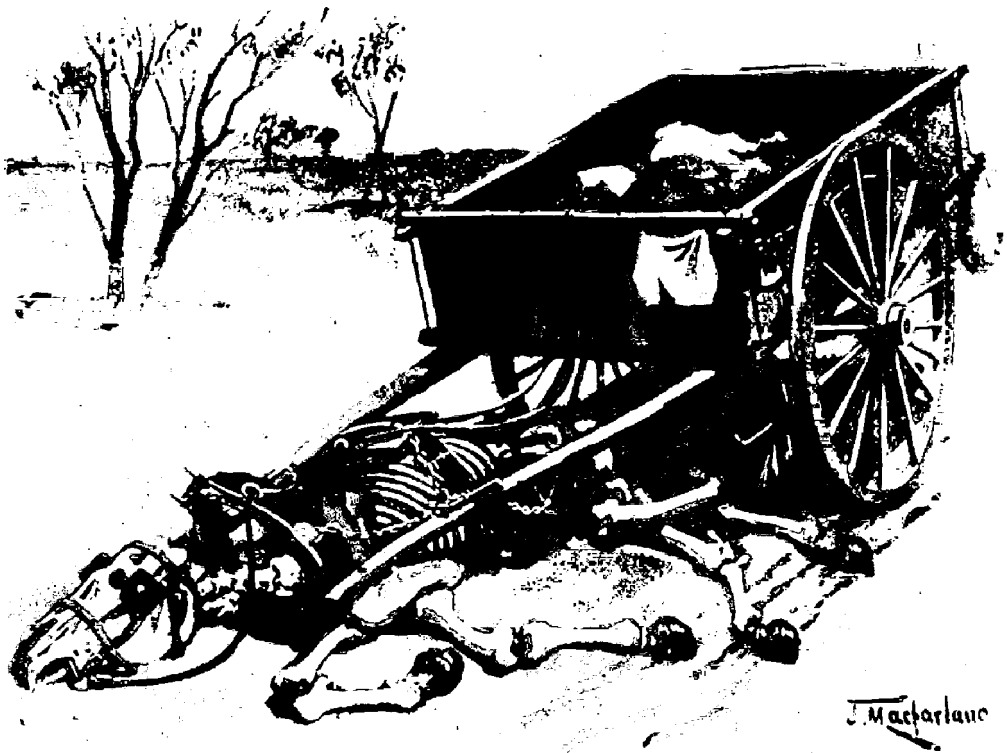
The owner of the loaf followed them on his horse, vowing all sorts of vengeance against them, and refused payment, although the boss offered him half a crown, which was obviously many times the value. However, after following them for a mile or so, he went back, and the matter ended.

The foregoing incidents will serve to show that there are exceptions to the well-known hospitality of the Australians.

We stayed at the river for two days, washed our clothes, and, as there was good feed, gave our animals a spell. We knew there was very

are practically uneatable for a white man. We resurrected it in the morning, and roasted it over the fire, and although it tasted strongly of gum leaves we managed to eat it.

Shortly afterwards we struck one of the numerous plains in this district, and water became once more very scarce. All day long travelling in the sun makes one very thirsty, and on the plains there is no shade. In the middle of the day we would dismount, take off the saddle, put the saddle-cloth over the horse's head, and then lie down in the shade thrown by his body. But the strangest part of camping on the plains is at night. Not a sound is to be heard; there are no mosquitoes, no insects buzzing, nothing but a death-like silence, broken occasionally by the distant tinkle of the cow



THE TRAGEDY OF A MIRAGE.

dry country ahead. We also caught some fish, and found it a very acceptable change in our diet. The third morning saw us once more on our way to the new Eldorado, and for two or three days we did very well, but our meat running out we had to resort to possum, which we caught one evening in a hole up a tree. After taking the inside out we buried it in the earth to take the smell away, as unless you do so they

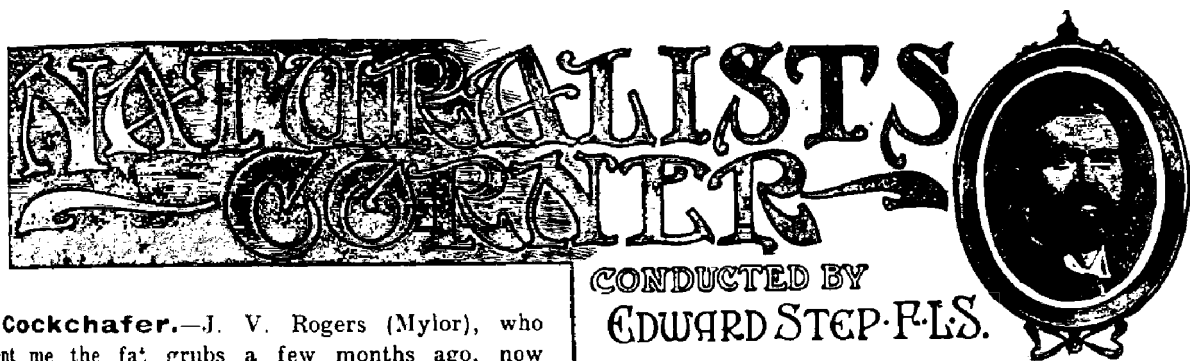
bell on the horse's neck. In day-time, especially in wavy country, the mirage is very tantalising. Perhaps you are riding along sucking pebbles to keep a little moisture in your mouth, your lips cracked, and your tongue feeling like a piece of leather, when all at once you see before you a beautiful sheet of dazzling water, with trees, their branches all awave, casting their shadows in the fairy lake. You can sometimes ride

almost up to it and see the ripples on the water, and then—just as your hopes are raised to the highest pitch—it disappears almost as suddenly as it came, and once more your eyes grow dim, you sink back into your saddle, and give yourself up to despair.

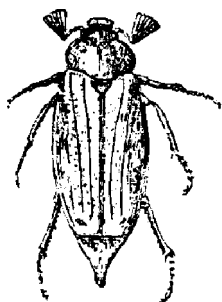
About this time a cart was found on the Darling Downs, near Wilcannia, and in the shafts was the skeleton of a horse, while in the dray and underneath it were several human skeletons. Some miles away on the same track another skeleton was found, also the bones of a dog. It

was surmised that this man and his family had missed their way through seeing one of these mirages, which they had followed, thinking it was water. The whole country thereabouts being undulating, they doubtless imagined that the water was further off than they had thought, and so kept following on in the direction in which they had first seen it. At last, wearied out, the man had stopped the dray and gone on with his dog to try and locate the water, and never returned, the whole family thus perishing from thirst.

(To be concluded.)



Cockchafer.—J. V. Rogers (Mylor), who sent me the fat grubs a few months ago, now writes:—"I am sending another beetle. He is worth watching a little, as he can extend his horns so that they seem to have a lot of little feathers on them. The name and habits will oblige." The beetle reached me in a more wholesome condition



COCKCHAFER, NATURAL SIZE.

than the grubs, and is particularly lively as I write. It is the Cockchafer (*Melolontha vulgaris*), and my correspondent will be interested to know that it is the perfect stage of one of the grubs such as he sent before. The peculiarity to which he refers in the so-called "horns" (more correctly "antennae," or feelers), is shared by many beetles. This species, as previously pointed out in this Corner, is, in the larval state, very destructive to roots, and when it becomes a beetle it attacks the foliage of trees—oaks and elms chiefly—doing considerable damage. I have had your specimen faithfully copied, and gave the artist special instructions to show the fan-like antennae expanded.

Collecting Outfit.—E. J. Patterson (Ballsa, I.M.) is going to Germany collecting butterflies, and wishes to know what is "the smallest possible outfit" he could do with. You must have a net, a zinc pocket-box, killing-bottle, setting

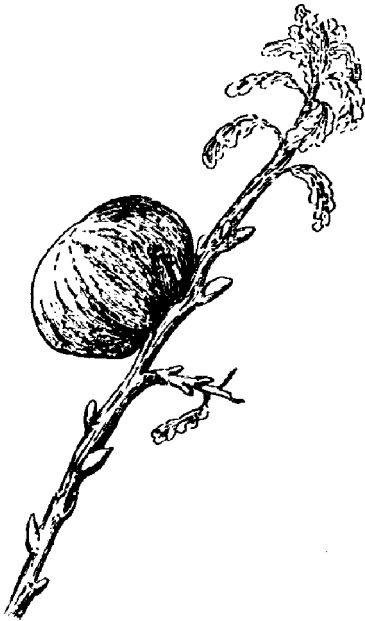
boards, stock of pins, and a store-box. These are six necessities; but if you have not got them all by you, their purchase may be left until you reach Germany. There are many German entomologists, so that you would have no difficulty in getting supplies in any of the cities.

Suggested Competition.—C. Nichol (Glasgow) suggests that there should be a competition in some branch of natural history—botany, for example. The Editor being in favour of such a competition, I am turning the matter over in my mind, and hope to scheme out something suitable.

Moles and Moleskins, &c.—In reply to H. H. Hamling (Barnstaple): (1) I am sorry I cannot give him detailed instructions for catching moles. The business is regarded as a fine art, and in most country places there is an old fellow who is an expert at it, and who works for all the farmers around in turn. His traps are very ingenious, but difficult to describe, and the setting of them must be learned from the old trapper himself. I dare say a little inquiry in your neighbourhood would secure you an introduction to such, and after the judicious application of a little "palm oil" you could get an invitation to accompany him on his rounds, and see him set his traps. Or you might find as much information as you desire in Carnegie's *Practical Trapping* (L. Upcott Gill, 1s.). (2) The stiffness of the preserved skins can be quickly got rid of by gently working them about with the fingers. (3) The

feet will dry up with little loss of size or shape. (4) The food of the jackdaw consists mainly of insects, especially grubs. Give your young specimen as much of its natural food as you can, but you may eke out your supplies with snails, meat cut into shreds, &c.

Preserving Plants.—I would direct "Herbarium" (Bedford) to an answer given recently in this Corner on the general plan, but will answer her special points of inquiry. First let me say that it is very rarely that a dried plant is satisfactory; the twisting of all leaves out of their natural position and the flattening of all flowers are to me very objectionable, and I prefer to study from the living plant. All you can do is to get your specimens as nearly as possible into a natural position before applying pressure, spreading out the flowers to show all the parts as clearly as possible; but a good deal of "squashing" is unavoidable. It would certainly be useful to dissect a flower apart from the complete specimen. This is the only way in which Labiates and Papilionaceous flowers can be properly shown. Thick roots and bulbs should be cut



OAK-APPLE.

through vertically, and only one-half retained. You will find some good practical hints on the subject in a little volume entitled "Collecting and Preserving," edited by J. E. Taylor, and published by W. H. Allen and Co., price 3s. 6d.

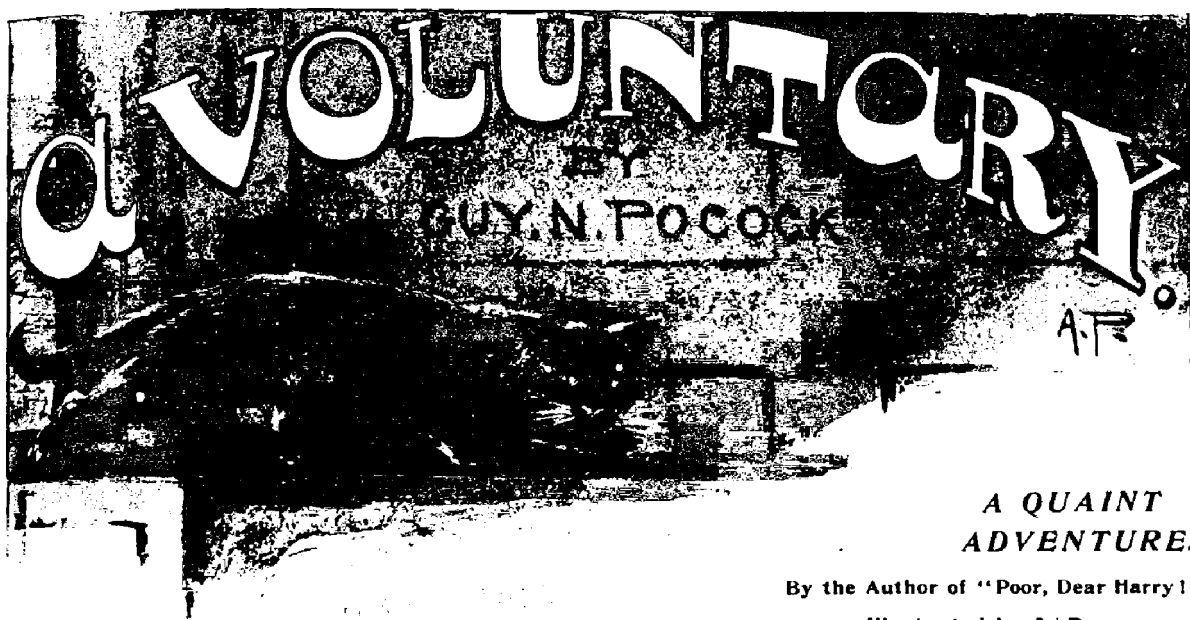
Oak Galls.—"Quercus" (Hampstead) sends me a gall, and asks if it is not the oak-apple. No, the specimen sent is the Bullet-gall. You will note that it is spherical, like a bullet, and quite hard. The oak-apple, which I have had drawn for your information, though roughly it may be said to be

round, is irregular in form and rather soft, its surface having the feel of leather. It also is a gall, but produced by an entirely distinct species of gall-wasp.

Butterfly Collecting.—Bertram Poole (Waterford) asks for information in reference to the killing and "setting" of butterflies. (1) The butterfly, whilst still in the net, is usually killed by a sharp but careful pressure of the thorax between the finger and thumb. If this is done properly the insect is killed instantly and without injury to its beauty. It is pinned at once and fixed in the cork of the collecting box. (2) The wings, if closed together, can easily be separated in the freshly killed insect by gentle pressure at the base of the wing with a pin or the setting needle. (3) "What apparatus is necessary?" See answer to E. J. Patterson ("Collecting Outfit") above. (4) The best cheap book with coloured illustrations is Coleman's "British Butterflies" (Routledge and Co., 3s. 6d.) In addition to figures and descriptions of all the British species, it gives information *re* apparatus, collecting, and preserving.

Dog's Loss of Hair.—W. G. Ball (Harrow) has an Aberdeen terrier pup which has lost all the hair from its legs, and asks the reason. It is quite clear it is not a case of moulting, for then the skin does not become bare, the new hair appearing as the old gradually falls out. There is no doubt that you have in some way mismanaged your dog by improper feeding, failing to give it outdoor exercise, or by keeping it in unhealthy quarters. As it is impossible for me to say what the cause may have been without more information than the bare statement that the dog has been thus partially bald for a month, I should advise you to take it to a vet. at once, otherwise the defect may become incurable. (2) I have no experience of this breed, so cannot answer your second question.—A somewhat similar note comes from Gladys A. W. von Stralendorff (Southport), though she does not say that her dog is partially bald, but that his hair has been coming out "in handfuls" for three months. I have little doubt that the cause is similar to that suggested in my reply to W. G. Ball, above. Miss Stralendorff mentions a patent food upon which he has been fed, but I have no experience of this, and therefore cannot express an opinion whether it is to blame or not. Let Miss S. ask herself whether her dog has had sufficient outdoor exercise before the trouble showed itself, or if its sleeping quarters are clean and airy. If the fault can be accounted for in one of these items, let it be remedied at once. If not, take the dog to a vet. and act on his advice.

Seaweeds.—E. J. Patterson (Ballasalla) should (1) refer to my answer to H. Martin in *May CAPTAIN*. (2) Landsborough's "British Seaweeds" (Routledge, 5s.).



**A QUAIN
ADVENTURE.**

By the Author of "Poor, Dear Harry!"

Illustrated by A. Pearse.

IT was the cat that did it. Baines' argument was that Jefferson began it. Jefferson's argument was that the cat beguiled him—the cat, the whole cat, and nothing but the cat. If it hadn't been for the cat it never would have happened—so there you were. So unanswerable did this argument appear that Baines and Jefferson came back from the Head's study feeling hurt in more senses than one. The cat is now convalescent.

Perhaps after all it was the workmen's fault for leaving the door of the Great Hall unlocked on the previous afternoon after laying down the red carpet and placing the chairs in readiness for the school concert. Anyhow, Baines vowed it wasn't *his* fault, and Jefferson declared it wasn't *his*. They certainly did go inside contrary to orders, but that wasn't the point, as Baines very justly observed. In the middle of the Hall sat the cat. Jefferson remembered afterwards that it looked a little nervous—as if it had something on its mind.

Then, again, as Baines remarked, what is the good of a cat sitting in the middle of a hall if you don't chase it—specially if it's got mange? Obviously none.

The deceitful thing ran round the room twice before it made a bee-line for the far corner and strolled up the wall. Then its scheme became obvious. For, on reaching the highest window-sill, it ran along it, stepped gracefully over to the top of the bookshelf, and disappeared behind the pipes of the great organ.

The route was new and original, and

suggested possibilities. True, the wall was comparatively perpendicular, but by a judicious arrangement of chairs on the reporters' table it appeared to Jefferson that this difficulty could be overcome. In fact, he was quite willing that Baines should try it. But Baines would not dream of bagging Jefferson's idea, so it was Jefferson who was first up on the window-sill. Then Baines came up, and the chairs toppled over behind him, which was awkward, as the wall was comparatively perpendicular, and the bookshelf route looked more formidable than it did from below.

Jefferson suggested that one of them should drop down and put up the chairs again, and he looked at Baines. Baines produced a halfpenny to toss for it, but, unfortunately, the halfpenny fell on to the floor below, and Jefferson swore it was heads, while Baines stuck to it that it was tails. Jefferson ventured to suggest that if Baines didn't believe him he might get down and see; but Baines said that wasn't logical. There was nothing for it but to try the bookshelf. Baines said they ought to rope themselves together with the blind-cord, but Baines was fat, and Jefferson wouldn't have it.

The passage was not so appalling after all, and in two minutes they landed triumphantly amid a forest of organ pipes. A sound like an electric bell with a cold made them look back: the cat was sitting on the reporters' table. They comforted themselves with the reflection that the organ was well worth exploring. There were great square wooden pipes with little half-open shutters in their

sides, which Baines, methodical as ever, promptly shut. There were round metal pipes with little bits of the metal bent over at the top. Jefferson straightened these with considerable care.

Then there were rows and rows of flutes and reeds, and square wooden tubes with stoppers in the top. Jefferson explained two minutes later that the flute he had taken hold of had simply come off in his hands—which indeed was obvious. To his infinite relief, however, it fitted back quite easily; so easily that he promptly took it out again and blew into it with most satisfactory and harmonious results.

Then he took out another tube and blew into them both at once, which proved so exhilarating that Baines removed three more, and all five together produced an astonishing effect. Jefferson said it was very good of Baines to help, but if he didn't mind shutting up that beastly row he might be able to get on with the tune. Baines said he hadn't noticed any tune. He did not know you could play "God Save the King" on two notes, to which Jefferson replied that he had only done three notes of it yet, and the first two notes of "God Save the King" were the same, which was a sell for Baines. The fourth note of the National Anthem was rather a stickler, and Jefferson pulled out a dozen pipes before he hit upon the right one, and even that was an octave too low. But the pipes were obviously meant to take out, so it wouldn't do them any harm. At the end of the second line Baines expressed a hope that Jefferson was enjoying himself as much as *he* was. Jefferson was, thanks; but if Baines liked he might do the bass on those fog-horn arrangements.

Baines selected a dozen fog-horns, while Jefferson seized a whole armful of small stops, and the duet, while mournful, was a distinct success, although at least half-a-dozen tubes had to be tried before each note could be hit upon, which somewhat obscured the tune.

Then Baines got rather brilliant. Why not do a "Voluntary"? he suggested. You needn't bother about a tune, or keeping time with each other, but just blaze away for all you are worth. Jefferson thought it wasn't a bad idea—for Baines—and without more ado the Voluntary began.

Never was such a glorious success! Faster and faster flew the pipes as they were snatched out to be once blown and flung on to the pile, and wilder and weirder grew the pandemonium, till Baines was blue in the

face, and Jefferson was so weak with laughing that he couldn't blow. Besides, it was getting late, and the things had to be put back.

There was no time to waste either, considering the size of the pile, and the two worked furiously, poking the tubes back into their sockets till about half the heap was done. Then it happened that Jefferson, with a round metal thing, and Baines with a square wooden thing, both made for the same socket. Then suddenly a horrid thought took Jefferson just below the ribs. Was Baines *quite* sure they were putting the pipes back in their *right places*? When Baines came to think of it he was not quite sure. They certainly didn't look right. In fact, he was pretty certain they were wrong. Anyhow, Jefferson would get into a fearful row, as the concert was coming off in an hour and a half, and Harrison's organ recital was the feature of the evening. Jefferson slowly began to re-arrange the pipes, feeling very sick. But it was no good; he had not the slightest idea where each belonged. But something must be done at once, as it would soon be too dark to see.

Baines suggested sticking the beastly things in wherever they would fit, and making a bolt for it; but it was dreadful work. The more they stuck in the more absurd and impossible did the organ look. The "fog-horns" were the only tubes whose position they could remember even approximately, and even these were probably in the wrong order.

At last it was done, and with a final shudder they turned to go. Then another difficulty presented itself—the door of the organ loft was locked!

They looked at each other and gasped. Baines began making unkind but incoherent remarks concerning the welfare of the cat, but Jefferson, with a despair that was beyond words, wrenched off a panel of the swell-box, and stepped inside. There was a hole in the floor through which he could just squeeze, and, holding to one of the supports of the swell-box, he let himself down into the engine room, and called to Baines to follow. Baines did follow as far as the arm-pits, and then stuck. First he kicked frantically in the hope of jerking himself through; then he dragged at the support in vain endeavours to pull himself up again. But he had stuck, and stuck effectually.

Jefferson said he wasn't coming any nearer while Baines went on kicking like that.

Then he seized Baines by the ankles and tugged with all his might, till something gave way, and Baines came through dragging the support after him, and the shutters of the swell-box came clattering down on the top of them.

But nothing mattered now—except escape. The engine room window was open, and out of it they scrambled, and in two minutes they were flying breathlessly towards the School House. What was to be done? Couldn't they stop Harrison playing the organ, somehow? Jefferson asked.

Baines, who was still feeling brilliant, suggested giving him some sort of chemical which would make him—not really ill, you know, but bad enough to stop the organ recital. Jefferson said he didn't keep any, and if he did it wasn't likely Harrison would eat the stuff.

It didn't *sound* likely. Baines admitted. Perhaps after all it would be best to try and persuade Harrison to chuck it. This had its drawbacks, too, for Harrison was in the upper school, and they had never spoken to him in their lives. But necessity is the mother of cheek. Harrison stopped arranging his dress tie as they knocked at his study door and asked them what they wanted.

After pinching Baines' arm for some time without the slightest effect, Jefferson explained that they had come to ask Harrison if he would mind not playing that thing on the organ to-night. Because, he added, in answer to Harrison's astonished inquiry, they, the—er—Fourth Form, were not particularly keen on organs.

No, Jefferson explained that he did not want his head smacked; but the—er—the



BAINES SUGGESTED STICKING THE BEASTLY THINGS IN WHEREVER THEY WOULD FIT.

fact was, his Mater was coming to the concert, and his Mater was awfully keen on music, and—here Jefferson stopped. This was not exactly how he had meant to put it, and, on thinking it over, it didn't sound quite complimentary. Baines came to the rescue. When Jefferson said his Mater was keen on music, Baines explained what he meant was that his Mater simply loathed the sound of some sorts of music, and whenever she heard an organ it made her ill.

Jefferson said two minutes later that he didn't think Harrison need have behaved like that, considering that it was all for his good. Some people simply didn't know what gratitude meant. Anyhow, *he* wasn't going to prevent Harrison playing now, nor was Baines. And so the two went off to change.

The concert was nearly over. High up in the crowded hall sat Mrs. Jefferson, and with her sat Charlie Jefferson and his friend Baines. She was perplexed at their manner, which varied between silent stolidity and wild excitement.

The organ recital seemed to cause them intense interest; they had been referring to it all the evening, and now that it stood as the next item upon the programme they could talk of nothing else.

Was Mr. Harrison a good player? she asked.

O h! y e s, Baines explained, a rattling good player—at least, no, not particularly good. Rather bad, in fact. Jefferson said that you needn't mind Baines, because he couldn't help it. What he meant was that Harrison played the organ jolly well as long as he wasn't nervous. When he got nervous, my word, he did make funny noises! He only hoped to goodness he wasn't going to be nervous to-night, as there was no knowing what he might not do.

Baines couldn't help thinking he *would* be, though. He had been a little wild in the study just now.

Very wild, Jefferson agreed. And if you looked at him now going up to the organ you could see a sort of rummy look about his eyes. An awfully rummy look. Baines didn't like the look of it at all, either. In

fact, he wouldn't be a bit surprised if the whole bally thing, beg your pardon, the whole thing, were to break down. In fact, he would strongly advise Mrs. Jefferson not to stay for it.

Jefferson was awfully sorry; he hadn't meant to squeak like that; he thought Harrison was going to start. Yes, he usually made a noise like that when anyone started playing the organ—it *was* rather a curious habit.

Then Harrison did start, and emitted four bars of the wildest and most unearthly discords of which an average organ could be conceived capable. Then he stopped dead, while a titter ran round the school, and the masters and visitors looked at each other with raised eyebrows. Baines was bouncing idiotically upon his chair, while Jefferson cowered down out of sight muttering something about people who never would listen to good advice.

Harrison examined the key-boards, the stops, and the pedals, amid an intense and uncomfortable silence. Then he began again. The result was even more hideous than before. Half the notes would not sound.

and the rest were so preposterously out of tune that one would have thought that Harrison had gone suddenly mad, and was running amuck on the key-boards.

The tittering swelled into a laugh, and even the visitors smiled audibly, for anything was better than that dreadful silence. Jefferson was frantically tearing his programme to little bits, which he flipped on to the back of an old gentleman who sat immediately in front of him, while Baines, with his eyes starting from his head, cried out in a stage whisper, "The fog horns are all right!" in



THE RESULT
WAS EVEN MORE
HIDEOUS THAN BEFORE.

the vain hope that Harrison would hear him. Harrison did not hear, of course, but several visitors did, and turned round in reproof of what they considered a feeble and ill-timed witticism. Some of the boys upon the window-sills had heard him too, for one unfeeling youth exclaimed, "You funny ass!" and there was another laugh.

Then Jefferson's heart stopped beating: the school organist was going to the rescue! For half a minute he pulled and poked at the stops, then sat down and produced half-a-dozen of the most wonderful ear-splitting discords which it had ever been the misfortune of that rising musician to play before an appreciative audience. Then he stopped, and the dead stillness was appalling. But the absurdity of the situation was too much for the organist, and he turned round with so whimsical an expression on his face that in a moment the whole hall burst into a shout of laughter, in which Baines and Jefferson joined with hysterical vehemence. Then the boys began to clap vigorously, and the laughter burst out louder still. Harrison alone did not laugh. He had disappeared into the loft behind the organ, and now he came

back with a pale, set face, and strode off the platform while the Head Master expressed his apologies to the audience and suggested that the proceedings should close with the National Anthem.

Feeling stunned and giddy, Baines and Jefferson slowly made their way down the crowded hall. At the door they turned and looked back. Harrison's eyes were fixed upon them as he made his way down the hall, the utterly miserable recipient of many sympathetic remarks from his friends.

That was enough for Baines and Jefferson. Wriggling deftly through the crowd, they dashed like lightning down the stone steps, dodged under the wheels of two carriages, and fled panic-stricken to the School House and to bed.

Next morning several curious events took place. Two caps, bearing the names of Baines and Jefferson, were found behind the great organ, where other curious phenomena were also discovered.

But when all was said and done, that which appeared to Baines and Jefferson most wonderful of all was this:—Harrison never said a word!



Photo by

SUNLIGHT IN THE FORGE.

Cecil Cotton.



THE STAMPS OF KOREA.

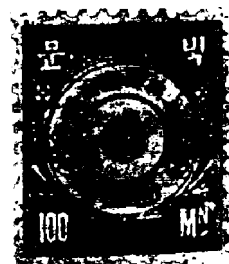
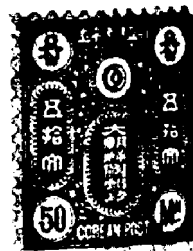
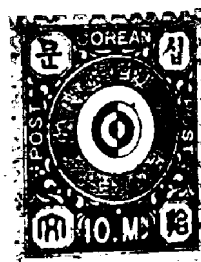
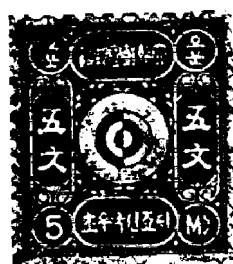
THE attention which has recently been given to the stamps of the Hermit Kingdom illustrates how closely stamp collecting follows any great event which threatens to disturb the postal issues of a country. Till the recent outbreak of hostilities in the East very little notice has been taken of the stamps of Korea. Most collectors have been more or less sceptical of Korea's need of postage stamps, except as a means of filching some necessary revenue from stamp collectors. Now, we are all looking up such issues as have been made, and find them by no means devoid of interest.

It is very certain that the first attempt to organise a postal system, which was made in 1885, did not meet a long felt want, so far as the aboriginals were concerned. A General Post Office had been built in Seoul, officials appointed, and postage stamps, prepared and printed in Japan, got ready for issue. But on the very day that the Post Office was opened, the said aboriginals, suspecting the new system to be some sinister design of the so-called "foreign devils," crowded around the new buildings, raised a considerable riot, killed off the Postmaster-General, and burnt down the Post Office. Of the series of five stamps which had been prepared for sale, the three highest values are said to have never been issued, and a large number which remained in the hands of the printers in Japan were sold to stamp dealers, and, as a consequence, are still to be had at low prices.

For ten long years no officials dared to venture on another attempt to establish a postal system in Korea. In 1895, however, a second attempt was made, and was successful.

1885.—The first issue consisted of five values, 5, 10, 25, 50, and 100 mon. The three highest

values are noted in Gibbon's catalogue as having been prepared for use, but never issued. This statement has, however, lately been questioned, for, according to the *West End Philatelist*, a genuinely used copy of the 100 mon. was found in the correspondence of the late Bishop of London, at or about the time these stamps appeared.



Perforated.

5 mon. rose	1	6
10 mon. blue	0	4
25 mon. orange	0	14
50 mon. green	0	14
100 mon. blue and pink	0	14

1895.—New design, printed in Seoul. The currency changed from mon to poon. There seems to be some doubt as to the value of a poon. Mr. Bannister, of Copthall Avenue, E.C., sends me a cutting from an American newspaper of 1894 to which is pasted a copy of the 5 poon, attested as having been cut from the proof sheet by the secretary of the Legation. On this cutting is written "5 poon=5 cents," so that a poon would be equal to our halfpenny. This second series consisted of four values, 5, 10, 25, and 50 poon, all of one design.



Perforated.

5 poon. green	0	2	0	2
10 poon. dark blue	0	3	0	3
25 poon. lake	0	5	0	5
50 poon. violet	0	8	0	8

1897.—In this year, Korea having been declared independent, the Emperor added to his titles and dignity, and caused the previous issue to be overprinted in native characters, with the words "Tai-han," meaning "Empire of Korea." These stamps remained in use for three years. The overprint was done in red. Black overprints are fraudulent varieties.

Issue of 1895 overprinted in red "Tai-han."

Perforated.

5 poon. green	0	2	0	4
10 poon. dark blue	0	4	0	6
25 poon. lake	0	4	0	8
50 poon. violet	0	6	1	0

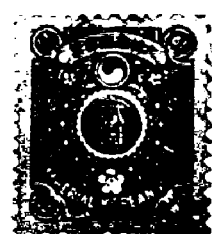
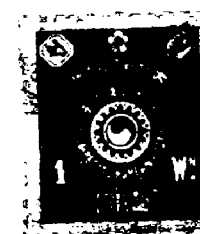
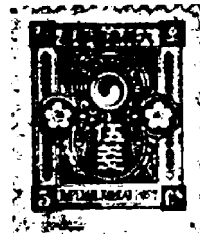
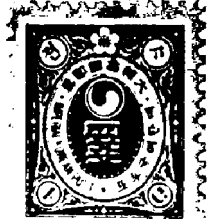
1900.—New design. Fourteen values, printed in Seoul, inscribed in English, "Imperial Korean Post." The currency was assimilated to that of Japan, and expressed in "cheuns" and "woons," equivalent to the Japanese "sens" and "yens," with an additional stamp of the low value of 2 re, or one-fifth of a cheun. As a cheun is only a farthing, the cost of the 2 re stamp is only a twentieth part of a penny. There were two types of the 2 cheun; type I. was issued in 1900, type II. a year later.



Type I.



Type II.



Perforated.

	Used.	Unused.
2 re. grey	0 1	0 1
1 cheun, green	0 1	0 1
2 cheun, blue, Type I.	0 2	0 2
2 cheun, blue, Type II.	0 1	0 1
3 cheun, red	0 2	0 3
4 cheun, rose	0 2	0 3
5 cheun, pink	0 3	0 3
6 cheun, dark blue	0 3	0 4
10 cheun, violet	0 5	0 6
15 cheun, dull purple	0 6	0 8
20 cheun, red brown	0 8	0 8
50 cheun, pink and green	1 9	2 0
1 woon, slate-pink and blue	3 6	4 6
2 woon, mauve and green	6 6	7 6

1900-3. — Provisionals. Surcharged in native characters on the issue of 1897.

Perforated.

	Unused.	Used.
"1" on 5 poon, green	2 6	2 6
1 cheun, on 25 poon, lake	0 4	0 2
2 cheun, on 25 poon, lake	0 5	0 5
3 cheun, on 50 poon, violet	0 8	0 6

1903. — Long, rectangular stamps of the same design for all values. Designed and printed in Paris, inscribed in French, "Postes Imperiales de Corée." The design is thus described: "It shows a 'violet falcon' in the centre, falconry being a sport of the nobility, as in China. In his right claw he holds a sheathed sword with its belt, and in his left claw a terrestrial globe, on which Korea and Japan can be discerned. On his breast is the *yin-yang* symbol again, and surrounding it the *Pakua*,



or eight diagrams. There are also four little *yin-yangs* on each wing, and the plum blossom is again prominent."

Perforated.

2 re. grey black	0 1
1 cheun, brown purple	0 1
2 cheun, green	0 1
3 cheun, orange	0 2
4 cheun, rose	0 2
5 cheun, cinnamon	0 3
6 cheun, lilac	0 3
10 cheun, blue	0 4
15 cheun, red, on yellow paper	0 6
20 cheun, brown, on yellow paper	0 8
50 cheun, red, on green paper	1 6
1 woon, lilac, on pale lilac paper	3 0
2 woon, purple, on orange paper	6 0

Our illustrations are from picked copies kindly supplied by Messrs. Whitfield King and Co.

Notable New Issues.

THE most important item in the matter of new issues this month is the receipt of what seems to be the forerunner of a new form of CA. watermark. Hitherto the CA. watermark on our British Colonial stamps has been placed one on each stamp. The new CA. consists of

a jumble of CA.'s so close together that portions of three or more fall on each stamp. It is not so neat as the old watermark. Perhaps it will have its compensations in rendering the watermark more easily decipherable. But it opens up a far-reaching change to those who collect varieties of watermark—and who does not in British Colonials? If it is to be the CA. of future issues, then it means that we shall have to make separate series of Single CA., and what will probably be known as Multiple CA. watermarks. So far I have only seen the new watermark on the new Virgin Islands set, the 9 piastres of Cyprus, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. of Gibraltar, all King's head types.

British Honduras.—Two more values of the King's head series have appeared—the 1c. green, and the 20c. purple and marone. The 20c. is an old value restored. It was omitted from the last Queen's head series. So far the King's heads issued are as follows:—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 1c. green.
- 2c. lilac and black, on red paper.
- 5c. black and blue, on blue paper.
- 20c. purple and marone.

Cyprus.—The 9 piastres and 18 piastres of the King's heads have been received, completing the series as follows:—



Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 30 paras. violet and green.
- 1 piastre, green and carmine.
- 1 piastre, green and carmine.
- 2 piastres, blue and chocolate.
- 4 piastres, sage-green and marone.
- 6 piastres, olive bistre and green.
- 9 piastres, brown and carmine.
- 12 piastres, orange-brown and black.
- 18 piastres, slate and brown.
- 45 piastres, purple and ultramarine.

As the new watermark, Multiple CA., has already made its appearance on a Cyprus stamp, we must start a fresh series.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

9 piastres, brown and carmine.

East Africa and Uganda.—I have received the 8a. pale blue with centre in black, of the King's head set. The whole series has been chronicled long since, but the actual stamps are coming to hand slowly.

Gibraltar.—The $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp of the current King's head type has been received with the Multiple CA. watermark referred to in our introductory remarks.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

$\frac{1}{2}$ d., green.

Lagos.—Two more values, the 2s. 6d. and 5s., have been issued of the current King's head series. Unlike most of the Colonials, these high values are of the same size as the lower values. The 10s. will presumably complete the issue, as

the odd values of 5d., 7½d., and 10d. are apparently to be omitted from the new set, but the 4d., which is also absent, must surely be needed. It will be remembered that this value was omitted from the Transvaal King's head series, but had to be added later on. The series now stands as follows:—

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 4d., green.
- 1d., purple, red paper.
- 2d., purple, value in blue.
- 2½d., purple, value in blue, blue paper.
- 3d., purple, value in red.
- 6d., purple, value in mauve.
- 1s., green, value in black.
- 2s. 6d., green, value in carmine.
- 5s., green, value in blue.

Mauritius.—This Colony seems to be making never-ending experiments in colour changes of the current arms type. The latest arrival is a 3 cents, printed in green on yellow paper.

Wmk. CA. Perf. 14.

- 3 cents, green, value in red, yellow paper.

Virgin Islands.—I have received a full set of King's heads of this Colony. They are notice-

ably printed in very pronounced colours. The purple is of much darker shade, and the reds, blues, greens, and browns, used for name and values, are strikingly strong. The watermark is the new Multiple CA.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.



- 4d., purple, value and name green.
- 1d., purple, value and name scarlet.
- 2d., purple, value and name bistre.
- 2½d., purple, value and name bright blue.
- 3d., purple, value and name black.
- 6d., purple, value and name chocolate.
- 1s., green, value and name red.
- 2s. 6d., green, value and name black.
- 5s., green, value and name bright blue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bright and Son.—Cyprus, 9 and 18 pias, and 9 pias with multiple CA.

Ewen.—East Africa, 8s.; Mauritius, 3c.; Lagos, 2s. 6d. and 5s.; Virgin Islands, set complete.

Pemberton and Co.—Gibraltar, ½d., with multiple CA.

Whitfield King and Co.—British Honduras, 1c. and 20c.; Mauritius, 3c.

A RECIPE.

(For an Archaic, Stereotyped School Story.)

A Doctor of Divinity, whose prowess in
Latinity

A Cicero himself could scarcely come nigh,
Whose rectitude and dignity are tempered
with benignity,

Beloved of his colleagues and *alumni*;
A marvellous Head Prefect, free from any
kind of defect,

As a very Spartan, hardy, brave, and
stoical;

Who, in all his acts and dealings, manners,
speeches, thoughts, and feelings,
Is monotonously lofty and heroical.

A cheery little chappy, who is always blithe
and happy,

Cutting capers of the friskiest variety,
And a shy, retiring, pensive, and extremely
inoffensive,

Rather feeble little member of Society.
(You may bet the latter kid'll find that Life's
a fearful riddle,

Full of mysteries with which he tries to
grapple—

Not, however, very gamely—till, collapsing
rather tamely,

He becomes a modest tablet in the Chapel.

Then a youth, who's worse than worthless,
with a smile that's hard and mirthless,
Who commits a dozen playful little felonies,
And is not the least affected when the hero
gets suspected,

As the source of all his criminal miscel-
lanies.

If you tread the paths of virtue, he'll do
anything to hurt you,

But his schemes must all be ultimately
baffled,

When, expelled upon exposure, with most
undisturbed composure,

He sets out upon a journey to the scaffold.

These figures were so prominent, their deeds
so very dominant,

One couldn't fail to notice the comparative
Insignificance and tameness, and insipid sort
of sameness,

Of the other persons mentioned in the
narrative.

Now the scribe of Fiction's pages, keeping
pace with fleeting ages,

Goes to work with more original material—
But I won't describe its features to the lucky
little creatures

Who can revel in a CAPTAIN tale or serial.

ARTHUR STANLEY.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL, *Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," &c.*

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Mr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. Meanwhile, Munro is executing a portrait in oils of Molly, having as a guide a small impressionist sketch in water colours that he made after meeting the girl on the beach some time previously. One Sunday evening, Black Jack, a huge boatman of ill-repute, who bears the artist a grudge, flings a piece of rock through the open window of the studio and completely ruins the painting in question.

CHAPTER XIX.

TO GO—OR STAY?

GEORGE was carefully attaching the end of a night-line to a tree growing by the edge of the stream, when a gruff voice sounded in his ear.

"Ow about that there boat, young master?" George started violently, making sure that the formidable Black Jack was addressing him. He was reassured by a laugh, however, and looking round, perceived the speaker to be Munro, who was holding Rufus by his collar.

Munro laughed again. "That 'gave you pause,' as a poet would say. Come on up to the studio, if you want a walk before supper."

Man and boy and dog enjoyed their tramp over the sandy, hillocky common on this cool mid-

summer evening. To George, at least, it seemed that they reached Munro's bungalow all too soon. The boy noticed that a small furniture van was drawn up close to the second bungalow in the row.

"I am to have neighbours shortly," said Munro, following George's glance. "A London theatrical manager has taken that house for the season. I suppose he will come down for week-ends, and supply me with lively neighbours."

Munro unlocked the door of his bungalow, and, as was usual, the parrot found his tongue at once.

"Well, George, how goes it?" he inquired, mimicking Munro's customary greeting. "Say a word to Polly, won't yer?" added the bird, hopping up and down on his perch in a state of great excitement.

"Certainly, old man," said Munro, caressing the parrot's poll with his finger. "We hope you have spent a quiet and thoughtful Sunday. Owing to the conditions prevailing in his former home," Munro added to George, "Polly always gets very lively after six o'clock on Sunday."

Suddenly the parrot barked loudly, and then broke into a jeering laugh. Rufus stared gravely up at his feathered friend, but otherwise took no notice of the bird's endeavour to get a rise out of him. Polly barked again, and produced a particularly irritating hissing sound, such as a street boy employs to vex a dog that is chained up.

But Rufus did not deign to display any sign of annoyance.

"That'll do, Polly," said Munro, reprovingly. "You don't want to lose your tail feathers, do you? Let Rufus alone."

"Mayn't Polly say a word?" demanded the parrot in sullen tones. "Scat! Good dog, then! Scat!" he added, turning a wicked eye on the seemingly imperturbable mastiff.

Rufus directed a warning glance in the parrot's

direction. He knew there was no member of the cat tribe about other than Miss Florence; why, therefore, should the parrot suggest that there was one? He uttered a low growl, and Polly was chuckling in a highly amused manner when an exclamation from Munro withdrew George's attention from the bird.

"Look here!" said the artist.

He was standing in the middle of the studio, gazing upon the wreck of his picture. The easel was lying flat upon the floor; near by, torn and gashed, was the painting of Molly, and a little beyond lay a huge fragment of rock.

"By Jove!" cried George. "What a shame!"

The artist's eyes wandered to the open window. He perceived that the missile must have been flung from that direction. Who, of all shore-strollers in this quiet seaside place, could have perpetrated such a wanton act as this—the ruining of a picture upon which so many hours of loving labour had been bestowed?

"I think I can guess who has done this," said Munro, quietly picking up the spoilt canvas. "That man Blunt has a score to settle with me. Well, I'll leave my pictures safe from such an attack in the future."

Although Munro was in reality much disturbed by the misdeed, he forced himself to appear outwardly calm.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir," said George. "It is hard luck."

"I must paint it all over again," said Munro. "Of course, it could be patched up, but—no, I'll paint it again. It wasn't nearly finished. You see, George," he added, as he set the easel on its legs, "I wanted to leave something behind that you would all remember me by when I am gone, and I thought that perhaps your sister would accept this picture from me."

"But," said George, in sudden alarm, "you are not going away from Mellerby, are you, Mr. Munro?"

For he had already begun to lean upon Munro as a lame man supports himself with a staff. He wondered how he would get on if this strong, true friend were to go away. During the weary hours he spent at Garrick and Mappin's he often thought of Munro; the artist's grave words on the occasion of their first meeting had buoyed him up and led him on to try again when he was finding his work immeasurably wearisome.

"I never intended to spend the winter here," said Munro, "but now it looks as if I must say good-bye to Mellerby for good. To be frank, George, I can't knock much out of painting, and by Saturday morning's post I received the offer of a well-paid job in West Africa—a Government job. I have to make up my mind about it at once."

"I hope you won't go," observed George, with great sincerity.

"It's very good of you to say that," returned Munro. "I should be sorry to part with you all, but, you see, I'm not a youngster now, and I must do the best I can for myself. I want to carve out some sort of a niche to sit in, and if people won't buy my pictures I must try to earn my living in some other way. Imagine, George! If I accept this offer I shall be a consul—the proud representative of the British Crown—at six hundred a year, with no particularly onerous duties, plenty of servants, heaps of shooting, and every now and then a big row to put down. That would do me down to the ground."

"Yes, indeed," said George, who had read many tales of West Africa, and was already picturing Munro lording it about in a white drill suit topped by a wide-spreading hat, cheroot between lips, black fellows ready to do his bidding at a moment's notice, and a big, one-storied Government House to live in. "And I hope you'll take me with you as your secretary, sir."

The artist laughed. "I'm afraid the climate would chaw you up in three weeks, George. Still, kindly remember that I haven't decided to go yet. And now what about supper? I've a cold leg of mutton and some pickled onions. Will you have some?"

Then, and not till then, did George's conscience prick him.

"I'm supposed to be keeping house with Joyce," he said. "Father and Molly have gone to a case at Little Bagot."

"When will they be back?" asked Munro.

"Oh, not for an hour or so, I suppose. And the servants are out," added the boy, with a guilty look on the face.

"Come—we'll both go along and help your little sister keep house," said Munro briskly. "She'll be getting nervous. You ought not to have left her alone, George."

The boy remained silent. Munro was glad to see that he did not attempt to excuse himself.

They found Joyce at the end of the garden, watching anxiously for her absentee brother. She looked white and distraught, and hurriedly explained that a few minutes since a tramp had come to the front door, and when told to go away had put his foot in, so that Joyce could not shut the door.

"He couldn't get in, of course, because I had already put the chain up," Joyce added. "But it gave me a great fright."

"Of course it did," said Munro. "Is the tramp still hanging about?"

"I believe so," said Joyce. "I heard a noise

at the back door just now, and that's why I came down here to look for you, Georgie."

A front garden and hedge intervened between Dr. Denver's house and the main street of the little town. On the right there was a high wall, and on the other side of this the public footway which led down to the bridge. The back door opened into this footway, and here, presumably, the tramp was lurking.

Munro took hold of Rufus's collar. "I'll give the fellow a lesson," said he. "Please show me where the kitchen door is, George."

The boy, anticipating fun, led the way with a brisk step. The door was locked. Munro turned the key and confronted the vagrant, who had been loitering round in hopes of terrifying the "little mistress" into giving him food or alms. He was a burly, unkempt scoundrel of the type that prefers begging to working.

"Do you see this dog?" said Munro, sternly.

The tramp eyed Rufus with apprehension. Yes, it was quite evident that he saw him.

"Well," continued the artist, "if you're not out of sight in half-a-minute, I'll send him after you."

The beggar did not stay to argue. He lifted two sturdy feet and simply flew up the pathway, turning the corner with undiminished speed and dashing straight into a policeman, who put out a large detaining hand and clutched him by the shoulder.

"What are you in such a 'urry for?" demanded the constable suspiciously.

"Just seen a dog wot wanted to bite me," explained the tramp.

The policeman, still keeping the tramp in a firm grip, peered down the pathway. He observed Munro at the Doctor's back door, holding Rufus in.

"Anything wrong, sir?" he asked.

"No; let him have his run, constable," said Munro. "A little exercise will do him good."

So, with a grin, the policeman released the tramp, who hurried on his way muttering maledictions. A little girl he could cope with, but a man and a dog were quite another matter. He hadn't even leisure to put a chalk mark on the gate or wall, after the manner of his kind, which should indicate to fellow-tramps that this was a house where a dog was kept, and therefore one to be avoided. A mile out of the town, however, a good-hearted farmer's wife gave him some bread and cheese, and he rewarded her by chalking a mystic symbol on a barn wall to the effect that grub was to be had here, if you whined enough for it.

The French windows with which the drawing-room was provided were open. Munro and

Joyce sat down in chairs on the lawn, and George, wandering into the room, seated himself at the piano and ran his fingers over the keys. Presently he broke into a fanciful little air. The boy played readily, with a sympathetic touch, and the melody rose and fell with smooth undulations that had much of grace and beauty in them.

"That is a very pretty piece," said Munro. "What is it?"

"George made it up," replied Joyce proudly. "He has made up a lot of pieces."

"Can he read music?"

"Yes, pretty well. But he plays better by ear—and things like that. You see," added Joyce, in her quiet, informative way, "George used to play very well when he first went to Silverdown, and there was a music master there who took an interest in him, and gave him extra lessons, and taught him heaps of things. When George came home for his first holidays mother was delighted with the way he had got on. Then this nice music master married the matron, and went away, and a new music master came who neglected George, and so, in time, he forgot nearly everything that the other master had taught him. For one thing, George had to have his lesson at half-past seven in the morning, and the master hardly ever came down in time to give it him. Then George poisoned his finger in the chemistry room, and nearly had to have it off, and so he wasn't able to play, and that threw him back more than ever. And so, you see, George might by this time have been able to play almost any kind of piece, but things have come in the way."

"He has quite a talent for music—he should cultivate it," said Munro.

"Yes," said Joyce. "John Thompson and I both think George could do very well if he really tried. Besides, he is so good at making up tunes. When he is a man, he might even write operas like *San Toy*, and get a lot of money for them."

The artist smiled at the little girl's most lofty conception of musical creation.

"Yes," he said quietly. "Or perhaps even something better than *San Toy*."

At this time George had strayed away into one of Molly's songs, and then his vagrant fingers, idling with the notes, suddenly seemed to tire of modern trifles and love songs, as like one another in method and melody as sheep in a flock, for he shook everything mediocre and made-to-measure off his finger-tips, and played, with absolute correctness and great feeling, "The Harmonious Blacksmith." In this composition he was note-perfect and time-perfect, and of a surety if Handel could have walked

into the dim drawing-room at that moment the great master would have listened with calm approval to George's rendering of what is, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of descriptive music that has ever been written.

The anvil strokes rang out clear and true.



THE BEGGAR DID NOT STAY TO ARGUE.

With surprising perfection did the boy interpret this very grand and yet very simple little poem—this wordless song of anvil and hammer and the mighty smith who stood over them.

When it was ended the boy came through the French windows, walking as if he were in a dream.

"George," said the artist, quietly, "I should advise you to try and write down what you compose. I don't know much about music, but you must study theory and harmony before you can attempt to compose, I believe."

"I have studied both," said George.

"Then try to write out that piece you played first. It is a very good little piece. You must play to me again one of these days."

Some little time before the wheels of the Doctor's dog-cart grated on the gravel drive, Munro took his leave of George and Joyce, and headed back across the common to his bungalow. As he strode along, certain words recurred to his

memory—they were the words he had uttered when George had told him how he had come to leave Silverdown. . . . "*It never occurred to you that your bravest course would have been to go on trying.* . . ."

And yet he, the man who had made this speech, was contemplating the abandonment of painting as a career. He was turning over in his mind, indeed, the advisability of accepting a post in West Africa—work that would pay, but work that would not be of his heart's choosing.

He walked up and down the beach for a little time before entering his bungalow, the mastiff following him with slow, majestic strides.

"Rufus," said Munro, turning and caressing the great hound's head, "what shall I do? We are as near broke as possible. Shall we go or shall we stay?"

Rufus licked his master's hand, as if he would say: "You may be sure, sir, that I'll stand by you, whatever you do."

With compressed lips and thoughtful brow the artist continued his perambulation of the beach.

He was growing very fond of Mellerby and these new friends that Fate had thrown in his path. In a vague, unexplainable way he felt that his fortunes were in a fashion interwoven with theirs.

"To thine own self be true," he repeated softly. "I don't want to be a consul, and I do want to be a painter."

He paced up and down a little longer, and then stopped suddenly. His face was bright, as if irradiated by a brave thought.

"I'll stay," he said. "I'll try a little longer."

CHAPTER XX.

MRS. PARDOE TAKES THE AIR.

IT was an evening which invited people out, this Sunday evening, and Mrs. Pardoe, disregarding the possibility of catching a chill when the dew fell, was sitting in her arbour. This very old lady was still able to read—if the print were not too small—and on a little table close by her side lay an open Bible.

She had read and pondered upon the lessons of the evening, and now, having laid her spectacles on the Bible, she was sitting, with her hands folded in her lap, in a state of dreamy content.

She was thinking of her long, long life—of her prim childhood; of her blushing maiden years, when she regarded bold and bashful courtiers from the depths of a poke-bonnet; of her first real lover who, when they had pledged their troth, went away to India, and there found a grave in a lonely jungle; of her mourning and refusal to be comforted; of the gradual softening of this great grief, and the appearance of another lover, who, after a long wooing, won her hand and heart, and shared her life until their grandsons were tall young men, and at length died—as the tablet to his memory told all who chanced to read it—"full of years, and highly and deservedly respected" . . . of her widowhood, and of the passage of season after season until now, when she was beginning to feel that the day was not very far distant when Nature's last toll must be paid.

A long life to record in a few words—a life full of events, sprinkled with sorrow and joy in equal parts. A very long life, surely; and now the shadows were deepening, and the night was slowly coming on which would know no morrow.

The old lady was musing somewhat in this fashion when, looking beyond the stream which bordered her garden, she saw a little white skirt flutter near the Great Oak, which leviathan was plainly visible from her arbour. She looked again, and the little white skirt had vanished.

Mrs. Pardoe smiled. The harsh lines on her face softened. With a slight smile still playing over her features she closed her eyes and took up her train of thought again.

When next she looked beyond the stream the kindly light in her eyes vanished, and the smile fled before the stern expression which gripped the corners of her mouth. For, coming along by the stream, and now so close as to be within hail, was John Blunt, prime evil-doer and loafer of Mellerby.

Mrs. Pardoe rose to her feet and walked towards the bridge. Black Jack, catching sight of her, strove to slink past, but she was too quick for him.

"Hey!" she called. "You Blunt!"

The boatman stopped and touched his mole-skin cap sulkily.

"Come here!" commanded Mrs. Pardoe, and Black Jack did not dare disobey, for Mrs. Pardoe owned the whole of the street in which he lived. In a word, she was his landlady, and he owed her half-a-year's rent.

The big boatman crossed the wooden bridge and stood in the garden-path awaiting her pleasure. Mrs. Pardoe reseated herself in the arbour.

"Well, my man," she commenced, "what are you doing this fine night, prowling along the stream?"

"Nothing," said he sullenly.

"Doing nothing is your usual occupation, youascal," observed Mrs. Pardoe.

"I work as 'ard as any man," responded Blunt, on his defence.

"Work! I should like to know how much honest work you do in the course of a week! You needn't look at me like that. I know all about you. If I wasn't a soft-hearted old woman I should have sold you up long ago, and you know it."

Black Jack said nothing. Really, there was nothing to be said. He knew Mrs. Pardoe hadn't sold him up out of regard for his wife and little boy, and was quite content that she should go on being soft-hearted. It was a kind of soft-heartedness that agreed with him.

"But," continued the old lady, closing her Bible and putting her spectacles into their case, "there is a limit to everything, and I give you fair warning, John Blunt, that unless I receive six months' rent from you on September the twenty-ninth, *out you go*, and you'll find it a hard job to find another landlord or landlady who'll take you."

"I ain't 'ad no luck," grumbled the boatman.

"You're bone-idle, my man, that's what you are. You've got the strength of two ordinary men, and could earn good money if you pleased."

There's always work for a strong man like you."

Black Jack knew this statement to be perfectly true. Tasks that caused other men infinite exertion he could accomplish with ease. But, as the old lady had observed, he was bone-idle.

"Don't be 'ard on me, ma'am!" he replied. "I do me best, but I don't get no luck."

Mr. Blunt's landlady allowed a quarter of an hour to elapse in order that the boatman might get well away from her neighbourhood, and then, leaning upon her stick, she left the arbour and crossed the bridge. She walked very slowly, but she did not totter or appear at all unsteady on her feet. She was still able to take quite short walks without the assistance of a companion.

When within a dozen paces of the Great Oak



"DOING NOTHING IS YOUR USUAL OCCUPATION, YOU RASCAL," OBSERVED MRS. PARDOE.

"Be off!" cried Mrs. Pardoe angrily. "You're a bad man and a bad husband. I know all about you. You swear and drink and steal, and one of these days you'll meet with your deserts. Get along with you, and remember that what I've said I mean!"

Whereat Black Jack slunk over the bridge, silently calling Mrs. Pardoe many evil names.

she stopped, and looked keenly in all directions. A sound of giggling fell upon her ear, and round a bend of the stream came a rustic lover and his lass. The fellow touched his hat to the old lady, but the girl stared at her curiously, much as if she had been a freak escaped from a museum, for Mrs. Pardoe's great age was an item of the talk of the locality.

"Give me a man for manners," muttered the dame, frowning after the hussy, who had recommenced her giggling.

She waited until the couple had disappeared ere she walked up to the tree and put her hand into the cranny which Joyce utilised as a letter-box. Withdrawing the little note which Joyce had placed there a brief half-hour since, Mrs. Pardoe slipped it into one of the pockets of the black stuff apron which she wore over her silk dress, and turned her steps towards the bridge again.

It was growing dusk, and so, when she regained the arbour, Mrs. Pardoe gathered up her Bible and spectacles, and made her way leisurely down the garden to the house.

She was attended by two domestics; one, a grave-faced woman of sixty—a widow; the other, a bright-eyed girl of eighteen, whose high spirits were for ever grating upon the widow's serious temperament. But Mrs. Pardoe liked to hear the girl's merry laughter, so the widow had perforce to put up with it, expressing her disapproval merely in sharp sayings and sour looks. But this latter was a worthy soul, or she would not have been afforded long harbourage under Mrs. Pardoe's comfortable roof.

"You may bring the lights, Nancy, and I will have my supper," said Mrs. Pardoe, as she passed the kitchen door.

The old lady's evening meal was already laid in the dining-room.

"Your cheeks are very rosy to-night, Nancy," quoth she, seating herself at the table; "what has Tom Cooper been saying to you?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, he says that if I won't marry him he'll go for a soldier!" replied Nancy, turning rosier than ever.

"Oh, he says that, does he? Well, don't let him go for a soldier. Say he'll ruin his chances for ever if he does that, because you don't like uniforms."

"Oh, ma'am——"

"You *don't*, Nancy! You refused the postman, you know."

"But he was a silly," said Nancy. "He used to write poetry to me, and slip it into the letter-box with the letters."

"Yes, and I found it there one day, and wondered if it was for me," rejoined Mrs. Pardoe, drily. "But isn't Tom Cooper a silly, too?"

"Not so silly as the postman," said Nancy.

"And do you like him?"

"A little bit," acknowledged the girl, blushing again.

"Well," said Mrs. Pardoe, "tell him you like him a little bit, and that he must be content

with that and not go for a soldier while he has a good place in a mill. And when you like him a big bit, girl, that will be time enough for you to marry him. Will you tell him that?"

"Yes, ma'am. I think that will do beautifully."

"There!" said Mrs. Pardoe, "now I've robbed the Queen of a soldier—and in time of war, too! But, Nancy, I want you to be happy, and I want Tom Cooper to be happy, and an old head in these matters is better than two young ones. Now run along—I can look after myself."

When the meal had been cleared away, and she had bade the girl good-night—it was the elder servant's duty to see her aged mistress safely into bed every night—Mrs. Pardoe put on her spectacles and unfolded Joyce's note. She read it twice and thrice, and then, folding it up, put it back into its envelope.

"Good little maid," she said, softly, "to think of others. Not once have you asked anything for yourself. It is your dove, your brother, or a friend—never yourself. . . . and now, little one, what can we do—what can we do to help your Mr. Munro?"

Presently, struck by a thought, Mrs. Pardoe rang the bell. The widow appeared in answer to it.

"Hannah," said the old lady, "I am going to have my portrait painted."

The widow looked somewhat surprised.

"Yes; by a Mr. Munro—an artist living—or staying—in Mellerby."

"I have heard that an artist gentleman has taken one of those bungalows on the beach ma'am."

"Has he a large dog, Hannah?"

"I believe so, ma'am. I remember Wilkins the postman mentioned having been chased by a large dog belonging to one of the bungalows."

Mrs. Pardoe smiled. Mr. Wilkins did not seem to be having a very good time, according to two accounts.

"Then that must be the artist I am thinking of, Hannah. I know he has a dog, which, though very hasty—" Mrs. Pardoe smiled again—"is really rather a nice dog."

"Is that so, ma'am?" said Hannah, who recollected that Mr. Wilkins had described Rufus as an "ugly, savage brute."

"Well, Hannah, I wish Mr. Munro to paint my portrait, and so I will write him a note to that effect in the morning, and then I shall have to arrange to go to his studio."

"Couldn't he come here, ma'am?" suggested Hannah.

"Oh, dear, no!" returned the old lady, "people *always* go to the studios. And I'm not

so feeble but that I can drive to Mr. Munro's studio and give him sittings on certain days in the week."

"Certainly you are able to do that, ma'am," said Hannah, wondering greatly at this sudden whim of her mistress's.

"And so that is settled, Hannah, and you will please understand that I must wear my very best dress and a little of my best jewellery. My eldest son John shall have the portrait after I am dead. I am sure the dear boy will treasure it."

"Yes, indeed, ma'am," said the faithful Hannah, returning to the kitchen with a slight suspicion in her mind that her mistress, wonderfully clear though all her faculties had remained hitherto, was beginning at length to evince signs of extreme senility.

"Perhaps it's the beginning of the end," said Hannah, gloomily; "perhaps it's her brain that's to go first."

Meanwhile, Mr. John Pardoe, aged seventy-five, who was still actively controlling a large shipping business in London, little dreamed of the legacy which his mother had in store for him—the "Portrait of a Very Old Lady" which was to be painted by a poor artist inhabiting a bungalow on Mellerby beach.

CHAPTER XXI.

OF A MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

GEORGE went to the office on Monday morning with thoughts far removed from the Law.

On the previous Saturday he had been engaged upon the duplicating of another draft, and he had tried his level best to make a copy that would please Mr. Mappin and Andrews. At the same time, reviewing his work with a critical eye, he was bound to admit that he wrote a wretched hand—beside which, indeed, the caligraphy of Jones, with its uninteresting regularity, staid loops, clear vowels, and prim consonants, attained heights of perfection which George felt sure he could never reach, labour he never so diligently.

"I hate it!" said George fervently, when he left the office at midday on Saturday.

"So do I," said Barry, who was with him. "Worst of it is, though, my old gov'nor won't let me chuck it, so I go on with it."

After a short silence, Barry said: "You're only here on trial, aren't you?"

"Yes," said George, "only on trial. Sort of stop-gap post. But I get four bob a week, and that comes in useful."

"Four bob!" Barry, the affluent, gasped in

horror. "Look here, my good man," he added, "don't hesitate to draw on me if you want some oof. The gov'nor comes down pretty handsome, I will admit, and so——"

"Awfully good of you," interrupted George, smiling, "but four bob a week sees me through all right."

Barry gasped again. Why, he often frittered away that amount at snooker pool in a single evening at the Mellerby club! Four bob!

Well, it was not a great sum, but George found it a very useful income. And the best part about the arrangement was that he didn't have to go to his father for money.

On this particular Monday morning the boy's head was full of the little air he had played when Munro was sitting on the lawn. Munro had liked it, and had advised him to commit the pieces he had made up to paper. Just at this time George, with youthful enthusiasm, regarded the artist as an omniscient being who could say or do no wrong. If Munro thought highly of his music—then he, George, couldn't be such a duffer as he had hitherto imagined himself to be. Why shouldn't he be a musician? Why, he asked himself, in the limitless soarings of ambition common to tender years, shouldn't he become a composer—perhaps a great one?

He put these questions to himself as he walked down the street, but the ancient yew trees fronting Garrick and Mappin's brought him down to earth with a slight shock, and reminded him of the prosaic duties that awaited him.

"If I get time I'll do a bit of that piece," muttered George, who had a few sheets of music paper stowed away in the inside pocket of his coat.

When he entered the office, George found Jones discussing county cricket in a loud voice with Smith. The office boy, Charles, was devouring a halfpenny thriller, and on proceeding into the next room George observed that Mr. Andrews was perusing the *Daily Mail* with all the interest of a man whose newspaper provides him with thought and conversation during the majority of his leisure moments.

George had hardly taken his seat when brisk footfalls on the steps leading up to the main door of the office brought about a striking change in the various attitudes of the staff. Charles thrust the halfpenny thriller into his pocket, and busied himself with dusting the room; Jones stopped dead in the middle of the opinion he was expressing as to Surrey's chances for the championship, and Smith started writing with praiseworthy assiduity; Mr. Andrews opened a drawer of his desk and dropped his *Daily Mail* into it with a quick movement perfected by long practice—and Mr. Mappin

entered the office to find his *employés* concentrating their attention upon their tasks with quite suspicious energy.

But even if this had not been the case it is doubtful whether he would have uttered any rebuke. He wore a beaming and complacent expression, which was by no means lost upon the clerks, who studied the junior partner's moods much as rheumatic gentlemen keep a watchful eye on the barometer. The staff was delighted to hear Mr. Mappin's cheery "Good-morning!" and augured an easy day from his tone.

And in truth, Mr. Mappin had good reason for feeling good-tempered, for Molly had been unusually gracious to him when he had called in at Dr. Denver's after supper on Sunday night.

"Of course," Mr. Mappin had said to himself, as he made his way home about eleven o'clock, "I shall have to wait. She's hardly more than a child. But every good thing is worth waiting for. And what a delightful girl she is! What eyes! What a charming manner! How sweet she can be when she likes!"

And so he entered the office feeling well-pleased with himself, and inclined to treat the fair Molly's brother in a very considerate manner.

George had just taken his half-finished copy of the draft out of the drawer on his side of the table. Mr. Mappin looked at it over his shoulder.

"Ah! that's much better," he said, not altogether truthfully. "You have improved wonderfully. I know it comes hard to a fellow fresh from school, but you're shaping very well indeed. You shall have a change this afternoon, and come with me to an auction that will interest you. Get your lunch in good time. I shall be leaving here at two."

George brightened up under the influence of this genial encouragement, and set to work with great resolution. Andrews, however, looked grimly down his nose. He knew a clerk's worth far better than Mr. Mappin did—and his opinion of George has already been recorded.

Though he strove hard to fix his entire attention on the monotonous copying, snatches of that little air would keep floating through the boy's brain. He hungered to spread out the music paper before him and try his 'prentice hand at actual composition. He feared he could do next to nothing at committing his trifling musical conceit to paper, but he would be able at least to set down some slight impression of the melody. He felt he would like to be in a room all by himself with nothing whatever to do except write that tune down. How delightfully the hours would pass! He wondered whether any other boy of sixteen with his limited musical

training had ever tried to write a tune down. Of course he would make a howling muddle of it when he did start—but nobody would see it! He could burn it, and try again. Ah! the chords seemed to be shaping themselves on the clean parchment in front of him. Hang the old draft! How did the tune start? Yes, it was all quite clear in his head—Andrews was very busy—suppose he just wrote a bar or two—to see how it looked!

Cautiously he withdrew the music paper from his pocket and spread it out before him. He knew he oughtn't to be doing anything of the kind, but—a few minutes wouldn't matter.

How did the tune go? Ah, yes. . . . He wrote a few notes in the treble, and then thought of the bass. Of course—yes—those would be the chords. This was first-rate. The only difficulty was that he couldn't write the music down half as quickly as he could think it. It was a thundering long job even putting down the notes he could play in a few moments.

He wrote down the first bars of his air, and then stopped to see how they hummed. He actually hummed them over.

"Hello!" said Andrews, peering round. "you're feeling jolly, aren't you?"

Then the managing clerk's eye fell on the music paper.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," said George, cramming the paper away into his pocket with the ink wet upon it.

"I thought it wasn't office work," said Andrews in a tone of mild reproof.

Harbouring feelings of great hatred for the draft propped up in front of him, George went on with his copy of the same, and at length the morning wore away and lunch-time arrived. Remembering the junior partner's instructions, the boy was back at the office well before two. At the hour appointed Mr. Mappin appeared, and the two set off together in the direction of the "White Swan," the chief inn at Mellerby, where an auction was to be held of certain property, the disposal of which had been entrusted to the firm of Garrick and Mappin.

In the coffee-room were assembled a goodly array of farmers and a sprinkling of land agents and solicitors from the neighbourhood. The farmers sat sucking the hilts of their riding whips, occasionally desisting to sip a glass of the sherry which had been supplied in liberal quantities by the auctioneer. Then, smacking their lips, they would glance at the plans and conditions of sale, and join in conversation with their fellows.

"How many acres of grass did ye say, Thomas?" quoth a stout yeoman.

"I tell'd thee fifty," replied his friend.

"No, no, man: there's no more than thirty.

I've know'd the place sin' I was a little lad."

"You've forgotten the ten-acre field that was laid down to grass seven years back," interposed one of the chief land agents present; "that brings it up to forty."

"So 't does: so 't does," chorussed a number of voices; "Mr. Craven's always right."

"And how about the tithe?" queried the stout yeoman first mentioned.

The answer was cut short by the entrance of Mr. Mappin, which was the signal for touching of hats and general greetings. Mr. Mappin,

or the gossip of the place, and he had never found it engrossing. Nor had he ever been inspired with zeal to succeed in intellectual walks. So he paid but languid attention to his books, and displayed no special desire to shine in the playing-fields, and as a consequence had been written down a fellow who was no good at anything—in brief, as a Duffer.

But a few chance words had set him thinking that perhaps, after all, he was some good—that he could do something. He could play, and when he was playing—especially his own compositions—he felt quite a different person. He felt in a vague way that, though so weak in other



"THREE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS BID FOR THE FARM, GENTLEMEN."

after some conversation with the other lawyers and land agents present, placed himself at the left of the auctioneer, George shyly taking a seat near him at the end of the table.

Such a scene was all new to the boy, and he did not particularly like it. There was nothing in common between himself and these solid yeomen of the shire, these land agents and these lawyers. They all belonged to a world that was a different place to the world he wanted to inhabit. At Silverdown he had been subject to very similar feelings. The talk of his friends was confined almost entirely to athletic matters,

pursuits, here he was strong. A certain sense of power arose in him—a masterfulness by which he was never imbued when doing anything else. Oh! if he could really learn how to compose, what joy would come into his life!

CHAPTER XXII.

THE AUCTION.

THE first sharp tap of the auctioneer's hammer aroused George from his reverie.

"Gentlemen, your kind attention! Mr. Mappin will read the conditions of sale,

and then will be pleased to answer any questions."

Four or five inquisitive men were silenced by Mr. Mappin's terse replies. He gave the grass land as forty acres, and set everybody's mind at rest about a footpath which, having existed "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary" (or, in legal fiction, since the reign of Richard II.), could not now be closed by the greedy farmer or land-grabbing builder. The tithe was redeemed, so there was no more bother about that.

"These facts," added Mr. Mappin, "are well-known to everyone in this countryside, and could easily have been verified by a glance through the conditions."

At this there was a general laugh, and even Mr. Mappin was seen to smile.

The auctioneer was up in a twinkling, and began to butter the land all over with the most extravagant praise. He did not know of such another farm within a twenty-mile radius. It was the very place for a building estate (though between you and me, dear reader, it was hilly, almost precipitous, in parts!). He (the auctioneer) had property near there himself, and meant to buy more. (To be frank, he had no such intention, but some of the farmers swallowed the little tarra-diddle, though the lawyers looked down their noses, and the land agents thrust their tongues into their cheeks.) Mellerby, added the auctioneer, with enthusiasm, was a rising watering-place. Its population would have doubled in ten years' time. It would increase just like Bournemouth, Blackpool and Southend had increased, for London physicians had for some time been recommending its bracing air to their patients, a fact which the local doctors highly appreciated. (Some of the farmers looked at George and grinned slyly at each other.)

"Now, gentlemen, what shall I say? Will anyone name a figure? Don't all speak at once."

This was quite a needless caution, and was followed by a most ominous silence, during which the auctioneer smiled in his most winning manner.

"You all know the place quite well. There are some seventy acres in all—forty grass. Mr. Craven"—this to the land agent—"what may I say?"

Mr. Craven laughed. He acted for a large land-owner, and was not so unwise as to bid himself; he always acted by proxy. A horsey-looking little man whose face was the colour of a bad plum—the combined result of exposure to the weather and a devotion to strong waters—was heard to mutter, "One thousand pounds."

Mr. Mappin gave George a nudge and a piece of paper.

"Take the bidding down," he said. "Mr. P. Williamson—one thousand pounds."

The auctioneer gasped.

"One thousand pounds! Really, Mr. Williamson, we have not come here to play. Come, say fifteen hundred."

By degrees the room thawed, and Mr. Williamson and others worked the farm up to £3,000, where it stuck.

The auctioneer glanced at the landlord, who set the decanters going.

"Now, gentlemen, I am here to dispose of this farm. I may tell you it is an open sale"—meaning that the reserve price had been reached—"and I am bid three thousand pounds for this excellent farm. Three thousand one hundred shall I say?"

No reply.

"I will take fifties," continued the auctioneer, persuasively.

Half a minute had elapsed in silence, when a voice said:—

"Three thousand and fifty."

"Thank you, Mr. Mew," said the auctioneer, as all eyes—including Mr. Mappin's—were turned in the direction of the man who had made the bid—a young solicitor who had recently taken over the business of a long-established firm which had been Garrick and Mappin's most serious rival until weight of years had weakened its chief's mental grasp, this causing a falling-off of clients and some uneasiness amongst those who held true to the old man. The new-comer was a fair-haired, pleasant-looking fellow of thirty, whose frank, easy manner and gentlemanly speech had already won him the good word of the town.

"Three thousand and fifty bid," cried the auctioneer, with a sharp rap of the hammer to recall the room's attention to himself.

"And fifty," said Mr. Williamson, rushing into the breach at a wink from Mr. Craven, for whom he was acting.

"Three thousand one hundred bid," said the auctioneer, looking at Mew, who nodded. "Three thousand one hundred and fifty"—Williamson put up the stock of his whip—"three thousand two hundred"—Mew nodded again—"three thousand two hundred and fifty"—three thousand three hundred"—as the whip-handle again appeared—"three thousand three hundred and fifty," continued the auctioneer, catching the new solicitor's eye, and not many seconds later three thousand five hundred pounds had been bid for the farm.

The auctioneer looked pleased. Every additional fifty meant so much more commission for him. He saw that the issue lay between Mr. Mew and the plum-coloured man, as no one else

was bidding. The room was content to let these two fight it out.

George was very busy jotting down the bids. Mr. Mappin kept a watchful eye on the paper, and murmured the name of the contestant as bid followed bid. They afforded a curious contrast, for, while Mappin was as cool as a cucumber, George, red and flurried, was gradually working himself into a state of nervous excitement. The auctioneer cast a kindly eye on the doctor's son, and felt rather sorry for him, for he had heard of his disgrace, and wondered how he appreciated his new duties. At sixteen he himself had been still a school-boy, taking no thought for the future, and spending his time light-heartedly between class-room and cricket-field.

But the farm had to be sold.

"Three thousand five hundred pounds bid, gentlemen. The farm must not go at that. Think how its value is bound to increase! The builders will be tumbling over each other for the land in next to no time. . . . and fifty, Mr. Williamson?"

The horsey-looking little man read an affirmative in his principal's face, and nodded to the auctioneer. Mr. Mew put it up another fifty. As the result of a swift telegraphic message from Mr. Craven's right eyelid, Mr. Williamson offered three thousand six hundred and fifty pounds for the farm, upon which Mr. Mew raised the amount to three thousand seven hundred.

Men leant forward eagerly in their seats. They wondered whom the new solicitor could be bidding for so confidently. Williamson offered

another fifty. Mew capped his bid without hesitation, and the air seemed hot with gold fighting gold.

After Mew's last bid Mr. Craven sat staring at the ceiling. The horsey man had lost some of his cast-iron imperturbability, and was shooting inquisitive glances at his chief. At length Mr. Craven gave the signal, and Williamson bid another fifty.

"And fifty," said Mew quietly.

"Three thousand nine hundred pounds bid, gentlemen," cried the auctioneer, who was enjoying the fray immensely. "The farm is Mr. Mew's if—ah, thank you, Mr. Williamson! Three thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds bid for the farm—three thousand nine hundred and fifty pounds—" he raised his hammer—"three thousand nine hundred and—"

"Four thousand pounds," said Mew, in the same easy manner that had characterised all his bidding.

"Four thousand pounds!" cried the auctioneer, glancing from Williamson to Craven with hammer in air, "four thousand pounds bid—four thousand pounds bid—any offer over four thousand pounds?—going at four thousand pounds—going at *four thousand pounds*—GONE! The farm is sold to Mr. Mew for four thousand pounds, gentlemen."

Mr. Mew rose from his seat and walked up to that end of the long table where the auctioneer had conducted his operations.

"I am buying for Mrs. Pardoe," he said, taking a cheque-book out of his pocket.

