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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS".



E. J. NANKIVELL.
Philatelic Editor.



P. F. WARNER.
Athletic Editor.



A. WILLIAMS.
Cycling and Photographic Editor.



VOL.



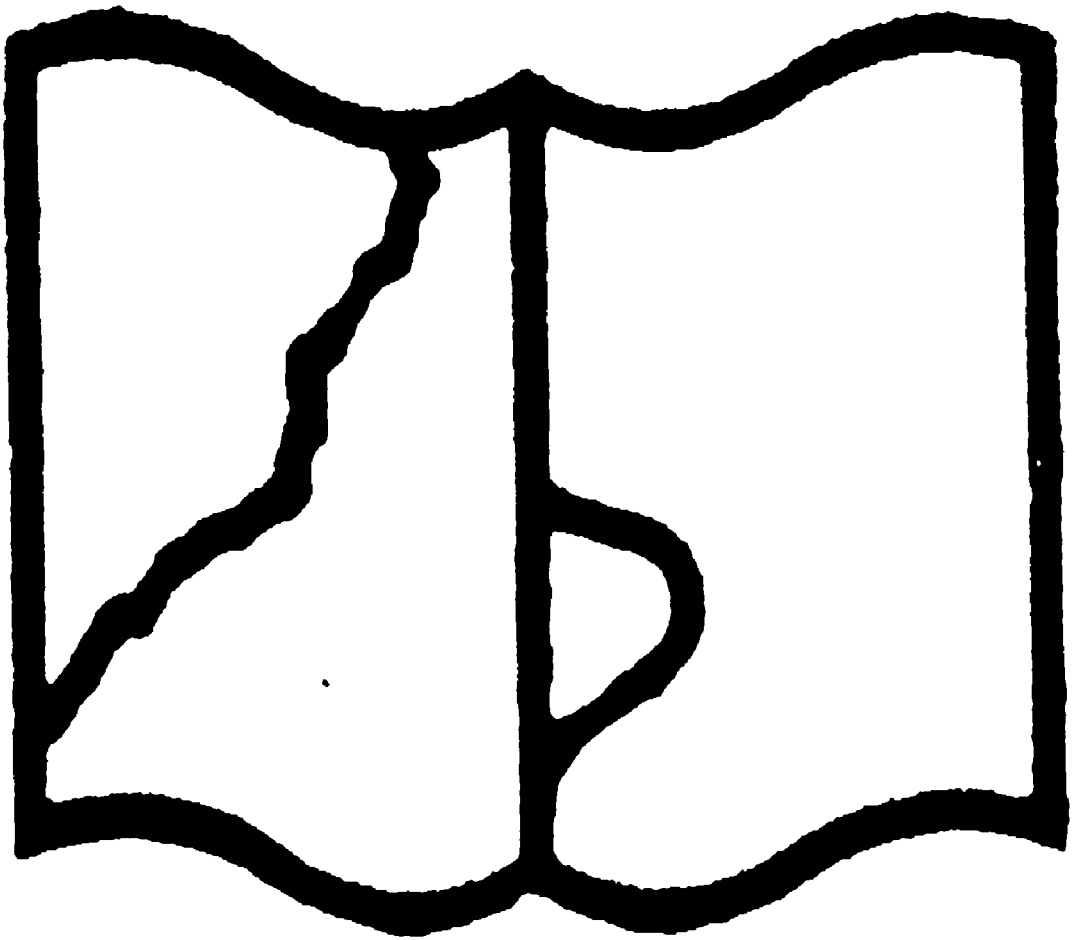
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EDWARD STEP, F.L.S.
Natural History Editor.

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Tom B



THE HERO.

He said he wasn't going to get out of the road for any old
motor-cycle—and he didn't!



I HAD THE SATISFACTION OF STRIKING HIM TWICE ON THE FACE.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1905

No. 73

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD

By H. C. CROSFIELD

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING VERITY'S WAIST.



WAS born in the year 1620, on May 23rd, in the Town of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster. My father, William Baywood, was a man of some consideration in the town, having filled the offices both of bailiff and mayor; and he and my mother were of those people who called themselves the godly, or scrupulous, sort. In the year 1631 my father conceived it impossible to remain longer in a land where (as he said) there was no liberty for tender consciences, and he therefore prepared to transplant his household and family to the shores of America, in whose fruitful soil all manner of political and religious phantasies could flourish without fear of Bishops or Court of High Commission. He sold his house and some parcels of land which he had within the Borough, likewise such parts of his household stuff as he could not readily transport across the ocean; and we crossed the Atlantic to the newly-founded settlement of Boston, so called after the town of that name in Lincolnshire.

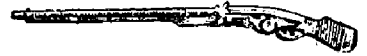
There were in our family my father and mother, myself, then of the age of eleven years, my sister Prudence, who was four years younger, and a young man who had been in my father's employ as shopman, and whom I loved not. His name was Zephaniah Eccles; he had long, straight hair, a thin, pinched face, and a red nose, and he would be for ever telling tales to my father of small matters of mischief committed by me, and often of matters which I had not committed, by reason whereof I received frequent chastisement.

At the time when I first remember Boston, my home for eleven years, it consisted only of a small collection of wooden houses, or rather huts, scattered along the sea-shore. The settle-

ment had been founded only in the year previous to our arrival, and the inhabitants were as yet few, and in somewhat sorry case. Round the collection of huts was a stockade or palisado, with a ditch, to protect the settlement from the attacks of unfriendly natives, and in the forest a little place had been cleared for the planting of crops. Well-nigh everything remained to be done for the comfort, and even security, of the people. The religious belief of these people was, in my judgment, a mistaken one, yet I cannot but admire the courage and faith with which they left homes and friends in England, and at what they esteemed a call from God launched themselves and their fortunes into the howling wilderness.

Of the eight or nine years which followed our arrival at Boston I recollect little which would entertain the reader. It was a busy life of felling and building, of digging and planting, of sowing and reaping, and mingled with all I have the memory of continual prayings and preachings, which to me became exceedingly, and at last unbearably, wearisome. As I grew older I would groan and snuffle with the best, but (with shame I say it) my groans and snuffings proceeded not from piety, but from a desire not to appear singular. In the winter there was much hunting to be done, to eke out the stores of salted provisions; and occasionally an expedition was undertaken to beat off or punish an attack by Indians. But for the most part the stream of our life flowed on smoothly enough.

About three years after we reached Boston I had the grief of losing my dear mother. This was a sore loss to me and my sister Prudence, for she was a tender parent, while my father was always stern, and often severe. She died of an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to the cold on the occasion of a visit to a sick neighbour.



Amongst those who dwelt in the settlement were a certain Widow Whalley and her daughter Verity. They had come over in the same ship that brought us, and being near neighbours, we saw much of each other. Madam Whalley was left a widow within two years of her first coming to the settlement, her husband having been slain in an encounter with a band of natives. Verity Whalley was within a year or two of my own age, and so long as we were children she was a constant playmate of Prudence and myself. As she grew older Verity became a very sweet damsel. I cannot say that we ever fell in love with each other, for such a thing as love between a young man and maiden was unheard of, or spoken of with horror, in our strict little community; but I will say this, that as years went on I felt a strong concern in my mind to ask Verity to be my wife as soon as I could muster courage to risk a refusal, and, as she hath since confessed to me, Verity felt an equally strong concern to say "yes" as soon as the question was forthcoming. But before I could screw up my manhood sufficiently to ask her, I was forestalled, by Zephaniah Eccles of all people in the world.

Zephaniah had by this time become a prosperous man. He had separated himself from my father's service, and opened a store, before we had been long in the settlement. Every year the ships from England brought him supplies of cloth, guns, powder, salt, hardware—in short, all manner of goods that could be turned to account in the colony; and these he sold to the settlers and Indians, taking payment in cash when he could get it, or else in skins of beasts, Indian curiosities, and the produce of the land. Soon Zephaniah began to grow rich, and the richer he grew, the longer was his hair, the thinner and sourer his face, and the redder his nose. At length the time came when he desired a wife, and he cast sheep's eyes upon my sweet little Verity.

He laid the matter before Madam Whalley, and she sent him to Verity. Verity would have none of him, for she disliked the man nearly as much as I did. For all his piety Zephaniah was exceedingly angry, and he blamed me, not wholly without cause, for his rejection. One summer's evening, not long afterwards, I chanced to be walking in the woods, not far from the town, when I heard a woman scream, and running forwards I saw Zephaniah with his arm round Verity's waist, striving to touch her lips with his own, which were perfumed with Geneva. Before he knew that I was on him I had the satisfaction of

striking him twice in the face, upon which he immediately ran away, and Verity fell trembling into my arms. It was my duty to report at once what had happened; but Verity, for very shame at having been encircled by the arms of a man, entreated me to say nought of it; moreover, I had grave doubt whether my word, even backed by Verity's, would be accepted against Zephaniah's. He, for his own sake, held his peace, and explained the bruises on his face by saying that he had run against a tree whilst in an ecstasy of pious meditation. I had much ado to keep from laughing when I heard him gravely repeat this tale to my father.

About this time Zephaniah was appointed to be parish constable. This office was a new one, and, indeed, the duties were small. Such as they were, as, for example, whipping Indians for petty thefts, Zephaniah carried them out with faithfulness and zeal. Occasionally there would be a drunken sailor to put in the stocks, or an anabaptist in the pillory, and Zephaniah enjoyed these opportunities of usefulness to the full.

Zephaniah's rude conduct towards Verity moved me to consider why I should not carry out my concern with regard to her. I had now reached man's estate. I was strong and well able to work to maintain a wife and such family as it should please Providence to send us, and I saw no reason why I should not ask Verity to share my fortunes, such as they were.

Now, if I had been wise I should have gone to work, like a prudent engineer before a fortress, by gradual approaches. I ought first to have laid the matter before my father, informing him that I considered it to be from the Lord; having gained his approval, I should next have laid siege to Madam Whalley; possibly I might have asked a word of counsel from Master Longwynd, the minister; the outworks being thus carried, I could have captured the citadel with drums beating and colours flying. But I was headstrong, and loved my own way. One evening, therefore, as daylight was fading, I watched Verity leave her mother's house and wander forth alone into the woods, as she often did, for there was no danger in the summer-time, either from savage men or wild beasts. I followed the track she took, and no sooner were we beyond view of the town than I stole to her side and, so nearly as I can recollect, this conversation took place between us:

"Good-evening, Verity."

"Good-evening, John. Dear me, I wish you

would not come running up behind me like that. You quite startled me. I thought for an instant that it was Zephaniah Eccles."

"Would you rather it was me than Zephaniah, Verity?" I said this with a glance that I designed to be very tender and alluring, having practised it in a mirror.

"John, if you are going to glare at me in that fashion, like some dreadful wolf or bear, I shall be just as much afraid of you as of Zephaniah himself. Of course I would rather be with you than him."

"Would you like to spend your lifetime with me, Verity?"

"My lifetime?"

"Yes, to be with me every day, to——"

"It seems to me, John, that I see you every day as it is."

"Yes, but I mean to be always with me. In short, dear Verity——"

"Dear Verity. You use very loving talk, John."

"Yes, Verity, I do, because I love you. Verity, do you love me?"

"Of course I do, John. Are not we commanded to love all men?"

"But not to love them all the same. Dear Verity, do you love me differently from all others? Do you feel, as I do, that—that——" Here my eloquence unfortunately gave out, and to fill up the gap thus created I placed my arm about her. She did not offer any objection, and I was about to begin again with more effectual words, when through the twilight we heard a loud sneeze, close at hand. I quickly released Verity, and she fled away towards her home, whilst I looked round for the intruder, and next moment I was face to face with the parish constable.

CHAPTER II.

WHY I WAS SET IN THE STOCKS.

ZEPHANIAH ECCLES looked me in the face for a moment or two, and I looked back at him.

"So I have caught thee at last," said he.

"Speak civilly to thine old master's son, Zephaniah," said I. "Dost thou think that I have forgotten the time when thou wert a dirty-faced apprentice, sweeping out the shop in Liverpool?"

"Thou wretched brat, dost thou speak like this to me, *me*, Master Zephaniah Eccles, the parish constable?"

"Thou swindling, sour-faced apprentice, I speak of my father's old servant-of-all-work as

I choose. If thou hast no more to say, let me pass and go home."

"John, this evening's work is a whipping matter for thee. Be very sure that I will not forget thy language to me when it comes to laying on the lash."

This sobered me somewhat, for at a time when married people were fined for kissing each other too often, a young unmarried man could hardly hope to escape with less than a whipping for embracing a maiden.

"Now, John, tell me who was the damsel thou wert embracing, and perchance the lash may fall a little more lightly," went on the constable.

"Damsel—embracing?" said I. "Constable, thou dreamest. Zephaniah, 'tis an evil habit to swallow Geneva before supper."

"This is no time to play the fool, John," said Zephaniah. "Is it not written—I think it is in Ecclesiastes three and five—'There is a time to play the fool, and a time to refrain from playing the fool'? This is a time when thou shouldst refrain therefrom. Now, John," he went on, in a brisk, busy tone, very different from his usual drawling snuffle, "thou art a brave lad, and a lad of spirit, and I am minded to speak to thee as one man of spirit to another. I believe that if thou wert away, Mrs. Verity Whalley would even marry me. I will make thee a fair offer; let naught be said of this evening's doings, and thou shalt have passage in the next ship that sails for England. I will fit thee out for the voyage, and I will so work upon thy father that he shall freely consent to thy leaving Boston. Ere long, if what my correspondents tell me be true, there will be brave doings in England for fine young men like thee who would see somewhat of war, real war, not like the skirmishes we have with these miserable, naked savages. Now what dost thou say?"

"What I say, Zephaniah, is, that thou wilt ruin thyself if thou art so prodigal of kind offers, and thy kindness I will not accept, not if I were to be hanged instead of whipt. And if thou sayest a word of anything which thou believest thyself to have seen this evening, I will tell the true story of the black eyes which thou caughtest when thou wert in a pious ecstasy."

"Pooh, silly boy! Who will listen to thee? Thy complaint should have been laid a month ago, and even then my word would have prevailed against thine. Well, John, consider of my offer until to-morrow. If I hear not from thee by ten of the clock, I shall lay my charge

against thee, and so a good-evening to thee." And Zephaniah strode off.

Now at this time my father was headborough, or mayor, of Boston, and as such it was his duty to sit in judgment on all offenders. I knew how stern he was, and how little likely he was to spare his own son more than another. I crept home, and as I knelt before him (as the good custom was) to beg his blessing, I had nearly caught him by the knees and told him of my trouble, but pride and self-will held me back, and I tossed and tumbled all night long in dismal apprehension of the morrow. Yet I did not for an instant think of purchasing present ease by selling dear Verity to that villain Zephaniah; and I made a firm resolve that nothing should make me say who had been in the woods with me that night. She would have shared my punishment, whatever it might be, and the thought of her pretty little back running down with blood, drawn by Zephaniah's whip, roused me to a fury.

As soon as it was daylight I arose, and softly called to my sister Prudence to come out to me in the garden. Prudence was then about seventeen years old, a good girl, and fond of her brother. To her therefore I called, and when she came forth I related what had befallen the night before, and bade her go to Verity, and to assure the dear maid in my name of two things: *imprimis*, that I loved her, and desired naught so much as her love in return; item, that I would never say that it was she who had been with me when the constable came upon us; and further, Prudence was to warn her to use the like caution, for by speaking she could not mend my case—nay, might make it worse, while she would put herself in very sorry plight. Prudence promised obedience and kissed me, weeping to think on the punishment I must receive. Then I went forth of the garden and came to Master Eccles's store, and knocked loudly. Zephaniah himself peeped forth from an upper window, and when he saw that it was I that knocked he bade me wait, and came down presently and opened the door.

I said, very civilly,

"If it please you, dear Master Eccles, I have been thinking on what you said to me last night."

"Yes, John, yes, and what have you been thinking?"

"I have been thinking that a whipping is a very dreadful thing."

"Truly, John, it is, more especially when the parish constable of Boston is wielding the whip. So you have come early to agree to

my terms. Wise young man, wise young man!"

"Nay, constable, you are too quick. I have come early to say that, dreadful as it is, it is yet better to suffer it and have done with it rather than enter into an unholy contract with such a snuffing, white-livered thief as thou."

"Thou vile whelp," said Zephaniah, in a rage, "hast thou pulled me from my warm bed to mock me thus? Now, if I do not split thy back to ribbons, if I do not hew thee in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces—see First Samuel, fifteenth and thirty-third——"

"Nay, but hear me, dear Master Eccles," said I, very humbly; "you said somewhat of letting the lash fall light if I would tell you the name of a damsel you thought you saw with me."

"Yes, John, yes, who was she? Tell me but that, and the whip shall fall soft."

"Why, as to that, thou mayest find out her name for thyself—if thou canst. Good-day to thee, constable." And I ran off, leaving the constable choking with anger.

About nine of the clock my heart began to hammer in my ears, for I saw the parish constable come to our door and knock. My father was within doors, and Zephaniah had not been admitted to him for more than five minutes when Prudence came unto me and said that my father desired my attendance. She added in a whisper, "John, I have seen Verity; she sends you her love and says that she will observe your wishes." With this message to hearten me I went to my doom.

"Son John," said my father, sitting in his great chair in the room called the justice-room, "the worthy constable hath laid a heavy matter to thy charge. What hast thou to say to it?"

"May I hear the charge, sir?" said I.

"Surely, son, surely. Constable, rehearse the charge."

So Zephaniah related that he had been walking in the woods in the cool of the evening, for the convenience of meditating on a chapter he had just read, when his meditations were disturbed by the profane and light behaviour of two persons, a man and a woman, who had their arms round each other, and were kissing and hugging. Before he could come at the guilty pair (so he described us) he had the misfortune to sneeze, upon which the damsel had fled into the wood before he could see her face (I believe the rascal knew it to be Verity, but would not say so, in order to compel me to be the one to put her to shame); but he caught



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the man and found him to be me, young John Baywood.

"Son, thou hearest the charge; what hast thou to say to it?"

"I am sorry, sir, to cause you pain. It is true that I did put my arm around a young maiden, but there was no kissing and hugging, such as the constable hath mentioned."

My father covered his face with his hands and turned aside, and my heart smote me as I saw tears struggling through his fingers. Yet surely my sin was not a great one. As I now look back I can see that the sin was theirs that made it so, that saddled acts which were no more than witnesses of a pure and honest affection, with punishments which, in wiser

communities, are reserved for shop-lifters, clippers, and footpads.

When my father's face was turned toward me again it bore no trace of tears. He said sternly,

"Son, who was the maiden?"

"With respect, sir, that I will not say, and I crave that you will ask me no more. The fault was mine, not hers."

My father looked at me between sorrow and anger, and in his face I read what I had not known before, that he loved me. His rule had been a stern and even harsh one, and there had never been any tenderness between us, yet now I knew that he was suffering more than I was.

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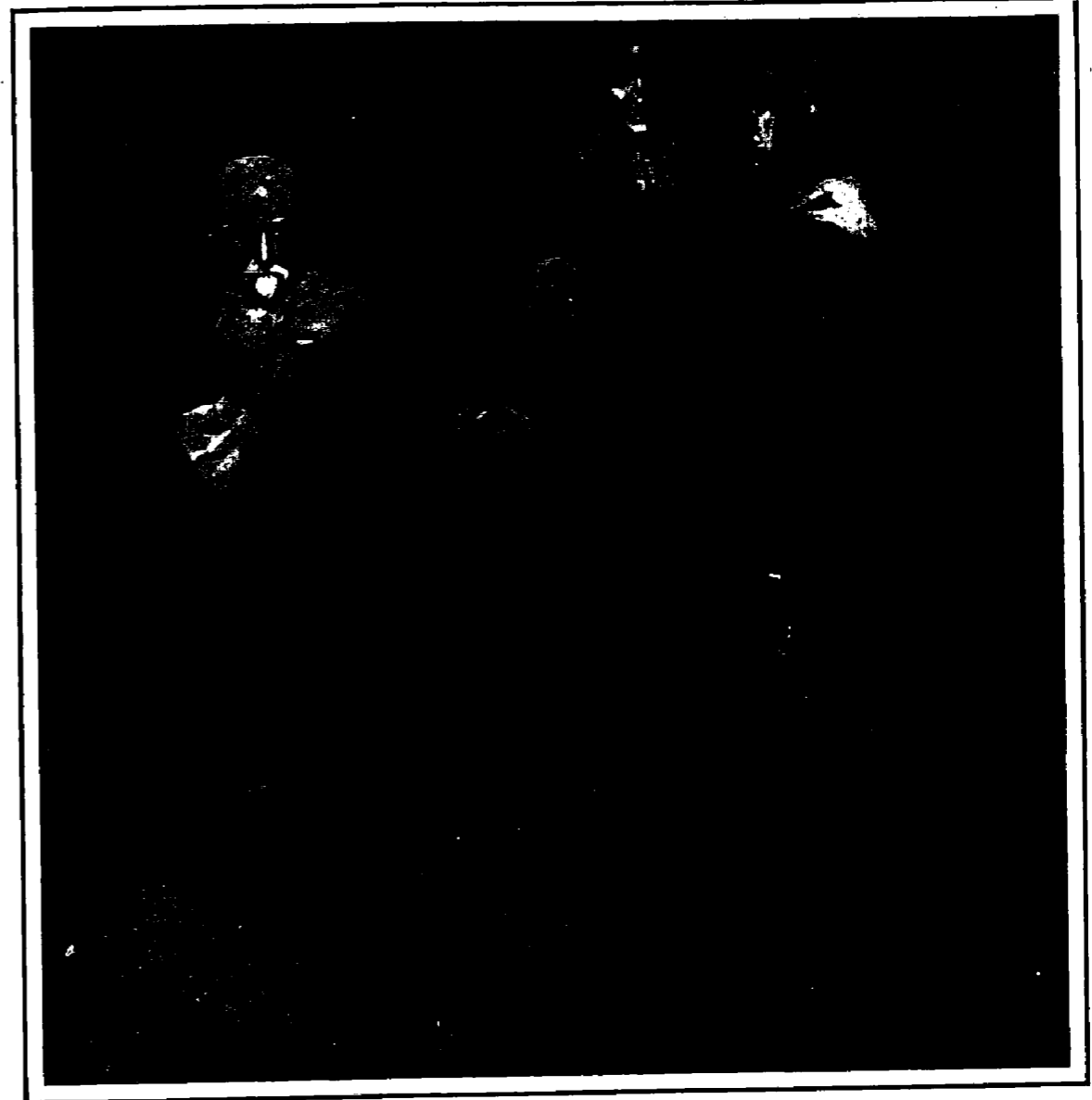
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"Well," said my father, after a time, "this is a matter in which I will not be judge. It is a task beyond me, to hold the scales so evenly that I might not err on the one side through tenderness to my own flesh and blood, or on the other through fear of being thought to show favour to my son. I will, therefore, appoint a deputy. Constable, go to Master Maples, and beg that for this turn he will be my deputy. If he will attend the Court-room in an hour's time, I will be there with the deputation signed and sealed."

"And the prisoner?" said the constable.

"Begone about thy business, Zephaniah," said my father, sharply. "I will answer for my son's safe keeping."

After Zephaniah had departed, my father said no more to me than this:

"Son John, see that thou art at the Court-room in an hour's time from now." And so he left me to my own devices.

At the due hour I went to the Court-room, which was a plain room under one roof with the meeting-house, and there Master Maples was already installed in the chair of office. I need not weary the reader with the proceedings which took place before him; it is enough to recite my sentence, which was more favourable to me and more disappointing to the constable than either of us had expected. Perhaps Master Maples shrank from awarding a severe punishment to the son of a man so justly esteemed as my father, or perhaps there stirred in his mind a dim memory of far-off days when he, too, in some golden cornfield or daisied meadow of the old country, which we still called home, had walked of summer's evenings with his arm about some young maiden. I cannot tell.

My sentence was that I must sit that same afternoon in the stocks for the space of six hours, without meat or drink; and further, that on each of the three Lord's days following I should stand up in the meeting-house and own my sin and my repentance in the face of the congregation.

Zephaniah had been oiling his whip during the morning, and he complained loudly of Master Maples' mildness, calling him a Gallio and a lukewarm Laodicean, but Master Maples was a man of known uprightness and none gave ear to Zephaniah. I sat in the stocks that day from noon until six of the clock. It is a terrible punishment, and I will say that if anyone desires to know how great a torture the human frame will bear he need not search out the prisons of the Inquisition, whereof we hear so much. Let him but go to the next

village green, and get a friend to make his hands and feet fast for him in the stocks, and this with a summer sun beating upon his skull and all manner of drink forbidden.

The day was long remembered in Boston, for it beheld an act of liberality on Zephaniah's part, the first he had been known to perform. It so chanced that he had by him a large basket of eggs, which, owing to the plenty of the season, had spoiled, and become putrid on his hands before he could find a market for them. In a case of this sort his usual practice was to sell his eggs at a good price to the skipper of the next ship that touched at the port, sending them on board at the latest moment before the ship sailed, and trusting to the short memories and unrefined tastes of sea-folk for his escape from censure. But on this day Zephaniah distributed his bad eggs freely amongst the boys of the neighbourhood, knowing the fondness of these urchins for pelting any unfortunate person who chanced to be in the stocks. Happily, I was well-liked by the boys, and but few of the eggs were discharged at me, and those ill-aimed. Some good-natured soul, while Zephaniah's duty called him to attend me in the stocks, drew with chalk upon the door of his store the figure of a man, designed to represent Zephaniah himself. This made an excellent mark for the boys, and it possessed the advantage that, if an egg missed the mark, it struck the adjacent wall or window, so that when Zephaniah returned home his eyes and nose were greatly offended. Moreover, as Zephaniah walked abroad that evening a well-directed egg caught him full in the ear, and again disturbed his pious musings; so that, upon the whole, it had been better for the parish constable had he kept his eggs in their basket, particularly seeing that the very next morning a Bristol ship, the *Good Hope*, sailed into the bay, her crew hungry as wolves, having been on half-rations for the previous three weeks, and they would not have grumbled at the eggs had they been brought over in the *Mayflower* twenty years before.

Now, although I stood my punishment in the stocks like a man, it is not to be supposed that the pain and the disgrace did not touch me deeply, and as I sat there I came to a resolution not to submit myself to the shame of the other part of my penalty—that is to say, open confession in the face of the congregation. At best it would be an empty, hypocritical confession, for I was by no means sorry for anything I had done. This was on Tuesday, so that before next Lord's Day I had four days in



which to make some plan, by means whereof I might escape this disgrace.

As I have said, on the Wednesday the *Good Hope*, of Bristol, sailed into the Bay, and at the sight of her the thought crossed me that here was a way of escape ready to hand. I was greatly tossed to and fro with many doubts and fears, between my resolve not to undergo my penance and my reluctance to cut myself off from my family and friends; above all from my dear Verity. There was no one to whom I could open the matter, not even to Verity herself. Indeed, I judged it best not to be seen with her during these days, lest I should bring suspicion on her, and I had to content myself with sending and receiving loving messages through Prudence. Though she had never answered the question which I had put to her when Zephaniah interrupted us, yet the messages which Prudence brought me reassured me, and I knew that Verity's heart was all my own.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH BARNABAS SKEFFINGTON.

THURSDAY came, and Friday, and I was still tormented with doubt. Must I stay and be put to open shame, or go forth and become a wanderer on the face of the earth?

On the Friday evening—it was in the month of August, in the year of Salvation 1642, and the 23rd of my age—I was standing alone on the shore, gazing at the *Good Hope* lying off the land. As the darkness gathered, I could see, on the one hand, the lights coming in the windows of the settlement, and on the other the riding-light on board the ship. The air was very still, and I could hear the lowing of kine, and now and again a human voice coming from the houses. It was a peaceful scene enough, and I alone seemed to be gloomy and ill at ease; and there was the Bristol ship ready to sail on the morrow.

Ere it was quite dark I heard the sound of oars, and I perceived a shallop coming from the ship towards the land. I became so intent on watching the boat that, until he was close upon me, I did not observe the approach of a man walking from the direction of the town. Then I heard his footsteps crunching the shingle, and turning about I saw a man short of stature, whom I knew to be the skipper of the Bristol ship, coming to meet his boat, and so go on board.

“Good even, friend,” said he, when he saw me standing there.

“A good evening to you, Captain,” I said, for so by courtesy we were used to call the masters of merchant ships.

“The weather promises fair,” said he, “an agreeable sight to one who, like your humble servant, Barnabas Skeffington, Master of the *Good Hope* yonder, hath been tossed by tempests these three weeks, and who must, moreover, set sail again to-morrow, short-handed, and with rotten rigging.”

“When do you sail, Captain?”

“At the first of to-morrow's ebb, which will be towards three o'clock in the afternoon. Harkye, friend, you seem a stout young man; have you a mind for a voyage to the Barbadoes and back? A pleasant sail in fine weather, a heavy bag of Spanish dollars at the end, and home again ere winter sets in; and you may sit snug in the chimney corner, and tell your friends of your travels. What say you?”

Now here was a way, could I but take it, of deliverance from my trouble. But I knew my father would never give his consent.

“If my father would but agree——” I began.

“Who is your father?”

“My father is Master William Baywood.”

“What, are you that young John Baywood who, they tell me, sat in the stocks no longer ago than Tuesday last? and who next Sunday must get shrift by standing up in Church clad in naught but a white sheet, with a lighted candle? What a town is this, where they put a man in the stocks for kissing his sweetheart! Come with me, my lad; thou art too great for such doings as that.”

It was a sore temptation, yet I still muttered somewhat of my father, and the Captain, in a moment, said,

“Nay, I press no man against his will. Here is my boat, so God go with you,” and he made as if to enter his boat. Then, as if he bethought him of something fresh, he turned and said, “Come you on board with me, Master Baywood, and see what the *Good Hope* is like. I will send you on shore again ere it be bedtime, and to-morrow, if you like it, you and I will take our hats in our hands and will go together to your worshipful father, and will entreat permission for you to make the voyage with me.”

Now I loved the sea, and would always go on board a ship when I had a chance. I took Captain Skeffington at his word, and stepped into his boat, and in a very few minutes we were alongside, and the men helped me into the gangway.

“It is full dark to see the decks,” said the Captain; “do me but the favour to step below



I THREW MYSELF AGAINST IT IN HOPES TO BURST IT FROM ITS FASTENINGS.

into my cabin, and taste a can of flip which my steward shall presently bring us, and then, young sir, you shall survey as much of the ship as can be seen by candle-light."

Now the Captain's cabin was in a round-house on deck, but of this I was ignorant, and by the dim light of a lanthorn I descended a companion-ladder, and passed among boxes, barrels, and bales of merchandise, the Captain close at my heels, until we came to a little dark place or cell, with a door to it. Into this hole the Captain pushed me, saying,

"Wait here while I bid my steward light up my cabin."

He shut to the door and took away the

lanthorn, and as I heard him turn the key in the lock I knew that he had craftily taken me in a trap, and that I was to make the voyage to Barbadoes with him whether I would or no. I called and shouted after him, but I heard his steps die away. I beat upon the door with hands and feet, I threw myself against it in hopes to burst it from its fastenings, I bawled for help, I threatened and wept by turns. My temper rose into a manner of frenzy; I prayed and blasphemed, I laughed and wept, I beat myself against my prison until I was bruised all over, and at length I sank upon the floor well-nigh fainting with passion. I was in darkness, for I had no means of striking fire. Thus



I stayed for some six hours, while the treacherous Captain gave orders for the sails to be silently loosed, so that all might be in readiness; and at the first of the morning's ebb, which would be towards two of the clock in the morning, the anchor was got up quietly, and without any song such as sailors use when they are pulling and hauling, and the wind being fair, the vessel stood out to sea.

Not long after daylight my prison was unlocked, and I was conducted to the deck. The Captain was sitting on a little chair, set in front of the round-house, and was smoking a pipe of tobacco.

"Well, Master John Baywood," said he, "and how do you do this fine morning?"

I answered not, but cast my eyes around for some chance of escape. Surely, I thought, I could make such signals of distress as would be seen from the shore. But alas! although the green shores of New England were still in view, they were already far away, and were fast sinking out of sight.

"Sullen, art thou, John?" said the Captain. "We must mend that, we must mend that; a smart rope's end, applied with judgment, hath been known to work wonders. Come, John," he went on, in a friendly tone, "bear no malice for the little trick I played thee. I knew that thou wast minded to escape from thy trouble if so it were that thou couldest make the matter square with thy worthy father's judgment, and I have but spared thee the pains of speaking with him upon it, to say nothing of the agonies that one of thy affectionate nature must needs have suffered in bidding farewell to thy friends. And I deny not that I am very short-handed, and that thy strong arms will be useful. Say now, wilt thou turn to, and work with a will, or must I thrash thee into it?"

"Mr. Skeffington," said I, "you have it in your power to make me work whether I will or no. But, if I am not misinformed, the King's writ runs in Barbadoes as well as in Westminster Hall itself, and there be justices there, and you shall answer for it there. Kidnapping is a hanging matter, Captain."

"Tush, lad," said the Captain; "long ere we reach the West Indies thou wilt love me too well to deliver me to Jack Ketch. As thou sayest, I can make thee work; the difference lieth here—if thou workest with a good will I will pay thee at the rate of ten Spanish dollars by the month; but if thou workest without good-will thou wilt also work without pay. Thou shalt breakfast with me in my cabin, and after that thou shalt tell me thy mind."

Before breakfast was ended Captain Skeffington had so worked upon me that I made up my mind to endure what could not be cured, to take his dollars, and to sign articles as an ordinary seaman. Indeed, he almost made me believe that in kidnapping of me he had acted from pure regard for me, knowing what a sorry plight I was in. He promised to set me free when the ship reached Barbadoes, and to use his best endeavours to find me a passage home to Boston again. This done, we shook hands, and to cement our treaty the Captain made me a present of some garments more suited to life on ship-board than my steeple-crowned hat, sad-coloured doublet and hose, and falling band. For these I expressed myself beholden to him, but I not long after learned that the clothing he had given me had belonged to one of four mariners who had been washed overboard during a gale in the Atlantic Ocean, and that the Captain should rightfully have sold them and accounted for the proceeds to the dead man's friends. But a Captain is king on his own ship, and there be many things that happen daily on the high seas which would hardly endure to be looked closely into.

Thus I set forth on my travels. What more befell me the reader shall learn if he has patience to read further.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TREACHERY OF ZEPHANIAH ECCLES.



ALTHOUGH my first acquaintance with Captain Skeffington was made in so scurvy a fashion, yet he spoke no more than the truth when he said that I should soon love him. He fills so great a space in these my memories that it is only right for me to give a more particular account of him.

Barnabas Skeffington was the younger son of a good family in Leicestershire. His parents designed that he should take Holy Orders, and he, therefore, having learned grammar at a school in Loughborough, proceeded to the University of Cambridge. Here he got into some sort of trouble with the Dean of his College, which ended in his being banished from the University. Ashamed to present himself at home under such disgrace, he made his way on foot to Harwich, and found means to smuggle himself, under the hatches of a packet-boat, from thence to Flushing, and from Flushing to Amsterdam. Here he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company as a common seaman, and made three voyages to the East Indies before the mast, during which

time he suffered incredible hardships, more from cruelty of his officers than from perils of the sea, though of these also he had his share. He rose at last to the rank of third mate, and through some service rendered to a savage king in the East Indies, he acquired a considerable fortune. With this he left the Dutch service and returned to his native country, and finding his father and mother dead, and receiving but a cold welcome from his elder brother Leonard, who had succeeded to the paternal estates, he went to London, and there spent two or three years very merrily. His wealth, which was reputed greater than in truth it was, made him welcome in all companies, and many a tale did he tell me of the gaities of the Court, which was then, to all appearance, at the height of its influence and prosperity, though so soon to crumble away.

The greater part of his fortune melted away in London, and with what was left of it he purchased a share in the *Good Hope*, a ship belonging to a company of merchants in the town of Bristol. He was given the command of her, and, being a bold and experienced navigator, he made many successful and profitable voyages. It only remains to add that at the time when I first knew him he was about his fortieth year, not great in stature, but bold as a lion, and well-nigh as strong, of a quick temper, yet easily pacified, warm and faithful in friendship, and a man of strict honour according to his lights, though I could never agree with him in thinking the trap he laid for me an honourable one. He had a hearty hatred for Dutchmen and Spaniards, and for Papists and Puritans as well. He still kept much of his early learning in theological matters, and was fond of disputing thereon, and many a long hour have he and I solaced with discussions upon election, free-will, predestination, final perseverance, and the like barren themes.

The *Good Hope* was a barque of some three hundred tons, and the voyage in which she was engaged when I joined her was an unfortunate one from the beginning to the end. Whilst she was in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean on her voyage from Bristol to Boston, a great storm arose suddenly from the west, and four of the crew were washed overboard, and were seen no more. When the storm abated, the winds continued westwardly, and became light and baffling, so that, instead of the ship's making the port of Boston within six weeks, the voyage took over three months, and the provisions were well-nigh spent, though there were so few to eat them. At Boston Cap-

tain Skeffington re-victualled the ship, but was unable to procure the needful repairs to be done, nor could he obtain any fresh hands. Hence his anxiety to obtain my services, landsman though I was.

I must mention here one circumstance which puts a somewhat less heinous complexion on his kidnapping of me, although it did not come to my knowledge for many months afterwards. One day, after I had become well acquainted with the true nature of the man, I said to him—

"Captain, now that I know thee well, if any person were to tell me that thou wert a kidnapper of men I should straightway give him the lie. How was it that thou tookest me out of Boston?"

"Is that still rankling, Jack? I thought that thou hadst forgiven me."

"And so I have, Captain. But it seems foreign to thy nature."

"Well, I will expound it to thee. Whilst I was in Boston I had dealings, as most skippers have, with one Zephaniah Eccles."

"I know him but too well, Captain. 'Twas he that got me my term in the stocks."

"When we had finished our business, this Eccles said to me—

"'Captain, are you minded to do a good turn to a youth who is in sore trouble, and to yourself as well?'

"'Let me first hear what it may be,' says I; for this Eccles is not a man to be trusted further than one might heave a bull by the tail.

"Thereupon he tells me the history of how thou wert set in the stocks, and how there was public penance awaiting thee.

"'Now,' says he, 'this young John Baywood is a friend of mine, and he hath secretly told me that he would fain go away on board your ship, but he must as it were be forced, for he fears his father's anger. Yet if he could be trepanned on board, so as to save appearances—well, Captain, need I say more? He is a stout youth, and you are short of hands.'

"Well, perhaps I was not over-curious to inquire into Eccles's good faith, being at my wits' end to obtain men; but I must tell thee, Jack, that I was fully persuaded thou wert going willingly, until thou camest on deck next morning, and it was then too late to put the ship about."

"I would that thou hadst told me all this sooner, Captain. It would have saved me many a hard thought of thee."

"Well, Jack, I wish I had told thee ere now. But I was never one to cast the blame of my



misdoings upon others, and I thought perhaps that the least said the soonest mended. As for this Eccles, if ever we should get back to Boston we will concert means for his downfall."

But this was later. For the present I was a seaman, or rather a landsman at sea, on board the *Good Hope*, of Bristol, and was cuffed and rope's-ended about the decks by Captain Skeffington, who would not, however, permit others of the crew to take like liberty. There was a sour, elderly seaman who acted as master's mate, and who had a grudge against me because, as it seemed, my father had once, when Mayor of Liverpool, caused him to be set in the stocks for being drunk on the Lord's Day in High-street.

"Therefore, young man," said he, "since I cannot hope to tan thy father's sinful old hide, I will e'en tan that of his son," and he was about to beat me with a rope's end; but I twisted it out of his hand, and tanned his skin instead. He was very angry, and wished the Captain to hang me for mutiny, as he called it; but the Captain, on hearing the quarrel, said that I had the right of it, and threatened to send the mate back into the forecabin.

I speedily became reconciled to my life on board of the *Good Hope*, and began to think that all was for the best, for I was of slender judgment in those days, and it did not occur to my mind that my friends would think that I had run away of my own will. I should be back ere winter, I thought, and I should go back a man instead of a boy, and should claim Verity openly before all the world. Meanwhile, the weather was fine and warm, the provisions fresh and plentiful, and I came to believe that the stories I had heard of the hardships of the seas were no more than mariners' tales.

I had heard much of the ungodly behaviour of seamen, and I was therefore much surprised when, on the day after we sailed from Boston, being Lord's Day, during the morning the Captain himself tolled the ship's bell for a minute or two, and then roared out, "Tumble aft for family prayer." Except the man at the tiller the whole ship's company knelt in a row in front of the round-house, whilst the Captain very solemnly read several collects and other portions of the Book of Common Prayer, which I then heard for the first time since my childhood, and which brought into my mind strange memories of St. Nicholas' Chapel in Liverpool, or in summer-time the walk across the sweet English meadow-land to the parish church at Walton-on-the-Hill. So long as I was on board ship with him, Captain Skeffing-

ton never failed to pay this reverence to the Lord's Day.

Captain Skeffington told me that should the weather hold fair we might look to make Barbadoes in about the space of three weeks, or four at the furthest. Before a fortnight was over I ran about the decks as nimbly as any, but I ventured not as yet to go much aloft—indeed, the Captain would not suffer me to do so, except with great caution, until, as he said, I had my sea-legs. "For," said he, "I had so great trouble to catch thee, Jack, that I have no mind to lose thee again if I can help it."

For full three weeks the weather held fine, and we were already approaching the latitude of the West Indies. The talk in the forecabin was of nought but the delights of a spell on shore after the long cruise. I was assured by the older hands that Barbadoes was nothing short of an earthly paradise, where fragrant rivers of rum meandered amidst hills and dales of sugar. But our hopes were in no long time to be wholly dashed to the ground.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRECK OF THE "GOOD HOPE."

THROUGHOUT the voyage the wind had kept very steady in the west, never veering more than a few points to northward or southward. One afternoon, still coming from the west, the wind grew suddenly from being no more than a light breeze to almost half a gale, and in the course of half-an-hour died away as suddenly, leaving the sails hanging heavily from the yards, and flapping to and fro as the ship rolled in the swell. The air became hot, and oppressed our spirits. Thus we remained for several hours, without change, until dark. The night brought no refreshing coolness with it, and the skies were heavily overcast.

Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the most awful flash of lightning I ever saw, followed by an appalling burst of thunder, rent the heavens close above our heads. The bolt struck our mainmast and shivered it, setting it on fire, but, fortunately, the rain came forthwith, pouring down in such volume that it quickly extinguished the flames. The ship was not struck again, although the storm raged round about us for some hours, whilst we lay becalmed, a fair mark for all the arrows of heaven.

But the worst was still to come. The thunder and lightning seemed to be abating, and the Captain had given orders for the crew to take some refreshment, when, after no more warning



HE GRASPING A ROPE WITH ONE ARM, THE OTHER BEING THROWN ABOUT ME TIGHTLY.

than we had had of the thunderstorm, a furious gale from the north struck us full on the beam, for though our course had been south-easterly, yet during the calm we had been slewing all round the compass. Some sail had been taken in, yet not enough, it seemed, for no sooner had the blast struck the ship than the shattered mainmast went over the side, and was followed, in a few moments, by the mizzen. The foremast held, though its topmast was blown clean away, and by the aid of some little rag of sail that by good fortune held fast, the ship came round, and ran before the wind. Well was it for us that she did so, for almost immediately a great sea rose, and where but a few minutes before was nothing but a smooth, oily swell, the ocean now rose in great billows, and

had we been caught with our broadside to the waves, the ship must have gone clean to the bottom with man and mouse. With much pains and danger we cut the wreck of the masts clear, and saw it float away astern, and then I had leisure to think upon my sins, and to repent of them. I had no difficulty in remembering very many acts, both of omission and commission whereof I had been guilty, and it is needless to say that I felt bitter repentance for them; but I fear that, like many repentances, mine was due, not to contrition, but to suffering of mind and body, and fear of immediate death. I say suffering of body, because the blast blew bitterly cold, as if it came straight from the frozen pole, and it cut me through and through, clad as I was only in

thin garments suited to the recent heat, and in no long time the chill seemed to eat through to my very marrow.

Meanwhile, there was nought to be done but to hang on to the tiller, in order to keep the ship from broaching-to, and for this duty the whole ship's company were too few, for the tiller struggled and strained in our grasp like some wild beast taken in a net. The sea rose higher and higher, and at length one wave, more mighty than the rest, came rushing on us with a roar. Like a great wall it towered above the stern, and it slowly slanted forwards and fell with a crash on the deck. I felt myself carried off my feet, and gave myself up for lost, and all became as a dream to me. When I recovered my senses the ship was rolling helplessly in the trough of the sea, the foremast gone, and Captain Skeffington and I alone on the deck, he grasping a rope with one arm, the other being thrown about me tightly. I put my mouth close to his ear, and bellowed—

"Where are the others?"

"Where we shall be directly, lad," he bawled in reply, "and that's at the bottom of the sea."

That great wave had in one moment smashed our rudder, and, tearing us away from the tiller, had washed our messmates bodily overboard. I should have shared their fate had not the Captain caught a rope with one arm and me with the other, and so, by aid of his great strength, saved us both.

"Can we do nothing?" said I.

"Nothing, lad. If God in His mercy should spare our lives 'twill be nought short of a miracle. Jack, I ask pardon of thee for snatching thee from thy home and friends to such a death as this."

"I do pardon you, most gladly," said I. "This is no time to bear a grudge against any man. Captain, if I should perish, and thou shouldst escape, wilt thou go to Boston, and bear my love and farewell to my family, and tell them of my death? And do thou especially seek out my sister Prudence, and bid her bear my love to the young maiden of whom she knows."

"That will I, Jack—happy lad, for whom some will mourn and weep when news comes of his death! As for me, when they hear of my death, well, 'tis but one drunken skipper the less in the world. Now, Jack, await the end in silence, and if thou canst, pray for our souls. Our bodies, I fear me, are past praying for."

We crouched together in the darkness under the bulwarks, every wave washing over the ship and drenching us. It was a marvel that the ship kept afloat, for there was a hatch open, and water must have been pouring down into

the hold. How long we sat there, awaiting death, I have no knowledge, but it cannot have been a great time, for the night must have been already far spent ere the great wave struck us. At last the daylight came suddenly, for in those southern latitudes there is no twilight either at morn or in the evening, and Captain Skeffington drew himself with caution to his feet, and gazed round the horizon. He looked for a long time over the lee side of the ship, and when he sat down again by me he said—

"Jack, hast thou had dangers enough for one night?"

"Captain, I have had enough for any man's lifetime."

"Well, our dangers will be at an end one way or the other in a little time, an hour or thereabouts, I judge. We are drifting straight towards a line of breakers not half a league away. This may be our safety or it may be our ruin: our safety if it be the shore of some island, and we have the luck to strike in a soft place; our ruin if, as I think probable, the breakers show only some outlying reef. For the present I can see no land—nought but the breakers bursting high into the air. We can only wait."

We waited, the Captain now and then arising and peering over the sea. At last he said—

"Now pray Heaven we do but strike soft, and we are saved. 'Tis land; I see the trees. Let us find two handy coops, or spars, if we can, lest it come to swimming."

I ventured to get upon my feet, and to look over the bulwarks. Within a cable's length of the ship I saw the great foaming line of breakers; beyond was a stretch of still water, and then—a blessed sight—the green shore with tall palms bowing down their heads before the wind. There was probably some shore current aiding the wind, for we drifted fast towards the breakers, and of a sudden the ship struck with a great crash which shook us from our feet, and then again, as if she must be broken to pieces, and then once more, and she stuck fast. Her last voyage was done, and on that West Indian reef her timbers of good old English oak were torn asunder by the waves.

"Now, Jack," said the Captain, "here we are fast and snug, and safe enough if we can get away before she breaks up, for yonder shore is not a hundred fathoms away, and the water between us and it is as still as any mill-pond. The boats are gone, and we must build a raft."

We collected together spars, hatchway covers, gratings, anything that would float, and that the waves had spared to us, and in a couple of



"THEY BE BLOODHOUNDS," SAID THE CAPTAIN.



hours had fashioned a raft, frail indeed, yet serviceable, and had embarked on it a keg of brandy, another of water, and such provisions as we could get at, and as were unspoiled by the sea. The Captain stepped a spar which he had provided by way of mast, and hoisted a small sail; we shoved off from the ship, and the wind wafted us towards the shore.

A little way ahead of our raft a line crossed the smooth water. The Captain said—

“Thou canst swim, Jack?”

“Ay,” I said, “like any fish.”

“And so can I,” said he; “but now thou seest why I could not venture on swimming ashore. That mark there shows the back fin of a shark, beasts which swarm around these shores, and after escaping the perils of the seas I should be loth to find a grave in the belly of a filthy brute like that.”

Our voyage shorewards was slow but sure, and we came safely to land; and we hauled our raft as far up the shore as we could, so as to be safe in case we should have need of it again. As we looked seawards we saw the ship crumble away beneath a billow mightier than the rest, and there was an end of the *Good Hope*.

The firm ground was delightful to our feet, and we fell on our knees and returned hearty thanks to Heaven for preserving us from the dangers of the deep. The shore on which we had landed was rocky and stony, with but little vegetation; there were few trees, and of those few several had been overthrown by the violence of the tempest. We were without knowledge of the country, not knowing indeed whether it were mainland or island, desert or cultivated, whether or no it had inhabitants, and, if so, whether savage; for aught we knew, our dangers might be but beginning instead of being at an end. We walked cautiously inland, and in a short time we came upon a wooden hut.

“Whatever this barren land may be,” said the Captain, “the inhabitants are not so savage as to have no knowledge of carpentry. White men have built yonder hut, Jack, and we must risk their being Spaniards (who, if they find us, will probably slay us out of hand), and occupy it for our night’s shelter.”

We entered the hut, the door being open. It was bare of furniture, save that in one corner stood a couple of berths, or standing bed-places, with bedding of dried palm-leaves, while in another was a chimney of brick, with ashes of a recent fire. We returned to the beach, and in two or three journeys carried all our goods up into this little abode.

“Jack,” said the Captain, “I know not, and I am very sure that thou knowest not, what dangers from savages or wild beasts attend us

in this solitude. We must keep watch and watch. Do thou keep the first watch, while it is still day, and awake me at sundown; and then I will watch while thou sleepest. Do not spare to rouse me if aught approacheth.”

He rolled into one of the bed-places, and was asleep in a moment, while I ascended to a little knoll beside the house, and sat down there to keep my watch. I was very weary, and little by little my head began to droop, and then I began to dream. I was at home again in Boston; it was evening, and I must drive in the kine from their pasture to the milking-shed. I thought I went forth to call them, and their lowing was pleasant in my ears after the howling of the tempest. Louder and louder grew the lowing, until it awakened me with a start, and looking round me I saw a large herd of cattle, bulls and heifers together, gazing at me, while one or two of the bulls pawed the earth and shook their tails. When I moved and stood up, the whole herd made off at a gallop. This awakened me for the time, and I sat on my knoll until I saw the sun getting low down on the horizon, when I returned to the hut. The Captain was sleeping peacefully, and I would not awaken him before the sun had disappeared; yet I was very weary, and it could do no harm if I lay down in the other bed-place until it was time to rouse him. I lay down, and no sooner had I stretched my limbs on the palm-leaves than I too slept, and slept soundly without dreaming.

I was awakened by one that shook my arm and called softly in my ear. The sun was shining in at the open door of the hut, and Captain Skeffington was bending over me with a countenance somewhat grim.

“So this is how you stand watch, John!” said he. “No thanks to you that we have not been eaten alive by land-crabs, or murdered in our beds by savage men.”

“Captain, I am sorry. How long have I slept?” said I.

“That I cannot say, seeing that I know not at what hour thou wentest off duty, but this much I do know: that, whereas thou wert to call me at sundown, sundown has passed near twelve hours ago, for the sun is now rising. But no harm is done. Listen! I hear dogs.”

I listened, and heard a sound afar off like unto the tolling of some great bell.

“They be bloodhounds,” said the Captain, “and where bloodhounds are, there are also Spaniards. Now, Jack, we must take our weapons, and sell our lives dearly: for show me a Don, and I will show thee a son of Satan, straight from the bottomless pit.”

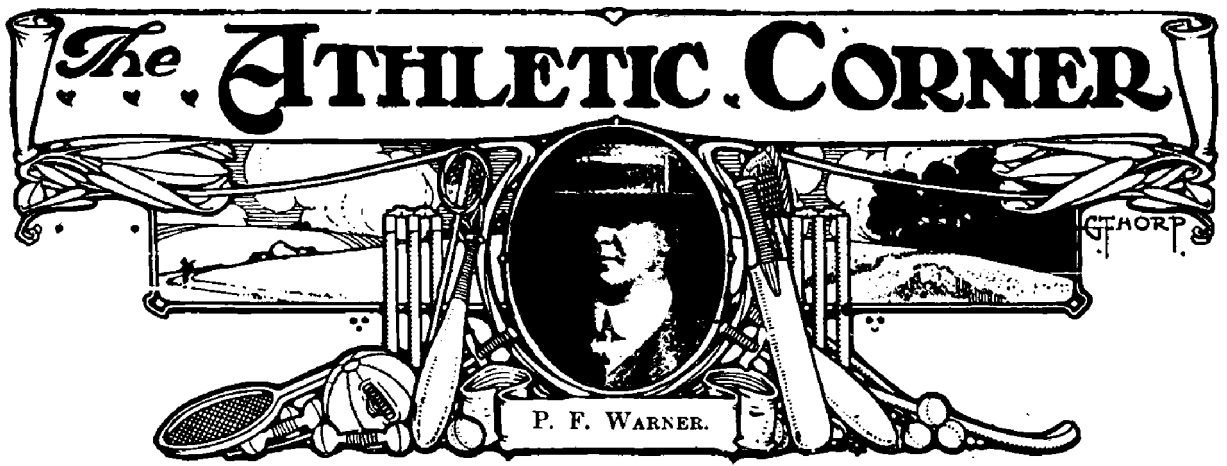
(To be continued.)



MONTAGUE ALFRED NOBLE.

Captain of the Australian team, 1905.

From a photo.



THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

I.—THEIR BATTING STRENGTH.

WHEN one comes to think of it, it really does seem strange that Australia, which has a total population of less than that of London, should be able to meet—and defeat—England on equal terms at the game which we make it a point of honour to proclaim as our national pastime. But that aptitude for all manly sports and exercises, which our kinsmen have always displayed, has more than counterbalanced our greater numerical resources, and, of the seventy-one test matches which have been played, England has won thirty-one and Australia twenty-eight, while twelve have been drawn—a majority of three only in our favour.

In considering the cricket of the two countries, one or two facts must be borne in mind. First, when the Australians come over here they are practically always able to bring their best eleven, for a tour in England is the Mecca of every Australian cricketer's ambition, and, moreover, a successful tour may mean anything between £500 and £600 clear profit to each member of the combination. On the other hand, the best possible English eleven for Australia has never been chosen, and, as far as I can see, never will be; for, though it may be possible to obtain the services of the best professionals, it is absolutely certain that a great many of the leading amateurs will never be able to spare the time which the trip involves. F. S. Jackson and C. B. Fry, for instance, have never been to Australia.

Secondly, all test matches in Australia are played to a finish, so a side either wins or is beaten, and this has acted very hardly on

us on several occasions. Indeed, our record of wins would be considerably greater than it is if test matches had been played to a finish in England. In this country, up to the present time, a match has been limited to three days, and lately there has been



J. J. DARLING.

A tough fighter.

Photo. T. S. Foster, Brighton.



VICTOR TRUMPER.
The "W. G." of Australia.

much discussion as to whether there should be five test matches played to a finish, or three played to a finish, or whether the old plan should continue. The result has been a compromise, and in future, if the rubber has not been decided one way or the other, after four matches of three days each have been played, the fifth game will be fought to a finish. This seems to me a move which will, for the time being, satisfy both the advocates of a fight to the death, and the adherents of the old system; but it is the thin edge of the wedge, and that the day will come when test matches in England will be fought out to the bitter end, is as certain as anything can be.

And now let me approach the real subject of this article—the batting strength of the coming team. Well, Australia has made up her mind who shall be her representatives, and so far as I can judge from my own experience of the cricketers who have been selected, I am inclined to think that they will be one of the strongest batting sides Australia has ever sent us—sound and reliable on good wickets, and with several

men who will not be afraid to go for the bowling when pitches are sticky. There are no less than three left-handed batsmen on the side—Hill, Darling, and Howell—and every captain knows what a nuisance left-handed batsmen are to a fielding side. It does not matter so much if two left-handers are in together, except that few bowlers like bowling to a left-hander; but when you have, say, Trumper in at one end and Darling or Hill at the other, the amount of changing over that has to be done, and the alteration of the field to suit the different style, entail a great deal of unprofitable exercise.

The selection of Darling came as a surprise, as we had been led to suppose that he had retired from international cricket. Many people regard him as a "veteran," but he is exactly the same age as F. S. Jackson, and who would ever dream of placing the great Yorkshire cricketer in the veteran class? Darling is one of the



R. A. DUFF.
Trumper's partner in many a long stand.

greatest of Australian batsmen. When he was fifteen years old he made 252 runs in a school match, the South Australian equivalent of Eton v. Harrow. Soon after, he was sent to manage a farm in one of the back blocks, and he was not seen again in good cricket until he was twenty-three. Very strong in the arms and shoulders—*audax viribus*—he can play both games. I have seen him defend like a Barlow, when the crowd in the covered stand at Lord's became so annoyed with him that they whistled "Poor Old Joe," and then I have seen him hit as hard and as clean as a Jessop. With an iron nerve, and that cool, indomitable determination which is never flurried or upset, however the game may be going, he is an ideal man for a test match. This will be his fourth visit to England. He was here in 1896, in 1899, and 1902, and as Captain of the last two teams gained much fame.

What W. G. Grace was to England, so is



S. E. GREGORY,
Who has played in more test matches than
any other cricketer in the world.



C. HILL,
Who has made more runs in test matches
than any other cricketer in the world.

Trumper to Australia. He shines among the cricketers of the day—with all the lustre of a star of the first magnitude. He is like no one, and no one is like him. As he stands to receive the ball he is not exactly a stylist, for there is an ungainly bending of his right knee; but the moment he gets into position to make his stroke, he becomes the most brilliant and fascinating batsman I have ever seen. It is somewhat disconcerting to your best bowler to find three fours knocked off the first over of the match, each four in all probability a different stroke, and each one rushing to the boundary as with the speed of thought. There is not a stroke in the game that he does not play to perfection, and he is extraordinarily quick on his feet, often jumping out to hit, and as often jumping out, and then, finding the ball too short to drive, getting quickly back and cutting it. He is the idol of the Australian crowd, and to hear him talk one would imagine he had never made a run in his life.

Duff, Trumper's companion in many a



A. R. GEHRS,
Who might turn out another Trumper.



W. W. ARMSTRONG.
The best batsman in Victoria.

long stand, is a different figure. Trumper is slight and fairly tall, Duff is thick-set and rather short. But if he does not strike the eye in quite the same degree as Trumper, there is a brilliancy about Duff's batting which has led many critics to class him as Trumper's equal. He is, on his day, quite as fast a scorer as Trumper, and between them they have a knack of taking the best of bowling by the scruff of the neck, and knocking up sixty runs in half-an-hour. Duff is particularly strong on the off side, and it is just as well to have a deep square leg, for he is very fond of hooking anything like a short ball round in this direction.

Hill is undoubtedly the finest left-handed batsman there has ever been, and, at his best, the equal of Trumper. His record in test matches is better than that of any other Australian cricketer, and only slightly inferior to that of F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjit-

sinjhi, and R. E. Foster, all of whom have, however, played in far fewer test matches than Hill. Before he was twenty-one he had made hundreds against the best bowling in England, and he is still as good as ever. Perhaps there is just a tendency every now and again to gamble with fortune, but when he does make up his mind to be got out and not to get himself out, there is no one harder to bowl at. Thick-set and of medium height, he is very quick on his feet, and an excellent judge of a run. Besides scoring over a century three times for Australia *v.* England, he has also made scores of 99, 98, 97, 96, and 88.

What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers is in an important pass, so is Noble in the crisis of a match. Nothing goes by him; and for coolness and nerve I have never seen quite his equal. Then, apart from a temperament typically suited to the strain

and struggle of an England v. Australia match, he is so remarkably safe a player, with such an easy and accomplished style. He plays the best bowling almost better than Trumper or Hill. He has not Trumper's brilliancy or magnetism, but no match is ever won until Noble is out. At the present time he is the finest all-round cricketer in the world.

I was a little surprised to find Gregory chosen, but from all accounts he has been batting in something like the form of the days when he was second to none amongst Australian batsmen. He is so small that the crowd call him "Little Tich," but he has played in more test matches than any other cricketer, and has made more runs in them than anyone except Hill. He is a bad starter, but, when once set, has a great variety of strokes. This will be his sixth visit to England.

Gehrs is one of the three men who will be new to England. He is a South Australian, and came out in the season of 1902—1903, at the end of which he scored a brilliant 100 against Lord Hawke's team, who were then on their way home from a tour in New Zealand. His pose at the wicket is rather ungainly, but he hits hard, has a straight bat, and plays back very well. A splendid 159 v. New South Wales gained him a place in the fifth Test match at Melbourne last March, so he will not be new to international cricket.

Armstrong is the best batsman in Victoria. Very tall and strong, and with a thoroughly sound style, he ought to make a great many runs if the summer should be a fine one. At present he is not a great bat on a sticky wicket, but he has such hitting powers and such a long reach, that there is no reason why he should not be successful under difficult conditions. Perhaps he is too cautious, and does not let himself go quite enough; a man of his build ought to be always on the look-out to hit the ball over the ring. However, from what I have heard of his play this winter in Australia, he has adopted a freer style than formerly, with conspicuous success. He played a beautiful innings of 48 in the first test match at Sydney in December, 1903, and is so fine a player naturally that I shall expect him to be one of the most prominent batsmen in the team.

Hopkins is a free, dashing bat, rather of the slap-bang order, but he makes beautiful strokes on the off side, and can drive a long ball. I have seen him hit Bosanquet twice



A. J. HOPKINS,
One of Australia's finest all-round cricketers.

in one over out of the Melbourne ground with no apparent effort. He is very quick on his feet, and when he gets runs is well worth watching. Supposing, for argument's sake, that Gregory, Howell, and Newland were left out of a particular match, no bowlers in the world would venture on an encounter with Trumper, Duff, Hill, Noble, Darling, Gehrs, Armstrong, Hopkins, McLeod, Kelly, and Cotter without at least some misgivings as to the result of that encounter. Hopkins, it will be seen, is No. 8 in the order of going in, and McLeod, Kelly, and Cotter made a great many runs during the last Australian season.

[Next month Mr. Warner will deal with the bowling, fielding, and wicket-keeping strength of the Australian team.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Walter F. Feltham.—Many thanks for your kind letter and good wishes. The best way to keep a cricket bat in the winter is to oil it about

once a month, and keep it in a dry room. Linseed and olive oil mixed is better than linseed alone. Not too much oil, and rub it in well. If your bat is very hard, it is sometimes advisable to leave a little oil on the surface and let it dry in, but as a general rule rub it in either with a stump or with another bat.

F. H. M. Winowen.—In reply to your questions:—(1) One point for a win; one deducted for each loss; drawn games ignored. (2) I am strongly opposed to time limit matches, as they put a premium on the slogger. We all like to see nice free cricket, but at the same time the suggestion to penalise batsmen unless they make a certain number of runs in a given time would, in my opinion, quite spoil the real character of cricket, and might lead to all sorts of undesirable artifices on the part of the bowler. (3) Catching in the long-field is to a large extent a matter of practice. "*Keep cool*" comes first. Get right under the ball, and catch it close in to your body. Read the chapter on fielding in Ranjitsinhji's book.

G. A. Selkirk.—Presently you will find that the ball will go for four. As long as you have cultivated the right method the rest is only a matter of time.

Half-Crooked.—I am rather surprised to hear that your doctor allows you to play football at all, as your ankle seems extremely weak. I should advise a good rest, and when you do begin to play again try an elastic sock, but take care that it fits tight enough.

Faulty Limb.—I should advise you to see a doctor, as your case seems rather a peculiar one.

Steeplechase.—Write to Gamage for a pair of ordinary cross-country shoes. If you find these too hard on the feet for road work, you should



THE THIRD TEST MATCH, ADELAIDE, JANUARY, 1904.—THE TOSS.

get a pair of stout running shoes and put transverse bars across the soles exactly as you would with football boots.

Enquirer.—Lord Hawke, J. A. Dixon, and P. F. Warner are the three men appointed to select the English elevens for the Test matches. They have the power to take into counsel the captain of the England team, and any other cricketer they may choose.



AN INCIDENT IN THE LAST TEST MATCH.—BRAUND CATCHES HILL AT SLIP, OFF RHODES' BOWLING.—MELBOURNE, MARCH, 1904.

AT HICKSON'S.

BY F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 7.—FLORENCE LOUISE.

I.

JIM CHALDWICK, the generous, the popular, the cricketer—was leaving. "Look here, you chaps," he said to a select few, on the eve of his departure; "I'm beastly sorry to go, but I can't help it. A cousin of mine is coming to the Coll. next term, so you'll have something to remember me by. She's a girl—about fourteen. Comes from Chicago just now, I believe, but she's been to England an' that, with her people. She's shockin' green." He paused, but, seeing the subject was not without interest to his listeners, continued—

"You see, her people have tried to bring her up sort of English. No offence, Ron, old chap—but they seem to have made rather a hash of it. No school—all governess. You know."

Two or three of Bowen's looked their contempt of the governess system, and Mary Baker said—

"We'll take her in hand for your sake, Jim, and turn her out a credit to your family."

"Um—m," responded Chaldwick, doubtfully, remembering sundry little peculiarities belonging to his cousin. "Well, I hope she'll get on all right. Her name is Florence Louise—" he paused, apparently lost in memories of an amusing nature, for he smiled.

"Is that all, feller?" asked Robert Parleby.

"Eh? All—no, of course not. Tillotson—Florence Louise Tillotson. The Coll. will be the making of her—if she settles down all right."

"Oh, she'll settle down right enough," said Stan Lawson; "now remember, fellers, Florence Louise is to receive our protection and encouragement. And we'll take turns sending you weekly bulletins as to her health and progress, if it'll ease you any, old man," he added, turning to Jim.

There was a general laugh, and Chaldwick's cousin gave place to the more absorbing topic of Chaldwick himself, whose sudden and unexpected departure would leave a gap at Hickson's—especially in the field.

* * * * *

It was the first day of the next term. A lower fourth boy, Edmund Vanderbylt by name, stood at Hickson's gates, gazing skywards, and thinking what a howling discord was Hickson's—especially on the first day. Behind him, Stanborough, Mary Baker, Robert Parleby, and two or three more seniors, stood together, comparing holiday notes.

Vanderbylt's attention was suddenly withdrawn from the heavens by the sound of a regular "tap-tap" coming towards the gates. He turned, and before his astonished eyes there appeared a Vision.

She was round and plump, with rosy cheeks, wide blue eyes, and flying waves of yellow hair. Her pretty little face was screwed into an expression of elaborate indifference—and her feet into patent shoes with very high heels. She rustled as she walked, with the unmistakable and irritating "swish" of silk; and on her head was set jauntily a hat that to the initiated would speak eloquently of London's West End. Bangles decorated her wrists, and from one white-kid-gloved hand there dangled a silk sunshade.

Vanderbylt, amazed and round-eyed, opened the gate; and the Vision, with her pink cheeks pinkier than ever, bestowed upon him a brilliant smile, and said, "Thank you very much!" in a pretty, studied little voice. She walked on towards the College, glancing half shyly, half defiantly, at the group of seniors as she passed them.

There was a pronounced and eloquent silence, until the tapping of the high-heeled shoes had grown faint in the distance.

Then Parleby spoke.



"THANK YOU VERY MUCH!"

"And her name," he said, dreamily, "is Florence Louise."

"Is *that* it—is that old Jim's cousin?" Mary Baker's voice was agitated.

"I should say so. Didn't you notice his expression when he spoke of her?"

"I believe she's in my dormitory," said Meg Bolton, of Boston, walking College-wards with an air of stern determination; "I'll go and see after her."

"Remember she's Chaldwick's cousin," called Mary Baker. "Oh, my brothers and sisters, there *will* be trouble!" she prophesied.

And there was.

The Vision, who, as Parleby had rightly guessed, was none other than Chaldwick's

cousin, Miss Florence Louise Tillotson, encountered glances of cold wonder as she entered Bowen's doorway. Instead of being properly impressed by her charming manners and general appearance, the Hicksonians appeared to regard her as a freak. Then Meg Bolton, that austere and unsympathetic prefect, came upon her suddenly, and literally drove her upstairs into a dormitory; whereupon there ensued a metaphorical battle, with bitter strife and much bloodshed.

Half an hour later, a revised version of Florence Louise descended the staircase, and came face to face with Edmund Vanderbylt. Gone were the waving curls, carefully arranged fringe, and dainty shoes. Silk attire, bangles, and picture-hat had disappeared—the Vision was no more!

Instead, it was a plainly-dressed Hicksonian, with an unpractised pig-tail, and wearing a heavy frown in place of the fringe, that met once more our Vanderbylt.

He smiled.

It was a smile meant to be of an encouraging nature; but Miss Tillotson saw in it amusement, con-

tempt, triumph, and many other unendurable sentiments. Therefore she drew aside her skirts, and passed the offending Vanderbylt with a regality worthy of Stanborough himself; and immediately registered the unfortunate Edmund in her blackest book.

For the sake of the departed Chaldwick, the Hicksonians were prepared to deal gently with Florence, and to teach her many things. They explained that Carr's House had not been founded entirely for her personal benefit; and that it would not lower her dignity to do a small service for one of the seniors, should he or she desire it. They also forgave her many things, amongst which were considerable affectations of speech, and an irritating tendency to look

in mirrors, and to "do" her hair more often than was necessary.

They could not imbue her with the spirit of athleticism. In vain Mary Baker, for Chaldwick's sake, took Florence to the gym. She only bumped her head, flew into a passion of infantile fury, and refused to try again. In vain Stan Lawson and two fifth form boys persuaded her to join them in a one-mile-slow trot. She was out of breath in two minutes, and declared that running made her feel "untidy." Then Stanborough, with fond memories of Jim, took her in hand and tried to initiate her into the joys of cricket. But the bat scraped her hands, and she shut her eyes when the cricket captain sent down easy "slows" to her. And as for bowling—ye gods and little fishes! After much persuasion she raised her arm high above her head, and with a mighty effort, and a curious forward motion, threw the ball into the air. It sailed for a few yards, then dropped, and rolled sadly to the feet of Edmund Vanderbylt.

"Try again," he suggested, handing it to her, with his fatal smile.

Florence Louise looked at him for an instant; then her small face was suffused with crimson, and with a stamp of fury she threw the ball at Vanderbylt, missing him by three yards, and marched off the field in high dudgeon. Thus ended her experience of the noble game. As for base-ball, she said it made her too hot, so that became a dead athletic letter to her.

In school she was little better. She tried the patience of Mr. Huggett, her form-master, almost beyond endurance.

"I wonder," remarked that long-suffering man one day, "why your father keeps you here. I suppose he is a millionaire, and doesn't know what to do with his money. But, really, I think it would be more profitable for him to throw his dollars into the sea for you to fetch out again. I'm sure it would be more amusing for you—and do you quite as much good. You don't appear to know anything, and I doubt if you ever will."

This heartless speech had brought on a violent fit of temper, which ended in a burst of tears, and the transfer of Florence to the corridor without.

Such was Florence Louise during her first term at the College. And such she remained until some time after Hickson's had given her up in despair, having come to the

conclusion that not even her relationship to Chaldwick could justify toleration of her hundred and one airs and pettinesses—and her amazing disagreeableness of temper.

II.

N EARLY three years later, a tall girl walked slowly out of Bowen's towards the gates, and stood irresolutely, looking at a group of seniors, who appeared to be unduly excited. It was the last day of the summer term, and all had gone save this group of seven, and the one girl who stood so silently, gazing somewhat wistfully, now at the great red buildings, now at her school-fellows. There was no sign of curl in the thick yellow plait that hung below her waist, though certain little tendrils round her forehead and temples suggested the possibility. She wore no ornaments, and had just passed two mirrors without glancing in either.

It was Florence Louise Tillotson.

Her last term, her last *day* at Hickson's had come. The past three years had been one long battle. A fight for truth and intellect against affectation and egotism—and all the best had won. But the conquest had left a paler, thinner, grave-eyed girl in place of the confident, self-assertive, and hysterical little creature of three years ago. She was thinking now of her life at the College. She had excelled in nothing; and, if not exactly unpopular during the last few terms, she had won only a very indifferent respect—added to a kindly toleration—the kindness being due to the memory of Chaldwick. Hickson's had seen an excitable, irritable, and vain child grow into a self-controlled girl, with an aversion to athletics in any form; difficult to fathom, and therefore best left alone. Only Florence Louise herself knew of the struggles, defeats, and victories; of the mighty efforts to overcome; of the passionate longings for sympathy; of the bitterness of being misunderstood; and of the tears that had been shed in the privacy of No. 9 Cubicle.

Much of this passed through her mind now as she stood alone by Hickson's gates, waiting for the last 'bus, which was to take away the remaining few. Had her life at the College been quite a failure? Prizes, scholarships, certificates, commendation, had fallen to the lot of others:

and what ranked higher in the girl's eyes, popularity and friendship. Why had she won none of these things? Why had she done no good for Hickson's? And why was she standing here alone—on her last day?

She stared across country in the direction of San Francisco—the city that was writhing in the grip of yellow fever. During the past two weeks the epidemic had played fearful havoc. Whole families had been stricken down in a day; and as death strode forwards terrified citizens fled in all directions. She thought of the streets powdered with lime; of the fires of tar which had been lit in the hope that they would arrest the progress of the epidemic that was working such terrible devastation. Marvellous as it seemed, Hickson's in its hundreds had escaped. Not one case had there been at the College; and all had gone in health and safety—save these few.

Florence Louise shuddered, and looked once more towards the silent buildings. The glaring sun made her eyes ache; and oh! how she yearned for one more term at Hickson's—one more term at the place she had grown to love in spite of all; one more chance to know the Hicksonians, and to make herself known to them; to do something for the College, and for herself.

The 'bus came rumbling up, and an instantaneous silence fell on the chattering group. Then six of them, by common consent, hurried to the 'bus. Surely there was something unusually mysterious and odd in their behaviour! Florence Louise walked up to the one that remained. It was Holt, of the fifth form.

"Is anything up?" she inquired.

"Haven't you heard? Vanderbylt has been taken ill suddenly. He can't leave the Coll." Holt spoke quickly, and his eyes avoided hers.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked, frowning. Vanderbylt had smiled at her on her arrival; smiled at her worst mistakes; smiled at her when she was in the sorest straits, and during her bitterest moments. He had been a particularly sharp thorn during her journey from the lower fourth to the sixth; therefore she frowned almost unconsciously on hearing his name.

"We—we hope it's only the sun," replied Holt, hesitatingly, moving a step nearer the gates.

A cold fear gripped Florence's heart.

Had Vanderbylt been caught by the terrible fever? If so, there was no one to turn to for help. The Head had left the day before, and all others in authority had gone during the morning. There remained only an Irish maid, and an under-housekeeper of the name of Rattan. To these two was entrusted the airing of the College during the long summer vacation.

"Do come on, you two!" called those in the 'bus, with nervous haste; "we've none too much time."

"Yes—I guess we'd better," said Holt: "Mother Rattan will look after Vanderbylt until he's all right—it may be nothing serious. Anyway, it's no use our running any risk."

"Wait!" said Florence.

An excited figure, dragging a small tin box, came panting towards them from the servants' quarters. It was Bridget.

"Mr. Vanderbylt's got the fever, certain sure!" she said, shaking with fear. "It's more nor flesh an' blood can stand, Miss. I'm off before I'm in me grave, I am!"

Florence's face whitened.

"Are you sure it's the fever?"

"Sure, Miss—I knows the symptoms. He was took all of a suddint like, and he's 'lyin' there helpless as a baby. Wait another minnit I won't—"

"Shut up—shut up!" shouted Holt. "Get into the 'bus, woman. Now, Florence Tillotson, *what* is to be done?"

There was a brief, deadly silence.

"I'll stay," said Florence Louise, palely firm; "but oh, Holt, for Heaven's sake—for *Heaven's* sake, send a nurse or some one from San Fran."

"I will. Only—don't you mind? Shall I stay, too? Couldn't we both leave here—and send help from San Fran.? Don't you think Mother Rattan could manage?"

Florence Louise shook her head.

"No. I must stay. Go now—and send some one from the city. I—I'm not afraid."

"Very well," said Holt, trying to keep the relief he felt out of his face and voice; and following the frightened maid to the 'bus. He was full of admiration for Florence; of solicitude for Vanderbylt; and of deadly fear of the fever.

Florence Louise walked back to Hickson's, disappearing into Carr's doorway ere the rumble of the wheels had died away.

III.

FOR three weeks the days began and ended in blue, cloudless skies, and pitiless sunshine. Then came the blessed rain. Despairing watchers were filled with Hope, the fever weakened in power, and death retreated from San Francisco, leaving many desolate homes and broken hearts.

One warm morning, bright, fresh, and sweet after the rain, a tall figure in a white suit came out of Carr's doorway. Gingerly he had felt his way down the staircase. Waveringly he walked to the end of the gravel and back. Then, with a smile of content, he walked the distance again—more firmly. His next move was to deposit his five feet ten and a half of skin and bone in a deck-chair on the grass, with his back to the College. Hearing footsteps, he lifted up his voice, and spoke.

"I did it twice to-day, Florence Louise—I walked to the corner and back twice."

"Did you now?" The portly form of Mrs. Rattan appeared at his side, carrying a small tray with two basins of something steaming hot, and a plate of dry toast. "Well, you're getting on, young feller—there's no gainsaying it. I've brought you some broth; and some for your blessed little nurse. She's nearly as much of a shadow as you are."

"You're right, Mother Rattan, she is that. She does too much for me. I'm better now, and—"

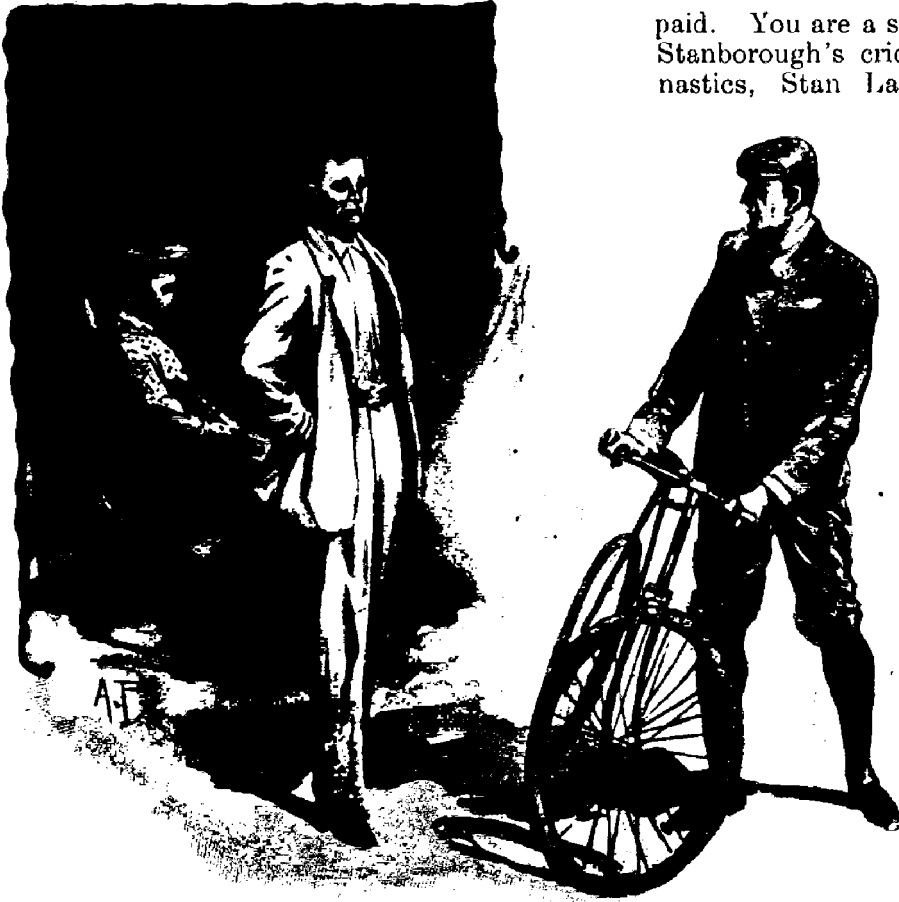
"Now, now, don't you worrit. Her spirit will keep her up to the mark. Though when you were took bad—on the last day it was—and that disgraceful hussy Bridget sheered off, and all the others bolted like frightened rabbits, and I was at my wits' end, and Miss Florence come marchin' in, and she says, 'Where is he?' says she, as cool as you like, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather. And



"I'LL STAY," SAID FLORENCE; "BUT OH, HOLT, SEND A NURSE."

if you'll believe me, young feller, for five blessed days and nights, when you were lyin' there like dead—sometimes that ravin' too—that girl never left you. 'No,' she says, 'you've got as much as you can do. Mrs. Rattan. I'll nurse him.' And she did too, with no thought of catching the fever herself. And that distracted we were, thinkin' you'd die, and not knowin' the whereabouts of your poor parents—all the while hopin' for help from the city that never came. And I don't wonder, for they've bin that pushed for doctors and nurses these past weeks, and them dyin' like flies themselves—but there, I'm losin' my breath instead of thanking the Lord you're better. And here comes Miss Florence. Mind you see she has some broth."

Edmund Vanderbylt lay full length on the grass, gaining in health and strength



"I AM THE CASE, SIR."

with every breath he took. Slowly he sat up.

"Florence Louise, I want to talk some, and don't know how. No one else would have done what you have, especially——"

"Oh, yes, they would," interrupted Florence, hastily; "I didn't do anything remarkable."

There was a silence of some minutes; then Vanderbylt looked up with his old tantalising smile.

"Do you remember the first day you came? I nearly had a fit."

For the first time in her life, Florence Louise answered that smile with one of equal amiability.

"Rather," she said, replying to the first part of his sentence. "What an idiotic little guy I was. And *how* I hated you!"

"I know." Vanderbylt laid a thin, brown hand on one of hers, and his eyes were bright with feeling. "Florence Louise, I owe you a debt that can never be

paid. You are a shining light at Hickson's. Stanborough's cricket, Mary Baker's gymnastics, Stan Lawson's skating, and the united brains of the sixth, are nothing—*nothing*, to your nursing! Hickson's will be proud of you, and——"

"No," said Florence; "Hickson's and I never got on very well. And if I have done anything now—well—I'm not coming back next term."

"No. But I am," replied Vanderbylt. "And I'm not going to thank you, because to thank anyone for saving a man's life is—is superfluous. But——"

He paused involuntarily at the sound of a footstep.

"I think," said a voice beside them, "that a doctor was wanted here. A case, isn't there?"

Florence started; but Vanderbylt rose to his feet and faced a weary-looking yet brisk young man in cycling attire.

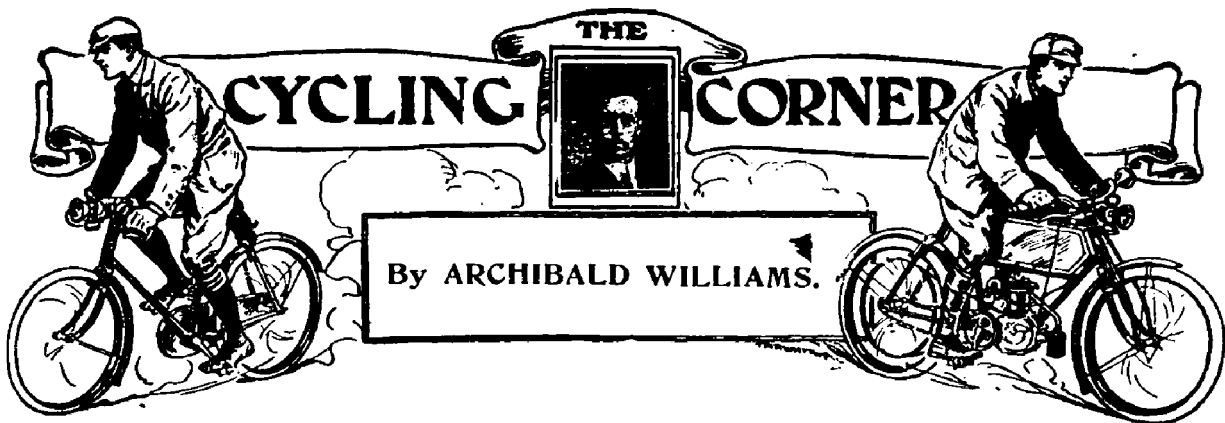
"Yes," replied Vanderbylt, with dignity; "I am the Case, sir—at least, I *was* the Case three weeks ago, when I presume you were informed about me."

"Mighty glad you got over it," interrupted the doctor, with the utmost good-nature. "Well, as I've rather more to do than I know how to manage, I'll cycle back to the city and do it. 'Morning to you."

"Good-morning, sir," responded Vanderbylt, politely. He watched the brisk figure out of sight, and then turned to the girl, who had risen from the deck-chair, and was standing with the tray in her hands.

"What I was going to say was, that with your permission, Florence Louise, we'll be friends as long as we live."

"Right!" said Florence Louise, walking off with the tray; her heart filled with a glorious consciousness of being understood, and of having done something, at last.



TOOL BAGS AND OTHER MATTERS.

FOR touring purposes the ordinary small leather wallet is not capacious enough. It will just hold a couple of spanners, oiler, a bit of rag; and that is about all. To provide for emergencies one should have accommodation for quite a respectable number of odds and ends, in addition to a small collection of tools: and to give space for these is needed a wallet 7—7½ inches long, 4½ inches deep, and 3 inches broad. The oil-can has its proper strap at the back, or, better still, a small pocket, so that it may not slip through to the bottom.

For carrying other articles, I strongly recommend a canvas or leather sheet, provided with elastic loops; such a thing as carpenters carry their centre-bits and chisels in. The sheet should be wide enough for each edge to be folded over the contents an inch or so, before it is rolled up and strapped. The advantage of this method of storing things is that the whole outfit can be spread out in a moment on the grass without fear of the contents getting loose or wet.

THE OUTFIT.

1. Set of spanners to fit every nut on cycle.
2. Pair of scissors.
3. Bradawl.
4. Small screwdriver.
5. Knife.
6. Tyre lifter.
7. Sheet of rubber, 6 by 3 inches.
8. Tube of solution (good size).
9. Sheet of glass paper, 6 by 6 inches.
10. Tube of powdered chalk, with three extra valve sleeves in it.
11. Tin tube of balls, nuts, spare burner for lamp, &c.

12. Hank of string.

13. Couple of one-foot straps.

These must be arranged parallel to one another along the sheet. The whole will roll up into a small compass, and as it always travels with the cycle you are sure of having a knife, screwdriver, &c., at the critical moment. A special compartment may be left for maps, which usually measure 4 by 7 inches. Four could be squeezed into about one inch, if they are mounted on linen. Paper maps, with paper covers, are only about two-thirds of the thickness of the others. It is wise to carry plenty of maps.

AN EASTER TOUR.

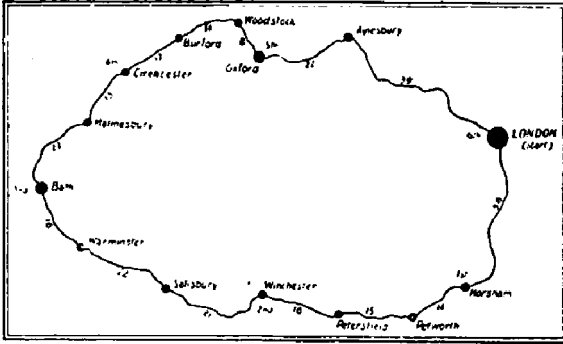
For the benefit of readers who may meditate a tour during the Easter holidays I have sketched out a route of 275 miles in the South of England, giving the distances between every two towns, and putting "1st," "2nd," "3rd," &c., at those places where the tourist may advantageously stop for the night.

The route will lead the cyclist through very interesting country on the whole; and there will be sights for him to see, if he cares for things architectural, in some of the towns.

STARTING FROM LONDON,

the first day's journey, a comparatively short one, takes him through Reigate and Crawley to Horsham. An early start would give time for a look round the handsome buildings of the new Christ's Hospital, near the latter town.

The second day should see our cyclist on the road betimes, to cover the 45 miles to Winchester quietly, and yet have leisure



SKETCH MAP OF A 275-MILE TOUR FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

for a look round the Cathedral, richer in its historic monuments and memories than any in the kingdom. A visit to the great School and Saint Cross should also be included in the programme. If this is too large an order, the first day's ride might be extended to Petworth, leaving only thirty-one miles of pedalling for the second.

From Winchester to Salisbury is twenty-one miles. Here is made a halt for lunch and a pilgrimage to the Cathedral, which

with their original lead-piping and fountains, made by the successors of Cæsar's legions—should be seen.

From Bath the cyclist climbs up into

THE COTSWOLDS,

and, after twenty-two miles of give-and-take roads, reaches Malmesbury, finely situated on high ground overlooking the Lower Avon. In old times this little town was a religious centre, and boasted a mitred abbey. Here visit the parish church and turn your camera on the richly-decorated market-cross, which is supposed to date from the reign of "Bluff King Hal."

Then on to Cirencester, chiefly famous for its fifteenth century church. A mile and a half outside the town lies the Royal Agricultural College, the museum of which might interest the scientifically-inclined tourist. If you have an hour or two to spare stroll round Oakley Park, which, in the spring, is at its best. Modern Cirencester (locally called "Sisster") is a rather

A QUADRANT TRICAR
CLIMBING NETHER
HALL GARDENS, THE
STEEPEST HILL IN
LONDON, AT NINE
MILES AN HOUR.



has the loftiest spire in the British Isles. Don't forget the Chapter House and its curious bas-reliefs.

Twenty-two miles of pretty country and one arrives at Warminster in time for tea; after which another sixteen brings Bath in sight. Before leaving this town on the following day, the famous Roman Baths—

sleepy little country town; but it has seen stirring times in Anglo-Saxon days, and during the Civil War. When the Romans held it its walls were two miles round; for, situated at the junction of the Fosse-way with the Ermin- and Ickniel-streets, it had great importance as a military centre.

The fifth day also carries us into historic

ground. Passing through Burford, we reach the pretty little town of

WOODSTOCK,

so closely bound up with English annals. Here Alfred the Great wrote some of his famous works; and King Ethelred formulated the laws for governing his Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Henry the First liked Woodstock well enough to make it his royal residence; and Henry the Second brought hither the fair Rosamond, to whom his wife Eleanor offered the alternative of a dagger or a bowl of poison. The imprisonment of Elizabeth in the Manor, and the siege by Cromwell in 1646, are more authentic episodes in its history.

Blenheim Palace, built in 1715 as a national gift to the Duke of Marlborough, is open to the public at certain times; also the large park; though cycles must—at least, this was the rule some years ago—be left at the entrance gates.

A short run brings us to

OXFORD,

where there is so much to see that a day or two can be spent profitably in the old University town, as a rest before the final run of sixty-one miles, *viâ* Headington, Thame, Aylesbury, Wendover, Amersham, Chalfont St. Peter, and Uxbridge, back to London.

Given fine weather this tour of 275 miles is most enjoyable. Before starting one should read up the history of Winchester, and peruse Scott's *Woodstock* once again. Photographers will find plenty of subjects for their plates or films. My hints in our last issue about making a photographic record of a tour will apply particularly to this large "round." Members of the Cyclists' Touring Club can refer to the C.T.C. Handbooks for the names of good hotels at which to stop.

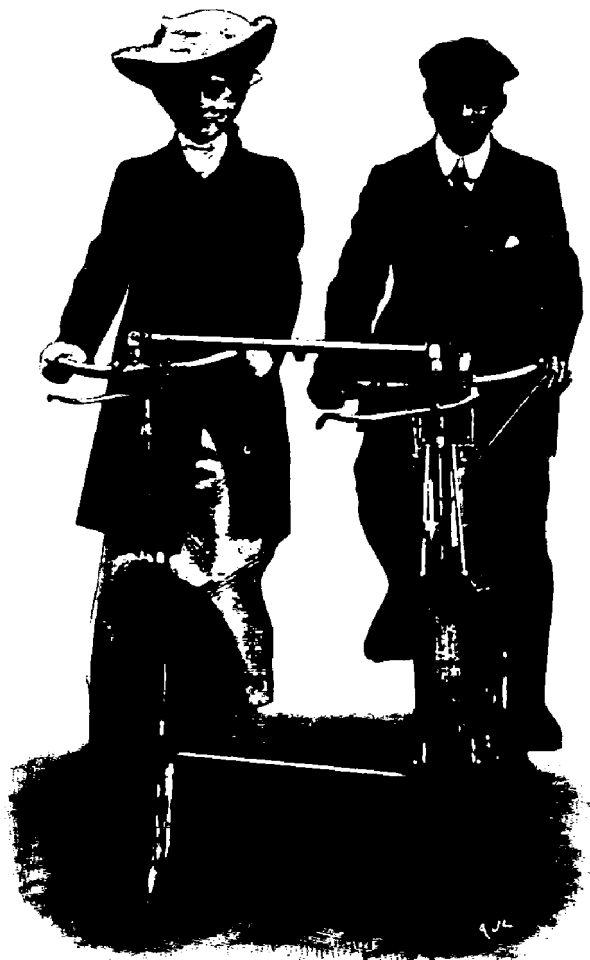
A USE FOR OLD INNER TUBES.

There have been hanging on a peg in my workshop several old inner tubes, which, their active days being over, appeared to serve no useful or ornamental purpose. The other day I ran out of elastic bands for my papers, and seeing these tubes, a happy idea occurred to me. Seizing my largest pair of scissors and a tube, I had soon provided myself with some dozens of useful bands, one quarter of an inch broad. As the rubber is still in good condition, the bands are very elastic, and will pass over

an article eighteen inches in circumference without any inclination to break. By increasing the breadth of the band one increases its strength; and readers will no doubt find plenty of scope for employing sections of otherwise unprofitable lumber.

PNEUMATIC WHEELS.

A reader asks me for opinions about the Weir Pneumatic Suspension Wheel. In construction it is decidedly ingenious. A



The Ariel Co.'s "Liberty" Cycle Attachment, to yoke a motor-cycle with a pedi-cycle. All joints are flexible, so that the machines can be steered at any angle.

pneumatic tube is pinched between an outer steel rim, about a foot in diameter, attached by short spokes to the hub, and an inner rim connected by longer spokes to the tyre rim. The makers (The Pneumatic Suspension Wheel Co., 34 Chandos-road, Bristol) claim that it absorbs 50 per cent. of the road vibration, and, while yielding to vertical shocks, is laterally stiff enough to prevent

the tyre touching the forks. Of its actual behaviour in work I cannot speak, having had no experience of it; but as it costs only 20s. to have an ordinary wheel converted, a rider troubled by vibration might try a pneumatic suspension on his front wheel, and, if the alteration proves satisfactory, have the back wheel similarly treated. Another promising anti-vibratory device is that of the Sharp Air-Spring Co., 15A Bridge-road, Hammersmith, fitted on their cycles under the saddle, and on a specially-constructed front spring fork. The cycle, complete, is listed at £20, rather a high figure as machines run nowadays, even with patented "extras."

Putting pneumatics on one side, Brook's B 100 saddle is very comfortable, and, in conjunction with an N.A.B. spring pillar, should entirely prevent saddle-soreness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Tripper."—Some cycling maps are inaccurate as regards any roads but the main roads. That is to say, they are not reliable for cross-country work. If you do not care to go to the expense of the one-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance maps, I should advise you to try Bartholomew's half-inch-to-the-mile series, which are excellent.

H. G.—Five thousand miles a year is certainly good travelling for a sixteen-year old. This means an average of nearly thirteen miles a day. Of course, your "professional" work accounts for a large part of this; and I suspect that but for the morning and evening trip you would not find your cyclometer travelling quite so fast. You ought to have a pretty strong pair of legs by this time.

P. Donnis-thorne.—(1) No good. Every cyclist by law must carry a lamp, and you ride light-less behind a lighted cycle only at the risk of being "run in." This has already been decided in the courts. Recently a volunteer had to pay a fine for transgressing the regulation, although he had a lighted companion on either side. (2) You might be able to get your rim turned, but, if badly bent, you would do well to buy another and have it fitted on the old spokes. I don't think the rim brake could ever have done the damage. Probably you got into a rut or tram-line with your back wheel.

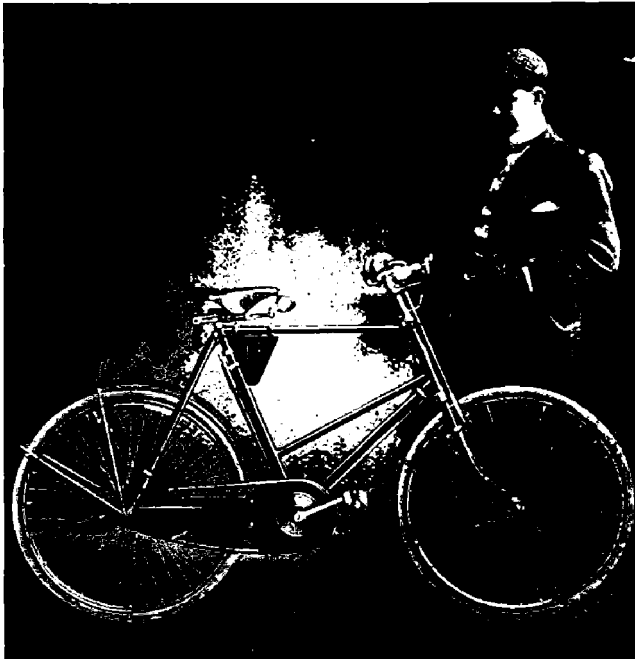
"A. L. B."—Don't want to do such big things. Take your riding quietly. Sixty to seventy miles a day is good enough for any tourist. If you do a hundred you will only have had three hours less time for sight-seeing and easing your muscles. The "speed-merchant" probably knows less about the beauties of the country than anyone.

E. Dewar.—(1) Thanks for your kind remarks. (2) A tyre pump is no good for a football inflater unless the nozzle is provided with an ordinary tyre valve to insert in the tube of the bladder. Without the valve the air would rush back into the pump as fast as you drove it out.

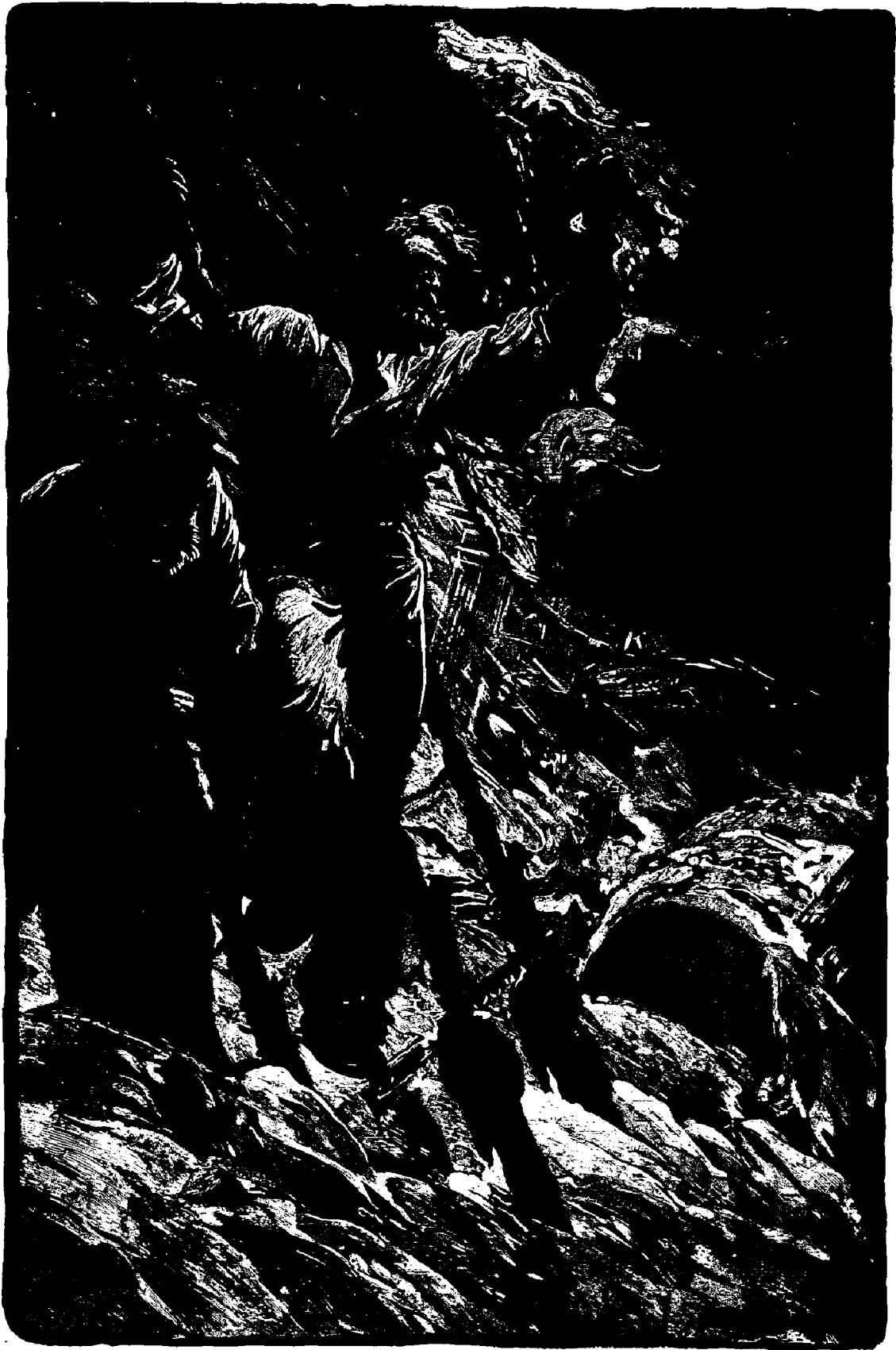
F. Sanders.—You had better wait till the summer is well on before attacking an Irish tour. The roads are not so good as English, and on the West Coast there is generally plenty of wind. A three-speed gear would be a valuable addition to your cycle.

E. Pilkington.—Seventy miles off the reel if you are out of condition would naturally find your soft spots. As you confess to doing the distance in 4½ hours, I suspect that you have been a bit of a scorcher; the pace "comes out" at 15½ miles an hour on the average. And since I read that a hill of 1 in 10 is the only one that beats you, you evidently force the pace on inclines more than is perhaps prudent. Unless you have a change-speed gear, don't plug too hard. There is the heart to be reckoned with. At the time you may not feel the effects. But *care!* I should never suggest riding against time. The same training rules apply equally to running and cycling. Take it easy at first, and increase your daily distance gradually. Regularity is of more importance than mileage. If you will pardon a personal remark, I very seldom ride more than twenty miles a day in the winter; but I could do seventy at any time without feeling "done." Of course, I should take things easily, recognising that my muscles are more to be considered than the watch. Wish you luck with the algebra, and hope you will keep yourself fresh by means of the cycle.

"Velox."—I fear that I cannot sympathise with you in this matter. You were obviously in the wrong, and, if a motorist yourself, you would realise what disgustingly bad form it is to "hang on to" a motor-driven vehicle of any kind. Please remember that the rider in front may have to slow down suddenly, and then, not only the hanger-on, but the hung-on-to, may suffer severely. No! I consider that you only got your deserts, and hope that the lesson won't have been wasted. You escaped rather lightly with a bent crank and smashed lamp.



THE ROYAL ENFIELD GIRDER FRAME CYCLE.
The special construction of this frame renders the cycle peculiarly strong and rigid.



THE SHIPWRECK.

From the drawing by C. J. Staniland, R.I.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST!

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 13.—BEAUPRE'S TALE OF BOLERAT.

MY great-grandfather was a *coureur de bois*. He was not of the natives of Canada—but no, he was a young gentleman of France. Yes, sir, I say it—a gentleman, of the province of Aube. His name was Etienne Bolerat. His blood was always hot and quick when they told him tales of the New France.

He went to Quebec; just from school. He was still a young man when he had organised his own company of traders and voyagers. This he did at Detroit; then they went to the upper Mississippi country, where, according to the way of young men, he fell in love—with a Sac girl, the daughter of a chief, and took her to St. Louis to the priest; yes, sir, and they were married fast. Blue Bird, that was Etienne's wife, was my great-grandmother, and she was the best woman!

What happened to them is strange and very exciting, and it is told among us—in the family. Etienne had a trading-post at the mouth of Black River, above Prairie du Chien. His fort was well defended. It had stockades of heavy posts with palisades of sharpened poles—but who could defend against the great war-parties!

The Black River post was never safe for anybody—not because of a quarrel between the French and the Indians—no, sir, that

country was all disputed ground among the tribes, and war-parties were passing to and fro and they would fight with each other. Then it was bad to be among them, for they were very jealous of each other.

But the trader was anxious to keep clear of those feuds. Yes, sir, he had good reason. But it was a good place to trade. The tribes agreed to be at peace when they came to the fort to trade skins in the summer season.

One day at the fort, when the ice went out, some Winnebagoes and their women came down Black River in canoes. Those Indians made brush wicky-ups and went into camp near the post. They stayed for about a week, I guess, trading a little, and bringing in skins one or two at a time. They were slow and cautious about their trade, those Indians—and why? Because my great-grandfather did not trade fire-water, and so they kept the sober mind, to make a good count each time.

Those Winnebagoes kept a sentinel at watch on the bluffs above the fort all the time, for it was not the time of peace.

Etienne had only nine or ten men with him that year. One of those was his store-keeper, a man named Fremeau, and there were some Canadian trappers and *metis*—half-breeds. The only women were two, a Menominee woman, and Blue Bird, Etienne's young wife.

Well, one warm morning when the Winnebagoes were there, my great-grandmother, who was christened Anastasie, and Fremeau's wife, they took their blankets and soiled clothes down to the river to wash. They washed on rubbing-boards, standing knee-deep in the water.

One of those Winnebagoes, an old man with a lance-spear, was watching for fish. He paid no heed to the women, not even to look at them. They were talking a kind of French picked up from their men, until Blue Bird's young one—that was my grandmother—began bawling, and Blue Bird began to sing to it.

The baby lay on some skins on the bank, and so, to stop its crying, Blue Bird turned toward it and shook her finger. She began to chant a chant which she did not herself understand. She sang it to please her baby. It was a chant she had learned of her mother's mother, who was an Ojibwa woman that had been captured by the Sacs. That was misfortune surely. The words she sang were a part of the ancient

great chant which is still sung at the most solemn medicine ceremonies of the Ojibwa.

"Sge! Tss-tss-tss!" hissed Fremeau's wife, and she motioned my great-grandmother to stop singing. But Blue Bird thought her friend had seen a water-snake, and she herself was not afraid of snakes, and so she chanted on at the top of her voice. Then the old Winnebago, who was fishing, came down from his rocks and stalked, scowling, past the women. He hurried to his camp.

Fremeau's squaw was scared. "Let us hurry away," she said; "you sang the *midé* song of the lake Indians! Now the Winnebagoes will kill us all because they think you are Ojibwa."

Then Bolerat's wife was frightened, too. She caught up her young one and went to her husband and told him all that had happened.

"Pah!" said Etienne, "don't let Fremeau's old humbug of a squaw frighten you, *ma chérie*. She is full of belief in witches and wizards and *loups-garoux* and all sorts of devils. Ha, ha, *mignonne*, suppose the Winnebagoes shall be mad a little, won't a fathom of tobacco make all right again?"

And when Fremeau was told he simply said: "Pah! Psst!"

Nobody thought anything further, but just the two women. And when the Winnebagoes suddenly broke camp and moved off, the men at Black River post thought nothing strange.

Well, the early summer as usual brought together, all in friendliness for this time, all the bands of Sacs, Foxes, Sioux, Pottawottomies, Musquakies, and Winterers, for the trading and the games and horse-racing and the fun. And bateaux came, too, with cargoes of powder from the new works down the Mississippi.

Powder was a very valuable thing in those days, but Etienne and Fremeau had never seen it so cheap as now it was. It did not cost half as much from these new mills as had cost just to freight it across from Detroit. So they bought a great quantity—the whole lot that was fetched up the river. Yes, sir, and after the Indians were gone, they began to lay masonry for a magazine—a powder-house.

It was while they were building this magazine that the Winnebagoes—oh, a great company—came against them, half-naked and marching and daubed with

paints, and carrying many weapons—mostly the bow and arrow and tomahawk. This war-party came out of Black River Valley, and they marched directly past Etienne's fort and camped in timber, at the foot of the bluffs in its rear. These Indians came on foot, because the water was very low in their country, though there was plenty in the Mississippi.

The Winnebagoes were out for blood. Bolerat and Fremeau could see that, all right. The traders felt much alarm, for they had no cannon, and they were too few to stand against so great a company. The Winnebagoes knew this, and they began, very soon, to be saucy.

My great-grandfather and his fellows were scared, but they got ready to fight all the same. While they were busy getting ready to make the defence, Blue Bird came to her husband with a plan for his safety. "This is your child," she said, putting her baby into his arms; "the Winnebagoes are angry with me. They are as the grass-blades and you cannot resist them. I will go out to them now and they will go away and will not harm you."

"And what will happen to you?" says Etienne.

"I am for the fire," says Blue Bird, just cool and sad like that. "It is so, my husband."

Huh? Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother!

"So?" says Bolerat, "we'll see about that. I can yet pull the trigger of a gun. Go in now, dear wife, and take good care of the little Bolerat."

Blue Bird departed obediently, as an Indian woman does, but she looked displeased, for she had thought her plan a very proper one. Her husband, seeing this, locked her in a room and put a guard on her window. Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother!

The young captain, Etienne, knew what those Winnebagoes came for, but he pretended not. He parleyed with them, saying the Pottawottomies, their enemies, had not come up since the spring trade. Perhaps he deceived them with this pretence—anyway, they did not attack that night. But in the morning a company of their chiefs and high warriors came before the fort's gates and demanded to be let in.

Now the captain had already stationed Fremeau and his *coureurs de bois* at the port-holes with instructions not to fire until

he should give the word. He went to the front palisade, ordered the guard aside, and himself threw the gate wide open. He bade his visitors welcome. No one knew his intent, and so they came inside, a great crowd of armed savages.

Fremeau, who was looking out at the fort's gable, was astonished to see his captain walking in with four-score Indians at his heels. Bolerat led them to the door of the great store-room below.

"*Baptême!*" says Fremeau, "these captains from France! They are all crazy; they learn nothing about Indians until their scalps are taken."

"Bolerat is crazy for sure," said his men with Fremeau. They felt the hair prickle on their scalps. Then Fremeau heard Bolerat calling to him to come below.

Fremeau went down by a short ladder and dropped into the midst of that painted crew. Yes, sir, he was brave enough, was Fremeau. The Indians stood together looking mighty ugly, and with knives and tomahawks displayed. The standing-room was pretty well packed with them, and they expected the trader to give them what they should ask for.

"Come," said Bolerat to Fremeau, "interpret me what these Indians want. Ask if they come to make trade as others do."

Fremeau knew a little of the Winnebago tongue. Etienne knew nothing.

"Hau! hau! Mapzaumee, hau! hau!" Fremeau greeted them. They grunted like sulky bears, but said nothing. Then Fremeau filled a peace-pipe and offered it to the foremost chiefs. This was rejected. Meantime Etienne Bolerat seated himself upon a pyramid of powder kegs in the rear of the room.

"Have not my brothers come to trade?" asked Fremeau—and then he talked about the valuable goods in stock until the head chief made an angry sign.

"We cannot trade with the Frenchmen," says this fellow, "while the *midé* woman of the Ojibwas is in their lodges. She is a medicine-witch and the daughter of an evil spirit."

Fremeau interpreted this to Bolerat.

"Very well," said my great-grandfather. "Tell my brothers I have many presents to make them in place of the Ojibwa woman. See, here is much powder; enough to blow away this fort and the bluff on which it stands." And he tossed up in his hand some he had taken from an open cask.



"I'LL BLOW THIS PLACE AND ALL THAT'S IN IT TO ATOMS!"

While Fremeau explained his words, Bolerat drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and thrust its muzzle into the loose powder.

"Tell these scoundrels to go," he said,

and his face went black with anger. "If they stop here one minute longer, I'll blow this place and all that's in it to atoms!"

His act scared the Indians; and when his words were interpreted, their jaws

lengthened. They knew what must follow the firing of that pistol. Yes, sir, and the deadly gleam in my great-grandfather's eyes convinced them for sure he meant what he said.

Well, those Winnebagoes crowded out at the door like sheep out of a gateway. They were so scared, they fell over each other, and so ran away to their camp.

Freneau and all the rest of Bolerat's men laughed till their sides ached, and they saw, too, that my great-grandfather knew what he was about all right.

The people at the fort now hoped that the Winnebagoes would go away in peace; but no, sir. That night was very dark, and about midnight the palisades were fired in a dozen places by skulking Indians. The dry timbers burned like matches, too. The bullets and arrows came thick and fast against the fort, and the Indians yelled and the flames crackled until the whole of the stockade was on fire. Then, if the block-house had not been built of peeled logs, well—me, I would not tell this story.



THIT, THIT, THIT, ARROWS AND BULLETS HISSED AND SPLUTTERED ABOUT BOLERAT'S EARS.

The roof was of turf, and so the buildings escaped. The Winnebagoes ran away when they had set the fires. They were afraid of the powder. Though the fort did not catch on fire that night, the defenders were bad enough off in the morning. That was when they discovered all the Indians advancing from inland, rolling logs before them, and carrying brush and poles for defence against bullets.

They would soon be raining bullets and burning arrows on the block-house. Bolerat saw that his buildings would be set afire soon, and so he got ready for his last move. He told his men to open fire on the Indians, strong. Then he ran to the river-bluff in front of the fort. He found the river-front clear of Indians and saw that his canoes lay there all right.

My great-grandfather ran back and told all his people to collect such arms and goods as they could carry, and then he ordered them to hurry down to the river, man the canoes and push out to a safe distance.

"I'll keep the Winnebagoes off," he said, "till you get out into the river. There wait for me."

The men objected. They wanted to stay with their captain. But Etienne insisted. His wife would not leave him. She fought the men with her knife to stay with her husband. So Etienne had her bound, hand and foot, and carried to the canoes. Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother, Anastasie Blue Bird.

Then Bolerat took measures to save his people from pursuit. As the Winnebagoes were not yet within sure shooting distance, Etienne ran outside and threw a lot of melted bear's grease on the dry logs of the fort and set them on fire in many places. Then he threw the doors wide open and knocked a wide plank off one of them. He carried the plank and a keg of powder outside, and stood where all the Indians could see him.

They howled and yelled and shot at him, so he raised the door plank in his front for protection. Then he pointed to the keg of powder he had carried outside, and shook a burning fire-brand at them.

The Winnebagoes halted in their work. They were afraid of an explosion again. But they had come within gun-shot, and they opened fire on my great-grandfather

as fast as they could shoot their old flintlocks.

The Indians whooped louder than ever when they discovered the fort's walls on fire. They did not quite understand how it was, but they knew all that powder must blow up soon, and they did not dare to advance. That was what Etienne had counted on.

Baptême! but, how the bullets and arrows flew! So Bolerat stood for four or five minutes—just to give his people the chance—Indians howling and shooting in his front and the burning block-house with tons of powder on his right. Bullets and arrows, too, struck his plank, and the spent musket-balls knocked against his ribs.

The fort was wrapped in flames when he dropped his plank and ran for his life. He dodged behind the cover of flames and smoke and raced for the water.

Then those Winnebagoes understood, and by gar, sir, they were mad. *Thit, thit, thit*, arrows and bullets hissed and spluttered about Bolerat's ears. He got an arrow through the hand, a bullet hit him on the shoulder and another in his cheek. I guess they would have finished him all right, but the fort she blew up, by gar!

That settled the Indians; yes, sir, more than a hundred casks of powder went off, and timbers and firebrands and tons of earth and rubbish, they went up in the sky and commenced to fall everywhere. Lots of stuff fell on the river-slope and far out into the current. Some of the powder kegs, too, went up in the air burning, and they exploded like big shells. The uproar was tremendous. Some sixty-pound casks fell on the bluff-banks and burst among the Winnebagoes. Yes, sir, and that finished them. They lost their wits and they ran howling like mad wolves to get out of the way.

Etienne Bolerat was quickly taken into a canoe, and he and his people went down to Prairie du Chien, where they were safe enough.

Etienne Bolerat? Me, I think he was a hero; and my great-grandmother, the Blue Bird—huh! there was a *woman!* Yes, sir, by gar, she would have given her life to save her husband and child—she was willing to be burned—slow—at the stake! That was she—the Blue Bird—my great-grandmother.

THE WOMBAT'S IDEA



BY
GUY N POCOCK

A "DORMITORY sat swinging legs on the desks of the Navy Class Room and whistling disconsolately. Their great scheme had failed. Blake, the monitor, had been to the Head-master with a monster petition for a Junior School Cadet Company, and the petition had been kindly but firmly rejected. Weeks and weeks of drilling, and scouting, and war-game, and studying of Red Books—and all "like the unsubstantial pageant faded:"—no wonder the leaders of the movement whistled discordantly and swung their legs. There was nothing else to do.

"I've got an idea!" cried a light-haired individual of thirteen, known alternatively as the "Wombat" or the "Lord Chancellor," breaking a long and dejected silence.

"It's no good," grumbled Lloyd, "if we can't have the Company, we can't; and the thing's off."

"The point is *this*," began the Wombat, with an impressive look.

"Well, get on!" laughed "Mowgli," after half a minute of meditative silence.

"We can't drill," said the Wombat, "and we can't have the Company, and everything's a beastly fraud—but I don't see why we can't start an A. Dormitory Military Adventure Telling Society!"

"How do you mean?" asked the Navy Class, looking up with renewed interest.

"It's off," growled Lloyd; "we aren't allowed to talk after lights-out!"

"There isn't any talking to speak of in my idea!" exclaimed the Wombat, with a mysterious smile.

"Then how does the story-telling come in?" asked Mowgli.

"That's the idea!" said the Wombat, by way of explanation.

The Wombat's ideas being invariably fraught with surprises of the most original kind, the Navy Class watched him for the rest of the day with the deepest interest. He visited the dark-room and extracted fascinating bottles therefrom; he made a raid on the dust-bin, and got off successfully with a sausage-skin and two long strips of decayed bacon-rind; he collected burnt-out squibs from the 5th of November display; and, most tantalising of all, he persisted in the most exasperating silence about his scheme.

Great was the alacrity with which the occupants of A. Dormitory raced bedwards that night. Mystery surrounded the Wombat like a halo, and his friends watched him in such awed silence that he was obliged several times to acknowledge their reverence with a bow.

"You fellows seem awfully beastly energetic to-night, don't you know," he drawled. "I haven't done my cigar yet. I say, Blake, old boy, if you will persist in keeping in your flat instead of at the Club, you can't expect to join in the fun, don't you know!"

"Well, I hope it'll be a 'ches' performance, anyhow," laughed Blake, as he re-

tired into his little room, "only Barlow says I've got to boot anybody who makes a row. Good-night, you chaps!" And he shut the door behind him.

"When's the Lord Chancellor going to begin?" asked James, who had been in bed for some minutes and was getting impatient.

"When the Lord Chancellor has finished his whiskey and soda," replied the gentleman in question.

"You are an ass, Wombat!" exclaimed Lloyd. "Why can't you tell us what it's about?"

"I believe it's *all* imagination!" suggested the sceptical Mowgli.

"Or somethin' we shall all get jolly well tanned for!" said Dicky, with a laugh.

"Marvellous insight!" cried the Wombat, lifting his hands in admiration. "Now observe my apparatus!" And as all eyes were craned towards his corner, he drew his coat onto the bed, and extracted from the pockets thereof: one candle-end, three little paper packets, a burnt-out squib, two unsavoury-looking scraps from the dust-bin, several little bottles of something from the dark-room, a jumping cracker, and the sausage skin. All these he covered carefully with a handkerchief as the Matron came in to turn out the gas and place the night-light on a chest that stood in the "Wombat-House," as its possessor had named that corner of the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," he began, drawing the night-light towards him as the matron closed the door; "I wish to present you to-night with a series of tableaux on the subject of the Indian Mutiny."

There was a murmur of applause, for the upper forms had been reading the Mutiny in class, and had thrilled at all its horrors.

"But how are you going——" Mowgli began, but was abruptly squashed with a chorus of "Shut up, Mowgli!"

"You will remember," continued the Wombat, taking up the sausage-skin, and lapsing into the deep bass tones of the Fourth Form Master, "that the Sepoys smelt the fat the cartridges were packed in: recognised the fat of the sacred Cows, and swore vengeance. Now, gentlemen, shut your eyes,"—all eyes were opened at once to their widest extent as something went smoking and spluttering into the night-light flame—"now sniff, and imagine for all you are worth!"

The thick, oily smoke of burnt fat wreathed down the room in heavy folds.

"Cow-fat smell! I see it all!" cried Dicky, in an excited stage whisper, as he quickly grasped the Wombat's idea and shut his eyes tight. "I see them—ugly great beasts all sniffin' the cartridges and swearin' hard!"

"Where? Where?" cried Howell, eagerly.

"Shut your eyes and sniff, and then *imagine*, you owl!" cried Dicky.

"I see, I see!" said James. "Wombat, you're a genei!"

"Of course I am," the Wombat agreed; "none of your cheap magic lantern shows. 'Whiff-pictures' or nothing!"

By this time the whole dormitory was sniffing and chuckling at the quaintness of the Wombat's glorious idea.

"Now a little local colour, please!" he went on, "glaring barrack-lines, you know, and dazzling white uniforms——"

"And British officers in red," suggested Lloyd.

"And little black monkeys scuttling up the palm-trees," added Mowgli, who had been in India, and knew all about it.

"Oh, this is rippin',—*rippin'*!" said Dicky; and the whole dormitory sniffed and chortled with delight, and sniffed again.

"Next Chapter!" said the Wombat. "You've all got the hang of the idea now, haven't you?"

There was an excited buzz of assent, and the little bottles clinked and glittered over the flame; and soon a strong pungent odour grew over the room like a chemist's shop on a summer afternoon, mingling with the cloud of fat-smoke.

"Smells like the Sanny when we had mumps!" said Howell.

"Right!" said the Wombat. "*Hospitals at Lucknow!*"

There was a stifled yell of applause, followed by sniffs prolonged and deep.

"You can almost hear the millions of blue-bottles!" said Dicky.

"And the squealing punkahs!" Mowgli added, from his vivid recollection.

"Ready?" asked the Wombat, after a short pause, during which he had scraped a black pile from the inside of the charred squib. "Now, tableau three! Just imagine a terrific explosion somewhere in the distance. That's Lieutenant Willoughby blowing up the Magazine at Delhi. The smell'll come down on the wind directly!"



"ADVANCE IN COLUMN BY THE RIGHT: RIGHT—TURN! LEFT WHEEL, DOUBLE—MARCH!"

Thick grey fumes pillowed out from the night-light, and filled the air with fog.

"M—a—a—h!" sniffed Lloyd. "There it is—burnt gunpowder!"

"And bits of Sepoys!" added Dicky.

The rest hugged themselves in silent delight, broken only by chortling and involuntary squeaks, for the pictures were growing clear and vivid, and required little suggestion of bald words.

With consummate skill the Wombat sent picture after picture flashing before their excited brains: battles, sieges, camps in the fever swamp—each suggested by one masterly touch; while thicker and thicker grew the fumes till eyes were smarting and the little night-light flame grew red and dull, surrounding the Wombat with a weird foggy glow, and blotting all else from sight. The last bell clanged, but the performance had

grown so silent and so enthralling that the bell clanged unheeded.

"Two more!" whispered the Wombat, "now—the *Black Hole of Calcutta!*" And the dust-bin relics were committed to the flames. If the stench had been obnoxious before, it now became absolutely appalling. There was certainly no mistaking the Black Hole—it was impossible to see from bed to bed!

"Splendid!" "Simply exact!" panted the audience, as the perspiration stood upon their foreheads, and their imaginations worked with fury.

"Last one!" the Wombat whispered, moistening the cracker in his water jug. "Sepoys blown from the mouths of guns—and remember the picture!"

In a moment that terrible picture stood vividly before them:—Mr. Barlow had shown a copy of it in class. The awful relentlessness of that blank sunlight, those long, straight lines of scarlet tunics, the brazen guns, and the poor bound wretches writhing—Thud! Their hearts almost sprang into their mouths as a Sepoy was hurled into eternity! The cracker had sprung from the Wombat's hand on to the floor. Thud! Thud! Two more. The Wombat leapt from his bed, knocking out the night-light in his haste.

"By Jove!" he cried, in a fierce whisper, "I didn't wet the thing enough—stop it, somebody! It'll wake the whole house!"

Thud! The thing jumped sullenly along the floor, and James and Lloyd, springing towards it in the dark, charged into one another and fell back.

"After it! stop it!" they whispered, as the cracker took another leap. "A water-jug, somebody!" hissed the Wombat, and Howell overturned a jug at random, soaking Mowgli from head to heel. Then the cracker took a turn and bounded backwards, and the whole dormitory turned and fled after it, pounding against each other in the utter darkness and confusion. Yet the silence was intense, except for the thumping of the wet powder, the confused hurry of feet, and the rush of water from fresh jugs.

Half the room was deluged, and the air was thick to choking, but still the fiend-like thing leapt on, now left, now right—till the Wombat planted his foot upon the red glow, and held it, whispering:

"Back to bed, quick! There's somebody coming!"

A few seconds of wild hurrying and

scuffling, and the dormitory was as peaceful as the catacombs, and far more suffocating. The steps in the passage drew nearer as the Wombat bounded into bed with a great burn under his heel. Blake, too, who had been turning uneasily in his sleep, sprang up suddenly and rushed to the door, shouting,

"Hi! get up, you chaps! quickly! There's something the matter!"

Simultaneously the Head-master opened the dormitory door.

"Good heavens!" he cried, recoiling several paces. "Boys! get up at once, all of you! Into the passage here! Steady now, there's nothing to be afraid of!"

Now for the first time could the peaceful sleepers, thus rudely awakened, realise the extraordinary condition of the atmosphere, through which the Head-master appeared as a mist-shrouded phantom against the brightly lighted landing. Most of the boys leapt out of bed on the first alarm, and huddled into the passage, while a few, more wily than the rest, turned over sleepily and sprang up with a well-feigned start; the cunning Mowgli even venturing a little shriek. Blake, suspecting fire, had dashed back for his water-jug, and upset half the contents in his haste to reach fresh air.

"Blake—just open the windows on that side," said the Head-master, lighting the gas after a swift examination. "It's over now, whatever it is. Good gracious! where did all this water come from? The place is drenched."

"I'm afraid I did that, sir," said Blake, though he glanced with a puzzled look first at his half-empty pitcher, then at the swimming floor, while the boys nudged each other, and Mowgli, soaked and shivering, retired discreetly out of direct view.

Mr. Barlow had appeared upon the scene, and was holding a quiet consultation with the Head.

"They obviously can't go back here," the Head was heard to say; "the place is not fit to sleep in."

"No," Mr. Barlow agreed, "but it'll take quite half an hour to move all the mattresses and bed-clothes into the spare dormitory."

The Head-master looked at the huddled and ostensibly frightened group, and stroked his chin.

Then the Wombat seized Blake by the arm, whispering eagerly, "Now's your chance!—camp drill—and a Cadet Company!"

Blake needed no second hint.

"Please, sir," he said, running across to the Head-master, "this dormitory knows their camp drill jolly well—and if you'll let me I'll have everything moved into the spare dormitory, sir, and all in bed in five minutes!"

The Head noted Blake's soldierly bearing, and his stern expression relaxed.

"Very well, Blake," he said, after a thoughtful pause; "I give you five minutes."

Like a flash all Blake's bashfulness disappeared, as he shouted,

"Camp drill, all of you! same as last week—get your dressing-gown cords, and fall in!"

Not for nothing had those hours been spent in drill and discipline. Realising in a moment the stake for which they were playing, the boys whipped out their dressing-gown cords and bounded to their places.

"Squad!" cried Blake, "Shun! Stand to! Pack!"

Off flew the blankets, to be doubled across and folded into six, as Blake had shown them how.

"Sheets round the pillows!" cried Blake, and round they went. Mattresses rolled round the pillows, blankets dumped on the top, and the whole tied round with the cords—and all was ready to march.

"Well done! Well done!" the Head murmured under his breath.

"On your shoulders now—steady! Advance in column by the right: Right—Turn! Left wheel, double—march! Left!—Left!"—and the strange procession thumped down the passage, past wondering faces that peered in sleepy bewilderment from the other dormitories, up the sounding stairs, and into the empty room above.

Blake was right:—within four and a half minutes all was as quiet as though nothing extraordinary had occurred.

"The smartest little performance I have ever seen!" exclaimed the Head to Mr. Barlow, as they descended the stairs. "I had no idea they had it in them. I shall let them have their Cadet Company at once;—though someone will have to be severely punished for this strange business to-morrow."

* * * * *

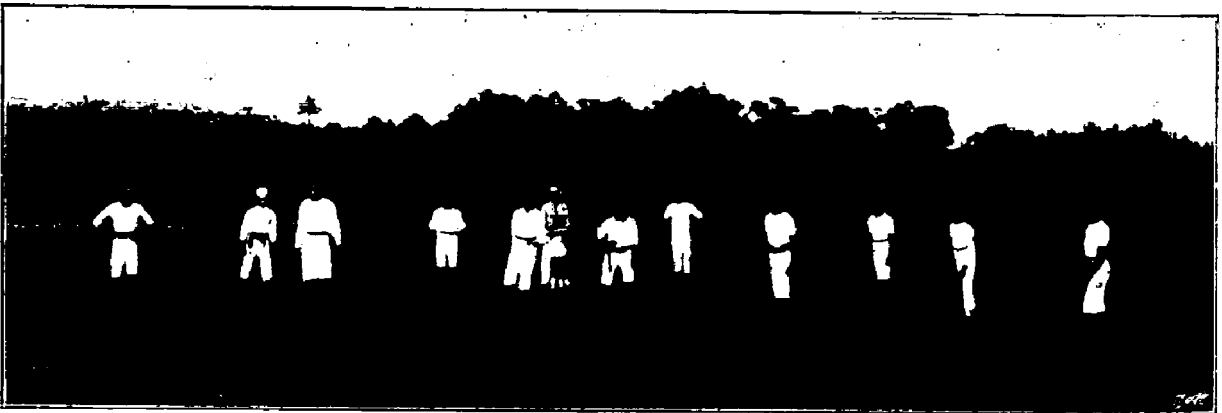
The Wombat was interviewing the Head-master. He had gone to the study after breakfast, voluntarily and mysteriously, while the school was still thrilling at the news or the recollection of the previous night's adventures, which appeared all the more daring and fantastic when viewed in daylight and cold blood.

"Here he comes!" cried Dicky at last, as the Wombat returned, looking triumphant, though a little pale about the lips.

"What did you tell him?" "What did he say?" "Who's going to be tanned?" The Wombat was bombarded mercilessly on all sides.

"Committee, please!" he shouted. "No, I won't take the chair, thanks—I prefer to stand just at present! Well, our interview was divided into two parts. The first, purely private and personal in its character, we need not discuss. For the second, the Head says I may let you know that we may start getting ready for a Junior Cadet Company at once. He's coming to talk to us about it directly."

And amid the wild cheering that followed, the Wombat was lifted bodily and carried shoulder high round the room.



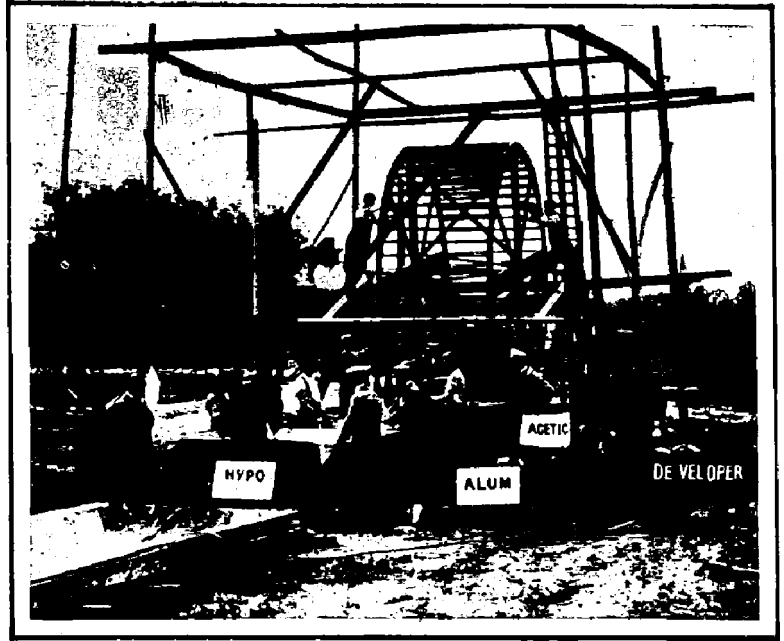
THE COMRACONUM COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Principal, Mr. J. H. Stone, M.A., of King's College, Cambridge, and his little son appear in this photo.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.

The great wheel on which the print was mounted for development in a large vat of solution placed underneath. In the foreground is part of the washing trough.

Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

TESTING THE STOPS.

MANY lenses, fitted with the so-called "Iris" diaphragm, which is opened or contracted by merely twisting a movable collar on the outside of the brass mount, are sent out by the makers with the stop valves very carelessly graduated, both as regards one another and the focal length of the lens.

The stops given on most lenses are $f/8$, $f/11.3$, $f/16$, $f/22.6$, $f/32$, $f/45.2$, $f/64$. The decimals are generally omitted. Each stop requires double the exposure of its predecessor, as its area is only one-half.

For accurate work you must have accurate stops; and since both testing and adjustment are easy matters, you should spend an hour or so attending to them. This last remark applies especially to $f/8$, $f/16$, $f/32$, $f/64$, as they are multiples. The other stops necessitate delicate measurements, and had, perhaps, better not be considered here.

First, decide whether your "open" stop is correctly marked. Some makers succumb to the temptation of over-marking the full aperture of cheap lenses. The focal length of an ordinary "double rectilinear"—i.e., one with two lenses, equi-distant from a diaphragm between them—is found by focussing a distant object, and measuring the distance from the ground glass to the diaphragm. This is most

easily done by removing the glass elements of the lens, and thrusting a stick through the mount until it touches the glass. Then mark the stick exactly abreast of the diaphragm.

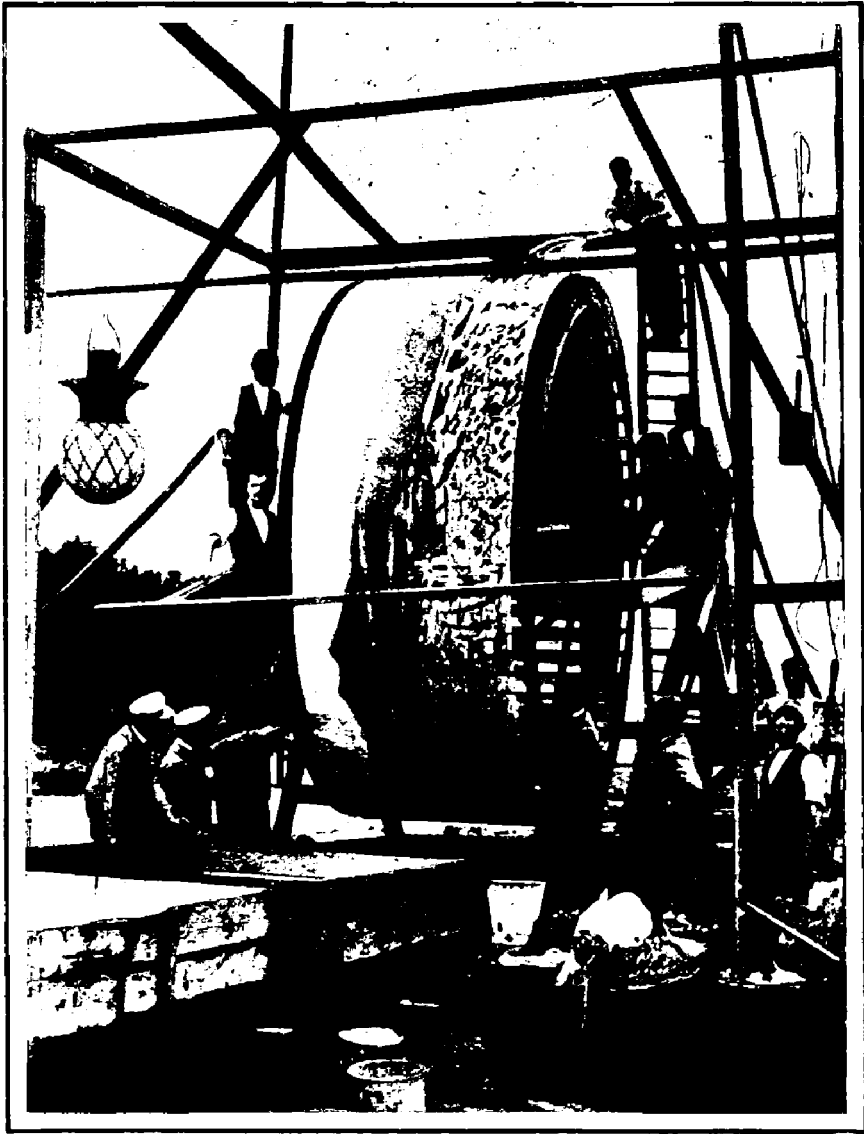
Transfer the length to a piece of paper, cut a slip of cardboard having a breadth equal to the diameter of the open stop, and see how many times the focal length is greater than the diameter. If nine times, your full aperture is $f/9$.

As this is an awkward number to reckon from, you had better *assume* that it equals $f/8$; but remember that you must treat it as $f/9$ as regards exposures—it will require longer times. The great thing is to have its sub-multiples correct. To ensure this, take a piece of thin cardboard, such as is used for packing sensitised paper in, and cut off a strip, tapering from $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches at one end to a point at the other. This for a half-plate lens; narrower for quarter-plate. The strip should be at least 9 inches long in the one case, 6 inches long in the other, and the edges must be *quite straight*. Pass the triangle through the open stop as far as it will go; mark the place, and cut off the part that won't pass.

Bisect a long side of the triangle; bisect the half nearest the point; and again bisect the corresponding half of this. Draw cross lines at points of bisection, and you will have respectively the correct diameters of $f/16$, $f/32$, $f/64$, as compared to $f/8$. Now adjust the Iris

to these in turn, scratching the figures 16, 32, 64 on the mount opposite the arrow on the collar. Of course, if the original figures are substantially correct, let them stand; otherwise disregard them. The length of exposure re-

they be allowed to soak, and the water often changed. This is the point—*change the water often*. A negative laid in a trough of running water for an hour will not have its hypo as thoroughly eliminated as if it had been placed



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—RINSING AFTER DEVELOPMENT.

Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

quired for $f/8$, $f/16$, $f/32$, and $f/64$ will be in the proportion of 1, 4, 16, 64 seconds.

WASHING IN LITTLE WATER.

Some amateurs are much hampered in their operations by lack of a good water supply. Though a tap is much needed for cleaning dishes and a dozen other dark-room jobs, both prints and plates can be thoroughly freed of hypo by a very limited amount of liquid, if

in half-an-inch of water in a dish, and that water had been renewed every quarter of an hour for ten hours. However fast water flows over the surface it will not affect the chemicals deeper in the film unless proper time be given. The soaking-out is a slow process, but necessary.

This is what I do to help my prints. After they have washed for an hour, I take them out, pile them up on the clean bottom of an up-turned dish, and squeeze them almost dry.

Then wash them again; squeeze them again; and yet a third time. The final squeezing much assists the drying.

DRYING AND SMOOTHING POINTS.

Not caring for a highly-glazed surface, I let my prints dry naturally, aided in damp weather by a stove. A rough wooden frame, a yard square, is covered with unbleached calico, and suspended, by strings to each corner, over a small oil-stove. The prints are laid on it face upwards, and the frame is hung about a foot above the stove. In putting prints out to dry, great care should be taken that they don't touch, as they cling like glue at a certain stage, and must then be separated by soaking. Also, don't force the drying, or the paper may become too brittle and crack.

The curliest print is easily reduced to order in the following manner. Select a table or other piece of furniture which has a sharp edge, and draw the prints round the edge, keeping their faces upwards. You must pull down with the right hand, while you keep the part that has not yet passed the corner as flat as possible with the left, which must move *with the print*. Don't attempt to draw the print along *under* your left hand. The process must be repeated several times, finishing up with some diagonal pulls, to subdue the corners.

Another method is to pull the print *upwards* between a flat ruler and a smooth surface. The film side in this case is kept downwards. On the whole, I prefer the other way.

A SIMPLE SECOND COUNTER.

It is sometimes inconvenient to time exposures by the watch. Perhaps you have to keep your eye on an object which may move, waiting for a favourable moment. A simple time-keeper is a bullet slung on a piece of string, 39½ inches long. This should have a loop at one end to go round the screw holding the camera to the stand. Every swing occupies a second.

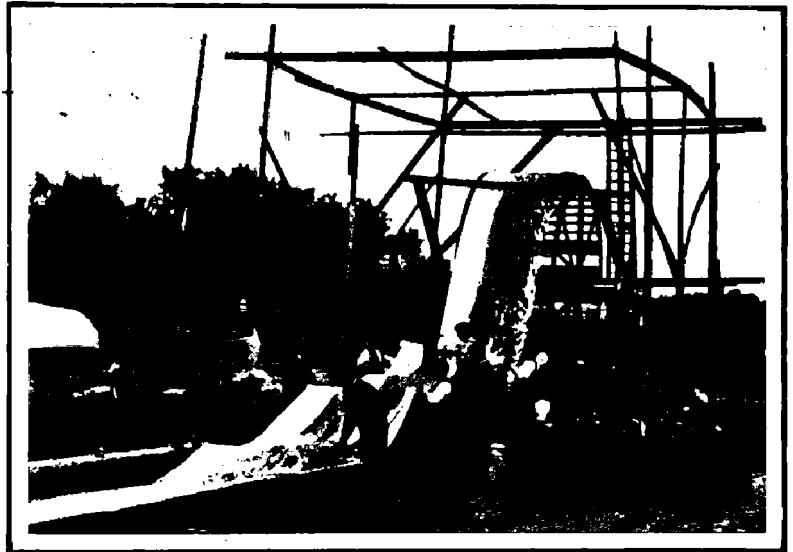
THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Developing an ordinary snap-shot film is teasing enough work at times. What, then,

would you expect from a sheet of bromide paper, 39 feet by 5 feet?

We give here four fine illustrations—reproduced from originals most kindly lent by the Rotary Photographic Company—of the process of developing far the largest photographic view ever taken. It depicts a panorama of the Bay of Naples, and was prepared for the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904.

The spot from which the negatives were taken is Castle St. Martino, the highest point behind Naples, from which a splendid view of the Bay and its encircling land can be enjoyed by the spectator. Six whole-plate negatives were made without moving the camera-stand, the camera itself being revolved on a perfectly level base-board. The centre of the circle thus described by the rear of the camera was



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—TRANSFERRING THE DEVELOPED AND FIXED PRINT TO THE WASHING TROUGH.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

at the optical centre of the lens. Each picture slightly overlapped its neighbours, so that the sections might be accurately pieced together.

From the negatives

ENLARGEMENTS

measuring 6 by 5 feet each were made on to a band of Rotograph paper. The junctions were so cleverly managed that they are invisible in the positive, in spite of the fact that the negatives, being of different densities, required exposures of lengths varying from 30 to 90 minutes.

For the development of the immense band of paper a huge wheel was erected, 12 feet in diameter, and 5 feet 6 inches wide. The

dishes were three large vats, each holding about 450 gallons of developer, acetic acid cleaning-bath, and hypo.

So huge a photograph could not be treated in an ordinary darkened room, so Nature's place and time, a dark night out of doors, were employed.

The positive, having been mounted on its wheel, over one of the vats, the developer was poured in, and the wheel set in motion. The light parts of the picture were forced by sponging them with concentrated developer, while the darker parts were restrained by an acetic acid solution, similarly dabbed on. Development finished, the print was cleared for 20 minutes, rinsed with water, fixed for 45 minutes, and then drawn off the wheel into the washing-trough, 18 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 30 inches deep. There it lay for eight hours, in many changes of water, some 66,000 gallons of which were used.

Finally, it was laid to dry on boards placed across the upper edges of the washing-tank; and after ten hours was ready to be mounted and re-touched.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

We hope to see some very fine results this summer from our readers' cameras. The Photo. Editor is quite in his element when he has a dozen first-class photos. to pass in final review before settling upon the prize-winners;

but rather sad when he sees a very little grain and a lot of—well, we must be gentle and say—rather inferior stuff. Some competitors lately have lost prizes by careless trimming and mounting; others, by treating a rather good subject in a hopelessly hackneyed style. Our readers include a lot of very promising photographers—we see this by what is sent in—and there are a lot more who would double their chances by more careful *selection and treatment*. We want the photograph that *speaks*; showing behind it the person who knows how to use his head as well as his hands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. J. W. R.—The only method I know of getting rid of undesirable parts of a photo is to block them out in the negative with a special medium supplied by the dealers. This, of course, gives white patches in the positive. *Small* details can more satisfactorily be painted over in the positive. But this requires very skilful manipulation.

R. B. E.—You had better buy a No. 2 Brownie, as you have got accustomed to handling a smaller size of that make. I don't think that there is much to choose between the two you name.

J. H. Wyberslegh.—(1) I have never used the burnisher you refer to, but such instruments are usually worked by heating the rollers with a gas or spirit flame. If you write to Messrs. Lancaster and Sons, Colmore Row, Birmingham, they will give you full particulars. (2) Only shiny papers will receive a high polish in the burnisher. Matt and grainy papers will not become glossy; but it is a good thing to pass them through to smooth out any creases or bubble marks.



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—RE-TOUCHERS AT WORK ON THE FINISHED ENLARGEMENT.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

"O.H.M.S."

Being Naval Yarns of To-Day.

By
GEO. ELLBAR.



No. 1.—THE DEATH TRAP.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

THE COMMISSION.

MIDSHIPMAN Robert Lanham, of His Majesty's Sloop *Narwhal*, was considerably puzzled.

Only the day before the First Lieutenant had said that they were not going to coal for at least three or four days. Yet early that morning, on the heels of "All hands lash and stow hammocks," had come the pipe, "Clear lower deck: hands fall in for coaling ship." And "coal ship" it had been, that dirtiest, noisiest, most fagging of a sailorman's pidgin, from early morn till evening. Then, hardly had "Stand easy" sounded, before the Commander was signalled for from the big grey cruiser whose Commodore's broad pendant marked her as the flag-ship of the Squadron.

"Most uncommonly inconsiderate of the Commodore," thought Lanham, as he waited for his commanding officer in the latter's gig, lazily swinging by the quarter-deck ladder of the flag-ship; "why couldn't he wait until to-morrow? Of course," he mused, "it means we are off, and in a hurry too, else why this blessed coaling? But what on earth should take us out again so soon after rejoining the flag? Is it another dust-up in one of those beastly little coast towns? At all events, I hope the old man will be communicative when he comes back." So thinking, the Midshipman settled himself comfortably in the stern sheets of the boat, and gave himself up to idle contemplation of his surroundings.

It was an interesting panorama that was unfolded before him. The *Narwhal*, together with the *Surrey*, Senior Officer's ship, and one or two other vessels of the

British South Atlantic Squadron, lay in the wide roadstead of Monte Video. On a point, jutting out into the broad river estuary, stood the city of Monte Video itself, a picturesque-looking town, whose low houses, with their flat, terraced roofs and watch towers gave it an almost oriental appearance. From the point, with its lighthouse, the bay cut into the land with a wide, circular sweep, until it terminated in the opposite point of Cerro, crowned by its high hill, with another lighthouse at the summit. The bay was crowded with hundreds of small craft, while outside, in the rather dangerously-exposed roadstead, lay the great liners and other big vessels whose deep draught barred their entrance to the shallow, ever silting-up harbour.

As Lanham's gaze wandered idly over the shipping, a white, two-funnelled steamer coming slowly up the channel caught his eye, and, seaman-like, he proceeded to take stock of the new-comer. "What a beautiful craft!" he muttered, admiringly, as he noticed her shapely lines and trim appearance. "Looks like a yacht. Wonder who she belongs to!"

His speculations were cut short by the reappearance of his commanding officer. As that gentleman descended the side-ladder, Lanham noticed that he had a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Well, Lanham, we are going to give you a cruise before you go back to the *Surrey*," he said, dipping into the documents.

"Quite ready, sir," responded Lanham, cheerfully.

It should be explained that the midshipman was really serving in the *Narwhal* by accident. A sloop does not carry midshipmen, but it so happened that the *Narwhal's* Sub-Lieutenant had been invalided, and, no



one else being available, the Commodore had lent Lanham in his place. Not that the Midshipman minded. It made an interesting change. Besides, it gave him as shipmate Todmorden, *alias* "Toddy" Norris, an old "Worcester" chum who had gone into the Mercantile Marine, and was now doing his year's Naval training as an Acting Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Lanham waited expectantly for further information, but to his disappointment none was forthcoming. "Wonder what it's all about," thought the Midshipman, as they pulled back to the sloop.

His patience, however, was not tried very long. The Commander had hardly arrived on board before the word was passed round, and Lanham joined a little knot of officers gathered aft in the Commander's cabin, all curious to learn what these preparations for hasty departure might mean.

They found Commander Kenyon-Lydd seated at the round table with a small heap of papers before him, and each man knew at once that a speech was coming. A kindly, rather oldish man was the Commander, a smart seaman and a first-rate man at a pinch. But he dearly loved a little speech on occasions.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, rising, after they were all seated, "of course you know what this hurried coaling portends, and no doubt you are anxious to learn what is the object of our coming cruise. You are all aware of the stir that has been caused in shipping circles lately by the total disappearance of several large vessels, after leaving Rio, in South Atlantic waters." He referred to the paper in his hand. "In March last the *Marsden Grange* of the Culmstock line was lost with all hands. Two months later the Imperial Mail steamer *Amazon* was reported missing, and has not been heard of since. Then followed the Scottish Star *Xerxes*, and a week or so ago another Imperial Mail liner, the *Severn*, was posted up.

"All of these big vessels arrived at Rio safely and sailed again, fine ships, well equipped and well found in every way—but not one of them has ever reached the River Plate.

"There is the extraordinary fact, gentlemen: from Rio de Janeiro to Monte Video is not one thousand miles; yet these four ships, following the usual trade route, often much less than a hundred miles from the coast, have been lost in that comparatively small area.

"As you can imagine, gentlemen, such a series of inexplicable catastrophes has caused a great commotion in the Mercantile Marine, and more than one theory has been advanced to account for them. You know what the most common idea is—that the ships have struck a submerged rock, or some other danger, not marked on the chart. Well, we have got to test that idea thoroughly, but not that idea alone. As the Commodore puts it, we have got to scour those thousand miles, and take every possible step we can think of to solve the mystery of those four lost vessels.

"That is a plain, straightforward commission, is it not? And, of course, we shall all do our best to carry it out."

The Commander stooped to extract a sheet of paper from an envelope that lay on the table.

"Now," he continued, "I come to the final part of my instructions, which, as an officer of His Majesty's Navy, I receive, of course, with all due respect and attention, but otherwise to which, as a man of common sense, living in the twentieth century, I am bound to say I cannot attach very much importance."

He unfolded the paper in his hand. "This, gentlemen, is a bottle message which was washed on shore some forty miles up the coast, and was brought to the Commodore yesterday. It is very short. I will read it.

"To the Lords of the Admiralty.

'Gentlemen,

'There is fiendish pirates' work here . . . send ship quickly—'

and the signature, so far as can be made out, is 'Don'—short for 'Donald,' I suppose—'Joland.' 'Don Joland.'

"Well, we know that bottle message. In nine cases out of ten—or, rather, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—it is a stupid hoax, a feeble joke on the part of some weak-minded fool anxious to create a sensation. But things have reached such a pitch with the shipping people that they are ready to grasp at every straw, and so we have the further theory, that the loss of these ships may be due to determined villany, also to take into consideration in our search.

"Those are our orders, gentlemen," said the Commander, "although," he added with a smile, "the piratical portion, I may say, is only verbal. And here is the bottle



message, if any of you would like to read it."

The group of officers, Lanham among them, gathered round the dirty, crease-marked, weather-stained piece of paper. Many comments were passed upon it, but Archie Eastern, the bluff, outspoken First Lieutenant, voiced the general opinion when,

II.

THE SEARCH.

NEXT morning early, "Stand by to unmoor" was the order. First one anchor, then the other, was weighed and dropped to its bed, and the *Narwhal* began to pick her way



"THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS, GENTLEMEN," SAID THE COMMANDER.

pitching the unsavoury scrap back on to the table, he said—

"Well, I think it's nothing more nor less than the usual tommy rot of the usual bottle message."

slowly down the estuary. As they slipped past the other vessels in the roadstead the steamer that Lanham had noticed on the previous day again attracted his attention. He pointed her out to the First Lieutenant.

"Eh?" said the latter, "what! that white boat? Why, that must be the Baron von Vold's yacht. Give me the glasses. Yes," he continued, "that is his boat—the *Zephyr*. A beautiful craft. Latest pattern engines—half turbine, half ordinary screw. Can go like the wind on the turbines, and save coal if she likes on the others, you know. Lovely boat."

"Who is the Baron von Vold?" inquired Norris.

"Don't know, except that he's immensely rich. Owns a gold mine, I believe, or something of that sort."

The *Narwhal's* course took her not far from the *Zephyr*, so that Lanham and the others had a good look at the yacht. With her two yellow funnels, long bridge deck, and spotlessly white hull, she was the picture of a miniature liner, and many appreciative remarks were made by the sloop's officers on her appearance. As they came up with her she politely dipped to them.

"Knows her manners, anyhow," commented the First Lieutenant.

Ere long, however, Monte Video was left far behind, and the yacht, with the other ships in the roadstead, were but little specks in the distance.

Then began a series of uneventful days and nights, as the *Narwhal* entered upon her task of sweeping the sea for traces of the missing merchantmen.

Day after day they zig-zagged across the trade route, every man of the watch on deck on the alert to spot any sign on the waste of waters that stretched unbroken around. But the days passed and nothing unusual was seen. Now and again the monotony was broken by the smoky trail of a steamer or the distant sails of a ship. Then they would bear towards her on the off-chance of her having something to communicate. Little balls of bunting would run up to the sloop's masthead; suddenly to break out into a question. But the reply was invariably the same—"No news." The flags would flutter out once more and the ships pass on.

At last, on the seventh day out, something appeared on the horizon ahead that was neither ship nor cloud. "An island," thought Lanham; and, as it grew larger on their approach, he went on the bridge, where the chart in use was spread under a glass-covered chart table.

"The Isle d'Éau," he said, as he placed

his finger on it; "I suppose there's water there."

"Yes," answered the Navigating Lieutenant, "a spring. It's an opportunity of getting some fresh water, and that's why we are making for it."

"Fresh water," thought Lanham; "that means landing," and he immediately made tracks below for Norris. He found the Naval Reserve Officer poring over a book in the ward-room.

"I say," cried the Midshipman, "what do you say to a run ashore?"

"What, on a sand-bank, in a diving dress?"

"No, you ass, on an island for fresh water."

"Where?" cried Norris, starting up. "Rather. I'm your man."

"Let's get leave first," said Lanham. This the First Lieutenant readily obtained from the Commander, and the two friends went up to see what kind of place they were approaching.