"Mrs. Pardoe!"

A murmur of wonder ran round the room.

(To be continued.)





STAINED NEGATIVES.

MANY otherwise good negatives are spoilt through becoming stained during development. These stains are caused in several ways, but usually through using a developer which has been mixed in a dirty measuring-glass, or that has been allowed to stand until a scum has collected on its surface. Another form of surface

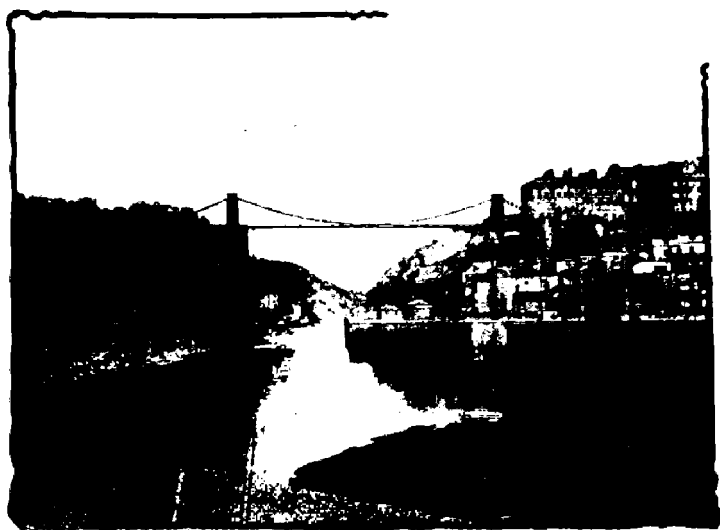
A few seconds in this bath is enough to remove the stains without affecting the density of the negative. Sometimes a powdery deposit will be noticed on the surface of the negative, especially if it has been washed in hard water. This should be wiped off with a piece of cotton-wool while in the water, and quickly washed in some fresh water. Finished negatives should be taken great care of, as splashes of any sort are liable to stain them. It is a good plan to varnish valuable negatives. A special preparation for this purpose may be bought very cheaply.

TONING P.O.P.

The sulpho-cyanide bath has its disadvantages, particularly in the matter of giving double tones sometimes. The following formula for a borax acetate solution recently appeared in the *Photographic News*. It was originally intended for use with albumenised papers, but has been found to work well with many brands of P.O.P.

Borax	330 grains.
Sodium acetate	180 grains.
Sodium carbonate	90 grains.
Boiled (or distilled) water	20 ozs.

This is a stock solution. To make up a toning bath, take 10 drachms of above, add 10 ozs. of water, and 1 grain of gold



CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE. A SNAPSHOT WITH BENETPINK'S "LIGHTNING" CAMERA.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.

stain is the silvery or iridescent marking round the edges of the plate, but this is, as a rule, due to stale plates. Prolonged and forced development generally result in a dark stain all over the surface of the negative, very similar to that caused by light fog, only that the latter is in the body of the film. There is no remedy for light fog, but surface stains may be removed by using a solution known as Howard Farmer's Reducer. It may be bought ready mixed at most photographic dealers', but it can be very easily made, as it is only a weak solution of hypo., to which potassium ferricyanide has been added in the following proportions:—

Hypo.	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Potass. ferricyanide	2 grains.
Water	5 ozs.



VICTORIA EMBANKMENT FROM WATERLOO BRIDGE.
A NO. 0 MIDG SNAPSHOT.
Photo. by C. G. Paul.



HIGH SPEED SHUTTER WORK. PROFESSOR
REDDISH DIVING OFF BRIGHTON PIER.
Photo. by L. Bonnard.

chloride in solution. The gold should be added about two hours before the bath is required. If kept in a blue glass bottle the solution may be used repeatedly with additions from the stock solutions.

BLOCKING OUT SKIES.

It is sometimes necessary to block out the sky in a photograph, and to print in clouds from a special "cloud" negative. If the sky-line is soft, the blocking out may be done by means of orange paper cut to the right size and shape, and attached to the glass side of the negative. Should the subject be one with a well-defined outline, such as an architectural photograph, it may be stopped out by painting on the film side with moist colours applied with a fine camel-hair brush. Burnt sienna, crimson lake, or vermilion are the best for this purpose, and should be mixed with a little gum-arabic dissolved in water to prevent the colour running.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NOVELTIES.

Messrs. Cadett and Neall, the well-known plate manufacturers, have recently placed on the market a new daylight and gaslight bromide paper for contact printing, appropriately called "Dagas," the chief characteristics of which are its great brilliancy and excellent gradation of tone. It is made in three surfaces, matte, medium matte, and glossy, and by varying the exposure yields a great range of tones

from warm to cold black. "Dagas" post-cards are also supplied, but with a smooth matte surface only. This firm has also introduced two more brands of post-cards, Self-Toning and Bromide, respectively. A variety of pleasing tones may be obtained with the former, while the latter are very rapid, and give brilliant results, sepia tones being obtainable by modification of the developer.

Messrs. Kodak, Ltd., have also issued another printing medium—"Aristo Self-Toning Paper," a pure collodion paper which gives permanent prints of great transparency in the shadows. "Aristo" paper is made with two surfaces, matte and glossy, and is supplied in packets of cut sizes at popular prices.

Practical Slide-Making, by G. T. Harris, F.R.P.S., is the latest addition to that excellent "Photography Bookshelf" series of shilling handbooks published by Messrs. Iliffe and Sons, Ltd. A sixth edition of *Practical Enlarging*, by John A. Hodges, F.R.P.S., in the same series, has also been issued. Hand-camera workers will find this book especially useful to them.

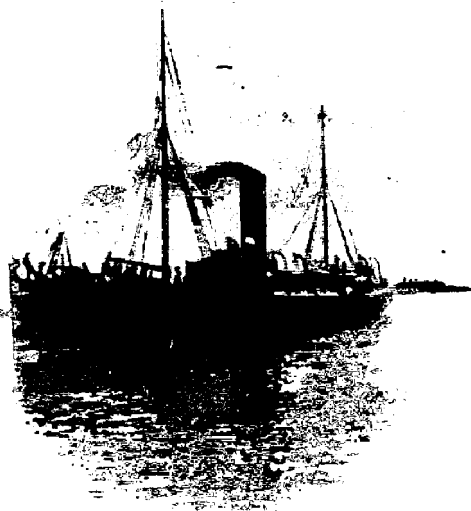
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. Challen.—(1) There are eight solid drams in a solid ounce. (2) The water should be measured by fluid ounces.

A. D. R.—"Primus" P.O.P. post-cards, both glossy and matte, price 6d. per packet of twelve.

W. P. W.—The No. 3, a Folding Pocket Kodak, is specially designed for post-card work. It takes both plates and roll-films. Fitted with a Bausch and Lomb R.R. lens working at $f/8$, it may be used for all subjects.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC EDITOR.



A SNAP ON THE CLYDE.
By Douglas Pollock.



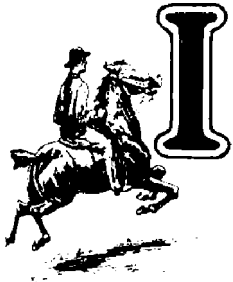
THEY WERE UPON US BEFORE WE COULD FORM FOR DEFENCE.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

NO. 5.—THE PROFESSOR'S GUN.



IT is something over twenty years since I accompanied a small military expedition, under Lieutenant Isaac Murphy, which went from the Rio Grande westward to establish a new post in Arizona. Several

"tenderfoots," bent upon prospect and discovery, were allowed to travel with the command over a route beset with danger from attack by hostile Comanches and Apaches, and, although the Lieutenant did not admit it, I think he was not altogether displeased by the addition to his fighting power of the half-dozen well-armed, well-mounted, and well-provisioned civilians.

But at Socorro we were joined by an individual, a fresh arrival from the North, who attached himself to the expedition without so much as "By your leave, gentlemen." A tall, ungainly, cadaverous and solemn person he was, his age guessable at anywhere between thirty and fifty. He was cross-eyed and so near-sighted that he wore cumbersome, large-bowed spectacles to correct his vision. He had the thin cheeks and haoking cough of a consumptive. Moreover, he had no riding animal, and the two burros he had been able to buy in Socorro, to which point his goods had been sent, were so heavily laden with his trappings that they looked dejected.

"See here. Mr. Man," said Lieutenant Murphy, as we broke camp, "you can't travel with this outfit. You're physically unfit for the trip and my two wagons are loaded to the limit."

"No trouble to you, I trust, sir—h-m-m," said the stranger, who had already been dubbed "the Professor." "No real disability, sir—h-m-m; just a touch of bronchorrhœa—h-m-m; and this dry atmosphere a great help, sir." He spoke in a calm, decisive tone, but coughed at every other sentence. "I'll come on in your rear, sir;

can't ride in saddle on account of gastritis—h-m-m—just a touch, sir!"

"Good gracious!" muttered Murphy. "Bronchitis, gastritis, cross-eyes, false teeth, and afoot! Well, sir," he added, in a louder tone, for the man was apparently somewhat deaf, "I suppose we must leave a trail behind us."

The tall stranger bowed gravely and went on with packing his burros, a task which he accomplished with surprising neatness and speed. When we moved away from Socorro he fell in respectfully behind our six-mule freight-wagons, came on at an unwearied swing for the twenty-four-mile stretch which brought us to our first water-hole, and coolly camped within our picket-lines.

"We'll lose him to-morrow," said Murphy to his mess. "Cacti!" and he chuckled contentedly.

Our trail the next day led over a high mesa carpeted with prickly-pear, a matting of thorns so dense that the passing of a half-dozen "freighters" could have offered no protection to feet less well-shod than those of a mule. Yet the Professor plodded undauntedly across this stretch, and, much to our astonishment, came into camp at night without limping.

Our surprise gave place to a degree of respect when we noted that the Professor wore wooden shoes lined with chamois-skin. He certainly had proved himself an experienced traveller—and now his cheeks were showing sunburn and his cough seemed less incessant.

To the ruder jokers of the command the Professor afforded unlimited amusement. His ungainly figure and lantern jaws, his "butter-milk eye" and "double-back-action eye-gear," his air of intent gravity when packing, unpacking, or when cooking his meals, his big gun-case, which measured the length of a burro and whacked its patient bearer, now and then, upon the jaw, his carefully guarded and never-opened packs, his general owliness—all furnished no end of fun to the cavalymen.

It was inevitable that the man should overhear some of the passing gibes anent his uncommonness; but he continued to mind his own business with great gravity and gave no sign.

When we had fairly entered the Tularosa range the Professor was ordered to march with the command. He followed at his own distance, as before. As a walker, he might have been for ever celebrated among us, had he not been destined to attain celebrity of another sort when we stepped into a Jicarilla trap upon the Mesa de los Lobos.

After ten days of marching we filed out of a tortuous cañon, one hot morning, upon the high plain, and having by some chance taken the lesser of two trails, where cañon and road forked, we found that we had escaped annihilation in a huge ditch only to meet a fierce Apache rush upon the mesa. Wild riders seemed to emerge—one hundred—two hundred—out of nowhere, suddenly "materialising" out of a shimmering mist of heat radiation, and they were upon us before we could form for defence. No ear in that tremendous din could hear Murphy's roars of command.

It was "save himself who can," except that no man thought of flight. Each trooper and civilian got behind horse, mule or wagon, drew his Colt and fired into the screeching, clattering mob, which charged home upon us in the characteristic Apache rush.

It was a thrilling, savage moment. Clouds of horsemen hurled themselves at us with deafening yells, discharging a rain of feathered shafts and lunging fiercely at horse and man with their long lances. They rode down and over and through our thin line, a veritable besom of destruction.

When this whirlwind of savagery had howled over us and the dust of it had lifted somewhat, we took account of our casualties. Of twenty-eight fighting men we had eighteen left uninjured. Three were killed outright and three disabled. Nine horses and mules had been killed or crippled.

The faces of the living were grave enough, and filled with graver foreboding when it became apparent that the Apaches had not met with severe repulse. They had carried off their dead and were drawn up on a ridge marked by clumps of greasewood a mile or so in our advance. In five minutes three thin columns of smoke arose among them, and we knew that they were signalling for the approach of another band.

To go back into the cañons meant certain

destruction; to go forward seemed equally perilous. But Murphy was a fighter; he feared the moral effect of entrenchment and so began to put things in fighting order for advance.

Four men were lowering the dead into a shallow pit when the Professor came up out of the cañon in our rear. We had reckoned him with the lost, but somehow the Apaches had missed him. He came among us with looks of concern.

"Why, why; men, this is—h-m-m—most unfortunate!" he said. His face betrayed sorrowful emotion as the dead were covered and a salute fired. Then he donned his hat and inquired after the enemy, of whose din his deaf ears had heard nothing. The Indians upon the ridge were pointed out to him.

The Professor straightened his lank figure, adjusted his spectacles, and gazed intently toward the mirage-distorted figures and the thin wreaths of smoke which curled over them. Presently he spoke:—

"Lieutenant, do you think—h-m-m—they'll come on again?"

"Sure!" said Murphy.

"Then," said the Professor, calmly, "then, Lieutenant, we must—h-m-m—must drive 'em off!"

Immediately he began to unpack his big gun-case. He worked deftly, taking from its long cover and unwinding a swaddled Creed-moor rifle of great power and range. This ponderous weapon, the barrel of which had been specially made to the Professor's order, as I learned later, must have weighed fifteen or sixteen pounds. To it had been fitted a beautiful full-length telescope sight, with set-screws for regulating the elevation and windage.

A laugh broke out among the troopers who were unable to resist the humour of the situation. Murphy grinned, but looked at the polished and costly target-gun with a degree of respect.

"So you'd like to try a shot," said the Lieutenant. "Well, I guess it won't do any harm."

"I must rest upon a wagon, Lieutenant—h-m-m. You'll have the mules removed, to give steadiness."

He spoke authoritatively and Murphy hesitated for an instant; then, with a quizzical look, he gave the requisite order. Soon the cover of the unhitched wagon had been lifted and the Professor stood upon a feed-box with his big gun resting well across some piled-up sacks of corn. He busied himself at once in making a careful estimate of the

distance, in adjusting the set-screws of the telescope, and in taking the gauge of a slightly adverse breeze.

Never shall I forget the derisive faces of Murphy's men, or the half-excited, half-deprecatory flush upon the Lieutenant's face as he stood, with levelled field-glass, to note where the first shot would strike. In the heat mirage the figures of the Apache horsemen were so distorted and magnified that, although nearly a mile distant, they were fair marks to the naked eye. Grouped, however, they made a great blurred patch upon the horizon.

Two minutes passed, and still the Professor was busy with delicate adjustments; but then he got to work, and presently the roar of the

Creedmoor burst forth. Some seconds of silence followed; then Murphy slapped his thigh with a whoop of triumph.

"You got him! By George, you got him!" he cried.

There were exclamations of incredulity from the troopers.

"No," said the Professor, still peering calmly through his telescope, "only the pony—h-m-m—the man has arisen."

Murphy sprang upon a "freighter," and again levelled his glass. His comments betrayed unwonted excitement.

"Right you are!" he declared. "The beggar's up and shifting. Say, they think it was an accident! They're spreading—think we can't do it again. Now, then, Professor, see that fellow at the right of the big greasewoods? Big chief, big medicine, toggled and painted to kill. Now, then, if you——"

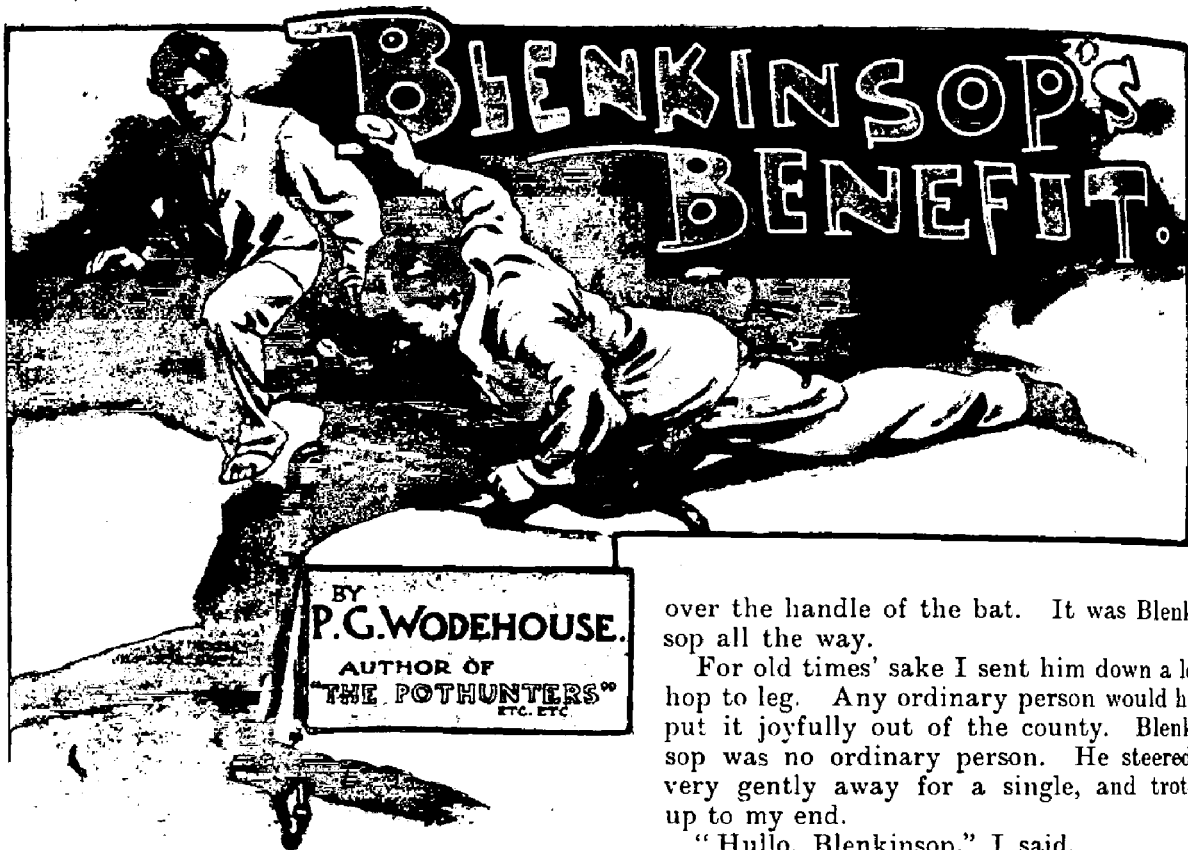
The crack of the target-gun interrupted, and four seconds later Murphy threw up his hat and fell off the freighter, yelling and whooping like any crazy trooper of the line. He did not cheer alone. Almost every man of us had seen an Indian bowled out of his saddle at nearly two thousand yards.

Bang! bang! bang! went the Professor's gun as rapidly now as he could bring the cross-hairs of his telescope to bear, and the cloud of Apaches fled as if a thousand troopers were upon their heels. They were out of sight in no time, and the Professor slid off his perch, coolly wiping his rifle, while an excited and elated crowd cheered him to the echo.

That was the last of the Jicarillas. We had unlimbered "too much big gun" for them. Of course, the command and its officers warmed to the Professor; yet when he parted company from us, in the friendly land of the Zuñis, we neither knew his name nor had we learned anything of his antecedents.



"... MURPHY THREW UP HIS HAT... YELLING AND WHOOPING."



IT was while playing cricket that I saw Blenkinsop—for the first time for seven years. I was on tour with the Weary Willies (that eminent club!), and a combination of circumstances had brought us to a village in Somersetshire which you will not find on the map. Our captain, a mere child in the art of tossing—which requires long and constant practice before a man can become really proficient at it—called “Heads” when it was perfectly obvious that the coin was going to come down tails, and, the wicket being good, our opponents selfishly elected to take first knock.

One of the first pair was Blenkinsop. I did not recognise him at first, but when he shaped to face my first ball—I was on at one end—his identity became certain. No two human beings in this vale of sorrow could stand like that. Blenkinsop’s batting attitude had once been the joy of his peers at Beckford, and the despair of the professional who looked after the junior cricket. He had much of the easy *abandon* of a cat in a strange garret—right leg well away from the bat, to facilitate flight towards the umpire in the event of a speedy yorker on the toes, left knee bent, body curved in a graceful arc

over the handle of the bat. It was Blenkinsop all the way.

For old times’ sake I sent him down a long hop to leg. Any ordinary person would have put it joyfully out of the county. Blenkinsop was no ordinary person. He steered it very gently away for a single, and trotted up to my end.

“Hullo, Blenkinsop,” I said.

“Hullo!”

The progress of the game was interrupted for a few minutes, while he shook hands.

“Fancy seeing you!” he said; “Great Scott, why, it’s years since we met. Nearly ten. By Jove. I am glad to see you. Come round to my place after the match. I’m curate here, you know, and getting on splendidly.”

The batsman at the other end, who had been standing for some time in batting attitude, patiently waiting for the next ball, now gave the thing up, sat down with a resigned expression, and began to talk to the wicket-keeper. Mid-on lay down and apparently went to sleep, and short slip retired to the pavilion for one more gin and gingerbeer. These phenomena had not the slightest effect on Blenkinsop.

“What are you doing now?” he continued. “Have you seen any old Beckfordians lately? Do you remember——?”

Here mid-off asked the umpire to wake him if necessary, and lay down like his colleague on the leg-side. The voice of the Weary Willies’ captain, a slightly irascible person, made itself heard from the deep field, full of recriminations and enquiries. I thought I had better go on bowling, and did so. The next ball took a wicket, a fact which the

batsman attributed audibly to the awful suspense in which he had been kept for the last five minutes, and I had leisure for some more Blinkinsopic conversation.

It was at this point that he asked me if I remembered his benefit.

"Do you remember Perkyn that night?" he said.

I did. Blinkinsop's benefit stands out in my mind as the cheeriest memory of my school career. And there were some stirring episodes in that career. The affair of Mr. Stoker and the dog (which is "another story") had caused me no little enjoyment. The episode of Tudway and the superannuated apple (I must tell you about that some time) had been not unamusing. But Blinkinsop's benefit, in my humble opinion, defied competition.

The juniors of Jephson's house were always rather a clannish lot. In my time we formed quite a close corporation. We walked together, and brewed together. We were most of us in the same form. I think now that they ought to have paid the master who took that form something extra, for his lot was certainly not cast in a pleasant place. There was Benson, for instance, a perfect prince of raggers, whose methods baffled detection, and Nicholas, second only to Benson. Perkyn, too, and Inge, and, indeed, all of us—we were all full of spirits.

Of this corporation Blinkinsop was a distinguished member. He had not the brilliance of a Benson, or the fertility of invention in the matter of excuses which characterised Inge, but he did his best, and showed clearly that he meant well. And there was no doubt that he was very popular with the rest of us.

It was with consternation, therefore, that we received the news one afternoon that at the end of term he was to leave us.

It appeared that Blinkinsop was to go for a couple of years to France, then to Germany for another year. Finally, if he survived this sentence, he would go up to Oxford, and become a clergyman. The idea of Blinkinsop as a clergyman had a marked effect on the company.

"But, look here, man," said Benson, "you can't leave. It's rot. Why, who's to umpire in the junior house-match next term if you go? We shall probably have to have Jephson!"

This was an awful thought. The sustained success of Jephson's house junior team was largely due—and we recognised it—to the really magnificent umpiring of Blinkinsop.

Blinkinsop's was one of those beautifully emotional natures which cannot turn a deaf ear to an appeal for l.b.w. in the mouth of a friend. Alas! such natures are rare indeed, and Jephson's was distinctly not one of them. There was once an umpire who claimed proudly that he never forgot which side he was umpiring for. Jephson was the exact antithesis of that conscientious sportsman.

"Besides," said Inge, "you're so young. What's the good of leaving when you're not fifteen yet? Why, if you stopped on, you might get your First."

The idea of Blinkinsop figuring in the first eleven—unless they smuggled him in as an umpire—had the good effect of restoring the company to cheerfulness, and the conversation turned to less gloomy topics.

It was some days after this that I received a note in school. The bottom part of it had been freshly smeared with ink for the convenience of the reader, but I was up to this conventional pleasantry, and handled the letter with caution. It was short, and ran as follows:

DEAR SIR,—Your presence is earnestly requested at a meeting of the Blinkinsop Benefit Society this evening at six sharp over the Gym.

We are, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.,

JAMES BENSON,

(Hon. Sec. B.B.Soc.)

P.S.—Don't tell Blinkinsop about it as we want to keep it dark. Answer, R.S.V.P., if you please.

I replied that I would be there, and of the style and nature of the Blinkinsop Benefit Society I was soon made aware.

All our set, with the exception of Blinkinsop, had assembled at the gymnasium. Benson addressed the meeting.

"You see," he said, "it's awful rot about old Blink leaving, and all that sort of thing, so I thought we might do something to testify—er—that is to—er—"

"To testify to our esteem?" I suggested.

"That's the idea," said Benson, gratefully, "—testify to our esteem."

Nicholas wanted to know what was the exact meaning of the expression.

"Why, give him a send-off, of course, you idiot," said Benson.

"Then why don't you say so?"

"I think," continued Benson, ignoring the interruption, "we ought to have a regular bust-up in his honour. We'll put that to the vote. That this meeting approves of the proposal to give Blinkinsop a send-off. Ayes to the right, noes to the left."

Everybody stood still, and Benson announced that the motion had been carried *nem. con.*

"Well, the next thing," he went on, "is the tin. How are we going to manage about that?"

"Hang it all," Inge protested, "you surely aren't going to give him a set of silver tea-things, or anything of that sort?"

"No, what I was thinking of was a dormitory supper!"

Unrestrained applause on the part of the audience.

"But we aren't all in Blenk's dorm.," said Smith.

"Doesn't matter. You can buck out of your dorm. when the prefect's asleep. Admission on presentation of a visiting-card."

"That sounds all right. What time is the thing coming off?"

"We'd better have it the last Saturday of term. That's a fortnight from to-morrow."

"No, I mean what *time*?"

"Oh, about five o'clock I should think. That'll be early enough."

"Oh yes, rather."

"It will be a scene of unrestrained revelry," observed Benson, prophetically—a remark which elicited another objection, this time from Inge.

"How about Norris?" he asked.

Norris was the prefect who presided with an uncomfortably firm hand over the destinies of Blenkinsop's dormitory.

"I thought of that," he said, "ages ago. Norris' people have just taken a house near Horton for the holidays, and he has got leave to spend the last week-end of term there. I was standing close by when he asked the Old Man.

"But they may shove some one else in instead of him," said Inge.

"They won't. Or even if they do, it'll only be Mainwaring, or somebody like that, who won't mind what we get up to so long as we don't make too much row about it. And, I say, there's one thing we must remember. We must lie awfully low for the next fortnight, at any rate, in the dorm. The less we rag the less likely it is that anybody will be put into the dorm. when Norris is away. If they think that we can get on all right by ourselves, they'll let us. See?"

We saw.

"That's all right, then. Now, about the money again. How much can we raise?"

Money, as they say on 'Change, was rather tight. Towards the end of term one's purse is never very heavy. There are so many

things that one must buy; those luxuries, as somebody says, which are so much more necessary than necessities—buns at the quarter to eleven interval, potted meat for tea, and so on. However, in cash and promises of cash we managed to scrape together about six shillings, which Benson, who in addition to acting as secretary had modestly assumed the treasurership of the society, thought might almost be enough. And it was resolved that every member should write home and attempt, by specially representing himself on the verge of starvation, and compiling an excursus on the type of food we got at Jephson's as a rule, to extract money from the parental coffers. This, said Benson, might or might not come off. If it did, we should have a Simple Beano (I quote his own classic expression). If not—well, we should have to get along as best we could with what we had already. A true philosopher, Benson.

Then somebody—Lucas, that was the man—made a brilliant suggestion.

"Look here," he said, "if Norris is going to be away two nights, why not have two busts instead of one? Have the supper on the second night, and something in the assault-at-arms line on the first. We might get up a boxing comp., or something."

Here Lucas, a passionate devotee of the Ring, shaped at an imaginary opponent, and delivered the left hook at the jaw with what would, in all probability, have been immense precision.

"Ripping," said Benson. "That's what we'll do. Only we mustn't have anything that'll make too much row. Well, that's all, I think. We might draw up some programmes in the meantime, and don't you chaps forget to write to your people. Say grub will do if they can't send money. Only money preferred, of course."

"Of course," we echoed as one man, and the meeting broke up.

II.

THE next fortnight was dull. Very dull. Benson insisted on the members of the society lying low, with a strictness worthy of Norris. The consequence was that we behaved in form, and gave up stump cricket in the junior day-room, and in many other ways deprived ourselves of much (more or less) innocent pleasure. The only one of us who declined to alter his mode of life was Blenkinsop. He could not understand it at all, and Benson refused to allow us to explain. He said it

would be much better to spring the great news suddenly on the favoured youth than to let him know beforehand what honours the future had in store for him. So Blenkinsop continued to be disorderly in a lonely, dazed sort of way, and complained bitterly at intervals that the glory had departed from Jephson's junior day-room.

"I say," he said to me one morning, "what on earth is the matter with you chaps? Why didn't any of you back me up in math. this morning?"

"Oh, I don't know," I said, "one doesn't always feel in form for ragging, somehow." A revolutionary sentiment, which made Blenkinsop open his eyes and wonder what the world was coming to.

Meanwhile the preparations for the festivities went on apace. Inge managed to extract five shillings from an uncle, and an aunt of mine sent me one and six. After adding these and other subscriptions to the fund, Benson was able to announce officially that not only would there be enough for a Simple Beano, but it would also be possible to offer prizes in the preliminary assault-at-arms on the first night. Enthusiasm ran high at the news.

About a week before the date of the performance, the programmes were circulated. I still have one in my possession, very dirty and dog-eared, but still readable. It would be trespassing on the kindness of the reader to quote it *in extenso*. Suffice it to say that nearly every branch of sport was represented, from boxing to ping-pong, and that an elaborate *menu* of the banquet was embodied in it. This last was a distinct work of art, and a credit to Benson's imaginative talents. It concluded with apt quotations from the works of Mr. W. S. Gilbert, a particular protégé of Benson's, such as:

"Gentlemen, will you allow us to offer you a magnificent banquet?"

"Cut the satisfying sandwich, broach the exhilarating Marsala, and let us rejoice to-day if we never rejoice again."

"Tell me, major, are you fond of toffee?"

"To-day he is not well."

There were a good many more.

The spot event, so to speak, of the banquet would, according to the programme, be a case of pineapples—none of your tinned imitations, but real! Perkyn's brother from the West Indies was sending them over. Perkyn had just received a letter from him, informing him that the case would arrive next week. Keen anxiety was felt as to whether it would come in time. The moment had now arrived

when all should be revealed to Blenkinsop. Benson did it in a touching speech, in which he dwelt so long and fondly on the departing one's sterling qualities, now as a ragger, now as an umpire, that that youth almost broke down. And when Benson reminded us how, against Leicester's last year, he had given their two best men out l.b.w. and caught at the wicket in the first over, and so won us the match in the most handsome style, there was not a dry eye in the house.

"It's awfully good of you chaps," observed Blenkinsop, on being called on to reply, "and I tell you what."

"What?" we asked.

"They're having a house sing-song on Saturday evening, and as our dorm's the largest, they're going to hold it there. If we have luck they may leave the piano in the room till the next morning, and if anybody can play, we might have a bit of a rag."

Roars of applause, during which Nicholas owned up to being able to play some waltz tunes. This news plunged the meeting into a tremendous state of enthusiasm. Everybody liked waltz tunes, a few knew how to dance, and all were very certain that they were going to dance, whether they knew how to or not. It was agreed that the assault-at-arms, which would be over by—say—half-past six, should conclude with a grand concert. Could Nicholas play anything else? Rather. All sorts of things. Inge knew a comic song or two. I could play the bones. It was evident that the proceedings would not fall flat for lack of musical talent. The only thing was—would the piano be left? While we were still in doubt on this important point the case of pineapples arrived. It was a good, large case. We decided not to open it "till the night."

The day came. The concert went off splendidly. We were always more or less in form at these sing-songs, and on this occasion I suppose we made as much noise as any dozen juniors of our weight and age in the kingdom could have done. It was an idiosyncrasy of ours to make noise. We were of opinion that every one who wished to leave the world a brighter and happier place for his presence in it should adopt some speciality, and make himself a thorough master of it. Our speciality was noise. Benson's prohibition of ragging was felt not to apply to an end of term dormitory concert. To prevent us enjoying ourselves at that would have been to have struck a deadly blow at the inalienable rights of the citizen. Such a blow we were determined to prevent, and Benson, seeing the

force of our arguments, was wise enough to allow us to take our own way. We took it.

And the piano was left after all. Jephson and the prefects did think of moving it, but they decided not to.

It was about seven the next morning before proceedings recommenced. At that hour I awoke, with a hastily-formed impression that I was drowning, to find Nicholas, with every appearance of keen enjoyment, squeezing water into my mouth from a large and evidently very full sponge.

"Buck up," he said, encouragingly, "we're two hours late as it is."

"Why, what's the time?"

"Seven. And we ought to have begun at five. Come and help me get these chaps up."

I seized my sponge, plunged it into the jug, and in less than two minutes the dormitory was awake.

Once begun, affairs marched rapidly. We cleared a space by moving the beds back along the walls, and opened the entertainment with a little football under Association rules. I am happy to say that I led my side to victory in a style that would have done credit to a captain of England. Three times in the first moiety did I put the sponge-bag under the chest of drawers, and twice after half-time did it hurtle from my toe and crash against the door. I have seldom played a finer game. We won by five goals to one, and the one was a fluke.

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So at the eerie hour mentioned, when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead, we yawned and gave ourselves up to the pleasures of the palate.

Banquets are always pleasant things, says an authority, consisting as they do mostly of eating and drinking; but the specially nice thing about a banquet is that it comes when something's over, and to-morrow seems a long way off, and there's nothing more to worry about. Gazing upon the varied refreshments, we forgot the lines of to-day, and had no thought for what might happen when the remnants of the feast were discovered littering the floor on the morrow.

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A short struggle with the other half of the lid, in which Norris' scissors suffered severely (Benson said thoughtfully that if we bent them back again he *might* not notice anything was wrong), and the way to the fruit was clear. There were six of the pineapples, beauties, all of them, and there were just a dozen

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"Look here, young Perkyn!" said Benson, savagely.

"Ow!!" cried Perkyn.

"Shut up, you ass; do you want to wake the house?"

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force of our arguments, was wise enough to allow us to take our own way. We took it.

And the piano was left after all. Jephson and the prefects did think of moving it, but they decided not to.

It was about seven the next morning before proceedings recommenced. At that hour I awoke, with a hastily-formed impression that I was drowning, to find Nicholas, with every appearance of keen enjoyment, squeezing water into my mouth from a large and evidently very full sponge.

"Buck up," he said, encouragingly, "we're two hours late as it is."

"Why, what's the time?"

"Seven. And we ought to have begun at five. Come and help me get these chaps up."

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Once begun, affairs marched rapidly. We cleared a space by moving the beds back along the walls, and opened the entertainment with a little football under Association rules. I am happy to say that I led my side to victory in a style that would have done credit to a captain of England. Three times in the first moiety did I put the sponge-bag under the chest of drawers, and twice after half-time did it hurtle from my toe and crash against the door. I have seldom played a finer game. We won by five goals to one, and the one was a fluke.

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TEN SLIPPERS ROSE INTO THE AIR, THEN WHACK! DOWN THEY CAME.

Inge was out of bed and on the floor—a position fraught with peril. He gave it a nail-brush at three yards range, and missed. He tried with the second barrel, a sponge, and missed again. The centipede was but a yard from him when he leaped on to Blenkinsop's bed, and at the same moment Blenkinsop, that calm strategist, enveloped the reptile from above in a blanket.

It was the turning-point of the battle.

Up till now the centipede had ranged where it listed, a thing of fear. Now we had it in a corner, and proposed, wind and weather permitting, to show it exactly who was who, and precisely what was what.

Each armed with a trusty slipper, we surrounded the blanket, and waited for the enemy to show up. The minutes passed with-

out a sign of it. Apparently the reptile found it warm and comfortable under the blanket, and meant to stay there.

"Now then," said Lucas, in the language of the man on the touch-line, "have it out there, Beckford." And it *was* rather like a football match. I felt just as if I was playing half behind a pack that wouldn't heel. The suspense was something shocking.

"Look here," said Inge, after five minutes, "I'm going to switch the blanket off, and then you chaps go in hard with your slippers. Ready? Now then."

For intense excitement the next minute beat anything I have ever experienced or wish to experience. We forgot what time it was and how vital it was to keep quiet, and egged each other on with shrill shouts. Perkyn, still with his arm in the jug, danced wildly, and impressed on us the necessity of bucking up.

Off went the blanket. Ten slippers rose into the air. Then whack! down they came, and from the centre of the inferno out scuttled the centipede, calm and unmoved as ever. Excitement ran higher.

"Beckford!"

"Coming out your side, Nick."

"Get to it, get to it."

"Look out your end, Inge."

"Coming over."

Ten slippers crashed down again, and even as they crashed an icy voice spoke from the door.

"What is the meaning of this noise?"

We jumped up from where the late centipede lay flattened on the boards. At the door stood Jephson. He was simply but tastefully clad in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, and didn't look a bit pleased at being woke up at one in the morning.

"Please, sir," said Inge, "a centipede."

"A what?"

Inge pointed to the corpse.

"Where did it come from?"

"A case of pineapples, sir," admitted Inge, reluctantly.

Jephson raised his candle and inspected the *débris* of the feast in silence.

"Has anybody been stung?" he asked at last.

"I have, sir," said Perkyn.

"Then dress and go across to Dr. Fletcher's." Dr. Fletcher was the school doctor. He lived about a hundred yards from Jephson's.

"And I should like to see you all in my study to-morrow," he concluded, "directly after breakfast."

"And after all," said Benson, philosophically, on the following day, when Mr. Jephson had done with us, "I'd rather get touched up than more lines. And I think we may say we gave Blenk a fairly decent send-off."

And the Blinkinsop Society, having admitted that his statements were justified, adjourned for light refreshments.



H. L. Doherty.



W. C. Grant (America).



Miss D. K. Douglass.



R. Le Roy (America).

SOME LAWN TENNIS FAVOURITES.

Snapshots taken by "Aptus."

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Arvonian.—Carnarvon County School is, we take it, a mixed school of boys and girls. We are glad to note that the latter claim their share of attention in the magazine. The first article, "Obiter Scripta," takes the form of an amusing letter to "Dearest Ruby," from "Your ever tender and true friend, Esmeralda." But though it treats, with confidence, of such feminine topics as the making of omelettes, and the advisability of purchasing a new "Tammy," we cannot refrain from a base suspicion that the epistle is the work of a mere man! We should have liked to review the further contents of the *Arvonian*; but in the face of a "School Ode," which commences—

Uwch y Fenni a'i chyfrinion,
Uwch hynafol dref Caernarfon,
Dan gusanau iach awelon
Saif ein bysgol ni;

—discretion seems the better part of valour.

Askean.—The May issue is a very full number, with contents both attractive and diverse. "Dickens and the Law" forms the subject of a brief but suggestive paper, while a numismatic authority writes most interestingly upon "Some Curious Currencies." Various forms of "money" are enumerated and discussed, including such strange circulating media as turnips, tenpenny nails, and tea bricks, but we are unfortunately prohibited from quoting any extracts.

Elsewhere in the May number we come across this entertaining story of absent-mindedness:—

I met a friend the other day who told me a rather strange story. He boarded a tramcar, and found he had only a penny and an old tram-ticket in his pocket. Absent-mindedly he threw away the penny and tendered the ticket to the conductor for his fare. The conductor, too, happened to be an absent-minded man, and, having taken the ticket, took a penny from his pouch, punched a hole in it, and gave it to my friend.

An innovation is the publication of the first instalment of a thrilling romance in French. We say "thrilling" advisedly. What could be more pregnant with suppressed excitement than these concluding words?:—

Quel mystère!
Nous verrons, peut-être, dans le numéro suivant ce que le poulet était devenu.

Barrovian (Isle of Man).—An officer of the 6th Jat Light Infantry, discourses pleasantly of a month's experiences in Japan. Amongst other things he lunched with officers of the 11th Regiment, and inspected the barracks. This was in 1901. His remarks upon what he saw have just now a peculiar interest.

These Japanese soldiers who, a quarter of a century ago, were absolute barbarians, now reside in comparatively luxuriant iron cots, provided with mattresses and sheets, two rows of shelves on the wall above their beds, a long table in the centre of the room, and a liberal supply of chairs, the rooms themselves being lofty, well ventilated, and

supplied throughout with electric light. We next visited a sort of semi-palace, where the Mikado resided during the China War of 1894, in order to be near the base. The last item on the programme was an exhibition of drill by four companies of the 11th Regiment. The performance was really a grotesque reproduction of the German business. As I was called upon to criticise, I said, of course (I had inched well), that their drill left nothing to be desired. You cannot help regarding even their senior officers as children interested in a new toy; but there is no doubt that from the highest to the lowest, their whole heart is in their work and they mean some day to fight and "lick" the Russians, which I trust they will do, though I should be sorry to lay odds on their doing so.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The latest subject of the *Blue's* series of Christ's Hospital worthies is Joshua Barnes, the Greek scholar and antiquary, of whom a portrait, reproduced from a plate prefixed to Barnes' edition of Euripides, is included in the May number. But though prolific with his pen, and voluminous in his ideas, Barnes is not likely to live in the annals of English scholarship. As his present biographer observes, "his reading was wide, but his scholarship inexact; his memory was good, but his judgment weak."

Cadet (H.M.S. Conway).—An exceptionally interesting contribution from which we should have liked to give a few extracts, were not the copyright reserved, deals with the work of the relief ship *Morning* in extricating the *Discovery* from her difficulties in the Antarctic ice. Dragging sledges over ice-fields covered with eight to ten inches of snow, and with a howling gale and drift dead in the teeth, is something more as the writer modestly observes, than a picnic.

"Go ahead, Jap," is the title given to some neat verses of encouragement to our ally in the Far East. The British sailor is supposed to be singing:—

Where did you learn to handle a ship so sure, so sudden
and clean?
Where did you learn to nip with the oil to the nuts of the
war machine?
Who was it taught you the things you know, and gave you
that ounce of dash?—
Go it, my hearty, you're watched by that party, and here's
to the blows that smash!

Calling you Pagans, and names like that, never you mind
those names;
The hand that pulls at the lanyard counts: and the test is
the eye that aims;
Think of the man who learned you war, and see that you
always hit;
Go it, my hearty, you're known to that party, and here's
to your Island grit.

Oh, you was apt in the early days, quick with your feet
and hands,
Yellow-man, eh? But what of the skin if the brain box
understands?
Better than Russians have taught you war, and better than
them you'll be,
Go it, my hearty, live up to the party who gave you the
trick of the sea.

Durban High School Magazine.—

We are always glad to welcome the periodicals of colonial schools. The *D.H.S. Magazine* appears, with this first number of a new volume, clothed in a new and tasteful cover, printed in two colours—a marked improvement on its old flimsy wrapper. Holiday adventures form the theme of two contributions. That narrating the experiences of "Three Weeks in the Devil's Frying Pan," a beautiful but sultry district near Glendale, in Natal, is illustrated with two capital little snapshots. Another article describes the writer's "First Shot at Big Game." The initial trophy secured was a fine water-buck, bagged from the other side of a pool within a desert oasis.

Timing at the point of his shoulder as he stood three-quarters turned to us, I endeavoured to take a steady aim, but I was so shaky with excitement that the heavy rifle seemed to wander all over him; on pressing the trigger, the recoil caused me to slide down the ant-hill, and on scrambling up again nothing was to be seen. I turned anxiously to my boys and could see by their gestures that I had made a successful shot. I now tried to persuade them to cross the lagoon to ascertain the result of my shot, but this they flatly refused to do. I afterwards found that they had every reason for not complying with my request, as the next day I saw an enormous crocodile in this very pool. We accordingly all went round to the other side, though the going was anything but pleasant, through swamps and long grass. Arriving at the spot I was delighted to see my buck lying stone dead; I at once set to work to skin his head and neck, and his stuffed head is now opposite me as I write.

This is trying reading. From our wall, the only trophy which looks down on us as we write is a carefully bleached rabbit's skull, reminiscent of early poaching days. There is antelope within easy distance, it is true; but the Zoo keepers look askance at a sporting rifle!

Harrobian.—There is little of general interest in the last issue to hand. We quote some stanzas from a neat little set of verses, entitled "We Two."

We went along the winding lane
With hawthorn hedges newly blown,
O'erjoyed to meet the Spring again,
We two alone.

Along the copse, across the stile,
We went, and breathed the balmy air,
But breathed no audible the while,
A silent pair.

One gazed upon the trees and sky,
On smiling orchards, bloom-beaprent,
To earth the other's downcast eye
Was ever bent.

One marked the fragrant message sent
By every lurking violet.
The other, ah, on other scent
That heart was set.

And this was scarce a curious thing:
For think with what a different eye
And different thoughts we viewed the Spring.
My dog and I!

Malvernian.—"K." contributes, in the form of a Platonic dialogue, some "Words of Wisdom on Matters Malvernian." The conversation is supported in part by "Father Williams, O.M.," and "John Swollenhead, College Prefect." Collars, amongst other things, come in for discussion. It appears that a certain section of Malvernians has unsatisfied longings after the "stick-up."

J. S. Why do we have to wear turn-down collars? I'm no swan, thank heaven, but I catch cold regularly every first week of term, and my people didn't know me when they came down for Speech Day. I've never yet heard anyone who had anything to say for the collars themselves: there've been protests and proposals by the score; the Editor of the *Malvernian* is a walking encyclopædia on the subject, and

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the Council's collective head aches permanently. And here we are!

P. W. Then the Birmingham commentary on the fiscal creed has been wasted. Will you never learn to dress "imperially"? Thirty years ago the manufacture of "Shakespeare" collars was a flourishing industry. Where is it to-day? Banished before the encroaching tide of American fashions and Continental modes! We alone support the toil-worn workers who, having served their country for half-a-century as manufacturers of one type of collar, cannot be expected to apply their failing intelligences to the production of a new pattern. Let Malvern become the paradise of doctors and the butt of beaux! Never will we relinquish the venerable articles of attire so appropriately named after the Swan of Avon!

J. S. Hot stuff! No wonder they ran a debating society in your time.

We had hoped, however, to find something in more characteristic vein from "K."

Petriburgian (King's School, Peterborough).—"The Humorous Side of Cricket" contains some good yarns. Perhaps the best is the following incident of a rustic match:—

The first ball bowled by the village "Spofforth" (a tremendously fast one) caught him fairly on the kneecap. The bowler appealed for l.b.w., which was promptly disallowed by the umpire. Meanwhile, the victim was slowly and painfully limping off to the tent, when, hearing the umpire's decision, his fellow batsman called out, "Hi! Bill! You're not out!" "That may be," said the damaged one, "but I'm jolly well going."

Tome.—This is the organ of the Jacob Tome Institute, Port Deposit, Maryland. Like most American school journals, it is exceedingly well turned out externally. The cover, indeed, is particularly tasteful and effective. The contents are good, though there is nothing very suitable for quotation here. The majority of the contributions deal with the rough life of the Far West, and the writers have availed themselves well of the opportunities afforded them of the picturesque.

Ulula (Manchester Grammar School).—The editor invites from his readers quotations from literature which have the owl (the badge of Manchester Grammar School) for their subject. As an example, the lines of Scott are given:—

Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the Owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl;

For when the sun bath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest;
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny Owl.

Manxunians ought to set those words to music, and make a school song of them.

Veseyan (Bishop Vesey's Grammar School).—This magazine has reached its third number, and is still going strong. Good luck to it! The general contributions are fair. That of "Ze Chase of Fox," recounting the adventures of a Frenchman (as supposedly told by himself), will seem not unfamiliar (especially since it is signed "Vive la France") to readers of *THE CAPTAIN*. Monsieur is taken by friends to the meet. He arrives while hounds are drawing cover.

The dogs are in the little ticket; they make some sad cries; they are without doubt, miserable. The more part of the huntmen are in face of us at a distant. All at a blow I see a red dog come out of the ticket to mine recontre. It is, perhaps, one of the paque. Nol! Sapristi! It is the fox! The others do not see him! I seize my horn, I sound him with the most grand force. I cry "To mel to mel! The dog's meat! The dog's meat!" I give of the spur to my horse. What happiness! I shall atrappe the dog's meat myself, for am I not le grand sportsman? See here the dogs! They bark; they are all around me; they will not give place; my horse tread them at feet! they howl, the so stupid dogs; the buntsmen follow me in pushing loud cries; but I am first, me—a French! I lead the chase!

Apropos of the absurdities of French and English idioms, on another page appears a quaint tale of a maiden lady in Paris. Desiring to hire a cab, she hails a driver of a passing *fiacre*, and after refreshing her vocabulary by a hurried glance at the pocket dictionary, proceeds to ask him if he is engaged. The conversation runs thus:—

She: Hé cochon, êtes-vous fiancé?

He: Non, madame.

She: Bien, prends-moi.

Sudden exit of the alarmed *cocher*.

Wyggestonian (Leicester).—More "howlers" to delight the soul! Asked to define the first person, the ingenious answer of "Adam" was made. The line from Vergil, *l'ere novo gelidus canis de montibus humor*, is a favourite stumbling-

block. Here it is reported to have been rendered: "Truly the cold sweat of the dog glides afresh from the mountains." Another version of which we once heard ran: "Strange but true, when a dog is left cold upon the mountains, by way of a joke." The rendering of *humor* as "by way of a joke" is particularly delicious.

A. E. JOHNSON.

We have also received copies of the following magazines:—*Clarinian*, *Clayesmorian*, *Cooper's School Magazine*, *De Astonian*, *Haileyburian*, *Hurst Johnian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Lyonian*, *Ousel*, *St. Andrew's College Magazine* (Grahamstown, S.A.), *Sedberghian*, *Totnesian*, *Truro College Magazine*, *Union Observer*, *Wesley College Chronicle*, and the *Isis*.

A STRAIGHT BAT.

By SYBIL REID.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.



MARTIN was home for the holidays. Martin was ten, and his home was in a country village, where he lived with a curious ménage, consisting of a grandmother, two aunts, and a first cousin once removed, who was an invalid.

Martin considered he had a happy home—and after all that is the main thing.

His ideas of bliss were humble. At present they consisted of slipping off to the rectory, and wistfully watching cricket practice, with an occasional stray catch coming his way, and an ecstatic chance to bowl one ball in twenty.

There was a Great One staying at the rectory now, and Martin's cup was full.

Mr. Sedgewick, who played for Middlesex, was spending a week with the rector, and allowed himself to be bowled to with benign condescension.

The rector had a capital little square paddock where one might happily lose innumerable balls among the daisies and red sorrel which lay round the little oasis of well-tended turf.

Martin used to squeeze through the wire fence and make himself popular finding some of those lost balls. Sometimes, by drifting near with a reclaimed ball he could make it appear the most natural thing in the world to take his turn among the other bowlers.

The rector gave him a smiling word or

two, and Mr. Sedgewick made kindly difficulties in playing his straight long hops varied with wide full tosses, which he delivered with a gasp of mingled effort and pride. Mr. Sedgewick was large and plain and genial, and called him "Tommy."

"Who's that little chap who is so keen?" he asked the rector one evening.

"Oh—little Martin Hill," said the other. "He's as keen as mustard, and tells me long breathless stories about his private school eleven. His 'chaps' are all heroes to him. I like his keenness; he has a dull sort of home life."

Next evening Mr. Sedgewick "carted" Martin's balls with painful freedom, and wound up by sauntering down the pitch and holding out his bat. "Look here, Tommy," he said, "you go in and have a knock."

Martin took it quite silently and went to the wicket.

He was not bowled very often, considering all things, and Mr. Sedgewick said quite kind things to him, and sent him home with a heavenly smile on his face.

Next evening it happened again, and the next—and then the tragedy befell.

Martin's courage had risen—he had made a cut, and Mr. Sedgewick had clapped, and then one of the gardener's boys had tossed one up too far, and Martin's caution had



HE HAD BROKEN
MR. SEDGEWICK'S BAT.

down to the winds. He hit out manfully, and realised a moment later what fate had overtaken him. He saw the splinter of wood which flew from the great one's bat, and the ragged blade that still remained in his hands. He had broken Mr. Sedgewick's bat.

Mr. Sedgewick laughed, and at that moment some diversion occurred—the practice party was broken up—and Martin was left to climb through the fence and obliterate himself.

He lay for nearly an hour in the little wood between his house and the rectory, feeling that the end of the world had come. He had broken Mr. Sedgewick's bat—Mr. Sedgewick, who was going to play for Middlesex to-morrow. It was the worst hour Martin had ever known. It was too bad to cry about.

Grandmamma, and the aunts, and the removed one knew nothing of it; they barely knew of Martin's blissful hours in the rectory field, over and done with now for ever.

Next day he met one of the gardener's boys

of that famous coterie. "Mr. Sedgewick's gone," said the grinning worthy. "'E left by the nine train. 'E's a rare gentleman."

Martin went home and took out his money box. In a little while he found a key to fit it, and spread the contents upon the bed. It came to six shillings and ninepence. He put it all into his pocket and went out.

An hour later he came in to dinner. "Martin," said one of the aunts, "I have been trying to make your room tidy; you leave it in a disgraceful state. Your empty money box was on the bed. What have you done with all the money?"

"Taken it out," said Martin, stonily.

"Spent it? What on?"

"A—a bat."

"A cricket bat? You had one."

"Yes."

"It was very extravagant, and you ought not to be trusted with money at all. I thought you were saving up for a watch."

"Yes."

Later on, the same aunt met him carrying the new purchase across the hall. Perhaps she repented a little of her severity, for she stopped.

"Is that the bat?" she said, not unkindly. "Let me see."

It was a gaudy, full-sized, yellow implement, with "The Terrible 6s. 6d." printed on its brazen face.

"It's a man's size," said the aunt, filled with pride at her own perspicacity.

"Yes," said Martin, and they parted.

Up at Lord's, Mr. Sedgewick had forgotten the oasis in the middle of the daisies and the red sorrel.

The match was a good one, and a good match was enough for the simple, honest mind of Mr. Sedgewick.

He got twenty-one, and missed a catch, the first day, but his side was doing well, so he did not care. Two other bats were in his locker, and the late lamented was as a thing forgotten.

When he reached the pavilion on the morning of the second day he found an untidy brown paper parcel addressed to:—

G. M. SEDGEWICK, Esq.,
Middlesex Eleven,
Lord's, London.

By its contour he adjudged it a cricket bat, and pulled off the covering in some surprise. Inside he found a flaming Yellow Thing which bespoke "toy shop" in its every false and unreliable line.

It was, moreover, inscribed "The Terrible 6s. 6d."

Round the handle was tied a letter—not a very clean one.

"DEAR MR. SEDGEWICK," (it ran)

"As I broke your bat, I am giving you another. The man in the shop said it would drive splendidly. I hope you will get a lot of runs with it at Lord's."

"Yours truly,
"MARTIN HILL."

"Martin Hill," said Mr. Sedgewick to himself. "Ah, I remember, the little chap who finished off that old bat of mine down in the country. A little chap who gave promise of playing straight. I call this playing straight. What on earth am I to do!"

He heard some one approaching, and hid the bat among his other things. He puzzled his blunt, amiable head about it no more for a bit, for weightier matters were toward.

With an old and trusted bat he spent a

good part of the day knocking up a goodly score, and had got exactly ninety-eight when he remembered the absurd embarrassment of his relations with Martin Hill. It was not so very long ago that Mr. Sedgewick had been ten himself, and he remembered how it felt.

He waited till the over—the over which would bring him the bowling—and then ran into the pavilion. Casting down the old and trusted veteran he rummaged amongst his possessions, and brought to light the Yellow Terror.

The wicket-keeper noted, with a dull surprise, this obvious swapping of horses in the middle of the stream, but, like a wise wicket-keeper, held his tongue, more especially as Mr. Sedgewick placed the first ball to leg for two, and got his hundred in an unassuming manner.

Three minutes later, his partner ran him out unpardonably, and he came back with his bat and hid it again—with a large soft dent on its rubicund face.

By and bye he got a sheet of club paper and a large monogrammed envelope, and wrote to Martin Hill.

"DEAR HILL,—

"You really needn't have replaced my bat at all. I did not care a bit, and that old one had seen its best days, and would have been useless soon. But all the same I am most grateful for the other. Perhaps you will be glad to hear I got my hundred with it to-day. It's a good match, and may go any way, but we have a little the best of it at present."

"When I am down at your place again you must come and have some more knocks."

"Yours truly,

"G. M. SEDGEWICK."

In the wood, between the rectory and his house, Martin lay in the long grass and read this over and over again. It was dim with many pocketings.

"I wonder if it *did* drive as well as the man said it would," said Martin.

But Mr. Sedgewick kept his own counsel, and next summer—oddly enough—managed, with ostrich-like manœuvrings which a child might have seen through, to give the unsuspecting Martin a capital silver watch. But Martin was not a child. Henceforth he was a man—with a friend among the ranks of men and heroes.

Long after the watch had been irreparably broken in a merry little gambol at the big public school, whither Martin subsequently went, the Yellow Terror stood in a corner of Mr. Sedgewick's room—unexplained to the world—with one soft dent upon its rubicund face.

COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 18th.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 18th.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Finest Town in Great Britain."—Which do you consider the finest town or city in Great Britain, and why? State your views in an essay not exceeding 400 words. Prizes: Classes I. and II., a Coloured Reproduction of Mr. Louis Wain's famous Golfing subject, handsomely framed by Messrs. Muller and Co., as illustrated on THE CAPTAIN Prizes Page; Class III., a Darton "Exceptional" Camera, as illustrated.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—"Twelve Most Popular Weekly Papers."—The bookstalls and newsagents' shops are loaded up with papers. There must be hundreds of weekly papers—sixpenny, threepenny,

twopenny, and penny. Which twelve papers do you consider the most popular? Send your lists on CAPTAIN post-cards, a packet of which can be obtained from this office, price 1½d., post-free. Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells, as illustrated.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Greatest Man that Ever Lived."—Tell us whom you think was the greatest man that ever lived. Essays not to exceed 400 words. In these essays special attention should be paid to handwriting, spelling and punctuation. Prizes: Class I., a "Guinea Cyko" Camera, as illustrated; Classes II. and III., a Benetfink Football.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Drawing Competition."—Draw—in pen, pencil or water-colours—the exterior of a house or part of a house. Prizes: Class I., a Sandow Developer; Classes II. and III., a Set of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"Photographic Competition."—Send us a photograph of a group of people. Try and take them in as easy and natural a position as possible. It may be a small or large group. Prizes: Classes I. and II., a "Louis Wain" Picture (see Comp. No. I.); Class III., a "Swan" Fountain Pen.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Men for 'Captain' Interviews."—Send a list of twelve men whom you would like to be interviewed for THE CAPTAIN—men who are specially interesting to THE CAPTAIN public. It is not likely that we can obtain interviews with Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Kipling, Signor Marconi, Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, or Sir Henry Irving, so you need not put these names in. Lists should be sent on CAPTAIN post-cards, a packet of which can be obtained from this office, price 1½d., post-free. Prizes: Two Sandow Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

No age limit.

Note.—Prize-winners who already have Developers, &c., may choose other articles of similar value

"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.

Books by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to G. L. Clue, J. S. Cox, "Aptus," and "G. E. A." Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

Scottish Cricket.

MUCH has been said of the inferiority of Scottish cricket compared with English, but the fact of the matter is that it has never aroused as much enthusiasm in Scotland as over the border. This state of affairs may be accounted for in many ways. Firstly, the necessary ground is difficult to get in such a hilly country, and where it can be

got the population is not large enough to supply sufficient young men to engage in the game. Then in Scotland we can play only once a week, whereas in England play goes on every day, Sundays alone excepted. The money question is an important one in most sport nowadays, and, unlike England, we cannot get large "gates." Cricket was played in England in Elizabeth's reign, but Scottish cricket only dates from 1812, when the cavalry at Perth barracks played on the Inch. From this it will be seen that Scotland has a century or two yet in which to come up to the present standard of English cricket.

JACK L—.

My Experience under Chloroform.

IHAD accidentally knocked the third finger of my right hand, and, a tumour having formed, it was decided that the latter should be removed. As my doctor said he would be unable, through pressure of work, to operate for six or seven weeks, he advised me to go to the local hospital for that purpose.

The day of the operation at length arrived, and I was forbidden to eat any food until the dreaded ordeal was over. Going into the operating room, the first thing that I noticed was a large case containing a formidable row of knives and other instruments. The doctor had a white coat on, and was busily inspecting a knife which he held in his hand, an action which hardly served to raise my drooping spirits. However, I got on to the operating table, which somewhat resembled a bed, and an assistant immediately proceeded to test my heart, as, of course, if the heart were weak it would be dangerous to proceed any further. This ordeal concluded, he, after a short consultation with the doctor, placed a mask containing ether over my face, and bade me breathe. A minute or two passed, but it did not seem to take any effect. Then I distinctly heard the doctor say, "Try chloroform." The mask was immediately removed



MIDSHIPMEN S. HOTTA. (WITH CAPE) AND S. HIRATA,
OF H.I.J.M.S. "HIYEI."
Photo. by C. V. Hamilton

and another contrivance fixed over the lower part of my face. I breathed heavily, and a curious feeling began to steal slowly over me, my eyes wandered round and round, and the objects in the room began to get more and more indistinct, until my senses seemed to leave me and I sank into oblivion.

My experience whilst under the anæsthetic took the form of a most vivid dream, and I do not wish to have another such experience. I seemed to have been transported to some distant land, and numberless fiends were shouting into my ear. The tumult appeared to increase every minute, for each seemed to be trying to see if

that, to me, eventful and never-to-be-forgotten afternoon.

G. L. CLUE

The Boers at Bhim Tal.

SITUATED among beautiful mountainous scenery, with a picturesque lake glistening in the centre, is the small settlement of Bhim Tal. -It was here that the British Government, at the approach of the hot weather, decided to send some of the Boer prisoners who had given their parole.

At Bhim Tal itself many concessions were granted them; boats were provided for their use, they were permitted to fish, and could do practically as they liked all day, but were bound to be in in time for the roll call at night. The troops forming their guard did everything possible to make their lot easy. Boer and Briton lived in perfect harmony, and this was



LORD RAGLAN AND SIR JAMES GELL AT KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

Photo. by T. V. Brennan.

he could shout the hardest, and I, the poor, unhappy victim, was powerless to hinder their attempts. Of course it was only a dream, but it was so terribly vivid, and the forms of my tormentors were so clear and distinct, that I was glad when, with a start, they vanished, and I slowly opened my eyes to find myself safe in bed in the hospital ward, my hand being in a large splint. "Is it over?" I said, when I was fairly awake. "Yes," was the reply, and I fell asleep again to dream of the wonders of undergoing an operation, and awaking without feeling any physical discomfort.

That was my experience under chloroform, and I relate it in the hope that CAPTAIN readers will find it interesting, and also, if they should be unlucky enough to undergo an operation where an anæsthetic is needed, that they may know what they will have to go through, my sincere wish being that their dreams will take a more pleasant and congenial form than did mine on



THE OLD HOUSE AT EXETER REFERRED TO IN THE APRIL "CAPTAIN" CLUB PAGES. THE ARMADA HEROES MET IN THE ROOM ABOVE THE SHOP.

Photo. by H. T. Williams.

a surprise to all, especially as they had fought with bitterness only a few months previously.

It is not to be wondered at that the people in Naini Tal were anxious to see some of those men who had defied the Empire's arms for so long a period. As soon as the Boers were settled in their quarters, many could not control their

curiosity, but went down to Bhim Tal almost immediately. Others waited, and had their patience rewarded, for, after a little while, the Boers often came into the station selling brooches and other curiosities—their own handiwork, manufactured from slate and stones picked up locally.

One and all united in showing them how kind and hospitable British people could be. Almost every home possesses some souvenir of their visits, and the Boers themselves appreciated their treatment. When leaving for their homes in South Africa, amid their great joy many found time to express their gratitude by saying that the kindness they had received at the hands of the people in Naini Tal would ever be remembered.

B. A. HARRIS (Naini Tal, India).

York Minster.

THIS famous minster is always under repair. The scaffolding shown in the accompanying photograph cost £4,000 to erect. A staff of between twenty and thirty men is kept in constant employment carving stones to replace those which have become worn



THE SCAFFOLDING ERECTED AT YORK MINSTER AT A COST OF OVER £4,000.

Photo. by Bill Bailey.

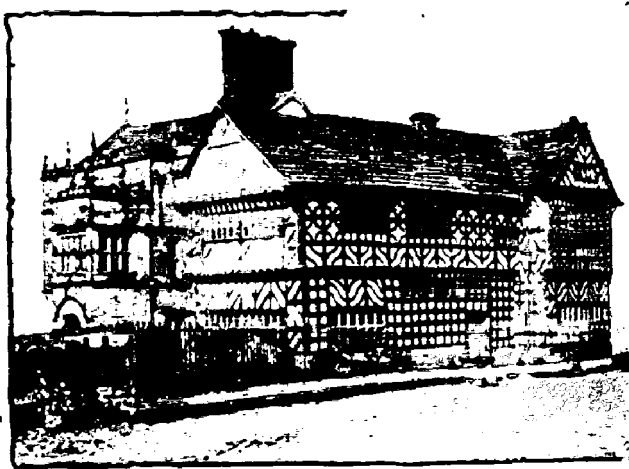
with age. The minster has been twice destroyed by fire, in 741, and again in 1069, and of the original Paulinus' Church, built in 627, only a few rough stones are preserved in the richly-channelled pillars of the Norman crypt. The oldest part of the superstructure is the Early English (1215-56) transept, and the towers, of which there are three, are in the late perpendicular style (1404-70). York Minster contains some of the

finest painted glass windows in England, only the cathedrals at Gloucester and Carlisle being able to rival it in this respect. There are many other beauties to be found in this grand old edifice—the west façade of which has been spoken of as being “more architecturally perfect than that of any other English cathedral.”

C. G. P.

Samuel Crompton.

THE inventor of the “spinning-mule,” so called as it was an adaptation of the two principal movements of Arkwright's machine and Hargreave's spinning-jenny, was born at Firwood, near Bolton, Lancs, on December 3rd, 1753. He was the

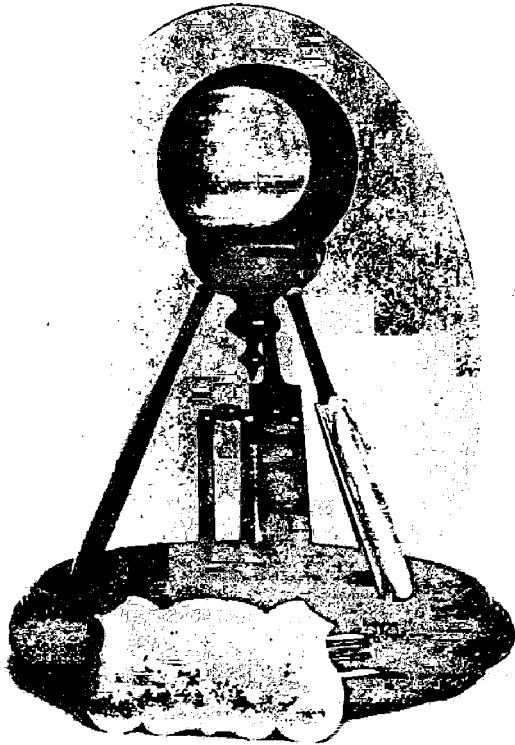


THE HOME OF THE “SPINNING-MULE”—THE “HALL-I'-TH'-WOOD,” BOLTON, LANCs.

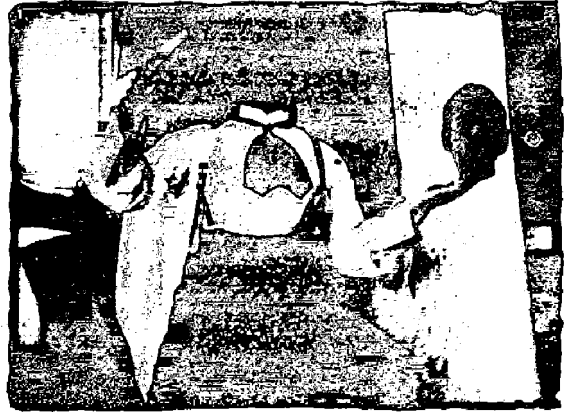
Photo. by Robert Gardner.

son of a farmer, but, like many others of that day, his father was also a carder and spinner. Losing his father at the age of five, Crompton received the best education the district afforded, and, when old enough, was set to work at the loom in his uncle's mansion, called the “Hall-i'-th'-Wood,” the picturesque old building depicted in the accompanying photograph. At the age of twenty-one, he saw the imperfections of this loom—Hargreave's—and for five years he spent many long hours after his day's weaving was over inventing a new one. Success came to him eventually, but his poor circumstances prevented him from patenting his invention, and he was compelled to disclose his idea, having been promised a liberal subscription. This subscription reached the magnificent total of £60! Later on, however, he received a reward of £5,000, but by that time wealthier manufacturers had made such extensive use of his machine that he was unable to compete with them. Samuel Crompton died in 1827 at the age of seventy-four.

W. M. J.



by the way) is in excellent condition, and its owner, W. R. C. Harrison, aged 14, of Clifton Hall, Bournemouth, is justly proud of the trophy.



SELF-DECAPITATION PER PHOTOGRAPHY.

Photo. by G. E. A.

The Next-to-Matter "Ad."

Most pleasantly, the day's work o'er,
Ensnconed in an arm-chair,
I took a magazine in hand
With beatific air.

I chose a tale of spectres, and
Prepared myself for thrills—
Alas! 'Twas an advertisement
Of *Dr. Whiffle's Pills!*

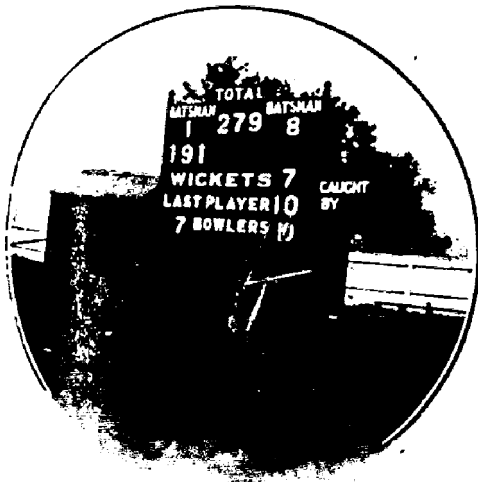
A charming verselet caught my eye,
On Love and leafy June,
A rippling stream and cloudless sky
Illumined by the moon.
I read it with a dreamy smile,
But, oh! dismay was near,
'Twas only an advertisement,
Of *Bloggin's Ginger Beer!*

A puzzle arithmetical
I thought I next would try:
The problem rather mystical
Was this:—"If Mr. Bligh,
Has twenty twinges in his toe,
'Tween one and one-fifteen,
How many doses does he need
Of *Patty's Pure Iepsine?*"

Though gen'rally a patient man,
Such tricks I could not stand.
I tore—as but a madman can—
That book with ruthless hand.
Of all the countless ills whose aim
Is driving mortals mad.
Commend me to—oh, hateful name!—
The Next-to-Matter "Ad."

JOHN STEPHEN COX.

THE above photograph, we have no doubt, will greatly interest all readers who admire the prowess of our athletic editor, for it depicts the actual cricket ball used in the match Sussex v. Hampshire, at Portsmouth, on August 15, 1901, in which Mr. C. B. Fry scored the first of his six successive centuries. Despite the hard knocks it sustained on that occasion, the ball (a Wisden,



THIS IS A PHOTO OF THE SCORE-BOARD AT THE COUNTY GROUND, LEICESTER, AT CLOSE OF PLAY ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE MATCH LEICESTER V. SUSSEX, WHEN MR. FRY MADE HIS BRILLIANT STAND.

Photo. by "Enthusiasticus."

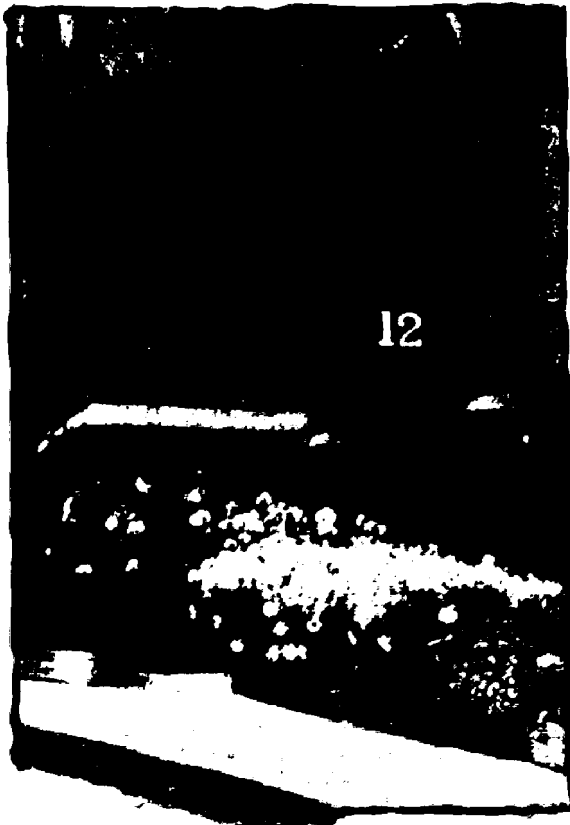
THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Art-Editor has been having some photographs taken of Burleigh-street, and more particularly of THE CAPTAIN Office end of it. In that picture where the "12" shows up so distinctly on the dark background, you have our office door as it is when we approach our business premises in the morning. We thread our way daintily through all sorts of sweet-smelling flowers, whose proprietors have even been known to encroach upon our hall space. But we are on excellent terms with these floriculturists, and



OUR DOORWAY—9 A.M.

after all one could hardly have one's pavement blocked up in a more acceptable manner. Fancy, now, if, instead of being close by Covent Garden, we worked in the vicinity of some less savoury market. How different it would be if we had to step over boxes of haddocks and herrings; imagine your venerable Editor making his way round consignments of the nimble sprat or stolid bloater! Or Fate might have placed us near a market where meat was vended, in which case our daily route would have led us past dray upon dray loaded with the corpses of bullocks and baa-lambs. Ah, yes, my friends, we have much to be thankful for. Our Market deals only in nice, clean vegetables, in fresh, luscious fruit, and the flowers that we all love.

You readers living in Newcastle, Penzance, and other remote parts, knowing little of London, may ask: "Why are the flowers stacked on your pavement, Mr. Fag? Why aren't they in the Market itself?" Why! Because, dear Novocastrians and Penzancines (I've made that up, but the other's Latin), *there isn't room* for the wares of every flower-seller in the Market, and so they overflow into Tavistock Street and King Street and Burleigh Street, and, for all I know, into Southampton Street and Maiden Lane. If ever you come to London, dear Novo—(but see above!), don't forget to pay an early morning visit to Covent Garden and its environments. You will be very interested, and the air will be full of fragrant odours, memories of which you will carry back to your homes in the far shires.

Ah! those far shires! We Londoners often tire of the bustle and roar of our streets, and then our thoughts turn to the peace and stillness of country life. One can

think in the country. You who live in Exeter, Carlisle or Worcester, say that you are often very dull. Dull you may be sometimes, but you have your compensations. A few minutes' walk takes you into the country—out among the meadows and woods—while we poor City mice are pent up among almost interminable stretches of bricks and mortar. You enjoy a far happier social life than we do. If John Smith wants us to go to tea with him on Sunday we have to travel three miles on the UNDERGROUND; if William Brown invites us to dinner we have to rumble over a long dreariness of tramline. It is all 'bus, and cab, and tram, and tube, and train in London. You



GENERAL VIEW OF BURLEIGH STREET—9 A.M.

in the country just walk or cycle through the sweet, pure air to the place where the party is to be. You wear tweeds and flannels; we, tall hats and black coats. We have our theatres and our concerts, our Docks, our West End, our Hyde Park, our Academy, our Lord's and Oval, but you have the grand, free, pure air of the country to breathe, and the knowledge that when we want *men* here we draw on you for them. The born Cockney is a poor thing. All the men who do big things up here are provincial-born. We have many things, but you have *air*, which spells Health, and that is the best thing Life can offer.

Yes, and that is why, this summer, I am living at the seaside, running up to town on certain days in the week to see that everything is going on all right at the office. By We I refer sympathetically to the Art-Editor and other busy bees at 12 Burleigh Street. I regret to have interrupted you just as you were beginning to feel very sorry for me. The Art-Editor, however, wishes me to thank you in case you feel sorry for *him*.

When the *Daily Mail* inaugurated its present system of cricket reports, I viewed the innovation with some dissatisfaction. "These accounts of the play by men actually participating in the matches," thought I, "will be bald, tame affairs. Far better keep to the old style of report."



THE TOP END OF BURLEIGH STREET—9 A.M.



A VIEW OF THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE FROM THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT—9 A.M.

But since then I have altered my mind about the matter. I find the *Mail's* cricket page doubly interesting now; the snapshot comments wired up from the field are couched in simple, terse, natural language which is very refreshing. You are told just of the principal items of the day's warfare, and these few details are quite sufficient for me, at any rate. I don't care to learn how many fours and threes were hit by Quaife when he was making his century. It is enough for me to know that he made his century. Then again, these reports appear in nice, readable type (known to people in our business as "bourgeois solid"), which is altogether preferable to the "brevier," "pearl," and even "diamond" types which so many of the other papers utilise for their cricket reports. When you come to think of the thousands (I might even say "millions") of Britons

whose first thought, on opening the morning paper in the summer, is "yesterday's cricket," you will agree with me, my friends, that anything which tends to picture the play in a more attractive manner is worthy of commendation and support. I offer my congratulations to the Cricket Editor of the *Mail* on this excellent new move of his.

Of the reports thus sent by famous players, those which strike me as being most ably done emanate from F. B. Wilson (Cambridge captain), Tunncliffe (Yorkshire), J. H. Sinclair (South Africans), K. S. Ranjitsinhji (Sussex), and B. J. T. Bosanquet (Middlesex). I have arrived at this selection after reading the *Mail's* cricket reports for June 21, 22, and 23, so it is only the result of a cursory inspection of the records in question. No doubt my Warwickshire readers will declare that T. S. Fishwick ought to appear in the list. Derbyshire folk will not allow that J. G. Wright should be left unnamed. Men and boys of Kent will cry, "What about Marsham?" Leicester people will say that V. F. S. Crawford is the raciest writer of the lot, and Lancashire lads will tell me that Tyldesley is as sound a reporter as anybody, and better than a good many. To all such suggestions I make the bow courteous. Mine is but a solitary expression of opinion, based, as I said before, on a perusal of a few issues.

Mr. Wilson, of Cambridge, writes very freshly, and at times quite playfully. Here is his report on the first day's doings in the Sussex v. Cambridge University match:—

"'FRY, THE MARVEL'

BRIGHTON, Monday.
More leather-hunting for the young Cantabs, and a delightful lesson in batting from Fry. His 150 was absolutely perfect, unmarred by a single bad stroke. He is a marvel! Vine also played well, but was so overshadowed by Fry as to appear quite second-class. Killick made some ripping shots on the off, and the way he picked the ball was splendid.

Newham and Leach look like making lots more to-morrow, so we must plump for 'retaliation.' Keigwin bowled with his head and kept a good length throughout. Our fielding was energetic, even if it appears to have been futile.

F. B. WILSON."

There is a tinge of dry humour in the last sentence. Commenting on the second day's play, Mr. Wilson observes that "Leach hit

like a steam-engine," and adds that the Cambridge bowling "was so pitiful that it would have moved even a seaside landlady to tears." As you will remember, Sussex put together 558, and beat Cambridge by an innings and ninety-three runs. "Still," remarks Mr. Wilson, in an optimistic way, when making his final observations on the match, "an old superstition has it, 'Beaten at Brighton, can't lose at Lord's.'"

By the time this number of *THE CAPTAIN* appears you will all know whether there is anything in the superstition referred to. I like Mr. Wilson's blunt remarks. Some day, perhaps, he may feel inclined to write an article for *THE CAPTAIN* on "The Trials and Troubles of a 'Varsity Captain." It would make an interesting paper.

Mr. Sinclair's style is very racy. "I think he rather likes playing against us," he remarks, referring to Bosanquet and the century he made for Middlesex *v.* South Africans. "Bosanquet diddled me out for 0, so I shall have to scramble next innings," adds the South African. But, alas! in the next innings Mr. Sinclair notched but a solitary run, making his average for the match $\frac{1}{2}$. This game ended, as most of you will recollect, in a remarkable way, the result being a draw, each side scoring exactly 497 runs. A good example of Mr. Sinclair's style occurs in his report of the second day's play:—

"We did uncommonly well getting Middlesex out for 225. This was chiefly owing to Schwarz, who bowled Bosanquet's slows very well. He had most of the batsmen edging and scratching. His leg break is quite his best ball, and he makes it fizz off the pitch at a rare pace. Bad catching on our side was very frequent. Bosanquet, although missed early in his innings, made some more fine shots past extra, and Trott laid on his three-pounder to some tune, one pull along the carpet being a real 'scorcher.' Nicholls played brilliantly for his runs. We ought to just about win."

And one run would have "just about" won it!

"**Glossop** is a bad ground," writes T. S. Fishwick, in his first day's report of Derby *v.* Warwick (June 20, 21, 22), "and unsuitable for a county match. The light was bad, and the smoke from passing trains very disagreeable." This is a straight-from-the-shoulder expression of opinion which I am glad to quote. County captains ought to speak out and "fear not." That is the

way to get things put right. "I wonder," says Mr. Fishwick, at the end of his account of the third day's play, "if I shall ever go to Glossop again." I think we may very fairly assume that Derby will arrange to play Warwick next year at their capital town, where there is possibly less "smoke from passing trains" in the vicinity of the county ground.

There is a certain skittishness in some of the doughty Tunncliffe's outpourings. His reports are very readable. He leads off thus in his account of the first day's play, *Yorks. v. Essex*, at Leyton:—

"'Lost the toss, easy,' said our captain this morning, and I can assure you it had no pleasant sound with it after the gruelling we had at Worcester. It most certainly looked, when one saw the pitch, as if we were going to be out for another day, but the wicket did not play quite as well as it looked. The ball kept popping up very awkwardly, which had a tendency to keep the batsmen unsettled."

And another thing. Wilfred Rhodes thought it was about time he got his name in print as a bowler, so he helped himself to the extent of five wickets."

Yorkshire made all the running—that is to



BURLEIGH STREET AT TEA-TIME.

say, a good many more runs than Essex—and vanquished their opponents by nine wickets. In his report of the match's conclusion Tunnicliffe criticises himself somewhat severely, but it is certain no good Tyke will accept him at his own estimate:—

"Reeves was the only man to cause us any trouble this morning. He got a meritorious 50. I might have caught him first ball of the match—one of those snap things where nobody is more surprised than the fieldsman if he finds the ball in his hands.

We got the 50 runs required to win for the loss of one wicket, and that was mine—not a difficult wicket to get at any time."

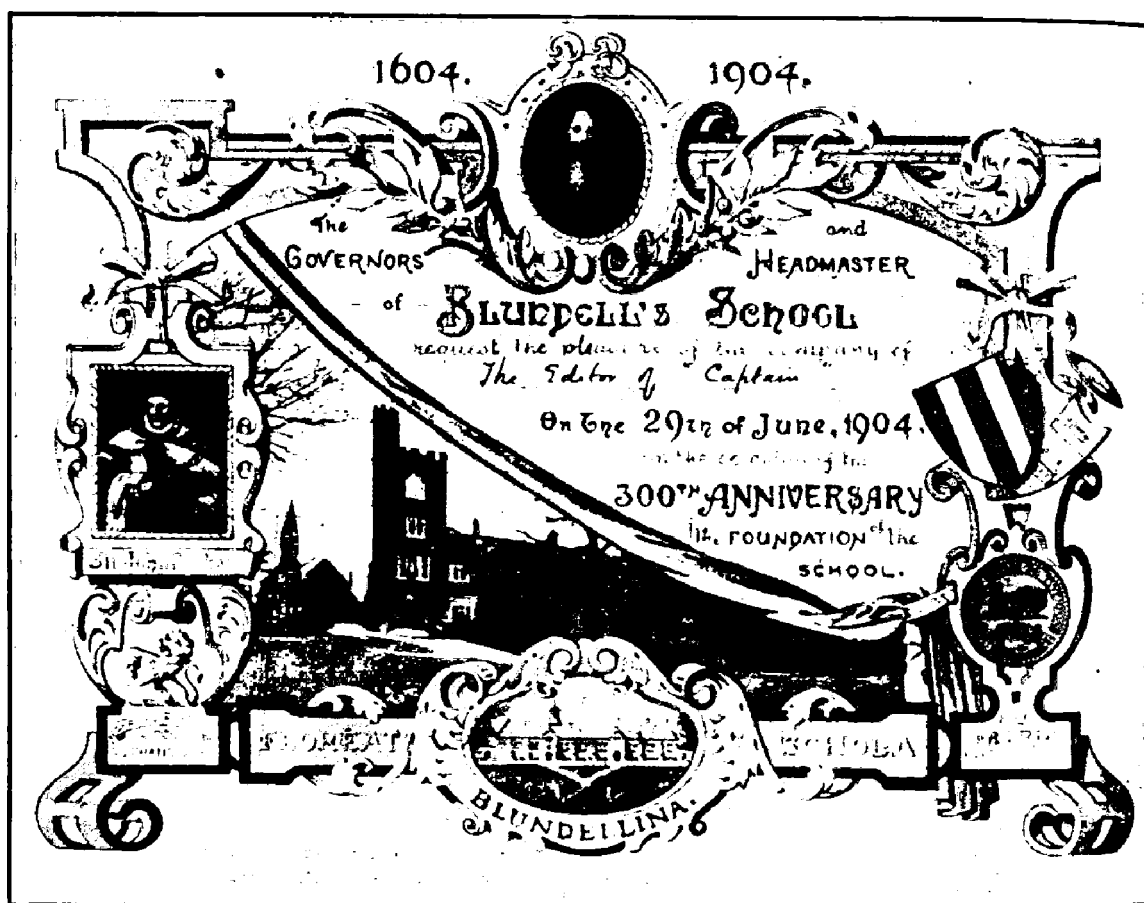
I have quoted sufficient extracts to show

from the *Mail's* columns, and that concerns the match which was played between Jockeys and Huntsmen on June 20, the respective scores being 271 and 120. The contest is summed up by a great jockey whose reference to his own achievement is quite in keeping with the general spirit of modesty which prevails in all the reports by actual players when the writers thereof have to refer to their own doings:—

"WON IN A CANTER.

CRYSTAL PALACE, Monday.

On a perfect wicket the pigskins routed five couple and a half of the dog pack, who had a rare afternoon's leather hunting. W. Medcalf gave tongue to



INVITATION CARD.—BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL TERCENTENARY.

that some of our great cricketers can handle a pen very creditably. No doubt certain of these correspondents owe much to the skilful editing their effusions receive in the *Daily Mail* office; nevertheless, they serve the purpose of supplying good raw material, which, when licked into shape and curtailed by that Blue Pencil which hath no mercy, makes palatable food for our eyes at breakfast time. I have still one more cricket report to quote

the tune of 31, and J. Bailey played well for his 18.

On our side George Williamson and T. Cannon, jun., played lively cricket, but 'Gamecock' Dollery fell at the first fence. The rider of Flying Fox compiled a lucky 53.

MORNINGTON CANNON."

And with that I will end up, merely pausing for a moment to remark that if the reporters of school cricket would take a leaf

out of the book of the above, and liven up their accounts of matches, our Reviewer would have a far more entertaining time of it when he sits down to plough his weary monthly way through the School Magazines.

Stamps; A Lesson in Specialism. Our Stamp editor has been appealed to frequently for advice as to the best country for a beginner to specialise, but he has strongly recommended beginners to keep to simple collecting. He has, however, been reminded that *THE CAPTAIN* is a Magazine for Boys and Old Boys. He is, therefore, going to give the "Old Boys" a turn next month with "A Simple Lesson in Specialism," taking the stamps of the Sudan for treatment, and setting out many varieties not to be found in the catalogues. We are also to have portraits from time to time of eminent stamp collectors, with some account of their great collections, and the way they got them together.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. W. Grose.—I fear your disquisition on the art of writing sapphics in English would not interest many of my readers. Nevertheless, I admire your enthusiasm. Best regards.

Nat A. Zelinsky.—The 26th Middlesex R.V. (69 Lillie-road, West Brompton, S.W.) is a purely cyclist corps, but the social status of members is mixed. Most (nearly all, in fact) volunteer corps have a cyclists' company which a recruit can join if he chooses. Your best plan, I think, will be to apply for particulars to some such corps as the 20th Middlesex (Artists), London Rifle Brigade, 1st Middlesex (Victoria and St. George's), 2nd Middlesex, 13th Middlesex (Queen's Westminsters), 19th Middlesex (Bloomsbury Rifles), 21st Middlesex (Finsbury Rifles), or First Surrey Rifles. "The Volunteer Annual" (A. and C. Black, 1s. net), contains invaluable information for your purpose, and will help you materially in choosing a corps.

G. R. B. is twenty-one, and "perfectly well and happy." Nevertheless, as most of his friends smoke, he wants to smoke, too, and desires my advice on the point. My advice is that, if he is perfectly well and happy, he will be foolish to deliberately adopt a habit which may in time cause deterioration to his physique. Later on, when the cares of life are upon him, G. R. B. may extract much comfort from the weed. But at twenty-one—no, sir, leave it alone!

"The Right Sort of Boy."—A boy at Ramsgate College sends me a letter on schoolboys too long to be printed *in extenso*. But I can find room for the following description of the right sort of schoolboy, as it strikes me as being a very sensible one: "He's the fellow who's got a decent, clean, honest, straightforward character amongst his schoolfellows, for they are the best judges. He's the fellow who'll set a good lead for others to follow, and he needn't be awfully clever or very good at games, for he's liked all the same." And the moral to be drawn from the letter is that, when

a boy goes to school, he should "get in with decent chaps." Then he'll do all right.

Murray Dick is very honest, and sends a correction which serves rather to spoil the little story which I printed from his pen (but which, he says now, he didn't mean me to print), concerning the Duke of Connaught hoax at Lausanne (see June number). The inventor of the hoax, it appears, had scruples about bringing it off on Good Friday (April 1st), and so the joke was worked some days before. Mr. Dick was not aware of this, and "would be extremely obliged" if I would mention this correction in my columns.

Nil Desperandum.—I am sorry to hear of your chum-less condition. I should advise you to join the Polytechnic, in Regent-street, where you would meet plenty of fellows of your own age. I am much surprised to hear that you have lived in London for five years "without making a single boy or girl friend." Perhaps, before you read these lines, happy chance will have provided you with a friend. At any rate, I trust that you will soon meet with a companion such as you desire. Write again whenever you like.

"Wayside and Woodland Trees," the latest book by our Natural History Editor, is a handy pocket guide to the British Sylva. A special feature are the illustrations, which include photographs of the different species in summer and winter garb, and delicate line sketches of their foliage, &c. The text is written with Mr. Step's full knowledge of the subject, of which he has been a life-long student, and together with the illustrations enables one to easily identify the trees one comes across in the course of a country ramble. "Wayside and Woodland Trees" is published by Messrs. E. Warne and Co., price 6s.

Spero.—To become a sanitary inspector you should write, in the first place, to the Secretary, Sanitary Institute, Margaret Street, London, W., for a prospectus of the exams. **Florodora.**—No one is too old to join *THE CAPTAIN* Club. We have many "grown-up" members. The C.C. pages are specially set aside for *CAPTAIN* Club members. **J. G. T. and J. B. D.**—A rifle is so constructed that the bullet will hit the object aimed at if the sighting is correct. **"Swiss Reader," G. A. Gilderson** (U.S.A.), **A. O. Jones**, and many other enquirers re *THE CAPTAIN* Club.—See the answer to "Sunnyface" in the March number.

Harry Canter-Clark.—Write to the Secretary, Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31 Broadway, Westminster, S.W., for particulars of openings in the Colonies. **E. Howell.**—Send full address for Club, and stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. **Sisterless Critic.**—Many thanks for criticisms, which have been duly digested. **Percy Cocker.**—Thanks, but I won't trouble you to send the historical rhyme-book you mention.

Letters have also been received from:—Carl O. Langer (many thanks for the lovely rhododendrons), Acer, V. Nishigawa (we cannot reproduce copyright post-cards; thanks all the same), W. S. (Ceylon), A. C. Southern, A Girl Reader, W. Jungius, J. R. Backe, C. Hare, H. F. Birchall.

Replies will be sent by post (on receipt of a stamped envelope) to S. H. V., "Middy," and "Nocte," as the information we have obtained for them would hardly prove of interest to the general-ity of readers.

THE OLD FAG.

(A number of replies are held over.)

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"History in Rhyme."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "BOUNDARY" CRICKET BAT: Alex. Scott, junr., Burnside House, Tillicoultry, N.B.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO:—R. B. Beveridge, 39 Magdalene Road, Oxford.

HONOURABLE MENTION:—C. T. Down, W. L. Adames, Jocelyn I. Rainey, Winifred L. Harle.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF FRANK SUGG TENNIS RACQUET: Violet Reed, The Vicarage, Wandsworth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stephen H. Critten, 1 Livingstone-terrace, Franklin-road, Gillingham, Kent; J. H. Weeks, 61 Talbot-street, Whitechurch, Salop.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. F. Rodgers, V. H. Kirby, F. S. Thomas, John Lake, John S. Simmons, S. V. Bacon, T. J. Mander, Edward Smoothy, Agnes James.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: M. G. Gunning Campbell, 2 Cloverdale Lawn, Cheltenham.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. H. Newsome, H. F. Rubinstein, Thomas G. Pocock, G. Gordon Miln, George H. Warren, J. M. Hunt, Maggie C. Tancock, Lucy Ehrmann.

No. II.—"Captain Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Bernard F. Manbey, Crompton School, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis-square, Brighton; C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: May Watkins, F. A. Smyth, Winifred L. Harle, Mollie Denning.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: J. H. Weeks, 61 Talbot-street, Whitechurch, Salop.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Gladys A. W. Von Stralendorff, 12 Lord-street West, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys Radford, Agnes James, Rachel M. Tancock, Joyce Hunter.

No. III.—"Drawing of a Gate."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: Harold Whitaker, 161 Harrow-road, Leicester.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Protheroe, 98 Farleigh-road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mary Pawlyn, A. Bailey, Osmund P. Abey, Ida Newton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: C. Crossley, 62 Moor-cliffe, Savile Park, Halifax.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: George A. Bell, 30 Melbourne-road, Leicester; W. Walkley, 71 Ponsonby-place, Grosvenor-road, London, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Edgar Wood, Horace J. Young, A. Gibson, Randolph L. Pawby, Wallace Thoday, T. Gillott, Fullarton Baird, James M. D. Henderson, A. Needham, Henry Atwell, Joseph Johnston.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SANDOW" DEVELOPER: Wm. Creighton, 17 Kensington-road, Higher Greaves, Lancaster.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Russell Knowles, 21 Benthall-road, Stoke Newington, N.; Frank Millington, 34 Mollart-street, Hanley, Staffs.; Frank Tranmer, 41 Candler-street, Scarborough.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. Goodman, J. Craigie Bone, John Alexandra, A. J. Wickham, C. W. Thompson, Ethel M. Pells, J. McV. Munro, S. E. Davies, W. C. Boswell, F. C. Barburton, H. Sawkins, Bernard Salmon, G. L. Roberts, H. G. Finchett, V. E. McCullagh, W. G. Shannon, C. W. Dockerill, J. Sharp.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," or one of the following books—"J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the June Competitions

I.—A few good versions were sent in, but the majority of competitors were too prone to take liberties with the metre, while some of the rhymes were truly wonderful! It is hard to see how "Appendicitis" can rhyme with "Quietus."

II.—We congratulate some of our competitors on the care and taste displayed in their artistic productions of the "Captain Birthday Book" for February.

III. and IV.—The former was the closest competition of this kind we have had recently; the latter was distinguished for the thoughtful and tasteful nature of the prize-winning efforts.

V.—Judging by the number of entries this was a most

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF EDWARD J. PAGE AND CO.'S "SPECIALLY SELECTED" CRICKET BAT: William J. Watt, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. Radford, Tunnel-road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Ward Saville, E. S. Maple, Harold J. Brough, W. Paterson, Hilda S. Peter, Ada Muriel Watts, A. F. Van Swae, Ernest A. Taylor.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: A. Bass, St. Peter's House, St. Albans, Herts.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. S. Free stone, 12 Tennyson-street, Nottingham; John M. Tomlinson, Queen's-square, Poulton-le-Fylde, Lancashire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. O. Morris, John V. Haswell, G. H. Webber, Muriel Grant, E. G. Caldwell, Violet Dallow, A. Tapply, Ralph C. Speedy, F. Catterson-Smith, H. F. Woods, C. C. Chitham, George Chance, G. H. Balmain.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: Eric R. Exell, 4 Ryecroft-road, Stretford, near Manchester.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stanley Martin, 11 Washington-terrace, North Shields; Marian Wadsworth, 69 South Row, North Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: O. Hughes-Jones, W. J. Tull, J. J. Cookson, J. E. H. Tripp, C. J. Kidman, G. C. Murray, A. R. Higham, L. Laing, James Aitken, K. F. Balmain, R. G. Courtenay, P. J. Beausire, John Thomas.

No. V.—"Description of a Place."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BENEFITINE'S No. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA: Jocelyn Ierne Rainey, 6 Albany-terrace, St. Ives, Cornwall.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Winifred Harle, Falfeld, Glos.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dora J. Lang, Lilian Bowyer, Jas. J. Nevin, Muriel Reeves Palmer, W. D. Ercout, Edgar Swallow, Frances D. Watson, Hedley V. Fielding, H. J. Bryan, W. Lynch, George Booth, Evelyn C. Pritchett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BENEFITINE'S No. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA: Mawgan Frenlin, 9 Mount Ephraim, Tunbridge Wells.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Francis Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird-avenue, Bromley, Kent; B. C. Tharp, c/o M. Nippel, Belmont, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance Davis, Gordon Barnard, Joseph O. Young, Evelyn Byrde, Thomas Price, Wm. B. Simmons, Gladys Von Stralendorff, Alexander Walker, Alfred J. Glass, S. Reginald, Osmund P. Abey, Alfred H. Jenkins.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENEFITINE'S No. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA: Marjorie Dods, "Rochester," 25 Batter-road, Harrow, Middlesex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Frida Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.; Ernest Church, 3 Queen-street lane, Dover, Kent; Cyril Seed, 23 Park View, Halifax.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Aeneas Anderson, Robert Lawrenson, J. C. McCutcheon, M. Saxon, Ivy Sanders, Herbert Harrison, John Paterson, J. B. Hancock, Llewellyn C. Davies, Dorothy Orrett, Thomas Cooke, Stanley Eady.

No. VI.—"A Competition for Fathers."

WINNER OF PRIZE: Rev. Hugh Hart Currie, B.D., United Free Manse, Keig, by Aberdeen.

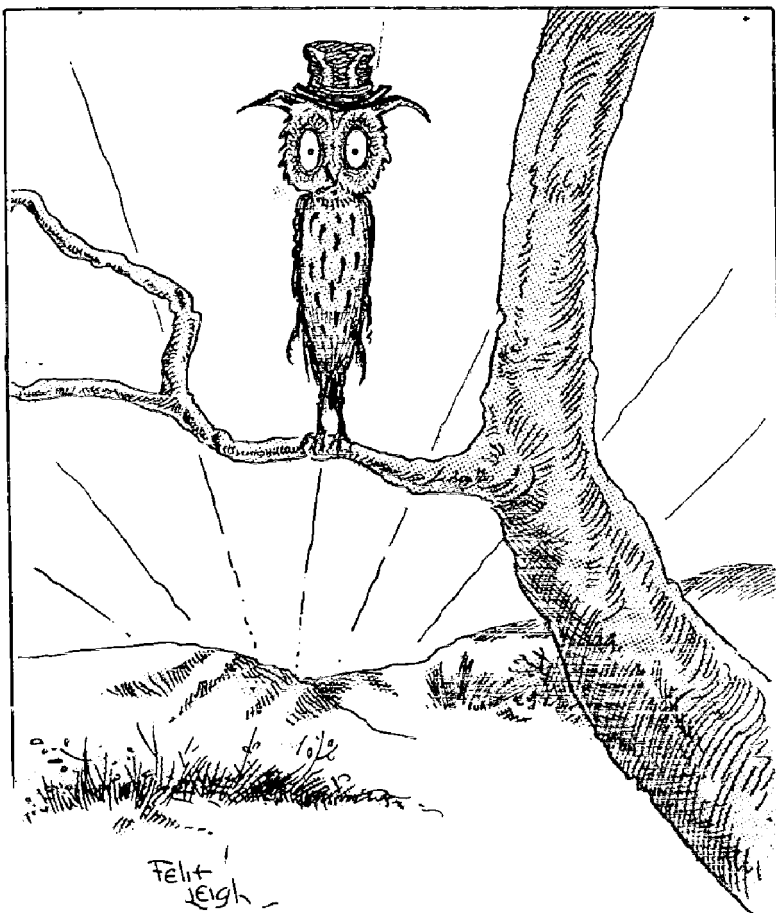
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: S. Crooke, 35 Dudley Drive, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. W. Potter, H. Mander Oliver, David Cuthbertson, Algernon Warren, R. H. Oakley, George E. Rand.

popular subject for an essay. Many of the places were so excellently described that one felt quite anxious to pay them a visit.

VI.—There were comparatively few entries for this competition—evidently the fathers have less spare time or less energy than the mothers! The preceptors of the last century, in spite of their harsher methods, appear to have secured the respect and appreciation of their pupils, and the general opinion seems to be that they turned out a harder and more independent type than their successors of to-day.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



A SEASON OF FAMINE.

EMACIATED OWL: "Bother these short summer nights, I say!
They don't give a fellow time to catch his livelihood."



By permission]

TIGERS.

From the painting by H. Dixon.

[The Autotype Co.

BUBBLE & SQUEAK.

By JAQUETTA C. LEMM.

Illustrated by REX OSBORNE.

"**T**HEER be ah 'amper cum vur thee, miss, wi' zummat aloive inzide. Tha zquoire's maan, 'er druv 'un over in tha vloat, an' er lef' wurd as 'ow zquoire zhude zay it wur ah kiep-zake vur theezelf, 'er did."

This is what I heard with misgivings, one glorious spring morning, as I dismounted in the yard, after a long ride through the lovely woods.

There, sure enough, was the hamper, directed to me, and tied to the lid was the squire's visiting card, on which were clearly inscribed his compliments.

I approached it with caution, for I had already had more than one surprise in the shape of snakes and guinea-pigs, sent by my sympathising neighbours as contributions to what they were pleased to term my "Barnum and Bailey Establishment." This time, however, it was a gift worthy of royalty, for when the hamper was unfastened, we saw, cuddled down together, in soft hay, two of the sweetest fox-terrier pups imaginable. Nearly all young things are more or less lovely, but these tiny, thoroughbred scraps of dogs, with their puzzled, wrinkled faces, were irresistible. Yet, even while I lifted them out tenderly, and set them down on their little legs to waddle about in helpless puppy fashion, I knew well that such a present would not prove to be an unmixed blessing. Visions of protesting neighbours and devastated gardens and poultry-yards rose before me, and I felt that in adopting these orphans I was acting against my better judgment. I was already overrun with puppies and kittens, which sprawled about all over the yard, while the welcome which greeted me from the pigeons and jackdaws was almost deafening. I sat down on the mounting-stone to consider the question, which was promptly decided by the pups themselves, who climbed into my



lap, thrusting their cold little noses into my hand with that unerring instinct which enables dogs to choose between friend and foe. They were well-mannered doggies, and by the afternoon they were on friendly terms with all the other animals; yet, thus early, it was plain that they would never show the white feather.

After a few days, when the pups had shaken down, we began to think about naming them, and whenever there were a few odd moments to spare, we trotted them out in hopes of an inspiration, while the yard-boy stood by and offered inane suggestions, according to the manner of yard-boys in general. Yet it was, after all, a chance remark of his which gave me the clue that I needed.

"Oi never zeen zuch mischieful terrurs avore. Rekon as 'ow theer'll be a vussion vor long, twixt they an' t'other dawgs. Tha little 'un be allus ah aggrawatin' tha' vat 'un, her be."

It was as the lad said; the smaller of the two pups seemed to be charged with electricity, squeaking and worrying incessantly, while her companion, almost too fat to waddle, simply bubbled over with good humour.

The very thing! Bubble and Squeak! So we added these names to those in the list already painted on the stable door, and Bubble and Squeak they remained to the end of the chapter.

The other pups had, up to this time, distinguished themselves in every conceivable scrape, and Bubble and Squeak (who trod faithfully in their steps) bid fair to outshine even them. They lost no time in beginning, and made a promising start on a tiger-skin carriage-rug, which they demolished more successfully than an army of moths could have done. A new horse-rug and two wash-leathers came next, followed by a pair of the doctor's hunting boots and some tennis shoes, together with a net containing a dozen tennis balls belonging to the club. The replacing of all these things made a large hole in my dress allowance, and I soon saw that the summer's fashions would exist for me in the abstract only.

There was one consolation—nobody else could boast such a pair of pups, and their loving winsomeness was worth more to me than the very latest Parisian "confection."

To smooth over matters, I banished Bubble and Squeak to the kitchen-garden, and for some weeks the plan answered capitally. Then one day I came home to find awaiting me a furious letter from an indignant patient, one Colonel Popkins. He had tottered on his gouty toes part of the way up the kitchen-garden path, which led to the surgery door, and had fallen foul of the pups. They, delighted with such good fortune, had stalked their prey gallantly, worrying round and round his feet until they succeeded in throwing him off his balance, when he lay writhing in helpless fury until rescued by the servants. He was a cantankerous old Colonel, but he was also a valuable patient, and had to be propitiated before his complaint should reach headquarters; so I dispatched a messenger with as prettily-written an apology as I could invent, and went forth to learn the yard-boy's version.

"Tha owd kurnel be ah rare 'un tew swear, 'er be, miss. 'Er let vly zummat orful, 'er did; an' that theer Squeak did worrit 'un zummat drefful, 'er did. T'wur as much as oi an' tha lass cude dew tew git 'un on 'is pins agin; an' 'er lay about 'un wi' 'is stick tur'ble zpiteful, an' vetchted pore Bubble ah nashun 'ard crack, 'er did."

It was the old, old tale. Squeak, the ring-leader, had, as usual, come off scot free, while Bubble, who, always weakly, followed in

her wake, was limping about on three legs, with the fourth all cut about and swollen. They hailed me with glee, and seemed quite surprised when I scolded them severely; they were more surprised still when they found that they were to be expelled from the kitchen-garden, and they followed at my heels in the most subdued fashion while I searched about for some place in which to put them. It was an almost hopeless task, and not until late in the evening that we thought of the small plantation. Here, at least, they could not annoy any patients, and they were too far from the house to disturb the inmates. With the yard-boy's help, I rigged them up a temporary shelter, before it was quite dark, in an old-fashioned meat-safe. For a week or so, it answered all purposes; then came a violent thunderstorm, with a perfect deluge of rain. After I had lain for some moments listening to it dashing against the windows, and wondering how things fared with my little exiles, I hurried on some clothes and went out to see if they were water-logged.

They were, as I had feared, sitting in several inches of water; the ground sloped down to the plantation, and the long spell of dry weather had rendered it too hard for the rain to penetrate; hence the little stream of water that was now flooding out the pups. They were deplorable objects when I rescued them; wet through and bespattered with mud—perfect little grubs; and I scarcely knew what to do with them. Short as was the distance, it was a most unpleasant journey back to the house, and I was glad that I had borrowed the maid's pattens, while Bubble and Squeak, paddling after me, looked like a couple of half-drowned rats. The safest method of warming them was a tubbing, so I marched them off to the bath-room, where plenty of soap and hot water soon mended matters, and they rolled themselves dry on a dusting-sheet in front of the kitchen fire.

I left them asleep in the morning, and returned at night to find that they had taken up their quarters with the other pups, and, as they one and all seemed to like the arrangement, I was only too pleased to let it stand. For the next ten days the pups were very busy, and, from the yard-boy's tales, they were having a high old time. A neighbouring farmer was threshing, and there was no want of rats and mice. The dogs were there daily, coming back at dusk, and Bubble and Squeak were as keen on it as any of them; from all we could learn, they gave a good account of themselves, and I was

thankful to think that their education in this branch kept them out of mischief, little dreaming of what it was to lead to later on.

The old Colonel, who was not above chasing four-legged foes when two-legged ones were not to be had, usually made one of the party. He was loud in his praises of Bubble and Squeak, whose misdeeds he had long since forgiven. Some few mornings after this, I received a polite note from him asking the loan of the pups for a few hours to amuse his invalid grandson, who was on a visit to him. He suggested sending over his underfootman to fetch them before lunch; so I had them nicely washed, and left strict orders that they were to be shut up in the coach-house until the Colonel's man called for them. In the evening they were once more brought back with a note extolling their virtues, and requesting a further loan of them on the morrow. Every day for upwards of a fortnight they continued their daily visits, giving satisfaction to everybody save Jeames, who spoke of them as "tew of tha troublesomest little twoods as hever ah body clapped heyes on." There were certainly

grounds for his complaints, as they saved up all their pranks for the journeys to and fro, and the unfortunate footman had his hands full. They would not follow him, so he had to lead them, and, as he was far too dense to think of coupling chains, he tied two separate pieces of rope to their collars, and trouble began. Now, anyone who has tried to lead one refractory pup in the way he should go will be ready to sympathise with Jeames in his efforts to manage two, equally determined to take opposite directions. First of all, they wriggled and danced kite-fashion until they had exhausted themselves, when they subsided into two little gurgling heaps. Then the footman, ignorant of the wiles of puppies, fancying that they were suffocating, hastened to loosen their collars, which, of course, they immediately slipped, and then skedaddled without so much as "thank you." After an exciting chase they were recaptured by the grinning yard-boy, and restored to the exasperated Jeames, who by this time considered choking too good a fate for them. Their scamper had somewhat tamed them, and

they toddled along as soberly as any one could wish until they came to a nice soft dust-heap, in which they invariably rolled, or an equally invitingly muddy puddle, the very place in which to sit down. Their next move was to rub themselves clean on Jeames's highly polished boots, until that worthy looked a veritable mud-lark, and was at his wits' end to know what to do. When they had finished, they felt entitled to a rest,



and, once they had firmly planted their feet, nothing short of sheer force could move them.

At first the long-suffering footman would try coaxing and bribery on Bubble, as the more biddable of the two, but the attacks that Squeak made on his legs while he was thus employed soon cured him. After this little programme had been faithfully gone through by the pups about half-a-dozen times, Jeames decided that quite the easiest way was to carry them, and he might be seen making his daily pilgrimage with a pup tucked securely under each arm. But his

hour of triumph was at hand, and e'er long he had the satisfaction of saying, "I told you so." One day they were brought back in a dog-cart with a note asking me to go over and see what they had done. I was, fortunately, away from home, and when I afterwards heard all about it from my maid, who went as my proxy, I felt that my ab-

thinking, in their excitement, that their quarry was inside. The piano was an old-fashioned one, and the panel in question was inlaid with rose-coloured silk, which was rotten with age, and was soon slit to ribbons by the puppies' claws, while there was nothing to be seen of Squeak save her hind quarters and tail. She was hauled out by an indignant

housemaid, who treated her to a liberal administration of the broom, and shut her and Bubble out on the landing to do penance for their sins. In less than half-an-hour they were re-admitted by the self-same maid, who mounted the table with her skirts well wrapped round her, and cheered them on hysterically from her post of vantage. The pet mice had attracted some wild ones, that seemed unable to find their holes again, and were in consequence running about the room in the most barefaced manner. The pups, nothing loth, responded splendidly, and a regular steeplechase took place, during which a globe of gold and silver fish was overturned. When the housemaid was assured by the sight of the dead mice lying on the floor, that it was once more safe for her to descend to *terra firma*; she lost no time in doing so. But, with the ingratitude so common to her sex, she forgot that, had it not been for Bubble and Squeak, she might still be on her table, and began to scold them for the accident, rubbing their little noses in the water, quite regardless of splintered glass. Finally, she left them, to fetch someone to tidy up the place, but not before she had roused the spirit of mischief and revenge in the pups. There is nothing a highly-strung dog resents like injustice, and the little orphans were no exception; twice they had been punished for

doing that which they believed to be their duty, so they saw no reason why they should not as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb. They cast about for more victims, and they were not long in finding a case of stuffed birds. Bravely they charged, and soon had the glass shivered to fragments, and sufficient feathers flying round



A REGULAR STEEPLECHASE TOOK PLACE.

sence had been lucky indeed. It seemed that some pet white mice got loose, and Bubble and Squeak, wishing to show that they had profited by their lessons in ratting, gave chase, and had a splendid run. The mice doubled, and the pups, losing sight of them, tracked them to the piano, where they began vigorously scratching away at the lower panel,

to stuff pillows. There was nearly a score of birds in the case, and by the time the maid came with her cloth and bucket Squeak was scalping the last cockatoo, while Bubble was resting on a heap of red and green parrots' plumage, too tired to do more than mumble up a bird of Paradise. Of course, it was unfortunate, but my sympathies were entirely with the pups, and as I knew that it was hopeless to expect others to see things in a reasonable light, I arranged for them to go away for change of air until declaration of peace. That very evening I sent them away to a friend, who would, I knew, be more than glad to have them. I had grown very fond of my orphans, and it was hard lines to

part from them just as they were getting interesting, but it would have been harder still had I known that I should never see them again.

Unlooked-for circumstances caused a sudden alteration in my plans, and very soon all my pets, with the exception of the sheep-dog, were dispersed far and wide. I felt less uneasiness on the score of Bubble and Squeak than on that of my other favourites, for I knew that they had a grand career before them, and although I have never seen them since, the notices and the portraits of them as prize-winners, which have from time to time appeared in certain doggy papers, prove that they have done me credit.



HER LAST MOORINGS.

By W. J. Watt, Aberdeen.

THOROUGHNESS.

THOROUGHNESS should be vindicated in the work to which we have been called and by which we have to be judged. If we play a game, let us strive to play it well, and not be a "footy"; if we undertake a piece of work, let us finish it to the last jot and tittle. If we profess a subject of knowledge, let us have it at our finger ends. If we take up a scheme, let us see it through; and if we choose a side, let us play the man. There is honour for the man who can be trusted to the end and whose work does not need to be done over again, who can always be found in his own place, and will always do what is expected of him. There is continual dishonour for the person who is slipshod and unreliable, and fickle and lazy, for he is like the reed which pierces the hand that leans upon it.—From "THE HOMELY VIRTUES," BY JOHN WATSON, D.D.

REMINISCENCES OF A VOLUNTEER CAMP.



By EX-GUNNER R.G.A.V.

Illustrated by GEO. SOPER.

ing questions, and by making one's self a perfect nuisance to everybody in the corps who professes to know anything at all!

The officials—by this term I mean the adjutant and sergeant instructor—were not much help; the former, poor fellow, being practically an invalid, and the latter having periodical attacks of that peculiar type of second sight which so often takes the form of seeing rats and reptiles

IN May, 1900, I joined a corps of Artillery Volunteers, and as I was unable to go to camp with them in June, I was attached to another corps for a fortnight's training early in August.

Between May and August my work had occupied all my time, and therefore I was only able to put in a very few recruit drills. At school I had been an ardent member of the cadet corps, and though it had been infantry work then, and three years had elapsed since I had left, still, the experience gained—especially at the Annual Public Schools' Camp at Aldershot—proved a great help to me in my new work.

I speedily learned that one can only gain knowledge of military work by continuously ask-

of various descriptions not visible to the naked eye of the uninitiated. This "second sight" was euphemistically known as rheumatic fever! Even when not under the influence of these peculiar phases of "rheumatic fever," the sergeant instructor's chief duty seemed to be to tell yarns and receive tips! However, there were several N.C.O.'s who did know their work, and, what was better still, were ready and willing to help on any one who was keen to learn. With so little preparation for the practical work of gunnery at camp amongst strangers, I naturally felt rather nervous, both about my reception by the men, and also about my duties, of which I had but a hazy notion.

At last the day arrived.

After some severe struggles with refractory pipe-clayed straps—which whitened everything within range—water-bottle, bayonet, mess-tin, rolled great coat, &c., I at length managed somehow to squeeze myself into “full marching order,” feeling more like the pictures of Tweedledum and Tweedledee in “Alice in Wonderland” than a gunner, very hot, and greatly concerned as to whether my kit was put on correctly, and the numerous paraphernalia all safe behind.

I marched in solitary grandeur down to the station, not so much impressed by my own dignity as haunted by the fear that some “regular” might see me, and spot that my mess-tin, or some other abomination, was not in its right place, or, worse still, that the small youths of the town might consider it amusing to form “column of route” in my wake, to cheer me on my lonely journey!

However, in spite of my misgivings, I reached the station in safety, and, after many changes, my destination. From the station to the camping ground was a walk of about two miles, which seemed endless. Eventually I did arrive, and found between twenty and thirty men busily pitching tents.

This was to be my home for the next fortnight.

I reported myself to the officer in charge, and at once joined in the work.

The men, as soon as they discovered that I knew how to pitch a tent—an art learnt in cadet corps days—beamed upon me, as several of them had no idea of it at all!

After working hard from about three p.m. until nearly seven o'clock, we had got everything shipshape.

That evening, directly the work of pitching camp and marking out the horse lines was completed, I was told off with three others for guard duty, under a bombardier. I was posted first, and so had the pleasure of marching all round camp—“flying sentry” is the correct term—from seven p.m. until nine p.m., and again from three a.m. until five a.m. The guard was dismissed at five a.m., so, until the arrival of the battery, who were coming by road, we were practically free to do what we liked.

The battery marched in about one o'clock, and very smart and soldierlike they looked.

Then the horses were unhooked from the guns, unharnessed, rubbed down, and tethered in the lines.

Imagine the feelings of these forty odd London ‘bus horses! Firstly, being harnessed in archaic and very uncomfortable gear without blinkers; secondly, being driven postillion-wise—in some cases by mere boys, though in others they were

men of experience, one of them having served for many years as a driver in the Royal Horse Artillery—instead of their usual ready-tongued Jehu perched high above them on the box.

In addition to this, the unaccustomed rattle of the guns—16 pr. muzzle-loaders, entirely innocent of springs or brakes! Then the consternation caused by the uniforms and accoutrements, words of command and bugle calls, was in some cases quite too much even for their well-tried nerves.

The march, however, along the dusty country roads had sobered down even the most fractious spirits, and the poor beasts meekly followed their drivers without giving any trouble as soon as they were unhooked.

But even then they had not by any means reached the end of their nightmare, if one may so analyse their feelings.

No ‘bus, no bell, unusual driving, and now no stables! Here were these animals tethered in the open, with no covering whatever, except the horse-cloths, and on that first night the rain began, and continued almost incessantly for a whole week. It speaks well for the London ‘bus horse that, in spite of all these evils, only one or two were put on the sick list, and they were not seriously ill.

I think their greatest trial was still to come.

At 6.30 p.m. the orderly trumpeter sounded “stables,” and out we tumbled, and fell in, each in our own subdivision, and were marched off to the horse lines. Here some were presented with brushes, and others with rakes and brooms. I was given a brush, and told to groom the “off-wheeler” of my gun. Imagine my feelings! I knew as much about grooming a horse as Adam did of the Twopenny Tube! After some trouble I managed to find out which horse I was to operate on. He was finishing his meal. I took his nose-bag off. The look of absolute profanity which he gave me I shall never forget. Until that moment I never realised what a providential thing it is that the gift of human speech has been denied to animals!

When I very gingerly took his cloth off, he looked round with a smile of withering contempt.

Then came the grooming. At which end was it customary to begin? Was it correct to brush his coat the wrong way as well as the right? I was puzzling over this when the sergeant of my subdivision, a kindly man and one who knew his business, came to my aid and showed me how to start.

My victim took it very well; he simply kept up an animated conversation in the equine language with his next door neighbour, glancing round now and again to see if I was listening.

After this was finished he was reclothed, for which he had the good manners to thank me, and grateful he might well be, as it was raining cats and dogs. I was then ordered to lead him and his neighbour to water. They were kind, and did not try to tear me asunder, and even condescended to drink. When they had had their fill, they escorted me back—it is more correct to write it thus—and were again hobbled, and at last made happy by being nearly choked by full nosebags strapped tightly on. To my mind this is not a comfortable way of having meals served!

At the end of the first week my friend and I greeted each other as acquaintances, and were polite and even sympathetic; at the end of the

There were, I was glad to discover, several recruits at camp just as raw as myself, some even more so. The first mounted parade was a terrible ordeal. No one can possibly realise the feeling of utter bewilderment of the recruit, who has not the faintest notion of what is supposed to be happening, where he is to go, or what he is to do.

The battery sergeant-major roars out, "Dr-rivers, stand to yer 'osses. Prepare t' mount,—Mount!"

Then, "Detachments, tell off." Even this is puzzling, for front and rear rank number alternately, so if the man on your right numbers himself seven, you are apt to forget that your number will not be eight, but nine. But now! "Detach-

ments, prepare t' mount." Then comes the tribulation. The wretched recruits rush off to their guns, and invariably go to the wrong ones. Those who ought to ride on the limber naturally make for the gun-carriage, and *vice versa*, those who should sit on the "off" side go to the "near," and so on.

For the next two minutes the B.S.M. nearly has several apoplectic fits; at last he finds words to express his opinion of Volunteer recruits, and a flow of the most glowing, stirring rhetoric is poured upon our unlucky heads.

"As you were!"

We scuttle back into our original places like whipped curs. Then it dawns upon the majestic orator that he might deign to explain where the various members of the

four gun detachments are supposed to go. Having done this, we manage to scramble up into our right places.

Then, the junior officers having inspected their subdivisions, the C.O. arrives, without further ado gives the command "Walk march," and off we go.

At first the various movements of unlimbering and limbering up are very puzzling, but "practice makes perfect," and these, as well as the actual working of the gun, are soon mastered.

Gun practice is a very different thing from



WHEN I VERY GINGERLY TOOK HIS CLOTH OFF, HE LOOKED ROUND WITH A SMILE OF WITHERING CONTEMPT.

fortnight I had been transformed into an excellent valet, and we parted not only with every mark of mutual esteem and respect, but even with regret.

This, though perhaps the greatest, was not the last trial which my friend and his brothers in adversity had to undergo. The trotting and even galloping—though Volunteer batteries of position are not supposed to move faster than the trot—over rough ground, the continual wheeling and halting while carrying out mounted drill, and, worst of all, the gun practice, sorely tried them.



A 3LB. 3OZ. CARTRIDGE OF BLACK PEBBLE POWDER UNDER YOUR LEFT ARM, AND A 10PR. SHELL UNDER YOUR RIGHT.

gun drill, and is decidedly "funky" work for the uninitiated. The first time that we went firing I had the duty of No. 6—viz., of bringing up the ammunition from the waggon, and loading. This means tucking a 3lb. 3oz. cartridge of black pebble powder under your left arm, and a 16pr. shell under your right, and, on the command "Load," rushing up to your gun, showing the shell to the sergeant in charge for him to see if the fuze is all correct, and then forcing the cartridge and shell down the barrel, at the same time removing the safety cap from the fuze. Then you double back to your waggon again.

The report is deafening, and the way in which the gun recoils is simply extraordinary. I have seen a gun on hard, level ground jump back fifteen yards or so after firing.

To a recruit the whistle of a shell through the air, and the burst, especially of shrapnel, are very awe-inspiring, and I have known men turn quite white while the first few rounds were being fired.

The weather needs a few words. The whole of the first week was one continuous downpour, accompanied by a south-easterly gale. The

ground on which the camp was pitched was practically shingle, with a few blades of rank grass struggling bravely for existence, and the havoc wrought amongst the tents by the wind and rain was terrible.

Our tent was one of the few that never succumbed to the combined attack, though everything inside was absolutely soaked—carbines, swords, spurs, and any metal accoutrements were covered with rust; blankets, kit-bags, and palliasses simply reeked with wet.

The greatest catastrophe was when the canteen, a very large marquee, was levelled to the ground.

The chaos was indescribable; a forlorn piano was the centre-piece of the transformation scene, and grouped artistically about it were pickles, beer, cheese, whisky, writing-paper, marmalade, canned beef, lamps, paraffin, and, last but not least, the man in charge! It happened during tea-time, luckily, so there was only this one man inside, and he was not hurt.

The second week began, continued, and ended with no wind or rain, but scorching sun; the effect this had upon our faces can be imagined :



THE CANTEN, A VERY LARGE MARQUEE, WAS LEVELLED TO THE GROUND.

all, except the men with skins like rhinoceros hide, were simply peeled—and mighty painful it was, too.

At the end of the fortnight I felt like a veteran. I was certainly tanned enough to be one. Gun drill, gun practice, and stables were no longer unknown mysteries, and I felt quite at home in uniform, and slouched upon camp in "slops," smoking a clay pipe in the most approved "Tommy" fashion. With regard to the men of the corps to which I was attached, I can only say that, almost without exception, they were a very nice lot, and I got on wonderfully well with them all. The old hands were always ready and willing to help one in every possible way; and moreover, when any good work was done, the N.C.O.'s were ready to praise and give a word of encouragement.

To give some idea of the class of people with whom I came in contact, I will simply name the callings which were followed by the men in my tent; there was one piano-tuner, one attendant at a hospital, one carpenter, one coachman, one librarian at a free library, and one board-school teacher.

The drivers were for the most part a different stamp of men; one I knew was an outside porter at a railway station.

Of course I also came in contact with "regulars," but naturally in a less degree, meeting them for the most part in the canteen.

Now, "regulars" have the reputation of looking down upon Volunteers, and most probably they one and all do, but they have also the reputation of making themselves extremely unpleasant. This I have never found myself, not

even when out of camp in the evenings—a time when it is easy for them to be as abusive as they like. Personally, I have never had an unpleasant word from a "Tommy," either in camp, outside camp, or when travelling by rail alone in uniform.

The culminating point of my initiation into the ranks of veteran soldiers was the march home. The whole distance was too great to do in one day, so we marched the first twenty-five miles or so, and then entrained. From my seat upon the limber, I looked down with patronising compassion upon the civilians on the road, and

very proudly did I think of the British Army, and of myself as one of the most staunch supporters of its glorious traditions.

The march ended, the entraining of guns and horses was begun without delay, and very glad I was when the horses were safely shut into the vans, as a playful pair had done their best to dislocate both my arms by tugging in different directions.

At last we reached our destination, and were eventually dismissed soon after midnight. (My *réveillé* did not sound at five next morning!) The long-suffering 'bus horses must have been



THE PLAYFUL PAIR HAD DONE THEIR BEST TO DISLOCATE BOTH MY ARMS BY TUGGING IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS.

glad to get back to stuffy London and their daily routine of accustomed work, and especially to their comfortable stables.

My advice to all who contemplate joining the Volunteers is, Join at once. If you want variety and excitement, join some artillery corps; if you want to learn soldiering, go to camp; if you want to make yourself "fit," go to camp. If you want to get on with your fellows, watch others who know more than you, don't ask foolish questions, do your share of the work

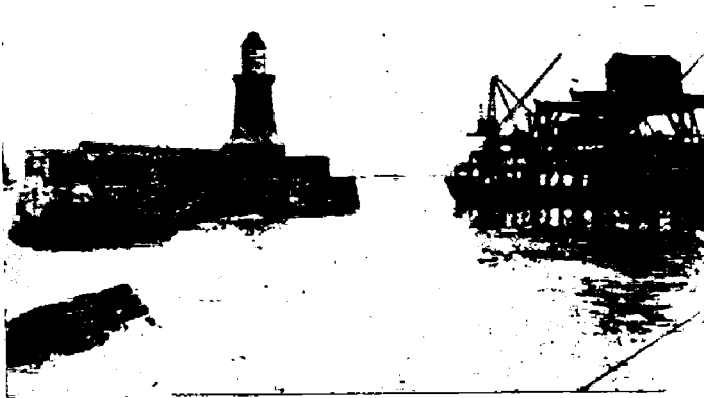
without complaint, and, bearing in mind that for the time being you are a common soldier, don't grumble about the food or accommodation. You can't expect Hotel Cecil comforts in a camp.

Very much to my regret my work took me far from the headquarters of my corps only two years after I had joined, and so I was compelled to resign. Had the fates ordained otherwise, I might possibly have been able to sign myself "Bombardier," instead of

EX-GUNNER R.G.A.V.

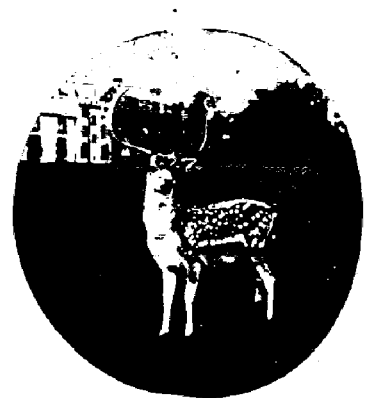
SUMMER SNAPSHOTS.

By "Captain" Readers.



TYNEMOUTH PIER.

By S. Martin, N. Shields.



STAG.

By C. Greaves, Brighton.



"FORENOON DRINKINGS."

By H. Ward Saville, Wakefield, Yorks

A NEW CHUM'S EXPERIENCES IN AUSTRALIA



Being the True Adventures of MARCUS STEIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. MACFARLANE.

CHAPTER X.

A WATER FAMINE.—LOST IN THE BUSH.

It is a very common occurrence for men to die for want of water in this great dry land.

One very hot day we had run out of water, and were almost bereft of our senses for the lack of it. Suddenly the horses pricked up their ears, stretched out their heads, and quickened their pace. The dogs raced on ahead. All this was a sure sign that water was not far away. Presently we saw from the top of a small rise a small sheet of water lying in a hollow, and as we approached it it seemed to get up and walk away. I shall never forget the shock it gave me, as I made sure that I had gone mad, and

that this was only the imagery of my disordered brain. But the next moment I saw the cause of it. A mob of wild pigs had taken possession of the water hole, and were lying all around the edge, wallowing in the mud. On the approach of our dogs they got up in a body and fled. Disgusting though it may appear, this was the water we had to drink. All around the edge, and for some distance in, there was nothing but slime. But fortunately the centre was fairly deep and pretty clean. Of course we had to boil and scum and strain it as usual. Soon after, we got on more into timbered country, and met some miners returning from Mount Brown and Milparinka. They said it was a duffer, that is, no good, so after some consultation we decided not to go any farther, especially as these men gave most

gloomy accounts of the scarcity of water even in the towns. It was scarce at Cobar. They would not allow travellers to stay in the town. One drink for the horse, one for the man, and off you go. And the stages from Wilcannia were much worse. In fact, several men had lost their lives. Water on the field was selling at famine prices. So in the face of all this we knew it would be madness to go on.

We cast about us for something to do to earn our living, and returned along the road or track not far from the Macquarie River. One day we caught up with a young fellow who looked like a new chum. We asked him where he was going, and he mentioned the name of a place we had left behind us, so that he was actually going away from the place he wished to reach. When we explained that he was going the wrong way he seemed greatly surprised, and we found by questioning him that this was his first experience in the bush. He had come from one of the towns on a bullock waggon as far as Warren, and was unknowingly retracing his footsteps under the impression that he was continuing his journey.

This is a common mistake in the bush. The scenery is so much alike, one eternal round of gum trees, that there is absolutely nothing to guide you, and unless you take precautions over night, you are almost certain to retrace your steps. I have myself experienced this, and although I have taken the precaution to lay with my head pointing in the direction in which I wished to go, yet on awakening in the morning I have felt certain that it was the way I had come, and that I must have either made a mistake, or else turned round in the night.

I had a very disagreeable experience of being lost in the bush once, which I may as well relate here. It happened thus:—

There was no water where we were camped, and three of us were instructed to ride our horses and lead another to the water hole, or dam, which was situated about a mile or so from the camp, in the midst of a thick scrub. We reached the place all right, I being last, and after watering the animals my mates started back to the camp at a gallop. It was late, nearly dark, and they wanted their supper. As soon as I had given my horses a drink I followed them, the winding track being just distinguishable in the rapidly failing light. When I had gone some distance the horse that I was leading passed on the wrong side of a young tree that stood in our path, and of course I had to let go the reins that I was leading him with. On finding himself free he dashed into the bush at full speed, and I followed, fearful lest I should lose sight of him in the darkness. All at once my horse stumbled over a log, and I was thrown clean over his head.

When I picked myself up, neither of the horses was in sight. It was no use trying to find them in the dark, so I tried to retrace my footsteps, and so reach the track to the camp, but found that it was quite hopeless, and so I wandered on and on in the vain hope of coming on the camp.

What my feelings were can be better pictured in thought than words, as, bruised and hungry, I wandered about in the darkness, always fearful lest I should tread on a snake, and recalling to memory all the awful stories I had heard of men having been lost in the woods and dying for want of something to satisfy their raging thirst. As hour after hour passed by, I gave myself up more and more to despair, and persuaded myself that it was all over with me. I knew that people dying of thirst were generally found naked, having thrown first one article of clothing and then another away to lighten themselves, until at last they would cast themselves down on the ground and tear it up in their agony—then madness or death, the most dreadful of all deaths. Was that going to be my fate? Was I destined to die alone in this weird and lonely bush, and provide a meal for the horrible-looking crows which I could imagine I saw perched up on the branches above my head, as I had often seen them before—waiting to see if you were dead or only sleeping?

After a time the moon appeared, and I tried once more to get out, but all to no purpose. And so the night passed, and the first streak of dawn found me sitting over a small fire that I had made to keep myself warm. As soon as it was light enough I took my bearings as well as I could, and struck a bee line in the direction I thought the camp ought to be in. The daylight dispersed all my fears of the night, and, although feeling sore and hungry, I felt in better spirits, and determined to make a desperate effort to find the camp. At last I struck a wire fence, and made up my mind at once to follow it along until I came to something or other. My hopes revived, and I pushed on at a rapid pace, although I knew that there were many wire fences in this part of the country over a hundred miles in extent.

As near as I could judge it was about five o'clock when I saw some smoke, and a few minutes later a camp and several men about. My heart gave a great jump, and I almost ran when I came near enough to the first man, who was some distance away from the others, I called out to him and asked if he had seen a sheep camp anywhere about here. It was not until I had got within twenty or thirty yards of him that I recognised him as one of the men of our



BUSH CHILDREN OFTEN HIDE BEHIND TREES ON THE APPROACH OF STRANGERS.

party, and found that I had struck my own camp after all, although I had failed to recognise it at first, not having seen it before from the side on which I then was.

My mates had a good laugh at my mishaps, and left me to eat my breakfast while they went

out to find the horses, which they soon did, and brought them into camp none the worse, although the bridles were broken and trailing.

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

AFTER setting the new chum right, George and I struck off through the bush, as the weather looked threatening, and there was a track leading to some house or hut where we thought we might as well try to obtain shelter for the night. After following the track for a distance we came upon a slab hut, and met the owner at the door, his dogs having warned him of our approach. Upon our asking for shelter he invited us inside and offered us food, which we partook of, and then sat back on a wooden form or bench along the wall.

The room we found ourselves in was about fifteen by twelve feet, with a large open fireplace at one end. There was no ceiling, the room being open to the rafters, showing the bark with which it was thatched. The sides, as I said before, were built of slabs, that is, roughly-hewn pieces of timber, something like railway sleepers standing upright. There were great cracks or

openings in the walls that you could put your hand through. The storm, which had now burst upon the house, was very severe, great flashes of lightning and loud peals of thunder following one another every second or so. The wind and rain came down in torrents, drifting in through the cracks and making us shiver. The occupants of the house, we found, were the husband, his wife, and several children. On the opposite side of the fireplace a young woman, his eldest daughter, was sitting wrapped in an old white blanket, and supported by some pillows. She seemed very ill, and the storm affected her very much. She was trembling and dazed-looking. Upon inquiry we found that she was suffering from typhoid fever, and being very cold had asked to come to the fire. Poor girl, I felt very sorry for her! It is bad enough to be ill when you can have proper attention and care, but to be sick away in the solitude of an Australian forest must be dreadful. As soon as the storm abated we went outside, and, guided by the owner, made ourselves as snug as we could—in his cart-shed.

These poor families in the bush "out-back" often lead sad and lonely lives. Sometimes they do not see any strangers for months together, and it is no uncommon sight to see the children hiding behind trees as you approach their dwelling, and then race like wild things to the house, and peer at you from round the corner as though you were some strange animal. In fact, I have heard of some children rushing in to their mother, and exclaiming, on a stranger's approach,

"Mother, mother, here's another father coming," and then going away and hiding themselves in the bush.

The only man they had ever seen was their father.

Sometimes the children go to school miles away from their homes, and, as they grow up, drift apart, the boys to become fencers, shearers, or teamsters, the girls to become wives or to take employment on some station, or in the nearest town. They can all ride well, and think nothing of forty or fifty miles; in fact, I have known young men and women ride thirty or forty miles to a dance, enjoy themselves all night dancing, and then ride home next day. I have known a man ride over one hundred miles on a horse without a saddle, only having a chaff bag folded up on the horse's back. This journey was taken at night-time between Hilston, on the Lachlan River, and Hay, on the Murrumbidgee River, by a man who wished to obtain a situation as storeman that he had heard was available. He got it all right, and started work right away. So much for the glorious open air life they lead.

I have seen men so drunk that they could not stand upon their feet, yet, upon being put into their saddles, they could ride home all right; and there have been several cases known of men being

found dead in the saddle. I have not spoken of those terrible scourges which so often devastate this country—I mean fires and floods. But they have been so often written about that I am afraid of wearying my readers with a too lengthy account of my adventures. I could go on relating incident upon incident. However, I think I have done enough for a first attempt, and if so be that the editor wishes me to write again, he has only got to say so.



THE END.



HAVING once determined on making a cycle-tour, two main matters must be attended to, namely, the preparation of self and machine, and the scheming out of a route.

In my last article I gave some general directions as to the proper care of a cycle, and these I would recommend again to my reader, while amplifying them to a certain extent to cover the larger field of touring. My first heading will therefore be

THE PREPARATION OF THE MACHINE.

If any parts, especially the cogs, show signs of serious wear, it will be worth your while to have them renewed. The continuous clicking and grinding of a worn chain over worn teeth is rather bad for the nerves of the rider and of his companion—we assume that our tourist is not riding alone. As repairs often take three or four times the promised period when the cycle-maker once gets the machine safely into his clutches, it is prudent not to put off a thorough examination of your mount until the last day, or even the last month. Mudguards must be made tight; brake-blocks replaced if worn; all play at the bearings taken up; a touch of enamel given here or there to cover bald spots; and last, but not least,

THE TYRES MUST BE THOROUGHLY EXAMINED.

If the covers have reached a stage when they can no longer be relied upon to travel a few hundred miles without a burst, have them off and get new ones. The peace of mind so gained is worth the expenditure. A tour I once took in Normandy was quite spoilt by the rotten tyres on a companion's machine. The rubber simply stripped off the tread, leaving bare canvas exposed to the wet; and as we could not replace that particular brand in France we crawled along wondering when

the final "bust-up" would come. A holiday isn't improved by these haunting fears. The inner tubes, too, may advantageously be shelved if they leak badly at the joints, or show signs of a ripe old age. Don't forget to

TAKE A GOOD PUMP.

A thing three sizes larger than a penny squirt may do very well for show, but to inflate a tyre in a reasonable time an article with a foot "stroke," and at least $\frac{3}{4}$ inch "bore," is needed. In early pneumatic days, neat little contrivances were made to pack into the tool wallet. For pinching the fingers and trying the temper they were most effective. Of course, you will have a good repairing outfit with you, and if Dunlops are your fancy, add a set of three little levers sold for removing a cover.

As for lamps, if you put in a good day's work you won't want to be out much after dark, and an oil-lamp will serve your purpose well enough. If you *do* mean to do night-riding, certainly use your acetylene burner, but include a small box of carbide among your baggage. This word brings me to the

QUESTION OF BAGGAGE,

which is one that no tourist can shirk. The modern explorer is in favour of taking plenty of clothes and other necessities with him into the heart of a waste country, though the carriage entails the employment of a large caravan. It makes him more independent, and also better prepared to meet changes of climate and circumstance. In addition, he often sends a second caravan in advance to meet him at fixed places to replenish his supplies. What the explorer does in Central Asia holds good as regards touring in England or other "railwayed" countries. I believe that the one-stout-suit and tooth-brush-

wrapped-up-in-a-piece-of-paper mode of touring is rapidly going out of fashion. The bi-carrier warranted "to stand up to half a hundred-weight," which we see about so much nowadays over the back mudguard, shows that people are not afraid of acting goods-engine. Personally, I must confess to a strong liking for a complete change of clothes after a long ride, when one becomes painfully aware of the mereness of a cycling suit. If you don't rise to such a pitch of luxury, at least put into your wallet—a capacious brown leather bag does excellently for this—a complete set of underwear, stockings, clean collars, and toilet accessories. When two or more persons travel together, such things as clothes, hair, nail-brushes, and sponges, need not be duplicated. A pair of easy slippers are very "grateful and comforting" to the tired feet.

The wallet should be placed on a carrier behind the saddle. If you are unaccustomed to such a thing in that position, practise mounting and dismounting until it becomes a habit to lift your leg well up when executing those manœuvres.

GOOD MAPS AND GOOD BOOKS

are valuable comrades. The map should not be on a smaller scale than half an inch to the mile; and if you can get one printed on limp calico, so much the better. Of course, if your tour be lengthy you will require, perhaps, half-a-dozen maps; even so, don't stint their scale, since once off the high roads small-scale maps often lead one astray. It moves me to ribald laughter to see what some cartographers can make of country I know.

As for books, well, I hope you will find room for a prayer-book in your wallet. I daresay you will go to a cool old country church on Sunday morning—it will rest you to give your wheel a whole holiday on Sunday. Then you might take some other little book to read, say a pocket edition. In the evening, when the largest lamp is lit, and there is nothing to do out-of-doors, time often hangs heavily between the evening meal and the earliest moment at which one feels justified in retiring to bed. A cycle tour will increase in value if it enables you to rub up some classic—English, of course—like "Ivanhoe," or Elia's incomparable essays. You must, of course, have

A GOOD GUIDE BOOK

somewhere in the party, if a human edition is not there already. A. and C. Black, of Soho Square, London, issue a very comprehensive series, written by educated people.

As a rule they contain good maps of the district treated, and a list of the best hotels in the chief towns. By the bye, the Cyclists' Touring Club publishes in its "Handbook and Guide" the names and addresses and fixed charges of persons who have made special arrangements with the club to put up cyclists producing the ticket of membership. By consulting this list, one may find cheap and comfortable quarters in quite small villages, or even isolated farmhouses, where a short stay will be a refreshing change from hotel life. I shall take this opportunity to advise all readers to join the Cyclists' Touring Club, which has done, and is doing, splendid work in the cause of the wheel-man. The annual subscription, five shillings, will be well spent.

TOURING WITH A CAMERA.

The tourist who can make good use of a small camera will add greatly to the pleasure of his travels, provided that his outfit be not so bulky and heavy as to clog his movements. Unless the tour is primarily photographic, nothing larger than a $\frac{1}{4}$ -plate should be used. A compact little stand camera, with focussing cloth, lens, and three double dark slides, can be got into a cube of seven inch size; and the case may conveniently be placed on a bracket, clamped to the steering post, the lamp being removed to a position on the right of the front fork. A sufficiently rigid stand, of pressed steel, is now sold to clip on the top bar of the frame; it weighs but a couple of pounds, and folds up so neatly as not to get in the way of the knees. If a pocket Kodak is preferred, it will be carried most handily in a leather case, furnished with straps to pass over the shoulders. If you are in doubt about exposures, get permission to use the first dark room you come across—generally at a chemist's—to make a development. It is not, as a rule, worth while carrying chemicals, lamp, &c., about with you. Don't blaze away all your plates on the first day or two, and remember that the "lions" of a neighbourhood are generally least worth taking, since you may buy good views for a few pence. Rather keep an eye open for characteristic country "bits," a cottage, old pump or market cross, which has very likely escaped the professional.

ABOUT MACKINTOSHES.

Some people prefer to face a wetting and ride themselves dry again, to donning the sticky overalls. A long cape is, however, decidedly worth its weight. You will do well

to ride it dry; or, if you have to fold it up wet, be sure to air it at the day's end. It should be carried on the handlebars, where you can easily get at it. A pair of light leggings also prove very useful in bad weather. They weigh but half a pound or so, and will enable you to defy the rain. If you wear a stiff collar, wrap a handkerchief round your neck should you be caught in a heavy shower.

CHOICE OF ROUTE.

Here it is very hard to give advice, as the direction taken generally depends on individual tastes and previous acquaintance with any district. It is, of course, an axiom that flat country gives the quickest going, and rough country the finest scenery. Scotland is charming, but you have to risk the weather; the same remark applies to Ireland or Wales. If London be your starting point, you may well make a sweep south to Hordsham, work west through Winchester to Salisbury, north to Devizes, Chippenham, Malmesbury, Cirencester, Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Worcester; then turn east to Stratford, Warwick, Daventry, and back to town *via* Stony Stratford and St. Albans. The eastern counties are on the whole comparatively uninteresting, and northern roads not all they might be. If a desire to cross the Channel stirs in your veins, take the steamer from Newhaven to Dieppe; ride to Rouen and have a look at the splendid buildings there. Thence follow the north bank of the Seine to picturesque little Caudebec; cross to the south bank and make for Pont Audemer, Pont L'Evêque, and Caen, of William the Conqueror fame. On to Bayeux and visit the tapestry, Coutances, Avranches, Mont St. Michael, and St. Malo; whence there is a steamboat daily to England. If a more extended tour is desired, cycle south through Dinan and Ploemel to Auray, and spend a day among the wonderful Druidic stones of Carnac; back to St. Malo *via* Pontivy and St. Brieuc. You will be charmed with Brittany; and the roads, they are French—which is the highest possible praise. Remember that on the Continent you must keep to the *right* of the road, and pass a vehicle that you approach from behind on the left. With motors whizzing about at

high speeds it becomes very necessary to think what you are doing.

If you want to ride "light," and you have decided very carefully on a route, it is a good plan to send your clothes, &c., on ahead to the next stopping-place by train, despatching your Gladstone bag every morning early so as to make sure of its arriving at its destination before you. Also, if you mean putting up at hotels you will do well to secure rooms by telegraph or letter beforehand, and so avoid the tiresome business of hunting for a lodging when your chief desire is for an easy chair and a comfortable meal.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Rushbrooke Williams.—If you have ten guineas to lay out on a cycle, you may have your pick. You suggest a Singer, and I don't know that you can improve upon that make. Humber and Co., the Rover Co., and Rudge-Whitworth also supply good machine at the same figure; and you won't go wrong with any of them. Insist on having *two* rim brakes, or, at any rate, two brakes of some kind. Don't be staved off with one on the front wheel only. If you are a bit of a judge you could pick up a practically new second-hand specimen of a good firm's wares for your money.

"T. C. B."—The only combination candle and oil lamp I know is one supplied by Messrs. Brown Bros., Great Eastern-street, E.C. It is a very neat little contrivance, which may be converted from one form of illumination to the other in a moment by a very simple movement. The oil-holder or candle-socket, as the case may be, is taken out, and the other substituted. The price is 6s. 6d. I quote from memory.

"Mercury."—No; as a class I *don't* like back-peddalling brakes, though I know that there will be plenty of people to differ from me. If I make an exception, it will be in favour of the New Departure Hub, which is not nearly so "fierce" as some of the back-peddalling devices, and can be applied very gently. It possesses another advantage in that it permits the machine to be wheeled backwards, and spares you the pain of seeing a porter making desperate efforts to persuade your mount to enter the guard's van rear-end first, much to the detriment of the braking apparatus.

"Patcho."—So you have difficulty in preventing your rubber patches from curling up like a currant leaf with a spinning grub inside it when you cover one side with solution preparatory to mending a puncture. Don't you see the obvious remedy? Coat both sides. Then the curling tendency will be equal in both directions, and kill itself. Q. E. D. The great mistake that puncture-menders make is to apply the patch too soon. The solution on it and on the tube should be *almost dry*, and when the two surfaces are brought into contact they should hold firmly at once.



By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

a
story
of
WAR
on land & sea.

WAR is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbian, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats. Some days' sail from Maldiva the *Arbiter* encounters a cruiser and three gunboats—all apparently Uruguayan—and engages them. A desperate encounter results in her engines breaking down, and she is at the mercy of the enemy when a British sailing ship, the *Attila*, loaded with iron rails, rams the cruiser and sinks her. The collision proves fatal to the *Attila*, which sinks, her commander (Captain Tobutt) and crew escaping in boats to the *Arbiter*. After thanking Tobutt for coming to the rescue in so effectual a manner, the commander of the *Arbiter* puts the merchant skipper and his men in charge of one of the Uruguayan gunboats which has been captured. With Tobutt goes Midshipman Brown as the *Arbiter's* representative on the prize. The Uruguayans, however, succeed in drugging the coffee served to Tobutt and the midshipman, and it appears probable that they will succeed in recapturing the gunboat. In the nick of time Tobutt comes to his senses, and by his spirited and decisive action saves the gunboat from the conspirators, most of whom are either killed or drowned. Arriving at Maldiva, Tobutt, his crew, and Midshipman Brown take up their quarters at the deserted Café of All the Nations, where they feast and sleep. Attracted forth in the morning by the sounds of heavy firing off the port, they seize arms from a number of fugitive Uruguayan soldiers, help themselves to a boat, and, taking advantage of the fog, board and capture an Argentine gunboat. It is then determined that a second rescue party shall go in search of Nancy Clitheroe, Captain Campion's instructions being that the expedition must absolutely depend on strategy for its success. Tobutt is put under Lieutenant Chesterfield as pilot, with strict orders to avoid placing the boats in open conflict with any Argentine posts. They discover a heavily-gunned battery in a narrow bight of the river. Next, Tobutt finds two schooners hidden in a swamp, and transfers the crews to them, but when he suggests that Chesterfield should disguise the crews his proposal is received with scorn, as being beneath the dignity of the British sailor. Tobutt protests, but obeys orders. The ships sail, and a hopeless fight begins. But by sheer luck Tobutt and Midshipman Brown discover that the schooner they are on is loaded with ammunition and blasting powder. They head it at the battery, and blow the latter up just in time to save the men on board Chesterfield's schooner. Tobutt and the midshipman escape on shore, and learn that Nancy Clitheroe has been conveyed to Buenos Ayres. They presently come upon the first expedition under Hilyard, encamped higher up the river, slowly fighting their way on.

On their return, they find that Chesterfield has got his schooner hard ashore and full of wounded men. They warp her off, and all rejoin the *Arbiter*. Captain Campion demands the release of Nancy Clitheroe from the Argentine authorities. Not being able to obtain satisfaction, he lands marines at Maldiva, and there is some sensational fighting at the Café of All the Nations. At the end of it Tobutt goes off to take over the command of a vessel which he has been somewhat mysteriously hired to take out of the port. Midshipman Brown, fancying that by accompanying Tobutt he may get on the track of Nancy Clitheroe, follows the Yankee skipper with his chum Piccy.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DARK SHIP.

WHEN the lads gained the clearer air of the Plaza, Captain Tobutt was already out of sight, but a lucky inquiry of an American officer set them on his track without more than the loss of a few minutes. The captain had left the Plaza by the avenue to the left of the hotel, a fine, open thoroughfare, with tram-lines down its centre, and running some distance without any intersecting streets. There was still some desultory firing from the remnants of the Argentine regiment, as they were chased from house to house in the Plaza, but the avenue pointed out to them lay dark and completely deserted.

The heavy cannonade had died away, both from the siege guns and the ships; the rapidity of the rifle fire grew slacker and slacker each minute, fading away at last in a scattering fire, and leaving the wind in absolute possession.

The lads hurried on, their heads bowed to the

gale which now roared chill and with a sprinkling of rain from the S.W. In the clear parts they spurted into a run, making up for the time lost when they had to clamber over piled ruins blocking the roadway. It began to appear more than probable that the captain might have passed unseen, but at length they caught sight of him in an open space, swinging along at a great pace.

Piccy began to call, but Tommy restrained him. "We'll get further away from our people before we chum up, or he might send us back," he explained with commendable intuition.

They dropped into Tobutt's pace, and, keeping some distance between them, cautiously dogged his steps.

The road at length crossed a creek, and at the bridge, Tobutt turned to the left and followed the inlet on a narrow track which bordered it. Clumps of willow cut off what little light there was in the open, and they stumbled along in the uncertain darkness, expecting a fall any moment. Soon, however, there were signs and sounds of an outpost. As Tommy caught these signs of the enemy, he called to Piccy and quickened the pace, guardedly whistling to the captain. Hearing him halt, he cried his name.

"Hello, Mr. Brown," cried the captain, replacing his revolver in his jacket pocket. "What's gone wrong to bring you and your friend up here?"

"Well," said Tommy, frankly, "we'd an idea that you were going over the water, and might come upon some news of Miss Clitheroe, so off we came to join you."

"Now," said Tobutt, "that's plucky, but it's foolish. You'll just scoot back, hot foot; for I still hold by my opinion that neither you nor I have much chance of running across Miss Clitheroe. So just you scoot back, hot as can be. Did you ever hear tell of me breaking command?"

"That's it, captain, we've got Gunnery—Mr. Tautbridge's leave to join you. Honour bright!"

Tobutt was silenced. This extraordinary fact was beyond his grasp, as it never occurred to him to doubt the lad's word.

"But, my son," said he at length, "there's no going my way for you, as"—stooping down to whisper in Tommy's ear—"I'm on the other side now."

"So I guessed, captain," remarked Tommy boldly enough, and playing his last card, "and in that case you're more likely to come across Miss Clitheroe than if you hunted with the whole Atlantic Squadron."

Tobutt, as his words came back to his hearing, paused in dismay.

Just then chance saved him from turning on himself; it also played into the lads' hands, and the captain perforce had to side with them. A challenge rang out, and a sentry hailed them to stand or be fired upon.

"Captain," said Tommy, hurriedly, "we're with you now, or we'll be shot like rabbits on the run."

"Keep close as water-rats," whispered the captain, and then loudly called his name and the watchword. At that they were all three escorted to the guard post, where a steam launch with a big head of steam lay waiting. Tobutt, after some swift and hurried exchange with the officer in charge, called to the lads, and they embarked hastily. "You're my telegraph boys," said he, in a low voice, "and if you've any badges on your caps, or buttons, rip 'em off before we get on board. Keep low, for you are in a tightish place."

"Telegraph boys?" mused Tommy, "then he's going on a steamer! That's first thing gone wrong." And then he and Piccy set to work to strip the badges off their caps; their gaiters they deftly slipped off and dropped overboard. Their jackets and trousers, what with hard wear and the wet and mud of the week's campaigning, were sorely faded; indeed, they might have mustered with but little further dilapidation as young beach combers.

The launch ran swiftly down the creek and gained a wider expanse of water.