It stood up right abreast the steamer route, a little, dome-shaped mound of land not half a mile in extent, quite alone in the midst of the ocean. So rapidly did the land rise that the centre of the island was quite two hundred and fifty feet above sea level. Yet, on the side near to them at least, there appeared to be easy landing, except in one part, where for eighty yards or more a little cliff ran up a hundred feet sheer from the sea, smooth and bare like the side of a house.

"You will find the spring," said the Navigating Officer, "just round there by the side"—he indicated with his arm—"in a little hollow, not far from the beach."

"Anybody there?" inquired Norris.

"Never heard of anyone. Not supposed to be," replied the Navigator.

"Peaceful little spot," commented Norris.

"I'll take my shot gun."

The cutter was launched, and Lanham and Norris, with the water-kegs and a squad of bluejackets, set out on their expedition.

They were within a hundred yards of the island when Lanham, who was examining his friend's gun, felt a sudden jab in the ribs.

"Look, Lanham," cried Norris.

"Quick! Ah! he's gone."

"What on earth——" began the Midshipman.

"I'll swear I saw a man or a monkey or some near likeness of a human being up



there just now," explained Norris, pointing to the island.

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it," growled Lanham, rubbing his side. "Look out; we don't want to land here."

Thus admonished, Norris looked to his steering, while Lanham stared at the island.

"Can't see anybody," said the latter.

"Of course not; we're too close in now."

"Well, if there is anybody, he can't help seeing us on this tea-cup of a place," commented the Midshipman, as they beached the boat near where the Navigating Lieutenant had indicated.

They had no difficulty in finding the spring. It lay in a little green hollow, not far from where they had landed. Leaving the men to fill the casks, the two officers set out to explore the island.

As they went up from the green dip of the spring they found the slopes covered with a close, coarse kind of grass, dotted here and there with shrubs, and small, stunted trees. The surface was very irregular, being scored with many clefts and ravines, some of which they had to jump. In places the climbing was quite stiff, but they kept steadily on, and soon gained the summit, a little plateau, flat as a table, with a clear view over the whole expanse of the little isle.

"Where's your Crusoe?" asked the Midshipman, with a grin.

"That's where he was, I think, down there," said Norris, pointing.

Lanham followed the direction of the outstretched arm. "Well, there's nobody there now, is there?" he said, after a pause.

They walked round the edge of the plateau, looking keenly about them in every direction. But the only indications of human life were the boat's crew, busy below, and the motionless sloop out at sea.

"And what's more," went on the Midshipman, "I don't see how anybody could exist on this barren little spot. No chance of getting food—unless it might be by fishing."

"N—no," admitted Norris, hesitatingly, "I must have been mistaken. 'Pon my word, though, I could have sworn I did see somebody."

"Well, it's a case of 'no have got,' anyhow," said Lanham. "We had better be getting down; the men will be ready to start back by now."

On their way down Norris let off the

charge in his gun with a flying shot at a gull, which he missed hopelessly, much to Lanham's delight. They found the boat's crew ready to push off, and in a few minutes had regained the sloop.

The *Narwhal* steamed straight away from the island, but, as she stopped several times for soundings to be taken, it was still in sight at night-fall.

Lanham's was the first watch that night, and he turned in as usual at midnight, but he found that for some inexplicable reason he could not get to sleep. For an hour or more he tossed and turned in his berth, and then in despair he got up and went on deck in his pyjamas. After strolling up and down for a few minutes, the mainmast tapering up into the night caught his eye. He stopped, and the thought occurred to him, "I wonder whether a run up the mast would freshen me up."

The idea was hardly in his mind before he had started. Soon he had reached the foot of the topmast. Scorning the lubber's hole he swung out on the futtock rigging like a fly on the ceiling, and was quickly at the topmost head. Although the sea was calm, the mast-head swayed in quite a noticeable circle.

"I ought to sleep after this," he thought as, after a minute or two, he shifted his position to descend. This brought him facing aft. He was just about to let himself slide down, when something caught his eye, and he checked himself in astonishment.

Far out in the night, low down, a little spark of light came and went erratically—wink, wink, wink-a-wink, wink.

"By Jove," he muttered, "someone's flash signalling." And, mechanically, he repeated the letters as they came—"l—l—" pause—"c—l—e—a—r." Then the flashes ceased.

"All clear," he repeated. "What on earth does it signify? No lights to be seen, so it can't be a ship. It must be on that island."

He waited a moment, but nothing more came. Then, after a final look round, he slid down, and rapidly regained the deck.

Full of his discovery he made straight for the officer of the watch, who happened to be the Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Dalby.

"Eh?" said that officer, only half grasping the meaning of Lanham's hurried statement, "signals astern! What the deuce is the look-out doing?"

He strode to the end of the bridge and peered through his night-glasses. "I can't see any ship," he said.

"No, sir," interposed Lanham; and he again explained what he had seen.

The Navigator stared at him in astonishment. "From the island!" he said, "you were at the mast-head! What on earth were you doing up there in pyjamas?"

Suddenly realising how he must appear, Lanham explained.

"Nonsense," said Lieutenant Dalby, when he had done; "there's nobody there. It must have been your imagination." He looked at Lanham keenly. "You had better turn in, young man, or you will be having a touch of fever."

Lanham flushed with annoyance. "But I assure you, sir—" he was beginning, obstinately, when a deep voice interposed from behind—

"What is all this noise about?"

It was the Commander, who had come up from his cabin through his private gangway aft.

"So far as I can see, sir," said Lieutenant Dalby shortly, "Mr. Lanham appears to have been walking in his sleep."

Lanham bit his lip, but said nothing. Commander Kenyon-Lydd looked from him to the Navigating Lieutenant, and then said quietly—

"I think you were about to say something as I came up, Mr. Lanham. I should like to hear the whole story."

Steadied by the Commander's quiet authority, Lanham calmly and dispassionately told of what he had seen.

"You are quite certain of the signal?" inquired the Commander, when he had finished.

"Absolutely, sir," said the Midshipman quietly.

"It is very curious that neither I nor the look-out have seen anything," said the Navigating Lieutenant, sarcastically.

The Commander walked across to the chart. "No," he remarked, "the island would not be visible by now from the deck."

"Had you any reason to believe, Mr. Lanham," he resumed, after a pause,



LANHAM TOLD OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

"during your visit yesterday, that anyone was, or had been, on the island?"

"No—" began the Midshipman, when suddenly he thought of Norris's imaginary islander, and checked himself.

"Yes?" said the Commander encouragingly.

"I saw nothing, sir," went on Lanham, "but Norris imagined for a time that there was somebody there, although we could find no trace of anyone on landing."

"Ah," muttered the Commander, "in a sense that is corroborative evidence." He paced up and down the bridge thoughtfully for a few moments, then turned to the Navigating Lieutenant.

"Mr. Dalby," he said, "I think we will have another look at that island. You will lay a course accordingly. Also send a man to the masthead with orders to look out for anything in the nature of a signal in that direction. Relieve him as usual every hour."

"Very good, sir," said Lieutenant Dalby.

The Commander turned to the Midshipman. "Mr. Lanham, you, with Lieutenant Norris, will see me again in the morning. And, by the bye, there is no need for either of you to talk about this business."

III.

THE YACHT.

NOTWITHSTANDING his curtailed "shut-eye" spell, Lanham felt fresh enough when he turned out again with Norris to take the morning watch. He had already recounted to his friend his adventures of the night, and they both cast many a curious glance at the island, which now began to show up clearly in the distance. Before very long they were near enough to distinguish through the glasses the various features of the mount. They pointed out to each other the spots they recognised from their visit of the previous day, but neither Norris's glasses nor Lanham's powerful telescope brought into view any fresh object.

For about the twentieth time Norris had levelled his glasses at the isle, when Lanham, who had stepped down to speak to the Quartermaster, heard him call. Simultaneously there came a cry from the look-out man—

"Ship ahead, on the port bow!"

Eagerly the Midshipman regained the bridge. Sure enough, from the far side of the island a steamer was coming round slowly—a two-funnelled steamer with a white hull.

"Do you know, Toddy," began Lanham, lowering his glass, "that ship looks uncommonly like—"

"—the *Zephyr*," interposed Norris, completing the sentence.

The two friends looked at one another, each with the same thought in his mind. Had the yacht anything to do with the mysterious night message?

They turned again to watch her progress. She was abreast of the end of the *Isle d'Eau* when a puff of smoke came from her funnels, and she perceptibly gathered speed.

"She's moving faster," said the Midshipman. "I—by Jove, what was that?"

The yacht seemed to quiver throughout her length, and a muffled report sounded across the water. The next instant she was almost hidden in a great volume of steam that rolled low about her in the still air, like a cloud.

"Something's wrong with her engine-room," said Norris. "Boiler explosion, possibly."

By this time the noise had brought most of the sloop's crew on deck, and among them the Commander. Norris briefly told him who the yacht was, and what had happened. "They have not signalled for help yet, sir," he said in conclusion.

"Ask if they require any?"

Up to the mast-head ran the little balls of bunting, and out fluttered the inquiry—

"Are you in need of assistance?"

There was no response for some minutes. Then the affirmative flag was run up to the *Zephyr's* foremast, and in a few seconds the yeoman of signals turned to the Commander with—"Surgeon, sir."

The Commander spoke to Lanham, who gave a few sharp orders. Very quickly a boat was lowered and manned. The Surgeon hurried up with his case of instruments, and took his seat in the stern sheets. "Shove off," cried the Midshipman, and away the boat shot, her crew pulling like demons, for a bluejacket is seen at his best at such times as these.

Meanwhile the *Zephyr* was furiously blowing off steam, and when they got close to her the noise was deafening.

An officer was waiting for them; without wasting any words, the Surgeon ran up the side ladder and disappeared inside the yacht.

"What's wrong?" shouted Lanham, above the roar of steam.

"Steam-pipe burst, sir."

"Many hurt?"

"The second engineer and five others, I think, sir."

"Poor beggars," thought the Midshipman. He had seen something of the same

kind in a torpedo boat, and knew what a terrible vengeance steam exacted when it broke loose from its steel bonds.

Presently the Surgeon reappeared.

"Tell the Captain," he said, "that I must stay here for a time. Three cases are serious, and one is very bad indeed."

So bad were they apparently that the Surgeon did not return until the afternoon. When he did, it was in one of the *Zephyr's* boats, and accompanied by the owner himself.

On the quarter-deck the Baron, with a great flow of language, complimented the Surgeon in lavish terms and proffered profuse thanks to Commander Kenyon-Lydd for his courtesy in so promptly sending to his assistance. The Commander replied that, of course, he was only too happy to render any help in such a case; while the Surgeon, a quiet, reserved man, made his escape below.

"I had just come straight from Monte Video, where I left my doctor sick," went on the Baron.

"Ah," said the Commander sharply, "then it was not you who were signalling from the island last night?"

The other gave a quite perceptible start. "Signalling from the island?" he repeated slowly, with an air of astonishment. "I do not understand." He turned so as to bring the isle in view. "Why, the place is barren, deserted!"

"Yes," said the Commander, regarding him steadily, "that is the curious part of it."

"What were the signals?" inquired the Baron.

"They were—indistinct," replied the Commander, quietly.

It might have been fancy, but Lanham thought that the owner of the *Zephyr* looked relieved, as he said, with a smile—"I suppose you will land to investigate this strange phenomenon?"

Then, abruptly changing the subject, he most pressingly invited the Commander, with his officers, to dine with him that evening.

The Commander hesitated. In the ordinary course he would have refused, but the circumstances were peculiar. He had a desire to see more of this yacht and her volubly polite owner. To accept would undoubtedly give him the opportunity. After a moment's thought, therefore, he courteously accepted the Baron's invitation.

Shortly afterwards, with many more expressions of good-will, their visitor left.

The Commander watched the boat for a moment, then turned to Lanham.

"I am convinced," he said, "that that man knows more of your signal than he is willing to admit;" and, without waiting for an answer, he walked aft to his cabin.

As the Commander moved away, Lieutenant Dalby, who was waiting to relieve Norris's watch, and had been a witness of the recent interview with the Baron, stepped across to Lanham. His face was a little flushed. "I—I'm sorry, Lanham," he said abruptly, "for doubting you last night. I saw that man's face just now when the Captain mentioned the signal to him, and I, too, believe that he could explain it if he liked."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Midshipman. "I must have appeared very strange," he laughed. "No wonder you were suspicious."

"Yes," chimed in Norris, "I know I should have been." And, amid a laugh all round, Norris and Lanham went off duty.

IV.

THE WARNING.

Norris's disgust he was not able to join the dinner party that evening.

As officer of the watch he was forced to be on duty, but the Midshipman was excused. Thus it came about that the latter was present, with the other officers of the *Narwhal*, at that memorable dinner in the splendid saloon of the Baron von Vold's steam yacht.

Perhaps it was the effect of the dinner, but at the end of it the Midshipman found himself regarding the Baron much more favourably than he had done when they first sat down. "After all," he thought, as he overheard the *Zephyr's* owner accepting the Commander's invitation to lunch on board the sloop the next day, before they sailed, "the Baron is not such a bad sort of chap. Perhaps he knows no more of those flashlights than he says he does." This brought his thoughts round to the mysterious night signal, and the next moment, as if moved by some telepathic impulse, the Baron turned to the *Narwhal's* Commander.

"By the bye, Captain Kenyon-Lydd," he said, "I mentioned to my skipper here the mysterious lights which your lock-out man

saw on the island last night. As a matter of fact, none of my crew noticed anything, but it appears that there is a little-known legend connected with the place, to which the lights seen from your ship last night lend a most peculiar significance. Perhaps, Mr. Murray, you will tell Captain Kenyon-Lydd the story."

Lanham leaned forward expectantly as the skipper of the *Zephyr* lit a cigarette, and turned to the Commander.

"It is a curious, old-world story," he began slowly. "I had it from a native yonder"—he waved his hand in the direction of the distant mainland—"when I was on a coasting trip in those parts some years ago.

"The tale goes that in the old buccaneering days, the days of Morgan and Mansvelt and Cook, an energetic member of the craft, who rejoiced in the name of Silas, one day captured a wealthy Spanish brigantine, and disposed of her crew in the usual manner, with the exception of a priest, a Jesuit, one Father Philip, whom the buccaneers discovered hiding, half dead from fear, in the hold. The whim seized them to transport the poor priest, with his belongings, to their own ship. 'They should be blessed,' they vowed, with many an oath, 'by the ministrations of the holy father.'

"Having got the priest on board they compelled him to construct a sort of sham confessional box, where, with a big candle burning on each side, they made mock confessions to him, and played such other sacrilegious pranks as came into their villainous heads.

"However, as you may imagine, this amusement soon palled, and when, a few days afterwards, the priest, moved by some particularly atrocious act to the courage of utter horror, got up and denounced them in fierce, burning words, they promptly determined to get rid of him.

"While they were deliberating upon the most satisfying manner of doing the wretched priest to death, the Isle d'Eau was sighted. Thereupon Captain Silas proposed to maroon Father Philip on the island, and this was agreed to.

"So the priest was marooned on the Isle d'Eau. All that went with him was one of the candles—to light him to Heaven,' as the pirates blasphemously said. And so they left him on the island with the great candle alight beside him."

The Captain of the yacht paused for a

moment, and flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Of course," he continued, "all that might be quite possible. Now we come to the weird part of the story.

"The buccaneers had not gone far from the island when there arose a great storm, which drove them right back on their course. Notwithstanding all their efforts, slowly but surely they were beaten back to the island. To add to their terror they could see all the time the flame of the priest's great candle, burning calm and steady, unaffected by the storm that raged around.

"Soon their ship was cast, a hopeless wreck, upon the island, while the priest waited, grim and terrible, with the burning candle in his hand. And the legend has it that such of them as reached the shore, exhausted and half drowned, he hurled back into the sea, so that not a man was left alive of all the pirate's crew.

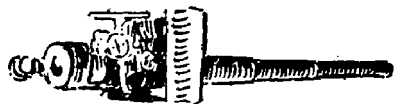
"And the natives say that to this day, sometimes in stormy weather and sometimes in fine, the light of the priest's candle may be seen on the isle, where the ghost of the priest is still looking out over the sea for the pirate ship and her crew."

The Captain of the *Zephyr* ceased, and amid the silence that followed, Lanham strove to recover from the astonishment into which he had been thrown by the recital of this extraordinary story. "The signal was distinct," he repeated to himself; "the signal was distinct." Looking up, he caught sight of the faces of the Commander and Lieutenant Dalby, the only other persons present who knew, as he did, of the signal's distinct meaning. Both looked equally mystified.

Suddenly a great laugh broke the silence, and all eyes were turned on Eastern, the *Narwhal's* First Lieutenant.

"Well," he exclaimed in his big, deep voice, "I've heard of a haunted house before, but never a haunted island. 'We laid that ghost—with a bullet from a six-shooter.'" He chuckled at the recollection. "And, by Jove," he laughed, turning to the Commander, "why shouldn't we try the effect of a shell on the ghost of the Isle d'Eau? Our practice firing is due, and that bluff yonder would make a first-rate target. At two thousand yards——"

A crash of broken glass sounded through the saloon, and Lieutenant Eastern's voice died away into a whisper as he gazed in surprise at the skipper of the yacht, whose



face had suddenly turned as white as a sheet. With a puzzled air the Lieutenant glanced around the table. And his amazement deepened as he saw that each of the *Zephyr's* officers looked equally perturbed, while the Baron was obviously struggling hard to maintain his composure.

The tension was broken by the latter rising abruptly to his feet. His example was followed by the Commander and the others present.

"I—I am afraid," he said hurriedly, "that we have touched upon an—an unfortunate subject. My officers—it is a fancy of mine—are of the Roman faith, and they regard the island now as—as, in some measure, a—er—a kind of hallowed ground. It is a sentiment, perhaps, but you will understand?"

The Commander said something in reply, while Lieutenant Eastern muttered gruffly that he meant no harm; and the Baron's dinner party came to an uncomfortable conclusion.

Nothing much was said by the *Narwhal's* officers on their way back to the sloop. Those who were not in the secret of the night signal felt uneasy at the scene which had just occurred, while the few who did know, including Lanham, were trying, perhaps more uneasily, to fathom the meaning of it all.

No sooner had the latter arrived on board than he was sent for by the Commander.

"Mr. Lanham," he said, "I have been telling Lieutenant Eastern of your experience last night, and he would like to ask you a few questions."

So for five minutes Lanham underwent a cross examination by the First Lieutenant, who, it was clear, was inclined, as Lieutenant Dalby had been, to take a sceptical view of the business.

"Well," said the Commander, as the First Lieutenant paused, "I think Mr. Lanham is definite enough: that there was a signal, and that the signal was 'All clear,' eh?"

"Ye—es," said the Lieutenant slowly, "but if, as you think, the message that Mr. Lanham saw was from the island to the yacht, and the story of the what's his name priest was a fake, what was the object of the yarn, sir?"

"To put us off the scent: lull our suspicions, and offer us an explanation of the lights (wild enough, it is true) which might moderate the keenness of our search, or

perhaps satisfy us that it was not worth while landing on the island at all. Mind you, all the Baron knows is that we saw indistinctly some lights, which we have only suggested might be flash signals."

"Well, assuming that to be the case, how do you account for the consternation that resulted from my suggestion that we should shell the place?" rejoined the First Lieutenant, with an air of triumph.

"Ah," said the Commander, "there, I must confess, I am puzzled."

"Might it not be, sir," put in the Midshipman, "that there lies the key to the mystery? I don't quite see how, but isn't it possible that the Baron and his officers fear that our firing at the island might—"

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment the door was opened, and the Surgeon entered hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with unwonted excitement, "but I have just found this." He handed a piece of paper to the Commander. "It was in my chest, which I did not bring back from the yacht until after the dinner, thinking I might need it again."

The Commander straightened out the paper and read it. Then, after looking at the back, he read it again. Finally, without a word, he handed it to Lieutenant Eastern.

The First Lieutenant took it, and, holding it to the light, slowly read out the contents—

"If you value your lives do not pass in a straight line from the bluff. From a friend."

He laid the message on the table and looked at the Commander. "Well," said the latter, "what do you make of it?"

"I'm hanged if I know," replied the First Lieutenant.

"May I look, sir?" inquired Lanham. The Commander nodded, and the Midshipman took up the scrap of paper.

He studied it for a few seconds, and then gave a start. "Have you the other message—the bottle message—handy, sir?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said the Commander curiously, and taking it out of a drawer he handed it to the Midshipman.

Lanham barely glanced at it before he cried—

"I thought so. Look, sir,"—pushing the two missives before the Commander—"the writing is the same."

The Surgeon and the First Lieutenant craned their heads over Commander Kenyon-Lydd's shoulder. "By Jove," exclaimed the "First," "so it is!"

"Undoubtedly written by the same hand," muttered the Commander, comparing the two messages. "A curious fist.

and the 'Dow' is meant for 'd'Eau.' Don't you see, the writer did not know French, and spelt it as he called it—'D—o—w.'"

"Upon my word," said Commander Kenyon-Lydd slowly, "I believe the boy's right."



"YOU FOOL, TO TRY THAT GAME!"

The capital 'I' is just like the 'J' in 'Joland.'"

Lanham suddenly gave an exclamation. "I don't believe," he cried, "I don't believe it is 'Joland' at all. It is 'Island,'

Then Lieutenant Eastern chimed in— "He mentions the bluff. You remember, sir, it was my proposal to fire at the bluff that appeared to upset the beggars so."

The Commander brought his fist down

upon the table with a crash. "Eastern," he cried, "there is some fiendish mystery here. I don't know what it is, but by Heaven we *will* shell the place—and we'll have that man on board when we do it." He thought for a moment, and then went on—"The best plan will be simply to carry it out as an ordinary practice firing, with the island as the target. Tell Dalby and the others, and warn them that they had better say nothing about it, but be ready to open fire immediately after the lunch tomorrow afternoon, while the Baron von Vold is still here."

V.

THE TRAP.

IT may be imagined that Lanham slept but little during his spell below that night. Norris also, and, indeed, all the officers, grew somewhat excited, for, shortly after the Commander's decision, the First Lieutenant had them together in the ward-room, where, after stating briefly what had happened, he explained what was to come. Not a word of the practice firing was to be breathed to anyone, but towards the conclusion of the lunch he would give a signal, when they were to repair singly to their stations.

Thus the Baron noticed nothing unusual in the manner of those who sat with him at luncheon the following noon. Even if the concealed excitement among the officers had manifested itself, it is unlikely that he would have observed it, for he himself seemed strangely uneasy. Nevertheless, he took a full share in the conventional small talk that enlivened the meal. It was remembered afterwards, however, that he made no reference to the strange break up of the previous evening's dinner party, nor did anyone else bring up the subject.

Presently, towards the end of the repast, first one officer and then another, with quiet excuse, left the table, until the last—Lieutenant Eastern—had gone, and the Commander and the Baron were left alone.

For a few minutes the two puffed their cigars in silence. Then the noise on deck caught the Baron's attention.

"You are busy this afternoon, Captain," he remarked.

"Yes," replied Commander Kenyon-Lydd, "we are about to carry out practice firing."

The Baron wheeled round in his chair so

suddenly that his cigar dropped from his outstretched hand. "At the bluff? Not at the bluff?" he said hoarsely.

"Yes," answered the Commander quietly, "at the bluff!"

With white lips the Baron rose to his feet. "I must get back to the yacht," he said. Then, forcing a smile which accorded sorrowfully with his ghastly look of fear, he pulled out his watch with shaking fingers. "It is getting late," he went on. "I must go. If you will pardon—"

The Commander also stood up. "No, sir," he said sternly, "you will not go."

A terrible look came into the other's eyes as he faced the Commander, speechless for a second. Suddenly he cried out—

"Ten thousand thunders! Do you know who I am? I am the Baron von Vold. I—"

"I don't care who or what you are," said Commander Kenyon-Lydd grimly, placing his back to the cabin door, "but I am the Captain of this ship. There is something behind all this that I cannot fathom, and you will stay here, my friend, until I do."

The owner of the *Zephyr* glanced hurriedly around the cabin, but there was no other means of exit. The next moment, almost without any warning, he made a rush at the Commander.

But Commander Kenyon-Lydd, although past the prime of life, was still a powerful, athletic man. Quick as thought, he seized his assailant by arm and wrist, and, crushing his arms to his sides, held him off, furious but impotent.

"You fool," he said—"you fool, to try that game. Martin!"

The door opened and an armed marine appeared.

"D'ye see this man?" He relinquished his grip and the Baron, with a look of baffled rage, sank into a chair. "He is to stay here. If he attempts to escape—shoot him."

"Very good, sir," replied the marine imperturbably.

"Whew!" exclaimed the Commander, wiping his forehead as he made his way up on deck, "this is taking the law into one's own hands with a vengeance."

The sight that met his eyes as he mounted the bridge was interesting in the contrasts which it presented. The main deck of the sloop was alive with men, the officers were at their stations, the guns' crews at their



"LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!" RANG THE CRY.



positions, and the guns on the port side already trained on their island target, while beyond, the scene was one of almost sleepy stillness. Around, so far as the eye could carry, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, its glassy surface broken only by the *Zephyr*, lying peacefully a few hundred yards away on the port quarter, and ahead by the *Isle d'Eau*, with the flat projection of the bluff standing up clearly about a mile and a quarter off on the port bow.

"That white patch forms a good natural target," said the First Lieutenant. "I propose to fire steaming seven knots, sir."

"Yes," assented the Commander, and then, a most rare thing for him, he altered his decision. "No," he said, "put her over a bit and we will fire at first as we are."

Many a time in after life did that second thought recur to Commander Kenyon-Lydd's mind.

The island crept back until nearly abreast the sloop as the *Narwhal*, which just had way on, swung slowly round.

"Now," said the Commander.

Out rang the order in the Gunnery Lieutenant's monotone—"2,000 yards." Sights were adjusted, aim taken—"Fire!"

A flash and a roar and a cloud of spray on the foreshore ahead—too short.

Amid the villainous stench of cordite came the command again, "Fire!"

Out crashed the 5-inch guns once more, and then—

The roar of the guns, instead of dying away, merged into a terrible crashing boom as, to the horrified onlookers on board the sloop, the island seemed to heave up in a great spout of flame and smoke and flying fragments of *débris*.

"Oh!" cried Lanham, pale with excitement, "what—oh, look there!"

Right ahead, only a few hundred yards off, in a direct line with the bluff, with a noise like thunder, a great column of water shot up as high as the mast-head.

For a moment it reared its crest in a long, indented line of spray. Then, as it sunk, a huge wave came surging right down on the little sloop.

"Look out! Look out!" rang the cry. No time to close hatches or see to loose deck gear. In a few seconds the huge roller was on them.

Luckily everybody was ready for the shock and, with one exception, no one was seriously hurt, but boat fittings and a rare

wrack of spars and loose tackle were swept from their places and washed overboard.

As they weathered the avalanche of water Commander Kenyon-Lydd, still firmly gripping the bridge rail, found himself gazing into the eyes of his First Lieutenant.

"Eastern," he said thickly, "Eastern, if we had gone on?"

"Thank God, sir, we didn't," said the First Lieutenant.

"Yes," said the Commander solemnly, "thank God."

Below on the main deck, amid the bustle of putting things ship-shape, Lanham, drenched to the skin, was superintending the removal of a petty officer, whose leg had been broken by a thirty-pound shell, but the poor fellow was not thinking of that—

"It was a mine, wasn't it, sir?"

"It must have been," said Lanham; "an observation mine, electrically connected and fired by the explosion on the island. Is that easy?"

"Oh, that's all right, sir. Lummy, I thought we'd blown up the bloomin' Atlantic."

Suddenly a rifle-shot rang out below, and a few seconds later there was a stir aft the wheel as Martin the marine emerged, making hurriedly for the bridge.

"Sir," he stammered, as he came near. "Sir—the Baron——"

"The Baron. Yes. Well?"

"Came for me with a knife, sir, and your orders was——"

"You shot him, eh? Just as well. You saved the hangman——"

Before the Commander had time to complete his sentence, Lieutenant Eastern uttered an exclamation, and, flinging out his arm astern, cried excitedly:—

"The yacht, sir. Look! She's under way."

"By Heaven," cried the Commander, "I see it all now. He and his yacht of fiends laid that death trap yonder, and Providence alone saved us from the fate of the lost liners. The island must wait, Eastern. Our first business is to capture the yacht."

"If only that burst steam-pipe had cut up the turbine plant," thought the First Lieutenant regretfully as he hurried away.

The telegraph clanged noisily, and the dishevelled *Narwhal*, gathering way, began to circle round. No time was wasted in making signals, which all knew would simply be disregarded, but so soon as he could get a 5-inch gun to bear the Com-

mander had a shot sent after the retreating steam yacht. The shell flew high.

But flying splinters showed that the next shot was more successful. "Fire at the water-line—get at her engines," was the direction. It was the only chance of stopping their speedy quarry.

Once round, the whole of the four star-board 5-inch guns were brought to bear on the yacht, and fired as fast as they could be sponged and loaded. The guns' crews worked like niggers, for they knew that unless they smashed up the *Zephyr's* steering gear, or some vital part of her machinery, before she got out of range, they must lose her. It was no use giving chase unless the yacht was maimed first, for, thanks to her swift turbine engines, she could steam quite two knots to their one. Moreover, the sloop had no gun which could be trained directly forward, consequently she would have to yaw for every shot, and thus drop still further behind.

The yacht formed a small target, but the first few shots were well aimed and hopes rose high as twice in succession a shell crashed into her upper works. Then came a spell of bad luck or bad shooting—the next three shots were misses.

From his station by the forward gun Lanham, out of the tail of his eye, caught the scowl on the First Lieutenant's broad features. He bent over towards the gunlayer.

"Dye," he whispered, "a sovereign if you hit her low."

The gunlayer nodded grimly and seized the firing key.

The gun flashed, and immediately a loud cheer went up from the *Narwhal's* crew as the yacht was seen to lurch heavily, amid a belch of escaping steam.

"By Jove, I believe we've done it," cried the Midshipman, almost dancing in his excitement.

"She's slowing, Eastern," said the Commander, with his eyes to the glasses. "Yes, she's slowing. We'll give chase."

"Cease firing." The perspiring guns' crews relaxed their efforts, glad of a rest, and the sloop stood off on a stern chase after the yacht.

As, in response to the urgent clamour of the voice pipe, the Engineer Lieutenant and his staff drove the old *Narwhal* for all she was worth, the burning question on board her was, "Could the yacht steam—and if so, how much?" All eyes were turned

anxiously to one point. Not a word broke the silence.

In a few moments an uneasy feeling came over the *Narwhal's* crew. Could it be that after all—? Quick glances were sent up at the motionless figures of the Commander and First Lieutenant on the bridge. They could see better up there.

Suddenly the Commander lowered his glass. He turned to the First Lieutenant. "Confound it, Eastern, she's still gaining. It's no good going on. We must try another shot."

This time the port battery was brought into action, but with little hope of much result, for it was evident that the yacht was now getting out of effective range. One shot—two shots, fell short. Again the *Narwhal* fired, but the shell dropped helplessly astern of the yacht. The First Lieutenant looked inquiringly at the Commander.

The latter shook his head. "No good," he said quietly, and the command "Cease firing" sounded, this time finally.

"Well," remarked Lanham, a few minutes after, glancing at Commander Kenyon-Lydd as he paced up and down the bridge, pausing now to watch the men cleaning up below, and then to gaze at the white speck of the *Zephyr*, now hull down in the distance, "it's rough on the old man, but I daresay he's already done enough to get his step. Hope 'their Lordships' will think so, anyhow."

VI.

THE CAVE.

IT was not long before the sloop had neared the Isle d'Eau sufficiently for all to see something of the extraordinary effect of the explosion. The aspect of that side of the island was entirely altered. Where, before, the unbroken front of the bluff had presented itself, smooth and bare, now yawned an immense, dark cavern, whose mouth apparently extended below the surface of the water. But nowhere did there seem to be any sign of life.

"It's evident that there must have been a huge store of some powerful explosive there," remarked Norris to the Midshipman, "and somebody must have put it there. Question is, where were they when it exploded? If they were on the yacht, all right. If they were there—" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Yes," assented the Midshipman. "Not much hope for anyone in there."

Further conversation was cut short by the sloop coming to anchor. A boat was lowered, and the Commander, with the First Lieutenant, Surgeon, and the Midshipman, set out for the island. Norris, with the Navigating Lieutenant, was left behind—"as usual," he remarked—but he knew that all would have an opportunity of seeing the place before the sloop left.

As they expected, the search party found that the sides of the cave dipped well below the sea level. So much water was there that they were able to ground the boat almost in the mouth of the cavern.

"Go steady," cautioned the Commander, as he proceeded to lead the way carefully into the black opening. "Both floor and roof may be unsafe after the explosion."

As they entered, the Commander sniffed once or twice. "Ah," he said, "gun-cotton. I thought so."

At first the sudden change from the bright sunshine outside to the dark obscurity of the cavern prevented Lanham and the others from seeing much. Then, as their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, they began to take stock of their surroundings.

These could simply be described as absolute chaos. The cave seemed to be a huge, jagged hole torn out of the face of the cliff, and strewn with fragments which, at first glance, appeared to be unrecognisable rub-

bish. What the cave had originally looked like it was impossible to tell. Suddenly, however, the First Lieutenant pounced on a piece of metal which still bore some resemblance to a cylinder.

"Why," he said, "this looks like a mine.



HIS HEAD FELL BACK.

And,"—he caught up something else near by—"this undoubtedly is what is left of an electric battery."

"That tallies exactly with our theory," said the Commander, examining the finds.

"I daresay if we looked carefully we should find traces of the connecting wires."

Just then there came a cry from the Surgeon, who had been prowling about on his own account.

The party picked their way across to him.

"There is a man here," he said rapidly, stooping down into a dark corner. "He's crushed under, and yet partly protected by, these fragments of rock."

"Is he alive?" inquired the Commander.

"I think so, but unconscious," came back the Surgeon's voice in muffled tones. "Will you see if these rocks can be shifted, please?"

A squad of bluejackets was called up, and after some trouble the *débris* was carefully cleared away from the inanimate figure, which could now be seen lying huddled up below.

They carried the unconscious form out to the light. It was not pretty to look at, and Lanham had a hard tussle to keep down the feeling of faintness which came over him at the sight.

The Surgeon knelt down and made a rapid examination. Then he looked up.

"Hopeless. Quite beyond all aid, sir," he said regretfully.

"Better he should remain unconscious, then," said the Commander, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the man's face twitched, and he opened his eyes.

They rested upon the uniforms of the officers around, and the distorted features actually framed into a smile. His lips moved.

"He is trying to speak," said the Surgeon.

The Commander bent down.

"Have you—found out——?" gasped the injured man.

"Yes," said the Commander in a loud, clear voice. "We know all."

The man moved his head slightly, and then a thought suddenly occurred to the Commander, and he asked—

"Did you send the two messages?"

The man lay quiet for a moment, fighting for breath. Then, with a great effort, he breathed rather than spoke—

"Yes. I couldn't—stand it any longer. I—was—a Tiffy* once."

Then his head fell back, and life fled from the maimed form.

"Poor chap," said the Commander, as they covered the body up, "he may have been a scoundrel, but he did his best to square the account, anyhow."

On their way back to the boat Lanham's foot caught in an obstruction. Pulling it up he found it to be a tangled mass of twisted wire, which disappeared lower down into the sea. He showed it to the Commander.

"Ah," said the latter, "that's evidently the connecting wire of the mines. You can imagine now the whole murderous spectacle. With their line, or perhaps two lines, of mines laid out yonder, and their concealed battery here, the wretches waited for their prey to cross the danger point. Very likely at night they burnt flares to attract the vessel's attention, or it may have been that the yacht even hoisted distress signals, to entice the ship they wanted to come into the danger zone. Then, when she crossed the minefield, the man in there pressed his button and—well, you see what we escaped."

"But how about the specie, sir?" asked Lanham.

"Divers," replied Commander Kenyon-Lydd laconically. "We shall probably find that a narrow shoal has silted up out there."

The Commander was right. When, a day or two afterwards, the *Narwhal* examined the spot, just such a shoal was found—deep enough to let a liner pass, but not so deep as to prevent easy diving work. Moreover, the *Narwhal's* divers brought up a box marked *Severn*, and other indisputable proof that the same fate had befallen at least three of the missing steamers.

"Isle of Water, do they call it?" said the Commander, taking a last look at the island as, a few days afterwards, the sloop, her work done, steamed away from the ill-omened place. "Isle of Water," he repeated grimly—"I think it should rather be called the 'Isle of Blood.'"

* Tiffy is "lower deck" for engine-room artificer.

THE END.




THE MAN-EATER.

An Exciting Jungle Yarn.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by J. Macfarlane.

I.

 WAS travelling on duty from KolicAAD on the coast to an inland station, by a road, crossing the Western Ghauts, which was entirely new to me. Two bullock carts carried my kit; my half-a-dozen servants marched alongside, while I headed the procession on horseback. Before leaving KolicAAD I had ascertained that the route was furnished throughout with travellers' rest-houses; that after the first three marches the country became wild; that a few coffee-plantations—managed by Europeans—lay scattered about the loftier hills, and that from the third stage—Cerrianaad—right away to the further foot of the Ghauts, I would traverse heavy jungle, said to be swarming with wild animals. This last piece of information would have gladdened a seasoned *shikarrie* (or sportsman), but to me it was immaterial, as I was not much given that way. I was only nineteen years of age, owned nothing in the shape of fire-arms, and had yet to acquire that love of big-game shooting which took such strong hold of me in after years.

After we passed Cerrianaad the country became more hilly, the track zig-zagged and curved, the dense jungle shut in the road, hamlets grew fewer and further be-

tween, and the only natives to be seen abroad were wayfarers—all in large bodies—who told us that they purposely made up parties for the sake of security. I could see that my followers were fast becoming uneasy; they huddled together, while the bullock-drivers frantically urged their sluggish cattle into keeping pace with me on horseback. We reached the next stage—Wuddagherry—without adventure; but here

we learnt something that well-nigh drove my servants into a panic, and made me ardently wish that I had a gun of any description in my hands. Soon after our arrival the head-man of Wuddagherry hamlet came to me and asked if I intended going on to Malanaad the following day. I understood him, for I had already picked up the local language.

"Yes," I replied.

"You must take care to reach it as early as possible, sir; for it is a long stage, fifteen miles; the road is difficult, and very dangerous."

"How is it more dangerous than from Cerrianaad to this?" I inquired with surprise; for no one at Kolicaad had said anything about the stage in question being particularly perilous.

"Almost opposite to Malanaad hamlet, sir, about a quarter of a mile off the road to the right, an English gentleman has lately commenced clearing the jungle to make a coffee-plantation. He has built an iron house and iron lines for his coolies."

"That's good news, headman: I shall certainly go and stay the night with the gentleman rather than at the Malanaad bungalow—all by myself."

"But, sir," continued the villager, now speaking in an awed whisper, "a man-eating tiger that is supposed to have wandered up from the low country on the other side is haunting the plantation! The Malanaad hamlet is walled in; the people do not stir out after dark, so the tiger is preying on the gentleman's coolies, who are not so protected."

Danger, indeed! I had heard and read of man-eaters, but had never encountered one. What if the demon happened to be lurking by the road-side as we passed? What if he should pop out on to us? What could I do? Nothing!

"Is the gentleman by himself?"

"No, sir; he has a son of about thirteen years, and a little daughter, much younger. I saw them all when they rested here on their way up."

"No lady?"

"No, sir; but there was an old *ayah* who attended on the little girl."

I felt sorry for the isolated Englishman, especially when I thought of his two children, leading a lonely life in a jungle, cut off from the society of those of their own colour. Knowing how gladly they would welcome me, I should certainly have claimed

the planter's hospitality for one night at least had not the villager's news about the tiger put me off the idea. No, I was not going to run any risk: I would go straight to the Malanaad bungalow.

After dismissing the headman, I summoned my trembling followers, heartened them as best I could, and added that we would start sufficiently early in the morning to ensure our reaching Malanaad well before sundown.

Accordingly, we set out soon after dawn, and proceeded in close order, keeping a bright look-out on all sides. The road wound, dipped, and climbed: the thick jungle lined it on both flanks, and frequently formed a canopy over our heads. We heard occasional weird cries in the forest, but saw nothing; and we met no one till the afternoon when, all at once, as we cleared a bend, I saw a narrow road branching off to the right, and three figures standing under a tree just where the two tracks joined. One was a European lad of some thirteen years, the other a flaxen-haired little girl of eight or so—both wearing sun hats—and the third an old *ayah*, or maid: the planter's children, no doubt, with the maid in attendance. But why there—a quarter of a mile from their home? Why with only a solitary old native woman, while a man-eating tiger, not to say other dangerous animals, perhaps crouched in the very thicket behind them? My blood curdled as I thought it. No sooner did they behold me than all three ran forward.

"Halloa! Who are you?" I asked, dismounting, and signing my carts to halt.

"Oh, we are so glad to see you!" answered the boy, eagerly and breathlessly. "My name is Jimmy Simpson: this is my sister Maud, and the old woman is her nurse. We are Mr. Simpson's children: we live up at the plantation, and—and—we are in great trouble."

"What trouble?" I demanded.

"A man-eating tiger commenced coming here a few nights ago, and has killed several of our coolies. My father has not been able to shoot it. Many of the coolies ran away; and, as father could not make the plantation without men, he and Pote have gone down the other side of the hills to get some."

"Who's Pote?"

"Father's assistant. They went the day before yesterday, leaving us in the care of the servants and the few coolies who still

stayed. That night the tiger came about eight o'clock, the same time as before, and killed a man who had gone out of doors. The next morning every coolie and all our house servants ran away: they said they were too frightened to stop any longer. But the *ayah* wouldn't leave Maud. We are afraid of spending another night by ourselves, so, as the tiger does not show himself till about eight o'clock, we came out here, and have been waiting all the afternoon in hopes of meeting someone who would stay at the bungalow with us. Father won't be back for a week. Oh, sir, do come and stay with us!" he concluded, pleadingly.

I thought that if I did halt here—even for a week—and I explained the reason to my superiors, they would not blame me. It was against human nature to leave these poor children alone in their fix. I did not see how I could suggest their abandoning the house, with all their father's property in it, and accompanying me to the comparative safety of the Malanaad bungalow—the very fact of Jimmy Simpson's expressing no such wish barred the idea. I therefore decided to give them my companionship—little though it might afford in the shape of protection. So, telling my people to go on to the travellers' bungalow, I turned up the side road with the children.

In the centre of a clearing stood a corrugated iron house, with a high-pitched roof, and a verandah running all round, above which opened some ventilating windows. Several trees had been allowed to stand close to the house—evidently to give shade—while at the back was a range of out-houses for servants, and two long rows of "lines" for the coolies—all built of the same material as the main house. Excepting the high ventilators, every door and window was closed, and not a sound save that of our footsteps broke the reigning stillness. Young Simpson unlocked a door, and we entered the bungalow. The *ayah* brought me some refreshing drink, which was very welcome after my journey, and I chatted for some time with the children, with whom I soon became fast friends.

"Well," said I, at length, "I must leave you for an hour or so. I have got to see my things safely stowed away at the travellers' bungalow. Then I'll trot back here for the night with some of my men."

"Please don't be longer than you can help, Mr. Geoffrey!" begged the lad.

"I'll be as quick as I can," I replied. "Be ready to open the door when you see us approaching."

And I hurried away.

II.

My followers, however, were obdurate, and no amount of threats or coaxing would induce them to budge from the travellers' bungalow. During my absence the man in charge, and the villagers, had been telling them all about the tiger, and they flatly refused to accompany me to the plantation house. I had no alternative, therefore, but to go alone.

I must confess to a strong sensation of nervousness as, with lantern in hand, I set out on my return journey to the Simpsons'. But I had picked up an idea somewhere that a man-eating tiger was peculiarly regular as regarded the time of his visits to the locality he preyed on. Jimmy had said that this brute appeared at eight o'clock or thereabouts; so, it now being only a little past seven, I imagined that I had forestalled the tiger. I reached the clearing, saw the light shining through the upper ventilator windows, reconnoitred as well as the darkness would allow, listened intently, and then pushed boldly across.

I had hardly got half-way ere I heard Jimmy's voice, muffled and indistinct, from within the building.

"All right, Jimmy!" I answered, dashing on. "Here I am! Open the door!"

"Climb! Climb!" I now plainly heard him cry. "The tiger's close by somewhere!"

The words temporarily paralysed me. I looked to see the monster shoot into the rays of my lantern; I already felt his fangs at my throat! He must have observed my approach, and concealed himself—to pounce on me! Jimmy must have marked the manœuvre, and had shouted a warning in his childish pipe! With the beast at the door, so to speak, of course I did not expect the boy to open it: before I could slip in the tiger would probably be up, and either grab me or enter the house. No; the boy was quite right in keeping the door shut.

These thoughts flashed through my mind in a moment: the next, nerved by despair, and roused to action by Jimmy's reiterated cry of "Climb! Climb!" I glanced wildly about me and found myself close to one of the shady trees already alluded to. It was a moderately sized tree, with a smooth,

straight stem, and much foliage at the top. Dropping my lantern—fortunately, without upsetting it—I threw myself on that trunk, and frantically shinned up. I was just in time: I had barely got out of harm's way ere, with a hideous roar, a long, lanky, mangy-looking tiger squirmed round the corner of the house, came in a series of bounds to the tree, and then, rearing on end, tried to hook me down! I could hear his claws tearing the bark; I expected the cruel talons to pierce my flesh; but luckily he could not reach me, and I hauled myself up among the branches into comparative safety. It now remained to be seen whether the beast could and would follow me. At the time, I knew nothing of the tiger's climbing powers; so I watched my enemy in an agony of doubt—to be inexpressibly relieved when I realised that he could not do it! He was old—as most man-eaters are: he hung on to the base of the stem, but, after many ineffectual attempts, he desisted: the task was beyond him: he was unable to draw himself up!

For the present I was safe, then, and had time to look about me. Taking my position in the centre of the tree, I topped the verandah roof, and I could almost see in through one of the ventilator windows; but a good six feet yawned between the inmost tree-twig and the verandah eave; a gap that I could not cover even had I good foothold to spring from. Nothing remained, therefore, but to make the best of it, and trust to the feline sneaking off at daylight. Accordingly, I was about seeking a comfortable branch to spend the night on when Jimmy called, "Mr. Geoffrey!"

"Halloa!" I shouted in reply; "I'm safe up the tree, Jimmy, thanks to your warning."

"But you are *not* safe!" he wailed, hysterically.

"Why, where's the danger? The brute has tried to swarm the tree, but failed: he can't get at me."

"Yes, he can, if he thinks of the woodstack!"

"What woodstack?"

"There, at the end of the verandah, just round the corner! If he climbs by it on to the verandah roof, he can jump from there into the tree! I've only just thought of it!"

My lantern rays did not penetrate so far. I peered through the gloom in the direction indicated, and could dimly make out a number of log ends projecting beyond the side wall, and heaped to the full height of the verandah itself. Clearly, then, if the tiger thought of that stack he would certainly climb it, come along the verandah roof to the tree, spring across the gap, seize and carry me with him to the ground! As I contemplated these probabilities I nigh yielded to despair: I broke into a cold perspiration, and I murmured a



I STARED AT THE BEAST IN A WILD FASCINATION OF TERROR.

prayer for aid. That my prayer was answered is proved by my now living to tell this story. But I had yet to get out of my fix. I was given little leisure to reflect, for the tiger—as if Jimmy's words had given him the hint—walked off and disappeared round the corner; a scrambling, scratching sound followed, and before I could well believe my eyes, there came the brute, sneaking along the inclined plane of the verandah roof!

Could I—after warning Jimmy to unfasten the door—slip down the tree and dash into the house? No; though the varmint could not climb I felt sure he could drop, and that almost before I touched ground he would be upon me. The ugly cat crawled along the sloped iron sheeting, halted abreast of the tree, and set up a hoarse purr on spotting me—cowering amid the branches. He crept closer and closer to the eave till he could come no further—then gathered himself up for a spring! He strained and strained; I expected to see him shoot across and dig both teeth and claws into me; yet he came not! I stared at the beast in a wild fascination of terror. I remember—at that awful moment—being struck by his aged and unkempt appearance; I remember hearing the purr gradually give place to a growl of anger, and then all at once the truth broke on me: *that outward and upward spring was beyond the man-eater; he would not attempt the feat; I was safe!*

III.

My courage revived, and with it came a fierce longing to destroy my tormentor, whose foul breath reached and sickened me even at that distance. Now, another thought suddenly struck me: was there possibly a gun of some kind in the house? Hardly; for if so I should probably have seen it, or Jimmy would have offered me the weapon when I left that afternoon. Anyhow, I would find out.

"Jimmy!" I bawled, causing the tiger to start angrily.

"Yes, Mr. Geoffrey?"

"The tiger has come on to the verandah roof—as you said; but he can't manage to spring into the tree, so I'm safe!"

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was——"

"I say, have you a gun?"

"Father took one rifle with him; the other is in the case, locked up, to keep us from meddling with it."

"Are there cartridges?"

"Yes; a belt full in the case."

"Where's the key?"

"Father has it."

"Jimmy," I rejoined imploringly, "break open the case, load the rifle, open the door a wee bit, and fire at the beast through the verandah roof. The bullet will penetrate—I'm sure. He is crouching in a line with the ventilator, just short of the eave, so you'll know where to aim. I'll make it right with your father."

"What's the good?" half whimpered the boy. "I don't know how to use a rifle."

Here was a facer! What more was left? But my brain was busy, and I determined to die hard. Green as I was, shaken as I was, I resolved to try and shoot the tiger myself!

"Jimmy, do you think you could manage to pass me the rifle?"

"I will if I can; but how?"

"No use attempting the door—even while the brute is on the verandah roof; he'd hear you like a shot, and pounce down on you before you could wink. But could you reach the ventilator window from the inside? Don't be afraid; it is too small for him to get his head and shoulders through, so he can't touch you."

"But how am I to do it?"

"Can't you go hand-over-hand up the swing rope, with the rifle and belt slung on you?"

"Yes, I can," he answered, readily.

"Then you could work along the tie-beam and reach the window, couldn't you?"

"I think so; but even if the window is large enough for me, how about the tiger outside?"

"Tell you what: get the rifle and cartridge belt, climb the swing rope, making as little noise as possible, and straddle along the tie-beam to the window. Directly I see you there, I'll pretend to descend the tree; the brute will either drop to the earth from where he now is, or go round by the wood-heap; in either case you could scramble out, chuck me the rifle and belt, and get through the window again before the tiger is able to remount the verandah by the wood-heap; that is, if he notices you. Leave the rest to me."

The boy was plucky to the backbone, and immediately agreed to carry out my instructions. Presently, I heard a rending, as of a box being broken open; then succeeded a silence of several minutes, and



THE TIGER WAS APPROACHING AS FAST AS HE COULD.

finally—to my joy—I saw the lad cautiously peeping over the window-sill. Promptly I made a show of climbing down, energetically shaking the foliage as I felt my way to the lower branches. My movement had the desired effect; the tiger raised himself, growled, and, evidently believing that he had me, down he dropped with a “thud” to the ground. The coast was clear for Jimmy!

“Now, Jimmy!” I shouted, frantically reascending upwards and inwards, “out you get! He’s down below!”

Quick as thought Jimmy slipped out the rifle and belt and proceeded to follow them. With my attention divided between him and the man-eater, I waited in desperate expectancy, but try as he would, the boy could not pass through! He essayed head first, then legs first, then this way, then that way; no, he failed! In my anxiety I had momentarily taken my eyes off the animal to watch Jimmy. On recollecting myself, and looking down again, the brute was nowhere to be seen! Merciful heaven! where had he gone? I peered on all sides, striving to probe the gloom beyond the rays of my still burning lantern, but I could not see him; the monster had vanished! While a sensation of super-

stitious terror threatened to overwhelm me, a smothered ejaculation of triumph came from Jimmy; I glanced eagerly in his direction, to find that he had at last succeeded in getting out! He was in the act of dropping to the verandah roof, when the scrambling, scratching sound which I had once before heard that night smote on my ear; the disappearance of the tiger was no longer a mystery: *he was climbing the wood-heap!*

“Jimmy!” I shrieked, “get back! For your life get back! The tiger’s climbing the stack!”

Whether the boy heard me, understood me, or not, or had taken leave of his senses, I could not tell, for, instead of obeying me, he clutched both rifle and belt, and floundered down the slope towards the tree! *At the same moment I saw that the tiger had gained the roof, and was approaching as fast as he could!*

"Back! For mercy's sake, back!" I yelled despairingly; but the next instant the lad—after giving a hasty glance at the tiger—put forth all his young strength and hurled the rifle in my direction! Mechanically I managed to seize the piece as it crashed into the branches; the belt followed; I secured it, and then the plucky boy, scurrying up the inclined roof, hauled himself to the window and wriggled through the aperture not half a second before the man-eater got up to it! Intensely relieved at Jimmy's miraculous escape, and burning with fury against the accursed animal—the cause of all our trouble—I simply sat there and sent bullet after bullet into his

vile carcase, continuing the fusillade till he lay limp and lifeless on the verandah roof!

No more need be said. I loved that boy, who had shown a courage and nerve beyond the wildest dreams of fancy. I love him now as a man, with a reputation for cool pluck and presence of mind, the promise of which he so signally exhibited on the occasion of my story. When Mr. Simpson returned, and I told him all, the satisfaction I derived by seeing the tears of admiration that dimmed his eyes as I described his son's gallantry more than compensated me for my own somewhat unpleasant share in that ever memorable adventure.



Stocks and Asters.—Martin Slater (Balsam) asks if Ten-week Stocks and Asters will do well in a light soil with a south-west aspect? The aspect is all right, but both these plants require a heavily-manured, loamy soil; in fact, if fine flowers are desired the soil can hardly be too rich. They should be raised from seed in a frame, and then planted out. Care must be taken in watering the seedlings, as there is a great tendency to "damp off." During the hot weather the plants should have a mulching of leaf-mould and manure above their roots, and must not be allowed to get dry. Seed may be sown up to April.

Dragon-flies.—P. Giffard (Henley - in - Arden) wishes to know how Dragon-flies can be preserved without losing their colours. Most of the thin-bodied species retain their colour with the ordinary setting and drying as performed on butterflies and moths; but the thick-bodied ones cannot all be relied upon to do so even with the greatest of care. The necessary treatment required is to cut off the body just behind the wings, slit open the underside throughout its length, and clean out all the soft parts. Shape the empty skin over a roll of blotting-paper of the original thickness of the body, and allow to dry in its natural form.

When thoroughly dry, reunite severed portions on the setting-board by a touch of coaguline or seccotine, and keep in position with setting-pins until the cement is quite hard. That is all you can do, but it does not always result in the preservation of colour.

Lark's Flight.—"Girl" (Knightwick, Worcs.) writes in reply to our recent suggestion that readers should make observations as to the length of time a lark remained in the air. She says, "Two years ago (1903) I timed several larks, more from curiosity than anything else, and the longest times I obtained were:—

Nearly 10 minutes.
7 minutes 50 seconds.
6 " 30 "
5 " 30 "
5 " 15 "

These were taken in June, but earlier in the year the longest I could get was 5min. 15sec." This is an interesting record, made, it will be seen, independently of our suggestion. I hope some other readers will make similar careful observations.

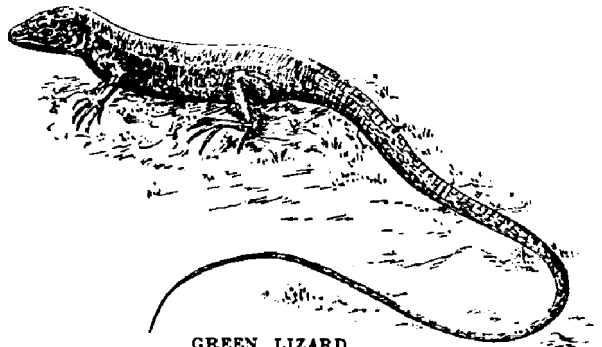
Gold-fish.—"Gold Fish" (Warwick) bought three gold-fish and kept them in a large glass-bowl. Two of them have already died, and he expects the

third will be dead before he gets my answer, although he gave them two "ants'-eggs" a day each. He wonders what else he should have done. Should he have put stones at the bottom of the bowl? Frankly, I do not believe the stones would have kept them alive; but a little oxygen might have done so. My correspondent says not a word about water-weeds, so I conclude they were not there. And yet he says, "I think they might be quite happy in a bowl." Does he think *he* would be happy long if kept up in a balloon, without his usual food and occupations? I have repeatedly urged in this page that none of my readers should make such experiments as to how long any aquatic animals can exist without that prime necessity for all animal life—oxygen. If there are no growing water-weeds in the aquarium the inmates quickly use up all the oxygen that is dissolved in the water, and then must be poisoned by the carbonic acid gas. Have you never read the terrible story of the Black Hole of Calcutta? and if you have read it, has its lesson been so lost upon you that you make little Black Holes of your own for the unintentional punishment of your so-called pets? Let everybody understand this—that before he sets about keeping any animal in captivity he must find out the facts about that creature's life and habits in a state of nature, and satisfy himself that he will be able to keep it in health and comfort in spite of its loss of freedom. Unless you can answer those questions satisfactorily, you have no right to set about imprisoning an animal. In the absence of fuller particulars than I have received, I presume that these gold-fish were poisoned. If "Gold Fish," before he purchases new stock, will see that his bowl or aquarium is well-furnished with living water-weeds, and a few small snails, and placed where it will be protected from extremes of heat, cold, and glare of sunshine, he may have hopes of success. Without observing these simple rules he may be sure he is wasting his pocket-money, and subjecting his "pets" to misery and certain death.

Water Beetle.—A. J. Aldridge (Chelsea) writes to me again respecting the white growth he stated to be on the wing-cases of the water-beetle figured in the last CAPTAIN. There was nothing of the kind on the beetle when it reached me, nor has anything of the kind reappeared since, though the insect is still alive. I can only suppose it cleansed itself in the moss in which it was packed; but I will keep it under observation, and should the fungus (?) reappear I will endeavour to let A. J. A. know something about it.

Birds'-eggs and Lizards.—D. F. Hyne (Millbrook, Jersey) has often found maggots in his birds'-eggs after a period of six months from adding them to his collection, and asks how to remedy this. No bird's-egg should be added to a collection until it has been thoroughly cleaned and

dried. It is not sufficient to blow out all of the contents that will come in that way. After blowing, a little clean water should be injected and this thoroughly shaken about until the shell is quite cleared of all animal matter. After blowing the water out, the egg-shell should then be stood on blotting-paper with the hole downwards, for several days, to allow it to drain and dry thoroughly before it is placed in the cabinet. You will then have no reason to fear insect visitors, because there will be nothing to attract them. The maggots were there to do the work that you had failed to perform. A little carbolic acid on cotton-wool or some crystals of naphthaline placed in the drawers will also aid in keeping away such pests.



GREEN LIZARD.

D. F. H. also says he has kept lizards, and during the summer has "often found eggs in their box, but not knowing what to do with them, I put them on a shelf, but nothing seems to happen." Well, I should have expected that after a little time something *would* happen—in the shape of an explosion, accompanied by a most unpleasant odour. D. F. H. does not mention what species of lizard he is referring to; probably it is the Green Lizard, which is indigenous in the Channel Islands (and which we figure). The lizard should be kept in a fern-case, which should be so placed that one end of it gets the sunshine in it. The floor should be covered with sand and peat, and in it the female will hide her eggs where the sun can keep them warm and incubate them. Then my correspondent may have the pleasure of one day finding that his lizard family has increased. The young are similar in form to the parents, the only difference being one of size and temporary markings. Also on the subject of lizards is a letter from H. R. (Crieff), who wishes to know the name of a reliable dealer who will supply him with specimens of the Common Lizard, and what is the usual price. Any dealer in aquaria and their inhabitants would supply lizards, but if H. R. has none of that calling in his neighbourhood, he can always rely upon getting specimens from Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London. The usual price is 6d. or 9d., according to size.

TALES OF

WRYKYN.

BY

P.G. WODEHOUSE.

AUTHOR OF

"THE HEAD OF KAYS" ETC. ETC

No. I.—RUTHLESS REGINALD.

I.

THERE was not a great deal of Master Reginald Rankin, of Seymour's—he weighed seven stone three—but his acquaintances objected very strongly to all that there was. Reginald, indeed, did not court popularity. He had not that winsome, debonnair manner which characterises the Social Pet. He was small and ugly. His eyes, which were green, wore a chronic look of suspicion and secretiveness. In fact, the superficial observer, who judged only by appearances, would have summed him up without further trouble as a little brute.

The superficial observer would have been quite right. He was.

Reginald's hobby was Revenge. I hope the printer will not fail to use a capital R for that word. A small letter might send the reader away with the impression that the Revenges of Reginald were of the same hasty, unscientific kind as those affected by the average boy. If the average boy is kicked on the shin by an enemy, he kicks back, and goes on his way rejoicing, and the episode is closed. Not so Reginald. One of his most treasured possessions was a small leather-covered diary of the sort one's



aunt gives one at Christmas. In this he entered the important events of each day, and, unlike most people, he did not grow tired of it on January the third, and leave the rest of the year blank. He went conscientiously through the whole three hundred and sixty-five days; and, read as a consecutive story, it was not uninteresting. Thus, if one had been privileged to probe its mysteries, one would have found on March the sixth the following entry:—

"Got up. Washed. Said my prayers.

(The last two statements rest on the unsupported word of the author. Neither feat produced any noticeable result.)

Continuing:—

"After breakfast Smith said I was a little beast, and smacked my head. Got turned in Livy. Templar gave me the lesson to write out."

The next entry of interest is March the eighth, where we see Mr. Templar rewarded for his trouble: *"Ragged a lot in form."*

All this while Nemesis has been hovering over the too truthful Smith. The incident of Mr. Templar has been a parenthesis. Honour, as far as Smith is concerned, remains unsatisfied. A whole week elapses before our hero gets his own back. All that while one imagines him dogging his victim's footsteps remorselessly. At last, on March the thirteenth, this item leaps to the eye:—

"Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. Hid Smith's boots, and he was late for school and got two hundred lines. Beef for dinner, and some muck that looked like plum pudding. Wrote home for money. Said my prayers. Went to bed."

Exit Smith, properly punished.

With which excursus on the manners and customs of the ruthless one, we can begin our story.

Rankin fagged for Rigby, of the Sixth. In this he was fortunate; for Rigby, as a rule, when he was not wrestling with some obstinate set of Iambics or Elegiacs, was of a placid nature, and rarely fell foul of those who fagged for him. And when he did, he merely relieved his feelings with sarcasm, the same passing over Rankin's head so completely that he generally imagined that he was being complimented. Yet even Rigby got into Rankin's black book.

It happened in this way.

The architect who had built Mr. Seymour's house was a man with a quiet, but strongly marked, sense of humour. The

place was full of quaint surprises. One of his original effects was to cause the partition wall between Rigby's study and the one adjoining it to stop short of the ceiling by a couple of feet. How he hoped to benefit his fellow-man by this is not known. Probably, he reflected that the used-up air of one study would be enabled to escape into the other, and *vice versa*, a healthy and incessant ventilation being thus secured. At any rate, there the opening was, and it had never been filled up.

When Rigby got his study he lodged a complaint. Two chatty persons, named Dent and Hammond, dwelt next door, and when three consecutive nights' work had been spoiled by the conversation which flowed over the wall in an unceasing stream, he flung down his Liddell and Scott and bounded off to the house-master. Since when the next-door study had been empty.

But even then his troubles had not ceased altogether. Time sometimes hung heavy on the hands of the Senior Day-room, and when this happened it was the custom with the gay sparks who led the revels in that den of disorder to adjourn to the vacant study (having first ascertained that Rigby was at home and hard at work) and make weird noises there. When the goaded worker finally plunged in to investigate with a stick, he found the room bare and empty, while the sound of receding footsteps in the distance told him that the revellers, much refreshed, were returning to their own quarters. These little things irritated Rigby.

Now it chanced one evening that Linton and Menzies, of the Senior Day-room, prowling the passages in search of adventure, came upon Rankin near Rigby's door.

"Hullo," said Linton, "lost anything?"

"No," replied Rankin, edging away suspiciously.

"You look as if you were looking for something. Do you want to find Rigby?"

"No," said Rankin, essaying a flanking movement.

"Don't you be an ass," said Menzies kindly. "You must want to see Rigby. You're fagging for him, and if you don't go to him you'll get into trouble. I'm sure he wants you now. Come on."

The procession passed into the empty study. From the other side of the wall heavy breathing could be heard. The sound of a great soul struggling with a line that would not "come out."



"ONE, TWO, THREE—GO!"

"Let go, you cads!" shrilled Reginald.

"Stop that beastly row there!" shouted Rigby from the other study. "Is that you, Rankin? Come here. I want you."

"I told you so," whispered Menzies. "Come along. Better go by the short cut."

He grabbed Rankin by the knees.

"Saves time," agreed Linton, attaching himself to Rankin's shoulders. "One, two, three—go!"

"Do you hear, Rankin?" said Rigby. "Come here."

And Reginald came.

What followed was distinctly a miscarriage of justice. When Rigby had picked up—in the following order—himself, his table, his chair, his books, his pen, and his ink-pot, and mopped up the last drop of ink on his waistcoat with his last sheet of blotting-paper, he proceeded to fall upon the much-enduring Reginald with the stick which he took with him to church on Sundays. Long before the interview concluded, Reginald had reason to regret that it had not been left behind in the pew on the previous Sabbath.

In the case of another hero in similar circumstances we read that "Corporal punishment produced the worst effect upon Eric. He burned, not with grief and remorse, but with rage and passion." Or words to that effect. Just so with our Reginald. His symptoms were identical. In his diary for that day the following entry appears:—

"Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. After school two cads, Linton and Menzies, heaved me over the partition wall bang on to Rigby's table,

and Rigby licked me when it wasn't my fault at all. He is a beast. Said my prayers. Went to bed."

After preparation that night Linton and Menzies, talking it over, came to the conclusion that the sequel to the affair must be a confession. They had little sympathy with Rankin, but the code of etiquette at Wrykyn demanded that he who got another into trouble should own up, and take all that was going in the matter of consequences. So Linton and Menzies went to Rigby's study. Rigby was immersed in some work which was apparently disturbing him a

little. His hair was ruffled, and he was turning over the pages of his lexicon with feverish rapidity.

"Get out," he said, when the pair made their appearance. "What do you want?"

"It's only about this afternoon," said Linton.

"What about this afternoon?" said Rigby, putting in a spell of rapid finger-work with the pages of the lexicon. "What does—oh, it's all right, I've got it. Well, go on. Don't be all night."

"About Rankin," said Menzies, gently, as one explaining to a lunatic.

"Pushing him over, you know," said Linton.

"We did it," said Menzies.

"Did what?" said Rigby, from the depths of the lexicon.

"Shoved him over the wall," said Menzies patiently.

"Yes?" said Rigby, in an absent tone of voice. "I wonder what—oh, here it is. Now, what do you chaps want? If you can't come to the point and talk sense, get out. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"We thought you ought to know that it was us who shoved Rankin over the wall on to your——" He stopped. Rigby's head was bent over the lexicon.

"Good-night, Rigby," said Menzies.

"Good-night," said Rigby.

And the pair departed. They had done their best. It was not their fault if the man refused to listen to their chivalrous explanations.

Rigby worked on till the gas went out suddenly, as was its habit. Then he went to bed, and in the small hours the purport of Menzies' visit dawned upon him, and he realised that for all practical purposes he had been the Beetle-Browed Bully that afternoon, ill-treating the innocent small boy without cause or excuse. His was a genial nature, when not roused, and he resolved to make it all right with Rankin on the following morning.

After breakfast, accordingly, he summoned him to his study, made what was, in the circumstances—from prefect to fag—a handsome apology, and then dismissed the matter from his mind in favour of the second book of Thucydides, satisfied that the *Entente Cordiale* was sealed.

II.

BUT in the black depths of Reginald's soul the desire for Vengeance still remained.

Apologies are good enough in their way, but there are some things which cannot be wiped out by apologies. Reginald was not yet able to sit down with any comfort.

A lesser injury might have been repaid by the burning of toast or the over-boiling of an egg, but for a special case such as this Reginald scorned these obvious modes of retaliation as inadequate. This was an occasion for really drastic measures. Rigby thus escaped punishment for a season. And then, while the avenger was halting irresolutely between the various modes of retribution open to him, Fate, by the medium of a mild illness, removed his intended victim to the secure retreat of the Infirmary. Reginald felt as those Homeric warriors must have felt who, when they had, after great trouble, succeeded in rattling an opponent, had the mortification of seeing him rescued by some local god of unsportsmanlike nature, and conveyed to a place of safety in a special cloud.

One afternoon, however, he received a message from the invalid. Rigby wanted to see him at the Infirmary. It was important, said the message.

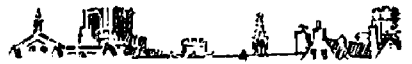
Reginald went to the Infirmary, where he found his foe lying on a sofa, reading an old volume of *Punch*. There was a pleasant fire blazing in the grate, and the whole aspect of the room, with its air of snugness and luxury, deepened his sense of injury. Not only had Rigby been permitted to evade his rightful punishment, but he was, in addition, being pampered.

"Come in, Rankin," said the sufferer. "Look here, I've got something for you to do. My uncle and aunt are coming down to-morrow, and they'll want to see my study after they've looked me up here. So you might do the honours. And there's another thing. On the second shelf of my book-case you'll find a crib to the 'Agamemnon.' You'd better cart that away and hide it till they've gone. My uncle's a bishop, and he has views of his own on cribs. Thinks they're deceitful. See? You'll know the book. It's blue, and it's one of Bohn's series. Don't forget. And mind the study's tidy. Thanks. Shut the door."

Reginald shut the door gently. A sudden thought had come,

"like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow."

He meant to make that study very tidy.



If ever there was a tidy study on the face of the earth, this tidy study was going to be that tidy study. But with respect to details he intended to exercise a certain license.

There lived in the town of Wrykyn one J. Mereweather Cooke, a day-boy. Having been associated with him in dark deeds, Reginald had formed an alliance with him.

III.

This was the letter.

THE STATION HOTEL, WRYKYN.

MY DEAR GEORGE (Rigby's name was George),— I am both grieved and disappointed. I have no wish to be unduly harsh with you at a time when you are laid up, but my duty compels me to speak out.

It seems incredible, I know, but I regret



"OH," HE SAID, PITEOUSLY, "PLEASE DO NOT LOOK AT THOSE."

Cooke's father was a sporting doctor. To the *maison* Cooke Reginald therefore made his way after leaving the Infirmary.

"I want to borrow some books," he said.

"Can you bag any of your pater's?"

"What sort of books?"

"Oh, anything. Let's have a look, and I'll choose."

He chose.

to say that my dear George's impression after reading so far was that his uncle had been lurching.

He read on.

That you were not wholly free from the failings of boyhood I was aware. I knew you to be in a measure deficient in reverence for your elders, and thoughtless. But I did not dream that you were also deceitful. My visit to your study to-day con-



vinces me that I was wrong. Escorted to the room by a small lad, who was throughout most polite, I found on your shelves such an array of Dr. Bohn's *English Translations of the Classics* as I could not have believed (but for ocular evidence) to have existed at one of our public schools. Nor is that all. Seeing me glancing at these volumes, the small boy to whom I have alluded uttered an irrepressible cry of mental distress. "Oh," he said, piteously, "please do not look at those. He told me to hide them, and said he would beat me if I did not." I have underlined those words, George. That you should so corrupt the mind of one of your juniors (to whom you ought to set a good example) is bad; but that you should force him with blows to carry out an act offensive to his conscience is worse, far worse. This petty tyranny did not, however, avail you, for I observed the books. In addition to these deceitful aids to study, I regret to say that I noticed other evidences of a perverted taste not often to be found in one so young. Of a dozen or more yellow-covered novels (so-called) I can recall the titles of but two, *Jenny, the Girl Jockey*, by Hawley Gould, and *A Tale of the Stableyard*, by Nat Smart. That you might have no more money to waste on such trash, I decided to give the sovereign with which I had intended to present you, to the small lad of whom I have made mention. I shall hope to see you when you return home for your holidays. Meanwhile,

I am, your uncle,

PETER PECKHAM.

Ten minutes later Rigby, having pondered deeply over the matter, and traced his misfortunes to the right source, asked the Infirmary matron if she would be good

enough to send for Rankin, as he had something very particular and important that he wished to say to him.

The reply came back, *per messenger*.

Master Reginald Rankin presented his compliments to Mr. Rigby, and very much regretted that one of those unfortunate previous engagements rendered it impossible for him to accept his kind invitation to come and listen to something very particular and important.

Two days after breaking-up day Rigby came out of hospital.

When the school re-assembled on the last night of the holidays, Rigby smiled a glad smile, and sought out the Seymour's matron.

"Oh, has Rankin come back yet?" he asked winningly. "I've got something rather particular and important to say to him."

"Rankin?" said the matron. "Oh, Rankin. No, he's left the house. His parents have come to live in the town, and he is a day-boy now."

"Oh," said Rigby.

And he moved away disappointedly, feeling that some considerable time would probably have to elapse before he got square with Master Reginald Rankin.

(Next Month: "The Politeness of Princes.")



SONGS ON A SYREN.

IT is not always, as hymned by Kipling, that "the syren hoots its dread." Its generally cacophonous sound has at last been exchanged for the most delicious melody. When the Grimsby steam trawler *Nyrian* put into Filey Bay for shelter from a gale, she played "Auld Lang Syne" by means of an organ-pipe arrangement on her syren. The tune, most admirably played, made scores of people run to the foreshore and cliffs to see whence the music came. After a short pause the syren broke forth into "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Meanwhile the vessel pitched about in the rough waves, thundering seas dashing over the reef. "The Bay of Biscay" was next rendered, and then "The Death of Nelson." Later in the afternoon the steamer obliged with "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Rule Britannia," and at half-past three, before she put to sea again, the wind having moderated, the novel concert was closed with the National Anthem. As the vessel was steaming out to sea the strains of "God be with you till we meet again" were carried to shore by the wind.—From *The Evening News*, February 3rd.



HOW TO BUY STAMPS CHEAPLY.

HAVE an impression that the Old Fag is inclined to become a convert to stamp collecting. Anyway, he seems to be very anxious to know how to buy stamps cheaply. The question of "cheaply" is largely one of length of purse. The Prince of Wales considers that he got his celebrated 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius pretty cheaply at £1,450. But I am sure the Old Fag has no thought of scattering his dollars so lavishly as that, or he would not lay so much emphasis on "cheaply." So I tried to get some idea of the depth of his pocket, that I might help him accordingly, but he was very evasive. "No," he says, "don't you be so curious about the depth of my pocket. Some of my CAPTAIN boys have not much money to spare, and I want you to tell those who are going in for stamp collecting how they can make the most of their pence."

Of course, pence will not go far in buying stamps. As I have before told you boys of the CAPTAIN, when you have but little money to lay out on stamps it is well to look up all your uncles and aunts and cousins of all grades, and drop them a gentle reminder that you have taken to stamp collecting in right down grim earnest, and that any contributions they can send you of foreign or colonial stamps off their correspondence for your collection will evoke your deepest gratitude. No self-respecting uncle or aunt or cousin of any grade could resist such an appeal. And the stamps you would thus gather in would not only go to build up your collection, but would probably also provide you with a nice lot of duplicates which you could sell to less fortunate boys, and so obtain some ready cash for real purchases.

One word as to selling. Too many boys try to over-reach their companions when it comes to selling. In doing so they earn an unpleasant reputation, and are not infrequently avoided by other boy collectors. No boy should dream

of getting full catalogue price for a duplicate. A quarter of catalogue is quite enough between boys for all ordinary stamps. Young collectors, as well as old, too often over-reach themselves in being too greedy.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

A good story of a collector over-reaching himself is told in a recent number of a philatelic periodical. In one of the Australian cities a certain collector was in the habit of visiting dealers' places of business and watching for callers with collections for sale. When a collection was refused he would follow the owner out of the shop and endeavour to do a deal on his own account. One day a great chance came. An unsatisfactory offer was refused, and the owner was followed into the street and offered more for a set of Moldavias than the dealer had offered for the whole collection. The Moldavias immediately changed hands. They were a great bargain, and the buyer of course congratulated himself on his big slice of luck. By the very next mail they were posted off to be sold at one of the London stamp auctions. They should fetch some hundreds of pounds. Alas, they were returned, for they were all rank forgeries!

There was once a London dealer who was in the habit of buying very cheaply. His plan was to pooh-pooh the collections submitted to him, condemning most of the good stamps as forgeries, and then offering the paltriest fraction of its value for the collection. A very fine collection was once offered him, and he pursued his usual tactics, whittling his offer down to a few pounds. An eminent collector standing by, waiting to be served, having seen something of the pages as they were passed over, ventured to suggest that a very much higher offer might safely be made. His interference, for it was an interference, in

another man's shop, was strongly resented. There were high words, and the eminent collector backed his opinion by offering £200 on the spot for the collection, which was accepted. Out of that collection I myself purchased one stamp which was saleable at double the price originally offered for the lot.

So that there are various, in fact, many ways of buying stamps cheaply. But the question for readers of *THE CAPTAIN* will be: what ordinary channels offer the best results?

HOW TO MAKE A START.

To begin with, the best plan for the young collector is to buy the best album and the largest packet of stamps that he can afford. Albums range from a few pence up to pounds. Some firms offer a neat album and a packet of 100 stamps for 2s. 6d. Packets range also from pence to pounds in all sorts of varieties, as will be seen from the advertisement pages of *THE CAPTAIN*. Here are a few quotations from a catalogue that lies before me.

- 100 varieties, used and unused, 6d.
- 250 varieties, used and unused, 3s.
- 500 varieties, used and unused, 6s.
- 1,000 varieties, used and unused, 20s.
- 1,500 varieties, used and unused, 50s.
- 2,000 varieties, used and unused, 90s.
- 3,000 varieties, used and unused, £11 10s.
- 4,000 varieties, used and unused, £18.

Another style of packets are those that are grouped into continents, thus:—

- 500 European, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 125 Asiatic, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 125 African, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 105 Australian, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 125 West Indian, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 125 South American, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 100 North American, all different, 7s. 6d.
- 100 Central American, all different, 7s. 6d.

HOW PACKETS AND SETS ARE MADE UP.

These packets are made up by most of the leading dealers from stamps bought in the wholesale market, and, therefore, represent the best possible value for the prices quoted, for the very good reason that the supply is abundant, is always renewable, and is subject to the keenest trade competition. Many of these packets represent little, if any, profit to the dealer, and are advertised, as the saying goes, as sprats to catch a mackerel. Not a few of the best customers many a dealer has had have begun by buying a cheap packet. A young collector who is well served at the start with a good packet rarely forgets the dealer from whom he purchased it when he develops into a full-blown and important collector, and his loyalty does him honour. Reliable dealers are fully alive to this tendency on the part of the stamp collector, and from start to finish rarely give a good cash customer cause to go elsewhere for his stamps. Hence the packet is regarded as a bait for new customers, and conse-

quently represents the very cheapest possible method of buying stamps.

Then come sets of stamps. Large supplies of more or less common stamps are purchased wholesale and sorted up into sets of different values of the different countries. Good firms pay special attention to the weeding out of poor copies. A good plan is to get a trial set or two from various dealers, and subject them to careful comparison, and to select your dealer accordingly. You may depend upon it that if a packet is made up of clean, lightly cancelled copies, it comes from a scrupulous dealer who will serve you well. The man who is particular in little things of the common order may be trusted to give satisfaction also in larger transactions. If a packet is made up of dirty, badly cancelled stamps, you will act wisely in avoiding further dealings with that firm. Good value packets and sets of clean, lightly cancelled, well-centred stamps are the best of all indications which way the wind blows for you in the direction of buying stamps cheaply and judiciously.

Sets of stamps, like packets, range from all values, from pence to pounds. Even in the matter of pence a great deal may be done. For example let us turn to our catalogue, and note what we can get by way of a start in sets at, say, 6d. each, and under.

- Angola, 1894, 2½, 5, 10, 15 reis, 4 stamps, 6d.
- Anjouan, 1893, 1, 2, 4, 5c., 4 stamps, 3d.
- Argentine, 1892, ½, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10c., 6 stamps, 4d.
- Austria, 1890, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 12, 15, 20, 24, 30kr., 10 stamps, 4d.
- Barbadoes, 1897, ½d., ¼d., 1d., 2½d., 4 stamps, 6d.
- Bulgaria, 1883-7, 1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 5, st., 6 stamps, 6d.
- Bulgaria, 1889, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10st., 5 stamps, 5d.
- Comoro Islands, 1897, 1, 2, 4, 5c., 4 stamps, 3d.
- Costa Rica, 1889, 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c., 6 stamps, 6d.
- Cuba, 1899, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10c., 5 stamps, 6d.

And so I might go on through the alphabet of countries, picking pence sets from most of them.

But enough, I trust, has been said to convince the boy who has only a few pence to spare for stamps, that patience and the study of advertisements and catalogues will enable him to build up, even out of his few spare pence, a little collection that may be a source of very great pleasure in its quiet, unostentatious growth, and possibly form later on in life, if he is wise enough to stick to it, the basis of a fine and valuable collection. The common stamps to which he will necessarily be restricted may take many years to appreciate in value, but every year supplies its own evidence of the fact that the common stamps of one period become, not infrequently, the rare stamps of a later day.

Experience will enable most boys to buy cheaply and wisely, and the best of all experi-

ence is to be got by extensive reading, and by studying the stamps themselves.

Notable New Issues.

We are to have a series of special designs for the Philippines, one of which, it is said, will bear the portrait of Rizal, a popular hero, who played an important part in the revolt against Spanish rule, and was ultimately arrested and shot. It is said that the promised new Italian series, which was reported to have been abandoned, may yet be issued in a modified form. From India we are to have another $\frac{1}{4}$ anna provisional surcharged on the current $\frac{1}{2}$ anna.

Several French colonies are now being provided with special designs to take the place of stamps resembling those of the mother country. Indian native states are abandoning the local manufacture of their own stamps, and are going in for fine specimens of designing and engraving, and some are rendered interesting by presenting excellently executed portraits of the reigning Maharajas.

Canal Zone.—A fresh page will have to be started for this new possession of the United States. The Canal Zone comprises the strip of territory purchased from the Republic of Panama for the purpose of completing the Panama Canal. Stamps of course had to be provided for the colonies of workmen engaged on the work. A start was made with a supply of stamps of Panama overprinted "Canal Zone." Then a supply of current United States stamps was overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama." The little republic immediately complained of this issue. It anticipated considerable postal revenue by the sale of its own stamps for use on the canal works. Eventually the question was settled by the United States authorities agreeing to buy Panama stamps for overprinting for use on the Canal territory. Hence we have already three sets of Canal Zone stamps, the first overprinted with a hand stamp "Canal Zone" in one line, and the second overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama," in two lines on U.S. stamps, and the third, now current, overprinted "Canal—Zone" in two lines on Panama stamps.

1904.

Stamps of Panama handstamped "Canal Zone" in one line, in bluish ink.

Perf.

2c., carmine.
5c., blue.
10c., orange.

Current stamps of the United States overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama" in two lines, vertically, in black.

Perf.

1 cent, green.
2 cents, carmine.
5 " blue.
8 " grey-violet.
10 " brown.

Stamps of Panama overprinted "Canal—Zone" in two lines in black.

Perf.

1c., green, on Panama.
2c., rose, on Panama.
5c., blue, on Columbia, sur. Panama.
8c. on 50c., brown, on Columbia, sur. Panama.
10c., orange, on Columbia, sur. Panama.

Ceylon.—The 15 cents has been received with the multiple watermark, making the series to date as follows:—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2 cents, orange-brown.
3 cents, green.
4 cents, orange, value ultramarine.
5 cents, purple.
6 cents, carmine.
12 cents, sage green, value rosine.
15 cents, ultramarine.

Gibraltar.—The 2s. value has appeared with the multiple watermark.

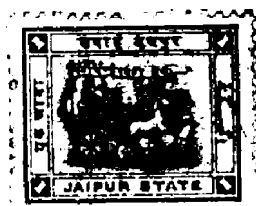


This is only the second of the series issued with the new watermark, despite the fact that a Gibraltar stamp was one of the first to be sent out on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

1d. green.
2s. green and blue.

Jaipur.—The first of a series of curious design, as illustrated, comes from this Indian Native State. It is supposed to represent the chariot of the sun drawn by a horse with a liberal supply of heads but comparatively few legs. So far, we have seen three values. The stamps are finely



designed and engraved.

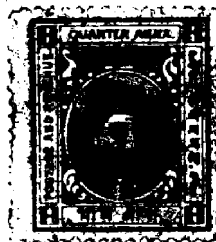
Perf. 12.

$\frac{1}{2}$ anna, ultramarine.
1 anna, carmine.
2 annas, dark green.

Kishengarh has for some time been sending us very curious postal labels of native production, but the latest arrivals are evidently of European, if not London, workmanship, for they are superior specimens of stamps, beautifully engraved and printed in clear colours.

So far we have only five values.

No wmk. Perf. 13.



- ½ anna, carmine.
- 1 anna, red-brown.
- 1 anna, blue.
- 2 annas, orange.
- 4 annas, sepia

Lagos.—The 5s. value has appeared with the multiple watermark, completing the series with the exception of the 2d., 2½d., and 3d. values.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.



- ¼d., green.
- 1d., purple, on red paper.
- 6d., purple and mauve.
- 1s., green and black.
- 2s. 6d., green and carmine.
- 5s., green and blue.
- 10s., green and brown.

Natal.—Two more values of the current series have been received with the multiple watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- ¼d., green.
- 1d., carmine.
- 2s. 6d., lilac and black.

Servia.—A series of stamps with the portrait of the reigning sovereign, King Peter I., has at last made its appearance. In design it closely resembles the series prepared for issue bearing the portrait of the murdered King Alexander, which ultimately was issued with the portrait blotted out by an overprint of the Arms of Servia. In the new series the design is the same for all values, and the portrait is printed in black in each value.



Perf. 11½.



THE CRETE NEW ISSUES.

- 1 para, black and pale grey.
- 5 paras, black and light green.
- 10 paras, black and rose-red.
- 15 paras, black and magenta.
- 20 paras, black and yellow.
- 25 paras, black and blue.
- 50 paras, black and deep brown.
- 1 dinar, black and buff.
- 3 dinar, black and blue-green.
- 5 dinar, black and mauve.

Tasmania.—Messrs. Lawn and Barlow send me the 5d. value of the current series, surcharged "1½d." in black, with the following explanation from their correspondent:—"A friend of mine wrote to the Postmaster-General about the inconvenience of having to put two large stamps of 1d. and ½d., respectively, on picture post-cards, and suggested that he should issue the above (1½d.), using up these old 5d. stamps. The Postmaster approved of and thanked him for the suggestion, and at once acted on it."

Provisional.

"1½d." on 5d., pale blue and brown.

Crete.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send us a gorgeous new series of stamps which have just been issued for this country. The portrait on the 10 lepta stamp is that of Prince George of Greece, the reigning prince of Crete. The design on the 2 lepta is taken from a seal found at Knossos, representing Diana between two lions. The 5, 20, 25, 50 lepta and 1 drachmē are reproductions of classical subjects found on coins discovered in Crete. The 3 drachmai stamp gives a view of the ruins of the Palace of Mines at Knossos, and the 5 drachmai a view of the Monastery of Arcadion with Mount Ida in the background.

- 2 lepta, lilac.
- 5 lepta, green.
- 10 lepta, carmine.
- 20 lepta, emerald.
- 25 lepta, ultramarine.
- 50 lepta, pale brown.
- 1 drachmē, lake, centre black.
- 2 drachmai, orange, centre black.
- 5 drachmai, olive, centre black.



- A. Bight of a rope.
- B. Simple or Overhand Knot.
- C. Figure 8 Knot.
- D. Double Knot.
- E. Boat Knot.
- F. Bowline, first step.
- G. Bowline, second step.
- H. Bowline, completed.
- I. Square or Reef Knot.
- J. Sheet Bend or Weaver's Knot.
- K. Sheet Bend, with a toggle.
- L. Carrick Bend.
- M. Stevedore Knot completed.
- N. Stevedore Knot commenced.
- O. Slip Knot.
- P. Flemish Loop.
- Q. Chain Knot, with toggle.
- R. Half-hitch.
- S. Timber-hitch.
- T. Clove-hitch.
- U. Rolling-hitch.
- V. Timber-hitch and Half-hitch.
- W. Blackwall-hitch.
- X. Fisherman's Bend.
- Y. Round Turn and Half-hitch.
- Z. Wall Knot commenced.
- AA. Wall Knot completed.
- BB. Wall Knot Crown commenced.
- CC. Wall Knot Crown completed.

"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 Porangi Potae, "Fryite," and Wilfrid Gronow. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Attractive Pigeon-Cotes.

AMONG the many readers of THE CAPTAIN I am sure there are more than a few who keep pigeons; but how many consider the appearance of the cotes? Not that the appearance is everything, for a pigeon-cote that is only made to look well, and is badly put together, is worse than useless. Ordinary nail-kegs, and barrels, big and small, make ideal cotes, and, if erected in nice situations, look very well. But in places where space is

limited, one has not the choice of situation, and, in the majority of cases, dingy-looking boxes are to be seen without any signs of decoration at all. With a little trouble these can be vastly improved.

I had by me some old nail-kegs and a big barrel, from which I made some very presentable cotes. The kegs I erected on tree stumps and poles, and the barrel on a frame. Then I collected some tins (sardine, &c.), and planted sweet peas, smilax, and other quick-growing climbers in them. These I placed on the ledges round the cotes. Before long the kegs were covered with tendrils, and when the flowers came they looked really well.

It is not necessary to paint the cotes, for the



The above photograph shows Miss Lily Linsdell and the boys of St. Andrew's Choristers' Club, Deal. The club was founded by Miss Linsdell nearly four years ago, and is entirely managed by her. It includes cricket and football clubs, and an evening club, at which the boys are taught gymnastics by a qualified instructor. Miss Linsdell plays cricket with the boys, both at practice and in matches, and acts as referee in all "home" football matches. A great tribute to her impartiality is the fact that no complaints of unfairness on the part of the referee are ever made. The choir boys show the greatest loyalty to the manager of the club, and are in no way effeminated by the influence of a woman.

climbers cover the woodwork until the whole presents a bower of greenery. The effect is improved by planting climbers round the poles. Roses look particularly well. It is advisable to choose plants that flower at different times, so as to have blooms continually. Among the many climbers suitable for the purpose I may mention off-hand: convolvulus, clematis, sweet peas, canary-creeper, smilax, nasturtium, all of which can be procured for a few pence. One or two of these cotes will, with their occupants, brighten up what would otherwise be a gloomy yard, and are not to be despised even in a front garden.

PORANGI POTAE.

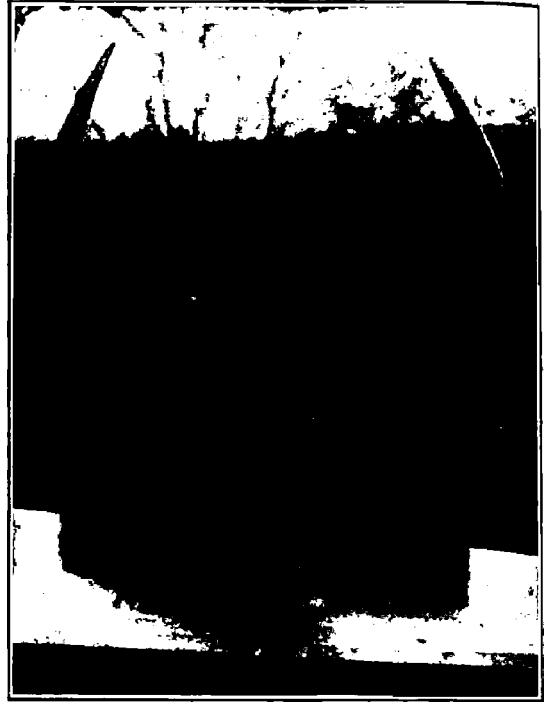
The Castle of Chillon.

THE quaint old castle of Chillon owes much of its interest to Lord Byron's novel, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, which obtained for it world-wide fame. Now used as an arsenal, this ancient fortress is first mentioned in twelfth century documents, the exact date of its foundation not being known. It is built on an isolated rock at the eastern end of the lake of Geneva, six and a half miles from Vevey. A drawbridge connects the castle with the mainland, sixty-two feet away. It was converted into a fortress by Pietro, of Savoy (Charlemagne the Little), in 1248; and Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, Geneva, was incarcerated there in 1530 for seven years.

C. G. P.



CHÂTEAU CHILLON.
Photo. by K. C. Greenway.



THE INDIAN BUFFALO. SHOT BY C. H. HOLME, ESQ.,
AT GORAKPUT.

Photo. by B. Holme.

A Spring Day.



NE of the greatest charms of a temperate climate lies in the gradual, scarcely noticeable, change from one season to another. Ours being a temperate clime, our surroundings are in a state of perpetual change, and each day brings us something new in the natural world, something in its way charming and instructive. To a close observer there is nothing prosaic or commonplace in Nature. Perhaps the most delightful of all the seasons is Spring. The striking difference between it and the previous season undoubtedly adds to its charm. Bleak, stormy Winter has left us, and smiling, peaceful Spring is with us again.

A walk along a country lane will tell us that Spring has at length come. New life is springing up all around us. Here and there we notice the snowdrop, which has safely survived the cold of the previous months. The crocus may still be seen, in all the glory of gaudy yellow or bright blue. The meadows are all glittering with daisies and kingcups; the primrose is in evidence at the roots of numerous hedgerows.

Many of the trees are beginning to don their Summer dress. The elm shoots forth its tinted leaves. The cherry tree is one great, moving mass of snowy blossoms. Compared

with these, the oak is a shadow; its great, gaunt, gnarled branches stretch heavenwards in leafless monotony, and we begin to doubt if Spring is really with us again.

But the birds confirm our notions. In the budding hedges they are chattering and nesting. We hear the long-drawn note of the cuckoo; there, too, is the song of the lark, and, looking upwards, we see the tiniest speck against the blue lift above. A swallow brushes past us as he pursues his upward course. He has been holidaying down south these last few months. Yes, Spring is with us once more; our surroundings proclaim the advent of another season.

Spring, indeed, is a time of freshness. Everything shows signs of youth and rejuvenation. Nature is at her very best, and we realise that the Creator of the universe has made all things well.

"FRYITE."



A HISTORIC CHAIR AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARROW-ON-TYNE.

Constantine, and Nothelm, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. One quite realises, therefore, that in past ages his chair, which stands in the sanctuary of St. Paul's, was regarded with great veneration, and its dilapidated appearance is due to the passion for relics which led many pilgrims to carry away a piece of it as a memento of their visit.

WILFRID GRONOW.



CROSSING THE DRIFT OVER ST. LUCIA LAKE, ZULULAND.

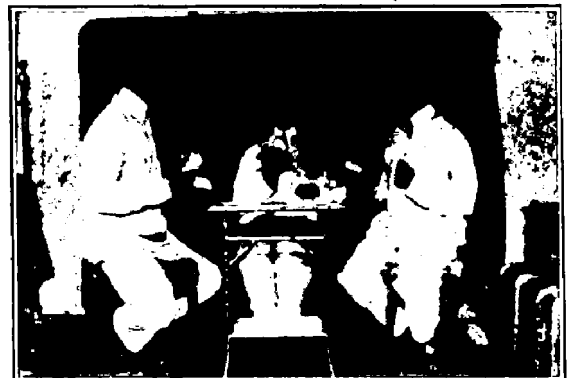
A journey attended with much danger, as the lake swarms with crocodiles, and, near the entrance, with hippopotami and sharks. Several lives have been lost at this spot.

Photo. by D. G. Crofts.

A Historic Chair.

THE accompanying photograph is that of an ancient chair, dating back to the sixth century. It is to be seen at St.

Paul's Church and Monastery, Jarrow-on-Tyne, and once belonged to the Venerable Bede, "the father of English learning." Bede was born in 673, in the village of Monkton, and at the age of seven was placed under the care of the monks of Wearmouth. Three years later he migrated to the new monastery at Jarrow-on-Tyne under Abbot Ceolfrid. He was ordained priest at the age of nineteen by Bishop John of Hexham, and was afterwards head of St. Paul's Monastery. Among his pupils were Huetbert, Cuthbert of Monkwearmouth,



A THREE-HANDED CARD GAME WITH ONE'S SELF. Three exposures of equal length are made, the sitter changing his position each time. A dark background prevents a "ghost" effect.

Photo. by G. E. Arrowsmith.

COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

Last day for sending in, April 14th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, May 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 attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, *THE CAPTAIN*,
12 Burslem Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 14th.

The Results will be published in June.

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.—“**An April Event.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of April. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three John Piggott, Ltd., “Surrey Driver” Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—“**Subjects for School Debates.**”—The Old Fag is offering books to the value of Ten Shillings for the best list of subjects for school debating societies. Send your list on a post-card, and limit it to six subjects. Endeavour to be as original as possible, and leave out such time-worn themes as “Should capital punishment be abolished?” or, “Was King Charles a martyr?”

No age limit.

No. 3.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Hidden Advertisements.**”—On an advertisement page will be found an illustration which contains pieces cut from 26 advertisements that have appeared in *THE CAPTAIN* during the last six months. Send on a postcard a list of the advertisements represented. Prizes: Three City Sale and Exchange “Exchange” Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—“**Curve Competition.**”—On an advertisement page will be found a diagram of a curve. Fill in a funny or ingenious drawing, of which this curve forms a part, as in the example given on the other half of the diagram, and post to us. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Piggott Bros. and Co.'s No. 1 Croquet Sets. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**Stamp Collectors' Competition.**”—State, on a postcard, what you consider to be the six most artistic stamps issued for use in foreign countries, in the order of their merit. The replies of the competitors will be tabulated as votes, which will decide the order in which the stamps shall be arranged. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Stanley Gibbons' “Century” Stamp Albums, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to *May 18th*. By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be *no age limit*. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial April Competitions.”



12 BURLINGHAM STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

How Gentlemen Should Not Talk.

A correspondent, a boy of sixteen (who, judging by his letter, seems to be a very sensible fellow), draws my attention to the coarse and stupid fashion of talking which is the vogue among a good many boys at the present day. He words his letter strongly, and he is right to do so. Fellows pick up this trashy, slangy way of talking by going to music halls and reading common papers. Surely it is possible to listen to a low comedian's patter without allowing it to colour one's own conversation! Commenting on this vulgar habit, my correspondent says:—

Most of these boys are very decent fellows in lots of ways; many do not actually swear, but talk in the strain of a tenth-rate music-hall comedian. Some—and not a few—use the most blackguardly expressions, but these are generally out-and-out cads. It is the use of inuendoes—*double entendre*, &c.—which is most frequent. I think the chief cause is thoughtlessness, and a desire to appear manly (save the mark!). I do not pretend to be any better than other fellows, and I am not at all goody-goody, but this kind of thing always seems to me more suited to hooligans than to decent chaps.

Now, I consider this a matter worthy of careful consideration, for there is no doubt that there are a great many boys belonging to the educated classes who talk in a manner unbefitting to their station. The subject is not one to be dealt with by masters—it must be left to the decent-mindedness of boys themselves. One fault leads to another. Vulgarity of language induces vulgarity of thought, and so affects the whole nature of the boy or man who indulges in it. I therefore advise those of you who are inclined to use objectionable expressions to lay this letter to heart. You may be all right in the main, and mean no ill, but it is a silly habit to form. There is

no harm at all in ordinary school slang. Surely that should be sufficient for any fellow who sets a proper value on his self-respect.

Subjects for Debating Societies. The Committee of a School Debating Society ask me to suggest some interesting subjects for debates. They have already had:—

- That England should adopt conscription. (Lost, 42—8.)
- That Cromwell was right to depose Charles I. (Lost, 16—10.)
- That England should adopt Protection. (Lost, 18—10.)
- That the Pen is mightier than the Sword. (Carried, 26—25.)

The best way to procure subjects for debates is to have a competition on the subject. I will therefore present BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS to the CAPTAIN reader who submits the SIX BEST SUBJECTS FOR DEBATES. (See "Competitions for April.")

Such members of my crew as are interested in gardening should not fail to get a copy of the "One and All" Gardening Annual, edited by Edward O. Greening, and published by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 92 Long Acre, London, W.C.—whose premises, I trust, were not affected by the colossal fire which devastated a portion of that famous thoroughfare on February 22nd. The price of the Annual is the modest one of two-pence, there are two hundred pages in it, and the contents throughout are most interesting. From the "Humours of Gardening," collected by the editor, I extract the following little lament by "V. C.":

MYSTERIES.

I often wonder why it is
That what the proper diet is
For weeds of all varieties
Should suit my crops so ill;
For, while the thistles grow away
(No matter how I hoe away,
To save themselves they know a way),
My peas are standing still.

It's positively sickening,
When grass on lawns needs thickening,
That all attempts at quickening
Its growth completely fail;
While, in the near vicinity,
'Tis hedged by some divinity,
And shows a weird affinity
For carrots, beet, and kale.

I wonder why the blight attacks
My roses, till it's quite a tax
To foil it by my night attacks
With syringe and with suds.
The briar 'scapes adversities—
A topsy-turvy mercy 'tis—
And knows not what a curse it is
To give the fly its buds.

Oh, I will gladly sing my best,
Of rich, round phrases string my best,
And of my verses bring my best,
For him who first succeeds
In earning all my gratitude
And ever-new beatitude
By turning round the attitude
Of insect pests to weeds.

A "Field Goal." In our January number Mr. Stuart Wishing told us how a Rugby match was won by the rare phenomenon known as a "field goal." Several readers have written to me on the subject, one of whom, an Edinburgh gentleman, sends the following account of how a match which he witnessed was actually won with a goal of this kind:—

It was in 1875 or '76 that I saw a field-goal kicked. I was at Fettes College at the time, and the match was the Sixth and Upper Fifth against the School. Soon after the match commenced, Ponsonby (captain of the fifteen, and always a forward) came upon the ball about twenty yards from the posts and straight in front, dead, and promptly ran at the ball and kicked a goal. The match ended in a win for the Sixth and Upper Fifth by 1 goal to 2 tries.

Curious Christian Names:

With reference to our competition of this title, a correspondent sends me the following cutting from the *Standard*:—

Judge Greenhow had before him at Leeds County Court yesterday a case revealing the partiality for high titles which is sometimes to be found. The plaintiff, whose Christian names were Princess Beatrice, claimed from her husband £18 15s., arrears under a settlement. It transpired in court

that the name of plaintiff's brother was Baron Rothschild, and it was explained that her father was a great sporting enthusiast, and named his children after prominent sportsmen. Judgment was given for the plaintiff for £8 and costs.

School Sports: I am indebted to "A Sedberghian," "A Pauline," and C. L. Parker, respectively, for the results of Sedbergh, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors' school sports, which I append below:—

SEDBERGH.

100 Yards.—O. Gwatkin, 11 2.5sec.
Mile.—A. M. Dawson, 5min. 5 4.5sec.
Half-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 2min. 18 2.5sec.
Quarter-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 58 3.5sec.
Hurdles.—R. S. Harrison, 17 1.5sec.
High Jump.—R. S. Harrison, 5ft. 4in.
Long Jump.—W. Crowden, 18ft. 4½in.
Cricket Ball.—C. Sturle, 84yd. 1ft. 6in.
Weight.—R. M. Peat, 30ft. 10in.

ST. PAUL'S.

100 Yards.—W. C. Birch, 10½sec.
Mile.—T. H. Just, 4min. 55½sec.
Half-mile.—T. H. Just, 2min. 7sec.
Quarter-mile.—T. H. Just, 54 4.5sec.
Hurdles.—R. P. Franklin, 18 1.5sec.
High Jump.—A. R. Toplis, 5ft. 4in.
Long Jump.—R. P. Franklin, 19ft. 6½in.
Cricket Ball.—R. P. Franklin, 89yd. 1ft. 7in.
Weight.—F. P. Winterbotham, 30ft. 4in.
In exhibition jumps Franklin covered 20ft. 7½in., and Toplis cleared 5ft. 3in.

MERCHANT TAYLORS'.

100 Yards.—M. E. Dellschaft, 10 4.5sec.
Mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 4min. 49 4.5sec.
Half-mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 2min. 8 3.5sec.
Quarter-mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 56sec.
Hurdles (120 yards).—M. E. Dellschaft, 22 1.5sec.
High Jump.—G. F. Wolff, 5ft. 1in.
Long Jump.—J. D. Strachan, 17ft. 10½in.
Cricket Ball.—R. Meldrum, 90yd. 9½in.
Weight.—M. E. Dellschaft, 30ft. 9½in.
The time for the mile was the school record, and that for the half-mile tied with the record.

M. E. Dellschaft is to be heartily congratulated on winning six out of nine events at the Merchant Taylors' sports. His is the best Mile in the three tables as well as the school record. There is not an inch difference in the high jumping of the three schools, and they are peculiarly level in the Weight. Franklin and Just, of St. Paul's, and Gwatkin, of Sedbergh, are also to be commended for their performances.

"Captain" Prizes: If you read the competition conditions this month you will observe that I am allowing prize-winners to choose articles other than those nominated, should they wish to do so. You may be interested to hear of some of the things which have been chosen by prize-

winners in the past who have been granted an alternative choice. One competitor selected a punching-ball, another a set of handkerchiefs, another an umbrella, another a pair of cycling shoes, another a set of dominoes, another a pair of fencing foils, another (a clergyman, this) a tasteful edition of the "Song of Solomon"—all very good and practical selections. Very often girls prefer writing-cases to grip dumb-bells, and one lady asked for a watch instead of a graphophone. Only the other day a lady prize-winner wrote and said that she did not want a graphophone because she hated them, and so did her people, and that if we sent one to her she would have to give it away! We are now waiting to hear, with some anxiety, what this lady would like. Just think of the range of articles she has to choose from—anything from Tennyson's Poems to a tennis racquet, from the Works of William Shakespeare to a work-basket, from Chopin's Compositions to a pair of garden clippers. In fact, the intelligent and energetic young gentleman whose duty it is to see that the prizes are sent off to their winners, is wondering in what direction he will have to turn his steps—to Regent-street, the Strand, High Holborn, or Cheapside?—in order to satisfy the requirements of the lady who, if she received a graphophone, "would have to give it away." It has occurred to him once or twice as possible that he may have to go to Seven Dials and buy a canary for her, for, after all, there is many a young lady who, though she would hurl a braying graphophone out of the window, can write a dozen letters to her dearest friends with a canary warbling its hardest within a few yards of her writing-desk! The young gentleman in question hopes readers won't spare him. "Anything to oblige," is the motto that dominates his movements when he hies forth to purchase prizes for Captainites.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Malvern. A. W. Robinson, Fairfield, Malvern, would like to hear from any CAPTAIN readers who would co-operate with him in starting a CAPTAIN Club in that town.

A British "Hickson's." "I am very interested (writes 'A Fellow at School') in your series of stories called 'At Hickson's,' because our school happens to

be something the same. I've heard chaps scoff at stories like 'At Hickson's' because they have never been at a school which both boys and girls attend. I am at one myself, and know that it can be, and is, a very nice arrangement. 'Hickson's' is American, but Dollar Academy is Scotch, and it is not at all a new school either, having been founded by a native of Dollar in 1818. I have not been here so very long myself, but quite long enough to learn to love the old place. In games Dollar comes second to none; it is well-known for its football, its team being one of the best in Scotland. The girls, too, have a hockey club which, although it has played numerous matches, has only once been beaten. We, of course, have exceptional advantages in living in the country, and get more practice than town boys and girls. We have a tobogganing-field and a large skating-pond, and in summer a place in the River Devon where we can bathe, so that we are well off in these things. The Dollar Academy cap, although a fine dark blue cap, is not much patronised by the fellows, as the majority—and I must confess that I am one of these—prefer to go without. Also, we are not with 'Hickson's' in the wearing of 'tight pigtailed' by the girls. We prefer their beauty as it is, unassisted by a pigtail. They manage to keep neat and beautiful, which is what we fellows want. All the masters are splendid men, especially, if I may say so, the Head. Our cadet corps, which visited Barry Camp last summer, under Sergeant McGeachen, was voted one of the best there. We have plenty of work, and always have something to do out of school, and seldom feel that there is 'nothing to do.' I could tell you more, but I should bore you. Should I have the honour to see this in print I shall feel I have not wasted my time in trying to show fellows, who have never experienced it, the delight of a school for both sexes."

The King's Surname. Several correspondents have written to me to say that the King's surname is not Guelph. One of them sends me a paragraph from *Notes and Queries*, in which it is stated that the King's surname is Wettin. Queen Victoria married a Coburg—Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg—and Coburg is a branch of the House of Wettin. "Guelph," remarks *Notes and Queries*, "was the name of the

Hanoverian line, of which Queen Victoria was the last. Our King begins a new dynasty, which will probably be called by future historians the Saxe-Coburg (or perhaps the Gothic) dynasty, or by some such distinctive name, as the name of the Angevin dynasty was taken from the father of Henry II. Our rulers have always retained their paternal name, whether Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs, or Wettins."

"John Brindle." You will recollect that some little time ago Mr. Fry offered a Scottish terrier pup for competition. The pup was won by C. A. Wheeler, of Littlehampton, Sussex, who sends in the following report of the small doggie's progress:—

I am writing to inform you that "John Brindle" is getting on very well. I am sorry to say that I have not yet taught him to return a ball. It sounds easy, but is by no means so, when you come to try it. He is very fond of running after stones; in fact, after everything, including foot-balls and chickens. His inclination for running after the latter I have found necessary to stop, however. He is not the sweetest-tempered dog in the world, nor is he inclined to make friends with everybody; but I do not think him any the worse for that—on the other hand, possibly the better. He always has a walk before breakfast, and if he does not get quite enough exercise, which I think he does, I shall be able to better remedy that in the holidays. It is needless to add that I am very fond of him, and he returns the affection. To me, at any rate, he has no equal.

It will be remembered that John is the son of Jane Brindle, who is an expert fieldswoman. John evidently displays the same proclivities, in that he chases foot-balls and chickens. I wish him long life, and many merry days in the cricket-field.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. V. S.—You will, no doubt, obtain great benefit from following Mr. Eustace Miles's advice and course of training. It seems to me that you are very oscillating with regard to a profession. You seem to have the makings of a journalist in you, so why not devote all your spare time to writing for the magazines and papers of your country? Cultivate acquaintance with journalists, and, as you know English so well, it is possible that one of the Belgian papers, or one of the French papers, might in time appoint you as their London correspondent. Anyhow, it is high time that you settled on something definite to make the work of your life. If you want to enter journalism, as I have already told other correspondents, you must be always busy doing something in a small way for this and that paper. Make your work known to editors, and, if you have luck, some day one of them may offer you a post. Your languages will, of course, be highly useful. There, that is all I can tell you,

but if I may add one more word of advice, I should say: endeavour to cultivate the habit of decision, and get out of the way of asking other people to decide things for you. You will never succeed so long as you shilly-shally about and shift the responsibility of making up your mind on to other folks.

C. H. gives way to the vice of lying. He has tried to break himself of this habit, but in vain. Can I help him? Well, as in the case of all vices, C. H. must rely on himself for a cure. Surely C. H. must see that the path to pursue is one of undeviating honesty in all things. Should he tell a lie, let him confess it, and endure the punishment that follows like a man. Lying is a most pernicious vice, because when one finds out that a man or boy is a liar, one never trusts him thereafter. To break himself of lying C. H. must exercise pluck. People tell lies because they hope to gain some advantage or escape reprimand or punishment. An advantage so gained is valueless, and the liar is a loser by avoiding rightful punishment. Absolute truthfulness is a golden virtue that every boy and man should cultivate. Next time C. H. writes to me I hope he will be able to say that he has learned to tell the truth always, at all hazards.

R. H. S. sends a cheery letter from Zurich, where he is at school. Several nationalities are represented at this school, the Spanish boys alone numbering 50, but the English only 6. "Despite this inequality in numbers," says my correspondent, "we find that if it comes to the point—as it has done twice this term in the snow—we can stand up against 150 foreigners." Referring to O.C.'s letter *re* the Channel Swim (November issue), R. H. S. points out that it is a mistake to think that Captain Webb dispensed with an oily coating. Captain Webb wrote an article for the first number of the *Boy's Own Paper*, entitled, "How I Swam the Channel," and in this article he stated that he was covered, prior to the start, with porpoise grease. In fact, soon after he had started he was surrounded by a shoal of porpoises, attracted by the smell of the fat.

Stonehenge.—Mr. David M. S. Watson writes:—"In a paragraph on Stonehenge in your February number it is said that this structure is attributed to Ambrosius. It is, however, generally known now that he had nothing whatever to do with its building. It was a temple—probably a 'Sun' temple—erected at one or two distinct times during the Bronze Age, which extended from about 1500 to 400 B.C. It differs in no important particulars from the numerous other stone circles in England, except in being better preserved, and, as is general, is surrounded by about 300 tumuli, or graves of the Bronze Age. This view of Stonehenge is that held by my friend and master, Professor W. Boyd Dawkin, F.R.S., who is, of course, one of the most famous archaeologists in England."

R. D.—I fear your "unpretending lines" are not quite good enough to print, but they show promise. Your subject is a good one, though there are bad patches in your metre. Some of the lines are quaint—though I don't suppose you meant them to be so. The last line in this verse, for instance:—

All in the darkness of the night,
'Twas all so unexpected,
The startled Frenchmen, half asleep,
Were forcibly ejected.

Eight British seamen "ejecting" eighty Frenchmen, the latter rubbing their eyes and yawning, must indeed have been a merry and unusual sight!

E. A. S. FOX.—Nor are your verses, though meritorious in parts, quite up to our standard. It is not at all a bad picture that you give of a boy who is stamp-mad. I quote two verses. Don't we all know Jones?

He is seen in Preparations
Occupied with Perforations;
Out of school he's in a corner
"Swapping" duplicates with friends;
And his pocket money never
Goes to anything whatever
But to stamps. I won't endeavour
To say how much he spends!

When a rarity he's sighted,
He's elated and excited,
And could not be more delighted
If he'd found a Ten-Pound Note;
He will jaw for hours on "Fudges,"
And in spite of sundry nudges
He continues it, nor budges
Till you catch him by the throat.

L. B. R.—The publishing business is a good enough one to take up if you have plenty of capital and brains. You must be very smart indeed to make a good living out of it nowadays. Before starting on your own you would, of course, have to put in five or ten years with a really good firm in order to get the necessary experience. Your knowledge of French and German would, undoubtedly, be useful to you, but is of quite secondary importance. Your question *re* "field-goal" will be answered next month by Mr. Warner.

Bul-bul.—There is little that is praiseworthy in your poem. It's no use being sarcastic about the weather. The old Clerk who looks after it goes on his way serenely and doesn't care a button what anyone says about him. Your metre, by the way, is not too regular, and I should say that you are more expert at making runs than rhymes. "Dies" and "lives," for example, don't really rhyme any more than, say, "haddock" and "Vesuvius" do.

Three Etonians.—I have made a note of your complaint, and thank you for expressing your

views so candidly. You must understand, however, that in a magazine like *THE CAPTAIN*, every kind of schoolboy must be catered for, and I have made it my endeavour to produce a periodical that will appeal to all types. How do you like this April number? Surely the fiction is varied enough to suit all tastes!

W. B. Seymour-Ure.—Clubbed. Contributions must be *original*. Your writing is very neat and readable.

"A Would-Be Grey."—I think you had better write to the author direct for the information you require.

Baas.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope.

Blundellian.—(1) Consult your school doctor; (2) Yes. **A. V. J.**—Get the prospectus of a bank or insurance company, and write to one of the directors for a nomination. **Norman Lockhart.**

—Consult the advertisement columns of papers like *The Engineer, Engineering, and The Electrical Review*. The premiums are heavy in all good firms.

Reader C.C.—The position of the goalkeeper on the January cover is not by any means impossible—for a goalkeeper. **Navahoe.**—Yes.

V. K. S. and P. A. H.—There are several shilling books on chess. **R. L. V.**—What would you like to be? **Fredericus.**—Apply to the Egyptian Government.

R. S.—Any local book-binder will bind your numbers of *THE CAPTAIN* into our cover, which you can obtain from your news-agent for 1s. 6d. **Viato.**—Apply to the Secretary, Institute of Civil Engineers, London, S.W.

"Secretary."—See reply to Frank Paull (October, 1904). **Tonbridge.**—"How to Enter the Civil Service" (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.).

James Robinson.—(1) From a director; (2) seventeen to twenty-five years; (3) usual English subjects, and a foreign language. **Clericus.**—Get the *Civil Service Year-book*, price 2s., for latest exam. papers. **Recruit, E. J. Solomon, and F. J. N.**—Purchase *THE CAPTAIN* regularly. You may then contribute to the Club pages, and consult our experts. **Linden.**—(1) See previous answer; (2) Percival Marshall and Co., who advertise in our pages.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Advertisers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Randolph L. Pawby, 2 Maida Vale-terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Crossley, 62 Moor-liffe, Halifax; John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stephen Critten, T. R. Davis, Walter S. Leeming, H. J. Gordon Wells, Jack Loutet, V. R. Sewell, L. Braddock, Helen M. Brougham, Mollie Marrow, W. A. Oldfield, W. Watkins, Alfred G. Pearson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Percy Walton, 146 Argyle-street, South Birkenhead, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Maude Brougham, Viewmount, Inverness, N.B.; H. C. C. Stanley, 18 Thurlough-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Clarke, Oliver A. Brown, Arthur Mitchell, C. W. R. Tuke, F. C. Millington, E. Hownam, Tom Curley, M. J. Hogan, S. Mather, B. F. Lawrence, J. Wilson Campbell, R. E. Piper.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Frank Owen, 255 Marshall's Cross-road, St. Helen's, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. Greig, 62 Beaconsfield-street, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. A. Kürten, Alan Shreeve, Bernard H. Lodge, Arthur Foster, Kathleen Gibbings, Kenneth B. Reid, W. F. Archer, Tom L. Christie, Phyllis Harding, Marjorie Gwynne, A. B. Hodge, W. N. Hodgson.

No. II.—"A February Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF BENEFITING FOOTBALL: William Kentish, Balsain Lodge, Trafalgar-road, Moseley.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stephen H. Critten, 1 Livingstone-terrace, Franklin-road, Gillingham, Kent; Benjamin Corbyn, 46 High-street, Lowestoft.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby, Alex. L. Ogilvy, G. B. Hindmarsh, Edith O. Walford, William A. Oldfield, Helen Noon, W. H. Manson, Bernard Weaver, Shirley Wilson, Francis Whittingham, H. M. Ford, Winifred S. Kerr.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF BENEFITING FOOTBALL: Frits Llewellyn Davies, St. Deiniols, Upper Bangor, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jas. McGregor, 47 Palermo-street, Glasgow; Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. C. Stanley, L. A. Pavey, Kirby Busfield, H. C. Elliott, Henry Attowell, Percy W. Saddler, Lionel Laver, H. A. Hazeldine, W. M. Marshall, J. H. Hill, H. V. Sergeant.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF BENEFITING FOOTBALL: E. F. Gardiner, Trevor-dale, Wisbech, Cambs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Bardaley, H. A. Thompson, R. J. Evans, Donald F. Fergusson, Wilfrid Adams.

No. III.—“Captain's Birthday Book.”**CLASS I.** (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PICTURE BY LOUIS WAIN: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe-gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent; May McOwen Hall, Penderel Lodge, Tenterden.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, Ursula M. Peck, Winifred Steele, Evelyn Hewitt, Fred Heath, Charles Reed, A. A. Kerridge, H. Foulstone, L. M. Strike, B. Hunter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: F. A. Smyth, 34 Rue Pigalle, Paris.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton-road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.; Gladys von Stralendorff, 12 Lord-street West, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percival Dacre, T. W. Spikin, Ethel M. Parsons, E. M. Gough, Arthur Walker, Joyce Hunter, R. S. F. Cameron.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Molly Norton, Hannington, Basingstoke, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maude Brougham, Emmeline d'Auvergne, J. Wilson Campbell, Sylvia Simon, Nora Johnson, Percy E. Greville, George Torkington, E. A. Dodd, Hilda M. Nield.

No. IV.—“Photographic Competition.”**CLASS I.** (No age limit.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: John Richmond, Church-street, Backworth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. J. Watt, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen; G. J. Sparkes-Madge, 7 Bramshill-road, Harlesden, N.W.; Reinhold Kuno Reitz, 60 Aylmer-road, Wendell Park, Shepherd's Bush, W.; Mrs. J. Hill, 9 Morley-terrace, Tiverton, Devon; G. Widdowson, Bright Cottage, Penistone, near Sheffield; T. Pape, Rydal Mount School, Colwyn Bay.

HONOURABLE MENTION: The Rev. E. B. Smith, W. H. Dodd, K. Reeves, W. R. Nutman, Ursula M. Peck, Edgar Swallow, W. R. Bainbridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: C. F. Martin, 156 Hagley-road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Mattinson, 5 Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; M. Campbell, Northwood, Chislehurst, Kent; William Blann Meff, Nautilus Villa, Fonthill-road, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. A. W. Duffield, J. Williams, W. L. Taylor, G. H. Webber, J. J. R. H. Oldham, L. E. Bastable, C. Swift, A. J. Langridge, J. A. Chesterton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “SWAN” FOUNTAIN PEN: Vyvyan R. Poole, 34 Mall, Waterford.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: John B. Dougal, Rockville, Linnithgow, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Pratt, John Tyson, M. H. Vernon, E. H. Hassan, A. R. Nicholson, H. J. Sanders, Gerard Heath, Harold Fox, W. V. Boby, E. S. Foden, Mark Tyme, Theonie Burrell.

No. V.—“Drawing of an Open Door.”**CLASS I.** (No age limit.)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL: J. Protheroe, 98 Farleigh-road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda de la Salle, Constance H. Greaves, Charles A. Gibson, Alice M. Gough, K. Reeves.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE HOCKEY STICK: Frieda E. Myers, Parkfield, Rhyll-road, St. Asaph, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. A. Lingham, 491 Caledonian-road, Holloway, N.; Horace A. Rainbow, Flodden House, King's-road, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Gordon Lambert, Matfield, Paddock Wood, Kent; W. F. Burr, 51 Wroughton-road, Broomwood Park, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. H. Brett, Dorothy Collins, W. Walkley, Winifred Clapham, Frank Gunn, Albert Needham, C. M. Maisey, C. T. Payne, Mary Napier, W. B. Cook.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE HOCKEY STICK: William C. Boswell, 106 Little Green-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leslie Collins, Woodside, Knockholt, near Sevenoaks; L. E. Horton, 125 Herbert-road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Cork, Ireland; Francis C. Millington, 34 Mollart-street, Hanley, Staffs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: — Malherbe, T. G. Petersen, Neta Wells, Arthur E. Polley, Fred. C. Ford, Phyllis Dacre, H. K. C. Tobutt, E. W. Nesham, Harold Wildman.

No. VI.—“Derivations.”**CLASS I.** (No age limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Alfred Master, 59 St. John-street, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. McGregor, Sussex Lodge, Worthing; L. M. Snow, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Violet Rigby, Mand M. Lyne, F. L. Chey, C. M. Le Messurier, F. H. Montgomery Hitchcock, W. P. Thomas, S. Cooke, Olive C. Lupton, K. Douglas Smith, W. H. Smith, S. Sing, Alice Gill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Colin Tremaine Wright, 57 Gladstone-avenue, Wood Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Fred W. Bayliss, 3 Izons-road, West Bromwich; John G. Pearson, 107 Mowbray-street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwendolen Roupell, Alice M. Mackenzie, D. H. Thompson, James McGregor, H. G. Coles, W. M. Marshall, B. L. Evans, W. J. Parkyn, W. B. Meff, B. W. Pepper, Andrew McFadyean.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—January.

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. N. Brierley, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Durban), Walter J. Goodbrand, T. A. Fletcher (Cape Colony), Bertram Platnauer (Cape Town), D. G. Harris (India), Arthur Pearce (British Guiana).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: Percy Herold van Blommestein, P. O. Box 688, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Iris Harris, W. J. Goodbrand, Joseph S. Martin (Jamaica), William Donnes (Trinidad), S. Westmore James (Trinidad), C. Stanley Hanson (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Cecilia Duffy, 269 St. Denis-street, Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Thornton (Cape of Good Hope), E. A. Watson (Cape Colony), Jack H. Chandler (Canada), Leslie H. Burket (Canada), Ronald L. Fort (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. A. Lindo, Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eustace M. Shilstone (Barbadoes), H. W. McCowan (British Guiana), W. R. Gilbert (Cape Colony), Violet Barnjum (Canada), Robert Murray (Nova Scotia), R. D. Mookerjee (India).

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Digby Gordon Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini-Tal, Kumaon, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. A. Harris.

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 February Competitions.

No. I.—A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Nos. 5 and 8 proved the most difficult to solve. Neatness again counted considerably, there being a large number of correct solutions, some of them beautifully mounted and coloured.

No. II.—A large number of good essays were again submitted, the favourite subjects chosen being:—The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, The Massacre of Glencoe, The Battle of St. Vincent, The Birth of Charles Dickens, The Loss of the Birkenhead, The Funeral of Queen Victoria.

No. III.—Some excellent attempts were submitted, certain of which were most artistic and ingenious in design, but several senders of otherwise excellent “Birthday Books” disregarded the injunction, “do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice,” while others sent in quotations much too lengthy for this purpose. Let me remind you that the source of every quotation must be named.

No. IV.—The photographs showed an improvement in all

Classes. The Photographic Editor will criticise the successful pictures next month.

No. V.—The best work was in Class II., which, with Class III., was heavily contested.

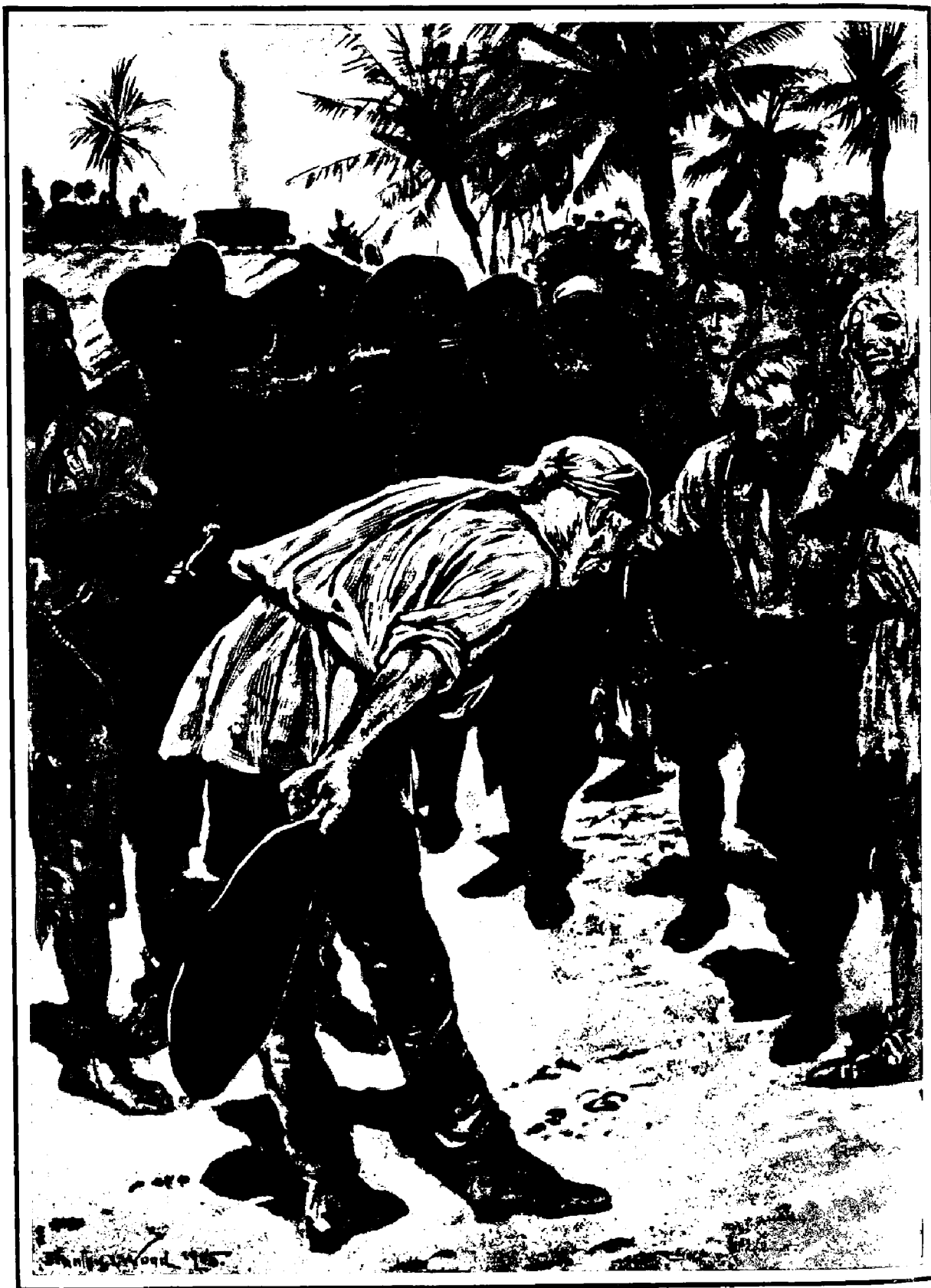
No. VI.—A large number of interesting and for the most part scientific answers were received, and the prize-winners are to be congratulated on their efforts. Competitors should bear in mind that it is not enough to copy a paragraph straight out of a dictionary. It is necessary to give the original derivation and logical reasons for the present meaning. The word “idiot,” for example, which in the Greek originally meant “a private citizen,” and then “a layman,” as opposed to the man who took an intelligent interest in public affairs, came to mean “a stupid, unintelligent fellow,” because the patriotic Athenian could not imagine a man of sense taking a greater interest in his own business than in the affairs of his country. A satisfactory answer would show this clearly.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.



A. T. SMITH

"I'LL LET THAT PASS," QUAVERED THE SENTRY.



THIS MAN GRAVELY SALUTED US WITH A VERY LOW BOW. (See p. 101.)

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

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No. 74

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H.C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach land, and take shelter in a hut. Here they spend a night. Early in the morning the baying of a bloodhound reaches their ears, and, apprehending danger, they prepare to sell their lives dearly.

CHAPTER VI.

WE FALL INTO THE HANDS OF BUCCANEERS.

WE took each a cutlass, and went to the door of the hut. We had musquets but no powder, for on leaving the *Good Hope* we could find none that was not spoiled with water. The sound of the baying of bloodhounds drew nearer, and in a short space of time one of these great beasts made his appearance over the knoll on which I had watched the night before. He was not at large, but was straining at a leash held by a young man of uncouth and bloodthirsty aspect. This young man's head was bare, save for his own long fair locks, and for his sole clothing he had a shirt reaching to his knee, short linen breeches, and on his feet moccasins, or buskins, of raw hide. He was girt with a strip of hide, and into this rude girdle were thrust several long, bright knives, and his face and garments were all stained and smeared with blood. As soon as this strange figure perceived us he stopped short, and, without releasing his hound, brought round a short musquet which hung at his back, and seemed about to present it at us; but, seeing that we had no fire-arms, he returned his piece to its place, and

cautiously advanced towards us. When he had approached within twenty paces he stayed, and spoke to us rapidly in a tongue which neither of us understood. In reply Captain Skeffington spoke in the Spanish and the High and Low Dutch. This performance went on for several minutes, and at last the Captain lost patience and cried—

"A plague upon your outlandish tongues! Friend, I have tried you in Spanish and in High and Low Dutch; I have no languages left save a little Latin, unless good plain honest English will serve your turn."

"Why the deuce could you not speak good plain honest English before?" said the young man. "It is my own tongue."

"Well," said the Captain, "since it seems we are all English, are we enemies or friends?"

"Friends, by all means, if you desire it," said the young man.

"Then, sir, if you will be pleased to tie yonder fierce dog to a tree, and leave those thirsty-looking knives and that musquet behind you, we on our part will gladly throw down our cutlasses. We can show you but poor hospitality, but so far as a glass of cognac and a slice of cold raw salted pork will go toward cementing friendship, they are very much at your service."

After a moment's doubt the young man fulfilled the conditions of his part of the treaty, and we put down our cutlasses and advanced to meet him.

"Pray, sirs," said he, "who are you, and how came you hither?"

"Who we are is shortly told," said the Captain. "We are shipwrecked mariners, and we came hither on a raft, our ship, named the *Good Hope*, having foundered on yonder reef. Pray tell us, sir, what land is this?"



THE STRANGE FIGURE STOPPED SHORT.

"This is the Island called Hispaniola," said the young man.

"Spaniards!" cried the Captain. "Jack, this is a Spanish island; we have but escaped the sea and the land-crabs to become a prey to men more cruel than savages."

"Nay," said the young man, laughing, "you go too fast. It is but little that we, in this part of the island, care for the Spaniard, though they do say that the King of Spain lays claim to it, and even keeps a garrison at St.

Domingo, which lies in the eastward part of the island. But the people in this part are mostly French. I hate them worse than I do the Spaniards, if that be possible, but you stand in no danger of your lives."

We entered the hut, and passed round a pannikin filled with cognac, and soon became very friendly together. We informed the young man of our adventures, and in return he imparted to us something of his story, which I will very shortly relate to the reader.

His name was Jeffrey Horton, and he was at this time approaching twenty-five years of age. His father had at one time been a wealthy merchant in the town of Bristol, but had been reduced to poverty through an unfortunate adventure to the Levant. I heard the whole story of this adventure, but it was such a mangle-mangle of Barbary corsairs, rascally Greek traders, and the impositions of the governor of the island of Rhodes, that I need not trouble the reader with it, even could I at this distance of time call it to mind. In his prosperous times old Master Horton had made for his son a treaty of marriage with the parents of one Mrs. Alice Phillett, and when the days of leanness came old Phillett would have broken off the contract. But to

this the lovers would by no means agree. As lovers will, they swore to be everlastingly faithful one to the other, whereupon old Phillett, who did not stick at trifles, found means to lay hands upon Jeffrey, and, in order to be rid of him, sold him into slavery (to use plain words) to a correspondent of his, who was a merchant dealing in things lawful and unlawful in the island of Tortuga, hard by Hispaniola. This man had in his turn sold Jeffrey to be an *engagé*, or apprentice. to a

buccaneer, in which apprenticeship, or rather slavery he had now served two years and upwards, and was heartily sick of it.

"Now," said Jeffrey Horton, when his tale was ended, "what will you do? If you go with me to my master he will most certainly enslave you, yet I see nought else for you to do. You cannot, it is certain, depart by the way you came."

After some talk we saw nothing for it but to go with him, and we therefore gathered our weapons and set forth. Our stores we abandoned, save the keg of cognac, which we took with us as a peace-offering in order to secure a favourable greeting. Our way led us into tangled forest-land, where was such a growth of trees and plants, and in such strange forms, as I had never before imagined; and the trees were filled with birds of gay plumage, and apes. Far off we could see through openings in the forest two or three tall mountain-tops lifting themselves into the heavens. This part of the forest seemed to be a mere belt of wood along the sea, for on the one hand we could now and then catch a glimpse of blue waters, and on the other of open meadow-land, or savannah, as it is called.

Presently Jeffrey Horton bethought him that if he went empty-handed home to his master he might expect to be received more warmly than lovingly, and he therefore led us to a place in the open plain where he hoped to find a drove of wild kine, such as had disturbed my dream the night before. Nor was he disappointed, for we soon came in sight of a large herd, and, bidding us to await him he began, with infinite precaution, to approach within musquet shot. Shooting from an astonishing distance he wounded a large bull, and forthwith loosed his dog to hold the quarry until he could himself run to it, while the rest of the herd, startled at the noise of the musquet-shot, took to their heels and were soon lost to sight. The Captain and I ran after Horton, and came up with him as he put an end to the bull's life by cutting its throat. In an incredibly short time he had whipt off the hide, and prepared to carry it home by cutting a slit in the middle, through which he thrust his head, letting the skin hang down, all bleeding as it was, over his shoulders and body.

"Is not this pleasant work for a Christian?" said Horton. "For one that knows his catechism and prayers? It would be well, gentlemen, if each of you would cut a joint of this beef, and carry it with you, for we are something short of provender, and if ye will do this it will relieve me, and perchance dispose the

hunters, who are barbarous men, to give you a kind welcome."

Taught by him we each cut a large joint off the bull's carcase. How the Captain fared under his double weight of the flesh and the keg of brandy I know not; for my part I was very thankful when we reached the village (if I may so describe the little collection of hunters' huts), and I could fling my vile burthen to the ground.

The inhabitants of the huts crowded round us, chattering in French, and the sound of an English word now and then assured us that our own countrymen were not wanting among the throng. They seemed to be stout, sturdy fellows, clad in much the same fashion as Jeffrey Horton, and every one of them was daubed from head to foot with the blood and grease of cattle. Horton presented us to his employer, or master, speaking in the French tongue, and this man gravely saluted us with a very low bow, sweeping the ground with his hat. He was a tall, powerful man with white hair; his name, or, I should rather say, the name by which he was known in the island (for but few of the buccaneers passed under their true names), was Lepasteur. This name he owed in part to his being of the Protestant religion, and in part to the great pretence which he made to piety. There was no lack of interpreters, and the following conversation took place between Lepasteur and Captain Skeffington.

"Sirs, I salute you," said Lepasteur, "and bid you welcome."

"Worthy sir," answered the Captain, "my companion and I thank you, and in our turn we salute you and this honourable company."

"My apprentice, 'Orton, tells me that you have joined with him in the pleasures of the chase," said Lepasteur. "Ah, you English, how you love the chase!"

"Yes, sir," said the Captain. "We cut off certain joints, clumsily, I am afraid, from the carcase of a beast slain by your apprentice."

"He is an industrious youth," said Lepasteur. "How I love industry in the young!"

"Though we be but poor shipwrecked mariners, we do not come before you quite empty-handed," said the Captain. "May my friend and I entreat that your worship will honour us by accepting this keg of brandy? I can answer for its quality, and I believe you will find it unhurt by the sea-water."

"Fie, sir, fie!" exclaimed old Lepasteur, rolling up his eyes towards Heaven. "Do you think that gentlemen of France, of *France*, mark you, must be bribed with kegs of brandy

ere they will show hospitality towards honourable gentlemen in distress! Nevertheless, let us taste its quality. . . . Ah, that is good stuff, right good stuff. It is different, indeed, from the vile hog-wash which they send us from Nantes. 'Orton, roll me this keg into my hut, and sit on it until I come, seest thou? so that no rascal may steal it."

"Sir," said the Captain, encouraged by Lepasteur's venerable aspect and gentle speech to believe that the old scoundrel would readily befriend us, "you may well say that we are gentlemen in distress. I am a shipmaster, and my young friend here is the son of a wealthy gentleman of high family in New England, who had taken passage with me for Barbadoes." (Thus gently did the Captain describe his kidnapping of me.)

"Gentlemen, you have but to speak," said Lepasteur, "and I will serve you to the utmost of my power."

I felt heartily thankful that it had pleased Providence to cast us into the hands of so pious and well-disposed a man.

"Let me then beg you, sir, to appoint to us some small bark, or boat, in which we may gain the isle of Tortuga, and thence find conveyance to Europe or New England," urged the Captain.

"Be not in so great haste to depart," said Lepasteur. "For this day, at all events, ye are my guests. Amuse yourselves at your pleasure, and to-morrow, or whenever you desire it, we will make inquiry as to what means there may be of assisting you to reach your own country."

"There's no time like the present," returned the Captain, bluntly.

"Ay, ay, youth is always hasty; I was so myself forty years ago," said the venerable Lepasteur. "'Orton, roll me hither that keg once more, and make haste and dress me some steaks, my dear friend. And if they be not ready in a pig's whisper, or if they be underdone or burned by the coals, I will flay thee alive, and cut steaks from *thy* carcase!"

I do not believe that the excellent Monsieur Lepasteur intended that this last sentence should be rendered into English for our benefit, but the translator was a dull, heavy Englishman from Somersetshire, and he gave us every word faithfully, though of what French phrase "pig's whisper" may be the English rendering. I have never been able to learn. We began to have some inkling that Lepasteur's benignity and kindness were not more than skin-deep, if so much. However, all that day we were feasted and entertained to our hearts'

content, and more. Frenchmen and Englishmen vied with each other in showing rude hospitality in the way of beef, dried tongues, and hog's flesh; nor were red wine, brandy, and Geneva wanting. As the day advanced the glasses went more quickly round, gay songs and laughter resounding on every side. Some of the men were dicers, others played with the cards; but the gamblers spared the Captain and me. As for me, I had no money, and the Captain had prudently hidden his cash in his belt, and said nought of it. Thus the day passed until nightfall. The night we spent in Lepasteur's hut, and the following morning Captain Skeffington once more applied to our host to lend us some boat or other equipage sufficient to enable us to reach Tortuga. As for me, I could do naught but lie in my bed and groan, for my head was aching and my body was sore with my unaccustomed fatigues, and, moreover, I had all night been a prey to moschetoes and all manner of venomous insects, which, it would seem, were delighted to find a new victim in whom to flesh their fangs. The Captain was better seasoned to fatigue and the attacks of insects, and he conducted the negotiation as well on my part as on his own. I could hear his tones mingling with those of Lepasteur and Horton, the latter acting as interpreter, outside the hut, and so far as I was able to judge they seemed not to be agreeing together. It must have been a full hour ere the Captain returned to me. He was in a great rage.

"Jack," said he, "thou hast ere now heard me pass no very favourable judgment upon Spaniards and Hollanders?"

"Yea, Captain," I said, "more than once."

"I withdraw it all, every word. Spaniards and Hollanders all are angels of light compared with these miserable French, frog-eating savages."

"Why, Captain, what hath happened?"

"Happened? This confounded psalm-singing son of a gun whom they call Lepasteur, who was so ready with his beastly compassion for gentlemen in distress, not only refuses his aid, but intends, vile dog that he is, to hold us to ransom."

"Well, what of that?" said I, too weak and faint to trouble to comprehend what the Captain said.

"What of that? Dost thou lie there and say what of that? Jack, I shall have to smite thee; if I smite not thee, or somebody, I verily believe that I shall lose my wits."

"Smite me if it pleases thee, Captain. Be



CHAPTER VII.

THE TIME OF MY SLAVERY, AND HOW IT ENDED.

sure that I am in no case to resist or to smite thee again. My only wish is to die."

"Be not a fool, Jack. Sit up and consider what is best to be done. Ransom? If I am not mistaken, thy worshipful father will not pay so much as a brazen farthing to ransom thee, and thou knowest that, since the *Good Hope* went down, this poor fifty dollars in my belt is all my fortune. Fool that I was to let this beastly Frenchman believe we were men of great possessions!"

"What did he say, Captain?"

"Say? Why, he was very polite, and bowed and scraped, and talked of the 'pleasure of our company,' like all these vile Frenchmen; but it comes to this, that until our friends will choose to send great sums to buy us, here we must stay and be servants and slaves, slaying bulls and getting their hides for this smooth-tongued hypocrite."

"But is there no justice, no judge, in the island, to whom we may appeal?"

"So far as I see," answered the Captain, "this Lepasteur approaches as nearly to the office of judge as any person in this barbarous place, though he hath no commission, I am sure, from his own or any other king. I appealed to the other inhabitants, but they seemed to be fully satisfied with the justice of Lepasteur in enslaving us; their only discontent was that he and not themselves should get us as bond-servants."

At this moment Jeffrey Horton entered the hut, and said--

"It is Lepasteur's desire that you quit his hut forthwith, and build one for yourselves, since he chooses not to have your company longer. He bade me to say also that to-morrow you will have to begin to work for your living, for he hates idleness. Come, gentlemen," he went on, seeing that the Captain would make a hot answer, "be not angry with me—I am but a messenger. And do not be downcast. They say that Fortune's wheel is always turning, and if you are at the bottom now, you will be but the sooner at the top again. I have Lepasteur's permission to aid you in building a hut; and, if you will take my counsel, when you are bidden to do a thing you will do it at once, without staying to think about it; you will find your lives easier so."

Thus it was that we became slaves to Lepasteur, the villainous buccaneer.

NOW began a time of my life which happily lasted not many months, but whose terrors and sufferings even now, after these many years, make me shiver and tremble when I awake at night and think upon them. They say that no man is entirely happy, or entirely miserable, yet, as I look back upon my months of slavery in the hands of Lepasteur, I can remember nothing, unless it be the Captain's friendship, which redeems the time from being one of abject and hopeless misery. I wonder that the mercy of God preserved me from the double crime I was over and over again tempted to commit—that is to say, to take a brace of pistols and with the first to blow out the brains of my tyrant and my own with the other. Captain Skeffington's lot was little, if any, better than my own. We took no measures towards procuring a ransom to be paid for us. The Captain had not a friend in the world to whom he could apply, and as for me, pride forbade me to write to my father and tell him of my sad condition; moreover, we would rather have died than have done aught which would put money in Lepasteur's pocket.

The buccaneers made their living thus; they hunted the wild cattle which roamed the plains of Hispaniola, descendants of tame kine brought thither by the Spaniards, for the sake of their hides; which, when roughly cured, were carried in boats to the island of Tortuga, and there sold to the merchants. At a time later than that of which I am now speaking, after the Spaniards had driven the Frenchmen out of Hispaniola, and so turned them into pirates, the name *buccaneer* came to mean a sea-rover; but when I was in Hispaniola a buccaneer was no more than a hunter, and the sea-rovers, who were then but few compared with those who have since haunted those seas, were known as *fibustiers*. The buccaneers lived in small communities, housed in wooden huts. That into which we had fallen might contain from one hundred to one hundred and twenty souls, all told, of whom perhaps twenty were master-buccaneers, and the remainder apprentices or *engagés*, with a few unhappy beings who, like ourselves, were slaves without hope of ransom. All were white men, even in the scattered sugar-plantations; all work, however mean and laborious, was done by whites. In our neighbourhood there was but one sugar-plantation, and that one, to our grief, belonged to Lepasteur. For the most part the

buccaneers, although always an unholy and foul-mouthed crew, led a temperate and thrifty life, eating the flesh of the beasts they slew, and drinking a thin, sour wine, or a liquor made from the pimento. They observed this temperance from no love of virtue, but in order to save as much money as possible, so that their revels, when occasion offered for an excursion to Jamaica, or Barbadoes, or one of the ports on the Spanish Main, might be so much the more ungodly and prolonged. Amongst these rude people there was little justice and no mercy, nor any virtue save a rough and easily disturbed faithfulness to comrade and friend.

The apprentices, or *engagés*, were an unhappy and wretched race. Most of them had been kidnapped out of French and English ports, and the rest deceived into coming to this hell upon earth by lying promises of finding gold in heaps upon the ground, or pearls growing on trees, or I know not what fabulous notions. They led lives worse than those of slaves, for they were beaten and abused as no slaves are. They had, however, the certain prospect of enlargement, and of becoming buccaneers themselves, for, by a custom of the island, the apprenticeship lasted but three years; that term ended, the master was bound to provide the apprentice with a musquet, powder, and ball, together with knives and other matters necessary for the chase.

It was amongst these apprentices that our life in the island was for the most part spent. With them we worked, and with them we suffered blows and curses. As their lot was worse than the lot of slaves, so was our lot worse than theirs. For not only were we denied the hope of a clear end, however distant, to our sufferings (for we were bound not for three years, but for our lives, so far as appeared), but, in order to compel us to write letters to our friends begging for ransom, Lepasteur daily kicked, beat, and reviled us, and laid upon us tasks beyond our power, strong men though we were.

At first Lepasteur kept us at work killing bulls, Jeffrey Horton being our guide and preceptor in the art. Early in the morning we set forth, each armed with a musquet and knives, and with a ferocious hound at our heels. When we spied a herd we must approach them cautiously, or *stalk* them, as it is called, until we came within musquet-shot, and then let fly at the largest and stoutest bulls. Having slain our game, either with our guns outright, or, if needful, with our knives, the dogs holding such beasts as were but wounded until we could come up with

them, we skinned them, and hung the hides over a branch of a tree, and gratified the hounds with the liver, then moving off in search of the same or another herd. At that time the animals were very plentiful and not shy of man's approach, and it was a poor day's sport when we did not each kill five or six. Towards nightfall we would return and gather up the hides, carrying them home by thrusting our heads through a hole or slit cut in the middle. Vile work it was, with blood running all over us, and those hides which we had procured in the morning already putrid with the heat of the sun. About the meat we did not trouble ourselves, but left it to the birds of prey; unless we were short of provisions at the village, when each would burthen his shoulders with a great raw joint.

This was our work six days in the week. On the seventh we had, not indeed rest, but a change of work, for each Sunday we must carry the hides gotten during the week down to the sea, and there trim and clean them, leaving them in the salt water to pickle, and hanging up those pickled on the Sunday before upon frames to dry in the sun, and storing those already dried in a large store-house, there to await a boat to carry them to Tortuga. This was more laborious than our week-day toil; and I remember once saying to Lepasteur (for I soon came to converse easily in the French tongue)—

"Sir, you are a Protestant, and you have, no doubt, read in your Bible that we are to labour six days and to rest on the seventh. Yet you make us to work on the Lord's Day more than on any others of the seven."

"Permit me to inform you, my dear friend, that I have made a new commandment, which I make so free as to entreat you to observe," said this wicked, smooth old villain. "'Six days shalt thou slay bulls and flay them, and the seventh thou shalt carry hides down to the beach and pickle them.' I desire that you shall bear this in mind, and to enforce it upon your memory I will even chastise you with this whip. Take this, and this, and this, thou miserable skinner of oxen!" And with that he beat me with a certain whip which he used for his horse when he rode a-hunting. He was an old man; nevertheless, I should have fallen upon him but that he had inspired in me that sort of fear which hath given men power to subdue the strongest of beasts, even great elephants and fierce lions.

The Captain and I, going out daily with Jeffrey Horton, came to love him. He was a young man of honesty and modesty, and I



"TAKE THIS, AND THIS, AND THIS, THOU MISERABLE SKINNER OF OXEN!"

think that our coming had taken from his heart that hardness which continual cruelty to himself, and the sight of constant indignities inflicted on others, must have caused to creep in there. As we walked together over the plains under the burning sun, or rested for a while at noon-day to eat our meat, we would talk by the hour together, for the most part of England, with its pleasant hedge-rows and blowing woods, its flowery meadows and old villages set deep in trees, its cool streams - nay, even its rains and snows and frosts; all these were delightful to the fancy of us poor slaves, even to me whose home was not there, but among the grim forests of America, yet who still called the old land *home*, albeit my memories of it were so dim and small.

With the sole desire, as I believe, of grieving us and grinding the manhood out of us, Lepasteur, as soon as the Captain was expert enough in the chase to go forth alone, separated our little company. Horton he sold to a nephew of his, who had a sugar-plantation some ten miles away, for a puncheon of rum, an anker of brandy, three musquets, and five pounds of lead; the Captain he kept at his hunting, and me he sent into his own plantation. Horton was very loth to leave us, and as he departed he wrung our hands, and said—

“Courage, brothers. In less than a twelve-month I shall be free and a buccaneer myself, and then we shall see what we shall see, as these beastly Frenchmen say.”

My labour in the plantation was more severe than hunting, though less disgusting. The plantation was some distance away from the village, and I was lodged in a hut with a Frenchman. I saw the Captain but rarely, for after our day's toil was over neither he nor I was in case to make a promenade to search out the other. Yet now and then on his way home from the chase he would find means to pass by the plantation and exchange a few words, so that we might be assured that we were not forgotten by each other.

I had to go forth daily as soon as the sun was up, and toil all day long under the blazing sun, hoeing the canes or digging, and at the proper season cutting the canes and carrying them to the crushing-house, and then, perhaps, working in the boiling-house, with the heat of the monstrous fires superadded to that of the air outside. Everywhere and at any moment the lash of the overseer, who, among a cruel and godless race of men, was the one most wanting in pity, was ready to descend upon my shoulders with or without reason or excuse. I believe that Lepasteur had passed the word

to this man, who was a debased Frenchman with but one eye, the other having been lost in some disgraceful tavern-brawl, to make my lot as hard a one as was possible; for he never came near me without a blow from his whip or a slap in the face from his open hand (no Frenchman knows how to double his fist), or at least a hearty curse.

Weeks and months of this life tamed me. Continual hard labour, with no rest or respite, continual blows and curses, and separation from my only friend, were wearing away my bodily strength; and with it my wits also were in danger of being drained away. I was becoming little better than an idiot or fool, without hope in this world or the next; like an animal, I cared or wished for nothing save that I might get through my daily toil with as few blows as it was reasonable to expect.

One day, not long after I had fallen into this sorry state, Sebastian, the overseer, came to me as I was toiling in the sun, and said—

“English pig, the good Monsieur Lepasteur wishes to speak with thee. Hasten to him.”

I leapt aside from the blow which he directed at me, and followed him to the place where Lepasteur was waiting. It was in a far corner of the plantation, where the cane-brake verged on the forest.

“Ah, my dear young friend,” said Lepasteur as I approached him, “how do you do? I trust that all goes well with you?”

“Thank-you, sir, I am very tired,” said I.

“Tired? My friend, that is but the excuse made by the idle. Thou art not an idle youth. I trust? Youth is the time for industry, age for repose. Tell me then, Sebastian,” said Lepasteur, turning to the overseer, “is my young friend idle or is he industrious?”

“He is the laziest young hound in the whole plantation, sir,” said Sebastian. “I wear out my whip in vain upon his obstinate shoulders.”

“That is bad, very bad,” said Lepasteur: “it grieves me sorely to hear this of thee, my friend.”

“I am as industrious as others,” said I, “but what is one to do when the only reward for industry is a blow with the whip?”

“Silence, youth,” said Lepasteur, smiling with a benignant air. “If thou art beaten it is only because thou art deserving of it. But this is not that concerning which I came to speak with thee. Listen; I am one who loves his species, and when thou and thy base companion were washed ashore my heart was moved with pity for you. I took you into my own hut, I have now for many months fed and clothed you at my own charges. Furthermore,

I have instructed you in the useful arts of slaying bulls and curing their hides, and of cultivating that sweet plant, the sugar-cane, and transmuted its sugar into juice. Now, why have I done all this for you?"

"Truly," answered I, "because you wished to get your work done for nothing."

"Nay, my dear young man, you wrong me. I looked for a reward; the reward of a good conscience. I thank Heaven that that reward is mine already." The wicked old fox laid his hand on his bosom, and turned up his eyes to the sky, and behind his back I could see Sebastian grinning and winking with his only eye. Lepasteur went on—

"Yet do I not deny that I looked for another reward gratitude. Gratitude, one of the sweetest sentiments that still animates poor, fallen, human nature. If ye had been grateful, what would ye have done? Ye would have begged me, your benefactor, to give you pens, ink, and paper, which I would freely have bestowed upon you. Ye would have written to your rich friends in New England, and have said, 'We were cast ashore, desolate, strangers in a strange land, and we must have perished but for a man, poor, yet very honest, and of a gentle, loving nature, who makes his scanty subsistence by a little hunting and a little sugar-planting, and who, out of his own penury, hath not only bountifully relieved our necessities, but hath with great pains taught us such useful arts as will enable us to earn an honest living, and hath, moreover, delighted us daily with counsel and godly converse. Therefore, dear friends, we entreat you to bestow upon this good man some little gift, some little trifle of a couple of thousand Spanish dollars, such as will in a measure repay him for his care of us.' Hast thou done this, young man? Hath thy base friend done it?"

"No," said I.

"And wherefore have ye not done it? Because your hearts are black. Now, young man, listen to me. Wilt thou this very day write some such letter as this to thy father? Tomorrow a boat sails to Tortuga, and from thence letters can be readily conveyed to Jamaica, or Barbadoes, and so to all parts of the world. Wilt thou send a letter by the boat, or must I make thy yoke yet more grievous?"