Tommy cast a look over his shoulder, and saw the searchlights wheeling and flashing across miles of the horizon; what sense of security lay in them—if they were with them! The sting of the situation lay in the fact that he had cajoled his chum into their present mess.

Just then the launch was hailed, and Tobutt and the officer emerged from the small cabin, and the engine slowed down.

"Here we are, Mr. Brown," said Tobutt; "both of you hang close to me like leeches. And you'll now say 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' or you're dead Dutchmen in a whiff of smoke."

The lads peered out into the darkness, and saw the long black side of a steamer looming out of the night, not a glint of light about her below or aloft; but, as the bowman hooked on, a chance ray from a wheeling searchlight passed swiftly over the ship. Tommy bent over to his chum.

"Piccy," he whispered, "it's not even a steamer; it's a warship Tobutt's got charge of."

Piccy looked up and saw dimly above his head the long muzzle of a gun jutting outboard.



By GEORGE HAWLEY.

Illustrated by the Author.

WAR is declared between two South American States—Uruguay and the Argentine. Three powerful gunboats, built on the Tyne for the former State, are on their way out. They have been armed in Germany, which Power is secretly aiding the Uruguayans, intending to seize territory by way of compensation later on. An English cruiser, H.M.S. *Arbiter*, is lying at anchor off the Uruguayan port of Maldiva, and her commander, Captain Campion, receives orders from the Admiralty to intercept the gunboats at all costs, as they have broken the neutrality laws. Midshipmen Brown and Stanmore, who are on shore, frustrate the attempt of a German naval lieutenant to annex a telegram intended for Hilyard, the third lieutenant of the *Arbiter*. This telegram is from Nancy Clitheroe, Hilyard's sweetheart, and states that the Uruguayan troops have burnt her uncle's farm on the banks of the Rio Columbian, and killed her uncle, while she herself is a fugitive. A rescue party is accordingly despatched under Hilyard's command, while the *Arbiter* steams out to meet the gunboats. Some days' sail from Maldiva the *Arbiter* encounters a cruiser and three gunboats—all apparently Uruguayan—and engages them. A desperate encounter results in her engines breaking down, and she is at the mercy of the enemy when a British sailing ship, the *Attila*, loaded with iron rails, rams the cruiser and sinks her. The collision proves fatal to the *Attila*, which sinks, her commander (Captain Tobutt) and crew escaping in boats to the *Arbiter*. After thanking Tobutt for coming to the rescue in so effectual a manner, the commander of the *Arbiter* puts the merchant skipper and his men in charge of one of the Uruguayan gunboats which has been captured. With Tobutt goes Midshipman Brown as the *Arbiter's* representative on the prize. The Uruguayans, however, succeed in drugging the coffee served to Tobutt and the midshipman, and it appears probable that they will succeed in recapturing the gunboat. In the nick of time Tobutt comes to his senses, and by his spirited and decisive action saves the gunboat from the conspirators, most of whom are either killed or drowned. Arriving at Maldiva, Tobutt, his crew, and Midshipman Brown take up their quarters at the deserted Café of All the Nations, where they feast and sleep. Attracted forth in the morning by the sounds of heavy firing off the port, they seize arms from a number of fugitive Uruguayan soldiers, help themselves to a boat, and, taking advantage of the fog, board and capture an Argentine gunboat. It is then determined that a second rescue party shall go in search of Nancy Clitheroe. Captain Campion's instructions being that the expedition must absolutely depend on strategy for its success. Tobutt is put under Lieutenant Chesterfield as pilot, with strict orders to avoid placing the boats in open conflict with any Argentine posts. They discover a heavily-gunned battery in a narrow bight of the river. Next, Tobutt finds two schooners hidden in a swamp, and transfers the crews to them, but when he suggests that Chesterfield should disguise the crews his proposal is received with scorn, as being beneath the dignity of the British sailor. Tobutt protests, but obeys orders. The ships sail, and a hopeless fight begins. But by sheer luck Tobutt and Midshipman Brown discover that the schooner they are on is loaded with ammunition and blasting powder. They head it at the battery, and blow the latter up just in time to save the men on board Chesterfield's schooner. Tobutt and the midshipman escape on shore, and learn that Nancy Clitheroe has been conveyed to Buenos Ayres. They presently come upon the first expedition under Hilyard, encamped higher up the river, slowly fighting their way on.



On their return, they find that Chesterfield has got his schooner hard ashore and full of wounded men. They warp her off, and all rejoin the *Arbiter*. Captain Campion demands the release of Nancy Clitheroe from the Argentine authorities. Not being able to obtain satisfaction, he lands marines at Maldiva, and there is some sensational fighting at the Café of All the Nations. At the end of it Tobutt goes off to take over the command of a vessel which he has been somewhat mysteriously hired to take out of the port. Midshipman Brown, fancying that by accompanying Tobutt he may get on the track of Nancy Clitheroe, follows the Yankee skipper with his chum Picoy.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DARK SHIP.

WHEN the lads gained the clearer air of the Plaza, Captain Tobutt was already out of sight, but a lucky inquiry of an American officer set them on his track without more than the loss of a few minutes. The captain had left the Plaza by the avenue to the left of the hotel, a fine, open thoroughfare, with tram-lines down its centre, and running some distance without any intersecting streets. There was still some desultory firing from the remnants of the Argentine regiment, as they were chased from house to house in the Plaza, but the avenue pointed out to them lay dark and completely deserted.

The heavy cannonade had died away, both from the siege guns and the ships; the rapidity of the rifle fire grew slacker and slacker each minute, fading away at last in a scattering fire, and leaving the wind in absolute possession. The lads hurried on, their heads bowed to the

gale which now roared chill and with a sprinkling of rain from the S.W. In the clear parts they spurted into a run, making up for the time lost when they had to clamber over piled ruins blocking the roadway. It began to appear more than probable that the captain might have passed unseen, but at length they caught sight of him in an open space, swinging along at a great pace.

Pickey began to call, but Tommy restrained him. "We'll get further away from our people before we chum up, or he might send us back," he explained with commendable intuition.

They dropped into Tobutt's pace, and, keeping some distance between them, cautiously dogged his steps.

The road at length crossed a creek, and at the bridge, Tobutt turned to the left and followed the inlet on a narrow track which bordered it. Clumps of willow cut off what little light there was in the open, and they stumbled along in the uncertain darkness, expecting a fall any moment. Soon, however, there were signs and sounds of an outpost. As Tommy caught these signs of the enemy, he called to Picky and quickened the pace, guardedly whistling to the captain. Hearing him halt, he cried his name.

"Hello, Mr. Brown," cried the captain, replacing his revolver in his jacket pocket. "What's gone wrong to bring you and your friend up here?"

"Well," said Tommy, frankly, "we'd an idea that you were going over the water, and might come upon some news of Miss Clitheroe, so off we came to join you."

"Now," said Tobutt, "that's plucky, but it's foolish. You'll just scoot back, hot foot; for I still hold by my opinion that neither you nor I have much chance of running across Miss Clitheroe. So just you scoot back, hot as can be. Did you ever hear tell of me breaking command?"

"That's it, captain, we've got Gunnery—Mr. Tautbridge's leave to join you. Honour bright!"

Tobutt was silenced. This extraordinary fact was beyond his grasp, as it never occurred to him to doubt the lad's word.

"But, my son," said he at length, "there's no going my way for you, as"—stooping down to whisper in Tommy's ear—"I'm on the other side now."

"So I guessed, captain," remarked Tommy boldly enough, and playing his last card, "and in that case you're more likely to come across Miss Clitheroe than if you hunted with the whole Atlantic Squadron."

Tobutt, as his words came back to his hearing, paused in dismay.

Just then chance saved him from turning on himself; it also played into the lads' hands, and the captain perforce had to side with them. A challenge rang out, and a sentry hailed them to stand or be fired upon.

"Captain," said Tommy, hurriedly, "we're with you now, or we'll be shot like rabbits on the run."

"Keep close as water-rats," whispered the captain, and then loudly called his name and the watchword. At that they were all three escorted to the guard post, where a steam launch with a big head of steam lay waiting. Tobutt, after some swift and hurried exchange with the officer in charge, called to the lads, and they embarked hastily. "You're my telegraph boys," said he, in a low voice, "and if you've any badges on your caps, or buttons, rip 'em off before we get on board. Keep low, for you are in a tightish place."

"Telegraph boys?" mused Tommy, "then he's going on a steamer! That's first thing gone wrong." And then he and Picky set to work to strip the badges off their caps; their gaiters they deftly slipped off and dropped overboard. Their jackets and trousers, what with hard wear and the wet and mud of the week's campaigning, were sorely faded; indeed, they might have mustered with but little further dilapidation as young beach combers.

The launch ran swiftly down the creek and gained a wider expanse of water.

Tommy cast a look over his shoulder, and saw the searchlights wheeling and flashing across miles of the horizon; what sense of security lay in them—if they were with them! The sting of the situation lay in the fact that he had cajoled his chum into their present mess.

Just then the launch was hailed, and Tobutt and the officer emerged from the small cabin, and the engine slowed down.

"Here we are, Mr. Brown," said Tobutt; "both of you hang close to me like leeches. And you'll now say 'yes, sir,' and 'no, sir,' or you're dead Dutchmen in a whiff of smoke."

The lads peered out into the darkness, and saw the long black side of a steamer looming out of the night, not a glint of light about her below or aloft; but, as the bowman hooked on, a chance ray from a wheeling searchlight passed swiftly over the ship. Tommy bent over to his chum.

"Picky," he whispered, "it's not even a steamer; it's a warship Tobutt's got charge of."

Picky looked up and saw dimly above his head the long muzzle of a gun jutting outboard.

CHAPTER XXII.

TOMMY INVESTIGATES.



At this stunning discovery, even Piccy held his breath in alarm. But there was no drawing back; the slightest hesitation and discovery was certain.

They mounted the companion ladder, keeping close upon the captain's heels, and the lads heard his name being passed aft with full ceremony. This act, and the considerable stir his arrival caused, impressed the two midshipmen. Their sense of familiarity with the captain began to be of a very doubtful quality.

An officer, the first lieutenant, they discovered afterwards, received him, and at the lads' entrance he stared into their faces and asked a sharp question of them. But Tobutt turned upon him in a flash. "My telegraph boys," said he with finality, carrying the day with a high hand of command; "always go with me on river work." Captain Tobutt made it plain beyond dispute that he was not there to discuss upon equal terms with any man.

Though the lads could not follow the Spanish, they had wit enough to know that they had been challenged, and when Tobutt pushed them on towards the bridge, cautioning them to keep wary and not move, they readily mounted to the stations the captain ordered them to, Tommy to the port telegraph, and Piccy to the steam steering wheel.

After strictly enjoining them not to leave these posts, the captain turned into the chart room with the officer, and the lads were left alone to their reflections—matter enough and to spare—especially Midshipman Brown's.

It was one thing to fly off and join Captain Tobutt on a sailing cruise across the water, or even on a steamer, as it had seemed to Tommy later on, but to embark on an enemy's ship in cold blood! Tommy arrived at that chilling point, and there stuck each time he essayed to find an explanation to fit the situation.

Piccy approached it from an entirely different point of view. He had followed Tommy into a precious tight place, but that was Tommy's business. What particularly engaged his attention was the extraordinary conduct of Captain Tobutt in so openly taking charge of an enemy's warship. He nudged Tommy with his elbow—"What's old Tobutt going to do if it comes to fighting?"

"He can fight all right," said Tommy, gloomily, but with conviction.

"But what about torpedo work? They aren't such asses as to put him in charge when they've good men left. Gunnery Jack says they have no end of well-trained men, you know, and this is a torpedo gunboat."

"Piccy, you're blundering right on it! He's not going to fight this ship. They've got Tobutt to run this ship out past the blockade of our ships."

"I say, Brown!" cried Piccy under his breath, "suppose they see us and we get fired into!"

"Phew!" exclaimed Tommy. Then, after a minute's searching silence, "Tobutt's just the very man to fight or make 'em fight—"

Just then Tobutt called to them to ring both engines to the "stand-by." As he approached them, the officer went forward to his station on the fo'c'sle head.

"Cables are cheaper than time," said he to Tommy, after he had flung an order to the fore deck. There was a roar of metal and shower of sparks. The cable had been slipped.

The engines moved and the ship began to move slowly through the darkness, attended by the never-ceasing calls of the men in the chains, as they marked her path towards deeper channels.

For half-an-hour the lads incessantly handled the telegraphs, the ship went slow, went fast, went slow astern, and more than once drifted apparently at hazard, and without reason, on the ebb-tide.

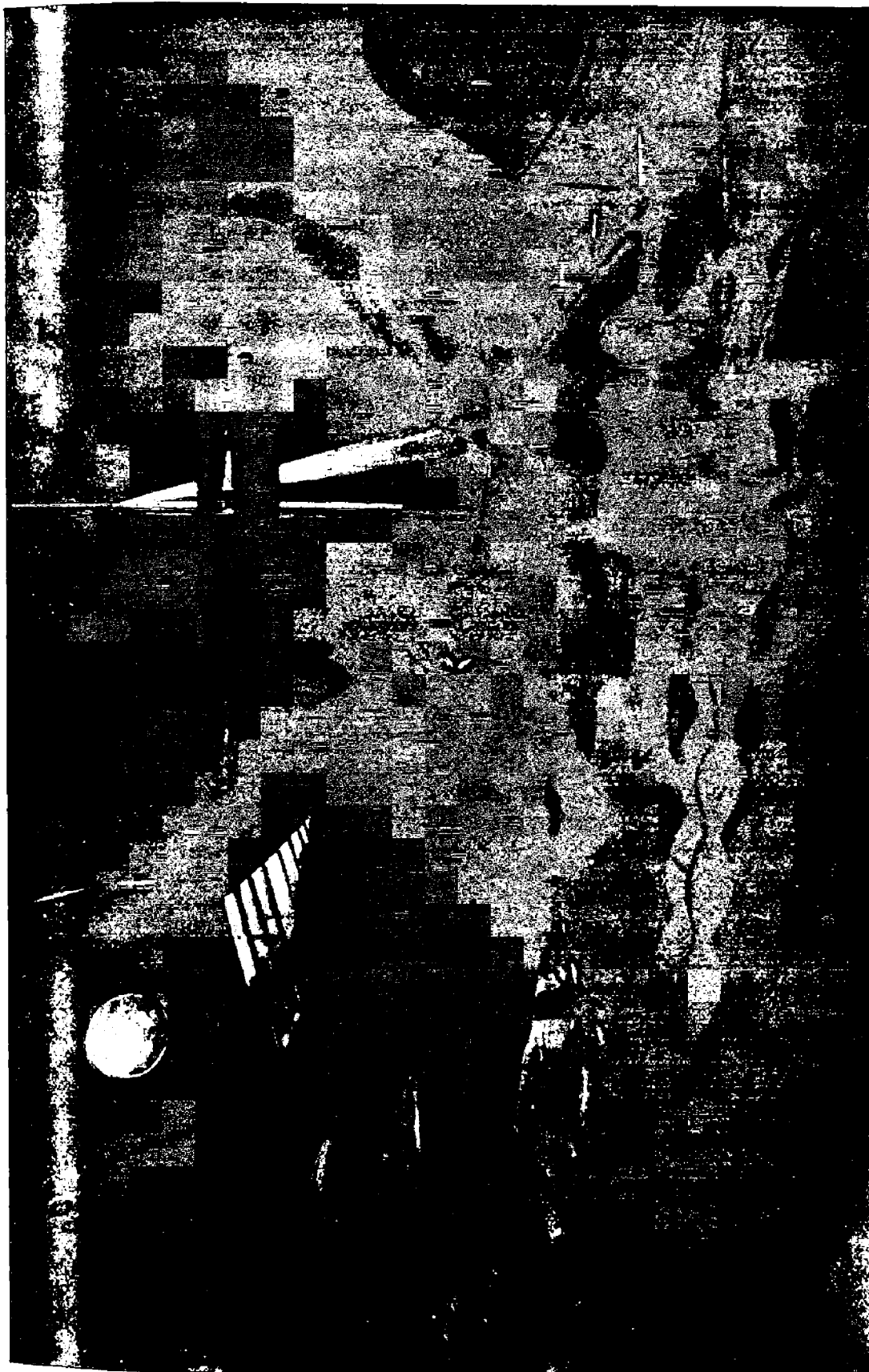
The leadsmen were calling every number from six fathoms to two-and-a-half, until at last it came to two fathoms, and with it the grinding scour of sand underneath her keel plates. But, ere the man called the number, Tobutt had rung up to full speed ahead, and with a sliding rush the ship slipped over the last bank of the inlet.

"By the skin of our teeth," commented Tobutt, as he approached Tommy's station. "Another five minutes and not even a bolted safety valve could have jumped her over that bank. Now, Mr. Brown, there go your friends ahead," and Tobutt pointed to the wheeling bars of light from under the horizon, which showed the position of the fleet to be an ever-extending line over many miles of water—"and," said Tobutt to himself, "too showy to be guileless."

Tommy had seen them for some time, but a thing of far more interest occupied his attention. Little by little a sense of familiarity with his surroundings had grown upon him; the position of the bridge, the make of the telegraph, and, as far as he could see, the style of the ship's armament. He had seen it before, walked the same bridge, and, further, he had fought for his life on the same ship!

"Captain," said he at length, "what juggling has been going on—isn't this the prize you and I brought in?"

"No," said Tobutt, "it's the one the Argentines captured—sister to the other. But you'd better not ask questions under this flag—ware ears in the dark."



PICCY LOOKED UP AND SAW DIMLY ABOVE HIS HEAD THE LONG MUZZLE OF A GUN JUTTING OUTBOARD
Vol. XI.—64.

The captain made a gesture indicative of the officer coming from the fore-castle head at any moment. Tommy took the well-meant hint, and questioned the captain no further; but facts were rising up on every hand that seemed to require solution.

Now that the ship was in deeper water Tommy observed that, instead of running seaward, she was heading across to the Argentine shore, and absolutely towards the nearest light, which, by the lad's scant knowledge of the chart, must be working on a British torpedo-destroyer of shoal draught. It was quite plausible to theorise that the gunboat had been run out before the British light-draught boats arrived off Buenos Ayres, and hidden in the creek, but why was Tobutt risking a return, when by keeping to the Uruguayan shores he had only the searchlight of the *Tamar* to deal with, for the Arbiters, he knew, had gone to bits long ago. Was Tobutt after all actually in command as an executive officer? As that question rose up in Tommy's mind, it brought an outside fact to his notice. The ship carried, as far as he could see, no more than a sailing crew; to judge by the scant routine carried on, evidently she was not intended to take the offensive.

By this time the lad had shaken down to his desperate situation, and quite naturally began to observe everything with keen interest. He noted now that Tobutt paid not the slightest heed to the searchlights, but, on the contrary, continually swept the dark waters on the star-board bow with the night glasses. The ship had run at least half-a-dozen miles after the last shoal before Tobutt put down the glasses and altered the course. Not long after he put the engines to half speed.

Tommy rang down his engine, and continued his scrutiny of the sea, until at length he discovered a couple of softly-glowing lights very low down and apparently very far off; but Tobutt ordered his engines to a stop, and Tommy, to his bewilderment, discovered that the lights were quite close, and hanging under the bows of a sailing cutter, near the surface of the water. The lamps had ground glasses fitted on them, and the strange craft was already alongside and making fast ere Tommy had recovered from his surprise at their deceptive appearance.

Tommy had revived somewhat from his depression, and, being once more himself, his old instincts, no better for their grim lesson, again took charge of his fortunes, and without a single moment's deliberation, as the engines would not be wanted for some minutes, he quietly slipped down the bridge ladder and, keeping in the obscurity of the bulwarks, approached the gangway as near as he could

without attracting attention. But he had little need to be cautious, for when he got near to the entering port the officers were busy superintending the transfer of some luggage from the sailing craft, a task of considerable difficulty, as out in the open the swell ran heavily, and the boat alongside surged erratically, and was in no small danger of being smashed on the steamer's side. To add to the difficulty, no light dare be risked.

All eyes and ears, the lad shot a swift glance into the craft, but could discern no more than the crew about her. The passengers must have been handed on board before the luggage—he ought to have understood that at first when he saw the trunks coming up. He peered aft, and could just make out the figures of three or four people in a cluster, uncertain of their footing on the moving deck, and apparently helping one of the party. The darkness was full of deceptive shadows, and, peer as he might, he could not make them out. They moved in a group, and an odd fancy struck him that something was being carried below. Before Tommy could observe further, a box slipped against him and sent him flying across the deck. When he picked himself up, the new comers had all disappeared in the companion through the doors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOUND!



FAINT light filtered upwards, and Tommy passed swiftly across the deck, stooped under the hood and peeped below. He was just in time to see a woman turning a key in one of the state-room doors, and as she turned her face in the dim alley way light, Tommy saw that she was a native woman, a peon from the upper country.

The incongruity of a native woman on board a warship would have been apparent to any beholder, but when Tommy saw the woman locking up a berth, it passed all his imagination, and further, the secrecy of the arrival put a climax to the episode.

"Something not O.K.," said Tommy, and he cast about in his mind how to gain further information.

He cast a glance backward, and seeing that the housing of the engine room and funnel hid the cabin entrance from observation, he slipped his shoes and darted below. The alley way was lighted by a small colza oil lamp turned very low. This passage ended in a midship one, with but a single door in the centre, which in the sister ship gave upon the main cabin. Another door to the left and out of sight in the cross passage, belonged to the captain's berth. The woman had turned to the left, and must perforce have entered the latter cabin.

As Tommy paused before returning, he noticed that the slight roll of the vessel swung gently to and fro an unlocked door on the right hand, and this door faced the locked one. Discovering the berth it belonged to to be empty, the midshipman hastily passed into it, but no sooner was he inside than he remembered that he might be caught like a rat in a trap, should it occur to any one to secure the door on the outside. He found the key in the lock, and as he seized it to make this contingency less possible, a sudden thought flashed on him. Berth-room doors, as far as he had known them, were contract affairs, and fitted by the dozen, and any keys fitted any lock in a set, and as this critical thought entered his mind, Tommy paused with his hand on the door. So far, he had followed a sudden impulse in descending to the cabins—an impulse to see if anything were going on that might lead to some knowledge of Miss Clitheroe's whereabouts. But now, with the key in his hand, and the other door only four feet from him, he knew clearly that his impulse had been to see if she were actually aboard. He had suddenly paused. What if after all it were some one else?

He softly whistled in the key while thoughts flew disorderly; then the tremendous result if it were not some one else!

Opening his door, he looked out into the alley way. No one stirred. The engines were once more moving. At any rate, he was now missed on deck, and a few more seconds would make no difference. Should he knock at the door and inquire first? He stepped across the passage, thrust in the key, and opened the door without the barest idea of what to say or do next. Though all was dark inside, Tommy forgot that he was against the light in the alley way.

"I say——" he began, and then paused, a sensation of heat in his face and his lips suddenly dry. But these ordinary, casual words had barely passed his lips before he heard a voice whispering, "Are you English?"

"It isn't Miss Clitheroe?" Tommy gasped, in a rising, jerky voice.

Tommy heard a sharp, checked cry, and then his hands were clasped strenuously.

For some moments they remained in this tense attitude, Tommy listening to the swift panting rush of the woman's breathing as she struggled to regain speech and composure.

She dropped his hands, and in North Country fashion simply remarked: "I am Nancy Clitheroe. Do you come from the *Arbiter*?"

Tommy's scattered wits flew together at the familiar name. There was a strength in the

mere sound. He pulled the door to on the instant.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Clitheroe—but there's only Piccy—my chum—and myself, but we'll do our best, never fear!"

"Oh," cried Nancy in dismay. "I thought that the—Mr. Hilyard had come at last. It's been so horrible!" Then the sudden shutting of the door by Tommy shattered all her hopes. "You aren't prisoners as well?" she whispered.

"No, not exactly, but it's too long to tell you, except that this ship is under weigh to run our blockade and——"

Tommy halted in perplexity. A sharp question had leapt up out of the tangle. Was Captain Tobutt actually running the ship, and Nancy with it? Did Captain Tobutt know of Nancy's presence on board? Tommy paused in some fear and not a little horror. Surely Tobutt could not. Then he reflected upon the whole secrecy of the affair. A captain does not pick up passengers in mid-water without some knowledge of them. No!

The boy's awkward silence infected Nancy with vague terror. She insisted on his explaining their exact situation, and when he had concluded she unhesitatingly arrived at a decision.

"If Captain Tobutt took all that trouble to go up the river with you, surely he isn't going to let an English woman be carried off!"

"We'll risk it, then," said Tommy, glad to act and stop thinking. He turned to the door. "When I open it, you bolt after me full tilt and get to the bridge. He's there. Then both of us can talk to him."

So saying, Tommy cautiously peeped out. The alley way was completely empty. He turned and beckoned Nancy, and just in that interval a big man in a soldier's great coat emerged from the cross passage.

"Holå!" he cried with a smothered oath, and leapt on Tommy, pinning him by the throat. What with the rush and unexpectedness of the assault, and the slight rolling of the ship, they both tilted over backwards into the cabin.

Tommy, by a dexterous movement as they fell, got uppermost, but the man still held him, and what was worse, his powerful arm gradually forced the lad back and over sideways, despite his utmost efforts.

Tommy gave up resisting and struggled desperately to reach the revolver on his hip. All was swimming red mist before his eyes, and he was about to collapse when something was thrust into his hand. Instinctively the lad grasped it, and struck at the man. The reach was too short to strike down with effect. He struck again, this time sideways and upwards,

putting all his ebbing strength into one frantic thrust. With a tearing quiver the hands left his throat and the man's panting ended in a choking cough; his heels beat a sudden and flurried tattoo on the boards. It was done. Tommy rose up feeling sick.

"It was awful easy," said he, with a gulp in his throat and his mouth awry.

"Out," whispered Nancy in his ear. "It was either you or he," and they whipped into the passage, Nancy pulling the door to as they fled.

They flew up the stairs, and Tommy, seizing her hand, piloted her swiftly through the complete blackness of the deck to the bridge, and together they ascended to the midshipman's station.


The light of the lamp below, dim though it was, had blinded Tommy for some minutes. Though he could not see at first, he presently made out Tobutt at the further side of the bridge, and his chum Piccy at the steam steering wheel. No other figure met his gaze. He crossed over to the captain, who, hearing his foot, turned sharply upon him.

"This isn't doing the thing fairly, Mr. Brown," said he. "To leave your station——"

"No!" cried Tommy, interrupting him. "It's you that isn't doing fair by us, or Hilyard either. Here's Miss Clitheroe—she'll speak for herself." And he stepped aside to give Nancy free passage.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TO SAVE NANCY.

T was their perilous situation alone which saved Captain Tobutt, for once in his life, from making a puerile exhibition. The name had no sooner escaped Tommy's lips than the whole situation flashed upon him. He peered hard and sharply at the dusky figure approaching him, and then lifted his cap in amazed silence. As Nancy's outstretched hand touched his, he forgot a hundred foolish speeches.

"Captain," cried Nancy, going straight to the heart of the matter, "is it true that you were paid to do this abominable thing?"

Tobutt struck the rail in anger. "Miss Clitheroe, I don't understand anything," he hoarsely answered, "except that there's not one of you or myself ever was in a tighter place in our lives—you understand?" Then he turned on Piccy in a rising flurry. "Here's the navigation, too, going wrong—south fourteen east," he cried in the same breath.

"You'll run this ship at once to our people," cried Tommy, beginning to grasp a situation of his own producing.

"And you, Mr. Brown, will get pitched overboard within the hour if I do. These men know the channels here as well as I do. It's the outer ones where I'm to do the trick. No. Here are we in a tight corner, as I say, and it's bluff, sir, bluff, and nothing else. If you say your prayers to-morrow night, you'll thank Providence for no officer being on the deck this minute."

At this Tommy kept silent; he realised now, as he had never done before, Tobutt's tremendous power of grappling with a situation. The captain, Tommy observed with something akin to awe, asked no particulars of Nancy, and none at all of his discovering her. She was there on the bridge, on an enemy's ship. But he noticed also, and at this a physical cold shiver assailed him, that Tobutt betrayed unusual hesitation: his voice had lost its buoyant ring, he spoke all round himself, as a man watching, waiting, unsure. Even when they had entered the Boca del Serpiente with all the odds against their coming out alive, his voice had rung hearty and full-blooded, as befitted a man cheerful to toss dice with destiny.

It behoved Tommy to equal the occasion.

"We crawled out of a bigger mess before, captain," said he, whipping up his own sinking spirits, "so it's perhaps not so bad as you think."

The captain interrupted him in the same flat voice. "We'll talk afterwards, you and I, Mr. Brown. First thing is to seize those hand leads. Miss Clitheroe," he added to Nancy, "you come here and huddle in the corner by the weather cloth."

"There is some hope, captain?" whispered Nancy, as he guided her to the place.

"If we can get the officers up one by one," returned Tobutt. "You won't scream if there's trouble?" he asked anxiously, as he led her to the corner.

"The midshipman just killed one of them in the cabin," whispered Nancy.

"Ah!" exclaimed Tobutt, "that's better than I thought, but I heard no shot?"

"No," said Nancy, with a quiver in her voice. "It was with the Gaucho's knife."

He turned to the wheel, which Piccy still handled, and, indeed, had never for an instant deserted.

"Boy," said Tobutt to him, "you are true blue grit." And in the prefix, Piccy, in what time he could spare from the compass card, surmised something of the real gulf between their age and Tobutt's real estimation of them.

Then, under the captain's curt directions, the lead lines were cut up into several lengths, and a running noose produced on their ends, and

next as many short ones, with a formidable knot the size of an egg tied in the centre.

Tobutt worked desperately, his eyes flitting unceasingly from the ship's course ahead to the ship's afterdeck.

"Put her north forty east!" he cried to Piccy in his sea voice, and then dropping it, said to Tommy, "Now we are ready to try our luck," and proceeded to make a close inspection of their neighbourhood.

From the time when Tommy had abandoned his post on the bridge to watch the arrival of the passengers, his sudden rush below, the amazing discovery and his return to the bridge, the ship's clock had not altered more than ten minutes, though they had traversed a whole world of anxiety in those few minutes.

It was against time that Tobutt strove—time that barred all unnecessary speech. He had grasped by nothing less than sheer intuition that their only hope lay in the absence of the officers; to wring success from desperate chances! Tobutt cleared his mind by a prodigious effort from everything but that sole object. . . . Tommy had doubted him. The captain was stung to the quick; and, worse than doubting him, had expressed those doubts to another—to a woman—a woman that Tobutt had passed his word to help! And upon that, the captain had a flashing thought. He had received the money to run the ship, and to sign and wilfully not perform his contract was the bottom step of a ship-master's degradation. Well, that was upon him, a stain, a thing to remember, but each and every one of these crying things he jettisoned from his mind—Miss Clitheroe was here and must be saved. Time had been everything, and now that his simple preparations were complete, to wait was fatal. The dawn might break at any minute, and discover the bridge to the look-out forward. There lay the fatal objection to Tobutt's daring plan. It must be carried out in absolute darkness and silence.

The ship's company, as Tommy had divined, were no more than a working party, under a navigating lieutenant and two juniors, in addition to the engine-room staff. Once the executive officers were separated from the crew, the latter, under Tobutt's well-accustomed and capable hand, were no more than chaff flying down the wind.

Tobutt, everything prepared, at length peered down to the after deck. He was like a gladiator waiting the entry of a great odds into the arena.

Nancy, though her courage beat high, unlike Tobutt, leapt from gulf to gulf of speculations. She was among her own men once more, and

freedom lay with them. The big man staring into the dark, above her, had asked no questions, had stopped all speech, and she would have asked a thousand questions. It was all so confused. The boy in the cabin, apparently not clear in his ideas, had told her of two expeditions—no, not told her—she had inferred. The boy attached all importance to this man's conduct. She felt very triumphant at her discernment. A sudden glow warmed her. . . . were those the lights of the fleet? His ship, maybe; why were they not going to them? It was wading in a nightmare of dreams; the horror of the boat journey, and the horrible hints of Don Bolero's that he would be on board. But now her own mankind were about her. The ship wheeled towards those lights—they were going to them! But Nancy knew nothing of intervening shoals.

At last Tobutt stirred, gave a hurried whisper to Tommy, and Nancy braced herself to see more life spilt.

"North fifty-six east," called Tobutt.

"North fifty-six east, 'tis, sir," cried Piccy, gulping hard at a lump in his throat.

Instead of the first officer, however, the second lieutenant mounted to the bridge. "He's detained below," he remarked, "so I suppose I had better take his watch," he explained to the captain. "I hear we have a lady passenger on board," he added, and by the tone of his voice the accompanying smirk was as apparent as if it had been open daylight.

Tobutt brusquely ignored his remark and asked some technical question as to the ship's draught forward; the man wasn't certain to a foot. Tobutt, not satisfied with uncertainty on a ship, began to dress him down on the subject of accuracy, edging him at the same time to the further side of the bridge, and away from Nancy. "At last," said Tobutt to himself, as the dark figure of a seaman who had accompanied the officer to the bridge vanished forward.

"I want," said Tobutt, taking the officer by the arm and gently turning him with his back to Tommy, "every ounce of steam in a quarter of an hour, and clear fires—no smoke. We shall be in the Fore and Aft swathway. See those lights aboard the fleet?" He pointed to the low lights, and the officer reached out for the night glasses in the box. Tobutt's arm gripped him till his ribs cracked. Tommy held a pistol to his ear.

"You understand?" said Tobutt simply. The man gave a low moan; he was past shouting for some time.

By swift adroit turns he was lashed hand and foot with the prepared cords; the shorter one

with the huge knots in the centre was thrust into his mouth, and the ends secured behind his neck, effectively gagging him. Then they rolled him aside and lashed him to the stanchions.

This first capture achieved, Tobutt rose, coned the ship a moment, and then walked over to where Nancy crouched, straining to pierce the darkness in the weather side.

"Got one, miss," said Tobutt; and then he whistled softly to himself. They had made one miscalculation. He passed over to Tommy again.

"Here's trouble, Mr. Brown. Which of them did you finish in the state-room? Don't you see how it lands us?"

"I didn't recognise him—couldn't, you know. He jumped on me in the dark."

"There's the crush! We've got to send for the next, and if by chance you settled the chief, they'll hunt for him! Don't you see it?"

"I see it hard enough," muttered Tommy, racking his brains in an endeavour to remember any impression of his assailant. They were consulting against the wheel, and Piccy, listening, caught every word.

"Suppose you send me to the steward for some coffee or something, captain? I can knock round till I see them. If they are at supper yet, and the lieutenant is there, I can say you want to see him. At the worst I can pretend I'm after a feed, and bolt up again."

"There's a chance in it," answered Tobutt; "all right—go along."

Handing the wheel to Tommy, Piccy went off. He passed the berthroom doors to the centre one in the cross passage. He halted a moment, caught a breath, and then knocked and entered recklessly.

The youngest lieutenant was just finishing his supper.

"Captain Tobutt would like to see you, sir," said he.

"I come immediate," said the man, tossing off his glass.

"Says he'd like some *bueno feedo* as well," added Piccy, as his eye fell on the tempting spread of food. But the officer said no more than "*Bueno!*" so Piccy returned, closing the door after him. But once in the passage he shot like an arrow to the bridge. The cabin light had blinded him temporarily, but he laid hold of Tobutt, and told him the third lieutenant alone remained below.

The man himself followed close upon his heels, and Tobutt, now feeling the game in their hands, grappled the fellow as his foot touched the first planks of the bridge.

The third lieutenant, an undersized, limply-

built young fellow, was no more than a babe in Tobutt's grasp. After a single whimpering cry of fear, he fell dumb, and they had him gagged, bound, and lashed to the stanchions within three minutes' time.

"Now," cried Tobutt, his voice rising with elation, "our joker's hooked both right and left bower. We'll tackle the small fry straight off-hand. The steward must be the next."

And everything going so famously, his mind fell back into a well-worn groove, and he stooped down to where Nancy still crouched battling with hope and fear.

"We've made good most of our lee-way, Miss Clitheroe. There's just another, the steward, and thereby I'm thinking you may be hungry. We'll see to that presently, and don't you grieve another minute."

A sob and a laugh broke in Nancy's throat. She tried to penetrate the darkness to see what fashion of man stood before her.

"You mustn't trouble at this time about food. I'm not hungry in the least."

"But you must keep your courage up," cried Tobutt. "I'll see to it," he added, with a toss of his arm. Nancy said no more. Tobutt's manner would have silenced an empress.

It was just then that Nancy observed his figure cutting more clearly against the sky—the dawn was breaking.

Tobutt had also observed the paling of the sky, and he hailed a man forward to send the steward up immediately.

The dawn came both high and quickly, and the steward was plainly visible as he emerged and hurried along and up the ladder. Tobutt waited till he was half way up, then suddenly stooped, grasped him by the throat, and thrust his revolver in his face.

"A word and you are a dead man! March up here!"

The steward crept up, his jaw fallen, his eyes staring into Tobutt's.

Tommy seized the cords, and had just passed the turns round the man's ankles, when he heard Nancy give a smothered cry of alarm. Tobutt whipped round, and in the same instant a revolver cracked on the deck below, the captain's arm falling limp, and his weapon clattering on the deck.

He dropped with it, crying: "Down, both of you. Chuck the wheel!"

The boys obeyed promptly.

"It's the first officer," roared Tobutt, "and he's winged me. You didn't settle him after all."

Tobutt seized his revolver with his left hand and now suddenly fired over the edge of the bridge, then scrambled to his knees, firing shot

after shot at a dark figure which leapt in zig-zags towards the cabin hatch.

"Down after him," shouted Tobutt. "Batten the door on him. I'll hold the bridge."

The lads leapt down, raced headlong aft, slammed the door, and secured it, a shot splintering the panel in their faces as they drew the hasp.

It was touch and go. Tobutt called to them to return, and Tommy already noticed the change in his voice. They gained the bridge with barely a second to spare.

The watch, all at sixes and sevens as to the firing, were shuffling aft in an undecided, aimless manner. It was possible now to see as far as the forward hatch, and up this the rest of the crew were tumbling on deck.

"Send 'em down," cried Tobutt. "No waiting! Miss Clitheroe, can you fill my revolver? Cartridges in my left pocket."

"I can shoot as well if you wish," cried Nancy, as she plunged her hand into his reefer pocket and loaded the weapon.

Tobutt glanced at her in the increasing light, saw her pale face, with soft brown hair blowing about her brows, eyes luminous, the iris big-ringed with emotion, the open lips—the red showing almost black in the dawn, the upper one set up as if to brace the quivering nostrils. He saw her for the first time. She had been a name only before. As she snapped the pistol butt he saw her face thus clearly in the instant she held her head up to him. He looked down; it was as if he had known her all her life.

"Where?" asked she, leaping to her feet and thrusting aside his outstretched hand.

"Engine room hatch, there, with Piccy, and I'll steer," and he lurched to the wheel reluctantly, while Nancy aimed at the engine-room grating.

In front, Tommy had fired point-blank into the dark cluster of the watch, who raced back to shelter, and to get arms; but there were no leaders, no understanding of what was happening. Once under shelter, there they stood fast. They disappeared, and, save for an occasional head peeping up, they were not to be counted as of any consequence.

The danger lay aft. The first officer, after coming from his room, had discovered the strange proceedings of the captain, had fired, and jumped below to call the rest of the officers.

Their absence he would discover immediately, and then, reasoned the holders of the bridge, he would unlock the door of the engine-room bulks-head, and put the men there, now already warned, into a position ready to take the offensive.

But his hasty shot had lost him his sole chance. The men were aroused below, but no sooner did a head appear, either at the engine-room hatch or the forward one, but a bullet crashed down on it. To make any rush was an absolute impossibility.

At last the engines stopped dead. That was the utmost they could do below, pending more sweeping measures being planned.

By this time the horizon had come to sight, and forward of their port beam a cloud of smoke trailed across the pink flush of the dawning light. The gunboat presently came to a dead stop, and lay slightly rolling on the swell, and upon that the escape valves lifted with a roar, and a white column of steam rose high against the light.

The defenders themselves could not have devised a more capable signal. Tobutt had abandoned the useless wheel, and was with Nancy's help hastily staunching the bleeding with a handkerchief. He peered at the steam swelling overhead in good spirits, and then at the column of smoke on the horizon. A darker blot began to appear below it, shaped later into three funnels end on, and within half an hour a long hog-backed torpedo-destroyer was up to them, and rounding alongside.

The first man on board was Hilyard himself. Nancy saw him, had seen him from afar, and Captain Tobutt discreetly joined Tommy and Piccy, who were saluting a compact, grey-haired gentleman, very erect, and dressed in the smartest of white drill suits.

A small crowd of armed boarders tumbled over their rail fore and aft.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

"**T**HAT'S our chief head man," Piccy informed Tobutt, when the boarding party from the destroyer had swarmed on board and left the admiral, a conspicuous figure on the tiny bridge. He was holding up a masterful finger at them and speaking.

"I hope that is Miss Clitheroe I see. Yes! Congratulate you," he added heartily, though he added to himself, "I'm bothered if I understand how those youngsters got here."

"You belong to the——?" he added aloud.

"The *Arbiter*, sir," they answered together.

The admiral, quite unconsciously, mimicked Mr. Tautbridge. He said: "H'm," with closed lips, then continued aloud, "You have the prime rascal on board—this Don Bolero?"

"How, sir?" cried Tobutt, taking up the question like a personal threat.

"Yes, he should be on board—cousin to the

Argentine naval secretary; borrowed this ship from them *sub rosa*—nefarious purpose!"

Tobutt stared hard, his mind surcharged with conflicting thoughts. Then he broke out vehemently.

"I am the runner of this ship," he volunteered. "I arranged the excursion with their agent last night, understanding it to be no more than a revolutionary party escapading out of their troubles—and he's on board—the skunk! I've been doing *his* dirty work!—excuse me, sir, one moment." Tobutt whipped Tommy's revolver from his hand and staggered aft in a great rage.

The boarding party had just unbarred the companion hatch, and the captain, thrusting them unceremoniously aside, peered down into the dim alley way. The oil lamp still burnt smokily, and disclosed the figure of the peon against the open door of the cabin in which Nancy had been imprisoned.

Tobutt descended, his angry eye raking the corridor up and down. He approached the open door, pushed past the terrified attendant, and peered in. The light from the scuttle now lit up the apartment, and Tobutt discerned a dead body huddled at his feet. It lay in the shadow, but the captain, stooping closer, observed that the uniform was that of a soldier, and, by the facings on the tunic, one of notable rank.

Tobutt looked up for some moments in grim silence, shook his head at himself, and then closed the door on the body. In the main cabin at the stern he met the first lieutenant in the hands of the search party. On seeing Tobutt, the man called hotly to him:—

"I surrender only to an officer."

"Good," said Tobutt. "Let him go."



TOBUTT FIRED SHOT AFTER SHOT AT A DARK FIGURE WHICH LEAPT IN ZIGZAGS TOWARDS THE CABIN HATCH

And the man proffered his revolver with a bow.

"Go on to the engine-room, through there," said Tobutt, pointing to the entrance—a sliding iron door in the bulkhead.

The bluejackets had no sooner departed than Tobutt turned on the officer.

"Is that the Don Bolero in the alley way?"

The man's eyes said, "Yes."

"Did you know he had an Englishwoman a prisoner?"

The officer swore by every saint that he had

no knowledge of Miss Clitheroe being on board, before he learned from Don Bolero's servant half an hour ago.

"They came in the dark, as you saw. My instructions were the same as yours—to receive state passengers for Rio Janeiro—and the lady was carried on board in a big cloak. I say again, I had no more instructions than to carry off this ship, and pick up state officers in the boat. I obeyed orders."

The man could not have fallen on a surer word to disarm Tobutt.

"You are right there," agreed Tobutt, "though how you came to be so ready, I'm——"

"Why, understand you," cried the man, with an excited gesture, "here am I attending the officer who came on board, here in the main cabin; you are on the bridge with those young cut-throats—pardon, señor—I wait the officer coming to supper, also the servant waits him. He goes to his cabin for dry clothes. At last you ring the engines; I ought to be on the bridge; as well, I ought to be here. At last I hear my second officer go, and thinking that in order, I wait still, until at last I go to that man's room and it is open—empty. I go to confer with the third officer, who is nowhere to be seen. The steward has gone likewise. I come on deck to understand, and behold you and those—pardon again—securing one of my men! I understand and necessarily I fire, though, now I think upon it, foolishly."

"That's so," said the captain ambiguously, "only it's a pity you're so smart a flying shot with a pistol."

"It was the fortune of war, captain," said the man, eyeing Tobutt's rough bandage, which had already slipped down and set the blood running afresh. He began to refasten it.

"That's so," the captain agreed. "But you'll have to give me a hand on deck, for things are——" and he made a gesture explanatory of a roundabout; and, indeed, Tobutt already wavered unsteadily on his feet.

The man seized his arm, and, as they emerged on deck, asked Tobutt if he took his parole.

"Thunder, señor!" cried the captain, "but don't you understand? No! Observe we were both running the same ship!"

Tobutt caught sight of a little group against the bridge, where the admiral himself was shaking Nancy by the hand and congratulating her and Hilyard.

"Ah!" cried he, "and there is the captain," and he beckoned Tobutt, but on the same instant, seeing Tobutt's condition, he moved towards him, but Nancy was the nimblest of foot, and she was by Tobutt's side as he swung heavily into the Argentine officer's arms.

"Is that the admiral?" murmured Tobutt, peering into a revolving circle of airy figures.

"We both surrender," he added huskily, and then swooned away. But to a man of Tobutt's physique a little blood-letting comes not amiss. The surgeon on the destroyer explored the wound; luckily the heavy navy revolver bullet had not touched the artery, but, glancing off the bone, had ploughed through the thick deltoid muscles, and bedded in the surface of the back.

When the surgeon had finished his examination, and dressed the wound temporarily, the admiral escorted Nancy to the destroyer, and then considerably gave Hilyard "leave" until they had regained the flagship, but, on their way down, he changed the course and boarded the *Arbiter*, and there, as Nancy had been part of their complement, so to speak, for over a week, the good news spread the minute the destroyer had signalled the news.

The Arbiters, all at divisions, received her with "three times three."

"Discipline gone quite to the dogs," said the admiral to Captain Campion, with a twinkle in his eye. "However, you are a privileged ship apparently, and get all the fighting but I do not understand; however, I leave it to you, captain—your midshipmen—well—no matter," and he refrained from pressing home a question relative to the duties of the young gentlemen on board the *Arbiter*.

"Then the Argentines have vacated their position, sir?" asked Campion.

"Absolutely. Last night, after a little necessary pressure, I gained authentic information at first hand that Miss Clitheroe had been conveyed to that gunboat, quite as a private affair of the naval secretary's. Then, still with a little further gentle pressure, I extracted a few particulars. We placed a guard in every channel, while the big vessels worked their lights—you wondered at such crassness?—to seaward, the idea being to lure this rascal on to the destroyers in the dark. In the main channels that Tobutt fellow, however, got the pass of us! You must let me have that report again."

"They withdrew all the troops here last night?" inquired Campion.

"Quite so. The incident is obviously closed," the admiral remarked with quiet emphasis.

Campion dropped the conversation when the great man offered no further confidences on diplomacy.

Tobutt opened his eyes in the sick bay and saw Dr. Hattle and his assistants around the couch. The air was strong with some pungent

disinfectant, and then Tobutt caught the sweet aroma of ether.

"Ah!" said Tobutt, "I remember—man in the apron—same as I met him first on the *Arbiter*! Asked me if I shipped Huns!"

The doctor gave him a cheerful nod as he cleaned a shining instrument with scrupulous nicety.

"Quite a crowd waiting to see you, captain," he said.

"File of marines, do you mean?" asked Tobutt.

"File of your grandmother's," returned Dr. Hattle. "The Foreign Office is only too glad to get hold of this third gunboat to ask any questions, while the admiral and all of us are clannishly dumb on Hilyard's account. But there's also a wire on your behalf from Lloyd's."

"Oh! that's for the Board of Trade inquiry," growled Tobutt. "Wonder how they will call it."

"There's young Brown outside, too—seems cut up a trifle about something he muddled over you—and last, though it ought to be first, there's Miss Clitheroe wanting to thank you."

"But," interposed Tobutt with animation, "it was Mr. Brown who found her."

"But that," said the doctor, beckoning to an assistant for a certain glass, "did not save her, so just swig this off, and give them a holiday." And Tobutt, having trust born of fellow-consciencenesship, drank deep of the measure the doctor held to his lips, and, in consequence, slid buoyantly and without a break into the next day. During that interval, matters that were in no way requiring his interference had been adjusted to a nicety. The admiral, with full powers for action under his hand, had unmistakably impressed the Argentines with the double foolishness of putting in the chestnuts to roast—as well as pulling them out of the fire—on behalf of Germany's imperial expansion, for under no less powerful influence had the war between the two States been caused, and in no way was there a strict inquiry into a missing battleship from the German navy list, save that, according to the official version, she had disappeared with all hands in the South Atlantic. When Tobutt woke up on the morrow, and the doctor permitted him to get upon his feet, he saw Nancy, compact of dress and neat of hair, soberly happy, despite a touch of black about her clothes. Her shining eyes and frank smile and simple "Thank you, captain," might have moved a far more complex being than Tobutt.

"And now," said the doctor, "the admiral is waiting for an interview."

"So?" cried Tobutt, glancing at the entrance as if in some doubt.

"So," cried Nancy, with friendly mimicry. "I'll offer you my arm to escort you there."

"Never dreamt I'd ever want helping upstairs, and by a woman," said Tobutt; "but I'll not refuse—it'll square our accounts, miss."

As they gained the deck, Tobutt caught a glimpse of the admiral nodding to him. Presently the bugle rang out and the war-scarred *Arbiters* fell in on the main deck.

"By thunder!" muttered Tobutt, "I'm in for it in style. Hello! There's young Brown and Piccy—high deck collar—got promoted!"

"Glad to see you up, captain," said the admiral, and Campion, too, nodded at him with a kindly eye as he handed his chief an imposing paper.

"I'm glad," said the admiral, "that it has fallen to me to make the first public remarks on your conduct. I have here a telegram from Lloyd's desiring me to find you and publicly thank you in their name. . . ."

"Shining thunder!" cried Tobutt to himself.

"... for such conspicuous and spirited action. They have also handed in the full amount of ship and cargo as per the insurance, and further set aside a sum to distribute amongst the crew for loss of effects, and I personally, captain," concluded the admiral, stepping up and shaking his unwounded hand, "wish to thank you on behalf of the Royal Navy."

What Tobutt said was incoherent, and, what was better, not even heard, for the ringing cheer which greeted him.

Then Hilyard installed him in his own cabin, and there in due course happened in his fellow commander, Midshipman Brown, and at his heels the inseparable Piccy.

The captain took up the thread of an unfinished conversation, or, to be more exact, the vetoed one, when Tobutt faced the odds against them, and pointed a rankling grievance which possessed him.

"For instance, Mr. Brown, you put it to Miss Clitheroe that I was bolting off with her—had taken pay, in fact."

"Well, captain—look at it! What else could a fellow think? You'd changed sides as well."

"There," said the captain, with some bitterness, "is where you go astray, and label a ship a rotten one when it's only painted a different colour. You don't see it? Well, here's your fleet—didn't they change sides? You can't say 'No' to that, and I wasn't required by your people except as odd man, which is to no deep-seaman's liking. Why, I changed sides with a good conscience. Of course I know it's wrong in a way, but, you see, I'm different to your high-toned morals. In one thing, though, there's no difference, and we are both in the same boat."

mark you. With you it's your flag, with a shipmaster it's his owner; and all this doesn't count, Mr. Brown. You never gave me the benefit of even a shadow of a doubt—and look you, up came Miss Clitheroe, spry and clean-minded, and tackled me as a man, knowing I would not burk her. You might have asked first, Mr. Brown," concluded Tobutt in a flat voice.

"I'm downright sorry, there! captain," cried Tommy with big eyes, "I——"

"Say no more, sir," returned Tobutt with heartiness. "That clears the horizon." And with that the captain jettisoned the matter for all time. "For now I think it all fell out well, but I haven't any wish to see a nearer thing for life than when you sprung Miss Clitheroe on me out of nowhere. I'll tell you, Mr. Brown, and no one else but you and Mr. Piccy there, that I shook, sir, for the minute—but there's Mr. Piccy. What's the doctor say? How long before I can have a real meal?"

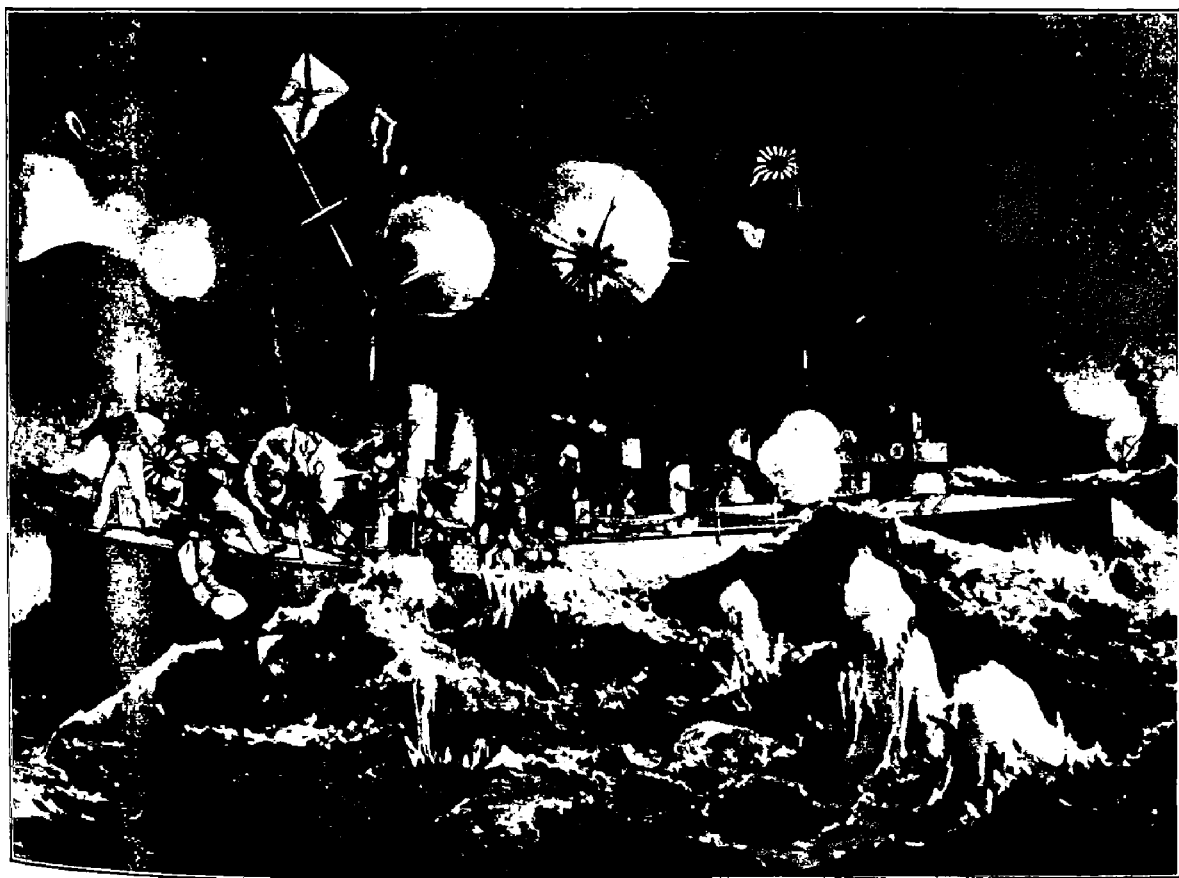
But Tobutt's enforced abstemiousness was repaid generously two months later at a public dinner given in his honour in the City of London, and, to be particular, at the high temple of all shipping—Lloyd's.

Picture Captain Tobutt, the man of good tables, the seeker after good company, a man of sound digestion—and sounder heart still! Imagine the long-awaited calling of the name of "Captain Tobutt." Listen to the rush of cheering, regard the flashes of crystal above the long tables, and then see the captain's stalwart figure erect, and his dancing eye sweep the long rows of answering faces! Could he be happier?

"Gentlemen," said he, in a ringing voice, "the age of wonders is still with us! I stand before Lloyd's, a shipmaster approved, *fêted* and honoured—and for what? For casting away his vessel!"

What better than to leave our friends in the rare moment of their greatest happiness?

THE END.



THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST AS SEEN THROUGH JAPANESE SPECTACLES.—AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN RIVAL TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

Drawn by a Japanese War Correspondent.



FROM OUR ILLUSTRATED GUIDE TO HOLLAND.

Be careful to note, when you give a Dutch child a coin, that there are no other children in sight.

By Tom Browne, R.I.

OLD ENGLISH SPORTS.

By A. B. COOPER.

Illustrated by PAUL HARDY.

"And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture."

Shakespeare, "Henry V."



HOW CRECY AND POICTIERS WERE WON.

THE exact period when England best deserved to be called "Merrie England" is a matter of opinion. Probably most people would name the days of Good Queen Bess as having right of precedence in this respect, but, however that may be, there certainly was never a time, from the days when our ancestors sported in the greenwood, dressed in "notings," to these days when the Seventh Edward reigns, but had its outdoor games and pastimes.

Undoubtedly the most famous exercise was the practice of archery. It was not the most fashionable—the joust and the tournament took the taste of the high and mighty—but it had more effect upon the history of England than any other occupation which could be termed a sport. Certainly, it was a very serious sport, but the half-legendary history

of Robin Hood proves it to have been popular and greatly admired. Skill in archery made a man a popular hero in the olden days much as extraordinary ability to compile centuries makes a man popular to-day.

The fame of the English archers reached its climax in the reign of Edward III., which saw the battles of Crecy and Poitiers—undoubtedly won almost wholly by the experts of the long-bow. So anxious, indeed, was this great monarch that the prestige of the English archers should suffer no eclipse, that he issued a proclamation that all persons should practise archery, and that the games of quoits, football, stickball, canibuca, and cock-fighting were strictly forbidden. Now, it is a well-known "law of contrary" that to command an Englishman—or English boy for that matter—to refrain from doing a

thing is the surest way to make him ache to go straight away and do it. Edward would perhaps have been wiser had he absolutely forbidden archery, and then every mother's son would have been shooting at the butts. As it was, football and cock-fighting suddenly became amazingly popular, and archery, until the proclamation dropped, was shirked whenever possible.

To the present generation, accustomed to arms of precision, and to the wonders of Bisley, the archer and his bow may not loom very large. But it must not be forgotten that he could shoot 400 yards, and could hit a very small mark at half that distance. In fact, the arrow continued to be a favourite weapon two centuries after the introduction of firearms, for six arrows could be shot while the musket, with all its clumsy paraphernalia, was being fired once only! The arrow was, moreover, a very deadly missile. At Crécy the dead lay upon each other like swathes of corn, all smitten down by the deadly flight of shafts. It was no unusual thing for an arrow to go through a man's body. Readers of *Cherry Chase* will remember the lines:—

"The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet,"

and, seeing that the arrow was a "cloth-yard long," the lines tell their own tale.

Like the fabled Ulysses, William the Conqueror was a great archer, and few could bend his bow. It is said, too, that Richard I., Cœur de Lion, with three hundred bowmen and seventeen knights, sustained the charge of the whole Turkish and Saracen Army. It was in his reign, also, that Robin Hood made the glades of Sherwood Forest for ever famous by his exploits as an outlaw and a bowman, and the great position of archery among the serious sports of England is shown by the fact that there are no less than sixty special terms applying to it.

Another sport connected with the great "game of war" was, of course, the Joust or Tournament. A general distinction between these terms is that in the first only two, and in the second many, combatants were engaged. But readers of Scott, and especially of the magnificent description of a tournament in *Ivanhoe*, where the Disinherited Knight fights and overcomes the Five Champions, one after the other, when they have together vanquished all previous comers, would not thank me for a bald description here. It would require many pages of *THE CAPTAIN* to describe at all adequately the pomp and circumstance of the Sport of Kings. A knight must have felt a knight

indeed when encased in armour and mounted on a gaily-caparisoned steed

"Like that Arthur, who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."

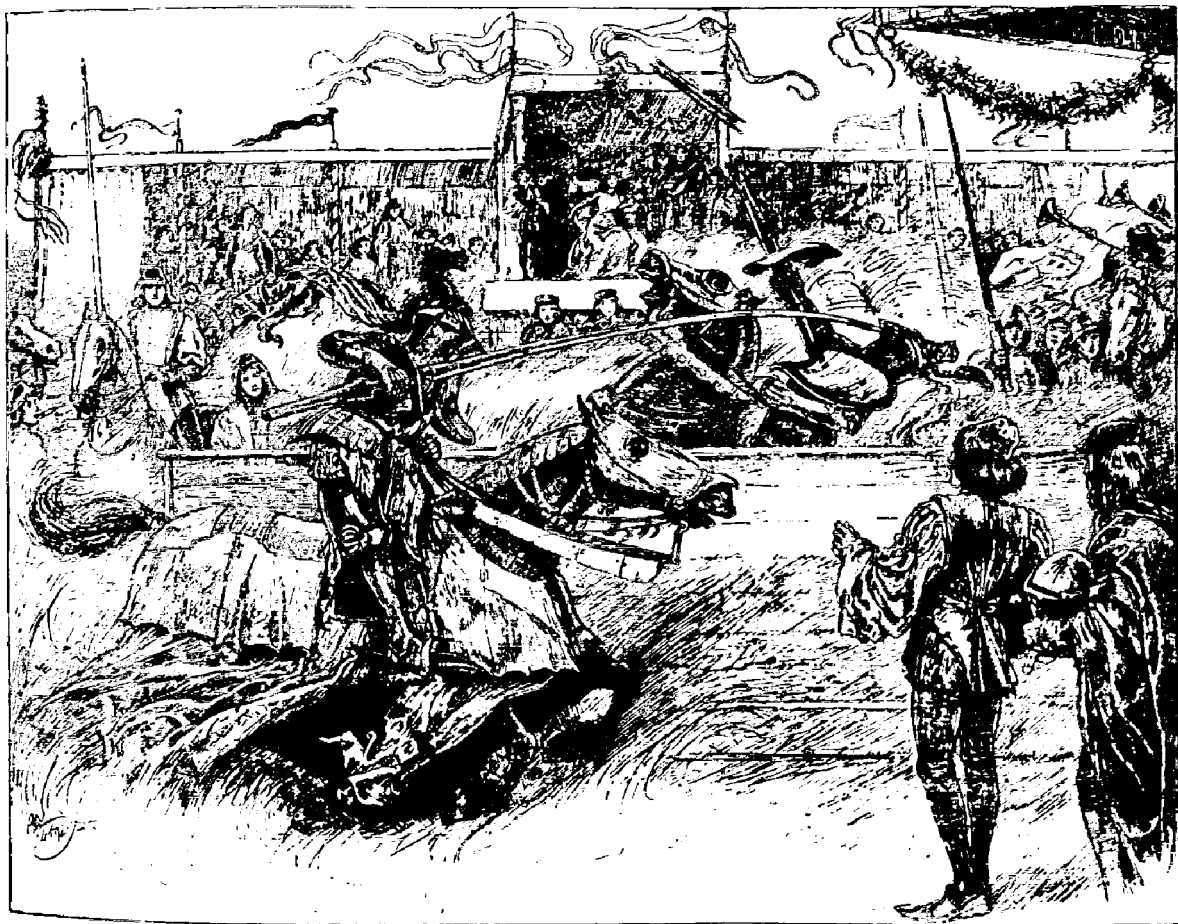
Froissart, in his *Chronicles*, gives us a description of a tournament held in London in 1389, during the reign of Richard II. Herald were sent to almost every country of Europe to proclaim the time and the occasion; knights and nobles from far and near assembled at the summons; so that London, anticipating by five hundred years this imperial age, was thronged with warriors of every clime and language. Smithfield was at that time outside the walls, and there the lists were marked out and temporary chambers and pavilions constructed for the accommodation of the Court. When the "solemnity" was about to commence, sixty horses, richly accoutred, were led to the lists by squires, accompanied by heralds and minstrels; after which sixty ladies followed on palfreys, each lady leading an armed knight by a chain of silver. Every evening the two victors received a golden crown and a rich girdle adorned with precious stones. For five successive days the tournament continued, and then the immense cavalcade went to Windsor, where the games were continued five days longer.

It was by no means an uncommon thing for one knight to challenge another to a peculiar joust—something analogous to an obstacle race in modern athletics. The course in these cases would be run perhaps on very rough ground, where the inequalities of the surface were more likely to unhorse the knight than was the lance of his opponent. Or they might tilt upon a narrow bridge where, unless the riders were very wary, they would be precipitated into the stream below. It is even recorded that, in consequence of a formal challenge at Otterburn (*Chevy Chase*) between an English and a Scottish knight, such a combat took place upon Old London Bridge. But, although this age was the noon of chivalry, these tournaments often degenerated into free fights, and much blood flowed, yet it must be added that when the King, or other person presiding, threw down the warder and cried, "Ho!" in an instant the fiercest strife was suspended, the mailed warriors standing as motionless as statues of bronze.

The game of quintain was, of course, an imitation of the knightly tournament, which

was itself out of the reach of the common people. It stood to the tournament much as hockey stands to polo. The village green, which has had so much to do with the making of the brain and muscle of Englishmen—the thews which have thrown the world, as Tennyson puts it—was the scene of the game of tilting at the quintain. This was one of the sports in which the spectator came off best. He had only to do the laughing. It was very usual to tilt at a Turk's head, evidently a relic of the Crusades. The Mussul-

almost as usual for the 'prentices, and even the sober citizens of London, to swarm down to the banks of Father Thames to witness this sport as it is for them now to flock to the Oval. A shield was firmly tied to a post in the stream. The contestants, spears levelled, took their stand in separate boats, which were then rowed at great speed towards the shield. The player who missed the shield altogether took an impromptu "header." The one who hit the shield with force insufficient to splinter the spear, took, on the contrary, a



"FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT."

man held a sabre in his hand, and if the player failed to strike his dummy foe fairly betwixt the eyes, the wretched thing, swinging round on its pivot, caught the rider a fearful whack on the "coker-nut." A bag of sand was often substituted for the sabre, and if anything this caused more fun than the other, for it came round with a tremendous wallop and not infrequently unseated the rider in the most ignominious fashion.

Another and even more amusing form of this old sport was Water-quintain. It was

back-somersault over the thwarts of the boat. Only the one who hit the target so dexterously as to break his spear might hope to escape a ducking. A favourite method of playing water-quintain partook more of the character of a real tournament, for the combatants tilted at each other, and the consequent wetting was as often mutual as not.

One of the oldest games in the world may still be seen, especially in the North of England, any day in the week. Whether a company of English bowlers or a group of Scot-



TILTING AT THE QUINTAIN. IF THE PLAYER FAILED TO STRIKE HIS DUMMY FOE BETWEEN THE EYES, ROUND SWUNG A SANDBAG, AND AS OFTEN AS NOT UNSEATED HIM.

tish curlers go through the more fantastic contortions, it would be hard to say. They each seem to think that the more they squirm and bend the surer will their "wood" or "stone" lie alongside the "Jack." Bowling is so old that its origin is lost in obscurity. Every schoolboy knows, however, that Drake made the game historical. What could be more typical, not only of the easy confidence of the race in its inherent ability to "lick creation," but also of the ingrained passion of every Englishman for outdoor games? "There's plenty of time to win the game and to thrash the Spaniards too," said Drake as he deliberately took sight and bowled at the Jack—and there was!

At one period bowling was in very bad repute. The "greens" and bowling-alleys (for use in wet weather) became the resort of gamblers, swindlers, and all manner of dissolute fellows. Such was the pitch to which excitement rose that men neglected house and home and family for play. Undoubtedly this was owing to the gambling element al-

most inseparably connected at that time with the game.

The English Queen commonly known as "Bloody Mary," was an enthusiastic and skilful bowler, and so was the Merrie Monarch, Charles II. The King's bowling-green was at Spring Gardens, near the site upon which the London County Council meet to-day. It was, despite its Royal patronage, the scene of riot and drunkenness. Nevertheless, in the grounds of private people, the game, both amongst ladies and gentlemen, remained popular and pure, and there are few more enjoyable games, when played well, even in these days of cricket and golf.

In the British Museum are a mallet and a ball, the only ones in existence of their kind, which together gave its name to a famous street, for "Pall" took its name from ball and "Mall" from mallet. The game of Pall Mall was a cross between ancient golf and modern croquet. Golf was, undoubtedly, its forerunner, and probably its parent, while croquet is as certainly its offspring. Pall

Mall is not only fairly ancient but, like golf, it is "Royal." Charles II., who seems to have been prodigiously fond of games, was no mean player. Even Samuel Pepys, who wrote frankly because he wrote in cipher, allows as much. But it was a very difficult game. The Mall (the name came to mean the ground) was half a mile in length, and iron arches were distributed at regular distances through which the ball was required to pass. But the *tour de force* was reserved for the final stroke. An iron hoop was suspended from a pole at a considerable height from the ground, and through this the player had to strike the ball.

Golf is a very old game. In its primitive form it was by no means confined to Scotland. In England, however, it was more a boys' than a men's game, and was played in a somewhat haphazard fashion upon the commons and heaths that then abounded. In the old chronicles it is spelt as pronounced, "Goff." Skittles, too, was a favourite pastime, as it is in many parts to-day. Skittle-alleys were very common and much resorted to. The nine-pins were set up on a wooden frame, three pins square on each side. The angle and not the even side was presented

to the players, who stood at a distance of 21 feet. There would be one or two players a side, and the object of each side was to "floor" the greatest number of pins in the least number of throws. The pins were set up by a boy after each throw, and it was his duty to call out the number of the slain. The ball was no mean weapon, for it weighed from eight to fourteen pounds. One step forward was allowed, and the player who could clear the board in two casts was considered a "class-player." Quoits belongs to this category, but as it is exactly the same game to-day as of old I need not enlarge upon it. The Discus Thrower, a Greek statue which may be seen in the British Museum, shows what an ancient game it is. Single-stick, sword and buckler, and the like, were always in vogue, and more especially when these things were useful for self-defence. They took the place which boxing holds now. It was a picturesque sight to see the whole village turn out to witness a bout between two acknowledged champions of sword and buckler play, but, with all its lusty merit, it was not to be compared with the great art of swordsmanship of which the French and Italians were the acknowledged masters, and



BOWLS—THE MOST POPULAR OUTDOOR RECREATION AT ONE TIME.

where the weapon was sword and buckler combined, being as efficient for defence as for attack.

Football was a game "of a sort" from very early times, but in its scientific form it is of recent origin. It was invariably played on Shrove Tuesday, if upon no other day of the year, and so far from twenty-two to thirty men alone being engaged, it drew all the town. Indeed, until quite recently, it was a custom in one or two places in England for hundreds of men and boys to kick a football along the public streets upon Shrove Tues-

goal of their antagonists, which, if they achieve, the game is won. The abilities of the performers are best displayed in attacking and defending the goal; when the exercise becomes exceeding violent, the players kick each other's shins without the least compunction, and some of them are overthrown at the hazard of their limbs." A footnote adds, "The goal is usually made with two sticks driven into the ground about two or three feet apart" !

It is probable that both tennis and racquets grew out of the game of hand-ball. The



SWORD AND BUCKLER ONCE OCCUPIED THE PLACE THAT BOXING NOW HOLDS.

day. Even as early as the seventeenth century Strutt gives the following quaint description of the game which to-day attracts more spectators than any other:—"When a match at football is made, two parties, each containing an equal number of competitors, take the field, and stand between two goals, placed at the distance of eighty or a hundred yards the one from the other; the ball, which is commonly made of a blown bladder, and cased with leather, is delivered in the midst of the ground, and the object of either party is to drive it through the

name tennis is a corruption of "Tenez!" the exclamation employed by the early French players when delivering the ball. Originally it was played in the open air, like the modern lawn-tennis, but later closed courts were built, which, as the game developed, became an essential part of it. Originally the palm of the bare hand was used for striking the ball; then a glove was allowed; then, as players became more skilful, the necessity for getting more speed on the ball was felt, and strings and cross-strings were stretched across the glove to give a faster impulse. It will

readily be seen that it but needed the addition of a handle to make the modern racket. Tennis is a most technical game—full of points—and it takes an expert to play it well. Lawn-tennis, its modern offshoot, is, of course, infinitely more simple.

Readers of Scott's novel, *The Betrothed*, are familiar with falconry as practised by our ancestors. It is one of the most ancient as well as most picturesque of field sports. It was introduced from the East, and exercised an extraordinary fascination upon kings and princes, who

head of the bird was covered with a hood, and its feet secured to the wrist by strips of leather called "josses." Small bells were also attached to its legs by a little strap of leather called a "bewit." The use of the bells was to direct the falconer by their tinkling to the place where the hawk had killed its prey. The bells were often toned to the musical scale. The heron was, of course, the principal quarry of the falcon, and for this purpose heronries were strictly preserved. It is a remarkable fact that the first thing a heron does when pursued by a hawk is to



THE HOBBY-HORSE.

spent fabulous sums on its pursuit. The sport of falconry is often represented in tapestry, and some good specimens are easily accessible to readers of *THE CAPTAIN* in the Science and Art Museum, South Kensington.

Edward III. was an enthusiastic hawk. In one of his warlike expeditions to France he took thirty falconers with him, and he appears to have hawked and fought by turns with equal ardour. When the hawk was carried it was generally upon the wrist, which was protected by a thick glove; the

disgorge all the fish or other food it has taken, in order to lighten itself for flight.

The early English poets, and especially Shakespeare, make many allusions to this fashionable sport. Indeed, an acquaintance with the language of contemporary sports is necessary to the understanding of many an obscure passage which was perfectly plain to the "man in the street" in those days. An instance of this use by Shakespeare of the terms of falconry occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, where the lady cries, as Romeo is leaving her:—

"Oh, for a falconer's voice
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!"

Bear- and bull-baiting and cock-fighting were sports in which our ancestors delighted. The two former were by no means devoid of danger. The exciting scene in *Sandford and Merton*, where the baited bull breaks loose and runs "amok," was by no means wholly fanciful. Of course we owe the peculiar development of the English bulldog to this so-called sport—hence his undeserved reputation for viciousness.

All great lords had bears cooped up in well-protected spaces in their grounds; hence the term "bear-garden," for when the sport was in progress the noise was deafening. There is still a bear-garden or *zwinger* in the grounds of the Coburg family. Two hundred years ago the bears broke loose from this very garden and entered the banqueting hall while the family were at dinner. The duchess, with wonderful presence of mind, took up a plate of sweets and carried it to them, thus pacifying the brutes.

There used to be a cock-pit in every considerable town in England. Hogarth has a celebrated etching of the cock-pit which used to be in Birdcage Walk, St. James' Park, in which the villainous, though very often aristocratic, character of the spectators is plainly shown. For fighting purposes a game-cock was stripped of its comb, wattles, tail feathers, and spurs. The hackle feathers of the neck

were cut close, the feathers in the back shortened, and the points of the wing feathers cut away. A bird thus prepared for the fray was said to be "cut out." Its natural spurs were replaced, of course, by artificial ones of steel or silver. I have before me a very curious old book, entitled *The Royal Pastime of Cock-Fighting*, which was published in 1709. The author, in a long-winded preface, in which he stoutly defends the cruel custom, says: "If not for Combate, why was the Fighting-Cock created? Why has he that extraordinary Hardness and Valour peculiar to him alone given him, and for what other end was this Stout and Daring Champion made, if not to Fight? How any one can prove Cock-fighting to be unlawful, or wicked, I cannot imagine, seeing God Almighty has nowhere declared against it!"

On Shrove Tuesday it was usual for school-boys to take a cock to school, which was, for the nonce, turned into a cock-pit. It was also common to set the cock up as a mark and hurl sticks at the wretched bird until it was killed. One of the very earliest English novels, entitled, *The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland*, describes such a scene, and the rescue of the bird by the hero. From this custom originated the term, "cock-shy." Altogether, chanticleer seems to have had a bad time in those days. Yet these, forsooth, were the "Good" Old Times!

KINDNESS.

NO young man is better liked than he who has a genuine interest in the aged and little children, in poor lads and in weak people. People mention with pathetic delight that although such and such a man be so able, yet none is more mindful, and here it is interesting to note how the mind is brought under subjection to the heart, for when we say mindful we do not mean intellectual, but helpful. Women who create around them a quiet and genial atmosphere will never want for grateful subjects. Hot temper is condoned by the world if there be in the man a heart of love yet greater than the passing flash of rage. People will put up with hasty words and discourteous actions for the true heart which is behind them, and will remember the shining of the sun long after they have forgotten the thunderstorm. Many a sinner against God and man has been forgiven both in heaven and earth because he loved much. No cleverness and no success can redeem heartlessness. People who are not constant and sympathetic, who are showy and affected, may imagine that they are admired—they are really detested. The chief crown of life is the love of your fellow men, and that is ever given to those who have a heart.—
From "THE HOMELY VIRTUES," BY JOHN WATSON, D.D.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. VI.—SANDVIG and ST. XAVIER.



WHEN Hercules Dousman was chief factor for the Astor Company at Prairie du Chien, he used frequently to tell the story of Sandvig and St. Xavier, who were perhaps as oddly assorted a pair of friends and partners as ever got together.

• They were trappers.

Old Sandvig was a flax-haired Norse giant who stood six feet four in his moccasins, weighed over two hundred pounds, and had not an ounce of flesh to spare. Denis St. Xavier was a dwarf in size, black as an Indian, and bow-legged as a *voyageur* boatman. Ole was the soul of good humour; Denis was choleric and at times rashly abusive. Both, however, were of undoubted courage, and more than once the hot-headed little French-Canadian was rescued from the perils of a dangerous quarrel by the prowess and vast strength of his big partner.