At this I lost all hold on myself and rushed into a manner of frenzy. I abused the old man, I called him liar, villain, dog, pig; I reproached him with all his villainies towards Captain Skeffington and myself. Never have I seen a man's countenance change as did Lepas-

teur's. Hitherto he had been smiling indulgently upon me, but no sooner did I begin to tell him some part of what was in my mind than his brow drew together, his eyes seemed to flash fire, and he scowled upon me with hatred. He struggled for a moment with his speech, and then screamed out—

"Sebastian, Sebastian, kill this dog for me, here, this instant."

"Kill him yourself, sir," said Sebastian. "Innocent blood is too-heavy a burthen."

I continued to rave and accuse Lepasteur, and in his fury he snatched a heavy hoe from Sebastian's hand, and dealt me with it such a blow on the head as went near to split my skull. I fell to the earth, yet I did not immediately lose my wits. I had senses enough left to hold my breath, so that they might think me dead as they bent over me.

"Sir, you have killed him," said Sebastian.

"So it appears," answered Lepasteur, "yet will I deal him another blow in order to make sure. Dead men tell no tales."

"It needs not, he is dead enough," said Sebastian.

"It is a pity that I lost my temper," said Lepasteur. "There is a good ransom of two thousand dollars gone astray. This short temper of mine, I must curb it; it is unbecoming in a Christian man like me. The young fool would soon have yielded to my persuasions and written to his father."

"What will you have done with the body, sir?" said Sebastian.

"Leave it here until nightfall, then do thou bury him, Sebastian, to make the canes grow, and we will say that he has marooned. We will not set the hounds on his trail, hey, Sebastian?"

They laughed and went away. As soon as the sound of their feet had died out, I made shift to creep away with great caution, until I found myself well within the forest, when I laid me down under a tree and fainted away with the pain of my wound and loss of blood. There I must have lain for many hours, for when I came to my senses the moon was shining brightly above the tree-tops. The forest was very still, yet with a continual deep hum about it that told of the presence of many insects. I lay still there, weak and faint, and feeling no anger for the past nor disquietude for the future, but only a dull gratification that I might lie and rest. But the stillness was of a sudden broken by a deep booming sound afar off. I had learned much since I first heard that same sound, and I knew that I was being sought by one who held a bloodhound in a leash. I

thought that it was Sebastian, who had come to bury me, and who, not finding me where I fell, had brought his dog to track me into the forest. I felt no wish to escape; I hoped only that the hound would be swift, and would give Sebastian no time to torture me with the whip. I thought of my kinsfolk at home, and of Verity; I tried to say within myself some scraps from Holy Scripture and from prayers which I had heard good Mr. Longwynd utter far away in New England.

The sound of the baying came nearer and yet nearer, and it was mingled with the notes of a man's voice; a good English one, and not that of a squeaking Frenchman; and at last I knew that it was none other than the voice of my friend, Barnabas Skeffington.

"Forward, good Nero," I heard the Captain say, "on with thee; we must surely find the lad soon."

In one more moment I felt the dog's warm tongue on my face, and the Captain had his arm under my head, and was saying—

"Thank God, I have found thee, my dear lad! Now, Jack, quick to thy feet; we must e'en go a-marooning."

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW WE WENT MAROONING AND FELL INTO THE HANDS OF SPANIARDS.

THUS for the second time did Barnabas Skeffington save my life. Indeed, it was but just that he should do so, seeing that but for him I should not have been in this sorry plight. I was glad, indeed, to hear his friendly voice and to feel his arm round me, yet it was some time ere he could persuade me to stir from the spot where I was lying. I begged him only to stay by me until I should die.

"Nay, Jack," said he, "that were but to lose my life as well as thine. Come, lad, come, get up; if thou canst not walk I must bear thee on my back. They will set other hounds on our trail, and unless we can cross running water we are no better than dead men."

The Captain bade the dog go home, and the poor beast obeyed, going not gladly, but unwillingly, as a boy returns to school after a holiday. Slowly and with pain I got upon my feet, and the Captain dragged me along through the forest, thorns piercing our thin raiment and tearing our flesh, small branches of trees whipping our eyes and faces, while our feet were bruised and torn through our moc-casins. My friend seemed to have strength for

me as well as for himself, for all night long he drew me after him through the woods, making for the high ground in the interior. Two or three times he gave me sips of wine from a gourd which hung about him. Of the way we traversed I remember naught; I can recollect but the joy and gratitude with which I heard him say—

"See, Jack, there is the day breaking, so we will lie down and rest. All the hounds in the island will hardly track us hither, for we have crossed three running waters, besides marshes, so do thou betake thyself to slumber."

Whether he slept or not I cannot say. He awakened me when night fell again, and I arose, mightily refreshed and strengthened with my twelve hours' repose; and when I had eaten a little of the dried, or, as they call it, *boucaned*, meat which the Captain had with him, and washed it down with a draught from a brook near by, I was able to set forth again, strong and hearty. I found that while I slept the Captain had dressed the wound on my head as well as he was able, and it now gave me but little pain.

"John," said the Captain, "there be some advantages about being thick-headed. But come, let us set out. We must walk all night ere I shall think us safe from these French savages."

As we journeyed, the Captain told me how it was that he had come to my aid so fortunately.

"I had a good day's hunting yesterday," said he, "and getting home something earlier than common, I bethought me that I would visit thee at the plantation. I saw Sebastian among the canes and asked him where thou wast.

"The young villain hath marooned,' says he.

"The ungrateful whelp!' said I, to throw dust in his eyes. 'When did he go?'

"No longer ago than this very afternoon,' says he.

"No doubt you will set the bloodhounds on his trail,' says I.

"Not a doubt of it,' says he; and with that I bade him a good-afternoon.

"Now, I'll be beforehand with you, Master Sebastian,' thinks I; so I went to my own hut, and as soon as night fell I collected such powder and ball as I could find, and took my musquet and this bit of flesh, and stole away towards the plantation, leading Nero with me in his couple. I made my way along the edge of the forest nearest to the canes, for I made sure that thou must have escaped that way. and, sure enough, old Nero very soon hit upon thy trail going into the thick of the forest. Thou



"CORPORAL, TAKE THESE TWO MEN AND HANG THEM TO A TREE."

fast but some poor quarter-mile or so away from the plantation when I found thee. Tell me, Jack (for last night I could get naught out of thee save prayers to be left to die), how camest thou in such a plight? and why didst thou run away without letting poor Barnabas Skeffington know of it?"

I told him of my meeting with Lepasteur and what had come of it. When I had ended he burst out in a rage against Lepasteur and Sebastian, and the whole crew of buccaneers; "who are," said he, "I suppose, the most blood-

thirsty set of murdering scoundrels since the days of Cain."

"Worse than Spaniards?" said I, remembering how he used to rage against the Dons.

"A thousand times. Compared with a buccaneer, I love a Spaniard like a brother."

Chance, as we call it, though perhaps we should speak more truthfully did we say the Finger of Providence, was soon to give the Captain an opportunity of gratifying his newly-found affection, in this wise: as I have said before, the island of Hispaniola was of right

a possession of the King of Spain, who maintained a garrison in the eastern part; but the French buccaneers had years before usurped the possession of the western part, and defied all efforts of the Spanish to remove them. From time to time the Governor of the town and fortress of St. Domingo, grieved that this fair jewel of his master's crown should be marred by the presence of foreign intruders, or perhaps moved by expectation of honour and gain, would send an expedition to drive out the Frenchmen, and establish the Spanish power. Like most matters set on foot by the Spaniard, these expeditions were ill-set-out, and too small to accomplish their aim; and the end they always came to was that, after some few killings and burnings of villages by the soldiers, and reprisals by the buccaneers, the Spaniards retreated again to St. Domingo, and left the buccaneers in peace again.

Now, it so chanced that a party of soldiers belonging to one such expedition lay directly in our path as the Captain and I continued our flight. All night through we had been tramping through the forest, making always for the mountains, where we supposed that we could lie hid until pursuit had died down, and we could make our way to the coast again in hopes of finding means of conveyance to Tortuga. Whether our senses were clouded with weariness, or whether safety so far had slackened our watchfulness, I cannot say, but just before the breaking of day, as the birds began to shriek and the apes to chatter, we were startled to hear a voice close to us cry out in the Spanish tongue—

"Halt! Who comes there?"

"Friends!" cried the Captain, speaking also in Spanish.

"Halt, friends," said the sentinel. "Have you the countersign?"

"Nay," said the Captain, "we know not the countersign. We are men flying from the incredible cruelties of the French."

"Stand you there until such time as my officer shall awaken," said the sentinel, levelling his piece as if to shoot at us. "Come no nearer, or I fire upon you."

So we sat down on the ground until it should please the Spanish officer to end his slumbers.

"Captain," said I, "if we were but at home in Boston I would freely agree to do penance in the face of the congregation every Lord's Day for the rest of my life." I was weary, and perhaps still somewhat faint from my wound, and it seemed that we had but escaped from Lepasteur to run into a hazard more desperate still, for men habited like buc-

caneers had no mercy to expect at the hands of Spaniards.

"Courage, Jack, courage! Keep up the heart. I see how this mishap may be turned to account. It may open a way for us to leave this accursed place without trouble or danger."

"Doubtless to fall into some calamity more dreadful still."

"Be not cast down, lad. Leave the talking to me, and bow and be polite, for these Don are mighty proud, and stand much upon the reverence due to their excellencies. Above all, if thou hearest me say a thing, do thou make haste to say it likewise. Eat and drink, Jack, thou art worn out with our journey."

We ate and drank, and gave to the sentinel a morsel of our meat and a scanty draught of our wine, which earned for us his friendship, for the poor fellow's rations were rare enough and little enough to make even our small offering an acceptable one to him. As soon as the sun rose we found that we had stumbled into the midst of a party of some twenty of the Spanish *luceros*, or *fifties*, as the buccaneers would always call them, all sleeping beside their little horses, save the sentinel who had challenged us. We abode still where we were until the officer who had command of the party awakened, and the sentinel called out to him that he had two prisoners.

"Bring them hither," called the officer, who was a small, swarthy man. "French buccaneers, I see by their filthy dress," he went on, as we stood bowing before him. "Corporal, take these two men and hang them to a tree. It needs not to squander good powder and lead on them."

I own that my knees smote one against the other as I heard the officer speak thus, for I had by this time learned enough of the Spanish tongue to comprehend what he said; but the Captain said fearlessly and with many *congées*—

"Illustrious excellency, have I your gracious leave to speak a word in your noble ears?"

"Speak, but be brief," said the officer, "for my stomach crieth out for his breakfast, and I must first see you hanged."

"Most noble sir, we be no Frenchmen; we be two unhappy Englishmen, who had the misfortune to be cast ashore into the midst of the barbarous Frenchmen, and are now fleeing at the hazard of our lives from their unbearable tortures and cruelties. Your illustrious master, sir, is at peace with ours, and I humbly beseech that you will be pleased to extend your mighty protection to us. — Jack

went on the Captain, in English, "fall on thy knees and weep."

Down we both went on our marrow-bones, and made as though we wept and wailed, although it went much against us to kneel and shed tears before a Spaniard.

"French or English," said the officer, "ye are vile buccaneers, and my orders are strict to root out all such. Corporal, be swift, and give them to the crows."

"For the love of God, your Excellency, have but a moment's patience. If I comprehend you aright, you are desirous of doing as great hurt as you can to these vile buccaneers, as you so justly styled them. Now, if I can show you a means whereby you shall do them such

hurt that they shall not recover it these many years, would not you win such promotion as should far outweigh the value of our worthless lives?"

"This is but some crafty trap," said the officer. "I will not spare your lives, but I will suffer you to live until I have breakfasted, and then, if I am still in the same mind, I will hear what you have to say before I hang you."

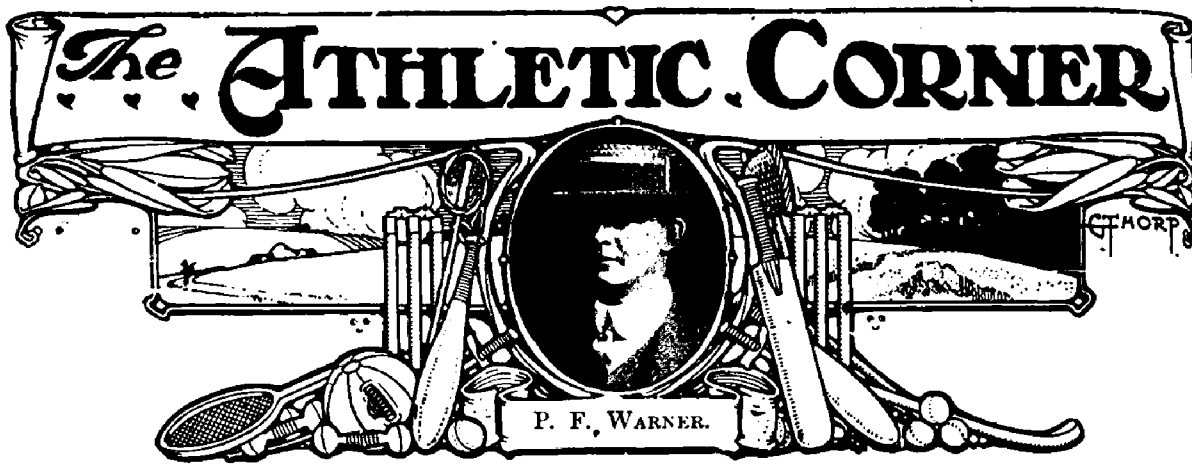
With this small favour we had to content ourselves. We stood apart and watched the officer devour a monstrous breakfast, brought him by his servant, while his soldiers ate their morsel at a little distance—save two who kept ward over us that we should not escape.

(To be continued.)



THE BOYHOOD OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

From the painting by Sir John Millais.



THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM: THEIR BOWLING AND FIELDING.

IN the April number of the **CAPTAIN** I wrote of the batting strength of the Australians; I will now say something about their bowling and fielding—their out-cricket, in fact.

There are six bowlers in the team—Noble, Cotter, Hopkins, McLeod, Howell, and Armstrong—with Trumper in reserve, but neither Trumble nor Saunders is coming, and what their absence means may be gathered from the figures of the last Australian tour in this country. On that tour Trumble took 140 wickets for 14 runs

each, and Saunders 127 wickets for 17 runs each, these two and Noble doing all the work in the test matches that season. Noble's bowling is chiefly remarkable for its peculiar flight. When he first came out in the Australian season of 1897-1898 he used to make the ball swerve from leg in the most baffling manner, but if he has to a great extent lost this swerve, he still has the power of pulling the ball back in the air, and the flight of his bowling is always difficult to judge accurately. He keeps a good length, and on a wicket which gives him the least help can make the ball break back very quickly. On his day—which frequently coincides with the date of a test match—he is to be ranked with Spofforth or Palmer, or Turner.

He is the finest point in the world. A sure catch, and wonderfully quick in getting to the ball on either side of him. The position of the ground he covers is quite extraordinary.

On Cotter a great deal will depend. In build he is not unlike G. L. Jessop, though not so thick about the thighs and shoulders, and for half-a-dozen steps in the middle of his run he reminds me of the Gloucestershire captain. He is not a Richardson or Lockwood, but he is very fast, with an action very similar to that of Wilson of Worcestershire, but though his arm is a trifle low he can make the ball bump, while he keeps his feet on a wet wicket better than any fast bowler I have ever seen. He is often very erratic—two short balls past your nose, and then a yorker on the leg stump



A. COTTER.



A. J. HOPKINS.



C. MCLEOD.



W. P. HOWELL.

I can imagine his bowling very well at Lord's or Old Trafford. He is not to be despised as a batsman, for he is quick on his feet and can hit hard.

Hopkins has greatly improved, and in proportion is a better bowler on a perfectly true wicket than on a difficult one. He has an awkward flight in the air, a very good fast yorker, and is constantly changing his pace. His dismissal of C. B. Fry and K. S. Ranjitsinji at Lord's three years ago, without either of them scoring, first suggested his possibilities as a bowler, and since then he has improved.

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McLeod bowls medium pace right hand with a high delivery. On a hard wicket he relies chiefly on the ball, which goes with his arm, to get batsmen out; this he bowls very well, keeping a good length and with some spin. Frequently he bowls round the wicket. When the ground is sticky he can get on a formidable off break. He is tall and well built and has a quick, jerky action.

He is a useful batsman of the steady school, who gets practically all his runs on the on side, and though he is not as a rule considered to be an extra good field, he caught me out in the third test match at



J. J. KELLY.

Adelaide in January last year with a wonderful one-handed catch at mid-on.

Howell has a genius for bowling a good length, and can make the ball turn on a perfect wicket more than any other bowler I have ever met. He knows, too, the value of the ball that goes straight on. On a sticky wicket he breaks almost too much. Though a right-handed bowler he bats left-handed, and is a wonderful hitter; he once made ninety odd runs against A. E. Stoddart's second team in fifty minutes. He is one of the strongest of men, and has, to put it mildly, rather well-developed hands.

Armstrong is one of the now fashionable leg break bowlers. He has a high action, and places all his men except two or three on the leg side, where he hopes to get you caught. He is nothing like the same class as Braund or Bosanquet, for, though he has a wonderful command of length, he does not make the ball turn to any extent. He is rather an annoying bowler to play, as he bowls five balls out of six wide to leg. He would, I fancy, be more successful if he

bowled more at the wicket and had an extra man or two on the off side. He is a wonderful short slip, with a telescopic grab, and a safe hand.

Trumper can bowl as fast as Mold used to for three or four overs, but he is not likely to be put on except in the direst emergency. He will be wanted to knock other bowlers about, not to bowl himself. He is one of the best fielders living, either in the slips, at third man, or in the country. He can throw over a hundred yards, and can catch with either hand.

On the whole the Australian bowling is wanting in variety. There is no left-hander—the want of which is bound to be felt on sticky wickets—and Noble, Howell, McLeod, and Hopkins, though they differ slightly in their methods, are all right-hand, medium paced. On the other hand, they are the type of bowlers against whom runs will always take a lot of making, for, if they have one excellence over and above another, it is their ability to keep an accurate length.

And now we come to the fielding.

Kelly and Newland are the wicket-keepers of the team. Kelly is not so good in point of style or in general efficiency as Lillie, but he is thoroughly sound and reliable. He once stumped Tyldesley on the leg side in the most marvellous way. He has an iron frame and iron hands, and takes the hard knocks which is the wicket-



F. LAVER, THE MANAGER OF THE TEAM.
By permission "The Book of Cricket."

keeper's portion with a calm stoicism; nothing, indeed, seems to hurt him. He is a useful bat of a rather rough style, but he drives hard and is a good man at a pinch. He cannot stand Bosanquet's bowling.

Newland is not exactly the build of the typical wicket-keeper, for he is on the slight side; but he is very neat and quick, and by no means a bad bat. He once made fifty runs against the M.C.C. team in thirty-five minutes.

Kelly and Newland may be expected to do the right thing behind the stumps, and in the field our visitors ought to be as good as any Australian XI. has ever been—which is saying a good deal.

Noble will be at point, Gregory at cover, Gehrs at extra cover, and Duff at mid-off—a phalanx of fieldsmen hard to break through; for Gregory is Jessop's rival, Gehrs is as good as either, Duff like a sandbank at mid-off, and Noble equally impenetrable at point. Then there will be Howell and Armstrong at slip, Trumper, Hill, and Hopkins, for third man and long field, and Darling, McLeod, and Cotter for near the wicket.

Supposing Newland, McLeod, and Gregory, for argument's sake, to be left out of the eleven for a particular match, the Australian field, with Howell bowling, would be arranged something like Fig. 1. With Cotter on, the field would be approximately as Fig. 2.

If the old saying that good fielding makes weak bowling strong means anything—and the truth of it has been proved over and over again—the Australians ought to be powerful in attack. We ought, I think, with even luck, to win the rubber, but there could be no greater mistake than for Englishmen to imagine that their opponents will be anything but a very hard side to beat.

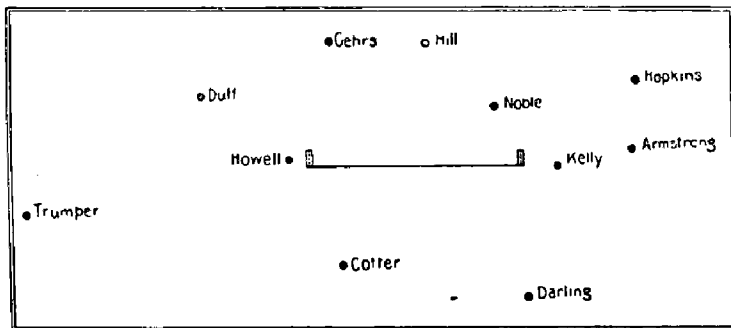


FIG. 1.—THE FIELD, HOWELL BOWLING.

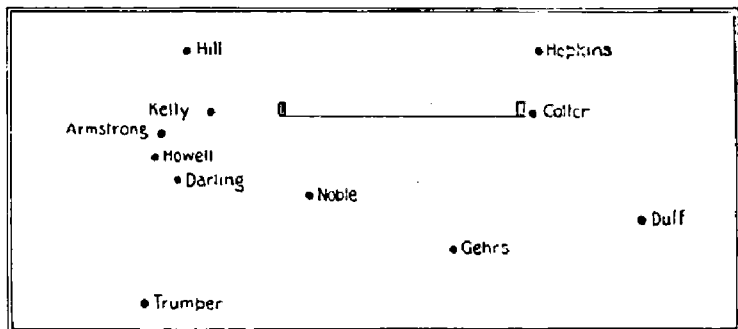


FIG. 2.—THE FIELD, COTTER BOWLING.

BATTING AVERAGES IN TEST MATCHES.

	Innings.	Runs.	Times Not Out.	Average.
1. C. Hill	47	1838	1	39
2. V. Trumper	37	1320	2	37
3. M. A. Noble	40	1157	6	34
4. J. Darling	46	1402	1	31
5. R. A. Duff	26	744	1	29
6. S. E. Gregory	68	1659	5	26
7. W. W. Armstrong	20	381	4	23
8. A. J. Hopkins	20	321	2	17

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. F. P.—You will get a good bat from any of the advertisers in our columns.

Harry Bucknell.—(1) Yes, the "Surrey Driver" is a good bat. (2) You can now get "How We Recovered the Ashes" for a shilling from any bookseller, or for 1s. 3d., post free, from George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. (3) No, I never received your letter. Many thanks for the kind thought all the same.

A Public School Boy.—(1) Keep the left elbow well up, and practise hard. It will come quite naturally after a time. (2) About twenty minutes' batting and twenty minutes' bowling is quite enough. (3) The balance. Many thanks for your kind wishes for a successful season.

D. F. K.—A reply to your question will be found in the February number.

Charles E. Shardlow, Jun.—(1) Your course seems a very excellent one, and I certainly cannot recommend a better. (2) The best oil for a bat is linseed and olive mixed. (3) Certainly not, but wooden ones would do quite as well, because it isn't so much the weight of the dumb-bell that does

BOWLING ANALYSIS IN TEST MATCHES.

	Balls.	Runs.	Wickets Taken.	Average.
A. Cotter	318	150	11	13.63
M. A. Noble	4736	2036	94	21.63
A. J. Hopkins	745	344	13	26.46
C. E. McLeod	2162	800	23	34.78
W. P. Howell	3508	1235	35	35.28
W. W. Armstrong	930	346	4	86.50

one good as the grip. (4) Ten minutes in the morning, and ten minutes at night.

J. F. Templar.—The Sussex ground is not as small as people think, for if the boundary on the pavilion side is rather an easy one, it is very long in the drive. Certainly a four on this ground is more easily obtained than, for instance, at Leeds, Old Trafford, or the Oval, but I do not think that this makes an appreciable difference in the run-getting of the cricketers you mention. To onlookers Ranjitsinjhi often gives the appearance that he is not really hitting the ball hard, but that is owing to his wonderful timing and accurate judgment of the stroke. He can hit quite as hard as anyone else when he likes, but there is no apparent effort about his strokes. Yes, I quite agree with you that on the last two season's performances Tyldesley's are practically quite as good as Ranjitsinjhi's or Fry's. The Taunton ground is a very small one, but no one ever thinks of depreciating a big score there because of the smallness of the boundary.

Richard C. Mellish.—Sorry, photo. too faint for reproduction.

An Admirer of Eton.—The Rugby cricket colours are light blue cap and shirt, and white blazer

trimmed with light blue ribbon. At the present moment the Eton eight for this year has not been made up.

"Jano."—No! it is not a goal if the ball hits the cross-bar and rebounds into play again. If, however, the ball slants into goal before being fisted or kicked out by the goalkeeper, then it is a goal.

"L. Mct."—It sounds like stitch, and probably you have been running too soon after eating. If you don't think it is, the best thing you can do is to go to a doctor and explain your symptoms.

"Barry."—Mr. C. B. Fry wrote several articles on training for various sports in the back numbers of this magazine. The information you require is contained in his article in No. 1, April, 1899.

"M. R."—You will find everything there is to be known about long jumping in the "Encyclopaedia of Sport" from the pen of Mr. C. B. Fry.

P.F. Warner



THE ADELAIDE OVAL.

G. O. STILL "GOING."

THE Oxford half-backs (*v.* Ludgrove Masters) were far better here than at Ealing. If K. R. Hunt did nothing more than bother G. O. Smith, that of itself was an achievement, for G. O., though compelled to "rest awhile" after working awhile, showed the old delightful control of the ball and consummate ingenuity in guiding his colleagues out of a *cul de sac*. Smith is about thirty-two years of age, but I believe that if he went in for strict training no deterioration in his powers would be detected. His quickness, decision, and accuracy rivet the attention, and though he failed to get in one shot during the match, the success of his side would have been assured had the men on either side of him been good enough to profit from the donkey work of the "old master."—"Linesman," in *The Daily Chronicle*, February 2nd, 1905.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness."

No. 14.—MICHAUD'S EXPLOIT.

TRAPPER, boatman, interpreter, trader and freight-captain by turns, Felix Michaud had, when I knew him, spent forty years in the Upper Missouri and Platte countries. Short, stocky, of great breadth of shoulder and uncommon strength, he was of iron endurance at sixty. He was a man of singularly placid and even temper, yet of most adventurous spirit—cool, determined, alert, seeming never to be taken by surprise.

He was my captain in a waggon-march from the Northern Pacific road to the Black Hills, when every mile of our route from old Fort Fetterman was beset by hostile Sioux. Three times they attacked, only to find Michaud ready to receive them. The close order of our march and the unremitting vigilance exacted by our leader undoubtedly saved the band of thirty-five adventurers.

When Felix Michaud went to Fort Bridger from the Missouri country, in 1840 or thereabouts, he was a young man, untried among the trapper companies. Some weeks after his arrival, and in the time of revels at summer rendezvous, he had the misfortune, unwittingly, to provoke one of Bridger's fire-eaters—a hot-headed trapper who could not brook to be crossed without fighting. Felix was immediately challenged to fight, the challenger naming his own weapons—rifles at sixty paces.

The peaceable young Canadian, however, not only refused to fight, but attempted to explain that he had meant no offence. This breach of frontier etiquette could not, of course, be overlooked, so Michaud was branded "squaw" and promptly cut by most of his new associates.

Some days later the offended trapper, somewhat in liquor, attacked Michaud with a pistol, declaring he would blow the "squaw Kanuck's brains out" if he did not immediately get a gun and fight; whereupon Felix promptly disarmed his opponent, seized the astonished trapper by the belt, bore him outside the fort's defences and flung him, neck and heels,



into "Black Fork" swimming-hole." This matter raised such a laugh against the trapper that he did not renew his attack. In fact, when sober, he laughed as much about the affair as anyone.

Nevertheless, such was the mountain code that Michaud's reputation was not fully established. "Kanuck," as he came to be called, was tolerated merely as a good man at taking beaver and handy about the camps.

Two years later he was trapping with a small band near, or within territory now included in, the National Park. Among these little-frequented mountains he and his companions gathered so great a harvest of pelts that when spring came their small outfit of ponies was found inadequate to pack all to the fort. Months of hot weather must elapse before the expedition could return, and no cache would preserve the furs from spoiling for so long. It thus became necessary to leave a man behind—one who could be trusted to care for the furs and also to hold the ground against invasion from a rival company.

The choice of a man was determined by lot, but Michaud was left out of the draw-

ing. Some thought he would rejoice at this, but the young Canadian was much hurt at his comrades' lack of confidence in him. When the unlucky member, "Haze" Fenton, expressed a conviction that he should never see Fort Bridger again, and made some final requests of a friend, Michaud promptly volunteered to stay with him. The trappers were surprised, but offered no objection to his remaining.

Thus Felix and the big, raw-boned Yankee, Haze, were left in a mountain wilderness to guard some thousands of dollars' worth of furs. As their winter dugout was getting damp for the pelts, they fell to work with their axes and built upon the bank of a small lake a pine-log shack with a rough wareroom overhead for storage.

Weeks passed into months. The trappers fished, hunted, picked berries, or lounged about in enforced idleness. Notwithstanding there were hostile tribes at no great distance, they saw no man, red or white, for four months, and were looking forward to the return of their friends, when Haze came in one evening from a ramble about the lake wearing a sober face.

"Kanuck," he said, setting down his rifle, "we've got comp'ny on this lake, and a mighty poor sort. Lope Vasquez and his gang, six of 'em, are camped down here a way."

Michaud said nothing, but his face must have shown the concern he felt at this piece of unwelcome news.

Lope Vasquez, a cousin of Bridger's Spanish-Mexican partner, had been employed by the trader, William Sublette, but had been whipped out of two camps for stealing. Subsequently he had gathered, from the unprincipled sort, a band of free-trappers who were more than suspected of being free-booters as well.

Haze watched the effect of his news. "Guess you'll be climbin' out of these mountings right sudden, Kanuck," he said.

"Mebbe so, mebbe not," replied Michaud, in his terse and non-committal fashion.

They ate a supper of jerked venison and berries in silence. Then Felix got some dry deerskins and tied them up along the cross-pieces overhead.

"That's a good idea," admitted Haze, "but t'won't do any good. They know about the beaver. Some fellow got drunk at the fort and let it out among their

friends or spies. They saw me as I came by their camp, but I didn't let on to see them. They've got us under close watch, and we've got to *cave* or fight—which?"

"Me—I t'ink fight," said Michaud, coolly.

"Three to one is big odds," said Haze, dubiously, "and they'll just simply watch for a chance to shoot us, like the sneaks they are, when we stir outside."

"All the same," replied Michaud, in his slow, imperturbable way, "me, I weel not run till eet ees necessaire."

"You talk brave enough," said Fenton, doggedly and doubtfully. "Guess I'll stay around here as long as you will. We'll be served like two rats in a trap, that's all, but I'll stay just the same."

The trapper's apprehensions were, indeed, well founded, as Michaud was soon to discover. The attack came sooner than they expected, and like a lightning stroke.

Fenton lay sleeping upon his blankets, while Michaud sat upon some skins with his back against a wall and rifle across his knees. The Canadian had removed a couple of boulders which filled a hollow under the logs at his side, thus making a way of escape, if escape should become necessary. Primarily, however, he wanted to listen, with his ear close to the ground, for any sounds of stealthy approach.

But the attack did not come in that manner. Michaud was aroused toward morning by a sudden rush of feet outside, and instantly there was a crash at the door. Its puncheon slabs—they had been pegged to cross-pieces—burst into the room, followed by a crowd of dark figures tumbling in at the opening.

Instantly Felix ducked into the hole he had made under the logs, and was outside in a twinkling. So Haze was the only "rat" found in the trap. Michaud waited only long enough to hear a short scuffle, and to know that Fenton had been secured and was beyond his present assistance: then he sped away among the bush and rocks. No one pursued, however, or came out to look after him. If the outlaws knew of his presence—and he felt sure that Haze would not enlighten them—they did not consider his escape as dangerous to their enterprise. Michaud did not believe they would kill Fenton if they could in any way use him.

The Canadian posted himself upon a height where he could overlook the shack

not much trouble in keeping out of sight. Once he got the general direction of their course, he had no need to trail them.

They travelled to the north-east, and Michaud knew they had come without ponies. They were packing their booty to the big lake of the Yellowstone, where they had canoes hidden, or if not, could hew them out of logs. Once on the great watercourse, they could easily drop down to the Missouri and sell their plunder for enough to give each of them some six or eight hundred dollars.

All day Michaud followed, at one time getting close enough to see that Haze Fenton, with hands tied behind him, was packed like a burro, his sturdy shoulders bent under the weight that was strapped upon them. Michaud hoped for no greater success than to set the unwilling toiler free. To that end he was ready to incur any personal risk which did not involve obvious foolhardiness. That night he watched Vasquez's camp as an owl watches the burrows of whistling rabbits.

But the men slept in a row, with their feet to their camp-fire. Haze lay in their midst, and one man, gun in hand, stood guard.

Evidently they were run-

ning no unnecessary risks. In the morning, so near was Michaud that he could hear the men's voices as they cooked a breakfast of young "fool hens" which they had knocked over the evening before. He could see the grinning face of their black Mexican leader, who appeared to be in high good humour.

Again the Canadian followed through a day's slow march. Another night passed, but the vigilance in the camp proved unremitting.

On the following forenoon the route lay across a long stretch of rough, exceedingly tumbled bench lands which, from the description Michaud gave me, I think must have been ancient lava-beds.

In crossing these arduous stretches the outlaws followed an old elk or buffalo trail. Toward noon their line had become stretched



MICHAUD SPRANG UPON HIS BURDENED SHOULDERS.

and waited for daylight. There was no stir among the men until about sunrise, when the whole party marched out, Haze Fenton among them, each man bearing a pack of beaver upon his shoulders. Michaud at once made an accurate guess at their plans. He waited until they were well out of sight and hearing, and then descended to the deserted cabin.

The marauders had taken nothing but the more valuable bales of beaver and otter pelts, in packs of some sixty pounds each. Michaud furnished himself with a blanket, as much meat as he could easily carry, and leisurely set out upon their trail.

He had little difficulty in overtaking them, loaded as they were. He was very wary in his approach, watching them from cover and at a distance. As the country was exceedingly rough, he had

out over a considerable distance along the path. A high wind was blowing almost in their faces. Here Michaud saw his opportunity for a bold stroke.

With the stealth of an Indian and the daring of Boone, he went swiftly forward, keeping under cover of rocks and crawling rapidly over exposed hummocks, until he had overtaken the rear straggler. Keeping softly behind until the man descended a little pitch, Michaud sprang upon his burdened shoulders, and the fellow went down with a smothered yell.

He was quickly convinced of the uselessness of a struggle, and a gentle prick from Michaud's knife brought his hands across his back, where they were tied with the strings of his own pack. Michaud then tied the man's legs, smashed his gun upon a rock, and sped on.

He caught the next man carrying his load upon his head and gave him a stunning blow in the back of the neck. To tie him and break his gun was the work of a moment.

Then, seeing the fellow, who was but a short distance in advance, go up on a little ridge and drop his pack to rest, Michaud covered him with his rifle and advanced rapidly along the trail. The man did not happen to turn around immediately. When he did, he was looking into the muzzle of the Canadian's gun at less than a dozen steps. His own rifle—like those of his fellows—was slung under his arm. His sprang to his feet, stared wildly at Michaud for an instant, and then put up his hands in token of surrender. He was made to lie upon his face, while Felix, with a knife in his teeth, made him fast as he had done the others.

Michaud now carried two cocked rifles, one in either hand, as he hurried forward on the trail. He hoped to overtake Haze Fenton next.

The ground was very rough in front and he could see nothing of the men in advance. He had gone but a short distance, however, when he came face to face with Lope Vasquez, at the bottom of a rock-worn waterway. The Mexican had dropped his pack and turned about, apparently to look after his fellows, or to give some direction to the next behind. In a twinkling the

outlaw's gun was at his face and his bullet whistled through Michaud's skin cap, cutting, as he afterwards discovered, the skin upon his left ear.

Michaud returned shot for shot, dropping one rifle and raising the other with mechanical swiftness, and the freebooter fell in his tracks. Before Felix could recover from astonishment at his own success and the narrowness of his escape, he heard a joyful shout close at hand, and saw Haze Fenton stumbling towards him.

Haze was almost ready to drop with fatigue and the weight of his load. He had been with Vasquez, and, as the latter turned back, had seated himself to rest. Then he heard the shots. Instantly upon seeing the Mexican fall, he had divined the situation. His exultation may be imagined as the faithful comrade freed him from fetters and burden.

An extra rifle was quickly reloaded and the trappers hurried on together to overtake the other two of Lope's men. They were found at the foot of some rocks awaiting their fellows. The stiff gale that was blowing had carried all suspicious sounds away from them. They were surprised to see the big Yankee coming, unloaded, but his hands were behind him, and apparently one of their mates was at his heels with a rifle in either hand; so they were caught off their guard.

Haze enjoyed their discomfiture immensely. Their guns were broken, and they were made to carry their packs back to their fellows. Then the five were set free, given what provision they had, told to care for their wounded leader, and take themselves out of the country as best they might.

The trappers guarded their furs for a day or two, and then, certain that the miscreants had taken themselves off for good, they cached the bales and returned to their shack.

The peltry was recovered two or three weeks later, after the coming of the band from Bridger's.

As for Felix Michaud, he could not be induced to take pay for the service he had rendered, but when he was chosen captain of the company he accepted joyfully.



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.



Photo. by]

BATTLE, THUNDER AND SMOKE!

[T. Pope.

THE SWINGING BACK.

IT falls to my lot to look over some hundreds of other people's photographic efforts every year, and I have noticed, especially in the case of pictures taken with a hand camera, that the user is scarcely aware of the limitations of his instrument. The "swinging back," to which I shall refer at some length in this paragraph, is seldom fitted to a hand camera, but invariably forms part of a good stand camera. Its object is to enable the photographer to correct the

pointed at it at equal distances to right and left. The camera to the left has the plate parallel to the front; the other has the plate vertical. We will suppose that a very fine pin-hole is used to replace a lens.

Since the camera is near the ground it is obvious that the line AB must be longer than the line AC; while AE is practically equal to AD. Consequently, the rays from the corners of the tower's top, which include an angle smaller than those from the extreme edges of the bottom, will not, after passing the pin-hole, diverge *proportionately* before striking

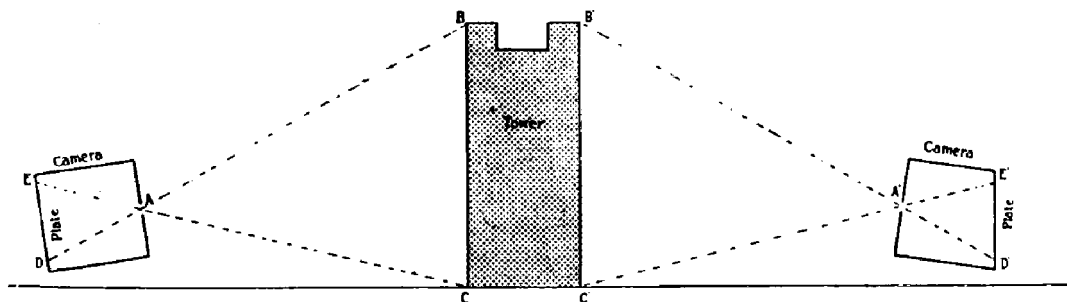


FIG. 1.—ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF SWING BACK.

distortion caused by tipping his camera when taking architectural subjects.

The diagram (Fig. 1) will help me to explain the necessity for this simple adjunct. A square tower, of severe outline, has two cameras

the plate. So that, evidently, to get things right, the top of the plate should be advanced nearer to the pinhole than the bottom.

The camera on the right shows the correct position of the swinging back, viz., vertical.

Now we have two symmetrical triangles, $B'A'C'$ and $D'A'E'$; whereas BAC and DAE were unsymmetrical. The distances between the pinhole and B' and C' are proportionate to the distances $A'D'$ and $A'E'$ respectively; and the tower, which in the left camera appears to taper towards the top, gives a parallel-sided image in that to the right.

With a pinhole the swinging-back can be used without losing focus in any part of the plate. But a lens collecting a large number of rays has a very definite focal length, and as both B' and C' are outside the "infinity" distance, either E' or D' must be out of focus. This can be corrected only by stopping down the lens to its smallest aperture, so that it has practically the effect of a pinhole.

With a plumb-line—a bullet on a string will do—you can easily make sure of your swing back being set correctly. Or you can buy a

is quite a different matter from raising the whole camera an inch.

As the point D is now very near the limit of the lens' definition, it becomes necessary to "stop down" until the lower edge is quite clear.

Stand cameras of a good class are generally fitted also with a "sliding front," which moves the lens laterally, performing the same function as the rising front, but in a horizontal direction. When the camera has once been fixed in position, it is often more convenient to bring objects into the field by working the fronts than to keep shifting the camera itself about. The

DOUBLE EXTENSION

movement is also very valuable for certain purposes, especially for taking an object at close quarters, some parts of which would be dis-

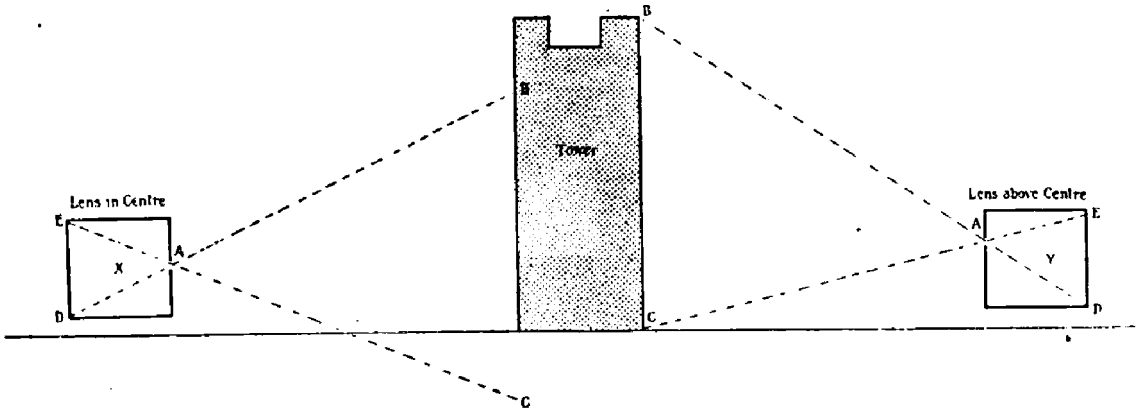


FIG. 2.—ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF THE RISING FRONT.

little tell-tale to screw to the side of the back, the point of which should always be over a mark made when a plumb-line test proved the verticalism of the back.

To taking a building from above the same rule applies, for the divergence and convergence of rays has merely been reversed.

Many good cameras—generally those for both hand and stand work—have no swing back, but they have a

RISING FRONT,

which enables one to raise or depress the lens. The action of the rising front is shown in Fig. 2. Both cameras, X and Y, are horizontal. X centres on a point so low in the tower that the angle of view includes an excess of foreground, but only part of the tower. By raising the lens, in Y, the entire "field" is *proportionately* raised also, an inch at A representing several feet on the tower side. This

torted by a short-focus lens, and when the whole object is nearer than the "infinity" distance. To take an instance, the dainty feet on which we pride ourselves are liable to be enlarged to No. 20's at close range, if stuck out in front. In groups, too, for the same reason, the nearest rank generally appears of decidedly greater stature than the row at the back.

Here the double extension bellows—i.e., bellows which can be racked out to at least double the distance of the lens focus—come in most useful. If the lens is an ordinary double rectilinear, unscrew the back element. The one left will have twice the focal length of the two together, i.e., it gives images of twice the diameter. So you can afford to move your camera twice as far away from the object, with the result that the distortion is very greatly reduced. Thus, if a man A be three feet nearer to the camera than B, and with the doublet in action the camera is twelve feet from B; then

the difference is one quarter of the whole. Use the single lens and double extension, and the proportion sinks to one-eighth.

For landscape and architectural purposes, also, the double extension is very useful. To refer back to our tower. At 100 feet the camera has to be severely tipped, at 200 feet tipped scarcely at all. Again, if you wish to take an object from which you are separated by a stream or other obstacle, with the single extension it may be much too small, whereas the double extension gives you an image of four times the *area*.

I have gone into these points somewhat fully, because buyers of cameras, seeing the terms “swinging back,” “rising and sliding fronts,” and “double extension,” may be puzzled as to what they mean, and what are their peculiar advantages. In connection with the double extension, I might have mentioned that with a double lens it proves very useful for *copying* a picture full size, or larger.

STANDS.

Above all things these should be *firm*. Don't sacrifice rigidity to lightness. A great number of sunny days are more or less windy, and the picture which we hoped so much from turns out a little “fuzzy,” as if it were out of focus. Not the image was focussed sharply enough, but during the exposure the camera, cloth and legs, caught the wind, which caused a movement imperceptible to the eye, but, as the result shows, quite sufficient to do damage. This with a light stand. A heavier article would have remained motionless.

HAVE YOUR STANDS HIGH ENOUGH.

Why the stand for a quarter-plate camera should—as so often is the case—be much shorter than one intended to carry a half-plate or whole-plate apparatus, is a mystery. Whatever size of plate you are using, you should be able to focus without running the risk of getting a permanent crick in your back. Comfort is worth a good deal—even the carting of an extra pound or two of wood about the country. The lowest joint should slide in and out, as the lowering of a camera by straddling the legs cannot be carried safely beyond a certain point. On the whole, I think that legs should be held to the stand-top by compression rather than by extension, as in the latter case the failure of a catch would mean a certain fall.

THE TAIL SCREW

should be attached permanently to the top. I daresay that a good many of my readers can remember occasions on which they have found themselves far from home *plus* camera and

stand, but *minus* the little screw that makes them one. I have “been there” myself. So I advise you either to use a bit of string or to get the ironmonger to arrange a little plate which will keep the screw in its socket without preventing it from turning.

THE STAND CASE

should be of thin leather or very stout canvas, and a pretty easy fit.—File off any corners which are likely to catch when the legs are pulled out or pushed in. You can easily reduce the tips of screws to a fairly spherical shape, and round the edges of buttons or plates. These little details make all the difference if you do much field work.

DOUBLE BACKS.

I like those of which the shutters draw right out and are reversible, with the word “Exposed” printed on the one side. When you fill the backs, this side is turned inwards, and, after exposure, reversed. This method practically annihilates double exposure. The book-form slide is, for the beginner, more easy to fill than the type which requires the plates to be inserted through the shutter openings; but with practice one becomes very expert in handling the latter—if the plate is held by a spring, and not by two horrid little catches which break your nails in the endeavour to turn them in their infinitesimal slots.

STICKY SHUTTERS

are the very nuisance—moving the camera, trying the temper, and often leading to disaster. If you have trouble in this way, scrape the point of a lead pencil into a little vaseline, mix well, and apply a very little to the rubbing surfaces. Work the shutter in and out until it runs quite easily in its grooves. Sometimes this obstinacy is caused by leaving the backs in a damp room, the air of which slightly swells the wood; so I strongly advise you to keep them in a dry—but not a hot—place when out of use.

From these details of apparatus, which I hope will not oppress my readers, I pass to

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS,

which have this month yielded some very fine and encouraging specimens. Now, a word to competitors. First, remember that, though everybody has a chance, there is always a large number of photos to pick from in each class. *We want good work*. Yet in they pour—washed out snap-shots; badly mounted and smeary prints; portraits which, albeit they are interesting to the taker and taken, do not necessarily

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With a plumb-line—a bullet on a string will do—you can easily make sure of your swing back being set correctly. Or you can buy a

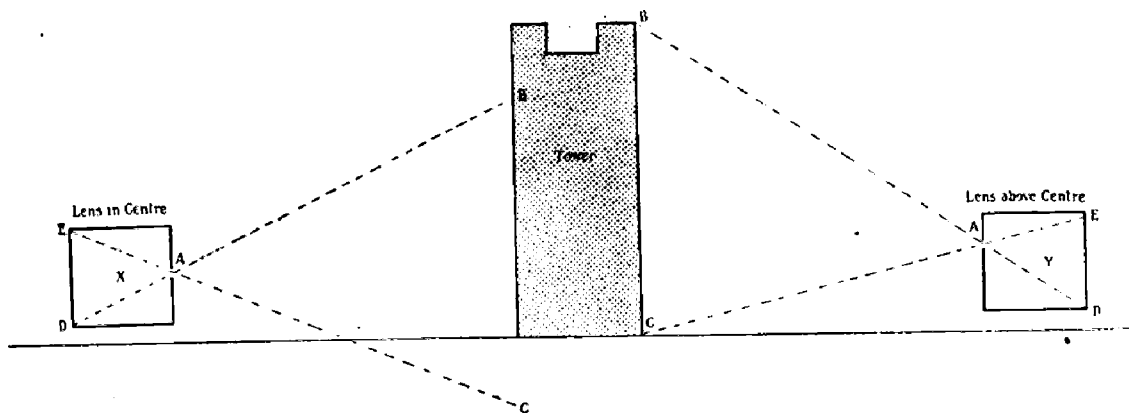


FIG. 2.—ILLUSTRATING THE USE OF THE RISING FRONT.

little tell-tale to screw to the side of the back, the point of which should always be over a mark made when a plumb-line test proved the verticalism of the back.

To taking a building from above the same rule applies, for the divergence and convergence of rays has merely been reversed.

Many good cameras—generally those for both hand and stand work—have no swing back, but they have a

RISING FRONT,

which enables one to raise or depress the lens. The action of the rising front is shown in Fig. 2. Both cameras, X and Y, are horizontal. X centres on a point so low in the tower that the angle of view includes an excess of foreground, but only part of the tower. By raising the lens, in Y, the entire "field" is proportionately raised also, an inch at A representing several feet on the tower side. This

is quite a different matter from raising the whole camera an inch.

As the point D is now very near the limit of the lens' definition, it becomes necessary to "stop down" until the lower edge is quite clear.

Stand cameras of a good class are generally fitted also with a "sliding front," which moves the lens laterally, performing the same function as the rising front, but in a horizontal direction. When the camera has once been fixed in position, it is often more convenient to bring objects into the field by working the fronts than to keep shifting the camera itself about. The

DOUBLE EXTENSION

movement is also very valuable for certain purposes, especially for taking an object at close quarters, some parts of which would be dis-

torted by a short-focus lens, and when the whole object is nearer than the "infinity" distance. To take an instance, the dainty feet on which we pride ourselves are liable to be enlarged to No. 20's at close range, if stuck out in front. In groups, too, for the same reason, the nearest rank generally appears of decidedly greater stature than the row at the back.

Here the double extension bellows—i.e., bellows which can be racked out to at least double the distance of the lens focus—come in most useful. If the lens is an ordinary double rectilinear, unscrew the back element. The one left will have twice the focal length of the two together, i.e., it gives images of twice the diameter. So you can afford to move your camera twice as far away from the object, with the result that the distortion is very greatly reduced. Thus, if a man A be three feet nearer to the camera than B, and with the doublet in action the camera is twelve feet from B; then

the difference is one quarter of the whole. Use the single lens and double extension, and the proportion sinks to one-eighth.

For landscape and architectural purposes, also, the double extension is very useful. To refer back to our tower. At 100 feet the camera has to be severely tipped, at 200 feet tipped scarcely at all. Again, if you wish to take an object from which you are separated by a stream or other obstacle, with the single extension it may be much too small, whereas the double extension gives you an image of four times the area.

I have gone into these points somewhat fully, because buyers of cameras, seeing the terms "swinging back," "rising and sliding fronts," and "double extension," may be puzzled as to what they mean, and what are their peculiar advantages. In connection with the double extension, I might have mentioned that with a double lens it proves very useful for copying a picture full size, or larger.

STANDS.

Above all things these should be firm. Don't sacrifice rigidity to lightness. A great number of sunny days are more or less windy, and the picture which we hoped so much from turns out a little "fuzzy," as if it were out of focus. No! the image was focussed sharply enough, but during the exposure the camera, cloth and legs, caught the wind, which caused a movement imperceptible to the eye, but, as the result shows, quite sufficient to do damage. This with a light stand. A heavier article would have remained motionless.

HAVE YOUR STANDS HIGH ENOUGH.

Why the stand for a quarter-plate camera should—as so often is the case—be much shorter than one intended to carry a half-plate or whole-plate apparatus, is a mystery. Whatever size of plate you are using, you should be able to focus without running the risk of getting a permanent crick in your back. Comfort is worth a good deal—even the carting of an extra pound or two of wood about the country. The lowest joint should slide in and out, as the lowering of a camera by straddling the legs cannot be carried safely beyond a certain point. On the whole, I think that legs should be held to the stand-top by compression rather than by extension, as in the latter case the failure of a catch would mean a certain fall.

THE TAIL SCREW

should be attached permanently to the top. I daresay that a good many of my readers can remember occasions on which they have found themselves far from home plus camera and

stand, but minus the little screw that makes them one. I have "been there" myself. So I advise you either to use a bit of string or to get the ironmonger to arrange a little plate which will keep the screw in its socket without preventing it from turning.

THE STAND CASE

should be of thin leather or very stout canvas, and a pretty easy fit. File off any corners which are likely to catch when the legs are pulled out or pushed in. You can easily reduce the tips of screws to a fairly spherical shape, and round the edges of buttons or plates. These little details make all the difference if you do much field work.

DOUBLE BACKS.

I like those of which the shutters draw right out and are reversible, with the word "Exposed" printed on the one side. When you fill the backs, this side is turned inwards, and, after exposure, reversed. This method practically annihilates double exposure. The book-form slide is, for the beginner, more easy to fill than the type which requires the plates to be inserted through the shutter openings; but with practice one becomes very expert in handling the latter—if the plate is held by a spring, and not by two horrid little catches which break your nails in the endeavour to turn them in their infinitesimal slots.

STICKY SHUTTERS

are the very nuisance—moving the camera, trying the temper, and often leading to disaster. If you have trouble in this way, scrape the point of a lead pencil into a little vaseline, mix well, and apply a very little to the rubbing surfaces. Work the shutter in and out until it runs quite easily in its grooves. Sometimes this obstinacy is caused by leaving the backs in a damp room, the air of which slightly swells the wood; so I strongly advise you to keep them in a dry—but not a hot—place when out of use.

From these details of apparatus, which I hope will not oppress my readers, I pass to

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITIONS,

which have this month yielded some very fine and encouraging specimens. Now, a word to competitors. First, remember that, though everybody has a chance, there is always a large number of photos to pick from in each class. We want good work. Yet in they pour—washed out snap-shots; badly mounted and smeary prints; portraits which, albeit they are interesting to the taker and taken, do not necessarily

thrill the Photographic Editor; under-exposed views; readers of the CAPTAIN who have accidentally (?) been caught in the act, which is a most praiseworthy one, of course ("Hear! Hear!" O.F.), but not a good "subject." Yes! I wonder whether some competitors do not occasionally make a mistake and send in the contents of the dark-room paper-basket.

Please, just look at our winning photos, and compare your own efforts before firing them at us. The number of prizes given is elastic. They aren't so awarded as to make up a certain total per month, but are assigned to *good photos*. The more of these the more prizes, that's about the long and short of it.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.—*In future EVERY photograph competing for a prize must have the Name and Address of the competitor on the back. Competitors who fail to comply with this rule will be disqualified.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. D. R.—(1) The exposure requisite to arrest breaking waves will depend entirely on your proximity to them. If you are taking them in flank you will have to set your shutter for those nearest. For my own part, I should use a focal plane shutter, and if the light were good allow 1/500sec. with stop *f*/6. With an ordinary lens shutter set it to its fastest, which is generally 1/100sec. The sea light is very strong, and if a sun is about you need have no fear of under-exposure. Have the sun at right angles to the direction of the waves if possible.

(2) The best thing to do would be to put some malt varnish over the cloud negative at the point where it would cover the most. If the clouds were light I should risk printing them in without marking at all.

(3) Here you touch a rather difficult question. I think that the best plan of numbering plates is to do it as you remove them from the slides, using a pencil at a corner. If you have six double-backs, number from 1 to 12, and wrap them up carefully in a paper with a reference list of subjects, light, exposure, *date*, and index letter. In your notebook you will have the index number and other particulars made at time of exposure. If you expose only five or six, treat them in just the same way, being careful to remove exposed plates every night. You can do the numbering of plates quite easily in the dark.

G. C. Franckel.—You have given me rather a hard nut to crack. After careful consideration, I pronounce in favour of Lizar's Challenge, Model C. It costs £5, with three double dark slides, but no stand or case. So you would have to spend another guinea before you were quite fixed up with a really first-rate article. If this is too tall a figure (I see that you give £4 15s. as your limit), Lancaster's "Kamrex de Luxe," with three dark slides (total cost, £4 4s. 6d.), will suit you. The addresses are J. Lizars, 20 High Holborn, London, W.C.; J. Lancaster and Son, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

Bunny.—The photographs you mention are probably Ferrotypes, blackened and sensitised iron plates, which are developed as positives. No good for really artistic photography.

F. J. Martin.—(1) Try a Brownie No. 2, price 10s. (2) Nipper (W. Butcher and Son, Camera House, Farringdon-avenue, E.C.) costs 10s. 6d. (3) No! I cannot tell you where to get goods at reduced prices. Messrs. Sands and Hunter, of 20 Cranbourne Street, Leicester Square, W.C., have a large stock of second-hand stuff. (4) Throw stale solution away. (5) No need to use alum unless prints show signs of frilling.

J. Nightingale.—I suggest the following: Lancaster's "Merveilleux," 42s. (J. Lancaster, Colmore Row, Birmingham). I am glad to see that you mean stand work, and hope to have some good contributions from you to our competitions.

Old Fag, Junior.—I can see that you are the right sort of photographer, and, therefore, gladly offer my advice. (1) Varnishing is very horrid work at first, and I fear that you began on negatives you wished to keep. This is a mistake. Get your hand in first with spoilt plates. As in many other processes, there is a lot of knack required, to be gained by practice only; written instructions will do no more than put you on the right track. Did you first *heat* the negative over a gas-burner or spirit flame till it was almost too hot to touch? If you don't do this the varnish doesn't travel easily and behaves in just the manner you describe. After varnishing, the negative should be stood on a *corner*. No doubt the varnish itself was all right. (2) Paste on mounts decidedly more artistic, because the photo itself can be properly trimmed before mounting. Many slipped-in photos show *too much* subject. No matter what the size of print is it can always be centred on a paste-on. (3) About competitions, read my remarks of this month. (4) The Old Fag thanks you for the compliment, which, I feel, is quite deserved.

C. F. R. Crabb.—The changing mechanism must be out of order, otherwise two sheaths couldn't possibly go down at one movement. Have it seen to by the makers. Much obliged for your kind remarks.

H. R. M.—Your nice little negative has apparently been "silver stained" by the P.O.P. used. This often happens if a print is left long in contact during damp weather, and if the hypo has not been properly washed out. Very good lantern slide. In handling this you yourself have evidently not been "up a tree." Very pleased to hear that the "Old Boy" element is interested in our corners. The cycle you mention is pretty good value, but not "out of the top drawer," as the Yankees say.

F. Inglis.—The No. 2 *Folding* Brownie takes pictures $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{4}$, or practically $\frac{1}{2}$ of quarter-plate size. It is a wonderfully well-made and neat little instrument. In my younger days—when a box arrangement was the best thing you could get for a guinea—such a well-finished pocketful would have overjoyed me. You young fellows don't know what lucky beggars you are. If you are not satisfied with a twenty-one-shillingworth which gives instantaneous, bulb, or time exposures, has a reversible finder, a screw socket for attachment to stand, and a good lens with an iris diaphragm, well, you jolly well should be. This latter effort of the Kodak Company easily slips into a three-bun capacity pocket, and most schoolboys have a receptacle of that size somewhere about them.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 8.—PETER'S CHANCE.

I.

THE sun lay deep in the brilliant shades of the western sky, casting long slanting rays over the sprouting, stubble-patched prairie, and bathing in a rich glow a low-lying group of wooden buildings—Marsh's Farm.

From the east, cantering easily along on two useful-looking horses, came a man and a boy—the Marshes, *père et fils*.

The man, who was long, thin, and brown, with a ragged moustache and two deep-set blue eyes, pulled up, and both horses slowed down into a walk.

"I reckon you ain't goin' to kick up no sort o' shindy about this, Pete?"

"I don't see no use on it, dad, thar's where it is," answered the boy, the thirteen years of whose life had been spent on this same prairie. "'Taint as if I can't read an' write; an' I guess I know enough 'rithmetic to jedge pretty correct a herd o' cattle. I don't see no need for more."

"That's where you're a fool, Pete—an ignorant young fool. Time was when I had the chance of a boss education, same as I'm offerin' you now, and I kicked like an unbroken two-year-old, same as you're doin' now, so I never had the education. I don't know as I've missed it particular, but there ain't much doubt I should have bin long chalks better off if I'd had it."

The boy pulled his slouch hat lower over his eyes.

"I don't see how you'll get on without me, dad. An' what'll the hosses do—an' the boys? I've allus bin along o' you all."

"Don't you get frettin' on thet score, Pete," replied Marsh; "it'll only be for a few years, and you'll come home in between. When I've made my pile—which is advancin' slow but sure—you'll know better how to spend it, accordin' to whatever position you may be in, if you've bin educated."

The boy's hands, strong and large-wristed from constant riding, fumbled nervously with the reins, and he turned a darkly tanned face towards Marsh.

"I don't want to be no better then you, dad. I want to stay along o' you, jest as it's allus been. There's Mister Reade's two foals comin' up next month. They'll be as wild as buffaloes, and you'll want me then."

"Want you, Pete? Oh, we shall all want you. As for me, I shall be thinkin' every day of my little lad what's learnin' all he can, and never forgettin' to keep straight. I'd sooner keep you right here, Pete, but I promised your mother you should have good schoolin', and I know it's right. You'll find it a real Bonanza; I think you must go, lad."

"I s'pose I'll hev to; only, dad, only——"

The farm was reached, the sun sank suddenly, and the boy, in foddering the horses for the night, swallowed many lumps in his throat as he went the round of the beloved beasts.

II.

MR. JOSEPH H. PORT sighed with bored impatience, and the third form sighed too, in perfect sympathy with his feelings.

"Sit up, Diana Jennings. Frank Maxted, be silent—I'll give you an hour on Saturday if I have to speak to you again. Now then, try once more. We are going to find an unknown quantity, which we will call *x*. Look at the board, Peter Marsh, and tell me what we shall do first."

Peter, red and worried, but anxious to please, stammered in nervous treble—

"Wal, Mister, I—I hain't quite hitched on to it yet, so to speak. But I calc'late——"

Mr. Port interrupted in tones of exaggerated suffering.

"Marsh! This is the sixth time this

morning I have had to remind you of your disgraceful diction. You get on my nerves, and will really have to go into the corridor. Come to me after school."

Peter Marsh, sullen now, walked out of the room with heavy tread, followed by grins and squeaks of derision, for he had not succeeded in winning the favour and goodwill of Hickson's juniors. This was the third week of his school-life, which, up to the present, had been a dead failure. He did not understand the airy ways and uncertain vagaries of his fellows; and they found him silently morose and unpleasantly prone to self-defence. Therefore, with the best of intentions, they let him alone; and Peter suffered in consequence. He had wished to do well, for the sake of "dad and the boys," and perhaps for the sake, too, of the mother that was dead; but at every turn his endeavours met with rebuff, correction, and misunderstanding. He became defiantly miserable, suffering in silence, and advancing scarcely at all in the ways of Hickson's College.

Being in no mind to stay in the corridor, he wandered outside and walked up and down, kicking his boots against the stones and brooding over his wrongs, until the third form, having discovered the unknown quantity to Mr. Port's satisfaction, rushed out of the schoolhouse like a swarm of chattering bees. Here they were met by Edmund Alten, of the sixth, whose eye singled out Marsh as looking more self-contained and reliable than the rest.

"Say, kid, scoot up and tell Mary Baker that I'll see her about maths. in the hall to-night, will you? She's in her study, I think—Number Twelve."

It was customary for the juniors to confer small favours of this kind upon the seniors. But Peter Marsh's mood was not in harmony with amiabilities of any description.

"Run your own errands," he said, loudly enough for all to hear; "darned if I will!"

"Uncivil little beast," commented Alten, without wrath; "one of you others go, will you? I'm in a hurry."

"I will, Alten. All right, Ed.!" shouted several voices, for Edmund Alten was beloved of Hickson's juniors.

"What did you cheek Alten that way for? We'll teach you—pesky little animal you! What do you think you are then? Alten's worth a hundred of you." And a



"WAL, MISTER, I—I HAIN'T QUITE HITCHED ON TO IT YET."

wrathful crowd of mixed juniors gathered round with ominous intent.

Peter, realising that in a thoughtless moment he had made another mistake, and not knowing how to cancel it, broke angrily away from them—and came face to face with Mr. Joseph H. Port, who eyed him with disapproval.

"I thought I told you to come to me after school, Marsh. Come at once."

Peter, half blind with despairing rage, stumbled after his form-master into the schoolhouse, receiving a long lecture and an

hour's extra work without saying a word. Had he been treated like a man, spoken to as one man to another, consulted as a man, and punished as a man, he would have acted like a man. But the continual fault-finding and bickering, and the thousand pettinesses that go to make up junior existence, galled and puzzled this prairie-bred boy almost beyond endurance.

Once more free, smarting under Mr. Port's well-meaning but ill-chosen words, and lashed into fury by the unfriendly spirit of his fellows during dinner-time, Peter Marsh ran swiftly out of Carr's with some hazy idea of escaping from his misery, leaving the College far behind him, and going in search of "dad and the boys." He entered the junior field, which was empty save for Edmund Alten, who was meditatively dribbling a football between his feet.

"Hallo, kid," he called, genially; "got anything to do?"

Peter came to a halt, pale and dizzy from pent-up emotion, and shook his head.

"Come and see if you can kick a goal then," invited Alten; "stand where you like."


The temptation was irresistible. At the end of ten minutes, Peter, with a sudden and unexpectedly true kick, sent the ball flying between the posts.

"I reckon I got it that time," he said, with a grin, his eyes bright with healthy enjoyment.

"I reckon you did," agreed Alten, looking curiously at this improved edition of the miserable, slouching, hang-dog junior, known to Hickson's as Peter Marsh; "but look alive, kid—we've only eight minutes before school. We must run."

They ran side by side, and parted in Carr's corridor. "So long, Marsh," said Alten; "you'll make a decent man in the field."

III.

 WEEK later, Edmund Alten, having particular and private reasons for wishing to look up some German translation before the following day, sought in vain a place of solitude. The partner of his study joys and sorrows was giving a tea, and every other study seemed to be more or less occupied by rightful owners. Therefore Alten, who desired to have the first hour after tea absolutely undisturbed, hied him to the now deserted pavilion in the senior field, and settled him-

self comfortably on some tent-poles near one of the windows. Here, with his German and his note-book, and the April daylight that had not yet departed, he ought to have made rapid strides in the lore of the Fatherland.

Instead of this, however, his mind was destined to be haunted by disturbing thoughts of a new junior. He seemed to see a small boy with bright eyes, free manners, a frank smile, and a straight kick. That was Peter Marsh. Then the picture changed, and a white face, sullen and shrinking, half-defiant and half-hunted, loomed up before him with irritating persistency. He saw that the life young Marsh was leading, if it continued, threatened to cripple the manhood in him; yet Alten did not relish the rôle of overseer to Carr's juniors. He knew that scared, sullen, and misunderstood juniors seldom turned out good seniors, and he was convinced that Peter Marsh had in him the makings of a straight man.

Bah! why trouble? All new fellows shook down in time, without help. But the shaking down process seemed to be more prolonged and more painful in Peter Marsh's case than was good for him. It was all very well for a junior to be mooney and homesick for a week or two, but when it stretched into a month of absolute and degenerating torture. . . . What little beasts juniors were, anyway. If they were decent to young Marsh, he wouldn't mind being ragged a bit by the masters for his talk and that, but—

Footsteps and voices interrupted the senior's train of thought.

"Come right here, dad. We shall be alone, and I want you all to myself."

Alten started. To use the poet's words, "'twas the voice of his dream."

Two forms mounted the steps of the pavilion, but halted outside.

"Let's sit here, dad. It ain't cold, an' I allus like to be outside. Now, tell me all about things. How's the boys—and the horses?"

"Wa-al, Pete," commenced a deep-toned voice that sounded pleasantly in Alten's ears, "we're all so-so, y'know. The boys are all right, and them two colts of Reade's come up last week. My land, what a job we had with 'em! They was that wild—we wanted you bad, Pete. I never did see no horse that you couldn't manage."

"Nor did I," responded the boy with

some pride. "But tell some more, dad. How's Bluebell—and the grey?"

"All well. But I ain't goin' to talk none about them. How are you gettin' on here, lad? That's what I want to know."

"Oh, fine, dad!" with considerable enthusiasm.

Alten, who was just about to declare himself, sat down again. Fine?

"Ah, that's it, is it?" said the man's voice, with much satisfaction. "I warn't at rest, like, until I come to see you, to make sure. Do you like the fellers here?"

"Oh, yes, dad, the fellers are real good—an' the gells are a reg'lar daisy set. But there's one chap I like partickler."

The boy spoke heartily. It was coming more easily, and he was beginning almost to believe in the deception himself.

"Oh, so you've hit on a chum already?"

"Wal, not exactly a chum, dad. But he's the straightest, whitest man in the place. He's real white, he is. His name's Ed. Alten. I—I'll p'raps introduce him some day."

Alten wished at that moment that he had done something during the past weeks to make the deception, so far as he was concerned, anyway, strike nearer the truth.

"Yes, do, lad," returned the man. "I'm more than joyful, Pete, to find you're happy. I warn't sure, because you've bin brought up so different and careless like. Bein' within forty mile of you, I couldn't resist just lookin' in. I've got to be back afore mornin', so I think I'll go, now I know you're comfortable."

"Yes—you be easy, dad; it—it's O.K.

here, you know. But must you go? I—I s'pose you've missed me like?"

"Oh, ay, my lad. But I promised mother you should be educated, and I'm always lookin' forward."

Alten climbed out of the window and dropped noiselessly to earth. For twenty minutes he walked and thought—not about German translation. Then he returned to



"YOU BE EASY, DAD; IT—IT'S O.K. HERE, YOU KNOW."

the pavilion for his note-book, which he had left reposing on the tent-poles. The sound of broken-hearted sobbing arrested the senior just outside the door.

The father had gone on his way rejoicing but Pete lay on the floor, weeping as though the end of all things had come.

Alten crept silently away, leaving the note-book to its fate. He had sense enough

to understand that the pluck that had borne up long enough to accomplish the will of its owner, would not thank him for discovering its weakness. He returned to Hickson's, seriously disturbed. He had come upon a full-blown tragedy—the tragedy of Peter Marsh. Peter did not want sympathy or protection; nor would he brook any interference in his private affairs. But Alten was determined that the small boy had need of, and should have, a fresh start at Hickson's. The matter was a delicate one; therefore Edmund, in his wisdom, went for aid to the mind feminine, and told the whole story to Mary Baker that evening in a quiet corner of the library. And Mary's eyes glistened with feeling as she heard.

IV.

TWO very curious incidents marked the Saturday afternoon arranged for the hockey match between Bowen's seniors and a picked team of mixed juniors. The first was, that Miss Mary Baker, greatly respected of Bowen's house, found herself in such a position in a tree behind the Head's stables, that she had to call loudly for help. The Head's groom and stable-lad hurried to her assistance; but it was some minutes ere the young lady could be extricated from her undignified position—which was evidently more painful than it looked. This was curious, because, in the first place, Bowen's seniors were not in the habit of climbing trees; and, in the second place, Mary Baker was renowned for her prowess in the gymnasium, and ought to have been able to manage any tree on Hickson's estate, had she felt so inclined.

The other incident was even more alarming. When the opposing hockey teams and a crowd of lookers-on reached the senior field, they found it occupied by Giddy Lass, a chestnut mare belonging to the Head, renowned for her speed, and held in great fear by Hickson's on account of her vile temper. This incident was remarkable, because neither the groom nor the stable-boy would own, when questioned later on the subject, to having left the door of the horse's box unfastened.

Hickson's halted just inside the field, and groaned in spirit. Giddy Lass stood at a distance, with her ears flat, rolling her eyes wickedly and gloating over the painful position.

"You know what she is—vicious brute!"
"What a beastly sell—where are the men?"

"It'll take hours to catch her!"

"The match won't come off to-day—that's certain."

Thus lamented Hickson's, knowing that any attempt on their part to drive the mare back to the stable—would be not only useless, but dangerous as well.

At this moment a new distraction occurred behind. Edmund Alten of the sixth appeared, literally dragging a protesting junior.

"But I tell you I don't want to see the darn match!" said Peter Marsh, shrilly.

Alten paused, and regarded the herd of Hicksonians with a beautiful surprise.

"What's up? Haven't you begun yet?"

"Begun!" echoed someone with bitterness; "I rather fancy we shan't begin *this* fair day. But what on earth are you dragging that kid about for, Alten?"

"I thought it might do him good to see the match," replied Alten, with a grin, the meaning of which was lost on all save Mary Baker. "However, kid, my efforts were in vain. There won't be any match, because a wretched, vicious horse that no one can manage has got into the field, and——"

"Where's the hoss?" inquired Pete with sudden interest.

"There it is," pointed Alten; "and no one dares go near it."

"Do you want it cotched?" asked Pete quietly.

"Yes, please, Marsh," yapped the surrounding juniors with derisive grins; "will you go and cotch it?"

"Yep!" And he went.

"Stop the kid! Come back, idiot! Fetch him back!" cried some. But Pete trotted steadily towards the centre of the field.

"I had job enough to get him here," muttered Alten to Mary Baker.

"Oh, Ed.—do you think it's right? Suppose Giddy Lass——"

"But she won't. The kid's been brought up amongst 'em. He knows what he can do. I'm determined he shall have his chance," replied Alten.

The small boy (he looked very small just then) walked up to the angry horse. She watched his coming with a wicked glare in her eyes, knowing she was out of bounds, but determined to fight for her freedom if necessary.

"Garn," said the small boy, soothingly, "you little fool!"

Giddy Lass put one ear forward and showed her teeth.

Hickson's held its breath as one man.

"What are you playin' at?" next inquired Peter, with an air of innocence searching after knowledge.

Giddy Lass hesitated. Should she go for this atom? She had killed a man once, been ill-treated in return, and hated the human race with a deadly hatred. But this small, fearless one—what a way he had with him!

"I s'pose you think you're clever," continued Pete, looking her squarely in the eyes. "I don't," he added, with refreshing candour; and he laid a hand on her neck.

The mare snapped at him, and received at once a soft blow on the muzzle.

"Now, now—none o' yer silly trickses," he continued, not moving an inch in his seat as the mare, with a squeal of surprise, made an arch of herself; "jest you get on, and I'll answer for it you shan't get into no sort o' trouble for this. Come on, beauty." And guiding her with his legs, the junior rode the mare out of the senior field.



THE MARE SNAPPED AT HIM.

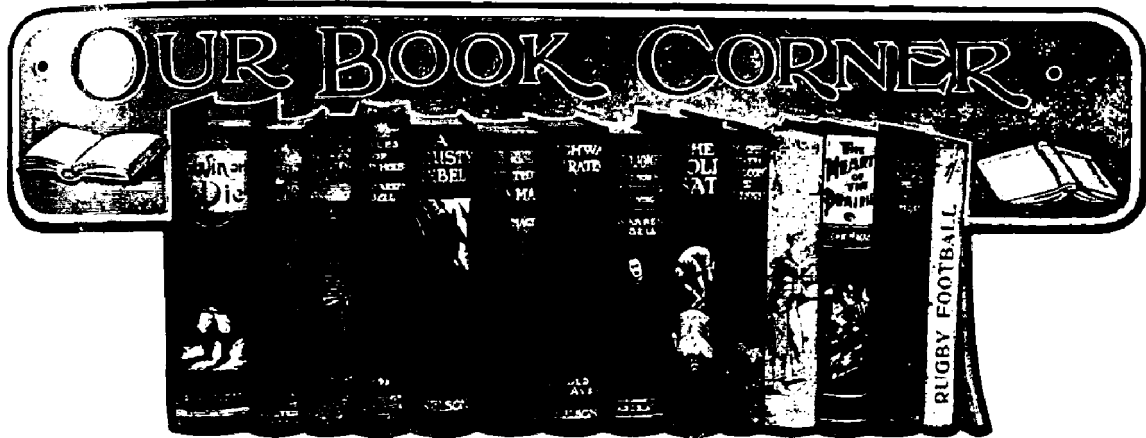
"Get on with yer!" said Pete; "I ain't afraid of yer. Jest you let these blessed fellers have their field as they're so mighty keen on it."

He grasped her mane with one hand, and fearlessly swung his small, light form on to her back.

Hickson's followed in a body, at a respectful distance, and, as soon as the stable doors closed on Giddy Lass, they gave unto Peter his due, receiving him into their midst with loud acclamations.

And Alten polka'd with Mary Baker on the green, green sward.





The War-God and the Little Brown Maiden. By Tom Bevan. (Collins, 3s. 6d.).

—Mr. Bevan has written a thoroughly rousing story of adventure, intended, it is fair to presume, for juvenile readers. To such it is sure to appeal, for incident follows incident, and hairbreadth escape follows battle with scarcely a pause; and they are not so likely to be critical concern-



ing the faults. The characters have no vitality, being simply lay figures who go through their appointed tasks, while of plot there is none worthy the title. Yet it cannot be denied that "The War-God and the Little Brown Maiden" is interesting, for it deals with a Devon man who goes to Mexico in the sixteenth century. Much is told of the ancient customs and strange happenings in the land of the Aztecs, among whom, of course, human sacrifice—which forms the main theme—was rife. If the tale lacks distinction, it is not badly written, and many who take it up will be disinclined to lay it down before the last page is reached.

It is a pity that the publishers have printed the book upon a paper so heavy that the volume is tiring to hold.

My Sword's My Fortune. By Herbert Hayens. (Collins' Clear Type Press, 6s.).—A first glance at the table of contents of this book might lead one to suppose that Mr. Hayens

has added one more to the many stories inspired by the stirring times of the French Revolution. But on the very first page we are comforted with the date 1650; and soon find that a revolution, not *The Revolution*, is the topic. The adventures of Albert de Lalande, as a retainer of the wily Mazarin, successor to Richelieu, at the helm of the French Government during the minority of Louis XIV., give us a very interesting picture of the unsettled years in which the Cardinal, the Prince of Condié, the Duke of Orleans, and the Abbé de Retz, were forming hostile permutations and combinations; each endeavouring to grasp the management of affairs from the rest. Mr. Hayens has thoroughly mastered his subject; and his chief



characters are wholesome specimens of the roystering blades who played a part in France somewhat similar to that of the Cavaliers in England. Incidentally, we get a glimpse of social conditions which prepared the way for the sanguinary doings of 1793. The book is certainly one that will appeal to young people.

Glyn Severn's Schooldays. By G. Manville Fenn. (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.).—Mr. G. Manville Fenn is more at home when spinning an adventure yarn than when telling a school tale. The book before us lacks reality and originality, and will do little to enhance its author's reputation.

We encounter the old familiar characters and

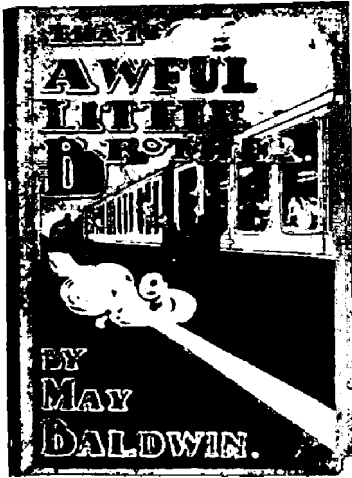
well-worn situations—the new boy, the school bully, the fight in which the bully is defeated, the theft, the unjust suspicions, and the ultimate discovery of the real culprit.

Even the introduction of an intelligent but destructive elephant fails to give a fillip to our flagging interest.

The tone is wholesome, and the story may find favour with a young and unexact reader, but more than this we are unable to say.

The illustrations by Mr. C. Pears are adequate.

That Awful Little Brother. By May Baldwin. (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.)—Algy Sylvester, generally called "the Sinner," is



of an unconventional and highly original family. Mrs. Sylvester, a wise mother, has brought up her children in the country on broad lines, and now that the opportunity occurs, feels that it will be good for them to continue their education in the

University town of Byford, where her eldest son has just obtained a curacy. The story deals with the adventures of the family in Byford.

Miss Baldwin has, apparently, been somewhat unfortunate in her experience of the social side of University life, and her pictures are decidedly over-drawn and unreal. The character and achievements of Antonia, the genius of the family, are also improbable, to say the least of it. Apart from these blemishes, Miss Baldwin has given us a readable and interesting tale.

Algy's numerous escapades are amusingly related, and he wins our sympathy when, in his endeavour to bring about the marriage of a sister whom he dislikes, and hopes thereby to get rid of, he only succeeds in losing the sister to whom he is devoted, as she naturally proves more attractive to the eligible baronet.

There is an interesting description of school-girl etiquette in the University High School, and it is not difficult to guess the sources of Miss Baldwin's inspiration. The cover, like the little brother, is *awful*.

Viva, Christina! By Edith Cowper. (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.)—Even after

making all the allowance due to a writer of the fair sex, it is difficult to find words of praise for Miss Cowper's latest story. "Viva, Christina!" is an historical novel, the scene of which is laid in Spain.

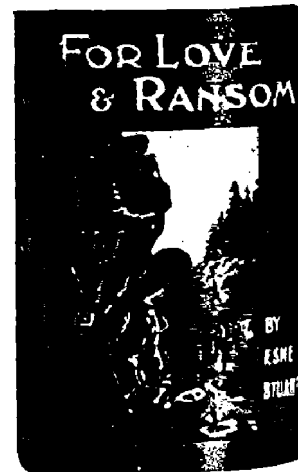
The period is that of the Carlist War, when Queen Christina acted as regent during the infancy of her daughter, Isabella. Miss Cowper takes as her hero a cad of a noble Scotch house, who goes out to the Peninsula with the Scotch legion under Sir de Lacy Evans; and the book is concerned with his adventures. So far there is nothing to complain of. It is the adventures with which



fault must be found. They are so obviously manufactured; and it is difficult not to be rather amused by the terrible amount of trouble that is taken by a large number of people to trap two young English officers who are of no importance whatever to the success of the campaign. The characters usual to Spanish stories are introduced—the beautiful girl, the easily hoodwinked widow, the unworthy priest. There is an intrigue, it is true, but the authoress seems to be at considerable pains to hide it from her readers. The book is, indeed, Seton Merriman-and-water—chiefly water.

For Love and Ransom. By Edith Stuart. (Jarrold and Son, 3s. 6d.)—Joachim Murat, innkeeper's son, Napoleon's general, Caroline Bonaparte's husband, King of Naples, is the central figure of this story.

An English family leaves Thornhill Manor to visit French relatives in Italy, then under the heel of the great little Corsican. The members become involved in the political complications, local



and general—and these are very complicated. Some are carried off by brigands and held to ransom; others help to defend a castle, and one carries a letter to Murat's wife, when she is on board a British frigate in Naples Bay. But, though all the ingredients necessary for a rousing story are here, somehow the tale never gets under full sail. The brigands are the mildest ruffians that ever cut a throat; we expected great things at the storming of the castle, and received but "alarums and excursions," though, indeed, a bullet did whizz past, only missing Pierre's head "by an eighth of an inch," which really was a near thing. Murat and his wife are left vague, shadowy, indecisive. Nothing happens that matters very much, and in the end the old people ship for England, and the young people pair off according to immemorable custom. The illustrations by Pifford are very good.

Country Pastimes for Boys. By P. Anderson Graham. (Longmans, Green, and Co., 3s. net).—In March we reviewed briefly

Mr. W. Furneaux's "The Outdoor World," a comprehensive handbook for the young collector-naturalist. Equally comprehensive is Mr. P. Anderson Graham's "Country Pastimes for Boys," in the same series. There are very few outdoor occupations with which the author does not deal—

and deal with not only lucidly, instructively, and usefully, but in the right spirit. He starts with birds'-nesting, and he finishes with the fascinating pastime of "knucklebones." When he remarks that "the hunting instinct is one of the strongest possessed by boys," Mr. Graham speaks truth: and much of his admirable volume is written with the knowledge of this in view. He avails, however, the encouragement of any such sporting pastimes as may be attended by cruelty, and is careful rather to guide the hunting instinct into proper channels, and make of it a useful quality. On the subject of pets he has naturally much to say, and his remarks on the taming of wild animals are very sound. We like especially his hints on forming acquaintanceships with fish—wild fish, that is. His

suggestions as to the means of taming a perch or trout without removing it from its native stream (which can be done with astonishing success) are delightful. They are likewise characteristic of the whole book.

The volume is a bulky one, and the illustrations are numerous, and in some cases excellent. At the price, "Country Pastimes for Boys" is better value than anything we have seen for a long time.

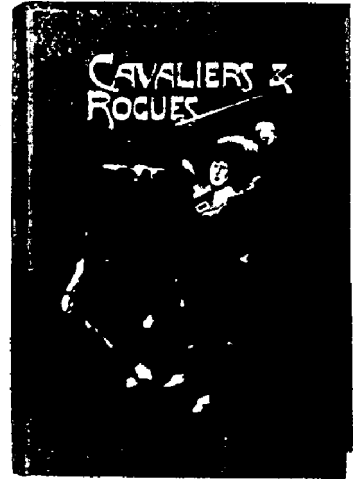
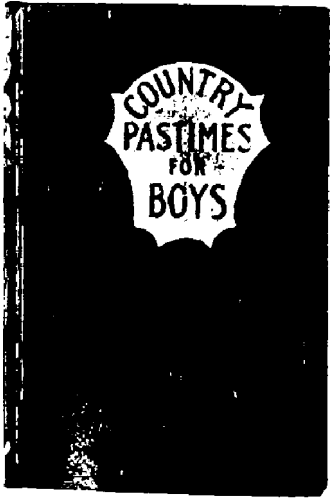
Cavaliers and Rogues. By W. Murray Graydon. (John F. Shaw and Co., 5s.).

—The period of the Civil War has always had a peculiar fascination for writers of adventure, and, in nine cases out of ten, the hero is a Cavalier, not because the Cavalier was intrinsically a more heroic figure than the Roundhead, but because his flowing hair, picturesque costume, and dashing *insouciance*, form a more attractive picture of gallantry. There is rarely anything strikingly original, or even noticeable, in these stories, and this one is no exception to the rule. Judged, however, as a mere story of adventure, written for boys, it is a good specimen of its particular class. It is clearly and forcibly written, though a certain attempt at archaism in the language is at times apt to be rather forced, and the author's style would appear to more advantage without it. The descriptive writing is particularly good, and Mr. Murray Graydon, who has a fine eye for colour effects, might well turn his attention to a more ambitious form of literature.

"Cavaliers and Rogues" should prove of interest to boys. It contains plenty of fighting, both with white men and Indians, plenty of adventure, a little love, a hidden treasure, much heroism, and much misfortune bravely borne. And it is, above all, a well-told story.

Famous Fighters of the Fleet. By Edward Fraser. (Macmillan and Co., 6s.).

—This is a serious and painstaking work, and, as such, deserves every consideration. The main idea of the book is, in itself, a good one. The author has taken the names of six ships in our present Navy, and in five instances has



given a record of the great deeds performed by their more famous 'namesakes in the past. The sixth narrative is the story of Lord Beresford's little gunboat, the *Condor*, which ran in under the guns of Alexandria and silenced the Marabout fort.

This record of deeds of valour, which are held as almost sacred by the English nation, might well tax the utmost powers of a great writer, and it is no slight on Mr. Fraser's abilities to say that he has not been able to rise to the occasion. As a handy work of reference, illustrated with excellent and interesting pictures, the book is worthy of all praise. But it is nothing more. It does not breathe the spirit of Rodney, or Nelson, or Captain Gardiner. It smacks of the library and not of the sea.

One part of the book, indeed, is positively irritating. The detailed description of the modern *Monmouth* savours more of the half-penny evening paper than of a serious contribution to literature. For instance, Mr. Fraser tells us that the ship is 463½ feet long, and that it would, if set on end, tower 60 feet above the cross of St. Paul's. Well and good, so far. But this is not enough for Mr. Fraser. He compares the length of the *Monmouth* to the Clock Tower at Westminster, to the Nelson Column, to Beachy Head, to the length of St. Paul's, and to Buckingham Palace. And several pages are filled with comparisons of this sort. The book, however, is worth reading, and though it is in no way a notable contribution to naval literature, Mr. Fraser deserves all credit for having devoted his time to a great and worthy subject.

The Phoenix and the Carpet. By E. Nesbit. (George Newnes, Ltd., 6s.)—We have heard of the magic carpet which transported its owners where they wished, and, thanks to our Fire Insurance Offices, we have heard of the fabled Phoenix, which periodically put an end to its existence by placing itself on a burning pile of aromatic woods, from the embers of which sprang the young phoenix to take the place of its parent for another five hundred years.

It remained, however, for Miss Nesbit to discover the connection between these two wonders, and to tell us how they arrived in London to give pleasure and amusement to four modern children.

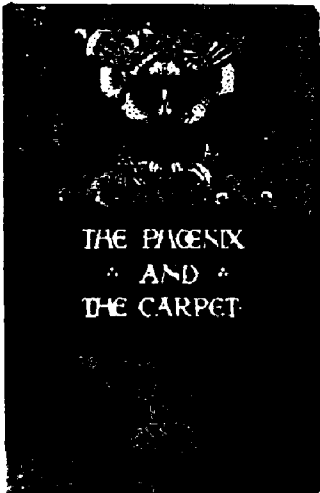
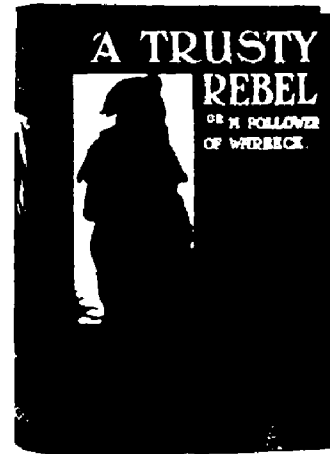
The discovery and hatching of the egg, and the various adventures that followed, are told with the greatest skill and humour. The tale of the recalcitrant cook, who was transported, by the aid of the magic carpet, to a tropical island, there to become a queen of the savages, and eventually to marry a burglar similarly transported, we can recommend as a safe cure for "the blues."

We heartily congratulate Miss Nesbit on a book in every way worthy of her reputation. It cannot fail to be a great favourite with young and old alike.

A large number of excellent illustrations by Mr. H. R. Millar do much to ensure the success of the book.

A Trusty Rebel. By Mrs. Henry Clarke. (Nelson and Son, 3s. 6d.)—Those were stirring days when Henry VII., cool and crafty though he was, was satisfied if his unruly subjects owned him King *de facto*. He waived *de jure*. Young Christopher Cory, Cornishman, was a devoted follower of Warbeck, that pinchbeck pretender who, had he had a man's heart under his fine doublet, might have been England's King. We do not, however, see much of him in the story. Cory, in the end, finds out that his supposed prince is but a glover's son and a coward into the bargain, and is convinced that his loyalty to the impostor is misplaced. He makes his peace with Henry VII.—most wisely, we think, for he, at any rate, was a King.

There is nothing very exciting in this book, Mrs. Clarke handicapping herself by making Cory a rebel-in-hiding, practically, throughout. Cloth yard shafts do not fly like hail as they do in that glorious romance, "The Black Arrow," but the story of the Cornish rising, with its leaders, Joseph and Flammock, is legitimately brought in, and the daily life in Sir Richard Kestell's house, where Cory takes



shelter, is well described. There is Anne Kestell, too, whom we like, because she remains true to Christopher, even when the wealthy—but wicked—Lord Bolsover woos her. The illustrations in colour by Walter Grieve are excellent.

Highway Pirates. By Harold Avery. (Nelson, 3s. 6d.).—We confess to taking up this book with no great enthusiasm. The last

story by Mr. Harold Avery which it fell to our lot to read disappointed us by the weakness of its plot, and irritated us by its inaccurate picture—preposterous, one might almost say—of public school life. But "Highway Pirates" is very different stuff. Mr. Avery

has been wise to leave school life alone. Its often delicate comedy baffles his rather broad-pointed pen: a stirring drama of adventure is much more suited to his style. One or two scenes of his latest tale, it is true, are laid at school, but they are only roughly sketched in. Besides, the private school of seventy years and more ago was a very different community from the modern public school. Mr. Avery has constructed a good plot, and the adventures of Sylvester Eden, leading up to his timely discovery of the "secret place" in the ancestral house of his chum, Miles Coverthorne, make up a narrative which is always of sustained interest, and at times most exciting. The "highway pirates" are a gang of convicts, bound for Botany Bay, who overpower the warders on the coach by which they are being conveyed across country, and eventually take refuge in an almost inaccessible smuggler's cave on the coast. The period of the story is a picturesque one, and the author has painted in the local colour skilfully. The publishers have done well by the book, which deserves praise. A rattling good yarn, in short.

Recreation and Handicraft for Girls. By L. and A. B. Beard. (Geo.

Newnes, Ltd., 6s. net.).—This volume contains many good ideas for both the occupation and amusement of healthy-minded girls, and forms most entertaining reading. The first half treats of "Handicraft," "The possibilities of a clothes-line," "A ball of twine and what to make of it," "An armful of shavings and what to do with them," "Modelling from tissue-paper," show the nature of the contents. By the admirable illustrations, each process is made easy to the least mechanically-gifted reader; while the book is particularly interesting in showing how many ingenious and useful articles can be contrived from materials at hand in every household. The second part of the volume, "Recreation," is also full of American invention, and contains novel suggestions for "May Day Amusements," "Hallow'een Revels," "Outdoor Playhouses," "Indian Encampments," and so on. English girls will find much pleasure and profit in carrying out the ideas in this storehouse of entertainment; and the happy possessor could never complain that she has "nothing to do!"

We have also received copies of the following works, a selection of which will be reviewed next month:—

From Samuel French, Ltd.—**How to "Make-Up."** (2s.), **Shadow Pantomimes** (1s.), **Dramas for Boys** (1s.), **Comic Dramas** (1s.), **Funny Recitations** (1s.), and other handbooks for amateur theatricals.

From David Nutt.—**Fergy, the Guide,** by H. S. Canfield (6s. net).

From Digby, Long and Co.—**Bolts and Bars,** by F. C. Vernon-Harcourt (3s. 6d.).

From Jarrold and Sons.—**Beautiful Joe's Paradise,** by Marshall Saunders (3s. 6d.).

From Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent and Co., Ltd.—**Jeannie Jemima Jones,** by the "Blunderland" Cartoonist (3s. 6d.).

From George Newnes, Ltd.—**The Return of Sherlock Holmes,** by A. Conan Doyle (6s.); **The Outdoor Handy Book,** by D. C. Beard (6s. net).

From Longmans, Green and Co.—**A Day at Dulwich,** by A. H. Gilkes (1s. net).

From Thomas Nelson and Sons.—**The Harmsworth Encyclopædia,** parts I.—III. (7d. net).

TALES OF WRYKYN

No 2 THE POLITENESS OF PRINCES BY P. C. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. WHITWELL.

THE painful case of G. Montgomery Chapple, bachelor, of Seymour's house, Wrykyn. Let us examine and ponder over it.

It has been well said that this is the age of the specialist. Everybody, if they wish to leave the world a better and happier place for their stay in it, should endeavour to adopt some speciality and make it their own. Chapple's speciality was being late for breakfast. He was late not once or twice, but every day. Sometimes he would scramble in about the time of the second cup of coffee, buttoning his waistcoat as he sidled to his place. Generally he would arrive just as the rest of the house were filing out; when, having lurked hidden until Mr. Seymour was out of the way, he would enter into private treaty with Herbert, the factotum, who had influence with the cook, for Something Hot and maybe a fresh brew of coffee. For there was nothing of the amateur late-breakfaster about Chapple. Your amateur slinks in with blushes deepening the naturally healthy hue of his face, and, bolting a piece of dry bread and gulping down a cup of cold coffee, dashes out again, filled more with good resolutions for the future than with food. Not so Chapple. He liked his meals. He wanted a good deal here below, and wanted it hot and fresh. Conscience had but a poor time when it tried to bully Chapple. He had it weak in the first round.

But there was one more powerful than Conscience—Mr. Seymour. He had marked the constant lateness of our hero, and disapproved of it.

Thus it happened that Chapple, having finished an excellent breakfast one morning some twenty minutes after everybody else, was informed as he sat in the junior day-room trying, with the help of an illustrated article in a boys' paper, to construct a handy



model steam-engine out of a reel of cotton and an old note-book—for his was in many ways a giant brain—that Mr. Seymour would like to have a friendly chat with him in his study. Laying aside his handy model steam-engine, he went off to the housemaster's study.

"You were late for breakfast to-day," said Mr. Seymour, in the horrid, abrupt way housemasters have.

"Why, yes, sir," said Chapple, pleasantly.

"And the day before."

"Yes, sir."

"And the day before that."

Chapple did not deny it. He stood on one foot and smiled a propitiating smile. So far Mr. Seymour was entitled to demand a cigar or cocoanut every time.

The housemaster walked to the window, looked out, returned to the mantelpiece, and shifted the position of a china vase two and a quarter inches to the left. Chapple, by way of spirited repartee, stood on the other leg and curled the disengaged foot round his ankle. The conversation was getting quite intellectual.

"You will write out—"

"Sir, please, sir—" interrupted Chapple in an "I-represent-the-defendant-m'lud" tone of voice.

"Well?"

"It's awfully hard to hear the bell from where I sleep, sir."

Owing to the increased numbers of the house this term Chapple had been removed from his dormitory proper to a small room some distance away.

"Nonsense. The bell can be heard perfectly well all over the house."

There was reason in what he said. Herbert, who woke the house of a morning, did so by ringing a bell. It was a big bell, and he enjoyed ringing it. Few sleepers, however sound, could dream on peacefully through Herbert's morning solo. After five seconds of it they would turn over uneasily. After seven they would sit up. At the end of the first quarter of a minute they would be out of bed, and you would be wondering where they picked up such expressions.

Chapple murmured wordlessly in reply. He realised that his defence was a thin one. Mr. Seymour followed up his advantage.

"You will write a hundred lines of Vergil," he said, "and if you are late again to-morrow I shall double them."

Chapple retired.

This, he felt, was a crisis. He had been pursuing his career of unpunctuality so long that he had never quite realised that a time might come when the authorities would drop on him. For a moment he felt that it was impossible, that he could not meet Mr. Seymour's wishes in the matter; but the bull-dog pluck of the true Englishman caused him to reconsider this. He would at least have a dash at it.

"I'll tell you what to do," said his friend, Brodie, when consulted on the point over a quiet pot of tea that afternoon. "You ought to sleep without so many things on the bed. How many blankets do you use, for instance?"

"I don't know," said Chapple. "As many as they shove on."

It had never occurred to him to reckon

up the amount of his bedclothes before retiring to rest.

"Well, you take my tip," said Brodie, "and only sleep with one on. Then the cold'll wake you in the morning, and you'll get up because it'll be more comfortable than staying in bed."

This scientific plan might have worked. In fact, to a certain extent it did work. It woke Chapple in the morning, as Brodie had predicted; but it woke him at the wrong



HE PILED UPON THE BED EVERYTHING HE COULD FIND.

hour. It is no good springing out of bed when there are still three hours to breakfast. When Chapple woke at five the next morning, after a series of dreams, the scenes of which were laid mainly in the Arctic regions, he first sneezed, then he piled upon the bed everything he could find, including his boots, and then went to sleep again. The genial warmth oozed through his form, and continued to ooze until he woke once more, this time at eight-fifteen. Breakfast being



at eight, it occurred to him that his position with Mr. Seymour was not improved. While he was devoting a few moments' profound meditation to this point the genial warmth got in its fell work once again. When he next woke, the bell was ringing for school. He lowered the world's record for rapid dressing, and was just in time to accompany the tail of the procession into the form-room.

"You were late again this morning," said Mr. Seymour, after dinner.

"Yes, sir. I overslepped myself, sir," replied Chapple, who was suffering from a cold in the head.

"Two hundred lines."

"Yes, sir."

Things had now become serious. It was no good going to Brodie again for counsel. Brodie had done for himself, proved himself a fraud, an idiot. In fine, a rotter. He must try somebody else. Happy thought, Spenlow. It was a cold day, when Spenlow got left behind. He would know what to do. *There* was a chap for you, if you liked! Young, mind you, but what a brain! Colossal!

"What I should do," said Spenlow, "is this. I should put my watch on half an hour."

"What 'ud be the good of that?"

"Why, don't you see? You'd wake up and find it was ten to eight, say, by your watch, so you'd shove on the pace dressing, and nip downstairs, and then find that you'd really got tons of time. What price that?"

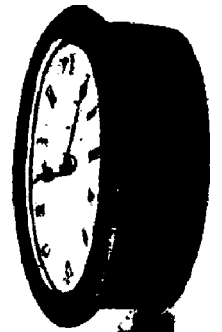
"But I should remember I'd put my watch on," objected Chapple.

"Oh, no, probably not. You'd be half

asleep, and you'd shoot out of bed before you remembered, and that's all you'd want. It's the getting out of bed that's so difficult. If you were once out, you wouldn't want to get back again."

"Oh, shouldn't I?" said Chapple.

"Well, you



might want to, but you'd have the sense not to do it."

"It's not a bad idea," said Chapple. "Thanks."

That night he took his Waterbury, prised open the face with a pocket-knife as if he were opening an oyster, put the minute hand on exactly half an hour, and retired to bed satisfied. There was going to be no nonsense about it this time.

I am sorry to disappoint the reader, but facts are facts, and I must not tamper with them. It is, therefore, my duty to state, however reluctantly, that Chapple was not in time for breakfast on the following morning. He woke at seven o'clock, when the hands of the watch pointed to seven-thirty. Primed with virtuous resolutions, he was just about to leap from his couch, when his memory began to work, and he recollected that he had still an hour. Punctuality, he felt, was an excellent thing, a noble virtue, in fact, but it was no good overdoing it. He could give himself at least another half hour. So he dozed off. He woke again with something of a start. He seemed to feel that he had been asleep for a considerable time. But no. A glance at the watch showed the hands pointing to twenty-five to eight. Twenty-five minutes more. He had a good long doze this time. Then, feeling that now he really must be getting up, he looked once more at the watch, and rubbed his eyes. It was still twenty-five to eight.

The fact was that, in the exhilaration of putting the hands on, he had forgotten that other and even more important operation, winding up. The watch had stopped.

There are few more disturbing sensations than that of suddenly discovering that one has no means of telling the time. This is especially so when one has to be in a certain place by a certain hour. It gives the discoverer a weird, lost feeling, as if he had stopped dead while all the rest of the world had moved on at the usual rate. It is a sensation not unlike that of the man who arrives on the platform of a railway station just in time to see the tail-end of his train disappear.

Until that morning the world's record for dressing (set up the day before) had been five minutes, twenty-three and a fifth seconds. He lowered this by two seconds, and went downstairs.

The house was empty. In the passage that led to the dining-room he looked at the

clock, and his heart turned a somersault. *It was five minutes past nine.* Not only was he late for breakfast, but late for school, too. Never before had he brought off the double event.

There was a little unpleasantness in his form room when he stole in at seven minutes past the hour. Mr. Dexter, his form-master, never a jolly sort of man to have dealings with, was rather bitter on the subject.

"You are incorrigibly lazy and unpunctual," said Mr. Dexter, towards the end of the address. "You will do me a hundred lines."

"Oo-o-o, sir-r," said Chapple. But he felt at the time that it was not much of a repartee. After dinner there was the usual interview with Mr. Seymour.

"You were late again this morning," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Chapple.

"Two hundred lines."

"Yes, sir."

The thing was becoming monotonous.

Chapple pulled himself together. This must stop. He had said that several times previously, but now he meant it. Nor poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world should make him oversleep himself again. This time he would try a combination of schemes.

Before he went to bed that night he put his watch on half an hour, wound it up, and placed it on a chair at his bedside. Then he seized his rug and all the blankets except one, and tore them off. Then he piled them in an untidy heap in the most distant corner of the room. He meant to put temptation out of his reach. There should be no genial warmth on this occasion.

Nor was there. He woke at six feeling as if he were one solid chunk of ice. He put up with it in a torpid sort of way till seven. Then he could stand it no longer. It would not be pleasant getting up and going downstairs to the cheerless junior day-room, but it was the only thing to do. He knew that if he once wrapped himself in the blankets which stared at him invitingly from the opposite corner of the room, he was lost. So he crawled out of bed, shivering, washed unenthusiastically, and he proceeded to put on his clothes.

Downstairs it was more unpleasant than one would have believed possible. The day-room was in its usual state of disorder. The fire was not lit. There was a vague smell

of apples. Life was very, very grey. There seemed no brightness in it at all.

He sat down at the table and began once more the task of constructing a handy model steam-engine, but he speedily realised, what he had suspected before, that the instructions were the work of a dangerous mad-man. What was the good of going on living when gibbering lunatics were allowed to write for weekly papers?

About this time his gloom was deepened by the discovery that a tin labelled mixed biscuits, which he had noticed in Brodie's locker, was empty.

He thought he would go for a stroll. It would be beastly, of course, but not so beastly as sitting in the junior day-room.

It is just here that the tragedy begins to deepen.

Passing out of Seymour's gate he met Brooke, of Appleby's. Brooke wore an earnest, thoughtful expression.

"Hullo, Brooke," said Chapple, "where are you off to?"

It seemed that Brooke was off to the carpenter's shop. Hence the earnest, thoughtful expression. His mind was wrestling with certain pieces of wood which he proposed to fashion into photograph frames. There was always a steady demand in the school for photograph frames, and the gifted were in the habit of turning here and there an honest penny by means of them.

The artist soul is not always unfavourable to a gallery. Brooke said he didn't mind if



"IT'S STRUCK EIGHT."

Chapple came along, only he wasn't to be rotting about or anything. So Chapple went along.

Arrived at the carpenter's shop, Brooke was soon absorbed in his labours. Chapple watched him for a time with the interest of a brother-worker, for had he not tried to construct handy model steam-engines in his day? Indeed, yes. After a while, however, the rôle of spectator began to pall. He wanted to do something. Wandering

round the room he found a chisel, and upon the instant, in direct contravention of the treaty respecting rotting, he sat down and started carving his name on a smooth deal board which looked as if nobody wanted it. The pair worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional hard breath as the toil grew exciting. Chapple's tongue was out and performing mystic evolutions as he carved the letters. He felt inspired.

He was beginning the A when he was brought to earth again by the voice of Brooke.

"You *are* an idiot," said Brooke, complainingly. "That's *my* board, and now you've spoilt it."

Spoilt it! Chapple liked that! Spoilt it, if you please, when he had done a beautiful piece of carving on it!

"Well, it can't be helped now," said Brooke, philosophically. "I suppose it's not your fault you're such an ass. Anyhow, come on now. It's struck eight."

"It's what?" gasped Chapple.
 "Struck eight. But it doesn't matter. Appleby never minds one being a bit late for breakfast."
 "Oh," said Chapple. "Oh, doesn't he!"

Go into Seymour's at eight sharp any morning and look down the table, and you will see the face of G. M. Chapple—obscured every now and then, perhaps, by a coffee cup or a slice of bread and marmalade. He has not been late for three weeks. The spare room is now occupied by Postlethwaite, of the Upper Fourth, whose place in Milton's dormitory has been taken by Chapple. Milton is the head of the house, and stands alone among the house prefects for the strenuousness of his methods in dealing with his dormitory. Nothing in this world is certain, but it is highly improbable that Chapple will be late again. There are swagger-sticks.



- A. T. SMITH

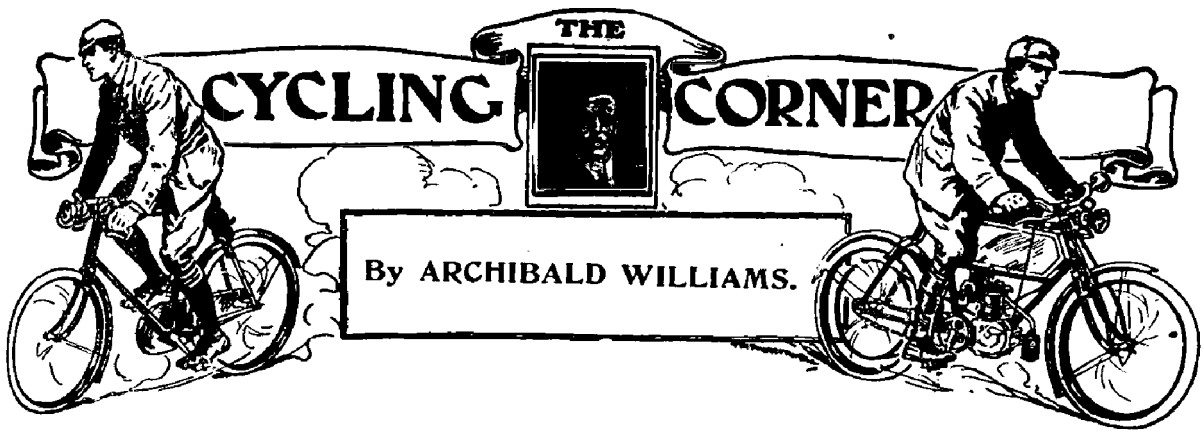
A PICTURE WITH WORDS.

Instructors should be encouraged, in giving the details of the different movements, to use their own words.—*Vide* § 1, Part I. *Infantry Training*, 1904.

CORPORAL S...H...L...Z... "??!! etc"



MISQUOTED PROVERBS : NO. 1. IT IS SOMETIMES TOO LATE TO MEND.



SOME MECHANICAL NOTES.

MUDGUARDS.

HAVE often wondered why the front mudguard is not universally extended forward of the forks. The extra weight and cost entailed is very small, while the advantage is considerable. Fig. No. 1 shows the ordinary mudguard, D, in black; a dotted line, EE, indicates the proposed extension which has been generally adopted on motor-cycles. The need for the addition is made clear by the line of flight of mud particles CCC, which are hurled forward by the wheel, but, being light, cannot make headway against the air currents they encounter, and are flung back on to the head, steering pillar, and lamp. The last is the most noticeable sufferer. A dirty ride almost invariably splashes the glass with specks of mud, which, if left *in situ*, obscure the light, and, if rubbed off, smear and scratch the glass.

BRAKES.

These are often very badly adjusted, the lever being either too far away from or too close to the handle bars. In the former case one gets "too large a handful"; in the latter case the brake cannot exert its full power. You should set your brakes in such a manner that, when hard on, the lever all but touches the handlebars; and the point of the lever should face a little forward so as not to jab the knee during a sharp turn. The "reverse" lever, now so popular, is guiltless of acting as a prong, but I don't think that it gives so good a

grip as the other type, which points the same way as the handles. The neatest brake arrangement I know is that of the Lea Francis, in which the levers work shafts passing through the handle bars, with cams projecting through the T to operate a series of fine rods. The other day I had a very nasty shock while riding my motor-cycle, when the back pedalling brake suddenly misbehaved and converted the free into a fixed wheel, and gave my feet such a blow that I narrowly escaped a bad spill. The brake in question—of which, as being one little used, I need not give the name—is not perhaps a good specimen of its kind, so I must not judge it harshly. But my shyness with regard to back pedalling brakes on motor-cycles has been somewhat increased by that incident.

THE TREATMENT OF NUTS.

Every first-class cycle should have a set of spanners which are a *dead fit* on all nuts forming part of the machine. And the nuts themselves should be perfectly symmetrical. If a spanner will go easily on to a nut one way, but not in another, something is wrong; and the nut should be replaced by a better article. For the nuts of spindles, head, saddle-pillar, a "box" spanner, *i.e.*, one which has an hexagonal opening to pass over the nut, is by far the best. You will never find one jump and leave you with a bit chipped off your knuckles.

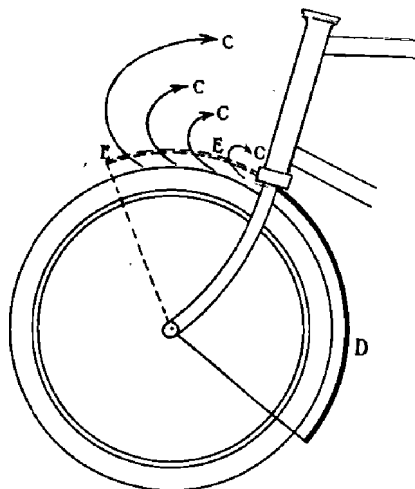
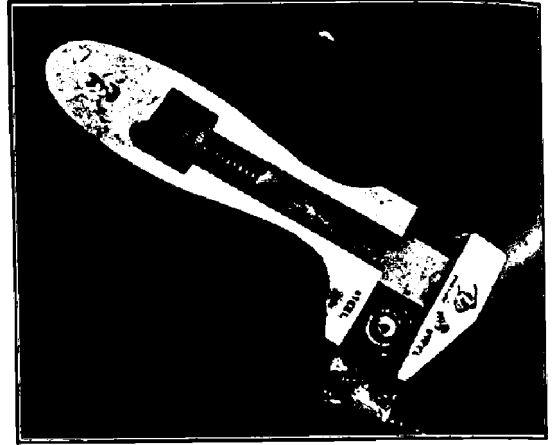
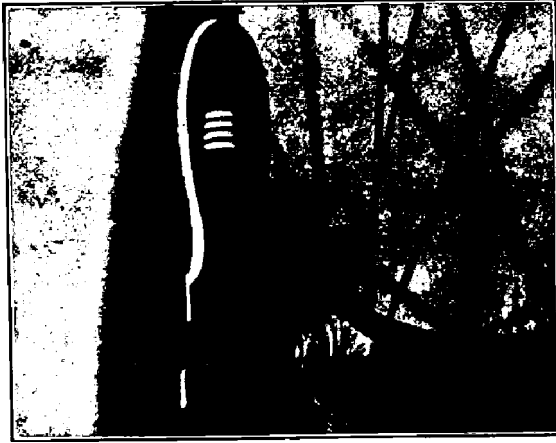


FIG. 1.

If circumstances demand the use of a screw-spanner,

be sure that you adjust it tightly before attempting to wrench with it; as a slip injures the nut, cutting its corners. The screw-spanner is responsible for many nuts approximating to a circular form which defies all efforts to "get a hold."

items of the cycle's anatomy should not be going concerns for many years. The pedal bracket is generally the greatest sufferer, because it has to withstand rocking as well as vertical stresses. Then the pedals, which receive very varying pressure. If I



THE WRONG AND THE RIGHT WAY TO USE A SPANNER.

HARD AND SOFT TYRES.

By means of two simple diagrams (Figs. 2 and 3) I show the comparative virtues of hard and soft tyres on greasy roads. The surface slime is proportionately exaggerated. Tyre X, because it flattens out both laterally and longitudinally, does not penetrate the slime to the hard road beneath. Tyre Y, being hard, and therefore less flattened, cuts through the grease and gets a firm hold of the "metal." Another point in favour of the hard tyre is its greater resiliency, which makes it faster, though more bumpy when it meets an obstacle. Furthermore, its rigidity staves off stones

am asked to give my opinion on a second-hand machine, I always look here first, since badly adjusted pedals often indicate a careless owner: whereas, if they are properly adjusted, probably all the other bearings are also in good trim. Grit is undoubtedly one serious cause of trouble here, for it works in with the oil and acts as a fine emery powder on both balls and races. It is therefore advisable after a dirty ride to squirt some paraffin between the pedal and the crank to clear off any dirt that may have lodged there. The outer end of the crank pin should be protected by a cap screwing on to the outer

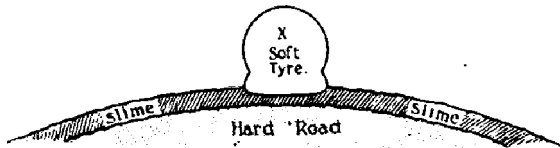


FIG. 2.

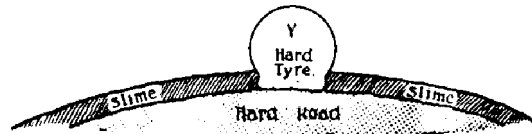


FIG. 3.

which, if caught in a fold of a half-inflated tyre, might cause a cut or puncture.

THE MOST VITAL PARTS

of a cycle are its bearings. It is on them that all the strains of the machine ultimately fall. Bad metal means worn out bearings sooner or later—generally sooner. But, given good material and careful adjustment, there is no reason why these important

pedal plate. If this is lost, get another put on, as one often leans a cycle against a soft bank—or perhaps it falls over on to the road—in which case an unprotected pin receives a nice smear of mud.

This is how I always adjust my wheels (if I have told you before, pardon the repetition). First, I screw the bearings until they are jammed. Then I tighten of the nuts against the fork, leaving the

other just a shade slack. The wheel is now turned until the valve is horizontal, and I add a slight weight to one of the spokes next it. With my flat spanner, specially made for the purpose, I gently unscrew the loose cone until the valve causes the wheel to revolve a quarter turn, bringing it to the bottom. The valve is turned to the other end of the horizontal diameter; if it again falls, the proper adjustment has been made, and the second nut can be tightened up. As an extra precaution I again test to see that the screwing has not jammed the bearing.

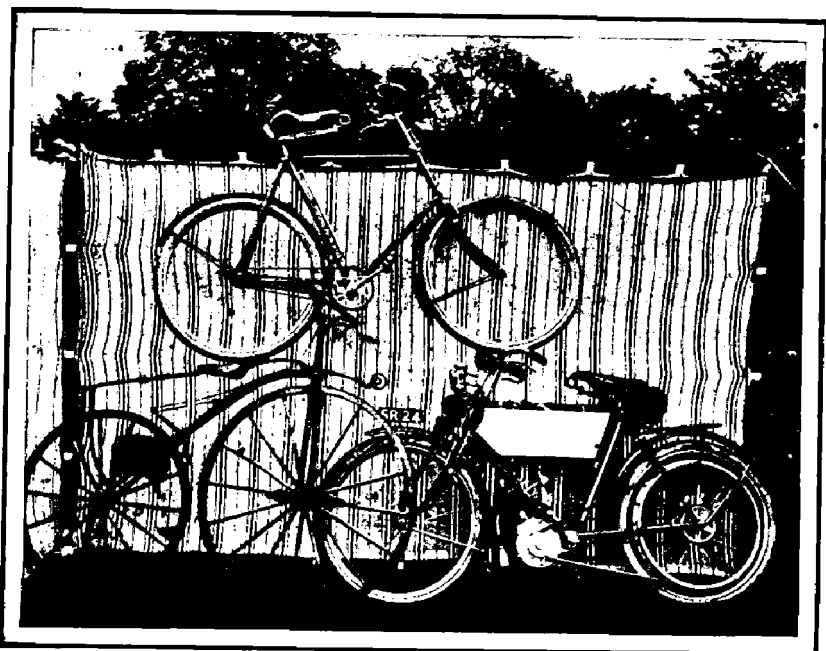
The pedal spindle I adjust in a similar manner; the pedals until they will revolve easily without showing any signs of shake. After a proper general adjustment no single part ought to be perceptibly loose, and yet all should work freely. Don't forget the ball races at the "head." Any looseness causes an unpleasant, and sometimes mysterious, rattling. It is cured by slacking the cross pin of the uppermost cup, and gently tapping round the screw collar until the handles show a slight inclination to turn stiffly. Then a minute slackening, and the deed is done.

LAMP BRACKETS

are often sadly inefficient. They do very well for the two-penny half-penny oil lamp which is used as a bait to catch the purchaser; but put on a good solid acetylene lamp, and they sink beneath the burden. Messrs. Lucas sell a neat bracket to screw round the steering pillar, easily fixed and very strong. Its price, two shillings. The heat of the acetylene flame is so intense that it soon injures a reflector, and therefore the lamp should be quite vertical. The "Acetylophote" has a shade over the top of the glass which helps to direct the rays on to the road, and also somewhat screens the flame from anybody approaching close.

Apropos of my last article, I see in Messrs. Humber's most recent list that they are aware of the advantage of having

a place for everything in the tool bag and everything in its place. They accordingly fit to their high-grade machines a bag "in which," to use their own words, "there is a separate compartment for each of the two wrenches and screw driver, box of wax vestas, outfit, and selvyt cloth. Attached to the outside is a little case into which either a private card or an address label can be inserted. A place for the oil can is provided in the bottom of the bag, encased in metal in such a way as to obviate the possibility of the tool bag and contents being soiled by an escape of oil." Very neat, this. Messrs. Humber certainly turn out smart work, and that it is durable my



AN INTERESTING GROUP, SHOWING A BONE-SHAKER, A TYPICAL UP-TO-DATE SAFETY, AND A MOTOR BIKE.

Photo by John Ogilvie.

eight-year-old "jigger" proves satisfactorily enough, so far as I am concerned.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Captain Humber.—Perhaps I was wrong in my statement about light-weight Humber motor-cycles' power. I took, however, my figures from a good authority. Possibly that particular machine was a special one for show purposes. You are quite correct in saying that the *standard* 72 lb. machine develops only $1\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. Magneto ignition has some decided advantages. Its weight is little, if any, greater than that of an accumulator, and while it works properly it certainly proves equally efficient. Its chief drawback is the difficulty of putting things right if it jibs; at present very few repairers can tackle the job. But, in cases where I know it to

be used, the users are quite satisfied to run this risk, which, in their opinion, is more than counter-balanced by the absence of messy accumulators. So, I think, you could not be wrong in adopting magneto ignition. Take care that you have a first-class outfit.

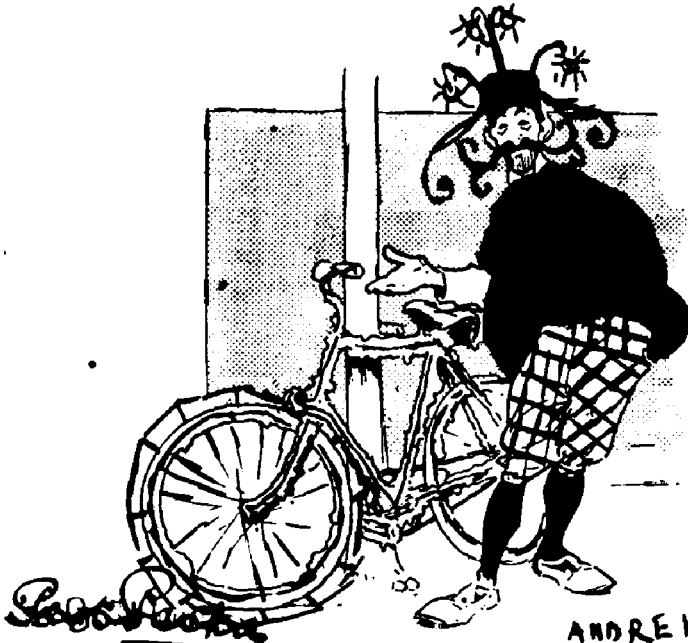
H. C. L.—Your letter has been forwarded to me by Mr. Warner. Training cannot be commenced too soon if its early stages are confined to keeping yourself "fit." If you go at it too hard at first you run the risk of becoming "stale." You won't mind my saying that I consider your development scarcely sufficient to make cycle-racing a healthy pastime for you. In fact, I have a pretty strong feeling against racing of this kind for anyone under twenty or not unusually well developed. The posture tends to contract the chest, while the excessive exertion taxes the heart very severely. In foot-racing one can tell pretty well when one has had enough; the fatigue caused by cycling is more insidious. So my advice must be to refrain, at present, from racing against people older than yourself, and, if you train, to select any time rather than before breakfast, when your physical efficiency is at its lowest. A brisk walk after a cold tub will do you good, but not a lot of pedal-work. I am rather handicapped in my reply by not knowing the class of competitor you will have to face.

J. S.—A ten-day tour in Wales? Try this. Start at Hereford, and go to Abergavenny (24), Crickhowell (6), Brecon (13), Llandoverly (25), Llandilo Fawr (13), Carmarthen (16), Haverfordwest (33), St. David's (16), Newport (23), Cardigan (10), Aberavon (22), Aberystwyth (15), Tregaron (17), Lampeter (11), Llanbythe (5), Llandilo (16), Llandoverly (25), Builth (22), Brecon (15), Hay

(15), Hereford (23)—a total of about 365 miles for your ten days' riding. From Brecon and some other towns named you can make interesting trips into the country round.

Rota.—Of course change speed-gears are catching on. Their advantages are such as to make this inevitable. The difficulty of accommodating oneself to the changes is merely that arising from want of practice. I can ride a Dursley Pedersen or Sturmev Archer three-speed gear with complete comfort; but then, after a change down, I don't try to keep the pace at what it was before. Put the matter to your friends thus:—supposing you were riding over hilly country, and that at the top of every hill a 110-g geared cycle was waiting for you; a 50-g geared cycle at the bottom of every steep ascent; and a 75-g geared for the flat and gentle inclines; would you or would you not feel disposed to make the change now and then? With a change-gear the hopping from one machine to the other is practically accomplished by a slight movement of a small lever. If your cycle is in quite good condition, especially at the bearings—and you like it—£3 spent on a three-speed (better than two-speed) gear will be a reasonable outlay. With a three-speed the middle, or solid gear, should be about 70. If you have the Sturmev Archer you can step up to 89 and down to 56; while the Pedersen will give 105 and 46½ respectively. Both are excellent. *Experto crede.*

E. Pilkington.—Thanks for your letter. I am getting together definite information on the subject of re-plating and enamelling, as many readers put me the same question. Watch this corner. Have as few plated surfaces as possible on your machine.



ANDREW
 "I don't see what Anst-hold Williams says—
 I never clean my bike. What's the use? It only gets dirty again!"

Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.

THE CAPTAIN'S CRISIS.

BY ARTHUR STANLEY.



Anne's. And now Crispin, captain of St. Anne's, and Weatherley, the trusty leader of his redoubtable "pack," sat in the former's study, to use the words of the Harrow Song, "auguring triumph and balancing fate."

But whilst Weatherley—a stolid, sturdy, self-confident, easy-going young Briton—was "auguring triumph," the captain looked careworn and anxious, and was more inclined to "balance fate," and find the balance rather in favour of a probable defeat.

"Weatherley!" he exclaimed, almost peevishly, "I'm a moral funk. I know I've got brute courage *ad lib.* when I'm playing, but if I was anything but a cur,

I.

It was about a week before the great match of the season with Redford Grammar School. Redford Grammar School had not been defeated by a school team for ten years, but it had "got into the papers," and into the mouths of every fellow at Redford, that their colours were to be lowered by their neighbours, St.

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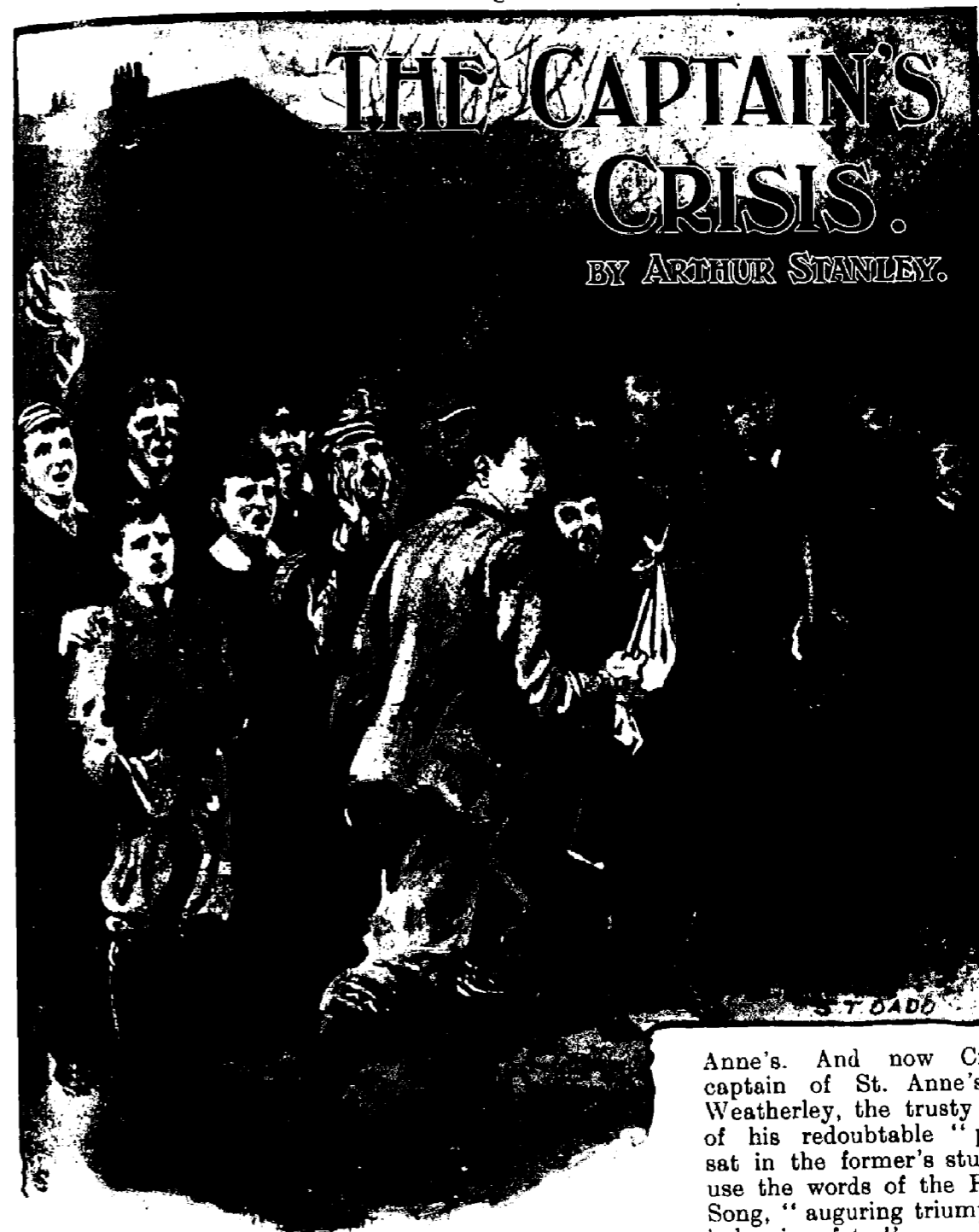
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spiritually and morally, I shouldn't be fidgeting myself to death, and my team to madness, over this confounded Redford match. But I can't help it! I can't talk about anything else, and I can't think about anything else, simply because I don't care a trooper's oath about anything else."

"Nor do I!" exclaimed Weatherley. "Nor does any other chap in St. Anne's. But you're the only mortal on earth, Cris, who isn't dead certain that we're going to win! By Jove, old man, you're beginning to look rottenly bad over the affair. If you don't take care you'll worry yourself into such an unholy state of unfitness that you won't be able to turn out at all!"

"I'm blowed if I know what's coming over me!" sighed Crispin. "It's neurosis, or twentieth-century-hustleritis, or something. But I've felt this match coming on for years! I'm not joking! When I came here as a kid of twelve I soon made up my mind that there was nothing in the world like Rugger, and I said to myself, '*When I am captain of St. Anne's we will beat Redford!*'"

"You did? You dear little chap! And so we will. They know they're as good as beat already!"

"Ever since then every game I've ever played has been a sort of rehearsal for this match. And now it's getting so near, I'm simply mad with anxiety and excitement."

"When you were twelve years old," said Weatherley, after a pause, "you might have thought footer was the only thing in the world! You're old enough to know better now."

"I don't know so much. I'm afraid I've not tried to do anything in my life but play footer, so this Redford match is to me what Dick Helder's picture was to him. It stands for my life."

Weatherley gazed into the fire reflectively, and the two were silent for some minutes. Suddenly the captain cried out, "*What's this?*"

Startled at the terrified sound of his voice, Weatherley looked round. Crispin was holding out his hand. It was shaking violently.

"It's nerves, Cris! Sit quite still, and I'll go and fetch the matron, and see if she's got any spirits."

"Go and fetch fiddlesticks!" cried Crispin. "And I've got some spirits of my own left, thanks, old man! But I swear

I've never felt so beastly as this before in my life! Do I look white?"

"A bit. You're going to have what they call a nervous breakdown, I expect. Novel experience, eh?"

"I'll be——"

"Steady there, Cris. Sit down. Now don't you move till I come back. If you're not careful you won't be able to turn out. Remember that. You've just got to eat humble pie, and acknowledge that you're not exactly fit for once in a way."

II.

Two days afterwards all St. Anne's could know of the captain was written on a slip of paper posted on the door of the sanatorium.

It was the demon appendicitis that had laid poor Crispin low. The fiend is no respecter of persons, as our Empire once knew to its sorrow. But the fact that the captain had utterly collapsed after the operation astounded everyone but his most intimate friends, who realised that perhaps he was not the Hercules his feats on the football field made him appear to be.

At any rate, two days before the date of the match to which he had so anxiously looked forward for six years, it was reported that his condition was "extremely serious."

During one of his intervals of consciousness he asked to see Weatherley, much to that worthy young Briton's perturbation. The thought that perhaps he was going to see his chum for the last time was, of course, horrible in the extreme. But the overwhelming, unbearable pain of the situation lay in the fact that *he wouldn't know for the life of him what to say!*

He found himself gazing at Crispin's wan face in self-conscious embarrassment, thinking he looked exactly like he did when he got winded against the Old Boys.

"Hallo, Cris!" he exclaimed, with an effort. "I'm awfully sorry you're so bad, really. Hope you'll soon be better!"

To the intense anxiety of his mother and his nurse, Crispin "made the conversation." He fully realised his chum's difficulty, and helped him out of it like the good fellow he was.

"I don't want to talk about myself, old man. I don't count for very much now. How are the chaps?"

"All as fit as fiddles, Cris."

"Well, look here! Tell them this may be the last they ever hear of me. They're to

play up against Redford like the very deuce—for my sake if for nothing else!"

"We shall fight like demons, Cris!"

"That's right. Of course you're playing Denby in my place?"

"Yes."

"Good!—and look here. If I pegged out before Saturday they'd put the match off?"

"You're not going to peg out for fifty years, Cris," exclaimed Weatherley, surprised at his own eloquence.

"I must say what I mean, old chap. If

and do make the fellows yell, so that I can get some notion of how the game goes."

"I hope you'll be asleep, Cris," said Weatherley, anxiously.

"Why? You wouldn't deprive me of the consolation of hearing the yelling?"

"I would. Because I've been up here, as you know, with a smashed collar-bone. It's absolute torture to lie here helpless, and hear the row, and wish you were playing."

"I can't help it. I bet I shall be awake!"



"I'M GOING TO HANG ON TILL THE MATCH IS OVER."

I died before Saturday they'd put it off. So I'm going to hang on till the match is over, at any rate! You aren't getting into low spirits about me?"

"D'you suppose we can help it, old chap?"

"Perhaps you can't. I'm glad you can't. Yes, I'm glad you like me a little bit. And tell all the fellows to howl like dying dervishes. Because I'm going to lie here and listen. And don't let the team get the hump about me, or they won't play their best. Tell them I'm ever so much better—I really do feel more like myself to-day—

III.

"Go for him, Weatherley. *Hallo!*"

The captain awoke with a start.

"I say, mater," he exclaimed, "is that shouting real?"

"Yes, dear. It's been going on for nearly an hour!"

"Then it must be near the end. Can you hear if it's 'Anne's' or 'Redders,' that's being yelled most?"

"I've heard nothing but 'Anne's,' as far as I could distinguish, dear."

"A-A-A-A-nne's!"

"That sounds good! I've heard it all in my dream for a good hour. I've been playing the match, and we were winning—leading by thirteen runs with two wickets in hand. And you were playing 'half' for Redford, and we had a pillow for the——"

The captain ceased speaking, and listened, his eyes sparkling. Burst after burst of weird, discordant sounds from all sorts and conditions of voices kept ringing out the word "A-A-A-nne's," in a monotonous,



"I SAY, MATER, IS THAT SHOUTING REAL?"

drawn-out sing-song. No sooner had one set of voices died away than another set took up the cry. There was no mistaking the swelling triumph of that sound!

The captain knew well how the Redfordians always did their best to "break up" the St. Anne's cry with their sharp volleying shouts of "*Redders—Redders—Redders.*" But it seemed as if they had given up hopes of diminishing the predominance of that mighty roar. They had been shouted into dispirited silence as

decisively as their representatives—at least, so the captain firmly believed—had been outplayed.

"We're winning, mater—they couldn't yell like that if we weren't! Hurrah! Good old Anne's!"

The same evening Crispin was pronounced to be quite "out of danger." And in a few days he was able to see some of his chums again. The first he saw was, of course, the faithful Weatherley.

"Hullo, Cris," exclaimed the latter, as they shook hands, "awfully glad you're better."

"Now, look here, Weatherley, old chap," said Cris, "if you want to please me, just sit down and tell me all about the match!"

To Crispin's amazement Weatherley looked horribly shamefaced.

"Never had such a putrid time in my life!" he murmured.

"What?" asked the captain, in astonishment.

"No! We all had a jolly, awful, horrible, beastly bad time, I can tell you!"

"Why?"

"To begin with, we all had the blue hump about you—and then your absence just nicely mucked up our combination—and incidentally we got chawed up. They won by twenty-four points to nill!"

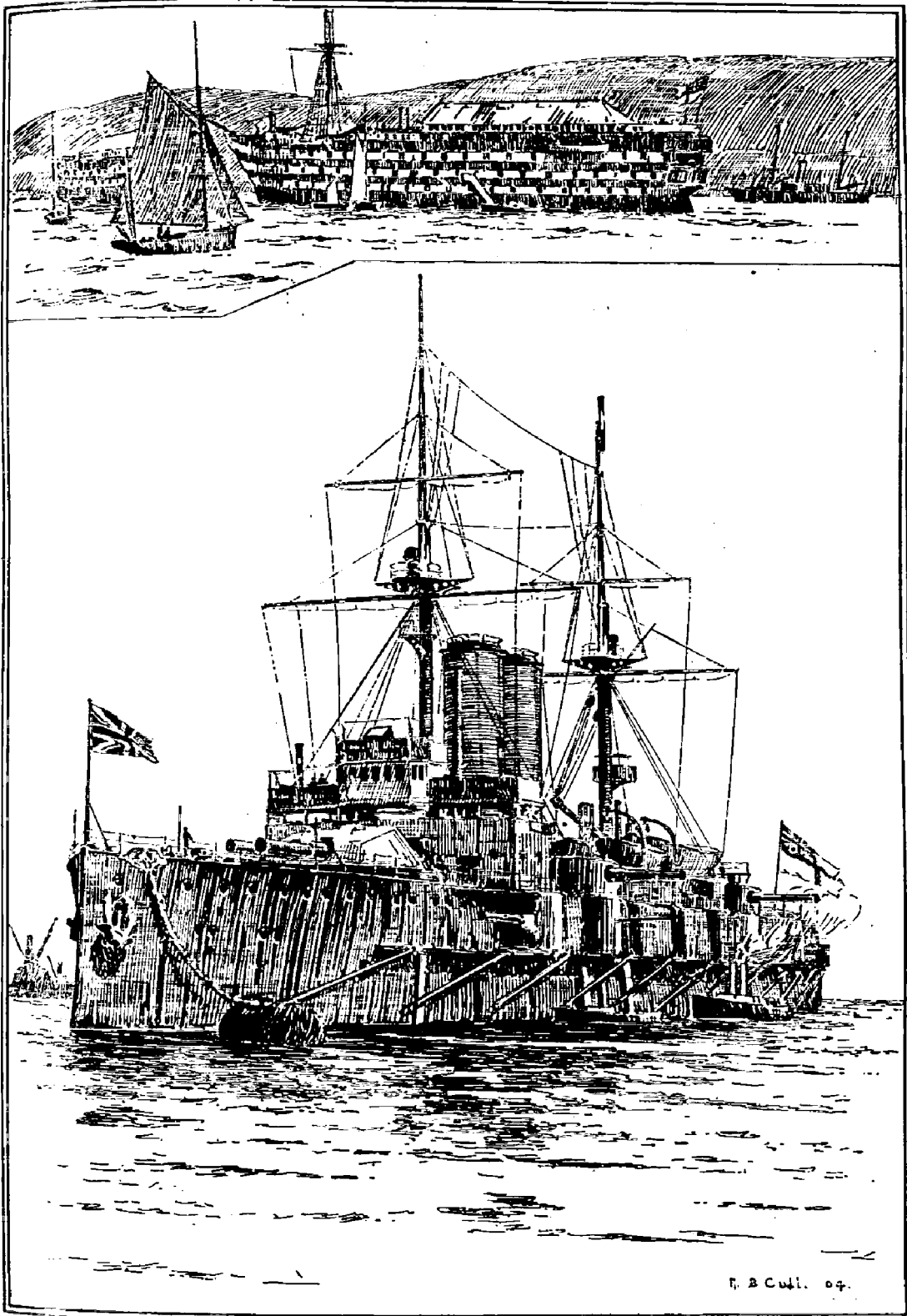
"But the shouting!" exclaimed Cris.

Then, as the truth dawned on him: "The shouting was faked for my benefit?"

"It was. All that cheering was an enormous lie told by five hundred liars in chorus."

Weatherley went and gazed out of the window sheepishly after making this confession.

"By Jove, though!" he exclaimed, after a long silence, "you ought to have seen it! How those Redford fellows did howl for Anne's!"



THE OLD AND THE NEW BRITANNIA.

1. Old *Britannia*, now used as training-ship for Naval Cadets.
2. H.M.S. *Britannia*, the latest addition to the Royal Navy, as she will be when completed for sea. She belongs to the *King Edward VII.* class, and carries four 12in., four 9.2in., ten 6in., and several smaller guns. She and her sisters are the largest warships in the world.

Drawn for THE CAPTAIN by A. B. CULL.



KING EDWARD VII. STAMPS.

IN these days of rapidly increasing postal issues the young collector is apt to be bewildered by the task he sets himself with his printed album open before him. He finds that there are some three hundred countries actively engaged in turning out series after series of so-called postage stamps, and he knows only too well that many of those countries are, from a philatelic point of view, little better than stamp factories for the production of mere labels for wheedling his pence out of his pockets into their coffers. Despite the never ceasing warnings of all respectable stamp journals that he should not waste his money on such rubbish as Seebecked Central American States, North Borneo, and Labuan, we are continually being reminded that these very stamps sell like hot cakes to school-boys. It is very difficult to see how the inexperienced school-boy is to be protected from his own inexperience until every self-respecting public school openly recognises and provides for its stamp club, as well as its cricket club, and so creates an organisation for his protection.

Meanwhile, some hope lies in the direction of the ever-increasing necessity of making a choice of a few countries instead of going in, *holus bolus*, for the whole hog, to the tune of attempting to collect some three hundred countries on a total available surplus income of sixpence per week. The Old Fag assures me that, even barring the tuck shop, it sometimes does not amount to sixpence!

We hope we are doing something in *THE CAPTAIN* to help our boys to a judicious selection of countries. We supply them month by month with the philatelic history and record of good countries that are worth attention, and we leave them to read and study and make their own choice.

Now, in this choice, one of the simplest and easiest of lines of demarcation for the young collector may be drawn at the King Edward VII. postal issues. There is no delicate or difficult question of watermarks or perforations as a line of division. The King's head settles everything.

And already we are running into two well defined Colonial series of King's heads. There are the first issues with single CA. watermark for the ordinary size stamps, and the CC. for the larger size, high values. These are now being superseded by what is being termed the multiple CA. It will be remembered that the single CA. watermark falls separately on the centre of each stamp. The new watermark, multiple CA., is the same watermark but reduced in size, and crowded so closely together that portions of several CA.'s and crowns appear on each stamp. This change was made in order to do away with the inconvenience and bother of centring the watermark in printing. A sheet is now watermarked all over margins and all, with a closely crowded jumble of watermarks, so that the sheets of stamps, for high as well as low values, may be printed rapidly in their tens of millions, without let or hindrance on account of the watermark.

Hence we have, with one or two exceptions, two series of King's heads, the first watermarked single CA., and the second multiple CA. In many, if not most cases, the first series, or single CA.'s are, in the opinion of most collectors and dealers, likely to be more or less scarce before many years are passed. Very few of this first series have had anything approaching a long life, and many have had a very short life. In some cases there has been only one supply sent out to the colony on single CA. paper, the following supply being on

the multiple paper. How scarce those stamps may be we none of us can say for some time to come. But we know that they are difficult to get anywhere, and are consequently fetching long prices at auction. The series of Lagos King's head single CA. is a case in point. A first supply of single CA.'s was sent out, and copies of the complete series from ½d. to 10s. were, for a few weeks, to be had at ordinary new issue rates at a fraction over face value. The wise secured their copies with their usual promptitude. The unready and procrastinating collector who never is going to be rushed into tumbling somersaults after an ordinary, common, current issue that will be obtainable at any time at his own sweet will, has, in the expressive language of the American, "got left," for the series which has been superseded, and which a few weeks ago might have been bought anywhere and everywhere for a little over its face value of 19s. 9d., has lately been fetching at auction no less than £6 17s. 6d., and dealers have been getting as much as £8 for a single set; a pretty clear indication of the scarcity of the series.

So that we are having not a few indications that, even in the case of such apparently permanent issues as that of the first King's heads might reasonably have been considered, the common stamps of to-day may, when we least expect it, ripen into rarity. The young collector may, therefore, if he be so minded, restrict his stamp collecting to King's heads, with the knowledge that in such a wide range of Colonial issues he will find as the years go by that they will leave him the happy possessor of many an interesting series and many a scarce stamp.

A collection of King's heads will not be such a simple matter as some suppose. There are not a few surprises to be met with. Some Colonies started their King's heads on the single CA. paper without completing that series. Virgin Islands made a start with the multiple CA. paper, issuing no King's heads on single CA. paper. Straits Settlements commenced with the small type of King's heads, then changed to the larger type of head used on the Transvaal stamps, and then changed from single to multiple CA. All these changes will want watching if they are to be secured while they are plentiful.

And looming up over all is the unquestionable unpopularity of the King's portrait. It is still tolerated, but it has not improved on acquaintance, and may any day be superseded by something more acceptable and reputable. Yet, it has survived the anathemas of the most

influential, and may, like other condemned monstrosities, survive to an astonishing old age. No one can say, not even the authorities themselves. The more acceptable portrait may never turn up, or it may come as a boon, and a blessing, and a great surprise, some day, when we feel most certain of the settled permanence of the current type.

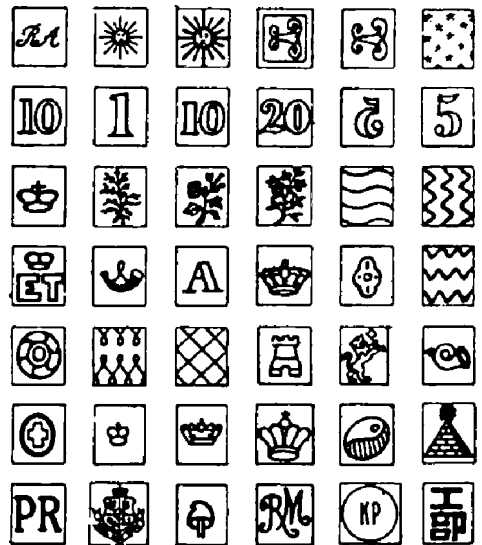
Decorative Collecting.

MESSRS. LAWN AND BARLOW send us a series of titles, watermarks, and perforations, very neatly set up and printed on gummed paper, all ready to be cut up and stuck on to the album page.

These are intended for those collectors who arrange their stamps in plain albums or in the publishers' Cistafle.

Some boys write neatly enough to do their own decorative explanations, but I fear they are the few. Indeed, amongst even the leading specialists I have only known two or three who were equal to writing in the necessary details of watermark and perforation. To them, and to the younger collector, these beautiful little prints will be a welcome addition to what are termed "accessories."

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a collection as neatly arranged pages, with neat



WATER MARKS.

headings and details, and it is the almost universal absence of these seeming trifles that marks the lack of taste and care in the arrangement of a page.

If you keep to the printed album you will

be safe, even if you are somewhat untidy, but every year even young collectors are compelled to limit their collecting. For them the plain page becomes a necessity, and then arises the question how to display the stamps neatly and effectively. With these little accessories it should be an easy task. Place the title of the country at the top of the Cistafle card or album page, the watermark on the left in the space that a stamp would occupy, and in a line with the top row of stamps, and the perforation in a similar space on the right.

Notable New Issues.

As usual our chronicle of new issues is almost exclusively made up of changes of watermark in our Colonial stamps from the old single CA. to the new watermark multiple CA. This change promises to leave a track of scarce stamps in its wake. Of many of the old single CA. watermark the supplies had only just begun on King's heads when the change of watermark was introduced. The most notable instance is that of the Lagos series. We had scarcely had time to chronicle the receipt of the King's heads watermarked single CA. when a rumour got about that a supply had followed on the new paper. There was a wild rush in all directions to secure sets of the single CA. series, but the supply was not equal to the demand, and soon the market was cleared right out of the much wanted stamps, and now they are fetching the most extraordinary prices. In a previous paragraph we have given some idea of these prices.

According to rumour there is a hitch somewhere in the issue of the Danish stamps with the portrait of King Christian IX. *Even's Weekly* says the 10 öre and 20 öre, the only values issued of this King's head type, have already been withdrawn, but no explanation is forthcoming as to the reason for what appears to be the abandonment of the series.

Ceylon.—Two more values have been received with the multiple watermark, the 25c. and the 1r. 50c. As before, the designs remain unchanged. The list now stands:—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- 2 cents, orange brown.
- 3 cents, green.
- 4 cents, orange; value carmine.
- 5 cents, purple.
- 6 cents, carmine.
- 12 cents, sage green; value rosine.
- 15 cents, ultramarine.
- 25 cents, light brown.
- 1r. 50c., grey.

Cyprus.—The series for this Colony is nearly complete on the multiple paper, for there now remain to be issued only the 4 piastres and the 12 piastres.

Wmk. Multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

- ½ piastre, green, name and value carmine.
- 30 paras, mauve, name and value green.

- 1 piastre, carmine, name and value ultramarine.
- 2 piastres, ultramarine, name and value marone.
- 4 piastres, sage green, name and value mauve.
- 6 piastres, slate, name and value green.
- 9 piastres, brown, name and value carmine.
- 18 piastres, black, name and value brown.
- 45 piastres, purple, name and value ultramarine.

Gibraltar.—Two more values have been received with the multiple watermark, making four in all of the new series with the King's heads.

Wmk. Multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

- ½d. green.
- 1d. purple on red paper.
- 2d. green and carmine.
- 2s. green and blue.

India.—A new provisional, similar to the ¼ anna provisional of 1893, has been received. Owing to an unexpected large demand for this low value the stock ran short, and 100,000 sheets, or 24 millions of the King's head current type ¼ anna stamps, were surcharged in very large figures with the fraction "¼."

Provisional.

Surcharged on current King's head.

Wmk. Star. Perf. 14.

"¼" on ¼ anna, green.

East Africa and Uganda.—All the low values expressed in annas are now complete in the multiple watermark, but none of the rupee values have yet been received on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.

Perf. 14.

- ½ anna, green.
- 1 anna, carmine, centre grey.
- 2 annas, mauve, centre magenta.
- 2½ annas, ultramarine.
- 3 annas, green, centre chocolate.
- 4 annas, black, centre dark green.
- 5 annas, orange brown, centre grey.
- 8 annas, pale blue, centre grey.

Kishengarh.—Three rupee values have been added to the anna values chronicled by us in last month's CAPTAIN, making altogether a series of eight stamps of very attractive appearance.

No wmk. Perf. 13.

- ½ anna, carmine.
- ½ anna, red brown.
- 1 anna, blue.
- 2 annas, orange.



- 1 annas, sepia.
- 1 rupee, dark olive-green.
- 2 rupees, greenish-yellow.
- 5 rupees, deep purple brown.

Lagos.—The 2d. and 5s. values have been received with the multiple watermark. The list now stands as follows:—



Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

- 1d. green.
- 1d. purple on red paper.
- 2d. purple and blue.
- 6d. purple and mauve.
- 1s. green and black.

- 2s. 6d. green and carmine.
- 5s. green and blue.
- 10s. green and brown.

New Zealand.—We have recently received the 5d. of the current Waterlow, long rectangular design, printed in sepia instead of red-brown. It is a curious contrast to the long current red-brown, and must, we imagine, be a freak of colour rather than an intentional permanent change.



Waterlow design.

Wmk. single lined N.Z.
and star.
Perf. 11.

5d. sepia.

St. Lucia.—Several values of the current

King's head type have been issued on the multiple CA. paper. As some of these values were not included in the King's head single CA. watermark, we append a complete list for the guidance of our readers, otherwise they may be looking for single CA.'s that were never issued.

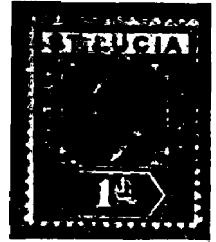
King's heads.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

- 1d. purple and green.
- 1d. purple and carmine.
- 2d. purple and ultramarine.
- 3d. purple and yellow.
- 1s. green and black.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

- 1d. purple and green.
- 1d. purple and carmine.
- 2d. purple and ultramarine.
- 3d. purple and yellow.
- 6d. purple and violet.
- 1s. green and black.
- 5s. green and carmine.



Southern Nigeria.—The stamps of this West African colony are coming out slowly on the multiple paper. So far, we have received only four values, as follows:—

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

- 2d. orange brown and black.
- 6d. grey black and mauve.
- 1s. black and green.
- £1 violet and green.



ON THE COMMONEST PET—A RABBIT.

THE OLD FAG" and many other writers have warned keepers of pets to learn their plaything's manner of living, so that unnecessary suffering and unintentional cruelty may be avoided, and I hope and believe that many "lads and lassies" have benefitted their pets by following this wise advice. But there seems to be one important consideration which is often forgotten, particularly where rabbits are concerned, and that is, that though two animals may both be rabbits, they may require very different treatment. For example, a black or blue and tan bunny will thrive anywhere south of the Forth with an ordinary sheltered hutch, plenty of hay, and suitable food; but if a Silver Grey or Angora is taken much north of Yorkshire, it requires warm food once a day, and a warm hutch at night. I am speaking of winter treatment, of course.

If bunnies are kept properly clean, they

should not have that smell which is known as "rabbit"; personally, I can always lift my pets fearlessly to my nose.

Apropos of lifting rabbits, many well-meaning old ladies still exclaim against the "cruelty" of lifting them by the ears; it is not cruelty, but kindness, as anyone can tell by the sounds which a rabbit makes when lifted in any other way.

There are three important things to remember in lifting rabbits; first, do not do it too often, especially in the case of young ones, as it is not good for their soft, unformed bodies to be much squashed; secondly, life quickly, but without jerking; thirdly, always life with a hand below the tail, and let the animal's weight rest on that hand. If this is done gently, there is no pain, bunny's ears remain their natural length, and he soon becomes indifferent to his journey through the air!

A TAN BUNNY.

"O.H.M.S."

Being Naval Yarns of To-Day.

By
GEO. ELLBAR.



No. 2.—THE MEDITERRANEAN DESPATCH.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR GEOFFREY HOBART, First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, looked over the table frowningly at the Under-Secretary of the Foreign Office.

"But we must get it to Port Said by hand somehow. We cannot wire plans. To send a ship would take twice as long, besides arousing suspicion. The despatch must go overland to-night."

His *vis-à-vis*, small, slight and worried-looking, tapped the table nervously with his fingers. "My dear Sir Geoffrey," he said, peevishly, "I am afraid it is quite impossible for us to help you. With Bryant disabled there is not another King's messenger who would stand the slightest chance of getting through unmolested. They are all too perfectly well known."

The frown on Sir Geoffrey's heavy, clean-shaven face deepened. He was about to speak when the third person present, Captain Carton, Head of the Intelligence Division, interposed.

"As the Foreign Office cannot help us, it seems, the only thing to do is to help ourselves. I suggest, Sir, that we send a naval officer."

"Our men would be as well known as theirs," growled Admiral Hobart.

"Not a very junior officer, Sir Geoffrey."

"What junior officer would be fit for the job?"

"I have in mind a young nephew of mine who, I think, would be capable of the task. He has spent a lot of time with my brother the colonel when military attaché at Paris. He's a really good linguist, and for a youngster knows the Continent well."

"Eh?" said the Admiral, cocking his head. "Where is he? Can he be got at to-night?"

"As it happens," said Captain Carton, "he is here now, going through his pilotage examination."

"Bring him along."

So the Foreign Under-Secretary withdrew, to be replaced by Sub-Lieutenant Francis Carton, fresh from his struggle with cute exam. papers and cuter examiners, the least little bit flurried and very much puzzled.

Admiral Hobart looked him up and down closely, asked a few questions about his past record, then plunged into the special object of the interview.

"Look here, Mr. Carton, you know matters between us and our friends across the Channel are somewhat strained. Very well. It is essential that a despatch containing new and most important plans of their coast defences should be conveyed at once to the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, at Port Said. We are aware that every attempt will be made by their secret agents to prevent this being done. The job will require nerve and resource. Will you undertake it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Good." The Admiral took a long, plain envelope from a drawer at his side. "There is the despatch. We rely upon you to get it through. You will catch the nine o'clock boat train from Charing Cross to-night. A through berth to Brindisi has already been taken for our messenger. What name, Carton?"

"'Wilmot,' sir; 'Henry Wilmot.'"

"Ah, yes, 'Wilmot.' Don't forget. Put the despatch in your pocket, get a draft for £50 on your way out, and behave exactly as if you were a plain, ordinary traveller—only keep your weather eye open. Good-bye, and I wish you good luck." He held out his hand.

Captain Carton accompanied his nephew out of the room. "Here are your tickets, Frank," he said. "I'll explain matters to the pater. Good-bye. Keep all your wits about you. I'd dine you if I could, but I'm too busy."

Ten minutes later Francis Carton walked out of the Admiralty, with hands in pockets and thoughtful face, turning over in his mind what he had just heard, and the flying journey that lay before him.

Just through the Park gates a clean-shaven, ruddy-faced, typical Naval officer accosted him.

"Hullo, Archie!"

"Sorry," said Carton, eyeing him carefully, "but you have the advantage."

"I beg pardon," said the other. "Took you for Lieutenant Archie Eastern of the *Drake*. I'm Commander Ferguson, of the Gunnery School."

"Oh," said Carton, thawing. He had heard of Ferguson, who was a great gunnery crack. "No, my name's Carton—Sub-Lieutenant Carton, up for pilotage."

"Hope you'll get a 'first,'" said the other man with a smile. "Must be getting on. Good-bye."

"Lucky dog," thought Carton, as the Commander walked away. "Sure to get his Post-Captain next batch." And strolling across Trafalgar Square he turned into the Grand Hotel buffet, and went down to the grill-room for some dinner. It was early, but so had been his lunch.

He had just finished, and was leaning back in the little alcove, thinking of going, when some words spoken in low tones in the next recess forced themselves on his attention.

"Surely," he thought, "I have heard that voice before. They are speaking French," he reflected, as he wondered vaguely whose the familiar voice could be. Suddenly the mention of his own name, "Carton," caused him to start, and at the same instant he realised who was speaking. It was the man who had introduced himself a short hour before as "Commander Ferguson," from Whale Island.

"—only a *Sous-lieutenant*—Pilotage," came in French.

"*Fort bien*. Watch if he leaves Charing Cross to-night. How did you discover his business?"

The other man laughed softly. "Through my very useful resemblance to their Commander Ferguson again," he said.

"Be careful. Who else is with you?"

"Pochon. Lafalle and Mouron are shadowing the Foreign Office."

The talking ceased, and with burning ears Carton sat back in his seat. How easily, he thought, had he been taken in by the sham Ferguson! Whew! the Admiral was right. This was going to be a very deep business.

Clearly he could not travel by the nine

o'clock boat train. At the same time, he must be at Dover by eleven o'clock, the time the boat sailed. An earlier train? He looked at his watch and groaned. It was a quarter-past seven, and he knew that the train before the boat express left at 7.10.

A shuffling of feet in the next alcove signified the departure of the two foreign agents. With his brain working at top speed Carton sat for some minutes longer deep in thought. Three and three-quarter hours in which to get to Dover Pier, and no other train except the one that was barred!

Suddenly there flashed across his mind the only possible plan of action. Having paid his bills, he secured his bag from the cloak-room, and bounded up the steps to the busy Strand. There was a crawling cab! Carton made a dash for it, and, as he swung his bag and himself inside, called out:—

"15, Ebury-street! Sharp as you can!"

The cabby lashed his horse, and away the cab raced towards Trafalgar Square. They flew down Pall Mall, by St. James's Park, through by Buckingham Palace. Within nine minutes Carton was looking out eagerly at the beginning of Ebury-street. What was that sound? Oh, joy of joys, could he believe his eyes! A big, long-bodied motor-car stood throbbing outside number 15.

Carton was out before the hansom pulled up. He slapped half-a-crown into the cabman's hand and ran across to the leather-coated chauffeur.

"Is Colonel Carton—oh——?"

A tall, soldierly-looking man was coming down the steps of the house.

"Why, Frank——"

The Sub. interrupted him. "Uncle, I've got to be at Dover Pier at eleven. Can't go by train—tell you why presently. You must let me have your car. Urgent Service business."

"Must, eh? Jump in, lad. Dover, did you say? Westminster Bridge, Vanner. How are you off for petrol?"

"Full up, sir."

"Now?" said the Colonel, turning to his nephew, as the big Darracq glided off.

As briefly as possible Carton gave his uncle the pith of the business. When he had finished the Colonel nodded and leant over to the chauffeur. They were running up Birdcage Walk.

"We are going a little further than I anticipated, Vanner. I want you to get to Dover by a quarter to eleven. D'ye know the road?"

"Yes, sir, but—'speed limit,' sir?"

"Hang the speed limit."



THEY SPED RAPIDLY TOWARDS THE OUTER FRINGE OF THE GREAT CITY.

"Very good, sir; do it easy." Vanner moved a lever, and the big car leapt forward on her third speed.

"Long journey for a dress suit, Frank," smiled the Colonel, buttoning up his overcoat.

"But, sir, surely you're not coming?"

"Certainly, I am. I'm interested."

"It's awfully good of you, Uncle——"

"Good be hanged! Have you got a coat? No? Better take this at Dover. Meantime, if you're chilly there are some spare rugs about."

Carton thanked him and smiled satisfaction. What a fine chap Uncle Jim was—always had been!

They shot over the bridge, down Westminster Bridge-road, in and out among the traffic. Carton looked at the impassive Colonel once or twice.

"Like it, eh?" asked the latter.

"Getting used to it, sir. Bit exciting."

"Sooner be here than in a destroyer, boy?"

Carton grinned, and they relapsed into silence.

The long, flaring, cobble-paved streets gave place to dingy, more open thoroughfares as they sped rapidly towards the outer fringe of the great city. As they ran out towards Bromley, Vanner let in his highest gear, and with a low, even hum the car swung forward at her top speed. Carton wrapped a rug round himself and sat back snugly in the cushioned seat. The rush of cool air, the dim outlines of houses, trees and vehicles shooting by with bewildering rapidity, the easy sway of the powerful car—induced a sleepy feeling, a kind of contented drowsiness.

Now they were out in the open country, darkness all round except for the bright, tripping circle of light thrown by the car's big headlights. At intervals lights here and there lit up a cluster of houses each side of the road, flashing by. "Villages," thought Carton, yawning. He felt drowsier than ever.

Presently he felt a touch on his arm. "Be asleep?" said his uncle's voice, as he started up. He looked around, rubbing his eyes.



They were passing through the silent high street of a good-sized town. Somewhere a clock struck the quarter hour.

"Ashford," said the Colonel, looking at his watch. "Twenty-eight miles to go, and an hour and a half to do it in. Plenty of time, Vanner," he called to the chauffeur, the latter signalling an acknowledgment with his hand.

They sped through Hythe and Sandgate, and then came Folkestone. "Not far now," thought Carton. Fifteen minutes later they dropped down the long slope from the "Valiant Sailor" towards Dover.

"Pull up at the Lord Warden, Vanner." The man nodded and slowed the car down. In a few minutes they glided to a standstill opposite the entrance to the big hotel overlooking the Admiralty Pier. Carton glanced at his watch. It was twenty minutes to eleven.

"Jolly good run, Uncle."

"Very nice run. Ten o'clock to-morrow morning, Vanner. Come along, Frank."

The car moved off, and uncle and nephew went into the hotel. Hastily swallowing a cup of hot coffee, Carton appropriated his uncle's overcoat, shook hands, and was on board the *Dover Queen* before the boat train came in. He watched the passengers come on board, and then made for a quiet corner of the boat. "What a bit of luck," he thought, as he lit his pipe for a quiet smoke, "finding Uncle Jim like that."

Everything now went smoothly enough. They made a good passage across. Carton transferred to the Peninsular express at Calais, and found to his satisfaction that the opposite side of his two-berthed sleeping compartment was not taken. He turned in at once, tucking the precious envelope into the breast of his pyjamas, and in two minutes was sound asleep.

It was nearly five o'clock when he awoke with a start to find a bright light flashing over his face. Surprised and somewhat alarmed, he sprang up, vaguely aware that the train was at a standstill. The light flashed sharply around the berth, over his bag and clothes, and was gone. He heard the sound of voices, the door closed, and all was still and dark.

Wondering what was up, Carton turned on the light. It was a quarter to five. He tucked the despatch under his pillow and made for the door. Just outside his compartment was a train attendant.

"What's the matter?" inquired Carton. "Where are we?"

"Nous sommes arrivés à Pierrefitte. C'est une visite de police, monsieur."

The reason, demanded the Sub-Lieutenant.

The attendant was not sure. It was an escaping forger he thought.

The train started directly after. Sitting on his berth, Carton pondered over the incident for some minutes. Then, philosophically, he turned in again. "The despatch is intact, that's the great thing," he thought, as he fell asleep once more.

II.

THE police inspection was the chief topic of conversation at breakfast next morning. Carton kept his own counsel and said little. He was plain Henry Wilmot, travelling to the East on banking business.

He got out at Dijon for some magazines to while away the time. On returning he was disagreeably surprised to find the opposite berth in the occupation of a stranger, young, dark, clean-shaven, in fact very much like himself in appearance. In voluble French the new comer explained that he had arranged with the Chief of the train to travel through to Brindisi. Did monsieur object?

Monsieur did object, and knew, moreover, that he would be within his rights if he had voiced his objection, but in the circumstances thought it would be unwise to make a fuss. So, pulling a pleasant face, Carton made some suitable remark and buried himself in his papers.

The day passed without incident. Carton found nothing to take exception to in his fellow passenger, whose name he learned was Clancy, beyond a decided inclination to talk, which the Sub. took some pains to meet. He did not want to give anybody the slightest cause for suspicion. By the afternoon they were in Italian territory, and he felt more secure. But, out of sight of M. Clancy, he was careful to take the despatch with him on turning in, as before.

That night, however, he felt restless and lay awake for some time after he was in his berth. When sleep did come it seemed to him that he had only just closed his eyes before he was disturbed by a slight rustling on the floor of the compartment. Instantly awake, he looked over to find his berth companion going through the contents of his kit bag by the light of a pocket electric lamp.

He sprang out of bed, and as he did so something white tumbled out upon the floor. Too late he remembered the despatch, but the man on the floor had seen it. Out shot the prowler's hand, eager to seize the object of his quest.

But he did not know his man. Mad with rage at himself and the spy, Carton let drive

with all his strength at the latter's jaw. The blow went home, heavy and true, and the man spun over to fall in a limp heap on the floor.

Carton's first act was to secure the despatch. Then, wondering whether the spy was dead or alive, and what he should do in either case, he turned on the carriage light.

The man lay with dropped jaw, breathing heavily. "I believe I've broken it," thought Carton, regarding the damaged feature. "This is a pretty choice fix."

A minute's thought left the fix as big as ever. Then, thinking he might as well see who and what the man was, Carton took up the latter's coat.

The first thing he found was a species of letter case, and within it a document, signed by the French Chief of Police, giving M. François Clancy, of the Secret Service, a kind of unlimited warrant to search and arrest anything and anybody.

"Free hand with a vengeance," thought Carton, looking at his unconscious antagonist. "Now, if I had this instead of him——" The outline of an idea shot into his mind, and he made a dive for his watch.

"Half-past twelve, Central European time. In a few minutes we shall be at Piacenza. By Jove, it's wild enough, but it's a chance, and for the life of me I don't see any other."

Carton seized the Frenchman's clothes, peg-top trousers, Parisian-cut coat. "If only he keeps like that long enough I'll do him," he thought, as he scrambled into the other fellow's togs. It was a record dress, but in less than three minutes he stood, a complete Frenchman, even down to the large, loosely-tied satin bow which hid his limp shirt front.

"You'll do," he said to himself, as, jamming the spy's flat-brimmed topper on his head, he looked in the glass.

The grinding of the brakes told him that the train was pulling up. "No time to lose," he thought, as he seized a wrap and bound up the spy's jaw, taking the bandage over and across his face so that in any case it would be impossible for the man to speak. As he did so the latter moved and tried to sit up. "Just what I want, my friend," said Carton, hauling him up on to his feet. "Now, then." He opened the door, steered the limp, unsteady form of the spy through it and, as the train came to a standstill, half pushed, half carried his dazed captive along the corridor and thence on to the platform.

Dumping the spy down on a seat, Carton called loudly for assistance. His shouts immediately brought two or three train

attendants and station hands around. Thereupon Carton pulled out his warrant, and, with much excited gesticulation, explained that his prisoner was a celebrated forger, whom he had arrested. Two porters immediately grabbed the unhappy Clancy and held him down helpless on the seat. "But his clothes, monsieur!" called someone.

"Ah, yes, his clothes." Carton dived into the train and reappeared with his own garments. As he did so he heard the signal given for the train to start.

Hurrying over to the little group round the spy he pitched the clothes down, and dashed back across the platform just in time to swing himself on to the step as the train steamed out of the station.

The Chief of the train was surprised at this proceeding, naturally, and showed it. A detective does not usually arrest a criminal to leave him stranded on a deserted railway platform five minutes afterwards. Carton noticed the look of wonderment on the man's face, and beckoned to him to come along to his compartment. There he carefully closed the door.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked impressively, imitating the detective's voice and manner as well as he could.

The train attendant had heard—that is, he thought he had heard—he was not sure.

"I am Clancy, the detective." Carton produced the warrant of the Chief of Police. The attendant bowed profoundly, much impressed.

"That man was the great forger——"

"Larrafitte!"

"Yes, Larrafitte, calling himself the Englishman, Mr. Henry Wilmot."

The Chief of the train bowed again, more impressed.

But M. Clancy's work was not done. There were confederates on the train. Did any passenger see the incident at Piacenza?"

The attendant looked alarmed. But, no, he thought not, they were all asleep.

Very good. M. Clancy relied upon the Chief of the train that all connected with the train preserved secrecy, both as to his identity and the arrest of Wilmot, until they reached Brindisi. He was to give out that M. Clancy had left the train at Piacenza, and that M. Wilmot was unwell and keeping his berth. Meanwhile he, M. Clancy, would keep in his compartment until Brindisi was reached. All would be decided at Brindisi. Did he clearly understand?

The Chief of the train enthusiastically did. Moreover, to prevent any accident he would



CARTON LET DRIVE WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH.

arrange that no one but himself visited the compartment. He would bring M. Clancy his meals with his own hands. And, obviously swelling with importance at the confidence reposed in him, the chief of the train withdrew.

When he had gone Carton sat back on his berth and laughed long and deep. "Ye gods," he chuckled, "what a bluff, what a glorious bluff!"

Bologna and Ancona were passed before breakfast. In ten hours' time they would reach

Brindisi. "Unless Clancy manages somehow to get a telegram through, or something else happens, I ought to be all right now," thought Carton, cheerfully.

When the chief of the train brought in his breakfast Carton was careful to ask a few questions. He was quite sure none of the P. and O. passengers had left the train? If anything happened of a suspicious character Carton was to be informed at once.

But the hours sped by without incident. Pescara, Barletta, Polignano were left behind, and about half-past five in the afternoon the long run down the east coast of Italy drew to a close. "Now for the final dash," thought Carton, as the train slowed into Brindisi station. "Once on board the P. and O., I am safe."

III.

HE slipped off the train and mingled with the crowd of passengers surging toward the exits of the station. He had worked his way up to the barriers when he noticed a short, dark man standing by them, attentively scanning the faces of the departing passengers.

As Carton came under the full glare of a lamp he met the direct gaze of this

individual. Suddenly he saw the man start, hesitate, and then point his arm straight at him. At the same instant two *sbirri* moved forward towards him.

Instinctively Carton felt that he was their objective. He pressed forward, but the three men closed towards him. It was time for prompt action. Quick as thought he hurled the spy's handbag at the biggest policeman, and rushed straight at the little man. Seizing him round the waist Carton hurled him bodily at

the other *sbirro*, and as the two rolled over one another on the ground he sprang over them into the entrance hall, and dashed out of the station.

It all happened so quickly that for the moment the people around were too astonished to cry out. But as Carton turned into the Strada Amena he heard a shout of "*al ladro! ferma il ladro!*" The alarm was given.

Little recked the Sub. of their shouts. Jubilant at the success of his manœuvre he flung himself forward at top speed. The sun had set, but as he knew the road the darkness was in his favour. The Strada Amena is a comparatively new road and leads direct to the quay, about half a mile from the station. Carton knew that the P. and O. boats lay right up by the quay. "I'll get there first or bust," he thought, grimly.

He had covered about a third of the distance when he came up with an empty *vettura*. An idea struck him. "Hi, *cocchiere!*" he cried, holding up half a sovereign, "this if you get me to the quay in two minutes." "Si, signore," replied the driver, eyeing the glittering gold coin. He whipped round his hack, Carton jumped into the cab, and off went the crazy vehicle, lurching and swaying in an alarming fashion.

"Good quiff, that," muttered Carton, looking out behind. "The beggars are sure to take a cab or something. Ah, there it is." A light detached itself from among the medley around the station and moved up the straight road behind.

"The P. and O. boat!" yelled Carton. "Drive as near as possible."

"Si, signore," called back the *cocchiere*. It was nothing to him so long as he got his twelve francs.

The pursuing carriage was still far behind when Carton's cab pulled up by the quay. He flung the man his money and looked round. Fifty yards away lay a big, two-funnelled vessel. It was too dark to see clearly, but her funnels seemed to be black without device, and at any rate there was no other boat of her size near. Carton did not hesitate, but ran down and along the quay. The ship's gangways were down, which fact gave him a slight feeling of uneasiness, as he knew the P. and O. boat did not start until midnight. "However, I must risk it," he thought, and sprinted across the gangway, to run full tilt against a seaman in the semi-darkness of the main deck.

"Is the Captain on board?"

"Not yet, sir."

"The First Officer, then?"

"I think Mr. Turner is in his cabin, sir."

"Take me to him at once, will you?"

Carton slipped something into the man's hand. "I've got an urgent message to give him."

The man was hesitating, but the palm-greasing settled it. A few seconds later Carton found himself outside the First Mate's cabin.

Here his conductor paused, but without more ado Carton pushed past him into the cabin.

The tall, fair-moustached ship's officer sprang up from his writing, surprised at this unexpected disturbance. His surprise was not lessened by Carton's next action.

"You are Mr. Turner, First Officer of the P. and O. steamer?"

The fair man nodded, whereupon Carton pulled out his precious envelope.

"You see this. It's addressed to Admiral Lord Leiston, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. Take it, will you, and give it to the Admiral at Port Said."

The First Mate slowly took the document forced into his unwilling hand. "But I don't understand—"

"Never mind, take it." Carton's ears were on the strain all the time for any suspicious sounds on the quay outside. "I'll explain directly. Put it in your pocket. I want to see it safe."

Overcome by the Sub.'s forceful manner the First Mate slipped the envelope inside his coat. As he did so Carton breathed a sigh of relief.

"I don't care a rivet what happens to me now," said he, "so long as you see that that goes into Admiral Leiston's hands."

"Perhaps you will have the goodness—"

"All right," said Carton, cheerfully, throwing himself into a chair. "I'm Sub-Lieutenant Carton, of the Royal Navy, and I've just brought that despatch from London. It contains most important secret plans. You know we're on the verge of war with France. I've had a dickens of a time with their agents getting across. They are after me now and will have me directly if you don't hide me."

The First Mate stared at him. "But," he began, "how do I know you're speaking true—?"

"You don't. You've only my word for it. Those swine outside will say I'm a forger, or a murderer, or some other cheerful animal."

"This letter," said the First Mate, tapping his chest, "is addressed to the Admiral, and I shall give it to Captain Kyrle when he comes on board. But I can't—"

"All right," said Carton, "don't. I don't care. I've had a good run, and an Italian gaol—" he shrugged his shoulders. "What's your ship called?"

"The *Thessalonica*."



THE TWO ROLLED OVER ONE
ANOTHER ON THE GROUND.

"By Jove!" The Sub. started forward. "Is your Chief Engineer called MacQueen?"

"Yes——"

"Then there's a chance for me yet. I know him well. We were in the *Bulwark* together."

But Chief Officer Turner was also on his feet. "Come along," he said abruptly, and together they rushed out. As they made their way down to the engine-room Carton saw lights moving on the quay. "There they are," he said. "We haven't much time."

But in a brace of shakes they were in the smelly regions down below. Luckily the Chief was there, standing by the pressure gauges.

"Mac," cried the First Mate, "do you know this man?"

"Eh," drawled the Chief, "do I ken you?" He looked at the Sub. for a second, and then the light of recollection broke over his rugged features. "Hoots, if it isna Car-r-rtion o' the *Bulwar-rk*."

The First Mate slapped his knee in his excitement. "We've got to hide him," he roared. "The police are after him. Where shall we put him?"

The Chief was a man of action and few words. "Aff wi' them clap-traps," he said, pointing at Carton's Parisian clothes. "Ye'll mak' a braw fireman."

"Mac, you're a genius," cried the First Mate, as the Sub. rapidly stripped and slipped on the "fearnought" trousers which the Chief Engineer brought him. Down they hurried him to the stokehold, where MacQueen promptly smeared his face and body with ashes.

"Mon, ye'r a picture," said the Chief Engineer, admiringly, as Carton, shovel in hand, took his place among the grinning "dust-men." "Ye'r ain mither wouldna ken ye, much less a pack o' herrin'-guttled dagoes."

But the Italian police did not get a chance of even seeing Carton, for it did not occur to

them to search the stokehold. The First Officer politely gave them every facility for rummaging the ship, and was greatly amused by the astonishment and dismay which they evinced at the end of their fruitless quest.

It was judged advisable for Carton to stay below until the ship left Brindisi. Consequently it was not until the *Thessalonica* was well under way that he was able to restore himself to his usual appearance.

IV.

ALL looked smooth sailing now. In three days' time they should reach Port Said. His sleep that night was calm and untroubled, and he did not hurry up in the morning.

He loafed about next day, enjoying the feeling of security after the harassing doings of the last twenty-four hours. The despatch was in his possession again, for Captain Kyrle had handed it back to him that morning. "Only a couple of days now," he thought, peacefully, as he lazed in a chair on the promenade deck after lunch, "and I shall get rid of the thing. Wonder what the Admiral will say."

He was roused out of his complacency by a message to the effect that the Captain wanted to see him on the bridge.

As Carton neared the bridge he saw above, not only Captain Kyrle, but the First and Second Officers, all looking out aft. Their unusual attitude for some reason made him feel uneasy. He ran up the ladder, looking aft as he did so. In the distance was a small, dark object, just a speck on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Captain Kyrle silently handed Carton his glass and immediately the dark speck sprang into a sombre, grey ship, a mass of turret, charthouse, and bridge, half hiding a bunch of funnels forward, and aft another bunch of funnels, dimly seen.

"Well?" interrogated the Captain.

"Undoubtedly a French cruiser, 'Victor Hugo' class, I should say. Do you think she's after us?"

"Who else?" said Captain Kyrle, sending a glance around the unbroken vista of sky and sea.

"After this?" said Carton, tapping the envelope in his breast pocket.

"Probably."

"What are you going to do, sir?"

"Do!" suddenly exploded the skipper. "Do? Nothing. We're not at war yet."

Silently they watched the approach of the French cruiser. Steaming twenty odd knots to their bare fifteen she quickly gained upon the *Thessalonica*. Below, on the sunlit deck, the

passengers were light-heartedly whiling away the sunny afternoon. Above, on the bridge, one thought only was in the minds of the ship's officers—was the French warship in chase of their vessel, and if so, what would she do?"

They had not long to wait for an answer to the unspoken question. When the cruiser was about three miles distant a flash and a puff of smoke leapt out from her forward turret.

"Blank shot," muttered Captain Kyrle grimly, as the boom of the heavy gun rolled across the water.

The startled passengers below formed into little groups. Anxious looks were cast up at the bridge. Inquiries were sent up to the Captain. That Officer's reply was sweeping and conclusive. "Pass the word round," he said, "for the passengers to go below."

White-faced and frightened, all, except one or two bolder spirits, obeyed. Hardly had the deck been cleared before another flash belched out from the pursuing cruiser, and a cloud of spray astern showed that this time the shot had not been blank.

At the first suspicion of the warship's design Captain Kyrle had been busy at the engine-room voice-pipe. Again he shouted down to MacQueen urgent directions to crowd on every ounce of steam. But that officer was doing his level best. Never before had the poor old *Thessalonica* been driven as she was driven now.

As Carton stood by the skipper the Sub's white, set face showed the intensity of his feelings. He knew, he felt certain that his presence was endangering the ship and all on board. But what could he do? It was his duty to get the despatch through if the task lay within human possibility—but the danger to the innocent, helpless people on board! It was terrible. At any moment a shell might come.

The kindly old skipper noticed the trouble in his face. "Don't ye fret, lad," he said; "I'll not stop. No, by—ah!"

Another shot flashed out from the cruiser and the next instant—*crash!* a shell plunged clean through the chart-house, sending a shower of splinters in every direction, but not exploding—the resistance not being great enough. In a sudden access of rage the Captain stamped to the end of the bridge, and, shaking his fist at the approaching cruiser, swore his ship should sink before he stopped her.

At the other end of the bridge Carton noticed the Second Mate, the only man hurt, staunching the blood from a splinter graze. Carton set his teeth. His mind was made up. He would burn the despatch and stop the ship before any lives were lost. He moved across to Captain Kyrle.



Suddenly a yell from the First Officer made him pause. The First Officer was pointing ahead with his glass. "Ships!" he cried, excitedly. "A fleet!"

"A fleet?" echoed Carton, straining his eyes on the horizon, "that means men of war. By Jove, I hope they're ours. If not, well, the game's up, that's all."

With the help of Captain Kyrle's glass Carton could make out the squadron, ten ships in all, but as yet they were too far off for their build to be distinguished. Carton turned round to observe their pursuer.

"She's standing off," he pointed out to the skipper. "That looks healthy. They can see further from their tops than we can. And—yes, look, she's wearing round. It's all right, sir."

Soon the fast-approaching fleet was split up into two divisions. Four of the ships had come out well ahead of the rest of the squadron. The Sub. pushed the binoculars into Captain Kyrle's hand.

"They've detached their cruisers—those four ships. 'County Cruisers'—there's no mistaking them. They can give three or four knots to that beast behind. Hooray!"

Like wildfire the good news ran through the *Thessalonía*, and as the four big, three-funnelled cruisers ploughed past not a quarter of a mile away, on their stern chase, cheer after cheer rang out from the liner's crowded decks.

But before this Carton had made another discovery, which rendered him supremely happy. From the signal mast of the leading ship of the main fleet floated the cross of St. George. It was the *Briton*, flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the Admiral himself was on board.

Hardly had the four cruisers surged past before the *Briton* commenced making quick flag signals, and the message was taken down—"Have you Sub-Lieutenant Carton on board?" "Yes," was the answer, when back came the instant reply—"Am sending boat."

Thus it came to pass that as the *Thessalonía* slowed up, nearly abreast of the flagship, a boat dropped from the big battleship's quarter-deck



SHAKING HIS FIST AT THE APPROACHING CRUISER, THE CAPTAIN SWORE HIS SHIP SHOULD SINK BEFORE HE STOPPED HER.

davits, and quickly headed for the liner. There were hearty handshakes all round: many expressions of goodwill to good old Captain Kyrle and the liner's officers—not forgetting Chief Engineer MacQueen—and the next instant Carton had sprung into the *Briton's* boat and was on his way to the flagship.

It was a happy and exultant Sub-Lieutenant that stepped on board and reported himself—"Sub-Lieutenant Carton." The observed of all on deck, he sedately followed the Quartermaster aft to the Admiral's quarters. "Sub-Lieutenant Carton," announced his conductor,

and Carton stepped into the great man's presence.

Lord Leiston looked up expectantly as the Sub. entered. The Admiral's Flag Captain, who was standing by, dropped into a seat.

"Have you brought the despatch?" asked the Admiral abruptly.

"Yes, sir," replied Carton, stepping forward and handing the envelope over. He has said

since that it was the proudest moment of his life, bar none.

Without a word the Commander-in-Chief took the envelope and ripped it open. As he straightened out the contents the Flag Captain leant over towards Carton with a smile.

"You will be interested to learn, Mr. Carton," he said, "that war was declared at eleven o'clock this morning."



WANTED—A SUBJECT!

(*The plaint of the would-be poet.*)

I'm convinced that I'm a poet, and I want
the world to know it,

So that all the minor poets will refer to
me

As the best of all their betters—a Napoleon
of letters—

But it seems that novel subjects *won't*
occur to me!

How much against my will it is to waste
my rare abilities,

When Culture's thousand sons I'd be
delighting

With a majesty Homeric, all the graces of
a Herrick

And a Shelley's wealth of melody uniting!

If the charm of female beauty hadn't done
its utmost duty,

I could eulogise the flashing eye and black
tress

Of Irene, Kate, or Susan—or I might prefer
to choose an

Ancient goddess, or bewitching modern
actress!

In sonnet or in triolet, I'd hymn a rose or
violet,

But such effusions—e'en when of a smart
kind—

Invariably savour of the "old-as-Adam"
flavour,

Like the "Lover to the lady of his heart"
kind!

I'd descend to the bathotic, or the "gutter
patriotic."

To secure the fickle favour of the public:
Then with gentle, firm persuasion that would
suffer no evasion—

As a tigress would her writhing little cub
lick—

Through ditties light and lyrical, fantastic
and satirical,

I'd lead them on with suave, alluring
tactics,

To epics allegorical, idyllic, or historical,
And even philosophical didactics!

My woes would not disperse if I were bold
enough to versify

On subjects often previously tackled;
The standard poets linger so on each artistic
finger, so

My muse would be the more completely
shackled!

Yes, I hold my peace discreetly, lest my
poem all too neatly

Should reflect the charm of Shakespeare
and the rest of 'em;

Though brilliant lines would fill it, you'd
detect a strange similitude

To someone else's words in all the best
of 'em!

ARTHUR STANLEY.



Conducted by **EDWARD STEPHENS**

Enamel for Aquarium.—"Naturalist" (Blundellsands) wishes to paint the inside of his aquarium white, and asks for the name of an enamel that will not injure the inhabitants. Some few years ago I used Aspinall's enamel for this purpose, and found no ill-results from it. But after applying the enamel the aquarium should be left dry for several days to give it time to harden, and afterwards—before any life is introduced—a daily change of water should be made for at least a week to carry off any possible emanations from the enamel that might otherwise do serious mischief.

A Suggestion.—E. J. Patterson (Ballasalla, I.M.) asks, (1) how to stuff birds, but that is too big a subject to be dealt with in a few lines. He had better get Wood's "British Bird Preserver" (Warne and Co., 1s.), where he will find the matter fully explained. (2) Is there any chance of W. Davison's suggestion in the February CAPTAIN being carried out? I fear not at present, for want of space, all the readers of THE CAPTAIN not being interested in natural history; but, as I then stated, the subject is under the consideration of the O.F., who may be relied upon to make the best arrangements possible for the satisfaction of the great body of his readers.

Rabbits.—In answer to S. L. W. (Putney), I should follow your first suggestion, separating them for a week or ten days, and then putting them together again. Sorry that your letter was not received in time for this answer to appear in the March CAPTAIN.

Goldfinch.—H. W. (Balham) wants advice respecting a "last year's goldfinch," which is very nervous; also instructions as to food. You do not say if your bird is a newly-captured one, but this seems probable. Put the cage where it will not be necessary to pass close to it, and get it gradually used to seeing people at a little distance. The nervousness will then wear off. In a state of nature the food of the goldfinch is a variety of small seeds—such as thistle, plantain, sow-thistle, chicory, cabbage, rape, and so forth. In captivity give it canary, rape, and poppy seed, and for green food

lettuce, tender cabbage, groundsel, plantain stalks, and watercress, as they are in season.

Cost of Cabinet.—E. R. Dutton (Grey-stones) asks me to give him an estimate of the cost of a cabinet for butterflies and birds'-eggs. This is not exactly natural history, though connected with it, and I regret I cannot comply with the request. The cost of cabinets largely depends upon the kind of wood, and this is an item E. R. D. omits to mention, though he gives measurements and other details. The best plan would be for him to apply to Mr. Crockett (see advertisement pages), or Messrs. Watkins and Doncaster, and he will get a reliable estimate direct.

Fossils.—"Hammer and Chisel" (Pollok-shields) sends me some fossils obtained in Fifeshire during his summer holidays, and asks for their names. I am sorry to say they are too fragmentary to tell exactly what they are. Nos. 1, 3, and 4 appear to be corals, but it is impossible for anyone who has not worked those particular beds and seen complete specimens, to name the species. Nos. 2, a and b, appear to be only semi-fossil; a, a *Littorina* (Periwinkle), and b, *Patella vulgata* (Limpet).

Planter.—"Tropical" (Guernsey) is another reader who has a very elastic idea of what is natural history. He wants to know how to proceed to obtain employment in a tea, coffee, cotton, or other plantation! I regret I cannot help him, as I do not know. He should seek advice from friends living in countries where there are tea, cotton and coffee plantations.

Rats.—"White Rat" (Redland, Bristol) has a pair of rats, one white, the other black and white, and these have produced three litters of twelve each, in which the progeny have been chiefly pied, though the proportion of white has increased with each litter. He asks if the next litter is likely to be all white. That is a matter of chance, it appears to me; but if he wishes to breed pure whites the best plan would be to breed from a white pair. He wishes to teach them tricks, but has heard that they are trained by being physically hurt. This is not the fact—at least, cruelty is by no means necessary. I have always understood that special kindness is

the quickest method of teaching them. The first essential is to get rid of fear; then, when perfectly tame, let their lessons be brief, and always given before meals, the effort being rewarded by food. With respect to showing, there are usually classes for blacks or whites (selfs), and for piebalds (broken colours). Therefore, it would be well to bring on the finest individuals, whether selfs or broken colours. Food correct.

Greasy Moths.—C. E. Whitmore (Upper Tooting) complains that some of the larger moths in his collection have gone "greasy," and, having heard that soaking them in benzine would remove the grease, he has tried but failed. Your information, C. E. W., was slightly wrong or misunderstood. *Benzole*, not benzine, is the solvent to use, and if the condition of the specimen is very bad it must be left in the benzole for several days or even weeks to allow it to penetrate to the interior. Then the moth must be dried by placing it on, and covering it with, powdered French-chalk, and if any of this adheres to the body when dry it may be removed by blowing steadily upon it, or by touching lightly with a soft camel-hair brush.

Natural History Book.—A. C. (Leytonstone) wishes me (1) to recommend a book on Vertebrate Animals. There is a good volume dealing with the British species—"Vertebrates of the British Islands," by F. G. Afialo (Blackwood and Sons, 6s.). (2) There can be little doubt that, so great is the greed of the ivory-hunters, the African elephant is doomed. The trick of the Zoo elephant that you describe is one that I have noticed under similar circumstances. That elephant knows a good deal.

Sea-shells.—"Tommy" (Bangor, Co. Down) left some shells in water to clean them, and forgot them, with the result that they have all turned blue. (1) That discoloration is due to the decomposition of animal matter, and I fear you will not be able to get rid of it without spoiling the shells. I should try bleaching them by exposing them to the sunshine in a shallow dish of fresh water. Change the water every day for a week, and then expose the shells dry. (2) The outer layers of shells are removed by acids, but such shells, though some may consider them "pretty," are worthless as natural history specimens. (3) I have given instructions on preserving plants for a herbarium in recent "Corners." Kindly look up, as considerations of space will not permit me to repeat these lengthy answers.—P. D. (Northampton) also wants information concerning a shell which he enclosed in a folded piece of card. The card cut through the envelope, and when I received his letter there was not a particle of shell to be seen. No doubt the P.O. officials stamped it to powder, and this trickled out of the rent envelope. With every desire to assist

P. D., I am, therefore, unable to tell him the name of the shell I have not seen.

Humble Bee.—Lindsey Laing (Hawick) sends me a specimen to identify, and writes: "This insect was found in a beehive here on August 3rd which it was supposed to have entered in the spring. Why was it not killed by the bees? What sort of insect is it?" Answering the last question first—it is Latreille's humble-bee (*Bombus latreillellus*). Why it was not killed by the honey-bees I cannot say, but probably they had not yet discovered its presence. Your supposition that it had been in the hive since the spring is not a reasonable one, and unless you have some evidence to support it, you should abandon it. Humble-bees, wasps, moths, mice, and other honey-lovers get into the hive for a nefarious purpose, but the honey-bees make short work of them. I therefore think you may conclude that *B. latreillellus* had not made a lengthy stay.

Preserving Dragon-flies.—P. Giffard (Henley-in-Arden). (1) See answer in April CAPTAIN for a method of preserving dragon-flies that will ensure the retention of the natural colours. (2) There is no inexpensive work dealing with the subject. The only adequate work is W. J. Lucas' "British Dragon-flies" (L. Upcott Gill, price 31s. 6d.)

Natural History as a Profession.—"Iguana" (Barnstaple) writes to the "O. F." asking if he could make natural history a profession. The "O. F.," dodging a troublesome matter, hands the letter to me, and, of course, I must do my best to answer it. There are many men who make natural history a profession, but it is safe to say that few of them have entered upon it in the way that a man chooses to become a lawyer, a doctor, or an architect. As a rule, a man adopts one of the ordinary commercial or professional careers, and makes natural history his recreation, and of these some attain an eminence in their hobby that enables them to give up what has been their bread-and-butter line. Regarding it strictly from a professional point of view, probably the best course would be to enter the Royal College of Science at South Kensington, and train as a science teacher. Or, by passing the Civil Service exams., and using a little influence, you might get a post in the Natural History Museum. Probably a letter to the director of the latter institution would elicit particulars as to the best methods of entering its service.

Breed of Cat.—Dorothy M. Woollock (Brondebury) wishes to know what is the breed of her white cat, and if it is a valuable one; but the description she gives is not sufficiently minute to place it correctly.

Lark's Flight.—Leonard Mellersh-Jackson (Edgware) has made numerous careful observations which lead him to the conclusion that the lark remains in the air for very short periods only—scarcely exceeding four minutes, except towards the end of summer, when the flight is somewhat prolonged.

Insects and Shells.—C. F. H. asks (1) what would be the best book to get for classifying insects of all sorts; (2) is there a book describing the collecting of insects and the setting of them; (3) what apparatus is necessary, where can it be got, and the cost; (4) what are names of enclosed shells. (1) The most recent and complete account of the classification and structure of insect life as a whole will be found in the two volumes of the "Cambridge Natural History" (Macmillan and Co.), devoted to insects. (2) "The Insect Hunter's Companion," by Rev. Joseph Greene (1s. 6d.), or "The Lepidopterists' Guide," by H. G. Knaggs (1s.). (3) You will find the apparatus described fully in these books, and both books and apparatus can be obtained from Watkins and Doncaster, Strand, who will send you price list on application. (4) Your shells are the purple or dog-winkle (*Purpura lapillus*), worn specimen, and the acorn-barnacle (*Balanus balanifera*).

Dog and Tape-worm.—"Piers Gaves-ton" (Northiam) has a fox-terrier troubled with tape-worm, and asks for a remedy. Dr. Armatage, in the latest edition of Stonehenge's "The Dog" (which you should get—F. Warne and Co., 1s.), recommends the following drench: Kousoo, 2 to 4 drams; lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; mix, and add a little water, giving it to the dog on an empty stomach. Eight hours later follow with a dose of castor-oil.

Moths and Caterpillars.—E. L. Davitt (Semley) asks (1) "if the moths of caterpillars feed or not. They have no mouth suitable for solid food, and have to be content with liquids, such as the honey of flowers, and the juices of ripe fruit. (2) The description of the caterpillars he found last summer is not sufficient to enable me to guess the species. (3) Instructions on rearing larvæ will be found at length in Knaggs' "Lepidopterists' Guide," which you can get from Watkins and Doncaster for 1s.

Bird and Microscope.—C. E. S., jun. (Manchester) sends me a description of a bird from the Orange River Colony, and asks its name. I am sorry to say that his description will not enable me to name it. He also asks what price he should pay for a microscope. The word microscope covers cheap toys and most expensive scientific instruments, and I ought to know the length of C. E. S.'s pocket before venturing upon advice. You can get a good Students' Microscope for a few pounds, and

from that you can advance almost to any extent—the higher prices indicating more perfect lenses and finer workmanship, and more elaborate mechanism. Pay a visit to a first-rate optician's and take a look at the stock; you will then get some idea of what you can obtain for the amount at your disposal.

Squirrels.—"Squirrel" (Winchester) has bought two animals of the same name, and would like to know (in the March No.) what they should be fed on, "and what they sleep in." As I have suggested before, such inquiries should be made *before* pets are purchased. The March number of *THE CAPTAIN* was nearly all printed when "Squirrel's" letter reached the office. The natural food of the squirrel is nuts, acorns, fir-seeds, other wild fruits, and a few fungi. In addition to these they will, in captivity, eat bread and milk, apples, carrot, &c. Their sleeping apartment should be lined with hay. In a wild state they construct a "drey"—a round nest in the fork of a tree, and made of twigs and moss.

Spider and Slug.—"Quercus" (St. Helen's) sends me photographs, and asks for the names of the creatures depicted. The slug is the large black slug (*Arion ater*) in a contracted condition. The spider is not sufficiently well displayed for identification, but the character of the web indicates that it must be the common geometrical spider (*Epeira diadema*).

Query as to Insect.—C. E. Furze (Plumstead) sends me an insect received in a case of accoutrements returned from Ascension, and asks what it is. It is a large species of cockroach, common in the West Indies, and in some of our dock-warehouses, for it often arrives here alive on board ship, although the ordinary pest of underground kitchens, miscalled blackbeetle, is quite enough in that line for most of us. It is known as the American cockroach (*Periplancta americana*), and is here figured life-size. There is



AMERICAN COCKROACH.

a still larger species, the drummer (*Blabbera gigantea*), found in the same regions. As to the second question, "Is it of any value?"—an entomologist who collected Orthoptera might be glad of it, but its commercial value is *nil*.

Unhealthy Cat.—F. Long (Bath) is troubled concerning his cat, the symptoms described appearing to indicate that she is the victim of injudicious feeding. A domestic cat does not require to be fed exactly like a wild cat, and

though by nature she is carnivorous and requires flesh food, it should not be restricted to that purveyed by the cats'-meat man, which is often the flesh of horses that have had to be killed because of their diseased condition. Your butcher will, for a trifle, supply you with fresh scraps and cuttings which can be stewed into a rich gravy, and if this be poured over scraps from the table (including vegetables), it will make an appreciated meal. Similar scraps, including heads, can be obtained from the poulterer and the fishmonger, and these should be given raw and cooked alternately. Boiled liver is also a good and inexpensive dish; but, whatever it is, it must be fresh. No cat will

thrive on food that is tainted or worse, though some people think that any refuse is good enough for cats and dogs. It may be for the homeless animals that nobody cares for, but owners of pets should pride themselves upon the good condition of the animals. These remarks are intended for my readers in general, and have no special application to my correspondent's case, for he has not told me definitely what his cat's food consists of; but the symptoms point to stomach troubles, and my general remarks on feeding may enable him to see if he can prevent the unsatisfactory condition that he laments.

PRIZE COMPETITION FOR NATURAL HISTORY READERS.

I HAVE pleasure in announcing that, with a view to encouraging observation and the practical study of natural history, a valuable cabinet is offered to the writer of the best essay on the life-history of some particular beast, bird, reptile, fish, insect, or other form of animal life. The essay must be limited to 500 words, and be written on one side of the paper only. Please remember that you are put on your honour to send in unaided work. In judging the papers I shall give highest marks to those showing that they are based upon the writer's own observations. The cabinet will be specially designed for insects, shells, fossils, or birds'-eggs, according to the choice of the winner; and, if the number and quality of the essays sent in justify it, there will be several consolation prizes, consisting of works written by the Natural History Editor, and bearing his autograph inscription. A photograph of the cabinet is shown on the Prizes Page. Competitions should be marked "Naturalists' Essay," and addressed to the Editor in the usual way.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Arrow (Owen's School, Islington).—Amongst the magazine covers which were reproduced with our reviews in the March CAPTAIN, the pictorial design of the *Arrow* may have been noticed. It would be interesting to know whether our readers have been as much puzzled by it as we. What is the significance of the arrow piercing, in such comfortless fashion, the shady hat of the dame who forms the central figure? Presumably there is some school tradition in explanation, and it would be interesting to learn the exact meaning of a somewhat mystifying, though pleasing and dainty wrapper. Why the "arrow," for that matter? Perhaps the Editor will enlighten us.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—"Going to Court" recalls, in interesting manner, the circumstances under which certain of the "bluecoat" boys used annually to be presented at Court. We read with regret that the last of these visits to Court having been made in 1891, his present Majesty has decided that it is not desirable, after a lapse of fourteen

years, to revive them. It is a pity to see old customs and privileges fall into desuetude.

The "School Notes" are as good as ever, and a brief review contains one or two gems from the countless *bons mots* of Charles Lamb and Jerrold. Here is a good example of the Retort Crushing.

To a very thin man who had been boring him, Jerrold said: "Sir, you are like a pin, but without either its head or its point."

Clavinian (Weymouth College).—The Editors complain that the *Clavinian* seldom meets with notice in these pages. We reply that comment is only made when it seems called for—adversely as well as favourably. Take the December number, for instance, of the *Clavinian*, which lies before us as we write. It is well printed, well arranged, well turned out. It would seem to be carefully sub-edited, and doubtless the news it contains is accurate and interesting to Weymouth readers. But it lacks distinction, either good or bad. It is, in brief, of exceptional mediocrity. How then is the critic to comment?

Dudleian.—A year ago the first number of the *Dudleian* reached us, with a request for "advice and encouragement." We are glad to see that the suggestions which we then ventured to make have borne fruit. The "Old Boys' Column" more especially—a feature upon which we offered some remarks—appears to have much promise; and a very appropriate article, though somewhat dull, is that on "Richard Foley, the Resusciter of the School." The *Dudleian* is well printed on good paper, and is in every way a creditable production. That is not to say that it might not be better.

Felstedian.—The *Felstedian* is greatly improved by its new dress. Its old quarto pages were cumbersome to handle, and magazines without a wrapper are always liable to be torn and soiled. In its altered guise the Felsted journal has reduced its page to the handier octavo, and has clothed itself in a neat white cover. The contents do not call for special notice.

Fettesian.—"The Poets at a Football Match" is a series of some half-dozen brief parodies. None are strikingly brilliant, though all are amusing. The best, perhaps, is the following burlesque of Browning:—

You know the place—the muddied grass-grown tract
Whereon they sported—well, a supple youth
(Three-quarter, as they call him, so I hear)
Had gained a try—whereat another one
From out the hands of him that prostrate lay
Converted—mark you there the picturesqueness
Predestinated, unpremeditated—
I like the trick these paper-fellows have,
Who coin new-minted from our English tongue
Brand-fresh significations, why—"convert"—
You thought perhaps he brought a soul to Rome?
Or yoked a vote to back Protection Joe?
Nay rather, he but gained another point,
Two points, i' point o' fact—and so I home.

Greenock Academy Magazine.—We are no lover of advertisements in school periodicals under any circumstances, but when they are allowed to assume such overwhelming proportions as on the disfigured cover of the *Greenock Academy Magazine*, the result is deplorable. Surely such an ugly array is not necessary.

Hamilton Academy Quarterly.—*Salve!* The first number shows promise, but there are one or two small matters on which we should like to offer criticism. "Wanted to Know," for instance, is a feature which it would have been better to omit. A page of futile personalities such as "Who owns the smile that won't wash off?" "Who says *och awa!*" "Who collared the most money lately?" and so forth, is no ornament to any magazine. Personal remarks are commonly taboo in good society, and editors might bear the fact in mind. Further, we would suggest that some other means of filling a short page might be devised than the insertion of feeble two-line paragraphs and alleged jokes. Failing anything else, brief aphorisms from our own classics would surely be preferable.

Generally speaking, however, the *Hamilton Academy Quarterly* makes a good start. Paper and printing are good, and the cover is not unattractive. It is a pity, though, that the brown paper used for the latter should have its coarser surface turned outwards.

Hurst Johnian.—The "General Knowledge Paper" furnished, it seems, some valuable additions to common information. We quote a brief extract from some of the replies handed in to the examiners.

"Then I die happy" was said by Ophelia. "Pity my beard should be cut, that has not committed treason" was

said by Hamlet, and also by Cardinal Wolsey, an excellent example of how great minds think alike. "My kingdom for a horse" was said by Kruger, "All men are liars" by an old maid, "Thou art the man" by a policeman. "A mare's nest can frequently be found in Australia, and a great auk's egg should be looked for in Auckland."

Llanely Magazine.—The "make-up" is poor, and could easily be improved. The cover, which we do not recollect having seen before, is an ambitious attempt at allegorical design (so at least we imagine), but fails in its purpose lamentably.

Nelsonian (New Zealand).—A great part of the December number is taken up with an account of the disastrous fire which recently destroyed the college *in toto*. The fierceness of the holocaust is strikingly shown by the photographs reproduced in a supplementary souvenir. Our sincerest sympathy is with Nelsonians in their loss. Conceive, if you can, what it means to see your Alma Mater destroyed before your very eyes. A new school may spring, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old. But it is not *your* school. The associations which you treasured are gone for ever; or, at least, live only in memory.

North Point Annual.—Time flies, indeed; for it seems only yesterday that last year's number of the bulky annual which comes from St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, lay ponderously before us. No. X. seems to be very much on the lines of No. IX., and we notice again the numerous reproductions of photographic groups—classes, athletic teams, &c. The *North Point Annual* seems to be a very comprehensive compilation, and for the purposes of general recapitulation and retrospect a yearly publication certainly offers many advantages. We must confess, however, to preferring the more frequent and less unwieldy monthly or quarterly.

Scindian.—Another New Zealand magazine, this time from Napier. We are always glad to welcome school periodicals from Britain over the Seas, and hope to see more of them. "Colonial papers, please copy."

Sphinx.—This is the organ of the students of Liverpool University, and in consequence can be hardly considered, with strict justice, a "school magazine." Its make-up is excellent, and the "Soirée Number" before us is in every way well turned out. We like especially the thumb-nail sketches which are here and there introduced. The Editor of the *Sphinx*, however, may be expected to have greater resources at his command than are available to the ordinary school editor.

Watsonian.—The first number of the journal just started at George Watson's College, Edinburgh, reaches us, and we give it hearty welcome. It is strange that a school of such fame as Watson's should have been so long without its own magazine. The *Watsonian* starts well, with a good cover, and excellent contents. The pages are attractive, and the school news seems to be well done.

Other Magazines received, at the time of going to press, include the *Arvonian*, *Birkonian*, *Blundellian*, *Brighton College Magazine*, *City of London School Magazine*, *De Astonian*, *Epsomian*, *Haileyburian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Johnian*, *Lorettonian*, *Malvernian*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *N.E.C.S. Magazine*, *Der Neuenheimer*, *Norman Court Magazine*, *Novocastrian*, *Ousel*, *Plymothian*, *Quernmorian*, *Salopian*, *Sedberghian*, *Tonbridgian*, *Truro College Magazine*, and the *Isis*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



Photo.]

BORN, FEB. 28TH, 1828.—DIED, MARCH 24TH, 1905.

[C. Herbert, Amer

JULES VERNE.

JULES VERNE died at Amiens on March 24th, at the ripe age of seventy-seven. His death was due to paralysis—to which complaint, it may be remembered, G. A. Henty succumbed. He had also, during his latter years, been afflicted with semi-blindness to such an extent that he was obliged to dictate his last book—bringing the sum total of his publications up to a hundred—to his devoted wife, herself a septuagenarian.

Jules Verne was born at Nantes on February 8th, 1828, and began his career by studying law at Paris. But it was not long before he turned his attention to the writing of plays, his first piece being performed when he was only twenty-two. In 1863 he settled down solidly to the production of imaginative works, his first great success being *Five Weeks in a Balloon*. Thereafter he produced book after book—as a rule, two every year—with unremitting industry, and it was not long before he had won for himself a unique and commanding position in the world of fiction. His works were widely translated, even into Arabic and Japanese. In this country he was almost as well known as in his own, translations of his books appearing regularly for many years in the *Boy's Own Paper*. For it was to boys that Verne most especially appealed, and men who are now middle-aged fathers of families will readily recall the pleasure with which they devoured (to name but a few of his fascinating romances) *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*, *Michael Strogoff*, and *The Silver Cañon*—a tale which was published in the "B. O. P." when Talbot Baines Reed was at the zenith of his popularity as a contributor to the same journal. Speaking of these works, a writer in *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette* remarks: "They make the apparently impossible a seeming reality, and certainly they struck the note of the marvellous as one of the forces of fiction as it had never been sounded before. Not until recent years has their author had on his own

lines, in any country, a formidable competitor."

All Verne's work (we gather from the same source) was done in the morning. He rose daily at five, and completed his day's output before noon. His house was crammed with scientific books, electrical apparatus, nautical instruments, &c., and on the wall of his study there hung, until some months ago, an enormous map of the world, all scored over with lines indicating the routes taken by the heroes of his stories.

Jules Verne was a frequent visitor to England, and in London, like Zola, he was chiefly impressed by the river. He always declared that his happiest days were spent in Scotland, and he delighted in the works of "Sir Walter." Curiously enough, he never learned English, and though, in addition to Scott, he had a great admiration for Dickens, Robert Louis Stevenson, Captain Marryat, and Fenimore Cooper, he could only read them in translations.

Verne's marriage was as romantic as any of his romances. He was induced to act as best man to a friend. He had, however, a fit of forgetfulness on the morning of the ceremony, and arrived at the house to find that the whole party had left for the church. But there was remaining at home the bride's sister, a young widow, who had been unwilling to obtrude her sorrow on the bridal group. Verne fell in love with her at first sight, and two years later they married. What a great helpmate his wife has been, especially of late years when cataract had affected his eyes, all the world knows.

Those readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who have stored up their back numbers will find, in our issue for November, 1899 (Vol. II. No. 8), an article dealing with the life-work of this great writer, whose indefatigable industry, coupled with his brilliant imagination, has earned him a place amongst those masters of romance whose works will appeal, with perennial freshness, to all who love stories of marvellous ingenuity, of unflinching resource, and of splendid daring.



By **STUART WISHING.**

Illustrated by A. Pearse.

I.
“**D**ICKIE,” I said, “I’m awfully bored. Let’s do something.”

“Much better do nothing, unless it’s really something good,” retorted he.

“I’m certain we need a little excitement and a breath of fresh air,” I went on. “I propose we take a little trip to Saxby.”

“Hang it all! That’s four miles off, and we can’t get back before call-over, or in time for lock-up if we go after.”

“I don’t mean *walk*, idiot—let’s bike.”

“Gotnobike,” he grunted.

“Borrow one from a day-bug,” said I.

“I don’t mean go to-day. Let’s go tomorrow, or next half-holiday, and enjoy ourselves.”

“We sha’n’t enjoy ourselves. I’ve been there before, and there’s absolutely nothing to do at Saxby even if we arrive there safely.”

“I know there’s nothing to do there,” I explained, as patiently as I knew how. “The fun of the thing will be the going there and the coming back. If it was in bounds there wouldn’t be any sport in going. As it’s out of bounds, it will be jolly heroic and brave and Quixotic and all that sort of thing, you know.”

“I don’t know,” said he. “But I don’t mind coming to oblige a friend, Tommy.”

“Right oh! Next Saturday, then. I’ll borrow Westley’s bike, and you can borrow Lloyd’s. We’ll tell them to have them in the spinney half-a-mile along the road for us, pick them up there, and speed off on our iron steeds. It will be ripping.”

Next day we interviewed Lloyd and Westley, and affably asked them to put their bikes at our disposal the following Saturday afternoon. Lloyd promised to lend Dickie his quite readily, but Westley was rather selfish.

“I’m sorry, Calmour,” he said, “but I expect I shall be using mine on Saturday. Otherwise I might perhaps have lent it.”

Here was a nice state of affairs; one bike was no use to us. There wouldn’t have been any fun in Dickie or myself going alone, and two people on one machine is not all jam by any means. We tried persuasion of various sorts, and if Westley hadn’t been so deformedly muscular we might have tried a little force. Westley, however, was too big, so we had to fall back on a last resource, bribery. By promising to give him a pocket-knife, Ezekiel (Dickie’s pet rat, you know), and some new picture post-

cards, we finally persuaded him to be at the spinney at five o'clock the following Saturday afternoon. He agreed at last, but went off grumbling like old what's-his-name, Shylock, or one of Shakespeare's heroes.

Saturday came at last, and, as luck had it, the sun shone brightly. Not a cloud was in the sky; the purling brooks purred like mad, and the trees waved their leafy burdens lightly in the summer breeze.

To be concise—good word again—everything was jolly hot and as comfy as two malefactors had a right to expect. We watched the cricket after lunch until tea-time. We had tea about four o'clock in our study—and I can tell you we provide for the inner man on a liberal scale—grub for four and tea for three between two of us; seven into two goes exactly without any remainder—ha! ha! In other words, there wasn't a crumb left to feed the sparrows, and as a natural consequence we felt quite chirpy. Tea over, and the tea-things all washed up (we believe in tidiness), we attended call-over, and then strolled down the road to the trysting-place.

Lloyd was there with his bike, and we greeted him cheerfully, but not effusively. It doesn't do, you know, to let chaps think they're conferring a huge favour on you—makes them too uppish. So we just said "Hullo, Lloyd! Brought the gee along?" and thumped him on the back. He seemed distinctly nervous, and was perspiring profusely; but whether this was due to the heat of the sun or to fear lest he should be found out lending us his bike, we didn't ask. He seemed very anxious to cut off on his own account, so, as we had the bike in our hands, we didn't press him to stay. The only thing to be done was to wait for Westley and the second machine.

II.

WESTLEY didn't come. These few words will tell you exactly what happened. I know they are rather blunt, and that I ought to break the news gently to you. But even now I'm telling the tale, I can't help boiling with indignation when I remember the painful quarter of an hour we spent in that confounded spinney. So I don't blink the facts; I merely state that that double-dyed traitor, miscreant, and skunk did not come. We waited, waited, and waited; then at last our surcharged feelings found vent in speech.

"What are we to do, Dickie?"

"Do? There's only one thing I can think of—go home!"

"What! Give up our treasured expedition to Saxby, and own ourselves beaten by Westley! That's rather rot."

"I know it's rot; everything's rot; Westley's a rotter, and I think we'd better chuck it."

"No," I said patiently, for I saw Dickie was rather hipped. "I'll tell you what we'll do. You can ride on the step, and I'll pedal you into town."

"You can ride on the step," he corrected, "and I'll do all the nasty hard work of pedalling."

I reasoned with him—vainly, for he's very stubborn. He absolutely refused to move a yard unless I let him have his way. I agreed in the end, with dire misgivings, and at about ten past five we started on our adventurous tour, Dickie in the saddle and I on the half-inch of steel called by courtesy the "step."

Have you ever ridden in that position? I don't mean for a few brief yards, when everything seems jolly, but for a solid mile or so at a time? If you have not, I can assure you that it is not worth trying. For sheer, unadulterated misery commend me to that step. Up till then I had been a bright and happy schoolboy—as the old chaps say on Speech-day—but on that afternoon I tasted sorrow in all its bitterness for the first time. I sincerely trust it may be the last. On that tiny and insecure foothold—(tragic irony—what?)—I clung, with cramp in my left leg, flies on my nose, my hands slippery with anxiety and perspiration, and several new wrinkles on my usually placid face. Of course you must understand—any ass could except Dickie—that I had much the worst of the argument. By the way Dickie talked to me at intervals, imploring me to stand still and not wobble, and keep my paws off his hair, you would have thought he was the sufferer and not I. Naturally, I pointed out the errors of his ways to him with great fluency, and repeatedly suggested a change, but the ass wouldn't hear of it. "Better to bear with the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of," says Shakespeare, and Dickie seemed thoroughly convinced that things were much better as they were. When I got savage and began to slang a bit, he flattered me with honeyed words, saying that I balanced beautifully, and he was sure

he couldn't improve on it. This was all very well from his point of view, but the humour of the situation didn't appeal to me in the least. However, he was firm, and after about half an hour's torment we arrived in Saxby about a quarter to six, worn out, thirsty, and bad-tempered.

Well, we mooned about the town in rather a futile manner, and got a second tea at a first-class confectioner's. We didn't enjoy ourselves especially, but you will remember that when we talked the plan over it was an understood thing that Saxby was a dull hole. The expedition was only intended to reflect glory on us—not to provide enjoyment. (This is the case with many expeditions, I am told; and I am glad to hear there are other goats in the world besides ourselves.) Certainly the active enjoyment in the town was practically *nil*, but on the whole we were very pleased with ourselves in having got there at all, especially on such a broiling day. Having had tea, matters assumed a more cheerful aspect, and we avoided thinking about the probable discomforts of the return journey as much as possible. We trotted about the town a little, and then about 6.15 took the bike out of its stable and started back.

I'm bound to say Dickie's a bit of a sportsman at times. He said I could ride back if I liked, and you can bet I hopped into the saddle before you could wink. . . No more steps for me, thanks. Dickie regretted his generosity before we'd travelled half-a-mile; but I imitated his obstinacy, and steadily refused to change places, in spite of his foolish laments that he was getting lock-jaw in the calf, and was suffering from incipient sunstroke. He really does make an awful fuss about little things.

We had covered about half the distance, and had just stopped at a cross-road for the postilion to change legs, when Dickie gave a smothered sort of cry. "Hurry up, Tommy," he whispered excitedly. "No time to waste; forge ahead!" He jumped on again, nearly upsetting the whole concern as he grabbed me by the shoulders.

"What's the row?" I asked, pedalling obediently in the direction of home. "Seen a ghost?"

"Worse than that. I saw a master down the lane on a bike, and I rather fancy he spotted us, too."

That was all right, if you like. Here we were, two miles from the school, and a mounted policeman (so to speak) on our

track. I felt far from happy, and, judging by Dickie's trembling hands, he was in a very similar condition.

"Who was it?" I gasped. "Not Stretton, surely?"

"No, I—I—d-don't think it was Stretton," gurgled Dickie, as we bumped over a stone. "I'm nearly sure it was Robinson."

I breathed a sigh of relief, and slackened a bit.

"If it's only Robinson we haven't much to beat."

A faint hail came from the rear. The words we heard sounded like "Stop, boys!" which merely stimulated me to a more vigorous leg-drive, and the old boneshaker fairly bounded along.

"Is it Robinson?" I panted, anxiously.

"Yes; I can see him now. Cheer up, old chap. We've got a hundred yards start, and. . . I say, he's gaining a bit, I think. . . . No. . . . yes. . . . oh, buck up, you silly coon!"

"I'm—bucking—all I know. Any-nearer?"

"Seems to be coming up hand over fist. . . . Tell you what, Tommy. Buzz round that lane on ahead. I'll hop off and cut across country and meet you at the spinney."

"Let's both—go."


"Can't drag the beastly bike over hedges. No; you'll easily keep away from Robinson by yourself; I don't think he can have twigged who we are, though he guesses we're from the school. We must separate—it's our only chance."

"Right oh!" I groaned.

Meanwhile, Robinson was calling to us at intervals. We had sufficient presence of mind to notice that he always called us "Boys!" and never used our names. I tell you, we were jolly thankful that his eyes weren't sharp enough to spot us just then. My heart was beating like sin, and I felt Dickie's on my back, through the thickness of his coat and waistcoat, and mine too; so you can imagine our funk. I noticed these little things at the time—it's odd what you think of in a real crisis—and I sha'n't forget them as long as I live.

I stole a glance round, and nearly went into the ditch. Robinson was about fifty yards in our rear, and Dickie was obviously right. The last desperate plan must be tried. The lane hove in sight; blindly I swerved into it; Dickie leapt off, and was over the hedge in a twinkling; the bike,

III.

 AM no mean cyclist. I say it with all modesty; but I really can drive a machine at a good humping pace when I like. Of course I wasn't very fresh, but "fear lent me wings" in the usual style. I looked over my shoulder at intervals, and was surprised to see Robinson still in sight. Hitherto, I had not had much opinion of his staying power, as he looks rather a weed; but on this eventful evening he urged his bike on steadily in pursuit of hapless me.

Of course I didn't slacken; but when we had been travelling in this manner for about ten minutes I began to feel a trifle uneasy. Robinson had no business to be so persevering. Accordingly, I nerved my weary legs for a fresh effort, and whirled down the lane at some fourteen miles per hour. It was a strain, I can tell you, but the circumstances seemed to need strong measures, so I did not object to sacrifice myself to escape

a future licking.

I looked round again, and to my delight saw that the pace had become too hot for my pursuer. He halloed again, and I chuckled as I heard him; for his voice sounded as if his stock of wind was giving out. Cheered by this reflection, I spurred on, and when I next stole a glance, Robinson had dismounted, and was wiping his heated brow. There was also a faint savour of "B-O--Y" in the distance.

"That's all right, then," I thought to myself, and promptly slowed up. "No fear of the rotter catching me now, so I can take things a little more easily."

It never pays to be too sure—even when you think you're absolutely safe. I realise this now, and if I hadn't been a fool I'd have realised it then. However, I didn't—but ambled along on my course with a peaceful heart; and then, all of a sudden, my back tyre punctured!

I hopped off that machine in a twinkling,



"B-O--Y-S!"

lightened by some nine stone, sprang forward, and I settled down to a stern chase, or rather flight.

Luckily my pursuer didn't notice Dickie, or, if he did, he evidently thought it rather too much of a good thing to run across country with a bike in tow after an unencumbered chap—*sine impedimentis*, as Cæsar would say. Robinson merely stuck to me, and pegged along stolidly, occasionally shouting out "Boy!" which I ignored with no little success. Although I felt pretty certain I could shake him off after a bit, I was pretty sick of the business. You see, I had had a fairly tiring afternoon of it; and I wasn't very keen on a bicycle paper-chase at that period—especially as it was getting beastly near to lock-up. Still, there was no help for it, and I determined that the best thing to do would be to put in a good burst, and try to discard my rubbish as soon as possible. Accordingly, I pulled myself together and let him have it.

and inspected the damage. Yes; it was no mere thorn-prick, which constant pumping-up might cure, but a good, healthy hole, made by a piece of barbed wire which still stuck in the cover. If I hadn't been such a careless ass, I should have been bound to notice it lying on the road.

Feverishly I looked in the tool-bag behind the saddle. There was time to repair it before Robinson arrived, if I was quick. . . . I searched in vain—there was no outfit!

I groaned in spirit as I realised the walk before me; but I was not too stunned to think of a plan. Obviously, I couldn't go on till Robinson had passed, for he would soon overtake me on his sound machine. No; the only thing to be done was to cart the bike over the hedge, and hide there till the coast was clear.

After a great deal of trouble (the hedge was a beast) I succeeded in doing this, and lay concealed in a field of oats. I'm afraid I trampled the corn down a bit, but there was no farmer present to check my wild career, and I was in rather a hurry. In about ten minutes Robinson came by at a snail's pace. Miserable as I was, I couldn't help smiling to see how sick he looked. He was certainly very hot, and it was some comfort to think there was another being in distress besides myself. As soon as his weedy form had disappeared, I rose; and, pushing my hated steed in front, made my way down a lane I knew which opened out on the main road going past our spinney. The lane was somewhat longer than I expected, or else my earlier exploits had taken the starch out of me. At all events, I was a dickens of a time in finding my way along it. I managed to do the trick after what seemed many hours, and reached the spinney more dead than alive. Then I went to the old familiar spot and gave a low whistle. It was answered.

"Are you there, Dickie?"

"I am," said a cheerless voice; "or all that's left of me."

"Come on; we must buck along, or we shall be late for lock-up."

"Late for lock-up!" he echoed, with a bitter laugh. "Do you know what the time is?"

"No."

"Ten past seven."

"Then we're late for it already," I said, aghast.

"Course we are. It doesn't much matter now what time we get in, so I may as well tell you how I've been amusing myself lately."



DICKIE WAS UP THOSE SHEETS IN A JIFFY.

I was too dejected to sit on him, and simply said "Go on."

"Well after I buzzed over that hedge I made a bee-line for home, leaving bits of me on every thorn I knocked against. Did Robinson follow me? No? Ah, I thought he wouldn't have, when I came to consider the matter; but at the time I was in such a blamed hurry that every noise I heard seemed like his chirpy voice. You can imagine I didn't let the mossy herbage grow under my feet. In short, I ran till I believed I was going to split in two, and when I stopped I found myself in the neighbourhood of the spinney. After making my way here, I spent the rest of my time in having a regular meal of air, drawn slowly into my lungs and as slowly expelled therefrom. I tell you, Tommy, it's been a regular treat to sit still and just breathe."

"But why didn't you rush on and get in before lock-up?"

"Oh, I thought I might as well wait for you. Rather rough if I'd got off and you hadn't, you know."

Dickie's a rattling good sort, you can take it from me.

"Well, let's get in and face the music," I said. We rose, and tramped that last half-mile very quietly.

But things weren't quite so bad after all. Every cloud has a silver lining, as some prophetic loafer justly observes; and the saying came true in our case — as follows:—

We reached the school in safety, shoving that rotten bike in front of us, and were going past the buildings preparatory to ringing our house-master's bell, when we heard a "Hist!" Dickie and I jumped from force of habit. Then we looked up, and saw the face of Drummond at the open window.

"Hullo, you chaps!" he said in a loud whisper.

We said "Hullo!"

"Been on the bust and got locked out?"

We admitted the charge.

"How are you going to get in?"

We told him we intended to ring the house-master's bell and give ourselves up, as criminals always do in story books.

"Why not come in this way?" he asked.

A gleam of hope appeared.

"Where are you?" said Dickie.

"I'm in the sick-room. Got a cold, you know"—he grinned effusively—"I think you could manage."

"There's no spout to climb up, though," I told him.

"No, but I'll let down my sheets, if you'll wait a moment."

Drummond's a thoroughly sound man at times.

We waited—an appalling time, it seemed; and then a long, white, snaky sort of thing with a few knots in it came down. Drummond's face was seen again.

"I've made it fast," he said. "Tied it round the bed-post, and shoved the bed up against the window. Hurry up, you fellows."

Dickie was up those sheets in a jiffy, and I was not long in following him.

"By Jove, we are in luck's way," said I. "You're a thundering good chap, Drum, old boy. Vote of thanks to you."

"Oh, all right," he said. "But if I were you I'd cut downstairs before the matron comes in."

We thumped his back hard, and left the room. Our star was fighting for us, for we were never spotted, and got down to our study ten minutes before prayer time. (By the way, I forgot to tell you that we stored the bike in an outhouse before we climbed the rope.) We sank into our chairs, and looked long upon each other.

"Tell you what, Tommy," said my chum. "This honour and glory business is a bit spoiled in the baking. I'm hanged if I go to Saxby again."

"I wouldn't mind, provided we had *two* bikes," I said. "But riding on the step is anything but jolly; and riding on the saddle—with a lump behind me hanging on my neck—is distinctly not a Pleasant Saturday Afternoon. Still, it's a great score getting in safely, after all."

So with sighs of content we did full justice (as they say in accounts of Sunday school teas) to the viands our study lockers provided—biscuits and cheese. But even now we sometimes dream that we are again riding two on a bike, and that from behind echoes a ghostly cry of "B-O-Y-S!" in the panting tones of our respected preceptor.

(Sandford and Merton—ahem!)

COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

Last day for sending in, May 18th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, June 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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in **THE CAPTAIN**.

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 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.—“**A May Event.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of May. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., a Duke & Son's “Century” Cricket Bat, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a Gamage Cricket Bat, value 11s. 6d.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—“**Twelve Representative Athletes of Great Britain.**”—Send, on a post-card, a list of Great Britain's twelve most representative athletes in order of merit. Take into consideration, when making your choice, each athlete's general all-roundness, his powers of endurance, and his general intelligence, as well as what he has actually accomplished on field and track, in gymnasium, swimming-bath, or sea. Prize: A New Hudson 1905 “Tourist Model” Bicycle, with two-speed Gear by the Hub Two-speed Gear Co., value £10 10s. (See Prizes page.)

No age limit.

No. 3.—“**Missing Landscape Competition.**”—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a picture from which parts of the landscape have been omitted. All the competitor has to do is to put in the missing parts so as to make the whole thing complete. Use pencil only. No shading. The complete picture will be given in our July number. Prizes: Three No. 2 “Brownie” Kodak Cameras, value 10s.

Class I. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s 6d.

Class I. No age limit.
Class II. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**Derivations.**”—Many words now embodied in the English language have originally been derived from the name of some person or place—as, for example, sandwich and sybarite. Make a list of twelve words of this kind, and explain briefly how they have arrived at their present meanings. Prize: a Gradidge “Imperial Driver” Cricket Bat, value £1 1s.

No age limit.

No. 6.—“**Naturalists' Competition.**”—For particulars see “Naturalists' Corner.”

Age limit: Twenty-one.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **June 19th**. By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit**. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial May Competitions.”

"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 "Palette," Edward J. W. Clements, W. Edgar Jones, "Malvolio," and A. U. Millar. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

On the Making of a Den.

HAVE you ever enjoyed the delights of a den entirely your own? Some of you, no doubt, have, but it is to those who haven't that I address myself. Bring pressure to bear on your parents, get them to allow you the use of an empty room or attic, and furnish it yourselves. First, give the walls a coat of dark distemper, and then hang thereon your favourite pictures—cricket and football groups, the certificates you have won, and the photos of your chums. If you are an amateur engineer or carpenter, make your den half workshop. Exhibit your models on the walls, together with the curios which every boy gathers. A good plan is to get a large picture frame, cut a sheet of dark cardboard to fit, and

on this mount the photos of people in whom you are interested—your favourite artists, inventors, authors, statesmen, &c. Provide your sanctum with a good stout table, or work bench, a few old chairs, and a sofa; go over the floor with stain, and lay down a strip or two of cocoanut matting. Put a shelf along the wall for your books, and pile them on—books, magazines, and papers—in any order. Make a rack to hold your bats, rods, &c. If the room does not possess a fireplace, obtain a good oil stove. Arrange a locker or two to hold odds and ends. Lastly, admit nothing and no one that you don't really love. Make your den a holy of holies—a place to work, think, and enjoy yourself in, a place of happy memories. Invite a few chosen chums in now and again. The treasures around you suggest yarns, and many a tussle on playing field and river will be fought over again round the fire in your den on long winter evenings.

PALETTE.



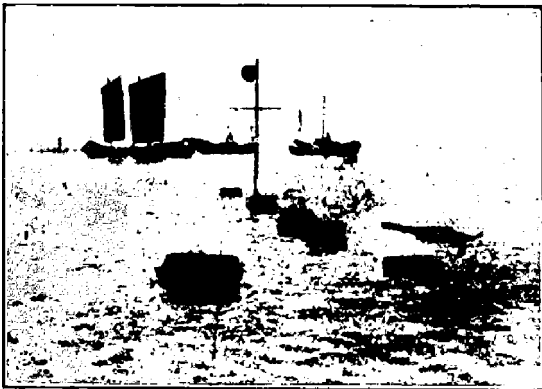
SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

This picture is really not so serious as it appears to be, being one of a vividly realistic series of pictorial post-cards arranged and published by Mr. F. Cooper, of Preston. The guns, you will be happy to hear, are not loaded.

The Last Cruise of the "Rastoropny."

N the night of November 16th, 1904, during a heavy snowstorm, the Russian torpedo boat destroyer, *Rastoropny*, managed to escape from Port Arthur, and ran for Chefoo Harbour, where she arrived the following morning after a very exciting chase given by three Japanese destroyers, who were unable to catch her owing to the blinding snowstorm. On her arrival at Chefoo she was boarded by the customs authorities, and the commander of the Chinese cruiser, *Hai Yung*. In accordance with the laws of neutral harbours, belligerents are only allowed twenty-four hours in a neutral port, but as the Russian destroyer wanted longer time (for necessary repairs), the officials in Chefoo decided that she would have to disarm. The Russians agreed to do this on the following day, as the weather was rather rough at the time.

About 6.45 p.m. that day, however, the passengers and crew of the China Navigation



THE SUNKEN "RASTOROPNY" IN CHEFOO HARBOUR.

Co.'s steamer, *Wuchang* (which was anchored close to the scene), were startled by an explosion. Running up on deck they were in time to see the flash preceding a second explosion, which went out to starboard. A few minutes later a black steam launch was seen alongside the *Rastoropny*, and the officers and crew scrambled on board. Shortly afterwards a third explosion was heard, and the destroyer began to sink very slowly by the stern. Two further explosions occurred, and the *Rastoropny* took a list to starboard and disappeared beneath the water. Twenty-two minutes after the first explosion only the tops of the funnels, the mast, and part of the bridge were visible. The black launch with her human freight steamed slowly round the wreck twice, and then made for the shore. Next morning three Japanese destroyers and a cruiser were sighted, but when they heard the news they steamed away in the direction of Port Arthur.

The accompanying photo. was taken by Mr. R. T. Strangman, who was a passenger on board the China Navigation Co.'s steamer, *Wuchang*.

EDWARD J. W. CLEMENTS.



A CROMLECH, OR DRUIDS' ALTAR, NEAR WATERFORD. One of the largest and best preserved in Ireland. Under the altar-stone, which is supported by four others, and inclines to the east, is a kind of cell. Near by is an ancient gravestone, suggesting that the cromlech was erected in memory of a chieftain or arch-druid.

Photo. by Vyvyan R. Poole.

A Different Experience Under Chloroform.

SOME time ago it became necessary for me to undergo an operation for the removal of an abscess from my side, and in accordance with my doctor's orders I went as an in-patient to the — Hospital.

The morning of the operation dawned, and in fear and trembling I partook of a slice of bread and butter and a small cup of tea at the un-



KEEPING HIS HAND IN. ALBERT TROTT, THE MIDDLESEX BOWLER, PRACTISING AT LORD'S.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

earthly hour of 4.30 a.m. At eight o'clock a nurse came and rubbed my side where the abscess was with ether to numb the flesh, so that I should have as little pain after the operation as possible.

At last my turn to be operated upon came, and I was shown into a small ante-room leading off the operating theatre. I was assisted on to the table, which does *not* in any way resemble a bed, but consists of a hard substance covered completely with a linen sheet. This cover prevented me from seeing what the top was made of, but if feeling goes for anything I should say it was stone, as I can now almost recall the cold chill that went through me the moment I got on the "table."

For some time I lay there looking first at one case of knives and other instruments and then at another, until at last the doctor came in with a small bottle and a piece of wadding. On to this wadding he dropped a certain quantity of chloroform from the bottle, but before applying it he tested my heart, after which he came to the head of the "table" and placed the *wadding*, and *not* a mask, over my nose and mouth, at the same time telling me to breathe deeply. Now, before I had left my ward several of the patients told me to be sure and not open my mouth when taking the chloroform, as by keeping it shut I should be less liable to the sickness which usually follows chloroform than if I breathed through nose and opened mouth. So, remembering these instructions, I kept my mouth tightly shut and breathed *ordinarily* through my nose. I may say



UMPIRES WHITE AND MYCROFT SITTING ON THE WALLS OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE. A CURIOUS RESULT OF TWO EXPOSURES ON ONE PLATE.

Photo. by C. B. Fry.

here that this is about the best way of preventing sickness, as, although I felt sickly after the operation, I was not actually sick. This is also the experience of others.

After a few minutes, or what appeared to be minutes, my view of the glass roof became less distinct, until at last I seemed to sink, and, sinking, to lose consciousness.

My experience whilst under the anæsthetic was of quite a different nature to that of Mr. G. L. Clue, who related his experiences in the August number.

I seemed to have been removed to some place which I knew not, nor to this day can I think where it is, and yet it seems familiar. Faintly at first, but gradually drawing nearer, I heard music of perhaps the wildest, and yet truly harmonious, kind conceivable. It sounded to me as if a large number of brass and string bands were playing all at once. I doubt if I shall ever forget it, or even hear its equal in real life. This grand overture, finale, or whatever you may call it, went on for some time, when, all at once, I became aware of a loud clapping, as if people were applauding the music, but what was my surprise when hearing resolved itself into feeling, and I awoke to the fact that a nurse was hitting my arms and



AFTER 3,000 YEARS. PART OF A STATUE OF RAMESES I. AT KARNAK.
Photo. by M. Campbell.

face to bring me out of the "sleep!" I did not feel well enough to say, "Is it all over?" but lay as still as I could, trying to suppress the groans which the pain caused; neither did I fall into a sleep so easily as did G. L. Clue.

This is my experience under chloroform. Instead of frightening readers of *THE CAPTAIN* who may perhaps sometime find it necessary to undergo an operation, I should like to assure them that the sensation under the anæsthetic is not at all disagreeable, barring, of course, the feeling of nervousness. I think that when the dream takes the form of G. L.



THE LANDSLIP AT DOVER IN JANUARY, 1905.

It is estimated that about 250,000 tons of cliff were displaced. The top of the cliff sank and pushed the under-cliff seawards to a distance of nearly 300 yards.

Photo. by Charles C. Stapleton.

Clue's experience, it must be caused by highly strung nerves and such like.

It is wrong of G. L. Clue to imagine that his is the experience of all; nor do I think mine is, but my experience is based on two personal operations and the experience of others.

W. EDGAR JONES.

Stratford-on-Avon on April 23rd.

A GAY sight meets the eye, for it is the anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth. The first place that one visits is the house in Henley-street. The whole of it is very interesting, but most of all the room in which the "immortal bard" first saw the light. On the window are cut the signatures of Scott and Carlyle, and Robert Browning has inscribed his name on one of the beams of the ceiling.

In the Museum are shown the desk at which the poet sat when at Stratford Grammar School, his chair, various legal documents connected with his family, rare copies of the poet's works, the only letter which it is known for certain was written to William Shakespeare himself—a letter signed "R. Quiney," asking the loan of £30—and many other interesting objects.

Passing from Henley-street you next arrive at the Grammar School, and are shown the place at which Shakespeare sat as a schoolboy: here, too, is the room where he first saw a play performed, and, in all probability, himself first acted. "Each change of many-coloured life he drew," and here his mighty intellect was trained.

Then through streets gay with flags, past a band of Morris Dancers, out to Anne Hathaway's cottage. How pretty it is, with its neat little garden—this scene of the poet's courting!

Next, retracing one's steps, the Memorial Church is reached. Here one gazes on the wreath-bedecked tomb in which was laid to rest Shakespeare's mortal frame more than two hundred and eighty years ago. But his genius cannot cease to live, for, as Ben Jonson said of him:—"Thou art alive still, while thy books do live, And we have wits to read and praise to give."

"MALVOLIO."

Ulysses: A Sonnet.

δύσετό τ' ἡέλιος, σκιάωντό τε πᾶσι ἀγυῖαι.
Ody-sey XI-12.

THEN the sun sank and shadowed all the ways,

And the night winds breathed, cold and damp
on me,

Whisp'ring about the rigging drowsily,
Stirring the ocean's surface to a maze
Of silver network, as with pallid rays
The moon rose ghostlike o'er the glimmering
sea.

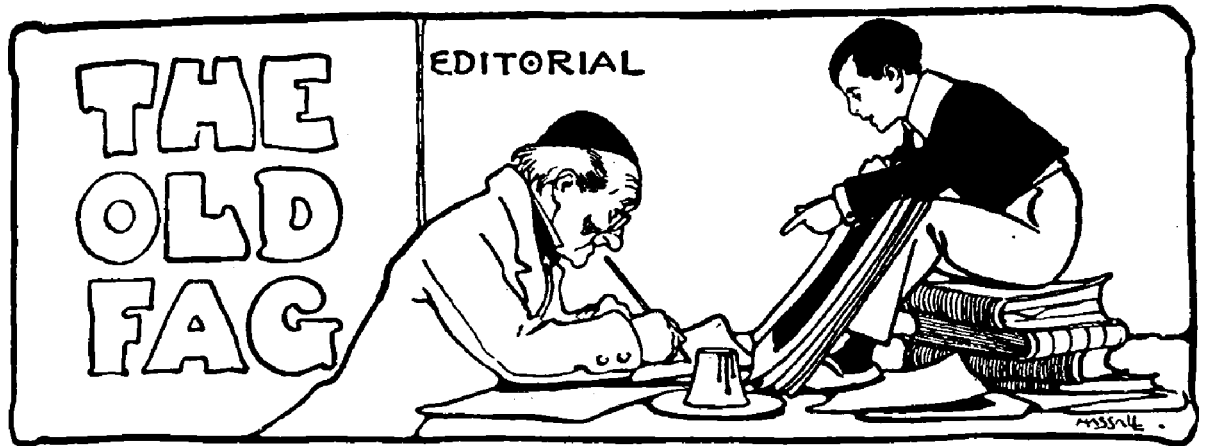
And the dark ship sped onward silently
Through the chill curtain of the gathering haze
But I sate lonely, pondering, in the stern,
Sad with a mystic sense of coming woes,
And ever for my island home did yearn,
And peace at last from my immortal foes—
Till the drear night at length gave place to
morn,

And early dawn brake like an opening rose.

A. U. MILLAR.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLBIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Our Tame Artist is to the fore this month with a batch of drawings depicting types of callers. He presents you with portraits of the Spring Poet, the Boxing Instructor (known in his youth as the "Battersea Bruiser"), the Lady Versifier, the Colonel on retired pay who has done a lot of big game shooting in his time, the Fond Mother who thinks that her Little Willy is a genius in embryo, the Curate who wants to eke out a slender income by contributing articles of a sombre nature to periodicals, the Young Lady who dashes off articles of a domestic order in a sprawling round-hand, and the Artist from Hampstead who started his career with glowing thoughts of masterpieces which would make "the world wonder," and who, twenty years later, is willing to draw anything for any editor in order that he may provide food and clothing for his numerous progeny. He might have added many more specimens of "people who come to see the Editor," but he probably ran short of space, and had to restrict himself to callers of a severely orthodox type. There are, of course, many other specimens. For instance, some time ago a grizzled old man insinuated himself into the office and informed me that he had been in prison for twenty-five years, and would I like an article on the subject. I said I would not, but we talked for some time, and he succeeded in extracting a shilling from me before he departed. The Office Dog saw him off the premises. All sorts and conditions of people call upon an editor. Some are got rid of in half-a-minute—some stay half-an-hour. It is all part of the day's work.

A Word to Contributors.—Talking about people who want to write for **THE CAPTAIN**, I feel this will be a good opportunity to utter a gentle protest about the unsatisfactory manner in which many of these people put their contributions together. In no branch of art does one meet with such slovenliness, such absolute unfitness for the task undertaken, and such carelessness with regard to rudimentary rules, as in the art of writing. I receive many stories in which every law of composition and punctuation is rudely violated; stories ill-written and ill-typewritten; written on both sides of the paper, ungrammatical, with commas, semi-colons, and full-stops scattered in wild, inaccurate profusion all over every page. Often the *idea* is a good one, but abominably exploited. My dear ladies and gentlemen, surely your own sense must tell you that you have no right to fling contributions at an editor's head until you have at least mastered the technical A.B.C. of literary composition.

It may be asked: Why bother about such contributions, Mr. Editor? Why go out of your way to utter this protest?

I go out of my way to utter this protest because I receive so much matter that is really interesting, but spoilt by the style in which it is served up. In the majority of cases, I may truthfully say that the contributions sent to me would be vastly improved if the writers thereof took the trouble to rewrite their original drafts. But no! Your school, burglar, ghost, or sea story is banged off at high pressure, crammed into an envelope, and dropped into a letter-box in a raw or half-cooked state which, though the plot may be good, causes it to be summarily rejected by an editor



CALLERS AT THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

(By Our Tame Artist.)

who thinks, "What a pity he didn't take more time over it!" You will always find that men who attain name and fame are careful workmen who prune and polish their compositions in a conscientious manner. I therefore recommend writers who desire to see their work in these pages to pay unremitting attention to technique. Contributions should always be clean, and clearly written or typewritten. Never bore me with a long letter—as some lady contributors are very fond of doing—and always enclose an envelope sufficiently large to contain your story without necessitating a refolding or doubling up into four or eight. Always leave a good margin for editorial corrections—and on no account send a tale unless you have a really good tale to send. Just now we have no room at all for articles, owing to the number in hand. That piece of information may save some of you trouble and postage stamps.

Holiday Clubs.—"G. von S." (Southport) and her brother hit upon the excellent idea during the Christmas holidays of getting up a holiday hockey club. This is capital. I suppose they will revive the club at Easter. As my correspondent says, during the holidays, in places like Southport, there are heaps of fellows who loaf about with nothing to do, and they probably get into mischief. Holiday clubs for boys and girls ought to be got up all over

the country. The result would be that there would not be half so much slacking round. Young people ought to put their heads together and make more use of their time in the holidays. Four weeks at Christmas, two or three at Easter, six or seven in the summer—think of the amount of loafing which the average public school-boy must get through during his yearly vacation! "G. von S." and her brother are to be heartily congratulated on their endeavours to promote holiday hockey matches, and I sincerely trust the movement will become a general one. Besides hockey, such clubs should be extended to cycling, cricket, walking, and so on. Go out for long day tramps—having, say, some picturesque ruin as your objective—with your lunch in your pockets. "Nothing to do," says "G. von S.," "is the cry all through the holidays." Holiday clubs should help to silence a good deal of that cry

"Anglo-Porteno" sends me the following cutting from the *Buenos Aires Standard*:

Those turbulent young citizens, the Law students, sounded the "nota del dia" yesterday. They were summoned to their long postponed examinations, and appeared on the scene as meek as mice—but just as the first boy was called up, a big bomb exploded at the door with a bang that caused the examiners to turn the colour of boiled chickens. Then another bomb banged, and shouts and yells, whistling, the crash of smashed windows, and all the



CALLERS AT THE "CAPTAIN" OFFICE.

(By Our Tame Artist.)

noises of Pandemonium were heard. A phalanx of youngsters charged the Doyen, Dr. Victorica, and nearly bowled him over; the line of policemen on duty was broken, and revolver shots, "mueras" and "vivas!" followed. Then the students hustled the examiners out of the hall, smashed windows and chairs, flung books and "actas" into the patio, and remained masters of the situation amid deafening shouts of "Abajo la Academia!" Finally the boys, each with some "booty" from the sacked hall, marched in a body to the "Nacion" office, treated it to a "silbatina," and the row ended. The police behaved admirably all through, and used no violence with the unruly youngsters.

"You will doubtless be surprised at the revolver shots," says my correspondent, "but it is a regular thing for students over here to carry arms, especially during examination times. I suppose such things are unheard of in England?"—Well, of course, we have rowdy times at the Universities, but our students certainly do not carry arms, at examination or any other times. It must be quite an exciting thing in the Argentine Republic for a professor to preside over an examination, what with bombs banging, revolvers going off, and windows being smashed. I should say the calling of a professor must be one of the most undesirable callings in the Republic. I understand that all this row occurred because the programme of the examinations was changed, and a round robin which the students submitted was treated contemptuously by the professors. That, of course, was annoying, but exploding a bomb seems to be a very drastic method of reprisal. It

makes one appreciate the law and order of this country, when you come to think of those bombs and revolver-shots. It would be a nice thing if Oxford and Cambridge men started to throw bombs at unpopular dons, to "pot" referees who gave decisions against "the 'Varsity," and to settle little disputes among themselves with the "barker." Fancy, too, the Vice-Chancellor being charged by "a phalanx of youngsters," poor gentleman!

Scottish Schools Football Championship. (1904-5).—In this competition for the past season, Fettes, for the third time in succession, are champions. Throughout the whole series they did not have their lines crossed. Their chief victories were over Glenalmond, by 43 points to nil, and twice over the Edinburgh Academy. Merchiston are runners-up with two defeats, one at the hands of the champions by 11 points, and the other by the Academy. The Edinburgh Academy scored a creditable victory over Merchiston by 2 tries to 1, but lost heavily to Fettes by 31 and 30 points. Loretto played well in the return match with Fettes, but were beaten by 8 points, and also were unlucky to lose their return match with the Academy after having the best of the game. Glenalmond and Watson's College had both poor teams and did nothing of note, but Watson's beat Glenalmond by a try in the match to decide the ownership of the wooden spoon.

	Played	Won	Lost	Points for	Points against	Points
1. Fettes	6	6	0	143	0	0
2. Merchiston	7	5	2	106	23	2
3. Edinburgh Academy	9	6	3	85	78	3
4. Loretto	7	2	5	43	62	5
Watson's College	6	1	5	3	103	5
Glenalmond	5	0	5	4	118	5

One point for each defeat.

[Sent by "NORTHERN SCOT."]

Cricketers born in May.

- 1st, G. W. Beldam, 1868.
 3rd, J. T. Hearne, 1867.
 9th, H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, 1873.
 12th, H. Trumble, 1867.
 15th, J. Vine, 1875.
 19th, G. L. Jessop, H. G. Owen, 1874, 1859.
 21st, C. E. de Trafford, 1864.
 22nd, F. Marchant, 1864.
 23rd, W. S. A. Brown, 1877.
 25th, T. L. Taylor, 1878.
 26th, P. Perrin, 1876.
 27th, J. A. Dixon, L. C. H. Palairat, 1861, 1870.
 30th, A. Mold, C. Blythe, 1865, 1879.

[Sent by "F. F."]

A British "Hickson's": "A. G. T."

writes in support of "mixed" schools on the plan of the American schools and Dollar Academy. I fear it is impossible to introduce this system into Great Britain to any extent, but I am printing my correspondent's letter in full, as what he says is certainly worthy of consideration. Without altering our public school system—which turns out, it cannot be denied, the best type of man in the world—I think it should be possible to experiment with the "mixed" school more than is done at present. Here are "A. G. T.'s" views:—

The letter of "A Fellow at School" in your April number suggests a question which, in my very youthful opinion, requires the most thorough ventilation. You ask for "debate" subjects. If it were not for the pretended indifference of boys to sex questions, I should suggest "Should Girls and Boys be Educated Together?" for this is a most important matter, sir, and I have George Meredith as my excuse for making the assertion. In his last (I think it is his last) book, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," he says through one of his characters that it is the separation of the sexes in youth that does the mischief. "At eighteen they (boys and girls) are strangers." Yes, we are strangers. There are thousands of sisterless youths who would rather take a quarter-mile swim on a nippy January day than publicly discuss the weather and nothings with a maid. [I beg leave to take exception to this statement.—O.F.] And this is the result of the absurd educational system of an absurd social system. Civilization, we are pleased to call it. Pshaw! The girls do not suffer so much—it is we; for I don't believe there are a dozen really unaffectedly bashful girls

on this planet. We males would stand a better chance of overcoming our fear of females if there were in England more happy places like Hickson's and Dollar Academy. Of course, I understand that even under such happy circumstances we wouldn't be the same chums at seventeen as at ten; but still, we would understand each other better, have more sympathy with each other's tastes and weaknesses, behave more easily with each other, and be better in every way if we could only howl down this one of many banns of that hideous old fetish, Mrs. Grundy. Oh, Mrs. Grundy! (Please excuse the groan.) I hope you will give all the space you can manufacture to letters on this subject, for it is one, it seems to me, of world-wide interest. Further, I feel almost sure that a little coaxing would induce Mr. Meredith to say a few words to us.

P.S.—I hope the school heads of England get hold of a copy of "Hickson's" when it is published in book form.

Following on this letter I have received one from "Another Fellow at School," who tells me that "there is a fine mixed school at Hampstead, called King Alfred School, where the teachers are mixed as well as the scholars." This correspondent, like "A. G. T.," thinks that it would be a good thing if there were more mixed schools in Great Britain—"for a great many English girls are like Florence Louise, only worse—like she was to start with, I mean." Our friend, I may add, helped by some other fellows and girls, has formed a "Hickson" Club, which works and reads and cycles, &c. "The girls," he says, "know much more than we thought they did, and make A1 companions." This is all very interesting, and I shall be pleased to receive the views of other readers on the "Hickson" question.

Girls' Friendships.

A number of other young ladies have written to say that they entirely disagree with the writer of the letter in the December number, who stated that girls were not so dependable in their friendships as boys. I am glad to have received this chorus of feminine dissent on that point. "M. S.," writing from Cambridge, says: "In reading your Editorial for December I found a letter written by a girl which rather annoyed me because it showed such absolute ignorance of her own sex. She seems to think that girls are one mass of spitefulness and meanness. I have been at a large girls' school for more than five years, and before that I was at a small school for seven years, so I think I ought to know something about it. Whatever people may say to the contrary, girls are not meaner than boys; of course, I have never

been at a boys' school, but if the books which I have read are at all true to life (which I hope they are not), they are a good deal less so. The letter of which I am writing also contained this absurd sentence: 'Girls seem to put their friends on a sort of pedestal (I am speaking of *real* friends) and adore them from beneath it.' Now, girls do *not* 'adore' their friends. I will admit that they have a foolish habit of 'adoring' people a good deal older than themselves, but their *real* friends are not treated in this way. A girl will, of course, see that her friend has faults, like everyone else, and probably will not hesitate to tell her of them, but she will make the best of them to other people, and their friendship will not suffer simply because her chum happens to be human; and she will *not* turn on her erstwhile friend with, 'I thought as much,' or some such virtuous phrase, but, if she hears her friend spoken against, will stand up for her most energetically, and, if argument is useless, as likely as not she will try what strength can do. Again, girls do not tell tales any more than boys do. I do not remember a single instance in the twelve years I have been at school of one girl telling tales of another. I know she would have a very bad time if she did. If your correspondent has gained her experience of girls from reading books about them, I do not wonder at her curious opinions, for girls in books are very seldom real."

Miss Una Murphy also writes as follows: "I received a very unpleasant shock when I came on the paragraph, 'What Girls Read.' What you say about many girls' tastes for reading boys' papers is true, because we have not many of our own which confine their interests to youthful sports, or which can boast of the cheery 'vim' of THE CAPTAIN. But of the very few, the *Girls' Realm* is one which is full of interest, and is, I believe, largely read among school-girls (present and past), and well deserves to flourish, for it is a racy, 'delightful, healthy little magazine. Now do allow me to give my opinion on the question of girls' friendships. What a slander your correspondent has put forth! I felt hurt beyond words when I read her attack. Oh, it is not true! I have known so many cases of friendships among my own sex, and a girl who could utter such an insult to herself and her sex only betrays either her gross ignorance of girls or her own failure to make friends

among them. If you could only know the strength of affection and loyalty which exists between many, many girl friends, you would respect our sex and our friendships as we would wish to respect yours." From the wording of this paragraph it looks as if this young lady fancied that I took the same view of girls' friendships as the correspondent whose letter I quoted in the December number. Of course I do not associate myself with such views. These letters, however, must close this particular correspondence, as I think it has been proved to the satisfaction of all my fair readers that girls are just as staunch and true in their friendships as boys are.

A Promising Philatelist: This is Edward Finch, of Exeter, to whom was awarded the set of six volumes of THE CAPTAIN, presented by the editor, as a prize in connection with the London Stamp Exhibition, held last February under the auspices of the Junior Philatelic Society. Master Finch's neatly arranged collection also obtained for him one of the Society's silver medals. I heartily congratulate him on his success.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Stage-Struck.—I don't advise anyone to go on the stage. Your best plan would be to get another berth in an architect's office, if you're any good in that line at all. You will find some advice to a would-be actor in "The Duffer" (November No., 1904).

X. Y. Z. has a double chin, and wants to know how to cure it. He didn't know whether to send this question to the Athletic Editor or to me. I fear Mr. Warner would hardly regard the curing of double chins as within his province. As for me, well, all I can say is that it is possible X. Y. Z. will grow out of his double chin. If he doesn't, he needn't be disturbed, as it cannot be called an affliction. Perhaps the Toilet Editress of a ladies' paper might be able to deal with the matter, but I must confess it is quite beyond me.

Private Magazines.—I have received a number of magazines printed on the mimeostyle,

and other duplicating machines. I am obliged to the conductors of these little journals for sending me copies, but I fear I cannot undertake to criticise their contents, which naturally appeal more or less exclusively to the little circle that produces them. I should like CAPTAIN readers to understand plainly that we can only criticise printed magazines in our pages.

Swimming at Schools.—With reference to what I said some months ago about swimming not being taken up very much in schools, I have received particulars of the swimming at King Edward's High School, Birmingham, and at Manchester Grammar School. It would seem that swimming is very keenly followed at both of these well-known schools. My Manchester correspondent also informs me that Manchester Grammar School runs a lacrosse team, and adds that the only other important lacrosse-playing school besides Manchester Grammar School is the Leys School, Cambridge. Up to this I had no idea that lacrosse was played by any school.

Twickenham "Captain" Club.—G. W. Dougherty, 24 Amyand Park-road, Twickenham, writes to say that he has got a little club going, but would like some more members. Will CAPTAIN readers living in that district kindly make a note of the fact?

Sidney M.—I have already said that I cannot establish an exchange column or page, for stamps or anything else, in this magazine. Such a column or page would, I think, cause a great deal of trouble and unpleasantness. It is not wise to have dealings with strangers. A stamp collector, or any other fellow who wishes to exchange anything at all, ought to confine his bargaining to his own circle of friends.

L. C. Davis.—I am sorry your little essay on the Welsh and Scotch International Rugby match at Edinburgh was too late for insertion. It was certainly a very facetious Welshman who remarked that, "if only Evan Roberts were here he would convert any try." That is really quite good.

An Ely Captainite.—We have quite enough to do here without making out certificates for CAPTAIN Club members. You can get Army badges from Gale and Polden, who advertise in our pages.

John Fergusson.—No room for an article of that nature. You can learn how to build a model locomotive from any of several books on the subject published by Dawbarn and Ward, and Percival Marshall and Co. Ask them to send you a list.

Nineteen.—If you and your girl friends desire to bring out a magazine, and only want to print 100 copies a month, and intend your magazine to be about half as thick as THE CAPTAIN without the advertisements, it will take all the pocket money you and the "eleven other girls" have ever had or ever will have. Illustrations will make it all the more expensive. You ought to be able to get out a nice little paper for a few pounds per month. If you explain to a local printer exactly what you want to do, he will give you an estimate, and then, if you like to send a "dummy" copy of your paper to me, with his estimate, I can tell you whether it is or is not a fair estimate.

Botany Bay (a correction).—In our November number we printed a photograph of which the

underline was, "Botany Bay, the famous Australian Penal Settlement." "Seapointer" writes from Seapoint, Cape Town, to tell me that the view we gave is of Botany Bay, Seapoint, South Africa, and not the famous Australian penal settlement. I am sorry we made such a mistake, but I had no idea there were two Botany Bays.

Walter Jungius.—I thank you for your kindly expressions with regard to my humble self, but I fear I cannot print your poetry. To be quite candid, Mr. Jungius, I fear you are not a poet.

L. M.—There is a certain amount of force in your little poem, "By One of the Unemployed," but I should say it would be more suitable for one of the Sunday or evening papers. I hope you will succeed in placing it satisfactorily.

Volunteer.—Thank you for your interesting letter. It is impossible for our artists to be always correct in all technical details. Only a man so well up in soldiering as yourself will spot little errors in accoutrements, &c. Myself, I think it is very wonderful that our black-and-white artists should do so well when it comes to putting in details of uniforms. For instance, see how well Mr. Stanley Wood depicts the old Puritan style of dress. At the same time, doubtless, Mr. Wood is illustrating a military series in another magazine, and possibly a book in which the illustrations are likewise of a "costume" order, to use a stage phrase. Yes, on the whole, I don't think we have much to grumble at in the work of CAPTAIN artists.

Mr. Kipling's Technicalities.—"Palette" writes: "I see your reviewer expresses a dislike for Rudyard Kipling's technicalities. Now, to my mind, engineering names and terms are very simple; in fact, they explain themselves. No man could do what Kipling does without dropping into technicalities. Any writer could say so-and-so happened to a steamer's engines, but it takes a Kipling to tell in simple language what led up to it, and how it happened, so that the scene is brought vividly before you. Nothing is said by the critics about the highly technical descriptions of India. The names and Indian words were very puzzling—indeed, so puzzling that a glossary had to be attached to his first book. I hope I have made my meaning plain."

A Correction.—The photograph on page 55 of the March number was incorrectly described as "The Old Bridge, Maidenhead." It is a picture of the Wye Bridge and Cathedral, Hereford. I am much obliged to those correspondents who have pointed out the error.

Percival Dacre.—I cannot tell you where you can get Vol. II. of THE CAPTAIN. We can sell it you, as the first eight volumes are out of print. You might possibly procure it by advertising in the *Bazaar, Exchange and Mart*.

"Chicken."—Many thanks for your pottery, ware letter-weight. It is pleasant to handle, but I think it might have been less grotesque in design.
"New Captainite."—I will ask Mr. Williams to give you some hints re a cycling tour in Ireland. See next month's issue.
"Welsh-wisher," "A School Boy," and others want to know when we are going to have articles of their respective schools. I can only refer them to our crowded space, and assure them that we hope to deal with every school of importance in course of time.

"**A Watson Boy.**"—Another reader was before you with an account of the Scottish Schools Rugby Championship. "**Q. E. R.**" (I hope that's right.)—Your verses are pleasant, but there is nothing very meritorious about them. You must strike out into a more original line. Thousands of poets have sung the charms of Spring. "**Man-cuniensis.**"—Protest received, read, and made a note of. But "The Latest" is not meant to be bound up with the volume. It is mainly intended to form a literary supplement to the advertisements. **Murray Purvis.**—Your essay on Japan is all right, but I fear I cannot find room for it, as I have a great deal of matter previously accepted that is impatiently awaiting its turn. **C. T. Sinclair.**—That was all very well as a laughable adventure, but we want our essays to have a lot more real stuff in them than yours has. **John Bull.**—Your description of a German duel is well enough done, but it is an old subject that has been dealt with scores of times in the magazines. **G. F. Crouch.**—The list you give in your little essay of men who have made their names famous in both the cricket and football fields is pretty well known to the public, I think. Essays for us should contain facts which are not widely known. **E. W. Soulsby.**—The themes of your poems are commendable, but you have yet much to learn in regard to phrasing and

metre. **Satisfied.**—I am printing just one more "Experience Under Chloroform," and that must finish up the subject, so I fear I cannot find room for your little account. **Claud Foster.**—I am afraid your photos. are not quite good enough to publish in THE CAPTAIN. A really good photo. of those 900-foot-high cliffs would be quite suitable. **Query.**—Your question has been answered over and over again in THE CAPTAIN. Look through your back numbers. **H. W. Vivian.**—See reply to "Recruit" last month for particulars re Club. "**Exon.**"—Apply to the Foreign Office re consular posts. **H. C. B. R.**—Clubbed. Buy a "Tit-Bits" copy-book to improve your writing. "**Porangi Potae.**"—"A Match and a Meal" is accepted. **Iguana.**—Mr. Step will reply to your letter. I am not the gentleman you mention. **G. H. R. Laird.**—In time we may revert to the old style. We shall see.

Letters have also to be acknowledged from:—L. M. Rowlands, "Russia's Fidis Achates," "Strombole," J. H. A. (have noted your suggestions), L. Ingram, Aldridge Kershaw, M. W. R. "Te wahine Roa," W. E. Wright, "Girl Reader," H. W. B. Ryan, K. H. McClure, C. L. Fisher, "Natas," J. W. Chisholm, C. Grant (S. Australia), "An Old Boy" (Hull), Austin C. Cooper.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of March Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Authors."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: William Blann Melf, 40 Fonthill-road, Aberdeen, N.B.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: L. Barefoot, 13 Wexford-road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Crossley, Harry Freeman, Alfred J. Glass, H. G. Tucker, H. S. Mitchell, Jessie Procter, Jack H. Gamble, P. R. Laird, Norma Walford, G. E. Mitchinson, P. M. Cook, Sidney B. Wood.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: Gordon F. Bainbridge, Clayesmore School, Pangbourne, Berks.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Stella Camroux, 30 Overstrand Mansions, Battersea Park, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Vincent C. Bruce, Frank Gates, William J. Allum, Alan Thwaites, Harold Smith, H. W. Bridgman, Evelyn Harris, H. T. Ringham, Cecil Malden, L. Jenkins, J. F. King.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "NEW COLUMBIA" GRAPHOPHONE: E. Jordan, Bridge-street, Walton-on-Thames.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Willie Spence, Vernon Bartlett, H. G. Gregson, Dorothy Dockree, Henry Billingham, F. H. M. Georgeon, F. W. R. Greenhill, Eric P. Mey, Chas. J. Macdonald Cecil Ryder, J. H. Burrell, B. J. Michæl.

No. II.—"A March Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: George E. Russell, 4 Chandos-road, Causeway, Staines.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Benjamin Corbyn, 46 High-street, Lowestoft.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric M. Ritchie, Harold Scholfield, A. McFadyean, Ethel Hutchings, Lizzie Q. Allen, W. L. Dndley, Frank Haslam, D. Buckwell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: C. E. P. Brooks, 33 Drayton Park, Highbury.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Harold Jones, Belle Vue, near Pontypool, Mon.; Thomas Cooke, 35 Dudley Drive, Hyndland, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: L. A. Pavey, H. G. Nicolson, G. Startin, C. A. Wheeler, A. H. Sinden, W. M. Marshall, C. M. Hearn, A. K. Fullerton, A. W. Dobbin.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "GRADIDGE" CRICKET BAT: Leslie L. Norris, 18 Lansdowne-road, Tottenham, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Bertie Barnes, Robert Edwards, Newman A. Hobbs, Teulon L. Mills, C. E. Phillips, Ruby

Gladman, Phyllis Palm, H. Cridge, Wilfrid Adams, A. B. Hodge.

No. III.—"Captain's Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF BOOKS: C. M. Le Mesurier, Warwick House, Clarendon-road, Jersey, C.I.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edith M. Nanson, 9 Stockwell Park Crescent, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, M. MacOwen Hall, V. M. Bland, Ursula M. Peck, A. A. Kerridge, Evelyn Hewitt, C. Messervy, E. A. Lyne, W. Macpherson, E. P. W. Shephard, L. M. Thomas.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF BOOKS: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton-road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Gwendolen Okeden, Stutton House, Ipswich; Ethel M. Parsons, Victoria-road, Oswestry, Shropshire.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. Hutchins, T. W. Spikin, A. McLadyean, Muriel Holder, E. S. Brooks, L. Tucker, C. Maisey, G. C. P. Toulmin, Dorothy Nanson, L. J. Hodson.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF BOOKS: Olive M. Tomkins, 29 Patrick-road, West Bridgford, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percy Hartill, A. L. Cranfield, Mabel Churchill, Dorothy Osmond, M. Rose Sandes, E. D'Auvergne, Bertram Robson, A. J. Baynon, Nesta A. Lewis, R. Middleton.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-road West, St. Anne's-on-Sea, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Winter Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. J. Smith, T. Muir, Alexander Scott, P. J. Alexander, Charlie Hill, E. A. Notcutt, J. H. Pollock, E. W. Reeve, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: G. S. B. Cushnie, 182 Grove-street, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: D. A. Christian, 396 Great Western-road, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. P. Cole, G. Chance, F. S. Piper, J. Gill, K. W. Dowie, J. Aitken, H. T. Haile, M. Babington, T. H. Chapman.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Morley Copeman, Town View, Wincanton, Somerset.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. C. Kershaw, 100 Talketh-street, Southport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jasper Williams, J. J. Currie, H. G. Wells, Cedric Burrell, E. R. Exell, G. Phillips, Dorothy Dale, F. E. Pendry.

No. V.—“England Team v. Australia.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF “BENEFINK” CRICKET BAT: W. G. Haysman, The Nunnery, Thetford, Norfolk.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. C. King Scott, John S. Kennedy, Sidney B. Wood, J. A. Lewton-Brain, John J. Hogg, George Spaven, G. Greenwood, R. W. Highsted, Herbert Constance, W. F. Dray, C. H. Whetham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF “BENEFINK” CRICKET BAT: J. Walter Jones, 10 Plasnewydd-terrace, Neath, Glam.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. Spencer Leeming, N. Miles Kemp, H. J. A. Crooks, Frank Barnes, C. H. Joynt, J. R. Atwell, A. Smith, J. B. Rowley, G. E. Russell, R. G. Pye, W. R. Powell, A. H. Hughes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF “BENEFINK” CRICKET BAT: W. H. Strike, 53 Leicester-road, East Finchley, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. H. Morgan, 7 Barrass-road, Seghill, Northumberland; Ian K. Hunter, Union Bank House, Elgin, N.B.; Eric Harvey, Abingdon School, Abingdon, Berks.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. H. Creese, H. Freeman, Owen Squires, M. B. Jones, Olive M. Tomkins, Charles Allcock, S. A. Snythe, Arnold Rogers, H. W. Scheurmier, W. A. Stanford.

No. VI.—“Suggestion for Pictorial Competition.”

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF “GUINEA CYKO” CAMERA: F. J. Ward, 1 Leighton Villas, Dorset-road, Mottingham, Eltham.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the “Captain,” “Strand,” “Sunday Strand,” “Wide World,” “Technica,” “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 March Competitions.

No. I.—As usual a most popular competition. Only a very few competitors were fortunate enough to solve every picture correctly. No. 3 was the most difficult to solve. Neatness again counted considerably. A correct list will be found on an advertisement page.

No. II.—A large number of excellent essays were submitted, the final decision being by no means an easy task. The “March events” which found most favour with competitors were The Death of Queen Elizabeth, The Abolition of Slavery, The Battles of Towton, Mukden, and Alexandria, and the Marriage of King Edward VII.

No. III.—A considerable increase of entries this time, many of them excellently thought out and put together. Special

HONOURABLE MENTION: Alf. Owen, Elsie N. Bowley, Wm. Bullough, W. F. Dray.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF No. 2 “SCOUT” CAMERA: Henry Albert Atwell, 73 Sefton Park-road, Bristol.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. P. Goodacre, Percival Dacre, G. F. Burgess, Bernard C. Curling, Fred Hill, E. Kleinjung, Mollie Marrow, Harold Scholfield, Randolph L. Pawley.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF No. 2 “SCOUT” CAMERA: G. Don, Churchgate House, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: G. Dickson, A. W. Fox, G. D. Evans, E. L. White, J. W. Jean, H. V. Sergeant, Don Giulio Torlonia, A. Rogers, Charles Scollard.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—February.

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. W. Molesworth, 99 St. Joseph street, Toronto, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Peter Woodside (Transvaal), Robert Murray (Canada), Louisa Glasae (Cape Colony), L. F. Solly (Canada), C. Saueremann (Cape Colony), George Woodley (Canada).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Ernest Ettling, 132 Du Toitspan-road, Kimberley, South Africa.

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. H. Boyes, “Nairne,” Ednaar-road, Rondebosch, Cape Town.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Mildred Whitman (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: K. Cameron, Park-road, Cape Town.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. D. Mookerjea (India), John B. Hebden (Canada), H. H. Boyes.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: P. Govindarajulu, Myrtle House, Triplicane, Madras, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. D. Mookerjea, Ernest Ettling, K. Cameron.

mention should be made of the exceedingly clever and artistic effect sent in by Albert Allbrow, the prize-winner in Class II. Please remember to quote the source of all quotations.

No. IV.—The competition was well contested in all Classes.

No. V.—A tremendously popular competition. The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows: Hirst, Tyldesley, Rhodri Fry, Ranjitsinghi, Lilley, Warner, Bosanquet, Braund, Hayward, Jessop. Several competitors were fortunate enough to get the whole list right, especially in Class III.

No. VI.—The most popular suggestion was for a sketch of the Old Fag as he really is. Some of the suggestions will be adopted. THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

AN “ADVENTUROUS BEAST.”

“LAST night,” writes a correspondent, “I had an experience which reminded me oddly of ‘Picciola.’ I was courted by a mouse. Constrained, at all costs, to finish an article by daybreak, I sat up at work in my dining-room until the small hours of the morning. Towards two o’clock the proceedings opened with an athletic performance behind the sideboard, during which the mouse seemed to fall repeatedly from various heights. Growing bolder, it next scampered suddenly across the rug and over the fender; after this it stood still and watched me. Another scamper, and then the pretty thing frolicked about beneath an armchair, poking its little head out at me like a kitten in play. The steady scratching of my pen seemed to fascinate it, as the scoring of chalk on a board charms a rabbit. Presently there was a bustle about the chair next mine, and, after a tough piece of mountaineering up the table-cover, the bright eyes of the mouse appeared over the edge of the table. I shook the cloth. Result: panic. But, to my great surprise, the adventurous beast returned in a few minutes, swarmed up the chair and cover again, and this time absolutely advanced towards me over the table. With eyes begging friendship it came steadily on; and at last, when only a few inches from my arm, turned about and disappeared. I shall watch for it another night. The audacity of the creature piques and amazes me.”—*Daily Chronicle*, March 27th.

WHEN MARK TWAIN WAS A BOY.

[Told by Himself.]



Mr. TWAIN: "Mark, my son, I want you to weed out this flower-bed right now."

MARK (after a lengthy contemplation of the task):
"Guess, father, it would be shorter to flower out the weed-bed."



WE PUSHED HIM BY MAIN FORCE OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE.

Drawn by Stanley L. Wood.

[See page 204.]

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII.

JUNE, 1905

No. 75.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H.C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store in Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, and fall into the hands of Lepasteur, a heartless villain who makes them his slaves and by his ill-treatment renders their lives hardly worth living. One day Lepasteur, being unable to force Baywood to write home for ransom, fells him to the ground and leaves him there apparently dead. But Baywood has only been stunned, and at night, having been joined by Skeffington, makes his escape. Lepasteur and others follow on their track with a bloodhound. Baywood and his friend have travelled some distance, and are feeling confident that they have baffled their pursuers, when they encounter a company of Spanish soldiers, whose captain is at first inclined to hang them out of hand, but ultimately postpones his decision on this point until after he has breakfasted.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TABLES ARE TURNED ON LEPASTEUR.

AT last the officer finished his meal with a mighty draught of wine. We were glad to observe that his breakfast had improved his humour, for he passed the flagon to us and invited us to drink. "Now to business," said he. "Inform me of your names and quality." The Captain gave our names and station, adding some considerable embellishment in order to add to our dignity. As to himself, he was quite right in saying that he was of noble birth, for in Spain his family would have been called noble and would have had a string of names and titles long enough to stretch from London to York, though in England they were but plain country gentlefolk; but when he came to reciting the achievements and magnificence of my family he made me gape. The Spanish officer in his turn made us acquainted

with his name, which was a very long and noble one. I am grieved to say that I remember of it only that it began with Don Balthazar, which was but the preface, as it were, to a long catalogue of noble designations.

"Well," said the officer, "if all you have said be true, ye are very noble gentlemen, and I salute you. Now ere I decide on hanging you or sparing you, expound unto me what plan you possess for rooting out these rascally Frenchmen."

"How many lances have you, sir?" said the Captain.

"Twenty-three, all well mounted and armed."

"A brave company, and their commander the bravest of them," said the Captain. Here I must own that the Captain was using a figure of speech: for the soldiers' clothes were in rags, their carabines, swords and lances were old and rusted, and as for their nags, the best of them looked like the refuse of some bull-ring in Spain, rejected as unworthy even of being ripped up by a bull's horns, and Don Balthazar himself was not much better harnessed. "Yet," the Captain went on, "four-and-twenty men make but a scanty army to assault these buccaneers. They are devils, fearing neither God nor man, and it is not one nest, but twenty, that must be assaulted. Sir, courage is writ plain in your noble face, yet prudence is a virtue in a soldier as well as in another; and I would ask you to consider whether your force be sufficient to undertake any serious operation against the Frenchmen."

"It is quite true," said Don Balthazar, "that I am a stranger to fear, yet a prudent general such as I" (he was truly but an antic, or ensign) "will not run his force into danger

without counting the risk. To assault thousands of men with my poor twenty would be childish. But is there not some small hamlet or village that we could attack with safety to ourselves and good hope of plunder?"

"I know of none, sir, so small as to be carried by twenty men. Now my plan is— But first, sir, how came you to this place? by land or sea?"

"By sea, from St. Domingo. Our ship is lying in a roadstead not ten leagues hence."

"Good," said the Captain. "Now, sir, my plan is to attack the place where my friend and I were held prisoners. There are many Englishmen like us held in slavery there who would gladly join with you were your force once at hand. We can guide you thither and show you the best ambushes and approaches to the village, and that place once gained it would be a great step towards the driving out of all the buccaneers. But your force is too small, for they can muster full one hundred and fifty musquets. I advise, therefore, that you should return to St. Domingo for reinforcements. Take us with you as hostages if it pleases you, and you and ourselves will lay the case so strongly before the governor that, unless he is the most stony-hearted of men and the most short-sighted, he will give you such a force as may even make you master of the whole of this part of the island."

"It sounds well," said Don Balthazar, "yet I like it not. Suppose the governor of St. Domingo should take it into his head (which is none of the strongest) to call my return thither desertion of my post, how do I fare in that case?"

"At the worst he can but send you back to your duty."

"Well," said Don Balthazar, "I must consider of it. For to-day we will stay here where we are, while I apply myself to thought. In the meantime your lives are safe so long as ye attempt not to escape."

The rest of the day we lolled under the shade of the trees. Our own meat and drink were exhausted, and we must needs share with the soldiers, who, to be just, were compassionate of our needs and very ready to nourish us out of their own penury. As for Don Balthazar, he seemed to have plenty to eat and drink, but he kept it to himself and did not share with his men, still less with us wanderers. At nightfall we lay down and slept. In that climate there is no need of tent or blanket, and but for the moschetoës and other venomous insects one may lie under the canopy of heaven as snug as among goose-feathers.

It was little the Captain or I cared for the attacks of insects, and after our two nights' toil we slept soundly.

It must have been near morning when I was awakened by the Captain's voice in my ear, whispering softly,

"Jack, listen!"

I listened, and could hear nought for a while save the murmurs which all night long haunt forests. Then I heard the well-known sound of baying of hounds coming down the still air.

"I'll be bound that those rascally Frenchmen have hit our trail," said the Captain. "Well, it is all in our favour just now. We must break Don Balthazar's slumbers."

The Captain crept cautiously towards the sentinel, and at some peril of being shot by him in the darkness acquainted him with what we had heard. The soldier's ears were not so well trained as ours, yet as the sounds drew nearer he too heard them presently, and went and aroused Don Balthazar, telling him that it was we who had first given the alarm. Don Balthazar was a man of some skill in petty ambushes and surprises, and he got his party under arms in silence and darkness, posting them in such a manner that any person advancing in the direction from whence came the sounds must needs fall into their midst. So well did the Don lay his plan and draw forth his men that in very few minutes four men were lying on their backs on the ground, having been captured well-nigh without a shot fired, and at the ear of each was a pistol in the hand of a soldier, while the bloodhound was seized, being muzzled, and tied to a tree. The four men were carefully bound and gagged in order to prevent them from giving any alarm, and the whole party, excepting a sentinel, rolled over to finish their sleep, a duty for which a Spaniard is at all times ready.

No sooner was it daylight than the Captain and I went to look upon the prisoners. To our great pleasure the first was our tyrant Lepasteur, the second the villainous Sebastian, the third an *engagé* named Jacques who had endeared himself to Lepasteur not less by his wickedness and brutality than by his skill in hunting, and the fourth was our friend Jeffrey Horton.

"Why, Jeffrey," said I, "what means this?"

"That is rather a question for me to pose and for you to answer," said Jeffrey. "It seems to me that I am in somewhat of a mess."

"Well, but how come you to be out with these men, Jeffrey?"

"Why, it is a long story, but this is the



pith of it. First of all you know that by this time I ought of right to be a free buccaneer."

"Yes."

"But it seemeth that this wretch Lepasteur, when he sold me to his nephew, cheated him as he cheats everybody. He told him that I had still two years of my time to run instead of a bare six months."

"Yes, I can well believe that of Lepasteur," said the Captain. "Well, his evil deeds are nearly ended, that is one comfort."

"This I did not know until a day or two ago," went on Jeffrey. "I think it was the day before yesterday, though indeed my brain is not over clear. I went forthwith to visit Lepasteur, intending to upbraid him; for the nephew designed to keep me in his service until the time at which Lepasteur had told him my servitude would end. I found Lepasteur, Sebastian and Jacques very busy making ready to track you two gentlemen, who, they told me, had marooned."

"No sooner did I hear this than it came to my mind that Barnabas Skeffington, John Baywood and Jeffrey Horton ought to be a match for any three Frenchmen, and that it might be a comfort to you if I were with you when ye were caught. I therefore feigned anger with you to such effect that they begged me to make one of their agreeable little party; and with the aid of this dog we hit upon your trail and tracked you hither, travelling day and night, until I am well nigh spent with fatigue. Now are we fallen into this ambuscade, and according to my way of thinking I am in a fine pickle. Unless you can think of some means of saving me I am of opinion that I shall presently be hanged."

"Thou art not dead yet, Jeffrey, my boy," said the Captain, "and, please God, we shall all of us scrape our bones out of the fire yet. So keep up a good heart."

By this time Don Balthazar was awake and came to visit his prisoners. After he had looked upon them he said to Captain Skeffington, "Sir, do you know aught of these men? Whatever you and your young friend may be, ye will hardly deny that these four are buccaneers."

"No, sir," said the Captain, "indeed I do not deny it. I must tell your Excellency that these three ferocious-looking villains are the very men at whose hands my friend and I have suffered so great hardships. They have tracked us hither by means of this fierce dog, and but for your valour and prudence, sir, we should doubtless have been torn in pieces."

"And who is this young man?" said Don

Balthazar, looking upon Jeffrey. "He seemeth not to be so hardened a scoundrel as the others."

"Indeed he is not," said the Captain. "He is a poor innocent young Englishman, whom these bloodthirsty men have taken captive and have ill-used as they have ill-used us. Why they have forced him to accompany them it is not hard to guess. They designed that he should share our fate after they had caught us. So cruel are they that they would not have stuck to tie us to trees and leave us to perish of hunger, or perchance to pin us to the earth near an ant-hill, so that the ants might eat our living flesh piece-meal."

"What have the prisoners to say? What have ye to say, dogs, ere I hang you up to trees?" Don Balthazar spoke in Spanish, whereof the prisoners understood little.

"Shall I interpret, sir?" said the Captain.

"Yes," said the Don.

"Now, thou psalm-singing hypocrite, Lepasteur," said the Captain, in the French tongue, "make an answer. Is there any reason why thy wicked old carcase should not be hanged by the neck?"

"Captain, my dear friend," said Lepasteur, "entreat this noble gentleman for me, I beg you, that he spare my life. I am an old man, Captain, I always loved and honoured you."

"This aged prisoner begs for mercy, your Excellency," said the Captain. Then he said to Lepasteur, "Old fox, thou hadst so queer a way of showing thy love and respect for me that I freely own that I knew not of it. Pray, old Lepasteur, if thou canst, for in no long time thou wilt be hanged."

"And what have the others to say?" asked Don Balthazar.

"Nothing," said the Captain, for the others had more spirit than their master, and would not pray for mercy.

"Hang them up," said the Don.

"All of them, sir?" said the corporal, who was waiting with a rope in his hand.

Before Don Balthazar could answer, the Captain, who was exceedingly afraid for Jeffrey's neck, if not for our own as well, said, "Your Excellency, may I offer a proposal?"

"Well, what is it?"

"These wretched men are the captives of your sword and of your bow. If it should square with your better judgment, might it not be a good thing if you were to carry them to the governor at St. Domingo as an earnest of future performance? He will surely thank you for the polite attention."

"For a prisoner," said the Don, "you are somewhat ready to offer counsel unasked."

Howbeit, you say well. This very day, after we have had breakfast, we will set forth and take them with us in our ship to St. Domingo. Ye shall come too, and it will be hard if among us we cannot get our way with the governor and obtain a force large enough to make an end of these Frenchmen. Is this hoary-headed old man worth a ransom, think you ?”

“To speak the truth,” said the Captain, “I believe there is not a man living who would pay a penny to save this old rascal from hanging, but there are hundreds who would gladly pay many dollars to see him dangling in the air.”

“Good,” said Don Balthazar. “He shall be judged at St. Domingo, and I do not doubt that justice will be done.”

After breakfast we set forth, the soldiers mounted and the prisoners on foot. The Captain and I were suffered to go at large, though closely watched ; but the other captives had their arms bound, and each was watched by a soldier with loaded carabine. In three days or thereabouts we came to the southern coast of the island, our way lying partly through forest and partly across open savannah. We found the Spaniards’ ship, a caravel of some two hundred tons burthen, lying off the shore, and we embarked, Don Balthazar taking with him the prisoners and three of the soldiers as a guard. The remainder of the soldiers he sent back inland with orders to *rendez-vous* at a certain place in eight days from that time and there to await his coming.

CHAPTER X.

OF WHAT HAPPENED ON THE CARAVEL.

THE crew of the caravel was fifteen men, besides the master. He was of mixed blood, being one half a Spaniard and the other half English ; the master’s mate was a pure Spaniard, and of the rest some were Spanish and some English, for there were many of our countrymen about the West Indian islands so broken and cast down by fortune as to be driven to take service with the Spaniards. There was likewise a Genoese on board, and two Indians kept for their skill in catching of turtle.

Now it was no part of Captain Skeffington’s device that the ship should reach St. Domingo. We had barely set sail when he bade me go among the English seamen and sound them whether they would aid in an attempt to carry the ship into an English port. The Captain and I were bestowed among the sailors in the fore-castle, and as for the four prisoners, they were set in irons and scurvily housed between

decks, where one of the soldiers stood sentinel over them continually.

I was as yet unused to plots and stratagems, and my neck was full as tender as my conscience. I feared to find myself dangling at the yard-arm, and I therefore told the Captain roundly that I would have naught to say to any plan for seizing the ship ; moreover, Don Balthazar had trusted us and treated us well, and I had no stomach for a course which might bring him to ruin. The Captain made very light of my scruples.

“Tush, Jack,” he said, “the Don deserveth it. He spared our lives, not out of any love for us, but hoping to gain advantage for himself. Moreover, he has basely deserted his post without command, and I doubt not will be hanged as soon as he comes to St. Domingo, so that we shall be doing him no disservice if we set him ashore in a boat. Therefore, Jack, I bid thee (as I have bidden thee before) be not a fool, but do as thou art bid.”

I had no skill in chopping logic, and I doubt not I should have been convinced by the Captain’s argument. However, while he was yet speaking the soldier with whom we had shared our breakfast the morning we were caught by the Spaniards, and whose name was Diego, came up to us, and said,

“Gentlemen, I kiss your hands.”

“And we yours, brave Diego,” said the Captain and I.

“Gentlemen, I come to give you warning,” continued Diego. “I have overheard Don Balthazar talking with the mate since we came on board, and it is his design, as soon as we reach St. Domingo, to deliver you up to the governor so that ye may be hanged along with the other prisoners.”

“Are you certain of this ?” said the Captain.

“I would I were as certain of Heaven,” said Diego.

“Very well,” said the Captain. “We will not forget how you have helped us, Diego. Now hark ye, friend ; do you and the other soldiers love this Don Balthazar ?”

“As much as Satan loveth holy water, no more. He has ill-used me and my fellows, and robbed us of our pay and rations,” said Diego.

“Good. Now, Diego, if I can show you and your comrades a way by which ye may escape such sorry usage, and instead of being beaten-half starved and robbed, ye may blossom forth into gentlemen, rich and free, will ye join me ? will ye be faithful and silent ?” said the Captain.

“That I will, gladly,” said Diego.

“What of your comrades ?”



WE SET FORTH, THE SOLDIERS MOUNTED AND THE PRISONERS ON FOOT.

"I can answer for them too," said Diego. "nevertheless I will approach them with caution, and will not let out more than I recall again."

This conversation took away my doubts at once, and I became hot for the success of the Captain's scheme. If the wind held as it then was, we should make St. Domingo by the evening of the second day, and there was therefore no time to be lost. I went forth with amongst the crew with a light heart, and found that the Englishmen, one and all, were easily won. They were men of desperate fortunes, and they caught eagerly at any chance of escaping from the hated service of the Spaniard, which nothing but necessity had compelled them to undertake. One of these Englishmen, a man of some pretension to family and of a good education, though long since utterly ruined, Joseph Tonks by name, undertook the task of sounding the Spaniards and opening the design to those whom he thought safe. Captain Skeffington meanwhile had gone about to see if anything could be done with the master, who we considered might be disposed to give us a helping hand, being half English. His mate we did not think it safe to tackle.

So quickly did we go to work that by nightfall we were able to count up the chances of success. On our part we could muster Captain Skeffington, myself, and Jeffrey Horton (as soon as we could set him free from his irons), Joseph Tonks and five other English seamen, three Spanish soldiers, and four Spanish seamen. Against us were Don Balthazar, the master's mate, and five Spanish seamen, whom Tonks had not thought it safe to sound. On neither part were the master (who had promised to stand by and favour neither party), the three prisoners, and the two Indians. The risk of discovery was very great, the matter being known to so many, and we must therefore act at once. At midnight or thereabouts, it being dark and overcast, and no moon, the master had the watch and was on deck; his mate being below in his berth, which was amidships. On deck with the master were but two out of the five Spaniards to whom the matter had not been opened, the remaining men on watch being of our party. Captain Skeffington and I crept softly into the cabin and there found Don Balthazar sleeping on a locker. He was snoring loudly, and his mouth wide open, which was convenient for us to slip into it a gag. This awakened him, yet he could not cry out, and in a trice we had him safely pinioned. The Captain said to me,

"There is one accounted for. Now, Jack, I

mistrust the master. It is true that he hath spoken fair, yet I am sure that he hath some crafty plot, for it standeth to reason that he will not stand by and see the ship taken from under his nose. Therefore, my judgment is that before this affair goeth further we should entice the master into this cabin and let him bear Don Balthazar company."

"Captain," said I, "I am embarked in this plot under your orders. Yet I make so free as to tell you frankly that I love not these treacherous dealings."

"It is a case of sink or swim, Jack. What dost thou think our necks would be worth if the Dons should get the better of us now? Do thou go tell the master that I would speak with him in the cabin. Follow close at his heels, and we will have dealings with him as soon as he is within the door."

I went to seek the master, and on my way I met with Joseph Tonks.

"Is the master on deck, Master Tonks?" said I.

"No, Master Baywood, he is not."

"Where is he?"

"That I cannot tell you to a fathom or two, seeing that I know not the depth of the seas in these parts. The master hath had a sore mishap."

"A mishap?"

"Even so. He was gazing over the bulwarks into the sea, and so deep was he in thought that he had the ill-fortune to fall overboard."

I went back to the Captain and reported what Tonks had told me. The Captain came forth of the cabin and spoke to Tonks in much anger.

"Pray, Mr. Tonks," said he, "did you by any chance assist him to fall over the ship's side?"

"Captain Skeffington," replied Tonks, "ask me no questions, and it may so fall out that you will spare me the pain of telling you any lies. As for the master, his death is an advantage to us all. I knew him well and he was not to be trusted."

"Mr. Tonks," said the Captain, "I will be plain with you. If there are lives taken except in fair fight, you and I will quarrel."

"We cannot stay now to argue," said Tonks. "I promise you I am not fond of taking life without urgent need. But we are losing time; we must get such arms as there are on board and secure the prisoners."

"Don Balthazar is already safe," said the Captain. "Now for the mate, unless you, Mr. Tonks, have sent him to join the master?"

"Not I," said Tonks. "I will go below and call him on deck, if you two gentlemen will be ready to seize him."

Tonks went below and told the mate that

the master desired to speak with him on deck. No sooner did his head and shoulders appear above the hatchway than the Captain and I seized and bound him. He cried out, and the two Spanish seamen who were on

The five seamen whom we had bound no sooner understood what business was on hand, than they desired with one accord to be allowed to cast in their lot with us, and they were therefore cast loose, leaving us as prisoners



THE CAPTAIN AND I SEIZED AND BOUND HIM.

deck came running to his help, but they were immediately captured and bound by the other seamen of the watch; and those men that were below also secured the remaining Spaniards who were not in the plot. The ship was thus in our power without the loss of one life except that of the master.

but the master's mate and Don Balthazar, together with Lepasteur, Sebastian and Jacques, for as soon as I could find a moment's leisure I ran below with a hammer and speedily knocked off Jeffrey Horton's irons.

There were two matters which must be presently ordered, the first, whither we were to

direct our voyage, and the second, what was to be done with the prisoners. All hands came aft, and a mighty hubbub arose, each man saying what came uppermost, until there was a noise of English and Spanish tongues that one might have thought the matter to be decided on was the building of the Tower of Babel. At length Tonks sprang up on the windlass with one of the ship's lanterns in his hand, and roaring as if he were in a tempest said, first in English and afterwards in Spanish,

"Gentlemen, to reduce this debate to something of order, I offer that for this night the ship be hove-to; that until morning Captain Barnabas Skeffington be our Captain, and that he shall appoint who shall stand watch with him. In the morning, when our spirits are cooler, we will make choice of a Captain and Lieutenant, in accordance with the custom of these seas, and will also agree upon a course to be taken with our prisoners. Meanwhile, perhaps Captain Skeffington would be pleased to command that a ration of rum be served round to cheer our hearts."

Tonks' proposal was accepted, and after the rum had been served out, order was restored; the ship was hove-to; and, the Captain having made choice of men to stand watch, the rest of the crew went below.

In the morning, after a scanty breakfast, for the caravel was but ill-provisioned, all hands mustered aft; and, not to weary the reader with the long debate that followed, Captain Skeffington was chosen Captain, and Tonks Lieutenant; and to gratify the Spanish part of the crew Diego, the Spanish soldier, was elected to be Sub-lieutenant. The next business was the disposal of the prisoners. On this matter there was great diversity of opinion; for the Spaniards were of the mind that every one of the prisoners should be hanged forthwith, or cast overboard to the sharks, as the safest course for our own necks, while the Englishmen were for the most part of milder counsel. In the end the gentler course prevailed, and it was agreed that the ship should put in towards the shore, and that the prisoners should be landed in a boat. Don Balthazar could then, if he would, keep *rendez-vous* with his men, the mate must settle matters with Don Balthazar as best he could, and Sebastian and Jacques could return to their former pursuits, unless indeed the two Spaniards should overcome and slay them.

On taking into consideration the case of Lepasteur, it was not thought right to deal with him so easily. His many barbarities to ourselves and other unhappy persons who

had come into his power were justly thought to merit punishment. A Court was therefore constituted to give him a fair trial. The Captain, Horton and myself were the accusers, Tonks was sworn as judge, and the rest of the ship's company as assessors, or jurors.

It was fully proved against Lepasteur that he had used us and others with the greatest inhumanity, and in particular that he had incited Sebastian to kill me, and on the overseer's refusing to do so had with his own hand struck me a blow with the intention of murdering me. When called upon for his defence he had none to make. He burst out into prayers for mercy and compassion on his grey hairs and so forth; but Tonks, addressing him with greater soberness and dignity than I had expected, bid him remember, that, as in times past he had closed his ears to the prayers of his victims, so now he would find none to hearken to his cries. The Court with one accord found him guilty; and the sentence pronounced was that he should that same day at sundown be hanged by the neck, and that his body should be cast overboard. His doom being thus set forth, Lepasteur's manner changed, and he set himself to make ready for death. He asked for a Bible, but none was to be found on board that ungodly ship; and during the rest of the day we heard him repeat texts of Scripture, and prayers; and now and again he would sing some snatch of a hymn; memories still clinging in his mind of days long ago when he was an innocent lad, frequenting the Protestant temples of Nantes or La Rochelle with his parents. I was much moved at seeing his piety, and had it rested with me I believe that I should have spared his life. But the others were of juster temper. Ere the sun touched the horizon a block had been made fast at the main yard-arm, and a rope rove through it, and presently Lepasteur's soul had gone before the judgment-seat of God. Up to the last he was heard to be praying; and I can but hope that he hath found that mercy which he denied to others, and which on earth was denied to him.

CHAPTER XI.

WE CAPTURE A SHIP WITH MUCH TREASURE.

HERE were but two boats that belonged to the ship, and one of these we gave to the prisoners and so sent them ashore at a part where it was lonely and unfrequented. We gave them a pair of oars, but no arms or provisions; and how they fared.

and whether they fell to fighting when they came to the land, or whether they went their several ways in peace; and how Don Balthazar explained matters to the governor of St. Domingo (if ever he arrived there). I know not.

Now, although Captain Skeffington and Lieutenant Tonks had been lawfully chosen officers of the ship, according to the custom of those seas, their sovereignty was a very limited one. The custom was that in the working of the ship, or in giving commands during a fight, the officers were supreme; but in other matters, such as the service in which the vessel was to be employed, or where the cruising-ground was to be, they were but *pari inter pares*. Every man had an equal voice, except, indeed, the Indians; who, as it was supposed, had no souls, and consequently no votes; though for my part I thought them much better worth saving than three-fourths of the crew. I wished for nothing save to get home once more, and I besought the Captain to turn the ship's head towards Barbadoes forthwith, in hopes of finding a vessel sailing for New England. He was well disposed to the same thing, but Lieutenant Tonks would have none of it.

"No indeed, Captain," said Tonks, "here you have brought me and these other men to mutineer, and now it seems all we are to do is to run into Barbadoes, and perchance our necks into a noose. No, no; we are now free filibustiers of the ocean, and I tell you that your life would not be safe if my mess-mates knew what you propose. Now be not angry, Captain. Remember you are not Captain of a King's ship, or even skipper of a merchantman; and I speak only for your good; and when once a thing is said to Joseph Tonks it goes no further. I cannot say that I have any great stomach for this filibustering business myself; but I am a desperate man, and the plunder, when we get any, will be very useful to me."

"Well, lieutenant," said the Captain, "it seems we are embarked under filibustering rules, and there need be no fear but that my friends and I will be faithful and brave; I hope fortunate as well. So Barbadoes must go for the present. But I will beg your judgment on two matters; the first concerns the arming and provisioning of the ship, which at present is very slenderly provided in these respects. The second is the number of Spaniards we have on board. In my poor opinion, if it comes to a fight with a Spanish ship, our Spaniards will be as likely to turn against us as to be of service in the fight."

After a long discussion it was concluded that a course should be laid for the island of St. Kitt's, or St. Christopher, where the lieutenant said he knew of a safe and secret harbourage. There a party could go on shore, and by fair means or foul obtain a fitting supply of provisions and water, and perhaps of arms as well. On the second point, that is to say, the great number of Spaniards on board, it was agreed to make a proposal to the crew that we should divide into two companies, the one to contain all the Englishmen and the other all the Spaniards. The plunder and provisions which should be taken from the first ship captured by us should be divided fairly between the two companies; and lots should be cast to decide which company should abide by the caravel and which should take to the captured ship; and so the two companies should part in all friendliness.

On the proposals being put to the ship's company, and the reasons explained, they were carried by a majority of voices. Divers other rules were likewise agreed upon for our conduct while upon the caravel; as that there be no needless bloodshed; no lives to be taken except in fair fight, nor after quarter asked; and that there should be no quarrelling on board.

Our first venture was a fortunate one. On the second day of our cruise, it being about two hours after noon and our course fair for St. Kitt's, we espied a brig under Spanish colours, some league or so to leeward. It was determined to attack and capture this brig; and, therefore, the Captain having exacted an oath from the Spaniards that they would be faithful in the fight, we made all sail and hoisted the Spanish flag likewise. Seeing our colours to be the same as their own, those on board the brig made no haste to avoid us, and our sailing being greatly swifter than theirs we presently came within shooting space and made signals that they should heave-to. The caravel looked very warlike, being pierced for guns on her main-deck, though in truth there was but one gun aboard, a paterero, which threw but a small shot, and although we had a good number of small arms aboard, our store of powder, bullet and match was low, in accordance with the character of Spaniards, who will always do a matter with half a heart, as if it were not worth the doing well. However, when the people on board the brig forebore to obey our signal, what did we do but load our paterero and cast a shot across her bows, and they became frightened and hove their vessel to. Captain Skeffington bade Lieutenant Tonks and Sub-lieutenant Diego

clear away our boat and go on board the prize, and he bade me go with them to see fair play, as he called it, for his trust in Tonks, or in Diego either for that matter, was of the smallest. Seven or eight of the crew tumbled into the boat, and we speedily came alongside the brig, being all well armed with pistols, swords and knives.

As we gained the deck of the brig, leaving but two men in the boat, her master came to meet us with many low bows; but seeing before him a seaman in a rough tarry jacket (for Tonks looked no better than a common sailor), instead of the Spanish King's officer he had expected to behold, he clapped his hat on his head again, and said, looking fiercely at us,

"Who be ye, that stop my ship upon the high sea?"

"Under your favour, sir," said Tonks, "we be poor mariners, who being but poorly endowed with this world's goods are fain to beg a helping hand from our neighbours. Therefore, pray let us see the manifest of your cargo."

"Ye are a set of rascally pirates," answered the master, angrily. "I thought you to be a King's ship."

"And so we were, until a day or two past," said Tonks. "Now our ship hath many kings for owners instead of one, for we are bold enough to name ourselves sea-kings. Under your favour once more, sir, we are kings who have power to enforce our decrees, which is more than can at all times and in all places be said for his Catholick Majesty. Now, sir, I have ventured to make a decree that you and your crew shall sit down yonder under the shade of the bulwarks and submit yourselves to be ironed the while my mates and I rummage your brig."

There were ten men in all aboard the brig. We in the caravel had plenty of leg-irons, and we had brought a sufficiency of them with us in the boat. A cold pistol barrel at a man's temple is a wonderful persuader, and in five minutes we had the whole ship's company comfortably ironed and sitting in a shady spot whence they could behold us ransacking their vessel. Her name was the *Madre de Dios*, and she was on a voyage from the Havanna to the port of Santander in Spain, with a cargo of hides, and small quantities of copper and sandal-wood, and there was also on board plenty of salted beef and pork, besides dried tongues, and a proportionable provision of ship's bread, wine and water, the brig being provisioned for six months at the least.

Whilst the caravel was working alongside

we busied ourselves in getting the cargo up on deck, and to make the work easier we let certain of the brig's own crew loose from their irons and made them give us their aid, to so good effect that in a few hours we had the greater part of the cargo up on deck ready for making division. Captain Skeffington came on board, and it was agreed that a fair half of the spoil should be put on board the caravel, and that the lot should not be cast until this had been done. This work kept us busy all night, and the provisions and water were likewise fairly proportioned between the two ships, a proper share being reserved for the subsistence of the prisoners, who, being Spaniards, it was agreed should follow the fortunes of the Spanish part of the company. All the arms and munitions of war which were on board the caravel (there being none on board the *Madre de Dios*) were put into a common stock and divided into two equal parts. By the time these preparations were completed, it was broad day once more, and, all being ready, the Spaniards, the Genoese and the Indians (who, poor creatures, were puffed up with pride at being put in one class with their tyrants the Spaniards), went over to one side of the deck while we Englishmen stayed on the other. Diego pulled a pair of dice from his pocket, and these were passed round the company that all might see the play was fair.

Diego first cast the dice, and threw five. Captain Skeffington threw seven; so that the choice of a ship rested with the English party. After conferring apart it was concluded that we would abide in the *Madre de Dios*, she being the smaller and handier ship for our small numbers, and to abandon the caravel to the Spaniards.

They presently bade us farewell, and departed into the caravel, taking with them the prisoners, as agreed. Now the master of the *Madre de Dios* had hitherto watched in silence while we broached his cargo and rummaged his ship, at which I had marvelled, but no sooner did he comprehend that he was to leave her and go into the caravel than he fell into a great angry heat and began to protest violently, and he kicked and struggled against us as we pushed him by main force over the ship's side and dropped him into the boat that was in waiting. He was the last to go overboard, and as soon as we had got rid of him we made sail and quickly began to move through the water. Well it was that we lost no time for when we were already a pretty distance removed from the caravel those on board of her began to halloo and bawl out to us.



shorten sail and wait for them, and when we took no notice of their outcries they presently loaded the paterero and shot at us, but the ball went very wide.

"So," said Captain Skeffington, "the Dons would be up to their tricks. I was beginning to love them well, by comparison with those evil-living Frenchmen, but methinks my passing fancy is already somewhat worn out. I wonder what it may be that is troubling them. The best thing we can do is to leave them with such speed as we can, for they are more than a match for us. See, the lubbers are only now beginning to make sail to pursue us."

The Spaniards are ever a slow and unready people, even when they move most swiftly, which is when they have some mischief or devilry in hand, and before the caravel was under way there was a full half-mile between the ships. Under our Captain's skilful handling the *Madre de Dios* showed herself a swift sailer, and although the caravel chased us all that day she could get no nearer to us by one half-inch, and the distance was too great for her to reach us with her paterero. After the night fell we changed our course and showed no lights, and when morning broke again not a sail was to be seen.

It was during that same night that we found out what it was that had so mightily troubled the master of the *Madre de Dios* when he found that he was to leave her, and what had made the Spaniards so desirous to stay in company with us when it was too late. The Captain turned in about midnight, leaving the deck to Lieutenant Tonks. He had taken the master's cabin for his own, and being a very neat man he was troubled, when he took off his coat, to find no pin in the wall to hang it on. He bade me go to the carpenter and desire him to bring a hammer and three or four nails to serve for cloak-pins. The carpenter was in his bunk, and I therefore told him that, not to disturb his beauty-sleep, I would myself take the hammer and nails and do what was needful. No sooner had I begun to hammer a nail into the ship's side than nail and all went crashing through, and the next blow struck, not the nail-head, but my thumb. Whilst I was licking my thumb the Captain said:

"This seems to be very thin timber to bear the buffeting of the waves. Jack, this is a fine hole that thou hast made, yet the water cometh not through. Let us examine into this matter," said he, as he made the hole larger and put his hand in. "Here is an open

space, a cavity or cave, cut in the thickness of the ship her side. And here, what is this? It is money—money and precious stones." So saying he pulled out a handful of golden coins, then a handful of pearls, and then more money. "Jack, there is great wealth here," he went on. "I marvel not that the Spaniard was loth to leave his doubtless ill-gotten riches, or that our late comrades showed such affection for us as to send a messenger after us when we departed from them. No doubt the brig's master imparted to them the secret of this hoard when he found his ship passing away into our hands. Now, what are we to do? Are we to be knaves and become rich men, or must we be honest and share with the ship's company?"

"I think we must even be honest, Captain," said I. "I have the best inclination in the world to go shares with you, for then I might perhaps get away home to New England; and yet when I look on yonder splintered wood, and reflect that this cabin is open well-nigh night and day to all who wish to enter, and that we have no means of repairing the damage, I conclude that, unless we desire to go over the ship's side with our wind-pipes slit, we shall do well to deal as becomes honest men."

"Thou speakest like a printed book, Jack, and what is more thou speakest truth," said the Captain. "Well, we must be honest, though indeed it is a sore temptation, for I love not the prospect of leading the life of a fibustier for the rest of my days, and with this wealth I could have gone back to Bristol and looked the owners of the *Good Hope* in the face. We must make a virtue of necessity. Go tell Lieutenant Tonks that I would speak with him."

I went on deck and desired Tonks to go below.

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT HAPPENED IN BARBADOES.

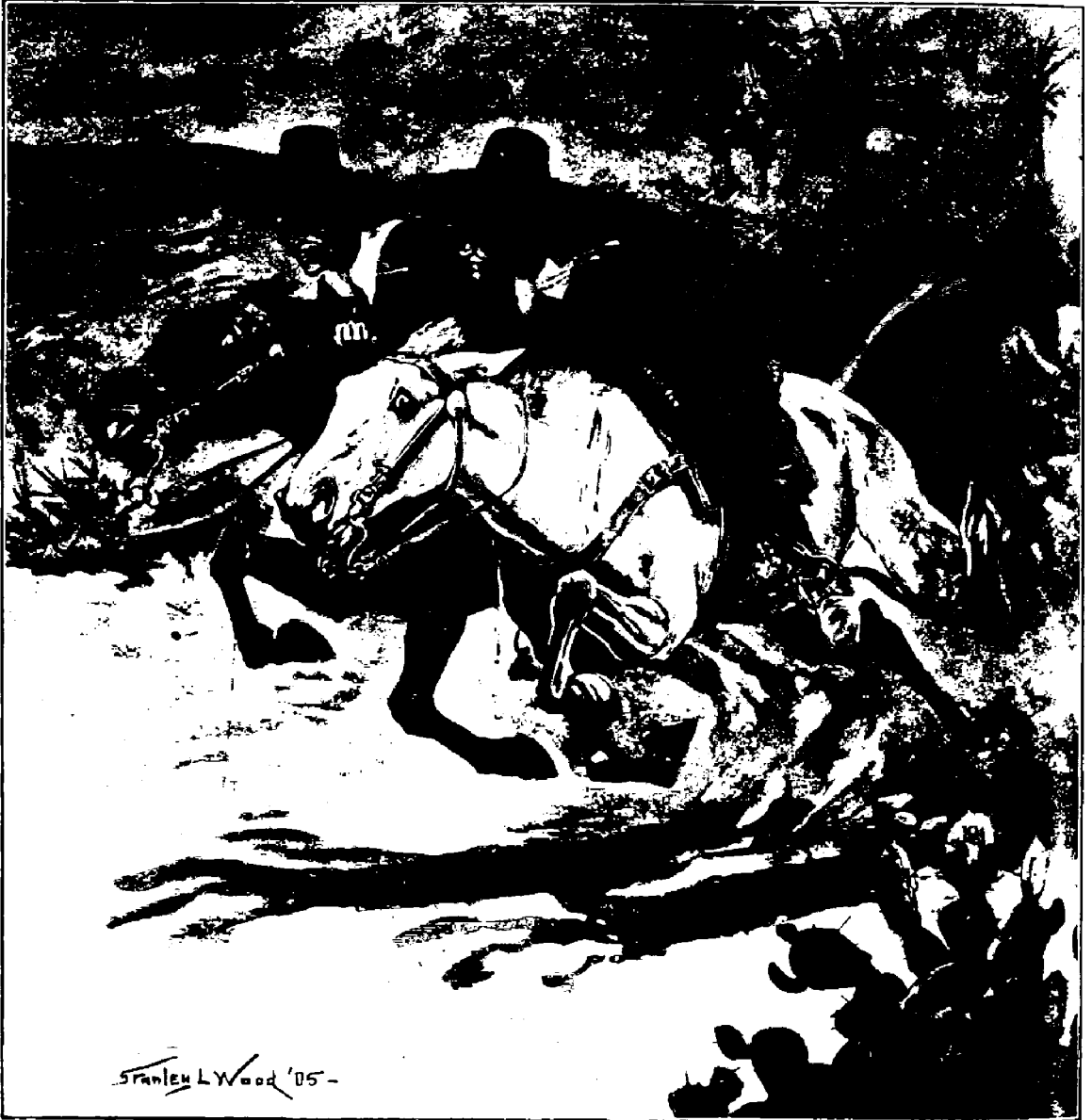
WHEN Tonks came into the Captain's cabin, and beheld the riches of the Spaniards spread out before him, his mind turned in the same direction as the Captain's and mine.