There had been a protracted and severe drought in the upper Mississippi country, and the smaller streams and lakes had all gone dry. Fur-bearing creatures were driven in upon the large streams and the Mississippi itself became prime trapping-ground for gathering beaver, muskrat, mink, and otter pelts. As there was little snow for several winters, many of the trappers made their daily rounds upon skates, and thus covered a wide extent of territory.

During the last of these dry years Sandvig and St. Xavier chose trapping-grounds some fifty miles below Prairie du Chien and above the mouth of an Iowa river. There were, as these trappers believed, no Indians wintering nearer than the villages of the Sacs and Foxes some distance away, and they put out long lines of traps without attempt at concealment.

One night in November there came a "dry freeze" which scaled the Mississippi over

with glare ice, and when, on the following day, the trappers went their rounds on skates, both were much astonished and mystified to find that every trap had been stolen on each bank of the river.

When they compared experiences at night, they came to the conclusion that Indians must be lurking in the neighbourhood. On the next morning they skated down the Mississippi to the mouth of the little river some miles below their shack, and there discovered traces of two canoes which had evidently broken through a thin scum of ice in making their way up-stream.

Instantly the mystery of the stolen traps was solved. Indians had, early on the night of the first freeze, gathered the whole "line." In returning in their canoes, they had found the mouth of the small stream thinly covered with ice.

St. Xavier broke out in a frightful temper, and to Ole's advice that they secure aid from the trappers up the river he would not listen. What were five, six, ten pilfering Indians, he asked, that two good men should fear them? Had not Baptiste Le Bon gone alone to Wabasha's Sioux village after his stolen gun, and didn't he make them give it up? Well, then!

And so the two skated on up the little river in search of the thieves.

And they ran quite suddenly upon an Indian village of newly built lodges—a dozen or fifteen of them—upon a marsh island formed by an arm, or broad bayou, of the river. The lodges were of woven willow built in a marsh of tall corn-stalk grass, with closely tied bundles of which they were heavily thatched. They were protected from fires by the watercourses, and from the winds of winter by the thick fringes of willows.

The trappers boldly approached this Iowa town, walking up a narrow path where the swaying cornstalk tops brushed Ole Sandvig's shoulders.

But when, on arriving at the lodge of the

chief, they found that Conkey John, a notorious Musquakie scallawag, was "head man," they abandoned all hope of immediately recovering their traps. Only the summer before, at "The Prairie," St. Xavier had offended this redoubtable scoundrel by telling him some emphatic truths about his dishonourable career.

Nevertheless, the trappers boldly entered Conkey John's tepée, and demanded their traps and pelts. Conkey John's answer was characteristic of that wily thief. The fellow

Chien empty-handed, and the sensible Norwegian wished to make a prudent retreat from so dangerous a nest of freebooters.

A wind which had risen that morning had increased to a gale, and was blowing directly in their faces as the trappers put on their skates at the lower extremity of the island. Ole Sandvig cast several furtive glances behind him and cocked his gun. When he had securely fastened his skates, the Norseman rose to peer over the tops of the waving grass.

At the same moment St. Xavier's rifle



HE TORE THROUGH THE CROWD OF SAVAGES LIKE A CANNON BALL.

had picked up, somehow, a fair smattering of English.

"Ho! You tlaps?" he inquired. "Heap Sac up libber (river). He go by las' night. Him have many tlaps; heap muslat; heap skin."

The trappers knew Conkey John lied, for his shrewdly twinkling eyes betrayed his appreciation of their certitude.

St. Xavier poured forth a torrent of angry threats, until Sandvig, dragging him from the lodge, compelled him to be quiet. There was nothing for it but to return to Prairie du

cracked. Sandvig turned to see that the angry Frenchman had fired into a thick tuft of grass. Instantly Ole darted forward to smother the first tiny shoot of flame, but the wily Denis tripped him, and both men sprawled on the ice.

Before Sandvig could regain his feet, flames, blown upon by the gale, leaped higher than his head.

"Now come!" he shouted angrily to his mate. "Ve sall bote be killed, unless ve skate mighty fast!"

But St. Xavier could not skate at all. In

the collision with Sandvig he had broken a runner. He was already unbuckling his useless skates. He looked up, grinning ruefully. "De las' of St. Xavier," he said. "Ole, you geet out of dis."

The big Norwegian glared at his audacious partner for an instant while the flames crackled and roared inland. "De onliest time," St. Xavier used to say afterward, "dat ever I see Ole Sandvig mad."

Ole wasted no words in his wrath. He flung off his greasy leather coat, cut off the sleeves, and ripped them into string. Then he seized the little Frenchman, bundled him into the armless garment, and made the live package fast to his belt behind. Then, leaving both their guns upon the ice, he skated away into the teeth of the wind.

Thus helplessly dragged, St. Xavier looked back to see the Indian town already ablaze and the helpless Musquakies, men, women, and children, running out upon the ice. Now that he had time to reflect, he doubted if, with his short legs and heavy body, he could even have skated away from those Indians. Some of them would of course cross the V-shaped peninsula between the rivers to throw themselves across Ole's path, and others would follow directly upon his trail.

Ole was a magnificent skater, but St. Xavier knew himself to be a heavy drag. He wished he had clung to his gun and made Ole save himself.

The big Norseman bent against the fierce wind and plied his skates with might and main. If only he could make the turn, some three or four miles distant, and get started with the wind before those Indians should cross the neck! That was Ole's sole hope of escape.

Not once did the swift skater look behind. Bent almost double, he turned curve after curve of the river, and the helpless St. Xavier slipped and slewed, and sometimes rolled over and over at his heels. A half-hour's struggle against the fierce gale left Ole pretty well blown when the turn came; and even then he dared not abate his tremendous exertions. He skated almost at the speed of the gale for two miles or more.

Then, in emerging from an island channel, the skater saw that his long and exhausting spurt had been without avail.

The fleet-footed Musquakie runners were ahead of him. Ranged across the ice-channel, a score of Indians stood ready to converge their line upon any point at which he might aim. And owing to the great drought, the

channel was less than a quarter of a mile in width.

At first Ole was inclined to turn back and race against the wind again. Then his shrewd eyes, running along the row of clearly outlined figures, noted that the Indians were armed, if armed at all, with their knives only. Seeing that he and St. Xavier had discarded their guns, they had themselves raced across the neck in lightest running gear; and so Sandvig, gathering his energies for a mighty burst of speed, bore down upon the left wing of the enemy.

Their centre and right swung about in a sliding, scrambling semicircle to close in upon him. Instead of attempting to dodge the gathering knot in his front, Sandvig drove straight at the group. He knocked two Indians out of his path, and tore through the crowd of savages like a cannon-ball. Nevertheless, he felt an extra tug at his rope, and glancing behind saw that an Indian was clinging to one of St. Xavier's feet.

Ole then gave himself up for lost. His speed was greatly retarded by this fresh clog, and a horde of yelling Indians was at his heels. But St. Xavier drew the sliding Indian toward him by simply doubling his legs, and then delivered a kick with his free foot which, being well directed, rid him of his incubus.

Nevertheless, Ole, tired and breathless, was now no more than a match for the Indian runners. These were clad only in shirts and leggings, and, almost as sure-footed as the skater, leapt and slid on their moccasins now almost as fast as the tired trapper travelled on his steel runners.

At the end of another quarter-hour the pursuers were running like a persistent wolf-pack close upon Ole's heels. Ten or twelve of them were so close that a single mishap would pile them, in a vengeful heap, upon Ole and St. Xavier.

As for the Frenchman, he found some satisfaction in shouting defiance at the Musquakies. Having one free arm, he also flourished at them a knife which he held ready, at the last extremity, to cut the thong above his head and thus leave Ole free to fight or save himself, as he should choose.

The Indians made no answer to St. Xavier's revilings. Like the skater, they bent every energy upon winning the hotly contested race, for they were pricked on by the keenest of savage incentives—the lust for revenge. Even when one fell forward upon all fours, as now and then happened, the fierce wind



THE INDIANS SAW THEIR DANGER, BUT TOO LATE.

and his own impetus bore him forward until, catlike, he had regained his feet without perceptible loss of speed.

Thus the race continued; then, in turning an island, the skater caught the glimmer of an almost imperceptible line of white blisters, or ice-bubbles, a hundred yards in front of him. There, he knew, was a streak of thin ice where a swift cross-current ran round the island bars. He had already avoided several such air-holes, but now he continued straight on.

He slackened his speed until a dozen or

more of the Indians were almost upon him. These were gripping their knives for a final and desperate rush when the cunning skater darted aside at a sharp angle, avoiding the ice-bubbles by a dangerous margin.

The ice cracked under him, and St. Xavier's heels actually broke through as Sandvig, quartering the wind in a mighty swoop, shot past the thin strip in a flight like that of a wheeling hawk.

The Indians saw their danger, but too late. In vain they flung themselves upon their faces or their backs in the hope to slide over the

cracking ice. The foremost broke through in a twinkling, and, one after another, a dozen plumped into the widening breach and floundered up to their armpits and necks in a freezing current.

St. Xavier howled with joy. Ole Sandvig, too, stopped at a safe distance to get his breath and then to indulge in a great Norse roar of laughter.

The pursuit was effectively checked. The stalled Musquakies had, in fact, hard enough work to save their lives. Sandvig and St.

Xavier were a mile away when the last one was fished out over the bending, breaking ice.

The trappers reached Prairie du Chien that evening, and there Sandvig cut loose from his partnership with St. Xavier. He declared he would have nothing further to do with such a venturesome fool.

"Nevertheless," Dousman was wont to add, "after Denis had moped about the fort for several months, like a love-sick and disappointed squaw, the two went off together again."

AN INCIDENT IN THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

The Gallant Action at Hamoten.

By a Japanese Reader of "The Captain."



THE JAPANESE LANDING AT DALNY ON MAY 14TH, AS SEEN BY A JAPANESE WAR CORRESPONDENT.

THE Russians were badly beaten at Chû-lieng-cheng, and were compelled to retire. They were pursued by the Imperial Guards and the 2nd Division, which attacked the two flanks, and the Russians, who in order to retreat had to pass through a narrow valley, after traversing some two-thirds of the way were confronted by a small column belonging to the 12th Division, which, as by previous orders, was there to cut off the retreat. This small column was commanded by a Captain Maki-

gawa, whose stubborn resistance against overwhelming odds resulted in the disorderly rout which followed.

Makigawa was posted in the narrow defile with 200 men and 400 rounds of ammunition. The Russians were 6 regiments strong with 20 guns—in fact, the whole of the army retreating from Chû-lieng-cheng. This force Makigawa held at bay for 4 hours.

The Russians, never expecting any obstructions, were coming along easily when the Japanese opened fire upon them. They pulled

up hastily, but on seeing the small number of the enemy, the Cossacks charged their position, only to be killed or have their horses shot under them. Not one came near enough to be able to use his carbine with any effect on the Japanese.

The Russians on seeing this planted their guns and shelled the Japanese position, while their infantry poured volley after volley into the brave little defenders; but even under this galling fire the Japanese held their ground, and Makigawa, encouraging his men, said, each time a Russian bit the dust: "Well done, boys! This is the way to fight!"

Soon the ammunition gave out, and, as no help was forthcoming, Captain Makigawa decided to win or lose it all by one final charge.

Addressing his men thus: "Comrades, we are from Kyūshin" (a province famed since

time immemorial for its brave men), "and are here to do honour to our Emperor and country—Charge!!" he led his men and rushed the Russian position, losing many but at last carrying all before him. The Cossacks, seeing no alternative to retreating but turning back and charging, mustered their force and came at full speed into the Japanese. A furious hand to hand fight ensued, horses and men writhing underfoot in their agonising death struggles. By this time the Guards and 2nd Division had come up, and the Russians, seeing the enemy reinforced, fled helter-skelter up the sides of the valley or anywhere away from the stubborn, fighting Japanese.

T. Makigawa



THE FIGHT AT ANJU EARLY IN MAY.

Drawn by a Japanese War Correspondent.



THE STAMPS OF THE SUDAN. . An Elementary Lesson in Specialising.

WHAT IS SPECIALISM?

THE older generation of philatelists have always maintained that the best training a beginner can have is to start as a general collector. They contend, and rightly, that an all-round knowledge of the stamps of the world familiarises him with all kinds of varieties of engraving, printing, paper, perforation, &c., and that such knowledge, so necessary for a thorough philatelic education, is not to be had in the circumscribed issues of any one country. Moreover, once a collector begins to specialise the desire to collect everything dies a natural death, and there is rarely a return to general collecting.

He who has had a grounding in general collecting can always examine with intelligent interest the treasures of a fellow collector, whatever may be the country of his choice; whereas he who has begun as a specialist, as some do, has, by his too early restriction, limited his opportunities of understanding and enjoying those countries that lie outside his own speciality. Specialism unfortunately means exclusiveness in collecting, in sympathy, and in philatelic sociability. Nevertheless, it is a necessity of the times. It is, indeed, unavoidable. The stamps of the world are now so numerous that very few can even pretend to collect everything. As a matter of fact, general collecting for most people resolves itself into picking up odds and ends of a miscellaneous lot of countries, and making but a poor show at the best. The specialist, on the other hand, by concentrating his attention on a single country or group may hope to reach some sort of completeness. The stamps of the world, like the coins of the world, are now far too large an order for any collector to manage with credit. But the modest one country collector who is content to select a country within his means, may, by close study and patient and judicious collecting, win the admiration of his fellow collectors for completeness and condition, the high water marks of all collecting.

Specialism is the concentration of attention

on the stamps of one chosen country, or group. It means the collection and study of all clearly defined varieties of engraving, printing, paper, watermark, perforation, and shades of colour, and some add cancellations, proofs, essays, reprints, and forgeries.

From a specialist's point of view a postage stamp is liable to many variations in the process of production. First the design is engraved. That engraving, in after years, may be retouched by the engraver to repair wear and tear, or to effect some improvement. Then the stamps are printed, first it may be from steel plates, then from lithographic stones. The paper used may be changed from wove to laid, from thick to thin, from plain to coloured. Printing ink, even in the best printing establishment, varies in shade. Perforating machines wear out, and have to be changed. And all these changes, to which a postage stamp is liable, give rise to varieties that are duly collected, chronicled, and classified by the specialist.

HOW TO CHOOSE A COUNTRY.

THE choice of a country must be determined either by the money the collector is prepared to spend, the time he is able and willing to give to its collection and study, or by the facilities he may possess for securing such stamps as he needs, or by all three combined.

If the postal issues of a country stretch far back into the early days of postal history, then quite a little fortune may be needed. Some countries are easy to understand and classify, but when the issues of a country are complicated much time will have to be expended in its study.

Our older Colonies, such as the Australian, and some of the West Indian, make heavy calls upon the collector's purse, even in their cheapest form. But there are many of our newer colonies and protectorates whose issues have been few as yet, and are, therefore, still within the reach of modest expenditure. It is from these that the young collector should make his choice for his first experiment in specialising.

THE STAMPS OF THE SUDAN.

By way of an elementary lesson in specialising

let us take one of those newer countries, and go through its issues, and examine and classify them as for a specialised collection. For this purpose it would be hard to make a better choice than the stamps of the Sudan, an important territory under British administration, and ranking as a British Colony. Its postal history commences with 1897, in which year the then current stamps of Egypt were overprinted in native characters, and in English with the word "Soudan," for use in the reconquered territory. Then followed in the next year stamps of special design with a camel and its rider, and inscribed "Sudan Postage," perf. 14, watermarked with a cross. The "cross" of the watermark was said to be objectionable to the Mahometan population, and it is being changed to a multiple crescent and star. And there is just one provisional, a 5m. on 5 pias, issued in 1903. Very little attention has yet been paid to the stamps of the Sudan, for they are regarded as being too recent, too few, and too lacking in varieties to attract the specialist. It will, therefore, be news to many that the stamps of the first issue are, like many other first issues, full of interesting minor varieties that have passed unnoticed and uncatalogued.

1897.—The first postage stamps issued for use in the Sudan were the current stamps of Egypt overprinted in black with the word "Soudan," and over it the equivalent in Arabic characters. These stamps were designed for use in the post offices between Wadi-Halfa and the Egyptian frontier, under the management of the British authorities. The chroniclers at the time rather hastily announced that the overprint differed in type on every stamp in the sheet. On every row of the sheet would have been nearer the mark. There are six well-defined types of the Arabic overprint. What I shall term the normal setting has the comma-like characters in the centre and the last characters level. The types are as follows :—

1. Normal, i.e., commas and last character level.
2. Commas level, but last character dropped.
3. Second comma and last character, both dropped.
4. Second comma tailless.
5. Last character wider spaced.
6. Central dot omitted from first character.

The stamps of Egypt which were overprinted were in sheets of 120, in two panes of sixty, one above the other, each pane consisting of six rows of ten stamps. I have had the opportunity of examining complete panes of each value. Each row in each pane is made up throughout of one of the varieties in the above list, as follows :—

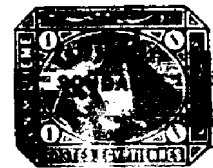
- 1st row, all type I. Normal.
 - 2nd row, all type 3. Second comma and last character, both dropped.
 - 3rd row, all type 2. Commas level but last character dropped.
 - 4th row, all type 5. Last character wider spaced.
 - 5th row, all type 2. Same as 3rd row.
 - 6th row, all type 4. Second comma tailless.
- Type 6. Central dot omitted from the first character. This omitted dot variety is the first stamp in the fifth row of the bottom pane. I have found this variety in the 2m. and 3m. only. It is not to be found in any of the top panes that I have examined.
- The accompanying photographic reproduction of a vertical row illustrates each variety.



TYPE I.
Normal, i.e., commas and last character level.



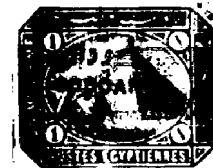
TYPE III.
Second comma and last character, both dropped.



TYPE II.
Commas level, but last character dropped.



TYPE V.
Last character wider spaced.



TYPE II.
Same as third row.



TYPE IV.
Second comma tailless.

Wmk. Crescent and Star. Perf. 14.
Type 1. Normal.

	Unused.	Used.
1 mil. brown	0 3	0 3
2 mila. green	0 3	0 3
3 mila. orange	0 4	0 4

	Unused.	Used.
5 mils. carmine	0 5	0 5
1 pias. ultramarine	0 8	0 8
2 pias. orange-brown	1 6	1 6
5 pias. slate	3 0	2 6
10 pias. violet	5 6	5 0

Type 2. Commas level, but last character dropped.

	Unused.	Used.
1 mil. brown	0 3	0 3
2 mils. green	0 3	0 3
3 mils. orange	0 4	0 4
5 mils. carmine	0 5	0 5
1 pias. ultramarine	0 8	0 8
2 pias. orange-brown	1 6	1 6
5 pias. slate	3 0	2 6
10 pias. violet	5 6	5 0

Type 3. Second comma and last character, both dropped.

	Unused.	Used.
1 mil. brown	0 3	0 3
2 mils. green	0 3	0 3
3 mils. orange	0 4	0 4
5 mils. carmine	0 5	0 5
1 pias. ultramarine	0 8	0 8
2 pias. orange-brown	1 6	1 6
5 pias. slate	3 0	2 6
10 pias. violet	5 6	5 0

Type 4. Second comma tailless.

	Unused.	Used.
1 mil. brown	0 3	0 3
2 mils. green	0 3	0 3
3 mils. orange	0 4	0 4
5 mils. carmine	0 5	0 5
1 pias. ultramarine	0 8	0 8
2 pias. orange-brown	1 6	1 6
5 pias. slate	3 0	2 6
10 pias. violet	5 6	5 0

Type 5. Last character wider spaced.

	Unused.	Used.
1 mil. brown	0 3	0 3
2 mils. green	0 3	0 3
3 mils. orange	0 4	0 4
5 mils. carmine	0 5	0 5
1 pias. ultramarine	0 8	0 8
2 pias. orange-brown	1 6	1 6
5 pias. slate	3 0	2 6
10 pias. violet	5 6	5 0

Type 6. Central dot omitted from first character.

2 mils. green	—	—
3 mils. orange	—	—

Overprint inverted.

It is stated that only one pane of sixty stamps of the 1 millieme value was issued with the overprint inverted. It is of course to be found with all the varieties noted above. I should be inclined to doubt the statement that only one pane has been found with the overprint inverted. Dealers would not be likely to offer copies of a stamp at 15s. each of which only sixty copies were known.

1m. brown	15 0	—
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In all six varieties of the overprint

1898.—The *Journal Official* published at Cairo on the 28th February, 1898, contained the following announcement:—"New postage stamps of 1, 2, 3, and 5 mil., 1, 2, 5, and 10 piastres, will be issued on the 1st March, 1898, for the prepayment of postage of letters, &c., originating in the Sudan. A stock of these stamps will also be kept at the Financial Secretary's office, War Office, Cairo, where they may be purchased." In accordance with this notice, new stamps of the size and design illustrated were put into

circulation. They were printed by Messrs. De la Rue, watermarked with what has been



variously termed a Maltese cross, a quatrefoil, and a flower, and prf. 14. They were printed in two colours, the centre in one colour and the frame in another, and were arranged in two panes, one above the other, each pane consisting of sixty stamps in five

horizontal rows of twelve. Each pane was surrounded on the three outer sides by two lines of colour, the inner line of the colour of the centre, and the outer line of the colour of the frame of the stamp. Across the centre of the sheet there is a single line to each pane, formed of the two colours, in alternate slips the width of a stamp; and in the space between the panes are two narrow labels, extending across the sheet, composed of vertical lines in a frame, all in the colour of the centre of the stamp.

Wmk. Quatrefoil. Perf. 14.

- 1 mil. frame carmine; centre brown.
- 2 mil. frame deep brown; centre green.
- 3 mil. frame green; centre mauve.
- 5 mil. frame black; centre carmine.
- 1 pias. frame brown; centre blue.
- 2 pias. frame blue; centre black.
- 5 pias. frame green; centre brown.
- 10 pias. frame mauve; centre black.

1902-4.—It is stated that the Soudanese sheikhs objected to the watermark cross on the stamps, and brought the matter to the notice of the Sirdar. Lord Kitchener thereupon is said to have given immediate orders that the star and crescent watermark was to figure on the next issue.

Whether this story be true or not the Maltese cross watermark has been changed for a multiple crescent and star watermark. The change was effected as the supplies of the objectionable watermark were exhausted. The colours remain as before.

Wmk. Crescent and Star. Perf. 14.

- 1 mil. frame carmine; centre brown.
- 2 mil. frame deep brown; centre green.
- 3 mil. frame green; centre mauve.
- 5 mil. frame black; centre carmine.
- 1 pias. frame brown; centre blue.
- 2 pias. frame blue; centre black.
- 5 pias. frame green; centre brown.
- 10 pias. frame mauve; centre black.

1903.—Having run short of the 5 millieme value, 50,000 of the 5 piastres value were surcharged "5 millieme," in black across the centre of each stamp. One sheet of 120 was found with the surcharge inverted.

Wmk. Quatrefoil. Perf. 14.

"5 milliemes," on 5 piastres, green and brown.

Surcharge Inverted.

5 milliemes, on 5 piastres, green and brown.

THE DUFFER.

By R. S. WARREN BELL, *Author of "J. O. Jones," "The Long 'Un," &c.*

Illustrated by GORDON BROWNE, R.I.

SYNOPSIS.

THIS story concerns the fortunes of George Wellington Denver, a boy of sixteen, who spends several years at Silverdown, a public school, without achieving anything creditable. Finally, being very miserable, and anxious to escape from a disreputable set he is mixed up with, he procures his expulsion by breaking a very strict rule. On hearing that George has purposely brought this dishonour on himself, his father, Dr. Denver, gives the boy a severe horse-whipping. The thrashing is brought to an end by the intervention of Joyce, George's ten-year-old sister, and George dashes out into the storm which is raging at the time. Seeking a favourite spot under the cliffs (he lives at Mellerby, a small seaside place), he throws himself down and gives vent to his misery. There, soaked and forlorn, he is found by Munro, an artist, who occupies a bungalow near the beach. Munro befriends the boy and dries his clothes, but George, nevertheless, catches a severe cold. When he is well enough to leave his room his father tells him that he must go to school again, but George emphatically refuses to do so. Eventually he is given temporary employment in the office of Garrick and Mappin, a firm of Mellerby solicitors. Mr. Mappin, the junior partner, admires Molly, George's pretty sister of seventeen, and it is with the hope of improving his relations with the Denver family that he offers George this post. The boy, though he tries his best, does not give much satisfaction at the solicitors' office, and it is the opinion of Andrews, the managing clerk, that he will never do any good at this kind of work. One Sunday evening George, who has some knowledge of music, plays a little piece of his own composition to Munro, who is so struck with its merits that he advises the boy to commit it to paper. So after that George goes to his work with a divided mind, for, while engaged upon his law copying, &c., he is burning to write out his composition. One afternoon he accompanies Mappin to an auction. The farm put up for sale excites keen competition, and is eventually bought for four thousand pounds by Mr. Mew, a young solicitor who has recently come to Mellerby. Much astonishment is caused when Mew announces that he has bought the farm for a client, Mrs. Pardoe, a very aged lady said to be a hundred years old.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FURTHER DISCOMFITURE OF MR. BARRY.

THE men assembled in the coffee-room were fully aware that Mrs. Pardoe was a wonderfully clear-headed old lady, but they were hardly prepared to find her bidding (by proxy, of course) as keenly as the most astute person present.

"That old woman!" cried Craven, who had been beaten on the post, as it were, by the young lawyer's boldness. The big land agent wanted the farm for his principal, and had come to the auction prepared to bid up to three thousand five hundred pounds for it, and no more. Mew,

however, had led him along at an unexpected pace, and the land agent saw clearly that he must exceed his pre-arranged limit, or let the farm go. Which would be a pity, as the land was sure to sell well as Mellerby threw out more streets for the housing of its fast-increasing population. Craven had an idea that Mew would be frightened out as the bidding approached the fourth thousand, and was considerably taken aback when the new solicitor displayed not the slightest hesitation as the figure bulked larger and larger. Beyond four thousand Craven would not go, however, so Mew got the farm after a bout which had afforded a pleasant spell of excitement to those present. Had the land agent but known it, Mew, with his easily-uttered "four thousand pounds," had reached the end of his tether, but the manner in which he had made what was really his last bid had quite deceived Craven and his horsey-looking confederate. It seemed as if the young fellow were prepared to go on bidding indefinitely, when as a matter of fact the land agent could actually have secured the place with one more bid of fifty pounds.

So the auction ended, and the company dispersed amid a buzz of comments.

"You bet the old lady knows what she's about," said a farmer. "She bought a bit o' land off me ten years ago, and I reckon she got the best of me. I wanted the money bad, and she knew that, though I dunno how."

"Young Mew's got a cool head. This'll do the lad a bit o' good," quoth another yeoman.

"Did ye see Mappin taking the measure of him?" asked a third, chuckling. "Didn't like it, I fancy. He's been having his own way too much, has Mappin, about these parts."

"Well," said a fourth burly son of the shire, "Craven's all right, but he's another that has had his own way too much. He wanted that farm, and meant to have it, and he's had his

nose pulled nicely. A tankard of mild and bitter, miss, please!" concluded the speaker, as the group reached the bar.

The gossip was punctuated with frequent demands for ale and other drinkables; strong-smelling cigars of the cabbage variety were lit, and the hall of the "Ship and Sails" was soon converted into a place that one was glad to get out of.

George was, at any rate. The bidding had interested him, of course, but now that it was over he lost no time in removing himself to a sweeter atmosphere. Directly he found himself in the street that tune began again in his brain, and he felt strongly tempted to rush home, lock himself in his bedroom, and set to work in earnest on the composition. But it was only a little after three, and the office did not close till six. George didn't want to get into a scrape, and so, with no little reluctance, he pursued his way back to Garrick and Mappin's.

He was destined, however, to be relieved from work for the rest of the afternoon, for precisely at three Joyce had entered the solicitors' office to procure her brother's release from bondage, her father having said that George might go to a tennis-party if Mr. Mappin would give him a holiday.

When George arrived at the office, therefore, he found that Joyce had extracted the required verbal *exeat* from Mr. Andrews.

"Good!" said he, as the two set out homewards, "now I can do some of that music."

"Oh, no, that wouldn't be honourable," objected Joyce, exerting herself to keep pace with her brother's long-legged strides.

"Why not?"

"Because you have only got a holiday in order that you may come to the tennis party."

"Where is it?" asked George, temporising.

"At the Beresfords'."

"Oh! It'll be rather rotten, won't it?"

"But you must come, all the same."

"Why should I?"

"Because when I asked papa whether you could have a holiday this afternoon, he said you were looking rather pale, and that perhaps it would do you good to have an afternoon off. Now, writing music wouldn't be having a holiday that would do you good—so you *must* come!"

"Pater said that?" demanded George. "Said I looked *pale*?"

"Yes, Georgie—why not?"

"Shouldn't have thought he cared whether I looked pale or not," returned George, a little bitterly.

"Oh, Georgie, of course he cares. I do wish—papa and you could get on better."

George shrugged his shoulders. He and his father had never been very good friends, owing, in part, to temperamental differences. But there were other reasons. Dr. Denver would have liked George to develop into a fine, strong fellow, good at games and books alike, who would in time go up to his Hospital—Bart's—and follow in his footsteps. Instead, George had consistently fallen short of requirements in school and field, and Dr. Denver would hardly have been human had he contrived to conceal his disappointment. But he had not attempted to conceal it. He had upbraided the lad by word and by letter, and as a consequence of these frequent chidings the boy's soul had been overcast with gloom. How often he had wished that his father would write to him in a more sympathetic and encouraging strain! But no. Letter after letter had been couched in the same vein. Poor report after poor report had been commented on sternly—almost bitterly. Then had come the expulsion and the thrashing, and then that Sunday evening when the Doctor had told his son he would like him to go to school again. He had put forward his wish, that evening, in a gentler manner than had characterised any of their former interviews, and afterwards George had felt, vaguely, that his father was beginning to regard him with more curiosity than harshness. Evidently the boy had become an enigma to him.

They said very little to each other. Dr. Denver had inquired once or twice about his progress at the office, and had made the usual commonplace remarks to him when they met at table. They never drew closer to one another than this. The Doctor never asked George to go out driving with him, and George never volunteered his company. So stood matters between them when George came to know in this roundabout way that his father took more notice of him than he had imagined to be the case.

On reaching the house George went upstairs and changed into his flannels. Joyce's thoughtful eyes had followed her brother's retreating form with some anxiety. She wondered whether he would stay at home and write his beloved piece, or go with Molly and herself, as arranged. It was, therefore, with much relief that the little girl saw her brother reappear in the hall some ten minutes later accoutred for the party.

It had not escaped her sharp eyes that he now wore a plain black ribbon on his straw hat instead of the gay Silvertown colours. He had not asked her to change the ribbon, so she guessed he must have bought this hat with the black ribbon on it out of the money he earned at Garrick and Mappin's.

"I am so glad George thought of doing that," said Joyce to herself.

Mr. Barry, resplendent in snowy flannels and buckskin boots, was talking in a lordly manner to a Miss Peel—one of the young ladies he had designated as silly little fish during a certain sail that had a disastrous end. The Miss Blacketts—quite alive, and giggling profusely—were also at the party, as also were the "Rice girls," not looking particularly like white mice, in spite of their pink eyes.

The people who did appear not unlike white mice were the masculine members of the Beresford community. Mr. Beresford was a pale, thin, extremely delicate little man, with two pale, thin, extremely delicate boys, aged about seventeen and fifteen. On account of his and their fragility, Mr. Beresford had retired from London, where he had amassed a considerable fortune as an underwriter, and settled down in salubrious Mellerby. His wife and daughters, on the other hand, were strapping, robust specimens of their sex. It occurred to Munro, who was gradually making new acquaintances in the district, and had been invited to this tennis-party, that here was an instance where the boys of the family ought to have been girls, and the girls boys. The Miss Beresfords were muscular and untiring; they would play tennis all the afternoon—singles—under a blazing sun, while their brothers lolled in garden chairs and read novels. When the tennis net had to be put up, and the gardener was not available, it was the Miss Beresfords who put it up—not their brothers. If there was to be a bonfire on the Fifth of November, the Miss Beresfords helped to build and light it, the boys, wrapped up to the chin, standing at a safe distance and gazing upon the flare with lack-lustre eyes. When a rocket rushed heavenwards with a fiery roar they started and trembled; when a cracker began to sputter and dance in their vicinity they retired gingerly, and slunk away into the warm house as soon as they could conveniently manage it. Strange to say, they were encouraged in their molly-coddling by their mother and sisters, who were their devoted slaves. Only white-faced little Mr. Beresford rallied them on their inertia and reluctance to harden their feeble frames. He, in spite of his delicacy, had a man's heart within his ribs, and didn't want his sons to grow up living images of his unfortunate self.

When Barry had saluted Molly and Joyce, he and George sauntered away together.

"Scratch lot, eh?" said the artiled clerk, referring to the company present.

"Well, I don't know," said George. "The people here are supposed to be rather nice."
"The girls are bores—think I shall clear soon. Who's that fat-faced ass in the panama?"

George gazed round.

"Do you mean the man in the blue blazer with a badge on the pocket?"

"That's the chump."

"Oh, that's Peel. Brother of the Peel girls. He's at Oxford. Strokes his college boat."

"Does he really?"

Barry's face fell a little; he trusted his description of Mr. Peel had not been overheard.

"Didn't think this sort of place boasted 'Varsity men," he explained.

"It does, though," said George. "We've got a Rugger blue and a man who swims for Cambridge, besides Peel. They're both having tea over there. The Rugger man is talking to Molly."

Barry began to feel that he had spoken too soon. He had no idea that the little seaside town was favoured by such distinguished inhabitants.

He was not, however, an easily-daunted young gentleman. He liked to shine in the eyes of his companions. Before George he desired to pose as a man of the world and a wit.

"Hello!" he said suddenly, "here are the Beresfords. They ought to be good fun."

The unfortunate Beresford boys, feeling very much bored by the proceedings, were sitting on a seat together as far away from the guests as possible. Both were clad in light grey tennis suits, in which they looked more ethereal than ever.

Barry had made the Beresfords' acquaintance by meeting the girls at other tennis-parties. He knew the boys very slightly indeed. But he did not allow himself to be deterred by that fact.

"Hullo, Phil!" he exclaimed, addressing the elder of the two, "you're taking it easy, old man."

"I beg your pardon," said the youth addressed, "but my name is not Phil."

"Algy, then."

"Nor is it Algy. My name is Harold, and my brother's is Edmund."

"Thanks. Sorry for making a mistake. How's the cough, Teddy?" continued Barry, turning to the younger boy.

"I have no cough," replied Edmund, in a high weak voice.

"Well—how's the whatever's-the-matter-with-you?"

"I have nothing the matter with me," returned Edmund coldly.

Barry was a little nonplussed by their prim self-possession. Nevertheless, he determined to

persevere, feeling bound to keep up his end before George.

"Aren't you playing tennis?" he inquired of Harold Beresford.

"We don't play games," returned the youth addressed.

"By Jove! it must be rather slow for you!" cried Barry.

"It is not at all slow, thank you," said Harold, freezingly.

Barry turned to the younger boy again. "I say, Edmund, would you care to come for a sail with me one day?"

"We rarely go on the water," replied Edmund in his womanish voice.

"Afraid of getting wet?"

"Hardly that," replied Edmund. "But when we do go we prefer to go with somebody who knows how to manage a boat."

Barry turned red at this home-thrust—for it was evident that the boy he had tried to chaff had heard of the *Tut Tut's* mishap.

The elder Beresford smiled meaningly, and Barry, feeling that he had had decidedly the worst of the encounter, turned sharply on his heel. As George (who was fighting hard with an inclination to burst out laughing) and he walked away, the younger Beresford gave vent to a high-pitched cackle which made Barry turn redder than ever.

"Well," he said, savagely, "of all the silly, slack milksops ever born, those two take the cake!"

In spite of this rebuff, Barry was still anxious to display his prowess in some way.

"Look here," he said to George, "a court's vacant. Let's get up a set. We'll ask the Blackett girls to play."

He already saw himself smashing the soft services of the poor Miss Blackett opposed to him, and volleying her feeble returns with admirable fire and directness.

"All right," said George. "I'm no player, though."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. It's only a game," returned Barry, loftily.

George therefore made his way towards the Miss Blacketts, and brought them, tittering, to the court, where Barry was already standing with his coat off and shirt sleeves turned up.

Just as they had settled the sides, Munro approached the group. With him was a fat, bald little man—Mr. Wall, the organist of Mellerby parish church, a musician of no little distinction whose advance in his profession had been practically stopped by bad health.

"George," said Munro, "I've been talking to Mr. Wall about your music, and he wants to have a chat with you."

Mr. Wall smiled and nodded. He had a very winning smile; indeed, he was the sort of man that people confided in with perfect trustfulness. There are Mr. Walls in every community—men with kind hearts who can keep secrets—Heaven bless them!

"So, if you've made up a set, I'll take your place, George," added Munro, briskly. "Mr. Wall has to go very shortly."

Whereupon George walked off with Mr. Wall.

As for Barry, he, instead of having it all his own way with poor Miss Blackett's ladylike pat-ball, found himself opposed to a player who could owe him thirty at any time. The set ended 6—0 in favour of Munro's side—the artist's partner dimpling with delight—and Barry, very hot and disgusted, got into his coat, took his leave of Mrs. Beresford, and strode moodily home, his gait being distinguished by an entire absence of the swagger that usually accompanied it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DECEMBER—AND MAY.



DURING the week following that Sunday of which we have said so much, Munro received notes from two ladies. One was from Mrs. Pardoe, stating that she wished to have her portrait painted, and asking him to arrange for sittings; the other was from a much younger lady. In caligraphy and style no two letters could be more dissimilar. Mrs. Pardoe's was couched in formal phrases and written in a prim, old-world hand that is seldom seen nowadays. Munro treasures the epistle to this day as a curiosity. The other was in a pretty girlish round-hand. That letter, too, Munro still possesses. It ran as follows:—

THE GABLES, MELLERBY.

Monday.

DEAR MR. MUNRO,

Georgie tells me that some horrid man has thrown a *rock* through that picture you were painting of me. I *am* so sorry, and I am writing to ask whether you will paint me from *life*? I will wear a very nice frock, and Joyce will come with me, and Papa says I *may*. I daresay you will think this rather a peculiar request, but I feel so *angry* when I think of that man spoiling the other!

Yours very sincerely,

MOLLY DENVER.

Curiously enough, Munro received both these letters on the same day. After he got Molly's, he forgot, for a time, all about Mrs. Pardoe's. He stood in the doorway of his bungalow with the little note between his fingers. What should he say? Well, of course, he must say *Yes*.

"Although, Rufus, my boy," he added, "it's like putting one's neck into a halter."

Munro wasn't a fool. Molly was the prettiest girl he had seen for many a long day, and he knew that it would be the easiest thing in the world to fall in love with her. No doubt she possessed all the silliness—as well as that oft-quoted “sweetness”—of seventeen, but he could not deny that she had a grace and a dignity not always allied with such tender years. And above all, she had that charm which it is impossible to cultivate—that inborn attractive-

her. After giving this note to Tom Dwyer to take across the common to The Gables, he remembered that another lady was awaiting a reply—a lady some eighty odd years Molly's senior. So he sat down at his desk again and made an appointment with Mrs. Pardoe.

But in that big heart of his Munro had room for matters other than what concerned himself. He remembered that George was composing a piece—a real piece—and that he (Munro) had



"THERE'S MUSIC IN YOU, MY LAD."

ness which Nature bestows upon some of her children in addition to beauty of face and form.

"A wise man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin—his head prevents him from going too far." Yes, monsieur, that is so—save in matters of the heart. Then reason departs, and Nature says: "You are my child, and your head shall not save you here." And so, with some foreboding, Munro wrote to Molly stating that he would be most pleased to receive sittings from

arranged at the Beresfords' tennis-party that when George had finished his piece he was to bring it to the bungalow, where Mr. Wall would play it over and pronounce an opinion on it. Of course Mr. Wall had a piano at his own house, but by the irony of fate he also had a wife whose nerves were for ever on edge, so that poor Mr. Wall, a musician, in more ways than one, to his finger-tips, was debarred from touching the keys that he loved—the keys that

in his little failure of a life spelt all sorts of love and comfort to him.

On a certain afternoon, then, came Mr. Wall and George to the studio—the boy flushed and anxious, the little organist all kindness and sympathy. George's darling manuscript was spread out, and Mr. Wall played his piece with such accuracy and finish, such feeling for its young creator, that George could have hugged him. So many people, you see, would have bungled it—would have stopped and asked the boy what this note or that note was *meant* to be.

But little Mr. Wall played it right through without a stop, putting in the chord that he knew ought to be there when he came across an indistinctness in the manuscript.

When he had played the piece he turned to George.

"Yes, there's music in you, my lad," he said. "Go on; make it your life."

And a little later, while the boy's face was still radiant with joy and pleasure, the little organist quietly closed the piano and went away to give a music lesson at very moderate terms.

Mrs. Pardoe was punctual to her appointment. With the assistance of the faithful Hannah the old lady alighted from her phaeton, and, leaning on Hannah's arm, was ushered into the studio by Munro, who was looking rather hot in a stiff white collar—a size too small for him—with which he had endeavoured to give himself a civilised appearance in honour of the occasion.

We must confess that Munro felt a little bit afraid of this, his first real portrait subject, and Mrs. Pardoe's sombre appearance and manner did not tend to set him at his ease. But the parrot was no respecter of persons.

"*Ow are yer?*" he bawled in Mrs. Pardoe's ear, as the old lady passed his perch.

She started slightly and glanced grimly at the bird.

"*Fine day, ma'am!*" added Polly.

"Your parrot is very talkative," said Mrs. Pardoe, grandly.

"*Ahem!*" exclaimed the parrot in such a human tone that the centenarian almost jumped.

Munro hastily popped Polly into his cage, and over this placed a white cloth, whereupon the parrot swore lustily.

"Perhaps I'd better put him outside," said the artist, apologetically, as he led the old lady to the platform—a somewhat unsteady structure which she eyed with no little suspicion.

"*Mind the step!*" muttered the parrot.

"Oh no, let him stay," said Mrs. Pardoe, as

Munro helped her on to the platform, where he had placed a capacious easy-chair for her reception; "he will amuse me."

The parrot, nothing daunted by the covering on his cage, whistled gaily.

Mrs. Pardoe settled herself as comfortably as was possible under the circumstances—for the easy-chair was of the cane variety, and, being a little short in one leg, tilted backwards a trifle, in spite of the folded up *Sportsman* with which the artist had endeavoured to minimise the defect. Meanwhile, Munro fussed about nervously with his paints, easel, and canvas.

"How do you want me to sit?" inquired Mrs. Pardoe, in a tone which she endeavoured to make as pleasant as possible.

"Oh, that position will do nicely, thank you," said Munro, without looking at his sitter.

"I should like to be painted full face," she next observed.

"Quite so, quite so," said Munro, sharpening his charcoal.

"But I'm quite at the wrong angle for that," snapped the old lady. "I'm looking at the mantelpiece instead of at you."

The parrot cleared his throat menacingly.

"I wonder what that creature is going to say now!" added Mrs. Pardoe.

"*Rats!*" observed the irreverent bird.

"I will move the chair a little," said Munro, looking duly reprovéd.

It is often difficult for a practised portrait painter to achieve a faithful likeness of his subject in the first charcoal sketch. It will be easily understood, therefore, that Munro experienced no slight qualms when the old lady rose in a firm manner and expressed her intention of viewing his study of her features.

She remained for some moments surveying what he had done. During this inspection she did not speak a word.

"I fear it is not very much like you," said Munro, deprecatingly.

"Very *much* like me? It isn't like me at all!" returned Mrs. Pardoe.

"Of course it is merely the first charcoal sketch," pleaded Munro.

"I did not imagine that it was a finished portrait," was Mrs. Pardoe's sarcastic rejoinder.

She returned slowly to her seat, and faced Munro again with a somewhat resigned expression on her face. She desired to be kind to the artist—to "help" him—but now that she had seen what he had made of the likeness she felt no surprise that his pecuniary position left much to be desired. Yet her determination to befriend him caused her to hold in check her natural love of candour.

Munro took up his palette and began to mix the body colour. He had been nervous from the outset, and Mrs. Pardoe's harsh criticism had hardly encouraged him to do his best. Whenever he looked up he found the old lady's eyes regarding him (as he fancied) with growing distrust. Anything was better than this silence; to relieve the pressure he essayed a little light conversation.

"The bungalows are filling up," he said.

"With fools," growled his sitter.

"Why do you say that?" asked Munro with a hollow laugh.

"Who but a fool would live in one of these damp contrivances when there are good houses and to spare he could stay in?"

"It makes a change," was Munro's plea for himself and his fellow idiots.

"So would going to gaol," retorted the old lady.

After which Munro ventured on no more conversation until the sitting came to an end.

As she was leaving the studio the old lady paused and turned to him.

"We have not discussed terms yet," said she.

"What will be your charge for the portrait?"

Munro considered. He was a man of absolutely no repute; his name carried no price with it. The figure must therefore be a quite modest one.

"Ten pounds," he said; "would that be too much?"

Mrs. Pardoe opened her purse and took out a roll of bank notes.

"Ten pounds?" said she, "bosh! I daresay you spent a thousand pounds learning your art?"

"Nearly," said Munro.

"Then we'll say twenty-five pounds—and allow me to pay you now. Good-day!"

"Good-day, Mrs. Pardoe. I thank you very much."

"*So long! Be'ave yerself!*" added the parrot from beneath his canopy.

"I don't believe he's much of a painter, but I like the man," said Mrs. Pardoe to Hannah as they drove away.

"Blessings on your head, my dear old lady!" cried Munro, brandishing the notes in the air. "I'd come to my last sovereign!"

Such was his first experience of portrait painting. And his second?

Molly came, a picture in herself in a simple blue cornflower dress and a black hat with long strings. With her, Joyce, daintiest of little girls in white muslin with black stockings and shoes.

Molly came, and Munro began to paint her,

and in the process was it surprising that the inevitable happened? He had seen the looming danger and fortified his heart against all onslaughts. But Fate willed it that those fortifications should be swept completely away by a glance from two blue eyes and a blush such as one sees upon a new-blown rose.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED DUCKING.

THE next few weeks were very pleasant ones for most of the personages figuring in our story. The summer holidays brought numbers of visitors to Mellerby, and the lodging-house keepers—as yet a fairly honest lot—grew a little fatter as their ground and first-floor apartments filled with people who spent most of their time out-of-doors, and therefore gave very little trouble, except at meal-times, for of course they had lusty appetites.

So Mellerby was soon full of jolly people—sunburnt, bearded fathers; mothers, relieved for the nonce from the cares of housekeeping, in sweet, homely print dresses and broad-brimmed hats, with parasols and work-bags; little lads and maids with brown bare legs; sturdy schoolboys in light attire, who swam, and cycled, and took snapshots, and lazed on the beach over books when they were not eating. Heavens! how they did eat!

Mellerby had no pier; there was no band-stand—the place wasn't big enough to support a band; but there were some niggers, and they were niggers that you liked and remembered with affection when you went home. They started operations in the morning, clothed in spotless white duck suits, with a short performance in the High Street; and in the afternoon and evening they "appeared" on the sands near the bungalows. It was good to hear the children laugh and crow over their jokes—the children, squatted in rows, with giggling nursemaids in attendance who greatly admired the black-faced gentleman that sang coon songs. Of a surety these good niggers did not want for appreciation, and each of them made a pocketful of money every week.

The sweet west wind fanned one's face; the waves made a music of their own on the pebbles. It was holiday weather, and little Mellerby basked in the sunshine.

With the end of July came John Thompson from his clergy school, with two prizes in grand gilt bindings. These, on the very night of his arrival, he brought down to The Gables for

Joyce to inspect. You may imagine the pride with which Joyce examined these trophies, for was not John her very great friend?

Then followed the long walks together that she had told Munro about—memories of which she treasured up when John was back at school. It was a pity that poor George could not accompany them now, but stern duty called him to Garrick and Mappin's at nine-thirty every day, and held him in bondage till six.

But George was happy enough. Encouraged by Mr. Wall's approval, he was devoting all the spare time he could to music. Mr. Wall was even giving him organ lessons for nothing.

"A heap of people can play the piano," he said to George, "but very few the organ. It may come in useful to you some day, and it's no trouble to me—you're so quick at picking it up. If you were like Miss Peel, now——"

But here Mr. Wall broke off into a sort of groan. One of the Miss Peels was learning the organ; she had been learning it for six months, and could not yet play "Now the Day is Over" with any accuracy to speak of.

"Of course she pays me three-and-six a lesson, and every little helps," added the organist; "but her backwardness is very trying—very trying," he added, with a waggle of his bald head.

During these holiday weeks Munro was making good headway with his two portraits. Mrs. Pardoe, now that they were better acquainted, spoke her mind freely about Mellerby and its inhabitants, her caustic comments causing the painter considerable amusement. Molly came and went like a bird, talking in an ingenuous, school-girlish fashion all through her sittings, strumming on the piano when she was set at liberty, teasing Polly, caressing the kitten with quite an extravagant show of affection, and treating Rufus with a lack of ceremony which must have brought the big mastiff down a peg or two in his own estimation.

The studio used to seem strangely empty when Molly had gone—a fact which gave the artist much food for thought. When the portrait was finished he supposed she would come no more. The season would end, and before very long the east wind would be howling round his bungalow. A winter at Mellerby did not sound inviting—yet The Gables lay just across the common. If he had never come to know George Denver he would have been up and off to London at the end of September without hesitation. But now——

Munro fought shy of such reflections. "Carpe diem" was his motto just at present.

He was amused when he met Mappin and received a very cool nod from the young solicitor,

who naturally did not view Molly's frequent visits to the studio with great satisfaction.

"Still," thought the solicitor, "the Leggar's as poor as a rat. Not much danger to be apprehended from that quarter, I fancy."

And, indeed, Munro could have assured him that there was none at all. He knew he was as poor as a rat, and likely to remain so. His attitude towards Molly was strictly that of an elder brother—though considerably more polite. And he intended that it should remain so until the end of the story—the story in this case being his occupancy of the bungalow.

The theatrical manager, his wife, and two children were now in full possession of the bungalow next to Munro's—the largest in the row. So far from being an oily person of large bulk, with jet-black ringlets, this manager was a fair-haired little fellow who went about in a quiet grey suit, apparently interested in nothing more important than his children's search for shells and captures of crabs. But he had keen, watchful eyes, and he did not fail to notice the graceful girl who, accompanied by her little sister, paid frequent calls at the artist's bungalow next door. This theatrical manager, unassuming and domesticated as he appeared to be, was an astute individual who ran several London theatres and had a dozen companies constantly touring the provinces. His business was always with him, for frequent telegrams reached him at his quiet retreat by the sea. Loud-voiced, assertive, clean-shaven gentlemen and showily-dressed, powdered, loquacious ladies ran down from town to see him, taking rooms for the week-end in Mellerby in order that they might "fix up something" with this influential manager.

He was a man of decision. He never hummed and ha'd over a reply to a telegram. The smart, uniformed boys never had to wait long for the replies. But to see him lolling in a deck-chair in front of his bungalow, smoking his pipe and reading his paper, one would never have thought that many hundreds of people relied on him for their daily bread—difficult people to handle, too, these, full of whims and fancies inseparable from the artistic temperament.

He never failed to watch Molly closely as she tripped past him on her way to Munro's studio. He overheard her playing various catchy airs on the artist's piano, and singing snatches of popular songs. He noted her exceptional prettiness, her lissom gait and winsome manners.

"The very girl for my No. 1 'Mayflower' company," he said. "Wonder if she'd like to go on the stage!"

He decided to make the artist fellow's

acquaintance, and this was easily done, for the artist fellow was a sociable fellow and not at all averse to a game of bridge and a good cigar in his neighbour's bungalow.

The theatrical manager soon discovered that Molly was the daughter of the principal doctor in Mellerby, that her father was a man of substantial means, that she had no elder sisters, and was motherless.

"No go, then," thought he. "The girls who want to go on the stage often have sisters they

But the artist had one inveterate enemy who was ever on the look-out for an opportunity to do him an ill-turn.

One hot night, finding the air in his small bedroom unusually oppressive, Munro took a rug for covering, and rowed out to his little cutter, which was lying at her moorings opposite the bungalow. Having reached the boat, he made fast the dinghy to her stern, and turned into one of the two berths which the *Why Not's* tiny cabin boasted.



THE RASCAL LOST HIS BALANCE AND PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO THE SEA.

don't get on with, are consequently uncomfortable at home, and glad to get away from it. This one has to look after her father. No go, clearly."

Nevertheless, the manager kept up his friendship with Munro, whom he had taken a fancy to, and commissioned him to paint one of his little girls.

"Things are coming my way with a vengeance," said Munro. "I shall dash out into a new suit soon."

He had been sound asleep for perhaps an hour when he awoke suddenly with every sense on the *qui vive*. Scrambling out of the berth he listened intently, and discerned the plash of oars in his immediate vicinity. It was a very dark night, and he had to peer hard into the gloom before he could distinguish the form of a small rowing-boat, which was being headed directly towards his own craft.

"Now who can this be?" he muttered, and awaited developments.

The boat came nearer and nearer. When it was so close that Munro could distinctly hear the breathing of the person propelling it, the rowing ceased and the oars were shipped. Crouching under the bulwarks, Munro kept still as the grave.

The nocturnal voyager had pulled up close to the buoy to which Munro's boat was moored. The *Why Not*, then, was his objective. Munro kept eyes and ears wide open. With the aid of the former he could just descry a dark form bending over the moorings, the man's back being turned towards him. The fellow was leaning right over the bows of his boat, and apparently fumbling with the stout rope by which the cutter was attached to the buoy.

Then Munro grasped the situation. Some rascally longshoreman was turning his little yacht adrift in order to go in chase of her and exact salvage from her owner in the morning. Which owner he imagined to be fast asleep at that moment in his bungalow.

With difficulty repressing a chuckle, Munro groped about cautiously for his boat-hook. Having found this useful implement, he stood erect, hooked the stern of the marauder's skiff—which had swung towards him on the ebbing tide—and then administered a sudden jerk to the row-boat. The jerk had the effect Munro anticipated, for the rascal in the bows lost his balance and plunged headlong into the sea.

"Now, if he shows fight I'll rap him over the knuckles," muttered the cutter's owner.

But the bird of prey did not wait. Spluttering and cursing, he swam ashore and disappeared. Munro, at liberty now to chuckle as much as he pleased, took the piratic craft in tow and rowed ashore in his dinghy. For it was possible that the disappointed salvage-earner might seek to wreak his vengeance on the bungalow's windows.

The rest of that night, however, passed peacefully away, though the upshot of the adventure was destined to have far-reaching effects on several of our characters.

For, on beaching his dinghy and her tow, Munro found in the latter a moleskin cap. He carried this up to the bungalow, and on surveying it by the light of his lamp recognised it as a specimen of the head-gear usually affected by Black Jack.

"I fancied as much," said the artist. "Now, I wonder what his next move will be!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN.

THE modest tenement inhabited by the Blunt family contained only three real apartments—a living-room (which also served as kitchen) and two bedrooms, one in front and the other at the back. The scullery could hardly be designated a room, although it is true that little Master Blunt had sometimes spent the night there. Time was when Mrs. Blunt let off the back bedroom to a lodger, a pale-faced boy of fourteen who had been apprenticed to a Mellerby printer. The boy was what is known as a "printer's devil," a functionary politely described by Mr. Nuttall in his famous Dictionary as "any subordinate youth in a printing office." A more subordinate youth it would, perhaps, be hard to find, as a printer's devil occupies much the same position as a ship's boy. His face is generally smudged with ink, and he is on the run, at everybody's beck and call, the day through.

When this particular printer's devil took Mrs. Blunt's back bedroom he had not seen the master of the house, for it was summer time, and Black Jack was mostly "out," preferring the peace and solitude of his cave to the doubtful receptions awaiting him at Number Thirty-four, Seaview Terrace. He came home occasionally, however, and when the printer's devil first made his acquaintance neither Mrs. Blunt nor her son was at home. It was evening, and as the printer's devil had "use of sitting-room" he spent a lurid two hours with the burly longshoreman, who told him tales that fairly made the boy's hair stand on end. Finally Black Jack borrowed sixpence from the "subordinate youth," and went off to the "Horse and Groom" for refreshments.

The incident upset the printer's devil not a little, but as day after day passed and Black Jack did not again favour Number Thirty-four with his company, the subordinate youth grew calmer, and was even beginning to settle down in his new quarters when Mr. Blunt disturbed the whole terrace (and more particularly Number Thirty-four) by coming home one night in a very elevated condition, and entering the locked-up house by the simple, if expensive, method of kicking the door in. He happened to know that his wife had gone away for a few days to a dairy farm to fill the place of a maid who had fallen ill (she had, of course, taken little Blunt with her), or his entrance would have been of a less boisterous character. After consuming what food he could find—the printer's devil's breakfast for the morrow not being spared—he next amused

himself by informing the subordinate youth (who was quaking between the sheets), from the foot of the stairs, that he was coming up to "do" for him, garnishing his threat with every ferocious epithet he could lay his tongue to. The printer's devil did not wait for more. One wild jump from his bedroom window, and he was in the yard. A scramble, and he was over the wall and in the next garden imploring a wrathful face that appeared at a window to save him from the "murderer."

The subordinate youth was taken in and given a shake-down on a sofa. The next day he left Number Thirty-four for ever—and the episode was the talk of the terrace for several days, during which period Mr. Blunt took care not to show his nose in the locality. But Mrs. Blunt took no more lodgers.

At the time of our story, however, this was a matter of history, and had nearly been forgotten. Black Jack periodically made night hideous in Seaview Terrace on his way home; the neighbours merely shrugged their shoulders and felt sorry for Mrs. Blunt, wondering the while how much longer she would "put up" with him. Sooner or later her patience was bound to be exhausted.

After being foiled in his attempt to set Munro's boat adrift, Black Jack, soaked to the skin, capless and shivering, decided that his cave would afford him but poor comfort, especially in view of the fact that he had no change of clothes there. He therefore stepped out briskly in the direction of his home, and arrived there to find the door fast locked and the house dark and silent.

Opening his clasp-knife, the longshoreman dexterously pushed aside the window-latch and crept stealthily into the living-room. Taking off his boots, he ascended the stairs and softly opened the door of the bedroom occupied by his wife and small son. Mrs. Blunt was asleep, but a pair of round black eyes glinted at the big boatman from a crib in the corner, and just as Blunt was hoping he would be able to get dry raiment and make a noiseless exit, a shrill voice broke the silence:—

"'Ere 'e is, mother. 'Ere's father!"

"'Old yer noise, will you?" growled the gentleman referred to.

"Mother, wake up! 'Ere's father!" repeated the boy.

At the second summons Mrs. Blunt sat up in bed. The thin little wisp of a woman was all eyes and ears on the instant.

"Is that you, Blunt?" she demanded.

"Yes," acknowledged her husband, reluctantly. "I want some togs. I'm wet through."

Mrs. Blunt struck a match and lit the lamp.

"Ho! A nice picture you are! Wot yer been doin'?"

"Wot yer been doin'?" echoed young Blunt, who was sitting up in his crib and taking a lively interest in the proceedings.

"Fell off the breakwater as I was 'aulin' a boat in," explained Blunt, with a praiseworthy effort of imagination.

"Gammon! You've been drinkin'!"

"I ain't 'ad a drop," protested her lord.

"No, you never do 'ave!" she retorted sarcastically.

"Never do 'ave!" echoed Master Blunt.

"I'll wring that kid's neck if 'e gives me any more cheek!" exclaimed Black Jack. "Now then—not ser much jor! Where are them togs?"

"You ain't got no other togs. They've been sold. You won't give me no money, so I 'ad to do it."

"'Ad to do it," repeated Master Blunt, by way of driving the fact doubly home.

"I 'ad to do it," said Mrs. Blunt, labouring the point with, as it appeared to her husband, unnecessary exactitude. "I sold me own first."

"Well, you 'ad to do it," snarled Blunt. "An' wot am I to do now?"

"Go to bed. I'll dry them things in the mornin'. You can sleep between the blankets in the other room. I won't 'ave you in 'ere."

With much muttering Black Jack withdrew. After disrobing, he pitched his soaked apparel on to the floor, and in another minute was snoring like a trombone.

When he awoke it was high noon. In the living-room he found a piece of paper containing a crudely-written message to the effect that his wife and son had gone away for a week. Mrs. Blunt, it may be added, was in the habit of making occasional retreats to the cottage of a sister who lived in a neighbouring village.

But she had prepared some breakfast for him, and this Blunt devoured wolfishly. This was the last wifely office, had he but known it, that his good lady was to perform for him for many a long day.

The boatman (according to directions left on the slip of paper aforesaid) then consigned the key of the house to the care of a neighbour, and repaired to the beach. He found his boat lying alongside Munro's dinghy. With a soul full of wrath the longshoreman shoved the skiff into the water, and rowed off in it, subsequently beaching it a mile away. Then, feeling thirsty, he lunched off to his favourite hostelry.

The landlord of the "Horse and Groom" regarded his huge customer sternly as he filled a tankard for him.

"Well, Jack," said he, "I hear you've been up to your old tricks again."

"Wot'd'yer mean?" demanded Blunt.

"Mr. Munro, the artist, has been to the police station this morning and given information that a man tried to cast his yacht adrift last night. He was sleeping aboard and upset the fellow into the water just when he was slacking away her moorings."

"Wot's that do with me?" growled Black Jack from within the tankard.



"STAND OUT OF MY WAY," REPLIED MUNRO, SHARPLY.

"Well, I thought I'd give you the tip, Jack," explained the ex-sergeant.

"Wot 'ave I to do with it?" roared the giant, crashing his tankard on to the bar.

"Mr. Munro," said the landlord, quietly, "found a moleskin cap in the boat the fellow came out in, which cap he says is very like one you wear. You've got a different sort of head-piece on now to what you gen'ly 'ave."

"Why should I always wear the same kind of 'at?" demanded the boatman.

"I dunno why you should, but the fact

remains that you *do*," returned the landlord sententiously.

"Fill that up agen!" commanded Blunt, indicating the long-suffering tankard.

The landlord filled it up again, and the boatman emptied it at a draught.

"One more," he said, shoving the vessel across the counter.

"And the last," added the landlord, replenishing the flagon as directed.

Mr. Blunt knew that when mine host of the

"Horse and Groom" said "the last," he meant it should be the last. No amount of threatening or coaxing could move him from his decision. The boatman therefore spent as much time as possible over his third pint; meanwhile the landlord gave him some good advice.

"And so," concluded he, "my tip is—clear out for a bit—till it's blown over. Take it or leave it—that's my tip."

"I won't budge an inch," said Blunt, lurching into the street.

Now, close to the doorway from which he emerged was a narrow passage affording a short cut from the High Street to a less pretentious thoroughfare running parallel with it. The end of this passage—being conveniently near to the taproom door—was a favourite loafing-place of boatmen and other loungers. Blunt, finding a knot of his cronies assembled here, was indiscreet enough to harangue them on the situation, and

wound up by declaring that the pretty artist should hear from him on the subject in a way he wouldn't like. He had just made this speech when, noticing that his friends were nudging each other and looking down the passage, he turned his eyes in that direction to find that no less a person than the pretty artist himself was advancing towards the group along the narrow alley in question.

The rapidly-swallowed ale had mounted to the longshoreman's head. His pals were standing by, and would expect him to be as good as his word.

Here was the man he had been discussing in such fiery terms—

As Munro reached the top of the passage, Blunt deliberately planted himself directly in his path.

"Oh," said he, "it's you, is it? What's this you've bin sayin' about me at the perlice-station?"

"Stand out of my way," replied Munro, sharply.

"Don't you give me any of your lip," observed Black Jack. "I've wanted to 'ave a word with you for a long time. I could knock you over with the flat of me 'and, so just be careful."

The last word was hardly out of the boatman's mouth when Munro's right fist shot out clean and true, and caught the braggart between the eyes. Blunt staggered back with a roar of rage, but was not materially affected by the blow, which would have felled any ordinary man to the earth. With a grunt he rushed at the artist, hitting at him with all his force. His fist struck Munro's shoulder, and the artist, muscular though he was, went down like a ninepin.

Sure of his prey now, Black Jack swooped down upon him, meaning to pin him to the ground and pound him without mercy. Munro, however, was a wrestler. With catlike quickness he turned over, so that the boatman fell alongside instead of directly upon him, and then sprang to his feet. But Black Jack would never have been the terror he was had he not been quick as well as tremendously powerful. Stretching out one of his hands, he caught Munro round the ankle just as the artist jumped clear. Down came Munro again, this time right on top of his foe.

By now a small crowd had collected, and the landlord himself had come out to see what the trouble was.

"Here, break away, break away!" he cried, endeavouring to catch hold of Blunt by the collar of his jersey. But at that moment one of the boatman's feet caught the landlord in the chest, and mine host went over with a crash.

Heaving and struggling, artist and longshoreman fought for the mastery. Blunt was by far the stronger of the two, but Munro was in perfect condition, and as lithe as a panther in his movements.

Suddenly they separated as if by mutual consent, and sprang to their feet. Snorting like a bull, Blunt rushed at Munro and pinned him against the wall. The bystanders held their breath. This was the end, then—the gentleman was trapped. But wait! Just as the landlord was rushing in again to separate them, Munro slipped out of the boatman's grasp and clutched him round the thigh with his right arm. With

a quick heave he threw him forward, then dropped on to his left knee, brought his left hand down on to the nape of Blunt's neck, and then, with his man thus spread-eagled and at his mercy, summoned up all his strength and hurled his enemy backwards.

The giant's huge bulk met the pavement with a thud. Blunt lay still. That fall had knocked all the fight out of him.

When he at length arose he glared at Munro and slunk away. Plainly he had had enough.

"Now look out for yourself, sir," said the landlord. "He means mischief. I know 'im."

Munro, panting and exhausted, was leaning against the wall.

"He took some doing," he gasped.

"Yes," said the landlord, admiringly; "but that was a fine throw—that last. You've learnt wrestling, sir."

"I wrestled a good deal some years ago," answered Munro. "Lucky I remembered that swing—it came in useful."

"It did that," said the landlord. "But mind you, sir, keep your eye skinned. Be wary after dark. I know that there Blunt better than any other man in this town does, and I tell you he'll stop at nothing. Have that big dog of yours handy, sir, if you're about late at night."

"I'll look after myself, land'lord," laughed Munro as he walked away.


But in spite of his light tone he felt not a little disturbed. There was an earnestness in the landlord's manner which lent additional weight to his warning.

The hot August day wore on, sultry and sunless. A great cloud lay right over Munro's bungalow. With the approach of night the sultriness increased. A thunderstorm was hatching. As the darkness gathered, Munro's uneasiness increased tenfold. He had a presentiment of looming tragedy. Something was approaching besides a storm—*what?*

And at night the storm-cloud was still hanging, like a pall, over the bungalow.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORM BREAKS.

 ON the morning of the same day, before the atmosphere had grown oppressive, and there was still promise of a fair evening, Molly Denver was walking in and out among the flower-beds, seeking fresh provender for her green and white vases.

Presently Joyce joined her.

"Molly, dear," she said, "do you know what day this is?"

"No, Joyce; what day is it?"

The elder girl asked the question in a half-idle tone, such as one humours a child with. She fancied Joyce was going to remind her of some tea-party they had promised to attend, or of some other appointment of no great importance.

"This is mother's wedding-day, Molly."

Instantly the elder sister's face grew grave. She harboured many loving memories of her mother, and, though it is not natural to youth to brood over sorrows or mourn for any length of time, her mother's sweet, living presence was still sufficiently fresh in her mind to cause her a pang when she was reminded of her loss.

"Don't you remember, Molly, how she used to tell us about it? Yes, it was to-day—the 20th of August. I am sure papa remembers it, too, because he was so quiet at breakfast. And when I kissed him he kissed me back, which," concluded Joyce, in her quaint way, "is a little unusual with papa, is it not, Molly?"

"I remember now—he kissed me back, too," said Molly, thoughtfully.

"And so I think it would be nice," continued Joyce, "if we made this our day for going to mother's grave—instead of Friday. Shall we, Molly?"

"Yes, dear," said Molly; "we will go after lunch."

They continued their journey round the flower-beds, and Molly soon had her basket full.

"It really is curious," mused Joyce, as they walked back to the house, "what a remembering person I am. But I can't remember lessons—only people and things."

"Yes, and that reminds me," said Molly. "You haven't been to school since you caught whooping-cough at Miss Marshall's in the spring. You must go again after the holidays."

"But I am supposed to have lessons from you, dear," said Joyce, with a sly look at her sister. "At least, in term-time."

During the summer term Molly had certainly given her sister lessons, but in such a desultory fashion that we fear Joyce must have benefited very little thereby. Molly herself possessed no great store of learning, but she had a very fair idea of managing a household, she could play and sing, she had a smattering of modern languages, she could write a good letter, and she could make a blouse. We fail to see, therefore, what special good she could have derived from an ability to solve algebraic equations, or translate Caesar's military log-books. Had she been destined for the profession of what our cousins over the water call "school-ma'am," no doubt she would have found a knowledge of these subjects indispensable. But her lines of life had been cast in more pleasant waters.

"John Thompson has been teaching me French," said Joyce. "I know quite a lot. For instance, '*Je vous aime très bien*' means '*I like you very much*,' and '*Vous êtes à mon goût*' means '*You are to my taste*.'"

Molly laughed. "What else has he taught you?" she asked.

"'*Au revoir à demain*' means '*Good-bye till to-morrow*,' and '*Je serai avec vous encore cette après-midi*' means '*I shall be with you again this afternoon*.'"

"Dear me!" said Molly. "John seems to teach you very agreeable things. It all seems to be about how he likes you and when he will see you again."

"Well," said Joyce, "that's much more interesting than the silly things in the French book about the gardener's daughter. She always seems to be collecting spoons and forks."

Thus did the girls chatter in their happy innocence and freedom from all trouble. It was their present lot to laugh and be gay. Human flowers, they revelled in the sunshine that at this epoch filled their lives.

At lunch Dr. Denver told George he might have a half-holiday—if he could get leave from Mr. Mappin—and go for a swim with John Thompson, or do anything else he pleased.

"And what are you girls doing this afternoon?" asked the Doctor, when George had gone.

"We are going to the churchyard at three, father," said Molly.

He was silent for a few moments. Then he said: "I am glad you remember your mother's grave. I will come with you to-day."

At three they set out, Molly carrying some small gardening implements in a basket. Mrs. Denver's grave was situated in a secluded plot facing the east window of the church. It was a mass of white geraniums, relieved in their midst by a single scarlet plant. Here she slept, the flowers forming a fragrant counterpane to her resting-place. Here were no cypresses or other forms of arborescent gloom—here only sweet-smelling flowers, symbols of loving remembrance.

The girls removed what weeds had sprung up since their last visit, and pruned away the dead leaves and faded blossoms. And while his children were thus engaged, Dr. Denver stood by bareheaded, his face solemn and peaceful. When they had finished, Molly slipped her hand round one of his arms, and little Joyce took possession of the other. They stood for some moments silently regarding the grave, and then walked quietly home. And some who saw them returning said that they would never forget the picture they made—the tall, handsome man, his stern face just then very gentle and kind,

walking between his daughters, just as a father should.

While they were having tea on the lawn the sky became overcast, and there was a vague rumbling, as of distant cannonading, in the far heights. But no rain fell. The slight breeze died away, and the leaves of the trees drooped



"I WANT YOU TO FOLLOW UP WHATEVER YOU CAN DO BEST."

limp and apprehensive in the thunder-charged air.

The August night fell earlier than usual, but still the storm had not broken. Nevertheless, all the holiday-makers kept within easy reach of shelter; at any moment might fall the first big drops—outriders of a great host.

Between nine and ten Dr. Denver, who had been promenading the garden, went indoors. The girls had some friends in, and Molly was

playing something on the piano. In the hall he encountered his son.

"Well, my boy, have you had a good time?"

"Ripping, father. We went for a sail, and didn't get home till half-past eight, so I had supper at the Vicarage."

"I thought that was where you were. Come into the consulting-room," added the Doctor.

"I think of going away for a short holiday to-morrow, and before I go I should like you to tell me how you are getting on."

The boy was touched and conciliated by the kindness of his father's tone; a little surprised, perhaps, as well.

They went into the consulting-room together, and Dr. Denver lit the gas.

"Well, George," he said, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "what about this law business—do you think you'll ever do anything at it?"

"No, father, I'm sure I sha'n't," replied the boy with decision.

"Then what would you like to do?"

"I want to be a musician," said George.

Dr. Denver, absorbed in his work as he had always been, knew very little about his son save that he had been a decided failure, intellectually, up to the present. The boy's answer surprised him.

"A musician! Of what kind?"

"I don't know exactly. I want to study music. Mr. Wall says," added the boy, recollecting the little organist's words, "that I ought to make music my life."

The Doctor seemed perplexed.

"I must confess that I never had any notion you were talented in that direction. I have heard you play trifles—but a great many people can do that. You say Mr. Wall thinks well of your music?"

"Yes. I have composed a piece," said George.

proudly, "which he likes very much. And Mr. Munro says I ought to write out everything I compose."

"Mr. Munro! He also thinks you ought to be a musician?"

"He likes my playing," said George.

"Well, boy, this is all new to me. Still, I want you to follow up whatever you can do best. If you wish to study music, you shall. I think I'll stroll across the common and have a chat with Mr. Munro about you."

"Thanks awfully, father," said George. He moved across the room to the door. "Good-night, father."

"Good-night, my boy."

And thus father and son parted with words of peace.

Dr. Denver lit a cigar and set out across the common at a snart step which the intense sultriness soon caused him to abate. The thunder was muttering dimly among the low-hanging clouds; the moon and stars were obscured, and the darkness was unrelieved save by an occasional flash of forked lightning. The Doctor had accomplished three parts of his journey when a terrific clap of thunder shook the

heavens, and the rain began to patter on the sun-hardened ground. He quickened his pace, hoping to reach the bungalow before the storm had fairly set in.

And now the pent-up fury of the skies, set free at last, sprang forth with vicious energy. The rain came down in a sheer flood, and the lightning zig-zagged furiously across the banked masses of cloud. Half-blinded by the rain, Dr. Denver sprang down the sandy slope along whose foot ran the row of bungalows, and dashed up to the door of Munro's residence.

He had just grasped the handle when a sudden hoarse exclamation caused him to turn his head. He caught a glimpse of a figure towering above him. Then some weapon descended with awful force upon his head, and he fell to the ground. He still, however, retained his senses, but even as he put up his arm to ward off the weapon again swooping down upon him, there came a flash of dazzling brightness; for a fractional part of a second he saw revealed the bungalow, the shore, the drawn-up boats, the sea, and the huge figure of his assailant; after which came a strange numbness and—sleep.

END OF BOOK I.

(To be continued.)

THE STRAIGHT MAN.

HE looks you in the face and his words have the accent of sincerity. He means what he says and he says what he means, and if you quote him, you will never be left in the lurch. He may be long in coming to a decision and he may be hard in a bargain. When the bargain is made, whether by word of mouth or a nod of the head, just as much as by a letter which has been copied, he will stand by it, though he lose his last penny. He will not whine about his losses, for they are the fortune of war, nor will he brag about his honesty, for he expects that to be taken for granted. If you have to meet him in debate, he may press you hard and be very keen in his views, but he will always deal fairly with you, looking for the sense of what you said, and not taking any advantage of the words. If he has a quarrel with you, he will have it out with you face to face, and would scorn to slander you behind your back. He also may be unable some day to pay his debts, and that will be the bitterest trial of his life; well, he will work night and day to regain his prosperity, and then he will pay his creditors, every one, with interest. Never was he known to make capital out of any doubtful point in a game, for, though he was eager to win, he was still more determined to win like a sportsman. And this is what we mean by a straight man.—From "THE HOMELY VIRTUES," BY JOHN WATSON, D.D.

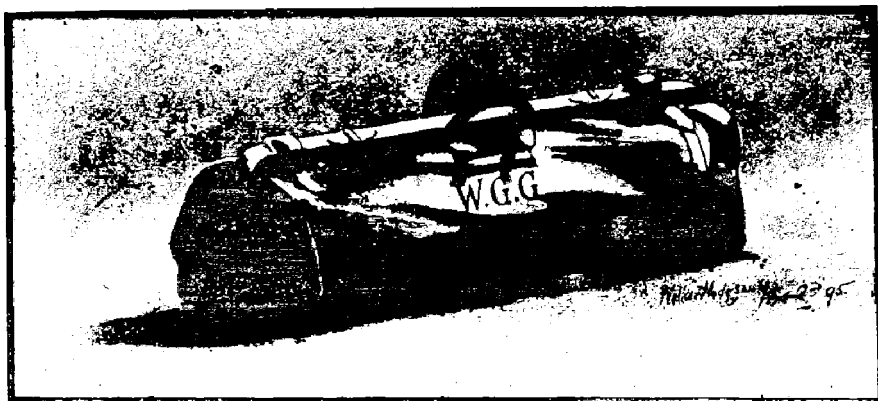


DR. W. G. GRACE, THE "G.O.M." OF CRICKET, WHO CELEBRATED HIS FIFTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY ON JULY 18TH, WHEN HE COMMENCED HIS INNINGS OF 166 FOR LONDON COUNTY V. M.C.C. AND GROUND.

(From "The Book of Cricket.")

THE PERSEVERING BATSMAN.

By C. B. FRY.