"Captain," he said, approaching his mouth to the Captain's ear and speaking softly through his bended hand, "could not we—that is to say, you and I and this honest young gentleman—make division of the spoil? To us it would be of the greatest service, but to the other men—"

"Lie upon you, Master Tonks!" exclaimed the Captain, with virtuous anger. "Is it from *you* that I hear this, the ship's lieutenant? I trust that you do but jest, sir."

"Yea, Captain, I did but jest," said Tonks, sighing deeply. "yet I cannot but think upon

plunder it may be that your share will be enough to bring you back to Devon. It seems that we are none of us overmuch in love with filibustering; you cannot long for the meadows and lanes of England more than I do, I warrant you. But hark ye, if we would, we cannot keep



THE ANIMALS SET OFF AT A HEADLONG GALLOP.

what I could do with so great riches! I am sick of the sea, and there is a cottage in my native town of Bideford, in Devon, with roses in the garden, and I know an alehouse with a sanded floor and a thrush in a cage—yet it was no more than a jest."

"Nay, do not heave such a sigh," said the Captain. "When we have counted our

this matter secret. The only thing to be done is to make fair division among all hands, and when we know the value of our shares, then if we can put our affairs in such train that we may make a voyage to England, so much the better."

To make all secure the cabin door was locked and the key put in my pocket, and I

passed the night on deck in Tonks' company, so that he might keep an eye on me. In the morning the ship's company were called aft and the captain informed them of the good fortune which had befallen. Tonks and I were appointed to carry the treasure up on deck, and it was heaped up in front of the capstan. There was a great quantity of coined gold and silver, silver in bars, pearls, a few diamonds and rubies and many stones of lesser value, the worth whereof we could not estimate.

The custom on board filibustering ships was, that after providing for the necessities of the ship, all should share and share alike, the only advantage gained by the captain being that the hull, masts and rigging of the first ship captured on any cruise belonged to him for his own use. The *Madre de Dios*, therefore, was the sole property of Captain Skeffington, and there was also paid to him, to be laid out for the ship's necessities, one hundred pieces of eight. The remainder of the treasure was now to be equally divided.

This was an easy task, so far as the coin was concerned, and the bar silver, but when it came to the precious stones it was less simple. It was arranged in this way; the Captain and Lieutenant were allowed the first and second choice, in virtue of their office, and the rest of the ship's company cast lots for the preference. In the order thus determined each man came forward and chose himself a stone, and so it went round and round until the whole treasure was gone. Then it was found that each man had money and silver to the worth of nearly £300 sterling, and a dozen or so of pearls and precious stones as well, which might be worth as much more; and there was also the value of the hides and sandalwood. These were to be sold at the first port at which we touched, so that every man had for his share money or money's worth to at least the amount of £600.

Whether or no we were to continue our filibustering cruise one thing was certain; and that was that we must presently put into some port to get provision of guns and ammunition, and likewise to get more men, for we were on board but nine souls, all told, and with that number not only could we not attack any other ship, but we should barely be able to defend ourselves and our treasure against an enemy who might have the resolution to attack us. We dared not to enter any Spanish port; and we must needs, therefore, go into the Barbadoes; running the risk of a complaint being made against us by the Spaniards for our undoubted piracy.

" 'Tis but a small risk we run," said Captain Skeffington. "First of all the Spaniards cannot be there before us, that is certain, and it is doubtful whether they would follow us thither, since they do not know we are going there, whatever they may conjecture. Secondly, I believe not that the governor would listen to any such complaint. His answer would be to remind the Dons of the many acts against ships of ours of which they have been guilty. And thirdly, I know not if the Barbadoes be held for King or Parliament at the present time; but upon this I will inform myself, and, if the worst come to the worst, I will offer my ship for the service of whichever party hath the upper hand; and a bait like that will soon convince the governor of the justice of our cause, so that he will send away the Spaniards with a flea in their ear."

The winds were favourable; and in ten days or thereabouts after we had parted company with the Spaniards we cast anchor in a roadstead of the island of Barbadoes called Carlisle Bay. This was in the month of June in the year 1643; about ten months after I had left Boston.

I determined that my first business on landing must be to search out some of the *godly* sort, as they called themselves (for many of these people had settled in the West Indies as well as in the New England plantations), and to endeavour to obtain from them some tidings of my friends at home. Our minister at Boston, Master Longwynd, corresponded with his friends in several parts of the world, and why not Barbadoes as well as anywhere else?

Captain Skeffington entered into dealings with a merchant settled at Carlisle Bay, one Amos Prickett, who agreed to take our cargo off our hands and to supply the needs of the ship; and to this Mr. Prickett I applied myself for intelligence of any persons settled in the island of the sort I wished to meet with. He was himself a sober, serious-looking man, though a keen hand at a bargain, and not too scrupulous to join a merchant-skipper in a drinking-bout if it were likely to lead to business.

"Yea," said Master Prickett in answer to my inquiry, "I can tell you of many godly persons dwelling in the island; but what may be your will with them?"

"Why, truly," said I, "to learn some news, if I can, of my friends. I am from Boston, in New England."

"Oho!" cried Prickett. "is that so? Then methinks I can tell thee thy name. Art not thou that young John Baywood who levanted from his home?"

"Sir," said I, not over-well pleased at the familiarity of this address, which I thought lacked somewhat of the respect due to a gentleman filibustier, "my name is John Baywood; but you are misinformed as to my having levanted. Pray can you tell me aught of my friends?"

"No," he said, "I cannot, but I can tell you of one who can. There is, if I am not mistaken, a minister at Boston named Longwynd."

"Quite right, sir."

"Well, this Mr. Longwynd hath for his bosom-friend, or I should rather say had, seeing that they have not met each other since they left the old country a dozen years or more ago, another minister of the same sort as himself, named Everlasting Fishe, and this Reverend Master Fishe is settled as pastor of a poor but godly congregation in a township to which has been given the sweet name of Ebenezer, some ten miles away from hence. Now, when thou wert found missing from home, young man, Master Longwynd sent letters unto Master Fishe, acquainting him that thou hadst eloped in a ship bound for Barbadoes, and praying him, in case he should hear aught of thee, to catch and send thee home again. Mr. Fishe, in his turn, besought me to make inquiry after thee among the crews of such ships as should resort to me, and there thou hast the whole story."

"I thank you for your news, sir," said I. "I will visit this worthy minister."

"Not in that rake-helly garb, I trust," said Mr. Prickett. "Thou hast the air of—of—I cannot tell what. Thou wouldst affright poor Everlasting Fishe out of his wits. I can sell thee a suit of good cloth, of the true godly cut; and thou wilt also want a mule to ride on and a slave to run by thy side."

Indeed, my blood-stained tunic and breeches, albeit the blood was but that of oxen, were no fit raiment in which to go visiting a minister of the Word.

A merchant in these outlandish places must be a jack-of-all-trades if he wishes to prosper, and Master Prickett himself measured me for my clothes and hat, after which I wished him a friendly good-day and returned on board the *Madre de Dios* to ask the Captain for leave of absence to call upon the Reverend Everlasting Fishe.

"Jack," said the Captain, "thou art a model of punctilio."

"I am pleased to hear of it, sir," said I. The Captain would always be spoken to with

deference on board his ship, however friendly we might be when ashore.

"Thou art the only one of the ship's company that hath asked leave."

"If I have offended, sir——" I began.

"Far from it, my lad. The rest of the ship's company have taken leave without the ceremony of asking, Lieutenant Tonks and all, and I shall see no more of them until all their money has been squandered. Blacks are doing the work of the ship. Thou shalt gladly have leave, Jack; and I am thankful to have one sensible man on board with me."

Jeffrey Horton, who soon tired of the so-called delights of life on shore and returned to his duty on board ship, admired my new clothes so greatly that he must needs purchase a suit, and a hat as well, and he offered to ride with me to see Mr. Fishe. I gladly bade him come, and we proceeded to hire mules and slaves for our journey from Mr. Prickett.

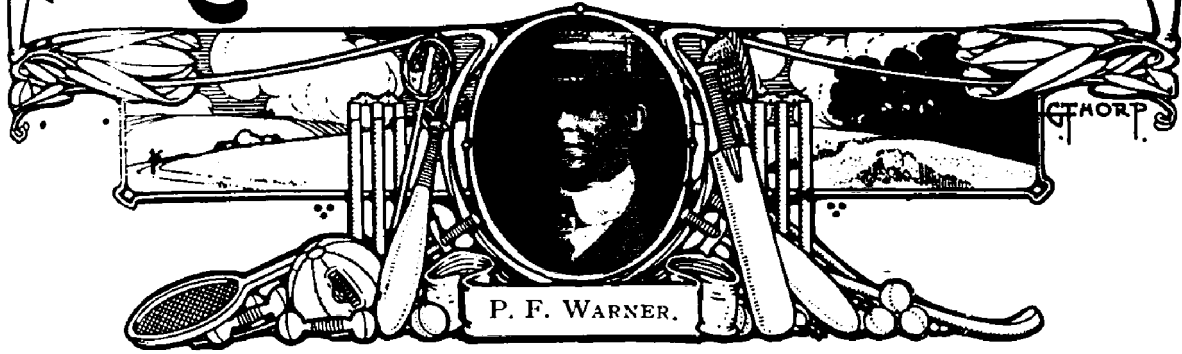
"Be careful of them," said Prickett, "and remember that they have cost me good money."

We made a fine spectacle as we rode off, mounted on our mules and with our slaves, who were African negroes and as black as ink, running behind. The first part of our way we rode along quietly enough, calling a halt now and again to mop our brows; but when we came within three miles or so of Ebenezer, Jeffrey must needs have a race to prove the mettle of our mules. The animals seemed anxious to serve us, for they set off at a headlong gallop; and the Reverend Everlasting Fishe, his two daughters and the other inhabitants of Ebenezer, were astonished to see two strange young men, dusty and very hot, galloping up the little street, clothed in black garments and very large hats, rammed down over their ears to keep them from flying away, and clinging closely and affectionately to the necks of two mules, which ran with heads down and tails in the air; while two black men, shouting and hallooing in an outlandish tongue, brought up the rear at a considerable distance.

The mules seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Fishe's hospitable door, for as they reached it they stopped suddenly with one accord, shooting their riders off into the road. We sat still where we had fallen for some few moments, wiping our faces and looking at one another in a sheepish manner, what time the good people of Ebenezer smiled gravely at our unceremonious arrival in their decorous township.

(To be continued.)

The ATHLETIC CORNER



WICKET-KEEPERS OF TO-DAY.

NO department of the game of cricket has undergone a greater change than that of wicket-keeping. Thirty years ago the idea of a man standing up to the wickets without a long-stop was barely thought of, and could Alfred Mynn and old Nyren come to life again and visit a modern ground and see Mr. Halliwell standing up to the deliveries of Mr. Kotze they would not believe their senses. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton and Mr. J. McC. Blackham, the Australian, were the first to teach us that a long-stop could be dispensed with to the fastest bowling; but even they would never have been able to do so had not the period at which they came on the scene synchronised with a general improvement in the state of the pitch. When one ball shot dead and the next got straight up, it was obviously sound tactics to have a long-stop; but to-day, on our smooth and level wickets, long-stop has become as extinct as the braces and top-hats of our forefathers.

There is something fascinating about wicket-keeping, and it is undoubtedly the best place in the field if you chance to be any good at it. Hard blows are about, but if you survive these it is a position which commands a splendid view of the game—so splendid, in fact, that it has often been said that every captain should be a wicket-keeper. Curiously enough, the only county captain at the moment who is also a wicket-keeper is Mr. MacGregor—but the wise captain will not fail to consult the stumper occasionally, and should not be above taking a hint from him.

The wicket-keeper is the most important man in the team, and to-day every county eleven has a thoroughly reliable one. Indeed, there are so many of the highest quality that one hesitates to name the actual best. Perhaps, if a vote were taken amongst first-class cricketers, Lilley, Mr. H. Martyn, Hunter, Mr. MacGregor, Strudwick, and Huish, would receive the greatest consideration.

Lilley I call our finest all-round wicket-



A. A. LILLEY (WARWICKSHIRE).
 "Our finest all-round wicket-keeper."
 PHOTO THE CAPTAIN



DAVID HUNTER (YORKSHIRE).

Photo Foster, Brighton.



MR. G. MACGREGOR (MIDDLESEX).

Photo Foster, Brighton.

keeper. It is seventeen or eighteen years now since he first appeared in the Warwickshire eleven, and he has played for England against Australia in as many as twenty-three matches.

I know no wicket-keeper who—however long the innings—watches every ball with more concentration than Lilley, and to this I attribute his almost unflinching certainty as a catcher. In the five test matches which were played the winter before last in Australia he missed one, or at the most two, catches; while, though occasionally in the early part of the tour puzzled by Mr. Bosanquet's slow bowling, in the end he seemed to guess which way the ball was going to break the moment it had left that bowler's hand. And then, standing back to Hirst, he was splendid, being very quick in getting across to that fast-swerving ball of the Yorkshireman's which goes away so quickly

on the leg side. Lilley is a tall man—quite six feet, I should think—and his height told in his favour when the ball got up quickly off the pitch. Two or three catches of this type which he made off Arnold were exceptionally quick.

As cricketers go, the Warwickshire professional is a veteran, but he seems to improve with age. In a Warwickshire and Essex match last summer he caught five and stumped two men, and in an Essex grand total of 504 he gave away only six byes. His opinion is always worth having, for he has played much cricket and has a level head.

However people may differ as to who is actually the best professional wicket-keeper in England, there is little question that Mr. H. Martyn, of Somerset, is the most brilliant amateur. Mr. MacGregor on his day is still as good as any one, but on all



F. HUISH (KENT).
Photo Foster, Brighton.

is a slap-dash hitter with a very good eye. He once got ninety odd under the hour in the 'Varsity match, but since then he has perhaps been rather a disappointing batsman.

David Hunter is an even greater veteran of the cricket field than Lilley, for he was forty-three in May, and though not quite Lilley's equal in all-round efficiency, he is still very good indeed, and in an age less rich in exceptionally fine wicket-keepers might well have "kept" for England. For many years now he has stumped and caught men out for Yorkshire—very quiet behind the stumps, but ever ready to encourage friend or foe alike with a "Well bowled, Wilfred," or "Well played," or "That was a good stroke." And then, though he goes in last, he is in reality a capital bat, with a neat style, and one of the straightest "cues" in England. When he is not playing cricket he is looking after his wonderful aviary of canaries, which he is always delighted to show you at the end of the day at Scarborough.

Mr. MacGregor is one of the greatest of the many fine cricketers Uppingham School has produced. Indeed, at the top of



MR. H. MARTYN (SOMERSET).
Photo Foster, Brighton.

days Mr. Martyn must, I think, be ranked higher than the Middlesex captain. Very tall and strong—a veritable John Ridd—no ball however fast, seems able to escape Mr. Martyn's clutches, and on the leg side he is quite marvellous. I have heard it suggested that he is a better stumper than he is catcher, but if that is so I can only say I have not noticed it. Mr. Martyn appears to me to take the ball nearer the stumps than any other wicket-keeper of the present time, and this may possibly account for his alleged unreliability in catching. Mr. Martyn has, to put it mildly, rather well-developed hands, and he is the only cricketer I know who wears two pairs of wicket-keeping gloves.

Like Lilley, he is a good bat, though in a totally different style; for while Lilley plays the orthodox forward style, Mr. Martyn

his form he was the equal, as a wicket-keeper, of even Blackham himself, and is undoubtedly the best amateur stumper there has ever been.

Cambridge University were very strong indeed at the end of the eighties and in the early nineties, and in those days there was no finer sight at cricket than MacGregor standing right up to the wicket to Mr. S. M. J. Woods'



H. STRUDWICK (SURREY).

Photo THE CAPTAIN.

terrifically fast bowling. It all looked so natural—the ball fell so easily into MacGregor's hands—and there was so little fuss about the whole thing that one scarcely knew which to admire most, the pluck and skill of the wicket-keeper or the accuracy of the bowler which made the combination possible.

At the present time Mr. MacGregor occasionally has an "off day," but at his best

he is still second to none, and in point of style probably superior to all his rivals.

As a batsman Mr. MacGregor is scarcely a stylist. To begin with, he has no wrists, but I would as soon see him in at the crisis of a match as almost any other batsman in England. He is, in fact, a very George Hirst when it is a case of fighting with one's back to the wall. For many years now he has led the Middlesex eleven with conspicuous success, for he "spots" very readily the weak points of a batsman, and is constantly giving his bowlers valuable hints. His name will live in cricket history along with that of Grace, of Spofforth, and of Blackham.

At the end of this summer those who compile the statistics of first-class cricket will probably inform you that Strudwick has caught ninety-two catches. At any rate, that was his record two years ago, though at the end of last season he fell off so much that he was left out of the Surrey eleven. Still, his decline is sure to be only that of the moment. In comparing Strudwick with other wicket-keepers it should be remembered that he occupies a unique position in that he used to play day after day on the same side as Lockwood and Richardson; it would be scarcely in the interests of Surrey for him to "stand up to" such bowlers. Consequently he received—and, it must be added, gracefully accepted—an unusual number of soft catches. In one respect he is better than any one else, and that is in his extraordinary quickness of feet. His agility is really extraordinary. At present he is not much of a bat, though he is improving, but he is a capital field near the wicket, and, fielding as a substitute on one occasion in Australia he made three fine catches. One was exceptionally good. The ball, off Rhodes' bowling, had been cocked up, and Strudwick, darting up like a Jack-in-the-box, jumped from silly-point and caught it almost on the leg side of the wicket with one hand.

Many good judges of the game think Huish, of Kent, the best wicket-keeper in England. Whether he is actually as great as all that I leave it to others to decide, though for myself I would prefer Lilley on my side as being the safest and undoubtedly the most experienced wicket-keeper we possess at the present time. Still, Huish is so excellent that he may consider himself unlucky not to have kept for the Players at Lord's. Standing back to fast bowlers like Mr. W. M.

Bradley and Fielder he is as good as any one in the world; but right up at the wicket he is almost equally good, and some of his stumps off a slow left-hander like Blythe have been like lightning in their quickness. He is very keen in dashing after the ball, and even with his pads on he can chase the leg bye or the leg glance as quickly as many an unpadding man. He is not a bad bat, as he has a good defence, but he is often an atrociously bad judge of a run. Possibly this may be due to his being unable, apparently, to realise that very few men are so quick between the wickets as he is. He has done splendid service for his county, and he will yet keep wicket for England.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

HOWEVER much we regret the almost unwieldy proportions to which the county championship has grown, the advent of a new county into the world of first-class cricket, especially when that promotion has been due to sheer merit as in the case of Northamptonshire, is interesting for two reasons. First, there is a genuine desire on all sides that the promoted county may prove worthy of its promotion and that a sufficient amount of success may be achieved to encourage even greater efforts in the future; and secondly, as each county continues to produce cricketers up to, first-class form, there must necessarily be a corresponding increase in the all-round efficiency of English cricket. This brings us at once to the question whether county cricket—first-class county cricket—should not be separated into two divisions—and undoubtedly if cricket in England continues to increase at the same rate as it has done during the last ten years, some other method than the one now in vogue will have to be seriously considered. Wiltshire, Durham, and Glamorganshire are all knocking at the door, and every season the problem becomes more pressing.

And so this summer there will be sixteen first-class counties instead of fifteen, and judging them by their wonderfully consistent form during the last few years, it may be predicted, without undue rashness, that Northamptonshire will show themselves by no means the worst of her rivals. Thompson, East, and W. H. Kingston are the three great men of the eleven. Thompson has for some time been known as a very able all-round cricketer. Indeed, whenever he has had the opportunity in first-class cricket he has almost invariably distinguished himself, making over a hundred for the Players against the Gentlemen at Scarborough, and doing much good work for the Marylebone Club. In New Zealand, with Lord Hawke's team, he took one hundred and seventy-seven wickets

for six runs apiece, and in the course of a short tour in Australia, when we encountered the three leading States, he bowled particularly well, at Adelaide taking nine wickets for eighty-five runs on a perfect wicket.

Last summer he took ninety-nine wickets for Northamptonshire, and East eighty-five; as no one else obtained ten wickets, the great want of the side must be another good bowler.

Though a useful bat, Thompson is too stiff in the arms and shoulders, and not quick enough on his feet, to be absolutely first class. As a right-hand medium-paced bowler, however, he is so good that he might easily play for England one of these days.

I have never seen East bowl, but as he had



THOMPSON.

Northamptonshire's all-round man.

Photo B. G. Brock.

an even better analysis last summer than Thompson, he must be a good man. He, too, can bat.

Mr. W. H. Kingston is, I should imagine, the county's most dangerous batsman—but it is on her all-round qualities as a side rather than on individual brilliancy that Northamptonshire depends.

Last summer Northamptonshire played twelve matches—won ten, and lost two on the first innings, for the method of scoring points in the second-class competition is that "three points shall be scored for a win in a completed

match; should the match not be completed, the side leading on the first innings shall score one point; should a result on the first innings not be arrived at, no point shall be scored; in the event of a tie in a completed match, or in a match decided on the first innings, the points shall be divided."

For example, Northamptonshire make 198 and 100 for five wickets, and Durham 172. Here Northamptonshire win on the first innings by 26 runs, and obtain one point. Or Northamptonshire make 200 and 224, and Durham 250 and 120. Here Northamptonshire, although beaten on the first innings, eventually win by 54 runs, and obtain three points, while Durham receive nothing for leading on the first innings. This scheme has worked extremely well, and I should like to see the same method of scoring adopted in first-class cricket, instead of the "one point for a victory, drawn games ignored" principle. I have been told by those who have played in the second-class competition that it is like having two matches rolled into one, for, supposing A is leading B on the first innings, B strives all he knows to win on the result of the two innings, and A is equally keen to obtain three points instead of the one which a victory on the first innings entitles him to.

In the first-class competition scarcely enough is made of victory, and drawn games are at a premium. I believe first-class cricketers would welcome the adoption of the method of scoring practised by the second division of counties.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE BATTING AND BOWLING AVERAGES LAST SEASON.

	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Times Not Out.	Average.
Thompson	16	596	167*	2	42.57
Mr. W. H. Kingston	18	637	163	0	35.38
Mr. R. F. Knight	5	140	66	1	35.00
Mr. G. A. T. Vials	11	286	93	2	31.77
East	17	383	108	1	24.25
Mr. C. R. Wetherall	6	107	39	1	21.40
Mr. T. Horton (capt.)	17	273	70*	3	19.52
M. Cox	15	267	60	0	17.80
Mr. E. M. Crosse	17	300	58	0	17.64
Mr. H. B. Simpson	5	58	27	0	11.60
Mr. H. Hawkins	5	30	22*	2	10.00
Mr. B. C. Smith	12	46	15*	3	5.11
Mr. H. H. K. Worsley	7	25	13	1	4.16

* Signifies not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
East	432.5	136	896	85	10.54
Mr. H. Hawkins	50.2	14	101	9	11.22
Thompson	453.5	101	1138	99	11.49
Mr. H. B. Simpson	30.0	6	85	7	12.14

COUNTY FIXTURES 1905.

May	18-20.	-v. Hampshire	at Southampton.
"	29-31.	-v. Sussex	" Brighton.
June	5-7.	-v. Leicestershire	" Northampton.
"	8-10.	-v. Sussex	" "
"	19-21.	-v. Derbyshire	" "
July	3-5.	-v. Surrey	" "
"	10-12.	-v. Hampshire	" "
"	20-22.	-v. Derbyshire	" Derby.
"	27-29.	-v. Warwickshire	" Coventry.
August	7-9.	-v. Leicestershire	" Leicester.
"	10-12.	-v. Warwickshire	" Northampton.
"	17-19.	-v. Australians	" "
"	28-30.	-v. Surrey	" Oval.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Paul Douet.—I am indebted to Mr. F. B. O. Hawes, Hon. Sec. of the Lacrosse Union, for the following information. (1) Lacrosse was first played by North American Indians. (2) It was first played in England by a Canadian team and an Indian team that came over in 1867, and played the one team against the other in exhibition matches. (3) The first school to have played the game here is said to be one in Reading, the period being the early seventies. It was played also at the Clapham Grammar School much about the same time.

Hedge.—(1) If you continue to suffer inconvenience, see a doctor. (2) Yes, Indian clubs will certainly strengthen your wrists; also Sandow grip dumb-bells. (3) I quite agree with Mr. Fry on the point you mention. (4) The weight of a bat depends upon the strength of the individual using it. As a general rule, a fairly slight man uses a light bat, and a heavy man a proportionately heavier one. But it is a matter of taste. You often find a big man using a very light bat. The great thing is not to use a bat too heavy for you. It is much better that the bat should be too light than too heavy, as in the latter case there is scarcely any free-play. (5) A very difficult question. It lies between Trumper and Ranjitsinhji. On a really sticky wicket Trumper is probably the better of the two, but no one has ever equalled Ranjitsinhji on a fiery wicket. Perhaps it would be safest to say that both are so exceptionally good that a comparison between them would be odious.

Sportsman and A. J. Lott.—"Training," price 1s., published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

C. E. S.—I am glad to hear you are so anxious to become a good cricketer, but you really must not be disappointed at your present lack of success. Perseverance is the very kernel of success at cricket. There is no necessity to train strictly for cricket. Just lead a healthy, careful life, and that will be quite sufficient. The best book on cricket generally that I know of is Ranjitsinhji's "Jubilee Book."

H. G. Gill.—See reply to W. F. F. in the April number.

Welsh Boy (Tenby).—If you will read again the article to which you refer you will find that what I said was, "Stout and Cartwright are the two best forwards in England," and you will also find that, in discussing the two half-backs, I merely took the two Oxford and Cambridge half-backs as illustrating the difference in style between half-backs. There was no comparison made between the footballers of different countries. Every great player has an occasional "off" day. The fact that the player you mention happened to play badly on the particular occasion on which you saw him is no proof whatever that he is not the magnificent player every one knows him to be. There is not the slightest doubt that Wales is a long way the best of all the countries.

Snookes and Jenkins.—(1) Mr. Daniel is probably the finest forward at Rugby football that has ever lived. (2) Very difficult to answer this question. On a sticky wicket, and when he is bowling well, Rhodes; on a perfect wicket, when he is bowling well, Lockwood; but the best bowler day in and day out would probably be Arnold or J. T. Hearne. Bowlers vary so, according as the wicket is perfect, fiery, sticky, or slow and easy. (3) 156 against St. Vincent.

L. H. Godwin.—You can obtain the latest rules of hockey from Horace Cox, Breems Buildings, E.C., price 2½d. post free.

Acadian.—Training for any sport or game can be overdone. It is not necessary to lead a cast-iron existence, and to emaciate the frame, to be successful in any race—half-mile, or otherwise. The best possible training for the race you ask about (I am not referring to a boat-race) is just to keep one's self ordinarily fit, to be abstemious in eating and drinking, to get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and to be "early to bed and early to rise."

L. B. R.—See page 92 of the April CAPTAIN. The field-goal has since been abolished.

X. Y. Z.—The batmakers you name have a good reputation, likewise all those who advertise in our pages.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS, 1905.

CLIFTON.

Mile.—Pears, 4 min. 37½ sec.
Half-mile.—Pears, 2 min. 5½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Johnson, mi., 55½ sec.
300 Yards Handicap.—Gould, 33 sec.
100 Yards.—Brannt, 11 sec.
Hurdles (220 yards).—Orton, 36 sec.
High Jump.—Johnson, ma., 5 ft.

DULWICH.

Mile.—N. D. Evans, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-mile.—A. F. Hinds, 2 min. 17½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. V. N. Treadgold, 57 sec.
120 Yards (Past and Present).—H. V. N. Treadgold, 12 min. ¼ sec.
100 Yards.—H. V. N. Treadgold, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—E. C. Cline, 18½ sec.
High Jump.—E. C. Cline, 4 ft. 11½ in.
Long Jump.—E. C. Cline, 18 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—B. W. Bain, 108 yd. 2 in.
Weight.—P. W. Bain, 28 ft. 9 in.
Steeplechase.—N. D. Evans, 8 min. 46½ sec.

FAUCONBERGE, BECCLES.

Mile.—H. Perowne, 6 min. 4 sec.
Half-mile.—W. Durrant, 2 min. 28½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—H. A. Hewat, 63½ sec.
100 Yards.—H. G. Rowsell, 11½ sec.
High Jump.—H. G. Rowsell, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—H. G. Rowsell, 17 ft. 5 in.
Cricket Ball.—H. G. Rowsell, 81 yd. 2 ft.

FELSTED.

Mile.—C. St. J. Wright, 5 min.
Quarter-mile.—O. Sidky, 60 sec.
100 Yards.—J. M. Simpson, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—E. H. Hunter, 19½ sec.
High Jump.—E. H. Hunter and R. Y. Holmes, 4 ft. 8 in.
Long Jump.—O. Sidky, 18 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—H. M. Hankin, 80 yd. 2 ft.
Weight.—J. Hill, 28 ft. 7 in.

OAKHAM SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. K. Churchouse, 5 min. 7½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—G. V. P. Filsell, 57½ sec.
100 Yards.—J. P. Walker, 11 sec.
High Jump.—F. H. Jerwood, 5 ft. ½ in.
Long Jump.—G. H. Pain, 19 ft.
Hurdles.—F. H. Jerwood, 20 sec.
Steeplechase.—W. K. Churchouse.

PERSE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

Mile Handicap.—Mansfield, 5 min. 2 sec.
Quarter-mile.—Woodard, 65 sec.
100 Yards.—Freeman, 11½ sec.
High Jump.—Freeman, 4 ft. 9 in.
Long Jump.—Freeman, 18 ft. 1 in.
Cricket Ball.—Freeman, 88 yd.

REPTON.

Two Miles.—E. V. Anderson, 10 min. 47 sec.
Mile.—C. T. R. Crampton, 5 min. 2 sec.
Half-mile.—F. J. Seedorff, 2 min. 13½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—O. J. Olivier, 56½ sec.
220 Yards.—O. J. Olivier, 25 sec.
100 Yards.—O. J. Olivier, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—F. C. Johnson, 18½ sec.
High Jump.—C. D. Hull and N. C. V. Turner, 5 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump.—E. V. Anderson, 18 ft. 5 in.
Cricket Ball.—N. V. C. Turner, 100 yd. 1 ft. 1 in.
Steeplechase.—E. V. Anderson.
Obstacle Race.—C. G. Barnardo.

ST. ALBAN'S SCHOOL.

Half-mile Handicap.—R. A. Jones, 2 min. 22½ sec.
Quarter Mile.—L. G. Hosier, 58½ sec.
220 Yards Handicap.—A. R. Felton, 23 sec.
100 Yards.—L. G. Hosier, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—L. G. Hosier, 20 sec.
High Jump.—L. G. Hosier, 4 ft. 8½ in.
Long Jump.—L. G. Hosier, 16 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—C. S. Webdale, 78 yd. 2 ft

ST. PAUL'S.

Mile.—T. H. Just, 4 min. 54½ sec.
Half-mile.—T. H. Just, 2 min. 11½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—T. H. Just, 54½ sec.
100 Yards.—E. V. Rieu, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—G. A. Lilley, 20½ sec.
High Jump.—D. S. Montgomery, 5 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump.—T. H. Just, 18 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—G. B. Walker 89 yd. 2 ft. 7 in.
Weight.—T. H. Just, 32 ft. 9½ in.

SEDBERGH.

Ten Miles.—E. C. Inman, 1 hr. 17 min. 38 sec.
Mile.—O. Gwatkin, 4 min. 54 sec.
Half-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 2 min. 15½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—O. Gwatkin, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—F. B. Scholfield, 19½ sec.
High Jump.—R. M. Peat, 5 ft. 3½ in.*
Long Jump.—W. Dahl, 17 ft. 7½ in.
Cricket Ball.—R. Harrison, 86 yd.
Weight.—R. M. Peat, 29 ft. 7 in.

* School record.

SOUTH EASTERN COLLEGE, RAMSGATE.

Mile.—Lloyd, 4 min. 49 sec.
Half-mile.—Lloyd, 2 min. 7½ sec.
Quarter-mile.—Lloyd, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—Williams, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—McCormick, 22 sec.
High Jump.—Adams, 4 ft. 11½ in.
Long Jump.—Rayner, 19 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball.—Shaw, 100 yd. 8 in.
Weight.—Adams, 29 ft. 4 in.

Lloyd is to be congratulated upon establishing the school record in the mile, half-mile, and quarter-mile.

THE LAST OF THE BARALONGS.

By IAN CAMPBELL.

Illustrated by George Soper.

I.

BEFORE me, as I write, there lies a blood-stained assegai, its handle broken short. Here is its history. . . .

High into the clear blue African sky towers the rocky peak of the verdure-clad Mountain of Darkness—once a stronghold of warriors, now only an eyrie for vultures; and far beneath, in its gigantic shadow, lies the town of Taba n'tshu, the home of the Baralongs.

Alas! how its glories have faded! Once a flourishing capital of thirty thousand souls, it now barely numbers eight hundred; and those are chiefly "pale faces."

Every one has heard of Taba n'tshu, which was a well-known centre in the late Boer War; and also of Sanna's Post, which lies midway between it and Bloemfontein, celebrated as the scene of De Wet's ambuscade on Broadwood's Division. In former years Taba n'tshu, together with the surrounding district, was under the sway of a Baralong chief of the Seleke race named Moroka, whose independence was recognised alike by the adjoining Republic and by Moshesh of Basutoland, whose vassal he was.

The Baralongs took an active part in the native wars, and, after the partition of Basutoland, were left in undisturbed possession of a reserve.

On a certain mild winter's day in June, somewhere in the seventies of last century, the great square of Taba n'tshu presented a brilliant and warlike scene. A confused mass of bright-hued blankets, flashing spear-heads, and nodding plumes crossed and recrossed with kaleidoscopic rapidity; while shrill cries, beating tomtoms, and the blaring of cowhorns blended together in an unearthly din. From the four points of the compass marched the Impis in full war paint; converging at a given signal, they formed up in deep lines in the square, in the centre of which—facing the

royal kraal—a space had been reserved for the great chief Moroka. An armchair and footstool covered with leopard skin karosses—the badge of royalty—occupied the centre, around which, in a semi-circle, squatted the Indaba Council, composed of petty chiefs and headsmen with their retainers.

The *raison d'être* of this martial display was that Moroka, now aged and infirm, had decided to appoint his heir and successor, and for this purpose had summoned a palaver.

As the hour of noon approached, the huge war-drum at the gate of the royal residence boomed forth a warning note, and instantly the clamour ceased, and the dark-skinned warriors became motionless, as though hewn out of marble. At the same instant the gates of the courtyard were flung wide, and two files of the body-guard issued forth and took up their position on either side of the chair of state.

T'sepenari, the Captain, accompanied by Samuel, Moroka's eldest son, in full fighting costume, followed, but although both were grand-looking savages, their countenances presented a striking contrast; that of the Captain being as frank and open as his companion's was cruel and shifty; and it was well known that but little love was lost between the two.

Other members of the Royal Family succeeded, and then, shaded by a crimson umbrella, came Moroka, his principal adviser, Dr. Carter, a Wesleyan minister, walking beside him. Simply attired in European clothes, the Chief's sole token of regal authority was an ivory circlet worn on the head. He looked ill and feeble, his once muscular form having degenerated into unwieldy grossness; but despite both age and frailty his brain was as keen and alert as ever.

As he reached the chair, Moroka drew himself erect, and glanced commandingly around. Instantly there burst from thousands of throats the royal salute, "Inkos om Twala Dumala."

As the last notes died away, the King seated himself, and motioned to Dr. Carter to speak. In the Baralong dialect, and as briefly as possible, the missionary complied, and explained the reason of the Indaba, ending by expressing the devout hope that their Chief's will would be obeyed.

An earthenware bowl, filled with native wine, was then produced and solemnly passed round to the members of the Council; after which it was handed to the Chief, who, having drained the remaining contents, broke it in pieces on the ground, this being the signal for the opening of the Indaba.

Supporting himself with difficulty on his "kerri," or stick, the aged Chief now rose, and in a dignified if somewhat dramatic, fashion thus addressed his subjects:

"Indunas, Headsmen, Children of the Seleke Baralongs, greeting! Give ear to my words! I, Moroka, son of Sifnuelo, and blood of the great Lion Tao, am your Overlord and Chief, whose commands ye obey. Sons of my race, ye know our history—how we, the descendants of Tao, were driven from our birthplace by the hand of the oppressor, how I, with my kinsmen Gontse and K'wane, fled from Makawas in far Betuana, and there, meeting the pale face Godsmen, were guided here, where, by the grace of the great Moshesh, my Overlord, and our neighbours the white men, we have flourished and increased.

"What drove us from Betuana, say ye? Our women and children were slaughtered, our kraals burned and ravaged, and our cattle driven off by the savage Griquas and Matabeli. Then did our hearts become heavy within us: our strength ebbed as the flood of a stream flowing towards the great sea: and, sore stricken, we lay mourning in our desolate homes, until the arrival of the Godsmen, our saviours.

"Such is our past; our present is here, where, spite of war's clamours, and the clash of arms, we have waxed fat and prospered.

"True, ye have borne arms for the pale faces and like wasps have ravaged the honey pot, so that the great Moshesh has gnashed his teeth at your sting; but our territory is safe. The Godsmen have claimed it, and no grasping hand can despoil us.

"Therefore I would counsel ye to remain true within our gates, and"—his voice rose prophetically—"beware of internal dissension, or our dynasty is doomed."

Here the aged Chief paused. Striking his kerri emphatically on the ground, he presently continued:

"Children of the Baralongs, all my kinsmen have passed away, and I alone remain your feudal lord and chief. But my once keen eye grows dim; my hair is white as the salt in the pans; my arm has lost its strength and cunning, and my heart is faint and weary. In a few moons must I cross the great boundary line, and my spirit pass to the Chief above. Thus have I come to declare to ye my heir and successor. Now I, although acknowledged overlord, am not the Seleke Chief; another is he."

Murmurs of dissent broke from his listeners, but Moroka quelled them instantly.

"Yes! Indunas and Headsmen, I speak the truth, for our fathers from beyond the great Zambesi River have left unto us laws which none can dispute.

"There is one which enjoins us to take to our bosom the wife of our deceased kinsman, to nurture and cherish her. That is our law, and by it our dead kinsman Gontse's sister-wife bore unto him a son in my kraal. That child, O my people, I declare our Heir and Successor."

At these words, Samuel started, and made an expectant movement towards his father; but the old Chief shook his head.

"Nay, Samuel," he said regretfully, "blood of my blood, bone of my bone, yet art thou not he! T'sepenari, step hither!" and as the young body-guardsmen hesitatingly obeyed, "Strip off thy kaross!" he commanded.

"Behold, O chiefs, the royal blood token. This T'sepenari, son of Gontse, bears it on his breast;" and he pointed to a tattooed mark on the youth's bared chest.

Loud shouts of approval greeted this proclamation, amid which the angry declamations of Samuel's adherents were utterly drowned.

Raising his hand, Moroka enjoined silence, and concluded thus:

"Indunas, Headsmen, and Children of the Baralongs, hear and obey! Swear fealty to my Heir this day, and let Samuel rank next in degree. I have spoken—let my words be obeyed!" and with a wave of the hand the old Chief sank back in his chair, utterly overcome with emotion and fatigue.

T'sepenari, amazed at his sudden elevation to royal rank and heirship, stood mutely facing the people, who thundered forth a right royal greeting in his honour, until Dr. Carter, removing the ivory circlet from Moroka's head, advanced and placed it on that of the young Chief.

Then only did he recover his self-possession. Stretching out his arms, he enjoined silence.

"Sons of my race!" he cried, "I will be your Chief. Moroka has commanded it; and, as son of Gontse and descendant of Tao, ye have acclaimed me."

Then turning to Samuel, who, with averted face and eyes fixed sullenly on the ground, had remained silent during the acclamation,

multitude, he started hastily to his feet, flung the hand roughly aside, and disappeared in the crowd.

T'sepenari gazed contemptuously after his rival's retreating form, and, snatching a spear from a bystander, snapped it in two with a turn of his supple wrists



"BEHOLD, O CHIEFS, THE ROYAL BLOOD TOKEN."

he imperiously stretched his hand towards him.

Samuel raised his head, glanced savagely round, and made a move as if to retire; but, suddenly encountering his father's stern gaze, stopped short, his courage failing him. Slowly and reluctantly he sank on one knee and, seizing the wrist of T'sepenari, placed the hand on his forehead in token of submission. But as a roar of approval burst from the watching

"Thus," cried he, "shall I break thy power. should'st thou attempt to deny my authority;" and he flung the fragments from him disdainfully.

At a sign from Moroka, the Indunas and Headmen filed singly past the Heir Apparent, humbly performing homage; and thus brought the ceremony to a conclusion, the royal party retiring to their kraal amidst the loyal salutations of the natives.

II

SEVERAL years passed. Moroka had crossed the great boundary line, and T'sepenari reigned in his stead. Contrary to expectation, Samuel had tamely submitted to his rival's authority, and was permitted to remain in Taba n'tshu. But this seeming humility was but a sham, for he and his followers cordially detested the Chief, whom they regarded as a usurper.

A cause of dispute was not long in appearing. Samuel, who had been educated in England, adopted the Anglican creed, and insisted on importing a missionary of that persuasion to Taba n'tshu.

T'sepenari, under the fostering care of the Methodists, demurred, but finally agreed; a false move on his part. Gaining an inch, Samuel promptly took an ell; and forthwith a series of intrigues against the Chief's authority were inaugurated.

Becoming exasperated, the long-suffering T'sepenari at last found an excuse for banishing Samuel from his territory; and the latter retired to the Free State, where he continued to keep in touch with his adherents by correspondence, through the medium of Septiemo, a relative by marriage.

Morokaland, freed from the firebrand, prospered greatly for some time afterwards, and traded freely with the neighbouring Republic. But there remained a snake in the grass.

A Boer named Pretorius—an unscrupulous character who had absconded from Cape Colony—stole some Baralong cattle. On the theft being discovered, restoration of the cattle was demanded, but the Boer not only refused to comply with the Chief's desire but in addition savagely "sjamboked" his messenger. On application to the Free State, however, the stolen stock was at once returned, and the thief imprisoned for his brutality; which so enraged him that he vowed deadly vengeance against the Baralongs generally, and T'sepenari in particular.

No sooner, therefore, was this scoundrel released, than he immediately sought out Samuel, to whom he confided his dark resolve, and, for a consideration, offered to co-operate with the exile in overthrowing the Chief; an offer which was eagerly accepted.

There is no doubt whatever that T'sepenari was warned of the mischief afoot, but he contemptuously ignored it: a second false move, as subsequent events proved.

The climax was reached about the middle of the eighties, and the following plot matured.

An excuse for summoning an Indaba was to

be raised, and the recall of Samuel insisted upon, which would doubtless be met with a refusal. At the subsequent beer-drinking (a native custom) in the evening after the council, the Chief's friends and guards were to be drugged, the Royal Kraal was to be surrounded, and T'sepenari captured.

This plan of campaign was carried out with complete success in every detail. The Indaba met: Samuel's recall was scornfully vetoed, and the Chief's warriors were successfully "got at," as arranged.

In the dead of night T'sepenari, who had retired early, was rudely awakened from sleep by his foster-brother T'wane vigorously shaking him.

"Awake! my lord!" he cried hoarsely. "Treachery! All thy guards are asleep and cannot be roused."

At this appalling news T'sepenari sprang from his couch, just in time to hear the soft padding of footsteps without, and to see dark forms hurrying with stealth through the misty starlight. Too late, he remembered the timely warning given of Samuel's treachery.

Snatching up a Winchester rifle (the gift of a well-known explorer) and slinging a cartridge belt across his shoulder, he signed to T'wane to follow, and led the way through the courtyard to a back gate through which they made their exit to the open. Arrived there, however, it immediately became apparent that escape was impossible, the town being completely surrounded by the rebels.

Cunningly evading their enemies, T'sepenari and his follower glided stealthily towards a rondawel (round hut) which stood isolated in the midst of the great square, and had been used as an office. Here they found, most fortunately, a snider rifle with ammunition, and a pair of assegais, and having barricaded the door with furniture and loopholed the mud walls, they anxiously awaited further developments.

Happily for them, Samuel's followers had so far proceeded with great caution, fearful of a surprise; thus allowing the fugitives ample time to prepare their defence.

Presently a great shout of baffled rage announced that the conspirators had discovered the flight of the Chief from the Royal Kraal; and in their brutal anger at being thus balked of their prey, they fell upon the drink-sodden guards and butchered them to a man.

They then set fire to the kraal with lighted torches, and, the flames spreading rapidly from one thatched hut to another, the whole town was soon brilliantly illuminated; while shrieking women and children, rushing wildly to and

fro, added not a little to the clamour and confusion.

Suddenly, one of the search party, unwarily approaching the hut where the fugitives were concealed, received a spear thrust, and with a yell of agony fell to the ground. His death cry was the signal to his companions; with a triumphant war-whoop they surged down on the hut.

Phit! spat a rifle; and the leader toppled over, shot through the heart; to be quickly followed by another and another of his men, until, stricken with dismay, the rear-guard halted, turned, and ignominiously fled, leaving the dead and wounded behind.

The rebels were now chary of attempting another attack, and it required all Samuel's persuasions, backed by those of his Boer ally (who supplemented his words with a generous supply of liquor), to induce his followers to make a fresh onslaught. At last a second charge was organised, but only to be once more repulsed by the deadly fire of T'sepenari and his faithful henchman.

Their nerves wrought up to fighting pitch by the fiery spirit, the besiegers for the third time attacked the gallantly defended garrison, and directed a perfect rain of bullets upon it in the hope that some might penetrate a wall slit and slay the defenders; but this the latter evaded by throwing themselves flat on the ground, the bullets flying harmlessly overhead.

The sun rose slowly above the distant range of kopjes, its dazzling rays illumining a scene of ghastly carnage in the square, where lay some thirty bodies, twisted and contorted in their death throes. The blazing huts had burned themselves out, a dense trail of smoke alone marking their former site; while overhead, in majestic circles, soared the vultures, attracted thither by the scent of blood.

Just as the sun rose, a mounted messenger dashed up to Samuel in hot haste to say that the Free State Artillery, led by the President, was rapidly advancing on Taba n'tshu.

A hasty council was called, and a crafty plan, evolved by the cunning brain of Septiemo, was immediately adopted. Arrows steeped in blazing pitch were fired at the thatched roof of the hut which sheltered the Chief and his faithful foster-brother, and in a few seconds the roof was aflame.

Matters had become desperate by this time for the gallant pair, who knew that their only chance of succour lay in timely help from Bloemfontein. Their ammunition was well-nigh exhausted, for T'wane, an indifferent marksman, had wasted innumerable cartridges.

T'sepenari, however, indomitable to the end, refused to surrender, and it was only when he and his companion were on the verge of suffocation that he resolved to abandon the hut.

It was Kismet; and as such they accepted their fate. Grasping each other's hands in farewell, the Chief flung open the door and stepped boldly into the square, closely followed by T'wane.

A howl of derision greeted their appearance, and a crowd of braves instantly bore down upon them. T'sepenari had still a few cartridges left, and as the leaders advanced he emptied the contents of the magazine full into the brown charging mass. A dozen fell, and the others waited for no more, but turned and bolted, with the exception of three who stood their ground, and swiftly paid the penalty of their temerity. One fell clubbed by the butt of T'wane's rifle, and a second succumbed to the Chief's assegai; but the third, in his endeavour to grapple T'sepenari at close quarters, met a still more fearful fate, for he was tossed shrieking into the now blazing hut.

Volley after volley again swept over the gallant couple, and T'wane was the first to fall, wounded in the thigh. All was now lost, save honour, and T'sepenari, determined that no base hands should desecrate his weapon, shivered the stock of his rifle into fragments on the stones. Then, picking up a couple of assegais, he stood shielding the prostrate body of his wounded comrade and grimly awaiting his fate.

A magnificent sight was he, indeed, with his splendid figure, begrimed by smoke and spattered with the blood of his foes, drawn up to its full height, defying his cowardly foes to the end.

Perceiving his defenceless position, Samuel sprang forward, followed by a number of warriors.

"Aha!" cried the Chief, espying him. "Well met, thou infamous dog!" and drawing back his arm he launched a swift assegai full at the traitor; but it missed its mark and, whizzing past Samuel's head, split open the skull of a man behind. With an exclamation of disgust, T'sepenari prepared to fling a second, but, as he did so, a shot rang out from behind a wall, the assegai dropped harmlessly from his grasp, and with a heavy crash he fell to the ground, stone dead.

At the same instant Samuel, dashing forward with uplifted spear, stumbled over a corpse and fell; his weapon, entering the ground, buckled under him, snapping in twain. Staggering to his feet, he covered his eyes with his hand to shut out the horrible scene, but an evil laugh made him raise his head in time to see Septiemo plunging a spear into the heart



HE WAS TOSSED INTO THE NOW BLAZING HUT.

of T'sepenari. Outraged by this revolting indignity to the dead, Samuel seized the miscreant by the throat and dashed him violently to the ground. Then, gazing wildly about him, he once more covered his eyes from the terrible sight, and reeled unsteadily away, closely followed by his fellow conspirators, leaving the great dead alone.

For five long hours had T'sepenari and his companion held their foes at bay, but the odds were overwhelming; and this was the end. So passed the soul of the Chief, and with it the

Seleke dynasty; for Morokaland was annexed by the Free State, and Samuel was banished to Becuanaland.

The blackened walls of a ruined hut alone remain to mark the scene of the dark tragedy, and in an uncared-for grave on the lonely veldt lies the last reigning Chief of the Seleke Baralongs.

T'wane, though badly wounded, recovered, and he it was who presented me with the blood-stained assegai, and narrated its pathetic history. ¶



SCHOOL MAGAZINES

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine.—Carefully edited, as usual. Over four pages of notes about the doings of Old Boys argue care and a well-organised news-service. The School Museum has lately been enriched with a valuable treasure, presented by an Old Boy in China :

This precious volume, which formed one of the 11,000 volumes of the Chinese Encyclopædia of Universal Knowledge, lay in the Hanlin College, at Peking, till the sack of the Legations by the Boxers, when it was rescued from the flames and given to Mr. Hynd, who presented it to our library, where it lies in its binding of Imperial yellow silk. The British Museum has a similar volume, and the University of Cambridge a second, and we are proud to be the owners of the third.

The official title of this magazine, by the way, is *The Grammar School Magazine* only. Surely this is somewhat vague. Aberdeen is not necessarily the place which leaps to the mind at the phrase "The Grammar School." There are others!

Blew House Magazine.—Brazil is commonly known as the place where the revolutions, as well as the nuts, come from. But one hears so much of the ephemeral insurrections that continually take place in the South American Republics that one is apt to attach very little real credence to them. They seem to belong rather to *opera-bouffe* than to real life. But they are serious enough to those concerned in them, and the Editor of the *Blew House Magazine* is to be congratulated on the remarkable extract which he has been able to print from a letter written by an Old Boy in Rio de Janeiro. This describes, in a singularly vivid manner, the absolute anarchy during a violent revolt in Rio:

Big mobs went through the city and suburbs and smashed everything smashable. If any one had an enemy he went and shot him. The mob smashed open gun-shops and drink-stores, and started fights everywhere. Not a wheel was turning in any part of the city that the mob did not smash. Trams were turned over and burnt everywhere in the streets, and the dead lay unheeded in the squares.

N.C.O.'s of school cadet corps, who have marvelled at the instructions given to them as to the cutting off of a prisoner's buttons, may find enlightenment in the following passage:

Just now a regiment of infantry went past with 150 prisoners, an awful cut-throat looking lot. They were marched between two lines of soldiers with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles; and besides this, all the prisoners had *had their braces-buttons cut off* so that they could not run without holding the top of their trousers. One soon gets used to the bullets: it does not seem to strike one that one may be hit at any moment.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The account of a cycle tour around the Moselle, Rhine, Black Forest, Alps, and Italian Lakes is continued, but though the

article may serve as a useful itinerary and guide-book to similarly minded tourists, it cannot be said that the author has found his travels very illuminating. "Ichabod! or the New Fountain" is a clever dialogue in verse between the Shades of Departed Grecians.

Carloli (Carlisle).—The writer of the "Oxford Letter" has hit upon a good idea, having sent a supposititious interviewer to call in turn upon each Old Boy in residence—an admirable method of recording the doings of the school's representatives at the 'Varsity. The notion is decidedly a happy one, but it is unfortunate that its originator has not carried it out in better fashion.

Elizabethan (Guernsey).—Two numbers of this magazine are to hand. The first contains a capital description of the *Daily Telegraph* competition for teams representing battalions of regular and volunteer infantry. Most public schoolmen are well aware, from experience of their own cadet corps, that the volunteer is very far from the "Saturday-afternoon soldier" the loafing cynic loves to dub him; but the following extract from the vivid narrative of the march from Weybridge to Bisley (11½ miles in heavy marching order, with a time limit of three hours) may nevertheless be instructive:

Now came the worst part of the whole business—Horsell Common. We had marched over the course before and knew what it meant. Imagine our position. Weak from heat, at least two of us in a state of partial collapse, very sore as to the feet and shoulders and with mouths like ovens. In front of us a very hilly road with deep sand cut up by gun-wheels, and very soft, the worst possible stuff to get a foothold on, and the sun striking up off the ground like a furnace. And this lasts two miles. I can't say I knew much of what happened, only that I was carrying my rear-rank-man's kit in addition to my own, he being supported (more or less) by two others. Dust everywhere, in your eyes, in your mouth, making you long to be able to get at the water-bottle on your right hip, dust in your boots cutting your feet to bits, dust in your very soul!

In the later of these two issues of the *Elizabethan* we notice an article on "The 'Toggers'" at Oxford, which betrays a most lamentable lack of sub-editorial care. The punctuation is very bad, and we doubt if any proof can have been read. Of "Death to the Dandies!" we would remark that to print parodies of such literary music as "Locksley Hall" (especially bad parodies) betrays a philistine spirit much to be deplored.

Hurst Johnian (Hurstpierpoint).—*Multum in parvo* seems to be the motto of succeeding editors of the *Hurst Johnian*. Certainly there is

always a wonderful amount of interest packed away in its wee body; and the last number to hand is as good as ever. The editorial (invariably attractive reading, by way of contrast to some other school magazines) tells us that with this 470th issue the *Hurst Johnian* completes the forty-seventh year of its existence. So far as an outsider can judge, the tiny magazine in the dark red wrapper will be going just as strong when it reaches its 4700th issue. The Old Fag will be getting on in years by that time!

The best thing in this latest number is an extract ("The Other Islanders") from a letter written by an O. J. resident in Japan. The light it throws upon Japanese traits of character renders it, at the present time, profoundly interesting, and we would we had space to quote it *in extenso*. One extract, illustrative of Japanese methods in the field, is too striking to pass over:

Whenever a Japanese regiment moves it is followed by a cart containing miles of wire. This is laid out as the movement continues, so that every regiment is connected by telephone with its base, whether it belongs to the Right, Left, or Centre Army. These three armies are spread over a front of about forty miles (say from Hurst to London), each connected with the other by telephone. Some few miles behind each army is its general with his staff, Kuroki on the right, Nodzu in the centre, and Oku on the left. These, too, are connected by telephone, so although perhaps twenty miles away they know the movement of each unit in each other's command as soon as the command is given. Some miles again to the rear is Field-Marshal Oyama with his staff. Wires connect him with each of his generals, Oku, Nodzu, and Kuroki. He has wires to Tokyo, to Port Arthur, and to every place where stores are collected or troops landed. He controls every unit of his vast fighting force as easily as one moves toy soldiers along a table. He is surrounded by huge black-boards, on which figure every regiment in the Japanese army. He knows their strength, where they are and what they are doing. By the mere ringing of a bell, he is able to advance troops, and control movements eighty or a hundred miles away. Can any one doubt what the result of the next battle will be? On the one side is disorganisation, jealousy, incompetency. On the other, skill, discipline, and concentration. And over all, with his finger on every pulse of that huge mass, sits Marshal Oyama, moving his hundreds of thousands of men with as much certainty and skill as a chess-player moves his pieces.

Keswick School Magazine.—"No, sir," said Dr. Johnson; "when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford." This is the assertion which has set Mr. H. Raphoe thinking and dreaming, as he sits amidst the musty tomes of the British Museum reading-room. "In the Stocks" is the title of the essay—reverie would be the more descriptive term, perhaps—in which he sets down his thoughts. The Doctor is wrong, he declares; and who shall gainsay him? One thinks of the conversation (in *Lavengro*) between the Romany Rye and Jasper Petulengro, as they sit beside the furze-bush and gaze intently on the red ball of the setting sun. "There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath." The wind on the heath! Could the gypsy have felt that on his cheek had he exchanged the road for the street? What does Mr. Raphoe think?

"There is in London all that life can afford"—no, not all; not in these days. There are many things; one above all, much to be desired, which is not there; and you cannot say it is nowhere. But it is not the portion of the bond-servant in the prison-house, "whose feet they hurt in the stocks," and—and I am very tired of London.

Malvernian.—"K" has some pregnant remarks on the shape which prizes won in games

and sports commonly take. He claims that his view is the "common-sense" one; and we are inclined to agree.

An hour's foretaste of purgatory across country, or eleven seconds' agony between the sprinting ropes, are rewarded with cups and bowls of considerable intrinsic value. The Spartans competed for parsley! Now I do not propose that any form of vegetable should be presented for competition at future athletic meetings; far be it from me to crown our heroes with cabbage or with mint, but, granted of course that Malvern, as at present constituted, is immaculate beyond dispute, I would with all due diffidence suggest that it might at least be a pleasant and economical variation if our athletic heroes were rewarded with badges, deriving their value solely from the feats which they commemorated. Now this suggestion has no ethical basis of argument; "pot-hunting" is not a sin of which our athletes can be suspected. It is simply common sense. Apart from the sense of merit, the athlete's reward is not a silver cup, but "those toys, the applause of the mob" at the finish, and the prize-giving and the general halo of heroism. If, then, he finds his reward in the unsubsidised lungs of his fellows, why expend on otiose trophies a collection of guineas and half-guineas which would buy the *Malvernian* a new cover?

We gather from the present number that the *Malvernian* has lost the active services of "K." We shall hope, however, still to see occasional contributions from his pen. The *Malvernian* can ill spare them.

Naini-Tal (St. Joseph's College).—In lieu of a magazine (in the ordinary sense of the word) we have received from an "interested reader" a copy of the Annual Report of St. Joseph's College (affiliated to the Allahabad University) at Naini-Tal. There is nothing in the contents of general interest, but the reviewer is very glad to find another magazine from India upon his table. School periodicals from over the seas are warmly welcomed.

Ousel (Bedford Grammar School).—When, O when, we wonder, will the *Ousel* attain the mature plumage of a cover? Its skimpy sheet has but a half-fledged appearance. Personally, we should like to see its weekly scraps of news condensed into a concise monthly magazine, decently clad in a sober cover.

Sedberghian.—A sound number, as usual, with a useful article on "Army Reform," an interesting account of "Lucknow" (one of a series of articles descriptive of a tour in India) from the pen of Mr. Hart, the late Headmaster of Sedbergh, and several contributions in verse. Of the latter, "The Hoopoe's Song" is good; while "The Turned Worm's Rebuke to the Editor" is amusing.

Other Magazines received at the time of going to press include the *Bundellian*, *Cadet*, *Central*, *Cranleighian*, *Haileyburian*, *Lily*, *Madras College Magazine* (St. Andrew's), *Olavian*, *Tonbridgian*, and the *Isis*.

We have also received from Belfast the first number of the *School of Art Review*, with regard to which it is sufficient to say that we learn of the confiscation of No. 2 without surprise. Readers are requested to note that in future, reviews of manuscript, typewritten, or mimeographed magazines will not be inserted. *Printed* periodicals alone will receive notice. See the Old Fag's paragraph, "Private Magazines,"—in last month's issue (p. 189).

A. E. JOHNSON.



MISQUOTED PROVERBS: NO. II. FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

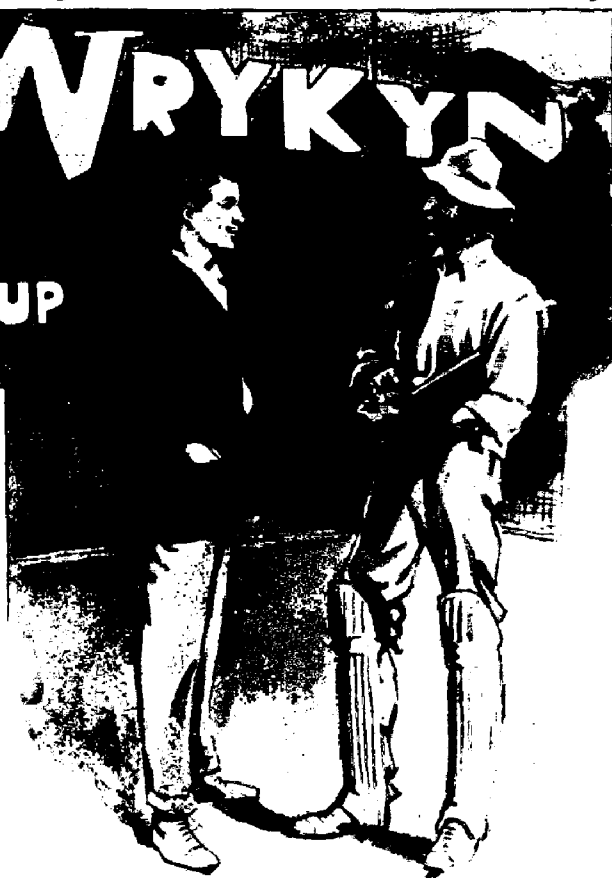
TALES of WRYKYN

No. 3

SHIELDS AND THE CRICKET CUP

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.



THE house cricket cup at Wrykyn has found itself on some strange mantelpieces in its time. New talent has a way of cropping up in the house matches. Tail-end men hit up fifties, and bowlers who have never taken a wicket before except at the nets go on fifth change, and dismiss first eleven experts with deliveries that bounce twice and shoot. So that nobody is greatly surprised in the ordinary run of things if the cup does not go to the favourites, or even to the second or third favourites. But one likes to draw the line. And Wrykyn drew it at Shields'. And yet, as we shall proceed to show, Shields' once won the cup, and that, too, in a year when Donaldson's had four first eleven men and Dexter's three.

Shields' occupied a unique position at the School. It was an absolutely inconspicuous house. There were other houses that were slack or wild or both, but the worst of these did something. Shields' never did anything. It never seemed to want to do anything. This may have been due in some degree to Mr. Shields. As the house-master is, so the house is. He was the most inconspicuous master on the staff. He taught a minute form in the junior school, where earnest infants wrestled with somebody's handy book of easy Latin sentences, and depraved infants threw cunningly compounded ink-balls at one another and the ceiling. After school he would range the countryside with a pickle-bottle in search of polly woggles and other big game, which he subsequently transferred to slides and examined through a microscope till an advanced hour of the night. The curious part of the matter was that his house was never riotous. Perhaps he was looked

on as a non-combatant, one whom it would be unfair and unsporting to rag. At any rate, a weird calm reigned over the place; and this spirit seemed to permeate the public lives of the Shieldsites. They said nothing much and they did nothing much and they were very inoffensive. As a rule, one hardly knew they were there.

Into this abode of lotus-eaters came Clephane, a day boy, owing to the departure of his parents for India. Clephane wanted to go to Donaldson's. In fact, he said so. His expressions, indeed, when he found that the whole thing had been settled, and that he was to spend his last term at school at a house which had never turned out so much as a member of the Gym. Six, bordered on the unfilial. It appeared that his father had met Mr. Shields at dinner in the town—a fact to which he seemed to attach a mystic importance. Clephane's criticism of this attitude of mind was of such a nature as to lead his father to address him as Archibald instead of Archie. & However, the thing was done, and Clephane showed his good sense by realising this and turning his energetic mind to the



discovery of the best way of making life at Shields' endurable. Fortune favoured him by sending to the house another day boy, one Mansfield. Clephane had not known him intimately before, though they were both members of the second eleven; but at Shields' they instantly formed an alliance. And in due season—or a little later—the house matches began. Henfrey, of Day's, the Wrykyn cricket captain, met Clephane at the nets when the drawing for opponents had been done.

"Just the man I wanted to see," said Henfrey. "I suppose you're captain of Shields' lot, Clephane? Well, you're going to scratch as usual, I suppose?"

For the last five seasons that lamentable house had failed to put a team into the field. "You'd better," said Henfrey, "we haven't overmuch time as it is. That match with Paget's team has thrown us out a lot. We ought to have started the house matches a week ago."

"Scratch!" said Clephane. "Don't you wish we would! My good chap, we're going to get the cup."

"You needn't be a funny ass," said Henfrey in his complaining voice, "we really are awfully pushed. As it is we shall have to settle the opening rounds on the first innings. That's to say, we can only give 'em a day each; if they don't finish, the winner of the first innings wins. You might as well scratch."

"I can't help your troubles. By rotten mismanagement you have got the house-matches crowded up into the last ten days of term, and you come and expect me to sell a fine side like Shields' to get you out of the consequences of your reckless act. My word, Henfrey, you've sunk pretty low. Nice young fellow Henfrey was at one time, but seems to have got among bad companions. Quite changed now. Avoid him as much as I can. Leave me, Henfrey, I would be alone."

"But you can't raise a team."

"Raise a team! Do you happen to know that half the house is *biting* itself with agony because we can't find room for all? Shields gives stump-cricket *soirées* in his study after prep. One every time you hit the ball, two into the bowl of gold-fish, and out if you smash the microscope."

"Well," said Henfrey viciously, "if you want to go through the farce of playing one round and making idiots of yourselves,

you'll have to wait a bit. You've got a bye in the first round."

Clephane told the news to Mansfield after tea. "I've been and let the house in for a rollicking time," he said, abstracting the copy of Latin verses which his friend was doing, and sitting on them to ensure undivided attention to his words. "Wanting to score off old Henfrey—I have few pleasures—I told him that Shields' was not going to scratch. So we are booked to play in the second round of the housers. We drew a bye for the first. It would be an awful rag if we could do something. We *must* raise a team of some sort. Henfrey would score so if we didn't. Who's there, d'you think, that can play?"

Mansfield considered the question thoughtfully. "They all *play*, I suppose," he said slowly, "if you can call it playing. What I mean to say is, cricket's compulsory here, so I suppose they've all had an innings or two at one time or another in the eightieth game or so. But if you want record-breakers, I shouldn't trust to Shields' too much."

"Not a bit. So long as we put a full team into the field, that's all I care about. I've often wondered what it's like to go in first and bowl unchanged the whole time."

"You'll do that all right," said Mansfield. "I should think Shields' bowling ran to slow grubs, to judge from the look of 'em. You'd better go and see Wilkins about raising the team. As head of the house, he probably considers himself captain of cricket."

Wilkins, however, took a far more modest view of his position. The notion of leading a happy band of cricketers from Shields into the field had, it seemed, small attractions for him. But he went so far as to get a house list, and help choose a really representative team. And as details about historic teams are always welcome, we may say that the averages ranged from 3.005 to 8.14. This last was Wilkins' own and was, as he would have been the first to admit, substantially helped by a contribution of nineteen in a single innings in the fifth game.

So the team was selected, and Clephane turned out after school next day to give them a little fielding-practice. To his surprise the fielding was not so outrageous as might have been expected. All the simpler catches were held, and one or two of the harder as well. Given this form on the day



of their appearance in public, and Henfrey might be disappointed when he came to watch and smile sarcastically. A batting fiasco is not one half so ridiculous as maniac fielding.

In the meantime the first round of the house matches had been played off, and it would be as well to describe at this point the positions of the rival houses and their prospects. In the first place, there were only four teams really in the running for the cup, Day's (headed by the redoubtable Henfrey), Spence's, who had Jackson, that season a head and shoulders above the other batsmen in the first eleven—he had just wound up the school season with an average of 51.3, Donaldson's, and Dexter's. All the other house teams were mainly tail.

Now, in the first round the powerful quartette had been diminished by the fact that Donaldson's had drawn Dexter's, and had lost to them by a couple of wickets.

For the second round Shields' drew Appleby's, a poor team. Space on the Wrykyn field being a consideration, with three house matches to be played off at the same time, Clephane's men fought their first battle on rugged ground in an obscure corner. As the captain of cricket ordered these matters, Henfrey had naturally selected the best bit of turf for Day's v. Dexter's. That section of the ground which was sacred to the school second-eleven matches was allotted to Spence's v. the School House. The idle public divided its attention between the two big games, and paid no attention to the death struggle in progress at the far end of the field. Whereby it missed a deal of quiet fun.

I say death struggle advisedly. Clephane had won his second-eleven cap as a fast bowler. He had failed to get into the first eleven because he was considered too erratic. Put these two facts together, and you will suspect that dark deeds were wrought on the men of Appleby in that lonely corner of the Wrykyn meadow.

The pitch was not a good one. As a sample of the groundman's art it was sketchy and amateurish; it lacked finish. Clephane won the toss, took a hasty glance at the corrugated turf, and decided to bat first. The wicket was hardly likely to improve with use.

He and Mansfield opened the batting. He stood three feet out of his ground, and smote. The first four balls he took full pitch. The last two, owing to a passion for variety

on the part of the bowler, were long hops. At the end of the over Shields' score was twenty-four. Mansfield pursued the same tactics. When the first wicket fell, seventy was on the board. A spirit of martial enthusiasm pervaded the ranks of the house team. Mild youths with spectacles leaped out of their ground like tigers, and snicked fours through the slips. When the innings concluded, blood had been spilt—from an



MILD YOUTHS WITH SPECTACLES SNICKED FOURS THROUGH THE SLIPS.

injured finger—but the total was a hundred and two.

Then Clephane walked across to the School shop for a vanilla ice. He said he could get more devil, as it were, into his bowling after a vanilla ice. He had a couple.

When he bowled his first ball it was easy to see that there was truth in the report of the causes of his inclusion in the second



eleven and exclusion from the first. The batsman observed somewhat weakly, "Here, I say!" and backed towards square leg. The ball soared over the wicket-keep's head and went to the boundary. The bowler grinned pleasantly, and said he was just getting his arm in.

The second ball landed full-pitch on the batsman's right thigh. The third was another full pitch, this time on the top of the middle stump, which it smashed. With profound satisfaction the batsman hobbled to the trees, and sat down. "Let somebody else have a shot," he said kindly.

Appleby's made twenty-eight that innings.

Their defeat by an innings and fifty-three runs they attributed subsequently to the fact that only seven of the team could be induced to go to the wickets in the second venture.

"So you've managed to win a match," grunted Henfrey, "I should like to have been there."

"You might just as well have been," said Clephane, "from what they tell me."

At which Henfrey became abusive, for he had achieved an "egg" that afternoon, and missed a catch; which things soured him, though Day's had polished off Dexter's handsomely.

"Well," he said at length, "you're in the semi-final now, of all weird places. You'd better play Spence's next. When can you play?"

"Henfrey," said Clephane, "I have a bright, open, boyish countenance, but I was not born yesterday. You want to get a dangerous rival out of the way without trouble, so you set Shields' to smash up Spence's. No, Henfrey. I do not intend to be your catspaw. We will draw lots who is to play which. Here comes Jackson. We'll toss odd man out."

And when the coins fell there were two tails and one head; and the head belonged to the coin of Clephane.

"So, you see," he said to Henfrey, "Shields' is in the final. No wonder you wanted us to scratch."

I should like this story to end with a vivid description of a tight finish. Considering that Day's beat Spence's, and consequently met Shields' in the final, that would certainly be the most artistic ending. Henfrey batting—Clephane bowling—one to tie, two to win, one wicket to fall. Up goes the ball! Will the lad catch it!!

He fumbles it. It falls. All is over. But look! With a supreme effort—and so on.

The real conclusion was a little sensational in its way, but not nearly so exciting as that.

The match between Day's and Shields' opened in a conventional enough manner. Day's batted first, and made two hundred and fifty. Henfrey carried his bat for seventy-six, and there were some thirties. For Shields' Clephane and Mansfield made their usual first-wicket stand, and the rest brought the total up to ninety-eight. At this point Henfrey introduced a variation on custom. The match was a three days' match. In fact, owing to the speed with which the other games had been played, it could, if necessary, last four days. The follow-on was, therefore, a matter for the discretion of the side which led. Henfrey and his team saw no reason why they should not have another pleasant spell of batting before dismissing their opponents for the second time and acquiring the cup. So in they went again, and made another two hundred and fifty odd, Shields' being left with four hundred and twelve to make to win.

On the morning after Day's second innings, a fag from Day's brought Clephane a message from Henfrey. Henfrey was apparently in bed. He would be glad if Clephane would go and see him in the dinner-hour. The interview lasted fifteen minutes. Then Clephane burst out of the house, and dashed across to Shields' in search of Mansfield.

"I say, *have* you heard?" he shouted.

"What's up?"

"Why, every man in Day's team, bar two kids, is in bed. Ill. Do you mean to say you haven't heard? They thought they'd got that house cup safe, so all the team except the two kids, fags, you know, had a feed in honour of it in Henfrey's study. Some ass went and bought a bad rabbit pie, and now they're laid up. Not badly, but they won't be out for a day or two."

"But what about the match?"

"Oh, that'll go on. I made a point of that. They can play subs."

Mansfield looked thoughtful.

"But I say," he said, "it isn't very sporting, is it? Oughtn't we to wait or something?"

"Sporting! My dear chap, a case like this mustn't be judged by ordinary standards. We can't spoil the giant rag of the century



SUBSTITUTES, HE POINTED OUT, WERE ALLOWED ONLY TO FIELD, NOT TO BOWL.

trundling of Masters Royce and Tibbit, of the Junior School, before a substantial and appreciative audience.

Both played carefully at first, but soon getting the measure of the bowling (which was not deep) began to hit out, and runs came quickly. At fifty, Tibbit, understudying Henfrey as captain of the side, summoned to his young friend Todby from short leg, and instructed him to "have a go" at the top end.

It was here that Clephane courteously interfered. Substitutes, he pointed out, were allowed, by the laws of cricket, only to field, not to bowl. He must, therefore, request friend Todby to return to his former sphere of utility, where, he added politely, he was a perfect demon.

"But, blow it," said Master Tibbit, who (alas!) was addicted to the use of strong language, "Royce and I can't bowl the whole blessed time."

"You'll have to, I'm afraid," said Clephane with the kindly air of a doctor soothing a refractory patient. "Of course, you can take a spell at grubs whenever you like."

"Oh, darn!" said Master Tibbit.

Shortly afterwards Clephane made his century.

The match ended late on the following afternoon in a victory for Shields' by nine wickets, and the scene at the School Shop when Royce and Tibbit arrived to drown their sorrows and moisten their dry throats with ginger beer is said by eye-witnesses to have been something quite out of the common run.

The score sheet of the match is also a little unusual. Clephane's three hundred and one (not out) is described in the *Wrykinian* as a "masterly exhibition of sound yet aggressive batting." How Henfrey described it we have never heard.

because it isn't quite sporting. Think what it means--Shields' getting the cup! It'll keep the school laughing for terms. What do you want to spoil people's pleasure for?"

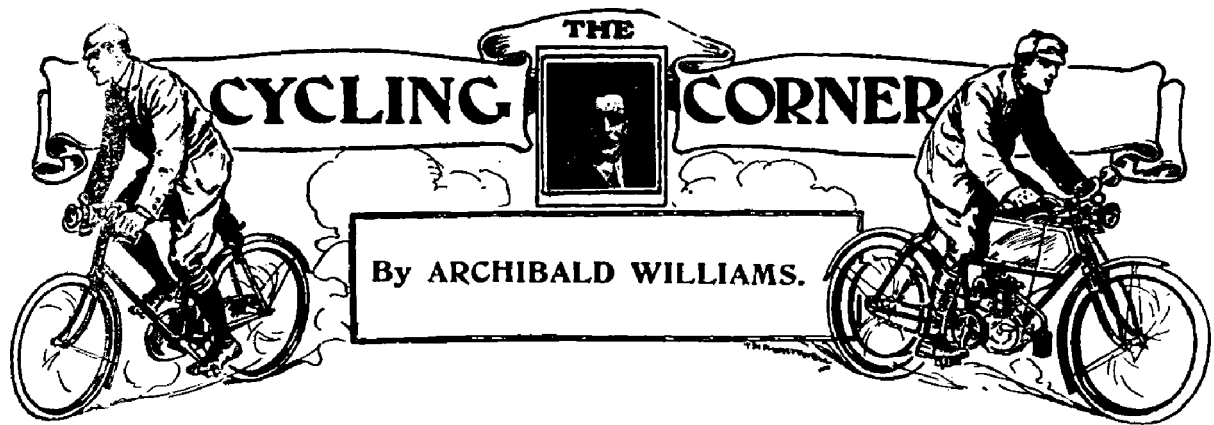
"Oh, all right," said Mansfield. "Besides, think of the moral effect it'll have on the house. It may turn it into the blood house of Wrykyn. Shields himself may get quite sportive. We mustn't miss the chance."

The news having got about the school, Clephane and Mansfield opened their second innings to the somewhat embarrassed



ANSON WOOD.

MILWAUKEE TRIBUNE: MAR. 13. FIRST CATCH YOUR MOTOR. THEN GIVE YOUR EVIDENCE.



SOME NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS—PRIMITIVE WHEELS —COST OF REPLATING.

A BEAUTIFUL spring day ; dry roads ; birds singing ; trees budding ; a motor cycle humming along merrily—and a bad puncture !

On the main road from London to Oxford this misfortune overtook me, and under circumstances which suggest one or two morals over which I mean to ponder once again for a page or so ; as even a Cycling Editor must sometimes plead guilty of fallibility. If you are acquainted with the fine stretch between High Wycombe and Oxford, you will remember Dashwood Hill, which runs with the straightness of a ruler down the East flank of the Chilterns, and with a steepness sufficient to make it a severe test for the hill-climbing power of motor-cars. I got up this all right, bar the last two hundred yards—where I became a dismounted pusher ; had spun over the undulating country to Stokenchurch Hill ; and had all but accomplished the descent of this at an exhilarating—though not reckless—pace, when b-r-r-ish ! and my front tyre was skating all over the road, causing me to perform a succession of balancing feats in my endeavour to avoid a bad spill. My first impulse was to clap on the brakes hard. Fortunately, reason supervened, and I gradually brought the machine to a standstill after some very lively moments of speculation as to the exact part of my anatomy which would strike the ground first.

A LARGE FLINT

had cut right through the tyre, entering at one side and leaving on the other, a quarter-inch gash marking both its entrance and its exit. Then I remembered that the

mending outfit which was in my wallet contained materials quite inadequate to the task of patching those horrid leaks. Long immunity from motor-cycle punctures had made me careless ; and the renewal of solution, patches, &c., had been deferred too long. Nothing remained but to wheel my cycle along until I reached a place where help could be given me. At the "Lambert Arms," a short distance away, I procured a small portion of very thick solution, with which I vainly tried to affix a small square patch of thin rubber hardly large enough to cover the holes. That was no good. So I waited till a cyclist passed, and bailed him up. From him I procured a dab of fresh solution, which also failed. I waited again : and a kindly motorist and his chauffeur took pity on me. But *their* patches were for three-inch tyres, too large and thick for my purpose. However, we thought we had made a job of it ; and after their departure I replaced the tube in its cover—patched with strong canvas—for the second time. Alas ! it leaked, and night was coming on. By strangely bad luck this highway, on that particular afternoon, was almost entirely deserted by cyclists. Nothing remained but to try the patch again with the solution left by the good friend-in-need. I first of all stood on the patch ; then put weights on it, and left it a full twenty minutes. This time it *did* hold : and after three hours of detention I was able to start on my return journey, just at lighting-up time.

Not wishing to run any more risks, I elected to walk down Dashwood Hill, as my back brake was not working well and

the front tyre was uncertain. And very thankful I felt for my decision, when I found, half-way down the slope, that the nut connecting the plunger rod to the front brake horseshoe had fallen off, leaving me practically brakeless!

At the bottom I tried to put things right with

A PIECE OF WIRE AND SOME STRING.

But 'twas of no avail. I must continue my ride trusting to caution to save me from danger. All went well to within a mile of Wycombe, when, a few yards in front of me, I saw a drove of very small black calves, spreading right across the road. One of these I took amidships and bowled over, but without injury either to it, myself, or my machine. This kind of thing wouldn't do; so at the first cycle shop I procured a nut—of course this particular thread took nearly an hour to fit. I also bought fresh carbide in case of lamp failure. And this, too, was a good move; for when, in a desolate part of the road, the flame died down and ceased, I was able to put in more chemical to show me the way home.

Altogether, my experiences had been decidedly unpleasant: but from such mis-haps one learns wisdom. In the first place, I wish to draw my readers' attention to the danger—never before had it been brought home to me—of a *front* tyre bursting while the cycle is travelling at high speed.

THE LARGER THE TYRE THE GREATER THE DANGER,

because there is more "skating" with a big fold of outer cover. Secondly, the prudence of testing one's brakes before negotiating a really nasty hill is to be much recommended. Lastly, always carry a *proper repairing outfit and a pump*; and don't trust to the passing of good-natured cyclists. That outfit should include a couple of rubber valve-sleeves—small things generally found in the tube of powdered chalk—as the taking out of a tube from its cover may necessitate the removal of the valve nozzle, and woe betide the cyclist who finds the sleeve split by this removal, and nothing to replace it with. On two occasions I have been able to help stranded cyclists out of this particular predicament.

PRIMITIVE WHEELS.

A propos of the description of Shergold's cycle which I gave in the February number, a correspondent, Mr. Charles R. B. Barrett, of 36 Santos Road, Wandsworth, kindly sends me a letter which I reproduce *in extenso*:

"SIR.—To readers of your 'Cycling Corner' the following lines may be of interest. Not being a cyclist myself, I may err in technical terms, but the information which I give I can guarantee as being accurate. As long ago as 1864 I spent my summer holidays in the then remote little town of Ilchester, Somerset. It is, by the way, nearly as primitive a place now as then, or was so only a few years ago. The companion with whom I stayed had the use of one of the old wooden-bodied, wooden-wheeled, wooden-treadled velocipedes, a cumbersome machine steered by means of a handle attached by a long rod to the front wheel. This by the way. The only marvel is that we did not break every bone in our bodies tobogganing down a steep hill near—one steering, the other standing up behind on the axle. However, we did not. Now, in those days there lived in Ilchester an old fellow of very considerable mechanical skill. His name was Bourne, and he was a partner in the firm of Harris and Bourne, surveyors, &c., in the town. Old Bourne some years previously had projected an improved three-wheeled machine; and it is on the wheels of this invention that I particularly want to lay stress, as they were certainly

THE PREDECESSORS OF THE WHEELS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

"Their height was between five and six feet. The hub (of wood) had, screwed on to each face, circular flanges of iron, or let me call them plates. These plates were bored at intervals round the edges, and a similar number of holes was bored in the iron three-quarter inch wide rod which formed the tyre. Strong, but by no means thick, wire, strained from the flange through the tyre and back to the flange, formed the spokes.

"As boys we tried our very hardest to get the old fellow to finish his machine; but he never did. I remember, though, that he lent us an air-gun as an inducement to desist from bothering him. Even then

(1864) the wheels hung up on an apple-tree outside the village carpenter's shop: they were quite rusty. When I was last in Ilchester (1893) I inquired after the wheels, for they were curiosities. They were remembered, but they had vanished."

In a covering letter Mr. Barrett suggests that Shergold might have seen these wheels before he built his safety. As he says, it is possible; but the distance between

and figures in this connection. But first let me remind you that it is very difficult even for makers to name a total cost until the machine has been inspected, and the owner has definitely decided upon the extent and quality of the work he wishes to be done. Thus, to take an instance, if hubs need replating the wheels must be taken to pieces and rebuilt—a very considerable item in itself. Again, some



Fig. 1. Hold wheel by spindle thus, and have it turned till it has got up a high speed.



Fig. 2. Then turn it like this.



Fig. 3. And like this, and see what happens.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Birmingham and Ilchester makes it improbable. It has happened more than once that inventors separated by great distances have simultaneously evolved or perfected an idea. Thus, while Hadley produced the quadrant in London, Godfrey invented it in Philadelphia. Electrotyping appeared in Liverpool as the discovery of Mr. Spencer, a chemist, at the very time that Professor Jacobi was first exhibiting it at St. Petersburg. Then there is the well-known dispute as to whether Sir Humphry Davy or George Stephenson was the true inventor of the miner's safety lamp. Again, the planing machine has been claimed as the invention of six different persons—Fox, Roberts, Murray, Spring, Clement, and Rennie.

RE-PLATING AND RE-ENAMELLING.

As I am so often asked to give an idea of the price of renovating the exterior of a cycle, I herewith append some remarks

machines are plain black, others lined in gold or colours. Roughly speaking, the complete operation should cost about £3 if done in first-class style; 10s. less in second-class style; whereas as much must be added to the first total for lining.

It often happens that only a part of the machine needs attention, so I will cull a few items from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd.'s prices for *replating* parts. (First-class work guaranteed in every case.) Cranks, per pair, 3s.; Pedals, per pair, 3s. 6d.; Handle-bars, 3s. 6d.; Seat-pillars, 1s. 6d.; Complete Brake Sets, 3s. 9d.; Chain Wheels, 3s.

I would strongly advise that only the best work be asked for. The extra 6d. or 1s. in each case will be well expended. When a machine is renovated throughout, the price includes overhauling and readjustment, and new spokes and nipples for the wheels, but not the supply of broken or missing parts

discovered when overhauling or taking machine to pieces and putting together again.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

The other day I had the back wheel out of my motor-cycle to examine the bearings ; and, before replacing it, held it by the spindle and revolved it with my thumbs. While it was turning at a good speed I moved it about, tipping it laterally and horizontally. I was surprised to find what

to its owner we cannot imagine, as cycling roads are conspicuously absent in Tibet. We may be sure, however, that it was regarded as very valuable, since its transport over mountain passes, 17,000 feet above sea-level, must have been a painful business. The discoverer, Captain R. C. Moore, wisely photographed it as a curio, for such indeed it was in a land where spears are still the favourite weapons of offence, ancient matchlocks, rested on wooden crooks, occupying a secondary place. "Rover is its name, and



A CYCLE IN TIBET.

a powerful resistance the gyroscopic force of the wheel offered to these movements. Had the tyre (a heavy one) been travelling in space at thirty miles an hour I doubt whether I could have moved it at all. The persistence of an atom's travel in the direction of its original motion is thus illustrated. It is this quality of moving matter which enables a cyclist to maintain his balance. When you next have your wheels out, try the experiment for yourself.

AT LHASSA.

THIS very interesting photograph, kindly sent by the Rover Cycle Company, shows one of their machines which was found at Lhasa, when the British Column, under Colonel Younghusband, reached the "Forbidden City." What use it can have been

"Rover is its nature," might a Mrs. Gamp of to-day exclaim.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

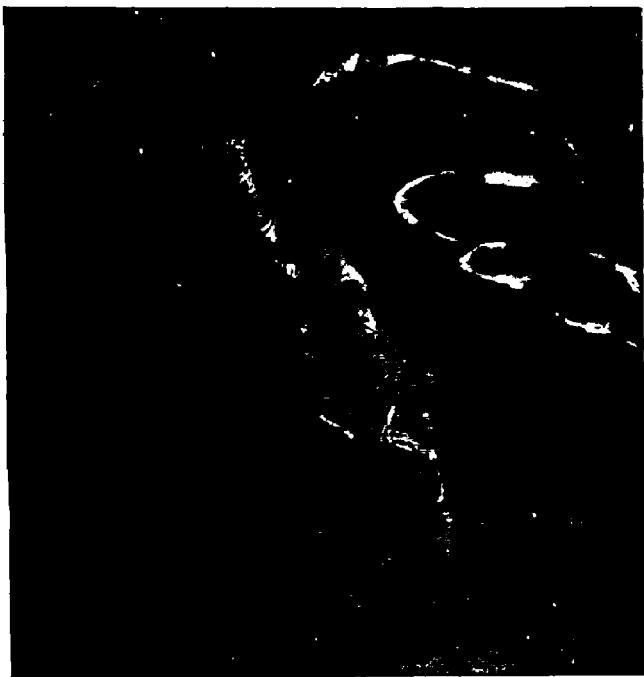
A. G. Morris.—You ask whether the habit of not wearing a cap or hat when cycling is harmful. Evidently it agrees with you ; and I cannot see how it can hurt any one who is not peculiarly liable to head-colds. In fact, it should have a beneficial effect on the hair. A cap is, of course, a most insanitary, though in some ways a convenient headgear ; and the "no-hat" craze has certainly some sound reason behind it. At the same time I would warn you against riding unprotected in a hot sun, when you might be easily bowled out if you are sensitive to heat. A couple of days at Avranches in 1898 with sunstroke still lingers in my memory as a very unpleasant occurrence. No, the C.T.C. post-card maps do not treat the counties separately, but only some of the main roads, e.g., London to Gateshead, London to Brighton, Gateshead to John o' Greats, and the country through which they run.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By FRANKLIN WELLES GALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 15.—THE EXPLOIT OF ANTOINE AND PIERRE.



THIS is the true story of the exploit of Antoine and Pierre Le Beau, lads who were born in the little French-Indian village of La Saussaie. Their father, Baptiste Le Beau, was a peltry-trader, and their mother a half-blood Mandan woman.

Pierre was two years the older, and inherited much of the Indian nature. Antoine was more like the French, and clever also. Therefore he was sent away to school, in St. Louis, where he remained until his father was killed, an accidental victim in a fight between Red Dog's and Three Feathers' band of Bois-Brulés.

Antoine found that during the four years of his absence the fur trade had been ruined. Settlers and stockmen had come into the country across the river from La Saussaie. He found Charbonneau, his father's partner, in possession of the store, and his mother and Pierre with nothing left them save a few ponies, the log house they lived in, and the village.

Although but fifteen years old, Antoine, thrifty and clever, saw his opportunity in the control of the land, which included some excellent grazing-ground.

The stockmen across the river had large droves of horses and cattle, and they were already crowded for room. So Antoine took horses to herd. He succeeded in gathering three hundred during the first spring and received two dollars per head for the season. He lost but two out of this "bunch," and the animals did so well that

more than five hundred were placed in his charge the following year.

So the Le Beaus were again highly important among the people of mixed blood at La Saussaie. Pierre wore the gayest of blanket jackets, lived merrily, and sometimes amused himself by going fishing. He loafed much in Charbonneau's dingy store, which smelled of hides, dried fish, and stale tobacco.

Now it happened one chilly morning, when Antoine had come in to warm his hands by Charbonneau's fire, that a couple of young men from the settlements were in the store seeking to buy rope and blankets.

"This old rope—no good," said Pierre, as one of the newcomers stooped to examine a coil upon the floor. "My brudder Antoine, hees buy some of dat rope las' summer, an de knots dey rot off hees picket-pins."

At this Charbonneau flew into a rage, called Pierre some hard names in French and ordered him out of the store. Then, as Pierre merely grinned, Charbonneau rushed at him and flung him violently upon the floor.

Antoine's French-Indian blood got the upper hand of his school-training at this. He seized the irate trader by the beard, thrust a pistol in his face, and said such emphatic things that Charbonneau's legs



HE SEIZED THE IRATE TRADER BY THE BEARD, AND THRUST A PISTOL IN HIS FACE.

shook like willows in the wind and his customers left in alarm.

Charbonneau begged pardon and Antoine's wrath quickly subsided. The lad was rather ashamed, in fact, for he knew Pierre had been impertinent in talking to customers about Charbonneau's goods.

The matter would have ended amicably but for Charbonneau's Ogalalla wife, who was of a temper quite as choleric as her husband and far more steadfast. She was greatly enraged when she learned that Charbonneau had been taken by the beard, which she seemed to consider a most humiliating thing. It made her despise Charbonneau and thirst for revenge on Antoine.

When the first warm days came after the going out of the ice, Madame Charbonneau gathered her small effects and departed in a

canoe with her children, a well-grown boy and girl. This little family paddled far down the Missouri and thence up White River to the big Ogalalla towns.

Whether the angry squaw-wife appealed more signally to the spirit of revenge or of cupidity among her friends is not quite clear, but certain it is that shortly after her appearance among them a party of Ogalallas set out across the great stretch of plain to the northward, descended upon Antoine's horse-corrals one night in June, and drove off all the herded stock.

Antoine had built his corrals a mile above the village. As these horses were under "sacred medicine" and in charge of "one of the blood," there was no danger that they would be stolen by Cheyennes, Gros Ventres or other tribes of the upper

reserve. Another and final element of safety lay in the fact that most of the horses were of a large breed not much in use, except for meat, among the Sioux. Thus Antoine had felt doubly secure in leaving the animals at night unguarded in the corrals. He could not watch all night and work all day, and Pierre could not be depended on for guard duty.

On the morning of his loss he rode home from the broken corrals with despair in his heart. His occupation and his reputation were gone unless he could recover the stock. The owners of the herd and other whites across the river would not hesitate to accuse him of having a hand in such a wholesale robbery, unless he could prove his innocence absolutely, nor would they trust him with any more horses.

It was barely daylight, so early was he

out of a morning, when Antoine aroused his mother and Pierre. The woman immediately took a canoe and paddled across the river to warn the owners of the stolen horses. As for Pierre, he suddenly awoke to the importance of doing something. His Indian blood was aroused and he readily joined Antoine in an arduous chase after the horse thieves.

Sunrise saw the brothers well mounted and galloping hard to westward. The broad trail of the herd led straight away toward the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. Evidently the animals had been taken from their corrals in the early night and were being pushed hard, for, when the pursuers had mounted the bluffs above the Missouri, they saw no cloud of dust upon the miles and miles of nearly level plain. At night they passed down into the valley of Thunder Creek, which marked the limit of the country they knew. They camped on this creek, nearly seventy miles from home.

They were up and off again at break of day, and night brought them to the breaks of the Bad Lands—warm, at last, upon the trail of the stolen stock. Hitherto they had passed three camps where the Ogalallas—more than twenty, as the brothers had made out by the sign—had halted to rest and graze the stock, and at one of them the skull and freshly picked bones of a horse were found.

Just before sunset the brothers rode to the summit of a red butte and looked back over their trail. Were the stockmen following the stolen horses? On all the vast stretch of sun-baked plain there was not the slightest cloud or trail of dust to cheer the boys with hope of aid from the settlements. In another direction lay rough ridges of chalk cliffs and a narrow, gorge-like valley cast in forbidding shadows. At some point or turn in that tortuous, fading cañon, the stolen horses would be guarded for the night. But dared any two pursuers venture their lives in that narrow pass?

Did the brothers turn back? Did the lazy Pierre, dust begrimed, choked by thirst, and half-famished from a slender diet of dry, chipped beef, want to go home? Not he. The Sioux's persistence and the white man's boldness had seized upon the lads and urged them on to a deed almost incredibly daring, yet planned with great shrewdness.

From the appearance of the trail below they knew the stock-thieves were some two hours' ride in advance, and that they would

go into camp soon after dark. So, with plans already formed, the two rode down the red bluff into the narrow valley.

Upon reaching the creek—a swift, shallow stream—they turned their ponies loose, quenched their thirst, and immediately set out to search the banks. They found a bog-hole where were tufts of old, dry grass, which had escaped the fall fires. Of this they gathered enough for their purpose.

With dry twigs and bark of willows they twisted dry-grass ropes some two inches in diameter and half the length of a lariat. To prevent these ropes from untwisting they tied them here and there with interlacing twine.

This task finished, the brothers ate some stringy chips of dried meat and stretched themselves on the ground for an hour or so of rest.

Thus refreshed, they remounted and rode leisurely and cautiously along the trail. Turn after turn of the narrow valley was made. They moved in a silence broken only by the light footfalls of their ponies. Their animals were kept at the shuffling, nearly noiseless trot characteristic of the Indian-bred pony.

On either hand loomed the chalk cliffs; fringes of cottonwoods and willows marked the crooked channel of the creek. The trail, a broad swath in the thin, tall grass of the bottom lands, was easily followed.

The thieves were depending upon their advantage in start, their celerity of movement, and the unlikelihood of pursuit except from fort or settlement. This they hoped to elude finally among the intricacies of the Bad Lands.

Leaving the trail, the boys hugged the little stream, keeping well within the shadows of its bordering trees. It was after midnight that the rustling murmur they had listened for came to their ears. Quite plainly now they could hear the trampling of a herd, hungrily cropping the coarse, thin grass. But no fires, no sign of Indians or of horses could be seen in the night.

The brothers dismounted and led their ponies deeper within the shadows of a cluster of cottonwoods. They stripped the animals of saddles and bridles and turned them loose. Each then wound his surcingle and grass rope about his body and slid softly down the ditch-like bank of the creek.

They left their saddles under the trees and carried their rolled blankets under their arms.



PIERRE SWEEPED THE BLAZING END OF THE ROPE DIRECTLY INTO THE SAVAGE'S FACE.

They followed the creek channel, hugging the bank, half creeping on the shore or wading in the water with great caution where there was no foothold on land.

The creek channel led them, by a curve, within the shadows of overhanging cliffs, and they knew the Indians were encamped in this bend. Sounds of the herd grew more distinct, and they were creeping with greater caution, when a loud, familiar whinny broke upon their ears, then yells of Indians and a brief clatter of hoofs.

What Antoine and Pierre had calculated upon had happened. Their own ponies had come on and joined the herd. There had been a momentary alarm as the animals had passed Indian guards and camp. In the darkness there was little danger that

the incident would excite suspicion. The savages would simply conclude that the ponies had strayed and returned, or had been left behind in some shelter of brush or trees.

In the meantime the lads had discovered the Sioux's camp and their first outpost. Fortunately, horse-stealers do not allow dogs to follow them, and Antoine and Pierre were in no danger of discovery from these sentinel pests of an ordinary Indian camp.

Thanks to the shelter of the creek bank and its fringe of willows, they passed the camp in safety. The horses were farther on. Presently the brothers ascended the creek bank upon the grass land, and were in the midst of the grazing herd. They walked

carelessly among the animals, talking in low tones and in the Sioux tongue, which they spoke with a perfect accent.

They were some time in finding riding-ponies among the herd. At last, by cautious and friendly advances, each secured a pony, bridled the animal, strapped his blanket upon its back, and mounted. They rode together boldly along the creek bank. As they passed the limits of the herd a Sioux arose from the grass a few yards distant and hailed them. Antoine replied.

"We go to the hills," he said, gruffly, "to look for pursuers when light comes."

The Indian grunted approval and the riders passed on leisurely. This simple, bold proceeding, and the noise and confusion of the stamping, snorting herd, saved an alarm. Its success, and the knowledge that the Indians were herding their booty unmounted, filled Pierre and Antoine with elation. The Sioux, as they had hoped, were giving all of their ponies complete rest for the night.

The daring riders passed on down the valley until they were well out of sight and hearing of the herd. They then hobbled their ponies and flung themselves upon the grass. Here they waited, resting and talking in subdued voices, until that darkest hour which comes before dawn. Then they remounted, uncoiled their grass ropes, and rode back toward the herd. They approached, riding cautiously, until warned by coughing snorts that the horses were near at hand.

There was no longer the noise of trampling feet—the herd was lying at rest. So much the better for the plan the boys had adopted; a plan simple and bold, requiring dash and courage beyond ordinary conception. They were to stampede this herd of five hundred horses, and to ride at its heels directly through and over an Indian camp. Truly it was to be neck or nothing with them! They rode a dozen rods apart and halted. They scratched matches under the cover of their horses' flanks, and lighted the frayed ends of their grass ropes.

In the next instant Antoine fired his revolver in air, and with shrill, terrifying whoops the daring fellows rode at top speed directly at the sleeping herd. They whirled their lighted rope-ends, fanned to flame as their animals ran, and rushed in upon a

startled crowd of horses, encircled in hissing, writhing coils of fire.

Pierre rode like one possessed, and yelled like a veritable war-fiend. As the herd broke away in his front he ran plump upon an Indian guard.

The Sioux was directly in advance, and running, but turned to shoot. As he did so Pierre, whirling his fire-ropes, swept the blazing end directly into the savage's face, thrust out a foot, and left him sprawling and blinded in the grass.

Then there was a wild and most exciting rout. The whole herd of horses fled like mad things before those circling, shrieking snakes of fire.

Despite a mob of yelling Indians, aroused from their blankets and rushing frantically hither and thither, the horses, gathered in a flying mass, swept resistlessly on, taking their own back trail instinctively.

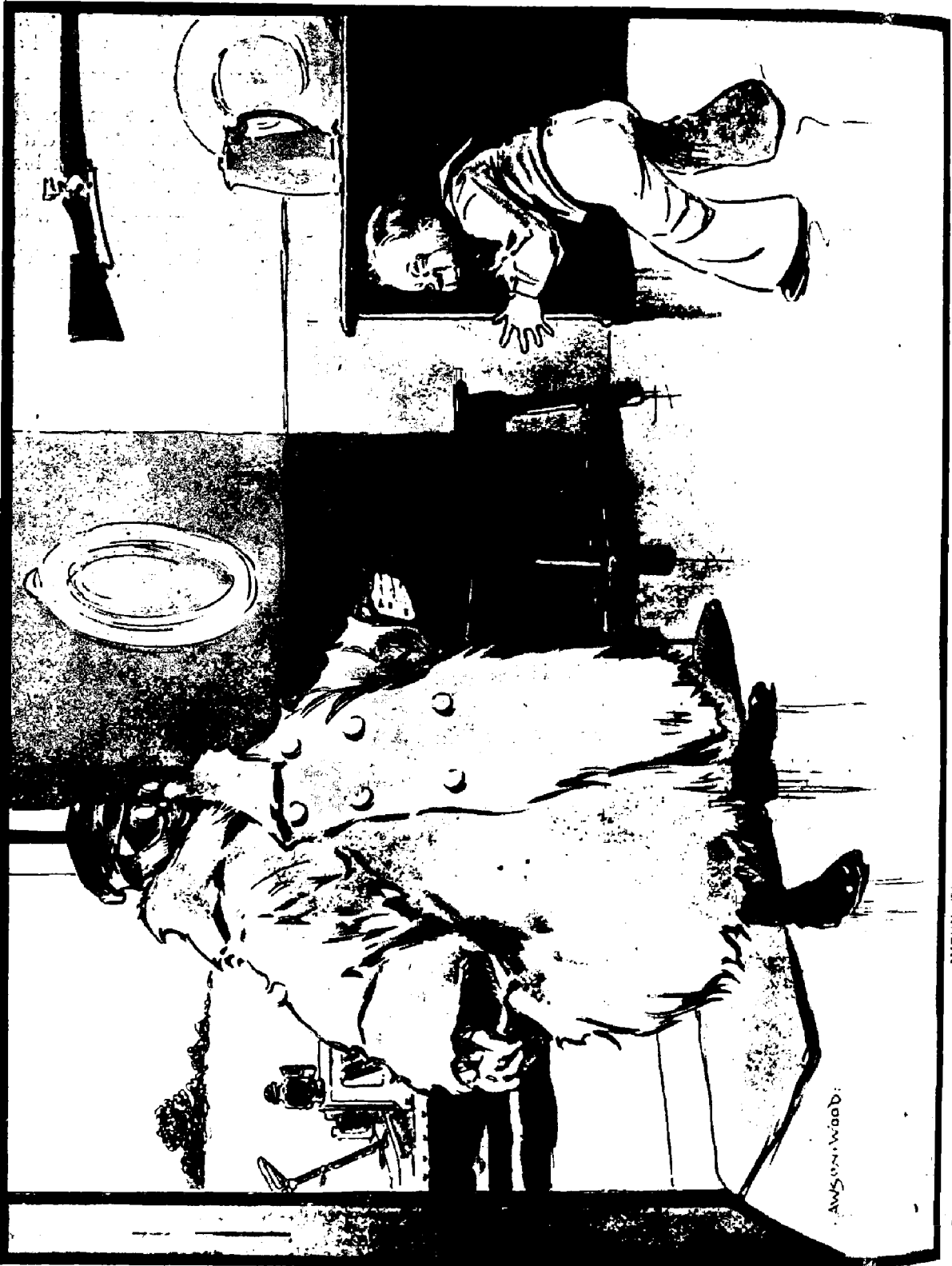
Antoine and Pierre galloped into the Sioux camp ground, riding at the heels of the herd in a smothering cloud of dust. They were fired upon by several Sioux whom they nearly ran down as they came together at the tail of the herd; but bullets aimed chiefly at whirling streaks of fire, and in dust and darkness, went wide, and the daring stampeders came off without a scratch.

They yelled and whirled their fire-ropes until those effective torches had burned nearly to their fingers' ends. When that happened they were beyond the Sioux camp and had the whole herd—with twenty-odd Ogalalla ponies beside—in front of them, going like the wind. A score of disconsolate Sioux bucks were left to make their way on foot to the Niobrara country.

Four days later the French-Indian boys drove the recovered stock, minus four or five head, killed and strayed, down the bluffs of La Saussaie.

The owners of the stock had not thought it worth while to follow the Indians, but they were delighted with the exploit of Antoine and Pierre. Even the lazy brother was a man of consequence thereafter and was allowed to assist in looking after the herd.

This recapture of stolen stock was a piece of daring so admired by the most renowned Sioux braves that even Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull always spoke of the Le Beau boys with some envy and great respect.



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THE STAMPS OF BERMUDA.

The Bermudas.

THE Bermuda Islands stand well out into the Atlantic, six hundred miles from the coast of North Carolina. Strictly speaking, they are not geographically a part of the West Indian archipelago, but they are, for convenience' sake, generally classed with that group. The islands, which are of coral formation, have a length of about twenty miles and a width of five miles. They are surrounded by what is termed a growing reef, through which a few more or less intricate channels admit vessels. On the main island is Hamilton, the capital and seat of government, a town with a population of 1300. The total population of the islands in 1901 was 17,535, including 6000 whites and 9000 coloured persons.

The group was discovered by a Spaniard named Juan Bermudez, in 1522, who was shipwrecked there on his way from Spain to Cuba. In 1609 Sir George Somers, an English admiral, was also shipwrecked on the islands, which were as a consequence given the name of Somers Islands, but this second name is now rarely used. In 1612 the islands settled down as an English possession, being mainly colonised from Virginia.

Strategically, the islands are of considerable importance, for the harbour of St. Georges is said to be able to accommodate the whole of the British navy.

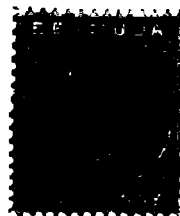
Their Philatelic History.

From the philatelic point of view Bermuda is a fairly inexpensive country, except for a small group of provisionals. The colony did not commence the issue of postage stamps till 1865, and of its first series of five values only the 3d. can be considered as at all scarce. They were all water-marked "Crown and CC" and comprised stamps of the value of 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1s.

In 1874 and 1875 there was an outcrop of

provisionals. A supply of 3d. stamps was provided by surcharging the 1d. and 1s. values with the word "Threepence." Then in the following year there were provisionals of the 1d. value, 2d., 3d., and 1s. stamps being converted into 1d. stamps by a surcharge of "One Penny." In 1880 two new values, ½d. and 4d., were added, still water-marked "CC." Then in 1884-93 followed the "CA" series of Queen's heads, several of which are still current. In 1901 a "One farthing" stamp was provided by surcharging the 1s. with the words "One Farthing"; and last, and still current, we have what is termed the dock design.

1865.—This first issue consisted of five values at 1d., 2d., 3d., 6d., and 1s. They were engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co. on paper water-marked Crown and CC, and were perforated 14. Subsequently the 3d., 6d., and 1s. were found also with the compound perforation of 14 horizontally and 12½ vertically. As will be seen from the following list, all but the 3d. of this first issue may still be had at reasonably low prices. The 6d. of the series is still current; hence its low catalogue price.



Wmk. Crown and CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d., rose red	2	6	..	4
2d., blue	3	0	..	3
3d., yellow (1873)	15	0	..	10
6d., mauve	8	6
1s., cream	7	6	..	1

Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14 x 12½.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d., yellow	15	0	..	15
6d., mauve	1	0	..	—
1s., green	3	0	..	3

1874. PROVISIONAL.—The 3d., which for cataloguing and grouping purposes has been included in the preceding first series, was not issued till 1873. It was provided for payment of the then single rate of postage between Bermuda and British North America. The first supply of 9800 which reached the colony in March 1873 was exhausted by February of the following year, and a provisional issue became necessary. Hence the following Government minute: "1874. February 21. The Council approve of the issue of a portion of the redundant *One Shilling* postage stamps in store as *Threepenny* stamps, with a distinct crossing of 'three' or '3d.' if possible of a different, coloured ink." Consequently some 13,500 of the "redundant" shillings were surcharged with the word "Threepence." This surcharge was printed diagonally on each stamp, in black ink, from the left bottom to the right top corner. There were two varieties of this surcharge, one in fancy italic, capitals, shaded; and the other in ordinary Roman capitals.

Provisional.

In fancy, italic, shaded capitals.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d., on 1s. green	40	0	..	30

In Roman Capitals.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
3d. on 1s. green	50	0	..	30

1875. PROVISIONALS.—In this year a shortage of 1d. stamps was tided over by surcharging 2d., 3d., and 1s. stamps of the first issue with the words "One Penny" in two lines. The total numbers issued of these provisionals was as follows:

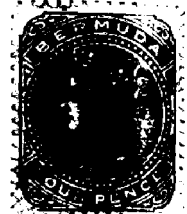
1d. on 2d. blue, 4,800.
1d. on 3d. yellow, 12,000.
1d. on 1s. green, 23,500.

Provisionals.

"One Penny" in Capitals and Small Letters.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1d. on 2d. blue	40	0	..	30
1d. on 3d. yellow	15	0	..	15
1d. on 1s. green	12	6	..	12

1880.—In this year two new values, ½d. and 4d., were added, both water-marked Crown CC and perforated 14, as before. These two stamps were the last printed on the Crown CC paper, unless indeed we except the still current first issue 6d., of which presumably printings are still being made, unless a very "redundant" stock is being worked off.



Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., stone	4	4
4d., orange red	8	6

1884-1893.—We now come to the last and still partially current Queen's heads, all water-marked Crown CA. A new value of 2½d. to meet the requirements of the Postal Union is added. The ½d. of the previous issue is changed in colour from stone to dull green, the 1d. appears first in dull rose, now getting scarce and carmine; the 2d. was first printed in the old colour of blue, and was then changed to violet brown to avoid clashing with the Postal Union 2½d. blue; the 3d. was changed from yellow to grey, and the 1s. from green to yellow brown.



Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
½d., dull green	2	1
1d., rose red	2	6	..	4
1d., carmine	3	1
2d., blue (1886)	1	6	..	1
2d., violet brown (1893)	3	3
2½d., ultramarine	4	2
3d., grey (1886)	6	6
1s., yellow brown (1893)	1	4	..	1

1901. PROVISIONAL.—The following account of the issue of the "One Farthing" provisional of this year was supplied to the *Monthly Journal* at the time by a correspondent in the colony: "It appears that an Act was passed last year under which an inland rate of ½d per two ounces is to be levied on newspapers,

which have hitherto been conveyed free. As it was desired to bring this into force from January 1, there was no time to get a new plate prepared, and a telegram was sent home requesting that a supply might be printed from the 1s. plate, in grey, and overprinted 'One Farthing.' Owing to delay of the steamer, the stamps did not arrive till January 10; they were put on sale on the 11th, with the result that all were bought up by speculators within twenty-four hours, and, until a fresh lot can be obtained, the newspapers have to pass free as before! The Post Office loses nothing, of course, as many more stamps have been sold than were at all likely to be used upon newspapers, and we suspect that the subscribers to the papers will be the principal gainers. From 4d. to 6d. each was being asked for the stamps on the spot, but as the supply was some £200 worth, or 192,000 stamps in all, the fortunate (?) purchasers will be glad to unload at very much less than that before long."

The *Monthly Circular* of a later date stated that there were £250 worth of the provisional put on sale, and that £235 worth were purchased by three speculators, who endeavoured to gull stamp collectors into the belief that these stamps would be of great value.

It is to be hoped that the three speculators burnt their fingers badly. At all events they have not succeeded in maintaining a premium price against collectors. Copies are plentiful to-day, and are likely to remain so for many years. Presumably there was a second supply, for no permanent stamp of ½d. has yet been issued.



Provisional.

½d. on 1	Unused.	Used.
" " "	d	d.
" " "	1	1

1902-1904.—Bermuda is very proud of its splendid harbours, and of its great floating dock, which is said to be one of the finest in the world, measuring 545 ft. in length with a floating capacity of 16,500 tons. This dock the colony has placed upon its latest stamps as a central design of a new issue, of which we have had the ½d., 1d., and 3d. values, with, presumably, other values to follow as the Queen's heads are exhausted.

Dock Design.

Wmk. Crown CA.	Perf. 14.	Unused.	Used.
		d.	d.
½d., green, centre black		1	1
1d. carmine, centre black		2	1
3d. sage green, centre magenta		5	—

1904.—Last year we had a surprise issue in the shape of the old 4d. of 1880 water-marked Crown CA.

Old Design.

Wmk. Crown CA.	Perf. 14.	Unused.	Used.
		d.	
4d. orange red		6	—

Review.

GIBBONS' CATALOGUE FOR 1905.

We have received Part I., British Empire, of the new Gibbons' Catalogue, for 1905. It is a very great improvement upon all previous issues. The illustrations are now life-size, instead of being a mixture of confusing reductions, and they are clear and distinct throughout. To provide scope for these larger size illustrations the size of the page has been enlarged about an inch in length and width. The publishers state that the cost of the new illustrations has been close on £800. The appearance of the Catalogue is further improved by the use of a better paper, and consequently clearer printing.

Transvaal has been partly rewritten by our friend and fellow-specialist in Transvaals, Mr. R. B. Yardley. Uganda has also been rewritten on the lines of the articles recently contributed by Mr. C. J. Phillips to the *Monthly Journal*. The quaint little stamps of Scinde, issued by Sir Bartle Frere away back in 1851, are now placed at the head of Indian issues as being entitled to be considered the first postal adhesives of India.

The various Perkins Bacon and De la Rue water-marks are now grouped together on one introductory page and typed for reference in the various lists.

In the matter of prices, there is a marked end to the long-drawn-out slump that has been depressing prices since 1897. In most changes there is a small rise, with here and there a drop, but the rises predominate persistently throughout most of the colonies, and we are glad to note that there are few, if any, sensational plunges, upward or downward, in prices. There is an evident desire to steady prices instead of jumping them up and down spasmodically.

The price of the new edition, the seventeenth, is raised from 2s. to 2s. 6d., and is enclosed in the usual red cloth, but in a special design in black and gold.

"O.H.M.S."

Being Naval Yarns of To-Day.

By
GEO. ELLBAR.



No. 3.—THE CHINESE PILOT.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

WHEW!" ejaculated Sub-Lieutenant Consett Rymer, languidly mixing himself another long drink. "Doctor, it's hot."

An unmeaning grunt sounded from somewhere behind the latest London picture paper, which was propped up on the other side of the ward-room table. Rymer looked at the paper vindictively, and then, stretching out a white duck leg, kicked it out of its reader's hands across the room.

The round-faced, cheery-looking Surgeon of the river gunboat *Wagtail* thrust his hands deep in his pockets and stretched himself out lazily in his cane lounge. "Young man," he said solemnly, "when you have lived in China as long as I have you will be thankful for small mercies. As you remark, it's warm, but it's not nearly so damp as a self-respecting monsoon should be. Now in '97——"

"Oh, hang '97. Doctor, it's confounded dull and you can't deny it, loafing about here off this rotten old town of Hankow, with nothing to look at but that preposterous embankment—'bund,' as they call it. What are we waiting for, that's what I want to know? We ought to have started back for Nankin two days ago."

"That so-called 'bund' you would see filling a very useful purpose if Jupiter Pluvius were as energetic as usual," said the Surgeon meditatively. "Now, there was talkee, you know, of a jamboree some two hundred miles inland."

"Well, why don't they—hullo!"

"Hullo!" The new-comer, the other Sub of the *Wagtail*, walked across the ward-room and dropped into a chair. "Heard the news?"

"No," said Rymer and Surgeon Gates together; "out with it."

"Mix me a cooler first," and Rymer hastened to obey.

"Ah," gurgled his brother Sub, "blessed be the man who invented thirst. Well," he went on, "be it known that the Taotai of Tlang fu, two hundred odd miles up the Han River yonder, has maliciously ill-treated some inoffensive traders and outraged the British flag. Wherefore Mr. Consul Shorto is going to interview the gentleman with an expedition. We are part of the expedition."

"Hurroo!" shouted Rymer, pirouetting round the cabin; "good old Taotai of Tlang fu. When do we start, Bertie?"

"Soon as the *Gadfly* comes up."

"The *Gadfly*—what, is she coming, too?"

"I said we were *part* of the expedition, didn't I?"

"Well," said the Surgeon, "that explains our waiting. The *Gadfly* ought to be here to-morrow."

"Think so?" said Sub-Lieutenant Bertie Lucas. "Now, if you cared to go outside and cast your eye down stream—" But he was talking to air, for Rymer and the Surgeon had vanished.

A minute afterwards Lucas joined them by the little six-pounder under the awning

aft. Awaft down the river, could be seen a shallow draft gunboat, of similar build to but smaller than the *Wagtail*. As she pushed her way up against the fast-running stream she looked with her two funnels and high superstructure, like a small caricature of a *Swiftsure* type battleship. Drawing only two and a half of water, these shallow draft river boats necessarily have their engines, cabins, and everything else, on deck above the water line. So that, although small, they present a quite imposing appearance.

As the *Gadfly* drew to her moorings, Lieutenant Stanhope, commanding the *Wagtail*, came on board. Shortly after, the Lieut.-Commander of the new-comer followed to report his arrival.

Contrary to expectation, however, the little expedition did not start the next day, and for a very good reason—Captain Stanhope could not obtain a suitable pilot. The Han Kiang, commonly known as the Han River, up which the boats were to proceed, like most Chinese rivers is extremely difficult to navigate, and a thoroughly reliable pilot is indispensable. It is necessary, too, that he should be a man who has just come down the river, for, owing to the continual shifting of the sandbanks, the channel is constantly changing.

Several junk captains were interviewed, but none of them satisfied the Commander's requirements, much to the disgust of the two Subs. At length, however, one afternoon, a wrinkled, weird-looking old gentleman presented himself, and a little later they heard to their immense satisfaction that the much-sought pilot was engaged. The same night Mr. William Shorto, the British Consul, came on board.

Next morning, at eight bells in the forenoon watch, the expedition started. A channel was cleared through the hundreds of junks that formed practically a floating bridge across the entrance to the Han River, and then the *Wagtail*, with the little *Gadfly* close in her wake, steamed steadily up the centre of the stream.

"Don't see much need for a pilot here," remarked Rymer, after they had proceeded in this wise for a few miles.

"Wait a bit," said the Surgeon, who had been some distance up the Han Kiang before. "Further on the channel dodges about in the most erratic manner, and what with sand spits and shoal water you'd find yourself in a mess without one. That's a good tip."

At the suggestion of Wung Ling Foo, the

pilot, a man with a flag had been stationed on the fo'c'sle, to wave to passing junks the direction in which he was taking the ship.

Although the carefully cultivated country was as flat as a board—the numerous embankments on both sides of the stream showing the steps taken to minimise the effects of the periodical floods—the two Subs observed much that was interesting during the first day's journey. At places the navigation became most difficult, and the clever manner in which their pilot crossed the fast-running current, between overlapping sand spits, and sometimes among a fleet of junks, was very noticeable. He really was a smart old fellow, this pilot, with a wonderful knowledge of the river, and a first-rate eye for deep water.

Owing to the rapid current and the difficulties of navigation, their progress necessarily was slow. Yet Captain Stanhope was satisfied with the distance travelled when they made fast for the night to a steep rocky bank, where the many holes, cut in the rock, showed that it was a much used mooring place for junks.

The boats had not been made snug long when Lucas sought out Rymer, who was busy writing up his journal.

"I say, Rymer, have you seen Wung?"

"No, why?"

"Come and have a look."

The two went out on the upper deck forward. Down on the fo'c'sle squatted the old pilot, apparently happily employed in the childish amusement of making little boats of coloured paper, which he sent floating down the stream.

"What's he doing, Jones?" asked Rymer of an old A.B. who was tautening up the awning.

"Ugh," grunted Jones, with a scornful glance down. "he's barmy, sir."

"I know," said Lucas suddenly. "Where's George Washington? Hi, Washy!"

"George Washington," one of the native domestics, emerged noiselessly from the ward room.

"What's Wung doing down there?"

The native "boy" looked over for a moment and then edged round.

"Me can tell you, sir. Him welly good man. Him makee muchee play."

"Play!" said Rymer. "Of course he's playing."

"He means 'pray,'" said a quiet voice behind; "praying to his joss." It was the Consul, who had joined the little group.



EMPLOYED IN THE CHILDISH AMUSEMENT OF MAKING LITTLE PAPER BOATS.

"But," he went on, "I must confess I've never seen it take that form before."

"I see; and the gold paper ones are extra special petitions, I suppose, sir?" said Lucas, as a particularly gorgeous specimen was launched on its short-lived cruise.

Every night afterwards Wung Ling Foo busied himself with his coloured paper and his little boats, and the sight of the old chap at his quaint devotions soon caused no comment.

In the course of the next day's trip they stopped at Hung Chau, a large walled town of some considerable commercial importance. So soon as the boats were made fast the Prefect paid an official visit, which was duly returned by the Consul and the two Commanding Officers. Hundreds of people crowded on the river bank alongside the gunboats, causing great amusement to the crews; but there was not the slightest trouble during the whole of their stay.

That evening Lieut.-Commander Brice, of the *Gadfly*, came to dinner, and an informal discussion took place as to the probable effect of their visit upon the erring Taotai. Lucas and his brother officer then learnt more of the occurrence which had given rise to the expedition.

It appeared that two enterprising traders had hired a large cargo junk and worked their way, with considerable success, up to the walled town of Tlung fu. There, at first, everything went smoothly. Then, one fine morning, without any warning, Sing Yen, the Taotai, boarded their vessel, alleged that the goods they had obtained were stolen, and, notwithstanding their protests, haled them both off to prison. When, by bribing the gaoler, they managed to escape, they found their junk looted and their boatmen gone; and it was only after many privations that they ultimately succeeded in getting back to Hankow.

"And," concluded the Consul, "I haven't

the slightest reason to doubt the accuracy of their story."

"What do you expect to do?" inquired Commander Brice.

"Well, what I should like to do would be to seize Sing and bring him down to Hankow for trial. What in all probability will happen will be an interminable palaver; the infliction of an inadequate fine; and the production and punishment of half a dozen miserable coolies, who had the least to do with the outrage."

"This interesting Sing Yen," said Captain Stanhope, "is a pretty tough lot. He seems to have things very much his own way in his own happy hunting-ground. So much so that the Chinese authorities at Hankow are afraid to touch him, and have left the whole business to us."

"Then there might be trouble," remarked Commander Brice.

"There might be," said the Consul, "but I think your ships and men and guns will overawe him. The only thing to be wary of is a surprise—an ambush, or something of that sort—for he's crafty enough for anything."

"Shouldn't think he'd have much chance of that," remarked Brice.

"By the bye, Captain Stanhope," said the Consul, "there's no possibility of treachery among any of your natives, I suppose?"

"Natives?" repeated the Captain. "Oh, you mean the domestics. No, they're all from the coast, except one, and he's quite safe. Still, we might keep an eye on them, Brice." The latter and the Consul nodded, and soon after the party broke up.

Of course the two Subs had not missed a word of this conversation, and when they were by themselves they eagerly discussed the situation. "I only hope," said Rymer, "that there will be some fun, as Brice said."

"Yes," agreed Lucas; "but if we could only bag old Sing Yen! That's the thing to do, my boy."

The next day the two gunboats entered a part of the river which had not before been navigated by a ship of war, and soundings began, for H.M. ships seize every opportunity of charting unknown waterways. Lucas and his friend were now kept pretty busy. Three days later, however, they came to a wide reach, where the pilot said they must unavoidably wait for a freshet, in order to cross some very bad shoals. Although Captain Stanhope chafed at the delay—and his annoyance was deepened by the sight of hills, not far distant, which

promised deeper water—he was forced to take the pilot's advice. So the boats were made fast, and officers and men settled down to patient contemplation of their surroundings.

Next morning the river was no higher, and when the Surgeon suggested a shooting expedition the project was received with acclamation. Permission was readily granted. The party was joined by the *Gadfly's* doctor, and the four officers, with a couple of blue-jackets, set out for a small lake, a little lower down the stream, which gave good promise of waterfowl.

They were not disappointed. By mid-day they had a very good bag and, as the heat was getting unbearable, they decided to return. While Surgeon Smith of the *Gadfly*, who was a bit of a naturalist, was explaining something he had found to his brother medico, the two Subs strolled down to their boat.

On their way Lucas spied, among the grasses on the edge of the river, something which he playfully picked up on the end of his gun.

"Hullo," said Rymer, strolling on, "what have you got there?"

"Looks like one of old Wung's paper boats."

"What are you going to do with it—keep it as a souvenir?"

Lucas made no reply, and Rymer turned round to find his chum intently studying the ragged piece of paper.

Now Lucas, smitten by a recent Admiralty circular, which offered special prizes to officers becoming proficient in foreign languages, had commenced to study Chinese.

"What is it?" said Rymer, coming back.

His friend looked up, strangely excited. "I say," he said quickly, "these are Chinese characters." He pointed to a row of weird-looking signs. "I believe it's a message, but keep mum. We'll ask the Consul when we get back." And he carefully placed the crumpled rag in his pocket.

"What sort of message?" asked Rymer.

"Don't know. Wait till we get back to the boat." And with that the other had to be content.

They found the Consul and Captain Stanhope in the ward room, studying a rough map of the Tung fu district. Apologising for the interruption, Lucas straightened out his find and placed it before the former.

The Consul looked at it for a moment,



EMPLOYED IN THE CHILDISH AMUSEMENT OF MAKING LITTLE PAPER BOATS.

"But," he went on, "I must confess I've never seen it take that form before."

"I see; and the gold paper ones are extra special petitions, I suppose, sir?" said Lucas, as a particularly gorgeous specimen was launched on its short-lived cruise.

Every night afterwards Wung Ling Foo busied himself with his coloured paper and his little boats, and the sight of the old chap at his quaint devotions soon caused no comment.

In the course of the next day's trip they stopped at Hung Chau, a large walled town of some considerable commercial importance. So soon as the boats were made fast the Prefect paid an official visit, which was duly returned by the Consul and the two Commanding Officers. Hundreds of people crowded on the river bank alongside the gunboats, causing great amusement to the crews; but there was not the slightest trouble during the whole of their stay.

That evening Lieut.-Commander Brice of the *Gadfly*, came to dinner, and an informal discussion took place as to the probable effect of their visit upon the erring Taotai. Lucas and his brother officer then learnt more of the occurrence which had given rise to the expedition.

It appeared that two enterprising traders had hired a large cargo junk and worked their way, with considerable success, up to the walled town of Tung fu. There, at first, everything went smoothly. Then, one fine morning, without any warning, Sing Yen, the Taotai, boarded their vessel, alleged that the goods they had obtained were stolen, and, notwithstanding their protests, haled them both off to prison. When, by bribing the gaoler, they managed to escape, they found their junk looted and their boatmen gone; and it was only after many privations that they ultimately succeeded in getting back to Hankow.

"And," concluded the Consul, "I haven't

the slightest reason to doubt the accuracy of their story."

"What do you expect to do?" inquired Commander Brice.

"Well, what I should like to do would be to seize Sing and bring him down to Hankow for trial. What in all probability will happen will be an interminable palaver; the infliction of an inadequate fine; and the production and punishment of half a dozen miserable coolies, who had the least to do with the outrage."

"This interesting Sing Yen," said Captain Stanhope, "is a pretty tough lot. He seems to have things very much his own way in his own happy hunting-ground. So much so that the Chinese authorities at Hankow are afraid to touch him, and have left the whole business to us."

"Then there might be trouble," remarked Commander Brice.

"There might be," said the Consul, "but I think your ships and men and guns will overawe him. The only thing to be wary of is a surprise—an ambush, or something of that sort—for he's crafty enough for anything."

"Shouldn't think he'd have much chance of that," remarked Brice.

"By the bye, Captain Stanhope," said the Consul, "there's no possibility of treachery among any of your natives, I suppose?"

"Natives?" repeated the Captain. "Oh, you mean the domestics. No, they're all from the coast, except one, and he's quite safe. Still, we might keep an eye on them, Brice." The latter and the Consul nodded, and soon after the party broke up.

Of course the two Subs had not missed a word of this conversation, and when they were by themselves they eagerly discussed the situation. "I only hope," said Rymer, "that there will be some fun, as Brice said."

"Yes," agreed Lucas; "but if we could only bag old Sing Yen! That's the thing to do, my boy."

The next day the two gunboats entered a part of the river which had not before been navigated by a ship of war, and soundings began, for H.M. ships seize every opportunity of charting unknown waterways. Lucas and his friend were now kept pretty busy. Three days later, however, they came to a wide reach, where the pilot said they must unavoidably wait for a freshet, in order to cross some very bad shoals. Although Captain Stanhope chafed at the delay—and his annoyance was deepened by the sight of hills, not far distant, which

promised deeper water—he was forced to take the pilot's advice. So the boats were made fast, and officers and men settled down to patient contemplation of their surroundings.

Next morning the river was no higher, and when the Surgeon suggested a shooting expedition the project was received with acclamation. Permission was readily granted. The party was joined by the *Gadfly's* doctor, and the four officers, with a couple of blue-jackets, set out for a small lake, a little lower down the stream, which gave good promise of waterfowl.

They were not disappointed. By mid-day they had a very good bag and, as the heat was getting unbearable, they decided to return. While Surgeon Smith of the *Gadfly*, who was a bit of a naturalist, was explaining something he had found to his brother medico, the two Subs strolled down to their boat.

On their way Lucas spied, among the grasses on the edge of the river, something which he playfully picked up on the end of his gun.

"Hullo," said Rymer, strolling on, "what have you got there?"

"Looks like one of old Wung's paper boats."

"What are you going to do with it—keep it as a souvenir?"

Lucas made no reply, and Rymer turned round to find his chum intently studying the ragged piece of paper.

Now Lucas, smitten by a recent Admiralty circular, which offered special prizes to officers becoming proficient in foreign languages, had commenced to study Chinese.

"What is it?" said Rymer, coming back.

His friend looked up, strangely excited. "I say," he said quickly, "these are Chinese characters." He pointed to a row of weird-looking signs. "I believe it's a message, but keep mum. We'll ask the Consul when we get back." And he carefully placed the crumpled rag in his pocket.

"What sort of message?" asked Rymer.

"Don't know. Wait till we get back to the boat." And with that the other had to be content.

They found the Consul and Captain Stanhope in the ward room, studying a rough map of the Tung fu district. Apologising for the interruption, Lucas straightened out his find and placed it before the former.

The Consul looked at it for a moment,



and then held it nearer the light. After carefully examining it he turned to Lucas.

"Where did you find this?" he asked, and Lucas told him.

"What is it?" inquired the Captain.

"If I interpret it rightly it is a message," replied the Consul.

"A message?" said Captain Stanhope, staring.

"Yes," said the Consul in a low voice, glancing round the room, "a message to Sing Yen from your estimable pilot, Wung Ling Foo."

Captain Stanhope got up, glanced outside the cabin, shut the doors carefully and sat down again. "Go on."

"It commences in the usual flowery manner, with an address to the Heavenborn, Illustrious Sing, &c. &c., and goes on to say that not until three moons have passed will the smoke-devils reach the Vale of Silence. There is some more, but the rest I can't make out."

"It's enough," said the Captain. "'Smoke-devils'—I suppose that's us. Where is this Vale of Silence?"

The Consul reached out for the roughly drawn map on the table. "I've heard of it," he said, "from Robson, one of the traders. Yes, here it is," he pointed out a mark to Captain Stanhope. "It is a narrow gorge with vertical walls over three hundred feet high, a place of gloomy recesses, covered with vegetation, ferns, and so on. In the stream are three rocks called, I believe, the Three Brothers. On the top of the cliff, some little way from the edge, is a ruined temple called the House of Precious Stone."

"Cheerful sort of place," remarked the Captain, making a rough calculation on the map. "At the rate we have been going we should fetch it in about three days." He took a cigarette from his case, lit it, and sat back thinking.

Lucas and Rymer, who had followed the conversation with breathless interest, exchanged a glance. Then the former spoke.

"As I came on board, sir, Jones told me that Wung said the river was rising, and we should be able to sail to-morrow morning."

"Eh?" said Captain Stanhope, absently. "Oh, to-morrow morning, was it? H'm."

He was silent for a moment, and then turned abruptly to the Consul.

"How far is the place from Tlung fu?"

"About two miles."

"I take it that these pretty boat messages

are being picked up by some confederate lower down the stream?"

"I imagine so."

"And that a little surprise is being planned for us in this Vale of Silence. A pile up on the rocks, finished off by a scientific shower of big stones from the cliff, eh?"

"That is exactly my view."

"Well," said Captain Stanhope, flicking the ash from his cigarette, "I'm hungry. Let's have some lunch. There's plenty of time, and we'll have Brice in afterwards to a council of war. Meantime, you youngsters, not a word of this to any one, mind."

So the two Subs had to possess their souls in patience until the afternoon, when, in response to a signal, Commander Brice came on board, somewhat annoyed at being hauled out through the torrential rain which had now set in. With scarcely restrained excitement Lucas and Rymer noted his arrival. The soaking wet had sent every one under cover. Wung Ling Foo was snoozing peacefully in his little wooden hut on the fo'c'sle, and the ship was very quiet.

It did not take long to explain matters to the *Gadfly's* Commander. Then Captain Stanhope mooted a plan of campaign.

"It's pretty certain," he said, "that we shall be able to get under way to-morrow morning. I calculate, and so does our friend Wung, that we shall fetch the Vale of Silence some time on Saturday. My proposal is to go on, just as we have been doing, until Friday night. No doubt Wung will play his little praying game each night; but it is a hundred to one that he sends off a sort of final bulletin on Friday. I propose to collar that message and see what he says."

"How?" asked Commander Brice.

"By knocking him down when he comes out of his little house down there. He must write them beforehand."

"Yes," chimed in the Consul, "I think that's a good plan, Captain Stanhope, but what would be the next step?"

"Thing would be," said Brice, "to hit the jokers back if we could."

Then Lucas was seized with an idea.

"Couldn't we ambush them, sir, like they're going to do us? Get in that ruined temple, sir?"

"Ambush the ambushers?" said Captain Stanhope. "By Jove, that's not a bad idea. We ought to be near enough, too, by Friday night."

"The temple's not at all a bad notion."



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE TWO SPRANG AT
THE PILOT.

said the Consul. "If they are as superstitious as the average Chinese, not one of them would dare go near the place, especially after dark."

"I have it," said the Captain. "If Wung sends a message on Friday night, and it bears out our suspicions, we'll let it go on. That will make Sing think that all is right. Then we'll land our men after dark, make for the temple and see what happens. Any way we shall have nothing to lose. Wung, of course, we'll truss up on board. As we don't want a breath of our plan to get about,

Lucas and Rymer had better take on the part of it concerning that gentleman."

And so it was arranged.

As was anticipated, the river was high enough for a move to be made the following morning. To everybody's relief the hawsers were got on board, and the upward journey resumed once more.

In the course of the next two days' steaming the nature of the surrounding country gradually altered. The interminable stretches of flat rice lands gave place to low hills, which increased in height and gradually neared the river bed as the gunboats pushed upstream. When, at length, they moored, on the evening of the second day, it was alongside a rocky bank in the shelter of hills—not, it was estimated, three miles distant from the gorge known as the Vale of Silence. The afternoon's steaming had been at a needlessly slow rate, considering the state of the stream. Captain Stanhope

had his own opinion of the pilot's reason for so retarding their progress, but he said nothing.

As the evening shadows fell, Lucas and

Rymer, ostensibly fishing, lounged carelessly on the fo'c'sle, near by the little wooden hut into which Wung Ling Foo had just disappeared. As the minutes went on and he still remained inside, Rymer grew rather restless, but a warning glance from his friend stilled him. Suddenly the sound of a door opening came from behind. Glancing over his shoulder, Lucas saw Wung coming out, coloured papers in hand.

"Now," he hissed, and simultaneously the two sprang at the pilot. But, taken unawares as he was, the old villain instantly divined their object. Lucas was only just in time to clutch his wrist as it swept the papers outwards towards the water.

Then, for a few seconds, Wung struggled desperately to destroy the papers. But Lucas kept fast hold of his arm, and as Surgeon Gates and one or two seamen came

along he realised that the game was up, and suddenly caved in. His yellow, wrinkled face was as impassive as ever as he was taken away to be securely locked up under a guard.

The three officers hurried aft with the papers. The Consul rapidly picked out several with one or two weird hieroglyphics in the centre. "It is quite short," he said as he studied them, "and means 'At sunrise be prepared.'"

"I guess," said Captain Stanhope, "if he had thought we should have reached here so soon he would have fixed the performance for to-day. We'll send 'em down stream with our best wishes, eh?—and then for the landing party."

The Consul carefully folded one of the papers into the shape of a boat. "That's very neat, I think," he said, holding it up for inspection, "considering I'm out of practice." Each of the others smilingly took one of the papers and followed suit. Then, with several jokes over their novel pastime, they set the little fleet adrift, and watched it until the rapid current took it out of sight.

At sunset the men, under Captain Stanhope with Lucas and Rymer and the Consul, were ready. Surgeon Gates accompanied the party as doctor. Commander Brice was left in charge of the boats.

Guided by the Captain's pocket compass the little party set out, about forty men, all told. The night was pitch dark, and the uneven ground, strewn with stones and great boulders of rock, made the going very difficult. To make matters worse it still rained heavily, and soon all were wet to the skin. However, they plugged along cheerfully, for to every one the expedition, in spite of these discomforts, was more or less of a spree.

They had gone on in this wise for nearly an hour when Captain Stanhope called a halt. Under cover of a huge boulder he examined his compass by the light of a match. Then he held a muttered consultation with the Consul.

"I say," whispered Rymer, "I believe he's lost himself. What a jolly lark!"

But at that moment the Captain gave the signal to start, and the party moved slowly on once more.

They had not gone much farther when Lucas noticed a glow, as of lights moving, some distance ahead, towards the left. Just then Captain Stanhope sharply called "Down." The next moment Lucas found

himself grovelling on his chest, next to Rymer, among the wet stones.

"What is it?" whispered the latter.

"Torches, I should say," answered Lucas, gazing with the rest at the moving lights, which appeared to be some two or three hundred yards away. Then he turned his eyes away to the right, and gave a sudden start.

He wormed his way along to the Captain and touched his arm.

"See," he whispered, "up here—the temple, the House of Precious Stone."

Captain Stanhope followed the line of his extended arm, and saw a dark mass, dimly brought out by the glow of light ahead, towering up in unmistakable outline close over them.

"By Jove," he muttered, "how lucky!" He called the Consul's attention and they whispered together. He turned back to Lucas.

"Better reconnoitre. Will you go?"

Lucas's heart gave a bound. Would he go? Rather! Slipping off his shoes, he wriggled his way cautiously into the darkness towards the overhanging shadow. It was very close. Soon he found himself facing an obstacle which he put down as a broken parapet. He clambered over, and groped his way among great, crumbling stone pillars. All was dark and silent as the grave. He turned to return when something whirled past his face, making him jump violently.

"Hang!" he muttered, feeling foolish. "Only a bat or something."

He quickly retraced his steps and made his report. Captain Stanhope passed the word round, and in single file the party crept after Lucas into the ruined building.

"This will do admirably," said the Captain after a cautious tour of inspection. "We must sit tight now until the morning."

Sentries were set and the men told that they might stand easy. For some little time Lucas and Rymer watched the lights, which still moved about in the direction of the cliff edge. Dark figures flitted in and out among the lights, and once or twice they thought they could see shadowy forms passing the temple, some distance away. But they soon tired of looking, and proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as they could for the rest of the night. After a while they both dozed off. A sailor can sleep almost at any time, anywhere.

It seemed hardly a moment before Lucas

was awakened by a light touch on his arm. "Sh," said a voice warningly, and, looking up, he saw Captain Stanhope. He got up, stretched himself vigorously, for he felt somewhat stiff, and followed the Captain to an opening in the temple walls. Here he found Rymer together with the Consul and Surgeon Gates. It was just daybreak. Lucas peered out.

and around it were gathered twenty or thirty natives.

"See those beams lying about and that some of them are using?" said the Captain. "Levers."

The two Subs needed no explanation of their object.

Lucas glanced round. Most of the men were making a hasty meal of emergency ration. He and Rymer followed their example.

Half an hour passed. Then a look-out, who had been stationed in a niche high up in the ruins, came nimbly down.

"A number of men, a hundred or more, coming from the south-east."

A little later a murmur of voices and the sound of tramping feet were heard. Soon there came into sight a straggling crowd of Chinese, marching down to the cliff. In the middle of the procession was a palanquin, in which, under a great umbrella, sat a gorgeously dressed individual with long black moustaches and a prodigious pig-tail.

"The Taotai, Sing Yen," whispered the Consul.

The troop halted by the edge of the bluff. Most of the new-comers joined the coolies around the heap of stones. Sing Yen's palanquin was planted down a short distance away from the main body.

Captain Stanhope looked at the Consul. "I think we might show ourselves now?"

The men were warned. Rifles were seized and belts tightened.

"Ready," cried the Captain. "Come along."

With a shout the bluejackets sallied out, leaped the parapet, and swung down at the double towards Sing Yen's men.

The effect was ludicrous. First came a yell of utter astonishment. Next the Tung-fusians gathered in a huddled group around their leader, who could be seen standing up in his palanquin, gesticulating. Then, while



DOWN WENT SING YEN WITH A CRASH.

From the base of the temple the rough, stone-strewn ground sloped down sharply for several yards—evidently the acclivity they had clambered up the previous night. Then the slope became more gradual until, except in one place, it dipped sharply, about a cable's length away. What lay beyond was left to the imagination.

But at one spot there piled up a long, low heap of stones and boulders of rock.

the bluejackets were yet a hundred yards away, the Chinamen broke, and with shrieks of dismay scattered in all directions.

Roars of laughter rose from the *Wagtail's* men. "Whom are we to pitch into?" cried Lucas boisterously.

Just then the Consul called out, pointing: "There goes Sing Yen. Don't let him get away."

Lucas looked round and saw the Taotai, with tucked-up skirts, sprinting like a hare, his preposterous pig-tail streaming out behind him.

"Tally-ho!" yelled Lucas. "Whoop!" and with one or two more bounded after him.

In a few minutes the Sub, who had won the quarter-mile at Dartmouth, easily out-distanced his companions. But the Taotai showed a quite remarkable turn of speed over the uneven ground, and still was well ahead.

"What a pace he's got up," thought Lucas, as they passed one terrified coolie after another. "I'll have him though, if I have to run all the way to Tlung fu."

But Sing Yen was tiring. With an extra spurt the Sub fetched up, just as the Taotai sprang over a big boulder. The pig-tail flew out before Lucas. He caught it flying. Down went Sing Yen with a crash and, missing his footing, down went Lucas also.

But he still kept hold of the long queue of hair, and as he recovered his bearings he let out a shout of laughter. The pig-tail ran out taut before him, caught between two boulders, and at the other end of it, the other side of the boulders, was Sing Yen.

"Hooked, my beauty, hooked!" cried Lucas as he hauled the rope of hair through as far as it would come. And as two arms, waving frantically, appeared above the boulders, the sound of laughing from behind proclaimed the arrival of the rest of the *Wagtail's* party.

"What shall we do with him now we've got him?" said Captain Stanhope a minute later, surveying the discomfited Taotai, who stood, glaring viciously, in the grip of two sturdy bluejackets.

"Do with him?" said the Consul promptly. "Why, take him down to Hankow."

And they did. But it was months after the low-born accomplice, Wung Ling Foo, had been tried and heavily sentenced, that the rich and influential Taotai was arraigned. In spite of his bribes and influence, however, the indomitable Consul at length got him brought to trial, when he reaped a slight portion of the punishment which he so richly deserved.



WEEDS.

[Lines suggested by the poem, "Mysteries," in the April CAPTAIN.]

"THE weed is but a sorry thing"—

So tillers of the garden sing—

"No dainty morsel doth it bring

For insect pest."

To rid the garden of the foe,
With spade and fork, and rake and hoe,
To root him up, and bid him go,
Man does his best.

In casting of the weed aside,
The gardener—severely tried—
Its presence fiercely doth deride

In language meet;

Forgetting—may I make so bold?—
Within a little flowery fold
The nasty weed might often hold
A dainty sweet.

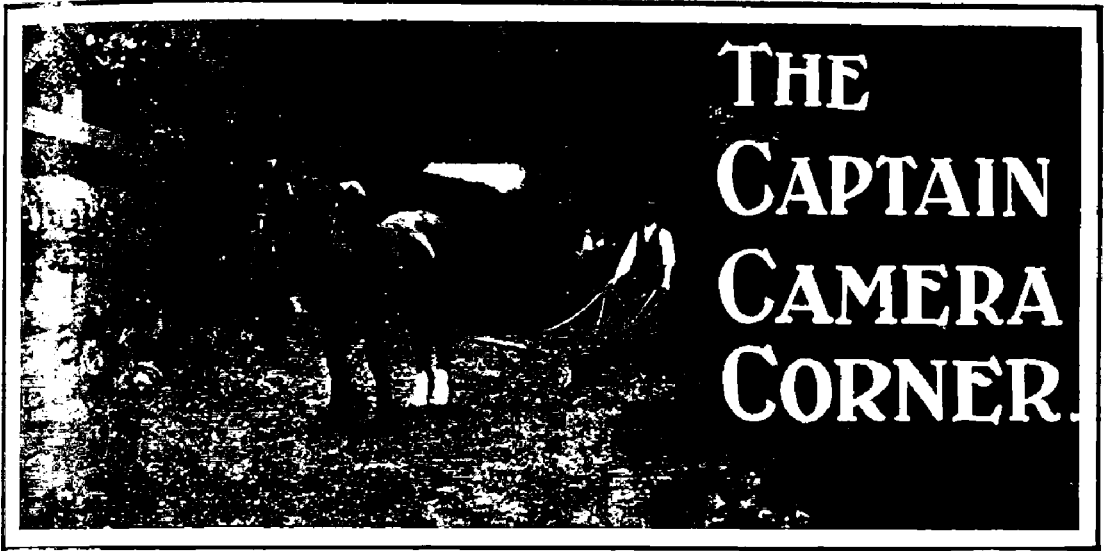
The little busy bee, methinks,
Quite heedless of the gardener's "jinks,"
Full many a richest dainty drinks
From weedy tips;

And with a residue contrives
To sweeten many weary lives
Of maidens, bachelors and wives,
And bearded lips!

And there's the pretty thistle-down!
Ah, lovely, fluffy thistle-down!
How many a little birdie brown
It daily feeds!

And how the little birdies sing!
Or in the bush or on the wing,
Making, with thanks, the welkin ring,
For thistle seeds!

Avaunt, ye libellers of the weed!
Of language and of thought take heed;
That land is worthless where no weed
E'er deigns to grow.
With careful thought and work ye might
Rid all your plants of hateful blight,
Within a day or two and night,
As you should know.



THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

Photo by]

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

[F. M. Ryalls.

CONCERNING LENSES.

A CORRESPONDENT who, I know, takes an intelligent interest in photography, sends me the following query: "Just lately I experienced a peculiar thing when enlarging. When I was focusing the image I thought I would stop it down when I had finished focusing. So I did so, and was surprised to find that the image, instead of getting sharper, became duller. Then I tried setting the stop first and then focusing. This came off quite successfully, and I found I could focus my enlargements quite clearly. How would you account for it; and what is the proper thing to do?"

By the same post came another question: "What is the cause of a camera not focusing properly at the bottom of the plate?"

Instead of treating them as mere isolated "answers to correspondents," I mean to make them my text for a general—and as simple as possible—explanation of the various forms of lenses; their defects; the mechanical methods of correcting these defects; the use of a diaphragm, or "stop"; and the qualities of a good lens. For a person to succeed as a photographer it is essential that he should understand the tools with which he works. I hope that the following paragraphs will be really valuable to all readers not yet conversant with the optics of photography; and, as I know from experience the great helpfulness of a scientific knowledge of the principles of lenses, I make no apology for inflicting some rather technical matter on those who use the "Camera Corner."

WHAT A LENS IS.

A simple lens is practically an infinite number of prisms contained in one piece of glass. Its surface being spherical, rays of light impinging on it from a given point will strike it at an infinite number of angles, and undergo different degrees of bending towards what is called their *focus*. To make things clear from the start, I beg you to remember that the photographer has to deal with light rays in a double character:

1. As having various colours.
2. As coming from objects situated at different distances from the lens.

The ideal lens would bring all rays of all colours and of all lengths to a sharp focus in the same plane at right angles to the axis of the lens, without any distortion of image; and independently of a diaphragm. Such a lens does not exist, and, so far as we can see at present, never will be made. But the science of optics has advanced so greatly that lenses of marvellous perfection can be bought, though the care required in their manufacture naturally puts their price very high.

FORMS OF LENSES.

In Fig. I. you see six forms of simple lenses:

1. Double convex.
2. Double concave.
3. Plano-convex.
4. Plano-concave.
5. Concavo-convex (thinner at the centre than at the edges).

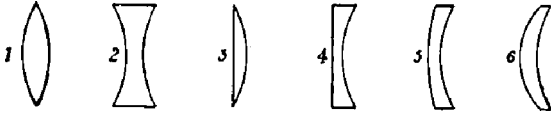


FIG. I. Showing the six different forms of lenses.

6. Concavo-convex (thicker at the centre than at the edges).

This last form is called a *meniscus*, a term which please keep in mind.

Every photographic lens (rubbishy cheap stuff, of course, excluded) is compounded of at least two pieces of glass. If you unscrew your lens from its mount you will see that the edge shows a join, proving that two pieces have been cemented together. A "double rectilinear," *i.e.*, a lens having an element before and behind the "stop," probably contains four pieces; and may have half a dozen in its anatomy. The reason for this presently.

A LENS BAD FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC PURPOSES is found in the ordinary single reading-glass. Focus it on a book, and move it towards the eye till the maximum of magnification is reached. You will then probably observe

1. That the letters have coloured edges.
2. That the centre only of the "field" is sharp.
3. That the lines expand towards the edge.

These defects result respectively from

1. *Chromatic aberration*; or the separation by the lens of the different colours of which white light is composed.
2. *Spherical aberration*; or the different amount of bending given to rays by the different parts of the lens.
3. *Curvilinear distortion*.

These defects we will treat in their proper order.

As already remarked,

A LENS IS A PRISM.

or series of prisms. Now, you all know that if a ray of white light be passed through a prism it is broken up into its seven primary colours, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow,

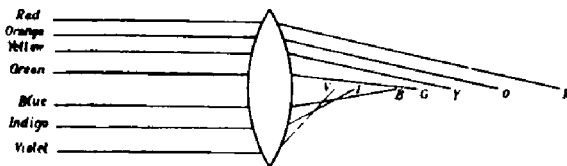


FIG. II. Showing the different refraction of rays of different colours passing through a double convex lens. The refraction is exaggerated in the diagram.

orange, and red — to give them their due sequence.

In Fig. II. we see rays of all seven colours passing through an uncorrected double convex lens, which has sorted them out. The violet rays have their focus nearest to the lens; the red rays focus at the greatest distance. So that, supposing that we directed our lens on a hoarding covered with many-coloured advertisements, we should find it impossible to focus all the colours at once. A yellow advertisement, for instance, might be sharp enough; but all blues would be indistinct. Whereas, if we pushed the ground glass nearer to the lens, the blues would become sharp at the expense of the yellows.

Evidently a lens that behaves like this would be useless for photographing that hoarding. Then there is another difficulty, *viz.*, that the *yellow* rays are those to which the *eye* is most sensitive, whereas the *violet* and invisible ultra-violet rays most affect the *plate*. So that, in focusing a landscape, though the whole may appear beautifully sharp on the ground glass, a dry plate inserted to occupy its exact position would give a very out-of-focus negative.

HOW CHROMATIC ABERRATION IS CURED.

Lens-makers use two chief varieties of glass:

1. *Crown* glass.
2. *Flint* glass.

The latter has the greater power for separating the colours. Therefore, in front of our first lens of crown glass we place a second lens of

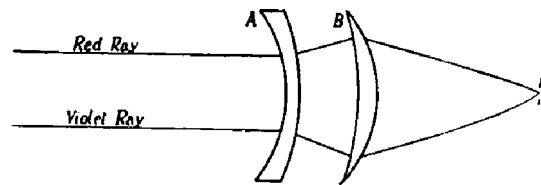


FIG. III. Showing a red and a violet ray striking concavo-convex lens A, by which they are refracted on to B at such angles that, when again refracted, they focus in the same plane. In practice the two lenses would be cemented together to form a single "meniscus."

flint glass, which, though not hollow enough to negative the refracting power of its fellow, bends the colours outwards in the *opposite direction* from the crown glass, and exactly compensates the difference in the refraction. Fig. III. will explain this. You will see that the compound lens is now a meniscus, fit for landscape work, as it is achromatic or colour-compensated. The eye-focus (to coin a term) has become identical with the proper plate-focus.

SPHERICAL ABERRATION.

However, it still has faults. If used without a stop, it will not give a picture sharp *all across the plate*. Why? Because the rays passing through the margin of the lens are more bent than those passing through its centre. Mind you, all the *colours* of a ray now keep together; but as they all also go astray together, something must be done to put matters right. Now the stop comes in useful, as it limits the action of the rays on the lens.

CURE OF SPHERICAL ABERRATION.

Look at Figs. IV. and V. In Fig. IV. the lens is unprotected; and rays from a point, A,

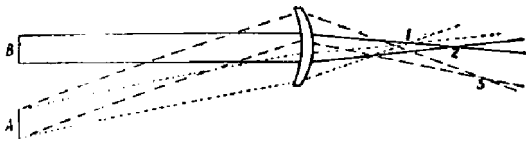


FIG. IV. Shows a meniscus lens unprotected by a stop. The rays from A striking the lens top and bottom are brought to foci 1 and 3 in planes different from the plane in which rays from B meet. This implies spherical aberration. (The deflection of the rays is only diagrammatic and would not take the exact directions given here; though focusing in different planes.)

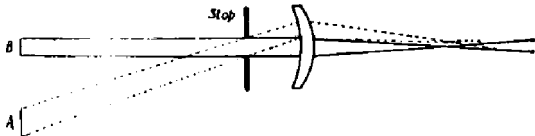


FIG. V. The meniscus guarded by a diaphragm, which allows only that part of the lens to be acted upon by each set of rays to bring them to a focus in the same plane. Both A and B may be regarded as points from which an infinite number of rays are emitted in all directions.

strike it at the bottom as well as at the top, and are bent to a number of foci. In Fig. V. only the top of the lens can catch the rays, and this part focuses them at a distance equal to that of the focus of other rays from a second point, B, striking the lens squarely at the centre. To put the matter in a nutshell—to get a good focus all over the plate, all rays must strike the lens as squarely as possible; and the smaller the stop the better this will be effected.

A lens thus corrected becomes *aplanatic*. To jog your elbow, and prevent any misapprehension, I must remind you that I am still talking of the single *meniscus* landscape lens, with its concave side turned towards the stop, and its convex side towards the plate. Now, the larger the stop at which a lens can work while giving universal sharpness, the higher class it is. Yet every lens must be "stopped down" to some extent; and the makers insert as the "open" stop one of

such a size as to give the maximum aperture—and consequently maximum amount of light, which in turn means rapidity—consistent with sharpness, when distant objects are being focused outside what is called the "infinity point." I shall revert to the *second* use of a stop presently.

You will think, perhaps, that now we have a lens corrected for both spherical and colour aberration, we should rest content. I must, therefore, ask you to focus a piece of paper ruled with parallel lines. If you measure these very carefully you will find that they appear to converge towards their end, and that a square diagram becomes barrel-shaped. This is

CURVILINEAR DISTORTION,

to which every meniscus lens is a hopeless victim. The corners of the square, being further from the centre of the square than are the central points of the sides, cast their rays through the diaphragm nearer to the edge of the lens and cause them to be more bent, with the result mentioned. Fortunately there is a

CURE FOR CURVILINEAR DISTORTION,

and a very simple one, too, viz., to reinforce the meniscus with a second placed on the opposite side of the stop, its convex side towards the object. This exactly counteracts the distortion, and you have a "double rectilinear" (Fig. VI.) which will show a square

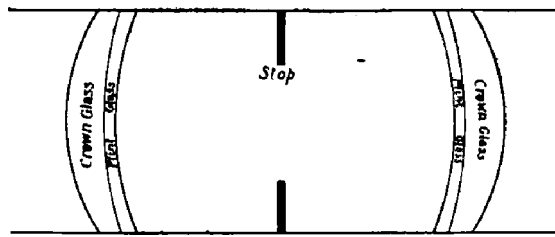


FIG. VI. A rectilinear, achromatic, aplanatic "doublet." The doubling of the parts renders it rectilinear and free from spherical aberration; the flint glass element in such lens corrects the chromatic aberration and the stop increases the depth of focus.

square, and parallel lines parallel, if it be pointed *squarely* at the object; and also corrects spherical aberration. In my last article I referred to the "distortion of convergence" arising from tilting of the camera, and, therefore, need not treat it further, since it is merely a trouble arising from *misuse* of a lens.

The second use of the "stop," and some useful hints as to the selection of lenses, I must leave till our next issue; or the Hound of the (Wastepaper) Basketvilles may be laid

on my track by the Old Fag, who has other pressing matters for his columns.

USEFUL ACCESSORIES.

The division of films into their correct parts is sometimes a rather troublesome matter. I see that the Kodak Company now provide a film cutting board (price 1s. and 1s. 3d.) which renders the operation a certainty. Another device welcome to film-users is the small clip for suspending films—or prints—during the drying operation. In form it resembles the office paper-clip on a small scale, except that the ends of the levers are hooked, so that they may take hold of a string stretched across the dark room. Twenty-four clips cost only 1s.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Puzzled Amateur.—(1) Enlargement on platino-type would be a terribly slow process, though not an impossibility. Bromide paper produces as good results for this particular purpose with short exposures. (2) My present article leads up to an answer to your query. Some lenses alter their focus with the size of stop. Therefore, focus with stop you mean to use. (3) The alkali of the developer is the soda or ammonia solution, usually labelled No. 2. (4) Mount your prints as dry as possible, and dry them under pressure. Your prints are both quite creditable. No. 2 is rather overprinted. No. 1 is a trifle weak. The enlargement very successful. I congratulate you on it.

D. C. Wakeford.—A speed of one-sixtieth would be fast enough for jumping and running, if you keep a good distance from the competitors and take them coming towards you. At close quarters and sideways on there would probably be decided movement of the image.

Tasher.—(a) Probably over-exposure and too much bromide. (b) A bad lens, or plate not square to the lens. (c) Any good brand, e.g., Ilford, Imperial, Castle, Paget. (d) Pinholes avoided by carefully dusting the inside of the camera and slides. Also sweep each plate with a pad of cotton-wool or a camel's-hair brush before inserting it into the slide.

H. E. A. H.—Pyro soda as a *developer* can't be beaten; but under the heading of uncleanliness it has its decided drawbacks. I always use rubber gloves. Staining is much aggravated by dipping pyro-ish fingers in the fixing bath. Yes, I would use pyro rather than metol or hydroquinone. The pyro solution is made by adding the proper quantity of water to the crystals, adding some bromide to soften the action of the acid, and sulphite of soda to preserve the solution. Use the formula given on the plate-boxes of the brand you fancy. As regards your question about "which is the best?"—I feel rather hard put to it to answer. If you set up a Lancaster $\frac{1}{4}$ plate, "Kamrex" (two guineas); or $\frac{1}{2}$ plate "Kamret" (three guineas), you will have a good thing. These prices include stand and one dark slide—stand cameras, of course.

Ardent Photographer.—I fear that it is the light rather than the shutter which is at fault. Remember that light varies very much in the winter months, from hour to hour, and from day to day. Try your shutter again now and see what results it gives. Are you sure that you are using the same rapidity of plates or films? So glad you are interested in the C.C.

Walter J. Milngavie.—(1) Your suggestion that plates should be sent out in sheaths by the manufacturer is not a bad one, but you overlook the great increase in weight that would result if one carried such things on tour, when they would be most useful. Also the returning would prove a nuisance. One soon acquires the knack of inserting plates; and as for focusing by light carelessly admitted into the darkroom, well, that is carelessness and might be avoided. (2) Yes, towards the winter I shall say something about lantern-slides. (3) I have never used the camera, but believe that it is a good value.



MULLION HARBOUR.

Photo by Philip V. Early, Witney.



Illustrated by WARWICK GOBLE.

I. THE STORY OF DUM-DUM.

THE great military arsenal of Dum-Dum is a few miles north and west of Calcutta. It was a day in early February—close and still—sure presage of the coming hot weather, the hot weather of that fateful year, 1857.

Over a long range of bomb-proof buildings towards the eastern entrance gate of the big factory, a *havildar*, or sergeant, and twelve sepoys were on guard. Two sentries were lounging slouchingly at their posts, while the residue of the party, seated on benches set under some trees outside the guard-room, conversed in low tones,—fine-looking men, all of them, of a stature above the ordinary, for they belonged to the 2nd Grenadier Native Infantry of the Bengal Army. The comparatively fair complexion of the majority presumed them to be Brahmins; but two or three, including the *havildar*, of darker hue, were evidently lower caste men, for they set apart from the others.

I have remarked that the sentries lounged and slouched: they did. Instead of moving briskly on their beats, and comporting themselves as members of one of the smartest corps of the smartest mercenary army in the world—an army that especially of late had covered itself with glory,—these men, while

unable to mask altogether that soldierly carriage instilled into them by their white masters, lolled and strolled about in a slovenly fashion; their shakoes awry, their cross-belts anyhow, their coats half-buttoned, and their firlocks borne in a manner contrary to all precept. These irregularities went unchecked by the N.C.O. commanding the guard: indeed, there was something about the *tout ensemble*, the deportment, and expression on the countenances of the entire party that denoted a sullen brooding discontent, an ill-suppressed anxiety, and a resultant disregard of duty and discipline. All these sinister peculiarities were presently thrown into lurid significance when a European commissioned officer rode by the guard: the sentries barely shouldered arms to him, and the men on the benches hardly rose to their feet, several not even lifting the right hand in salute, while all—as soon as the Englishman had passed—spat on the ground in a manner suggestive of vehement disgust.

One of the privates, a fair, handsome young giant, rose from the bench, entered the guard-room, divested himself of his uniform, and reappearing clad only in a loin-cloth, proceeded to one of the trees, detached a brass drinking vessel—to which was fastened a ball of cord—and then set out towards the gate. The sacred thread across

this man's breast proclaimed him to be a Brahmin.

"Where are you going, O Maharaj, Ramanund Tewari?" inquired the *havildar*, a herdsman by caste.

"Thou seest this," replied the soldier-priest haughtily, indicating the drinking vessel, "and yet thou askest whither I go—O fool!"

"Be not angered, Maharaj. At a time like the present we must not bandy hard words or bestow dark looks among ourselves."

"True, *havildarjee*," responded the Brahmin, mollified by his superior's humility, and continuing on his errand.

"Bissensingh!" now cried one of the sentries to the *havildar*; "here comes a party of the accursed: do we notice them?"

"Assuredly," answered the N.C.O., lazily stretching himself; "what else—till the time arrives?"

"Guard, turn out!" shouted the sentry, as the steady tramp of British infantry fell on the ear, and a squad of Europeans came in sight, rounding the angle of the building: they were in heavy marching order—on their return to Calcutta, whence they had come the morning previous—convoying a consignment of gunpowder.

"Shoulder arms!" sang out the English sergeant, as he neared the post.

"Shoulder hurrms!" bawled Bissensingh to his command; following the mandate with

"Purrrent hurrms!" as the Englishmen swung past.

"Slope arms!" now said the sergeant.

"Guard! to the right face!" then "Pile hurrms!" ordered the *havildar* of Grenadiers; whereupon his men disposed of their muskets, reseated themselves on the benches, and the sentries resumed their saunter.

"The cursed ones!" exclaimed a sepoy, expectorating energetically in the direction of the disappearing Britons; "their tenure of power is nigh over! Do you remember, *havildarjee*, what the preacher from Khanpur told us at our secret meeting last night—that their hundred years are up?"

"Yes; and that it lies in our hands to drive the defiled cow-eaters into the sea. May God strengthen us!"

"Think you our brethren will act with us on the day appointed?"

"So long as time is allowed for the *chuphaties* to circulate—I am sure they will; and there is yet time for the symbol to reach—even the regiments furthest away. Then,"

added the *havildar* fiercely, "it will not be the cry of 'Victory to the Lord Company' for much longer!"

In the meanwhile, the young private, Ramanund Tewari, had arrived at the well, where, having filled his vessel, he set out on his return to the guard-room. He had just re-entered the gate, when he saw a man approaching from the opposite direction.

"Move aside—dog!" shouted the Brahmin; for in the newcomer he recognised one of the arsenal drudges, a man of the scavenger caste, to pass even within ten paces of whom meant pollution for the heaven-born Ramanund Tewari.

Instead of obeying the mandate so imperiously given, the scavenger squatted down where he was, and made known his desire for a drink of water by holding his hand scooped to his mouth.

"Maharaj!" he cried in a wheedling tone, "be charitable; give me of your water, and thus save me the long walk to the well reserved for such as me."

The soldier stood silently aghast. For a scavenger to prefer a request of this nature even to an ordinary Hindoo—much more to a Brahmin—was a piece of presumption unheard of as it was startling.

Then finding words, Ramanund Tewari replied, "Give water to thee! Approach thee, thou outcast, thou eater of meats such as the Europeans befoul themselves with! How dare thou to ask me? When is it that a baseborn scavenger has dreamt of receiving water at the hands of one of my class! Out of my way—pig!"

The arsenal hand bore the torrent of invective without retort. As the sepoy ceased speaking, the scavenger rose to his feet, moved aside, and then, turning towards his interlocutor, called out in a taunting tone, "All very fine, Maharaj! To-day you are Brahmins, Hindoos, and Mahomedans: but for a time only will you be able to preserve these distinctions; for a time only will you retain your purity of caste. Take my word for it—O priest!"

"What meanest thou?" gasped the Brahmin, in his consternation advancing a step nearer the drudge. "Thy words are fraught with a hidden significance, as if in confirmation of those fears that pervade the breasts of Hindoo and Mahomedan alike. What mean thy hints? Speak! I pray thee!"

"Aha!" laughed the other; "does the Maharaj pray of the scavenger? Nevertheless



"WHAT MEANEST THOU?" GASPED
THE BRAHMIN.

to hit the target at much greater distances than the old weapon allows of. No doubt you will be proud of your arms, and will deem yourselves invincible in possessing them. Flatter yourselves! Puff yourselves up if you like; but understand, O holy one, that the new cartridges you will


have to bite are smeared with the fat of pigs and cows; and that when you do, all of you, Hindoo and Mahomedan, will be of no higher caste, no longer above the humble scavenger, who now speaks to you the solemn truth!"

The effect of this communication on the or-

I will tell you. No doubt your regiment—with others—have been served with the new pattern rifle which the Company has been bringing from England in ship-loads. No doubt you, O Maharaj, will master the new drill; and in the musketry school will learn

thodox and bigoted Brahmin can better be imagined than described. Rushing among his comrades of the guard, he repeated the news given him by one whom all admitted must be well-informed on the subject. The fearsome report spread like wild-fire, and the credulous soldiery of all castes and sects took it firmly to heart that this lubricating of the Enfield cartridges with the fat of—unclean animals constituted nothing more nor less than a direct and effective blow at the root of their several religions, and that the fact of their introducing those contaminating cartridges between their lips would aid in the fruition of the Company's darling object, to wit, the wholesale conversion to Christianity of the entire Bengal Army! During the Moghul rule—they argued—had not innumerable followers of Manu been forcibly converted to Islamism? And was it beyond the bounds of possibility that similar happenings should transpire in their day—albeit, under the domination of the Nazarene? They thought it; were convinced of it; and forthwith the mischief-makers, the inciters to sedition who—in common with every other regiment—were not wanting in the lines of the 2nd Grenadiers, set to work on the apparently incontestable data in their hands, and messengers were sent on the run, north, south, east, and west, conveying the terrible intelligence that the English, by means of the new rifle, were seeking to contaminate the sepoy by serving out cartridges greased with the fat of animals, to bite which would doom every soldier to everlasting perdition!

II.—THE STORY OF BURHUMPUR.

 T was the close of February, 1857. About 125 miles almost due north of Calcutta, in the Moorshedabad district, lies the military cantonment of Burhumpur, or Berhampore, at this time garrisoned by the 19th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, a battalion of British Foot and a battery of Artillery. Within a few hours of the Dum-Dum episode, the wave of disaffection reached Burhumpur, and the immediate result on the men of the 19th took the shape of a stern and unanimous refusal on their part to accept the cartridges when issued to them. It so happened that the particular cartridges tendered them on this occasion were not for the Enfield, but for the old Brown Bess musket, cartridges every sepoy in the service had hitherto bitten without

hesitation. Further, the cartridges were not of recent make, but had been left as a legacy by the outgoing 7th Infantry, the corps that the 19th had but lately relieved.

At this morning parade, when the regiment to a man declined to handle the suspected cartridges, the European officers, headed by the colonel, went among the rank and file, and, by kindly reasoning, endeavoured to disabuse them of their groundless scruples; but to no purpose. Not only did the sepoy persist in their refusal to accept the cartridges, but their language and bearing were such as to convince the Englishmen that further persuasion was utterly futile. There was little semblance of parade order that morning; the men swarmed about the place-of-arms, gathered in angry groups—from one to another of which our perplexed people moved in the vain attempt to bring the deluded soldiery back to their senses.

“Hurdyal Thakur,” said one of the officers, Major X—, accosting a *jemadar*, or native lieutenant, who stood amid a knot of scowling Hindoos, “cannot I appeal to your wisdom! You and I joined the regiment together as beardless youths thirty long years ago: you and I have fought side by side: you and I have bled for the Queen and the Government. Can I not convince you that the story about the cartridges is idle, that your fears are groundless?”

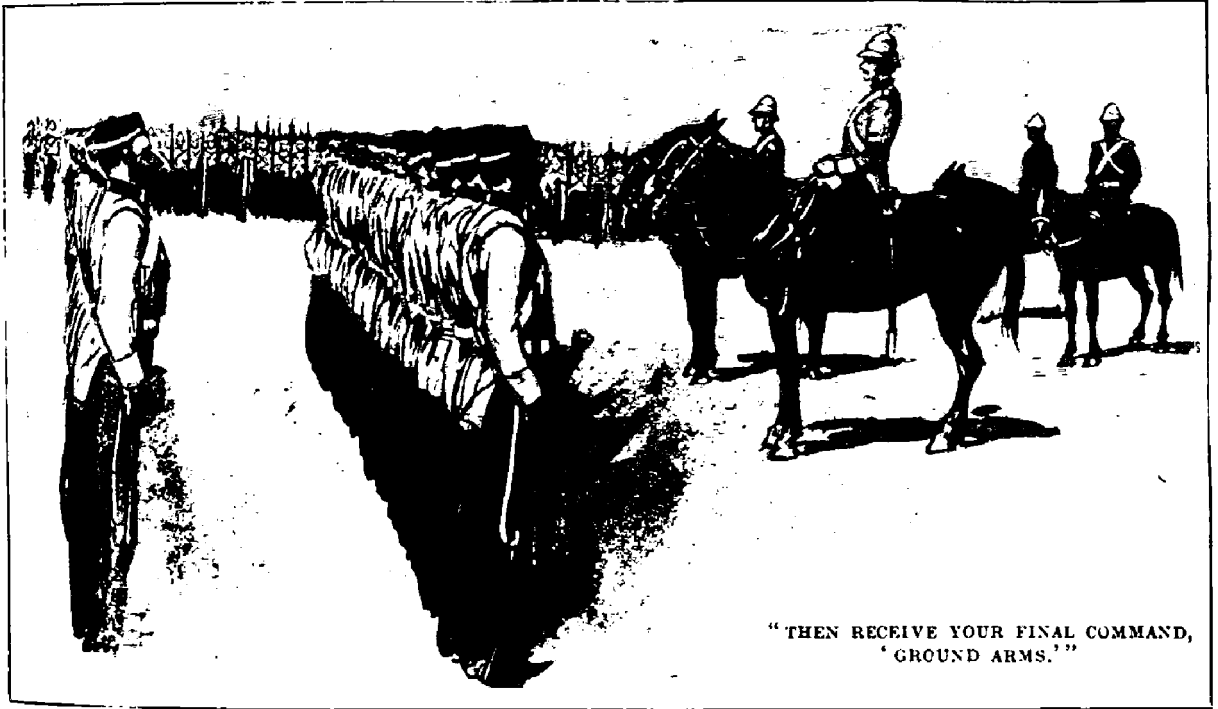
Parenthetically, be it said that Major X—, who spoke Hindu with great fluency, was one of those brave officers who have been aptly termed “Soldier-Missionaries.” Throughout an honourable and gallant career—as evidenced by the decorations on his breast—he had deemed it his duty from the very outset to preach Christ Crucified to his men, to do his utmost to wean them from the religion of their fathers; but without success. When off duty, it had been his custom to visit the lines and hold forth in eloquent language both to Hindoos and Mahomedans, pointing out the errors of their beliefs, the saving health of ours. Out of that respect for their English leader, hitherto innate in their breasts, the men would listen to him and carry on controversies and arguments with him, but always couched in deferential terms: they regarded him as a religious enthusiast; they learned from him the mysteries of the Christian faith without embracing that faith; and, so far as their own tenets were concerned, no mischief was done. Major X—, however, had been frequently warned to desist from his proselytising

labours; but he paid no heed to such remonstrances. For years had he been casting his seed on stony ground; for years had he been content to wait patiently for the blessing of God on his efforts; and had he been spared he would have continued the good fight, despite all discouragement, even unto the end.

"Our groundless fears!" echoed the *jemadar*, scornfully omitting to finish the sentence with the usual "sir" or "my lord," an omission that was ominous of the speaker's temper, "I will judge you out of your own mouth. True, I have known you for thirty years; but, during these thirty years, have you not striven to subvert our faith? Have you not endeavoured to call the Hindoo from Manu, the Mahomedan

labours are vain, what does the Government do? So as to force us to become outcasts, as a preliminary step to our taking to your faith, it devises a hellish scheme; it has lubricated the cartridges with the fat of cows and pigs; it knows we will have to bite those cartridges, thereby bringing pollution upon ourselves beyond remedy! Fears, groundless fears, foolish! We know that they are only too well founded, and we thank our gods for having warned us in time. Away with you and your doctrines! We will have none of them! We shall preserve ourselves undefiled! We shall not touch your poisoned cartridges!"

"Niamuth Alli! Wuzeer Khan! Meer Allum!" exclaimed a young lieutenant, pushing himself into the midst of some Ma-



"THEN RECEIVE YOUR FINAL COMMAND,
'GROUND ARMS.'"

from Allah? How far have you been successful? How many converts to Christianity can you boast of? You are but one of the many agents of the Government employed with a view of bringing us to the foot of your Cross. We have brethren in other regiments: think you we are ignorant of what is going on around us? There are many such as you, carrying the sword in one hand, and the Bible in the other: you are licensed missionaries, that is what you are; secretly instructed by the Government to try and make proselytes of us! You have failed—ignominiously failed; the number of converts throughout the army can be counted on the fingers of my hand! Then, seeing that your

homedan sepoys who, by their standing apart, might prove—so the Englishman hoped—more amenable to reason; "my friends in many a jungle expedition, come! I have never broached religion to you; so you cannot throw the *jemadar's* accusation in my teeth. You, Niamuth Alli," apostrophising a fine-looking Moslem private, "ought above all others to listen to me. Who saved your life from the terai tiger only last hot weather? and who swore eternal gratitude for the service?"

"It was not of my own choice that I hunted the tiger that day," answered the man, sullenly, he also failing to pronounce the affix of respect; "you ordered me to ac-

company you, and it was merely Kismet that made you the instrument of delivering me from the tiger."

"And your gratitude?" rejoined the officer reproachfully.

"Go to! This is no time to talk of gratitude. Our religion is in jeopardy. Pig-eaters that you are, would you convert us by stratagem when all your preaching and persuasion have failed! Away with you!"

And so on.

Presently, the "dismiss" was sounded: the English officers, crestfallen and burdened with sore misgivings, left the parade ground; but the regiment, instead of joyfully streaming away to its lines as usual, hung about the place-of-arms, angry and sullen. The bazaar people, having heard that a crisis impended, and knowing intuitively that there would be little cooking among the sepoys that day, came to the barracks with parched grain, sweetmeats, and such-like light refreshments that all but the Brahmins could and would partake of. The day wore on; habit being second to nature, the men gradually fell back into the ordinary routine, but still kept aloof from their lines; they remained congregated under the trees in front of the barracks till a late hour, discussing their wrongs, and exhorting each other to stand firm and resist the Government in its infamous design.

Something, however, had to be done. The 19th had been guilty of a distinct act of insubordination: their grievances had been patiently listened to; as patiently had explanation, argument, and persuasion been brought to bear, but with no result. So said the military conclave that threshed out the matter; and it was further decided that no alternative remained but to disarm the regiment with the least possible delay, to serve as a warning to others equally suspected of disaffection.

In pursuance of this resolution a parade of the entire garrison was put in the orders for the 25th of February. According to instructions from the chief authority in the station, the corps were so disposed that the guns, unlimbered and loaded, with the Europeans placed on either flank, faced and completely commanded the 19th. The sepoys at once fathomed the reason, realised the trap they were in: but there were brave men among them who, while admitting the hopelessness of contending against overwhelming odds, were, nevertheless, resolved to meet their doom—whatever it might prove to be—with dignity.

The regiment was drawn up in line, two deep. Ordering them to stand at ease, the

senior officer, accompanied by his staff, rode up to them, and thus spoke:—

"Battalion! The soldier's first duty is obedience. You have been guilty not only of disobedience and insubordination, but of rebellion. Impelled by childish credulity to believe in a rumour spread by evil and designing persons, you have refused to obey the lawful commands of your superiors; you have turned a deaf ear to explanation, argument, persuasion. You are, therefore, adjudged as no longer worthy to be servants of the Queen. Receive then your final command. Ground arms!"


A quiver ran along the regiment as it heard its sentence. A murmur of voices arose; the native officers, leaving their places, assembled in the rear of the lines and consulted together in low tones. A dead hush fell on the ill-fated corps. Then, presently, the native officers returned to their companies, and a deputation advanced towards the group of Englishmen. Without salute or other token of respect, but yet with a certain dignity, the white-haired *soubadar-major*, or chief native captain, addressed the officers thus:—

"As the Government wills, so let it be. Our fealty to our gods is stronger than our allegiance to you, especially since, with deception, you would make us outcasts—apostates. I will say nothing about the means you intend employing towards the accomplishment of your design beyond that we would rather die than become Christians. We are in your power: loaded rifles and guns are ready to deal out our destruction; we are without ammunition; we cannot resist you. We are ready to die for our religion; but if you possess any of that mercy whereof you are wont to boast, retire your cannon and your soldiers, and we will obey your command; we will lay down our arms."

Unwilling to shed blood, and believing that an acquiescence in the request would be the easiest way of achieving the disarmament, the senior officer ordered the battery and European Foot to move off the ground: this done, the 19th Regiment of Bengal Infantry laid down their arms, and from that moment virtually ceased to exist. They were shortly afterwards disbanded, paid off, and turned adrift to convert themselves from trained and honourable soldiers into the worst description of sedition-mongers, scattering over the country, telling their story to sympathising thousands, and thus giving an impetus to the volcano of rebellion that by their conduct had unmistakably shown its incen-

cient fires; for from the day that the men of the late 19th Infantry set out from Burhumpur in small knots and parties, there came frequent tidings of terrible, heart-rending import from all parts of Northern India!

III.—THE HANGING OF MUNGUL PANDY.

 In the vicinity of Calcutta is Barrackpur, a large cantonment lying on the left bank of the Hooghly, about fifteen miles above the metropolis. At the opening of 1857 the troops here, at Chinsura and Sirampur—all three close together—comprised no less than a battalion and a half of European foot, some squadrons of Irregular Native Cavalry, the Governor-General's Body Guard, a battalion of Field Artillery, and four regiments of Bengal Native Infantry, including a wing of the 34th, with whom we have to do.

It was the 29th of March. The parade was over, but one or two European officers of the 34th still lingered under the trees in front of the regimental quarter guard, which was composed of a *jemadar's* party. The Englishmen were fully aware that a storm was brewing; a faithful few had apprised them of the presence in the lines of emissaries from Dum-Dum, and from Burhumpur: they knew the story of the greased cartridges; they had heard that the mystic *chupphatie* had long since arrived and passed through every regiment in Barrackpur: they knew that they stood on a mine!

Most of the 34th had sulkily dispersed to their lines; only a few men loitered about the place-of-arms; while those of the quarter guard huddled together and conversed in whispers. All wore looks of disquietude; they seemed conscious that a crisis was at hand.

Suddenly a commotion: all eyes turned on a man in full uniform, issuing from the barrack, gait with a native sword, and in the act of loading his regulation musket. The man was a private of the 34th, Mungul Pandy by name; a name destined to become almost historical, in that the second appellation grew into a sobriquet whereby the mutinous sepoys, no matter of what sect, were generally styled. His blood-shot eyes, the sombre fury exhibited on his countenance, and his unsteady gait proclaimed him to be under the influence of opium or other intoxicant wherewith he had primed himself for the performance of some desperate deed.

"Brethren!" he shouted, addressing his comrades of the quarter guard and those who stood by, "why hesitate any longer? Why, for another day, another hour, bend our necks to the yoke of the cow and pig-eater? Are you going to submit tamely? Are you going to embrace their faith, and become their boot-cleaners, their dish-washers, you and your children? Do you, Brahmins and Hindoos, intend to eat of the sacred cow like they do? Why stand idle when there are arms to hand and we are strong enough to throw off the thralldom of these hateful foreigners? Why should we submit to their dominion any longer? They have ruled us for a hundred years: do not our wise men say that God wills it they rule no longer, and that we are to destroy them to the last man, woman, and child, On, then, in the name of the gods we serve. To death with the cursed whites!"

Seeing that the men of the quarter guard and others of the corps listened with evident approval to this inflammatory speech and made no attempt to arrest the seditious utterer thereof, Lieutenant Baugh, the regimental adjutant, drew, and rushed at the fanatic. Mungul Pandy fired at the English officer, missed, and then, unsheathing his keen sword, engaged his antagonist in deadly strife, while the spectators, both on guard and not, moved neither hand nor foot towards interfering. But some were there who, actuated perhaps by a scintilla of loyalty, on witnessing the outrage, ran off to apprise their officers, and these, with the General, were soon in the saddle, galloping in hot haste for the 34th parade ground.

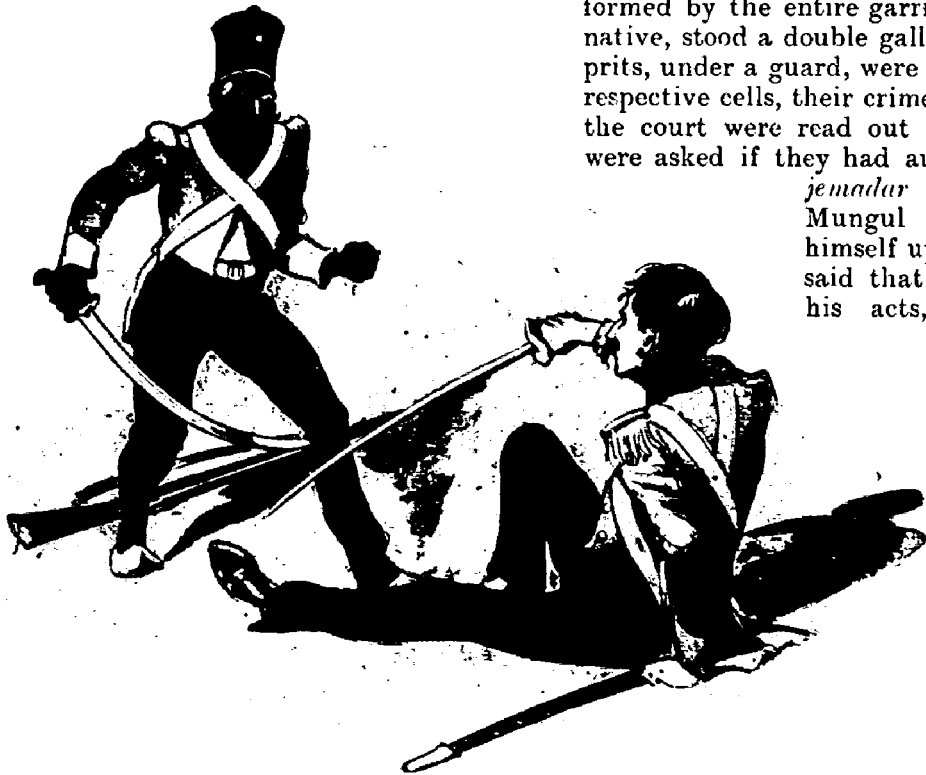
In the meantime, what happened? After the first few passes between the combatants the sepoy proved the better swordsman, for he succeeded in severely wounding Lieut. Baugh, without himself being touched. Breathless and faint, still battling for dear life, the Englishman in his despair cried on the quarter guard *jemadar* to rescue him. "*Jemadar* Devi Purrsad! Help me!" But no; Devi Purrsad and his men did not stir: they looked on passively and sullenly!

"Pig! Slayer and eater of cows!" hissed Mungul Pandy, lunging at Baugh, "I will kill thee! I will—ah, another of them!" he added, as Hewson, the regimental sergeant-major, doubled up with drawn sword to the aid of the lieutenant.

"In a second, sir!" shouted Hewson, encouragingly; "ah, you blackguard!"—to

Mungul Pandy—"stop that! Let him alone!"

With these words the sergeant-major threw himself on the rebel; but the sepoy, naturally a reckless character, and now stimulated with drugs, met the Englishman's attack fearlessly, and speedily cut down his assailant with one trenchant blow of his weapon. Both Baugh and Hewson, though grievously wounded, were not killed, and lay at the mercy of the miscreant; but instead of at once despatching them the latter commenced hectoring and staggering over the ground, waving his sword and calling loudly for more Englishmen to come and encounter him. Presently, he appeared to make up his mind to give his victims their *coup de grâce*, but before he could carry out his fell intent one of the 34th, a Moslem sepoy, named Sheikh Pultoo, who, with others, attracted by the tumult, had come running from the lines—he, the only real loyal heart there—sprang



THE SEPOY SUCCEEDED IN SEVERELY WOUNDING MR. BAUGH.

at Mungul Pandy and grappled with him. At this juncture, too, several English officers and General Hearsy arrived on the scene: the would-be assassin was seized, and the two injured men were carefully attended to. Baugh and Hewson were enabled to narrate the whole occurrence to the general, who, when he heard of the disgraceful conduct of

the quarter guard, would have shot them down with his revolver but for the counsel of cooler heads. He reviled them for a set of rebellious scoundrels, and was so far able to assert his authority as to have the entire guard relieved, placed under arrest, and Mungul Pandy, with the *jemadar*, put in irons.

There was a sufficiency of European troops in Barrackpur and its vicinity to overawe the sepoys from committing any further overt act of treason, and immediate steps were taken for the punishment of the two principal offenders. A military court sat that day, and on the conclusively incriminating evidence forthcoming thereat, Mungul Pandy and *Jemadar* Devi Purrsad were condemned to be hanged, while it was further decreed that their corps, the 34th regiment, which they had rendered infamous, should be disbanded.

The dual sentence was carried out on the day but one following. In a hollow square, formed by the entire garrison, European and native, stood a double gallows. The two culprits, under a guard, were marched from their respective cells, their crime and the finding of the court were read out to them, and they were asked if they had aught to say. The

jemadar was silent, but Mungul Pandy, drawing himself up to his full height, said that he did not regret his acts, that with him rested the proud distinction of having struck the first blow, drawn the first blood, in the cause of his country and his religion, and that with his dying breath he prayed his gods to imbue every Hindoo and Mahomedan with patriotism sufficient to unite them against the

hated Nazarenes, and strength sufficient to drive every worshipper of the Cross from the land. In another few minutes the two rebel dangled lifeless from the gallows.

Then, for the second act. A fresh disposition was made; three faces of a square were represented by the battalion and a half of British Foot, the 2nd, 43rd, and 70th Bengal

Native Infantry, a battery of guns, and the Cavalry. Then the wing of the 34th—the other wing was in garrison at Chetgaum—was ordered to make the fourth side of the square, immediately facing which stood the guns, unlimbered, and loaded to the muzzles with grape. The disbandment order was read out, and after a short denunciatory harangue General Hearsey commanded the doomed wing to ground their arms and divest themselves of the uniform which they had disgraced. The 34th, overawed by that frowning array of cannon and sturdy British infantry, sullenly obeyed. The duty of settling up their pay, etc. was next taken in hand, and in a few hours the mutinous sepoys, with their teeth thus effectively drawn, were marched off under escort to beyond cantonment limits, there to take the route, ostensibly to their distant homes in Oudh and Rohilkund, but in reality bound for every military post and station, to do the incendiary's work by fostering and propagating the demon of sedition and murder that held possession of their own treacherous hearts.

IV.—THE REVOLT AT MEERUT.

THE commencement of May, 1857, found the 11th and 20th regiments of Bengal Native Infantry, the 1st Battalion of H.M.'s 60th Rifles, two troops of English Horse Artillery, the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabineers, and the 3rd Bengal Light Cavalry in garrison at Meerut, a military cantonment about forty miles to the north of Delhi. That there was thunder in the air, a prescience of evil abroad, everyone was only too well aware; and a certain officer, Colonel Carmichael Smith, commanding the distinguished 3rd, noticing unequivocal symptoms of unrest in his men, determined—on his own initiative—to bring matters to a head, one way or the other, so far as his own corps was concerned. Accordingly, he ordered a parade of part of the regiment, for the trial of the new Enfield carbine, involving the use of the suspected ammunition. Riding down in the grey dawn to the regimental magazine, Colonel Smith came upon his men there, sitting their horses in orderly silence. But when the magazine was opened and the troopers were called upon to take each his quota of cartridges, all but five of the ninety present sternly refused to obey. Of the five exceptions, three were comparatively aliens to the corps, and two, the trumpeters of the party, being Eurasians, of course raised no objection.

"Ha!" exclaimed Carmichael Smith, as

soon as he realised the significant fact, "so you also believe this nonsensical story! You, who possess the first record for bravery and loyalty in the army! You sheep, to be led astray like this! I can find no wiser name for you! But listen: you object to biting the cartridges, believing, children that you are! that we have greased them with the fat of pigs and cows. Well, will it satisfy you if I take the responsibility of ordering that the ends be torn off with your fingers instead of bitten off with your teeth? You, Mahomedans, sit on pig-skin saddles, ay! and have done so ever since you entered the Riding School: and you, Hindoos, the accoutrements you wear and have worn from the day you joined the service are made from the hide of the sacred cow: you all know that I speak the truth. Even assuming that the atrocious lie which has befooled you had a particle of truth in it, my proposed alteration of the order would remove the only possible objection to your handling the cartridges. I therefore give you leave to use your fingers, so be sensible, take your ammunition, and let us proceed to the firing-ground without further delay."

But not a man beyond the five already mentioned would budge. The Colonel exhorted them to obedience, and warned them in impressive language of the consequences of their mutinous conduct. But neither exhortation nor warning had any effect; they remained sullenly obdurate.

"Your blood be upon your own heads then!" cried Carmichael Smith, dismissing the parade and commanding the troop captains to take the squadrons back to the lines, while he himself rode on to the Brigadier's to report the occurrence. Brigadier Wilson, immediately grasping the gravity of the case, went with the cavalry colonel to General Hewitt, who, though old and infirm, had energy sufficient to order the summary arrest of the offending eighty-five. Accordingly, Smith and the other European officers again rode down to the 3rd lines, and, re-assembling the regiment, on foot, the Colonel communicated the orders of the General commanding, and under the same authority consigned the malcontents to close arrest in the regimental guard-rooms, in charge of a native officer's party of their own corps, to remain in durance vile till the sentence of the court-martial, to be convened to sit on them, should be made known. Amid gloomy looks and portentous silence these instructions were carried out, and, after seeing the sentries posted, the Englishmen returned to their bungalows.



A SMALL ARMY OF ARMOURERS, GATHERED FROM EVERY REGIMENTAL WORKSHOP, RIVETED THE MALEFACTORS' IRONS ON THE LIMBS OF THE EIGHTY-FIVE MEN.

In due course the court-martial sat: it was composed entirely of native officers of all three arms, some even being summoned from Delhi expressly for the function. As might be expected, there was but one finding—guilty; the court could not come to any other decision; rank rebels at heart, as all the members were, still, they had not yet openly thrown off their allegiance, and could give no other verdict than that of conviction. There was no rider, no recommendation to mercy or anything of that sort; the court unanimously condemned those eighty-five troopers to incarceration with hard labour!

How every member of that court must have laughed in his sleeve as he attached his signature to the proceedings to be submitted for confirmation of the general officer commanding! How the hangers-on, the friends of the condemned, must have hied off to the lines to communicate the finding to the relatives of the prisoners, pointing out that the court, its session, and its sentence, all formed but a part of the play.

A few days afterwards, *i.e.*, on the 9th of May, before the entire Meerut garrison, the eighty-five were marched up, and they, together with the other native corps, were so disposed that the cannon, rifles, and sabres in the hands of our Europeans threatened them with instant decimation at the first sign of resistance. The uniforms of the prisoners were torn from their backs, after which a small army of armourers, gathered from every regimental workshop in the station, riveted the malefactors' irons on the limbs of the eighty-five men. The work commenced and went on amid a speechless silence, but when the last bolt was driven and the operation pronounced complete a murmur resembling a multiplicity of sobs arose from the serried lines of native soldiery!

"Brothers!" cried one of the eighty-five, wringing his manacled hands in agonising appeal towards his comrades of the dismounted 3rd. "Brothers! Will you stand by and see this disgrace perpetrated on your own kith and kin? Are you going to permit us to be treated like common felons by these tyrants whom we have faithfully served and whom we would have continued faithfully to serve but for their design on our religion? Is this slur to be cast on us who have fought, bled, and died for them? Are you men to allow the insult of these irons on us?"

What the effect of this passionate appeal might have been on their fellow-countrymen under arms, had the circumstances been different, it is easy to imagine. Practically

every sepoy there was more or less a rebel, and every sepoy's blood boiled as he stood an unwilling witness of the scene. But that battery of loaded guns, the port-fires in the hands of determined English artillerists, the dark line of our riflemen, and the glittering appointments of our mounted British cavalry, were potentialities against which the three thousand or so of native soldiers admitted the futility of contending; they could do no more than look on in impotent fury, while in the depths of their treacherous hearts grew the thirst for a terrible vengeance on the hated Christian. The eighty-five were duly lodged in the civil jail, the blood-red sun went down, and under cover of night secret councils were held, and a general upheaval for the following day decided on.

The morrow was Sunday. While our people attended evening service at the station church, the signal for revolt was given by a rocket discharged in the sepoy lines, and the work of slaughter was speedily inaugurated. With shouts of "Strike! strike! for our religion!" the 3rd Cavalry armed, mounted, and set the example by murdering several of their officers who chanced to be at the lines. A cloud of frantic horsemen rode at a mad gallop for the jail where, meeting with no resistance from the native police guard, they released not only the eighty-five, but also many hundred convicts at the same time. By now the infantry had risen; Colonel Finnis, of the 11th, who had hastened down to his lines at the first alarm, was shot from his horse while in the act of endeavouring to pacify his men. Raging through cantonments, troopers, sepoys, and rabble gave vent to their passions, murdering every Christian they could find with the most inhuman barbarity and setting fire to every Christian dwelling. . . . And thus the Mutiny began.

Such were the incidents characterising the outbreak of that terrible insurrection, the heroic records of which will remain for ever in the memories of all sons of Britain. In that Mutiny some of the most gallant deeds the world has ever known were performed; in the annals of that awful conflict we read of unsurpassed valour and self-sacrifice. Now, thanks to wise government, India lives in peace. The Mutiny taught us to respect the traditions and superstitions of Orientals. The lesson we had to learn was a truly stupendous one, but it has borne good fruit, and it is not probable that a mutiny on anything like such a gigantic scale—if on any scale at all—will ever occur again.

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 9.—THE PLUCK OF A BRITISHER.

I.

PECULIAR though it may seem, Hickson's occasionally quarrelled among themselves. Sometimes the trouble arose in Carr's, sometimes in Bowen's; and not infrequently the disputes were "mixed." In this last case, the follower of Carr was at a distinct disadvantage. He couldn't hit the girl; neither was he generally able to say so many things as she was. Therefore, if the matter were not amicably settled by the parties concerned (as it generally was), plain justice demanded that it be brought before a selected tribunal, and disposed of by arbitration. That was all right. The rule, though seldom used, answered its purpose, and was also in force in Carr's House. The nature of Carr's leaned somewhat towards "scrapping," but Intellect (and Bowen's) voted for arbitration; and Intellect (with the help of Bowen's) won—on the whole. Thus were fellows inclined to pugilism led into the way of peace, and all was harmony and concord.

But occasionally in Carr's House there arose troubles that could be wiped out only with blood. In certain cases of deep injury and deadly insult, arbitration was found to be quite inadequate. Then would the girls shut their eyes, while the fight was fought in dead secret, until honour was satisfied or vindicated. Preliminaries being over, we can now go ahead.

Wallace E. Carter was large, fit, pugilistic by nature, and what Britishers term "intensely American, don't you know." He was excitable, obstinate, and prone to impulse and prejudice. He had an inborn objection to the "tight little island" and all pertaining to it—which, when you come to think of it, includes a good deal. He didn't really know why he objected, but

he had been reared that way. He arrived at the College towards the middle of the summer term, and was taken up to the field (which was engrossed for the moment in cricket practice) by an obliging junior with red hair, who pointed out to him Hickson's shining lights of the period.

"There is Stan Lawson. Wait till winter and see him skate. The girl next him is Margaret Collins—she's frightfully clever."

"Ah," remarked Carter, "but who's that fellow?" indicating a tall youth who had an indescribable something about him that warned Carter of danger.

"That," said the obliging junior, with an added note of respect in her voice, "is the Britisher. He's cricket captain."

Carter's back stiffened, and he moved nearer the Englishman.

"I guess I'll pack my traps and go home if you've got many of *that* breed about."

The obliging junior looked surprised.

"There's only one," she said, "and he's—oh! what a lovely cut! did you see it?—he's Stanborough, you know."

"Huh! Stanborough, *bai Jove!* I can't stick these Britishers—always so high and—" A ball caught him full in the wind, and Carter doubled up—much to the delight of his obliging guide.

"Sorry!" laughed Stanborough. "But you shouldn't come so close. Toss it up, Jane Hobbs, will you?"

The red-headed junior obeyed with alacrity, and Carter walked off the field muttering.

"Grinning brute," he said, "I'll make him laugh the other side of his face."

That was the beginning of it. From that hour Carter set to work to make himself unpleasant to the Britisher, and (as is usual) in the general harmony the one discordant note made itself more prominent than the many tuneful ones.

"That chap," remarked Joseph White to the Britisher, "will have to be taken down. He's got his knife into you, and I opine that it will take a lickin' to get it out."

Stanborough laughed, and his behaviour in general suggested entire ignorance of the existence of Wallace E. Carter—who resented this with true American energy, his imaginary grievance assuming mighty proportions.

Hickson's watched with interest, speculating on the possibility of a crisis. Then the bloodthirsty, realising that it was not likely to be settled by arbitration, smiled at one another with an unholy joy, and pitied Carter from the bottom of their hearts. In the course of a few weeks things came to a head.

It happened in the field, when Stanborough's pet pitch was bagged by Carter. The Englishman politely ordered off the usurper, and received in return the burden of Carter's overcharged mind. He did everything but swear; attacking Stanborough personally, and as a nation, in no slight terms. Stanborough listened to the insulting flow with attention; then, without so much as a quiver of an eyelid, he turned his back on Carter and took up his stand at the wicket.

"Consider yourself ignored—not half!" muttered some one in the ear of Carter. And Carter fumed.

The rest of the afternoon passed as usual, but a mental vow was registered in the heart of Carr's to be present at the fight that must inevitably ensue between Carter and the Britisher.

At six o'clock on the same day Ronald Algernon Stanborough stood before a small oil-stove in his study, with a teapot in one hand—the other being ready to grasp the kettle the instant it reached boiling-point. In an armchair reclined Jonathan Flower, and a red-headed junior was setting out cups and saucers and a motley collection of eatables. The Englishman, after a term or so at the College, had intimated that he had not been in the habit of getting his own tea,



"I'M NOT GOING TO FIGHT CARTER."

and such was his popularity with the juniors that it was seldom he was called upon to perform that office for himself.

Jane, after surveying the table with satisfaction, refreshed herself with a lump of sugar and withdrew. At that moment, with a preliminary knock, Joseph White entered. His face depicted pleasurable anticipation.

"Say, Stanborough," he commenced, "I s'pose you'll settle with Carter while Bowen's are at their next working-party?"

Once a week, for an hour, Bowen's plied their needles in unison; this useful arrangement being termed by Carr's the "working-party." Consequently, anything in which the girls were unable to participate was brought forward during this weekly hour.

"Settle what?" inquired Ronald, leaning over the stove with some anxiety.

"Why, fight him, of course!"

The kettle showed signs of rebellion, and was immediately captured by the Englishman, who now turned and faced White.

"You're under a false impression, my dear chap. *I'm* not going to fight Carter—or any one."

White breathed hard, with horrified astonishment, and a particularly happy expression flitted over the face of Jonathan. He was enjoying himself.

"But, Stanborough," said Joseph, "you're kidding. The things he said can't be fixed up by arbitration. Hickson's will think——"

"Let them," interrupted Ronald, who knew exactly what Hickson's would think; "it's good exercise. I'm not disposed to make a fool of myself to please Hickson's." And he poured the contents of the kettle into the teapot with deliberation.

Joseph's astonishment gave place to serious doubt.

"This isn't very usual, Stanborough. The chap insulted you no end, and he expects you to fight him. We all expect it."

"Sorry, but I'm afraid you'll all be disappointed. Now then, White, draw up and be cheered but not inebriated—or else clear out. I want my tea; so does Jonathan."

The tone was final, and Joseph, disappointed, much puzzled, and not a little inclined to wrathfulness, "cleared out," to convey to Carr's that the Britisher did not intend to avenge the insults that had been heaped upon him. Which meant, in plainer language, that he had no stomach for the fight.

II.

DURING the week that followed, Ronald Stanborough noted with some bitterness the apparent instability of Hickson's friendship towards himself, and the ease and rapidity with which popular feeling turned against him. The report that he, on account of faint-heartedness, had refused to meet Carter, spread like chickweed. His knot of admirers at the nets dwindled down to a third of its usual size. Carr's seniors, though polite, intimated that they were in no particular need of his company; while Bowen's (with the exception of Mary Baker and Jane Hobbs) forgot arbitration, and talked in a veiled manner about British pluck.

Ronald showed no feeling in the matter to Hickson's in general, but he sometimes spoke of it to Jonathan Flower. Jonathan was unchanged. He sauntered through his life at the College in his own eccentric way. He professed to care for no one, but there existed in his composition at least two very real sentiments. One was a strong feeling

of friendship for a young person who, in the days gone by, had just missed winning the Little National Scholarship, but who does not come into this story; and the other was an honest admiration for the Britisher.

"I reckon you'll have to fight," hazarded Jonathan, one afternoon, purely by way of experiment.

"Do you?" answered Stanborough, with an expression of pity for the other's intellect. "Well, we won't discuss it if that's how you feel about it."

"I don't. But, man, if you knew the joys and diversions of one who is a student of human——"

"Shut up!" said Ronald promptly. "And pass me the pump. I'm going to cycle into San Fran."

The day was fine, and as Stanborough had become accustomed to the eternal dust of California in general, and of San Francisco in particular, he managed to enjoy his spin to the city, in spite of his College troubles. He understood the general feeling of disappointment in himself, but could not attempt to explain things, on account of Hickson's having been so ready to lay cowardice to his charge. He knew that, without much exertion, he could administer to Carter what would doubtless improve him—a sound thrashing; but the Englishman had no intention of sacrificing one iota of his own self-respect in order to reinstate himself in the eyes of Hickson's.

Thinking of these things, he reached San Francisco; and, still thinking of them, he started on the ride back. He had met Joseph White and two more of Carr's seniors in Kearney Street, and they had passed him by with the merest glances of recognition. The Britisher pedalled a little faster as he thought of it. Before him in the distance walked two Hickson girls, arm-in-arm, their plaits hanging in straight easy confidence. Ronald meditated idly on the question of their identity.

Just as he had made up his mind that one was Isabel Uridge, something happened that caused him to lean forward and urge his machine to its utmost.

Two men—they had the appearance of tramps—stepped into the road, with their backs towards him, and, walking either side of the girls, accosted them with apparent roughness. Isabel Uridge increased her pace, but the other girl shrank back. In a few seconds the Englishman was upon them—and off his machine.

"Now then, you fellows—clear off!" His voice rang loud and bold, startling alike both tramps and girls.

One of the men turned, and with profane mutterings laid a hand on the arm of the other girl, whose name was Florence Tillotson.

"Stop it!" The Britisher emphasised his words with a swinging blow that sent the tramp reeling across the road, where he collapsed, in order to gain time to think things over. His companion, seeing that

attempt of the same sort he managed to parry, and was lucky enough to get his left home on the tramp's chest—which made the ruffian gasp a trifle. "Bad condition!" thought Ronald, taking fresh heart.

But the rough had a little trick or two with which he was wont to supplement his fighting proper. As Ronald came on again the tramp feinted at his face, and at the same time hacked him savagely on the shin. Stanborough could not restrain a cry of pain.



SHE MADE A JUMP AT THE MAN AND DRAGGED HIM FORCIBLY BACKWARDS.

Ronald meant business, squared up to him with an ugly look on his face.

The struggle that ensued was, of course, an unequal one. The man was big and muscular, and had at some earlier period of his life picked up the elements of sparring—possibly when boxing for dollar rewards in low saloons. Stanborough had little science—only good arms and a good eye. He hit his hardest at the tramp, hoping to knock him down and be done with him. To his surprise, his fist met the empty air, and at the same time he received a crack on the jaw that made his teeth rattle. A second

The rough showed his blackened teeth in a grin of triumph. But Stanborough's blood had been sent up to boiling-point by this blackguard kick, and he flung himself madly at his opponent, beating down his hands and coming to clinches with him. They swayed in each other's grasp, Stanborough's good athletic back and tip-top condition standing him in good stead now.

The tramp was weakening, and Ronald was mustering up his strength for a throw that should finish the combat, when from the corner of his eye he saw the fellow he had thrown into the ditch rise slowly to his feet.

Then his heart sank. There would be two of them now.

The girls, more breathless than the combatants, saw with terror the approach of the second tramp. He advanced with a cunning look upon his face, meaning to attack the plucky Britisher from behind. But Isabel Uridge was before him. Calling on Florence Tillotson to help her, she made a jump at the man and dragged him forcibly backwards. He turned fiercely, only to be neatly tripped up by Isabel just as Stanborough, with a mighty effort, threw his man off and with a hard drive in the



STANBOROUGH HELD OUT HIS HAND TO CARTER.

neck caused him to measure his length in the dust.

Then the three Collegians, without another glance at their discomfited foes, climbed the fence into a field, whence it was a short cut to Hickson's.

Meanwhile three fellows on bicycles, who in the distance had been excited witnesses of the fight, and who had pedalled their hardest along the straight road to reach

the scene of action, slowed down with relief.

"Cleopatra!" exclaimed Joseph White. "What a—what a corker! Who was the chap?"

They passed one tramp sitting in the road, rubbing a lump on the back of his head, while the other leant against the fence, nursing a damaged knee. The Hicksonians refrained from passing remarks, but their chuckles were unrepressed.

"I've got a presentiment," said Stanborough, "that it was the Britisher."

"My land!" from Joseph, with much emphasis, but without surprise.

"I know," said the other fellow—Curtis—with conviction "it was difficult to see during the scrap, but I recognised him when he lifted his bike over the fence."

"We'll soon see," answered Joseph; "we shall reach the Coll. before they do, and we can meet them as they come in. If it was Stanborough—well—we shall taste of humble pie, I reckon. Anyway, we'll see."

They did.

III.

OF course, Hickson's received Stanborough into their midst again, apologised handsomely and forgot Carter. The crowd at the Englishman's pitch doubled its normal proportions, and every one was happy—excepting Carter, that is.

After reviewing the situation with care, and acknowledging that he had misjudged the Britisher, and made a fool rather of himself, he decided that the relations between him and

Stanborough were unchanged. The insults uttered in the field still remained unnoticed and unavenged, and he felt that nothing but a fight with Stanborough could restore to him (Carter) his self-respect. He knew now that the Britisher would thrash him, but he would rather be thrashed than ignored.

He was standing moodily in Carr's Court when he heard the hum of voices and tramp of feet that signified the return of Hickson's

from the fields. The Britisher was in front, walking with Joseph White, and a mighty determination to assert himself came over Carter.

"Stanborough!" The drifting crowd paused. "Have you forgotten the things I said to you in the field last week?"

"No-o," replied Ronald doubtfully, as if he were uncertain as to the truth of his own statement. His expression was inquiring. Hickson's smiled, and Carter immediately became incensed.

"Because, whatever else has happened, and whether I was right or wrong, I don't take them back."

The crowd drew closer, to listen, but Ronald did not speak. Carter, who was really tired of hostilities, but anxious to maintain his honour, continued quickly and with some nervousness:

"I can't give you best, you know, till we've had it out. And—well—don't you think a round or two would clear the air?"

Hickson's speculated wildly as to the result, the great majority being in favour of a fight ensuing at last.

"Carter's doing the thing straight. The Britisher can't refuse now," muttered Joseph White to Mary Baker.

"He won't fight—not he!" whispered Jonathan, who had overheard the remark.

Stanborough shifted his bat into his left hand, and held out his right to Carter.

"I should say," he remarked coolly, with a grin of good-fellowship, "that the air would be cleared quite as effectually if we 'shook.'"

After a moment, Carter, a little sheepishly, but not without manliness, responded with some heartiness; and Hickson's trooped within doors in search of tea, laughing aloud at the Britisher's "way," secretly acknowledging the depth and breadth of a Britisher's pluck, and realising to some extent the power of moral courage over physical.



Bird Queries.—T. Wright (Boston, Lincs) sends me a bird for identification, which he describes as "somewhat resembling a sparrow, but about half the size. The colouring is the same as a sparrow except that the head is red-brown instead of slate-grey, and has black spots each side of head." It is really the Tree Sparrow (*Passer montanus*), a local species in this country, and found chiefly on the eastern side of the island. It is a bird more of the open country than of the town. I wonder how many of my readers interested in birds can distinguish between the Tree Sparrow and the House Sparrow (*Passer domesticus*).—Chas. Haywood (Radclive, Bucks) also sends me a bird which he says he found "lying dead in some rushes by the river. . . . You will notice that its beak is broken, and as it seemed in very poor con-

dition I supposed it to have died from starvation, as it might have been unable to feed properly." The specimen is a Sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter nisus*), and the hooked tip of its upper bill has been broken off short. This has probably resulted from the bird's descent from a great height to pounce upon a bird or mouse on the ground, but missing its aim it may have come with great force against a stone. Starvation was inevitable, as with such a maimed beak it would find it impossible to pull its food to pieces even if it had managed to catch some with its claws.—Douglas Granger (Wimbledon) asks what a pair of Silver Pheasants ought to cost. I find it difficult to answer these commercial questions, because I have never taken up Natural History (so-called) from the commercial point of view. I know that there is no fixed price and that

it varies with the age and condition of the specimens. Any of the dealers in live poultry and fancy birds would give you a price, or if you consulted such a paper as *The Bazaar* you would see such birds advertised by amateurs.—“Nest” (Islay) sends me an egg for identification. It is, as he supposes, that of the Missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*).

Silkworms.—D. Granger (Wimbledon) also wishes to know “the best way of hatching Silkworms’ eggs.” The great advantage of Silkworm keeping over poultry keeping, for example, is the absolute simplicity of the process of rearing them from the eggs. No incubator or broody-hen is required. In a word, you leave the eggs severely alone and they hatch out at the proper time without any coddling or fuss.—Harold E. Swart (Salisbury) also wants to know about Silkworms—“how to keep them, their proper treatment, food, &c.” I think we have dealt with this matter before. A good plan is to keep them in shallow wooden boxes, about a couple of inches deep—empty and lidless chocolate-boxes from the confectioner’s do admirably. Lay out fresh mulberry leaves singly on the bottom and place the silkworms on the leaves. See that fresh leaves are added as soon as the previous supply is eaten, as the silkworm is a continuous feeder, and must have no compulsory fast imposed upon it. If the eggs hatch before the mulberry-tree is in leaf, you must give lettuce leaves as a substitute until mulberry leaves are obtainable. The box must be cleaned out every day, and all stale leaves removed. When the silkworms are about three inches in length they will cease to feed, and begin to spin a few threads across the corners of the box. They must then be removed singly to conical “sugar papers,” which may be pinned to the wall or window curtains. In these receptacles they will spin their cocoons of silk, and change to chrysalids, from which in due time the moths will emerge. If you wish to preserve the silk, it must be unwound from the cocoon before the emergence of the moth, or the silk will be ruined.

Run for Fowls.—“Zoë” (Dublin) wishes to know “how many Faverelles he might keep in an uncovered run 22 ft. by 12 ft. The house is a large coach-house.” He does not say whether the run is a movable one on grass, or fixed on bare soil. It must be remembered that the floor of a fowl-run soon becomes offensive, and the run must be frequently shifted or the top surface of soil removed and renewed. In laying down portable runs breeders for profit usually allow

about sixty square yards of run to fifteen birds. On this basis of calculation your run should accommodate about seven birds. Many people would crowd a larger number into it, but the birds would probably suffer in health.

Conchological.—“Q. P-ite” (Glasgow) sends me a sketch and some particulars of a shell, and asks its name. His “rough sketch” is sufficiently good to enable me to say it is a species of Olive-shell (*Oliva*), but as the Olivines are a very numerous family, and are much alike, neither the sketch nor the brief description is sufficient to indicate the particular species. They are found in tropical and sub-tropical seas and are all very beautiful.

Lark’s Flight.—“Interested Reader” (Leamington) writes: “Reading the observations made by a ‘Girl’ of a Lark’s flight, I take the liberty of stating my own of this year. On March 1, 1905, I timed three larks soaring in the air. The longest times I obtained were:

9	minutes	50	seconds.
12	”	10	”
15	”		

But in the beginning of April I discovered the length of time of two larks was still longer: the first 20 minutes, and the second 21 minutes 5 seconds. Of course, this part where I live is right in the country.”

Toothwort.—“Botanist” (Gloucester) has found what he thinks must be the Toothwort (*Lathræa squamaria*), and asks if it is not a very rare plant. It is certainly not a common plant, but I do not think it can be considered exactly a rare one—“local” would perhaps be a better term. It is certainly not one of the plants that are well known to the general public. You should have sent me along a spike, and then I could have identified it for you. If you look up the first part of my “Wild Flowers Month by Month” (F. Warne and Co., 8d.) you will find a photograph of it which may enable you to be certain of it.

Hedgehog.—A. Hiller (Manchester) has a Hedgehog, and wishes to know if it should be “left in the garden free; if so, will it do any harm; and what shall he feed it on. Your hedgehog should certainly be allowed the free run of the garden, where it will do no harm, but good, by the destruction of insects and other pests. You would do well, with a view to taming it, to put down a saucer of bread and milk in one special spot every evening. Occasionally an egg, or a fowl’s head, might be added. If kept in a run, it should be a roomy one, and it will require to have all its food provided for it in the shape of insects.

dead birds, mice, apples and so forth, in addition to milk and eggs.

Plant Queries.—S. Sing (Robertsbridge) sends flower and leaf of a plant found growing on April 11 in a wood beside a Sussex stream. Can I tell him its name? Yes: it is the Bear's-foot or Green Hellebore (*Helleborus viridis*), a plant of local occurrence in the south



BEAR'S-FOOT OR GREEN HELLEBORE.

and east of England, chiefly on chalk soils. It is not very well known to the public, even in the localities where it grows, probably owing to the greenness of its flowers and the difficulty of penetrating the undergrowths among which it comes up.—Arthur Fowler (Evesham) is a reader of my "Wayside and Woodland Trees," but is puzzled by a couple of trees he does not find illustrated there. The reason is that they are not trees of our woodlands or waysides, but foreign species only planted in pleasure grounds. Species A is the Cypress (*Cupressus sempervirens*), whose home is in the Levant. Species B is the Chinese Arbor-vitæ (*Thuja orientalis*), from Northern China and Japan. Although the latter is not included in the genus *Cupressus*, it would be quite correct to speak of it in a broad general sense as one of the Cypresses, just as the Bramble and the Apple are spoken of botanically as Roses—being included in the same family.—S. Upton (Herne Hill) asks for

the name of a plant he gathered near Westerham. The specimen sent is the Winter Cress (*Barbarea vulgaris*).

Gold-Fish.—I have two letters on this familiar subject this month. R. Smith (North Kensington) writes: "I have had a Gold-Fish for four years at least, and it is still alive. I give it about half a teaspoonful of 'ants'-eggs' in three days. I have the food chopped fine before giving it to my solitary fish. The water is changed about every three days with no weeds or stones at the bottom of the globe. But if the fish are kept for breeding, weeds may be wanted. Before I had this one I have now, I had one for three years. It would have lived longer had it not been killed by the one I have now."—E. G. Jones (Chorlton-cum-Hardy) has "kept a Gold-Fish in a fairly large oblong aquarium for nearly twelve months. For the past few months he has been living quite alone. Some weeks ago I introduced another gold-fish into the aquarium. The other fish, although he showed no disposition to quarrel, soon began to look ill, going about partly on his side. His fins and tail have since gone almost black. I have removed him to another vessel, where he has lived quite well for some weeks, his fins still being black. Could you tell me the reason for his behaviour, and the nature of the disease, if any?" I think there is little doubt that the newcomer had been attacked by the old inhabitant, unknown to E. G. J. These fights, with destruction of fins and tails, are probably due to the want of natural food, caused by the frequent changes of water and absence of weeds, which prevent the breeding of the minute creatures upon which they feed in a state of nature. The black fins are probably quite natural. Young gold-fish are black, the golden scales appearing as they get older, but many individuals continue to have black patches on their sides, fins, and tails.

Lizards.—E. G. Jones, as above, also tells me that he kept a pair of Lizards last year, and the male used to eat the eggs as soon as they were deposited by the female. He thinks this conduct was due to the fact that the lizards were frequently handled and examined. Probably so.



COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

Last day for sending in, June 19.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, July 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in *THE CAPTAIN*.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, *THE CAPTAIN*,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by June 19.

The Results will be published in August.

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.—“**A June Event.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of June. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I., A “Guv'nor” Cricket Bat, value £1 1s., manufactured by R. Abel and Sons. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a City Sale and Exchange “Exchange” Cricket Bat, value 9s. 6d.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**‘Captain’ Birthday Book.**”—This time take the month of August (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season August falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out

of other birthday books. Do not neglect *THE CAPTAIN* when making your choice. Prizes: Three “Selected” Benetfink and Co.’s Cricket Bats, value 9s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**Geographical Conundrums.**”—You are requested to solve the following. Send a postcard with the name of the place opposite the number. The places referred to will be found in any good atlas.

- (1) A good place in Leicester for housing sheep?
- (2) In what Yorkshire town should pensioners live?
- (3) A melodious village in New York, U.S.A.?
- (4) On what river in Saxony do you go for a jaunt?
- (5) A coast town of Massachusetts, U.S.A., unpromising for Scotchmen?
- (6) A good place in Bulgaria for “new leaves”?
- (7) The name of a gulf and river in North-east Siberia that addresses a certain girl affectionately?
- (8) A narrow sort of place in Staffordshire?
- (9) The name of a town in Asiatic Turkey that bids you kidnap your own father?
- (10) Name of a U.S.A. city that expresses emphatic abhorrence of wrongdoing?
- (11) A place in Panama named after a punctuation sign?
- (12) Name of a place in Eastern Roumelia similar to that of a famous patent medicine?

Prizes: Class I., a Houghtons, Ltd., “Guinea Klito” Hand Camera. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a No. 2 “Scout” Camera, value 10s.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—“**The ‘Old Fag’s Correspondence’ Competition.**”—Particulars of this will be found on an advertisement page. Prizes: Class I., a Hamley Model Yacht, value £1 1s. (See Prizes page.) Classes II. and III., a Post-card or Photographic Album.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen–Twenty.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**‘Captain’ Newdigate.**”—To encourage readers with a taste for serious poetry, we offer a prize of Books to the Value of Ten Shillings for the best poem in blank verse not exceeding twenty lines. There will be two consolation prizes consisting of books to the value of 5s.—to be chosen by winners from Messrs. Newnes’ catalogue.

No age limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **July 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial June Competitions.”

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 R. O. M., C. O'Leary, A. H. E. J., John T. Morris, Sybil O'Neill, Margaret Altintop, and G. R. Pennant. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

The Scottish Rugby Championship, 1904-05.

THE Glasgow Academicals head the championship table, and what would have been an unbeaten record was snatched out of their hands in the last days of the season. The West of Scotland XV. are to be congratulated on doing what no other team has done; and further, they are to be commended for the fact that, although they only won by a dropped goal to a try (4-3), they kept the champions' score down.

After being champions for three years in succession, the once famous Edinburgh Uni-

versity XV. have had to give up their place to a better team.

Up to December 17 their record was seven played, seven won, and 112 points to 11.

On Christmas Eve, however, last season's joint-champions met, and the result was 9-0 for the victorious Glasgow Academicals. The 'Varsity's record from that memorable day to the end of the season was seven played, three won, two lost, two drawn, and 25-20 points. It may be mentioned that the Edinburgh 'Varsity beat Cambridge by 8-5, and Oxford by 16-8.

The Watsonians come third with three defeats—a 6-0 and 3-0 by the Glasgow Academicals, and 6-3 by the 'Varsity. The 'Sonians' points record is as good as the Glasgow Academicals', and better than any other team's.

In their annual Welsh tour they got beaten by Swansea to the tune of 25-0, but two days later they accomplished a feat which no other

Scotch team has as yet achieved—they beat Newport by 11-3.

Jedforest and Kelvin-side Academicals tie for fourth place, each with four defeats.

Jedforest's best match was with the Edinburgh Academicals, whom they defeated by a goal to a try, while the Kelvinsides drew with the Watsonians.

Edinburgh Academicals have five defeats—two from the Watsonians, and one each from Glasgow Academicals, Edinburgh 'Varsity, and Jedforest.

They drew with their rival Academicals and also



RETURNING FROM THE LAKE DISTRICT: THE ENGLISH ELEVEN IN
NEW ZEALAND.

Photo. by P. F. Warner.

with the 'Varsity, and Oxford and Cambridge were beaten—the former by 14-0 and the latter by 6-0.

Appended is the position of teams for 1904-1905 :

Team.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points.		Points.
					For.	Against.	
1. Glasgow Academicals .	20	18	1	1	269	20	1
2. Edinburgh University .	14	10	2	2	137	31	2
3. Watsonians .	21	17	1	3	285	37	3
4. { Jedforest .	16	8	4	4	94	50	4
{ Kelvinside Academ'ls	18	11	3	4	95	65	4
5. Edinburgh Academicals	16	9	2	5	134	51	5
6. Gala .	19	0	3	7	81	74	7
7. Glasgow University .	16	6	2	8	77	115	8
{ Edin. High Sch'l F. Ps.	20	10	1	9	107	129	9
{ Hawick .	21	7	5	9	71	72	9
8. { Edinburgh Wanderers	14	5	0	9	69	149	9
{ Glas. High Sch'l. F. Ps.	18	6	3	9	51	134	9
9. Stewartonians .	20	8	3	10	31	38	10
{ Melrose .	16	3	1	12	27	116	12
10. { Edin. Institution F. Ps.	19	3	4	12	27	152	12
11. West of Scotland .	17	3	1	13	37	210	13

One point deducted for each defeat.

R. O. M.



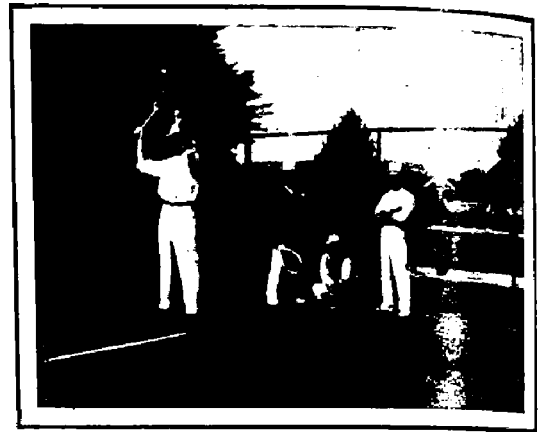
THE ORIGINAL OF DICKENS' "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP," SITUATED IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS LONDON.

Photo. by George Bush.

Cricket in Ireland.

CRICKET is not played in Ireland on the county championship system, neither does professionalism exist.

When a club travels, the members pay their own expenses, and, except in matches of an international character, there is no "gate," an arrangement which seems satisfactory to all. The principal club, the "Gentlemen of Ireland," is of a representative character, the eleven being chosen by the Committee con-



ARNOLD, THE WORCESTERSHIRE CRICKETER, PLAYING TENNIS IN TASMANIA.

Photo. by P. F. Warner.

trolling Irish cricket. Three seasons ago Earl Cadogan, the then Viceroy, arranged an English tour for the club, which was captained by that *doyen* of Irish cricketers, Sir Timothy O'Brien, of Middlesex fame. The club was very successful during the tour, and since then the club has met on Irish soil London County (captained by W. G.), Cambridge University (twice), and South Africans. In the game against our friends from the Dark Continent the visitors were all dismissed for sixty-four, the feature of the match being the bowling of Ireland's great bowler, T. C. Ross, who in the first innings took nine wickets for twenty-eight runs. Sinclair, Mitchell and Co. came to the wicket, took guard, surveyed the fielders, faced T. C. and promptly returned to the pavilion. Ross's performance was, you will acknowledge, a great one. This great bowler has played in England for the Gentlemen *v.* Players.

Amongst Ireland's foremost players are R. H. Lambert, whose average last year was seventy-one; F. H. Browning, our best wicket-keeper, an old Marlborough College boy; A. D. Comyn, a steady bat and marvellous fielder; and H. H. Corley, the erstwhile captain of the Irish international Rugby XV.

Ireland's cricket outlook this summer is particularly rosy. The Gentlemen of Ireland will play the Gentlemen of England under the captaincy of H. D. G. Leveson-Gower, while Sir T. C. O'Brien brings a team representing the M.C.C.

C. O'LEARY.

Back to the Land.

IT is not much use planning out an open-air life with the short days of autumn gathering round us; we must try to live the next four months to the fullest extent; and how can that be done better than

by camping out under the great open sky and on the richly scented land, teeming with life and happiness?

Now I wish to write more to Old Boys rather than to those who are still at school—to fellows who, like myself, have regretfully left schooldays behind, and are perhaps working out our destiny in sedentary and indoor occupations.

To start with, there is nothing like sleeping in a tent. I intend doing so all the summer. (A second-hand Army Bell tent can be bought for 25s.)

Let me briefly outline a specimen of my week-ends.

Imagine a tent situated on a hillside in a quiet corner in Essex, a belt of firs and larches near, a running brook handy; while all round are open fields.

I mostly rise with the sun (the birds see to this, for they come chattering round shortly afterwards, joyous, healthy, and happy, to greet me). Then comes the delicious plunge in the stream, generally preceded by a little physical exercise (the apparatus being fixed on to a tree). After that a stroll, the small dog, my companion, nearly off his head with delight after rabbits, or his own tail for want of a better substitute. Breakfast next, leisurely cooked over an oil-stove, followed by that glorious first pipe which tastes so sweet after the hours of fresh air. Then follows a lazy time spent in reading and thinking.

Later on as evening draws near I seem to hear a special message coming to me over the hills. It is the tinkling of a church-bell. About two hours later I linger in the calm old-world church-yard, watching the rooks returning homewards, while the simple words of the preacher and the old, old, yet ever fresh, story he has just told me sink into my mind.

Then home to my tent along the cool, peaceful lanes. Nature, like a tired child, is sinking to rest, and bids me do likewise, and I am left alone with the quiet changeless stars.

A deep sleep steals over me . . . then bright warm sunshine, and my little friends calling me forth to another day of work.

A. H. E. J.



A TAME FOX AT THE MELBOURNE HUNT CLUB.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.

Alphabetical Matches.

IF the M.C.C. authorities are ever at a loss to arrange an interesting and novel cricket match, they might do worse than choose two teams of, say, A's *versus* B's or L's *versus* M's.

For instance, we find that the B's would make a very formidable side indeed, as witness: C. J. Burnup, B. J. T. Bosanquet, G. W.



A VISIT TO THE KENNELS OF THE MELBOURNE HUNT CLUB.
Photo. by P. F. Warner.





A LESSON IN FIRST AID.

A Fractured Jaw: Raise the jaw to its natural position, place a narrow bandage over the head and under the chin, cross the ends over one ear, carry them round the head, and tie.

To Bandage a Fractured Upper-arm, use two splints—one inside and one outside the arm, tie them with two triangular bandages—one above and one below the fracture, and place the arm in a sling.

Photos. by Sybil O'Neill.

Beldam, E. A. Beldam, G. Brann, W. Brearley, Blythe, Buckenham, Braund, Barnes, Butt.

Good enough to beat the Australians almost, isn't it?

Perhaps the only alphabetical team strong enough to play the "Busy Bees" a tight game would be the H eleven: Lord Hawke, Hirst, Haigh, Hunter, Hallows, A. H. Hornby, Hayward, Hayes, A. J. Hill, J. T. Hearne, and Hargreave.

Quite a Lancashire and Yorkshire flavour about that team, by the way.

While our late Athletic Editor, Mr. Fry, would have a hard job to pick a first-class lot of F's (barring the Fosters), his successor at the CAPTAIN office, Mr. Warner, could lead the following splendid team into the field:

P. F. Warner, C. M. Wells, L. G. Wright, Captain Wynyard, S. M. J. Woods, C. J. B. Wood, A. P. Wickham, Wrathall, Warren, Wilson, and Wass.

If Mr. J. R. Mason was asked by the M.C.C. to choose a team of M's, he could hardly get together a representative eleven without calling in the "Macs," but with their assistance his team need fear no foe in flannels:

J. R. Mason, A. C. Maclaren, C. M'Gahey, G. MacGregor, H. M'Donnell, L. J. Moon, F. Mitchell, H. Martyn, Mead, Myers, and Moorhouse.

The M.C.C. are at liberty to avail themselves of this suggestion free, gratis, and for nothing.

JOHN T. MORRIS.

Smyrna.

HERE are a good many things about Smyrna that must strike the stranger as peculiar. For instance, I suppose it must look rather funny to a tourist or visitor to see a long string of camels, led by a meek-looking little donkey, walking the streets with slow step and dignified mien; but to us it is perfectly natural, for it is such a common occurrence. The last camel of the string has a huge bell, with two smaller bells inside it, fastened to his saddle. Every step the camel gives, the bell rings; so, if the chain breaks, the bell stops, and the man (who generally rides on the donkey) gets warning that an accident has happened. The bay is rather pretty, being enclosed by mountains on all sides but one. The sea is very blue, and, being the Mediterranean, tideless. Bands of brigands live on the mountains, making it impossible to explore them all over, which is a great pity. Behind Smyrna is Mount Pagus, where Polycarp was murdered; his tomb is there too. Smyrna was built at first on the Mount, but an earthquake destroyed it some years ago, and now the finest part of the town is by the sea. In the streets you meet a most extraordinary mixture of people—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, and Europeans of every country. It is very hot in summer from May to September.

the heat is damp, and makes you feel awfully fagged if you try to do anything exerting. A great deal of fruit grows to perfection, and most delicious jams are made by the native women. Delicious melons are bought at four *metalliques* (2*d.*) each; and luscious grapes for about 3*d.* for three pounds! In summer the poor people live chiefly upon “*pilaf*” (rice), fruit, and coffee. Smyrna is divided into several “quarters”—the Turkish quarter, the Jewish quarter, &c. The fashionable promenade is the quay, which is very badly paved, considering what a progressive town Smyrna is. The only attraction to me is the lovely view of the bay—hills all round, and the little village of Cordelio opposite. In summer the sky is a most lovely blue, without a cloud anywhere. It never, or very rarely, rains from May to October. In winter the hills are generally covered with snow; men go in companies and bury huge lumps of it. This they sell in summer for two *mets* (1*d.*) the “oke” (about three pounds). Very few wild flowers are found, the prettiest being the anemones, which grow in patches on the low hills, and are of different colours, white, mauve, purple, pink, and bright red.

MARGARET ALTINTOP
(British Consulate, Smyrna).

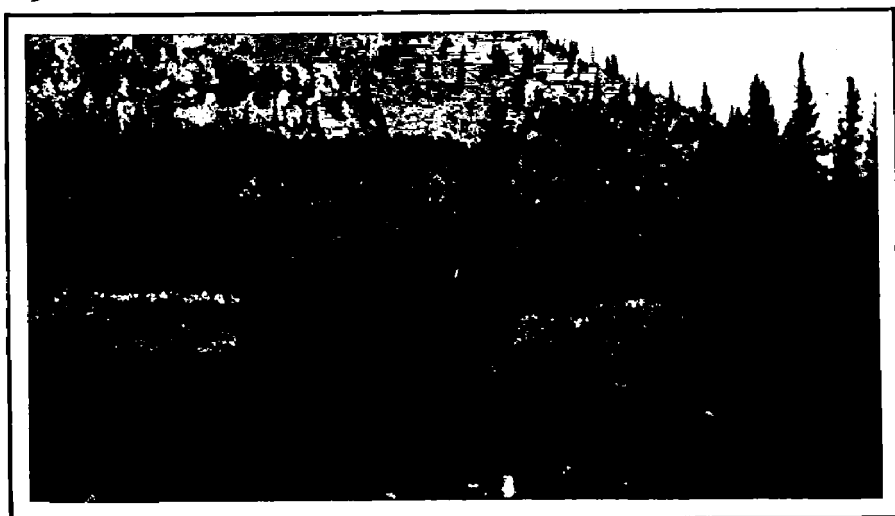
Brecon College Internationals.

AN event has lately occurred in the Rugby football of Wales and of old Breconians which constitutes a record for this ancient foundation. In the match against Ireland this year, which won for the principality the highest honour that it is possible to gain in international Rugby

football, namely, the “Triple Crown,” four old Breconians took a very prominent part; for who can say there were four more brilliant men on the field than W. M. Llewellyn, E. T. Morgan, A. F. Harding, and J. F. Williams? The first of these has taken part in no fewer than nineteen international matches and scored in nearly every one. In his first match he scored four tries, and against Scotland this year he scored the two tries which gained Wales the victory. E. T. Morgan has played in ten

matches, and has scored in nearly every one of these, his most noticeable performance being his two tries against England at Cardiff this season. He is generally considered as being the best three-quarter at present playing football. A. F. Harding has taken part in twelve matches, and is considered to be the best forward playing in the four countries, his dribbling being his chief characteristic. J. F. Williams gained his “cap” for the first time in the last match of the season, against Ireland, and fully justified his selection by playing a capital game, being commended by most of the critics for his capital performance in this match. Three of these four have captained the college football team, *i.e.*, Llewellyn, Harding, and Williams; Morgan captained the school cricket team. In addition to these, several more “old boys” have been very near gaining international honours, H. T. Maddocks, Jack Jones, of Pontypool, and J. C. M. Dyke, of Penarth, having played in the Welsh trial match, and the first and last of these have been reserves this year, Maddocks having had very “hard lines” in being injured before the Irish match, in which he would most probably have taken part. Another “old boy” who has taken part in a trial match this season is J. P. Jones, of Guy’s Hospital, an elder brother of Jack Jones. The latter was selected for the trial match the term after he left school. I think this is a record which Brecon is fully justified in being proud of, as I can assure you we are, and we shall be prouder still next year if we see more “O. B.’s” taking part in this noble game and representing their country.

G. R. PENNANT.

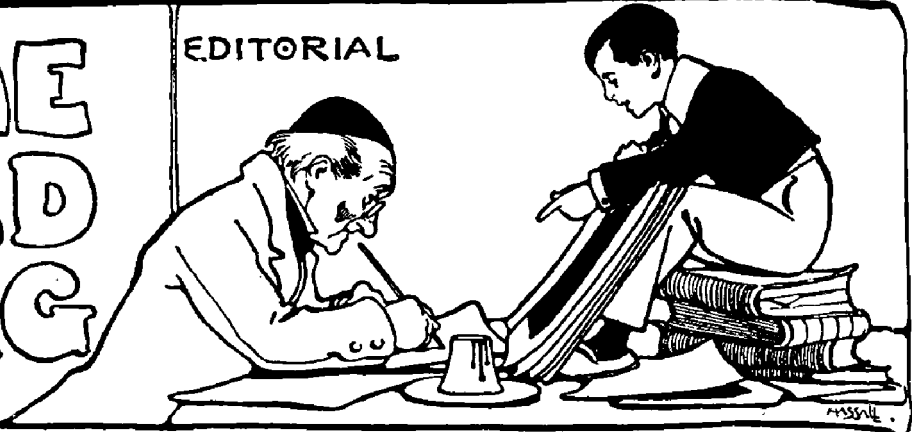


A BISON IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A daring snapshot taken by Mr. Alfred Pearse during the Prince and Princess of Wales' Colonial Tour in 1902-3.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



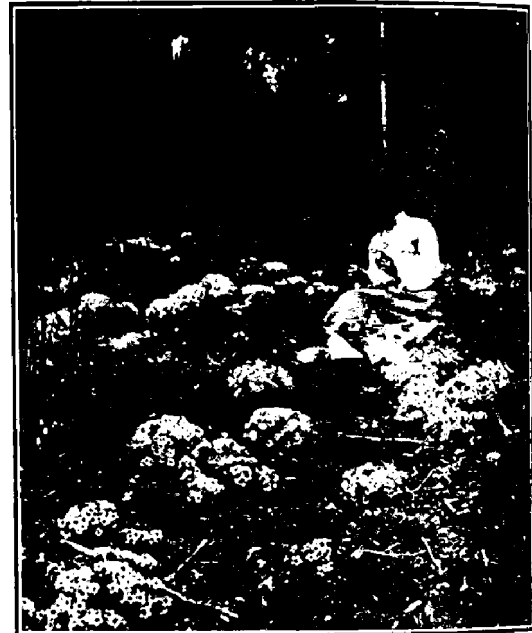
12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Summer is now with us, and our tables and mantelpieces are garnished with sweet flowers. You will not, I hope, mind my saying a thing or two about these flowers. Don't you think, for instance, that flowers convey their own lesson? They are so fragrant and pure; they give such pleasure and colour to our lives. They smile in the sunshine, they droop in the showers; when they are plucked and put in water they hold up their heads bravely for a day or two, and then they languish and die, having fulfilled the purpose for which they were brought into



DAISIES.

J. B. Welford, Finsbury Park.



GATHERING FLOWERS.

H. Leakey, Sydenham.

the world. They are emblems of purity and unselfishness, and should have a cleansing, uplifting influence upon us. Let us try, then, when we cast our eyes upon these flowers of summer, to think nobler thoughts and do nobler deeds.

Thoughts come crowding on this simple mention of flowers. To begin with, their presence on a study mantelpiece should have a due effect on the occupants of that study. A few vases of flowers—so much better than picture-postcards of actresses who don't know you and don't care twopence about you if they do. Fling those picture-postcards away, and instal in their places some vases of summer flowers. Your study and you will be ever so much the better

for the change. The flowers are your gentle servants—they have bloomed for you, for you they give up their fragrant life-breath. As for the actresses—faugh! Such photographs as you have should be of your sisters and your friends—faces that you know and like to live with. Surely you should be more exclusive than to decorate your rooms with faces that smirk to order at the photographer's and smirk subsequently on fifty thousand mantelpieces besides your own! It is, indeed, high time that this postcard-portrait folly came to an end.

With a little trouble you may have flowers on your mantelpiece all the year round. Each month has its blooms; when they are scarce you will prize them all the more. Best of all, of course, are the flowers you grow yourself, water yourself, tend yourself, and pluck yourself. But if you are at school and cannot grow flowers, you surely possess somebody who can send you enough for your vases? Failing that, as a last resource, you can buy them from village folk—a big bunch for 2d.—and so possess something more lasting and beautiful than hardbake or Turkish Delight. Please think over this little idea of mine about flowers in your study. You must not imagine it is effeminate



HYACINTHS.

W. F. Laing, Sunderland.



LILIES.

W. F. Laing, Sunderland.

or lady-like to love flowers. Some of the greatest men that have ever lived—real men—have been ardent flower-lovers; their world-toil over for the day, they have retreated with delight to their gardens and green-houses, and, in this healthy relaxation, have grown better and stronger men. Have flowers in your studies, then, and take a pride in them. They are Nature's garden children, whose smiles are true and whose pure fragrance should sweeten our thoughts. Flowers are good and gracious, and should set us thinking of nought but what is fair and wholesome, for their message is that true happiness is not to be found in gross pandering to our senses, but in trying to get the best out of ourselves, in looking at the world with honest eyes, and in striving to be "true and just" in all our dealings. That is the simple little sermon preached by flowers—Nature's garden children.

Subjects for Debating Societies.—Not long ago a reader wrote asking for "new subjects" for School Debates. I therefore offered prizes for the best suggestions, with the result that a goodly crop has come to hand. I print a selection hereunder, and may print some more in a future number. Surely it is time that the changes were rung on such old tunes as "Should Capital Punishment be Abolished?" I commend the

following topics to the consideration of Debating Society secretaries :

- That it is wrong to argue against one's convictions.
 That the progress of the world is due to the man of one idea.
 That co-education of boys and girls is a sign of the highest civilisation.
 That "all the pure and noble arts of Peace are founded upon War" (Ruskin).
 That courage, moral or physical, is not so much a matter of temperament as of circumstance.
 That innate good or evil is not unchangeable.
 That platonic friendships are quite possible.
 That women have more influence on the world than men.
 That a man's character is his fate.
 "Multum legere potius quam multa."
 That "Manners Makyth Man."
 That there is no room in the universe for an idle man.
 That well-begun is half-done.
 That a little knowledge is not always a dangerous thing.
 That the fulfilment of debts of honour is imperative *providing* that it causes no trouble or misery to others.
 That Great Britain's naval policy must be *offensive*, not defensive.
 That modern novels sacrifice reality for realism.
 That the school-boy has not deteriorated during the last fifty years.
 That tactful people must necessarily become artificial.
 That a boy's sense of honour is keener than a girl's.
 That ghosts really exist.
 That the formation of character is the true end of all study.
 That the barbarian is happier than the civilised man.
 That the present system of competitive examination is prejudicial to intellectual development.
 That ill-health improves the character.
 That the invention of gunpowder has proved a curse to humanity.
 That the British masses are over-educated.
 That competitive examinations are not the fairest means of obtaining the best material.
 That no useful purpose is served by the Channel Swim.
 That military training be made compulsory.
 That the frequent reading of newspaper articles tends to destroy individual thought.

Here, then, is the pick of the crop. Some of the subjects suggested are hardly suitable for school debates—*e.g.*, "That platonic friendships are quite possible"—but, as **THE CAPTAIN** is read by many adults, no doubt all the suggestions I have printed will appeal to some kind of community or other. I sincerely trust that this list will prove of service to such debating societies as are short of new subjects.

"**Dr. Silex**," by Harris Burland (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.), is a book I particularly wish to recommend to **CAPTAIN** readers. Mr. Burland has provided us here with one

of the brightest romances that has been produced for some time. The plot is ingenious and original. After the victory of Henry I. at Tenchebrai, a company of Normans escape in their ships and make for the North. Driven by a vast upheaval of nature to the very Pole itself, they find there a land rendered fit for human habitation by the volcanic nature of the soil. Here they settle, and the Kingdom of Asturnia is founded. While the rest of the world advances, Asturnia practically stands still, preserving in the nineteenth century all the characteristics of the twelfth. How Dr. Silex, the hero of the story, is induced to fit out a mighty expedition, ostensibly to discover the North Pole, but really to replace on the throne of Asturnia the rightful queen, and how the expedition fares, may be read in the pages of this attractive book. The story presents a lively and graphic description of life in the days of chivalry, and we feel that the author has caught the true spirit of the times. The characters are skilfully drawn, and the whole book is written with much spirit. The events move rapidly forward, and the reader passes on from adventure to adventure in a state of rapt expectancy. Mr. Harris Burland may be congratulated on having provided his readers with an entertaining and successful book, and we shall follow his career with interest. At Oxford Mr. Burland won the Newdigate Prize with a poem of exceptional merit. Many Newdigate prize-winners have made a big mark in the world in after days, and it looks as if the author of "Dr. Silex" were destined to achieve distinction in no small degree as a writer of powerful fiction.

"The Amateur Littérateur."

The latest amateur periodical to reach me is *The Amateur Littérateur*, official organ of the British Amateur Literary Association, which has been running for some time. As a criticism is asked for, I must say that it seems to me, on the whole, a well-produced paper. The poem printed on page 1, "When a Feller's Engaged to a Gal," does not strike one as being either a refined or desirable contribution, though a certain amount of talent is displayed in its composition. It would have been more modest of its author, Mr. Alfred H. Pearce, to have awarded it a less prominent position in the paper which he edits. The other poetry in the magazine is distinctly praiseworthy. Mr. Roosmale-Cocq contributes a strenuous

word-picture of "A Naval Battle"; the reviews of other amateur magazines are well done; and the essays on "old boy" members of the association are written by the editor in a genial spirit for which we have nothing but commendation. The gem of the number to hand, however, is the poem quoted below:

of editor: 14 Cardiff Road, Longford Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester. Subscription, 1s. per annum post free. I am also in receipt of *The Literary Aspirant* for April. I have already reviewed this magazine, which is both modest and tasteful, being edited with skill and care. Composers who want words for songs might do worse



REGENT STREET POLYTECHNIC DAY SCHOOL FIRST FOOTBALL XI.

The gentleman in the middle of the back row is Mr. J. E. K. Studd, a member of the famous cricketing family of that name. Mr. Studd is now President of the Polytechnic Institution, in succession to the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, the Founder.

CROCUSES.

Crocuses! fragile, dainty, fresh, and fair,
 Ye come in gayest garments blossoming,
 Obedient to the early call of spring,
 Your bright eyes laughing from the brown earth bare.
 Gay little butterflies from Flora's bowers,
 How quickly do ye waken from your sleep,
 As if impatient at the world to peep,
 Ere yet the sun has chased the wintry hours!
 Who dyed your robes of yellow, purple, blue?
 Did some kind fairy from the rainbow bright
 Fashion them with her dainty hands for you?
 And who designed your little robes of white?
 Perhaps an elfin from the land of snow:
 Perhaps an angel: how can mortals know?

EDITH YOUNG PEARCE.

than consult the pages of these two little magazines.

School Sports.—In reading over the results of School Sports which Mr. Warner has printed on the last page of his "Corner," one cannot help being struck by the poor high jumping. The best of the lot—and that not one to crow over-much about—is R. M. Peat's (Sedbergh) 5 ft. 3¼ in. Next comes Repton, then St. Paul's, then Clifton. This jumping isn't good enough. No wonder Yale and Harvard lick us in the jumps when they come over here. There *have* been school-boys who have jumped 5 ft. 10 in. Why has the present generation degenerated in

The Amateur Littérateur is published on the 15th of every alternate month—address

this fashion? In the 'Varsity Sports this year I believe the best high jump was 5 ft. 7½ in. That won't beat the American cracks, one of whom is sure to do 6 ft., or over. I saw an American jump over 6 ft. at the Oxford and Cambridge v. Yale and Harvard sports, in July 1899. It was wonderful. He jumped straight—not sideways. On that afternoon I also saw Workman win the Three Miles for perfidious Albion—a thing to remember all one's life! . . . But to return to these School Sports. I implore public school high-jumpers to specialise more. That is what the Americans do—they specialise. I don't believe in too much of it, but I think we really ought to make a strenuous endeavour to turn out a great 'Varsity high-jumper. 5 ft. 7½ in. as a best 'Varsity jump is simply ignoble. It won't do. Scanning the results, I notice that in several cases the "hundred" was won in 11 sec. That is a good enough time for a school-boy. At the 'Varsity it descends to 10⅔ sec., but to beat America it must be 10 sec. dead. A good mile should be well under 5 min., and Clifton appears to have an excellent miler in the shape of Pears, whose time was 4 min. 37½ sec. The South Eastern College, Ramsgate, boasts a 4 min. 49 sec. man, and the only other schools, in the results we publish, who can do the mile under 5 min. are Sedbergh and St. Paul's. With regard to these two schools, one's attention is attracted to the particular pot-winner of each—Gwatkin, of Sedbergh, and Just, of St. Paul's. In each case, these won the mile, half, and quarter. In addition, Gwatkin won the 100 yards—not a bad afternoon's work! Dulwich possesses a fellow who can throw a cricket-ball a mighty long way in the person of P. W. Bain (108 yd. 2 in.), and the South Eastern College, Ramsgate, is to be congratulated on another useful man for deep field work—Shaw, whose throw was 100 yd. 8 in. Of the schools under notice, South Eastern College and Oakham appear to have the best long jumpers, while in putting the weight St. Paul's is easily first with its crack athlete's 32 ft. 9½ in. Mr. Just is also the best quarter-miler of the lot. We shall follow his future with interest.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Exchange of Magazines.—Gerald F. Marson, editor *Hoe Preparatory School Magazine*, Plymouth, wishes to exchange copies with the

editors of other preparatory school magazines. He remarks that far too little is done in the way of exchanging preparatory school magazines. I agree with him, and hope this notice will result in a great increase of such exchanges.

H. G. Atkinson.—I am sure I can't tell you what the measurements of a correctly proportioned man or woman should be. I think there is a lot of faddism in this physical culture business. A healthy boy should not be bothering about his measurements. If he is strong and fit, enjoys his games and his meals, sleeps well, and tackles his work with a sound, clear brain, he has no need to trouble about physical development. As to your question about dumb-bell exercise—certainly it is good for expanding the chest, but swimming is a lot better. Indian clubs and the usual gymnastic exercises are excellent for development, but games in the open air are better and healthier developments than any amount of indoor exercises. It is a grand thing to begin the day with a cold tub, if you can stand it, and I expect you can. Most boys can. Don't, however, be always thinking about your muscles and your measurements. Develop yourself unconsciously and naturally by playing games.

"Erin" sends a conundrum: *Question*: What animal has two eyes, and can't see; two ears, and can't hear; four legs, and can't walk; and yet can jump as high as the Eiffel Tower? *Answer*: A dead donkey.

Anti-Hicksonite takes exception to the statement of "A Fellow at School" to the effect that the Dollar XV. is one of the best in Scotland, seeing that it was defeated by Fettes' *Second XV.* by 8 points to 6 on October 8, 1904. Other correspondents have written in a similar vein.

D. Braik.—You should write to Mr. Nankivell and suggest that he publish his articles in book form. He has written several handbooks on stamps, a list of which he would send you if you enclosed a stamped envelope. Very glad to hear that by following our advice and joining evening-classes instead of working by yourself at home, you have progressed so well with your languages, which are bound to be of use to you, whatever you take up.

Compo sends a good motto for athletes who are given to over-much self-esteem. It is from *Troilus and Cressida*, where Agamemnon says to Ajax: "He that is proud eats up himself; pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise."

E. C. S.—The following are the seven best volunteer infantry corps in London:

- 20th Mdlx. (Artists), Duke's Road, Euston Road, W.C.
- 7th Mdlx. (London Scottish), Buckingham Gate, S.W.
- 1st London (London Rifle Brigade), Bunhill Row, E.C.
- 12th Mdlx. (Civil Service), Somerset House, W.C.
- 14th Mdlx. (Inns of Court), Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
- 19th Mdlx. (Bloomsbury Rifles), Chenies Street, Bedford Square, W.C.
- 13th Mdlx. (Queen's Westminsters), Buckingham Gate, S.W.

Of these, the London Scottish would hardly be advisable, unless you are a Scot; the Civil Service is restricted to *employés* of Government offices; and the Inns of Court is exclusively for old public school boys and lawyers. Of the remaining four, the

Artists' and the London Rifle Brigade are socially a grade or so higher than the Bloomsbury Rifles and Queen's Westminsters. Both are excellent corps, with the advantage in favour of the former, which has a particularly good school-of-arms. The Queen's Westminsters have a number of companies recruited from the *employés* of big West End houses (Shoolbred's, Maple's, &c.), which indicates their social standing, and the Bloomsbury Rifles are about the same. The *Volunteer Annual* for 1904 can be purchased direct from A. & C. Black, Soho Square, W., price 1s. 3d., and will give all information. Application for particulars as to any individual battalion should be made to the Adjutant of the corps at headquarters.

"Interested," writing from Johannesburg, suggests that all CAPTAIN serials be continued through two volumes instead of being limited to one. I should like to hear further opinions on that point. I think six months is long enough myself.

"Sultan on Cats."—Several correspondents have written to say that the typewriter portrayed in the heading of this story (March number) is a Remington, whereas Miss Jaquetta C. Lemm stated that she was composing on a "Blick." I trust the artist did not draw the wrong kind of cat as well!

L. B. R.—I don't think anybody imagines that Canada is a finer country than England. I am also sure English boys know that they must rough it when they go out there, and are not deluded by the highly coloured accounts which they read of Canadian life. England is the country of countries—taking her all round, and, in spite of her funny climate, she can't be beat. People who have lived in all parts of the world agree to that, and come home here to end their days. In most foreign countries you get too much of one kind of weather; in England you get specimens of every kind. On a really fine summer day in England you could not desire more perfect climatic conditions. Kind regards to you and brother colonists. Always glad to autograph picture postcards.

Trefoil.—Your sonnets show promise, but are hardly up to publishing form. I, too, have heard that Disraeli had no favourite flower. The reason why primroses are associated with his name is to be found in the fact that Queen Victoria, when sending a beautiful wreath of primroses to be put on his coffin, remarked that the primrose was "his favourite flower."

Would-be Sailor.—A nomination from some one having influence with a shipping company is required to obtain a post as an assistant purser. The minimum age is twenty, and the applicant must have had an ordinary English education, and possess good business ability. A knowledge of foreign languages is useful. The pay varies from £4 to £5 per month.

School Sports.—H. R. Bennett (Clifton), "An Alleynian," "A Felstedian," "A Reptonian," R. Aikenhead (Ramsgate), "Pauline," "A Sedberghian," "An Albanian," "A Fauconbergian," and E. L. Joseph (Cambridge) are thanked for sending us the results of their respective school sports.

C. S. L.—The age for entering is eighteen. The cost of examination (in history, geography, arithmetic, &c.) is the only expense, no premium being required. Salary from £85 to £90 to commence. For further particulars apply to the Secretary,

Eastern Telegraph Company, Winchester House, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

F. E. Pailthorpe.—If you look through your back numbers you will find letters from readers describing their clubs. The idea is that you meet in a room or rooms—lent or hired—so many evenings a week, you go for walks and cycling excursions together, you subscribe for certain periodicals, and, in short, build up a pleasant little community which will help you to pass your leisure hours in a much more interesting manner, and perhaps lay the foundations of life-long friendships. That is what we call a "Captain Club."

S. McClosky.—After announcing certain new features in our issue for September 1902, I found it necessary to alter the advertised programme. That is all the explanation I can give you, and with that you will have to be content.

R. W. G. Read.—I thank you for your most pleasant letter. I agree with your remark to the effect that a boy forms his own character. Still, other people can help to develop his natural vices or cultivate his natural virtues. No one pretends to form a boy's character without the aid of the boy himself. As for those who bring a bad influence to bear on a boy, well—you know the old text—"It were better that a rope were put round his neck," &c.

"The Silver Cañon."—In our last issue this story was erroneously attributed to the late Jules Verne. Mr. W. Sidford is good enough to point out that the author of the story in question was Mr. G. Manville Fenn.

"Hickson" Schools.—I shall refer next month to the letters which have reached me on this subject.

"A Present Wrykynian."—Particulars about covers are given at foot of contents. Greyhouse is a mixture of schools. Piscator.—Absolutely no room at present for any more corners. A. Z.—Your writing won't set the Thames on fire. You can hardly expect me to criticise the "poetry," as it is simply a copy of "The Name on His Collar." Try always to be original. F. S.—The best way to enter the Merchant Service is *via* the Worcester, or the Conway. Full particulars can be obtained from the Commander in either case. F. W. W.—Send your coins to W. S. Lincoln and Son, 69 New Oxford Street, London, W., enclosing necessary stamps for return. A. Fraser.—It is possible that Mr. J. O. Jones may reappear in our pages. I can't say for certain yet. Scootch.—Your lovely narcissi and cowslips were very welcome. I thank you, my dear. E. A. Elliot.—In his delirium he mixed up cricket and football. That is quite plain.

Captain Club.—All applications for membership have been duly attended to. In future we shall not acknowledge applications for membership, but applicants may take it for granted that they have been "clubbed."

Letters have also to be acknowledged from: F. S. Bowker, H. W. Browne (Melbourne), M. W. Rosenthal (Transvaal), W. H. Wilson, "W. G. H.," "D. F." (you have an idea of drawing, but not much), J. A. Grimshaw (you may be a very fine chap, but you can't write poetry, sonny!). Pat Stewart, "P.S." C. B. V. Wheeler (Auckland, N.Z.—very pleased to hear from you), Starler Brot (or something to that effect), F. Newens, F. C. Warburton, M. Kebhelf, "Geoedw," W. H. C. Fraustadt.

Results of April Competitions.

No. I.—"An April Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Percy H. Gibbins, 171 Ditchling Road, Brighton.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: P. E. Petter, "Abertawe," Barnstaple.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric M. Ritchie, Andrew McFadyean, Winifred S. Kerr, John Beverland, G. Austen Taylor, Henry J. Ross, J. G. Pearson, Winifred K. Gould, Alex. L. Ogilvy, Bernard Weaver, Ethel M. Taylor, B. A. Poole.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Jas. MacGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Arnold Heathcote, "Heathfield," Worsley, nr. Manchester.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. E. Field, Nora Johnson, H. J. James, Thomas A. Evans, R. H. Burden, J. M. Silver, E. O. Rutter, E. Barrow, Daisy Brooks, Arthur W. Fox, A. L. Cranfield, George E. Hughes.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT, LTD. "SURREY DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Percy Powles, 15 Huron Road, Balham.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Gerald Child, 79 St. Mark's Road, Notting Hill, W.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. B. Seymour-Ure, A. J. Goldring, Donald Wheatley, R. J. Michael, Wilfrid Adams, C. Hunter, William Barnham, David McFarlane.

No. II.—"Subjects for School Debates."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Eleanor Silsby, 23 Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Jacob Alexander, 82 Antill Road, Bow, London, E.; C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. W. Wigmore, S. W. Spikin, D. M. Pennycook, Peter Hair, May MacCownen Hall, Mabel Jones, R. L. Pawlby, M. Mackenzie, Percy Smith, Fred C. Rogers, Katie Owain-Williams, F. Baron.

No. III.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: R. W. Copeman, Toun View, Wincanton.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: W. Witcombe, Castlebrook, Holland Road, Maidstone.
HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, E. W. Reeve, John Richmond, G. J. Sparkes-Madge, Harry Bortoft, C. L. Dames, Eva Brooks.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: K. W. Dowie, 223 Commissioners Street, Montreal, Canada.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: N. P. Hawkins, 30 Corporation Road, Newport, Mon.
HONOURABLE MENTION: R. F. M. Evans, W. S. Gales, J. S. Dale, E. J. Barrett, A. Mattinson, F. J. Ahrens, F. H. Chapman, Colin Mackenzie, Frank W. Pruden.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Cedric Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Eric A. Robertson, Sunnyside, West Kilbride.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. R. Buttell, Herbert Felton, E. P. Rydings, R. H. Hill, J. P. Watson, Morley Copeman, P. H. Midgley, A. R. Rubin, Alice M. Hamling, Cyril Cole, Andrew Donaldson, Eric Seward.

No. IV.—"Hidden Advertisements."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: C. Crossley, Moorcliffe, Halifax.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: J. Hunter, Hummingham, Leamington Spa; Hugh H. McEwan, 26 Lovaine Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
HONOURABLE MENTION: J. R. Shires, Bernard Jull, J. G. Matthew, R. L. Pawlby, Leonard J. Smith, J. H. Weeks, Henry Morton, Dorothy C. Garrard, G. A. Smythe, A. C. Blackmore, R. S. Solomon.

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 Greghouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the April Competitions.

No. I.—This competition grows in popularity every month. The favourite subjects chosen as "April Events" were: The Battles of Culloden, Copenhagen, Barnet, the deaths of Byron, Shakespeare, Goldsmith, Abraham Lincoln, the Dissolution of the Rump Parliament, the Earthquake in India, and the Boat Race.
 No. II.—We received a very large number of excellent subjects for school debating societies, a selection of which will be printed in due course.
 No. III.—Rather below the average in quality generally in all classes.
 No. IV.—Some very ingenious drawings were submitted.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Mabel Adair, Cambridge Park, Guernsey.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: G. Hunter, Warwick School, Warwick.
HONOURABLE MENTION: May Dixon, F. K. Makins, T. F. Marriott, Percy H. Murrell, George M. Johnston, A. L. Howe, Charles Barttey, Alice M. Cox, Malcolm Smith, J. J. Currie, Stuart E. Machin.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Nesta Evers-Swindell, Bownham Grange, Rodborough, nr. Stroud, Glos.
HONOURABLE MENTION: C. D. Lovering, Hilda R. Barker, F. W. R. Greenhill, A. Reynolds, H. A. Moncrieff, Ethel Lvon, Enid M. Gibbon, Sidney Howkins, A. Defries, H. Martin, P. G. Simmonds.

No. V.—"Curve Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: F. Barea, 33 New Camp Road, Leeds.
HONOURABLE MENTION: K. D. Butler, Robert E. Butt, William G. Johnson, Constance Messervy, William Chapple, Madeleine Master, Henry Payne.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: John Brown, 13 Argyle Street, Paisley.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Geo. A. Whitelaw, Middlecroft, Kirkintilloch.
HONOURABLE MENTION: A. McK. Johnston, J. C. Matthew, Randolph L. Pawlby, Frieda E. Myers, P. H. Godsell, Winifred S. Andrew, G. W. Bailey, Marjorie Deering, Ernest Kleinjung, Edmond Ceci, Leonard J. Smith, Stephen H. Critten, L. C. Warmington, W. J. Juleff.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PIGGOTT BROS. & CO.'S CROQUET SET: Norman Wilks, Statham Lymm, Cheshire.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Alec. Kennedy, C. F. Hodgson, Mollie Gartside, John Cook, E. Owen Rutter, J. C. Hallinan, Henry Page, M. Rose Sandes, E. Stephenson.

No. VI.—"Stamp Collectors' Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Hedley V. Fielding, Royal Hospital, Dublin.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Winifred Cates, Arthur H. Redman.
CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: W. R. Powell, 3 York Buildings, Hastings.
HONOURABLE MENTION: E. A. Gaitskell, James Bland, G. Whitehead, Charlotte Tucker.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF STANLEY GIBBONS' "CENTURY" STAMP ALBUM: Harold Fox Walton, 15 Union Street, Barnsley, Yorks.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Elsie Price, P. W. Sadler, C. Elgood.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(March.)

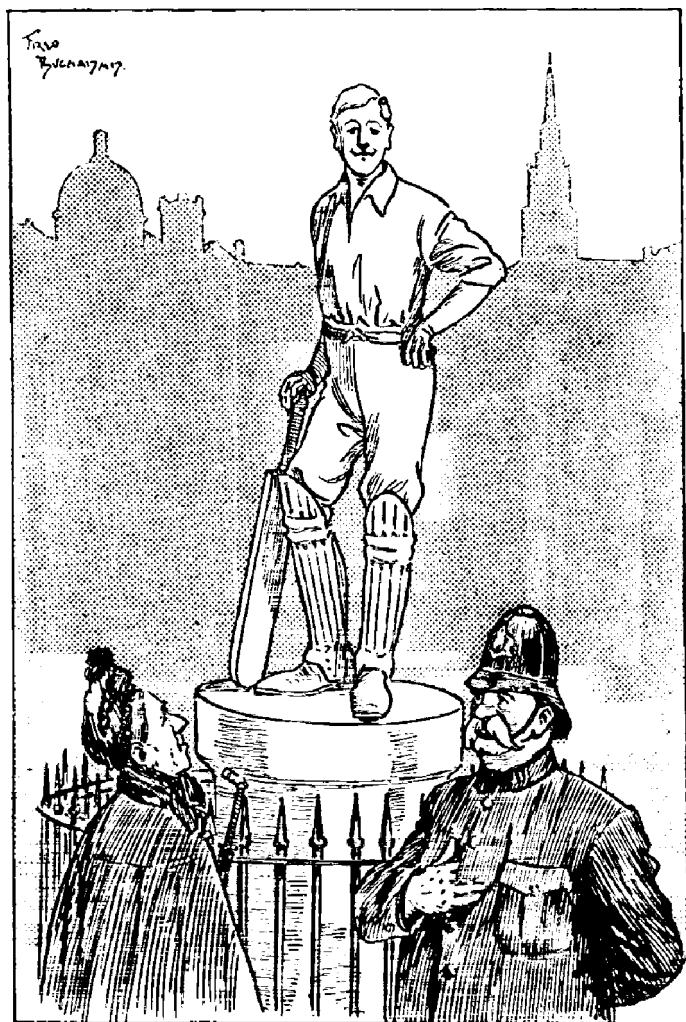
No. I.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Margery C. Hutson, "Wakefield," White Park, Barbadoes, B.W.I.
HONOURABLE MENTION: T. T. Waddington (Bermuda), Ethel Davis (British Guiana), R. L. Greene (Canada), F. N. Brerley (Trinidad), Florence Gilbert (Cape Colony).
 No. II.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** May Constance Edwards, Branksa, Wetton Road, Wynberg, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: S. E. Hastings (India), B. Smellie (India), Edmund Philip (Trinidad), A. G. D'Aguiar (British Guiana).
 No. III.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Frank Brierly, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.
 No. IV.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Harold W. B. Ryan, c/o W. P. Ryan, Esq., Victoria Terminus, Bori Bunder, Bombay, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: F. W. Kane (New Zealand), H. Goodbeard (Natal), Philippa Macmaster (Canada), Hilda Macmaster, W. A. Aldritt (Canada).
 No. V.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** E. S. E. Parker, Dept. Lands and Mines, Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Arthur Troye (Transvaal), F. Brierly.
 No. VI.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** F. C. Groves, South African Constabulary, Ermelo, Eastern Transvaal, South Africa.

No. V.—As this was a Comp. which required much patience and research, the number of correct solutions was highly creditable. Neatness counted considerably, as usual, and some of the postcards were very cleverly arranged.
 No. VI.—Many competitors failed to notice that the list required was of stamps used in foreign countries only. The list, according to votes was as follows:

Portugal 5 r., 1898.	Nyassa 2 1/2 r., 1901.
Congo Free State 5 c., 1894.	Nyassa 20 r., 1901.
Congo Free State 25 c., 1894.	North Borneo 2 c., 1893.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD.



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, A.D. 1910.

OLD LADY FROM THE PROVINCES: "And 'oo's this 'ere gentleman, Mr. Policeman?"

POLICEMAN (*who often has to answer this question, as if reciting a task*): "The above statue represents the only gent cricketer what don't write about cricket. The statue was erected as a token of gratitude and esteem by the workin' journalists of London—now then, you boys, pass along there, pass along!"

[*Drawn by Our Tame Artist.*]



SEIZING A CUTLASS, LANHAM JUMPED RECKLESSLY FROM THE BRIDGE DOWN ON TO THE LINER'S DECK,

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII.

JULY, 1905

No. 76.

"O. H. M. S."

BEING NAVAL YARNS OF TO-DAY.

By GEORGE ELLBAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

No. 4—THE FIGHT IN THE FOG.

A Sequel to "The Death Trap."

I.

THE play was a musical one, the music and the girls very pretty, the jokes excellent, the chief comedian in rare form. In a box in the crowded house, Lieutenant Robert Lanham, M.V.O., of the Royal Navy, sat contentedly enjoying the brilliant scene. When a man has spent three years grilling in a flat-bottomed gunboat, on interminable, ever-changing rivers in the heart of China, where the sight of a white man—Consul, trader, or missionary—is an event of joy, he finds it good and gracious to be "home" again.

The curtain rang down, and a general stir in the stalls marked the *entr'acte*. Lanham did not move, but leant forward on the edge of his box to survey the floor of the house more comfortably. Among the many charming girls, typically, refreshingly English-looking, with their upstanding, clean-built men folk, were there any that he knew? Ah, yes, there was Carleton of the Foreign Office, and his sister. And Brett the barrister, and, why yes, old "Sawbones" Smith. Good old Sawbones! Must call and see—"Why, who is that?" wondered Lanham. "I know his face."

A tall, square-built man picked his way slowly along the line of stalls. His iron-grey hair, together with the lines in a face whose distinguishing features were an aquiline nose

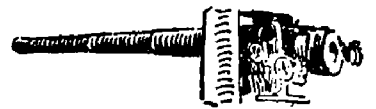
and a heavy, black moustache, showed that he had well reached middle age. The features were good, and marked a strong personality, yet their expression was saturnine and not pleasant to look upon.

Lanham sat pulling at his pointed Navy beard, and racking his memory ineffectively. Time and time again he glanced at the man below but always without result. He knew the face, he felt certain of it, yet for the life of him he could not recollect who the man was, or where he had seen him before.

The play drew to an end, and as Lanham drifted out with the crowd he was still wondering idly who could be the unpleasant-looking man in the stalls whose black moustache and heavy jaw had seemed so familiar. Outside the theatre he caught sight of him again, waiting, with a cigarette between his lips, for a cab. Lanham heard the order given—"Carlton Hotel"—clear and sharp above the bustle around. Then, as the cab moved away, the stranger leant forward, and with a quick motion of his hand flicked the ash from his cigarette.

As he did so, a suppressed cry escaped from Lanham's lips. With the simple little action the stranger's identity stood revealed.

Instead of the throng of departing theatre-goers, the uniformed attendants, the shouts and whistles for carriages and cabs, the roar of traffic, and all the light and movement of



theatre-land by night, there rose up before Lanham's eyes the sumptuous saloon of a large steam-turbine yacht, where he, a young midshipman, sat as a guest with his brother officers of H.M. sloop *Narwhal*, at dinner. The skipper of the yacht, the man he had just recognised, was telling a story, a legend about the little South Atlantic island, the Isle d'Eau, near by where his vessel and the sloop lay anchored. And as he spoke, from time to time he flicked his cigarette ash away, just as he had done in Lanham's sight a moment before.

The story ended, and Lanham remembered the sensation among the officers of the yacht, inexplicable at the time, caused by the half-joking suggestion of the *Narwhal's* first lieutenant that the Isle d'Eau should be used as a target for firing practice. Lanham's thoughts ran rapidly over the events that followed—the dinner-party's abrupt conclusion, the anonymous message of warning from one of the *Zephyr's* crew, the actual shelling of the island that followed, and the narrow escape of the *Narwhal* from destruction by submarine mines, electrically connected with the island, which a shell from the sloop exploded. Then came the dramatic death of the *Zephyr's* owner, known as the Baron von Vold, the running fight with the yacht, and the ultimate escape from her slow pursuer of the fast turbine vessel with her murderous crew, never to be seen again.

"Ten years ago," mused Lanham, "and here is the second chief villain again. What became of the yacht, and what devilry has he been up to since?"

"The *Zephyr* could not have gone into any known port, for the description circulated would have led to her capture at once. As the months went by, and neither she nor her crew was ever heard of or seen, every one thought and hoped they had gone to the bottom. Yet here is her captain again, and if he escaped, why not more of the villainous gang—why not the ship, although it seems so highly improbable?"

"What's the best thing to do?" wondered Lanham. "Put the police on his track? No, the affair is too old, and they would only bungle the business. I'll keep my eyes on the beggar myself, but I must first find out some more about him. Now, I wonder who could help me?"

He pondered for a few moments. Then an idea came, and, fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a card. "Norris and Son," he read. "Government Lighterage Contractors, Deptford."

Todmorden Norris, the very man! Good old Toddy, how he would stare to hear that

one of the *Zephyr's* crowd had turned up again!"

Ten years ago Todmorden Norris had been a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve, and as an officer of the *Narwhal* had taken part with his chum, Lanham, in the fight with the pirate yacht. Since then, however, he had dutifully entered his father's business, and settled down soberly to life on shore.

Next morning found Lanham picking his way down the dusty High Street of Deptford. Norris and Son's offices were not difficult to find. Lanham sent in his card, and shortly was ushered into a small room where, at a very big desk, sat a stout, clean-shaven, jolly-faced young man who, as the lieutenant entered, jumped up and came forward, his good-humoured face broadening out into a genial smile.

"How d'ye do?" he said. "Why, with that chin tuft I shouldn't know you from Adam. Sit down, sit down."

Lanham dropped into a chair, and regarded his old friend solemnly.

"You disgusting object," he said slowly; "you are as fat as a prize pig at show-time. Shore life," and he wagged his head in mock sorrow.

"Ha, ha," laughed Norris, "hard work and worry, my boy. That's what it is—hard work and worry."

"Looks like it," commented his friend. "Well, how are Mrs. Norris and the boy?" And so they fell to talking.

Presently Lanham brought the conversation round to Norris's naval reserve days, the old *Narwhal* and the *Zephyr*. Then suddenly he told of the yacht captain's reappearance, chuckling with delight at the startling effect his news produced on his hearer.

"Great thunder!" cried Norris. "You don't say so. When, where—tell me all about it!"

Lanham did.

"What do you think of doing?" asked Norris, when he had finished.

"Don't quite see. First thing I should like to find out is what he professes to be now. That's where I thought your advice might come in useful, old man."

Norris leant back for a few moments, thinking. Then he stretched out his hand to the telephone at his elbow.

"049, Holborn. . . . Is Mr. Bankes there? . . . Can he come down this afternoon? . . . Two o'clock? Right!"

Norris twirled the handle, and turned to Lanham.

"Just time for some lunch before Bankes is due."

"Who is Bankes?"

"Joseph of that ilk—the smartest inquiry man I know. Unless I'm much mistaken, he'll find out all you want to know about the ex-captain of the *Zephyr* by to-morrow morning—perhaps before."

Lanham and his friend had hardly returned to the latter's office, when the door opened, punctually on the stroke of two, to admit a small, sharp-featured little man—Mr. Joseph Bankes, private detective. Norris introduced him to the lieutenant, and the latter, quickly explained what it was that he required. The detective nodded here and there, asked a few questions, made a few rapid notes, and then jumped to his feet.

"You shall have a report, sir, by to-morrow morning without fail." He bowed to Lanham and his friend. "Good afternoon." The door swung to and the detective was gone.

Lanham smiled at Norris. "Doesn't waste much time?"

"Not he," replied Norris. "You can rely on Bankes. Let me know how things go, won't you?" he added, as Lanham took his leave.

Sure enough, next morning a neatly typed envelope marked "Personal" was waiting beside Lanham's breakfast plate. He ripped it open eagerly, and a typewritten note dropped out. "Dear Sir," it ran, "I have ascertained that the name of the gentleman at the Carlton Hotel is Colonel Ludovic Ateler. He is an American of wealth, and is at present engaged in fitting out his yacht, the *Valda*, at Messrs. Hamer's shipbuilding works, for a pleasure cruise round the world. Awaiting the favour of your further commands. . . ."

"Whew!" exclaimed Lanham, dropping the

note, "fitting out a yacht! Can it possibly be the *Zephyr*? This grows exciting."

He made a hasty breakfast, his brain busy with ideas. Then he quickly changed into his oldest suit of clothes, tied a muffler round his neck, and set out for that salu-



"HULLO, MATEY, DOWN ON YOUR LUCK?"

rious riverside region known as the Isle of Dogs.

After some little trouble he found Messrs. Hamer's works and proceeded to take stock of such vessels in various stages of building or repair as he could see from the vicinity of the yard.

Presently he drifted among a small crowd of loafers, congregated on a swing bridge at the entrance to a dock. Within the latter, some little distance up, lay a fair-sized steamer, and Lanham's eye brightened as he caught sight of her appearance and build. He lined up alongside the idlers, and lounged against the parapet of the bridge.

"She's about the tonnage of the *Zephyr*," thought Lanham, regarding the docked vessel, "but she's certainly *not* the *Zephyr*. Her stem is straight, and she has only one funnel, while the *Zephyr* had two funnels, and, I am almost certain, a clipper stem. Queer her funnel is so far forward; makes her look a bit ugly."

Turning to a man near him, he casually inquired the name of the boat. By way of reply the latter indicated with a nod a row of cases, lying on the edge of the dock, on which Lanham read the name *Valda*.

"So you are Colonel Ateler's yacht, are you?" thought Lanham. "Now, I wonder what your owner's little game is this time!"

He was deep in an inspection of the *Valda* when a gruff voice at his elbow broke in across his thoughts:

"Hullo, matey, down on your luck?"

Lanham started and looked up, to encounter a searching glance from a pair of eyes set deep in a face which, for the most part, was a very jungle of hair—all, beard, whiskers, eyebrows, a glaring auburn red. Some impulse prompted the lieutenant to return a curt affirmative.

"H'm"—the red-haired man nodded as one who has found a surmise prove correct. "What's your ticket?"

Taken aback, Lanham, who had no Mercantile Marine certificate, shrugged his shoulders.

"Lost it, eh?" Lanham's interlocutor stole another keen glance at the lieutenant's sinewy frame and bronzed features, and then said abruptly:

"Come and have a drink."

Still acting on his former impulse, Lanham followed the stranger.

What passed between them is best explained in the account which Lanham gave of his adventures to Norris that evening. "I don't know what whim made me go with the fellow," he said, "but I did. Somehow he'd got the idea that I'd helped to pile up a ship, or worse, and my efforts to draw him, without giving the game away, were put down to natural reticence on the subject. He jawed a lot about some men having all the luck and others none—said he'd had a bit of the rough himself—and suggested that there were more ways than one of making money, and making it quick, too. Then, of

course, I smelt a rat. I say, Norris, do I look like a wrong 'un?"

"Well," laughed his friend, "that depends."

"Humph. Anyway, if I didn't look it I did my best to appear as if I shouldn't mind being one. I must have been pretty successful, too." Lanham grinned. "To cut a long story short, if I can bring him evidence to-morrow that I'm a good seaman, I'm to form one of a crew of treasure-seekers——"

"Treasure-seekers!"

"Yes, treasure-seekers. I'm to go as second mate with a good share in the proceeds, provided I do my whack of the finding, and am not squeamish as to the method."

"But—but I don't understand. What and where is this treasure, and what has all this got to do with the ex-captain of the *Zephyr*?"

Lanham smiled joyfully. "My boy," he said, "the ship is Ateler's ship, the *Valda*, and when I say that Rufus, whose name, by-the-bye, is Schwartz, is picking up as rough a looking lot of sea scallywags as you'd see in a day's march to man her, you can guess the rest, eh?"

"Surely not the old submarine mine game again?"

"I don't suppose so. That would be too risky. But something deep and shady, you can bet. Anyway, I'm goin' to smash it if I can."

"But you're not——"

"I am though. Surely you can trust me to look after myself now, Toddy. I want you to help though. D'ye think you can get the pater to write me out something that will satisfy Rufus that I'm a competent seaman? His name would do it."

"I'll ask him," said Norris. "I don't suppose he'll mind—for you."

Mr. Norris, senior, after some little hesitation, was persuaded to inscribe his opinion that William Vance, although under a cloud, was a thorough practical seaman. Thus it came about that Lieutenant Robert Lanham, M.V.O., R.N., having obtained permission from the Admiralty to travel abroad for six months on half pay, made that fact known by sundry letters to his friends and relatives, and promptly disappeared from their ken. But the same day one William Vance met a man named Schwartz in a disreputable public-house hard by the Isle of Dogs, and, after the passing of a certain document, and some conversation, agreed to sign on as second mate of the pleasure yacht *Valda*—bound, somewhat vaguely, "round the world,"



"IF I HAD THOUGHT YOU WERE A SPY I WOULD HAVE SHOT YOU LIKE A DOG."

II.

Lanham had not been on board the *Valda* ten minutes before he had assured himself of three facts--that, for a yacht, the *Valda* was most uncommonly strongly built; that, like the *Zephyr* of evil memory, she was both screw and turbine driven; and that, in addition to a very large supply of stores, there were a number of mysterious cases in her hold, marked in red letters: "Not to be opened without permission of the Captain."

The latter turned out to be, not Schwartz, as Lanham had expected, but another Ateler, a brother of the owner. However, he left all the work to Schwartz, who was first mate, and spent most of his time shut up in the state-room aft, with his saturnine brother, the Colonel.

This delegation of duty was so obvious, that Lanham ventured a remark upon it to Schwartz; but was met with such a decided hint to keep his mouth shut that he did not pursue the subject. And before long he found plenty of other matters wherewith to occupy his thoughts.

On the second day out Lanham sent one of the deck hands below for a spare block. The man

came back empty-handed, and another being equally unsuccessful, he went down himself. While rummaging about he noticed a large, flat package, that spread against the ship's side. Curious to see it nearer, he seized one of the mysterious bales that lay in the way, when it burst in his grip, and to his astonishment a number of lifebuoys marked "*S.S. Atalanta*" fell out.

"This is a rum go," he thought. "Gear marked "*Atalanta*" on board the yacht *Valda*." Much puzzled, he roughly fixed up the bale again, and climbed over to the object of his curiosity.

He tore aside a fold of the canvas in which the package was wrapped, and found underneath a sheet of metallic substance, painted the same cream colour as the sides of the yacht. "Aluminium," he muttered, flicking it with his finger; "well, I'm hanged!" The canvas had fallen further back, revealing the letters "NTA"—the end of the word "*Atalanta*."

"No—shot," said a suave voice, and, wheeling round, Lanham found himself confronting Colonel Ateler, whose livid face utterly belied his quiet tones. With his black moustache drawn up under his heavy nose, showing



the ugly, gleaming teeth beneath, he looked the very incarnation of rage. His curt remark evidently had reference to the revolver which he held ready cocked for use.

For a second the two stood motionless under the glow of the electric bulb. Then the owner spoke again, still in quiet, polite tones :

"Well, Mr. Mate, what have you to say?"

Lanham had decided on his line of action. Looking Ateler full in the face, he straightway answered :

"Only this, sir, that it must be necessary sometimes for the *Valda* to have an *alias*."

"You are a bold man, Mr. Mate."

"You want bold men, Colonel Ateler."

The owner smiled grimly.

"You can go," he said abruptly. "If I had thought you were a spy I would have shot you like a dog—do you hear?"—his voice rose in a snarl of anger—"like a dog."

Lanham touched his cap, and obeyed. When he reached the open deck he breathed a sigh of relief. "Whew! is the man mad, or am I dreaming?" he thought. He looked round the grey expanse of ocean, and sniffed the clean salt air. "No," he said, "it is no dream. Piracy is the programme, and there isn't a man on board, barrin' perhaps myself, who doesn't look capable of the business."

Truly, the crew were a picturesque lot of villains. From Schwartz downwards they were all big, fierce-faced men. Continually quarrelling among themselves, they went about their ship duties well enough, although they had at first seemed inclined to take liberties with Lanham. But the latter's determined manner and heavy fist quickly inspired respect. For the owner's brother, however—the Captain of the ship—Lanham soon found they had little regard. Indeed, it became increasingly evident that Schwartz was the Colonel's real lieutenant and right-hand man. And from stray remarks which the first mate let fall Lanham gathered that he deeply resented the nominal superiority which the owner's brother had on board.

Although first mate and thorough master of the turbulent crew, by whom, in fact, he was held in real awe, Schwartz knew little navigation. Consequently this duty was practically in Lanham's hands, which gave the lieutenant the clue to his selection for the post of second officer.

For a day or two matters continued as usual. Lanham went about his duties as if the incident in the hold had never taken place. The Colonel took no more notice of him than formerly, and Schwartz gave no sign of the matter ever having reached his ears.

It was on the fourth day out from London that the climax came. They had run into one of the thick fogs that sometimes form over the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, through the onset of the cold northern air currents. With a fog-horn going continuously, the *Valda* was steaming dead slow. For some time Lanham, his eyes straining into the misty void around, had noted anxiously the close proximity of another vessel, similarly shrieking un-melodiously her snail's pace through the fog. The Colonel and Schwartz were also on the bridge.

Suddenly there came a lift in the fog, and through the smoke wreaths the three men saw distinctly, some few hundred yards away, a large, two-funnelled steamer, flying the green cross flag of the Outspan line. Then the fog closed down thicker than ever, and she disappeared from sight.

"The *Havildar*, Outspan liner, I'll take my oath," grunted Schwartz in his thick voice.

The Colonel said nothing, but remained for some moments gazing out intently into the blank, where the liner had been. Then he turned suddenly to the mate.

"Come below to my cabin." Schwartz shot a quick look of inquiry at his master, and followed him below.

A few minutes after Lanham received word to call all the men aft. Astonished and vaguely alarmed, he did so. Hardly had the truculent-looking crew gathered on the spar deck, when the Colonel came up, followed by Schwartz and the owner's brother, the nominal Captain. The latter was talking quickly, expostulating, with waving hands.

"I tell you, Ludovic, it's madness," Lanham heard him say, as the three came upon the bridge—"it's sheer madness so close to New York." The Colonel took no notice, but brushed past Lanham, and went to the after rail of the bridge, his brother, still protesting, following close behind him.

"Men," Lanham heard him say in cool, even tones, "I have decided on a certain line of action, but one of my officers chooses to thwart me. See what the man gets who stands in my way."

He deliberately lifted his fist and struck the shrinking Captain a great blow between the eyes. With a cry the latter staggered back and, overbalancing the wet brass rail, pitched heavily down on the deck among the awe-struck crew, not one of whom dared to move.

"Listen," resumed the Colonel after a deathly pause. "That ship yonder"—he raised his hand and the mournful sound of the syren came whooping through the mist—"is the *Havildar*."

full of rich passengers and specie. Its wealth is to be ours—do you hear?—ours. As the *Atalanta* we shall sheer alongside and board her, take all we want, and escape. There is not the slightest risk—to us.” He smiled grinly. “Our rush will be quite unexpected, our escape certain, and the prize great. Is everything clear?”

“Ay, av, sir,” came in a low chorus from the assembled gang, and Lanham could see their eyes gleaming lustfully at the thought of the coming loot.

“Then, Schwartz,” the Colonel turned to the first mate, “remove that man,” he pointed to his brother, “and carry on.”

With an ugly grin the red-haired mate ran down the bridge ladder. The fate of his superior officer evidently was not to his distaste. While two men roughly removed the injured Captain, the others, under Schwartz’s direction, began a series of manœuvres which Lanham, in spite of his agitation of mind, found extremely interesting.

While some brought up the sheets of aluminium from below, others hauled out a bowsprit, with an under- and side-framing attached, which they fixed in place over the *Valda’s* bows. Then, from each side of the yacht’s stem, the sections of aluminium were clamped on to the side-framing of the bowsprit, and Lanham saw a dummy clipper stem growing under his very eyes. At the same time another party of men produced a telescopic dummy funnel, which they rigged in a prepared bed-plate astern of its working sister, and stayed into position. In a very short space of time, Lanham saw the one-funnelled, straight-stemmed *Valda* transformed into the twin-funnelled, clipper-stemmed *Atalanta*.

But during these manœuvres Lanham’s brain had not been idle. He was there to spoil their game, and spoil it he must somehow. He shuddered to think of what might happen on board the unsuspecting liner. It was difficult to know what to do, but there was just a chance, and he had decided to take it.

During the bustle on deck the Colonel had remained leaning against the far end of the bridge. Presently he straightened himself, and came towards Lanham.

“You are ready for your part?” he said, giving his second mate a searching look. Lanham knew what was meant. He was to steer the yacht softly alongside the unhappy liner, and manœuvre her, then and after. He admitted to himself that it was



HE DROPPED WITHOUT A SPLASH INTO THE OILY
SMOOTH WATER



possible so far as the yacht was concerned—she was built like a battleship.

"Yes," he said coolly, "I am ready for my part."

"Good! Then mind you play it well."

III.

The Colonel stepped down from the bridge. Lanham watched him go into his cabin, then shot a hasty glance around the yacht. Now was his time; the first mate and all on deck were busily occupied, and no one was looking in his direction. He slipped quietly to the end of the bridge, swung himself over, and dropped without a splash into the oily smooth water.

He struck out at once without coming to the surface. When he could hold out no longer, he came up and looked round. The *Valda* was just visible, a dimly seen shadow looming through the fog. Another half-dozen strokes and she had disappeared.

He swam on with a chuckle. The absence of any outcry told him that his disappearance had not yet been noticed. When they did find out, he did not expect they would guess his purpose, which was the wild enough one of swimming to and warning the liner. If they did, so much the better if they gave up their design. But from what he had seen of the Colonel's nature that was not likely to happen.

He struck out steadily. It was eerie, cleaving through the still water, with nothing but blank mist around, and nothing for guide save the intermittent and monotonous groaning of the liner's fog-horn. He wondered how far she was away—sounds were deceptive in the fog.

Presently he began to grow puzzled. In addition to the *Valda's* siren there appeared to be two fog-horns sounding through the mist. Were his ears deceiving him?

A little later his apprehension deepened into alarm. The three sounds made confusion in his mind, and he began to feel afraid that he had lost his bearings. Nevertheless he set his teeth and swam steadily on. Suddenly the thought struck him—suppose he was swimming in a circle and were to run up against the *Valda* again?

Staggered at the idea, he stopped, and drifted aimlessly for a few moments. Then suddenly to his aching ears there came the long howl of a siren right close on to him—and it was not the *Valda's*, of that he was sure.

Shouting, he struck out with renewed hope, and had not gone thirty yards when a great

object bulked up black before him, and he found himself clutching wildly at the side of a ship.

He shouted again hoarsely, struggling against the suction caused by the moving mass. At once voices answered from above, and then a rope came coiling down about his arms. He clutched it as only a drowning man clutches, and, slithering against the ship's plates, damp with mist, was drawn up on deck.

For the moment he felt done up, and glad of the strong arms supporting him. Rough-voiced but kindly expressions of sympathy and astonishment fell almost unheeded upon his ears. But his weakness was only momentary. Straightening himself, he dashed the salt water from his eyes and looked about him just as an authoritative voice rang out clearly:

"What are you standing there for like a lot of helpless lubbers? Take him below to the sick bay."

Lanham's eyes sought the speaker, and he started violently. His uniform—what did it mean? He looked round and, behold! there were the fog-dimmed but familiar outlines of gun-shields, high after-bridge, boat-davits—it was the quarter-deck of a British cruiser!

Lanham pressed forward: "What ship is this?" he cried.

"The *Ione*, of the Royal Navy," answered the officer kindly.

The *Ione!* Then her Captain was Murray Aston, a man he knew well. Of all the luck—but the officer was moving.

"One moment," urged Lanham; "strange as it may seem, I am in the Service—Lieutenant Robert Lanham, late of the *Hawk*, and I know Captain Aston well. It is most necessary that I should see him at once."

The *Ione's* commander strove to hide his astonishment. "But——" he began.

"It is a matter of life or death," Lanham broke in. The commander hesitated and then gave way. Lanham, drenched and dripping, was led to the captain's quarters.

"Lieutenant Lanham," he heard the Captain repeat wonderingly as he entered the cabin, and then burst out a familiar voice:

"Bob Lanham, by all the gods!"

The speaker, round-faced and impetuous, subsided somewhat abashed—was he not in the presence of the "old man"? But he sent a hearty grin of recognition to Lanham, who remembered at once who he was—"Gunnery Jack" Glanville, an "old ship." This was indeed luck!

Captain Aston showed his recognition of the lieutenant more staidly, as befitted his rank.

and without more ado Lanham plunged into his story.

Never had a man more intent listeners. Save for an exclamation here and there, they heard him out in silence. Then Captain Aston asked sharply:

"What do you suggest?"

"Make for the liner, sir. She's the centre of attraction."

"But the risk," ventured the commander—"in this fog?"

"Must take it," rapped out the Captain; "see to it, Prade." The commander saluted and disappeared.

Lanham smiled cheerfully in spite of his damp misery. Things were in good hands. Captain Aston was of the dandified type, scented, and groomed to a hair, but a smarter officer did not exist.

Glanville hurried Lanham through the ward-room, where they created a mild sensation. Changing into a spare rig of the Gunnery Lieutenant's, and with a nip of something warm inside as well, Lanham felt fit for anything when they again went on deck and climbed the bridge.

The fog-horn had been stopped, and although the cruiser's revolutions were but little increased she was steaming into the fog at a most unlawful speed. The captain and officers, and, in fact, every one but the engine-room party, were on deck, eagerly looking out into the mist on the port bow. There, somewhere, growing louder every second, was a syren mournfully shrieking. With a glow of satisfaction Lanham noted that every man on the boat deck wore side-arms and cutlasses—evidently a boarding party—ready. The only thing that worried him was, would they be in time?

The syren ahead sounded again, very near. Captain Aston raised his hand and the telegraph rang back to "Stop." In dead silence the cruiser surged on by her own impetus. Suddenly there came a loud yell from the half-dozen look-outs in her bows. Back swung the telegraph to "half astern," and the man at the cruiser's little wheel worked like a nigger as, with startling rapidity, there loomed up ahead the outlines of a dark object. "Two funnels," noted Lanham, "long spar deck,—and what was that, lower down, beyond—"

"By heaven," he shouted, pointing, "the yacht is there, too!" And on the moment there burst out a medley of shouts and cries from the two locked vessels, now sheering perilously close on the *Ione's* port beam.

Crash!—they had touched. "Boarders!" yelled the commander in stentorian tones.

Seizing a cutlass that some one put in his hand, Lanham jumped recklessly from the bridge down on to the liner's deck. At the same instant, from the boat deck beneath, the vanguard of the boarding party swarmed up over the higher liner's rail.

They were just in time. The *Valda's* crew had made their rush, and so unexpected was the attack that in another minute they would have had possession of the ship. As it was, they had practically overcome the crew on deck—indeed, one or two of the scoundrels were already on their way to the plunder below—when the *Ione's* party cut in.

With a shout, Lanham and the bluejackets made straight for the struggling groups, and for the moment it looked as if they would sweep the pirates down by sheer impetuosity. Then the rogues rallied and a desperate contest followed, for, to give them their due, the scoundrels could fight.

From the beginning Lanham, the fighting fury hot in him, had one set purpose. The cowardly blow which the arch-scoundrel Ateler had dealt his brother had stirred him deeply, and he was bent on coming to grips with the party chief. For a few moments, however, he was too busily engaged cutting free some of the liner's crew to carry out his object. Then things cleared a bit and he was able to look round.

He had not far to seek. There, by the liner's after-funnel, was his man, the centre of a knot of the *Valda's* ruffians, evidently fighting back together with the object of regaining the yacht. "Come along!" yelled Lanham, and with Glanville and half a dozen others he charged at the gang.

The rush told; the robbers broke and scattered, and suddenly Lanham found himself face to face with the man he sought. The latter's recognition was instant.

"Ah, the mate," he cried with an oath. "Take that, my bold man," and levelling a revolver he fired point blank at the lieutenant.

But, luckily, at the same moment, Lanham's foot slipped on the wet deck and he pitched forward on his knees. As he went down, striking upwards desperately with his cutlass, he felt something like a hot iron score his neck. Then he was overborne and swept aside by the following bluejackets. When he found his wits again Ateler was gone.

"He's retaged his ship," thought the lieutenant, "but he can't escape." He leaped down on the yacht's deck, where he was just in time to see Schwartz laid flat by a brawny bluejacket. The fight was practically over.

What were left of the pirates were under a guard on the spar deck; but, although he looked everywhere, Ateler was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly a man, whom Lanham recognised as one of the *Valda's* crew, came running aft, his face white with fear. "Back, back to the liner," he cried; "he's locked himself in the magazine."

As the man spoke, a shriek of demoniac laughter came faintly from the forepart of the yacht.

"Steady men!" cried the *Ione's* commander. "To the liner, but no flurry. Wounded first."

Then, leaping up on to the bridge, he shouted in a tremendous voice:

"Liner and cruiser ahoy!"

"Ay, ay—ay, ay," came through the mist.

"Get under weigh. Then full speed ahead—*at once*—when I call."

Just then another burst of wild laughter floated up from below.

Lanham sprang up to the commander's side. "What about the engine-room?" he whispered.

"They're all up."

The throb of the liner's screw began and she made a slight movement, grating against the yacht's quarter.

The commander glanced quickly at her and then to the deck below. "It's touch and go," he muttered.

But the *Ione's* men were working like silent demons. A few seconds more and all the wounded had been transhipped by willing hands.

"*Full speed ahead, both ships,*" roared the commander.

Like monkeys the *Ione's* men were swinging up on to the now moving liner. A yard's space lay between as the last few men jumped out.

"Get along, you two," said the commander, and Lanham and Glanville sprang off the bridge—they knew it was the commander's privilege to be the last off the ship. As Lanham turned round after his jump some one pitched plump against him, bowling him over like a ninepin. It was the commander.

"Sorry." He gave the lieutenant a hand and they both made for the liner's rail.

They were nearly clear; but how long would the madman wait? The commander turned to the liner's skipper.

"Better get your pumps ready, Captain; there'll be great danger of fire."

"I say," whispered Lanham to his friend, "he's a good man—listen."

A shout sounded quite clearly from the yacht, now fading into the mist astern. All turned in her direction, where suddenly a great lurid sheet of flame burst out with a crash like thunder, illuminating and bringing out for an instant every line of the doomed vessel. Then, as the liner heeled right over under the shock of the concussion, the mist around seemed full of flaming splinters and masses of *débris*.

But, thanks to the intervening space, and the commander's forethought, little damage was done. One or two threatening fragments of blazing wood were quickly stifled, and in a few moments all danger was over.

"Close shave, that," said Glanville. "Why, good heavens, man, what a mess you're in—you're wounded."

Lanham glanced down. "I had forgotten," he said, feeling for his handkerchief.

As he stooped to graze on his neck, he smiled at a thought that crossed his mind.

"And this," he was reflecting, "is the way I spend my leave."

Well Done, Hurlingham!

THE civilisation of the British sportsman is slowly proceeding. On Saturday the horrors of pigeon-shooting were abolished at Hurlingham. The humanitarian majority was decently large, 158 votes over the necessary two-thirds being recorded. We congratulate the members of the Hurlingham Club and its president, the Earl of Ancaster, who brought forward the resolution. We also congratulate her Majesty the Queen, to whose influence this tardy reform is directly due. The Queen had refused to visit Hurlingham because on one occasion she had been tortured by the spectacle of a wounded bird writhing in agony. It is worth while being a queen when you can put your queenship to uses so good as this. But it is a pity that the humanity of some sportsmen requires to be stimulated by royal displeasure.—*The Star*, May 22, 1905.



THE STAMPS OF JAMAICA.

THE history of the island of Jamaica is a checkered one from start to finish. It has had more ups and downs, buffets by nature and buffets by man, than any other of the British possessions in the West Indies.

It was discovered by Columbus, and became the birthright of his family for many generations. Indeed, it is a nice point with some people whether in taking possession of the island we seized private property, or captured the territory of a Power with which our relations were strained.

Columbus first sighted the island on his second voyage as he was coming from Cuba in May 1494, and in his wholesale annexation manner forthwith declared it to be henceforward a portion of the Spanish dominions. He named it St. Jago, after the patron saint of Spain, but the native name Xaymaca (Jamaica) has outlived the Spanish.

In 1503 Columbus, on his fourth and last voyage, again visited the island, this time ill and in great distress. He had been caught in a storm and was forced to run his battered ships aground on the northern coast of the island. The spot on which he took refuge is to-day known as Don Christopher's Cove. Here, Lucas tells us, the great voyager remained in sickness and want, deserted by Ovanda, the Governor of Hispaniola, with his own company in mutiny against him and befriended only by the natives of the island. At last relief arrived and he left Jamaica for the last time in June 1504.

The Spanish occupation of Jamaica lasted for 150 years, during which time they exterminated the native Indians and did little or nothing to develop the resources of the country.

At the close of the Civil War, Cromwell, wanting an outlet for the restless spirits of his time, especially for those of the Royalist persuasion, picked a quarrel with Spain, fitted

out expeditions with Royalist soldiers, and took possession of Jamaica in 1655. Attempts were made to retake it, but ten years later the Treaty of Madrid recognised it as a British possession.

The early settlement of the island by the British was stormy and troublesome. The population consisted only of 1500 white settlers and about the same number of slaves. Many of the latter fled to the mountains and formed themselves into lawless bands. They were known as Maroons or mountaineers, and harassed the British for many years.

The island also suffered from earthquakes and hurricanes. In 1692 an earthquake destroyed Port Royal, causing immense loss of life and resulting in the rise of Kingston, on the other side of the harbour, into the position of chief town.

In 1838 the emancipation of the slaves in the teeth of bitter local opposition led to trouble and unrest. The colony received £6,161,927 as its share of the compensation, but the difficulty of procuring labour after emancipation practically ruined the sugar-growing industry. The negroes grew idle and insolent. They endeavoured to suppress coolie immigration, and some even proposed the expulsion of the whole white population. The discontent culminated in 1865 in a revolt, which was so vigorously suppressed that the Governor had to be recalled, but the representative constitution which had been so rashly conceded to the negroes was withdrawn, and the island was for some time governed as a Crown Colony.

Thenceforward matters took a turn for the better. Now the negroes are not idle, crime has diminished, new harbours are being constructed, Cuban refugees are rapidly developing the neglected sugar estates, and a fruit trade is being fostered with the mother country. The population is increasing rapidly, and in 1904 stood at 786,500. The revenue generally

balances the expenditure, and though the island has not recovered its former prosperity its friends are hopeful of its future.

Its Philatelic History.

The first postage stamps of Jamaica were issued in 1860, and were watermarked appropriately with a pine-apple. This first series consisted of 1d., 2d., 3d., 4d., 6d., and 1s. values. Ten years later, in 1871-1872, the watermark was changed to Crown and CC and a ½d. stamp was added to the list. In 1875 two high values, a 2s. and 5s., were issued. After the lapse of another ten years there was another change of watermark, this time to Crown CA; the ½d. was changed to green, the 1d. to carmine, and the 2d. to grey. In 1889 there was another change of colours, the 1d. being changed in design to a small head in a circle with a large tablet of value underneath and printed in lilac and mauve. The 2d. of the same design was printed in green. In 1890, to provide for the introduction of the Postal Union rate, a provisional 2½d. stamp was issued, the 4d. orange brown being surcharged with the words "Twopence Half-Penny." In 1890-1897 a 2½d. stamp was issued of the same design as the 1d. and 2d. of 1889 with small head. It was printed in purple and blue. The 6d. was changed to yellow, the 2s. to venetian red, and the 5s. to violet, and all were watermarked Crown CA. A picture 1d. stamp with a view of Llandoverly Falls made its appearance in 1900 printed in red, which was changed in the following year to red, with the view of the falls in black, and the framework in red. And, lastly, we have the beginnings of a series of special design with the arms of the colony as the central feature. Of this design only the ½d., 1d., 2½d., and 5d. values have been issued. The higher values still preserve the designs of the first issue of forty-five years ago. The laureated head of Queen Victoria is a noticeable characteristic in the stamps of Jamaica.

1860.—Six values, all of separate designs, laureated head of Queen Victoria, engraved and printed by Messrs. De la Rue and Co., and watermarked with a pine-apple. Perforated 14. Of this first issue fine unused copies are very scarce.

Wmk. Pine-apple. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
1d., blue	2 6	0 6
2d., rose	16 0	6 0
3d., green	12 0	3 6
4d., brown orange	12 6	5 0
6d., lilac	30 0	2 6
1s., brown	12 0	2 0



1871-1872.—Watermark changed to Crown CC. Same types and perforation as before, with the addition of a ½d. stamp. For an old CC issue the catalogue prices range low, the 4d. being the only really high-priced stamp in the series.



Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
½d., marone	0 9	0 6
1d., blue	2 6	0 2
2d., rose	2 6	0 1
3d., green	8 6	1 6
4d., brown red	16 0	0 4
6d., lilac	5 0	0 6
1s., dull brown	3 0	1 0

1875.—Two high values, 2s. and 5s., of separate and fresh designs, watermarked Crown CC. but perf. 12½. With the curious exception of these two values, all the stamps of Jamaica are uniformly perf. 14, from the first issue to the last.



Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 12½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2s., red brown	4 0	4 0
5s., lilac	15 0	16 0

1883-1886.—Watermark changed to Crown CA. Perforated 14 as before, but three changes of colour; the $\frac{1}{2}d.$ from marone to green, the $1d.$ from blue to carmine, and the $2d.$ from rose to grey. No change in the designs. The $1d.$ blue CA and the $2d.$ rose CA are scarce stamps.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
$\frac{1}{2}d.$, green	0	1	0	1
$1d.$, blue	12	6	0	4
$1d.$, carmine	0	6	0	6
$2d.$, rose	20	0	0	1
$2d.$, grey	4	0	0	3
$3d.$, sage green	0	8	0	4
$4d.$, orange brown	0	6	0	2

1899.—New design, small, diademed head of Queen Victoria with tablet of value underneath.



Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
$1d.$, lilac and mauve	0	2	0	1
$2d.$, green	0	3	0	3

1890. PROVISIONAL.—“Twopence Half-Penny” in two lines surcharged in black on $4d.$ orange brown. This provisional is the only surcharge ever indulged in by the colony, and was made to provide for the Postal Union rate.



Provisional.

$2\frac{1}{2}d.$ on $4d.$, orange brown.

1890-1897.—A $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ stamp of the small, diademed head type added. The $6d.$ was changed from lilac to yellow, and these two values, with the $1s.$, $2s.$, and $5s.$, were all watermarked Crown CA. The designs, with the exception of the $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, remained unchanged.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
$2\frac{1}{2}d.$, lilac and ultramarine	0	6	0	1
$6d.$, orange	0	8	0	4
$1s.$, brown	1	4	—	—
$2s.$, venetian red	2	8	—	—
$5s.$, violet	6	0	—	—

1900-1901.—A picture stamp of the value of $1d.$, with a view of Llandoverly Falls, printed first in red and then, a few months later, in red and black, the view being in black and the framework in red. At the time it was thought that this picture stamp was to be the forerunner of a series illustrative of the scenery of the colony, after the style of New Zealand, but the crudity of the design and workmanship probably settled the question of venturing any further. Being a large size stamp, it had to be printed on the Crown CC paper used mostly for large-sized high values.



Wmk. Crown CC. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
$1d.$, red	0	2	0	1
$1d.$, red and black	0	2	0	1

1903-1904.—New design; arms of the colony printed in two colours; watermarked Crown CA and perf. 14. This series has a very effective appearance. So far only four low values have been issued, $\frac{1}{2}d.$, $1d.$, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, and $5d.$. Whether the old designs are all to be superseded with this arms type remains to be seen. The increased catalogue price of the $5d.$ may be interpreted as indicating news of a change to the multiple CA watermark.

Wmk. Crown CA. Perf. 14.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
$\frac{1}{2}d.$, green; centre black	0	1	0	1
$1d.$, carmine; centre black	0	2	0	1
$2\frac{1}{2}d.$, ultramarine; centre black	0	4	0	2
$5d.$, yellow; centre black	1	0	1	0



Reviews.

Collectors resident in and around London or visiting the metropolis should not miss the opportunity of inspecting the grand collection of postage stamps, now on view, which the late

Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P., bequeathed to the British Museum. Mr. Fred. J. Melville has provided a neat little handbook to the collection, which visitors will find very useful, as it gives the countries in their alphabetical order, and the numbers of the slides containing the stamps, with numerous notes designed to help the tyro to spot the varieties. By way of preface the author tells the story of the formation of this grand collection, which was commenced by Mr. Tapling when a boy of ten years of age. The publishers of this handy little guide are Messrs. Lawn and Barlow, 99 Regent Street, London, W., and the price is 1s.

Notable New Issues.

Belgium.—Some of the long-talked-of new portrait series have at last been received. We have before us three values, all of different design, but all having the same up-to-date profile portrait of King Leopold. The Sunday label is attached to each stamp. Of this new series the *Manchester Courier* says that although competition was not invited, artists in many lands, including several in this country, submitted designs for the new stamps, which are to be issued in commemoration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Independence of Belgium.



New Portrait of King Leopold:
Perf. 14.

20c., olive green
25c., blue.
35c., brown.

Cayman Islands.—All the stamps of these little West Indian islands have unexpectedly appeared on the Multiple paper except the 1d.



Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d., green.
2½d., blue.
6d., brown.
1s., orange.

Ceylon.—Most of the values of this colony have now been issued on the Multiple CA paper. The 75c. has at last appeared on the Single CA paper. Here is the list up to date:

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2c., orange brown.
3c., green.
4c., orange; value, carmine.
5c., purple.
86c., carmine.
12c., sage green; value, rosine.
15c., ultramarine.
25c., light brown.
1r., 5c., grey.
2r., 25c., brown; value green.

Wmk. Single CA. Perf. 14.

75c., blue; value, carmine.

Gambia.—Some months since we quoted a report that this colony was likely to add some curious values to its series, and we now learn from *Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* that specimen copies have been seen by a Spanish philatelic journal. The stamps are reported to be as follows:

New Values.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

5d., grey and black.
7½d., green and carmine.
10d., olive brown and carmine.

Wmk. Crown CA. Single.

1s. 6d., green and carmine on yellow.
2s. 6d., violet and marone on yellow.
3s., carmine and green on yellow.

Southern Nigeria.—Further values have to be added to our list on the Multiple paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

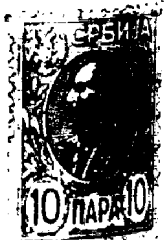
½d., green.
2d., orange-brown; centre grey-black.
2½d., blue; centre black.
6d., mauve; centre grey-black.
1s., black; centre green.
2s. 6d., brown; centre grey-black.
5s., yellow; centre grey-black.
£1, violet; centre green.



Servia.—A new value, 30 paras, has been added to the series with portrait of King Peter, chronicled by us in April, making the full series as follows:

Perf.

1 para, pale grey; centre black.
5 " light green.
10 " rose-red.
15 " magenta.
20 " yellow.
25 " blue.
30 " dark green.
50 " deep brown.
1 dinar, buff.
3 " blue-green.
5 " mauve.



Spain.—We have no great love for Commemorative Issues. As a rule, they are mere labels turned out by the million with the sole object of swindling gullible stamp collectors. But who will dare cavil at the Commemorative issue just sent out by Spain to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the publication

of Don Quixote! A series of ten long oblong stamps, each depicting, crudely though it be, some strange or laughter-provoking scene in the immortal work, has been engraved and printed on white paper with control numbers on the back in blue. Portrait of Cervantes on the left. We illustrate the complete series :



First setting out of Don Quixote.



Tilting at the Windmill.



The Village Maidens and the Hero.



Sancho Tossed in a Blanket.



Knighting Don Quixote.