"Have patience, my boy; where there's a will there's a way; and there is nothing you cannot attain if you only try hard enough."—WISE WORDS FROM W. G.'S FATHER TO HIS SON.

WHAT we want to see," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is one who can breast into the world, do a man's work, and still preserve his first and pure enjoyment of existence."

Perseverance is what the present age is short of. Everything is too much on the principle of a 90 h.p. motor car, all noise and hurry. Bear in mind the following picture, from W. G. Grace's "Book of Cricket":

"My memory carries me back to my sixth year. Most boys of that age would have more to do with the nursery than a cricket ground, but it must be remembered my family was a cricketing one in every sense of the word, and a cricket ground in front of one's home, at that time, rare and exceptional. It was as natural for me and every one at home to walk out to the ground, as it is for every little boy in England to go into his nursery, and what boy with a choice at his command would prefer the latter?"

W. G. learnt to play with a bat suited to his size: "It is possible for a boy to handle a bat a little over his weight, and even play straight with it, but it is impossible for him to do so when it is inches too long. Every boy longs for a full-sized bat, but I can assure you that you are going the wrong way to acquire a correct style if your wish be gratified, and you may get into faulty habits that will stick to you all your life."

Mothers and keen fathers of budding young cricketers, pray take these wise words to heart! Go with your boy to a sound cricket outfitter's, have him measured, and

START HIM WITH A GOOD SERVICEABLE BAT, which, even if a little heavy, must not be too long, for length makes a boy do most un-earthy and discouraging things.

W. G. speaks again: "Use a bat suited to your height and strength, and if you stand properly and play straight, you ought to be able to keep the ball from hitting your wicket." This advice was given to and carried out by the little dark boy of six, who most likely played in a brown holland pinafore with white socks and black shoes; this splendid little boy of six practised keeping the ball out of his wicket for four years. There may have been times during these four years when he would have liked to try experiments, but, he says, his uncle's advice was, "Keep your left shoulder well forward and get over the ball." He kept drumming that into W. G.'s little head. "Until you do that you will never do any good—and keep your eye fixed on the bowler, never losing sight of the ball from the time it leaves his hands. There must be no playing or hitting wildly."

"I did all that," adds W. G., "in my own mind as conscientiously and persistently as any boy works at anything he loves."

W. G.'s father was strong in the belief that if you want to educate and influence a boy thoroughly,

IT IS AS IMPORTANT TO PLAY WITH HIM AS TO WORK WITH HIM.

Though you may not be a cricketer yourself, you may yet prove an excellent teacher,

as so much can be learnt from the many good illustrated books on the subject. A book cannot teach you judgment of pace and timing, but it can teach you correctness in the use of your limbs. The actual correctness of a stroke, so far as the movement of the feet and arms is concerned, is entirely independent of the ball.

Go with your boy, when possible, and watch good cricket; he will learn more in that way than in any other, provided you have beforehand put into him a keen desire to learn and excel. In order to imitate with good results, a considerable amount of common sense and hard thought is required, but your boy will probably return home with the full intention of trying to imitate the strokes he has watched, or the quickness of a fieldsman in returning a ball, and so will vastly improve his own play—and all this will add to his love of the game.

Nothing short of patient practice will lead to Success. So much depends upon a parent's views of cricket. If you are really interested and wish your boy to succeed, teach him that cricket is a game worth working at and thinking about. Teach him to be so *sorry* to fail, so sincerely proud when his best comes off. He will soon understand that

WHAT HE DOES HE MUST DO WITH ALL HIS
HEART;

there are no "if's" and "but's" in cricket. A boy's success so greatly depends upon his keenness and perseverance, and surely nothing can help him more than the sympathy and co-operation of his home people.

W. G. distinctly states that he had hard work to learn cricket. If a boy is reasonable and not opinionated there is nothing to stop him becoming, if not a first class, at all events a very good cricketer, but he must be guided aright and helped, and nowhere can more be done for him than in his own home. Mothers with a nice green lawn where croquet and lawn tennis are played should have just a piece kept for the boys, who, if they are worth anything, will take care of it themselves when they are at home. But, dear ladies, let it be ready for them when they come home!

The future of the boy rests greatly with the Mother. At three she can commence his practice and make him so that he can quite hold his own when he leaves for school. She can also take so much interest in him that he will know she will want to know "Why?"

if he has gone back in his cricket after leaving her. If only boys would practise as though always under the eye of whomever they have adopted as their Hero, we *should* have some XI.'s! The feeling that their Hero was watching all their efforts to correct their mistakes themselves would make some very real live cricketers. A short time ago I was watching a boys' match and saw a little chap in knickerbockers make an excellent catch—a hard, low hit. Well, that catch lives in a cricketer's memory, in a store-room, well-filled, outside first-class cricket, with pretty live bits picked up here and there.

TO SEE A BOY ACCURATE ON HIS FEET ALWAYS
PLEASES ME IMMENSELY.

Somehow a really good boy cricketer always attracts the attention of an elder who thinks he knows how cricket ought to be played. It is quite remarkable how nearly quite small boys, if well instructed, can approach the very best standard of style.

Do not be discouraged, particularly you young boys, at not getting on. Find out why it is. Follow W. G.'s advice: "*Keep the ball from hitting the wicket.*" That will be something. Remember the years W. G. practised with that end in view. Persevere. Nothing to do with the human body can be worked by electricity. You can drive in an electric car, be shot deep into the earth for a trip in the "Tube," but the only way you can learn to play cricket is by listening to a wise teacher, believing in either him or her, and then in starting for yourself to learn accurately just a little at a time. And it really does not matter how young you are.

Never waste time, whatever your job. Bowl straight and keep a good length; very often you will find the wicket "put the break on." If you could from your youngest days cultivate to be a slow left-hand bowler, you would never be left out of any ordinary team.

As for undesirables, the boy who persistently bowls to leg ought to be taken off. He hinders good practice.

Lastly, recollect that fearless correctness is the finest foundation for boys' as well as men's cricket.

C.B. Fry

FURTHER TALES OF ELIZA'S

BY FRED SWAINSON



No 6 A SURPRISE FOR DRYSDALE

ILLUSTRATED BY T.M.R. WHITWELL.

I.

NE of Drysdale's summer haunts was Loadwater, a little lake stretched like a silver ribbon through a trough in the Westmorland hills. It is eleven miles from a railway station. No one comes there unless it be an occasional fisherman or painter, there is no post-office, and the postman winds a horn to let you know he's going back. The hills rise steeply up from the cold, clear waters of the lake; the lower slopes are clothed thickly with green bracken, the upper spurs carpeted with short, spongy turf, and the tops of the mountains are those immense piled masses of boulder and rock, needle and precipice. Water thunders down from the mountain walls, spurting out of the rocks and ghylls, thinning as it falls until it is like a veil of finest lawn fluttering in the breeze. In among these hills are tarns, their waters cold, black because they are so deep, and lonely beyond all telling. The harsh cries of the moor birds, the bark of the hill fox seeking his rocky lair at dawn, the crash of the falling boulders, and the roar of the waters, are the only sounds that ever carry

across their bleak bosoms. What ghosts must walk among those lonely hills at night!

Drysdale had his quarters at the white-washed farmhouse at the water head, and all the kindly dalesmen were his friends, for he was a man after their own heart. He was off after breakfast, over the fells, before the dew was off the grass, rod in hand, to some of the little tarns, and though many first-rate rods affect to despise trout after the mayfly's over, they wouldn't say so if they had had a day with Drysdale in those lost waters among the hills. The lonely sheets are unfished, and the brown trout, fearless in their innocence, give sport fit for a king. If you have the knack, and if there's that little ruffle on the water which covers a multitude of fisherman's sins, you fill your creel with the gamest little fish that swims. The golden, brown-spotted beauties are not large, I grant you—none of your majestic five-pounders of the Hampshire chalk streams up there—but they fight till the last gasp, and eat sweet as sweet.

And when, mysteriously as always, the trout had gone off feed, Drysdale would unjoint his rod and put in an hour or two sketching. Then the leisurely drop down into the valley through the bracken, and the swinging dalesman's gait along the white narrow road to the farm for tea. After supper, what more natural than to slip his Lancaster under his armpit, and stroll down to the head water of the lake, push off the boat into the sedges and whispering reeds, and try to flush a mallard. The Lancaster would boom out, the hills echoing back, and

the bird would fall motionless upon the quiet waters of the mere. Reader, compare these clean, quiet joys in clean, crisp air, with promenades, longshoremen and shrimps, tennis in the gardens, and evening concerts on the pier. Faugh!

One morning the naturalist, coming in to a late breakfast after a dip in the lake, met, just at the farm gate, a little party of three. There was a girl about fifteen, brown eyes, black hair, face very very white and thin; supposing you notice such things, there but wanted the flush of health on her cheeks to make you say, "That's a pretty girl." The boy, who had a towel round his neck, was clearly her brother; he was probably a year younger, and tanned black with the sun. He swung along carelessly, hands thrust in his pockets, and, obviously, could have spared his sister health enough to set the roses blowing on her cheeks. The third was unmistakably a governess, prim, precise, and proper, but *not* severe. Her kind grey eyes said so very plainly. The trio looked at Drysdale as he came up the home meadow, the governess curiously, the boy frankly, and the girl shyly.

Drysdale's towel showed where he had been, and as they passed the youngster said, "Water cold, sir?"

"Very," said the naturalist. "I'd try from the willow at the foot of the field. Sandy bottom."

"Thanks, awfully. We're staying at the farm, you know."

"So am I," said Drysdale, with his quiet smile. "My name's Drysdale."

"Mine's Yorke," said the youngster, promptly. "That's Audrey, my sister. The other's Miss Mitchell, a dry old stick." Yorke jerked his head in their direction as they walked slowly down to the water.

"Oh," said the naturalist.

"See you later, Drysdale?"

"I sha'n't hide, Yorke," said Drysdale, with grave politeness.

Yorke trotted off to rejoin his people, and as Drysdale ate his breakfast he wondered vaguely what the trio would do with themselves in this little lost corner of the world.

For what the Yorkes had come to Loadwater was soon plain. The girl had come to breathe the pure mountain air and get a little colour into her pale cheeks. She had, without doubt, been very ill. They were friends with Drysdale before the sun went down, and, ere the week was over, "Miss Yorke" was exchanged for "Audrey," and

her brother was familiarly "Phil." Miss Mitchell remained Miss Mitchell, but I think in her heart of hearts she rather regretted this—and sighed at the necessity.

Drysdale took the trio under his wing. He knew the hills, the rivers, the lake and tarns as his own hand, and he initiated them into their mysteries and beauties as though they would come to love them as he did. And they did—especially Audrey.

The farm supplied a mountain pony, a little nut-brown beauty, surefooted as one of the fell Herdwick sheep, and when Drysdale prophesied a fine day from the set of the wind and the banking of the clouds at sunset, she was saddled for the girl. Then, Drysdale leading the little animal, Phil carrying the luncheon basket between his shoulder blades, Miss Mitchell in most business-like tweeds, a fearsome alpenstock in her hand and jaunty Tyrolean hat upon her head, they climbed out of the dale through the sheep tracks, and so out upon the quiet uplands among the hills. Then, while Drysdale taught Phil how to drop his fly, light as a gnat flirting on the waters, Audrey and the governess put in some lady-like sketches until Phil began to feel hungry—curiously enough, always about the time the little savage trout retired from business. Followed a merry luncheon, and afterwards Drysdale might touch up Audrey's sketches, explaining the "how" and "why" to the listening girl, whilst Phil and Michy coaxed a spirit-lamp behind a boulder. Michy dearly loved a cup of tea. Then home again just as the cows came lowing into the byres at milking-time.

There were quiet mornings above the haunts of Loadwater perch, Drysdale and Phil fishing against each other whilst Audrey read lazily on the cushions at the bow, and Miss Mitchell placidly hemmed, rucked, tucked, and gored, or whatever the right term be. And with every walk, drive, ride, and sail crept back a little colour into Audrey's cheeks, until Miss Mitchell wrote home glowingly such letters as would have made Drysdale blush to his ears could he have read them.

Phil introduced cricket into Loadwater—and thereby hangs this simple tale. Of Drysdale I have already said that he played no cricket. The game had no attractions for him, and yet, as I once wrote a story to prove, he had in him the making of a Croome, a Heron, or a Roberts, perhaps the greatest of Elizabethan cricketers.

Young Yorke was wonderfully keen on the game, and Audrey loved it whole-heartedly. However, Miss Mitchell was adamant on the matter. Audrey might score if she liked, but until the home authorities—including the doctor who had sent her to Loadwater—gave special sanction, she would not permit her to lay hold of a bat or to field a ball. Miss Mitchell didn't believe in cricket for

which were the only sort Drysdale dealt in—might dislodge one of the slogging dalesmen.

There were grand matches after milking-time. Audrey entered the teams down in the scoring book as Household Brigade *v.* I Zingari, Oxford Authentics *v.* Stoics, Northern Nomads *v.* Sir Philip Yorke's Eleven, Incogniti *v.* Emeriti, and in other

high-sounding booming styles. Loadwater could not bring twenty-two men to the green fields, so Audrey used to send in—on paper—Captain Wentworth, Captain Wynyard, Major Poore, Messrs. S. S. Harris, R. E. Foster, G. O. Smith, G. Jessop, and, yes! C. B. Fry. These unfortunate gentlemen were generally clean bowled by J. Drysdale, Esq., except when Phil had been particularly

nice and brotherly, when he was allowed to c. & b. "C. B." for a duck! This was Audrey's special honour.

September was within hail when the Yorkes and Miss Mitchell left Loadwater for home—in Lancashire. Audrey had caught the true Zingari tint, she did not drag as she walked, her eyes did not look prematurely large and wide, and she was open to give Phil three yards in a hundred and a beating. Which she did in thirteen secs. (Miss Mitchell wasn't there). Phil was in real hard condition; if he had fallen off a haycart he would have bounced—such was his boast—and Miss Mitchell looked upon Drysdale as the man responsible for all these things.

And as you can see if you read between the lines, he really had had something to do with it.

II.



ON the very morning of his going away, Phil received a letter from a beloved friend, Arthur Thorn, who had the privilege of belonging to St. Elizabeth's school. Phil threw it across to Audrey.



AUDREY SCORED.

girls. Have I said she was old-fashioned? Phil had brought down with him stumps, bats, and balls, regarding them when he packed up as perhaps his only means of enjoyment while away. The farm boys, the men, and the shepherds entered into the game with gusto. Drysdale turned out and kept wicket, standing back for safety's sake, and now and then taking a turn with the ball when Phil thought an extra fast one—

"Isn't that just like Jack? Never said a word about it to us. Why, he's in the XI!"

"That's just like him," said Audrey, her eyes sparkling. "He's actually played at Lord's against Eton. 'J. J. Drysdale,' of course. Now I remember the name."

"Well, what cuckoos we've been! Fancy putting himself last man in in our games!"

"Phil! I've got an idea," said Audrey, putting down her coffee cup in an excited manner. "Don't let him know we've found him out."



HE HIT EVERY BALL OF HIS FIRST OVER—

"Right, O! But what's the idea?" asked Phil.

"He shall come down to us for the Haversham week, and Mr. Burton shall play him against the Nomads."

"Spiffing idea," said Phil.

So, a week after the Yorkes had gone, Drysdale got a letter from Audrey:

HAVERSHAM HALL,
LANCS.

DEAR JACK,

We want you to come and spend the rest of your holidays with us. . . . if you can possibly, and I am sure you can. You *will* enjoy yourself. I have a surprise for you, too, but that you shall not have unless you come. Phil is almost as keen as I am about your coming. He says you simply must

bag your first 1903 partridge here, and nowhere else. But the shooting isn't the surprise. Something better. Now, *please*.

Yours very sincerely,

AUDREY YORKE.

P.S.—I am not going to ever forgive you if you don't.

P.P.S.—And you'll be an awful beast.

PHIL.

"Jove!" said Drysdale. "They seem keen about it. That split infinitive in the postscript must be due to excitement. Whatever can she have up her sleeve? However, since Mrs. Yorke says so, too, Haversham it is."

Richard Burton, Esq., captain of the Hallamshire County XI. quite one of the best of the second-class counties, besides being a first-rate cricketer, rather prides himself that he can tell a story as well as any man. He has a fine yarn—he may have cribbed it—called "One to Run," which is certainly his best, and he has another which he entitles "How my XI. beat the Northern Nomads."

"No," he will say, as he crosses one leg over the other, "it rarely pays to play a man in an eleven whom you barely know, except when he has a general reputation as a player. If he is a first-rate snap fielder, you put him out in the country, and he mulls the ball on which the whole match depends, or you put him point when he has the knack of judging dragging drives to perfection, and has the hands of Bill Gunn. You bowl him against the wind when he is absolutely futile, not knowing that he hates it as Ranjitsinhji hates a nor-easter. You bowl him with it, and he explains that his wretched analysis is because his yorkers were converted into full tosses by the hurricane. You always put him in at the wrong place. He is not flattered if he goes in at either head or tail, because, as he will explain, in one case he can't play bowling till it's aired, so to speak, while in the other a man of his calibre can't do himself justice when the rabbit at the other end is scratching about at the crease in a beastly funk. Whatever you do with A. N. Ignottus Esq., it is sure to be wrong.

"Now about Jack Drysdale. I was staying with the Yorkes, and young Phil and Audrey seemed no end keen about the XI. I was playing against the Nomads. I trotted out my list, all tried men whom I could depend upon, but I wasn't certain about



—OUT OF THE FIELD.

Archer, who, perhaps, could not make the journey to Haversham. And I rather wanted him, as he was a very steady bat and a fair speed-merchant. Then Audrey and Phil, or rather Audrey, Audrey, Audrey and Phil, insisted that Drysdale was the very man I wanted. In fact, that young lady did her level best to persuade me that Jack Drysdale had been specially created to oblige me and to play against the Nomads. He was a wonder with the ball, so he was. Could bowl so slow that you struck about three seconds too soon, and so fast that you couldn't see them. He mixed these wonderful balls most beautifully, too. So Audrey said. Phil declared that he could play back all day like S. P. Jones in the old times, or lay about him like Sir Tim or Hewett. Naturally, I inquired who the prodigy might be. The little monkeys played their trump cards together. He was the Elizabethan Drysdale, the man who made seventy-seven against the Thames men on a slow wicket at Lord's—Jove! you should have heard their emphasis on *Lord's*—

and who took five for thirty-five on the same occasion. Well, that was good enough for me. They teach 'em the game at Eliza's. Drysdale went down on my list, and I said I'd send him a formal invite. They would not hear of this. They were going to 'surprise' him themselves—the night before the match. They seemed to have their plans all cooked, and on their giving me their solemn word of honour they would not spoil mine by withdrawing their man at the last moment, I gave in.

"I saw Drysdale. He seemed likely enough, but didn't say a word on cricket, and according to promise I was silent, too. But one or two things struck me as strange on the morning of the match. I met the specially created man buying cricket boots in the village, and passing thence to another department investing in new flannels—*ready-made*! Now, cricketers *always* carry the necessary impedimenta with them. J. D.'s last hour preparations puzzled me.

"When his eyes met mine he looked

guilty, and his face, to put it mildly, was wrapped in funereal gloom. He actually seemed worried at playing against the Nomads! Nay, more. When we went out he said to me hurriedly, 'Burton, put me in the country—I'll do less damage there.'

"Now, my opinion is that public schoolmen prefer pretty, showy close-quarter work to hard scouting on the boundary, so I rather liked his asking for plain fag. But I did *not* like the word 'damage.'

"I never wish to see a finer outfield than Drysdale. His picking-up was not too polished, but he fairly raced at his work, and his returns were real 'hot sand and ginger.'

"In honour of his seventy-seven at Lord's I was for putting him in fourth. He begged me—literally begged me—to put him in last. 'For a Lord's man you're the most modest I've ever met,' thought I. He went in last. He hit every ball of his first over out of the field—twenty-four—and was bowled upside down first ball of his next. But I read one part of his mystery, there and then. Drysdale was a mere slogger with a good eye; of batting he knew hardly anything, and of Elizabethan batting nothing at all. 'That wonderful seventy-seven must have been a funny performance,' thought I.

"On the second day the Nomads went in to make two hundred and forty and win the match. Remember, they were the cream of North Country 'Varsity men in 1903. Burns and Oates put on one fifty before a wicket fell. I was in despair. I rang my changes, tried my own lobs, and for a second time asked J. D. to go on. He seemed so genuinely worried when I first asked him that I did not press it; but when B. and O. had tied us up into knots I began to find my last choice's excessive modesty rather a bore. Well, he went on. He took a twelve yards' run and sent them down. The first ball knocked Oates' stump out. I don't believe he ever even saw it. The wicket-keeper looked positively scared. Sheer take-your-

breath-away speed was Drysdale's only kind, but it was the very merchandise for our occasion. I piled my men behind the wicket, gave Gale a long-stop, and one man scouted on the on.

"Drysdale threw his soul into the work of destruction. Not Tom Richardson nor Mold nor Jones ever bowled faster. Three men followed Oates in ten minutes, and the rest were out before they left the pavilion. A rot, of course. Drysdale took seven for seventeen, and the Nomads never reached the second century. As in his batting, there was not the ghost of a suspicion of science in his bowling, but as long as cricket is played on green turf I never expect to see such another exhibition of tear-away, hurricane bowling.

"A little knot of us surrounded Drysdale. 'This licks your seventy-seven and five for thirty-five into a cocked hat,' said I.

"'Jack,' said Audrey, her voice breaking with very admiration and tender reproach, 'fancy your not telling us you were in the eleven. But Arthur Thorn told us all about you. We'll never forgive you.'

"Drysdale glanced round at us, hopelessly bewildered for a moment. Then a light broke in upon him in a flash, and he grinned at the lot of us as he said, '*J. J. Drysdale is my cousin.* You've been playing the wrong man, Burton.'

"'Not at all,' said Audrey, before I could get in a word. 'It is the most sensible thing Mr. Burton ever did.'

"And I, thinking of our victory, said, 'Hear! Hear!'

"But it was a fact. This Drysdale had never played at Lord's. He told me afterwards that during the very match Audrey and the boy supposed he had played in, he was having a glorious time in the fields and woods—bit of a naturalist, I suppose.

"All the same, I'll never forget that twenty-four—or that seven for seventeen!"

A QUEER CATCH.

BEING A TALE OF A SUBMARINE

By
GEORGE
ELLBAR.



Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson.

THE *Flamingo*, torpedo boat destroyer, lay snug alongside her depôt-ship, H.M.S. *Emperor*, in the curve of the river opposite the quaint old town of Harwich. There was much bustle and excitement aboard. Discordant sounds came from the engine-room, where a gang of artificers were busily engaged tinkering up one or two loose tubes in her boilers, and mingled with the clang of hammers forward, where the mountings of the 12-pounder required a little delicate attention; while a kind of running accompaniment to both was furnished by the rush and clatter of "taking in stores."

Amid the general din, with a keen eye for any tendency to slackness, stood Commander Owen Fancourt, furnishing the Engineer-Lieutenant of the *Emperor* with his personal and private opinion of my Lords of the Admiralty. The Commander brandished a telegram which he had in his hand.

"Look here, Stanton," he said, "it really is most annoying. Here I've got to take out my giddy flotilla to-night. Saw the old man"—nodding towards the *Emperor's* stern-

walk—"this morning. No news of my wretched Sub. Mid-day he hands me this."

Commander Fancourt opened out the crumpled telegram, and read, with infinite scorn:—

"Sub-Lieutenant Andrews sick. Midshipman Herbert Monckton appointed *Flamingo*, to join Felixstowe to-day. No sub-lieutenant available."

"No sub-lieutenant available," he repeated, glaring at the engineer; "why, I know scores of 'em—scores of 'em."

The engineer-lieutenant nodded. "Your gunner's a good man," he said.

"Oh, Jones is all right," agreed the Commander. "Of course, he don't mind. Makes him second in command."

"Well," said Stanton, "a good gunner's better than a bad sub., eh?"

"True," assented the Commander, as the engineer prepared to go back to the depôt-ship. "Of course, we shall be all right, but what annoys me is the pig-headedness of these Admiralty people. They never will do what you ask them to if they can possibly do anything else."

An opinion with which Engineer-Lieutenant Stanton, as a naval officer, after making due allowance for the added dignity of a Commander in charge of a destroyer flotilla, cordially agreed.

Two hours later the *Flamingo* dropped down the estuary, past the two short piers, to her moorings at the head of the four other destroyers, lying close inshore towards the harbour entrance.

Just about the same time, Herbert Monckton, Midshipman, R.N., was settling himself comfortably in a first-class carriage at Liverpool Street station, en route to join her.

Midshipman Herbert Monckton's journey through London that day had been a cab dash of absorbing interest from Waterloo to Liverpool Street. Newspaper placards, of which the only contents seemed to be a short word in letters of enormous size, caught his eye at every turn. The same stirring word—"War"—yelled by scores of panting newsboys, shrilly penetrated the rush and roar of the busy streets. The excitement reached its culminating point when his cab swung up Queen Victoria Street to be jammed, opposite the Mansion House, into a surging, swaying crowd of men and boys, noisy with patriotic songs and eager cheers.

Monckton never knew how they did it, but the cabby worked himself out and round somehow, and they rattled down the station slope at last with just a minute to spare. As the midshipman jumped out, after a drive the result of which he made as satisfactory to the driver as it was to himself, he felt for the telegram in his pocket, and hugged himself at his good fortune in securing a war appointment in the nick of time. What luck that he had gone down to his uncle's in Hampshire, instead of spending his leave in Switzerland with the rest of the family!

The big dépôt-ship and her little covey of destroyers, straining with wind and tide at their moorings, lay in a wide curve before him when, three hours later, he walked down from the little pier station to the waiting steam launch. His interview with the Captain of the *Emperor* was brief but satisfactory. Outwardly showing the British naval officer's traditional coolness, it was a very keen and excited midshipman that at sunset reported to Commander Fancourt, of the *Flamingo*, "Come on board, sir."

The lights of Harwich across the river came out one by one as the twilight deepened. When they shone clearly through the moonless night, the *Flamingo* cast off her

moorings and quietly slipped down the river past the other four destroyers. A pause as the vessels swung into line. Then a quick signal, a tinkle of the bell, and the *Flamingo* steamed out straight for the North Sea, ahead of her little fleet. From his post Monckton could see the lights of the second destroyer, the *Flasher*, and behind her, in single line-ahead, keeping station a cable's length apart, came the other three.

The Captain of the dépôt-ship had told Monckton that they were going to sail that night. From Commander Fancourt, now going below for a spell, he learnt more. After joining company with the remaining five vessels of the Medway destroyer flotilla, stationed at Greenhithe, they were to find the Home Fleet. Then, no doubt, an early move across the Channel and much business.

Once clear of the harbour entrance, the telegraph was put over to "Full Speed Ahead," and the *Flamingo* shot forward with the full force of her roaring, throbbing 7,000 horse power engines. The night was warm and the sea fairly smooth, but there was a fresh breeze, and the destroyer's speed of nearly thirty miles an hour caused the spray from her great bow wave to sting like a lash. The steersman well needed his steel shield to protect him from the cutting blast, thought Monckton.

The night wore quickly on, with little incident. Once a belated tramp sheered stupidly near their course, and had to be scared off with fiendish shrieks of the siren; and a little later what proved to be the lights of the new second-class cruiser *Cyclops* came in sight. As she swept by, on her way to the new Scottish naval port at Rosyth, she jerked out quick flash signals at them. The Greenhithe destroyers had gone straight on to Dover. No need to wait for them at the Nore.

The message was passed down to Commander Fancourt, who presently came up and took charge.

They had left Foulness on the starboard quarter when suddenly a shout came from the look-out man in the bows. There was an object ahead—something dark, he said—that looked like an up-turned boat.

The engines were slowed, and from the speed-checked destroyer eager eyes strove to pierce the half-darkness of the summer's night.

"Can you see anything?" said the Commander; "I can't."



HE SEIZED HOLD OF THE RIM AND PULLED HIMSELF CLOSE UNDER ITS SHELTER.

"No, sir," said Monckton, straining over the bridge-rail, "I can see nothing."

Commander Fancourt sent a sharp order forward. Back came the look-out's reply. He could see no boat now, but was certain there was something on the port bow a minute before. Would take his oath there was.

"Lubberly swab," snapped the impatient Commander, putting the telegraph to full speed once more. "Johnson, go forward and tell that man if he falls asleep again——"

"There it is," cried Monckton, excitedly. "Right close in."

But at that instant, in answer to the Commander's signal, the *Flamingo* leapt forward into her full stride again, and the sudden

jerk was too much for the midshipman. Leaning with outstretched arm over the end of the bridge, oblivious of everything save the object in the water, he lost his balance and pitched headlong over the side.

As the rush and swirl of the destroyer's backwash caught him, sucked him down, and swept him away, he was conscious of only one thing. What a fool, he thought, what an awful fool to let himself be tripped in that longshore fashion! What would they think of him on board the *Flamingo*?

To an "Osborne" boy a ducking on a summer's night is not of much consequence, and Monckton was soon at the surface again. The wake of the *Flamingo* had swept him clear of the path followed by the other

destroyers. His business now was to get picked up as quickly as possible. One of them probably would slacken speed in time to find him without turning. He dashed the water from his face and gave a lusty shout. Then a flare caught his eyes about a hundred yards away.

Monckton knew what it was—the calcium-carbide light on the night lifebuoy. Someone on board the *Flamingo* had promptly pulled the loosing trigger of the buoy.

Treading water, he raised himself to see more clearly where the lifebuoy was, when his feet struck against something slippery and hard. Almost involuntarily he drew them up. But to his horror the thing seemed to press up closely under him. Thoroughly alarmed, he struck out to get away, but there was no time. The thing rose so quickly that he found himself sprawling forward on its curved, slippery surface. His hands touched something cold, slimy, horrible. With lightning rapidity thoughts of sea-serpents, octopuses, all the sea monsters he had ever heard or read about, real or imaginary, ran through his brain. He gave a yell of dread. For the moment he was utterly unnerved.

The next instant sickening fear vanished in a gasp of relief. During this time the mysterious object had been rising out of the sea, taking Monckton with it. In his desperate struggles to get away he had turned his back to the lifebuoy, and, by its flare, as he rose clear from the water, he saw, within a yard of his face, the unmistakable lookout dome of a submarine torpedo boat.

His next thought, however, was not reassuring. Dread of the unknown had vanished, it was true, and, though highly improbable, the submarine might be British; but what if she belonged to France, their lately declared enemy? Most likely she had come up for observation. Undoubtedly, placed as he was, her crew would see him. Worse still, they might see the destroyers. The British submarines, he knew, practically never left the South Coast. He must get away at once and warn the flotilla.

Too late. Even as the thought was in his mind the circular hatch of the dome rose up and fell back within a foot of his face. No use to try to escape now. How should he hide? Ah—the dome. Behind its projection it was just possible that he might escape notice. He seized hold of the rim and pulled

himself close under its shelter. As he did so a man's head emerged through the opening.

With upturned face, scarcely daring to breathe, Monckton listened and watched. The newcomer's face was turned away from him, but the muttered words "*contre-torpilleur*" dispelled any lingering doubt Monckton might have had as to the submarine's nationality. He drew himself up to hear better, when, catching sight of the reflection from the lifebuoy's flare, the man suddenly turned round. The next instant Monckton found himself looking straight up into the amazed Frenchman's eyes.

For an instant only. The following moment, acting almost by instinct, the midshipman pulled himself up and let drive with his right straight at the Frenchman's jaw. It was a clean hit from the shoulder, and the man went down with a crash that shook the delicately balanced submarine from stem to stern.

The fat was in the fire now. From the interior of the submarine the voices of her crew raised in excited clamour reached Monckton's ears. His first thought was to slide off and get away as fast as he could. Panting from the effort of his blow, he was raising himself to do so, when through the night air came the words, distinctly sung in a British gunnery lieutenant's clear monotone:—

"Sit on the hatch, man."

Monckton paused in surprise. Then like a flash he caught their meaning. Swinging himself up he promptly dumped down with all his weight upon the flat surface of the submarine's back-turned dome cover.

Hardly had he done so when he felt it straining to lift under him. But, as the resourceful Commander of the little *Demon*, rear-most destroyer, had anticipated, when, drifting past some score of yards away, he became an interested spectator of the brief tête-à-tête between Monckton and the Frenchman, the lifting power of the hatch was only sufficient to raise it beyond the dead point. It could not rise with Monckton's weight upon it. The submarine could not dive with it open. Monckton was master of the situation.

As the middy, sitting astride the hatch, alert for the next move from below, grasped this fact, he fairly glowed with excitement. "By Jove," he laughed, "this beats cock-fighting. What a yarn to tell——"

"Crack!" The zip of a bullet sounded past his face.

This somewhat sobered him, but put an idea into his head. Reaching behind, he found his own revolver in its place. Pulling it out, he stretched over and fired down the hatchway.

"Two can play at that game," he thought.



HE LET DRIVE STRAIGHT AT THE FRENCHMAN'S JAW.

The effect of the shot was to re-awaken the hubbub of excited, angry voices in the bowels of Monckton's strange steed. Then they ceased again. "Wonder what they will be up to next," thought Monckton, casting a hasty glance round for his ally, the destroyer. To his surprise he saw her lights moving

quickly back again on the other side of the submarine. She must have described a semi-circle round it in the meantime.

Just then his attention was called back to the submarine by a tremor in her frame. Her screw began to revolve, and she slowly moved forward. Sitting tight, Monckton reassured himself with the reflection that her

open hatch would compel her to go very slowly for fear of shipping a sea.

A few moments later he perceived that she was turning round. Then he realised both the object of the manœuvre and the reason for the *Demon's* rapid curve round. A submarine usually has one torpedo expulsion tube, placed forward, so that she can only fire in that direction. Evidently she was turning in order to direct her tube towards the destroyer's course, as last seen by her crew—a step which the Lieut.-Commander of the *Demon* had cleverly anticipated by his prompt counter move.

As the submarine slowly swung round until Monckton could not see the *Demon's* lights without turning, a broad circle of light swept slowly to and fro across the sea, and then settled on the submarine. It was the destroyer's searchlight. Lieut.-Commander Payne had thoughtfully waited until Monckton's back was turned towards his ship. Otherwise the midshipman would have been dazzled by the brilliant glare.

For a brief space no change took place in the situation. Monckton, ready for anything, patiently awaited developments. Commander Payne's strategy had inspired him with full confidence in that officer's resource. The submarine, which had been moving slowly forward, came to a full stop again. From a few words which Monck-

ton caught now and then he gathered that her crew half meditated another sortie through the hatchway. The difficulty was that only one could come up at a time, and with an armed man waiting at the top nobody seemed anxious to try the venture.

Meanwhile, the smaller radius and greater intensity of the searchlight showed that the *Demon* was coming nearer. Soon Monckton heard the thud of her screws. Closer and closer came the sound; then it stopped suddenly.

The next instant came an order in Commander Payne's clear-cut voice:—

"Stand by for rope and make fast sharp. Then jump clear."

"Ay, Ay," shouted back Monckton, a little bit hoarse with excitement. He knew what Commander Payne wanted. Hardly had he replied when a slight shock shook the submarine, and the searchlight's beams showed a line of bubbles where a French torpedo was making a bee-line for its native land. Little hope for Commander Payne and the *Demon* if they had been on that side of the submarine.

Directly afterwards the rope came curling over Monckton's shoulders—well and truly thrown—and simultaneously the searchlight was shut off. Gripping the rope fast in his left hand, Monckton fired a parting shot down the hatchway and scrambled madly down towards the submarine's stern. It was the work of an instant, but he was up to his waist in water when he reached the rudder framing, so much had his weight disturbed the submarine's balance.

As he clutched the framework he heard the hatch clang to behind him. Not a moment to spare. With rapid, deft fingers he bent the rope on firm and true. Then, with a frantic yell of "Right away," he kicked off as far as he could into the sea.

On coming to the surface after his wild plunge he swam a few strokes to make sure he was clear, and then stopped to take his bearings. This was an easy matter, for the glare of the searchlight, which was evidently working again, caught his eye at once. The destroyer had shifted her position, but of course had not proceeded very far. In the circle of light was something that looked like a huge fish, half out of the water. It was the submarine, stern up, stem under, safely hooked. Monckton's heart gave a bound.

That was all right. Then he sent out a lusty "Ahoy" over the water, guessing that a boat would be looking for him somewhere.

Sure enough, promptly came an answering shout, followed by the welcome clunk of oars, and the next minute Monckton found himself safely inside one of the *Demon's* boats.

Enveloped in a big coat, with a nip of something inside him to keep him warm, Monckton felt supremely comfortable as the boat sped rapidly after the slowly-steaming destroyer.

"They've stopped, sir," suddenly cried the coxswain.

"Lay into it, you chaps," called out Monckton, with renewed vigour. "Let's see what's happened now."

The boat's crew, however, wanted no urging, and their distance from the destroyer and her prize rapidly grew smaller.

Suddenly the coxswain exclaimed:—

"See, sir, her hatch is open, and there's a man coming out."

"So there is," said Monckton, "and, look, there's a boat."

The boat moved across the circle of light, and lay to alongside the submarine. The man came down from the hatch, and immediately another of the submarine's crew came up from below and lowered himself into the waiting boat.

"By Jove!" cried the midshipman. "they've caved in. Hooray!"

And so they had. When, five minutes later, Monckton shook hands with the Commander of the *Demon*, he heard the conclusion of the matter. Commander Payne had given the submarine a quarter of a mile's towing, and then stopped to see whether her crew had had enough. They had. Four hundred yards' continuous pummelling and bruising in their revolving, plunging prison was quite sufficient to cause them to take the first opportunity of thrusting a white rag through the hatch in token of surrender.

"Now," said Lieut.-Commander Payne, as he finished, "slip below to my cabin and get into some pyjamas. You have done quite enough for one night, my lad, and not made a bad bungle of it either."

An opinion which apparently my Lords of the Admiralty also shared when, some time after, in addition to noting Monckton's name for early promotion, they gave him the junior officer's much-coveted Cross for Conspicuous Service.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

. . CONTRIBUTIONS. . .

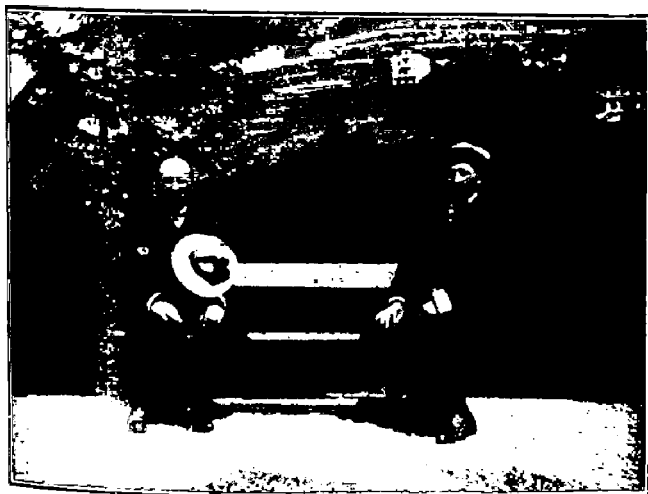
This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

LOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to G. E. A., A. Rogers, Andrew Robertson, W. A. Oldfield, and Wilfrid Raper. Each prize-winner is requested to send his present address, and at the same time to select a book.

the former shut. Take care not to move the camera meanwhile. G. E. A.

Double Photography.

THE following is an easy method of taking "double" photographs, as shown in the accompanying illustration, by means of an ordinary hand camera. Make a square box, of wood or cardboard, to fit on to the front of the camera. In one end of the box bore three holes to correspond respectively with the lenses of the camera and view-finders, and divide the side opposite into two folding doors. The inside of the box must be painted a dead black, and care should be taken that no



A "DOUBLE" PHOTOGRAPH.

By G. E. A.

light enters at the edges, &c. Secure this apparatus firmly to the front of the camera, so that the lens, &c., are directly behind the holes.

Arrange the person to be taken to the left of the camera. Open the left-hand door, keeping the other tight shut, and take a snapshot of him thus. The sitter now moves to the other side of the camera, and another snapshot is taken of him, with the second door open and



A PECULIAR "HONOURS-BOARD" AT TRENT COLLEGE, LONG EATON. IT IS A VERY OLD DRAWING ON A BLACK-BOARD, WHICH IS CAREFULLY PRESERVED. WHENEVER A NOTABLE FEAT IS PERFORMED BY A MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE A SUITABLE INSCRIPTION IS ADDED.

Photo. by H. Manwaring.

George Hirst.

GEORGE HIRST is undoubtedly one of the best all-round cricketers of the day, as well as one of the most popular.

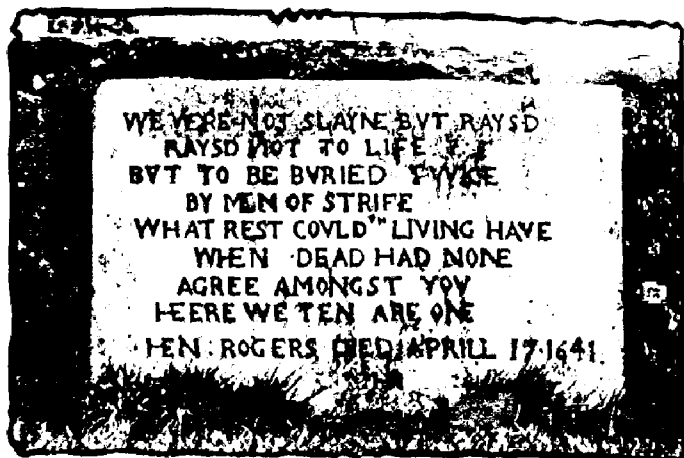
He was born at Kirkeaton, and will be thirty-four years of age on the seventh of September. He bats right hand, bowls left, and fields with both. Whether it is with bat, ball, or in the field, George is equally at home. When he is at his best, both batsman and bowler have good reason to fear him. He has achieved fine performances for his county (Yorkshire), and

also for England, on occasions too numerous to mention. He is one of the few men who have scored a thousand runs and captured a hundred wickets in the same season. This feat he has performed in three seasons viz., 1897, 1900, and 1903. In either the batting or bowling averages one has no need to look far to see the name of George Hirst. He is the most brilliant mid-off in England, his only equal in this position being Ernest Jones, the Australian. He can stop and return the hardest drive equally well with either right or left hand. During the winter George went to Australia with Warner's team. His batting was fairly good, but in bowling he was much below his English form. His deadly swerve did not appear to have any terrorising effect on the Australian batsmen; but doubtless the Australian wickets were unsuited to his particular style of bowling.



This photograph of the memorial to the forty-three Old Cliftonians who fell in the Boer War was taken immediately after the unveiling by Lord Methuen, on June 25th last. The memorial consists of a bronze figure of St. George on a square stone pedestal, on each side of which is a bronze tablet, three of them bearing the names of the fallen heroes, and the fourth an inscription by Mr. Henry Newbolt (O. C.).

Photo. by G. Dunderdale.



The above curious inscription appears on a stone in the graveyard of Christchurch Priory, near Bournemouth.

Photo. by Maurice P. French.

However, whether he succeeds, or fails, which is very seldom, he is always a thorough trier. If I were asked to guess George Hirst's motto, I should certainly say, "Keep on trying," and I have no doubt that I should be very near the mark.

A. ROGERS.

Yorkshire Cricket.

NO county can point to such a distinguished record in the history of sport as Yorkshire. In cricket, football, hockey, athletics—all these, and more also—is Yorkshire pre-eminent. Perhaps in cricket the broad-acred shire is most conspicuous. Wherever the English language is spoken, wherever Britons are gathered together, the glorious deeds of the Yorkshire cricket eleven are discussed and admired.

Sheffield is the home of Yorkshire cricket, and as far back as the American War of Independence, cricket was in evidence there. In the latter years of the eighteenth, and in the beginning of the nineteenth, century, cricket matches between towns took place. For example, Sheffield would play Nottingham; but it is not improbable that, in selecting the elevens for these matches, the talent of the entire county was drawn upon. In 1835, however, an eleven under the name of Yorkshire tried conclusions with Sussex, the game resulting in a draw. From that time the county club played regular home and home matches with a limited number of counties. In 1870, Yorkshire were without doubt the finest side in England, for they won every match they played. When the county championship was started, Yorkshire joined in; but in the early years of this competition the

"Tykes" were never very much to the fore. In 1883, however, they ran a neck and neck race with the powerful Notts team, but victory ultimately rested with the county of Gunn and Shrewsbury.

In recent years no county has been so consistently successful in the race for championship honours as has Yorkshire. In 1893, mainly owing to the great batting of Jack Brown and the fine bowling of Peel, they were champions; in 1894, second; in 1895, third; champions again in 1896; fourth in 1897; in 1898 they recovered their positions as champions; in 1899 they were third, and in 1900, 1901, and 1902 they were champions. Last year they were most unfortunate in the matter of injuries to their leading players, and dropped to third place. Thus, in eleven years, they have six times been champions, once second, thrice third, and once fourth—a most brilliant record, and one which speaks volumes for the consistency and ability of the county's players. In 1900, it should be mentioned, they went through the championship programme without sustaining a single defeat.

No all-England eleven is complete without the inclusion of some Yorkshiremen. Among famous "Tykes" of the present day may be mentioned: Lord Hawke, the popular captain; the Hon. F. Stanley Jackson, one of the finest amateurs of the day; Rhodes, the greatest bowler of his time; Hirst, the best all-round man in England; David Hunter, the veteran stumper; and, last, but by no means least, that old-established firm of run-getters, Brown and Tunncliffe. ANDREW ROBERTSON.

P. F. Warner.

"PLUM" has been amongst the best exponents of our national game for ten years.

He showed promise as a schoolboy at Rugby, and batted consistently at Oxford, though he did not get many runs in the two "Varsity" matches in which he played.

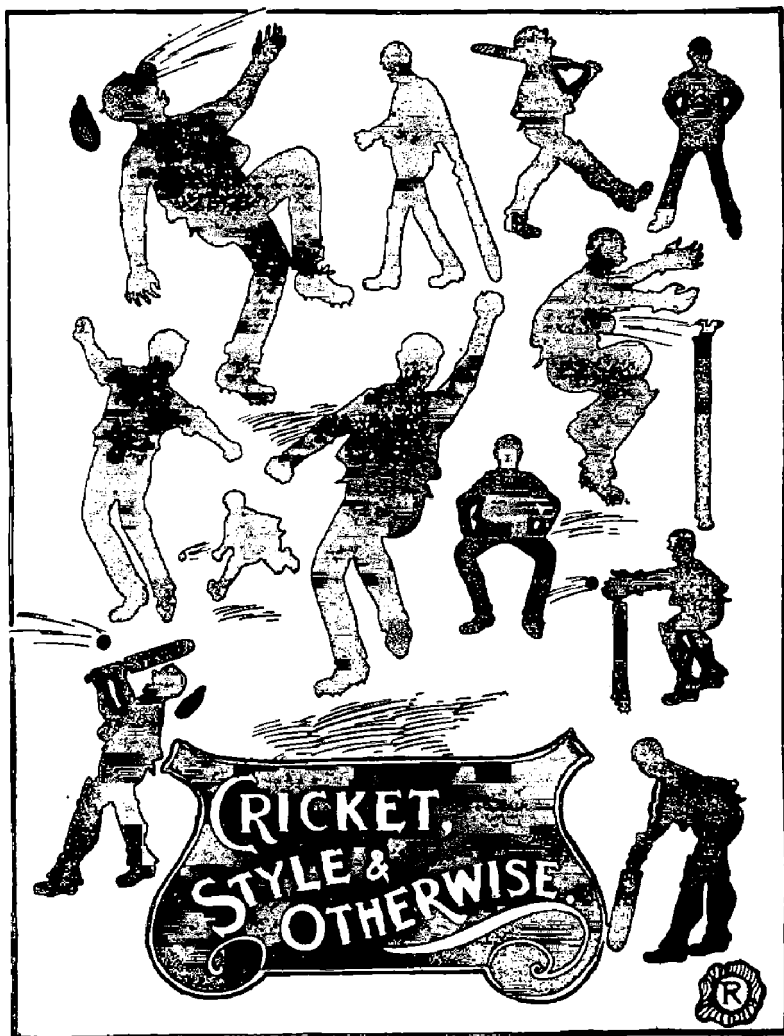
Always a good bat, by dint of careful and persistent practice he has developed into one of the finest cricketers in England.

Not suffering from nerves, and being at all times calm and self-possessed, he is in the front rank of the few batsmen who can go in first on any wicket and break the bowling. Though

necessarily a slow scorer, he nearly always makes a good total.

In 1895, his first season in county cricket, he obtained 542 runs, with an average of forty-three. Since then he has invariably made at least 1,000 during the season.

Amongst his numerous centuries two may be mentioned here—First, 150, v. Yorkshire, at Lord's, in 1899, a marvellous innings, which, though not unexpected by his own colleagues,



By W. Ringham, Bristol.

considerably astonished the northerners. Second, 197, not out, v. Somerset, at Lord's, in 1901. The latter is, up to the present, "Plum's" highest score in "fust clars" cricket. He was batting four and a half hours, and only offered two difficult chances.

He cannot bowl, but his fielding is clean and praiseworthy, and he insists on "good fielding and plenty of it" whenever he captains either Middlesex or England, which is not seldom! He is one of the finest skippers imaginable, and, as



DONCASTER RACE WEEK. VISITORS ARRIVING.

Photo. by Wilfrid Raper.

everyone knows, was chosen by the M.C.C. to command the team which visited Australia last winter. Regardless of the sneers of the critics, he maintained a resolute confidence in his men, and so inspired them by his optimism and dauntless courage, not to mention his fine example of thoroughness, enthusiasm, and earnestness, that they won more matches than any previous team visiting "down under," and, being only twice defeated, "recovered the ashes."

"P. F." has also represented England in America, Canada, South Africa, the West Indies, and New Zealand.

A true sportsman in every sense of the word, long may he assist Middlesex and England to remain champions in the national game.

NITA.

Doncaster in Race Week.



ALTHOUGH the September meeting lasts but four days, viz., Tuesday to Friday inclusive, this period is always referred

motor car, or the more imposing electric tram.

But it is on the first racing day that one feels the full force of the change; even by five a.m. the fine elm-lined road from the town to the

course is dotted over with enthusiasts bent on seeing the "Leger" candidates out for morning gallops. By eleven o'clock the streets are a black mass of humanity and vehicles jostling and pushing on its way to the Town Moor; the air is rent with the hoarse cries of drivers and card sellers, their favourite terms being "Race card, card, a tanner," and "'Ere y'are, course way, course way, a tanner." Every train brings in fresh hordes, and all push steadily on to their goal. On Wednesday, the "Leger" day, the crush is frightful, it being estimated that in 1902



DONCASTER.—A GOOD FIELD.

Photo. by Wilfrid Raper.



THE RACECOURSE CROWD FROM THE PADDOCKS.

Photo. by Wilfrid Raper, Doncaster.

fully 250,000 persons witnessed and subsequently applauded, as only Yorkshiremen can applaud, that good mare Sceptre's victory in the great race. The conveyances seem utterly unable to cope with this continuous, snake-like stream of people, though the cab and car drivers lose no time in depositing one cargo and returning for another, while each day the trams, the corporation's latest venture, carry, on an average, upwards of 1,000 persons between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Thursday and Friday are practically repetitions of the previous days, except that they are not quite so busy. Many residents vacate the town for this period, and let their furnished houses, many of which realise £50 and £60, while some even let for £100 the week. The great drawback to the meeting is that a vast horde of loafers, dregs of humanity—human riffraff—is attracted to

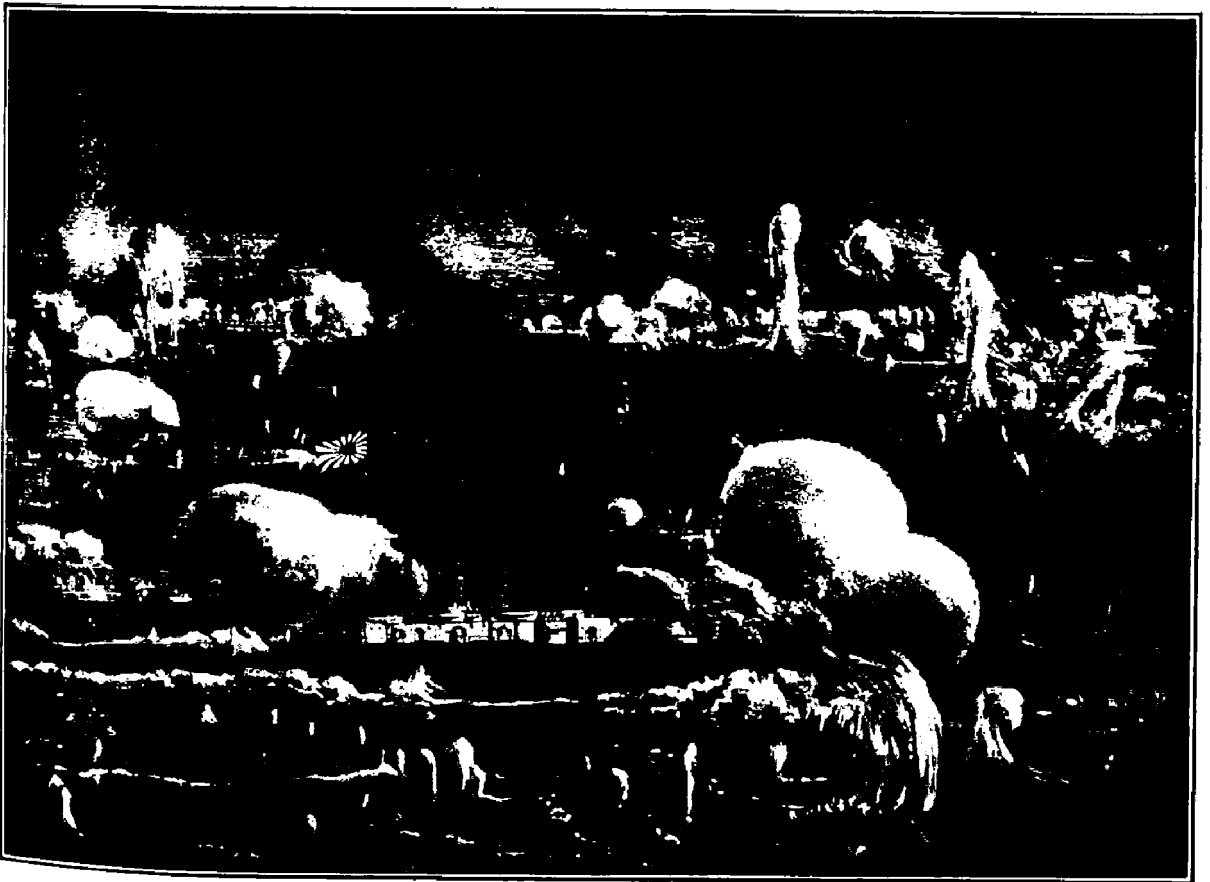


"OFF!" A GOOD START.

Photo. by Wilfrid Raper.

the town. As a balancing feature, we are honoured by the attendance of numerous great folk, viz.:—dukes, earls, viscounts, etc., etc., who drive in with large parties on smart drags or in horseless carriages. In conclusion, I may say that almost all Doncastrians are heartily glad when the strangers have departed and our town has once again returned to its normal state of quiet.

W. A. OLDFIELD (Doncaster).



A JAPANESE EYE-WITNESS'S IDEA OF THE NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF PORT ARTHUR ON APRIL 13TH.
VOL. XI.—72.

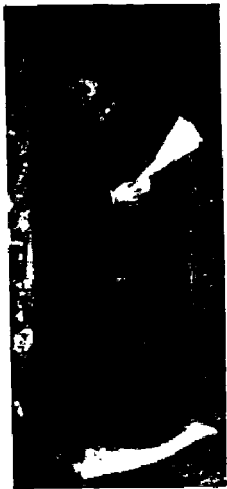
THE "CAPTAIN" PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.



THE WHITBY PIERROTS.
By W. G. Vann, Durham.



"COMING ON FOR THE COUNTY."
By F. R. Bourne, Tooting.



"THE LATEST."
By A. E. Radford,
Nottingham.



"FORUM ROMANUM."
By A. Friedrichs, West Hampstead.



"RELF, SUSSEX."
By Daisy Adamson, Brighton.



WASHING IN STRASBURG.
By R. Swanston, Belfast.



MACLAREN GOING OUT TO BAT.
"Spasabot."

COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 19th.

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, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many "tries" for each competition as you like, but each "try" must be sent in a separate envelope.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows :—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 19th.

The Results will be published in November.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"Captain's Birthday Book."—I have decided to alter the conditions in this Competition. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, from any source you like. Make them as varied as possible, and remember that you are put on your honour not to copy them out of other birthday books. I draw the line there. At the same time, remember that there are still plenty of things in THE CAPTAIN that you will be able to include in your selection. When the birthday book is finally published I shall like it to contain a fair sprinkling of excerpts from this magazine. This time, take the month of March (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. Prizes: Class I., a New Columbia Graphophone; Class II., a Handsome Post-card Album; Class III., a Benetfink Football. (See CAPTAIN Prizes Page.) John Piggott Hockey Sticks will be awarded as Consolation Prizes.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No 2.—"Drawing of a Flag-Staff or Chimney-Stack."—Draw a flag staff flying any kind of flag.

Note.—Prize-winners who already have Developers, &c., may choose other articles of similar value.

which, of course, must be coloured; or, if you don't work in colour, send a sketch in pen or pencil of a chimney-stack. Prizes: Three of Messrs. G. Houghton and Son's No. 2 "Scout" Cameras. (See CAPTAIN Prizes Page.) Sets of Harbutt's "Plasticine Designer" will be awarded as Consolation Prizes.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—"Cable to Admiral Togo."—Compose a congratulatory cable to Admiral Togo, the British-trained Japanese naval warrior. Each word of the cable must begin with a letter in his name—A-D-M-I-R-A-L T-O-G-O. The message, you see, will consist of eleven words. Send this to us on a post-card. Prizes: Three Sets of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. (See CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"Photographic Competition."—Send a print from your best negative; any subject. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three "Sunny Memories" Albums. (See CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

Class I. ... No age limit
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"A September Event."—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of September. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a Gradidge Football; Classes II. and III., a Benetfink Football. (See CAPTAIN Prizes Page.)

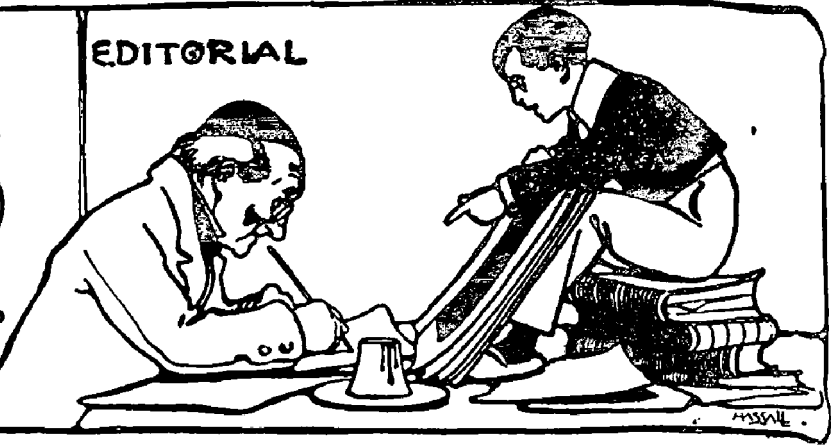
Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"Best Twelve Short Stories in Volume XI."—Here is a Competition for those who keep their back numbers. Make a list of what you consider the twelve best short stories in the volume concluded with this number. Send your list on a post-card. Prizes: Three Sandow Developers, value 12s. 6d. each.

Class I. ... No age limit.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. ... Age limit: Sixteen.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12, BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Next Month sees the commencement of Volume Twelve. In continuing "The Duffer," we are making an entirely new experiment, which, I trust, will prove satisfactory to our readers. The "Second Book" of this serial will largely take the shape of a new story, as the Denvers' home is broken up, and the three young people experience considerable ups and downs before the finale is reached. More than this, in the interests of the author's plot and its unexpected developments, I cannot tell you. The other serial is a public school story by Mr. Pelham G. Wodehouse, who has already won his spurs as a CAPTAIN serial writer with that lively story, "The Gold Bat." In "The Head of Kay's," Mr. Wodehouse describes the regeneration of a very slack house—Kay's, to wit—and among other details connected with public school life he deals with the doings of the school cadets when in camp at Aldershot. There is some very clever character-drawing in "The Head of Kay's," the action is brisk, and the whole tale abounds in that happy humour which prevails in everything this rising young writer produces.

Other features.—I have also secured for publication in our next volume a series of stories concerning school life in America, the conditions of which are very different to those which exist in this country, as the schools are "mixed," girls and boys sitting side by side in form, and competing on equal terms in the examinations. Among the

characters is a big English public school boy, who for family reasons has to take up his residence in America. The character of the haughty, self-contained English boy is cleverly compared with that of his cute outspoken Yankee companions. I am quite sure "At Hickson's" will achieve popularity among CAPTAIN readers. Mr. Calkins' vividly-told "Far West" adventures will also be continued, the story in this series scheduled for the October number being entitled "A Pair of Chapperejos" ("Far West" for leggings), and describes the exciting adventures which befell a young

fellow who had to procure a large sum of money from a distant bank in order to pay the wages of a large camp of which he was manager. This story is much longer than the usual "Far West" tales, and is really of a most absorbing nature. Mr. Archibald Williams, a very clear-headed and painstaking writer, will in future take control of our

VOLUME XII.

"THE DUFFER,"

By R. S. WARREN BELL.
BOOK II.

"THE HEAD OF KAY'S,"

A Public School Story.
By P. G. WODEHOUSE

"AT HICKSON'S,"

Tales of American School Life.
By F. L. MORGAN.

"TALES OF THE FAR WEST,"

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.
(Continued.)

Cycling and Camera Corners. I have always been struck by the extreme lucidity and thoroughness of Mr. Williams' work, and am very pleased to know that these two departments will in future be under his charge. With Mr. Fry looking after our Athletics, Mr. Nankivell our Stamps, Mr. Step our Natural History, Mr. A. E. Johnson the School Magazines, and Mr. Archibald Williams our Cycling and Photography, I do not think anybody can pick many holes in our list of experts on the score of efficiency. Your humble servant, the writer of these lines, also hopes to keep his own little "Corner" going to the best of his ability.

Can You Swim? In reading an account of the wreck of the *Norge*, the Norwegian emigrant vessel which, early in July, sank with several hundred souls aboard her, I was much struck by the manner in which the captain managed to survive. He went down with his ship, and shortly afterwards rose to the surface. Notwithstanding an injured leg, he struck out and swam for twenty minutes, at the end of which period he met the chief steward, and they swam on together. Eventually they were picked up by one of the ship's boats that had succeeded in keeping afloat. Now, this Norwegian captain cannot be a young man, as he has been a skipper for a good many years and crossed the Atlantic heaps of times. Also, he was in his clothes when he sank. In spite of these facts he kept himself afloat amid the Atlantic rollers for quite forty minutes. I wonder how many men could do that! Experiences of this kind clearly point to the usefulness of swimming. Although swimming is practised and followed by a good many people, it is not practised and followed by the mass of people. While we are told a great deal about cricket and football at public schools, we hear far too little about the swimming that takes place at such institutions, whether in bath or river. It seems to me that everybody in every school, unless prevented by delicate health, should be compelled to learn swimming, and that one of the best prizes of the year for athletic achievements ought to be given to the boy credited with the finest swimming performance. By becoming an expert swimmer you not only enhance the chances of saving your own life, but you put it in your power to rescue other people who are in peril of drowning. It is also useful to practise supporting

another person in the water, and to swim in one's clothes. In short, the art of swimming should be encouraged by the offering of good prizes, and by school competitions, to a far greater extent than obtains at present. By becoming an expert swimmer you arm yourself, as it were, with a sure weapon of life preservation when you are on water, in water, or in the vicinity of water.

First Aid in Drowning Cases:

Mr. Marshall Sturge, a Charlbury (Oxon.) reader, kindly calls my attention to an episode in "The Duffer" (May CAPTAIN, p. 152), which concerns Munro's treatment of Joyce Denver when she was apparently drowned. Munro is described as having gripped the child by the ankles and held her head downwards in order that the sea water might run out of her. Mr. Sturge points out that this should never be done under such circumstances. I find on inquiry that my correspondent's assertion is correct. The following process to be adopted in order to restore an apparently drowned person, is recommended by Mr. Montague A. Holbein, in his book on "Swimming":—

"If no sign of life is apparent, lay the patient flat on the back, loosen the dress, and place a folded coat or pillow under the head and shoulder-blades. Wipe the mouth and nostrils, draw the tongue forward. Grasp the arms of the patient below the elbows. Then draw steadily upwards full length above the head, and down again until they are in line with the rest of the body. Slowly repeat this movement at the rate of fifteen times a minute. If there are a number of people at hand, prevent them from crowding round the patient. Don't use rough treatment, and don't twist the limbs in any way. When natural breathing has been restored, place hot water bottles or hot bricks at the soles of the feet, on the stomach, and under the armpits. Friction should not be resorted to until the patient breathes unaided. Then, and not till then, friction may be commenced on the legs, and so upwards along the arms towards the body. If possible, when the patient is in a blanket, and when the power of swallowing has returned, administer a very small quantity of weak brandy and water, wine, or beef tea. After that try to induce sleep."

Boxing v. Wrestling.—The Homeric meeting of Hackenschmidt and Jenkins, and the extraordinary interest taken in the contest, seem to point to the fact that the art of wrestling, which, to a certain extent, had fallen into disuse, is undergoing a revival, and I am very glad to see it. Wrestling is a man's first and most natural method of warfare. It is essentially a strong man's sport, and a sport which tends to make men strong. Boxing is a fine sport, but it is, if I

may use the term, a more "local" one than wrestling. You hit continually at the face and a certain portion of the body. In wrestling, every part of the body is engaged. Compare the chances of a great boxer and a great wrestler in a brawl. Suppose Kid McCoy and Hackenschmidt were to find themselves at variance, and had a quarrel. McCoy hits out at Hackenschmidt, but the Russian, quick as thought, dodges the blow, and before McCoy can hit again the wrestler has hold of him, and, owing to his marvellous knowledge of every branch of wrestling, grips the boxer in such a way that the latter is absolutely at his mercy. A little extra pressure, and the wrestler can break his arm, his leg, or even his neck. He can lay him on the ground, helpless as a babe, or he can send him flying over his shoulder. A boxer may hit once, twice, or even six times, without getting in the precise blow that will prove disabling to his antagonist. A boxer's two marks are the point of the jaw and the heart. He may hit the wrestler over and over again on the chest, arms, and face, and not knock him out, but, as I have said, the wrestler, with one grip—an "arm-lock" or "half-nelson"—puts his antagonist, however powerful the latter may be, absolutely at his mercy. It therefore seems to me that a good deal more wrestling might be done in gymnasiums—school and otherwise; and I am sure that if wrestling is in future made a feature of at assaults-at-arms it will become one of the most popular items of such entertainments. This man Hackenschmidt, as champion wrestler of the world, is consequently the strongest man in the world, for the greatest strength is the strength that can be applied with the greatest advantage to its possessor. It is a far more desirable thing to be able to throw a more powerful man than yourself than to be able to lift iron bars and other heavy weights. There is no man in the world that we know of who, without arms, can stand up to the mighty Hackenschmidt. Man to man, he is the strongest in the world.

[I may add that I am supported in these views by an amateur wrestler of my acquaintance. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, however, who knows something about boxing, differs from me *in toto*. He thinks the boxer has the better chance. I should like to hear from my boxing and wrestling readers on the subject.]

Manchester Grammar School Sports.

I append the principal results of

these sports, held in the summer term. The weather was of an unsettled character, a rather stiff breeze blowing across the ground, which breeze (I am informed by a M. G. S. correspondent) accounted for the times not being very good. I am surprised to see that nobody at Manchester Grammar School can jump higher than five feet. Here are the figures:—

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—E. F. Burrow, 78yds. 1ft. 6in.

Broad Jump.—C. M. Howard, 16ft. 6in.

Putting the Shot.—E. F. Burrow, 23ft. 10in.

100 Yards.—E. F. Burrow, 12sec.

Half-Mile.—S. Coates, 2min. 22sec.

High Jump.—A tie (B. C. Cory and H. Redmayne), 5ft.

Quarter-Mile.—B. C. Cory, 60 2-5sec.

One Mile.—E. Walker, 5min. 28sec.

"History in Rhyme." (Competition I., June Number.)—The following are the two best descriptions in rhyme (limited to twenty lines) of the events of our present Monarch's reign:—

The year of grace, one nine nought one,
Had two and twenty days begun
When Queen Victoria passed away,
And Edward Seventh did sceptre sway.
The Duke of York in that same year
Visited lands both far and near.
Nineteen nought two—of this make sure—
Ended our war against the Boer.
The King then nearly lost his crown;
Apperdictitis struck him down;
His coronation was postponed,
But August 9 saw him enthroned.
Balfour the Premier next became,
In place of Salisbury—honoured name:
That statesman died one nine nought three.
While we Somali war did see.
Then Chamberlain strong efforts made
To get "Protection" for "Free-Trade."
Nought four produced more warfare yet,
Russo-Japan and far Tibet.

ALEX. SCOTT, JUN.
Prize-winner, Class I.

O'er all his realms in nineteen one
King Edward sent his princely son.
In nineteen two came peace at last;
The Education Bill was passed;
And that same year must we record
The illness of our Sovereign lord.
While nigh to death the monarch lay,
His subjects never ceased to pray.
And when at length they crowned him King
The Empire seemed with joy to ring.
That year the great Archbishop died.
And Cecil Rhodes, his country's pride.
Lord Salisbury also passed away
In nineteen three, one August day.
The great Entente shall aye remain
The chief event in all the reign.
For Frenchmen have agreed at last
To settle up their quarrels past,
And friendship, lasting evermore,
Shall date from one and nine nought four.

VIOLET REED.
Prize-winner, Class II.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Mary Child writes: "With regard to 'Jacobite's' letter in the June CAPTAIN, I should like to say that I *did* put 'Loch Shiel' in my poem, 'Prince Charlie's Land,' and that it was rendered 'Loch Kiel' owing to a printer's error. The 'Noble Snipe' in my 'Beauchamp Chapel,' should have been 'The Noble Imp.' I am sorry that these mistakes should have been made through indistinctness in my handwriting."

"Lex."—Our Legal Expert informs me that, in order to become a solicitor, there are three compulsory examinations to be passed, viz., (1) preliminary (general knowledge), (2) intermediate law, and (3) final law. There is also (4) optional "honours." As to No. 1, this may be excused if a candidate has obtained certain University degrees, has passed the Oxford or Cambridge Local, the London or Dublin Matric., or has obtained a "first" in the College of Preceptors' exam. When the preliminary has been passed or dispensed with in any of the aforesaid ways, the student *must* be articled to a solicitor for a term of five years. This term may be reduced if the student has obtained a University degree, has been a barrister, or has already served in a solicitor's office for ten years. The chief obstacle in the way is getting articled. As in many other walks in life, this is easily overcome with money. The best firms in London will only take pupils at a very large premium (£300 or thereabouts). Here and there, however, may be found a lawyer who will give articles to a young man with exceptional ability and some legal experience.

Another Oddity.—An absent-minded old gentleman once entered a post office in Jamaica and inquired: "Any letters for —?" Unable to recall his own name he walked out of the office and up the street snapping his fingers, and endeavouring to remember it. A friend of his happened to be coming down the street. "Good morning, Mr. Hall!" said he. The old gentleman turned right about face, without even replying to the salute, and made his way back to the post office, repeating all the while "Mr. Hall, Mr. Hall!" Arriving there, he asked for his letters, using his name, which he had utterly forgotten, and received them. [Sent by D. V. Dias, Spanish Town, Jamaica.]

T. M. P.—A banking friend of mine is inclined to think that the South African banks are the best-paying and the most likely to offer good chances of advancement. The Indian and China banks are also very good institutions to get into. Are you prepared to stick at your work for some time at perhaps a nominal salary, and to wait patiently for any good vacancy that may present itself? That is the main question. I am always of opinion that once a post can be obtained in any place, it rests entirely with a fellow himself, and the amount of attention he gives to his duties, as to where he will eventually find himself in the race for position in life.

"Puer" calls my attention to an inaccuracy in "Puella's" article on "The Wallace Collection," in the June number. The collection is at Hertford House, Manchester Square, W., and not at Hereford House, W., as stated.

"Privateer" will find an interesting series of articles, by Mr. Ernest Richards, a CAPTAIN contributor, dealing with the slave trade and privateering in the Georgian era, in some recent issues of the *Nautical Magazine*.

Dulwich readers may be interested to hear that the choir-boys of All Saints' Church are

doughty cricketers. During its three years' existence this choir club has only been beaten once by another choir, and on Whit Monday one of the boys took 9 wickets for 20 runs, doing the hat trick twice in one innings.

The Locomotive Portfolio contains ten handsome reproductions in colours of the principal locomotives of our great railway companies. "Railway Views," is a little album of interesting photographs of various subjects. They are both published by the Locomotive Publishing Co., 3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, E.C.

"The Model Locomotive: Its Construction and Design," by Harry Greenly, is a book that should be in the hands of all our model-making readers. It goes right into the subject in a practical manner, and contains upwards of 370 illustrations and working diagrams. It is published by Messrs. Percival Marshall and Co., Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, E.C., price 6s. net.

A. S. Webb.—Thanks for letter and magazine. Hardly think I can find space for photos as we are so full up with other matter.

A Lame Dog wants a motto for his school. *Semper paratus*—meaning "Always ready"—is a good one. Perhaps some of my readers can suggest a few unhackneyed mottoes.

G. F. W.—Splendid! It does me good to hear that the CAPTAIN has set you taking cold baths and knocked you off smoking. That's the effect we want to have on fellows.

Tudor Davies.—People begin journalism by working on the staff of a country paper, and you can only obtain a post of this sort by influence with an editor or manager. Of course you must be able to write shorthand in order to do reports. If I were you I should go in for the accountant's examination. If you enter that profession you will always be able to scribble in your spare time. You will do better—monetarily—as an accountant than as a journalist. The profession of journalism, on the whole, is a poorly paid one, the majority of country journalists having to struggle along on very moderate salaries indeed.

Walter Jungius, referring to my paragraph about the hobby of collecting cigar-ends, tells me that in Germany there are clubs which collect cigar-ends and make snuff out of them, and with the money resulting from the sale of the snuff supply the wants of hundreds of poor people every year. In all restaurants and cigar-shops, he adds, the cigar-ends which fall through the clipping-machines are collected and sold.

F. G. H. G. (Brighton).—Sorry no space here. Advise your Indian friend to offer it to Mr. Fry for his magazine. Nothing can be said about publication or payment until the article has been read. Of course it will be paid for if it is published.

"Jim."—You can obtain "Rip's Cricket Caricatures" from the *Evening News* office. **Chas. R. White.**—Refer to the January number, my son.

Official Representatives Appointed.—A. Maurice Toms (Ryde, I.W.), Carl Mason (Louth).

Letters, cards, suggestions, &c. (for all of which many thanks), have also been received from: "Another Fair Correspondent," "Four Uppinghamians," H. P. Whittle, "Jolly Good Sauce," H. C. Leman, H. Stamford, Vincent Griffith, G. C. Read, D. M. Morris, "Porangi Potae," "Another Editor," H. Gratton, J. Scott, Tom Hindle, A. Mattinson, E. F. Colman, E. Howell, Helen M. Metcalfe, "Gwen."

THE OLD FAG.

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"Odd Occurrences."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNERS OF SETS OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: H. S. Board, 83 Effra-road, Brixton, S.W.; James Stirling, 6 Brighton-terrace, Copland road, Govan, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maud M. Lyne, H. McGregor, M. K. Byramji, Charles A. Gibson, Alex. Scott, Richard O'Neill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNERS OF SETS OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: H. B. Gerard, Union Mills, Isle of Man; Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale terrace, Plymouth.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: T. Baxter, 51 Clarendon-road, Middlesboro'-on-Tees.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. W. Spikin, W. Shovelton, Leonard C. Cooper, Frank Holman, Walter Jungius, Edwin H. Cole, Tommy Thomson, Albert Albrow, W. A. Adams, Arthur Sneezum.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNERS OF SETS OF SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Geoffrey Edleston, Beechcroft, Allerton, near Knutsford, Cheshire; E. A. Peers, 21 Castle-street, Trowbridge.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Marjorie Dods, 25 Butler road, Harrow, Middlesex.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Seymour-Ure, C. Cotton, Thomas Dow, Wilfrid Bathe, Helen Head, G. C. Manford, Wilfrid Temple, Frida Phillips, L. M. Daniels, Thomas Cooke, Isabel Fearless, George Lewis, V. Clifton, S. G. Ingman.

No. II.—"Drawing of a Flight of Steps."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Harry Arden Churchill, 11 Shobnall street, Burton-on-Trent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: William H. Fry, 4 Fitzroy-avenue, Belfast, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Charles Albert Gibson, M. K. Byramji, W. Adrian.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: John W. English, 7 Trinity-terrace, Corbridge-on-Tyne, Northumberland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. C. Matthew, 6 Mamhead View, Exmouth; H. A. Rainbow, Flodden House, King's-road, Kingston Hill; J. Protheroe, 98 Farleigh-road, N.; James M. D. Henderson, Governor's House, Holmston-road, Ayr, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George A. Bell, Euphie S. Malden, R. S. Poppleton, John William Nutt, Douglas Gordon White, E. W. Soulsby, R. Weatherley, Nora Deveson Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: William Charles Boswell, 106 Little Green-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leslie Shaw, 1 Lonsdale-place, Whitehaven; William Underwood, 16 Highfield road, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. Morris, A. W. Porter, Percy Deaman, F. C. Ford, C. W. Pidcock, Charles Holland, William Creighton, J. F. Monckton, Percy Dix, Thomas Cooke, C. Burgess.