Charging Sheep with Lance



Knight Riding Hobby-horse.



Adventure with the Lions.



Don Quixote Riding in a Waggon.



Meeting the Enchanted Lady.

Perf. 14.

5c., green ; first setting out of Don Quixote.
 10c., scarlet ; tilting at the windmill.
 15c., violet ; the village maidens and the hero.
 25c., blue ; Sancho tossed in a blanket.
 30c., green ; knighting Don Quixote.
 40c., rose ; charging sheep with lance.
 50c., blue ; knight riding hobby-horse.
 1p., red ; adventure with the lions.
 4p., violet ; Don Quixote riding in a waggon.
 10p., orange ; meeting the enchanted lady.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues :

EWEN : Ceylon, single CA. 75c.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD. : Belgium, 20c., 25c., and 35c. Spain, Don Quixote set.

WHITFIELD KING AND CO. : Cayman Islands, multiple CA ½d., 2½d., 6d., and 1s.

Servia, 30p. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA 2s. 6d.

And we have to thank Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., for the loan of five unused Jamaica stamps from their stock for illustrating our article on the issues of that country.

Tales of the Far West.

By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c.

No. 16.—IN THE SCROGS.

BEGINNING at twelve years of age, I herded my father's cattle for three seasons upon the grasses of an uninhabited township of marsh and gravel knolls. It was a lazy, lonesome business, but was enlivened in the later months by the coming of my cousin, Aleck Forster, an athletic boy of about my own age, whose father kept a store in a distant Mississippi town. In lieu of a gun, for which his father thought him too young, Aleck brought an abundance of stout, elastic rubbers and large shot.

I have never seen a boy so expert with the sling-shot. He had the weapon of all sizes; and with one especially large, which he called his "cannon," he frequently crippled plover and duck at twenty to thirty yards' range, and often killed the birds outright. Indeed, he threw buckshot from his "cannon" with the precision of Indian archery.

In September, when geese, brant, and crane came down from the north in great herds, Aleck was wild to kill a goose, but this game proved too wary for his short-range weapon.

From the top of a high gravel knoll we could look down upon the Scrogs, a famous peat marsh, and see myriads of great birds hovering upon and over its labyrinthine strips of water. Into this slough many of the big birds went to roost at night, and to puddle and lie about at mid-day.

The Scrogs had an evil reputation. Only one hunter and trapper had ever been known to go inside its dense fringes of rushes. This was old Jim Harned, who had a trapper's hut on the Little Sioux. He had named the treacherous slough, and he kept a dugout canoe at the Scrogs. The whole tortuous shore line was a floating peat bed, into which no boat could be pushed, except at one spot, for the feet could not tread elsewhere.

For more than a week Aleck and I watched



crowds of geese and brant come and go at the Scrogs; then temptation got the better of us. If we could find Harned's canoe, and once get inside that big slough, we could, we thought, kill geese with the sling-shot.

Knowing that we could safely leave the cattle for some hours at mid-day, we set out for the Scrogs one forenoon with an extra ration of bread and butter, and our pockets loaded with shot. My qualms of conscience at deserting my post were soothed by the hope of bringing six or a dozen fat geese home.

Bevies of big birds heavily flying from their morning's feed upon the fields enlivened our two-mile tramp. *Ok-kud-dr-dr-dr!* shrielled the great flapping sand-hill crane. *Killilla-tata-tata!* chuckled the crop-full brant, and above all sounded the boom of the Canada gander: *Gaw-loough-gaw-loough-g'luh!*

Soon we were wading through swampy cornstalk grass higher than our heads. When we neared the first fringe of rushes, the sod began to sink beneath our feet, and we were obliged to turn aside and skirt the rushes. Then, hunting for the canoe, we tramped on amid clusters of fire-stunted willow and tangle of bog, roots, and high-water *débris*.

We could hear the big water-fowl, ducks, and mud-hens puddling, flapping, and quacking just beyond the rushes. Now and then we saw strips of open water, alive with geese and brant. When the distance was not too great, we fired buckshot at them. Almost entirely hidden, as we were, the birds paid no attention to us. At length Aleck knocked over a white-faced goose by a chance shot upon the skull, which elated us beyond measure.

After an hour of hard tramping over quaking bog we stumbled on the canoe. There was a long paddle in it, and the trail, over which the old trapper had dragged the craft, was easily traced.

At first it took our combined strength to move the canoe, but as we advanced, the sod sank, water came up, and we slid it along easily until we could get in and shove it forward with the paddle.

Soon we slipped in among the rushes, and here the difficulties should have furnished enough warning. Through a bottomless mass of tangled roots, water-weed, and floating peat we struggled, often getting the paddle-blade stuck. We were half an hour or more in moving a dozen yards.

A great flock of geese arose; ducks and grebe fled flapping and squalling in all directions, as we entered open water. Then, when the canoe was fairly settled and afloat, a leak near the bottom began filling it with water. We drew the craft upon a muskrat-house presently, and turned the water out. The "house," of woven flags and rushes, sank nearly to the level of the slough before we had finished bailing.

Nothing daunted, we paddled on, firing buckshot at clouds of big birds which rose before us, but this proved a waste of ammunition.

Progress was tedious. The canoe had to be bailed every ten or fifteen minutes, and now and then the rat-houses sank with us before we could overturn the craft. After an hour or two thus poking around we found the goose which Aleck had killed, and proud we were as we lifted the big bird into our canoe.

"Tell you what," proposed Aleck, "let's run the canoe into the rushes and shoot among their necks as they swim around."

"That might do," I answered. "if the canoe didn't leak. I think we'd best go back to the cattle now."

Aleck reluctantly submitted, and we paddled about upon the narrow strips of

sedgy water, affrighting birds and muskrats, trying to return the canoe to the landing whence we had taken it. We supposed we had well noted the place, but after another hour of paddling and bailing, we concluded that we could not find it. So we determined to make a landing somewhere else, mark the spot, and tell Harned where to find his canoe.

We were nearly swamped in the first attempt to get ashore. In the second we fared no better. Twice the canoe was half-filled before we could get back to a rat-house. Everywhere we met the same mazy tangles and masses of floating peat, of roots and sedge, with mire beneath, in which the paddle stuck and hung. When we succeeded, now and then, in forcing our prow upon a strip of bog, it promptly sank, and progress was blocked.

There were places where I think we could have made an exit with a light canoe and two paddles, but in our leaky, hollow log it would have been impossible to force a way through at any point we tried.

It was long after noon when we found a very large and apparently stable rat-house, on which we lodged for dinner, and ate our bread and butter. Neither of us dared express the fear that we were hopelessly caught in the Scrogs. Instead, we talked bravely, now and then, of the fine goose we had killed, and smacked our lips at the prospect of to-morrow's feast. Of course the goose would be stuffed and baked for supper.

After eating and resting, we attempted landing upon boggy points free of rushes, but nowhere could we force the dugout upon the bogs or into them. When we tried to tear out a path with our hands the canoe became wedged and nearly sank with us.

After an hour or two of tedious work we returned to the prominent rat-house. Weary and dejected we flung our bodies upon the flags, knowing we must spend that night in the Scrogs. We were four miles from any habitation, and hallooing would be waste of breath.

Would any one search this slough for us? We thought it unlikely.

"They'll just think we've run away," was Aleck's gloomy comment, "and they'll look for us everywhere but in this hole."

Yes, they were likely to think I had run away, for I had grumbled much at my lot as a herder.

We dressed our goose, cut strips of breast steak, and half roasted them over a blaze of dry rushes, laid upon the wet edges of the rat-house. We ate the meat, with a morsel of bread, and drank sparingly of slimy water. Then we made nests to lie in among the flags and rushes, upon a slope of our strange domicile.

The geese and brant which came tumbling into the Scrogs after sunset were beyond account or conjecture. Their roar and clamour shook the air. After this incoming flight there was the constant puddle and spatter of fowl. Their calls and cries were mingled with the marsh notes of smaller fry. Listening to these, and with muskrats swimming all about us, we fell asleep.

The weather was warm and dry, and I awoke but once in the night, startled by the yapping of wolves upon a near gravel knoll. Their dismal music was accompanied by the call of loons, the pumping of bittern, and the cries of grebe, rail, and other night-squawkers.

It was broad day when I next awoke, sat up, and instantly saw two dead geese lying upon their backs some thirty feet away. Much astonished, I awoke Aleck and got an explanation. Unused to the racket of wolves, he had lain awake for a long time, and as flocks of geese hurtled by, craning their necks in the starlight, he had fired buckshot at them. So we should not soon starve.

"We may have to stay here until Harned comes to trap," I said to Aleck, "and if he doesn't come until the slough freezes over, if we run out of shot I know how to snare these muskrats in their holes."

Now that we had spent a night in the Scrogs, we seemed to feel that we could not get out. We no longer attempted to deceive each other or ourselves, and we felt better for it.

"I haven't really believed any of the time that we'd ever find our way out the way we came in," Aleck admitted, to my surprise. "The canoe didn't leave any trail among the water-rushes. Your old trapper knows the lay of this plaguy slough, and we don't, that's all."

We worried and bailed all that forenoon, and got so far away from the big rat-house that we were completely done out, twisting and turning among the waterways, in finding it. Never have I had such a sense of coming home to rest and safety as when we finally landed on that floating heap.

We did not stir again that afternoon, but ate our half-roasted meat and lay and watched the birds and talked. Aleck killed a venturesome mallard toward night. Then we gathered rushes for fires and scorched all our meat to preserve it.

That evening the big fowl came tumbling in again. What intimate sense of nearness we had as they sloped down, craning their necks to cock single large eyes at us, every broad wing-feather clearly sketched, and red legs and webbed feet dropping to strike the water! We lost the hunter's instinct in a new sense of kinship, and then we slept again.

I awoke the next morning to find my feet in water—the rat-house had begun sinking. I awoke Aleck. Then we looked at each other with white faces and narrowing eyes. This mound, of matted rush and flag, was our only refuge. Nowhere in the sloughs had we found another footing good for five minutes' tenure.

Something must be done, and quickly. Gathering calmness from the imminence of our peril, we began to think. Soon we hit upon the plan of piling rushes and flags, torn from other rat-houses, upon this one. This would bear us up until our loose stuff should be set afloat; after that, survival would be limited to the few hours of our endurance. We shouted and hallooed, and determined to repeat this, as a forlorn hope, at intervals.

Soon we had our mound piled with a stack of loose stuff several feet in height. Then we ate our goose meat in silence, but thinking hard. At last a plan of escape seemed to have been thrust into my mind by some extraneous force; it was alive in my brain with such suddenness—make a rope!

Make a rope of those tough, white rushes, sprinkled among the common sort. Fourteen strands of split reed would make a rope to hold a yoke of oxen. There was the boggy cape, free of rushes, with a clump of sprangling willow stumps, at the point of a strip of land, near its centre. Something could be done with a rope! And I could make hundreds of feet of rope if there were time enough.

I swallowed my meat in gulps while I poured this plan into Aleck's ears. Aleck was hopeful. If I could really make a stout rope, and one long enough, there was a chance on that boggy point, he admitted.

Then Aleck gathered reeds and I began to braid with all speed. It was a tedious

business ; every inch of rope needed careful work. When I had produced several feet we tested the piece by our united strength. The result was satisfactory. At sunset I had more than thirty feet of rope on hand. Our rat-house had sunken several inches during the day. At intervals we had shouted.

That night we slept without sense of security. The wolves howled again, but Aleck killed no birds. Our mound was still lower in the morning, and we piled more loose stuff on top. We put in the day working, with a kind of feverish care, Aleck splitting and wetting the reeds while I braided. At night we had about eighty feet of stout and fairly pliable rope.

In the meantime our foundation had gone down until we saw that we had not many hours left. Gradually, as by clock-work, the big rat-house was sinking into the bottomless sponge of the Scrogs. Aleck made rush fire-lights and I worked until far into the night. In the morning we calculated that we had about twelve hours of stable foothold left us.

We worked on until noon, testing every foot of rope as it was produced. We then had something more than one hundred and fifty feet, the least we could hope to work with successfully. We had but little time to spare. As we set out finally from our domicile, the top of the original heap was nearly at the level of the slough.

We reached the boggy point, where lay our hope of escape, in a few minutes' paddling ; and here we set to work in a kind of cool excitement. There was a good-sized rat-house near one edge of this cape of peat. Thin grass, but no rushes, grew in the bog, and a narrow strip of marsh land jutted into the centre of the cape. At the extreme point of the strip grew the scraggy willow stumps.

Reaching the rat-house, we bailed the canoe, and then drove the small end of the paddle, sharpened for that purpose, through



"LIE PERFECTLY STILL, TILL I CAN CUT A CLUB!"

the centre of the rush-heap until only the blade projected. Then Aleck stood on the top of the house, with legs astride the paddle blade, which gave him bracing foothold, while I took the canoe, tipping it over to the sound side, and pulled round the edge of the bog.

The rope was tied in a slip-knot over and under my shoulder, and Aleck held the stiff coil, paid it out, and swung it above the bog, as I toiled slowly round the point.

At last we had our rope stretched across the peat to within ten feet or so of the willow clump, but now Aleck had sunk, paddle and rat-house, until he stood to mid-legs in water.

"You'll have to hurry," he called, "or my feet'll be fast in the mud!"

I worked the canoe round a little farther, gave the rope a flirt upward with a swoop sideways, and looped the willow stumps fairly at their base. Then I began, frantically, working back toward Aleck. But the rope, no longer handled at both ends, of course

caught upon the bogs. As I wriggled about, too, the canoe began filling, and Aleck was shouting for help.

We had planned making a kind of bridge by tying both ends of the rope round the dugout at the edge of the bog. Seeing this could not be done, I shouted to Aleck to pull himself across to the willows, hand over hand, and I would do the same. I had hardly finished speaking when there was a tug at the rope, and pulling against each other and the willows and bogs, we scrambled for dear life over the shaking mire and peat.

I could not see Aleck, but was going famously and had come within a dozen yards of the willows, when my legs sank in a strip of soft mire and roots, and, strain as I might, I could not pull them out. The more I struggled the firmer I was stuck.

I threw one arm over a bog and tried with the other hand to free my feet. I worked in a fury of fright, sinking deeper and also feeling my bog give way. The water rose around me, and I saw that a whole section of bog was going down with me.

Then I heard Aleck shouting: "Lie still, I tell you—perfectly still, till I can cut a club!"

Above the tops of thin grass I could see the crown of his bare head, as he bent at work among the willow stubs. I lay, for what seemed a frightful space of time, slowly, steadily sinking into the mire pit. Then Aleck spoke again. "Is your rope tight around you?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" I gasped.

Presently I felt the loop tighten suffocatingly upon my chest, and then, inch by inch, fighting to keep my face out of mud and water, I was drawn out of my pit, until I could again help with my legs. Aleck, clever river-lad, had "snub-twisted" me out of the last deadly gripe of the Scrogs.

A moment later we stood by the willows, a pair of hatless, beslimed, but joyful youngsters—free and safe, after five days in the Scrogs!

At home they had hunted the herd ground over for us, and then, recalling certain preparation and fluster on the morning of our departure, they had felt certain that my city cousin had coaxed me to run away. They were doing their best to find us, but no one had dreamed of looking in the Scrogs.



THE HIGH-MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

By An Old Pauline.

[FROM THE *Daily Chronicle*.]

THERE are great rulers of boys who are so mainly because they are "boys themselves." Such, one gathers, was Arnold. There are others, great none the less, who are so in spite of the fact that to all appearance they never were boys, and certainly never will be.

Such, to the youthful fancy of the average Pauline, is the case with that wonderful personality which is soon to be lost to public-school life by the resignation of Frederick William Walker, for close upon thirty years High-Master of St. Paul's.

To the small boy, and more especially to the new boy, it could hardly help being a terrific personality. Sombre, rugged, impassive—with shaggy grey beard and grey hair brushed roughly across the high brow—the figure of the High-Master, standing bareheaded behind the spruce Head of the School at prayers, is a presence not to be put by, even as a memory.

The voice is in keeping with the outward

man. It is deep and reverberating, like "thunder heard remote."

AN IMPRESSIVE PERSONALITY.

Even to larger children of all ages Mr. Walker's personality remains something of a mystery still. How shall one reconcile, for instance, the intensely practical, masterly organiser who brought to the old school in the Churchyard, with all its crusted institutions, the enterprise and business methods of the "man from Manchester," who initiated the move to West Kensington, who first put "science" into line with classical culture, who launched forth even into the establishment of an associated girls' school in Brook Green—how shall one reconcile him with the scholarly recluse who devoted his scant leisure in the old Oxford days to researches in Sanskrit, and still finds his recreation in dissertations on philology?

Above all how shall one reconcile both with

a schoolmaster who, though apparently utterly without any juvenile sympathies whatever, has managed to gain—first at Manchester Grammar School and afterwards at St. Paul's—the affection and reverence of at least two generations of the "soaring human boy"?

As to the last matter, there is, at any rate, one secret that old Paulines do not need to discover. This is that, for all his gruff exterior, Mr. Walker has the kindest heart in the world. He knows about and cares for every one of the seven hundred boys in the school.

INSIGHT AND SYMPATHY.

It is this knowledge and insight that all Paulines have come to know and recognise in the end. In which connection, one may, perhaps, quote an actual instance. Some thirteen or fourteen years ago a very tall, shambling boy, in quite a low form at St. Paul's, began to show remarkable literary tendencies. He wrote the prize poem for several years in succession. He contributed wild prose to an unofficial school magazine. Still, he proved quite unable to do justice to himself in the regular school work. He towered in stature above the rest of his form, and there were those that scoffed.

Mr. Walker took up the cause of the poetic youth. He posted up a notice that this boy should rank with the head form. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has not discredited his first champion—the High-Master.

There remains, however, this to be said. With all his strange genius for understanding boys, the High-Master of St. Paul's has not been essentially a believer in the maxim that "boys will be boys." He recognises that boys are boys, but that they will be men. He has permitted—nay, encouraged—cricket and football; but he has not gloated over them. One can, indeed, hardly imagine his ever having played either the one or the other.

With him "the career" has been all-important, and the obvious opening to that career presents itself in a scholarship at the university. Hence St. Paul's does triumphantly send up to the universities year by year boys who "clear the board" scholastically.

St. Paul's—the new St. Paul's that Mr. Walker created in West Kensington—is young yet. A gallery of distinguished men is not produced in a decade or even two. As it is, not only literature, but the army, the Church, and particularly the Civil Service, are full of Paulines whose names will be familiar enough before the century is very much older.

In some instances it is perhaps true that they

have not the distinctive "tone" cultivated at the great boarding-schools. That is their parents' fault, not Mr. Walker's; and "tone" is at best a difficult flower to rear at a day school in the neighbourhood of Olympia and the Earl's Court exhibition.

In any case, there is not a single old Pauline who does not owe more than he can express to the sage and curiously practical counsel of the

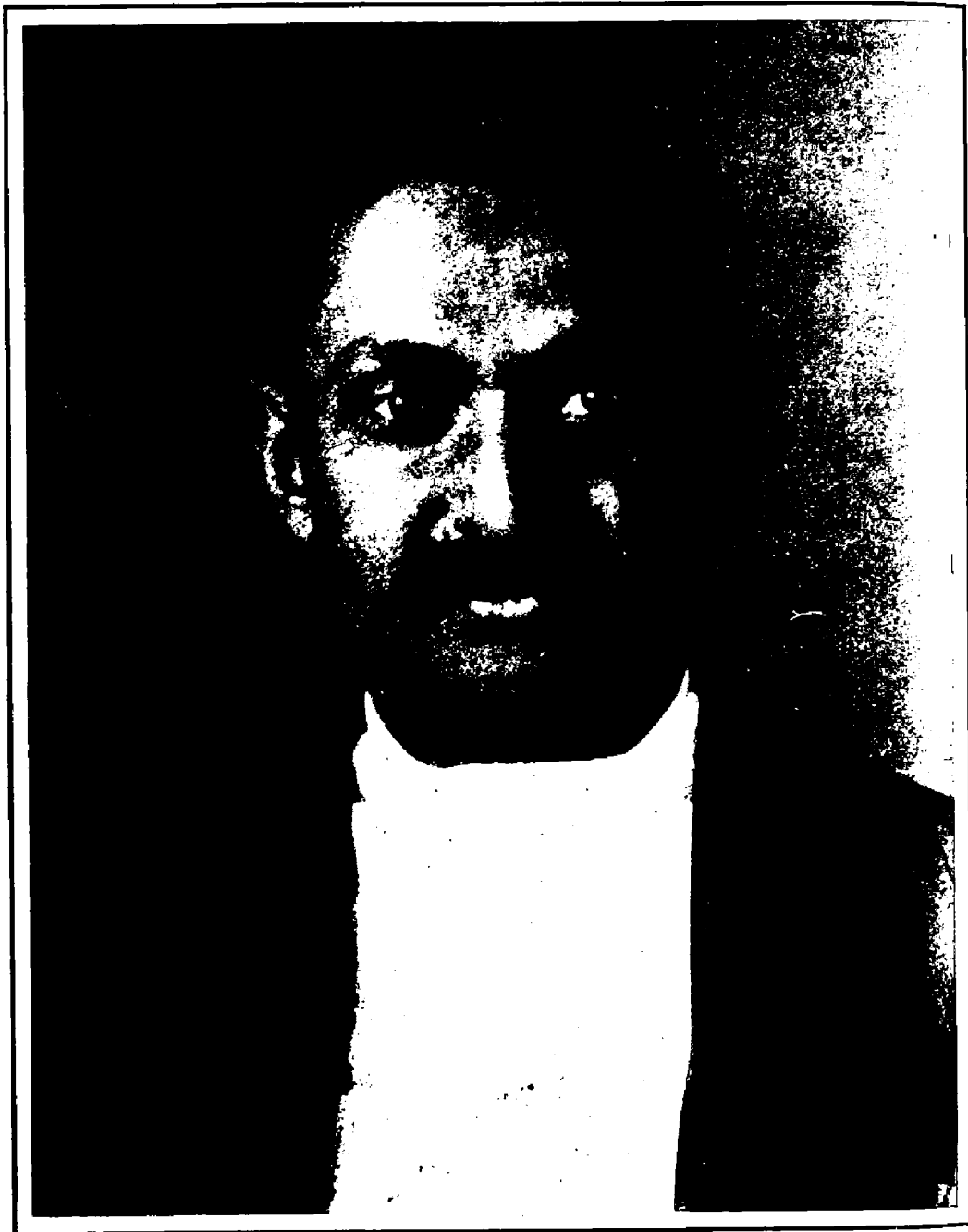


MR. F. W. WALKER, M.A., HIGH-MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S FOR NEARLY THIRTY YEARS.

By permission of *Vanity Fair*.

profound High Master. He has presided over the destinies of the school of Milton and Marlborough, throughout a period of universal transition. He seemed to have been framed specially for that office—a strong man, a magnificent product of the old scholarship, foreseeing and welcoming the new.

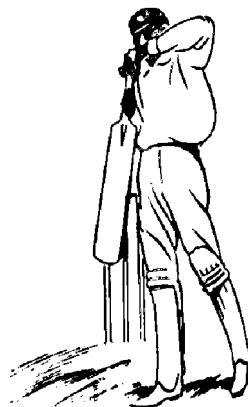
There is much to be done, much to be created; but even the Pauline poets of the future—among whom, by the way, one may include Mr. Lawrence Binyon—will remember that "old Damocetas loved to hear their song."

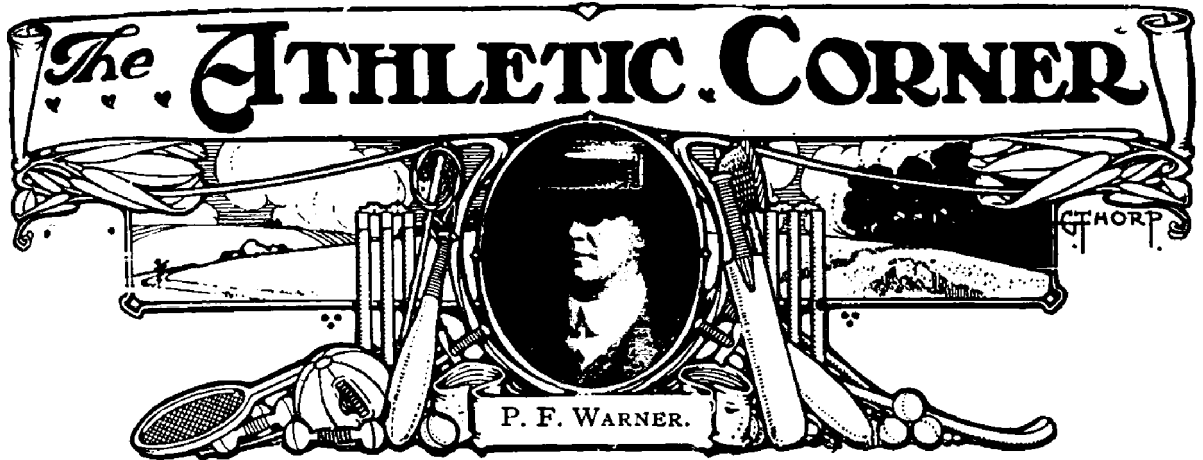


KUMAR SHRI RANJITSINHJI,

who was top of the batting averages last season for the third time. He is the son of Jam of Navanagar, and was born in India in 1872. Receiving his early education in India, he eventually came to Cambridge. He has played for Sussex since 1895, and maintained his position at the top of the Sussex averages until 1902.

Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

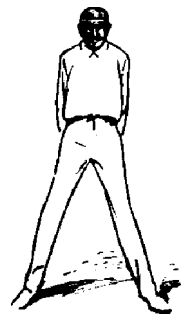




SOME HEROES OF THE TEST MATCHES.

GOOD batsmen can be counted by the hundred; really great batsmen are as rare as Melbas or De Reskés. Opinions differ as to whether K. S. Ranjitsinhji or Victor Trumper is the finer player, but as we are only discussing English batsmen in this article that question does not for the moment concern us. It may,

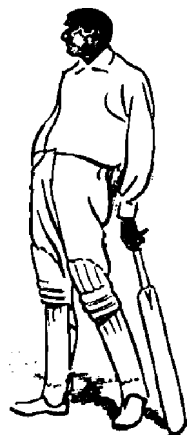
then, without hesitating, be said that Ranjitsinhji is, *par excellence*, the foremost English batsman of the day. In two respects, namely, keenness of sight and wrist work, he is the superior of any one, and when he is playing a long innings he has the effect of making one feel that batting is the easiest thing imaginable. There is a complete absence of



HE SOMETIMES FIELDS IN THE SLIPS.

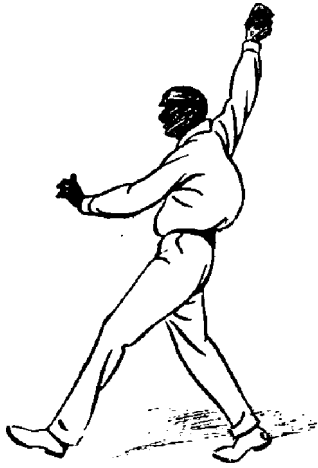
apparent effort; the ball flies off the bat like a bird on the wing; and one would at once jump to the conclusion that the bowlers were bowling very badly were it not for the obvious difficulty the batsman at the other end had in staying in. There is no batsman for whom it is more difficult to set the field, and I have heard it remarked that the best bowlers require thirteen fielders when Ranjitsinhji is in form. Every one has heard of his superb leg glances—a stroke which had its origin, I believe, in the fact that when a boy, instead of running away from the wicket, as most boys are apt to do when they begin the game, he ran towards the wicket in the direction of the off stump—his wonderful late cuts, and his almost

supernatural quickness in judging the length of a ball. The state of the wicket seems to matter less to him than to others, some of his greatest scores having been made on pitches that the rest of his side had no use for. He has played so many wonderful innings that it would be difficult to pick out the absolute greatest, but probably his 154 not out for England *v.* Australia at Manchester in July 1896, was the finest of all. On that occasion no one else scored over twenty runs except A. E. Stoddart, who got 41. But this is not the only big innings Ranjitsinhji has played in international cricket, for in Australia with Stoddart's second team he did splendidly in spite of a good deal of ill health, and in the test matches in 1899 he played one or two great innings. And then for Sussex what deeds he has wrought! Indeed, he and C. B. Fry, many people say, are the Sussex XI. so far, at all events, as the batting goes. It used to be thought that Ranjitsinhji was purely a hard wicket batsman; but I once saw him make 202 on a very difficult wicket "WELL HIT, CHARLES." against Albert Trott and Hearne when the next highest score was 13, and on anything like a crumbled or fiery wicket he is a long way the best batsman I have ever seen. Indeed, to see him at his highest point is to watch him playing a very fast bowler like Lockwood, or Richardson,



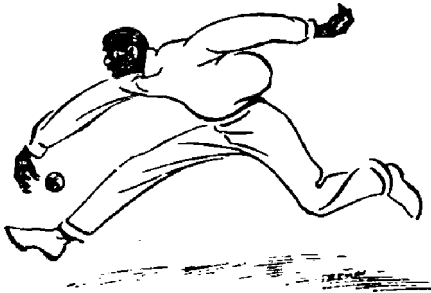
or Jones the Australian, on a bumpy wicket at Lord's.

It is a fact not generally known, but Ranjitsinhji holds the record for quick scoring. This was in the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's in 1896, when in the first innings he actually made *forty-seven runs in nine minutes*, scoring 18 off the first over he received from Richardson. When the Gentlemen went in on a fiery wicket with 224 runs to win



HE CAN BOWL A BIT, TOO.

the match, Ranjitsinhji (51 not out) and F. S. Jackson (40 not out) hit off the last ninety runs in three-quarters of an hour. The Gentlemen have probably never been



SAVING THE FOUR.

represented by a stronger eleven than on that occasion, the side consisting of W. G. Grace (captain), A. E. Stoddart, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, L. C. H. Palairt, F. S. Jackson, A. C.



AT POINT.

MacLaren, Sir T. C. O'Brien, S. M. J. Woods, A. O. Jones, E. Smith, and G. MacGregor.

Much has been written of the prowess and skill of C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson, and A. C. MacLaren, but it is rather as bowlers than as batsmen that one considers professional cricketers, for the fact that the bowling strength of England lies almost entirely

in the hands of the professionals is apt to make one a little slow to realise that, to-day at any rate, the professionals can put forward rivals to our most famous amateur batsmen. To my mind, the two professional batsmen who stand ahead of all their comrades are Hayward, of Surrey, and Tyldesley, of Lancashire; and in saying this I am not forgetting the rise of Iremonger, of Notts, and



HAYWARD.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

the brilliant forcible play of Knight, of Leicestershire. But Hayward and Tyldesley have, year after year, found themselves at the end of each cricket season in the first ten or twelve in the batting averages, and both of them—and especially Hayward—have illuminated the story of England and Australia and Gentlemen and Players matches. Which is the better batsman of the

two under all conditions it is not quite easy to say, for on a perfect wicket Hayward, for the reason that he takes fewer risks, is probably a more consistent and sounder player than Tyldesley; while on a bowler's wicket, good as Hayward proved himself to be in Australia, Tyldesley is without a doubt Hayward's superior. Indeed, there is no better bad-wicket batsman in the world than the Lancastrian. But, given an equal season—and by an equal season I mean a fair proportion of good and bad wickets—Hayward and Tyldesley should not be far separated from one another. So we may say "honours are easy," and leave it to their individual partisans to fight out which is actually the better.

No two batsmen differ more in style. Hayward never takes an undue risk; Tyldesley the moment he gets to the wicket begins to go for the bowling. Hayward is not actually a late cutter; Tyldesley revels in the cut. Hayward does not hook; the hook is one of Tyldesley's most productive strokes. Tyldesley is, on the whole, a better leg-side player than Hayward, and his treatment of short balls on the wicket is more certain and forcible than Hayward's. Briefly, Tyldesley has more strokes; but for all practical purposes Hayward has every stroke, and he does not gamble with the off ball as Tyldesley does. Perhaps it is because Tyldesley feels he must give the poor bowler a chance that he occasionally flicks a little rashly at a wide ball.

Spectators, as a rule, do not like slow scoring, but Hayward's style is so easy and graceful, and so abounding in all that is sound and polished in the art of batting, that even when scoring slowly he is, to me at any rate, always delightful to watch. And then he can, when he makes up his mind to have a go, hit so strongly and cleanly and with such masterful power in the placing of his stroke. Moreover, he carries as straight a bat to the wicket as any other man in the world, and here lies the secret of his splendid defence, for his bat is never out of the perpendicular. A great many players are somewhat ungainly in their defensive strokes—there is something of an effort about them and a certain awkwardness when they are stopping a good-length ball. Not so Hayward; and to the close observer of the game many of his best strokes are those from which no runs accrue, as, for instance, when he plays forward with easy movement to the good-length ball, or,

again, when he goes right back on to his wicket and plays the ball hard back to the bowler or forces it past mid-on. A great many runs, indeed, does Hayward make on either side of mid-on, and then his off-drive, and treatment of good-length balls outside the off stump generally, are things of beauty. There is no effort, just an easy poise of the body and the ball is being returned by a



TYLDESLEY.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

spectator on the off-side boundary. And occasionally, and especially to a slow left-hand bowler, Hayward will jump out and hit the ball over extra cover's head first bounce into the ring—a stroke which Tyldesley, too, uses frequently, though in his case the hit is made firm-footed. If he had so chosen, Hayward might have been a great hitter, but he prefers to blend the two, with possibly

a tendency to err too much on the defensive side. But, after all, the man himself is the best judge of his own abilities, and to know just how much one may attempt, or what one may not attempt, is the very root and branch of successful batting. And apart from all inherent skill, Hayward has all those qualities of grit, courage, and determination without which no one, however accomplished



RHODES.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

as a batsman pure and simple, is really great. His record in test matches is as good as, if not better than, that of any other living cricketer. You see, I have been lucky enough to be near him on one or two big occasions, so I may be excused for thinking him almost an ideal batsman. In Australia he was the mainstay of the M.C.C. team. He never got a hundred in a test

match, but he went very near to it once or twice, and not half enough has been said about that splendid 91 of his in the first test match at Sydney. We went in on a worn wicket to get 190 odd runs. Four were out for 81, but Hayward never faltered in the certainty of his defence, and, helped by George Hirst—him of the big heart and the cool head—we pulled through all right. It was a *magnificent innings*, that 91.

But, as I have said, very near him comes Tyldesley, equally determined and a trifle more resourceful on a bad wicket. Him, too. I have seen over and over again play a big part in adverse circumstances, and of all his great innings none was better than that 53 on a shocking bad wicket at Sydney. How he hit Saunders!—who had the impudence to bowl to him without a man in the country. After an over or two Saunders did not know where to pitch the ball, and that awkward fifty minutes before lunch—when many expected the Australians would get four or five of us out—was safely tided over. But, as if to show Australia, Tyldesley, that you revelled in bad wickets, you batted even better in the next test match at Melbourne—97 and 62, was it?—the last half of your first innings and the whole of your second being played on a wicket on which the ball not only turned very quickly, but as often as not got up straight. I shall never forget how you hooked Trumble off your face. It was splendid!

It is a moot question amongst cricketers whether Briggs, Peel, Peate, or Rhodes is the greatest slow left-handed bowler England has ever had. To my mind, Briggs was the least great bowler of the four; Peel on a hard wicket the best of the lot; and Peate the most difficult on a sticky wicket. Still, on all sorts of wickets, day in and day out. Rhodes has many supporters who regard him as the best slow left-hander that has yet appeared. In saying this, these critics are not judging Rhodes on his form of last season, when he was, except on rare occasions, probably below himself. Great as Peate was in the early part of his career, he was favoured with several exceptionally wet summers, and when the fine weather returned he was probably on the wane.

Rhodes has had quite a different experience. Appearing for Yorkshire in 1898, he bowled with extraordinary success through four of the driest summers we have had, but, curiously enough, he has scarcely ever done well at Lord's.

Before Rhodes went to Australia with the Marylebone Club team many Australian cricketers thought that if ever he dared to attack them in their own stronghold "they would knock the cover off the ball." But the sequel showed how false these prophesies were, for even on the fastest and best wickets at Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide he was treated with the greatest respect. But it is on a sticky wicket that Rhodes is in his element. He then pitches the ball on or just outside the leg stump; it comes back quickly, and you are either bowled off stump or caught at the wicket or slip. This is what will happen to you if you stay at home. If you go out to him—which is the best plan—with luck in the placing of your drives you may knock up thirty or forty runs; but in the end you will either be stumped or caught at cover from a miss-hit. He has strong claims to be considered the champion bowler of the day.

There can be little doubt that if he were playing cricket regularly, R. E. Foster would be one of the first men chosen for England. Indeed, at his best he is scarcely the inferior of even Ranjitsinhji or Trumper. On the three great occasions of his cricket career he has beaten all records—in the 'Varsity match—in Gentlemen v. Players, and for England v. Australia. In each of these matches did he eclipse all previous performances—and though his score in the 'Varsity match was beaten last July by J. F. Marsh, and his double century in Gentlemen v. Players, equalled also last season by King, of Leicestershire, his 287 for England v. Australia at Sydney in December 1903, is likely to stand for many a long day. No batsman in the world has a more subtle and stronger wrist, and no batsman plays in more graceful and attractive style. Like Ranjitsinhji and Trumper, he has every stroke, and though not regarded exactly as a hitter, he can drive as long a ball as G. L. Jessop.

R. E. Foster has something else to recommend him besides his batting; for he is one of the great slips of the world, standing in the same class in that position in the field as Braund and Tunncliffe and J. R. Mason.

Besides being a cricketer, R. E. Foster is a beautiful racquet player; a first-class golfer; and he has played association football for England in more than one match. He is, in short, one of our finest athletes, claiming distinction in this respect with such notable "all-rounders" as C. B. Fry and A. E. Stoddart.



R. E. FOSTER.
Photo. P. F. Warner.

BATTING AVERAGES FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest score.	Times not out.	Average.
1900 . . .	40	3065	275	5	87.57
1901 . . .	40	2468	285*	5	70.51
1902 . . .	26	1106	234*	2	46.08
1903 . . .	41	1924	204	7	56.58
1904 . . .	34	2077	207*	6	74.17

* Signifies not out.

In Test Matches.

26 .. 989 .. 175 .. 4 .. 44.95

HAYWARD.

	Innings.	Runs.	Highest score.	Times not out.	Average.
1900	57	2693	193	7	53.86
1901	58	2535	181	8	50.70
1902	56	1737	177	3	32.77
1903	64	2177	156*	3	35.68
1904	63	3170	205	5	54.65

* Signifies not out.

In Test Matches.

40 .. 1420 .. 137 .. 2 .. 37.36

TYLDESLEY.

1900	47	1593	142	5	37.92
1901	60	3041	221	5	55.29
1902	51	1934	165	3	40.29
1903	50	1955	248	6	44.43
1904	44	2439	225	5	62.53

In Test Matches.

30 .. 804 .. 138 .. 0 .. 26.80

RHODES'S BOWLING ANALYSIS DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
1900	261	3606	13.81
1901	251	3797	15.12
1902	213	2801	13.15
1903	193	2813	14.57
1904	131	2829	21.59

In Test Matches.

66 .. 1165 .. 17.65

R. E. FOSTER'S BATTING AVERAGES.

	Runs.	Highest score.	Average.
1900	1807	171	51.62
1901	2128	136	50.66
1902	551	109	36.73
1903
1904

In Test Matches.

486 .. 287 .. 60.75

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. H. Pugh.—(a) A bat weighing *not more* than 2 lb. 5 oz. should suit you. I should apply to any of the advertisers in THE CAPTAIN—they supply as good bats as any one I know of. (b) Most certainly wear gloves on all occasions. They may save a broken finger. (c) A temperature of between 55° and 60°.

Ju Jitsu.—The Japanese swear by it, but I have not met any one in this country who has tried the system. Sandow's method is excellent provided you do not overdo it.

F. N. Brierley.—Yes, you are quite correct. Trinidad twice defeated Lord Brackley's XI.

An Old Reader.—Of course, D was out. The fact that the bails were off at B's end does not in the least affect D being run out at the other end.

SCHOOL SPORTS RESULTS, 1905.

BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Mile.—C. T. te Water, 5 min. 2½ sec.
 Half-mile.—D. L. Leveson, 2 min. 19 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—C. P. Gouldsbury, 58 sec.
 100 Yards.—C. P. Gouldsbury, 11 sec.
 High Jump.—L. A. N. Brooks, 4 ft. 11 in.
 Long Jump.—F. C. Fitzgerald-Moore, 17 ft. 7 in.
 Cricket Ball.—H. S. Moberly, 93 yd. 3 in.
 Weight.—A. D. H. Hickie, 29 ft. 1 in.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Mile.—E. H. Woodward, 5 min. 2 sec.
 Three-quarter mile.—J. Fenn, 3 min. 50 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—J. F. Pollard, 58½ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. F. Pollard, 11½ sec.
 High Jump.—A. Aldworth, 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—J. F. Pollard, 17 ft. 7¼ in.
 Cricket Ball.—H. S. Rouse, 83 yd. 1 ft.
 Weight.—J. F. Pollard, 25 ft. 9 in.

GIGGLESWICK.

Mile.—Frank II., 5 min. 13 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Frank II., 58½ sec.
 100 Yards.—Frank I., 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—Frank I., 20½ sec.
 High Jump.—Chatwood, 5 ft. 1 in.
 Long Jump.—Helm, 17 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—Jenkinson, 78 yd.
 Weight.—Jenkinson, 30 ft. ½ in.

GRESHAM.

Mile.—H. G. Hooper, 5 min. 17 sec.
 Half-mile.—H. Ronalson, 2 min. 14 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—H. W. Partridge, 58½ sec.
 Hurdles.—H. W. Partridge, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—H. W. Partridge, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—H. W. Partridge, 18 ft. 4½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—F. R. B. Skrumshire, 90 yd. 1 ft. 6 in.
 Weight.—Macallum, 26 ft. 3 in.

HURSTPIERPOINT.

Mile.—W. K. Fry, 5 min. 15 sec.
 Half-mile.—F. M. S. Gibson, 2 min. 19½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—G. M. Aylmer, 59½ sec.
 100 Yards.—F. M. S. Gibson, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—E. E. Pring, 20 sec.
 High Jump.—F. M. S. Gibson, 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—L. Armstrong, 18 ft. 6½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—J. E. de W. Denning, 82 yd. 2 ft.
 Steeplechase.—H. C. Aylmer.

UPPINGHAM.

Mile.—C. Leney, 4 min. 45½ sec.
 Half-mile.—H. V. Braham, 2 min. 6½ sec.*
 Quarter-mile.—H. V. Braham, 55½ sec.
 220 Yards.—C. F. Martin, 25 sec.
 100 Yards.—A. R. Turner, 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—N. E. Mather, 18 sec.
 High Jump.—C. F. Martin, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—N. E. Mather, 18 ft. 9 in.
 Weight.—J. C. Sherburn, 29 ft. 7 in.
 Hammer.—J. C. Sherburn, 81 ft. 6 in.
 Steeplechase.—C. Leney.

* School record.

WELLINGTON.

Two Miles.—T. Marshall, 10 min. 54½ sec.
 Mile.—L. Field, 5 min. 4 sec.
 Half-mile.—R. S. Wahab, 2 min. 14½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—R. S. Wahab, 56½ sec.
 220 Yards.—N. Pierse, 21½ sec.
 100 Yards.—R. S. Wahab, 10½ sec.
 Hurdles.—S. Shakespear, 16½ sec.
 High Jump.—W. P. Hone, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—L. Salmon, 18 ft. 11 in.
 Cricket Ball.—H. Robertson, 79 yd.
 Weight.—S. D. Cahusac, 30 ft. 7 in.

TALES

No 4

AN AFFAIR OF BOATS

BY
P. C. V.



Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THIS story deals with an earlier phase of the career of the ruthless Rankin, before he left Seymour's. The events narrated covered a period of some weeks, and the beginning and the end of it were divided by the Easter holidays.

Shoeblossom began it. J. R. Leather-Twigg, of Seymour's, frequently did begin trouble. It happened in this way. Towards the end of the Easter term there were sports. Not only the school sports, but also form sports. For the last three weeks of term you could not move in any direction on the school grounds without being warned off because you were in the track of some miserable race that was being or was going to be run. The sky was obscured by people high-jumping. Every now and then you walked within range of some putter of the shot, and narrowly escaped taking the same in the small of the back. Avoiding this danger, you were seized upon to hold the tape for the heats of the Lower Second Modern hundred yards or the Eighth Engineers half-mile. In fact, the only really safe place was the school shop. Even there you ran the risk of meeting some one who would place a bare foot beside your plate, and ask you whether you would put Elliman's on it or not. It was a stirring, hustling time, and for one who was not an athlete it was a little boring.

Shoeblossom found it more than a little boring. He had never run a race in his life. And he hoped he never should. If

he wanted exercise, he went into Seymour's senior dayroom, and upset the table. Rankin, on the other hand, was an enthusiast. The beauty of these form sports was twofold. In the first place, the events were all handicaps; and such was the insignificance and general weediness of the diarist that he hoped to be limit man in every race for which he entered. In the second place, the prizes were in cash. Solid. None of your pen-knives and flasks and leather ink-pots, but hard coin. Every one in the form subscribed a certain sum; the form master gave of his plenty a further ten shillings; and the nett result was divided up as prizes. Theoretically, you were supposed to buy with the money you won a suitable trophy. On the other hand, nobody stood over you to see that you did it; and, as a rule, the money went into the school treasury across the counter of the Shop.

Reginald loved cash. He had never had enough of it. The more he got, the more he wanted. So he put his name down for all the races and half the other events, and started to train.

It was, I believe, an agreeable sight to see Reginald training. Before you saw him at it you thought that twenty yards was too much to give any body in the hundred. After you had feasted your eyes on the spectacle for a few minutes, you thought what a shame it was not giving him more.

Shoeblossom watched him one morning, and wished somebody had told him of it earlier. People are so thoughtless. Here was this gorgeous feast of comic relief going on day after day, and until now he had missed it. He saw it every morning after that, and it never staled. He was fascinated. He brought Barry and Drummond to watch.

And Reginald, oblivious of everything, toiled on.

Shoeblossom was one of those youths who are never really happy unless they are promoting some demoniacal rag. He felt that he must base a rag on Reginald's passion for training, or life would be hollow. So he conceived a deadly snare for the athlete.

"What you want to do," he said to him sympathetically one night, as they were undressing in their dormitory, "is to rub yourself with stuff at nights. It keeps the muscles from getting stiff."

"I do," said Reginald, with some haughtiness; "I use Elliman's."

"I've got some stuff that's better than that," said Shoeblossom. "It's called capsicum vaseline. It's hot stuff."

"What's it do?" inquired Reginald, examining the saucer which Shoeblossom held up for his inspection.

"Sends a gentle glow all over you, and makes you supple. You'd better have some on to-night."

"All right," said the deluded athlete.

They rubbed it on then and there. Capsicum vaseline, according to the printed label on each packet, is "a tincture of the finest red pepper taken on to vaseline." It is generally used as a substitute for mustard-plaster, over which it has this advantage, that, though a "powerful counter-irritant," it does not blister the skin.

About five minutes after the dastard Shoeblossom had helped his friend to rub this specific well in, a sharp howl broke from his victim.

"Stop that noise," said Mill, the prefect of the dormitory.

"Oo!" said Reginald.

"Don't be an ass," whispered Shoeblossom. "What's up?"

"I'm burning."

"You're all right," said Shoeblossom consolingly. "That's the gentle glow."

"Gentle glow!"



"SENDS A GENTLE GLOW ALL OVER YOU, AND MAKES YOU SUPPLE."

"Stop—that—noise!" said Mill again. "Here, who's that going out? Come back."

The lights were out by this time, and he could just detect through the darkness a small figure racing out of the door. The next moment distant sounds of running water came from the bath-room. Reginald was taking a cold tub.

Mill shook the bath room door, but it was locked.

"Come out of that, you little beast," he hissed.

"Ow," said the little beast, "Oo."

Vigorous sounds of splashing from within. Mill retired baffled.

By the time the cooling-off process was complete, both Mill and Shoeblossom were sleeping like angels. With even his passion for retaliation quenched, Reginald clambered into bed, and on the following morning got up early, being wishful to keep out of Mill's



way as far as possible. But he was not in such a hurry to leave the room that he forgot to abstract Shoeblossom's studs—a feat which led to the humourist being late for breakfast and getting a hundred lines in lieu of porridge. But Reginald did not consider this Revenge. It was simply an earnest of more to come, a little on account, as it were. Nor, when he positively won the second prize in the Form quarter-mile did Shoeblossom's statement that it was all due to the capsicum vaseline, and that he, Shoeblossom, ought to have a commission on the prize, soothe him. If ever a look spoke, Reginald's look at that moment said, "Aha! a time will come, and then——!"

The Easter term ended without event; and he came back at the conclusion of the holidays full of stern resolve. The entry in his diary:

"Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. Trained. That beast Leather-Twigg rubbed some stuff on to me which burnt like anything and hurt awfully,"

still lacked a corresponding entry on the credit side.

Early in the summer term, the weather being fine, it being a Saturday, and, finally, it being the day of the School *v.* Regiment match, Shoeblossom, who had no soul for cricket, slid softly away in the direction of the town. He meant to have a long afternoon on the river. Wrykyn is on the Severn, which, in parts, is a very jolly river, affording much pleasure to the not over-energetic oarsman. Shoeblossom was perhaps the laziest oarsman in existence. He hated rowing. If he could have got to the spot he wished to reach in a steam-launch, he would have done it. Having no launch, he was obliged to set to and pull.

His destination was a small, wooded island up-stream. It was not known to many of the school, as most Wrykinians got aboard at the School boat-house, which was further down-stream past the town, and went the other way. Owing to various regrettable encounters between Wrykyn fags and the young bloods of the town, which had in one instance culminated immediately opposite the Mayor's house in a naval battle of a kind that made Trafalgar seem like the effort of a band of amateurs, rules and regulations had been issued by the Head Master to the effect that the school must keep to its own waters. On the occasion referred to, three boats had been sunk, and ten fags from Dexter's and

the School House had returned dripping to their quarters. Shoeblossom was therefore out of bounds. But did his dauntless spirit reckon of that? No, indeed it did not.

Half an hour's rowing brought him to the island. He pulled in, tied up his Argo to the branch of a willow, and disembarked. Then he proceeded to haul from the seat, in the following order, a vast bag of cherries, a bottle of ginger-beer, sixpennyworth of plain chocolate, a copy of "Many Cargoes," and, by way of a variant, a shilling paper-covered volume entitled "The Montresors of the Grange." This done, he placed them under a tree, and started on a round tour of the island to see if the scenery and the local *flora* and *fauna* generally had altered at all since his last visit—a year ago now.

The island was oval in shape, and about seventy yards long by twenty wide. It was densely wooded, and the vegetation might have been described as rank. The stinging-nettles in places, for instance, had to be felt to be realised. Also there were brambles. But apart from these disadvantages, it was as romantic, satisfactory an island as you could wish to find, and Shoeblossom, who had a romantic nature, was fond of it. He liked to fancy that he owned it.

The distance from the island to the banks on either side was in each case from ten to fifteen yards. The water was deep, and ran strongly. Not that Shoeblossom minded that. Like most Wrykinians, he could swim well. As at Eton, before going on the river you had to pass an examination in swimming.

Having reached the upper end of the island, Shoeblossom worked his way back along the coast, as it were, to the spot where he had left his books and provisions, which he proceeded to carry inland. Being out of bounds, it was necessary that he should not be seen by passing boats or by strollers on the bank. One never knew when a master might not take it into his head to scull up-stream instead of down, and petty discussions with masters on the subject of bounds revolted Shoeblossom. He disappeared, therefore, into the interior, whence presently came a musical pop, as the ginger-beer bottle was broached.

Now, while Shoeblossom was making the tour of the island, he had been observed, though he did not know it. There was another member of Seymour's who had no soul for cricket. To wit, Reginald Rankin. And Reginald, wearying of the monotony of the lower and lawful part of the river—



"NOW, YOU YOUNG BRUTE,
WHAT—DO—YOU—MEAN
—BY—IT?"

which he knew by heart—and caring as little as did Shoeblossom for the prejudices of the Head Master respecting bounds, had hired a boat at the town landing-stage and set off up-stream to spend a happy afternoon.

He was rounding a bend in the river when, looking over his shoulder, he caught sight of the island and of Shoeblossom disappearing into the jungle. His first impulse was to turn back. The earth was barely big enough to hold the two of them since the vaseline incident. The island would be a good deal too small. Then he reflected that so far the river had been pretty dull, and

that once past this island he might come on some pleasant spot where he could moor his vessel, and read, and brood over his wrongs.

So he sculled slowly and painfully up on the right of the island; and, when he had gone a little way, he came upon Shoeblossom's boat tied to its willow. And something seemed to whisper to him, "Cut her adrift."

He gazed at the island. No sign of Shoeblossom. Somewhere within the recesses of the bushes that wanderer lurked; but he was not in sight.

Very cautiously Reginald paddled in till he could reach the rope. The knot was

loosely tied and it was an easy task to undo it. He did not wish to cut it. Shoeblossom must be led to believe that accident, not design, was at the bottom of his misfortunes. He did not send the captured boat spinning down stream, as had been his intention at first. It would be better, he reflected, simply to borrow it for a time, and restore it when it was certain that Shoeblossom had missed roll-call. It was now half-past two all but a few minutes, and roll-call was at four. To be in time, Shoeblossom would have to start for home at a quarter past three. He himself had arranged that little matter of roll-call. The master on duty had to call four hundred names in something under seven minutes, and, so long as a name was answered, never made particular inquiries as to who had answered it. So Reginald had arranged that Renford, of Seymour's, should perform that kind office. Renford liked watching cricket, and would be on the ground the whole afternoon.

So he tied the boat on to the stern of his own, and continued his pull up-stream. He was prepared at any moment to be accosted in abusive terms by the bereaved proprietor, but no wail of anguish cleft the air, and he got out of sight round another bend in safety. Here he moored his boat, and, howbeit a trifle blistered about the hands from rowing, felt on the whole satisfied with life.

Shoeblossom, meanwhile, was too absorbed in his book to pay attention to anything else. The march of time did not trouble him. Curiously enough, he, too, had arranged the question of roll-call in precisely the same way. His understudy was Barry, who, though reviling him as unpatriotic for not watching the school match, nevertheless consented to answer his name. So on the subject of roll-call Shoeblossom's mind was at rest.

It was only when he had finished "The Montresors of the Grange," and also the cherries, and had begun to find the ground a little hard as a couch, that he fancied another stroll would do him good.

He then discovered the flight of his boat.

If Reginald could have seen him at that moment, he would have felt that his toil had not been in vain.

It was certainly a staggerer. He stood at the water's edge breathing heavily.

It occurred to him that the boat might have drifted in again, and be stuck lower

down the island. As he made his way in that direction, the sound of oars striking the water made him dive into the bushes once more.

Somebody was coming up-stream.

He listened. Voices made themselves heard.

"Oh, Rupert, what a pretty island!"

"Not bad. Shall we land?"

Hope and anxiety in this query. Rupert had been rowing against the stream, and wanted a rest.

"Oh, let's."

Sounds of boat crushing through a willow-branch.

"Look out for your dress, Effie. I'm going to ship oars. *Now*, where's that painter? Right ho."

They passed within a couple of yards of Shoeblossom. "Effie" stopped and looked round her.

"It's splendid," she said.

She was a handsome girl, with lovely hair, and she made a pretty picture standing with her profile towards him; but nevertheless Shoeblossom wished she would move on. He wished very much that she would move on.

She did at last.

"I'm going to explore," she said, and walked away, followed by the attentive Rupert.

Shoeblossom was sorry for them, but it had to be. After all, they had only to shout, and some one was bound to hear them. They didn't want the thing half so much as he did. Besides, they ought to be glad of a good excuse for over-staying their time on the island together by an hour or two.

In short. . . .

Exactly one hour and a half after this event Reginald thought that the time had come to restore Shoeblossom's boat. He got out the sculls, and drifted lazily down to the island.

He was fastening the painter noiselessly to a tree when a large hand suddenly swooped down from nowhere on his neck, and a voice observed, apparently from between somebody's teeth:

"*Now*, you young brute, what—do—you—mean—by—it?"

Rankin gasped helplessly.

The young man shook him with some violence. Things had been happening on the island. Tempers were not so angelic as



they had been earlier in the afternoon. Effie had been stating icily that it was Rupert's fault, and that had not brightened Rupert up.

"What the—what do you mean, you little *beast*, by collaring our boat! And having the infernal cheek to bring it back and tie it up, too! What you *want*—"

People who insist on telling us what we *want* are always a nuisance. So Reginald found in this case. So far from being what he wanted, it was particularly painful and unpleasant.

"Now," said the young man, more calmly, "having got that off to the right address, we can talk business. I see you're at the School. Seymour's, I notice. Don't look surprised. I'm an O.W. myself. And I

know the rules about the school and this part of the river. Your name is—"

He removed Reginald's cap, looked at the interior, and replaced it.

"—Rankin. Thanks. I'll drop a line to Mr. Seymour to-night. One oughtn't to keep a funny joke like this to one's self. Good-bye."

And perhaps the bitterest part of it all, reflected Reginald, after his interview with Mr. Seymour, on the following day, was that he did not know the man's name or where he lived. It was monstrous that such a criminal should go scot free, but there was nothing to be done.

He could not even poison the wedding-cake. As for Shoeblossom, he lived happily ever after.

SOME EARLY BOYS' PAPERS.

THE CAPTAIN is a splendid magazine," boys say, but hundreds of boys have said the same of the "Captain's" predecessors; and with equal cause for their appreciation. The boys have not always had such good literary fare as is now obtainable, but some of us can remember with what keen delight our old favourites were welcomed each month. The same feelings now make boys look forward to the 22nd of each month. The pioneer of literature which really catered for boys was "The Boy's Own Magazine," founded by S. O. Beeton in 1855, and edited by him; this was deservedly popular, and soon found imitators, which, however, it soon swallowed, or rather incorporated with itself. Its first serious rival, "The Boy's Journal," published by Henry Vickers, appeared in July 1863, and had a good run; but the good old "Boy's Own Magazine" was still going strong. The success of these two brought another upon the field, namely, "Every Boy's Magazine," edited by Edmund Routledge; which last seems to have outlived the other two, being incorporated with the well-known "Boy's Own Paper" of to-day after a run of twenty-six years or so. It is about these three veterans chiefly I wish to speak. Between their existence and the present day, countless boy's papers have appeared and vanished, few of them having had any particular value. The advent of the weekly "Boy's Own Paper" established a new era in boy's papers, but at present the *monthly* "Captain" is the best. The three pioneers of which I speak, obtained contributions from the best authors, men whose names are still widely known, and whose works are still enjoyed. Such men as R. M. Ballantyne, W. H. G. Kingston, Captain Mayne Reid, and

Jules Verne, were busy writing then, and in every instance their work was elevating and instructive, without being dull or mawkish, which latter was rather a failure with the early writers. Besides the brilliant authors I have just mentioned there were many others who were appreciated. Captain Drayson, R.A., wrote stories of a military nature, and was very familiar with South African life, R. Mounteney Jephson, whose name is not unknown now, Henry Frith, Lieutenant C. R. Low, I.N., and George Manville Fenn, wrote a good many stories for "Every Boy's Magazine." But the writer *par excellence* of those days was Captain Mayne Reid. He had serials running in all three magazines, and in a boy's paper of which he was part editor with Mr. Latey, namely, "The Boy's Illustrated News." The Old Fag reminded us of this in the January 1903 issue. Besides this he had a wide connection with the older papers such as "Chambers' Journal," "Cassell's Family Paper," "Penny Illustrated Paper," &c.; but I am digressing. I have a good many volumes of boy's papers, and the oldest are my favourites. Puzzles, competitions, &c. were a feature even in those early days, and what is not so common nowadays, essays and papers on many and various subjects were encouraged, and debating clubs formed. Sports and athletic pursuits were not such important features as they are now, but in many respects the magazines of to-day are similar to their forerunners, with their serials, short stories, and occasional articles. The illustrations now are far in advance of the old ones, the growth of photography having had a lot to do with that, especially where wild animals are concerned. ARTHUR G. CHEVERTON.

The Captain. Camera. Corner.

Photo by]

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.

[A CAPTAIN Reader.

CONCERNING LENSES—(continued).

I AM now in a position to answer the queries with which my last article opened.

First, why does a lens give a sharp focus with full aperture, and an image lacking sharpness when stopped down? *Answer*: Because the lens is not aplanatic, *i.e.*, it suffers from *spherical aberration*. In such a case it often happens that its best focus with a small stop is further from the lens than when the "open" stop is used. Therefore, with single lenses, at any rate, make it your rule, where possible, to

FOCUS WITH THE STOP YOU MEAN TO USE

for the exposure. A simple test for this fault is to focus on a lighted candle in a dark room with full aperture, and then gradually diminish the stop. If the image becomes more hazy, you know what is the matter.

Secondly, why does a lens not focus properly at the bottom of the plate? *Answer*: The same cause; unless the plate is tilted, when naturally some parts of it would be out of focus with a large stop. If, however, the plate is square to the axis of the lens, you may be sure that the lens has been incorrectly shaped.

HOW TO FIND THE "INFINITY DISTANCE."

Select a position out of doors where you can command, say, a brick wall as your foreground and some distant trees as your background. Focus on the trees with the open stop, and move the camera about until you have decided what is the least distance from the wall at which both it and the trees are simultaneously in focus. The wall then represents the nearest edge of the "infinity belt." Everything

beyond that point will be equally in focus; everything nearer, out of focus to an extent increasing with greater proximity to the lens. Measure the distance from camera to wall and make a note of it.

Some hand cameras have immovable fronts, and the lens at fixed-focus distance from the plate. With the open stop they give a blurred image of objects nearer than the infinity belt—a defect which is remedied by "stopping down." A very small stop, *e.g.*, $f/128$, gives practically a pin-hole effect, and brings very close objects into focus.

If you would use a stand camera for hand work, you should construct a distance-scale. Focus on an object a long way off, and make a deep mark across the fixed and sliding portions of the tail-board. Then place objects at 10, 15, 20, 25 ft., and so on, from the camera, and focus on them successively, marking the guide opposite the infinity scratch on the slide after each operation and putting the proper figure against the new mark. You may then transfer the marks and figures to a piece of stout white paper, glue it to the guide in the correct position, and give it a coat of varnish as a protection from damp and dirt.

THE USE OF THE DIAPHRAGM.

We have already seen that the "stop" serves to correct *spherical aberration* by limiting the area of a lens on which rays from any one point can fall. It has a second use, namely, to increase the *depth of focus*. We will suppose that we have a rectilinear, aplanatic lens without a stop in at all. If we pinned a sheet of newspaper on the wall and focused it we should see (supposing, of course, the lens to be

a first-class article) that every letter in the field of the lens was sharp, and the lines quite parallel. But if the screen be moved backward or forward, only a small fraction of an inch, this sharpness disappears. Now insert a stop, say $f/18$. We find that a much larger movement is possible without seriously impairing the focus; and the smaller the stop the more latitude of focus we have. A lens with a "good depth of focus" is one which, with its open diaphragm, does not give a *perfectly sharp*



THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN WITH THE CAMERA PERFECTLY LEVEL AND THE LENS IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONT.



THIS PICTURE WAS MADE WITHOUT MOVING THE CAMERA, BUT AFTER RAISING THE RISING FRONT ABOUT $\frac{1}{2}$ INCH. A COMPARISON WILL SHOW HOW USEFUL THIS FITTING ON A CAMERA IS.

image of distant objects, but is not very sensitive to alterations in the position of near objects.

OTHER DEFECTS.

Sometimes a lens proves very disappointing in the matter of rapidity. The open stop is

large, but somehow or other considerable exposures—reckoned from the instantaneous point of view—give very poor negatives. If you are troubled in this way, take the lens out of its mount and lay it on a piece of perfectly white paper. If the circle seen through the lens has the slightest yellowish tinge, you know what is the matter: the cement uniting the two elements of the lens—the flint and crown glasses—has become discoloured, and all actinic rays passing through it have their power much reduced. Send your lens to an optician to be recemented. The operation can be performed at home, but in a beginner's hands it would probably not prove very successful.

"FLARE" IN A LENS.

This means the transmission through a lens of light rays which do not come directly from an exterior object to a proper focus on the screen. It arises either (a) from bright surfaces inside the lens mount, which should be promptly blackened with "dead black" varnish, when discovered; or (b) from the optical properties of every lens. Some rays, instead of being passed through the lens direct, are reflected from the back surface on to the front surface and then again reflected back, coming to a focus near the lens. I hold up my rectilinear lens towards my lamp and see five small reflections of the flame, one behind the other. To find the flare spot, I take a sheet of thin paper and slowly advance it towards the lens. When the paper is about one inch from the mount, I see outlined on it a tiny image of the flame; which shows that I have found the secondary focus. When a stop is used, the white disc of its light acts like the candle, but, being much nearer the back lens, it has a focus much further away, and nearer the true focus. To see how near the flare focus is to the plate, I take the lens and place it in its camera, and focus at a candle. On swinging the camera from side to side, I notice a *second* very indistinct and faint image, the *right way up*, which moves in the opposite direction to the true image.

CURE OF "FLARE."

However, the evil may be remedied. I unscrew the back element of the lens so as to bring it further from the stop, and lo! the flare image is gone! The ghost is laid. The makers evidently never examined this lens before sending it out, or they would have made the necessary alteration. On trying a much more expensive Zeiss lens, I find no flare image; and this is what one would expect from a

product of that great German house. The effect of bad flare is to impress on the plate a round disc of greater opaqueness than the rest of the surface. Where it exists, this trouble is aggravated by stopping down.

I have now pretty well covered all the ground I intended; but, before leaving the subject, would like just to sum up what has been said. Speaking generally, lenses may suffer from the following defects:

(1) *Chromation*, or the imperfect correction of the tendency of different coloured rays to focus in different planes. *Test*.—Focus lens on a number of coloured objects put up at equal distances from the camera, and see whether they are all in focus simultaneously.

(2) *Spherical aberration*, shown in the impossibility of getting a sharp image all over the plate without stopping down very severely. *Test*.—Focus a sheet of newspaper pinned on the wall; and see whether the letters are clearly cut to the edge of the ground glass.

(3) *Distortion*, or the contracting or expanding of parallel straight lines towards their extremities. *Test*.—Draw a square on a piece of card and measure the image. N.B.—A single meniscus landscape lens will distort, whether good or bad, and therefore should not be used for architectural subjects.

(4) *Non-actinic stain* in the lens. *Test*.—Place lens on white paper and note colour.

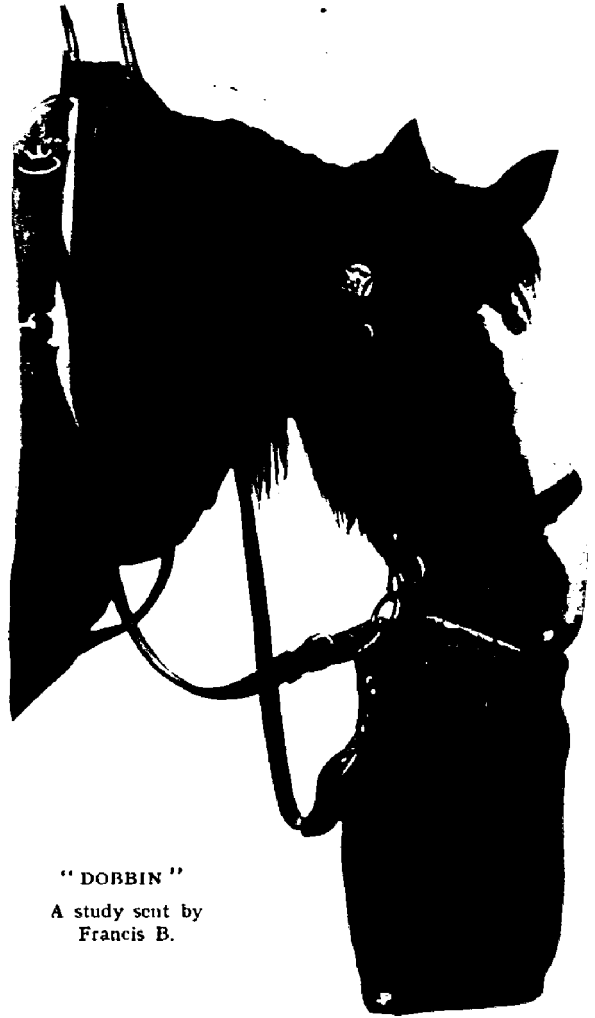
(5) *Flare*. *Test* with a lighted candle.

I might say much more about lenses, and their various excellences and defects; but probably the remarks already made will suffice to explain the why and wherefore of some troubles that appear mysterious, and how to correct or avoid them. You will also be helped to understand why a really first-class lens costs a stiff sum of money—it must be so carefully proportioned, finished, and tested. The best commercial profits are by no means made on the most expensive lenses; so that, if you buy a costly article, you probably get better value for your money than if you purchase a cheap one. My first camera had a double convex lens worth, at the outside, one penny. I gave 10s. for the outfit, and had luck about equal to the quality of the lens. This was, no doubt, partly due to the fact that I developed by daylight; though, as the camera leaked like an old barn, a little extra light on the subject probably made small difference. I afterwards transferred the lens to another camera, a smart affair with black paper bellows, which was light-tight enough to yield—thanks to my now riper experience—an evident

approach to a likeness of the human face divine. But the penny lens *never* gave a properly focused image, as it was absolutely faulty in every one of the five respects named above and several others as well.

LENSES AND *£ s. d.*

If you have only one guinea to spend on your camera complete, you evidently cannot give



"DOBBIN"

A study sent by
Francis B.

two or three pounds for the lens alone. I would, however, impress on you that, whether hand or stand work be your fancy, a good lens you must possess before you can hope to excel. It is to the photographer what an accurate rifle is to the Bisley crack; or a properly built boat to a rowing crew. Personal qualities, such as an artistic eye, perseverance, and method are very valuable, but they won't carry you beyond a certain point if they have bad tools as their partners. So to those who can afford a good lens I say, buy the best your means permit; and to the less wealthy brethren,

save up your pence till you too can get an achromatic, aplanatic—well, you know what. I must admit that many of the lenses supplied with quite cheap cameras are really wonderfully good considering their cost; and now and then excellent. It is when a lens is wanted for very fast work—one that will cover a plate sharply at $f/6$ or larger stops—that the money begins to tell.

CARE OF LENSES.

If a lens is carried separately, it should have a washleather bag set apart for its special use; and the cap should be kept on. Clean lenses with washleather; not with an ordinary handkerchief or duster, which might scratch the delicate surface. Also clean them *right up to the very edges*. There is a temptation to leave a ring one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch wide untouched, because the lens mount makes this ring rather hard to get at. A dusty lens is a slow lens.

FLOWER PHOTOGRAPHY.

The other day I picked up a copy of *Floral Photography*, which is No. 19 of an excellent series of little shilling manuals, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, E.C. Birds and other animals have been made subjects for the camera by Messrs. Kearton and others. Now flowers are having their turn; and if you are not acquainted with the possibilities of the garden and the hedgerow, the little book mentioned will both charm you

and encourage you to enter the ranks of "flower-graphers."

SOME ACCESSORIES.

I find in my letter-bag some small pamphlets sent by Messrs. Houghton of High Holborn. One refers to a neat little crusher for grinding up tablet developers. My own experience, not a very extensive one, I confess, with compressed chemicals, makes me think that a handy contrivance such as this is, for obviating the horrid process of smashing the tablets in a piece of paper, will be welcome to many amateurs.

The same firm also supplies a tank for stand developing. It takes twelve plates, and can be used for washing and fixing as well; though a separate tank for the latter process would be preferable. In my next article, I shall probably have something to say about stand development, which, with some modern developers, has come into favour. By-the-by, the crusher costs 2s., the tank and rack 3s. 6d. for quarter plate.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

G. S. S. sends in the following:—"A certain Lord S., fastening a camera to his gun, photographed two high-flying pheasants and then killed both right and left. The photograph was acknowledged by all to be perfectly plain."—Evidently snapshotting is literally true in two senses. I once read of a photographer "out West" shooting a desperado "sitter" through the lens-hole of his camera, while pretending to focus him. This will add another incident to my bag.

H. C. Maclaine.—I cannot find the name of any book devoted to the posing of subjects for portraits. But why not find out the best poses by experiment? You are more likely to succeed as a portrait-taker if you think things over for yourself; and you will perhaps work on more original lines. A good "poser" is one who has observed the effect of shading and lighting. The great thing to aim at is *naturalness*—no sham bookcases or "property" tables in the background—or foreground.

Peardrop.—To print your Brownie film on a sensitised postcard, get a printing-frame large enough for the card, and a piece of clean glass of equal size. First lay glass in frame; then the film—plain side next glass; then the postcard with sensitised surface to film. If card is a bromide, give it a few seconds' exposure in very subdued light. The proper time can be learnt only after trials.

Amy L. Allen.—I think that you had better not try selling your camera at all, for I am sure you wouldn't like to think that you had "sold" some unfortunate purchaser as well. Besides, it cost you nothing. I can recommend Messrs. J. Lancaster and Sons' "Le Merveilleux," which, with stand, costs 21s. You would have to get a "finder" fitted for hand work.



THE SMALLEST POST OFFICE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A snapshot in "The Bush" taken by Mr. Alfred Pearse during the Prince and Princess of Wales' Colonial Tour in 1902-3.

The Ruined Temple.

By DAVID KER.

ILLUSTRATED BY

R. CATON WOODVILLE.

"SAHIB, this is the temple of the Terrible One—and we are all dead men!"

So spoke, with a look and tone of abject terror, strangely at variance with his bold and martial appearance, a tall, wiry Hindu, the first of a group of four men (an Englishman and three natives) who had just reached the crest of one of the endless ridges of the Eastern Ghauts, that noble mountain range which stretches like a wall along the whole east side of Southern India, just as the Western Ghauts do on the west.

The object that had so dismayed their guide was nothing very terrific at first sight, being merely the angle of a ruined building, which peered out at them through a mass of twining creepers and clustering trees. It was surmounted with a kind of turret, or rather hollowed cupola, elaborately carved in quaint Oriental style, though time and weather had made sad havoc of these decorations.

But had this seemingly harmless ruin been a hungry tiger or a battery of loaded cannon, it could scarcely have had a more startling effect on Badha Singh and his two native comrades, brave as they had shown themselves till then.

"A ruined temple, eh?" said the Englishman, who was the only one of the four that seemed quite undisturbed. "Well, I dare say that will do well enough for what I want. Put down the things here, boys, and bring that copper wire along."

The two coolies exchanged glances of silent dismay as they set down the packages



"HAVE PITY ON US,
PROTECTOR OF THE POOR!"

which they were carrying, and then the elder of the two said timidly:

"What is my lord about to do?"

"To fix this wire on the wall of that temple," said Dr. Smart, "and I want you two to help me."

Instantly both men were crouching at his feet.

"Have pity on us, protector of the poor! Thou art our father and our mother—bid us not do that which is impossible. Not for all the treasures of Sultan Suleimaun (King Solomon) would we go one step nearer to yon ruin!"

"To think," muttered the professor, "that men who really *are* courageous should be such idiots! Come *thou* then, Badha Singh," added he to the guide, "for I know that thou fearest naught on earth."

"The Sahib hath spoken wisdom," said the mountain man gravely. "It is a true word that I fear naught on earth, but how

shall I face that which is *not* of earth? Thither will I not go, whatever betide."

"Queer fellows," said the scientist, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I suppose, then, I must just do the job myself, which is, after all, the best way to get a thing properly done."

And, picking up a small roll of copper wire that one of his coolies had just laid down, he went straight toward the ruined temple. But, when he was able to get a full view of it, even the unemotional man of science was fain to admit that such a place, if seen by night instead of by day, would certainly have gone far to account for the superstitious terror of his followers.

Above him rose the towering wall, now standing out white and bare and ghastly in the blazing tropical sunshine, now half buried in coiling creepers; and here and there some ponderous fragment of masonry, upheld only by the matted mass of vegetation, hung frowning overhead in grisly menace. Broken pillars, defaced sculptures, cornices half hidden with slimy moss, distorted trees forcing their way through mouldering walls—look where he would, all was grim and voiceless desolation.

But even more frightful than this scene of utter ruin was the aspect of the one wall that had escaped uninjured, on which were sculptured all the foul and monstrous creations of Hindu superstition. There Vishnu, with gaping jaws that seemed to thirst for blood, whirled his destroying mace amid the monsters that gnashed and gibbered around him. There bristled the grisly weapons of primeval warfare, brandished by the countless arms of the hundred-handed giant Bali, grim warder of the nether world. There Parvati, trampling on the writhing form of a human victim, tossed her streaming hair in the contortions of a hideous dance. There the giant figures of Brahma and Shiva, in all the terrors of their barbaric panoply, scowled down upon the intruder in silent, eternal menace; and all around them were ramping bulls, and coiling snakes, and ravening tigers, and other shapes more monstrous still, never seen on earth save in the mis-creating fancies of Eastern idolatry.

"There may be something after all," muttered Dr. Smart, with a meaning glance around him, "in what these fellows tell me of so many men having disappeared just here, and having never been seen again; for this is just the very spot to be a den of robbers!"

But our practical professor was not the man to be turned from his purpose by either earthly or supernatural terrors. In a trice he had clambered up the trelliswork of creepers, and made fast his wire to the top of the wall, while his native attendants watched him from a distance with unspeakable horror; and then, climbing nimbly down again, he carried the other end of the wire through a gap in the crumbling masonry, right into the temple itself.

But as he entered it, even *he* started back for a moment: for all at once there seemed to spring up right in front of him—doubly horrible amid the cheerless twilight of the shadowy interior—the huge idol of Bhairava, the "lord of terror" and destruction, with pitch-black face, lolling red tongue and fiery eyes, necklace of human bones, and the half-gnawed skull clutched in the blood-stained claws of his extended hand.

But the stout-hearted Englishman only laughed at his own momentary "scare," and, as if in sheer defiance of it, deliberately fixed the end of his wire to the pedestal of the monstrous image.

Hardly had he done so when he felt himself clutched from behind in a grasp of iron!

At the same instant there came a wild yell from without—then a confused clamour of mingled outcries, a clashing of weapons, two shots fired in quick succession—and then all was still.

Dr. Smart's first idea, naturally enough, was that he had fallen into the hands of some of those robbers of whom he had just been speaking; and this conclusion seemed amply confirmed by the savage appearance of the dusky, fierce-eyed, shaggy-haired goblins that came swarming about him as he lay bound at the foot of the great idol.

But one glance at the strange mark rudely painted on their low foreheads told him that his case was even worse than this, and that he was the prisoner of a tribe of fierce hill-men who, even under British rule, contrived to carry on by stealth the sanguinary worship of their god, and the barbarous human sacrifices that formed a leading and terrible part of it. This being so, it seemed but too certain that the adventurous professor and his followers were indeed—in the words of their guide's gloomy prophecy—"all dead men." But a gleam of hope came to him a moment later, when the two coolies were brought in as prisoners by the rest of

the Paharris (hill-men), from whose excited talk he gathered that the daring guide had burst his way through them all, and, having slain or mortally wounded two of their best warriors, had made good his escape.

This was good news indeed ; for Dr. Smart knew well that this trusty fellow would lose no time in giving the alarm, and that help was not so far distant but that it might come in time to save him yet.

storm cometh upon us? We, who dwell in these hills, have seen no sign of it ; and think'st thou that thine eyes are keener than the eyes of the Paharris ? ”

“ Have I not said that I am a magician ? ” coldly answered the professor, who had not been studying his portable barometer for nothing. “ I tell ye that the storm is at hand, and woe to them on whom it falls ! It is enough—I have spoken.”



“ THINK'ST THOU THAT THINE EYES ARE KEENER THAN THE EYES OF THE PAHARRIS ? ”

Fortified with this assurance, and knowing that his only chance was to put a bold face on the matter, he spoke as sternly and commandingly as if his captors were already at his mercy.

“ How have ye dared to touch *me*, ye unholy ones ? Know ye not that I am a magician, and that they who lift hand against me are the sons of unhappy fathers ? Set me and my men free straightway, ere the storm burst that shall destroy ye all ! ”

The savages looked confounded—as, in truth, they well might—and one who seemed to be the chief replied with a forced laugh which very ill disguised his uneasiness :

“ How sayest thou, O Christian, that a

The Paharris, visibly impressed, held a brief conference among themselves, after which the two captured coolies were dragged off in one direction, while Dr. Smart himself was led away in another, and lowered through a narrow opening into a small, gloomy vault underneath the temple.

The doctor's first care, when thus left alone, was to free himself from his bonds, which, having been hastily and carelessly tied, did not hold him so tight but that he at length managed to wriggle out one hand, after which it was easy enough to set himself free altogether. This done, the next thing was to make a thorough survey of his prison ; for he knew well that in India all ruined

buildings are wont to be alive with venomous snakes. But, as his eyes became used to the faint light, he perceived with no small satisfaction that not a sign of any snake was to be seen.

Reassured on this point, he began to pile up the fallen stones that lay thickly around him, in the hope that he might thus be able to reach the hole in the roof, and to crawl out through it. But he soon saw that the highest heap which he could raise would not bring even his finger-tips within a foot of the opening.

His toil, however, was not wholly in vain; for, when perched on the top of his rubbish-heap, he found his face just level with a crack in the masonry, through which he could see as well as hear all that was going on in the temple itself.

What was going on in it just then was a kind of council among the savages, who were grouped around the great idol. The chief speaker seemed to be a horrid-looking old hobgoblin with one eye, who appeared to be the priest of the temple; and though Dr. Smart could not succeed in catching every word that was said, he heard quite enough to gather from it that the subject of debate before this primitive parliament was which of their three captives should be slain that evening at sunset as a sacrifice to the god, and that the choice had fallen upon *himself*!

Sunset came at last, and with it came—to the no small dismay of the superstitious hill-men—the unmistakable signs of that avenging storm which the “white magician” had foretold.

Long ere the sun had actually gone down, he was blotted out by the rising of a vast, gloomy storm-cloud, which hid the whole western sky as if with a wall of black marble; and against the deepening gloom stood out with ghastly distinctness two narrow streaks of livid light, like the eyelet-holes of a monstrous mask. All was deadly still; not a bird chirped, not a leaf rustled. It seemed as if all nature were holding its breath at the approach of something terrible.

All at once a fierce red glare tore up the darkening sky from east to west, as if some mighty furnace door had been flung open and instantly shut again. Then followed a clap of thunder like the crash of a hundred pieces of brass cannon all fired at once—and the storm was upon them in its might.

Mingled with the howling and shrieking

of the gale through the gapped and mouldering walls, came the fierce hiss of the lashing rain, and the ceaseless crash of great boughs torn from the tossing forest and whirled far away into the air, while the lightning flamed incessantly over the whole sky, and the thunder roared and banged like the ceaseless cannonade of a great battle, which all the surrounding hills echoed and re-echoed as if it would never end.

“It is the white wizard’s magic that hath raised this storm against us,” faltered one of the trembling savages, who could hardly see each other’s faces as they gathered round their grim idol for the sacrifice. “Remember ye not, brothers, how he foretold its coming? Let us set the magician free straightway, ere worse come of it!”

“Fools!” cried the ferocious priest, with a scream like a vulture’s, “think ye that any magic can prevail against the power of Bhairava, the lord of terror? Drag the victim hither quickly, I tell ye, and—”

That sentence was never completed. A blaze that seemed to set the whole sky on fire—a deafening thunder-clap—a crash as if the earth itself were split in twain, as idol and temple came crashing down together on their savage worshippers—and then all was still.

Dr. Smart (who had been all but struck dead by a huge stone that came flying through the opening above him) easily guessed that it was the copper wire, which he had fixed to the temple wall for a very different experiment, that had brought down the lightning upon his would-be murderers; but, so far as *he* was concerned, their destruction did not seem to have mended the case one whit. His dungeon was buried fathom-deep beneath the ruins of the fallen temple, and, to all appearance, he had escaped the sacrificer’s knife only to perish by the lingering agony of thirst and famine.

But just as even the hardy scientist was beginning to give himself up for lost, he heard, or thought he heard, the distant sound of an English halloo!

He shouted with all his might—and it seemed to him that his call was answered. Again he hallooed with the full power of his lungs; and this time there could be no doubt about it—there *was* an answering shout, faint indeed, but still too plain to be mistaken. Presently steps and voices were heard approaching; and then came the rumble and clatter of stones and rubbish

being flung aside, and all at once the adventurous professor found himself (he hardly knew how) standing in the free air once more, with his two rescued coolies beside him, and a ring of British soldiers all around.

"Close shave, doctor," said the young officer in command of the party. "We got a fine fright, I can tell you, when Badha Singh here turned up with the news that you had been picked up by those cut-throats; and off we set at once, hot-foot, to try if

we could come up in time to save you. But after such a lesson as this, I should think the beggars will take jolly good care to let you alone for the future."

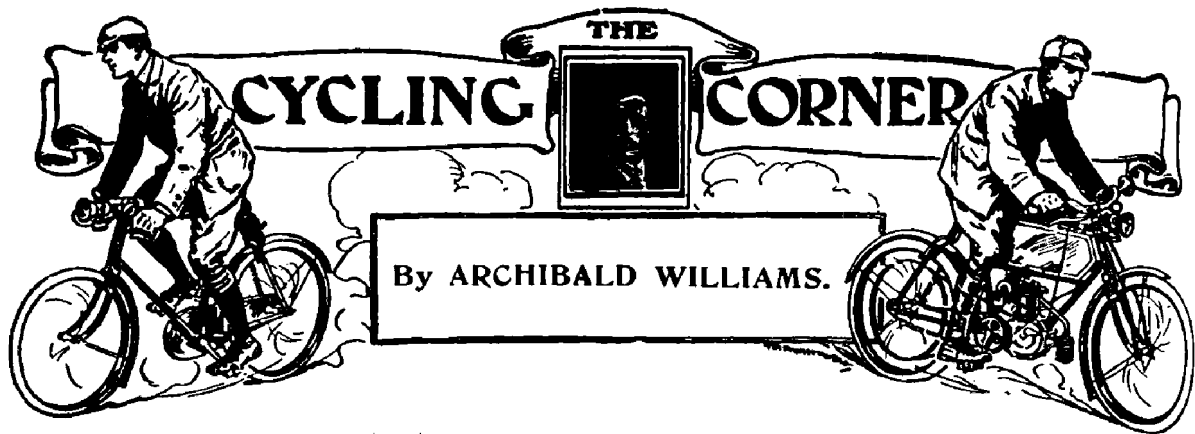
And, in fact, the only Paharri who had survived that harvest of death spread abroad such terrific stories of the great white magician's powers of destruction, that in all Dr. Smart's subsequent journeys through that wild region he was as safe as if he had had an army at his back.



KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

THIS shame of being thought poor is not only dishonourable in itself, and fatally injurious to men of talent; but it is ruinous even in a *pecuniary* point of view, and equally destructive to farmers, traders, and even gentlemen of landed estate. It leads to everlasting efforts to *disguise one's poverty*; the carriage, the servants, the wine (oh, that fatal wine!), the spirits, the decanters, the glasses, all the table apparatus, the dress, the horses, the dinners, the parties, all must be kept up; not so much because he or she who keeps or gives them has any pleasure arising therefrom, as because not to keep and give them, would give rise to a suspicion of *the want of means* so to keep and give; and thus thousands upon thousands are yearly brought into a state of real poverty by their great *anxiety not to be thought poor*. Look round you, mark well what you behold, and say if this be not the case. In how many instances have you seen most amiable and even most industrious families brought to ruin by nothing but this! Mark it well; resolve to set this false shame at defiance, and when you have done that, you have laid the first stone of the surest foundation of your future tranquillity of mind.

COBBETT'S *Advice to a Young Man*.



CYCLE CHANGE-SPEED GEARS.

IF I were asked to write a history of cycling, I should choose the following as the headings of my chapters:

- (1) The invention of the rotating pedal.
- (2) The boneshaker.
- (3) The rubber tyre.
- (4) The high bicycle.
- (5) The roller bearing.
- (6) The safety cycle.
- (7) The ball bearing.
- (8) The pneumatic tyre.
- (9) The free-wheel.
- (10) The rim-brake.
- (11) The change-speed gear.

The progress of cycling is summed up in this series of innovations. It is now surprising, not to say amusing, that each improvement had so cold a welcome. How people laughed at the old "Kangaroo"—the first safety! How they jeered at the idea of riding on a tube of air! How they prophesied trouble to the cyclist who rolled on ball bearings! How they protested that a rim brake would pull wheels into the shape of an egg; that the free wheel would mean broken necks; and so on! Even in this year of grace, conservatism raises its head to wonder what is the good of a change-speed gear.

Yet any one with eyes sees clearly enough that this latest development of cycle mechanism will leave as deep a mark on the pastime as did the pneumatic tyre. Nearly every month a new gear is put on the market; and the factories are turning out the established types in large quantities.

Among the questions that come to me, I often find one relating to the change-gear, so I shall devote this article to the subject.

ARE CHANGE-GEARS COMPLICATED ?

As compared with the plain fixed-speed hub they are; but as pieces of mechanism they are

very simple, if put side by side with many devices which we use unhesitatingly in our daily life, *e.g.*, the sewing machine and the telephone. The three-speed gear contains, of course, more parts than the two-speed; yet, as in all cases the components are nothing more than a few cogs, a few ball races, a spring, and some steel pins, all of which are made, after much experimenting, of well-tempered metal by perfect machinery, we need have little fear of trouble arising from bad manufacture or bad design. A breakdown is generally due to carelessness or ignorance on the part of the user. The critical moment for a change-gear comes when the change lever is moved and one set of teeth is thrown into engagement with another set. But as this operation can be, and should be, performed when the rider has ceased pedalling, the strain on the teeth is theoretically very small.

ARE CHANGE-GEARS USEFUL ?

Supposing a man has to lift a weight from the bottom of a well by means of a windlass fitted with two gears. He finds that if he uses the higher gear he gets the weight up rather more quickly, but that he is more exhausted; whereas the lower gear, though it makes the lift a more tedious affair, keeps him fresh and fit to repeat the business over and over again.

Suppose, again, that the weight to be lifted is halved. Does the man continue to use the low gear? Of course not. He knows it would be a waste of time to do so.

Not far off is a second well and a second worker who, though his load varies also, has only a plain, ungeared windlass. So you hear him grumbling, now that the load is too much, now that the windlass is too slow. If you had to replace one of these men, for which of the two would you act as substitute? For the first. I feel sure.

The same changing relations of speed and power to work to be done are constantly occurring on the road. The heavy load is represented by your body when you have to force it up a hill; the light load by the same when travelling on the flat.

THE IDEAL GEAR

would be one which would enable you to keep the driving effort unaltered under all conditions; leaving the rate of progress entirely dependent on the nature of the road. Up the steepest hills you would crawl at, perhaps, only five miles an hour; and down the same you could, if you wished, touch twenty miles, or more, doing advantageous work all the time.

With the two-speed and three-speed gears now marketed, this desirable state of things cannot be attained, though it certainly is approached. You are *practically* given two or three cycles of different gears, and the power of changing from one to another by the movement of a lever. At the foot of an incline your low-geared mount waits for you. At the top, one much speedier. When you are on the level again, you can, perhaps, command a third, best suited to horizontal travel.

A fixed gear is frequently at fault. If just right for easy riding, that is, if it sends you bowling merrily along the flat without much effort, you are often brought to your feet on the hills or against a head wind. Whereas, with a gentle slope or strong wind in your favour, the legs become tired of moving at a pace much above the normal, and you imperceptibly slacken down. This brings me to a point which some people overlook, viz., that a change-speed gear is

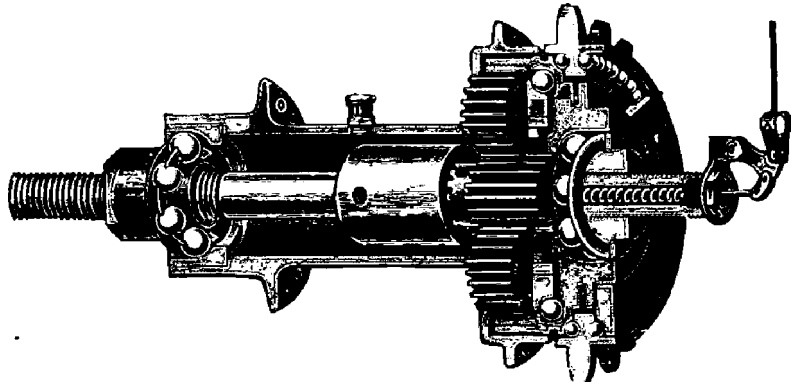
VALUABLE IN TWO WAYS.

First, it helps you to overcome difficulties; secondly, it enables you to take advantage of opportunities. Advertisements and criticisms of the gears often draw your attention to the first consideration only.

Some months ago I was riding a cycle geared to 49, 73, and 110 in. I put it at a very steep hill and wound myself up at eight miles an hour on the 49 gear. With an ordinary machine

I have to walk this bit at three miles an hour. But what struck me even more than the climbing power was the ease with which, on the level, one could use the 110 gear. It was delightful, making a slow, steady stroke, and yet covering a mile every four minutes. On the slightest decline the pace quickened to twenty, and when descending a really good slope I could have made a show against a powerful motor cycle.

Another day I rode ten miles out against a



THE "FAGAN" TWO-SPEED HUB.

The collar (with the hole in it) on the spindle is fixed. The central cog can slide to the left into it, or to the right into the disc driven by the chain cog. The "planet" cogs, at top and bottom, rotate on pins projecting from the hub shell (which moves the spokes). To get the high gear the control cog is pulled to the right and made solid with the sprocket plate, which has internal teeth to grip the "planet" cogs at points furthest from the spindle. Sprocket and cogs and hub-shell then turn solidly. To get low gear the central cog is shifted to the left. The sprocket wheel then revolves faster than the hub shell, and the lower gear is in action.

stiff breeze and home again. During the first half of the journey the highest gear remained idle, but the lowest did good service on the inclines. When I turned about I kept to the 110 all the time, rattling along at a glorious rate. I was able to take full advantage of the favouring wind.

When conditions are propitious, but the gear low,

THE MERE MOVEMENT OF THE LEGS

is fatiguing. With the old fixed wheel how often we had to cock up our feet on the rests because a down-grade made pedal-chasing exhausting work! One of the most tiring day's riding I ever did was with a gale astern, which pushed me along at such a rate that my 65 fixed gear fairly buzzed. It was impossible to go slowly without a sensation of putting the brake on all the time. I may mention that on the preceding day I had wrestled with the same breeze for about twenty miles, and should have been thankful for a 45 gear, as I had to fall off every half mile to recruit my energies.

PROPORTIONS OF GEARS.

The possibility of having two or more gears has been the cause of much heart-searching among cyclists; and every now and then I get evidence of it in the shape of the question: "What changes do you recommend?"

I will first consider two-speed gears. In the "Hub" and the "Fagan" gears the high-speed is solid, *i.e.*, the hub and sprocket turn as a whole, being locked together by internal mechanism; while with the low-speed the drive is transmitted from the chain sprocket wheel to the hub shell (in which the spokes are fixed) through intermediate cogs, which cause a certain amount of friction.

Now, you have to make up your mind as to whether the high or the low shall be the gear normally used. If the high, then you have power up your sleeve to tackle the hills and head winds; if the low, then you will be able to make better pace on the flat or on slopes and with the wind astern. From a purely mechanical point of view it is decidedly preferable to use the solid gear as much as possible, since there is less friction and less wear and tear of parts when employing it. And for another reason it is better to make the high speed the normal gear, *viz.*, that it is more desirable to spare yourself fatigue than to increase pace. If you can only keep fresh, your average speed will be decidedly higher. You may not often need the low gear, but when you do need it, you may need it "mighty bad," as the Texan cowboy said of his revolver.

Having this reserve of power for the inclines, you can afford a few inches more for your normal gear than would be advisable with a fixed gear. If you have been used to a 66-in. gear, you might advantageously select 75 and 57 for your change hub. This will be about the figure for the average male rider. Ladies, who have their dresses to reckon with, and males who wish to take things quietly, would perhaps prefer a combination of 68 and 52; while exceptionally strong riders might find 81 and 61 more to their taste. You must understand that

THE RATIO OF THE GEARS IS CONSTANT;

the "Hub" and "Fagan" dropping 23.8 per cent. The actual difference in inches depends on the ratio of the large chain sprocket to the small chain sprocket. Thus, with a 28-in. wheel, if your large sprocket has twenty-eight teeth and the small one thirteen teeth, the gears are 60 and 46. Substitute a 40-tooth sprocket for the 28-tooth, and the gears rise

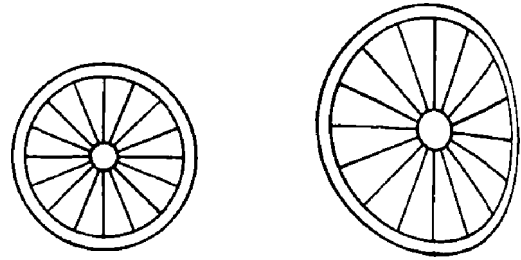


FIG. 1.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN IN "HUB" AND "FAGAN" HUBS. RATIO 76.2 : 100 INCHES.

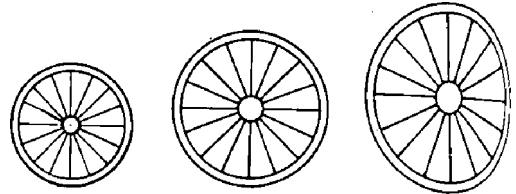


FIG. 2.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW, MIDDLE, AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN WITH STURMEV-ARCHER HUB. RATIOS 80 : 100 : 125 INCHES.

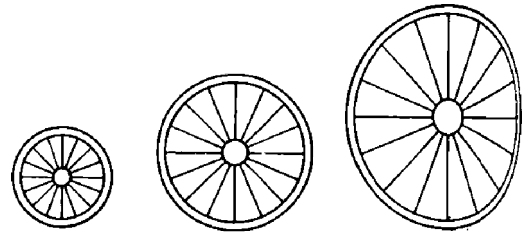


FIG. 3.—SHOWING PROPORTIONS OF LOW, MIDDLE, AND HIGH GEARS GIVEN WITH THE PEDERSEN HUB. RATIOS 66 2/3 : 100 : 150 INCHES.

to 86 and 65. The mechanism of the hub is unchanged; what you *have* altered is the multiplication of the drive.

THREE-SPEED GEARS.

In these the middle is the solid gear, and should be the same as you have been accustomed to as your fixed gear. The two rival hubs on the market giving three speeds are the "Sturmev-Archer" and the "Pedersen." Fixing 100 as the central gear, the proportions are as follows:

Sturmev-Archer	125 High
	100 Middle
	80 Low
Pedersen	150 High
	100 Middle
	66 Low

There has been a vast amount of correspondence in the cycling journals over the relative values of these gears; some people considering the

Sturmev-Archer not sufficiently variable, others regarding the Pedersen changes as too great. The fact is that every gear with fixed ratios is naturally imperfect, and while the Sturmev-Archer might be preferable in undulating or almost flat country, the Pedersen might show to better advantage in very hilly districts.

Of one thing, however, we may be certain—that three speeds are better than two, just as two are better than one. Those who can afford the extra expense should indulge in a three-speeder.

THE PROPER FUNCTION OF A CHANGE-GEAR

(I say it again) is to save effort rather than to increase pace. Let every novice remember this. As he approaches a hill he should throw in the low gear while the machine still has sufficient momentum to carry it forward during the change, when pedalling should cease for an instant. The change made, the rate of pedalling *must not be hurried* merely because the resistance is less. If you try to *rush* up a hill on your low gear, you will lose all the advantage of the change. Never mind if a companion on a higher fixed gear gets away from you. He may be at the top first, but he has paid dearly for his lead. After a dozen stiff hills, you will be the fresher man (*ceteris paribus*), and be able to run him off his legs on the flat. It is the *misuse* of a change gear that has lowered its value in the eyes of many people. Take a lesson from the car driver who, when he throws in a lower gear on a hill, does not run his engine at its highest number of revolutions per minute in the endeavour to get up the hill in the shortest possible time. No! he doesn't ratchet the machinery all to pieces, but is content with a speed proportionate to the gear.

ADJUSTMENT OF CHANGE-SPEED GEARS.

It is very important that the levers and cables operating the gears should be properly adjusted. If they are not, damage to the gear teeth may result. Directions for adjustment cannot be given here; and if you are not conversant with the action of the mechanism you should apply to an expert, or get a booklet of instructions from the makers of the gear.

I hope that what has been said will set readers' minds at rest on the question of change gears. If any of you are interested in the purely mechanical side of these devices, I would refer you to an article from my pen which appeared in *Technics*, March 1905.

Vol. XIII.—43.

A CURIOUS ADDRESS.

Messrs. Humber send me the following as an address on a letter which reached them some time ago. "32 holborn viaduct london e c beeston notts Coventry wolverhampton." The gentleman (we presume a foreigner) who thus ornamented the envelope, believed in doing a thing thoroughly; and may compare with the third-form boy who writes on the first page of a book (generally one that he would lose with pleasure), "H. Jones, Harton College, Blankshire, England, World, Universe."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. V. Matthews.—I like to see you stand up for your town, and am sorry if I have trodden on toes. My opinion is based upon a week's residence and on the verdict of an old inhabitant; but perhaps we were both prejudiced by our acquaintance with large towns.

A. J. Jarvis.—(1) The cycle is a good one and quite reliable. (2) Gears rather too high; 60 and 80 would be much more serviceable for all-round work. (3) Yes! I think everybody will use the change-gear soon. (4) Paraffin contains water, and if left on steel causes rust. (5) You must carry a bell, *and ring it* when approaching a pedestrian or vehicle from behind. I was once prosecuted for not giving warning. The charge, under the particular circumstances, was ridiculous, but I had to pay 9s. (6) I prefer the Fagan.

Badger.—There is no "best" bicycle; but many really excellent makes are on the market. The R.W. is one of these.

H. W. Price.—I am afraid I cannot give you the name of the green enamel you refer to, or its price. I would remind you, however, that enamels used by cycle makers is hardened by "stoving," an operation which can be performed only with proper apparatus. Probably any good local maker would be able to give you the information you require.

Captainite.—Cut across to Reigate and follow a route through Horsham, Petworth, Midhurst, Winchester, Salisbury, Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Chard, Honiton, Exeter. For the rest I should advise you to get a good guide to Devonshire and study diligently the places of interest in that county. You ought to do the North Coast and Exmoor; and also the South Coast. You will need a gear fit for plenty of hill-climbing.

De Dion.—As I have never been over all the country between Huddersfield and Southampton, I can only suggest the following route: Huddersfield, Penistone, Sheffield, Chesterfield, Derby, Tamworth, Coventry, Southam, Banbury, Oxford, Newbury, Whitchurch, Winchester, Southampton. This is almost straight and would take you through many places of interest and pretty country.

A. W. D.—The detachable motor device you refer to is not one I can recommend. Better go in for a proper motor cycle. It would probably be cheaper in the long run, and certainly would be more satisfactory. We return photos entered for competitions if stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,


Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are kept in durance vile until they make their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "fibustiers," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving in Carlisle Bay, Baywood hears that information concerning his disappearance from Boston has been received by the Reverend Everlasting Fishe, the pastor of Ebenezer, a town situated some ten miles inland. Hoping to gain news of his people at home from Mr. Fishe, Baywood and a young English friend named Jeffrey Horton set out on mules for Ebenezer. Arrived opposite the pastor's dwelling, the mules shoot their riders off into the road, and it is whilst they are sitting in the dust that the Rev. Mr. Fishe makes their acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIII.

WE ARE ENTERTAINED BY THE REVEREND
EVERLASTING FISHE.

 R. FISHE had observed our mishap from his parlour window, and in a moment he came forth and said courteously, yet smiling, "Gentlemen, you arrive somewhat hastily and unceremoniously, yet I bid you welcome. Will you not arise and enter my poor house? Your mules, I see, have already found their way to the stable."

We rose from the earth, and thanking Master Fishe for his hospitality entered the house. It was a large house and comfortable, according to West Indian notions, though it was different indeed from the noble structures of stone or brick which adorn English towns, being long and low, built of wood plastered over and whitewashed; while a broad verandah, as they call it, ran round the building so that the inhabitants might enjoy the air without being exposed to the heat of the sun. The furniture within consorted not well with the building, being plain, solid, and heavy, having furnished Mr. Fishe's parsonage in England in old days. Mr. Fishe conducted us to a room

where we washed ourselves and brushed a reasonable quantity of dust from our clothes and hats; and afterwards we went into his parlour and refreshed ourselves with a draught of small beer.

"And now, sirs," said Mr. Fishe, "having refreshed yourselves may I beg to know your names, and how and wherefore you come hither? I see by your apparel that you are of the godly sort."

"We came hither, sir," said Jeffrey, "on two mules of unruly behaviour; and we must ask your pardon for our unmannerly entrance into your presence. My name is Horton, and I am from the town of Bristowe."

"A godly town," said Master Fishe.

"As for me, sir," said I, "I believe that you already know somewhat of me. If I am not misinformed, Master Longwynd, our minister in Boston in New England, hath written letters to you in my behalf. My name is Baywood."

Mr. Fishe's friendly manner instantly became cold.

"If you are young John Baywood," he said, "my excellent friend Nathaniel Longwynd hath indeed written to me concerning you; and I grieve to say that it is no good report that he hath written."

"Sir, I assure you——" I began in much confusion.

"Fie, young man, fie upon you! To run away from home and friends, and for what reason? Why, truly, to escape from the just punishment of your levity and excesses!"

"Under your favour, reverend sir,——"

"Nay, nay, do not attempt to excuse thyself—that will but make matters the worse. Young blood is hot, and there are some natures so gross, so far from grace, that they will do anything rather than endure shame, even though it be for the reformation of their manners. Alas, young man, alas! To think that thou, the son of godly parents, one also that hath listened (I trust with attention) many a time to the exhortations of my good friend Nathaniel Longwynd, shouldst grow up so uncomely a plant! Tell me, O young man,



"GENTLEMEN, YOU ARRIVE SOMEWHAT HASTILY AND UNCEREMONIOUSLY,
YET I BID YOU WELCOME."

how came the tares among the wheat? and why didst thou utterly abhor the precious seed and nourish weeds in lieu thereof? Why, O why——"

The reverend gentleman was now fairly seated upon his hobby-horse, and where his ride would end none could tell. I, therefore, made so bold as to break in upon his discourse and to say in a loud voice:

"Worthy sir, you are on a wrong tack, since I did not run away from home, but was kidnapped and carried off against my will. I

did but think to visit you in all peace and friendliness, to ask if perchance you could give me news of my kinsfolk and friends; but as it seems you have naught to give me except chiding, which I have not deserved, why, my friend and I have had our ride for nothing, and we will even bid you a good-day and depart as we came."

"Nay, my young friend, be not so hasty. I have no wish to reproach thee; yet if it be true that thou wast kidnapped as thou sayest. I can but say that it happened in an evil hour

for thy good fame. Thy worthy father lamenteth over thy backsliding in sackcloth and ashes."

"Will you tell me, sir, how my father fares?" said I.

"At the date of my friend Mr. Longwynd's last letter he was well, but life is very uncertain. The letter is now some months old, and who can tell what may have chanced since then? Our days are indeed as it were and in a manner of speaking but a span long."

"True, sir. Yet I hope we may say that no news is good news. And my sister, and—and—my other friends and neighbours—can you give me news of them?"

"No; yet I doubt not that they are well, for my friend tells me that the season hath been a healthy one. But now as touching this kidnapping, thy story seemeth an unlikely one, yet should I rejoice and even sing for joy could I write to thy friends in New England and tell them that it was not of thine own will that thou camest away from home."

"Sir," I answered, "there is one in the island who could speak for me, for he is himself the man that kidnapped me. I doubt not that he would tell you whether I speak the truth or no."

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Fishe. "We must see to it that he be punished. We live here under the laws of King and Parliament, and the fellow must be taken at once. I am a magistrate, or justice, and I will myself make out a warrant."

"If it please you, sir," said I, "the man hath treated me well, save in that one point of carrying me off, and even as to that he was in a manner deceived by another."

"Well?" said Mr. Fishe.

"If you would be pleased to guarantee him from harm I will bring him here, and I am sure that he will speak out."

"Hum!" said Mr. Fishe. "That looks like compounding a felony. I must think of it. Meanwhile here is my daughter coming to tell us that dinner is ready, and ye must dine with me, gentlemen; for, runaway or no runaway, a friend of my old companion, Nathaniel Longwynd, shall not go hence fasting. Shall I trouble you to walk this way?"

So saying Mr. Fishe carried us into another room, where a plentiful repast was spread, and where his two daughters, Jemima and Athaliah, were awaiting us. They were damsels already past their youth, and pale, as if the climate agreed not well with them; yet they were courteous, and Jeffrey and I soon became very friendly with them. Master

Fishe himself was not one of the sour, harsh sort that so many of the scrupulous were; he was fond of a pipe and bottle, and could sing a good song. During dinner Jeffrey and I entertained our host and hostesses with stories of our captivity among the buccaneers; and they were greatly horrified at the cruelties and heathenish customs of these men.

"To make men work on the Sabbath!" cried Athaliah. "What wickedness! Why doth not some great calamity overwhelm the ungodly wretches?"

"They are blinded Papists," said Jemima. "What better can be expected from idolaters?"

"My master, Lepasteur, said he was a Protestant," said I.

"I do not believe it," said Mr. Fishe. "I have known French Protestants and have found them to be holy men."

The afternoon passed in such talk, and in singing of catches and glees, as well as of Psalms as a salve to Mr. Fishe's conscience. It was pleasant to Jeffrey and me to be once more in the company of good people and of modest women, although they might be, to our notions, somewhat stricken in years. Towards five of the clock we had to mount our mules once more and rout out our slaves from the kitchen, so that we might be at Carlisle Bay by nightfall; and as we departed Master Fishe gave us his blessing and begged us to see him again soon.

When I told the Captain of what had passed he said:

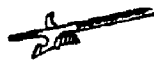
"Jack, I must set thee right with yonder sky-pilot. Thou and I will ride thither tomorrow and I will tell him the truth."

"Beware, Captain," said I. "He is a justice, and he may send you to England in bonds, if nothing worse."

"I am not afraid," said the Captain. "Now I have a piece of news for thee. Old Prickett, who seemeth to be an honest enough man, hath chartered the ship, and purposeth to send her on a voyage to England."

"And what say the ship's company to that, Captain?" said I.

"This morning, after thou and Horton had ridden off," said the Captain, "I fell in with Mr. Tonks, who was feeling very sick and sorry for himself. Being yet early, I thought that some of our scoundrels might by chance be sober; and I bade Tonks collect such of them as he could find and bring them to me at Prickett's store. He got some half-dozen of them together, who were as sober as could reasonably be desired. I believed that I should have had difficulty with them; but since the



troubles began in England between King and Parliament, and there is a chance of fighting and plunder, the men are all agog to risk the constables and go home. What dost thou say to it, Jack ?”

“I will go where you go, Captain. Doubtless I can get a ship in England that will take me home. When are we to sail ?”

“As soon as our friend Prickett can get his cargo together ; may be, three weeks hence. Well, as I was saying, as soon as I put the question to the men they rose with one accord and said they would go home. I do not think that there is one of them that dare show his face in England in time of peace, but in time of hard blows men are not curious to inquire after clippers and coiners. So, my lad, in a few weeks we shall be on our way to Merry England.”

Next day the Captain and I mounted mules and jogged off to Ebenezer, the Captain clad in a richly-laced coat, waistcoat and hat, for he thought it due to his dignity to be in brave clothes when he went ashore. We rode gravely up to Mr. Fishe’s door.

“Reverend sir, I salute you,” said the Captain, “and you, fair ladies, I kiss your hands.”

The old minister and his daughters were something abashed to see this magnificent man bowing low and sweeping the ground with the feathers in his hat ; but they bade us welcome and begged us to enter.

“One moment, sir,” said the Captain. “Before I presume to enter your house I must tell you that I have a thing on my soul. I beg you to ease me of my burthen. Hear my confession and shrive me.”

“Sir,” said Mr. Fishe, half flattered and half displeased, “you are making a mistake. I am not a Popish priest.”

“I know that well, sir, and I am no Papist, though I have lived much amongst them and have caught their trick of speech. But I know you to be a godly and well-disposed minister, and you will at least hear my tale and give me your counsel.”

“Gladly, gladly,” said Mr. Fishe. “God forbid that I should turn away any burthened soul from my door !”

“I thank you much,” said the Captain.

“One thing more I must ask of your goodness, and that is that you will consider what passes between us as being secret.”

“That I promise at once,” said Mr. Fishe.

“I am not one to talk abroad of anything that passes in my study. Come this way, sir. John Baywood. I must leave you to the entertainment of my daughters.”

Captain Skeffington went with Master Fishe to a small chamber called the study, and there told the whole story of how he had been deceived by Zephaniah Eccles, and how he had in consequence trepanned me on board the *Good Hope* and carried me off to sea.

“This is a hanging matter,” said Mr. Fishe, when the Captain had finished.

“I know it, worthy sir,” said the Captain, “and glad am I to get it off my conscience.”

“It is my duty to deliver you to the constable.”

“Upon what charge, sir ?”

“Upon what charge ? Why, upon the charge of the thing which you have confessed to me.”

“Under seal of confession, sir.”

“No such thing, Captain ; no such thing. I told you expressly that I was no Popish priest to hear confessions.”

“Well then, sir, I will say under promise of secrecy, and I took you to be an honourable gentleman or I would not have told you my tale. To my poor judgment it appears that you cannot hand me over to the constable without breaking faith with me. Now, listen to me for a moment, Mr. Fishe. I love this lad Jack like mine own son, and I desire to make amends for the ill trick I was deceived into playing him. It will in no wise benefit him to hang me.”

“True,” said Mr. Fishe, “but——”

“I am in my own way an honest, God-fearing man, sir,” went on the Captain, “and it lies upon me to see this young man restored to his friends. Mr. Prickett hath chartered my ship to sail for England as soon as he can collect a cargo ; and I have no doubt that I shall easily find him a ship sailing for New England.”

“Well, Mr. Skeffington,” said the minister, “I cannot say that I am satisfied, and I do consider that you have tricked me into promising to keep my lips closed ; yet it seems that I cannot in honour do anything else. I think you mean well by the lad, and he hath himself an affection for you, and I will therefore say no more. Yet I must in justice write to his friends to clear him of the charge of privily escaping from home, and to encourage them to look for his return at no very distant time.”

“With that I am very well content,” said the Captain. “Now, dear sir, is there aught I can do to pleasure you ? Can I carry letters or messages to any friend of yours in England ? Command me in everything.”

“I thank you,” said Mr. Fishe. “You shall hear from me before you sail !”

With this the conversation ended, but Mr. Fishe could never afterwards, during our stay in the island, be friendly with the Captain. Indeed, had he known that the ship under Captain Skeffington's command had but just been transformed from a rascally filibustier into a peaceful trader it may be doubted whether the Captain would have found him so easy to be dealt with.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE "BARNABAS AND JOSEPH."

WE lay in Carlisle Bay a full month, waiting for Mr. Prickett's cargo to be completed. The brig was overhauled and refitted; and her bottom being foul she was careened and scraped. Captain Skeffington altered her name from *Madre de Dios* to *Barnabas and Joseph*, in compliment to himself and Lieutenant Tonks, these names, moreover, being good scriptural ones. He likewise shipped twelve more seamen, making the ship's company enough to sail her, though insufficient to do much fighting. Having given up the trade of filibustering the Captain had no wish to be burthened with more hands than were needful; and, indeed, they were a right villainous crew, the very scum of the earth.

I must mention here that until the time we left the island we had no news of any complaint being made by the Spaniards against us.

It was about the end of July in 1643 that we sailed out of Carlisle Bay bound for London. Captain Skeffington was in command; Joseph Tonks was mustered as master's mate; and as for Jeffrey Horton and myself we were also rated as mates, though it was little enough we knew of seamanship, for there was not another soul in the ship that the Captain could trust. The crew were all Englishmen, for there was no lack of men wishing to get home to find employment in the wars. Hardly one of them had so much as a shilling to bless himself withal; for the men who were with us at the taking of the brig had squandered their shares of the booty whilst we lay at Barbadoes. Horton and I had entrusted Amos Prickett with our riches, amounting to some £700 sterling apiece, retaining each a few pieces for our immediate needs; and in exchange Prickett gave us each a draft on a correspondent of his, one Master Windball, a goldsmith in Lombard Street in the City of London.

For the first three weeks of the voyage we made a good passage of it. The winds were favourable, the weather fine and warm, and the crew worked with a will. But one day Captain Skeffington said to me:

"Jack, what dost think of thy shipmates?"

"Do you mean officers or men, sir?" said I.

"I mean the men, mainly."

"They work better, and are better conducted, than I expected, sir."

"They work far too well, Jack, and are by far too contented. I like it not. It stands not with reason that seamen should not grumble at their duty and at their salt-horse and rum. Mark my words, Jack and Jeffrey, there is mischief afoot. Keep your eyes and ears open and report to me—to me, I say, if ye hear aught that seems not right."

"What of Mr. Tonks, sir?" said Horton.

"Mr. Tonks is well enough, Jeffrey," said the Captain, "but do ye both of you keep still tongues and open ears, and see that you report to me and not to Mr. Tonks. Harkye, Mr. Tonks, like a fool, squandered every farthing of his share of the treasure in Barbadoes. I say no more."

But although Jeffrey and I kept a close watch we could neither see nor hear aught to bear out the Captain in his suspicions. The men did their duty willingly and treated the officers with civility; and Mr. Tonks, though ever a cross-grained, sullen man, gave no ground for mistrust. The Captain said no more, and we speedily began to talk of reaching our port. This, however, was but the calm before the storm.

The ship's company was divided into two watches, the one under the Captain himself and the other under Tonks. I stood watch with the Captain and Jeffrey Horton with Tonks. It so chanced that one fine night when we were between three and four weeks out from Carlisle Bay, it being my watch below, I could not sleep in my bunk, as they call the standing bed-places on board ship, and I went on deck, thinking to stand out the watch in talk with Jeffrey Horton. It was a dark night, there being no moon, though it was fine and starlight, and I could not see Jeffrey on deck, but I made out Tonks, who was conversing with the mariner at the tiller. To him I went and asked where Jeffrey might be.

"I gave him leave to go below," said Tonks.

"He was complaining of a sore tooth."

This was strange, for Jeffrey had said nothing to me of having a toothache, and he was not a man to grumble or shirk duty.

"I will go below and see him," said I.



TOGETHER WE ROLLED ON THE DECK

"Where is he? He is not in his bunk." This I knew because our bunks were together in a little place off the Captain's cabin.

"Not in his bunk? Then I know not where he is. Stay a moment, Mr. Baywood," went on Tonks, as I turned to depart, "I must go below for one instant to speak to the boatswain. Will you stay on deck until I am back?"

Now this was also strange, that an officer should leave the deck during his watch. We were standing on the poop, and I walked forward after Tonks and stood by the rail at the break of the poop. He descended the ladder to the deck and went forward to the fore-castle, where I lost sight of him. My mind misgave me that all was not well, and I

determined to seek the Captain, as soon as Tonks should have returned, and lay the matter before him. I stood at the rail watching; and presently I made out Tonks coming back again, and with him two seamen. He looked up at me and said:

"Mr. Baywood, come you down here to me."

He was my officer, and I could see no ground as yet for mistrusting him; yet I did not feel at ease as I descended the ladder. Now if my old preceptor Lepasteur had taught me nothing else, he had taught me nimbleness to avoid a blow, and to be on my guard at all times and in all places. I came down the ladder with my back towards it and my face outwards; and fortunate it was that I was keeping a

With this the conversation ended, but Mr. Fische could never afterwards, during our stay in the island, be friendly with the Captain. Indeed; had he known that the ship under Captain Skeffington's command had but just been transformed from a rascally flibustier into a peaceful trader it may be doubted whether the Captain would have found him so easy to be dealt with.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUTINY ON BOARD THE "BARNABAS AND JOSEPH."

WE lay in Carlisle Bay a full month, waiting for Mr. Prickett's cargo to be completed. The brig was overhauled and refitted; and her bottom being foul she was careened and scraped. Captain Skeffington altered her name from *Madre de Dios* to *Barnabas and Joseph*, in compliment to himself and Lieutenant Tonks, these names, moreover, being good scriptural ones. He likewise shipped twelve more seamen, making the ship's company enough to sail her, though insufficient to do much fighting. Having given up the trade of flibustering the Captain had no wish to be burthened with more hands than were needful; and, indeed, they were a right villainous crew, the very scum of the earth.

I must mention here that until the time we left the island we had no news of any complaint being made by the Spaniards against us.

It was about the end of July in 1643 that we sailed out of Carlisle Bay bound for London. Captain Skeffington was in command; Joseph Tonks was mustered as master's mate; and as for Jeffrey Horton and myself we were also rated as mates, though it was little enough we knew of seamanship, for there was not another soul in the ship that the Captain could trust. The crew were all Englishmen, for there was no lack of men wishing to get home to find employment in the wars. Hardly one of them had so much as a shilling to bless himself withal; for the men who were with us at the taking of the brig had squandered their shares of the booty whilst we lay at Barbadoes. Horton and I had entrusted Amos Prickett with our riches, amounting to some £700 sterling apiece, retaining each a few pieces for our immediate needs; and in exchange Prickett gave us each a draft on a correspondent of his, one Master Windball, a goldsmith in Lombard Street in the City of London.

For the first three weeks of the voyage we made a good passage of it. The winds were favourable, the weather fine and warm, and the crew worked with a will. But one day Captain Skeffington said to me:

"Jack, what dost think of thy shipmates?"

"Do you mean officers or men, sir?" said I.

"I mean the men, mainly."

"They work better, and are better conducted than I expected, sir."

"They work far too well, Jack, and are by far too contented. I like it not. It stands not with reason that seamen should not grumble at their duty and at their salt-horse and rum. Mark my words, Jack and Jeffrey, there is mischief afoot. Keep your eyes and ears open and report to me—to me, I say, if ye hear aught that seems not right."

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cautious look-out, for as my feet touched the lowest round the two seamen made a rush at me, one on each side, while Tonks stood in front. I made a mighty spring, sideways, but it was not mighty enough. I struck against the seaman who was coming on that side, and knocked him down, and together we rolled on the deck. I kept my wits about me, and screeched out with all the force given me by Nature :

"Captain, Captain, there is mutiny on board !"

Strange indeed is the working of the human mind. As I was shouting out these words there came upon me a most vivid recollection of a hot Lord's Day in Boston, when Mr. Longwynd preached from the text "There is treachery, O Ahaziah"; and I remembered how my dear Verity looked that day and I wondered if I should ever see her again. This flashed across me as I was struggling on deck with Tonks and the two seamen. I continued to yell at the top of my voice as long as I had breath left, and I fought with hands and feet, nay, with teeth as well; for, feeling a finger in my mouth, and my teeth being sound and sharp, I bit with all my might. Whom it was that I had the advantage of biting I know not, but he raised a bellow which was quite enough of itself to awaken the Captain if my outcries had failed to do so.

By the time I was overpowered Captain Skeffington had run out of his cabin under the poop in his shirt, and was in the midst of the affray, cutting and thrusting at random with his hanger; but the rest of the crew were aroused by the uproar, and although the Captain fought like a lion he was quickly conquered by force of numbers, the outcome being that we were both presently lying side by side on the deck, bound hand and foot, and with cloths tied between our jaws by way of gags.

"Bring up the other," said Tonks, "and let me see them set in a row."

"Bring him up yourself if you want him," growled one of the seamen; "you are no captain, Tonks, to give us orders, until you are chosen, if it pleases us to choose you."

Already the mutineers were at the point of quarrelling. As we see in more important affairs, when men once rebel against lawful authority it is never long ere they fall out among themselves. However, certain of the seamen carried Jeffrey Horton to us, from whence I could not in the darkness discern, and there the three of us lay until daybreak, sore with bruises and sore bruised in spirit likewise, though happily we were free from

broken bones or dangerous wounds. What damage had been done to the mutineers we could not tell; but I remember thinking that none of them could have been slain, or probably we should also have been forthwith put to the sword as well. When day broke we looked on each other, but could not speak by reason of the gags. Tonks came and regarded us in silence; and he looked as if he were sorry for what he had done, for he was a weak man, and could never do a thing, good or evil, with his whole heart. Whatever his hand found to do, he did it with only half his might. There was a quantity of blood on the deck, though the wounded man, or men, had been carried away. Tonks spoke to one or two of the seamen, but they took no notice of him; and in the end he himself fetched water in a bucket, and a broom, and washed the blood away. Certain of the crew were in the cabin, drinking; others were lying about the decks; the ship seemed to be taking care of herself.

After a while Tonks smote on the ship's bell several times, and the crew assembled themselves, some drunk and all noisy, yet they did not molest us save with a rough jest or two. I know not what the Captain and Jeffrey thought, but for my part I believed that our last hour had come. The safety of their own necks would not suffer the mutineers to let us go free, and I remembered with fear how Tonks had thrown the Spanish mate overboard. The crew held a disorderly council on deck, close to the place where we were lying. All talked at once, none seeming to be captain or president. We could not make out whether they came to any agreement, for if one attempted to speak his voice was immediately drowned in the general din and clatter; and one and another would continually be making for the cabin and, fetching out a pannikin of rum or cognac. One man rummaged out the Captain's fine clothes and hat and swaggered up and down the deck in them; and a couple clothed themselves in the sober suits and hats which Mr. Prickett had provided for Jeffrey and me, and played all manner of absurd and profane anticks. By and by the strong drink began to affect the heads of the mutineers. First one and then another fell asleep on deck or in the cabin, and none seemed to be doing any duty. The wind was steady and the ship held on her course, for, as we afterwards heard from Tonks, the tiller was lashed. If a squall had come the ship must have gone down with all hands.



Many hours passed like this. We had dragged ourselves painfully from the deck and sat side by side under the bulwarks. As the day wore on I began to suffer torture from the gag and my bonds, and to wish that the matter would end; I cared not much how, for no hope of escape was left me. At last Tonks seemed to be the only sober man left in the ship, and as the sun began to get low in the heavens he came and spoke softly to us. He said:

"Captain Skeffington, and you two young gentlemen, if I take out your gags will ye speak soft and quiet?"

We all three nodded our heads and Tonks untied the cloths. It was well-nigh worth the suffering to taste the blessedness of filling one's mouth and lungs with the free air again.

Tonks went on:

"Gentlemen, I am truly sorry to have caused you inconvenience, but, you see, gentlemen, the crew and I being poor men, we talked over things, and determined that there was a greater chance of plunder in becoming gentlemen filibustiers once more and going a cruise in search of gain rather than in taking our chances in England. Will you join us, or will you rather go overboard? It was determined at the council this morning that you should all be tossed to the sharks—there is one alongside now," added Tonks, looking over the ship's side—"this next night; but if you will cast in your lot with us I can warrant your lives. Which will you do?"

"Go overboard rather than join you, you whelp of Satan," said the Captain. "Who was it set you on your legs again when you were on board that filthy Spaniard, and set you in the way of getting that treasure, which you have squandered like the fool you are?"

"Very well, Captain, hard words break no bones; and I know I am a fool without your telling me. And what say you, young gentlemen?"

"I say as the Captain says," said Jeffrey.

"And so do I," said I.

"Well, gentlemen, I am truly sorry, because in that case you will every one of you be food for the fishes before morning." Tonks was silent for some minutes, and then added:

"I am not a bloodthirsty man, and I have an affection for you, Captain, because, as you say, you set me on my legs, and besides, you called the ship partly after me. You have deserved better of me than this, I know. Now listen; I am the only sober man on board this ship, and the tiller is lashed. If I give you a

chance in the long-boat, and take my chance with the men, will you swear to keep mum if ever you get to England?"

"No," said the Captain. "I make no bargain with you, you ungrateful hound. And, Tonks, get away from here, thou poisonest the air. This is my ship and I command it, so get thee away out of my sight."

Tonks said no more, but went up the ladder to the poop and stood there leaning over the rail and looking at us. In a little while the Captain said:

"Tonks, I have no wish to lose my life, and I will therefore make you a fair offer, a better one than you deserve. Do you set us free from our bonds, and among us we can secure the men before they grow sober. Then we will sail the ship to England, and we will sell her, and I will give you one half of whatever sum she fetches. The cargo is Prickett's and not mine to deal with; but you shall have also one-half of the sum payable by Prickett as freight. What do you say?"

"Captain, I dare not do it. My life would not be safe unless we threw every man-jack of the crew overboard, and that is too much for me," said Tonks.

"Whatever possessed you, man," said the Captain, "to cast in your lot with these ruffians? What about that cottage at Bideford, and the ale-house with the sanded floor that you told me of?"

"Never mind that, Captain," answered Tonks. "It was a dream, and it's over and done with now. If you want to know, it was I that set the plot on foot, and I cannot be the one to turn back now."

"Tonks," said the Captain, "it's a pity you are not a better man, or a worse one. Either way life would be easier to you. Well, I have made you a fair offer, and you can take it or leave it. If you leave it you can do as you please, for I will not make any bargain with you except what I have just offered. Make up your mind quickly, for if we have to act it must be immediately."

"It is no use asking me, Captain, I cannot do it," said Tonks. "They would have my life sooner or later."

With this Tonks walked away aft where we could not see him. The Captain whispered to Jeffrey and me:

"Now, my boys, we have only Tonks to deal with, and I'll warrant we have dealings with him yet."

The Captain's hanger was still lying on deck, near the foot of the poop-ladder. He laid himself down on the deck and began



HE LIFTED ME BY MAIN STRENGTH AND LOWERED ME CAREFULLY INTO THE BOAT



wriggling along on his belly, and at length was able to seize the hanger between his teeth. He was wriggling back towards us when Tonks came to the poop-railing again and spied him. In a trice Tonks jumped down, snatched up a belaying pin and dealt our unfortunate Captain a heavy blow on the head. The Captain lay perfectly still, stunned or dead, we could not tell which.

Tonks stood regarding him for a minute or two, and then went up the ladder again. In a short time he returned with the end of a rope in his hand. It was the painter of the long-boat, which had been towing astern. He hauled up the boat to the weather gangway and made the rope fast; then he lowered into the boat a bag of bread, a breaker of water, and a little keg of rum, and tossed a knife after them. Without saying a word he fetched a rope and made it fast about my body; and, being a very powerful man, he lifted me by main strength and lowered me carefully into the boat. He next passed Jeffrey Horton down with the like care; and there we lay in the bottom of the boat like a couple of trussed fowls in a market-woman's basket. We looked for him to pass down the Captain; but he cast off the painter, and the *Barnabas and Joseph* went on her course, leaving us far astern. We shouted and cried out for help, but none paid any heed—even Tonks had disappeared—and we were alone on the ocean in this frail boat, tied hand and foot.

CHAPTER XV.

WHAT BEFELL JEFFREY AND ME IN THE LONG-BOAT.

"THERE are some shreds of honesty still clinging about Joseph Tonks," said Jeffrey, after a time during which we lay back in the bottom of the boat, exhausted with shouting. "He could not make up his mind to the killing of us."

"Pity the Captain did not speak him fair," said I. "It might have been the saving of us all. I wonder whether or no the Captain is dead."

"Dead to us, at all events," said Jeffrey. "Now, how are we to loose us from our bonds?"

After much writhing about in the bottom of the boat I caught the knife in my teeth, and held it there while Jeffrey rubbed the cord that bound his hands to and fro against its edge. It was slow work, for our hands were bound behind our backs, and Jeffrey

was, therefore, working as it were in the dark; but after an hour's toil or thereabouts the cord was cut, his hands were free, and a very few seconds sufficed to cut the rest of our bonds. Fortunately for us the wind was but a light breeze and the sea was smooth, or our frail craft might well have overset ere we were in case to manage her.

By this time the sun had set and it was dark. We therefore determined to bide as we were for that night, and in the morning to take means for reaching some port. It grew bitterly cold, and we huddled together for the sake of warmth; and likewise drew the sail belonging to the boat over us to shield us from the air. We had eaten nothing since supper the night before, so we now ate each a small piece of ship's bread and drank a little rum.

I asked Jeffrey how he came to be captured and bound.

"I was standing watch with Tonks," he said, "when just about four bells he bade me go to his cabin and fetch him another jacket, for that he felt the cold. It was no part of my duty to be fetching and carrying for him; but I had no wish to offend him, and I therefore went into his cabin. No sooner had I done so than two men who were lying in wait there clapped a cloth over my head and shoulders and pinioned my arms, and before I could cry out or make any resistance they had me gagged and trussed up; and there I lay in Tonks' cabin for I cannot tell how long, until I was carried out on deck where you and the Captain were lying."

Neither of us slept much that night, worn out though we were in body and mind. My mind was too full of apprehensions for the future to suffer me to sleep. Tonks had, I thought, but snatched us from a swift and easy death to give us over to a slow and painful one, for how could we hope to pass through the manifold dangers of the seas? We were not skilled navigators; and neither of us knew whereabouts on the ocean we were or how far distant or in what direction lay our nearest port. Howbeit, when daylight came hope returned with it. We were young and used to hardship; we had food and drink, if prudently used, to last us for ten or fourteen days; it was possible that we might fall in with some ship if we did not reach land in the meanwhile. Of storms we must, indeed, take our chance; but this was the season when we might most reasonably hope for calm weather.

When we left the *Barnabas and Joseph* she had for many days been steering a course to the north-east, with the wind blowing steady

from about due west. We determined to follow the like course as near as could be, and with good hearts hoisted up our sail, and set forward on our voyage towards England. We were without a mariner's compass; and instruments for determining the position of the sun, and so finding out our position would have been useless to us even had we had them. We must, therefore, keep our course as best we could, trusting to the sun by day and the stars by night.

The mutineers had rifled our pockets and taken all our coined money, but fortunately for us they had left us Master Prickett's drafts; no doubt through ignorance of their worth. Except for these and the clothes on our backs we had lost all we had in the world.

For four days we sailed along very comfortably in our little boat. It is true that we were somewhat hungry and thirsty, for we durst not do otherwise than husband our small stock of food and drink with most jealous care, and we suffered from cold at night, having no warm clothing; but apart from these inconveniences we had little to grumble at. Had Captain Skeffington but been with us we should have been happy; for with his knowledge of the sea he would have known at once what was the right course to steer, and for what port. As it was we could only run blindly on, keeping as nearly as possible to a north easterly course. We took watch and watch at night, and by day we were both on watch. The boat was seaworthy, being a new one which the Captain had purchased before leaving the Barbadoes; and so long as the weather was fair we had naught to do but sit in the stern and take the steering-oar turn and turn about. As nearly as we could judge we made some three leagues in the hour; and many a long hour we passed in reckoning how long it would require to reach England. As we had no knowledge of the distance to be traversed it is not surprising that our calculations varied from day to day, and were, indeed, no better than guess-work.

Now on the fourth day of our voyage, when we began to gain confidence and to believe that a voyage in an open boat on the Atlantic Ocean had no terrors, two things happened which shook us considerably. The first was that as we were sailing briskly along we felt a sudden shock, which checked the boat's course and came near to breaking the mast; but we quickly forged ahead again. Immediately we heard a puffing or blowing noise behind us, and looking round we saw

directly in our wake two tall columns of mist, or spray, ascending into the air.

"A whale!" I exclaimed, for I had seen them when I was on board the *Good Hope*. "Be ready, Jeffrey, to go about quickly if she rusheth at us."

However, the whale was as frightened as we were at the thump the boat had given her back. Her monstrous tail, or *flukes*, went up many feet above the surface of the sea, with force enough to overset twenty such boats as ours, and down she plunged into the depths of the ocean. After this we kept a sharp look-out for whales; but although we saw several blowing they were all at a safe distance.

Towards the evening of that same day the sky became overcast, and when the night fell it was of an inky blackness. The wind continued fair and light for a time; its direction we had no means of judging, although from what happened afterwards we concluded that it must have veered round to almost due south, and perhaps even with some east in it. However that may have been, during the night it rose rapidly until it was blowing hard; and the sea likewise rose very quickly. We could see nothing, for we had neither lanthorn nor any means of lighting it if we had had one; but we could feel ourselves tossing on the waves, and when I put my hand down to the bottom of the boat I found that it was half full of water. We set ourselves to baling with our hands, and presently we bethought us that it might be as well to take in our sail. In the darkness, however, we could not handle the ropes, and were, therefore, unable to take it in; and all we could do was to furl it as closely as possible against the mast, and even then there was a rag of it left to catch the wind. This, as Captain Skeffington hath since assured me, was our salvation, for if we had once fallen into the trough of the sea we must have foundered. As it was, our rag of sail kept us running before the wind; and although hands are not the best of things to bale with we contrived to keep the boat sufficiently free from water to float. The nights are not very long at that season, yet did the darkness appear interminable to us, expecting as we did at every moment to be engulfed in the waves without hope of rescue.

But the night wore away at last, and a faint grey glimmer appeared in the east. Almost at the same instant the sea seemed to moderate, or, rather, although the waves rose as high as before, yet they seemed to be smoother, and without the fearful crests which threatened to



THE NEXT INSTANT I WAS JERKED UP TOWARDS THE SKIES

overwhelm us, and we began to ride over them with ease. As the light increased we saw a dim dark shape directly to leeward of us.

"Another whale," said Jeffrey. "Look out, Jack, with the steering-oar."

I steered so as to run past the object, and presently I exclaimed:

"No whale that I ever saw, Jeffrey, rose out of the water like that thing. I believe it is a ship, and we are saved."

We drew rapidly nearer; and sure enough a ship it was, but whether or no we were saved was another matter, for we could plainly see that she was a wreck. Her masts were gone, and she lay like a log on the water, rolling heavily on the oily swell. We could discern no signs of life on board; and to all appearance she must have been deserted for a long time, for as she rolled her bottom upwards well-nigh to the keelson we could see how foul she was with barnacles and long-trailing growths of seaweed. However, as she had floated so long there seemed no reason why she should not go on floating for some time longer; and it did not take us long to decide upon boarding her.

It required all our small stock of seamanship to get to leeward of her without running too far and losing her altogether, for we could never have beaten back against the wind and sea; but by steering very close we contrived to get safely under her lee, where we were shielded from the wind by her bulk. The next question was to get on board, for it was a service of great danger. If we had come near enough to seize one of the ropes which yet trailed over her side her rolling might have sunk our boat and us with it. We were determined to get on board at all risks; and in the end, after bringing the boat as near as we dared, I tied the boat's painter round my middle and cast myself into the sea. Swimming strongly, I watched my chance and seized a rope's end which hung down amidships, and the next instant I was jerked up towards the skies as the ship rolled away from me. For some minutes I was in great danger. I could get no further up the rope, and at every roll the painter round my waist gave me a jerk which well-nigh plucked me back into the sea. Jeffrey saw my predicament, and gradually eased the boat nearer and nearer to the ship; and by slow degrees I was able to climb up the rope until I stood on the deck. Here I made the painter fast to a rusty stanchion, and then looked about me. Such a scene of desolation I had never beheld. All three masts were gone, close to the deck, and they had been cut away,

not broken, for the stumps were cleanly cut and not jagged or splintered. The deck was swept clear of everything, and at each roll the sea swept over it. Over everything was a strong smell of oil, and even the deck, in spite of the sea, seemed to be oily, and oil was forcing its way up between the deck seams; and I have since understood that it must have been this oil, exuding from the strained seams, that spread itself over the surface of the sea and turned the raging billows into a smooth swell. Many shipmasters have since told me that they have beheld the same thing; so that to speak of pouring oil on the waters is to use no figure of speech, seeing that it actually happens. How the oil came there we could not tell.

There were several ropes hanging about the decks, fragments of shrouds and the like, which by reason of being made fast had escaped being carried away by the waves. Jeffrey by this time had hauled the boat as close as possible under the ship's counter, and I lowered a rope's end down to him and bawled to him to send up the provisions. He made the rope fast to the bread bag, which I hauled up; and the water and rum were sent up in the same way. Jeffrey himself was more difficult to pull up, for he was not apt at climbing; but in the end, after narrowly escaping being hurled into the sea, he contrived to scramble up and stood on deck beside me. Our boat we left riding astern, for we could not tell how soon we might have need to take to her again.

Our first care was to find some dry place where we could open our bread-bag, and see what harm it had taken from the water; for we could not hope to find anything eatable on board the ship, and if our bread was spoiled we should be in a bad case indeed. What with the rolling, and the slippery oil, and growths of green weed, and the splintered bulwarks, it was dangerous work moving about the deck; but by degrees we became more sure of our footing and went aft to a small hatchway which seemed to give access to a cabin. It was covered by a tarpaulin, which was secured to the deck by means of nails, but the tarpaulin was old and rotten, and we had no difficulty in tearing away a corner of it. This disclosed a wooden hatchway cover, but the wood was soaked and sodden with sea-water, and we could readily cut it away with our knife. Having made an opening large enough to permit us to pass, Jeffrey squeezed himself through it, carrying the precious bread-bag, and as soon as he was out of sight I closed up the hole again with the tarpaulin so that

water might not go below. Almost immediately I heard him shout to be let out again, and I therefore uncovered the hole. He did not make his appearance, and it was too dark for me to see him, so I soon began to grow uneasy. I shouted to him, but he did not answer; and I had nothing for it but to go through the hole myself and see what had befallen him.

I squeezed through the hole and let myself down until my feet touched boards. I looked around me so far as was possible by the faint light that came from the hole, and found that I was in a small cabin. Before I had time to make any observation of it I felt my head begin to swim and my stomach to feel sick. Then I remember falling to the floor on which I was standing, and all became blank.

Now here I must pause for an instant in my story to say that of all the many perils in which the Goodness of God hath preserved me, this was the most full of danger. The ship was still rolling heavily and the seas washing over her deck, and there was the open hatchway to let the waters down into the hold; and not only that, but both Jeffrey and I were lying in a dead faint, overcome by the noxious air engendered by the oil of which the ship was full becoming putrid in the close hold; and we could do naught towards saving ourselves. Yet from this great peril also were we graciously delivered, for it would seem that the sea began to go down while we were lying unconscious, whether through a change of wind or not I cannot tell; and the fresh air, coming down through the hatchway, gradually dispelled the poisonous fumes; so that, after lying in a swoon for I cannot tell how long, I regained my senses, and felt the wind blowing on my face and saw the sweet sunshine coming down into the den where I was. I struggled to my feet, and lying close to me I saw Jeffrey, whether dead or only fainting I could not tell. I was still sick and weak, yet I contrived to drag him underneath the hatchway, where the air could reach him, and a splash of sea-water now and then fell over his face; and after several minutes I had the satisfaction to see him open his eyes and utter a sigh.

I could now see a short ladder in a corner of the cabin, and this I fetched, and with its aid ascended to the deck again, with intent

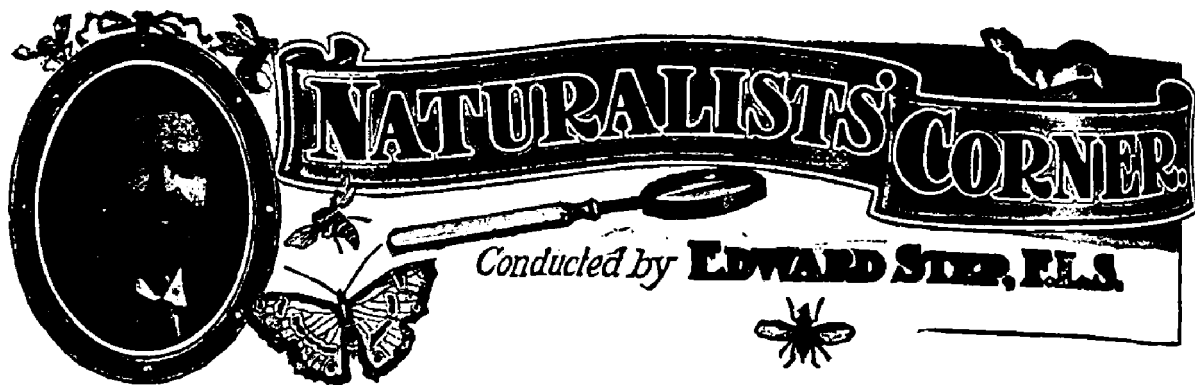
to revive Jeffrey by giving him some of the spirit. But alas! when I reached the deck and looked around I could see neither keg of rum nor breaker of water. I had placed them where I thought them safe, under shelter of an unbroken portion of the bulwarks; but the rolling of the ship had evidently carried them overboard. To make matters worse, if possible, when I went down into the cabin again, I found the bread-bag indeed, but it was soaked through and through, and the bread was but a nauseous mass of sop, and was utterly uneatable. It seemed as if we were the sport of circumstance, and that we could no sooner escape one peril but we must run into another worse one. Nothing seemed left for us but a lingering death from starvation and thirst.

By this time Jeffrey had fortunately recovered from his swoon, and we set to work to examine the little cabin. It was some ten feet square, and appeared to have had no means of admitting light other than the hatchway. Round it were certain cupboards or lockers, but everything was bare and empty. Whatever mishap it was that had caused her crew to quit her, they had had time enough to take away all their belongings, from this cabin at all events. We could find no record of the ship's name, or any explanation of her forlorn and deserted condition.

We must now quickly decide whether to abide by the ship or to quit her in our boat. It was a choice of evils. If we left her, we could not hope to reach a port without food and drink for even one day; if we stayed in her, we were indeed safe from tempest, but our death from hunger and thirst could not long be delayed. Our sole hope was that we might meet with some ship; and this hope seemed a very small one.

After long discussion we concluded that it was more profitable for us to stay in the ship, because it was more likely that she would be seen from the deck of any passing vessel than would our small boat. By this time both the wind and sea had considerably moderated, and the sun was shining brightly; and therefore, in order to put some little strength into our wearied limbs before undertaking the task of further examining the ship, we sat down by the shattered bulwarks that the sun might dry and warm us.

(To be continued.)



Conducted by **EDWARD STEER, F.L.S.**

Canary.—F. C. English (W. Hartlepool) has "a Canary which has something wrong with its right leg or foot. The leg is slightly swollen. The bird often stands for quite a long time on the other leg with the right foot stretched out." Can I give him any advice? I fear not, F. C. E. It may be a case of broken leg, which requires careful setting. You should show it to your local bird-dealer, or some person of experience, as in such a case it is impossible to give advice of any value by correspondence. What you say about giving the bird whatever is on the table certainly shows that the feeding has been injudicious, but I do not think it is likely to have caused the present trouble.

Goldfinch and Canary.—"G. and C." (Warwick) has had a cock Canary for several years, and recently introduced a Goldfinch of the same sex, in the hope that they would "chum up"; but though the newcomer appears to be friendly, the Canary is jealous and has dropped his song. "Do I think they ever will be friends?" I am afraid it does not look promising, and I should certainly put them in separate rooms, if you value the Canary's song. Had the Goldfinch been a hen, the result might have been different, but it was only to be expected that the Canary, long petted, would resent the arrival of another cockbird.

Peewit.—B. R. (Bridgewater) has a young Peewit which he is feeding on garden worms, which the bird appears to like, but can I tell him of any special food for such birds? The worms are all right, but I should think rather a monotonous dish—*toujours perdrix!* Vary it with any sort of insects you can obtain, also small snails, and the so-called "ants'-eggs" which bird-dealers sell in packets. Peewit and Lapwing are alternative names for the same bird.—R. Broatch (Colmonell, Ayrshire) asks "if Peewits only build by or near a swamp or damp ground?" By no means. They are fond of elevated moors and corn-fields, places as dry as you like.

Willow Wren and Wood Wren.—Arthur Fowler (Evesham) asks if the notes of the Willow Wren and Wood Wren are as similar as the birds? The Willow Wren's song consists of a long string of "tu-i's" or "cooi's," varied to "tuo" and "tu." Howard Saunders gives the Wood Wren's song as "chit, chit, chit, chit, chitr, chitr, tr-tr-tr-tr-tre."

Tree Frog.—T. H. Solomon (W. Kensington) fed his Tree Frogs on Bluebottles, and at first they appeared to thrive, but later he was "alarmed to note their decrease of appetite and the discolouration of their skin; and also, seeing one of them rubbing in the earth. They died, one after the other. I divined the cause to be the inability to cast their skin." It is probable that the Bluebottles were the cause of the trouble. There was a very similar complaint from a reader recently, which you might look up in your back numbers. Toads have been known to be killed by the attack of Bluebottle grubs on their internal organs, and there is every probability that your Tree Frogs, having been fed upon these insects, have been killed in the same manner. I have not known Frogs to have any difficulty in casting their skins, and do not suppose this was the reason for their decease.

Tadpoles.—C. Burton (Anerley) wishes to know what to feed his Tadpoles on, and where to get it. I fear that by the time this answer appears all your Tadpoles will have developed into frogs. Tadpoles should be placed in an aquarium of some sort that has had water in it for some months previously. In such a vessel the glass would be partially obscured by a minute green growth. Upon this low form of aquatic vegetation the Tadpoles would feed. Failing such a vessel, you should introduce some water-weeds from the pond where you found the Tadpoles. The older portions of these weeds will be almost certain to have the minute growth (*Conjervæ*) upon them. Most boys who keep Tadpoles in order that they may watch their development into Frogs make

the mistake of capturing too many. This means overcrowding, starvation, and the rapid death of the entire batch. Your second question, therefore, may be a quite unnecessary one, but if you succeed in raising the Frogs, keep them in the water for a time and feed them with small blood-worms. When their limbs have grown sufficiently strong, and their tails have quite vanished, turn them out in the grass, where they will look after themselves better than you could do for them. Respecting the weeds for Gold-fish, the dealer who supplies the fish will also supply suitable weeds, but almost any pond will furnish you with the so-called Water-Thyme or Canadian Pondweed which grows freely in aquaria.

Aquarium.—J. R. W. (Wilton) is anxious to start a small aquarium; and wants to know what to stock it with, and if it matters what colour the inside is painted. Inquiries of this character are more in the nature of puzzles than anything else. I have no idea what the size and capacity of your aquarium will be, nor do I know what kind of creatures you would prefer to keep. The great danger in starting an aquarium always lies in the ambition of its owner—he wants to crowd in too many things. For a small vessel, I should suggest that you start with not more than two fishes, three or four snails, and a vigorous bunch of water-weeds. You may omit the fishes or the snails, but if you hope for success the weeds must be there. And get the weeds first. *Until they are established and performing their functions as oxygen-producers, the tank is not ready for its animal tenants.* The colour of the tank does not matter.

Vivarium.—L. P. Renouf (Erdington) sends me an interesting account of his experiences in keeping snakes, lizards, &c. One of his snakes that escaped was returned to him with a hole in its back as though a garden fork had pierced it. It was washed with Condy's fluid, and bandaged, but the bandage did not remain long. I should try the old-fashioned sticking-plaster. That would not readily come off. I do not know what else you can do, as I have not had such an experience. Respecting the plan of keeping snakes, lizards, and toads together in one vivarium, I do not consider it a good one. Some of your lizards may disappear. I should certainly keep the snakes apart from the others. You cannot improve upon the present food of your snakes.

Botanical Queries.—C. Bainbridge (Dorking) sends a plant found growing in meadows which seems to him to differ from the Purple Orchis (*Orchis mascula*) usually found

there. Quite so; your specimen is the Green-winged Orchis (*O. morio*). Note that the sepals or "wings" of the flower are marked with green lines, and that these sepals, instead of spreading back as in the Purple Orchis, turn forward so as to form a sort of hood. There are other points of difference, but these are sufficient for identification. With respect to your second question, *O. morio* is not so widely distributed as *O. mascula*, but in some places it is quite as plentiful. I have had a drawing made of your specimen. — Mrs. Muscott



GREEN-WINGED
ORCHIS.
(One-fourth natural
size.)

(Northampton) sends a fragment of some species of *Cerastium* (Mouse-ear Chickweed), but I cannot say which, owing to the withered and crushed condition in which it reached me. I must again impress upon my readers who contemplate sending me plants for identification that it is useless to put these in envelopes; they should be sent in tins with a piece of wet cotton-wool or moss to keep them fresh for a few days, and leaves as well as flowers should be present.—“Natas” (Sidcup) sends me a similar fragment of a fern, not sufficient to identify, that produces young plants from the surface of its fronds. He is evidently of opinion that this is unusual, and asks, “Should anything be done to the plant?” It is all right; several species of ferns have this habit, and you will find that these young plants, if taken off with a small portion of the old frond and planted, will soon root and become nice little plants to give your friends. Thanks for kind opinion of *Wild Flowers Month by Month*.—R. J. Potter (Northampton) has my *Wayside and Woodland Trees*, and intends to make a collection by its aid of leaves, flowers, and catkins. He wishes to know how to preserve them. I have given in recent numbers several replies on preserving plants. Kindly look them up, as space is too limited to enable me to go over old ground; or you will find good and full instructions by Mr. Jas. Britten in a handy little volume, *Collecting and Preserving*, edited by J. E. Taylor (2s. 6d.). The only zoological periodical is *The Zoologist*, rs. monthly.

Dormice.—J. M. P. (Waterloo, Liverpool) wishes to keep Dormice, but has failed to get them in Liverpool. Can I tell him where to procure them, and the price; also title of a

booklet on Dormice? I wish readers would not ask me to recommend tradesmen. I never buy specimens, so have no actual experience of the dealers; but from time to time there have been advertisements inserted in THE CAPTAIN by dealers in live stock, and these should be encouraged as far as possible. A. Zache and Co., 196 Great Portland Street, London, W., make a speciality of all kinds of mice, and a note to them stating your wants and asking price would bring you the desired information. I do not know of any book on Dormice. Their sleepy habits make them rather unpopular as pets, so it has not been considered worth while to write books about them. Several notes on the subject have appeared in this Corner. Look them up.

Shrew, etc.—S. R. Attwood (Brockley) sends me an interesting account of an Easter ramble in the neighbourhood of Shirley. The finds of himself and friends included the Pygmy Shrew (of which he sends me a very good photo), the Edible Snail (*Helix pomatia*), several bird's nests, the Brindled Beauty Moth (*Biston hirtaria*), various plants, &c. Thanks for the photo. It is a pity you could not have got this whilst the beast was still alive.

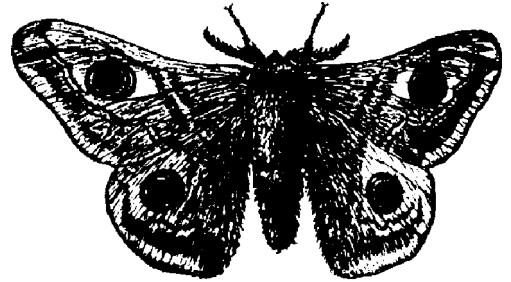
Silkworms.—E. A. Power (Birmingham) wishes to know where to obtain Silkworms. He has tried many places in Birmingham, but failed to get them. I have no local knowledge of his city, so cannot help him in that direction. They can be obtained from Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden Market, London, W.C., or you would probably see an offer of them in the sale or exchange columns of *The Bazaar*. The food is mulberry-leaves.—J. P. N. (Upper Clapton) wishes to know where he can sell silkworm cocoons. I really do not know, but an advertisement in the *Bazaar* or THE CAPTAIN might help him.

White Mice.—Sandy McFlashen (Bromley): (1) The bed should be fresh, sweet hay, and it should be renewed once a week. (2) See answer to H. Hoyes in March CAPTAIN.—“Lover of Mice” (Hythe): (1) The secretary of the Mouse Club is Mr. Enoch Welburn, Pack Horse Inn, Beverley. (2) Which coloured mouse is “the best” is quite a matter of taste. The best for you is the one that you prefer. (3) See answer to H. Hoyes in March number. (4) I do not believe in wheel cages.