No. III.—"The March of Invention."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF "BOWDEN" BRAKE OUTFIT: Jas. J. Nevin, 23 Suffolk-street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Chris. H. Burbidge, Harry Payne, W. Adrian.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF "BOWDEN" BRAKE OUTFIT: Ernest J. Lavell, 21 Alderbrook road, Balham, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Donald H. Champion, 5 St. Paul's-close, Walsall.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Cecil G. Waudby, Andrew B. Whitehill, Arthur C. Sneezum, A. B. Coussmaker, James Seaton, Ernest F. Pate, George E. Russell, Thomas Milburn, Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the July Competitions.

I.—The "Odd Occurrences" made very amusing reading and the choice of the best was no easy one. As it was specified that postcards were to be sent, several competitors disregarding this rule were disqualified.

II.—Some very delicate sketches and also several elaborately executed architect's plans were amongst the entries.

III.—According to the general opinion expressed in the essays, "The March of Invention" in twenty years' time will have taken great strides, chiefly in the direction of electricity as a motive power, wireless telegraphy in universal use, and aerial and submarine navigation brought somewhere near

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "BOWDEN" BRAKE OUTFIT: Thomas Cooke, 35 Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arthur Fox, 25 Robert-street, C. on-M., Manchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stuart T. Bone, G. Sunderland, T. E. Dilnot, W. E. R. Saunderson, Leonard Collings, James H. Drinkwater, C. Metcalfe, Grahame O. Gunn.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: William J. Watt, 16 Albert terrace, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. A. Milner, Totley Hall, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. Wheeler, Lillie Parker, P. Glasier, T. W. Heward.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: Arthur G. Townsend, 461 New Cross-road, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Corporal H. W. Hirst, School of Gunnery, Shoeburyness, Essex; Edgar J. Barrett, 41 Lansdowne road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. E. Bass, Bernard Gillott, George H. Webber, F. H. Watt, T. W. Thompson, H. Woods, Justin McCarthy, Bernard E. Jull.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: G. Briggs, 80 Reedworth street, Kensington, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Dorothy Alice Hilton, Oaklands, Sturry, near Canterbury; W. Gundry, jun., Hope House, Balby, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. C. MacLaran, R. C. MacLaran, L. C. MacLaran, H. F. Rainforth, Eric Seuard, Percy Humphry, R. Francklyn, W. H. Bathe, J. T. Whitehorn, John Beaton, jun., Thomas A. Spilby.

No. V.—"Design for 'Captain' Cover."

CLASS I. (No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: W. Adrian, 3 Rothsay-road, South Norwood, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. Torton, Berewecke, Winchester.

HONOURABLE MENTION: William H. Fry, G. H. Davis, H. A. Churchill, M. Schacher.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: A. T. Davis, 28 Silver street, Kensington, W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maida Vale terrace, Mutley, Plymouth; J. Forbes Herries, 31 Southey-place, Bradford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joseph Johnston, Fred. Gratrix, Leonard Barnish, W. P. Clough, George W. Mason, George A. Bell, John William Nutt, Thomas Milburn, B. C. W. Lilley, John Brown, William Mackenzie.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF PRIZE: George Barraud, Rose Cottage, Long lands Park, Sidcup, Kent.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edith E. Moncrieff, 3 Anerley Park road, Anerley, S.E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Percythe, John Fitzpatrick, William Creighton, C. C. Hett, Alfred Hewison, Leslie Shaw, A. F. Dunster, R. R. Molintock, Wilfred H. Price.

No. VI.—"Twelve Most Popular Seaside Places."

(No Age Limit.)

WINNER OF MR. C. B. FRY'S AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO: R. B. Oakley, Shireland, Poppleton, York.

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HONOURABLE MENTION: Randolph L. Pawlby, A. H. Grigsby, T. T. Palmer, F. C. Wild, William F. Woodman, F. G. Grigsby, Sidney Wheeler, Frank Holman, W. Gundry, F. L. Carter.

perfection. Radium has almost limitless possibilities which may or may not be realised.

IV.—The limitation of the subject considerably lessened the number of entries, but some very pretty garden pictures were submitted.

V.—Amongst the many cover designs suggested were some that had already occurred to the Art Editor, and others which he hopes to adopt.

VI.—The winning list in order of popularity, decided by vote, is as follows:—Brighton, Scarborough, Margate, Black pool, Eastbourne, Bournemouth, Hastings, Yarmouth, Ramsgate, Llandudno, Douglas (Isle of Man), Folkestone.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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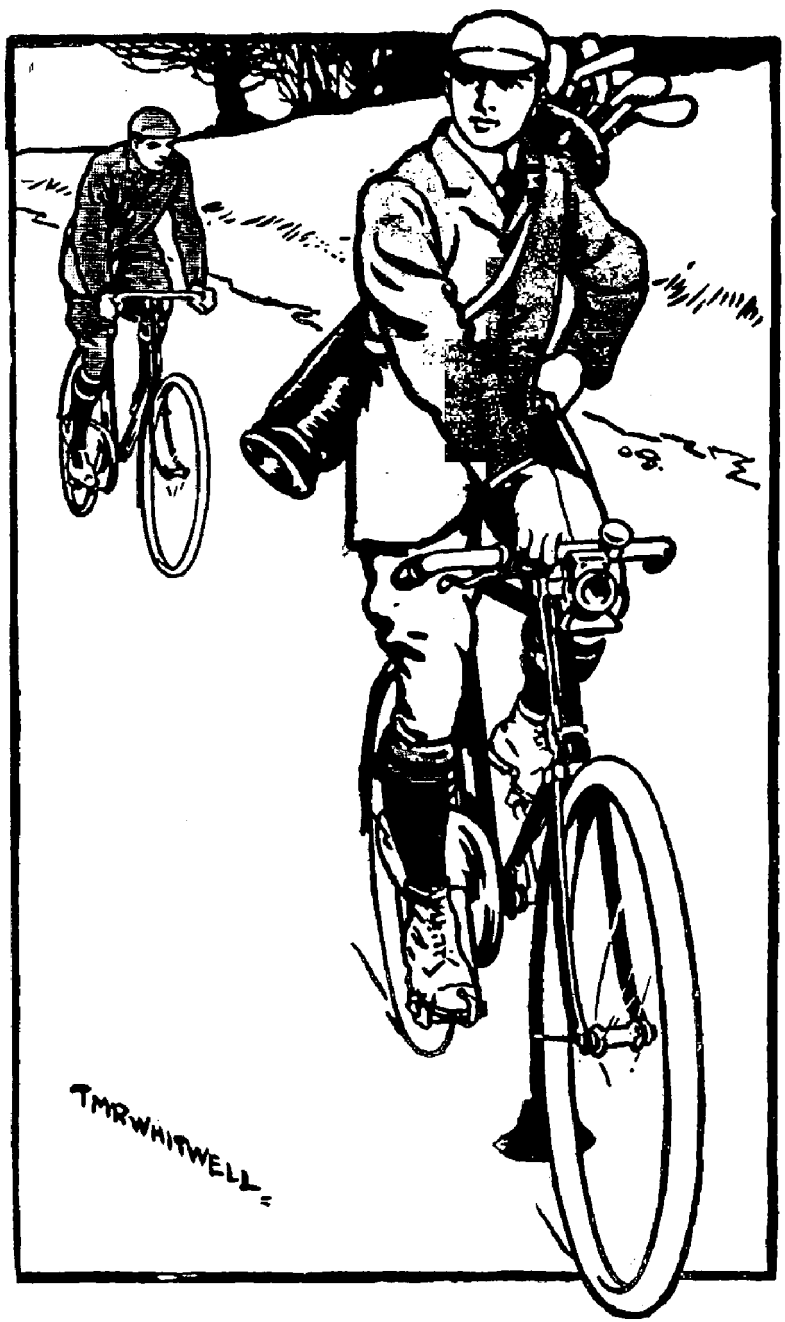
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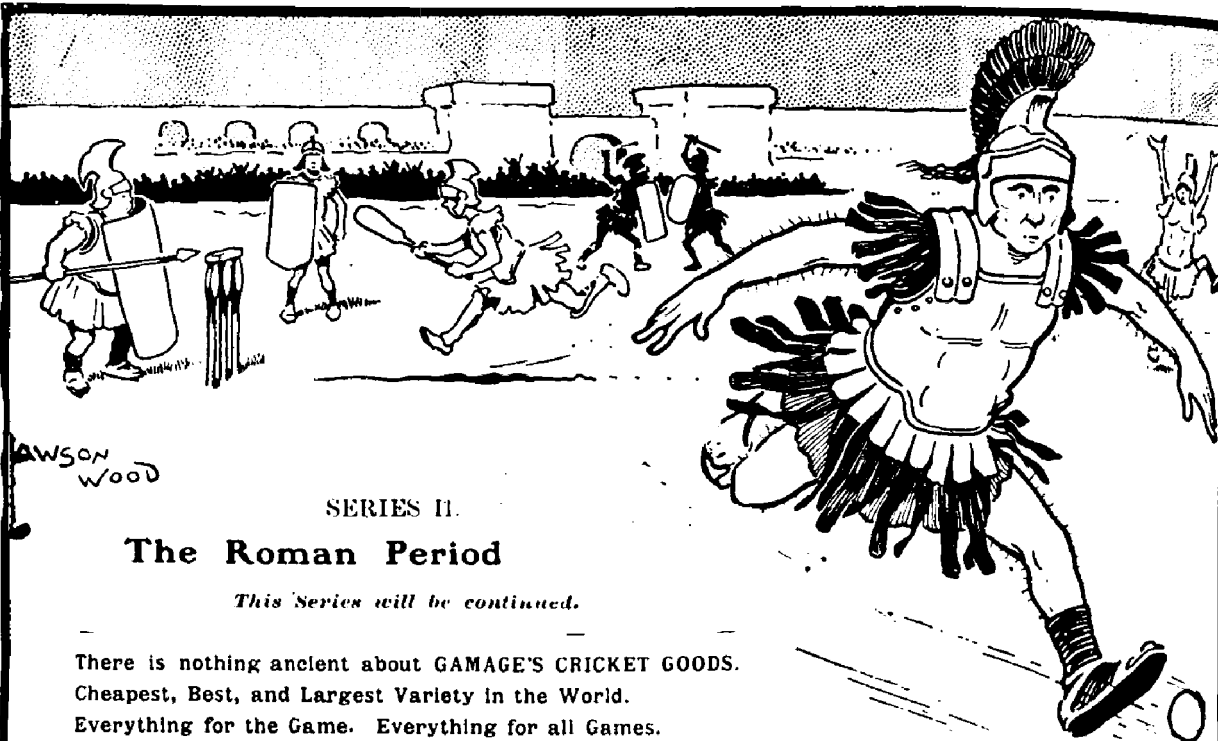


T.M.R. WHITWELL

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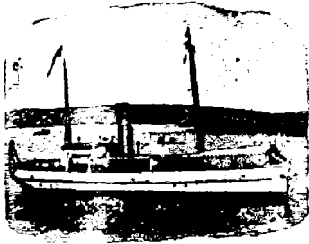
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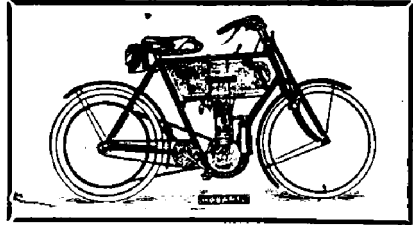
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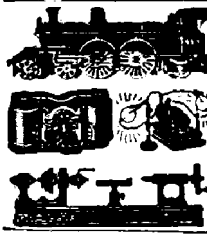


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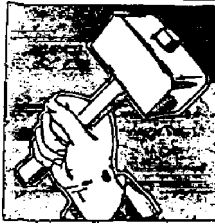
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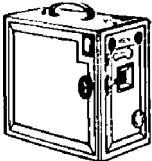
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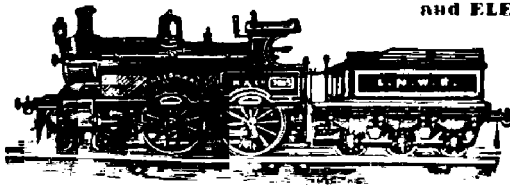
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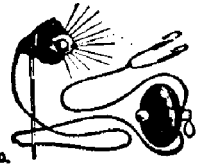
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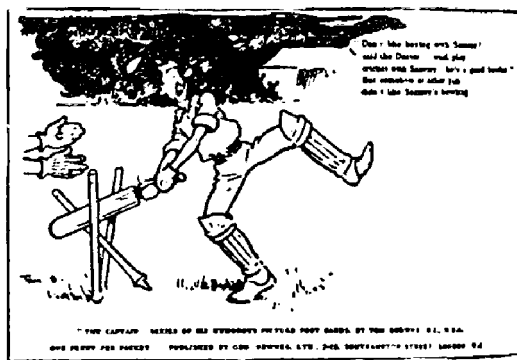
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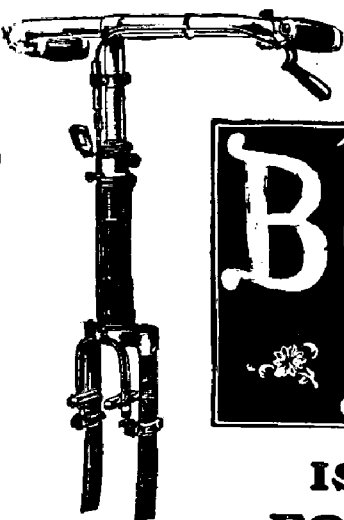
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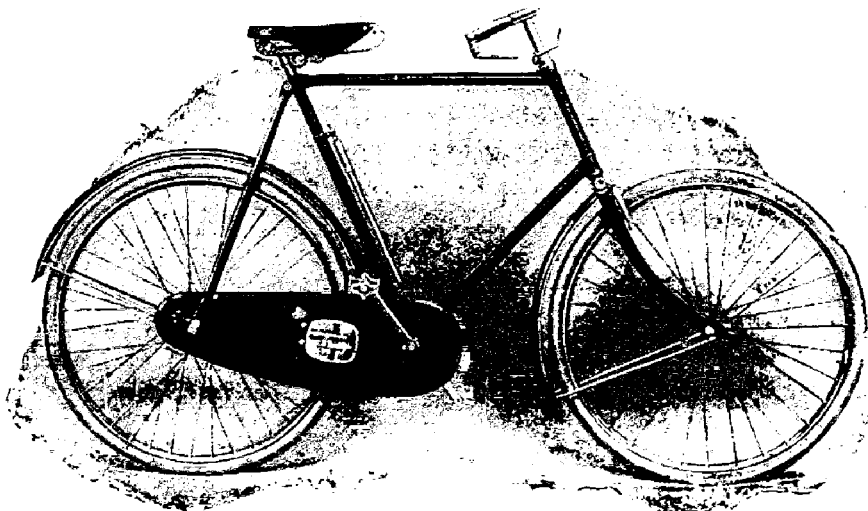
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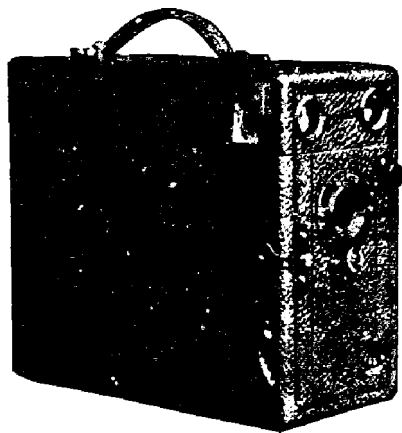
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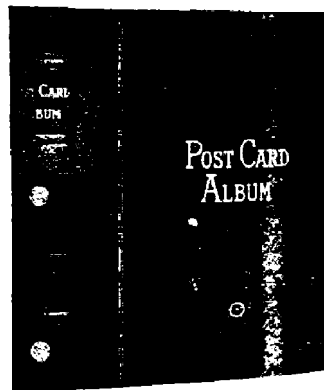
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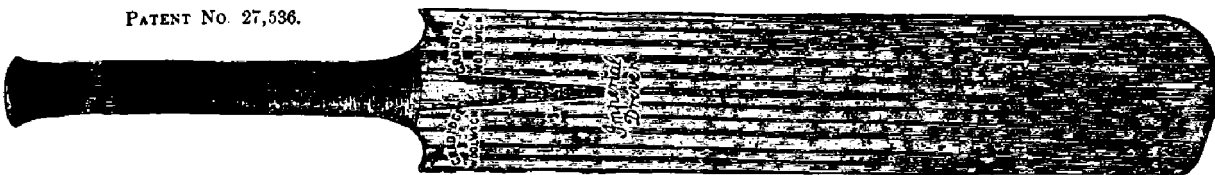
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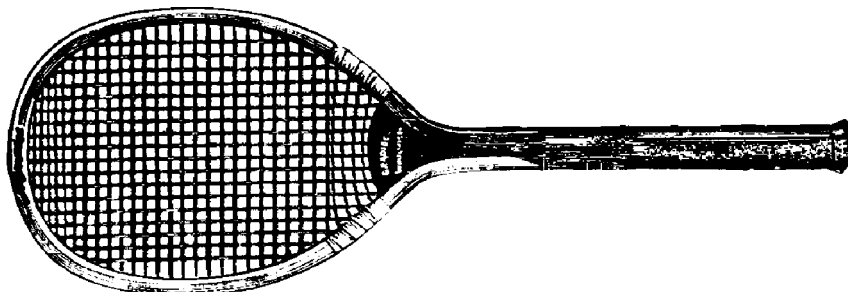


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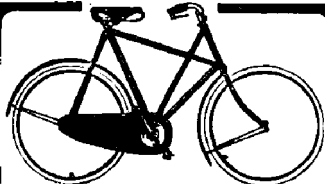
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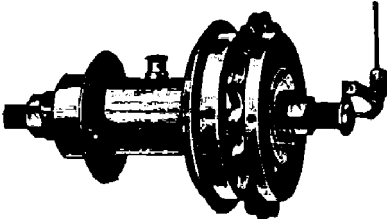
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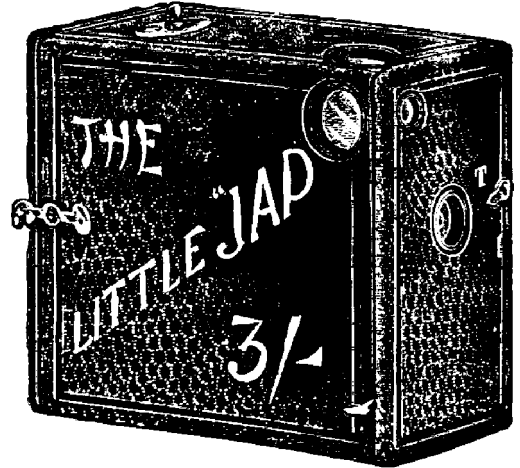
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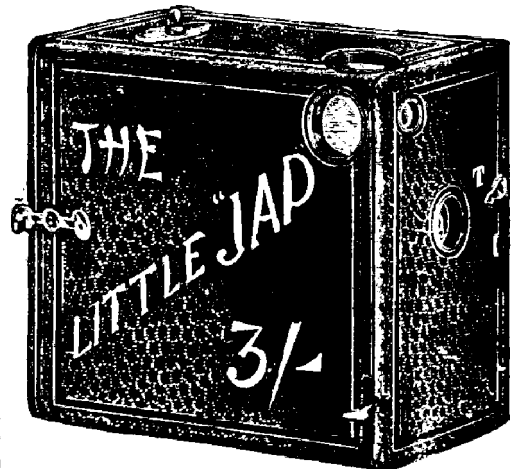


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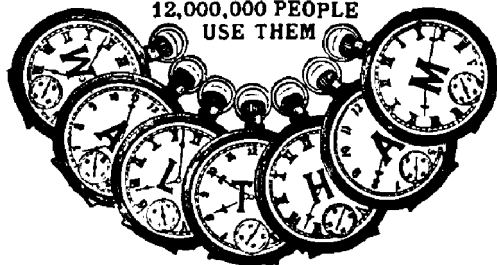
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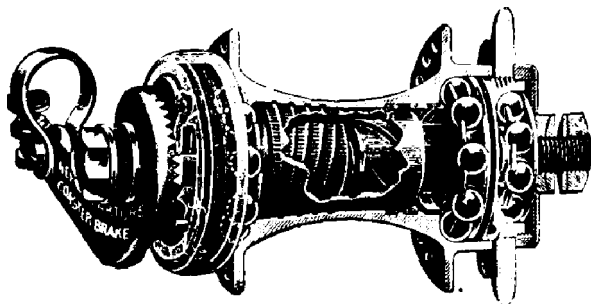
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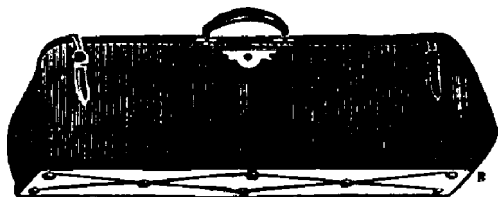
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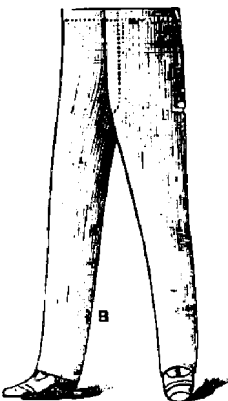


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Plain ditto	7/10, 8/10
Ditto, ditto (as illustration)	8/6, 10/-
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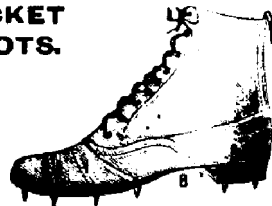
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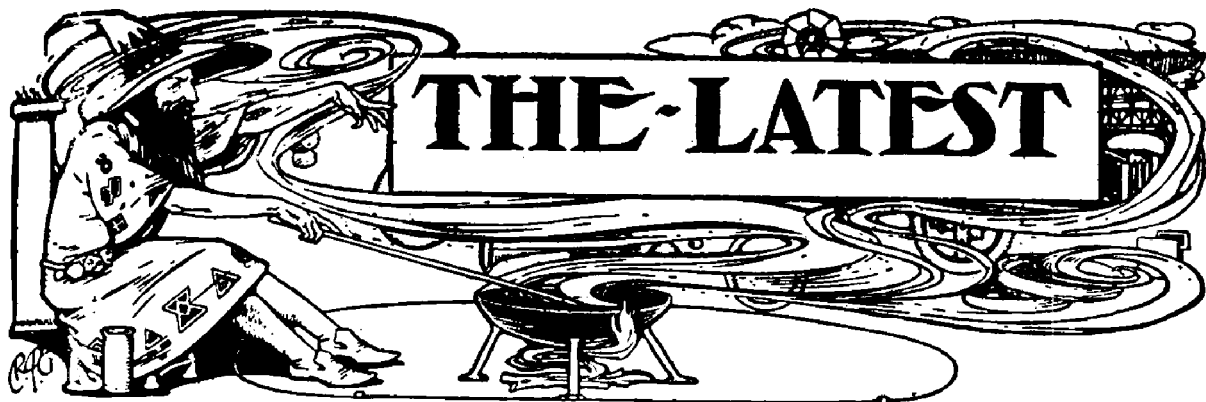


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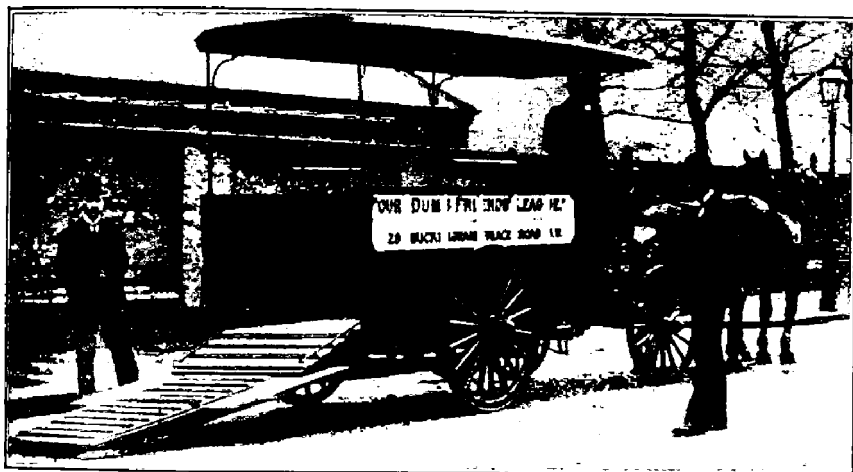
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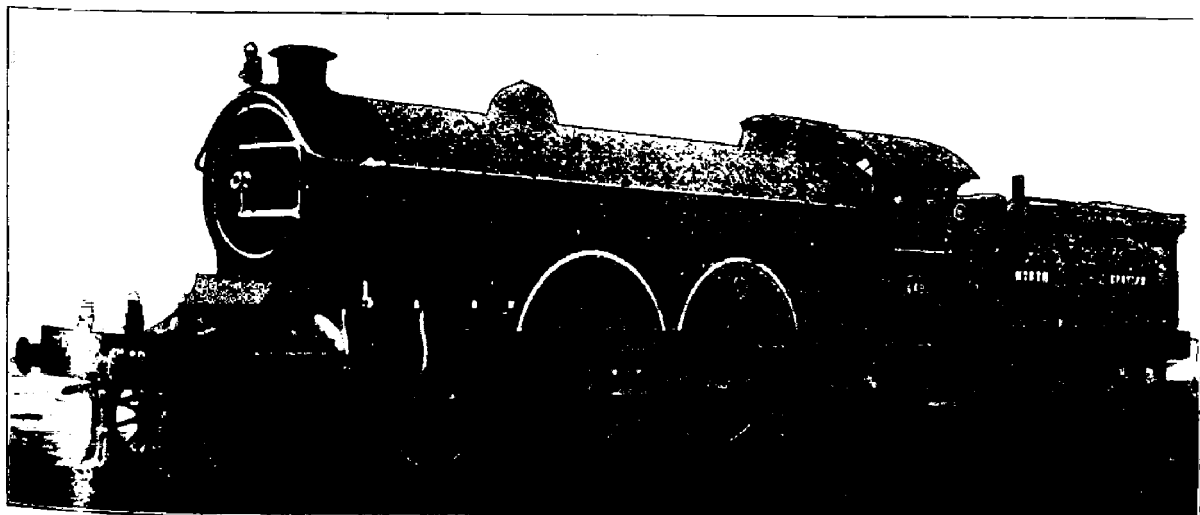
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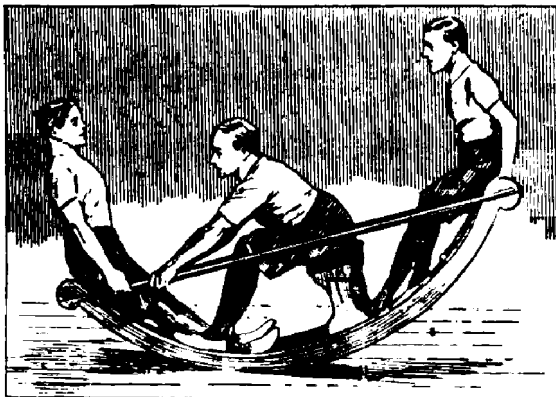
type, having four wheels coupled with a leading bogie, and a pair of carrying wheels under the firebox. The coupled wheels are 6 ft. 10 in. in diameter. The cylinders, which are placed outside the frames, have a diameter of 20 in. and a stroke of 28 in. The total heating surface of firebox and boiler is 2,455 square feet. In short, these engines have the distinction of being at once the largest and most powerful express locomotives ever built in England. In working order they each weigh 115 tons 10 cwt.



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Photo by C. Lavell.

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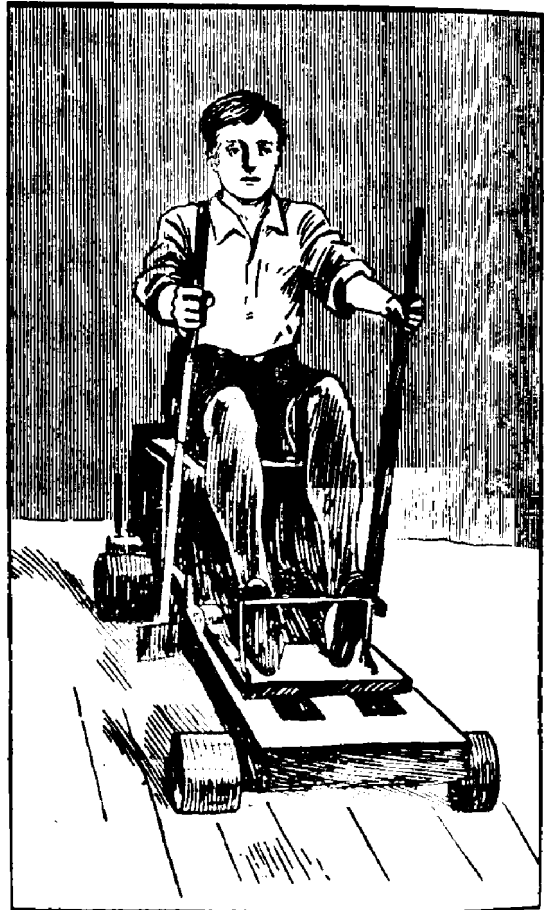


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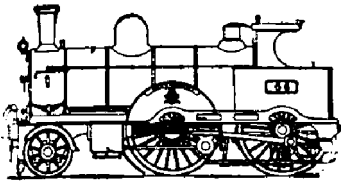
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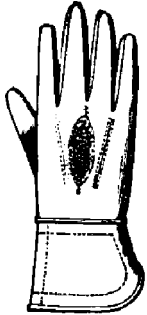
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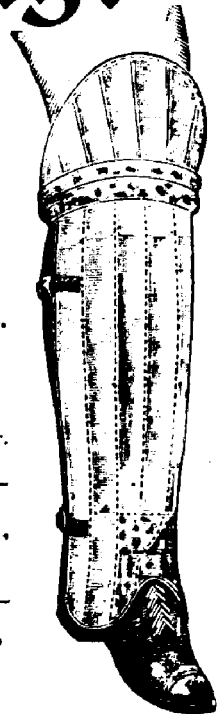
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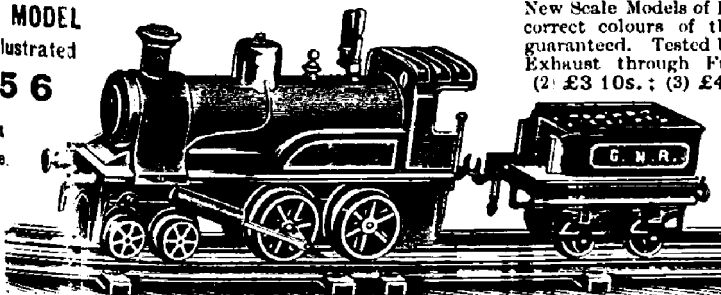
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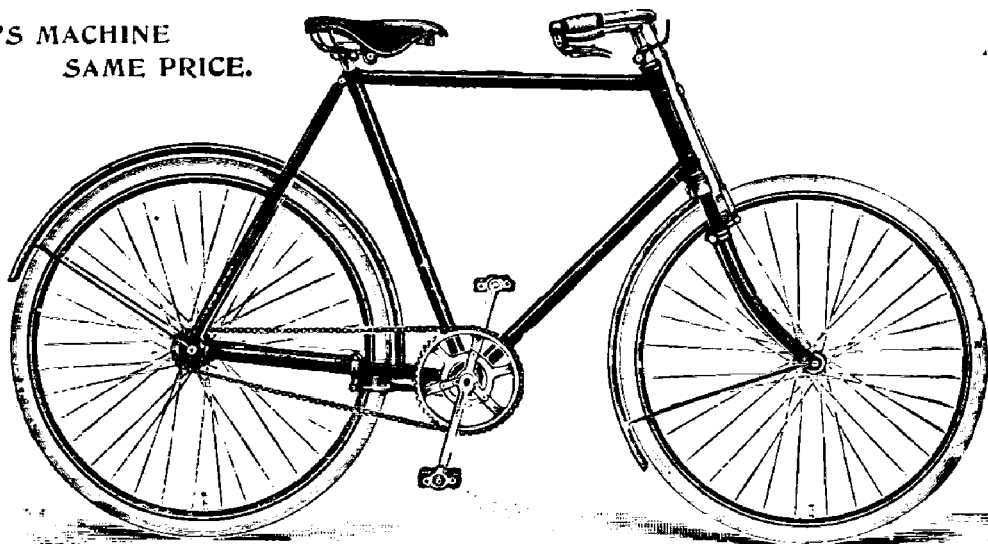
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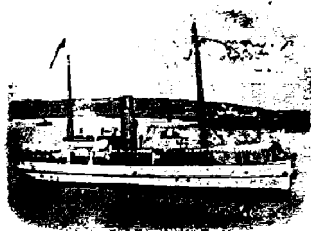
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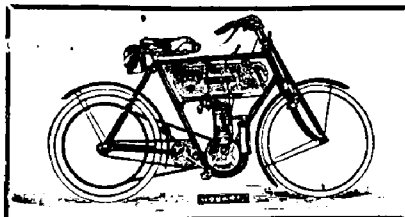
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24	Chili	1	2	50	Cuba	1
10	China	1	0	16	Philippine	8
30	Ecuador	1	3	20	Uruguay	7
24	Egypt	1	0	12	Jamaica	8
40	Japan	6	30	India	1	
50	Nicaragua	1	0	10	Labuan	1
12	Paraguay	1	0	20	India	1
45	Salva. or	1	0		Native States	1
				25	Cuba	6
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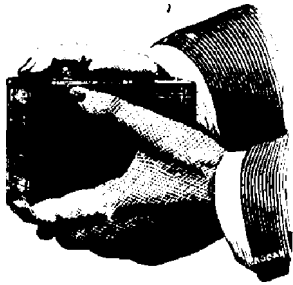
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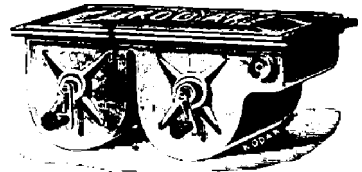
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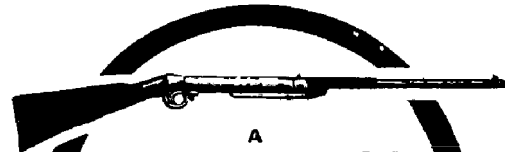
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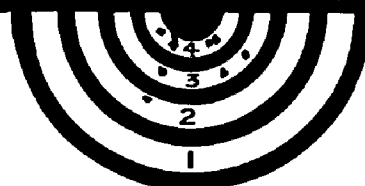
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See Page 186.

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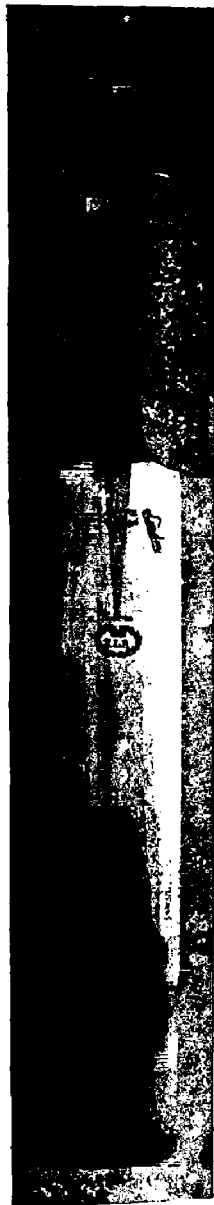
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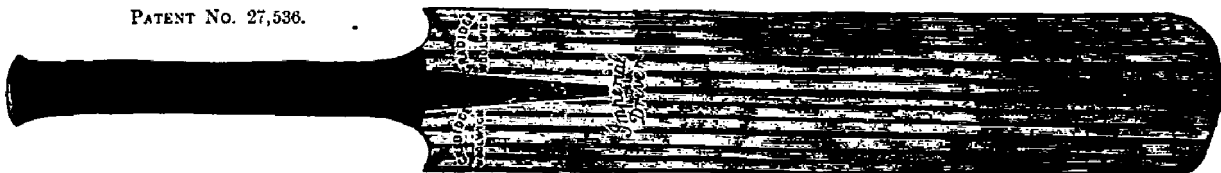
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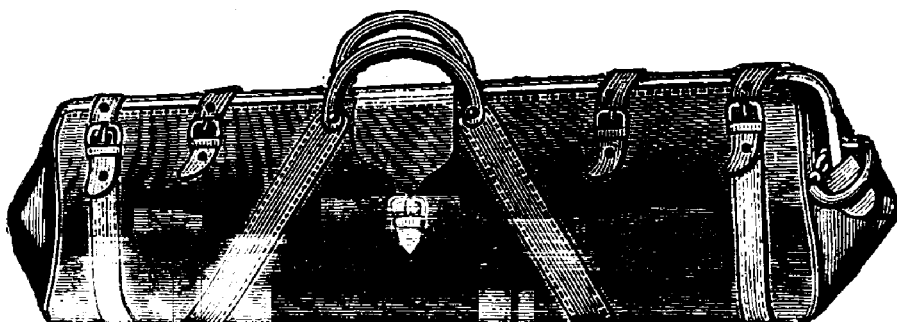
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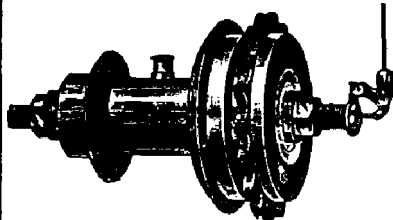


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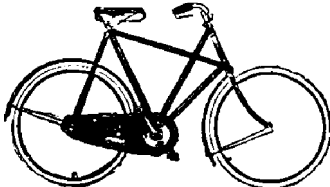
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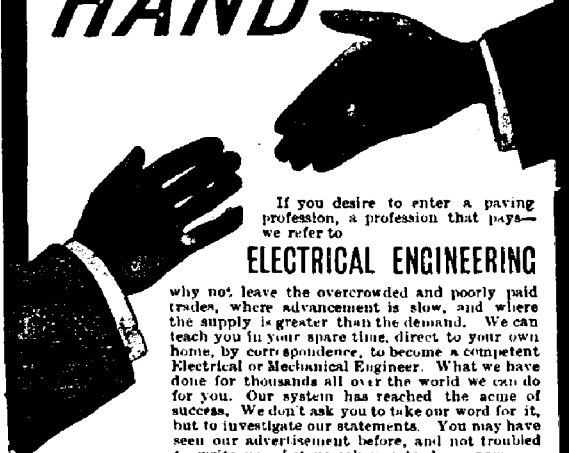
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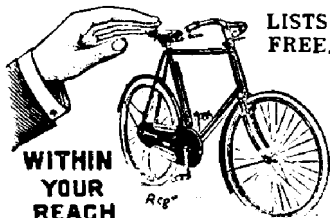
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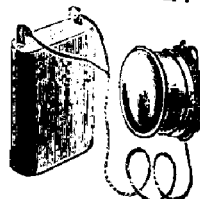
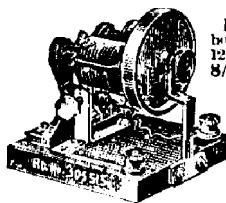
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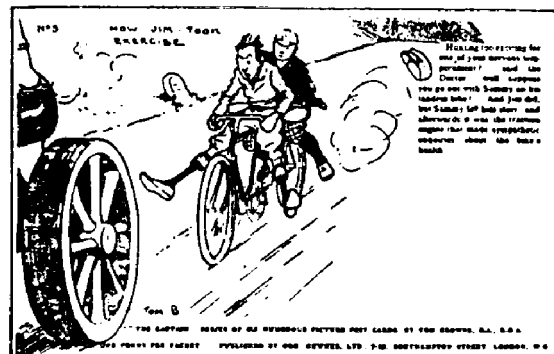
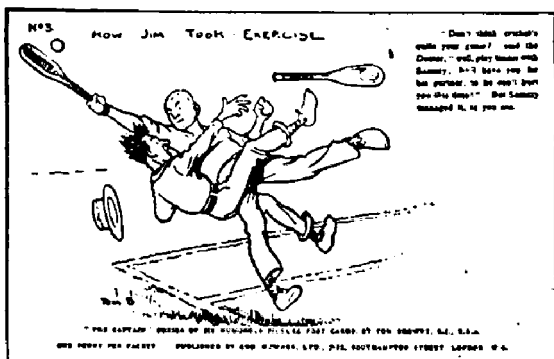
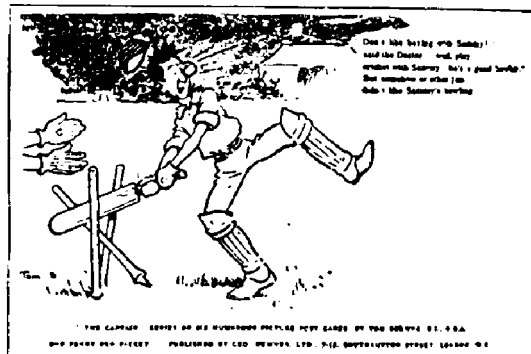
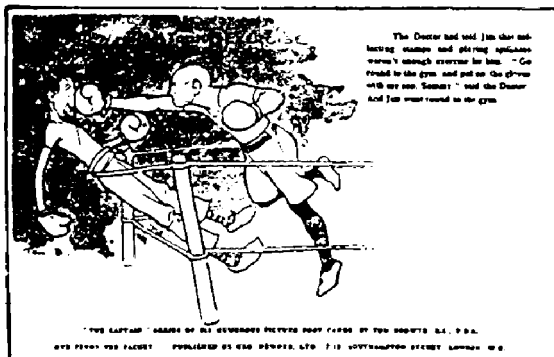
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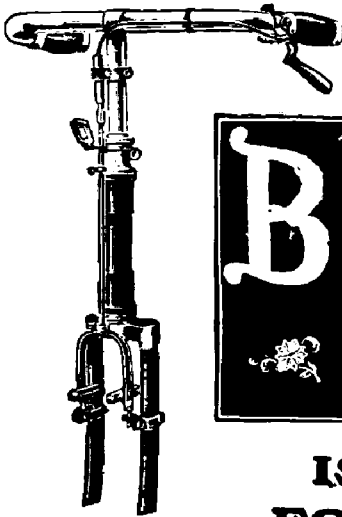
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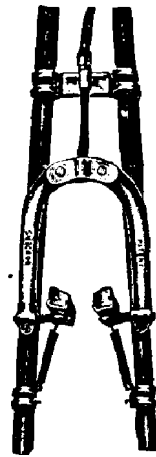


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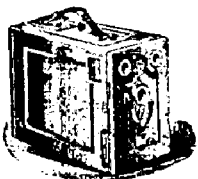
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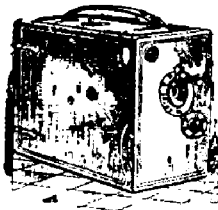
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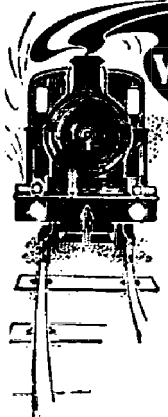
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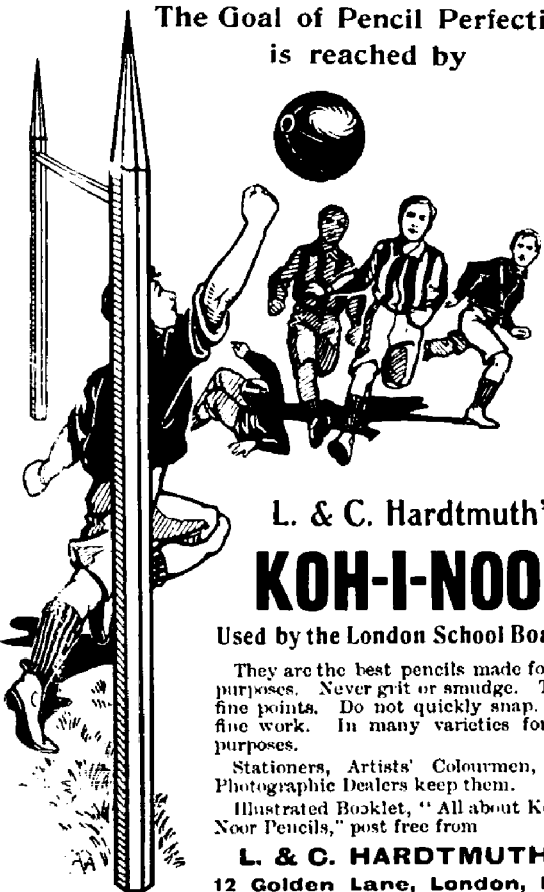
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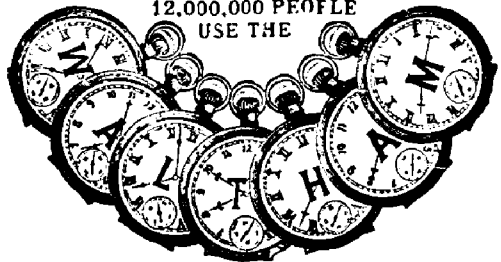
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
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
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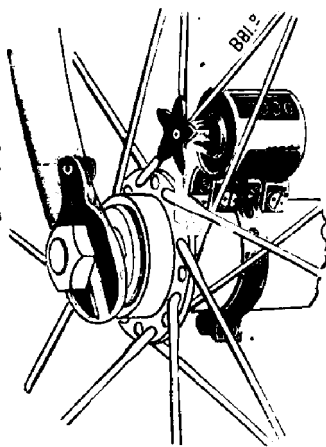
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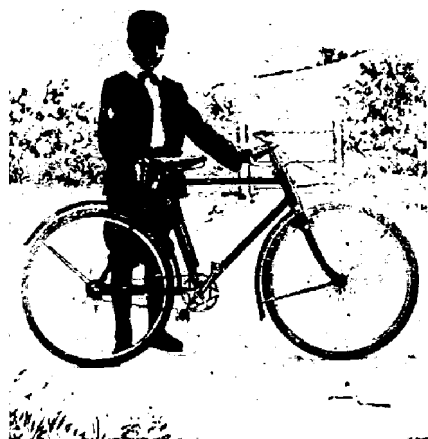
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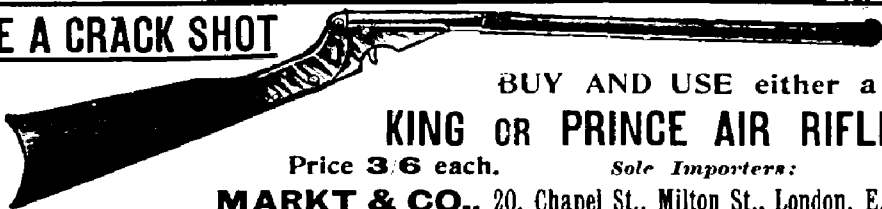
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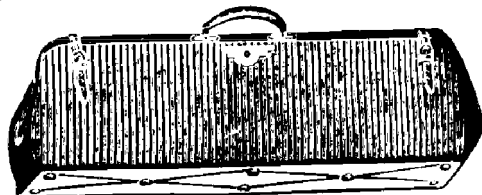
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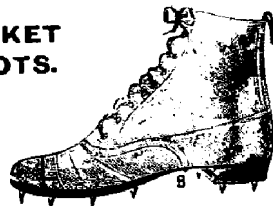
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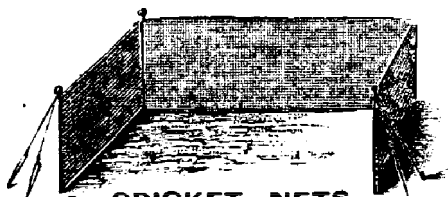
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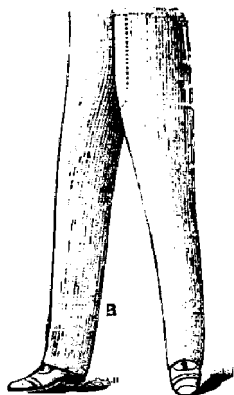
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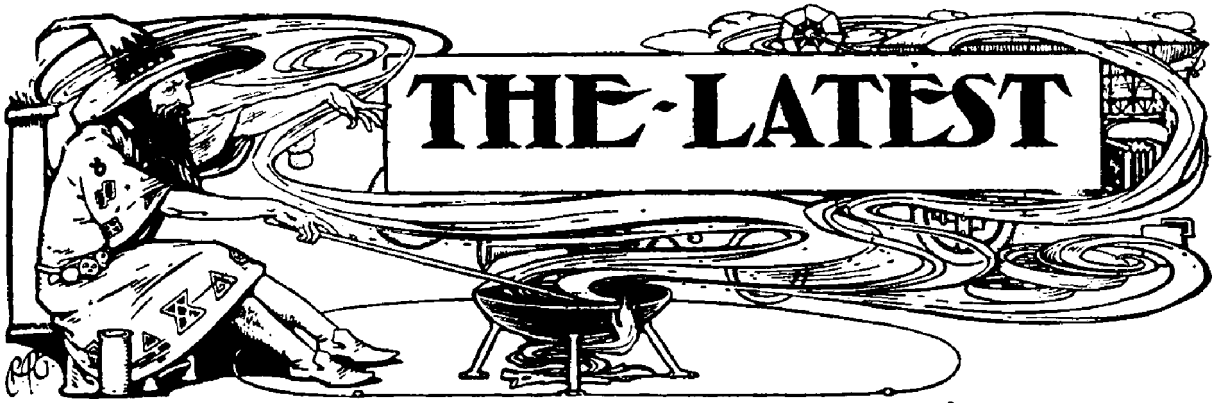
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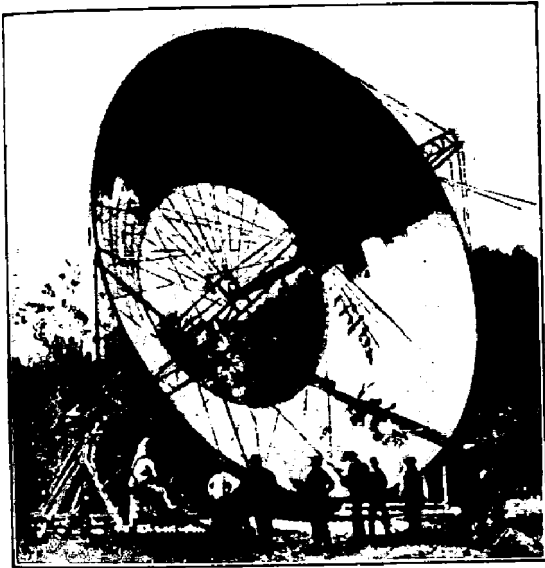


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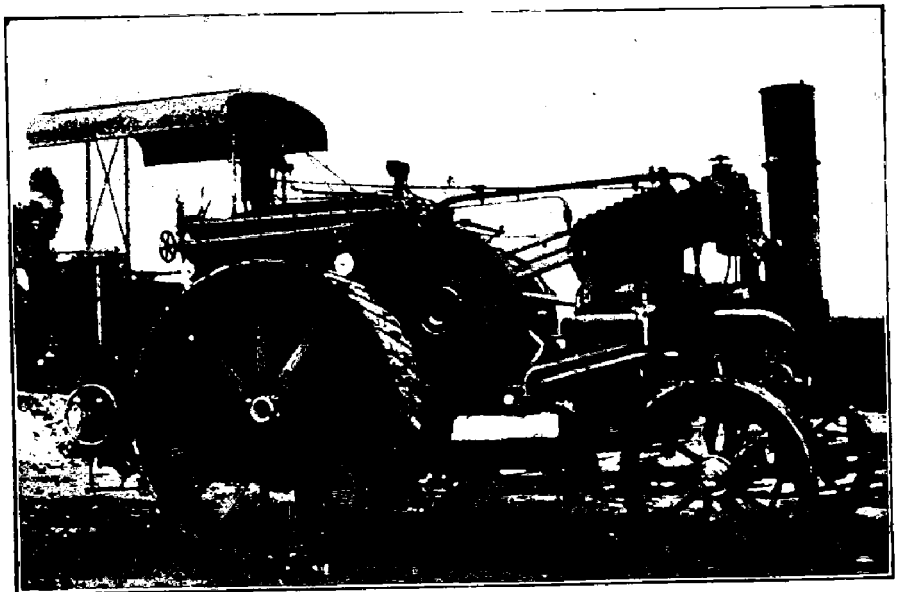
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There are several "sun motors" at work in lands blessed with plenty of sunlight. Steam is the actual motive power, but by this apparatus the heat that turns the water to steam comes direct from the sun's rays. This is brought about by means of a great concave mirror, thirty-six feet in diameter, containing 1,000 square feet of mirror surface in its reflecting zone. In the centre is the "boiler," a coil of copper tubing. After an hour's good sunlight 200 lbs. per square inch pressure is obtained, which works the 10-horse power engine. Our sketch

shows a "sun motor" as erected at Boston, U.S.A., before being shipped to Arizona, where it is now used for pumping purposes. Of course the great drawback to any solar heat engine is that it can only be worked part of the day, but here again electrical resources can be utilised to remedy this defect. For instance, the "solar engines" can be used to drive dynamos, and the current therefrom taken up in storage batteries for use as required.

The Prize War Office Tractor.

Traction engines and steam motor wagons are now considered an essential feature in army transport. The value that the military authorities place upon these machines for the transport of war material and stores is evinced by the number of prizes which have been offered in order to encourage progress in this method of locomotion. The Government prize of £1,000 for a military tractor capable of travelling forty miles an hour, with a gross load of 25 tons, was recently won by Messrs. R. Hornsby and Sons,

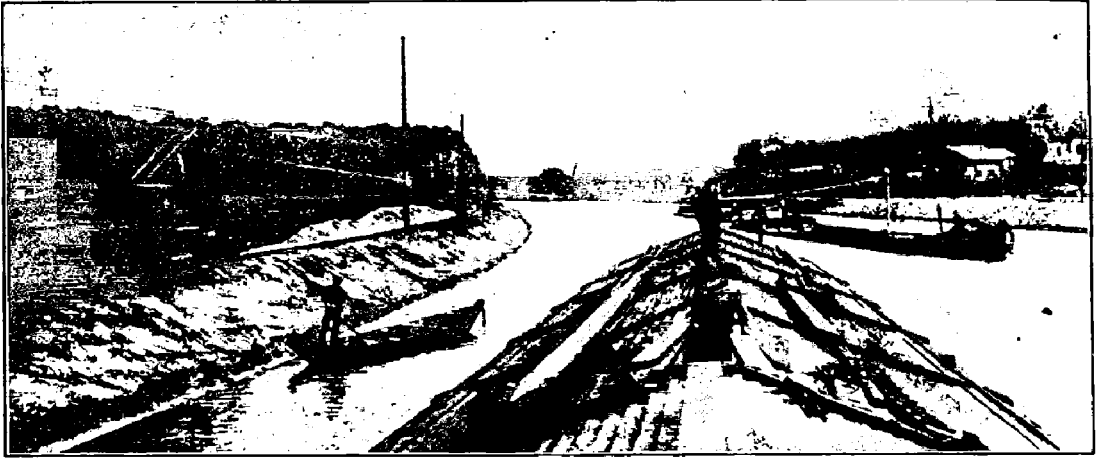


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Sir Hiram Maxim, of gun fame, has recently turned his genius to more peaceful paths. Everyone will soon be able to enjoy aërial voyages in perfect safety! This invention is really a merry-go-round, but of such size that the cars in which the sky trippers sit are far above the ground, being reached by an ingenious system of lifts and ladders. To a central shaft over 60 feet high are attached ten long radial arms, supported by steel wire ropes, and from the ends of these arms are slung cars, each carrying six or eight passengers. Each is provided with an aëroplane, and by the varying of the angle, and consequently of the lifting power, of this, when the peripheral speed is high enough

they can be made to move up and down and perform various evolutions in the air. The first of these complicated aids to merriment has been erected at Thurlow Park, Norwood.

Hot Meals for Explorers.

We often read of the hardships of mountaineers and other explorers, and how for days together their only food has been cold tinned meat and the like, owing to the impossibility of procuring the necessary material to kindle

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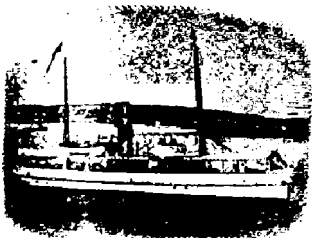
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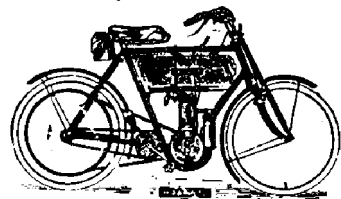
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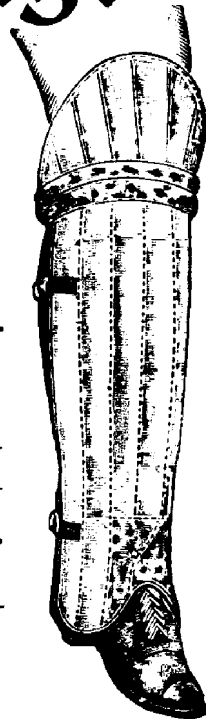
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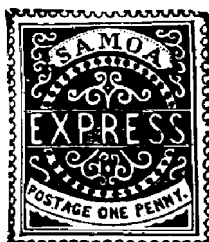
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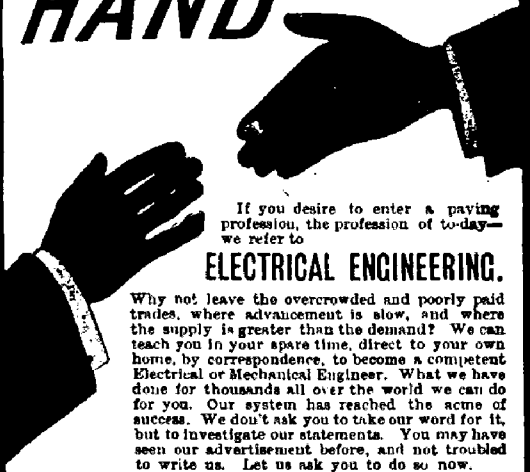
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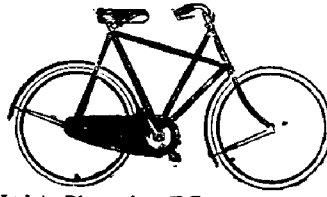
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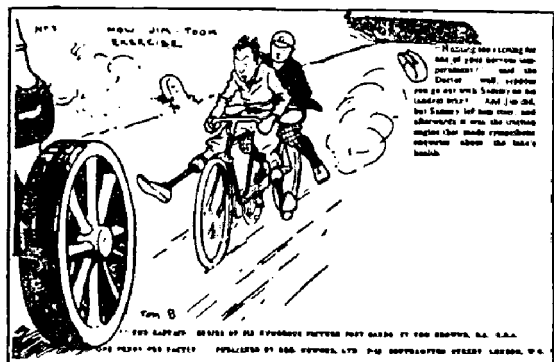
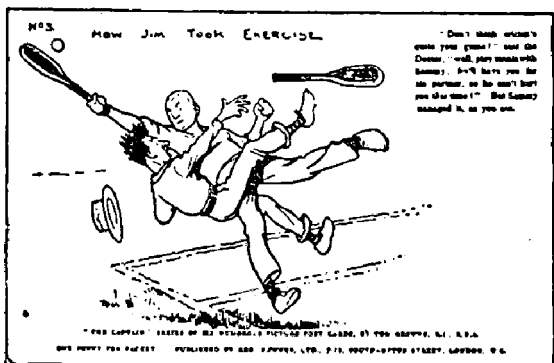
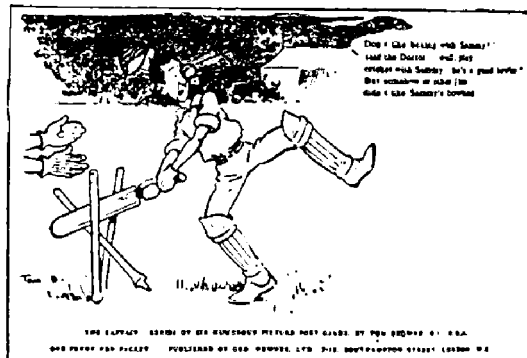
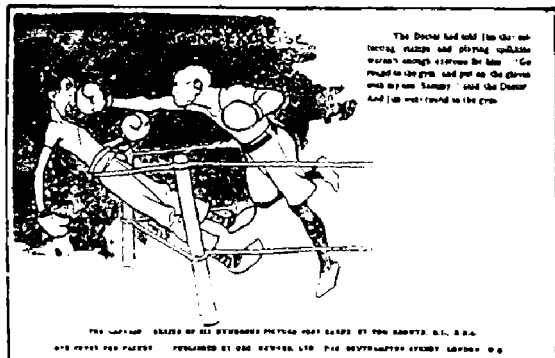
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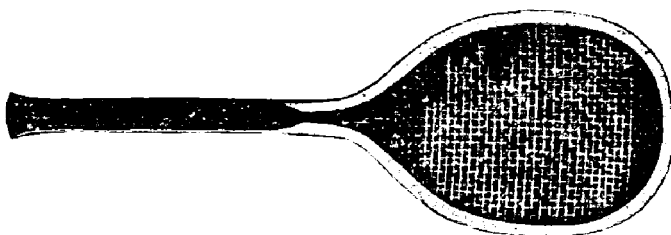
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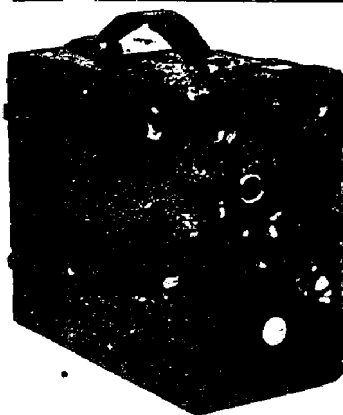
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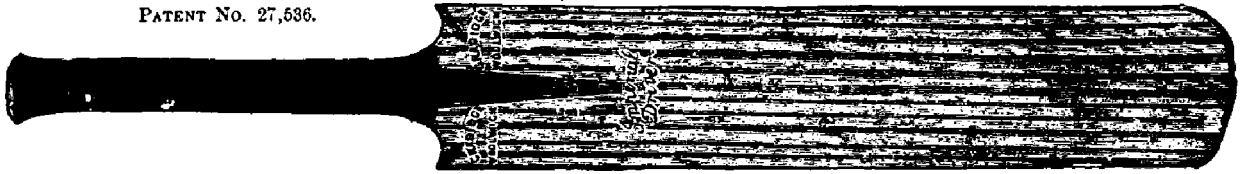
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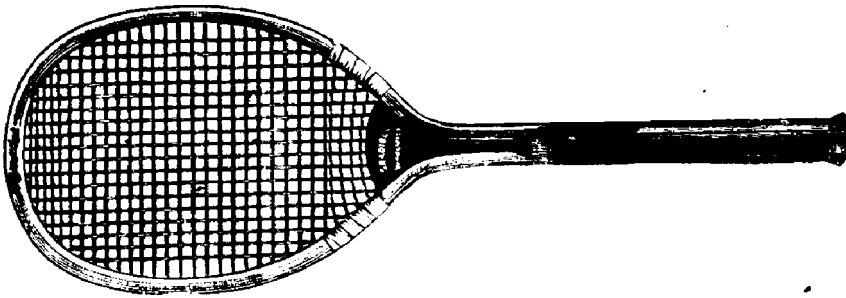
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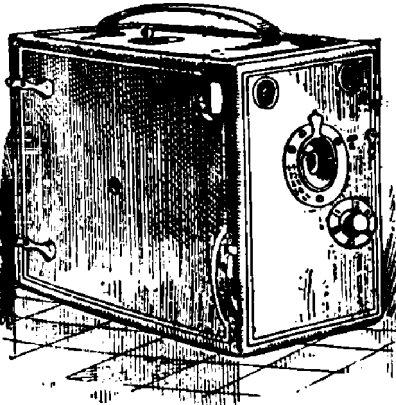
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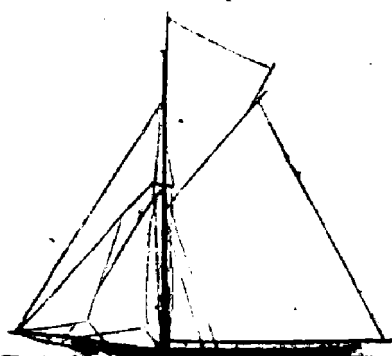
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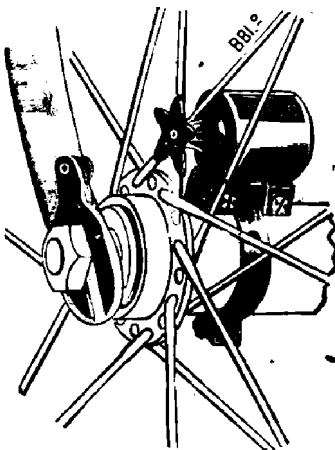
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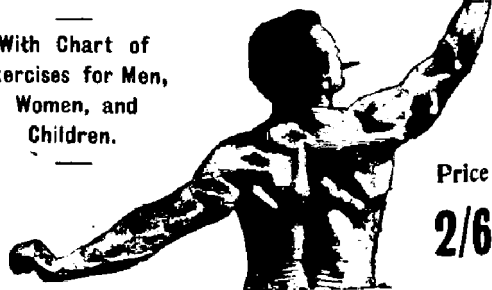
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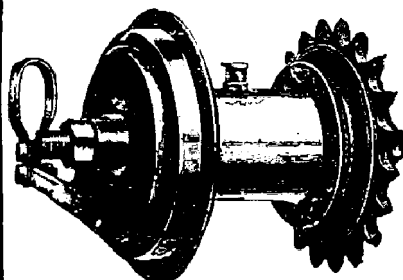
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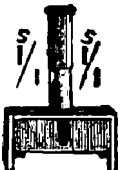
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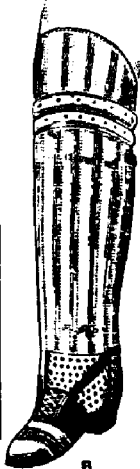
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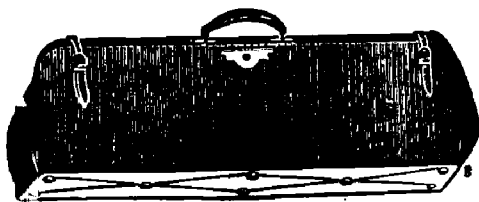


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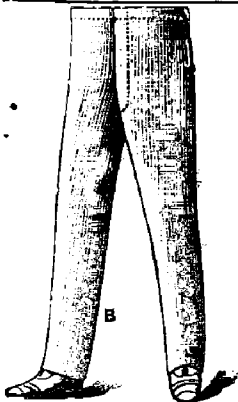
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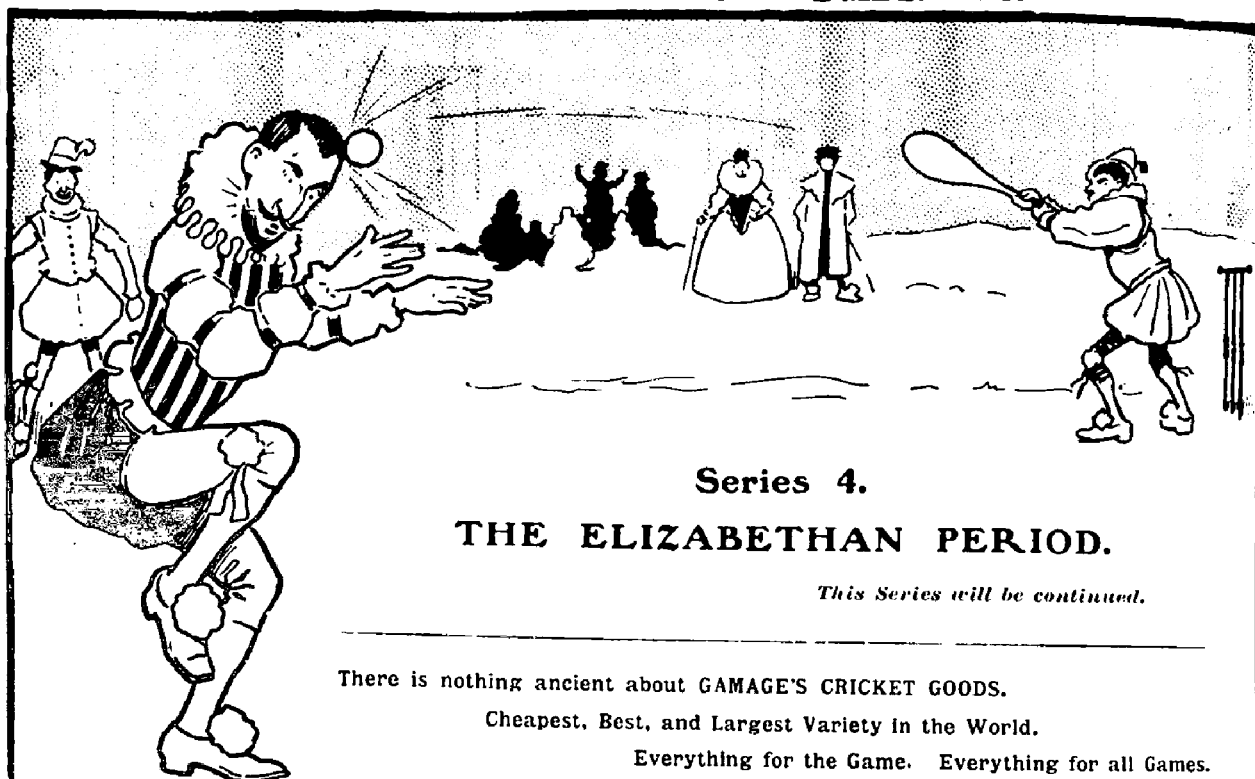


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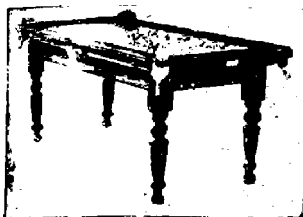
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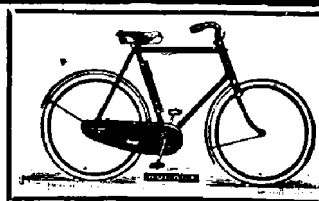
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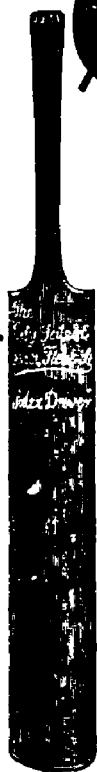


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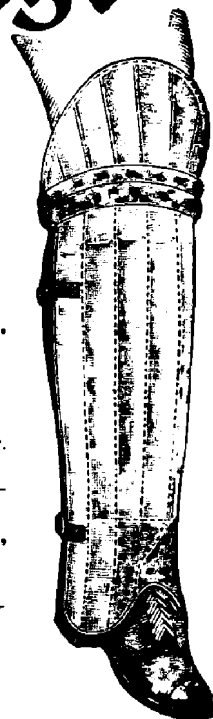
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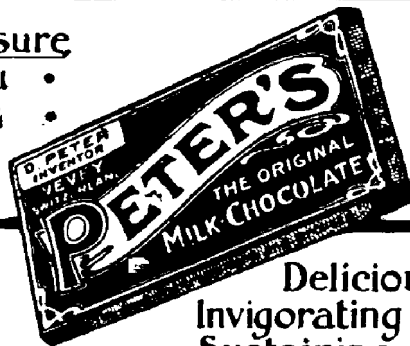
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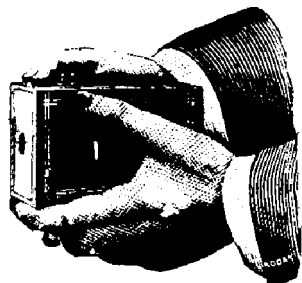
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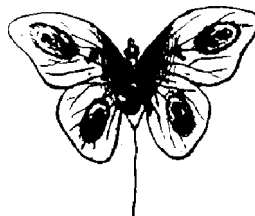
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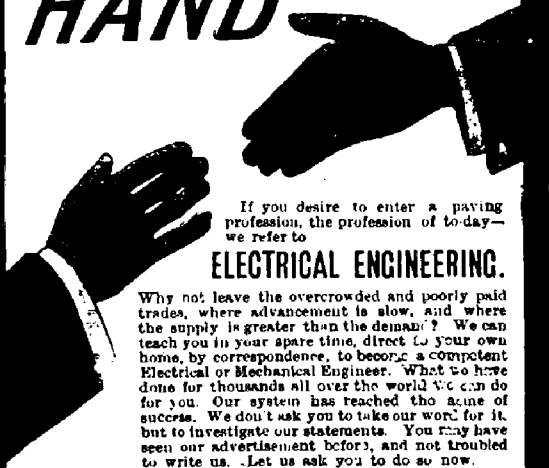
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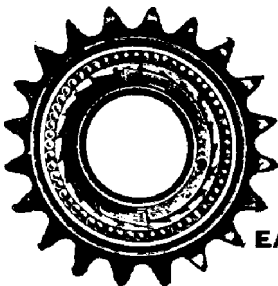
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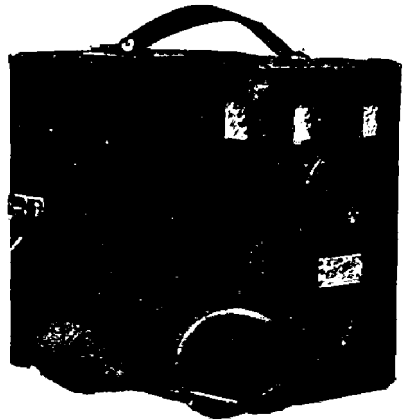
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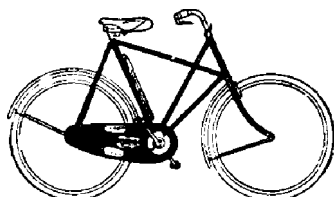
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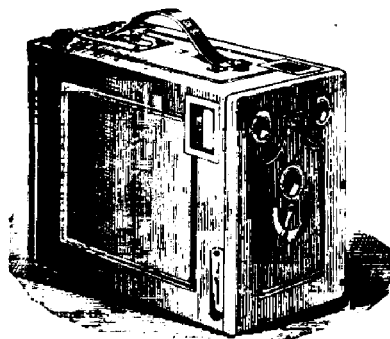
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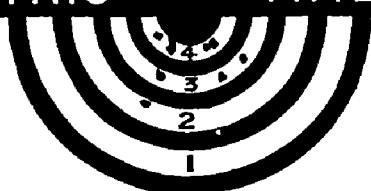
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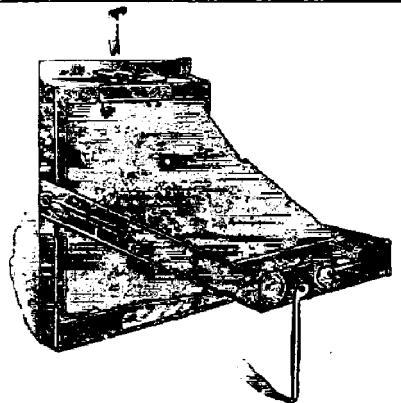
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ANDREW MELROSE, ESQ.
HOWARD H. SPICER, ESQ.

“The Boys’ Empire League” was founded in 1901, during the exciting time of the South African War, when the synonym of patriotism in the popular mind seemed to be hatred of the Boers. The League was founded to counteract this false notion of Imperialism, and to imbue boys with an ideal of British citizenship of a more worthy kind.

Its aims as expressed in the official papers are :—

1.—The membership of the League is open to all boys in Great Britain and the Colonies over ten years of age, who agree to the conditions of membership. The entrance fee is 6d., and an annual subscription of 6d. is expected from every member.

2.—Every member undertakes, by some direct effort, to make himself a fit and worthy representative of the British race at home and abroad. He should count it his greatest privilege, as it is his highest duty, to show by his physical development, his intelligent knowledge of the Empire, his loyalty to British Institutions, and to the King, that the British race is worthy of its proud position in the world.

3.—Every member promises to treat all foreigners with the utmost courtesy, and in the true spirit of *noblesse oblige* to remember in his dealings with them the traditions of the British race for honesty, manliness, and high courage, and to try to do nothing that would lower his country in their eyes.

4.—Members promise to read at least one book every year dealing specifically with one of His Majesty’s dominions across the seas, and, as far as possible, to specialise in acquiring a knowledge of the country and its people. Suitable books will be indicated.

5.—Members of the League are expected to look upon each other as comrades, irrespective of what their political views in a party sense may be, and to unite in a common feeling of pride in the Empire and a determination to uphold its glorious history.

They appeal to young fellows of some imagination, who realise that each has, in himself, some measure of responsibility.

The League numbers to-day over seven thousand. The progress has been comparatively slow, because the aim of the founders was to lay hold only of the boys to whom a League of this kind meant something real. When a member has paid his sixpence entry money, one may pretty safely conclude that he understands the ideals for which the League exists.

The roll call is small, but its members respond to their names from every part of the British Empire. In every one of the Colonies there exist branches of enthusiastic members.

The League has been fortunate in its Presidents. The first was the popular Archdeacon of London; the second, Sir A. Conan Doyle, who has been fitly succeeded by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, one of the best-known men in the British Empire by reason of his famous cartoons in the *Westminster Gazette*.

The Boys’ Empire League is non-political and unsectarian in character, membership, and work.

It possesses sections comprehending the practice and study of natural history, photography, and shorthand, and by every mail to

and from every distant continent and island passes a constant stream of letters and pictorial post-cards between League members. This correspondence exchange is opened in the first instance, under proper regulations, through Headquarters, and has proved an unqualified success. Further, the League fosters an open kind of Freemasonry, so that a member removing from one town or country to another at once finds himself in a congenial atmosphere.

The following from Australia is illustrative of the League's work:—

LAURA, AUSTRALIA.—Only some twelve months ago, Alfred Lowe and his brother, A. E. Lowe, joined the League through headquarters, and, appreciating the benefits they had derived, they decided last Christmas to form a branch. This is what Mr. Lowe says:

"With the aid of Mr. Vernon H. Weiss, of Norwood, who is the Secretary of the Adelaide Branch, we started one at Laura, and have already thirty members. The Mayor of Laura is our president, and we have also two vice-presidents, one secretary, one assistant-secretary, and ten committee-men. We have just held a concert—(a programme of which he has sent me, and an excellent one it is)—for the opening, and cleared £5 15s., and we are going to have our first meeting in the Town Hall next Wednesday (March 30th). I have got almost everybody in the town interested. . . . fifty men in the town have promised to give five shillings.

"I correspond with a member in London of my own age" (an advantage which is evidently appreciated), and in conclusion he says: "I hope our branch will be a success, as I don't know anything that will stop us."

This is an excellent start for a club only recently formed, and by a young member, too!

B. E. L. Boys in London:—A goodly number of London B. E. L. members and their friends assembled at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Friday, May 20th. Mr. F. Carruthers Gould occupied the chair, and was supported by Sir H. H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., Mr. Robert Leighton, Mr. Andrew Melrose, Mr. Howard Spicer, and the hereditary Chief of the Mohawk Indians, who is now in this country.

After Mr. Carruthers Gould had delivered an excellent address on the ideals and high aims of the B. E. League, dwelling particularly on the rule enjoining courtesy towards foreigners, Sir Harry Johnston spoke to the members. He began by giving some interesting reminiscences of his boyhood and of his adventurous career. Referring to the various native races of the Empire, whom we had to civilise and teach, Sir Harry said it was quite pos-

sible that among his hearers there were some who in after years might have to go out to Africa, as he had done, and do much the same work. Englishmen got pitchforked into all sorts of queer places, like a Brixton boy he knew, who, not long back, was suddenly drafted out to fill an engineering post on Lake Tanganyika.

He urged upon boys, therefore, the importance of learning other languages and of thus being well equipped for their life duties.

Mr. Robert Leighton, the well-known writer for boys, next spoke, being followed by the Chief of the Mohawk Indians, whose remarks on patriotism and loyalty in Canada were heartily applauded.

Mr. Howard Spicer then moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Gould and the other speakers, and announced, amid applause, that **THE CAPTAIN** would in future be the official organ of the League.

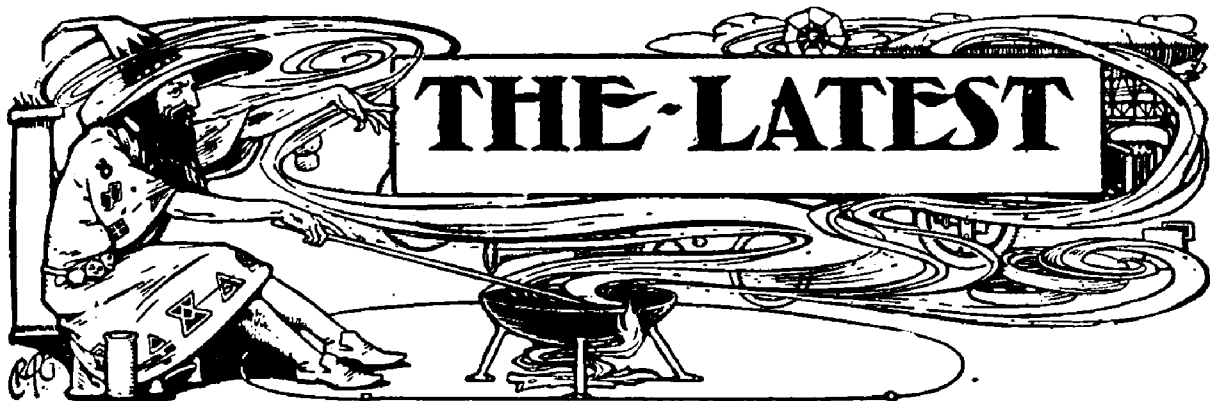
An excellent musical programme, under the direction of Mr. Charles Copland, was performed, the soloists being Miss Eve Trudell and Mr. Copland. During the evening selections were played by the Band of the Duke of York's Royal Military School.

If any **CAPTAIN** reader is interested in the B.E.L., he should possess a copy of the B.E.L. handbook, which has been reduced to 3d., so as to be within the reach of all. It contains the names, &c., of all secretaries, particulars as to where B.E.L. clubs exist, portraits of the founders, &c.; Sir A. Conan Doyle's Presidential address; and an article on "How to Start a B.E.L. Branch," together with much other useful information.

In conclusion, I would like to call the attention of my readers to the opening sentence of a letter recently addressed by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, *one of our Council*, to a contemporary. Lord Charles says: "The maintenance and welfare of our Empire of the future depends upon its youth of to-day." Does not this sentence breathe the very essence of the purpose for which our League was formed?

HOWARD H. SPICER.

[It is hoped that all **CAPTAIN** readers will write the Organising Secretary at the above address for full particulars, with a view to joining this patriotic League. No time is more opportune than the present for English Boys all over the world to show that they are still animated and governed by that noble spirit of Fairplay which commands the respect of the World.]



A Tame Flying Machine.

The accompanying photograph shows the remarkable aerial roundabout invented by Sir Hiram Maxim. By means of this tame flying machine you are enabled to enjoy the thrilling exhilaration of an aerial voyage, without any of

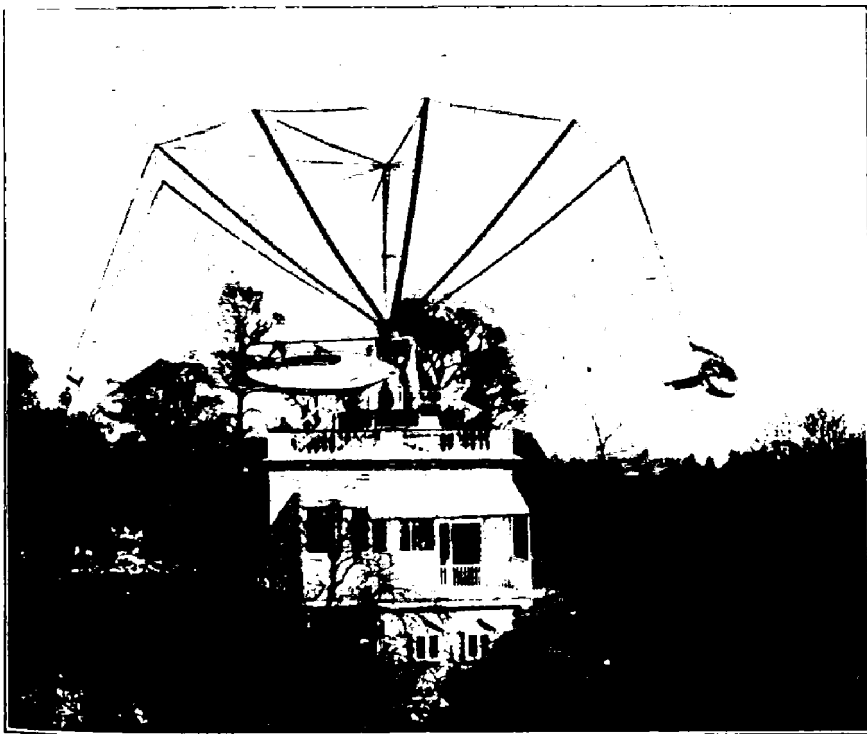
Straightening a Chimney.

At Cranston, U.S.A., a factory chimney, 192ft. in height, has recently been straightened in a very ingenious manner. Owing to undermining by water, it leant 4ft. out of the perpendicular. It seemed that the chimney was doomed, and

as it had only just been erected at a cost of £1,600, this was a serious matter. The method adopted to save this twentieth-century leaning tower of Pisa was as follows:—A course of bricks, three-quarters way through the chimney, was removed from the west side, wedges of oak being inserted in its place. On the opposite side of the chimney the foundations were strengthened by an 8ft. bed of concrete. On the same side of the chimney two holes were cut, and in these steel beams were inserted to serve as levers to tip the chimney in the required direction. Then the wooden wedges were gradually burned out by the aid of a gas flame driven into the wood by compressed air. As the wood was burnt away the

great chimney approached the perpendicular, till in eight days it was quite straight!

At the St. Louis Exhibition, a very ingenious device has been introduced for enabling experiments with air ships to be made without risk of disaster. A cableway is slung from two high towers, and to this the airships are moored.



SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S AERIAL ROUNDABOUT.

Photo by]

[Biograph Studio.

its attendant risks. It is even said you experience all the pleasure of a first motor car ride with additional fascinations thrown in. One of these ingenious contrivances is included in the attractions at this year's exhibition at Earl's Court, where large numbers of people daily journey in the curious fish-shaped cars of the roundabout.



THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD, THE "BALTIC."

The "Baltic."

Herewith we give a snapshot of the *Baltic*, as she appeared recently, after launching, moored alongside Messrs. Harland and Wolff's yard at Queen's Island, Belfast, where many hundreds of workmen were busy fitting up her internal arrangements. The *Baltic* is to make her first Transatlantic trip this summer.

The Latest Motor Lawn Mower.

When we first illustrated a motor lawn mower it was quite the latest novelty. Now early types have been considerably improved upon, and, by the courtesy of Messrs. Ransomes, Sims, and Jefferies, Ltd., of Ipswich, we are enabled to reproduce a photograph showing the most up-to-date motor lawn mower, specially designed for use on large level surfaces, such as cricket grounds. The cutting cylinder is 42in. wide, and the machine is propelled by a 6 b.h.p. petrol motor. There is a separate clutch

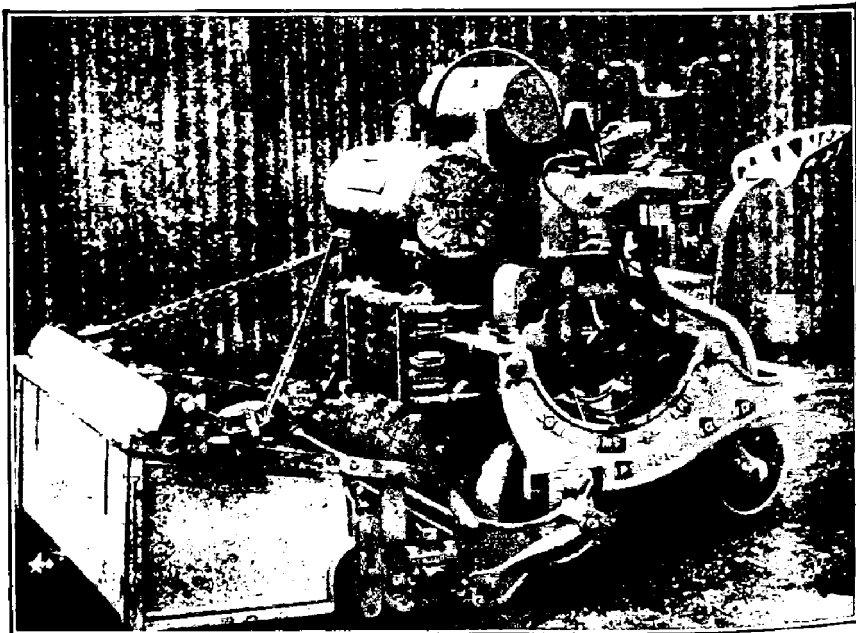
for putting the cylinder out of gear when it is required to roll the grass only. The driver sits on a spring seat behind the machine, his weight being carried by a pair of steering rollers. Moreover, the mower can be steered with the greatest nicety, thus enabling it to cut round flower beds, etc., whilst, by a patent arrangement, the grass-box may be emptied without stopping the machine.

Horse "Pushball."

We have previously illustrated pushball as played in the ordinary way. Now pushball itself has been improved upon, and we sketch here with a game of horse pushball as played at the Military Tournament—it was really almost as exciting and rapid as polo. The ball used in horse pushball is about 18ft. in circumference.

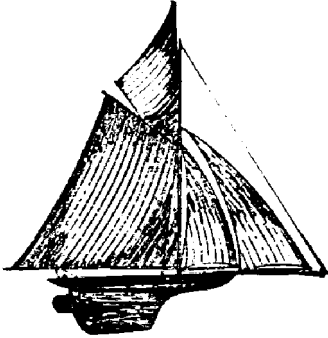


HORSE PUSHBALL.—AN EXCITING INCIDENT.



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Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fish, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.
Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, price 6d. Post Free, 7d.
Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours. Price 6d. Post Free, 7d.



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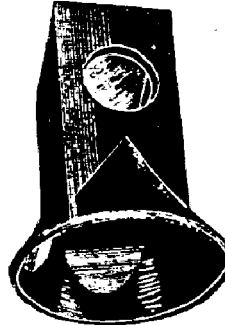
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The Marvellous Bubble.
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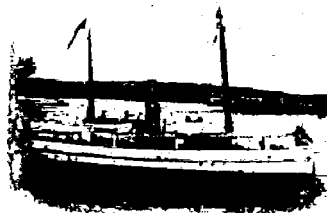
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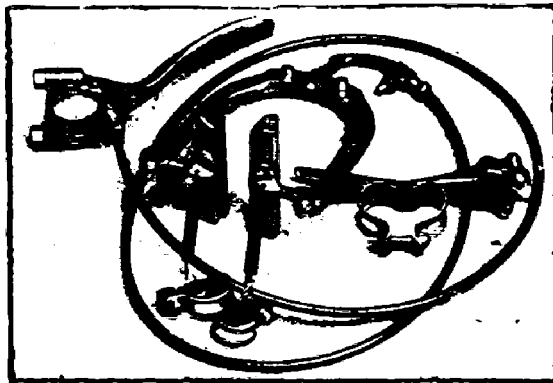
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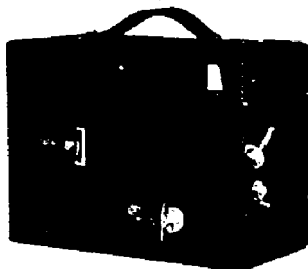
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COMPETITION No. 6.



Three of these 10s.
"Scout"
Hand Cameras are
awarded as prizes
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"PHOTOGRAPHIC"
COMPETITION.
See page 373.



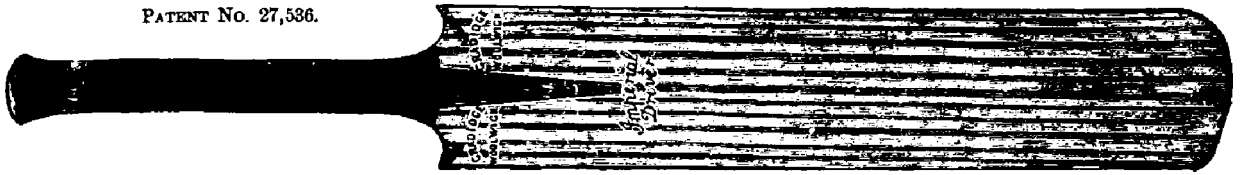
Three of these 10s.
"Brownie"
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"DRAWING"
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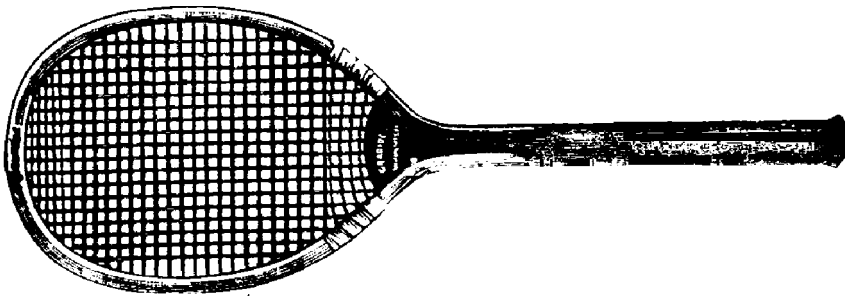
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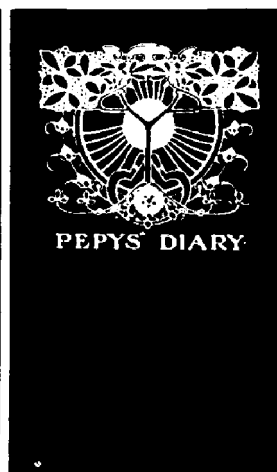
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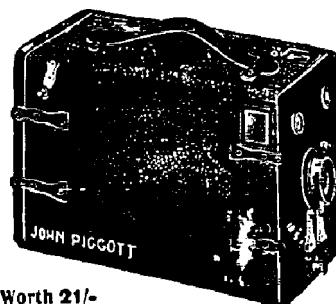
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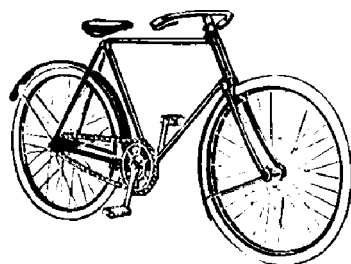
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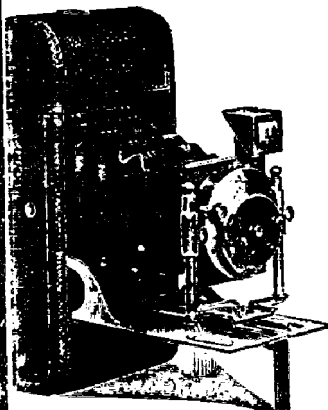
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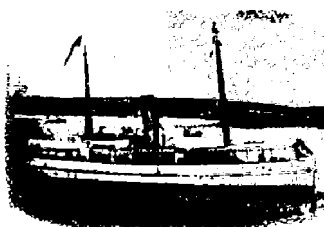
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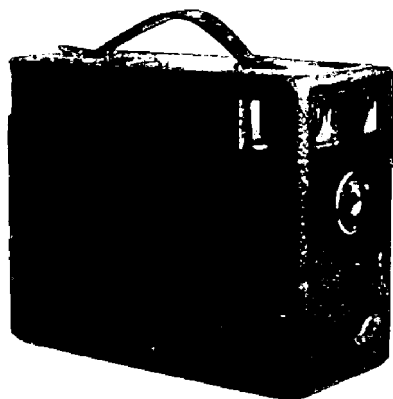
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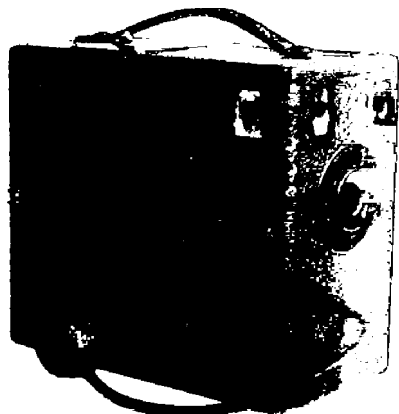
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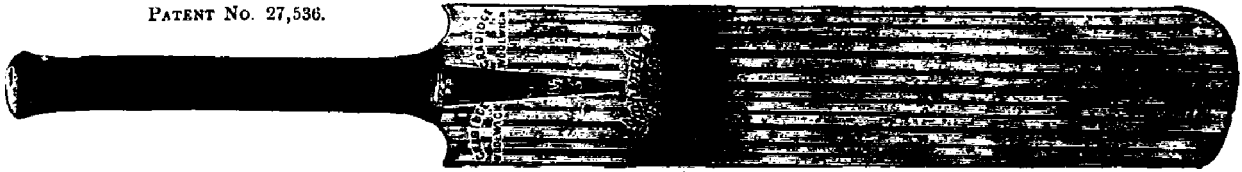
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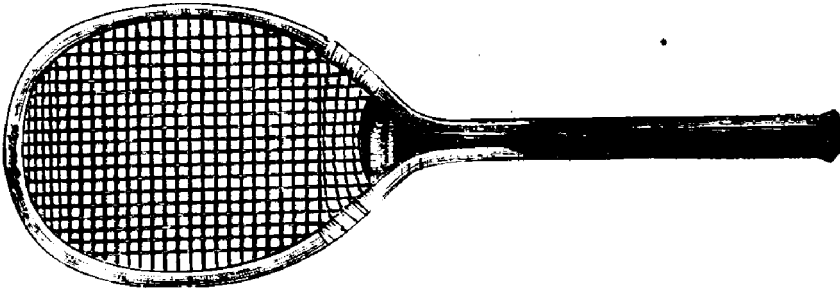
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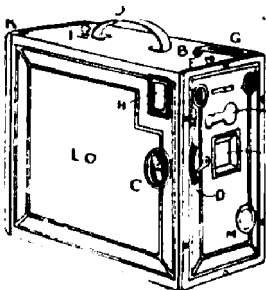
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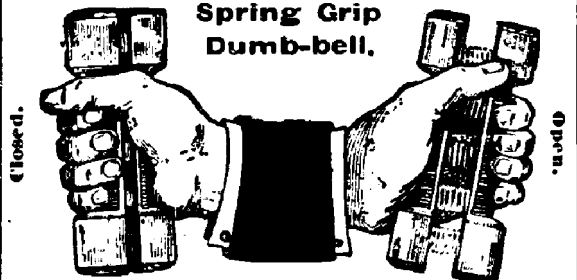
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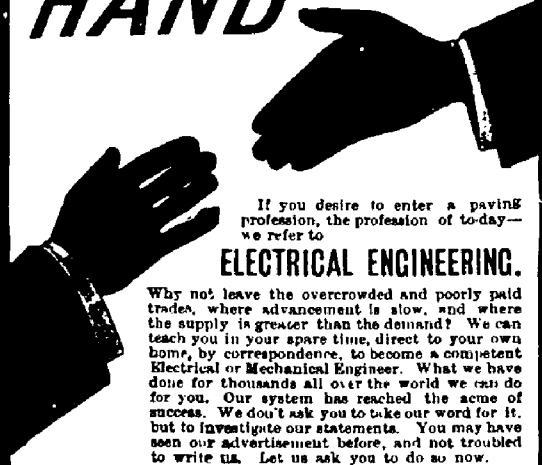
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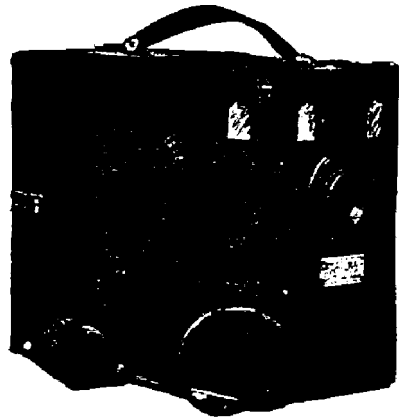
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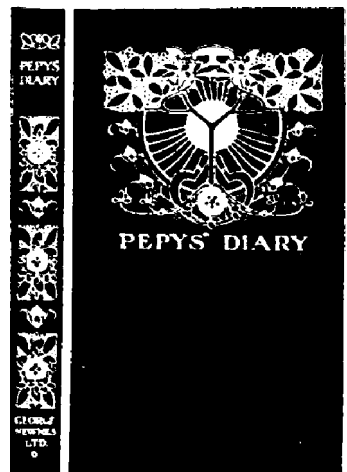
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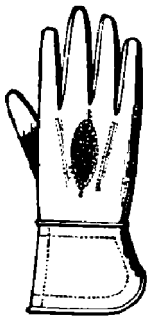
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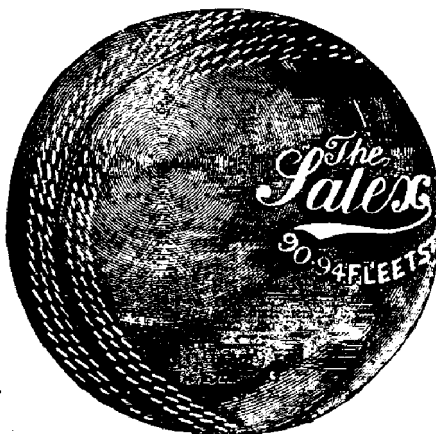
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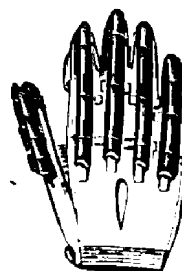
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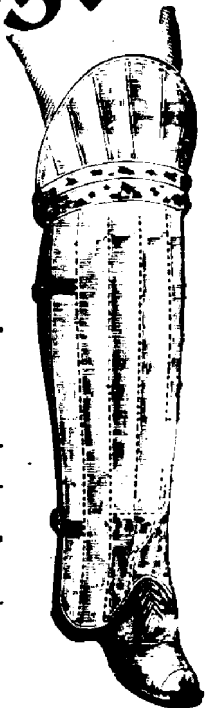


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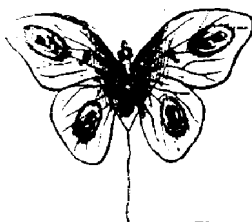
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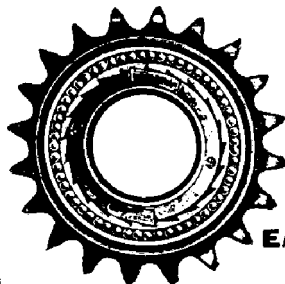
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Warsop's "Conqueror," Improved ... 18/6
Wisden's "Crawford's EXCELLER" ... 16/9, 20/-
Odd's "Flexible" ... 20/-

Single Bat sent Post free.

Immense Stock of Cricket Bats by Lillywhite, Odd's, Clapshaw, Ayres, Cobbett, Dark, Warsop, Wisden, Odd, Bryan, Gardiner, and Nicolls.

BLUE HILL BOX KITE.

Splendid Fliers.

Folds into a Flat Parcel.

Made of Linen and Wood, size 36in. by 20in.
by 10in. ... 2/-

Packing and Postage, 6d.



LEG GUARDS.

Boys' White Twill ... 3/3
Ditto Leather ... 4/11
Ditto, Super White Leather ... 6/3
Men's White Twill ... 3/6
Ditto Leather ... 5/6
Ditto, Super White Leather ... 6/11
Ditto, White Leather Skeleton ... 7/6
Ditto, ditto, Featherweight Skeleton ... 8/9
Men's White Kid Featherweight Skeleton ... 10/-

All Postage Free.

SANDOW'S DEVELOPER.

12/6 each. Carriage Free.

FISHING RODS.

Large Stock from 2/5 each.

See Catalogue.

Post Free.

MODEL YACHTS.

(Britannia type). Beautifully painted and finished.

19in. 22in. 25in. 27in.
13/6 18/- 22/6 27/6

MODEL CUTTERS.

Beautifully painted and finished. Fitted with Blocks.

14in. 15in. 18in. 21in. 24in.
6/6 7/6 9/9 13/9 21/-

Postage extra.

GEM AIR GUN.

No. 00.—Including 100 Slugs, 6 Darts, and 1 pair Pincers,
same bore as No. 1 ... 13/-

No. 0.—Size larger (frequently sold as
No. 1), same bore as No. 1 ... 16/6

No. 1. ... 18/6

For Postage, add 8d.

"Daisy" Air Gun ... 2/11

Postage, 5d.

Slugs, No. 1 (Lane's) per 1,000 ... 9d. net.

Postage, 4d.

UNIVERSITY SWIMMING COSTUMES.

Estimates for Special School Colours, free on application.

When ordering send size round chest. Net.

Special line, Navy only ... 1/-

No. 1.—Navy or Black ... 1/6

No. 2.—Superior Navy, Black or Cardinal ... 2/6

No. 2A.—Quality, Navy or Black, trimmed

with Coloured Binding on Neck

and Arms, White, Sky, Red, or

Gold ... 2/6

No. 4.—Cashmere, Navy or Black, White

Silk Stitching ... 3/6

No. 5.—Best Cashmere, Navy or Black ... 4/6

Postage, 14d.

Gents' Bathing Costumes, 2/11 to 5/11.

Swimming Drawers, 6d., 74d., 94d.,

104d. pair.

WATER POLO BALLS.

Duke's "Scot" Pneumatic ... 10/6

Bryan's "GRASSHOPPER" ... 10/6

Ayres' "INTERNATIONAL" ... 11/-

Carriage Paid.



CATALOGUES

POST FREE.

Kindly mention
"The Captain."

RUNNING VESTS.

Plain White Gauze ... 1/-, 1/8

Plain White Merino Finish ... 1/6, 2/-

Coloured Gauze (plain colours) ... 1/-, 1/6

Postage 2d. per Single Garment.

RUNNING DRAWERS.

Sateen (plain colours) ... 1/-

Super ... 1/6

Cashmere ... 2/6

Postage 1d. per Single Garment.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

RUNNING SHOES.

pair.

Cordovan Leather, with Spikes ... 3/11

Super ditto, Improved Spikes ... 4/11

The "Professional," Best Calf, Patent

Spikes ... 6/9

Sole London Agents for

Tuck's Celebrated Shoes, 10/6 pair.

Postage, 3d. under 10/-

Grey Canvas, Corrugated Rubber Soles, 2/6 pair.

Postage, 4d.

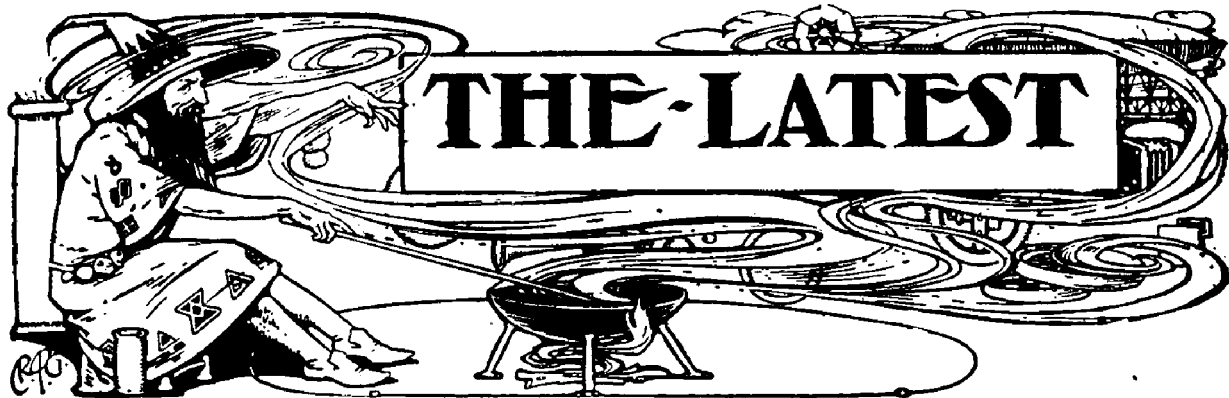
NEW JUMPING SHOE.

Cordovan Hand-Sewn, with Heel Spikes,

5/11 pair. Postage, 3d.

Address:—
(Dept. "V.")
107 & 108,

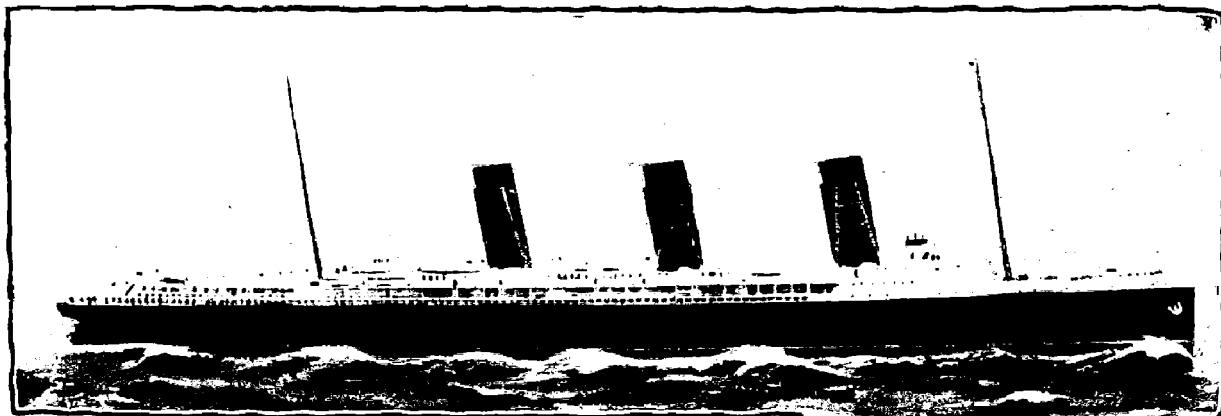
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



The Cunard's Express Turbine Steamers.

THE accompanying illustration shows the express turbine steamers, now under construction for the Cunard Line, as they will appear when

times the gross tonnage of the "Britannia," and eighty-five to ninety times the power. The adoption of rotary engines means additional speed for the same boiler power—due to reduced weight of machinery and increased economy in steam—and an absence of



THIS PICTURE SHOWS HOW THE NEW CUNARDERS WILL LOOK WHEN COMPLETED. THEY ARE TO BE AT ONCE THE LARGEST AND FASTEST LINERS EVER BUILT.

completed. The British Government have guaranteed a portion of their cost, and they will be unequalled in size and speed. These steamers will represent all that is superlative in naval architecture, in marine engineering, and in luxurious passenger accommodation. Sixty-four years have passed since the "Britannia," the pioneer Cunarder, first crossed the Atlantic. The contrast between this little vessel and the twenty-five knot turbine steamers is very striking, as our diagram bears witness. The gross tonnage of the "Britannia" was 1,154, and its average speed was about eight knots an hour, with an indicated horse power of 740. Each of the twenty-five knot steamers will have from twenty-five to thirty

vibration, whilst the smaller engine room spaces and openings will ensure commodious passenger quarters and promenade space. The fact that the Cunard directorate have adopted, on expert advice, the steam turbine, is proof that the rotary engine is the marine engine of the future.

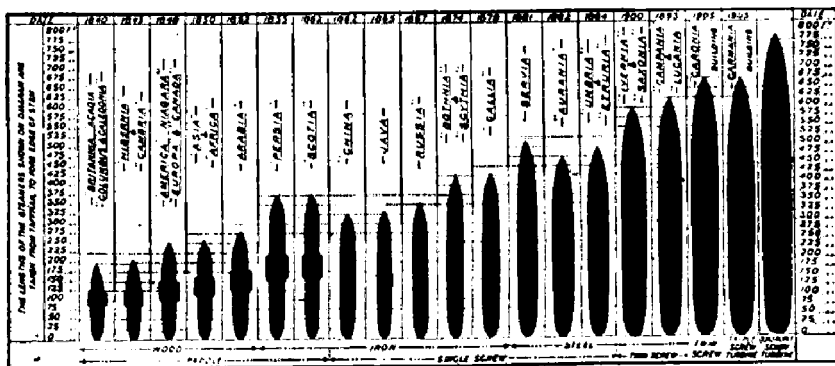
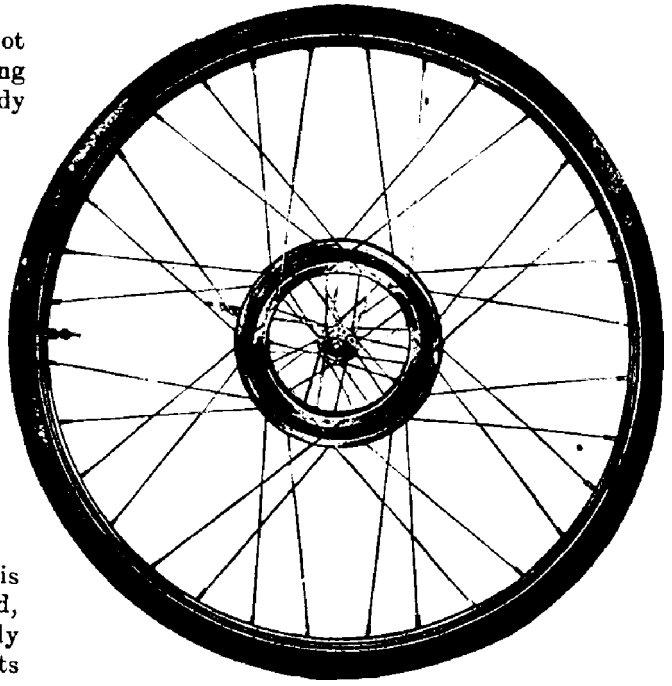


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE GROWTH OF THE CUNARD FLEET.

Pneumatic Suspension Wheels.

There are few good things which have not some drawbacks. In cycling or motor-cycling one of the greatest is vibration. To remedy this the Pneumatic Suspension Wheel Co., of 34 Chandos-road, Bristol, have brought out an ingenious piece of mechanism that overcomes both vibration and side-slip. Moreover, it is so adaptable that it can be fixed into any wheel by any repairer. Put very briefly, this invention consists of a pneumatic tube, circling the hub, which absorbs fifty per cent. of ordinary vibration. The accompanying illustration shows the general appearance of a pneumatic suspension wheel. It is claimed that by the use of air, "the best and cheapest of all springs," vibration is cut off before it reaches the frame of the cycle. The result is that your speed is increased, and you are brought home refreshed, whilst the wear and tear of the motor is greatly reduced. This apparatus gives good results with a chain drive, as it absorbs the explosive jerk of the engine. In short, it bids fair to supersede all other anti-vibration and non-skidding devices.

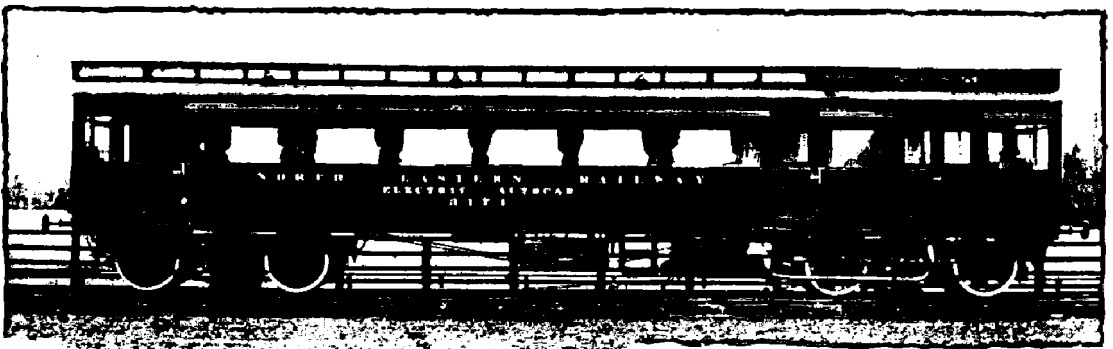


GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE "PNEUMATIC" SUSPENSION WHEEL.

An Electric Railway Autocar.

British railway companies are making an extensive use of rail motor-cars for branch line traffic. In *The Latest* we have previously published an illustration of a steam-propelled rail motor-car. Since then the North-Eastern Railway Company have gone one better, and adopted an electric rail autocar. There is seating accommodation for fifty-two passengers.

has gained so much benefit from his "Modele Superbe Raleigh," fitted with this gear, that he has recently written to the Raleigh Cycle Company as follows: "I have ridden the Raleigh three-gear cycle for nearly two years and under all sorts of conditions. I find it an excellent machine, and thoroughly satisfactory in every way. The facility of changing the gear instantaneously without removing the hand from the handle-bar is a great advantage, and the power



AN ELECTRIC RAIL AUTOCAR, AS USED ON THE NORTH-EASTERN RAILWAY.

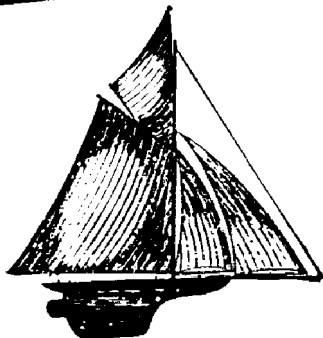
Each car weighs thirty-five tons, and can run at any speed up to thirty-six miles an hour.

A Three-Speed Gear.

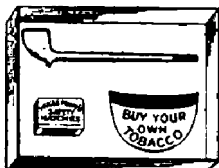
Another cycle improvement much in demand is the Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear. In this connection we note that the Lord Chief Justice

to change the gear adds materially to the speed and distance travelled, increasing my pace at least two miles per hour, and it seems to me that a better rider would gain still more. I can most strongly recommend the machine."

HAMLEY'S NOVELTIES.



MODEL SAILING BOATS. Guaranteed to Sail. Price 2/6, 3/6, 4/9, 6/9, 8/9, up to 42/-.
HAMLEY'S RACING YACHTS. as illustrated. Price 7/6, 9/9, 15/6, 21/-, 30/-, 35/9, and upwards. Box and Postage extra.



MINIATURE SMOKER'S SET.
A Great Novelty. Price 3d. per Set. Post Free, 4d.



MAGNETIC WONDERS.
A Box of Apparatus for experimenting with a Magnet.

Very clever and amusing.
Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.
Larger Size 2/- Post Free, 2/4.

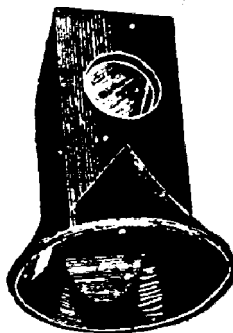
NOVELTIES, POST FREE, 1/3.

The World's Savings Bank.
The Mexican Repeater.
The Royal Horse Artillery Gun.
The Maxim Gun.
The Wonderful Gyroscope Top.
Russian Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Japanese Mtd. or Foot Soldiers.
Vertical Engine, goes by Steam.
Rude Jolly Jap, puts out Tongue.
Box Kite, Post Free, 1/4.
Mesmerised Discs.
Marvellous Diver, goes under Water.
Crystal Gazing Ball & Book, 3/1.
47 Naval Gun, 2/4.



HAMLEY'S SPECIALITY, BOXES OF SURPRISES

Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coons, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fish, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roars of laughter. Price 1/- Post Free, 1/3.
Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprises, price 6d. Post Free, 7d.
Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing 7 different colours. Price 6d. Post Free, 7d.



THE LATEST NOVELTY—THE SEBACROSCOPE

When this is placed in the eye you can see what is taking place at the back of you as well as in the front at the same time.

Price 6d. Post Free, 8d.



ELECTRIC POCKET LAMP.

Price 1/9. Post Free, 2/-.

ELECTRIC SCARF PIN.

A pretty and effective novelty, that can be worn in the necktie, and by pressing a button an electric light will appear. They are made in the following designs: A. Brilliant Horseshoe, Cow's Head, twi/s or Skeleton's Head.

Price 3/6. Post Free, 3/10.



THE CAMERA OBSCURA

Very amusing and interesting.
Price 2/- Post Free, 2/4.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES
LONDON.

84 & 86 REGENT STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS; 512 & 510a OXFORD STREET, near Marble Arch; 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, ALBERT GATE; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.; 35 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.
86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Head Warehouse.

OFFICIAL CRESTS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

All beautifully stamped in various coloured relief containing four dozen designs in each packet.

SIXPENCE a Packet.

Nos. 1 to 20 Now Ready.

CALE & POLDEN, Ltd., 2 Amen Corner, London, E.C.

THE MOST MARVELLOUS OF MODERN INVENTIONS.

New Patent THERMOSTATIC BOAT.



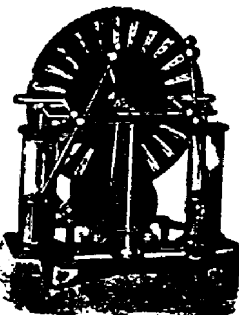
No Dirt.
No Smoke.
No Danger.
Self feeding.
Never fails to Work.

It is only necessary to light the lamp and place the boat upon the water, when it will immediately start off at full speed drawing up its own supply automatically as it goes along.

SIZES and PRICES, neatly packed in Boxes:

5 inches long, suitable for basin or bath.	Goes for 40 minutes each time the lamp is filled	1/6
9 inches long.	Goes for 2 hours	2/6
do do With Decks		3/6
14 inches long. Decked		5/6 5/10
16		7/6 8/-

EXTRACT from "Representatives of Art, Industries, and Commerce of the XX. Century."—"Always something new The stock of articles displayed at this firm's premises, and illustrated in their excellent Catalogue, is of remarkable comprehensiveness, and we know of no other establishment in the Metropolitan which exhibits a greater variety of Scientific Novelties."



WIMSHURST'S ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

Wimshurst's Electrical Machines and Experiments in all sizes. For full particulars and prices, see Catalogue.

FOR READERS OF "THE CAPTAIN."

BRITISH EXPRESSES

PRICE

3/6

Postage
3d. extra.



An album containing over 200 photo reproductions of express trains at full speed.

The LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Ltd.,

3 Amen Corner,
Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

REDDING'S NEW SCALE MODELS OF STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, correctly coloured in Four Railways, 15/6 each.



New Scale Models of British Locomotives, beautifully finished in the correct colours of the four Principal Railways. Every model guaranteed. Tested by steam, all fitted with Slide Valve Cylinders, Exhaust through Funnel, &c. &c. Gauges: (1) 21 12 6d.; (2) 23 10s.; (3) 24 10s.; (4) 25 10s. Complete with Tenders.

Write at once for our New Illustrated Catalogue of all the latest Amazing and Scientific Novelties, post free.

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3 ARCYLL PLACE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE.

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit in British Boys all over the World.

MOTTO.—"Many Countries but One Empire."



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(*The Venble. W. M. Sinclair, D.D.*)

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

HEADQUARTERS : 56 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

AS announced last month, the CAPTAIN will, in future, act as the official organ of the Boys' Empire League. For the aims of the League, and other particulars, readers are referred to the announcements in the July CAPTAIN. Further information concerning the B.E.L. may be obtained from the Secretary, Boys' Empire League, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

This page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at the above-mentioned address, by the 25th of every month.

Club secretaries are requested to note that monthly report forms may be had gratis on application to headquarters. These should be filled in regularly on the 25th of the month, and sent to the Organising Secretary of the League.

PENGE.—T. A. Bryant, 5, Croydon Road, Hon. Sec. This club was founded in 1902, and has been going strong ever since. A Rambling Section has proved very successful. Fortunately, our Penge members live within easy walking distance of the real country, and thus they are ensured some very enjoyable outings. We wish all our branches were so favourably situated, and that those that are would take advantage of their position.

The Penge members meet every Thursday, from 6.30 to 8 o'clock, at the Penge Tabernacle, and would heartily welcome any visiting member or members. They find the plan of governing the club by a boys' committee an excellent one. In the summer the Rambling Club is continued, and Cricket and Cycling Clubs are in full swing. I trust this account of Penge Branch may prove of some use to would-be club secretaries, and will also stimulate our older secretaries to let us know their doings. They have been very quiet lately as regards sending in their returns, but I expect they have been too full of arrangements to let us know what they are about; all the same, I can assure them we are anxious to hear from them, and of their doings.

I have to acknowledge League notes from William

Mace, Hon. Sec. North Walsham Branch, and good reports (which space alone prevents inserting) from J. L. Wickens, 3 Gordon-place, St. Mary's-road, Newbury, Berks; J. Paterson, 5 Hillside-street, Edinburgh; G. W. Batchelor, 82 Lawford-road, Rugby; John Coates, 92 Harwood-street, Rylance-street, Ashton Old-road, Ardwick, Manchester; Fred Ashcroft, Fern Bank, Bewdley-hill, Kidderminster; H. J. Verrall, Belmont, Campbell-road, Caterham; Mr. Cecil C. Goldsmid, of Melbourne House, Edward-road, Birmingham, to each and all of whom I must extend my apologies for so short a notice this month. I wish to thank them for their continued interest and efforts in the work of the League.

I have also to acknowledge notes from our patriotic members in Sierra Leone, Malta, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Jamaica.

Subscriptions.—More than half the year has now gone, and there are yet a lot of members who have forgotten to send in their annual subscriptions. I must urge upon all members the desirability of prompt payment.

B.E.L. Camera Club.—President, Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P. B.E.L. members who are amateur photographers, and those who intend devoting themselves to photography this season, should at once join the B.E.L. Camera Club. Numerous interesting features are connected with this club, and every facility in the way of instruction is afforded to the novice practising this delightful hobby. Competitions are now commencing for photographs taken by members, and prizes are awarded to the successful competitors. League members desirous of joining should immediately send stamp for the prospectus, and information on joining, &c. B.E.L. members in the Colonies are cordially invited to join the B.E.L. Camera Club. Hon. Secretary, Henry J. Verrall, "Belmont," Campbell-road, Caterham, Surrey.

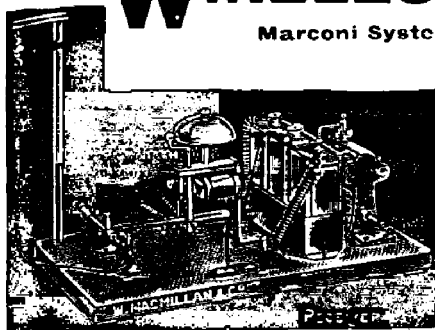
Further notes and reports will appear on this page next month. The elections of new members will also be notified in these columns.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

Marconi System.

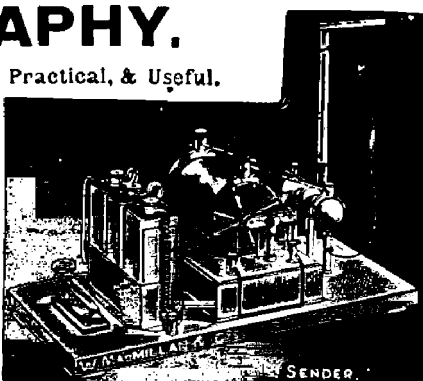
Interesting, Instructive, Practical, & Useful.



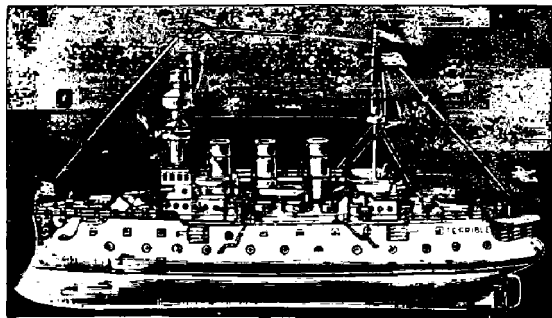
MODEL WARSHIPS.

Complete Sets of Apparatus, ready for use, each set consisting of **Sender**, with Tapping Key, Ruhmkorff Spark Inductor, and Air Wire, Condenser, durable Dry Battery; also **Receiver**, with Coherer, Relay, Electric Bell, Disconnecter, Air Wire and Dry Battery. All beautifully made and finished, mounted on Polished Wood Bases, packed in strong wood case, and with explicit and interesting description of Wireless Telegraphy and directions for working. Guaranteed to work excellently and give every satisfaction.

Set No. 1, complete as above. 20/- Carr. Paid.
Set No. 2, large size, with connections for Morse Writing Apparatus. Complete as above, working accurately and faultlessly over a long distance. 22/17 6



MODEL LOCOMOTIVES.



Magnificent models of H. A. Battleship **Terrible**. Built from original dockyard designs, beautifully finished, enamelled, and all fittings nickel plated. Sent out complete with 6 Life Boats 2 fore and aft Barbed Wire Guns, 14 Cannons, 8 Guns in exponents, 4 Quick-firing Guns, 4 model Searchlights. Entire length nearly 3 ft.; with strong boiler, double Marine Engines, and Twin screws Propeller. 65/-, Carriage Paid. Guaranteed.

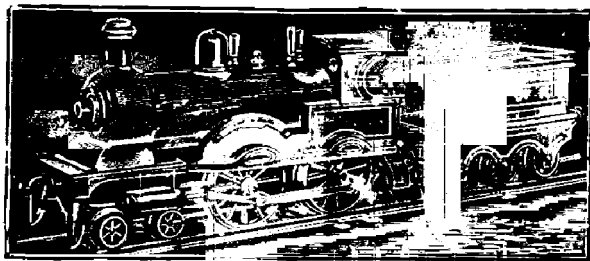
Gunboats, fitted up in first-class manner, with Cannons, Quick-firing Guns, Life Boats, strong Brass Boiler, and all fittings as shown **over 2 ft. long**. Beautifully finished. Price 35/6. Smaller sizes 25 in. long, 25/6, 21 in. long, 20/-, Carriage Paid.

Division Boats, over 2 ft. long, with strong Steam Engine and Boiler. 13/6, Carriage Paid.

Torpedo Boats, 2 ft. long, with Steam Engine and Boiler complete. 8/6 and 10/6.

Submarine Boats, 14 in. long, 7/6; 18 in., 13/6; 27 in., 35/-. Sail on and under the surface at a high speed. See Catalogue for other designs of Boat and Marine Engines.

W. MACMILLAN & CO.,
Engineers and Modellers,
Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.



New Improved Model L. & N.W. Railway Steam Locomotives, with Tenders. Beautifully made and finished, enamelled and lined in correct colours. Fitted with 2 S.V. Cylinders, new combination Steam Axles, Plane Guard, nickel plated flanged wheels, strong brass Boiler, exhaust up Funnel, Bell, Whistle, Safety Valve, Water Gauge, 2 Domes, Hand Rails, Connecting Rod, Guide Bars to Crosshead, Starting Tap with Hand Wheel, brass Spring Bolts, Reversing Gear, Tender, with Coal Boxes, Water Tank. Tested and run under steam. Guaranteed to give every satisfaction.

Gauge, 14 in.	Length of Loco.	and Tender, 17 in.	Price 25/-	Carr. Paid
2 in.	20 in.	22 in.	30/-	
2 in.	20 in.	25 in.	37/5 6	
3 in.	20 in.	25 in.	34/13 0	

Correct Model L. & S.W. Great Northern, or Midland Locomotives supplied at same prices. For Rails, Cars, Trucks, Switches, Signals, and Model Railway Parts, see Catalogue.

Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Catalogue**, nearly 500 **Illustrations**, of powerful and magnificent Model Locomotives, Rails, Cars, Trucks, Switches, 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, Model Racing Yachts and Ship Fittings, Engine and Boiler Fittings, Petrol Motors for River Boats and Bicycles, Castings of same, Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, &c. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Locomotive Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo Boats, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, &c., &c., post free 6d.

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SHOOTS
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UNPRECEDENTED OFFERS.

A Bad Pen however cheap causes annoyance to the user and is thrown away in disgust.
The Celebrated Safety Pen gives fullest satisfaction and makes writing a pleasure.

THE SAFETY GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN.

The Largest Sale in the World. The Handsomest and the Best. A Great Improvement upon all other Fountain Pens. Massive 14-Carat Gold Nib. Latest Improved Twin Feed.

Unequalled for its Beauty, smoothness in Writing, regular Feeding of Ink, easy to Fill, easy to Handle, easy to Write.

RELIABILITY.

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LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

Every Pen Guaranteed. Will last for Years.

Each Pen in Box with Fillers.

Usual Retail Price, 10/6.

Sample Pens for 5/-, or Three Pens for 12/-

SUPERB GOLD MOUNTED PENS.—Usual Retail Price, 15/-.

Sample Pen for 6/6.

Money returned if not satisfied. Agents wanted.

Makers: **E. NEWTON & CO.,** 63 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.

What C. B. FRY says:



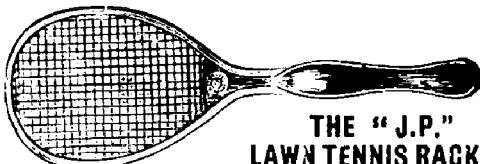
"JOHN PIGGOTT'S SURREY DRIVER IS A GOOD BAT."—*The Captain.*



NAVY SWIMMING COSTUMES.

1/6 each. 16 6 doz.

STRIPED BLAZES.
Flannelette, 2 11.
Flannel, 4 11.
Postage, 3d.



THE "J.P." LAWN TENNIS RACKET.

In all weights. (Warranted)
This Racket is made from the finest Gut, with well-seasoned ash frame. The handle, being shaped as per sketch, is much more comfortable in the grasp than any Racket yet introduced. 10/6; others, 3 9, 5 9, 7 6.

BATHING DRAWERS.

Twil Navy, 7d.
Sateen, 5 1/2d.
Flannelette, 3 1/2d.
Postage, 1 1/2d.

JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD.

Send for
GENERAL LIST
Post Free.

THE "J.P." SURREY DRIVER.

This Bat is strongly recommended to Cricketers. The wonderful "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 8 1/2, 15 9. **YOUTH'S**, No. 6, 12 9.



RUNNING VESTS
Boys, 1 5. Men's, 1 6.
Postage, 1d.



RUNNING SHOES. Spiked. 3/11. 4/11.
6 6. Postage, 3d.

RUNNING DRAWERS
Sateen, all Colours, Navy, Black, Pink, Sky, and Cardinal. 1s. 1 1/2d pair.
Postage, 2d.

THE BOY'S HOLIDAY CAMERA. The W.O.D.E.R. OF ALL CAMERAS. A PLATE. A thoroughly reliable apparatus, at an astonishingly low price, 8 11. Holds 12 Plates. T. and 1 Shutter. Sliding Stops. 2 Brilliant Finders. Lens heretofore covered, and two Bushes for Stand.

BOYS and YOUTHS FLANNELS.
For School & Holidays
Jacket & Trousers, 9 6
12 11. 16 6. 2 7 6
Jacket & Knickers, 7 9. 12 11, 14 11.

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SEASONABLE DELICACIES

AUGUST

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Sliced Bananas & Custard
Stewed Cherries & Custard
Stewed Gooseberries & Custard
Stewed Raspberries & Custard
Stewed Red Currants & Custard
Stewed Prunes & Custard
Stewed Greengage Puns & Custard
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Vol. XI. No. 66.

SEPTEMBER, 1904.

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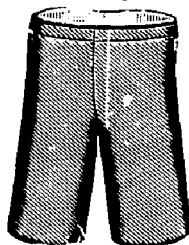


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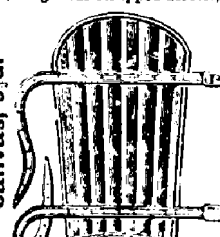
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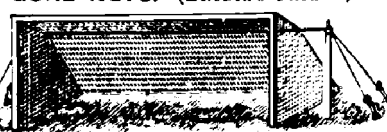
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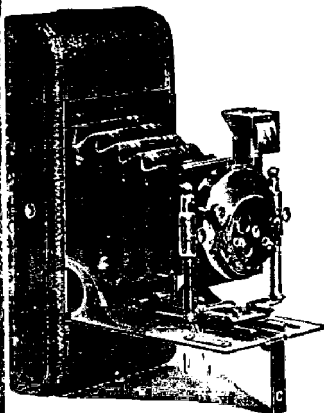
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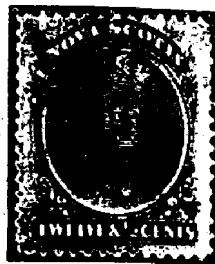
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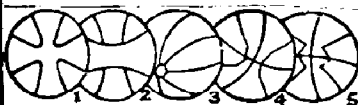
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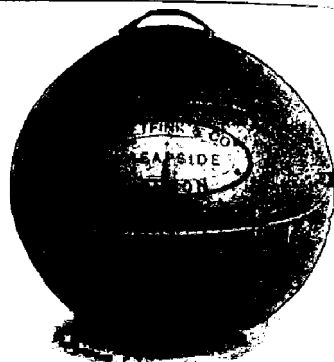
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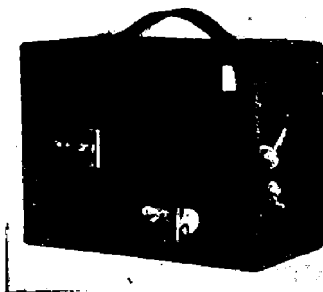


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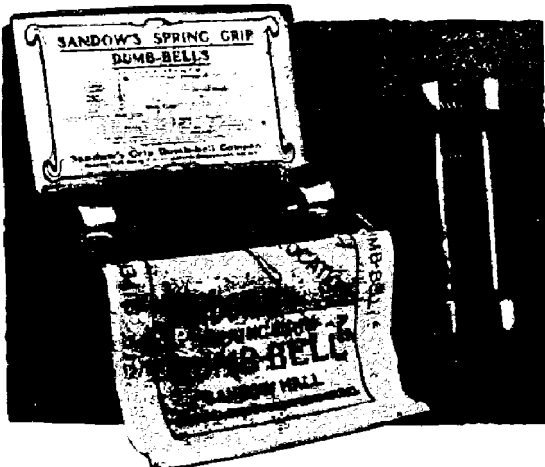
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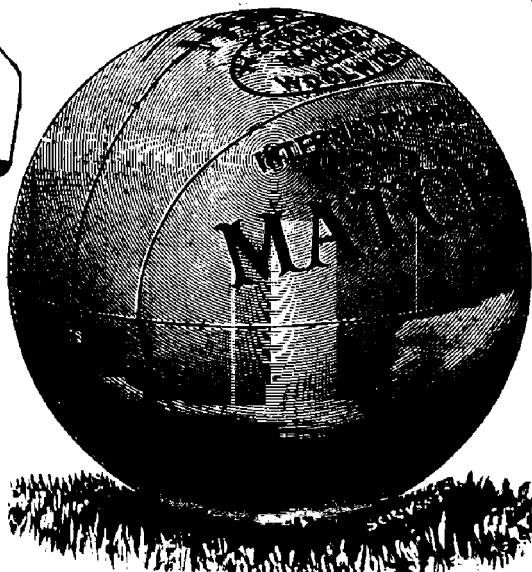
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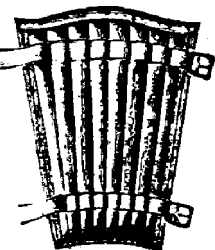
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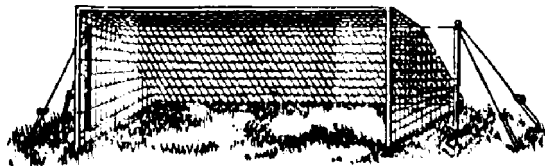
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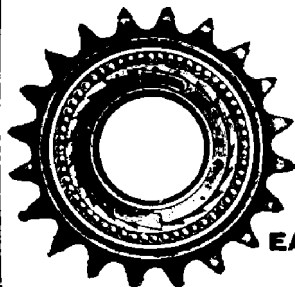
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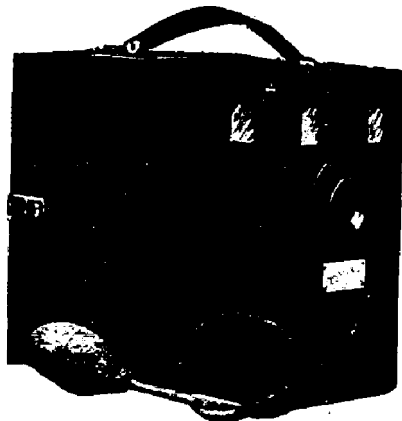
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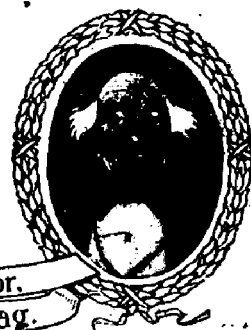
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C.B. Fry.
Athletic Editor.



Editor.
The Old Fag.

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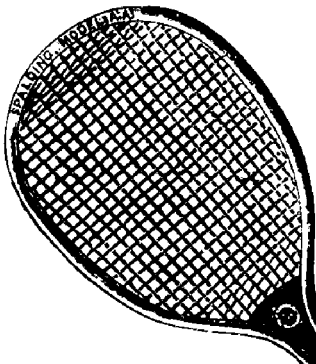
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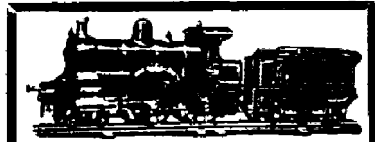
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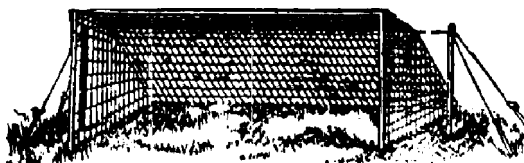
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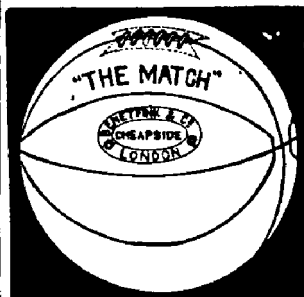
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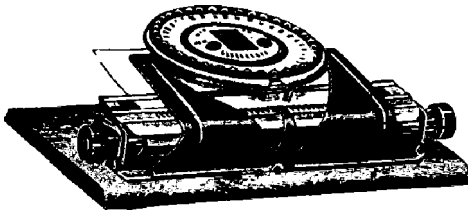
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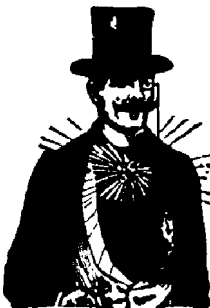
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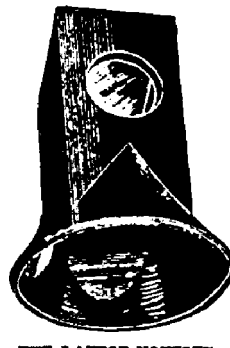
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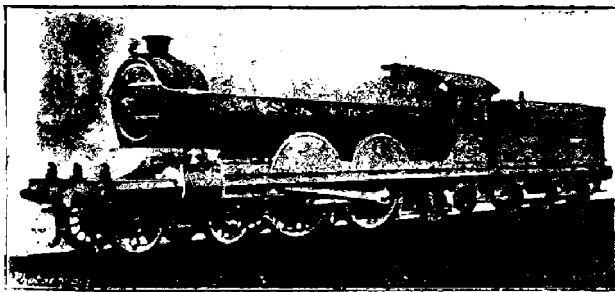
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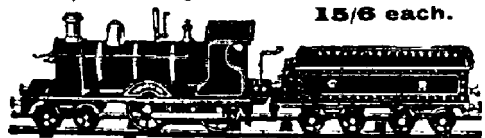
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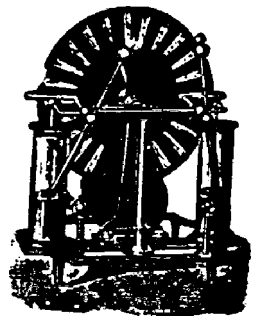
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Photo. Mills.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER, 1904.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., by the 1st of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The success which has attended the inclusion of our notes in the CAPTAIN serves to show that the objects of our League only require to be made more widely known in order to arouse interest and secure support. I have had hundreds of letters from all parts of the Kingdom asking for further particulars, the result being a gratifying increase in the roll of Membership.

It only remains for our old members to "wake up," and we shall maintain the proud position to which, as pioneers in this direction, we are entitled.

No better idea can be given of the scope and popularity of the League than by the quotation of the following address delivered at Malta on the occasion of the inauguration of a new branch in this, our nearest possession. The President, Major-General D. T. O'Callaghan, C.V.O., R.A., being prevented, through illness, from presiding at the meeting, his place was ably filled by Lieut.-Col. Gatt, Royal Malta Artillery (Vice-President of the B.E.L. Committee), who delivered the speech appended:—

"I am exceedingly sorry that the doctor's orders prevent me from meeting you to-day, but I am sending you this message through my good friend Colonel Gatt, who will preside in my absence, and when he reads it I feel sure that you will listen as attentively as if I were speaking in person. Apart from the greater questions of the confederating and solidifying of the Empire to which your League undoubtedly contributes, there are other objects which should be sought, and can well be attained by all of you. Two old sayings have come down to us from Cavalier, some people say from

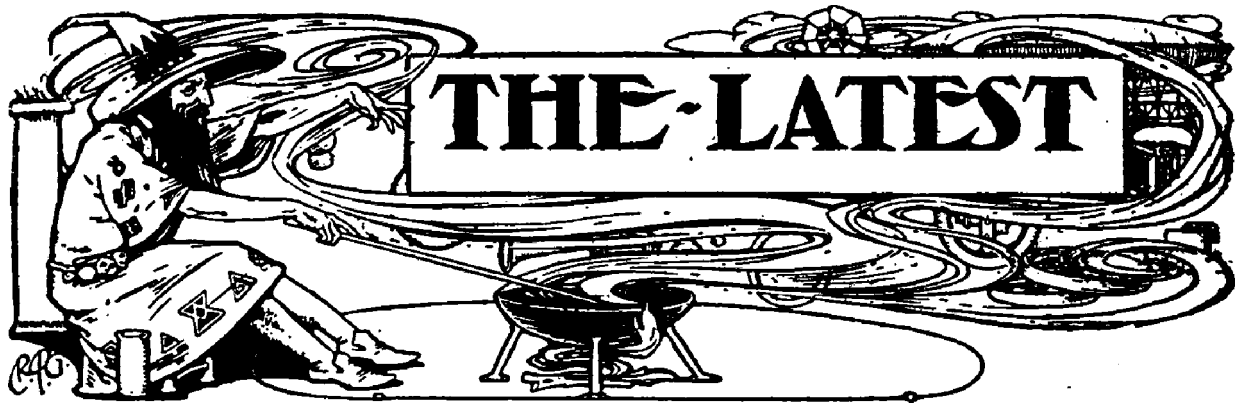
Crusader, times, which are "Noblesse Oblige" and "Place aux Dames." These are modernised by the English schoolboy in the two expressions, "Good Form," and "Play the Game." Your League can make itself most useful by instilling into the minds of its members the grand principles involved in these sayings, principles which in themselves dictate a manly and clean life. Things are done in Malta, and no very great amount of reproach appears to attach to them, which find no counterpart in England, Australia, or Canada. Anonymous letters here are freely used. Such methods would appear poisonous to the schoolboy of any of these countries: they rightly despise a stab in the dark, and are by nature given to quarrel openly and honestly, fighting it out in schoolboy fashion with their fists.

"Place aux Dames" is another feeling that is in-born in the boys of those three nations, and in no town could one see, as I have too often seen here, a knot of schoolboys filling up the pavement and obliging a lady to step into the mud, and even smiling at her troubles. In those countries which I have named the poorest woman is made room for, and such incivility as I have described is quite unknown. These good old maxims which have descended to us through many generations have given us a spirit of chivalry to which we teach our sons to cling with all their strength.

"I am afraid you will look upon this as a sermon; but indeed I am only preaching it to you because, living in this small island, with its limited opportunities for anything like sports or manly games, and its extraordinary facilities for loafing, you are placed at a disadvantage as regards boys of other countries. It is all the more necessary, therefore, that you should square your shoulders and face the difficulties that stand in your way. Keep the two words 'Good Form' in your mind's eye, and everything else will follow. It is good form to be polite and to hold out a protective hand to women, however humble may be their class of life. It is good form to be polite and respectful to your seniors, and it is good form to play every game with absolute fairness and with chivalrous feelings towards the opposite side."

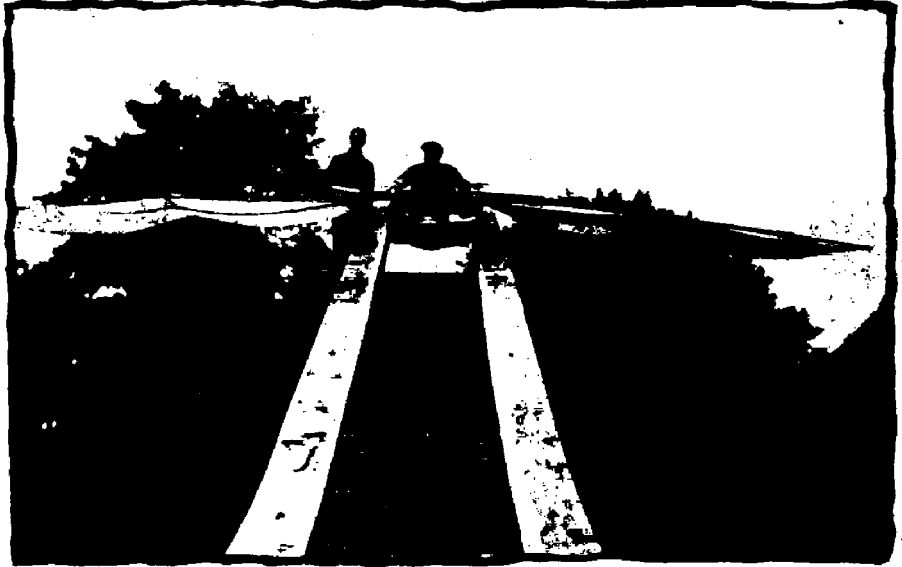
And it may be added that Empire Day was most enthusiastically kept by the whole island attending athletic sports and fêtes promoted by this branch of the B.E.L.

HOWARD H. SPICER.



A Flying Boat.

B. P.'s brother, Major Baden-Powell, has been making some interesting experiments with a flying boat, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. One of the many difficulties that beset experimentalists in aerial navigation has so far been that a machine which might be quite satisfactory in theory would often fail entirely in practice, thereby involving the inventor in much expense and risk of injury. Major Baden-Powell, in trying to solve the problem of bird-like flight, has fitted a light boat with aeroplanes, in order to make careful experiments before building a large machine. After descending the "chute" for a few moments the aeroplanes bear away the boat in the air for some distance before it alights on the water. Should there be any mishap, the water takes the place of the acrobat's net, and the "flying boat's"



GETTING READY FOR THE FLIGHT.

passenger escapes with nothing worse than a ducking.

The Latest in Newspapers.

The latest in newspapers are those published daily on the fast Cunard liners between England and America. For half the passage, communication is kept up with one side of the



Photos. by]

AN AERIAL VOYAGE ACROSS THE LAKE.

[Russell.

Annard Bulletin.



R.M.S. "AURANIA" Sailed from New York for Liverpool June 25, 1911.

MARCONI GRAMS.

"Wireless" Connections.

June 25th, 1964, at New York, the
Gowanus Express called our attention at 4:15
and reported the cause of the accident as the
Goodbye.

Salmon nation rep'd to our off. One-
reception held with S. J. Macaskill rep'd of
S. J. Macaskill rep'd of S. J. Macaskill rep'd of
above.

June 23th - Radioactive material was at 8:30 and chemical test was at 9:30 a.m. when after reporting "all well" the two test tubes were exchanged.

The start day the DeLombard family at-
tended was a fine one and enjoyed a fine
weather throughout the voyage. Later in
the day the boat and communication closed at
6 p.m. 842-843 being their last.

On May 11-7 P.M.S. Under bonded
Munro was taken off and communication
was interrupted at 9:00 p.m. July 1st. Munro was
released from jail and her father appeared in the
the before food by way of bail.

July 24 - 5:30 PM - The Ernest Wilhelm
Carruthers Building, 1000 West
10th St. - Goodbye was said at 7:30.

July 20 - 21 1941 - The Carpathian re-
ceived the signal, and reported the weather
over the first thirty six hours of July 20-21
is as follows: Same as 20.

THE LATEST IN NEWSPAPERS.—REDUCED FAC-
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Atlantic, and then with the other. "The Cunard Bulletin" has thus a daily service of Marconigrams which summarise the world's news.

Birmingham's New Water Supply.

For some weeks past the people of Birmingham have been drinking Welsh water, which has travelled to them for nearly eighty miles in tunnels and pipes. Our photo shows one of the great dams in the watershed, near Rhayader. Before the water starts on its long journey it passes through thirty filter beds. The carrying out of this great engineering work has cost nearly £3,500,000. One of the most interesting features of the works is the dam at Careg Ddu, which divides the principal reservoir of Caban Coch into three separate lakes, viz., (1) a layer of 42 feet extending over the whole superficial area of 497 acres, and containing 4,660,000,000 gallons, which may be drawn upon for compensation purposes to the amount of 27,000,000 gallons per diem; (2) a body of water held up to a depth of 82 feet behind it, containing 440,000,000 gallons as a reserve supply equivalent to one hundred days' demand; and (3) a body of water in front of the dam containing 2,900,000,000 gallons for the ordinary daily use of Birmingham.



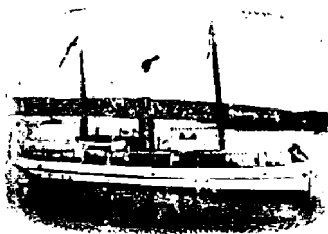
Photo. by]

AN ENGINEERED WATERFALL NEAR RHAYADER, WALES.

[J. Hudson.

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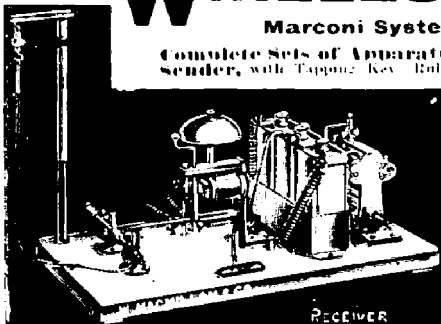
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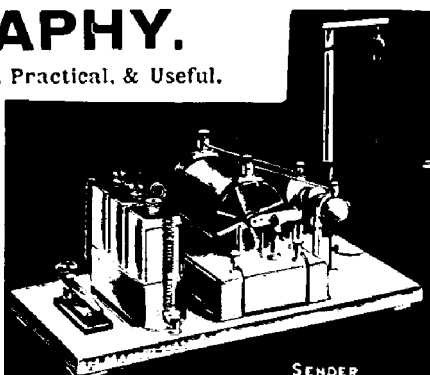
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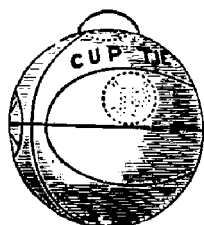
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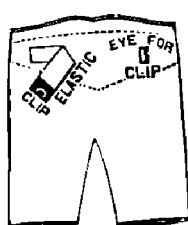
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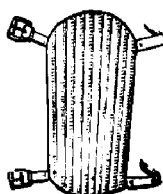
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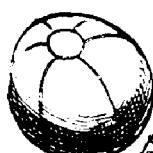
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