Young Squirrel.—J. H. Woods (Can-

terbury) asks at what age a young squirrel can be taken from its mother and nest, and is able to feed and take care of itself. I should think this could safely be done at about four weeks. *May I be allowed to add that I do not think a squirrel should ever be kept in captivity?*

Emperor Moth.—J. Atkins (Putney). Your moth which “emerged from an egg-



EMPEROR MOTH.
(Male.)

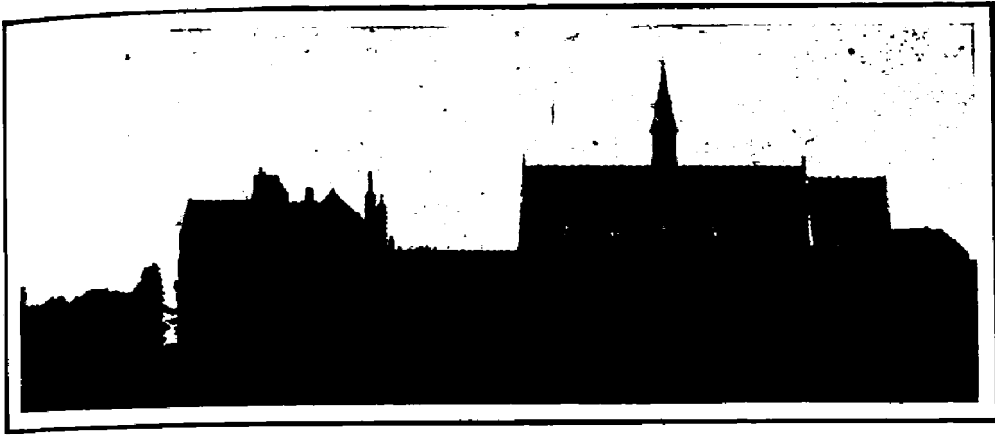
shaped cocoon among heather-stems” is the Emperor (*Saturnia carpini*), a male specimen. The female is a larger insect of a general grey tint marked with brown. She lacks the finely feathered antennæ of the male. The caterpillar is a very fine insect.

Lark's Flight.—H. D. Bindley (Weeke) sends me notes of his observations on duration of Lark's flight. They are as follows:

15	minutes	51	seconds.
13	”	42	”
12	”	17	”
14	”	15	”

“Natas” (Sidcup) has also been making observations, which differ greatly from the last-named, which appear to be unusually long flights. “Natas” says: “In regard to the length of time that Larks remain in the air, I have made a few observations and have come to the conclusion that when they first appear their song is very short, but as the weather gets warmer their song lengthens. The first time I took (towards the end of March) was less than thirty seconds, but the last one (beginning of May) was just over five minutes. As to whether they ever settle, I am almost certain that I saw one this evening, sitting on a post and singing. I may have been mistaken, but as I got quite close to it I don't think I was.”





THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS FROM THE ENTRANCE.

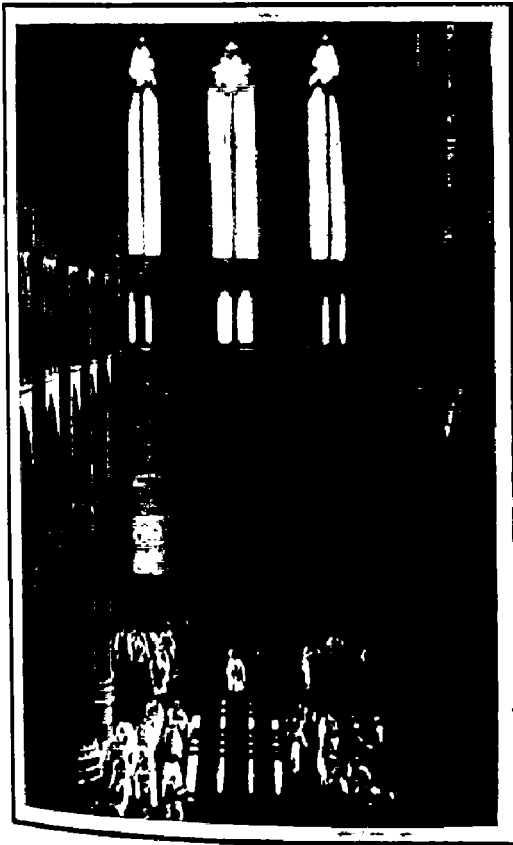
LANCING COLLEGE.

By Alan R. Haig Brown.

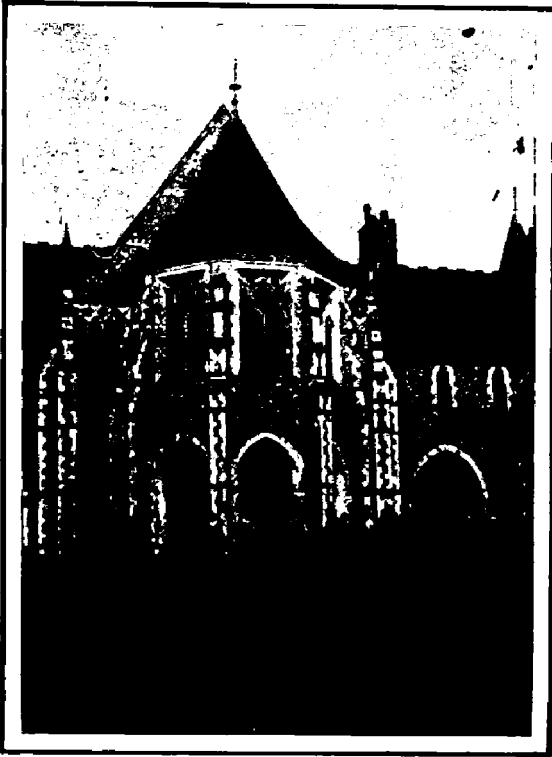
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. W. PAUL.

SITUATED amid the rolling downs of Sussex, and surrounded by a wealth of elms, it would be difficult to find a healthier or more charming site than that from which the towers of Lancing gaze out upon the sea. Founded in 1848 by the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard at

Shoreham, and removed to its present site a few years later, Lancing has ever held the proud position of foremost of the Woodard Schools, a position which, like all great ones, has not been without certain drawbacks. On entering the park gate off the road which lies between Shoreham and Worthing, there lies on our right a ditch which marks the finish of the House Run; it does not look so very formidable now, but lucky is the runner who can clear it after five miles of plough and grass. Past the college farm and up the hill lies our road, and we pause at the cricket pavilion, an edifice painted in blue and white—the school colours—and look down over a large and beautifully level plateau where many a battle at football and at cricket has been fought against Brighton and Hurst Colleges. Lancing has ever been a football and cricket loving school, and now, in addition to these school matches, meets Felsted at football, and St. John's, Leatherhead, at cricket. Higher up the road, and on our right, stands the chapel, and, though it somewhat dwarfs the surrounding buildings, it is impossible not to admire so imposing a structure. Not a penny of debt has been incurred in the building, the work only proceeding as the money comes in, but the long delay which is unavoidable in so great an undertaking, under such conditions, will be atoned for when the completed chapel stands forth second to none in England either in size or magnificence. Seven years ago, when Lancing celebrated her jubilee, a service—the first, and, so far, the only one—was conducted within its walls by the



THE CHAPEL AT THE TIME OF THE JUBILEE SERVICE.



THE GREAT SCHOOL ENTRANCE.

Archbishop of Canterbury; at present the school services are held in the crypt, which forms a beautiful and simple school chapel.

As we leave the chapel, we come to the school entrance proper, where a flight of steps leads between the headmaster's house on the left and the dining-hall on the right

on to the lower quad, a plot of grass only used by the Rifle Corps, which is attached to the 2nd V.B. of the Royal Sussex Regiment, on the occasions of their weekly parade in uniform; one is struck immediately by the colour of the buildings, all with the exception of the chapel being faced with flint stone, and the effect is charming in its picturesqueness. The building on our right contains two large and spacious rooms, the lower and upper hall; the former is at present used for school meals, while the latter is only opened on Speech Day and other great occasions. Ascending the steps which lead from the lower to the upper quad, we find on our left the school library and museum; from there it is but a short step to the Great School, perhaps the most striking room in the college, which is used for concerts and performances of the Dramatic Society, and on either side of which open out the various class-rooms. Our next move is to the gymnasium, which atones for lack of structural beauty by internal excellence, for gymnastics form an important item in the athletic life of the place, and representatives are yearly sent to take part in the Public School competitions at Aldershot. Behind the gymnasium are the fives courts, which, from their strange shape, afford a game peculiar to Lancing, and equally popular with masters and boys. Lancing is managed on the house system. The school house con-



"CALLING THE ROLL," LANCING COLLEGE RIFLE CORPS.

tains the largest number of boys, the headmaster and second house master accommodating the rest. There is a game peculiar to the college, and, therefore, worthy of notice; it is called "pintel," and is played in the summer time with a reduced cricket bat and tennis ball—the batsman standing in a pit while the field occupy a truly rustic playing ground dotted with trees. The players usually number six a side, and it is possible to secure nine runs at a single stroke by hitting the ball into the "lower quad."

Lancing is one of those schools fortunate in claiming an Old Boy for headmaster. As athlete and scholar, Mr. B. H. Tower left her shelter for Oxford, and as scholar and athlete he returned, though Sedbergh, after an association extending over a period of sixteen years, would fain have kept him for her own. To those who know him it came as no surprise that, on his appointment as headmaster, some anonymous friend should give him such striking proof of friendship

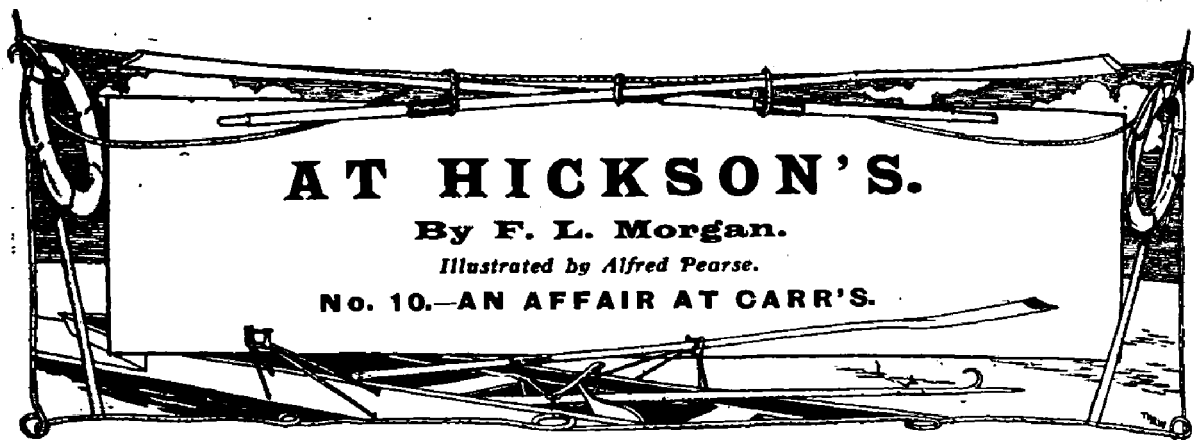
as a gift of £10,000 towards the completion of the chapel. In the second house master also, the Rev. T. W. Cook, Lancing gives further proof of the homing instinct which is present in her pupils. The late Marquess of Salisbury was one of the trustees of the school; he knew the college in his youth, and amidst all the cares of a great state often showed that his memory of this small colony was ever fresh. From the late Premier to the last of our wars is no far cry, and we are proud to record that the same enthusiasm which was responsible for the school corps sent forth some hundred of Lancing's sons to fight in South Africa. Quite recently a rifle range up to five hundred yards has been built on the premises, and swimming baths are in course of construction.

My pen would fain run on, but space forbids, so I leave my subject with regret and a feeling that I have done but scant justice to the school of many hills, which to know is to love.



A COVERT HACK.

From the Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.—Photo Woodburytype.



I.

SINCE the coming of Stanborough, Hickson's cricket had lived. The spirit of the game had taken hold of the College, and more followers, regular practice, and frequent matches naturally resulted. The work begun by the Britisher flourished mightily, and Hickson's boasted several elevens. But the palm of Hickson's athletics must be given to base-ball. The first "nine" had played nearly every school in the Pacific States—and knew not defeat. It was generally found that cricketers did not take to base-ball; and that devotees to base-ball left cricket alone.

There was one man, however, who not only joined in both games, but was a shining light of both. W. J. Offord, a prefect of Carr's, was the best pitcher at the College, and also one of the smartest all-round cricketers. He went in for both games with ardour, and was never known to declare a preference for either. The way in which Offord could change immediately his round-arm cricket bowling movement into a deadly perpendicular pitch, without losing his judgment, was the delight of Hickson's.

He was at base-ball practice one evening at the beginning of the summer term, sending down the balls in various fancy styles, when a voice from the onlookers made him pause.

"Of-ford!"

Several efforts were made to extinguish the disturber of the peace, but he continued to call on Offord, and even threatened to trespass on the ground. It was Ward, a useless but ornamental member of the lower sixth.

"Half a sec., you chaps," said Offord, going to meet the newcomer; "now, Ward, out with it."

Ward lowered his voice and muttered for several seconds. Then he walked away. Offord stood for a moment irresolute; then, tossing the ball up the field, he called:

"Sorry, fellers—but I must go in. Ward will take my place."

He walked off the field and play was resumed. Ward, being beset by questions, said in his airy fashion:

"Oh, there's a little bird in Offord's study. I caught it, and he's gone to see it."

Meanwhile, with steady stride, Offord entered Carr's. Had he come on a wild-goose chase? If so—

He reached his den. The door was locked on the outside. He turned the key and went in. Ah, it was true, then!

His cash-box lay on the floor, and by the open window, within easy reach of the ground outside, stood Walter Lee of the fifth. Ward had told Offord that on entering his (Offord's) study, he had surprised a middle-school boy in the act of rummaging in the prefect's cash-box. Ward had further added that the boy was so startled on being discovered that he had let the cash-box fall to the ground.

Offord leant his back against the door, and regarded Lee with considerable astonishment. Here was one of the last fellows that he would have pitched upon as being guilty of a dishonourable action. He knew him to be a smart man of the lower fifth, a first-rate striker at base-ball, and the winner of last year's middle-school swimming contests. Was it possible that such a fellow could—

The senior moved abruptly, and found himself wondering why the cad hadn't escaped through the window and put off the evil hour.

"Have you anything to say, Lee?"

"No." Lee's face was white, and he

seemed to be speaking through his teeth. "Except that I swear I should have paid it back."

"Really? Well, that's something, anyhow," said Offord. His tone was not conducive to further confession, and it was with difficulty that Lee continued.

"I owe money—and can't write home any more. I've borrowed some, but not enough. I should have repaid it in about a week. I didn't stop to think——"

study with agitation. The disgrace to the College in general and to Carr's in particular began to make itself felt in his mind. Could it not be averted? Were it not for the fact that Ward knew of the affair, he (Offord) might have managed it by himself and in silence. But as it was, the prefects must be consulted, and everything reported to the Head. As he thought of these things,



"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY, LEE?"

"All right," interrupted Offord; "you can keep the rest for the prefects. We'll have it to-morrow during the working-party. Go now."

Lee paused at the door.

"Offord—I know I'll have to leave the Coll., but I'm not what you think. I can't excuse myself, but——"

"Git!" said Offord, almost savagely. And Lee went.

The senior, seriously disturbed, paced his

Offord, who took a keen interest in the well-being of his house, groaned in much bitterness of spirit. Was there *no* way to save Carr's from being thus dragged down?

II.

On the following afternoon, Isabel Uridge, games treasurer, came out of Bowen's with a note-book in her hand, and wrinkles of anxiety on her brow.

"Isabel, why for that soul-stricken expression?" asked Mary Baker.

"Because I'm busy, and I know that wretched bell will ring in a minute for the working-party."

"So it will," agreed Mary; "but what are you busy about?"

"Why, I want young Lee of the fifth."

Mary Baker's face changed. She became suddenly interested.

"What do you want him for?"

"To ask him to take a hand training the juniors for the swimming contests, and—but why are you looking like that, Mary?"

"I'm not looking any way particular," replied Mary Baker quickly.

"Well," continued the other, "I want to see him about it. He's young, but it's a chance for him—he's so keen, and his stroke in the water is perfectly lovely. Will you come into Carr's with me to find him?"

But Mary seemed strangely reluctant.

"I—I don't think there will be time. Can't you——"

At that moment the bell clanged, and to Mary's evident relief the girls had perforce to annex themselves unto the limp throng that filtered slowly forward to join the working-party.

Immediately on hearing the bell, a great crowd of boys gathered in Carr's court—chattering excitedly. Some one—rumour varied as to the person—was to be publicly thrashed by the prefects, in lieu of being reported to the Head. His exact offence was unknown, but rumour knew it had to do with Offord; and Offord being a public favourite, the offender, whomsoever he might be, was to be publicly dropped out of intercourse, as well as publicly thrashed. So much had been decided upon when the prefects, followed by Walter Lee of the lower fifth, came into the court. Carr's received a shock. They had thought Lee to be a good man. However, they had evidently been mistaken.

Briefly, the head prefect informed Carr's of what Lee had done. He had been caught red-handed in the act of stealing money. To save him from the crowning disgrace of expulsion, therefore—a disgrace which might have a baleful effect on his whole life—it had been decided that, in lieu of being reported to the Head, he should receive a Prefects' Thrashing.

Carr's shuddered. This was the most severe punishment in their private penal

code. Each prefect dealt the unhappy victim three cuts with a cane, each cut being delivered with the whole strength of the arm. It was a most painful and impressive ceremony, this Prefects' Thrashing, and it is hardly necessary to add that its moral effect on the more degenerate members of Carr's was considerable.

"Now, Lee!" said the Head Prefect, curtly, lifting the cane.

And a great silence fell upon Carr's.

When it was over, Offord spoke:

"You have all seen what has taken place, and you know the reason, so I needn't enlarge. But I should like to explain that we decided on this in order to save the House from a public disgrace as well as Lee from expulsion. Bowen's know nothing of it, and there is no need for them to. I am now satisfied, so I hope you are."

As he ceased speaking, Bowen's doors were thrown open and the girls trooped out into the sunshine—all unconscious of the tragedy just enacted.

"I want," murmured Isabel Uridge—the wrinkles appearing on her forehead as her thoughts reverted to business—"young Lee."

Mary Baker interposed hastily.

"Don't waste all the afternoon hunting after Lee. You can ask him what you want to any time."

"But I told Joseph White I'd see to it. I guess I'll find Lee in Carr's."

"I guess you won't," returned Mary Baker promptly; "he'll be up in the base-ball field—I don't think!" she added under her breath.

"Well, then, let's go up there," said Isabel, anxious to discharge her duty.

By this time numbers of Carr's had collected together in the base-ball field, a simultaneous rush from the court having been made lest the unwonted numbers should suggest things to the girls.

"Where is Walter Lee of the fifth?" asked Isabel of a junior. The small boy looked uneasy.

"I don't know," he muttered.

W. J. Offord, who was standing near, looked round.

"What do you want with him?" he asked sharply.

Isabel raised her eyebrows at the prefect's tone. "I want to ask him to help with the training of the juniors for the swimming sports. Is he anywhere about?"



"NOW, LEE!"

"No, I don't think so," replied Offord, still frowning; "and I opine that he won't undertake the job."

"Why not?" asked Mary Baker suddenly. "Is there any reason why he shouldn't—now? But come, Isabel, let's get to the other field. You can see about the swimming some other time."

They moved off, and Offord looked anxiously after Mary Baker. Did she know? And would she spread it about Bowen's, thus making it public in spite of all?

III.

On the free half following the incidents just related, Offord, according to his usual habit of mixing his recreations, mapped out

a pleasant little afternoon for himself after this fashion:

Two o'clock: Boat on river with Emerson's "Essays."

Three-thirty: Cricket practice.

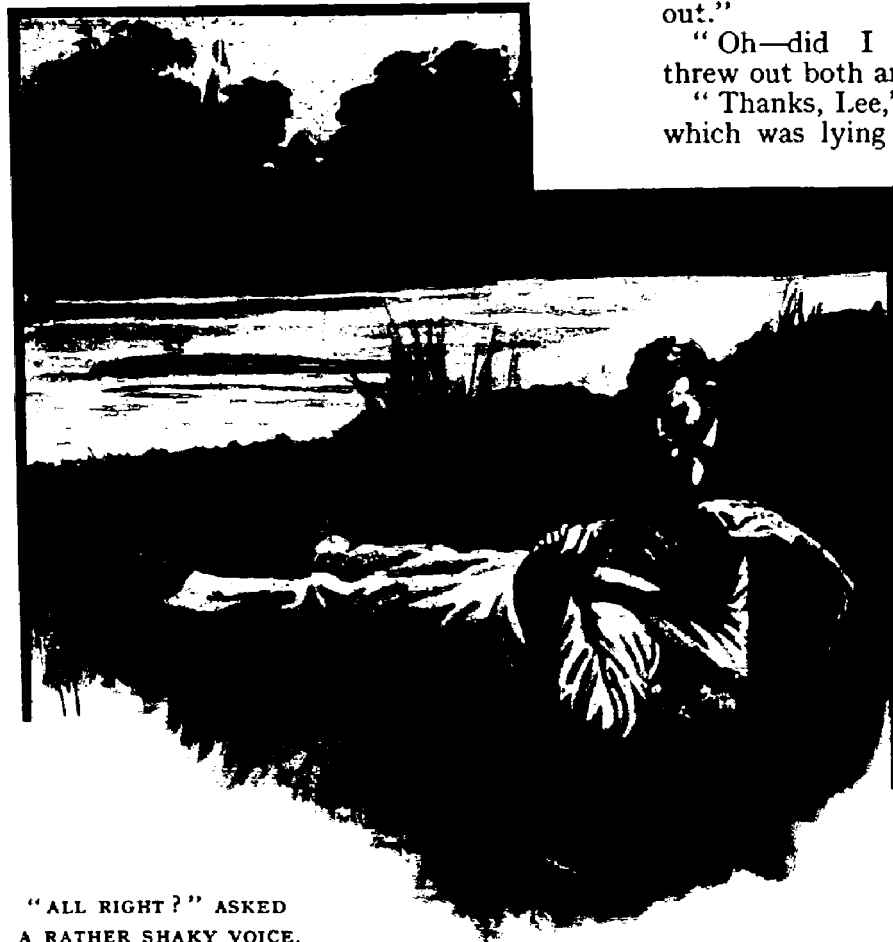
Five o'clock: Tea.

Five-forty-five: Base-ball practice.

The only item he followed up was the first. It was this way. Full of the best intentions, he ensconced himself in a small boat, blissfully unconscious of the fact that the evening before, under the treatment of some half-dozen juniors, it had sprung a leak. Offord, in his ignorance, shipped the oars, opened his book, and drifted gently down-stream. Everything had turned out as he had hoped. Lee's disgrace and

punishment, known only to Carr's, were apparently buried, and except for considerable coldness towards Lee (which the fellow must expect), all was going on as though nothing had happened. At length Offord forgot Lee wholly in the essays of Emerson, which are, as most fellows know, absorbing. Seated high in the bow, with his feet on the seat-board in front of him, he was just in the full enjoyment of "On Self-Reliance," when a ripple of water washing against his heels brought him down to earth, to the knowledge that the boat was full of water, and that in the course of a few seconds something would happen.

It did. Noiselessly graceful, aided by his weight, the small boat turned over, and Offord found himself treading water with energy. Smiling wet-ly, he struck out for the bank, and was just regretting his Emerson, which had sunk, when a very untoward thing happened. A dull pain gripped the muscles of both legs, and a terrible numb feeling crept over him. Offord had never before been seized with cramp, and he went



"ALL RIGHT?" ASKED
A RATHER SHAKY VOICE.

under at once. He rose, terrified and gasping, and plunged wildly forward. But the nerveless logs that seemed to have taken the place of his legs dragged him under again. Once more he came up—breathless. The water blinded him; he seemed to hear some one shouting, and to feel for an instant the wind on his face. Then the water closed over him once more—and he had no more power to hold his breath.

When he came to himself, after a series of nightmares, some one was working his arms like pump-handles, and the sun felt hot on his face. He breathed deeply.

"All right?" asked a rather shaky voice.

Offord opened his mouth to speak, found that too great an effort was required, and closed it again.

The owner of the shaky voice seeming inclined to continue the pumping business, Offord exerted himself mightily and opened his eyes. He saw the face of Walter Lee.

"I—I s'pose you fished me out, Lee?" he said weakly.

"Yes. I was reading, a little lower down. Lucky I happened to hear you call out."

"Oh—did I call out?" The senior threw out both arms and then sat up.

"Thanks, Lee," he said, taking up a book which was lying face-downwards near him.

It was Emerson.

"I'm glad that's saved," he remarked, not noticing its dry exterior.

Lee looked round.

"That's what I was reading. Yours is lost, I'm afraid."

Offord looked more closely at the book in his hand. It was open at the essay "On Self-Reliance."

"Curious," he said to himself. Then: "Do you often read this?"

"No," answered Lee, wiping his face with a handkerchief, and trying vainly to restore the parting in his hair; "it happened to be the first book I took hold of, and it opened at that, so I read it. Hadn't we better go in and change? Can you walk?"

Offord rose to his feet, and tried to shake some of the wet off him. The process was rather a failure, for his head was horribly dizzy.

"I'll clutch hold of you, if you don't mind," he said; "I feel beastly unsteady."

The two walked College-wards together, and were seen afar off by a curious and wondering crowd of Carr's. Offord, and—could it be Lee? Yes, it was—and they were walking arm-in-arm—Jerusalem! Stay, though, there was something the matter. Offord was ill—or was it Lee? And they were both—yes, *wet*, absolutely dripping. The crowd moved forward to meet them.

Offord explained.

"I had an upset; got cramp; should have been drowned, only Lee bucked in and fished me out. That's all."

The crowd of Carr's congratulated Offord warmly—and ignored Lee. They could not forget his disgrace.. Just as things were growing uncomfortable, several girls hurried up with Isabel Uridge and Mary Baker to the fore. When things had been explained to them, and they had congratulated the senior and warmly commended Lee, Isabel spoke thus:

"I've been wanting to speak to you, Lee, for several days. We want to know if you'll undertake the training of the juniors for the swimming contests. What do you say?"

Carr's frowned heavily, and Lee's white face flushed. The offer was a tempting

one, and in ordinary circumstances would give him *status* in the House. As it was—he saw by the lowering faces round him that he must refuse. His punishment was not yet at an end.

"I—I'm real sorry," he commenced, "but I don't think I can take it on."

Offord, who had waited with anxiety for the answer, glanced round, and his eyes met the indignant gaze of Mary Baker. Once more the question flashed into his mind: *Did she know?*

He still held Lee's arm, and now he gripped it more tightly. Was the fellow never to have another chance?

"Why not do it, Lee? No one is better qualified." He paused, and Carr's appeared greatly surprised that he should speak in favour of Lee. He reminded them.

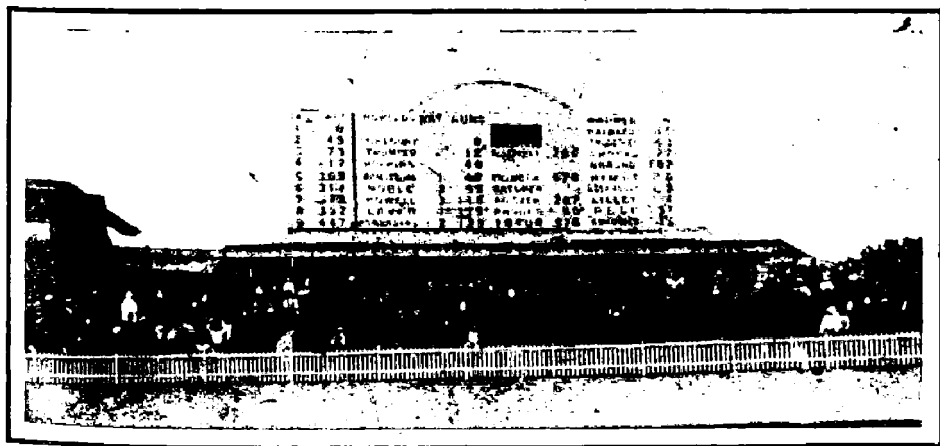
"Fellers, this man saved my life just now!"

There was appeal in his voice, and the electricity of it ran through the group, driving all uncharitableness from their hearts. They realised suddenly that all in this world is not necessarily black or white; that there may be grey.

"We haven't forgotten, Offord—it's all right, Lee. Hurrah!"

Thus was Lee's fall atoned and forgiven; Carr's received him into their midst again, and Bowen's lived on in ignorance.

Only Mary Baker smiled a smile of understanding.

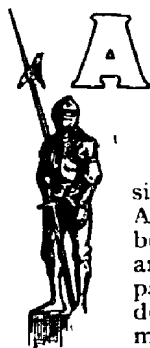


THE SCORING-BOX AT SYDNEY ON THE OCCASION OF ENGLAND'S RECORD SCORE IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH, DECEMBER 1903.

Photo. by P. F. Warner

SCHOOL MAGAZINES REVIEWED

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."



Alt-Heidelberg (Heidelberg College Magazine).—Of the several school magazines which reach us from Germany, *Alt-Heidelberg* is certainly one of the best. As its name implies, it makes a special endeavour to keep in touch with Old Boys—and with considerable success, we should judge. Amongst the contributions to the number before us we note a brief letter from an Old Boy in Alaska, an entertaining paper (in French) entitled "Notre Cercle des Débats!" and an article (in German) on the Carnival in Heidelberg. From an account of the Christmas festivities at the College we take the following menu, which the *gourmets* among our readers may be interested in translating :

SPEISENFOLGE.

Bröschen-Suppe
Steinbutt

Roastbeef mit Gemüse	Rehrbraten mit Kartoffelbrot
Truthahn mit Bratwürstchen	Gefüllte Gans
Mince Pies	Plumpudding
Käse	Butter
Dessert	

Arvonian (Carnarvon County School).—The principal article bears the title of "Research under Difficulties," and gives an interesting account of Priestley's discovery of oxygen in 1775. The resources at the chemist's disposal were limited: the difficulties he encountered great. The narrative of how he triumphed makes stimulating reading. "Works" is an unpretentious but suggestive little paper upon the aspect of a big engineering factory.

Blue (Christ's Hospital).—The last number to hand contains the best thing we have come upon in our latest batch of magazines. This is a paper on "The Charms of the Road," by the Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, who is best known to fame as "the Walking Parson." As one who has learned the lesson of the road, it may be that Mr. Cooper's remarks appeal with peculiar force to the present writer: but we cannot think the point of them could by any one be missed. He starts with a delightful story:

Cobbett relates he once heard one eminent Scotch gentleman discussing with another the education of his boy.
"Do you mean to have him taught Latin?"
"No," was the reply, "I mean to do something better for him."
"What is that?"
"Why, teach him to shave with cold water and without a glass."

After briefly relating his early experiences as a Bluecoat boy, Mr. Cooper, writing in easy but most suggestive style, sketches lightly some of his experiences on the road. Like Ulysses of old, he has seen cities and men. To mention but a few of his travels, he has walked to Rome, Buda-Pesth, and Vienna; to the Black Forest, the Italian Littoral, and across Bohemia, where roads in many large districts are non-existent; to Venice, Monte Carlo, and over the Pyrenees to Barcelona.

We wish it were possible to quote the whole of Mr. Cooper's fascinating paper *in extenso*. That being out of the question, we must content ourselves with this concluding passage:

I feel inclined to borrow the idea, and say that every one who loves the roads will find their knowledge expanding, their interest in life growing, and as for their bodies, there will be no need to talk of

physical degeneration if we become a nation of walkers. The man who walks is the man who is well, and the man who is well is the man who is happy. I know that only experience will enable any one to appreciate the keen delight in this mode of travel, which Walt Whitman thus describes:

"Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me;
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

Droghedan.—The printing is poor, and the general turn-out inferior. A little more care bestowed upon the "make-up," and more particular supervision of the printer, would render the *Droghedan* a great deal more presentable, at no extra expense. The most interesting item in the number before us is the Headmaster's brief narrative of a modern pilgrimage from Jerusalem to Jericho. As a companion to the *menu* quoted from the account of Christmas festivities at Heidelberg College, we give here the bill of fare at the Hotel du Parc, Jericho. It consisted, as will be seen, "of goat and eggs in various permutations and combinations."

Goat Soup.
Minced Goat on Toast.
Goat Cutlets and Mashed Potato.
Roast Leg of Goat.
Omelette.

The vegetables were all right, but the goat was goat of a Patriarchal age and muscular development. It was a scandal to murder them in the days of their dotage, unless they had, indeed, paid the debt of nature unassisted, which is likely enough.

Glasgow High School Magazine.—A full number, with some very fair literary contents. "A Visit to Benares" contains some interesting information, though personally we cannot help contrasting it (somewhat to its detriment) with the picturesque, if profane, description recently given us by a home-returned "Tommy." "And they calls that the 'oly City!" was his memorable peroration in disgusted tones. "An Afternoon's Walk in the South of Bute," and "A Night on Goatfell" (the latter by a girl) are creditable holiday contributions. We like especially the anonymous verses, reprinted from the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*, which appear to have been inspired by a church parade of the cadet corps. After alluding to the smart appearance of the corps, "wadin' through the mud an' snaw," the poet proceeds:

Days will come—indeed are comin',
No sae very far awa',
When they'll have to quit their drummin'
An', like sodgers, rise or fa'.
Lads o' auld St. Mungo's High School,
Keep your backs again' the wa';
When you wear the blackcock's feather
Don't forget the cock can craw.
On the fields o' war, or silence—
Fields o' anything at a';
If you mak' your motto Duty
You can up an' waur them a'.

Huish Magazine.—We do not recollect to have seen this magazine before. The contents of the two issues received do not call for special comment, but the general appearance—the "make up"—of the magazine might be easily improved. Little discretion has been exercised in the arrangement of the pages (we should judge, indeed, that the printers are responsible for the sub-editorial work), and as a consequence they look heavy and uninteresting. The five pages of "Personalia," for example, should be more attractively dressed, and the commencement of special articles at the

head of a page (instead of at the tail of a preceding feature) would lend some style to the magazine, even if it caused a small waste of space. The cover would be far better if it were simplified by the removal of the meaningless tail-piece which the printer (as we imagine) has thrust in, after the manner of his kind.

Leopard (Skinners' School Magazine).—The last number to hand contains very little of general interest. General Knowledge Papers usually add somewhat to the gaiety of schoolmasters, and "A Batch of Blunders" is a very entertaining anthology of "howlers." English genders produce the most astonishing results:

The masculine of doe rabbit is either drake-rabbit or buck-hare was one answer recently given in an examination, a good second being the reply to the question "Give the masculine of hind." "Hindermost," said the intelligent child.

The cover of *The Leopard* has at least the merit of striking the eye. It would have been more effective, however, if the artist had not so muddled his composition.

Merle (Nottingham High School).—The contents embrace various miscellaneous contributions, but if we except "Kaigosu," which is an extract from the Japanese *Asun; Horuwo*, none can lay claim to distinction. The cover of *The Merle* is not beautiful, but, regarded as the work of a boy still at school (which we understand it to be), it may be granted the merit of promise.

Modernian.—A neatly-turned-out magazine, which comes, so far as we can discover, from Tokyo—from Japan, at all events. We do not recollect having seen a copy before, and are glad to welcome so interesting an addition to the pile upon our table. The literary contents call for no special comment, but the numerous photographs, which are tastefully reproduced, are most interesting.

Pocklingtonian.—Mostly school news. The essay on "The Weather" is feeble, and the writer, since he found inspiration to his pen so lacking, would have been well advised not to write at all. "A March Day" commends itself to us. The author has no mean power of description, and we like his "Vision of a March Day":

... sheep huddling in their pens, a downward slope of dull-green turf, a hill shoulder pointed in the red-ochre of a plough and flanked by the brown of the woods, while a rustic splashes along the ill-kept road, and everywhere the song of the wind which moans in the grass, whistles in the hedgerows, and roars in the tree-tops. The cry of a cock-pheasant comes from a neighbouring spinney and the hares lope over the plough-land yonder. Spring is in the air, turning the speck within the egg and the sap within the bud, a blackbird goes squawking down the hedgerow and a flight of innumerable starlings whirl by overhead, while faintly comes the "baa" of the sheep within their pens.

Sexey's School Magazine.—To a previous issue of this periodical one W. A. K. recently contributed an article descriptive of a voyage to Spitzbergen, upon which we in turn commented in these columns. It appears that our criticism went home, for in the pages before us we find the following letter:

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to a review of *Sexey's School Magazine* in a magazine for boys called *THE CAPTAIN*. The writer of the review, who signs himself A. E. Johnson, is rather sarcastic upon my Spitzbergen article which you were good enough to print. In the superior manner of the omniscient Fleet Street hack, the extent of whose travels may or may not include a day at Margate, he finds fault with me for going to Spitzbergen in a steamer. Does A. E. Johnson, in his "heated study," imagine that there is a regular service of coasting vessels from London to Spitzbergen? I should be obliged if he would inform me of any method of reaching

Spitzbergen other than the one I chose. As a matter of fact, the *Ophir* was the only vessel from England which landed any passengers at Spitzbergen in 1904. How many times has A. E. Johnson visited Spitzbergen, and what route did he choose? His very vivid description of "limitless plains" which have no existence is a sufficient indication of his knowledge.

Then I am to blame because I have a "delicate nose"! A. E. Johnson may, if he revels in smells, easily satisfy his olfactory cravings within a very small radius of his publishing office. Surely even a "globe-trotter" may, if he pleases, object to following his example. I can assure him that some globe-trotters are so depraved as to absolutely prefer sweet to unsavoury smells.

But why "globe-trotter"? And why is a globe-trotter "distressing"? If A. E. Johnson will provide sufficient funds, and the necessary holiday, I shall be delighted to cross Spitzbergen in the proper Martin Coaway style; but with a very limited purse, I managed to secure the cheapest berth-in the only English vessel which could possibly get to Spitzbergen and back in the very limited time at my disposal.

I recommend my amiable critic to confine his caustic wit in future to subjects with which he is more familiar.

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. A. K.

As an example of the art of polite letter-writing we think this is worthy the attention of our readers. As to the substance of W. A. K.'s remarks, we can only regret that his resentment of criticism should apparently have blunted his perceptions. It is idle to pretend, as he foolishly tries, that objection was made to his voyaging to Spitzbergen in a steamer. He was not expected to fly. Our complaint was that, though presumably possessed of eyes, the writer of the article appeared to have seen nothing. If any reader is sufficiently curious to turn up the issue of *THE CAPTAIN* for last January he will find the offending passage on page 368, and can form his own judgment upon it. We are sorry W. A. K. should have missed so completely the point of our criticism: but that he would see it was, of course, too much to expect.

Sotoniensis (King Edward VI. Grammar School).—We are accustomed to find some good things in the admirable collection of "Miscellanea" which is a regular feature of *Sotoniensis*, and the Easter number does not disappoint us. Here is a little story which is suggestive as well as amusing:

A young lady who was just going in for an examination in which *Hamlet* formed one of the subjects was asked how she liked the play. Her reply was that she judged from the notes that it must be very interesting, and that she intended to read it as soon as the examination was over.

Stanley House School Magazine.—As usual, a very full and interesting number. The dialect verses "Hullo!" are cheery reading and capital. We should like to see more from the same pen. "The House of Commons" is a readable paper, as is also "The Lighter Side of 'Varsity Life.'" Of a more solid nature are "Weather, Weathering, and the Formation of Soil," and "Fossils and Fossil-Hunting." The *Stanley House School Magazine* is excellently printed and capitally turned out; and it always, we note, maintains a good standard of all-round merit. If he never had worse to comment upon, the reviewer's task would be a pleasant one.

Other Magazines received at the date of going to press include *Blew House Magazine*, *Burian, City of London School Magazine*, *Clarencian*, *Harrogate College Magazine*, *Hoe Preparatory School Magazine*, *Hulmeian*, *Ipswich School Magazine*, *Liverpool College Upper School Magazine*, *Mill Hill Magazine*, *Olavian*, *Ousel*, *Pelican*, *Quernmorian*, *Salopian*.

A. E. JOHNSON.



THE CASE OF MACDONALD.

By "ISIS."

Illustrated by F. R. Skelton.



STANDING by the fireplace in my chambers in the Temple, I tried to believe myself back at Oxford. I often did so. And this time at least I was rewarded, for Oxford was grateful for my kind attentions, and sent me at that moment two very pleasant things—an old college friend and my first brief. To speak properly, it was not my brief; it was his. But he was busy, and could not take it. So he came to me, his junior by three years, and asked me to do the work for him. A most remarkable little case it was, he told me. Some young cub in Gloucestershire, son of a local squire, had to be defended against a charge of maliciously burning down his neighbour's summer-house. From the frantic jangle of discordant wails and prayers which figured as solicitors' letters in the brief we judged that as Dreyfus was to France so was this young criminal to Gloucestershire. He had run the county off its legs. Nothing would do but that a wigged and gowned barrister from London should go down to conduct his defence, a duty which fell to my friend, and by him was passed on to me.

The second day from this saw me on my way down into Gloucestershire, cramming myself with a delectable work on the Law of Evidence written by a person called Best. I got a lot of useful knowledge about the way one should administer oaths to a Quaker, or a heathen Chinee, or a Russian admiral, and other odd creatures. But the more I read the more my sense of inexperience oppressed me, and when I contemplated the approaching trial I felt as if the headmaster had suddenly come down upon me for a piece of construe I had not prepared. At the station I was met by two solicitors, whom I asked to tell me of the best inn in the place. "Inn!" they cried, "why, you must come up to the Hall. Mr. Macdonald is waiting for you outside in his brake." Of course even I knew it was rather unusual for barristers to be entertained by the families of accused persons they have

to defend, but I was completely captured. With a solicitor at each elbow I was marched off and introduced as the learned counsel from London to Mr. Macdonald, who, if his spirits sank at the sight of my youthful appearance, was much too well bred to show it. He began at once, in the fine florid manner of his class, to tell me how inconceivably preposterous and crazy was the suggestion of his son having committed the crime. This was all very interesting, of course, but I did not remember seeing that kind of thing in Best's "Law of Evidence." I said I supposed all the neighbours would speak as to the boy's good character. The next moment I lurched nearly off my seat as Mr. Macdonald touched up the horses in preparation for reply. "Bless me, yes, indeed," he said. "Finest young chap in the county! Up to any boyish prank, of course; no molly-coddle, of course; quite game for pelting a bobby from behind a tree—ha, ha—but as for being a criminal in the dock—my dear sir—my good sir—it's a confounded lie; it's a conspiracy."

The Squire's conversation and my welcome at the Hall really made me curl up with shame. To me the whole thing had seemed a mere sporting effort to relieve my friend's pressure of business. But to these people it was a matter of life and death. A precious only son and heir was accused of a disgraceful outrage, and was in danger of public indignities really horrible to contemplate. One of the two justices of the peace before whom the case was coming had declared all round the countryside that young Macdonald, if convicted, should be treated like any common hooligan, *i.e.*, sent to gaol and whipped. "Can it be?" asked the Squire, "can it be that they really have power to order him to be whipped by the police?" I asked what was the boy's age, having looked up this point in London.

"Sixteen next month," said the Squire, and I was bound to confess that he could, indeed, be whipped. What did more than anything to make me feel a worm was the almost oriental reverence with which the whole party regarded me. I am sure they thought Dick Turpin himself would have been saved had I been there to plead his cause. My

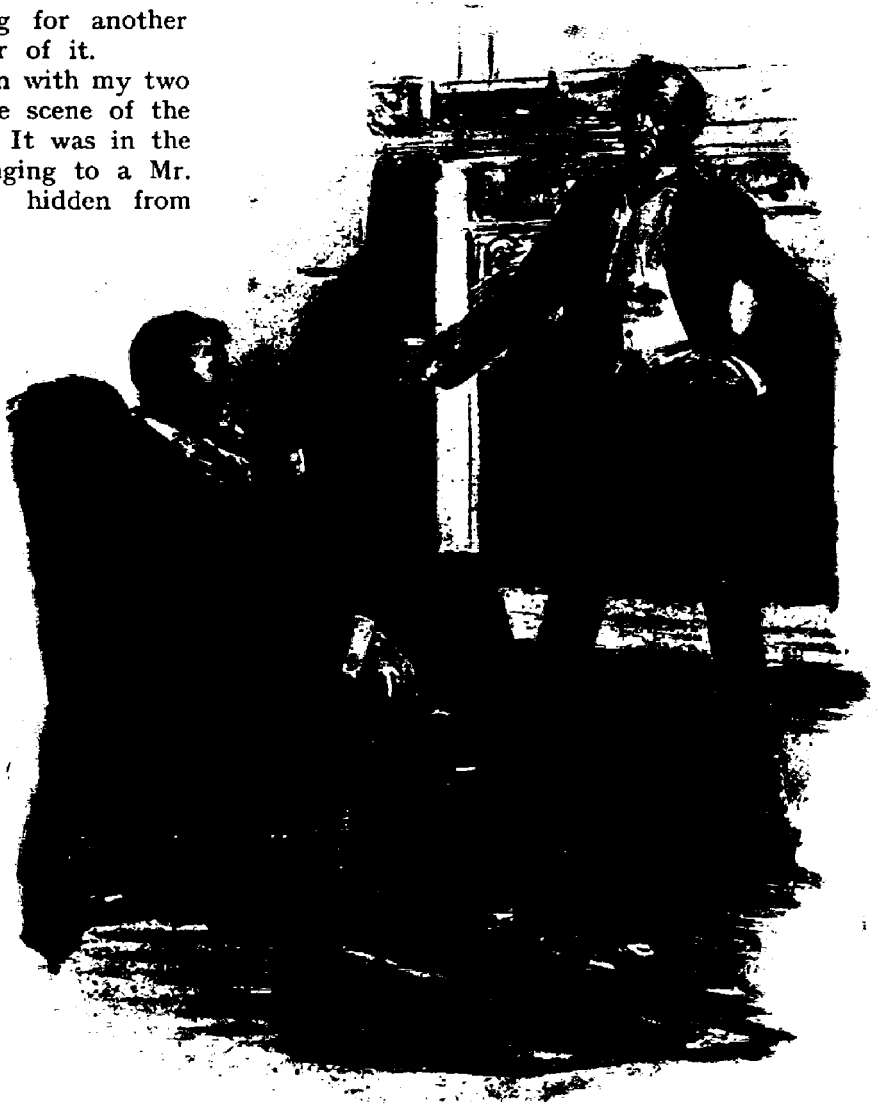
appellation of "learned" fully covered the multitude of my defects, and even the paucity of my years. Mrs. Macdonald, for instance, who treated the two solicitors like inferior servants, showed to me as much respect as the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It quite crushed me. The only time they opposed me was when I suggested telegraphing for another counsel. They would not hear of it.

Before dinner I strolled down with my two hounds of the law to view the scene of the outrage—the "locus in quo." It was in the middle of a small copse belonging to a Mr. Baggerly, and was very well hidden from other houses near. Mr. Baggerly, I learned, was perpetually at loggerheads with the Macdonalds, and he was also the austere magistrate who proposed to be so hard on young Macdonald if convicted. The solicitors told me that the really damning piece of evidence was that the boy was known to have gone out for a walk on the night of the fire, and had borrowed a box of matches from Mr. Baggerly's lodge-keeper, after failing to find any at the village shop. Then the Vicar, too, on returning from the room where he conducted his club for boys, had seen young Macdonald entering the copse. Very bad it looked, and my spirits sank as I thought how inadequate would be the skill of the defence to meet the impact of the charges.

We went back, and met the family again at dinner. Then for the first time I saw the accused, who was at liberty, of course, on bail. He was rather notably good-looking, though critics might have called him angular and thin. He had dark waving hair, a healthy, reddish complexion, and fine grey-blue eyes. But I found him unpleasantly hostile to myself. As I came downstairs before dinner I saw him in the hall, leaning against a pillar, with his hands in his pockets, wearing a dinner-jacket which was obviously new, and yet was torn in one of the sleeves. As I walked across the hall he did not move from his pillar, but stood regarding me with a defiant, dangerous

air that seemed to mean, "I'm rather afraid of you, but if you do come near me I'll bite you, and bite you hard."

The conversation at dinner was like all conversation when people are talking about one thing and thinking about something



"CAN IT BE," ASKED THE SQUIRE, "CAN IT BE THAT THEY REALLY HAVE POWER TO ORDER HIM TO BE WHIPPED BY THE POLICE?"

else. That is to say, it was a bit dull. The trial was not mentioned. The criminal, whose name was Charley, still kept giving me glances of hostility. The two lawyers dined with us, and I suppose it comforted the distressed parents to see this legal bodyguard arrayed around the boy. When the ladies left the room Charley was sent out with them, and Mr. Macdonald began to talk about the trial again. What seemed to trouble him

most was that he was sure Mr. Baggerly would do his utmost to secure a conviction. I was anxious to see what sort of a person this terrible Baggerly was, and, therefore, it pleased me considerably when the door opened, soon after we rejoined the ladies, and I heard the name of the magistrate announced. He came in, and made me think——

How, like an eagle in a dovecot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli.

Every one got up and bristled like an angry cat. Mrs. Macdonald called Charley, and the solicitors marched up in double file to stand between the eagle and his prey. Mr. Macdonald, very red, asked to what we owed the honour of this visit. Mr. Baggerly, hugely enjoying the disturbance, said he merely wished to know if the accused intended to make a confession. And Charley at once, with his glare of hostility, said he didn't. Mr. Baggerly was a red-faced, bullying country gentleman, without the characteristic good humour of the class. I felt very angry as I looked at him, and compared his brutal strength and dull rudeness with the more attractive qualities of my spirited, handsome, deep-eyed young client. Also it was grossly indecent for a magistrate to behave in this way. My interest in the case became greater than before, and I had ambitious visions of my prowess in the defence, the discomfiture of the magistrate, and the triumphant acquittal of my client. When Mr. Baggerly left I succeeded in getting some private conversation with the boy.

"What a bristly old beast that man is!" I said, and won a smile of approval.

"He hates all our family," the boy said, slowly, looking down at the ground. "He wants to send me to gaol."

"I wish you'd tell me exactly how you spent that evening," I said.

But I achieved nothing. Young Macdonald looked at me again in his defiant way, and said very civilly that he'd rather not.

"You see, I shall have to ask you when you're in the witness-box."

"Must I go into the witness-box?" he asked.

"You're not bound to," I told him. "But Mr. Macdonald wants you to; and I think it would be best if you did."

But he only laughed in a nervously civil way, and said he was afraid he was giving a lot of trouble.

I will not dwell on the history of that night. It had a very long and sad history, for I did

not go to sleep until nearly three o'clock, when my book dropped out of my hands as I lay reading law in bed.

I was called early in the morning. Breakfast was a meal that nobody had the heart to eat, but we sat round the table and shook our heads at intervals. Then we started on a four-mile drive to the little town where the trial was to take place. Mrs. Macdonald could not bear to come, and when we left she pressed my hand and assured me that she knew the boy was in good hands. That was not my opinion. At least, they looked anything but good hands when I had arrived in court and set my trembling fingers to sort out my papers. There is a comforting story about an old sergeant in the Crimea who went into battle shivering with fear. "Why, sergeant," said a subaltern, "you're frightened!" The sergeant answered, "Yes, and if you was as frightened as me, young man, you'd run away." That is a nice story for people who tremble.

The appearance of my wig and gown in the police court made every one sit up. I assumed a most learned frown, and the fat old solicitor who was conducting the prosecution shied considerably. The place was packed with people of all classes, from the county families to yokels, all interested in this *cause célèbre*. When the accused came in I heard a sudden outburst of clapping. Stern voices ordered silence, but I looked round and saw that the applause came from a band of rough-looking boys sitting together in the public part of the court. Such is the solidarity of youth. I thought, and I was encouraged.

Well, my fate was upon me, and I had to go through with it. The oily solicitor who was my opponent rose, much smiled on by the approving Baggerly from the bench, and opened the case. My client stood between two policemen in the dock. His flushed face and sulky, defiant mien were particularly becoming as he stood looking at the fat solicitor, when one considered the dangerous position he was in. The first witness was the clergyman. He was one of those people who seem to think it natural that you will consider every word they say a lie, and so are obliged to answer the simplest question with a pathetic amount of detail and gesture and facial contortions in order to be believed at all. I didn't see any special reason for disbelieving him, but doubtless he knew best. He said he had met young Macdonald at eight o'clock on the night in question, walking away from the village and in the direction of the cope.

That was when the Vicar was returning from his boys' club. At each of his answers Mr. Baggerly nodded his head in satisfaction. Did the Vicar notice anything peculiar about the boy? asked my opponent. And it appeared that the boy had dived into the hedge the moment he caught sight of the Vicar. Things looked bad.

When the solicitor had finished his examination of this witness I got up to cross-examine him. For the life of me I did not know what to say to him. "How often do you hold your boys' club?" I asked at random.

The magistrate interrupted me. "Now don't waste time," he snarled. "Your wig and gown don't give you a right to ask silly questions."

"How often do you hold your boys' club?" I repeated, having now at least got an object in view in the shape of a desire not to be brow-beaten.

"Twice a week and twice only, and on all Bank Holidays, except the August one." the Vicar answered.

"At what hour does it begin?" I asked.

"At eight o'clock, though sometimes we are a few minutes early and sometimes a few minutes late; but I can positively say it begins at eight o'clock as a rule."

Then I thought I had caught him lying.

"And yet you say," I announced severely, "that you met young Mr. Macdonald at eight o'clock as you were returning from the club. Be very careful, Mr. Brown."

The moment I said it I was sorry. The poor man nearly wept with distress. He implored me to believe that on the night in question, strange as it might seem, he was.



"I WISH YOU'D TELL ME EXACTLY HOW YOU SPENT THAT EVENING," I SAID.

really and truly, on his honour, on his oath, returning from the club at eight or soon after, for it happened that on this particular night not one of his boys had turned up. So he came away.

"Does this often happen?" I asked.

"It has never happened before," said he.

It was Greek to me. I could not get my muddled head to see whether this fact had a favourable or unfavourable bearing, or if it had any bearing at all. I asked a few questions about Charley's behaviour in the road, and then I let the Vicar go.

My fat opponent called the lodge-keeper, and disclosed the story of the borrowed matches. Then he produced the woman who kept the village shop. Here was a very different sort

"What was it?" cried the solicitor, perspiring with rage.

"Cigarettes," said the woman.


An inspiration seized me. In spite of the irregularity of it I jumped up and said, "How many?"

"Fifty," she said.

"And you gave him them?"

"Yes."

When it was my



of witness. There was no volubility about this one. Indeed, every word had to be dragged out with the tweezers, and Charley's look of hostility was milk and water compared with hers.

"Did you sell anything to the prisoner that night?" they asked.

Silence.

"Answer this instant, or I'll send you to prison for contempt of court," shouted Mr. Baggerly.

"He asked for matches," said the woman, "and I hadn't any. So there!"

"Did he ask for anything else? Any paper or dry wood?"

"No paper nor no wood."

"Well, did he ask for anything else at all?"

Silence; and further imprecations from Mr. Baggerly. The question was repeated.

"I'm forbidden to say."

This roused the court, or rather Mr. Baggerly, to fury. Why was she forbidden? Who forbade her? &c.

"Young Mr. Macdonald, he told me not to, and I won't. S' there."

But she did, in the end.

I JUMPED UP AND SAID, "HOW MANY?"

turn to cross-examine her I had only one question to ask. Pointing to the boys who had clapped, I asked:

"Are those the boys who go to Mr. Brown's club?" And she told me that they were.

The solicitor addressed the bench in favour of a conviction. Then came my time for opening the defence. I was fearfully excited, but all my nervousness had gone. I turned round and called to one of the boys.

"You there with the red tie," I said, "come into the witness-box."

I asked him his name, and so on. I asked him why he did not go to the Vicar's club that night. This question troubled him, and he looked appealingly at Charley Macdonald. Every moment I felt more eager and elated. I asked the boy what he was doing that night. I pressed him, rebuked him, threatened him, and finally made him confess that he and his friends had gone to the summer-house in the copse to smoke with young Macdonald. Then I called the prisoner.

Oh, how wild he was! He answered my questions deliberately, and with cold civility, but his eyes blazed murder at me all along. First I asked about the cigarettes. Then I went on to make a direct assault.

"You are charged," I said, "with maliciously and wilfully burning the summer-house. You say you are not guilty. Then with what intention did you go to the summer-house?"

He would have liked to have his teeth in my throat, I knew. But his companions had already given away the secret, and there was really no longer any reason why the leader should not confess all. I explained this to him, and repeated my question.

"I went there," he said, "to smoke."

"Why did you choose that place?"

"Because it is hidden away."

"Why did you avoid Mr. Brown?"

"Because I didn't want him to know about the smoking."

"Thank you." I let him go. My opponent, the fat solicitor, lay back laughing. So did the other magistrate, the comrade of the exasperated and disappointed Baggerly. Maliciously and wilfully burning! There was not a vestige of evidence to show malice or any criminal intention at all. It was a boyish smoking party, and an accidental fire was caused by some one throwing down a lighted match. Naughty it might be, but not criminal. I asked the bench to dismiss the case.

"We dismiss the case," said the other magistrate, and Mr. Baggerly could be seen swallowing his rage in lumps.

As we drove home my client would not speak to me. I thought I should be called on to defend him again, against paternal charges this time. But Mr. Macdonald was too wildly happy to be angry. He freely forgave all, and promised to give a big tea party to Charley's village friends every holidays, on condition of the smoking parties being abandoned. And when we had dined that night, and had played mad games all the evening, I seized my client's shoulders and told him that if I had known last night how he held the key of the secret, and would not tell me, I'd have wrung his neck.

"Wring it now," he said, laughing, and I chased him all over the house.

The Scottish Football League, 1904-05.

THE Scottish Football League championship had a very exciting finish this year. Up till the very end of the competition the result was in doubt; in fact the competition ended in a tie between these old rivals, Rangers and Celtic.

Had it been decided by the goal average the Rangers would easily have earned first place, but a deciding game was necessary, which the Celtic won by two goals to one.

The Celtic have a total of 43 points, the Rangers coming second with 41 points. The third place was gained by the Third Lanark with 35 points, and the fourth place by the Airdrieonians with 27 points.

The Airdrieonians deserve great credit for reaching the fourth place, as it was only their second season in the First Division of the League. They went through their first ten matches without suffering defeat, but in the eleventh they lost to Motherwell (1-0), who, strange to say, finished at the foot of the table.

The fifth place is filled by the Hibernian and Partick Thistle, who tie with 26 points. Heart of Midlothian and Dundee come next with 25 points each, followed by Kilmarnock, St. Mirren, Port-Glasgow Athletic, Queen's Park, Greenock Morton, and Motherwell, in the order named.

Appended is the position of the teams at the close of the season :

TEAMS.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals For.	Goals Against.	Points.
Celtic	27	19	3	5	70	32	43
Rangers	27	19	5	3	84	30	41
Third Lanark	26	14	5	7	60	27	35
Airdrieonians	26	11	10	5	38	45	27
Hibernian	26	9	9	8	39	39	26
Partick Thistle	26	12	12	2	36	55	26
Hearts	26	11	12	3	46	44	25
Dundee	26	10	11	5	38	32	25
Kilmarnock	26	9	12	5	29	45	23
St. Mirren	26	9	13	4	33	36	22
Port-Glasgow Athletic	26	8	13	5	30	51	21
Queen's Park	26	6	12	8	28	44	20
Greenock Morton	26	7	15	4	27	50	18
Motherwell	26	6	18	2	28	53	14

COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

Last day for sending in, July 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, August 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners ; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 BURLINGHE STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

All competitions should reach us by July 18.

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.—“**First XI. v. Rest of England.**”
—Choose what you consider to be the best English cricket eleven, and pit it against a team representing the rest of England, selecting the captain of each side. Send post-cards. Prize: An “Imperial Driver” Cricket Bat, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. H. Gradidge and Sons. (See Prizes page.)

One age limit . . . Twenty-one.

No. 2.—“**My Most Exciting Experience Whilst Awheel.**”—This is a competition for our cyclist readers. Send an essay, not exceeding 300 words in length, describing the most exciting experience that has befallen you whilst a wheel. Motor-cyclists may also compete. Prizes: Class I., a “Brooks” B15 Patent Road Racing Saddle, value 12s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a New Departure Cyclometer. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**Drawing of a Tree.**”—Send a sketch of a tree, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a No. 0 “Midg” Camera, value £1 1s., manufactured by Messrs. W. Butcher and Son. Classes II. and III., a Houghtons, Ltd., No. 2 “Scout” Camera, value 10s. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—“**A July Event.**”—Write an essay not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of July. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Class I. a “Gamage” Bat, value 18s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a No. 2 “Brownie” Kodak, value 10s.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—“**‘Captain’ Birthday Book.**”—This time take the month of *September* (thirty days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season September falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Three John Piggott Tennis Racquets, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **August 18.** By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial July Competitions.”

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 Walter Hartill, B. Weaver, "Speranza," H. S. Light, P. L. Dacre. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Championship led up to the great London League being formed. On July 26, 1890, the first county match was played, and two days later England met Scotland at Kensington. Now matches are played annually between England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. And so by these few facts we see what a very great

The Advance of Swimming.

THE present keenness and interest displayed in swimming was really first aroused when, in 1886, Joseph Nuttall, the champion swimmer at that time, won the hundred yards' Championship of England; and it is largely to him that we owe our thanks for the existence of swimming-baths in almost every large town, so that now every chance is offered to any one who wishes either to learn or to improve his swimming of doing so. The result of this is that speed rates which were formerly good enough for the Championship, are now scarcely good enough to obtain a standard certificate, and this itself shows how vast an improvement has been effected in the methods and strokes of swimmers. A notable method of swimming which has helped to increase speed rates is that known as the "Trudgen," or double over arm stroke, which was introduced by a man named Trudgen in the year 1873. It was not until water polo made headway, however, that this stroke was properly adopted, but now it is highly popular, and has been greatly improved of late. Swimming has also brought into practice the excellent game of water polo. This game was first played in the seventies, but no one took any interest in it until the English Championship was first instituted in the year 1888. This



CRICKET IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

Photo. by P. F. Warner.



FOUNDER'S COURT AND TOWER,
CHARTERHOUSE.



CHARTERHOUSE BRIDGE.

The house on the left is "Hodgsonites."

Photos. by "Aptus."

and rapid improvement has been made in this popular pastime. It is sincerely to be hoped that in future years the interest which is at present taken in swimming will not cease, but that the art will be promoted, and that every one will do all in his power to encourage it, because swimming is undoubtedly really necessary for all. for it will always be found useful both in case of accidents on water and for exercising all the muscles of the body.

WALTER HARTILL.

The "Dripping-Pan" Tombstone.

THE accompanying snapshot is of a unique tombstone, which is to be seen in the graveyard of the parish church of Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire. Not only does this tombstone bear the following strange epitaph :

Here lies my corpse who was the man
That lov'd a sop in dripping pan
But now believe me I am dead
Now here the pan stands at my head
Still for sop to the last I cry
But could not eat and so I died
My neighbours they perhaps may laugh
Now they do read my epitaph

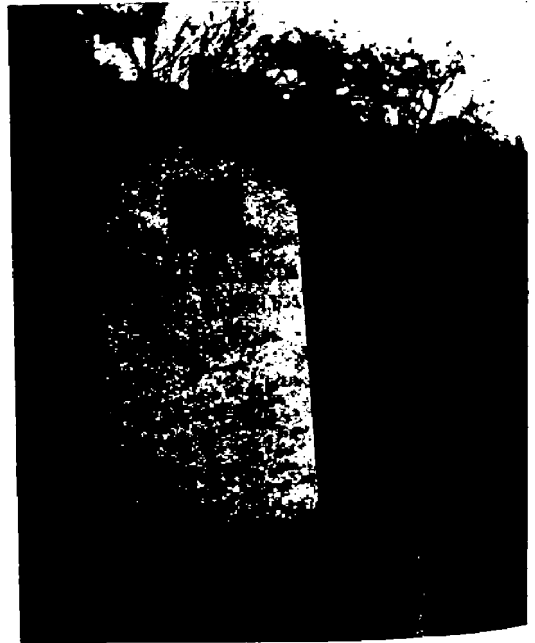
but it is made doubly interesting by the fact that it has an ordinary "dripping-pan" let into the stone. The pan is made of tin, and is protected from mischievous persons, who might try to damage it, by six iron bars, which can be plainly seen in the photograph. The legend can also be plainly deciphered. I think this must be one of the most "peculiar epitaphs" in existence.

B. WEAVER.

Is Youth the Happiest Period of Life?

[BY A GIRL.]

STANDING, as we do, on the threshold of life in our youth, it must be hard to decide this question. With many, youth will always be remembered as a very happy period of their life ; a time when all the clouds within their sky were silver-lined and rosy. Not until they had grown much older, perhaps, did life appear otherwise than a beautiful dream. Nay, perhaps it might even be that these souls never felt a different heart-beat than their youthful one!—



THE "DRIPPING-PAN" TOMBSTONE.

Photo. by B. Weaver.

never suffered, never felt the pang of living. These people are few; to almost every one must come a change, brought by various ways and means. Sorrow, marriage, illness, &c.: all these may cause our youth to alter. Whereas some might live on, for years after youth was left behind, in the same old groove, others early in life may change their mode of existence for good and all. Every girl, of course, must hold a different view of this matter, according to her own experience. Mine is that youth is certainly a time of doubt, and that not until a maturer age is reached shall I learn to feel perfectly happy. Though I may have already known some sorrow, I can still appreciate sad things and sympathise with those girls who enjoy melancholy pieces at the theatre, or sad books. These things make me more alive to the interests of life: they also carry one's thoughts away from personal grief and give them a wider view of the sufferings of others. Surely the noblest aim of woman, living a pure life, is to join in the joys and sorrows of all her human sisters. For those who have suffered themselves, who know the heart-burnings of failure, who have experienced Life's ups and downs—*these* can best offer sympathy to the unhappy members of God's great family. They have felt what 'tis to fall and be near to despair; but if with Divine assistance and their own power of overcoming the difficulties of youth, they have risen above their temporary sadness, then the love within their hearts is turned towards those

who ask for pity—their sorrowing sisters. The greatest friend a girl can have to guide her through youth is an older woman, pure in heart and deed, versed in the mystic law of earth's strange ways; one who has felt life's pang and lived and fought against all despair—and now rests patiently and with modest dignity, waiting for the "fulfilment of the word."

When crosses mar my way, I trust God to give me strength to bear them, that as I grow older I may look back on youth as a time of difficulties, perhaps, but still a time also of a well-fought battle, the fruits of which have proved beneficial to my after life. For it will be during youth that the great questions of life will arise and demand answer. And they who afterwards will deserve our gratitude are

the friends whose timely words of advice and encouragement found an entrance into our hearts when they were young. "SPERANZA."

Temple Bar.

TEMPLE BAR is mentioned as early as 1301. It was not, as has been generally supposed, one of the Gates to the City. They were of a much earlier date. The present Temple Bar was erected by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire, and occupied its original site for upwards of two hundred years. From time immemorial it has been the custom for the Lord Mayor to receive the Sovereign at Temple Bar when he or she desired to enter the City,



OLD TEMPLE BAR. NOW THE ENTRANCE TO THEOBALDS PARK.

Photo. by E. S. Wright.

which custom was duly observed on the occasion of King Edward VII.'s visit to the city after his Coronation in 1902. Temple Bar was the scene of a great ceremony when, in 1588, Queen Elizabeth visited St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the deliverance from the Spanish Armada; and again in 1871 when Queen Victoria attended a service of thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of our present King after his great illness. Seven years later, however, this historic structure was removed, and eventually re-erected at the entrance of Theobalds Park, near Cheshunt, Herts. Its memory in London is perpetuated by the Griffin Monument, which marks the spot so long associated with Temple Bar.

C. G. PAUL.



MR. P. F. WARNER AT THE NETS IN
AUSTRALIA.

Photo. by Anon.

A Song of a Sailor.

THE sailor's heart's on the ocean,
The high seas are its home.
You may manage to keep the "man"
from the deep,
But his mind's on the rolling foam.

Chorus.

*Hear the roar—roar—roar of the sea!
It is tugging at his heart-strings, he must go;
Life is dear, and love is dearer, but with
Jack there's something nearer—
'Tis the Ocean-mother calling—soft and low.*

His work may be hard and trying.
But you won't find him complain.
He takes his share, and with strenuous care
Sets to work with might and main

Chorus.

Hear the roar—roar—roar, &c.

So here's a cheer for the sailor,
A friend may he never lack.
For our hearts are soft for the "man aloft"—
God bless you, honest Jack!

Chorus.

*Hear the roar—roar—roar of the sea!
It is tugging at his heart-strings, he must go;
Life is dear, and love is dearer, but with
him there's something nearer—
'Tis his Ocean-mother calling—soft and low.*

MARIAN HEWITT.

(Prize-winner; "Song of a Sailor" Competition.)

North London Secondary Schools League.

THIS League was formed last year by the headmasters and other people connected with the seven schools which competed for the shield.

The successful team was the Haberdashers' XI., with the following record—Played 12; Won 9; Lost 2; Drawn 1; Points 19. Totten-



THE ETON EIGHT GETTING OUT THEIR BOAT FROM THE LEANDER BOAT-
HOUSE AT HENLEY-ON-THAMES.

Photo. by B. Dickenson.

ham and St. Aloysius came second with 18 points each.

For this year it was decided to have not only a First Eleven, but also a Second Eleven, League.

Tollington First Eleven have proved successful in the Senior, and Owens' Second Eleven in the Junior Division.

Owens' Second Eleven especially deserve praise, as they did not lose a match, and gained 23 points out of a possible 24. When all the League matches are finished there is still an important match to be played between the champions and a team composed of the best players from the remaining schools. This is played at Tufnell Park, and last year resulted in a win for the "Rest" by 4 goals to 0.

This year the "Rest" were again victorious, after an interesting game, by 6 goals to 1.

Below are the full results for 1904-1905.

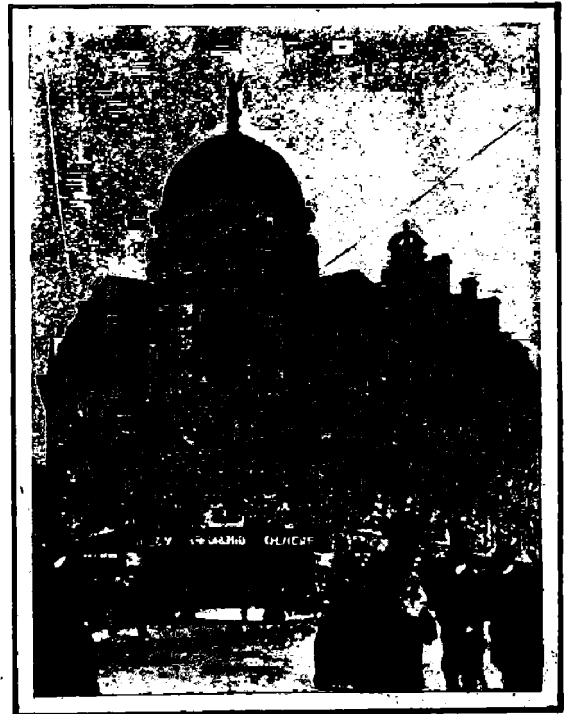
SENIOR.

	Pl.	W.	L.	D.	Goals.		Pts.
					F.	Ag.	
Tollington	12	10	2	—	42	24	20
St. Aloysius	12	8	3	1	28	17	17
Owens	12	7	4	1	34	24	15
Haberdashers	12	6	4	2	32	23	14
Tottenham	12	6	6	—	27	20	12
Stationers	12	2	10	—	18	51	4
Wm. Ellis	12	1	11	—	13	35	2

JUNIOR.

	Pl.	W.	L.	D.	Goals.		Pts.
					F.	Ag.	
Owens	12	11	1	—	70	10	23
Stationers	12	8	4	—	50	39	16
Tollington	12	5	4	3	50	29	13
Haberdashers	12	6	6	—	44	36	12
St. Aloysius	12	5	6	1	60	36	11
Wm. Ellis	12	4	7	1	22	58	9
Tottenham	12	1	11	—	5	90	2

H. S. LIGHT.



THE NEW GAIETY THEATRE, LONDON.

Photo. by P. B. R.

- AFRICANS.—Monkeys, locusts, grasshoppers.
- AUSTRALIANS.—Snakes, kangaroos, wombats.
- ABYSSINIANS.—Raw flesh, warm blood.
- SPANIARDS.—Glue, boiled kid gloves.
- ITALIANS.—Foxes, snake jelly.
- POLYNESIANS.—Raw sharks' flesh.
- FRENCH.—Frogs, horses.
- BRAZILIANS.—Rats, alligators.
- INDIANS.—Beavers, bats.
- GERMANS.—Bears' paws.
- DUTCH.—Porcupines.
- ENGLISH.—Refreshment-room sandwiches.

P. L. DACRE.

Queer Things People Eat.

CHINESE.—Sea-slugs, birds' nests, unhatched chickens, dogs, cats, caterpillars boiled with onions.

GREENLANDERS.—Crowberries preserved in train oil, whaleskins.

HOTTENTOTS.—Giraffes, lions, locust-egg soup, grubs.

ESQUIMAUX.—Candles, rotten eggs, grease. Drink warm butter.

SIAMESE.—Ants' eggs and fat pork baked in green leaves.

SINGHALESE.—Elephants' trunks, bees, anacondas.

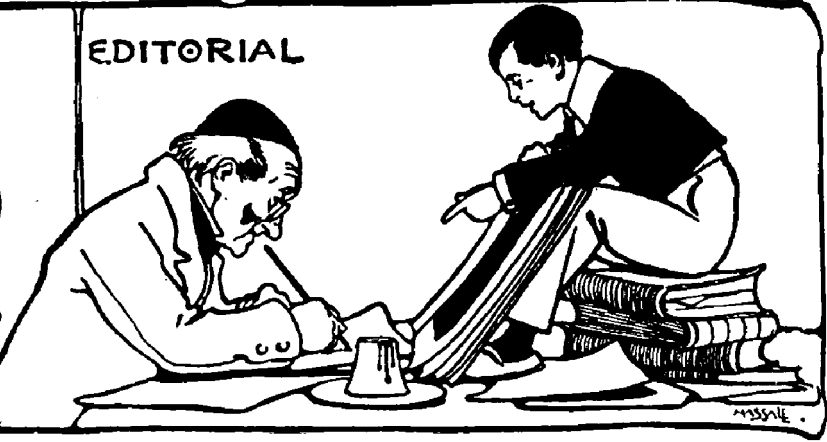


"GELERT": A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

Sent by A. F. W. Phillpot.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

"Sir," writes a correspondent who signs herself "From the Other Side," "no doubt you are inundated with letters *re* the Hickson question; but as an American girl who was at a mixed school in California for over eight years, I feel I must put my little oar in, though it won't make much splash. Compared with ours, your system of education seems to me to be deplorable. If every wretched little private school for girls over ten years old were extinguished you might begin to feel your feet. Of course, I know that decent girls' schools do exist in England, but they are in the minority. Girls are undeniably 'cute, and if they were educated with the boys, I have no doubt that the whole standard of school work would be raised. Immature, flirting, priggish girls, shy, uncomfortable boys, and 'anæmia' would disappear. During the whole eight years I was at a real 'Hickson's' I never once knew the system to be abused. For the sake of argument I will endorse your statement that your present system of education turns out the best type of man in the world. Well, sir, is that type above improvement? Or are you, a Britisher, suggesting that British boys would be unmanned or degenerated by freer intercourse with your British girls? I will not take up your time any longer, sir, except to congratulate you on the splendid atmosphere of the CAPTAIN in general, and of the 'Hickson' stories in particular."

A Boy's Opinion — "I hope" (writes "Sisterless") "that a letter from me on the Hickson question will not be in the way. I am very pleased that the best boys' magazine

in Great Britain should have taken up this most interesting question of mixed schools. From what I have seen of girls, I should say that they would be much benefited by mixed schools. They are nery (like Alice Blair), vain and pretty (like Florence Louise), and often unnecessarily weak and delicate. I do not wish to be hard on the fair sex, for whom I entertain an honest admiration, when they are decent. If only girls would be as nice as they *can* be—as splendid as Mary Baker, and as noble as Florence Louise turned out to be, then what an influence they would have over us boys!

"To return to mixed schools. It seems to me also that, from a school-point of view, we fellows could not be injured by the arrangement; and the girls would, of course, gain a lot. I do not agree with your correspondent who says that boys and girls cannot be the same chums at seventeen as at ten. If mixed schools came in, is there any reason, if once started, why the spirit of innocence and good-comradeship that exists in the 'kindergarten' should not be preserved up to the sixth form? It seems to me that if we can't be educated with girls, we put ourselves in imagination somehow above them. Then we make ourselves ridiculous—both in the eyes of girls and wise men. Boys and girls have different natures and attributes which fit in with and balance one another. I am convinced that there are heaps of fellows whose *manliness* would be brought out much better by the aid of girls' company and influence, and heaps of girls who, if they mixed with boys more, would realise the power and sweetness of true *womanliness*.

"I am looking forward to next month's CAPTAIN to see your views and the views of fellow-Captainites on this question."

"**The Companionship**" (writes "Puella") "of the opposite sex is beneficial to both boy and girl—it makes a boy kinder and more thoughtful, it makes a girl unselfish, less vain, and much broader-minded. Until there are more happy places like 'Hickson's' boys and girls will continue to be strangers, and the proper sympathy and understanding which ought to exist between them will still be wanting." Turning from this letter I take up one emanating from an ex-pupil of Dollar Academy, who expresses himself as follows: "A better place than Dollar I never wish to find. We never dreamt of looking down on the girls, and the girls would back us up in everything. Ah! those *were* happy days! For myself, I have never seen happier boys and girls anywhere than those at Dollar Academy." Quite another view is taken by a big grammar school boy, hailing from the South of England, who asks: "Does the fellow who wrote about an English 'Hickson's' really mean what he says? And what is more to the point, does he really know the elements which exist in the boys of the modern schools? I can scarcely think that the mixing of boys and girls would have a desirable effect; on the contrary, I think that in many cases it would be almost demoralising. Besides, if we boys were brought into daily contact with the girls, as we are with our schoolfellows, should we retain that respect for them which most of us have? Would they still have the same healthy charm for us, which makes us look forward with pleasure to meeting them in the holidays? The fellows who have real friends amongst the girls will certainly acknowledge that they do not like the idea of bringing these friends down to the ordinary level of school-companions, but would rather continue to look up to them with their present sensible admiration."

These are the most representative opinions I have received. Personally, I think it would be interesting if a number of educational enthusiasts were to start a big mixed school near London on American lines. Most of the scholars would come from London, and would be enabled, owing to the proximity of their homes, to spend week-ends at home, and so the home influence would retain its hold firmly upon them. In the case of girls, particularly, I believe in having home near, so that the mother never really loses touch with her daughters. There is, no doubt,

a certain type of boy who would be benefited and refined by close association with girls, *i.e.*, the boy who seeks a vent for his thoughts in low expressions, uttered loudly *in coram populo*. Such a boy (as "Plato," another of my correspondents, remarks) would suppress such talk "when in the hearing of females," and in time it would become a habit with him to keep a check on his tongue, and thus this boy, by a gradual and unconscious process, would grow into a more desirable member of society.

The present public school system will, I am certain, never give place to the Hicksonian one. We are not of a temperament, nationally, for that. But there is no doubt that there are many boys who are unsuited for public school life, and many of these boys would be better off at a Hickson establishment. A Hickson school, again, would be peculiarly suitable for a boy without sisters, and for a girl without brothers. It would mean, at any rate, that such boys and such girls would enjoy the society of the opposite sex far more than would otherwise be the case. They would live fuller lives and enjoy their lives more. It should be our aim to get as much enjoyment out of our lives as possible, and everything that tends to make life more enjoyable should be done. We should live our lives up to the hilt. Healthy enjoyment should be our aim—and in seeking it we should help others along the same path, for selfishness is a vice ever to be avoided.

But I think that boys and girls whose parents would like them to receive a "Hickson" education should be put to it in their early years. No good plunging them into it when they are fourteen or fifteen. Let them begin when they are ten or twelve. Thus they will grow up under a *régime* that comes quite natural to them, whatever their age.

A Record Indeed! Mr. Warner is good enough to forward me the following interesting item:

"At the Athletic Sports held recently by the Queen's Park Cricket Club, Trinidad, A. E. Harragin, the Captain of the Trinidad and West Indian Elevens, entered for nine events and won them all. These nine events were the 100 yards, the time being 10½ sec. on grass, putting the weight (38 ft. 6 in.), the hurdles, the high jump, the pole jump, the cricket ball (128 yd. 3 in.), the 220 yards flat race, the quarter-mile and the half-mile."

[Harragin's distance for the cricket ball was a great achievement, but it falls short by 12 yards of the world's record—Billy the Aborigine's throw of 140 yards at Clermont, Australia, Dec. 19, 1872.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

West Indian English.—Our Athletic Editor also encloses a cutting from a St. Vincent paper. The passage forms part of an account of the match between Lord Brackley's XI. and St. Vincent.

"In the eighth over of the game Ollivierre seemed to find a weak point in the British Skipper; the first ball of that over bumped. With remarkable dexterity his Lordship stopped it over the wicket, but he looked a bit queer. The bowler repeated the dose, bumping slightly higher, and it choked the batsman, and the ball falling from his willow created dis-



P. F. WARNER.
Photo. by G. W. Beldam.

"This," adds Mr. Warner, "is quite the funniest thing I have ever read on cricket."

"The Empire's Cricketers" is quite the best series of cricket portraits I have seen. The series is published by the Fine Art Society, Ltd., 148 New Bond Street, London, W., and is to be completed in sixteen shilling parts. Part I. contains most striking and characteristic coloured crayon drawings of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, Mr. A. O.



LORD HAWKE.
Photo. by Newnes.



HON. F. S. JACKSON.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.



J. A. DIXON.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.



A. C. MACLAREN.
Photo. by T. G. Foster, Brighton.

THE MEN WHO SELECT THE TEAMS FOR THE TEST MATCHES.

order in his timber yard. . . . Two uneventful overs having passed, Helon applied on Keck the force of a muscular arm combined with the hitting art, throwing him clean over the ropes into the premises of Mr. C. J. Simmons. The excitement thus created was intensified by the artful getting of short runs which seemed to worry the field."

Jones, J. T. Hearne, and J. T. Tyldesley. Each portrait has for company a biographical note written by Mr. G. W. Beldam, the famous Middlesex amateur. The drawings in Part II. are of Dr. Grace, Mr. P. F. Warner, Mr. G. MacGregor, and

W. Rhodes. These coloured plates should make admirable pictures for the walls of one's study, and are particularly interesting because each portrait represents the cricketer's most characteristic stroke. For instance, we have Mr. Jackson's "Finishing Off-drive," Mr. Jones' "On-side Push," Hearne's "Finish of Action, Bowling Off-break," and Tyldesley's "Finish of Cut Past Third Man." Mr. A. Chevallier Taylor is to be congratulated on his clever work.

A "Saturday" Club.—A master at the City of London School sends particulars of a Saturday Club which he has organised among the boys of his form. The members visit some interesting place every other Saturday afternoon during the autumn and winter months. On October 1, 1904, for instance, they investigated the nooks and glades of Epping Forest; October 15 found them at Kew Gardens and Hampton Court; on October 27 the *rendezvous* was Hayes Common and Keston—that happy hunting-ground of naturalists. Then, the weather growing murky, November 12 sees them at the British Museum. November 17 was commandeered as an "extra" for the Old Citizens' match against the Old Cholmleians, in the Dunn Cup competition. November 26 provided a large programme in the shape of St. Paul's and the Tower—Archdeacon Sinclair kindly acting as guide at the former edifice—and a better guide one could not have than this popular cleric, who is one of the most attractive talkers I have ever listened to. Other "fixtures" on the card were the National Gallery, Zoological Gardens, Westminster Abbey, and so forth. A good idea, this; such a form-master deserves much credit for taking his boys on such pleasant tours, acting the while as their guide, philosopher, and friend.

Schools that play Lacrosse.

—In our May issue a Manchester Grammar School correspondent stated that there were only two important lacrosse-playing schools, *i.e.*, his own and the Leys, Cambridge. I have since been informed that lacrosse is also played by the following schools: St. Dunstan's College, Catford, which was the first school to play the game in England, and has turned out several internationals and many other distinguished exponents of the pastime; Hulme Grammar School, which won the North of England School flags for several years in succession; and the

Methodist College, Belfast. There must, of course, be other schools which play lacrosse, and I will notify their names as I receive them. Three of the best-known schools for girls also play this game—St. Leonard's (St. Andrews, N.B.), Wycombe Abbey, and Roedean.

The Cover of "The Arrow."

In a recent issue Mr. Johnson raised a question as to the cover of the Owen's School (Islington) magazine. He presumed that some school tradition had suggested the design on the cover. The Editor of *The Arrow* now writes to inform me that the design owes its nature to the following circumstance. The Lady Owen, then a maiden gentlewoman, was, one day in the reign of Queen Mary, taking a walk in that part of Islington where Owen's School now stands, when she saw a woman milking a cow, and took it into her head to try her own skill at milking. As she withdrew from the cow, an arrow from the bow of an archer practising at the butts passed through the crown of her hat, which so startled Lady Owen that she declared that, if she lived to be a lady, she would erect something on that spot to commemorate the great mercy shown her by the Almighty. In course of years she kept her promise, Owen's School being the result.

This romantic story, I trust, may lead other CAPTAIN readers to send me similar anecdotes connected with their schools. Nearly every old school's history has quaint tales to tell, and I shall be glad to publish a little collection of such legends.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nocte.—Mr. Archibald Williams says: "Your question, 'What horse-power would be required to drive a launch twenty-five knots. What would be its weight, and how much would it cost?' is one that requires a lot of answering. Boat-construction is one of the most freakish things imaginable. A very trifling alteration of a curve will have quite unexpected results for better or worse; so that the

question of speed and power is inseparable from that of outline. When you propose a launch 30 ft. long by 10 ft. beam, to weigh 10 cwts., and do twenty-five knots on 10-12 horse-power you must either be very hopeful or have some patent anti-friction device up your sleeve for getting over the water resistance difficulty. Of course, a 10 cwt. boat of these dimensions couldn't possibly stand the strain of twenty-five knots; and even if it could, you would need nearer 200 horse-power than 10 to drive it at that speed. As to cost, I fear that until your specification is very much more complete a price cannot be given. I would advise you to get hold of some really good treatise on scientific boat-building and study it hard. Then you may be in a position to ask further questions which will mark you a 'P.' This meant kindly, you know."

P. H. B. (Cape Town) has secured us a new reader—his uncle, to wit—and really, there is no reason why thousands of other uncles shouldn't follow the example of this one. We cover a lot of interesting ground in our "corners"; our fiction is, I think all will grant, varied enough to suit most people, and it is our endeavour to make the CAPTAIN, as a whole, a monthly dose of bracing air. A large number of men read the CAPTAIN, and the following letter shows that there must be a good deal in the magazine that appeals to men. "A few months ago," writes P. H. B., "we had one of my uncles staying here who is a thorough sportsman and a jolly fellow. One afternoon after dinner he asked me for something to read. I handed him the CAPTAIN, and then went off to my own room to have a little nap. After a time I got up and went out on to the front 'stoep,' and there I came across my uncle, who seemed to be quite absorbed in the CAPTAIN. 'By Jove! Percy,' he exclaimed, 'this is not at all a bad magazine. Could you spare me this copy to take with me to-morrow?' The following day he left for Pretoria to resume his duties there, and has since written to me that he himself gets the CAPTAIN now."

H. C. B. R.—Nearly every profession gets its share of chaff in the Press. The Church, the Army, the Navy, the Bar, all have to put up with banter. Curates, I acknowledge, have always been the special prey of the comic artist, but I think you will admit that the demeanour of sundry curates *does* sometimes afford a permissible subject for jest. At the same time I agree with you that the clergy, as a class, are not "miserable, hungry-looking wretches." The average curate, as you say, is a jolly, manly fellow—just the sort of chap (may I add?) not to mind the jokes that are made at the expense of his cloth. Finally, you must remember that your comic artist must be allowed a certain licence for caricature. I do not think that sketch our Tame Artist made has given any offence to "the cloth," nor do I think that our Army readers will object to the appearance of *their* representative (as limned by our T. A.). You are right to take up the cudgels on behalf of your future profession, when such championing is needed, but I don't think you need feel aggrieved on account of our harmless little caricature of a literary curate.

Lord Weymouth's Grammar School (Warminster, Wilts).—While sending me the first number of his school magazine, "for my parental blessing," the head prefect of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School includes some particulars about his *alma mater*. Lord Weymouth's was founded by Bishop Ken, the Marquess of Bath being the present

Patron. The famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby was educated there, as also were Mr. Broadley and the late Mr. Guy Boothby—novelists. The present headmaster (Mr. W. F. Blaxter, M.A.) was once the amateur champion at 100 yards, and played for Derby County football club.—I thank the head prefect for these particulars, which are certainly of interest. Brother-editors might make a note that exchange copies of their magazines will be welcomed at Lord Weymouth's.

H. Y. L.—The best results may be obtained by using for wash drawings any good "Artists' Black" medium or sepia. This is used either mixed with Chinese white, to form "body-colour," or alone, for pure wash. In every case a brown black is better than a blue black for reproduction. Almost any artists' board, of which many kinds are stocked by the leading artists' colourmen, will do; but most artists have a preference, and it is quite a matter of taste, anyway. Mr. Tom Browne, for instance, uses largely a tinted board, getting his lights by the use of Chinese white. Always remember, however, that good drawing goes one better than good drawing materials.

A Reader from the First.—I receive numbers of letters from fellows such as you who have been advised to procure work under healthier conditions than those which prevail in a City office, and, whilst sympathising with such cases, am unfortunately unable to give them any assistance worth having. Country vacancies are advertised in provincial papers, that stands to reason, so you should get friends in the country to send you their "local rags." At the same time ask them to keep their eyes open on your behalf. Enlist the aid, in fact, of all your friends, and don't be shy about "asking."

A Would-be Farmer.—You can make farming pay if you have good luck with your crops. But you will need plenty of capital, and you will have to spend quite five years learning your work, first at an agricultural college and afterwards as a pupil to a good farmer. I believe Shropshire is one of the best counties for farming. As for my advising you on the point, how can I do that, my dear chap, knowing, as I do, so little of your capacity, character, or means? Your men friends of mature age are the best persons to seek counsel from.

S. H. V.—We published an article on the Indian Civil in the CAPTAIN for August 1900. This number is out of print, but you may be able to refer to the vol. (III.) containing it. If you can't get hold of the vol., you may call here and read the article. The I.C.S. exam. is held every August, and candidates must be between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age on January 1 of the year in which they compete. Most of the successful competitors are 'Varsity men who sit a few weeks after coming down at the end of their third year. If a "Selected Candidate" elects to spend his probationary term of one year at a university he receives an allowance of £100.

Mike.—If you send a shilling to the Manager of *C. B. Fry's Magazine* you can get a beautiful portrait of its editor on art paper, suitable for framing. Also portraits of many other notable athletes. For CAPTAIN binding-cases see foot of contents. A local binder would no doubt supply a binding for your copies at the rate of a shilling per volume.

Latissimus Dorsi.—I expressed my views on physical culture last month. Have you anything to urge showing that those views are unsound? I have a great objection to anything that

encourages faddism or the over-concentration of one's thoughts on one's self.

L. C. W., after reading my remarks on flowers, writes to say he would like me and all other Captainites to read Dumas' "Black Tulip." Parts of this romance, he thinks, will make a special appeal to flower-lovers.

Bul-Bul.—Again I fear I can say little that is favourable about your poetry. At 17½ you seem to write in too sombre a strain. Try something more lively, and study the art of punctuation. You are very weak in this quarter.

"Middy."—Send us some really good snaps of man-o'-war scenes—something odd and out-of-the-way, if you can. The two you enclose are not great productions. Glad you like "O. H. M. S." series.

S. B. W.—Over and over again I have explained what the Captain Club is. Look through back answers. You will see I am using your suggestion for a competition. Thanks.

R. C. M.—I congratulate you, young lady, on your happy school-life, and on the pleasant, contented way you speak of it. *Serriez-vous toujours si heureuse!*

G. Richardson.—You would have to undergo the usual full medical course to become eligible for an appointment as a surgeon in the Army or Navy.

Cunctator.—If you will send your birthday book I'll do what I can towards getting the autographs you mention.

"Guillermo."—You must apply formally to the Home Secretary for any of the nominations in his gift. **Donald T. Middleton.**—(1) You will be able to obtain the CAPTAIN in British Guiana.

See foot of "Contents" for rates. (2) Send a stamped envelope. **P. L. Dacre.**—You could order celluloid through any artists' colourman.

"Loughboro' Captainite."—Get a set of fret-work tools from Hobbies, Ltd. **M. V. W.**—

"Haileybury College" appeared in the CAPTAIN for August 1903—post free 8½d. **Bedfordian.**

—You may be able to purchase originals from the publishers of the magazines in which the drawings appear, or from the artists themselves. **Queens-**

lander.—A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, will send you "J. O. Jones," for 4s. post free; and Geo. Newnes, Ltd. "Jim Mortimer, Surgeon"

("The Long 'Un") for the same money.

Lacrosse.—For particulars *re* lacrosse-playing schools my thanks are due to: "St. Leonardite," H. C. Withers, "A Present Hulmeian," "Methodist Collegian," "Dunstonian," J. Heron, E. N. Andrade.

School Sports.—"Gresham," C. L. Fisher (Uppingham), "Wellingtoniensis," and R. N. Flew (Christ's Hospital), are thanked for sending us the results of their respective school sports.

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: C. Fillan, J. L. Turner, Frank Browne, Gladys Hill, H. Blampied (New Zealand—very glad to hear from you again), "Actonian" (buy another badge, of course), "Youth" (much interested in your letter and your account of the snowball encounter; sorry design no use), "Guernsey,"

"Exhibitioner," R. Y. Little (no use to us, thanks), "London Girl," A. J. Lock, A. Leslie (as you will see, we are printing explanation sent by the editor), Chris Millar (glad to hear from you, but want something more out-of-the-way in photos than those you send), "G. M. R." (see reply to "S. H. V.").



M. A. NOBLE, THE COLONIAL VICE-CAPTAIN, AND SMAUN SING HPOO, THE SMALLEST CRICKETER IN THE WORLD.

(By permission of "The Illustrated Budget.")

W. G. Dowler (a charming letter, charmingly written!), "Old Etonian" (as the boy sitting on the table isn't intended to be an Eton boy, I'm afraid I can't have his trousers turned up), "C. S. P.," F. de Silva, J. Burt, "Pace," and a whole heap of other fellows who must wait till next month for a reply.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of May Competitions.

No. I.—"A May Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "CENTURY" CRICKET BAT: Walter L. Dudley, The Rectory, Coleraine, Ireland.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Bernard Weaver, B. Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, Dereham; Frances Whittingham, Kimberley, Kinnaird Avenue, Bromley, Kent.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. J. Morris, Harold Scholfield, Leonard C. Whetham, Helen C. Stone, H. J. Hewitt, S. W. Bailey, Norman G. Nicholas, G. B. Hindmarsh, Herbert M. Vincent, J. J. R. H. Oldham, Edith O. Walford, George E. Russell.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Alice Cox, 15 Priory Terrace, Cheltenham.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Coik.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jas. McGregor, Inez Dicksee, Evelyn Palethorpe, John B. Craggs, Eric F. Stowell, J. Medley, Thomas Cooke, A. L. Cranfield, Arthur Scott, Ethel M. Taylor, David N. White, Arthur W. Fox, C. E. P. Brooks.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF GAMAGE CRICKET BAT: Bertie Barnes, 11 Brettenham Road, Walthamstow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joan Malvin, Geoffrey Nicholson, A. J. Goldring, Stewart W. B. Collins, John Brooksby, Clement Nicholls.

No. II.—"Twelve Representative Athletes of Great Britain."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF NEW HUDSON, 1905, "TOURIST MODEL" BICYCLE: Charles V. Johnson, Franklynn Road, Hayward's Heath, Sussex.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. T. Brown, 5 Gunnersbury Lane, Acton, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Strike, W. F. Curtis, Cecil S. Bird, L. T. Hayward, J. R. Bird, Albert Albrow, G. H. Webber, W. C. Lewis, E. J. Barnard, Alex. Scott, L. E. Sheppherd, C. C. Kirk.

No. III.—"Missing Landscape Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Randolph L. Pawlby, 12 Maids Vale Terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jennie Foster, Frieda E. Myers, W. Freer.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Roy Lyne, Ryeccote, St. Luke's, Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George Patterson, Myfanwy Pryce, Laurence Backhouse.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" CAMERA: Tom Cowell, High Street, Honiton, Devon.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Willie H. C. Fraustadt, Alexander Stevenson, E. C. Mortimer.

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: T. Pape, Rydal Mount School, Colwyn Bay.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: The Rev. Henry D. Nicholson, M.A., Lonsdale, Plymouth.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, A. F. Radford, R. W. Copeman, Mrs. Herbert Bindley, G. Long, T. H. Jones, Mayne Reid, Kuno Reitz.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Alex. F. Simpson, 372 Great Western Road, Aberdeen.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alice M. Hamling, The Close, Barnstaple.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Jones, Ronald C. Muirhead, Herbert P. Cole, Ernest Townsend, Lucy Haskins, E. Mason-Haves, S. H. Mattock, William George Briggs.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Cedric J. Burrell, Neville Cottage, Clifton Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Edwin G. Bowers, 5 Northbank Terrace, Kelvinside, N. Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Cotton, V. E. Goodman, J. H. Talis, Percy Mackenzie Bell, F. Torromé, T. R. Burrell, Colin Cullis, B. E. Kenworthy Browne, A. A. Catley, G. Holzappel, A. R. Coustey, James H. Hassall.

No. V.—"Derivations."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: Colin Tremaine Wright, 57 Gladstone Avenue, Wood Green, N.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Esther M. Bell, 8 Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells; Gwendolen Roupell, 29 Compton Avenue, Brighton; James Bland, 6 Windsor Street, Glasgow.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. W. Stafford, Arthur R. Jones, J. Edwin Kennedy, C. Grizel Barclay, Mary McDonald, John G. Pearson, Sidney B. Wood, Jean B. Montgomery, F. L. Platt, A. S. Jefferies, Claude Bloom.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(April.)

No. I.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** F. N. Briery, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Digby Gordon Harris (India).
 No. II.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Eric Brownlee, Alexandra Road, King Williams Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W. Melville (Jamaica), Margery Hutson (Barbadoes), H. Morris (Trinidad), S. Westmore James (Trinidad).

No. IV.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** W. R. Gilbert, 43 Constitution Hill, Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Barraclough (Cape Town), A. Pearce (British Guiana), Noel Silvera (Jamaica), Alfred Keen (Canada), Allan M. Petry (Canada), H. Goodbrand (Natal).

No. V.—**WINNER OF 5s.:** Miss H. N. Hannan, 24 Rae Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Stanley Hanson (Canada), Margery Hutson, Stanley Murray (Canada), Leslie Lacy-Langley (India), Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal).

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 May Competitions.

No. I.—The favourite subjects chosen for Essays were: The Restoration, The Indian Mutiny, The Death of Joan of Arc, The Death of Napoleon, The Birth of Queen Victoria, and the Birth of Florence Nightingale. As usual, a large number of interesting essays were submitted in Classes I. and II., but we should like to receive a larger number in Class III. We were sorry to notice that two competitors were dishonest enough to copy a well-known description of the Death of Joan of Arc and send it up as their own composition. Fortunately, instances of this kind are extremely rare.

No. II.—The correct list, decided by vote, is as follows: 1. C. B. Fry. 2. A. Shrubbs. 3. M. Holbein. 4. H. L. Doherty. 5. R. E. Foster. 6. J. E. Raphael. 7. P. F. Warner. 8. H. Vardon. 9. L. Meredith. 10. G. O. Smith. 11. J. A. Jarvis. 12. A. O. Jones.

The winner of the New Hudson Bicycle has our hearty congratulations—his list was the best in every way.

No. III.—A large number of drawings were received, but it was an easy matter to pick out the best. Competitors are urged to spare no pains in giving all possible "finish" to their work.

No. IV.—Similarly here, there were rather few good photographs in proportion to the number submitted.

No. V.—The novelty of this Competition proved a decided attraction, and a large number of excellent answers were sent in. As we naturally could not accept the words which we ourselves had suggested as examples, several otherwise good attempts were spoiled by the inclusion of "sandwich" and "sugarite."

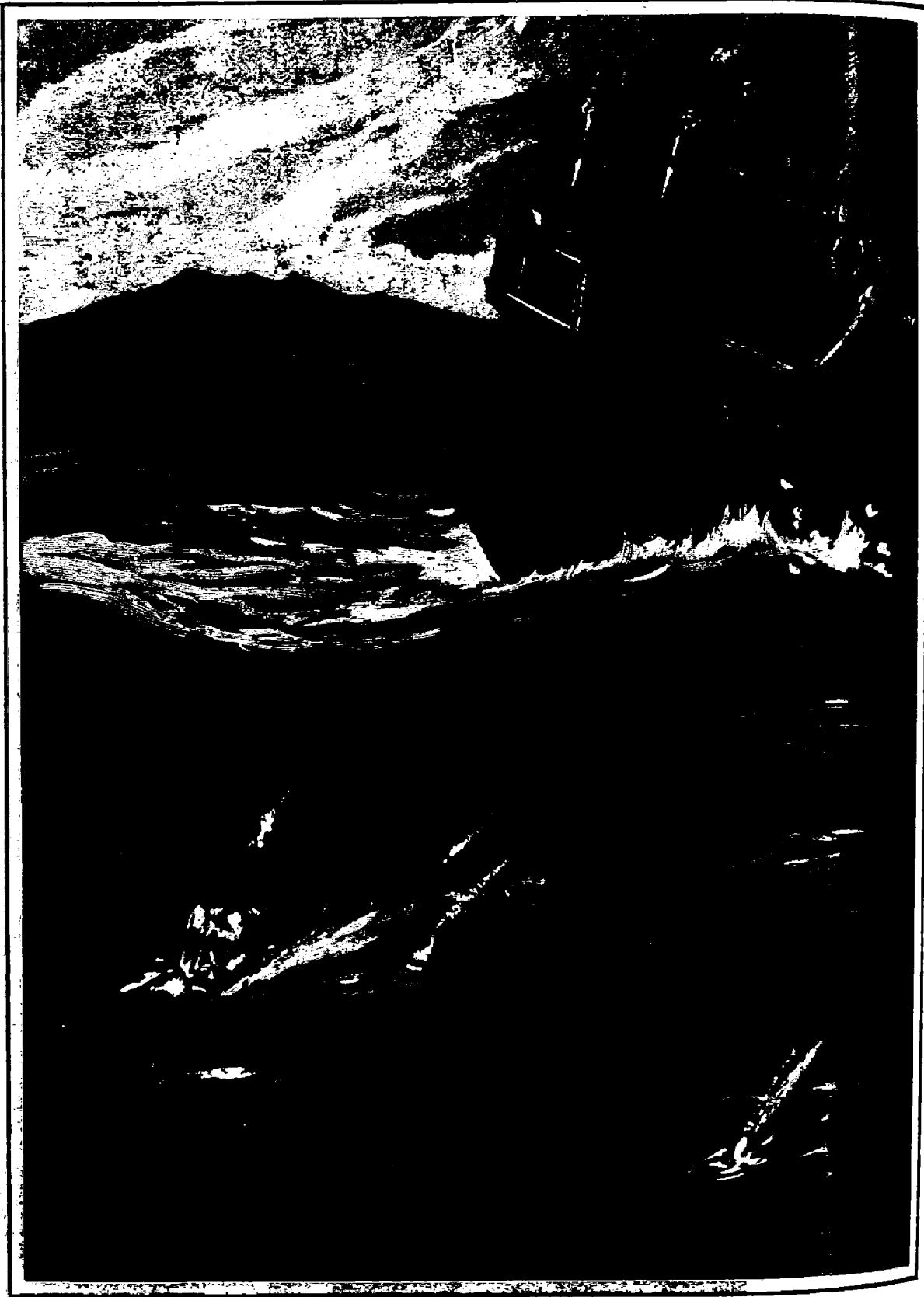
No. VI.—The result of the "Naturalists' Competition" will be announced next month.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

THE ROAD HOG.



MILLIONAIRE (*to son, who is just going for a motor tour*): "And here, my boy, is fifty pounds for the fines—really, William, this is the cheapest hobby you've struck yet!"



WE HEARD THE NOISE OF MUSKETS, AND SAW THE WATER SPLASH UP WITH THE BULLETS.

[See page 399]

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

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THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H.C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store at Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are compelled to work as slaves and treated in an inhuman manner until they succeed in making their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "fibustiers," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving at Carlisle Bay, Skeffington fits out his ship and sets sail for England. The ship has not been long on her voyage when Tonks, the mate, heads a mutiny of the men and sets Baywood and Jeffrey Horton adrift in the long boat, but keeps Skeffington, tied and bound, a prisoner. Baywood and Horton, after an adventurous time in the open boat, at length reach a wreck, which they board with some difficulty, but on the derelict they find nothing whatever to eat or drink, and death by starvation and thirst stares them in the face.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WICKEDNESS OF ZEPHANIAH ECCLES.

ALTHOUGH this is the story of my own adventures, and I have, therefore, said but little of anything not immediately concerning myself, it must not be supposed that my thoughts did not dwell very much upon those whom I had left behind in Boston. The world had not stood still with them any more than it had with me; and I think it is proper that I should take this opportunity, while Jeffrey and I are tossing upon the bosom of the ocean in our battered old wreck, to acquaint the reader with the strange things which had befallen Verity since I had left her. My knowledge of matters which took place after I left home comes only from report of

others, and in relating them I must perforce be more brief than in telling of things which happened in my own presence.

It was many days after I left home before my father would believe that I had gone away for more than a very brief space.

"Nay," he said, "John is a good lad, though he may be a trifle headstrong. He hath but taken to the woods for a few days, and he will be with us again before long."

But as days went on, and no tidings came of me, either from outlying townships in the woods or from bands of friendly Indians, my father came round to the belief of the neighbours that I had run off in order to avoid my public penance. What else, indeed, could they think? The *Good Hope* had sailed secretly and before the time set by Captain Skeffington for her departure, and I was missing with her. My father mourned for me as a lost sheep, but outwardly he gave no sign. He never spoke of me to others, nor others to him. Once Zephaniah Eccles endeavoured to engage him in conversation about me, and my father turned upon him in wrath and drove him away.

"Alas, dear Master Baywood," exclaimed Zephaniah, "in what a time do we live! That so ill a shoot should spring from so fair a tree! 'Do men gather grapes of thorns, or—'"

"Zephaniah Eccles, hold thy peace, and begone out of my sight," said my father. "It was thou that drovest my son, my only son, away from me with thine accusations. Didst thou accuse him truly, Zephaniah? If it were falsely, may the Lord visit it upon thee and upon thine house!"

"The Lord do so to me and more also—" began Zephaniah.

"Cease thy prating and begone about thy business," said my father.

Zephaniah therefore departed and held his peace, and the other neighbours respected my father's sorrow and grey hairs.

Only Verity and my little sister Prudence still believed in me. Verity in her love for me hit upon the truth, that I had been carried off against my will; and she made Prudence believe it too. They were much together, and their talk was ever of me and that I would come back some time.

It was Prudence who, moved by Verity, went unto Mr. Longwynd, and entreated him to write to Mr. Everlasting Fishe for news of me. But I was at that time a prisoner in Hispaniola, and no news of me came to Boston.

We all knew each other and were all friends together in the little Boston of those days; and in a sense my going away made the whole settlement sad. Only Zephaniah Eccles chuckled and rubbed his hands at odd moments; and meanwhile he grew more pious and sour-faced than ever. He gave Madam Whalley and Verity no peace all that fall and winter. He induced good old Mr. Longwynd, by flattery and fair speeches, to espouse his suit, and to plead his cause with Verity; but she would have none of him; and at last in order to avoid him she stayed within-doors and went not abroad at all, excepting only to meeting on Lord's Days.

Now when the spring-time came, after the long cruel winter season, Zephaniah received certain letters by the first ship that came from England. What was in these letters, or from whom they came, I cannot tell; but it is certain that they contained news of the great events that were passing in England, and held out some prospect to Zephaniah of being able to rise to fame, riches, and greatness if he would come back to the old country. A few days later he took passage in a sloop sailing coastwise to the settlement of Plymouth; and coming back again in due time he brought with him a young man named Barnerd. This Barnerd he took to all his friends and neighbours, and told them that he was his partner in trade, and that he would conduct the business of the store whilst Zephaniah himself was away in England.

Verity was very happy when she heard that Zephaniah was going away. Now, Zephaniah was the craftiest of men. Coming to Madam Whalley's door one day he knocked and begged to have permission to speak to Verity for but five minutes. She agreed to see him, thinking that it might be for the last time;

and his conversation pleased her more than any she had had with him before.

"Mrs. Verity," he said, "I have come to see you, not to say farewell, for I shall not leave the settlement for a month or two yet; but to ask your pardon."

"My pardon, Master Eccles?"

"Yes. Your pardon if I have been too instant with you. I fear I have been unmanly; 'twas my affection that made me so. I promise you I will not offend again."

"My pardon is readily granted," said Verity, "but only on condition that you keep your promise not to offend."

"And perhaps I may see you sometimes before I sail, Mrs. Verity? I may never return."

"Very gladly," said Verity. "So long as you keep your promise you may see me as often as you wish."

After that Zephaniah would often visit Madam Whalley's house, and be abroad with Verity as well. He kept his promise faithfully; and Verity would often walk with him, with Prudence to keep her in countenance.

During the month of June the ship *Swallow* from the Port of London arrived in the bay. Her master was one Gregory Allstone, and she had a crew of fifteen hands. No sooner had she dropped her anchor than Zephaniah put off to her in a small boat, and for the next few days he was for ever on board of her, or else the skipper was at Zephaniah's store, in close converse. The end of it was that Zephaniah purchased the cargo as it stood. Now in this there was nothing wonderful, for Zephaniah was a man of substance, and the lading of the ship was of such things as he dealt in at his store; but he made a further venture, and chartered the whole ship for a voyage back again to England. The neighbours looked cross-eyed at each other, and chattered that Zephaniah Eccles was putting forth his hands further than he could draw it back again, and the like, but Zephaniah cared not, and he busied himself during the next six weeks in getting the cargo from the ship safely on shore and collecting a new cargo to lade her back to England. Towards the latter end of July he announced that all was in readiness, and that the *Swallow* with himself on board would sail for England in seven days' time.

Now all this time, although Zephaniah feigned to be engrossed in his business, he had not forgotten Verity for one moment, and he was contriving a crafty plot against her. As soon as her lading was complete the *Swallow* hauled off from the shore, and began bending her sails and making all ready for the voyage.

and all that now remained to be done was to wait for a fair wind from the west. One morning, two days before the time he had set for his departure, Zephaniah came forth early from his store, snuffed the breeze and looked at the heavens, and then took boat and went on board. He was gone for an hour or more, and when he returned to the shore he went straight to my father's house and asked to see Prudence.

"Mrs. Prudence," said he, "the ship is now in good order. Would you like to go on board, and see what accommodations your old friend hath for his long journey?"

"I should indeed, provided my father will give me leave," said Prudence; "I will go ask him."

My father gave his consent to her going, provided that she was not absent long and that some other maiden went with her. Thereupon did the sly Zephaniah go to Madam Whalley's and there give the like invitation to Verity. As soon as she heard that Prudence was going, old Madam Whalley readily agreed to let Verity go too, for she had confidence that Master Baywood would never have agreed had he not been satisfied that all was safe and as it ought to be. So the two girls put on their cloaks and hoods, and went off in one of the ship's boats with Zephaniah, he promising to bring them safely on shore again within two hours. When they reached the ship, Zephaniah with great politeness conducted them up the side and into all parts of her; they, like young people always will be, much interested to see her and delighted with the cabins and little bed-places. At length he showed them into a small room or cabin opening off the great cabin, and neatly furnished with two bunks, a mirror, and other accommodations.

"Pray step in, young ladies," said Zephaniah. "Now is not this a pretty cabin to make the voyage to England in?"

"Very pretty," said Verity. "Is this your own sleeping-place, Mr. Eccles?"

"Nay," said Zephaniah, "this were by far too pretty a place for a plain man like me."

"Then Mr. Allstone, the Captain, must sleep here," said Prudence.

"What, an old rough sea-dog like Allstone?" said Zephaniah. "No, he sleeps in a hammock slung from the deck-beams. No; this little room is for two ladies of my acquaintance."

"Come out, quick, Prudence, quick; we are trapped," exclaimed Verity.

But Zephaniah was too sharp for them. He had taken care to be standing between them and the door; and now he slipped rapidly out,

shut to the door behind him and turned the key on the outside.

Even in this strait dear Verity's thoughts were of me.

"Mark me, Prudence," was the first thing she said, "this is how thy brother John was trapped, and I will be bound that Zephaniah Eccles had a finger in that pie as well."

There was a small port in the cabin, but that was closely shut, and moreover it was on that side of the ship which was away from the land. The two maidens clung terrified to each other. They grew speechless with fear of what would befall them as they heard the sounds of the anchor being got up and the sails loosed, and presently they could see through the port that the ship was moving through the water. From the first they had no hope of aid from the land, for, although they knew that the ship would be seen departing, they also knew that long ere a party could be collected to stop her from sailing they would be on the open sea. All that they could do was to commend themselves to the Protection of the Almighty, and this they did most heartily. They wept but little, Verity told me; for after the first violence of their anguish was past there came upon them a full assurance that they would be shielded from all harm, even in this terrible danger.

CHAPTER XVII.

VERITY AND PRUDENCE GAIN A PROTECTOR.

THE two maidens must have been sitting thus in the cabin for some two hours, as nearly as they could judge, when they heard the key turn in the lock, and Zephaniah Eccles begged to know if he might enter. He had put on an air of what he believed to be genteel politeness, which sat on him as a jewel of gold, or perhaps I should rather say a thinly gilt jewel, in the snout of a swine.

"Fair ladies, cannot your humble slave tempt you to step forth into the cabin?" said he.

"Master Eccles," said Verity, in great indignation, "we require that you shall instantly return us to our friends on shore."

"Lovely madam, the thing you ask is impossible, or it should be done," said Zephaniah. "We are already many leagues distant from land. Have no fear of me, especially thou, dear Verity. I exist but to be thy humblest servant."

"Then I lay it upon you as a command to carry us back to the shore" said Verity. "Mr.

Eccles, this nonsense hath gone far enough. Set us at liberty instantly."

"Beloved object, that may hardly be," said Zephaniah. "It is my fixed purpose to carry thee to England and there to marry thee."

"Never, never!" exclaimed Verity. "Zephaniah Eccles, thou wicked man, the Lord will deliver me from all thy evil plots and plans."

"The Lord hath delivered thee into mine hand, that is more like it," said Zephaniah. "What saith the Scripture? 'To every man a damsel or two.' It is a sweet text, Judges fifth and thirtieth; many a time have I mused upon it, and now it hath come to pass."

"Zephaniah Eccles, it is a poor return thou makest for all my father's kindness to thee," said Prudence, "that thou shouldst bring his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. Verity, let us see the master of the ship. Surely he will give ear to us and carry us home again."

"Hardly," said Zephaniah. "I have chartered the ship, and for this voyage he is my paid servant. But your lightest wish is a law unto me, ladies. I will call Mr. Allstone into the cabin, and ye shall have speech with him. But, Verity, ere I call him, listen to me. You need not fear me. I design no harm to either of you. During the whole voyage this small cabin is yours. I have carefully made provision of clothing and all manner of gear suitable for you both during your stay on the ship. Here you shall be private; and the great cabin too shall be yours if you wish it; neither I nor any other person shall enter when ye desire to be alone. But understand me clearly, Verity; as soon as we land in England, thou art to become my wife. When we reach port, we will go straight to some godly minister, and he shall marry us."

"From that and all other perils the Lord will deliver me," said Verity. "Now be pleased to send the master of the ship hither."

Presently Gregory Allstone, the master, came into the cabin, and seeing Prudence and Verity there made them his best sea-bow.

"Your servant, ladies," said he. "I trust you find the accommodations on board the *Swallow* to your liking, though but indifferent compared with your fine home on shore, I make no doubt."

"Master Allstone," began Verity, "we are in sore trouble."

"Trouble, ladies, trouble?" said the master.

Seeing him to be an elderly man, with grey hair, and with a kindly look in his face, the

poor girls took a little courage, and Prudence went on:

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Allstone, and we beg that you will turn the ship round and sail back to Boston."

"Nay, that were a very short voyage indeed!" said Captain Allstone. "Have you then changed your minds already?"

"We have not changed our minds," said Verity.

"Why, is not one of you this Master Eccles' sweetheart, and the other her sister? And did ye not agree, nay, desire, to go with him to England, to be rid of the government of a sour stepmother?"

"No," said Verity. "Is that the tale he hath told you? We are not sisters, and neither of us has a stepmother; and as for being that man's sweetheart, as you call it, I loathe the very sight of him. He invited us to look over the ship, promising to return with us on shore within two hours."

"Is this true, thou Eccles?" said Mr. Allstone, in an angry voice.

Zephaniah nodded his head.

"Didst thou not spin me that yarn about the stepmother," went on Mr. Allstone, "and thy pretty sweetheart who was crying her eyes out because she was not suffered to marry thee? And I was to get up the anchor and set sail forthwith because they feared pursuit?"

Again Zephaniah nodded, and Gregory Allstone said no more, but made for the companion-ladder leading to the deck.

"Pray where are you going, Mr. Allstone?" asked Zephaniah.

"Why, to bid the hands 'bout ship and sail back to Boston, o' course," said Allstone.

"Wait one moment, you are too hasty," said Zephaniah. "Under whose orders is this ship sailing, I pray you?"

"Why, yours, Mr. Eccles, but——"

"Very well. And I order that she be kept on her course."

"Well, but, sir," said Mr. Allstone, "am I to sit quiet and see these two dear young ladies carried off against their wills?"

"It is nothing to do with you, Allstone. Now, listen to reason. Is this wind like to hold?"

"Ay, sir. It might blow from the west for a fortnight or more."

"And if it blows like this how long will it take you to work the ship back to Boston?"

"It might take a week, or ten days, or fourteen, or more."

"And you can make England in a month?"



"I'LL CLAP YE IN IRONS AND RISK ANSWERING FOR IT TO MY OWNERS."

"Yes."

"Very well, Mr. Allstone. Neither of these young ladies has been in England since she was a child, and they will have much pleasure in the voyage and in seeing London. Now, when we come to London, if they shall still desire it I promise that they shall return to Boston, safe and unharmed, in your own ship if you like. Does that content you?"

"It doth not content *me*," said Verity.

"Nor me," said Prudence. "Allowing that we shall ourselves be safe from harm, what of our parents and friends? What of the grief they must suffer?"

Captain Allstone scratched his head. He was not satisfied; but he was in a great difficulty. He knew well what would be his trouble with the owners of the *Swallow* in London should he waste time in returning to Boston, and so miss the fair wind and perhaps lose another voyage to America that same summer. They would naturally say to him that he ought not to take runaway damsels on board, and that they must engage another skipper who would not embark in such undertakings; and so poor Allstone would lose his bread. Moreover, the habit of obedience is very strong at sea, where they have a saying, "Obey orders

though you break owners ;" and Allstone could not forget that Zephaniah was his employer for the time being.

"Well, young ladies," he said at last, "it seems as if I must carry ye to England against my will and your own as well. But hark ye, you Eccles ; I am a man having daughters of my own, and if you molest these ladies or want to be in their way when they want you out of it, or if you try any tricks, why, charter or no charter, I'll clap ye in irons and risk answering for it to my owners. And, ladies, if you want help at any time, do ye blow on this here whistle, and I'll come to ye at once." He gave them an old pewter whistle, and showed them how to blow it. "Keep it on ye, or in some place where that Eccles cannot get to it. Your servant, ladies."

So saying, he stumped off, and presently Zephaniah sneaked away as well.

Verity and Prudence were greatly comforted to think that they had a friend on board the ship ; and they have both told me since that, once recovered from the nauseating sickness which troubles men and women new to the sea, they were far from being unhappy. Zephaniah they saw but rarely, for he had the wisdom to keep aloof from them. Captain Allstone came every morning and knocked at the door of their little cabin to ask respectfully how they did ; and they would often talk with him on deck. They lived on the ship's provisions, which were served to them in the great cabin by the Captain's steward, a negro man. Zephaniah had put on board some delicacies for their use, but they refused to touch them ; or to make use, beyond what was absolutely needful, of the various accommodations which he had provided in their cabin. The weather was fine and warm, and they spent great part of the day on deck. The ship's company used them with all civility ; they seemed to be for the most part sober, God-fearing men, very different from the scum which Captain Skeffington had raked together at Barbadoes for the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

One day when Verity and Prudence were alone in the great cabin Mr. Allstone came to them, and began (as he ever would do):

"Your servant, young ladies. Can I have speech with you for one moment ?"

"Truly, Captain Allstone," said Verity.

"At this rate of sailing we shall be in the Downs in a fortnight," said Allstone. "Now, I am but a blunt sailorman, and ye must pardon me if I offend, for I never learned manners. Do ye desire to go ashore with this fellow Eccles ?"

"No, no, indeed," they both cried.

"What do ye purpose doing, then ?" said Allstone. "Have you friends in London that ye can go to ?"

"I have a kinsman in London of my own name, Whalley, who is a Parliament man," said Verity. "If I can but come to him I doubt not that he will aid us and shield us from Master Eccles."

"Ay ; but it may be ill work to come at him," said Mr. Allstone. "London is not like Boston, where one may know every man that dwells there ; and a Parliament man is a great man nowadays. Now, ladies, I am a rough, plain man, but I would fain do ye a service. I have a wife at home, and daughters much about your own age. We have a little house in Southwark, which ye may not know is on the far side of London Bridge. Will ye come home and bide with my wife and daughters until ye can come at friends of your own ? It is a little, poor place ; but I know well that ye have no money, and it is borne in upon me (as your sort of people say) that I am to save ye from the hands of this fellow Eccles, who is a wolf in sheep's clothing if ever there was one."

They thanked Mr. Allstone heartily, with tears, and praised the Lord for giving ear to their cry and raising up this deliverer for them in their hour of need.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW I MET VERITY AGAIN.

ONE fine morning, the *Swallow* being then about four weeks out from Boston, Verity and Prudence were enjoying the sunshine on deck, where good Mr. Allstone had caused stools to be set for their use ; and Verity said :

"See, Prudence, what is that dark thing which I see yonder on the face of the ocean ?"

Prudence could not see it ; but presently the man whose duty it was to keep watch on the fore-castle sang out :

"Sail ho !"

"Where away ?" answered Captain Allstone.

"Large on the starboard bow, sir. Leastways I don't know about its being a sail, sir. Looks to me more like a dismasted hulk."

Captain Allstone could not see it. He therefore fetched his spy-glass and clapt it to his eye.

"I see it now," he said. "It is a dismasted



JEFFREY AND I SAW THE SAILS OF THE "SWALLOW" GRADUALLY COME ABOVE THE HORIZON.

ship. Lost her masts, most likely, in that bit of a gale we had night before last. Keep the ship on her course, Peter," he said to the man at the tiller, "and we shall cross her. There may be souls on board wanting help, and it may be there will be a bit of salvage in it as well."

He continued spying for a time; and then said:

"I can see something moving on board. Yes, there is a man quite plain to be seen. And there is another. Get the boat ready for lowering away."

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"Ay, ay, sir," said the boatswain.

"Mrs. Verity, do you please to take a peep?" said Mr. Allstone.

He made the glass steady for her. It was a little time before she could see aught save the tossing waves, but at last she caught the ship and looked earnestly. Then with a great cry she called out:

"Prudence, it is Jack. It is thy brother, John Baywood, brought back to us by the winds and waves!"

Thus, by strange chance, or (shall I not rather say?) by the Hand of Providence, were my



dear Verity and I brought together once more. Indeed, when I consider the greatness of the Ocean, and how our dismasted ship was following no fixed course, but was carried along at the caprice of the winds and waves, I cannot but attribute it to a Higher Power that we were blown into the track of the *Swallow* and so saved from a certain death.

I must leave the reader to imagine the alternate hopes and fears with which Jeffrey and I saw the sails of the *Swallow* gradually come above the horizon, and the anxiety with which we wondered whether she would see our ship, and if so whether the master would think it worth the trouble to overhaul such a battered old hulk, and the gratitude with which we saw her bearing down upon us, and then her boat lowered and coming over the sea to our rescue. We had spent a day and night of great misery on board our ship, without food or drink; and with the most doleful apprehensions. But these were quickly changed to the most lively astonishment when the boat came alongside, and the seaman who was in charge of her, whom we learned to be the master's mate of the *Swallow*, a man named Wilkins, roared out:

"Which of you two gentlemen be called John Baywood?"

"Jack," said Jeffrey, "thy fame hath gone out into the ends of the world. Thou wert known in the Barbadoes, and now it seems thou art just as well known on the high seas. This, sir," he said to the mate, "is the worshipful gentleman after whom you are inquiring."

"Captain Allstone's compliments, sir," said Mr. Wilkins, "and he will be glad if he can be of service to you."

"My compliments to him," I answered, "and I shall be grateful if he will receive us on board his vessel."

"Gladly, sir," said Wilkins. "May I inquire what ship this is?"

"That I cannot tell you," said I. "We came across her but yesterday, having been set adrift by mutineers in the boat which you see riding astern yonder."

"In that case, sir," said Wilkins, "Captain Allstone desired me to go on board and find out what ship she might be. Will you heave us a rope?"

We hove him a rope's end, and he clambered on board, followed by one of his seamen, an elderly man of the name of Apreece, who came from the town of Carnarvon, in Wales.

"She has been derelict a long time," said Wilkins. "Loaded with whale-oil, I see. A Greenlandman, I suppose, and the oil has

kept her afloat. But wherefore did her people leave her?"

Old Apreece had been nosing the decks, and now he shouted:

"Well, gentlemen, look you, if this do not beat all, well yes indeed, I never heard the likes of this before."

"What is it, Apreece?" said Wilkins.

"Well, indeed, if any one did tell me the likes of this I shall not have believed it. Mr. Wilkins, this ship is the old *Dolphin*, belonging to Whitby, that I sailed in to the Greenland fisheries twenty years ago."

"That cannot be," said Mr. Wilkins. "I have often heard you tell the yarn about her being lost in the ice, Apreece."

"Indeed, she got fast in the ice, and was froze up, and we that was on board did abandon her. But she must have unfroze again, and sailed out into the ocean. Well, did any one ever hear the like!"

"Dear me, Apreece, that cannot be the case! I never heard of such a thing," said Wilkins.

"But I will prove it to you, sir," said Apreece.

"Look you, sir, we left in somewhat of a hurry, and I left behind me a tobacco-pipe with a ship in full sail painted on the bowl. Now, if that tobacco-pipe is yet in the fore-castle you may call me a true man; if it is not there you may go back and tell Captain Allstone that old Apreece is a lying old dog. Now, does this please you, Mr. Wilkins, sir?"

The two ships had been gradually drifting nearer and nearer, the *Swallow* being hove-to; and now came a hail across the sea:

"Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Wilkins, have you taken a lodging in that ship? Be quick, sir!"

"Will you come on board with me, gentlemen?" said Wilkins to us. "I believe Captain Allstone will think this ship worth the salving, for, if her hull be not worth very much, the whale-oil will not have suffered greatly. I will go and report to him, leaving Apreece and another man on board, and, if they can get the fore-castle hatch off, Apreece may look for his painted tobacco-pipe."

We tumbled into the boat, and were soon on the deck of the *Swallow*, Captain Allstone receiving us at the gangway.

"Your servant, sirs," said he.

"Captain, yours to command," said I. "Pray, what ship is this?"

"The *Swallow*, Allstone master, of and bound for the Port of London; last from Boston in New England, with a cargo of skins and notions."

"From Boston?" I cried. "Pray tell me, Captain, how it is you know my name."

and can you tell me aught of my family and friends?"

"There is one below in the cabin who can give you more news than I," said Mr. Allstone. "Pray step below and make yourself known."

I went below, leaving Jeffrey to give the Captain an account of our adventures; and in the cabin found my beloved Verity and my dear little sister. The reader can imagine my astonishment and our joy, our mingled laughter and tears as I embraced them both. For I folded Verity in my arms, and she yielded herself to my kisses readily, yet with all due modesty.

"Zephaniah Eccles will not interrupt us this time, dearest Verity," said I.

"Dearest Jack," she answered, "I would not have thee too sure of that, seeing that he is here on board with us."

Then they told me how Zephaniah had craftily trepanned them; and I vowed vengeance on him—in words, I am afraid, unfitting my bringing up. Then they would have Jeffrey brought down and presented to them; and soon the Captain came below as well and afforded us means of changing our raiment and washing ourselves, of which we stood much in need. When we came on deck again, we found that the *Swallow* had worked close alongside the old *Dolphin*, and that Captain Allstone himself had been on board to see her.

"There is no question but that she is the old *Dolphin*," said he, "for Aprece hath made his way into the fore-castle and there found his pipe; and at this moment he is taking tobacco through it for old acquaintance' sake. Now, gentlemen, do ye claim any rights in this hulk?"

"Not I," said Jeffrey, "I am only too glad to be quit of her."

"If I have any rights in her, Captain," said I, "I cheerfully cede them to you; and you can have our long-boat as well. 'Tis the only payment we can make for our passage until we reach London."

"I do not know that she is worth much," said the Captain; "still, she must be worth something, and she hath plenty of whale-oil on board, though I cannot tell how far it may have suffered from the sea-water. A trifle of salvage will not be unwelcome to my owners; for between ourselves, gentlemen, Master Eccles is a keen hand, and drove a very hard bargain with me when he chartered the ship; and I have been doubting in my mind what my owners will say to me. Now, it is a hard task for one ship to tow another, and slow work too, and what Eccles will say I cannot

tell; but whatever he may say I am fully determined to tow the *Dolphin* home to England. The carpenter reports that he can repair her rudder and tiller enough to steer, and I will, therefore, put two hands on board to steer her, and pass a hawser on board; and if this weather holds and it doth not come on to blow again we will in time pluck the old hooker home to London. I should love to see the face of her owner (if he be still alive) when he hears that his old ship hath turned up again!"

The black steward here announced the welcome news that dinner was ready; and we fell to with the appetites of wolves.

Now where was our friend Zephaniah all this time?

As soon as he had heard the news that it was I that had been sighted on board the wreck, and that Mr. Allstone purposed to pick us up, Zephaniah began to protest loudly on the score of loss of time and so forth; and when this availed not, what did the fellow do but go forward amongst the crew in the fore-castle, and endeavour to bring them to that silly superstition that to save a man from drowning is sure to bring disaster to a ship, so that they might persuade the Captain to pass us by; as if the Almighty would visit with punishment a work of charity and mercy! But the men were sober and sensible and would have none of him; and as he began to grow instant with them and became angry, so did they; and they answered his railing with railing; and presently the men that were below shut to the scuttle that covered the fore-castle-hatch, and for the time Zephaniah was kept a prisoner amongst them.

So it fell out that after dinner, as we were sitting in the cabin in talk with Mr. Allstone, the boatswain of the ship came in with his hat in his hand, and said:

"Begging your honours' pardons; Captain Allstone, sir, the crew makes so bold as to ask you if we might keel-haul this here rascal Eccles, sir."

"Keel-haul him?" exclaimed Mr. Allstone in amazement. "What, keel-haul the gentleman that hath chartered the ship?"

"No offence meant, sir. But this fellow hath been doing his best to turn the crew from their duty towards God and towards you, sir, and we made so bold, sir, as to hold what the sodgers calls a court-martial on him; William Stimson sitting on him to keep him quiet; and we come to the conclusion as a keel-hauling would do his manners a deal of good, sir."

"No, no, no, Rogers," said Master Allstone.

"Enlarge him forthwith. If he complains of his treatment, send him aft to me, and I will deal with him."

Now, to enlighten those who may not already know it, I will here set down the nature of the dreadful punishment called keel-hauling; a common penalty on board fibustiering ships, and in the navy of the Dutchmen, but very rare on board of English vessels. A rope is passed under the ship's bottom, the ends going through a block at each main yard-arm and brought on deck again. The delinquent is made fast in a bight of the rope and so is hoisted up to the weather yard-arm. From thence he is lowered into the sea, and drawn right underneath the ship's bottom and up to the lee yard-arm, and then back again, and so on, to and fro until he hath had enough of the sea, to say nothing of wounds by barnacles and other excrescences, to correct his manners. So that it was a happy thing for Zephaniah that Captain Allstone disallowed the sentence on him. Where he hid himself the rest of the day, I know not; but it is certain that he did not venture to make any complaint of his treatment by the crew, nor did he intrude upon us in the cabin, where Verity, Prudence, Jeffrey, and I spent a very happy afternoon in relating our adventures and weaving plans for the future.

Before nightfall the carpenter had made such repairs to the hulk's steering-gear as were absolutely needed, and the *Swallow* took the *Dolphin* in tow, Rogers the boatswain and old Aprece being left on board, the latter to do the steering. Our long-boat was hoisted on board the *Swallow*, and the two ships set forward on their long voyage.

I was not quite without apprehension that Zephaniah might make some attempt upon us in the night, but it passed quietly away. Small though the bed-places were, they were to Jeffrey and me the very height of luxury after our cramped quarters in the boat and our exposure on the *Dolphin*, and we slept as if we should never awake again.

CHAPTER XIX.

ZEPHANIAH'S FATAL FOLLY.

WHEREVER it was that Zephaniah had bestowed himself, he gathered courage during the night, and in the morning, when Jeffrey and I went on deck, we found him disputing with Captain Allstone about the *Dolphin*. He seemed to be giving orders that the *Dolphin* should be cast off, and we were

glad to perceive that the Captain was very positive in refusing to do this. However, when Zephaniah saw us he ceased his argument with Mr. Allstone, and without wasting time in compliments spoke to me.

"John Baywood, this ship is mine for the time. I desire that thou and thy friend, whose name I know not, shall leave her forthwith, having come on board without any invitation from me."

"Zephaniah Eccles," I replied, "I have ere now had occasion to remind thee that thou art my father's old servant, and to desire that thou shouldst address me in a becoming manner. Say *you*, and not *thou*, when thou speakest to me. As for leaving the ship, are we to travel on board the *Dolphin*, or what?"

"Look yonder," said Zephaniah. We looked in the direction in which he was pointing, and saw the sails of a ship hull-down on the horizon. "I have ordered Captain Allstone to bear down on that ship and put you two persons on board, if she will receive you."

"Zephaniah, thou rascally kidnapper of men and women (thou seest I know all about thy plot to have me carried off as well as these two defenceless young women), I will leave this ship when the master desires me to do so, not before. Further, when I go, Mrs. Verity Whalley and my sister go with me."

"I have no more to say," said Zephaniah. "Mr. Allstone has his orders, and you will find that he will not venture on disobeying them."

And Zephaniah moved away with an air of great dignity. Nevertheless I felt confident, after what Verity and my sister had told me, that the Captain, if he compelled me to leave the ship, would also insist that Verity and Prudence should go in my company.

The strange vessel neared us rapidly, bearing up from southwards. When she was within a mile or so Jeffrey asked Mr. Allstone for his spy-glass and looked through it intently.

"Jack, what do you make of it?" he said, handing me the glass.

I examined the stranger carefully, and said, "Jeffrey, if that is not the *Barnabas* and *Joseph*, it is her twin sister. There's more trouble in store, I fear."

"I fear it too," said Jeffrey. "And we have women on board. What is to be done?"

"First of all, tell Mr. Allstone and see what he says."

We went to the Captain, and told our story. "If that is so we must cut and run for it. How many of a crew doth she carry?" said he.



"JACK, WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?"



"Twenty, all told. One or two may be wounded and unfit for duty."

"What arms have they?" said Mr. Allstone.

"Two great guns, and some small arms. She is fitted out as a merchantman, not a filibustier."

"Well, we might give a good account of ourselves. But with women aboard—the risk is too great, too great."

"What about the old *Dolphin*?" said I.

"Her we must cast loose and abandon. It may be that those pirates will stop to overhaul her and thus give us a better chance of getting away."

So saying, Mr. Allstone gave orders to the crew, and the *Swallow* was presently standing off on the other tack, away from the stranger, the *Dolphin* still following in her wake. We had a small jolly-boat towing astern, for convenience of sending provisions on board the *Dolphin*; and the Captain, after shouting certain commands to Rogers in the *Dolphin's* bows, let this little boat veer astern until Rogers could drop into her. Old Apreece then came forward from the tiller with an axe, cut the hawser so that its end dropped into the sea, and then dropped nimbly into the boat, which was then pulled up, by means of the line, under the *Swallow's* stern; so that both men were got on board without loss of time. The *Dolphin* was adrift again, and for my part I was quite content that the *Barnabas and Joseph* should take her and do what they would with her if by that means we might escape.

Master Allstone was engaged in looking at the stranger through his glass and reckoning rates of sailing and distances, when Zephaniah stepped up to him, and said:

"Why have you changed the ship's course, Allstone?"

"I am responsible for the sailing of this ship, not you," answered the Captain, something tartly. He was beginning to be very weary of Zephaniah.

"You are sailing away from yonder ship, and not so as to meet her as I ordered," said Zephaniah.

"Yes, sir, that is just what I am doing," said Allstone. "I find her to be a pirate."

"A pirate? Who says she is a pirate?" said Zephaniah.

"These two gentlemen," said Mr. Allstone. "They were on board her until a week ago, when there was a mutiny on board, and the crew slew the master and set these two young gentlemen adrift. They cannot be mistaken in a ship which they know so well and have so lately left."

"Pooh!" said Zephaniah. "I know thee, John Baywood; and this is thy device to avoid being sent on board yonder vessel. Thou art an ingenious youth, but thy trick will not succeed this time. Pirates? There be no pirates in these seas."

"Bethink you, sir," said Allstone, "we have women on board."

"What, sir," said Zephaniah, "are you so simple as to be taken in by this clumsy trick? I see that you have cast off that useless old hulk, as I ordered you to do; and now I order you to hold on the ship's former course and get rid of these two persons."

"Master Eccles," I said, "this is indeed no device of mine. My friend and I know yonder vessel to be one named the *Barnabas and Joseph*, on board of which we sailed for many weeks; and we know her to be now manned by a crew of mutineers who have turned pirates. You say you have an affection for Mrs. Verity Whalley; and if that be so, I tell you, Zephaniah Eccles, that you will be sorry to your dying day if you do aught to hinder our escape from that ship."

"Go and tell that tale to a child, John Baywood, not to me. Captain Allstone, I order you to turn the ship into her former course and to speak with that ship," said Zephaniah, who by this time was in a furious rage, ill becoming a person of such piety.

"I make free to tell you, Mr. Eccles," said Allstone, "that I cast off that hulk not in consequence of any order of yours, but to aid us in escaping from that pirate-ship."

"Mr. Allstone, you are a coward, a wretched coward; and a fool to boot, to believe an old wives' fable about pirates," said Zephaniah.

"No man shall call me a coward," said old Allstone, almost beside himself with anger. "As you will have it so, we will wait and let the ship attack us, and may God send us well out of this which your folly hath brought upon us! And if innocent blood be shed this day, upon your head be it, Zephaniah Eccles!"

"So be it," said Zephaniah. "Tush, man, there will be no blood shed this day. I am pleased that you have returned to your senses."

In spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of Jeffrey and myself, in which the mate, Wilkins, joined us very heartily, Mr. Allstone gave orders that the vessel should go about again, so as to draw near to the *Dolphin* once more; "for," said he, "if I have to fight I'll fight for my prize as much as for this fellow Eccles' cargo;" and that she should then be hove-to, and that all should be made ready for receiving the attack. There was

one great gun on board, throwing a shot of about twelve pounds, and small-arms enough to furnish the whole ship's company, with good store of powder, bullet and match, besides cutlasses and pikes; and the *Swallow's* crew being seventeen men, counting Jeffrey and me, against twenty on board the *Barnabas and Joseph*, I had good hopes of the result. Nay, had Verity and Prudence not been on board I should have welcomed the chance of exterminating that nest of scoundrels; but when I thought of them I wished Zephaniah at the bottom of the ocean for interfering to prevent our escape. And, indeed, Zephaniah wished himself anywhere but where he was when he saw the *Barnabas and Joseph* run up a red flag to her peak, and shoot at us with one of her great guns. Captain Allstone, who was as brave as a lion, did forthwith run up the flag of England; and did likewise bid his black steward, who played the trumpet well, to strike up the One Hundredth Psalm, as well to hearten our own men as to give defiance to the enemy.

When we first knew the ship to be the *Barnabas and Joseph*, I had warned Verity and Prudence to stay below, and by no means to show themselves on deck; and now, when the fighting was like to begin, I went, at Mr. Allstone's desire, and showed them a little place, incommensurable but safe, far down in the bowels of the ship where no shot could reach them, and where they might perchance escape notice should the pirates get the mastery and rummage the ship. As for Zephaniah, he was now as instant with Mr. Allstone to turn the ship and

escape as he had before been to hold her on her course.

"Too late now, Master Eccles," said the Captain. "She will be upon us before we can make sail. You should have hearkened to heads wiser than yours. You see what mischief your foolishness hath brought us into. It's an ill turn you have done this day to Mrs. Whalley, that you pretend to be so fond of. We must stand it out now; and do you fight like a man, Mr. Eccles, and so make some amends for your wickedness and folly. I marvel that they shoot not at us again," went on Captain Allstone. "I do suppose they think us so easy a prey that they will not waste powder upon us."

"Will not you try a shot at them, Captain?" said Jeffrey. "If we could bring down one of their sticks it would help us mightily."

"No, that were to put ourselves in the wrong by firing the first shot," said Allstone. "The shot they fired was but a signal. But see, who is that? It is some prisoner that leaps overboard from them."

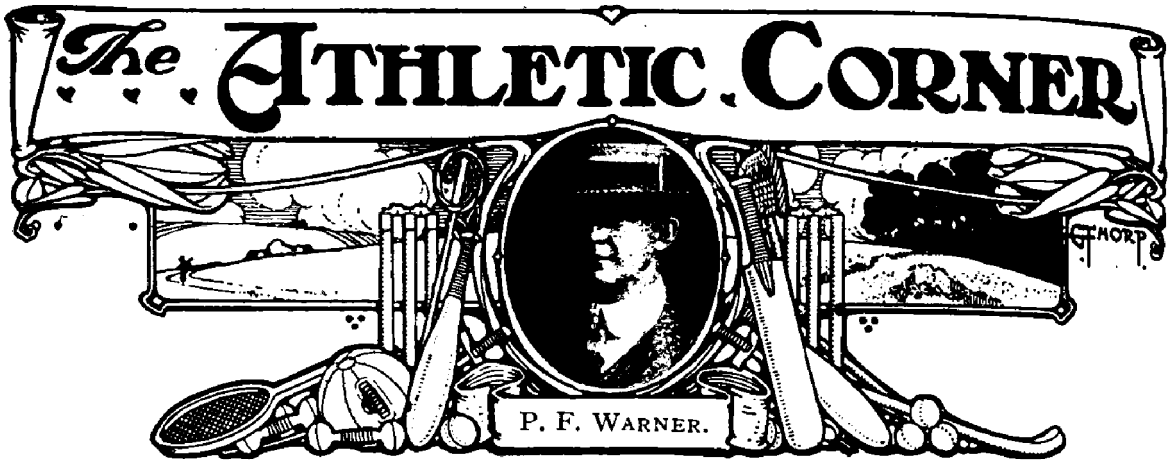
The vessels were by this time no more than half of a quarter of a mile the one from the other, the *Barnabas and Joseph* steering directly towards us; and as Captain Allstone was speaking we saw a man leap from her poop into the sea and begin to swim towards the *Swallow*. Instantly we heard the noise of muskets, and we saw the water splash up with the bullets, but none touched the swimmer, and he turned in the water and made signs of derision.

"Jeffrey," said I, "that is Captain Skeffington, or I'm a Dutchman."

(To be concluded.)



The above vessel may be termed the latest addition to the Royal Navy, seeing that it is the brig, *King Edward VII.*, in which the little sons of the Prince of Wales will receive their first lessons in seamanship on Virginia Water.



CRICKETERS' LITTLE WAYS.

Illustrated by ROLAND HILL ("RIP!")



"JACKER."

MOST cricketers possess some special characteristic. One, for instance, will invariably assume a particular attitude after taking a wicket; another has a habit of touching his cap before a ball is bowled; and a third calls his runs in a tenor voice when he fancies himself in form. Most of these idiosyncrasies are displayed quite unconsciously, and are for that reason all the more amusing and interesting to watch.

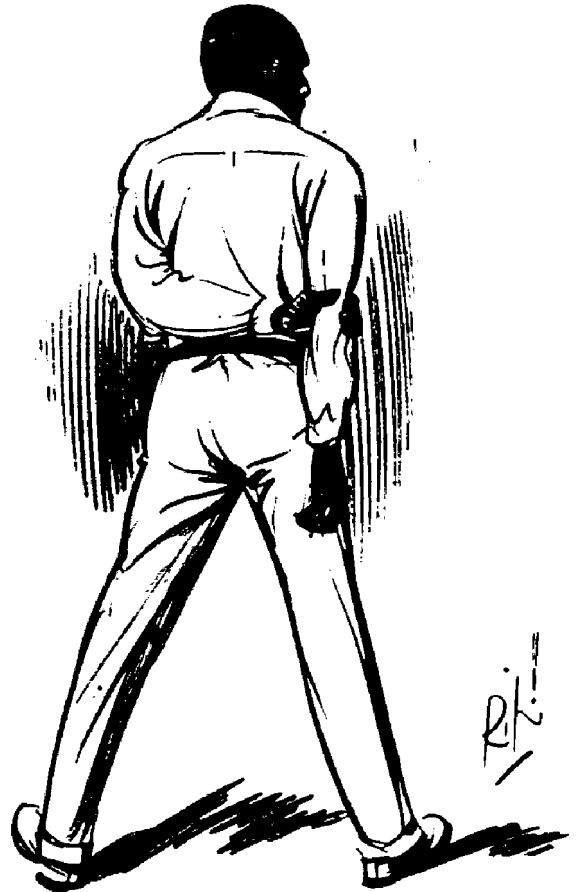
The most prominent cricketer in England at the present moment is Mr. F. S. Jackson; for he it is who is leading England—we hope—to victory in the test matches. Mr. Jackson ought to make a very fine captain. One of the most necessary qualifications for a successful captain is enthusiasm, and this Mr. Jackson possesses to the full. Then he is observant, and is often inspired to do the right thing at the right moment, on which occasions he may be seen tugging his moustache as he stands deep in thought at cover-point or mid-on. Mr. Jackson stands out, *par excellence*, as the greatest test match player of the last twelve years. He first represented England *v.* Australia as far back as 1893, and since that day he has always done well in test matches. Unfortunately, he has never been able to spare the time to go to Australia; but he has three times made over a hundred runs in test matches in England, and he will probably make another such century this summer. Mr. Jackson is, of course, one of the greatest batsmen that have ever lived, with a beautiful style and a variety of strokes, and a happy knack of coming off



"DE LARD."

these expeditions abroad, for apart from a sound understanding of cricket itself he is most unselfish, thinking always of the comfort of his men and never of himself. In the West Indies he was regarded by the native population as a glorified sort of governor on whose part it was a condescension to play cricket at all. Wherever he went he was greeted with shouts of "De Lard," "De Lard," and the keenness to bowl at "De Lard" was extraordinary. As a leader of Yorkshire for over twenty years he has simply created that famous eleven. When he took over the captaincy matters were in a far from satisfactory state, but by firmness, common sense, and tact he pulled things round, and now he is in the happy position of knowing that Yorkshire is always quoted as the ideal county eleven, both for efficiency on the field and for good temper and happiness off it. A free dashing bat, the moment he feels at home he begins to call his runs in a throaty tenor—a storm signal to the opposing side, for when he makes runs he gets them as well as any one.

You have read about Ranjitsinhji and his



"RANJIL."

at a crisis. Indeed, I would rather see him coming out of the pavilion "to stop a rot" than any other man in England. And then he is also an excellent medium-paced right-hand bowler, and has for years been the mainstay of the Gentlemen of England's out-cricket. The Yorkshire amateur always had great natural skill as a cricketer, and on his inborn ability he brings remarkable intelligence to bear; wherefore he is a highly interesting person to watch playing cricket. In regard to his international captaincy, it is satisfactory to know that he is the type of man on whom responsibility acts as a tonic.

Lord Hawke is the Odysseus of cricket; for he has travelled far and wide in search of the game he loves so well and has served so truly. India, Australia, South Africa, America, Canada, and the West Indies all know him, and wherever he has played he has done everything to promote the well-being of cricket. He is an ideal leader of



"BOZY."

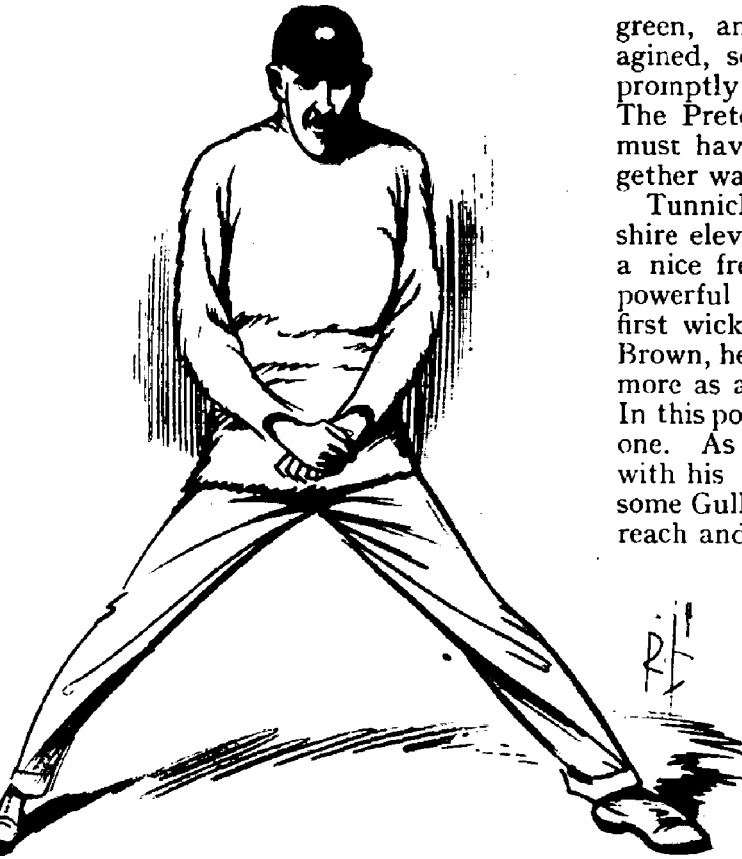
deeds in the July number of the CAPTAIN. To what I then said I have little to add, beyond expressing the hope that he may return to England in time to repeat his triumphs of the past against our formidable kinsmen from Australia. Ranjitsinhji usually fields at point or in the slips, and his silk shirt and hands clasped behind his back until the ball is on the way are well known to every follower of cricket. How often have we seen that apparently listless figure make a panther-like spring and bring off a gallant catch!

Mr. Bosanquet is one of the best all-round cricketers in England—a fine bat, a good field, and, on his day, the most destructive bowler we have on a true wicket. Originally a fast bowler, he has almost totally abandoned his former style, and now bowls slow and, from the ring, harmless-looking leg breaks—with this difference, that every now and then an apparent leg break breaks

from the off, to the discomfiture of the batsman. Naturally, this type of bowler must have his off days, and when he is bad he is very, very bad, and may lose a match in three overs; on the other hand, when he is good he is surprisingly good, and may win a match in a quarter of an hour, as he did at Sydney eighteen months ago. Mr. Bosanquet is, to a large extent, England's hope this season. If he can reproduce his Sydney form we shall beat the Australians; if he falls greatly below that form I do not see how we are going to dispose of the powerful Australian eleven for a total which will enable us to win. Given warm, sunny weather, Mr. Bosanquet is a prize in any eleven, but in our cold and variable climate he often finds it difficult to acquire that finger-spin which is the very essence of his bowling. Before running up to bowl—he strokes and caresses the ball in an almost affectionate manner, and when walking to his place in the field keeps his eyes on the ground as if he were in search of hidden treasure.



"A. E."



"A GULLIVER-LIKE FIGURE."

green, and black—was, as may be imagined, so appallingly hideous that he was promptly forbidden ever to wear it again. The Pretoria hosier who designed that cap must have been either colour blind or altogether wanting in artistic refinement.

Tunncliffe is one of the pillars of the Yorkshire eleven. Very tall and strong, he wags a nice free bat with an easy swing and a powerful drive. The hero of many a long first wicket partnership with the late J. T. Brown, he will, however, go down to posterity more as a fieldsman at slip than a batsman. In this position, indeed, he is the equal of any one. As he stands ready to grab the ball, with his legs wide apart, he reminds one of some Gulliver-like figure. With a telescopic reach and a remarkable intuition as to the direction the ball will take after leaving the bat, "c Tunncliffe b Rhodes" is a common sight in modern day score-sheets.

If Tunncliffe is one of the pillars of Yorkshire, Hirst is its chief corner-stone. He is the Agamemnon of the North—a warrior stout of limb and nerve, and scarred with the honours of battle. He is the first man chosen in an All England team—first for his batting, first for his bowling,

and first for his fielding at mid-off, where he stops anything, no matter how hard.

Trott is, possibly, not the bowler he was, but I live in hopes of his recovering his best form. At any rate, a few years ago he was one of the most original and enterprising bowlers in the world. When he first came to England, and for three or four years subsequently, he had that "curl in the air ball" to a very marked degree; and during the years he was qualifying for Middlesex he had great fun with this ball. As a fielder at extra slip and to his own bowling Trott has scarcely a superior, and those huge hands of his afford a safe resting-place for the hottest return. And then he has hit a ball over the pavilion at Lord's, and he once drove a ball clean out of the Trent Bridge ground, which damaged severely the spokes of a hansom cab. He also has his mannerisms on the field. After taking a wicket he almost invariably balances himself on his left leg and looks at the spikes in his right boot. He wears almost as many different caps as Mr. F. S. Jackson, but one of them—a concoction of yellow,



"NEARLY ALWAYS SMILING."



"P. F. W."

Sturdy and strong, he has a gentle nature and philosophical turn of mind, and no professional cricketer is more highly esteemed. His benefit last year "beat all records," and well he deserved his good fortune, for he has fought nobly and right well both for England and for Yorkshire, and in an age of great all-round cricketers he has earned the distinction of being the greatest. He is nearly always smiling, so much so that in his most serious moods he carries an expression of extreme happiness.

Your Athletic Editor has hitched his trousers up as far back as he can remember—indeed, since the day he first wore them. But his first lessons were in a nightshirt. He will continue to hitch them up so long as he plays cricket, as habit has grown into

second nature. As for pulling up his socks after running for a ball, this habit originated in the fact that his socks did not always fit too well.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. Saw.—(1) You ought to develop into a very big and strong man. I should recommend a bat weighing *not more than* 2 lb. 3 oz., with the india-rubber handle (if you use one), but the weight of a bat does not matter as long as the bat comes up well, or, in plainer language, balances well, and of this you alone are the best judge. (2) Three-quarter back, I fancy, would be your best position.

Hugh H.—(1) The first four test matches are limited to three days; the fifth will be played to a finish if the rubber has not been decided before that game. (2) Any of the advertisers in the CAPTAIN can sell you a good bat.

Quercus.—The India Police force, if you do not mind living abroad, offers the greater opportunities.

Sidney H. Pinks.—Yes, the batsman was out under the circumstances you name—"hit wicket." It was as a result of his stroke at the ball that he was forced on to his wicket.

Ralph C. Fletcher.—I fancy Mr. H. Martyn, of Somersetshire, would be second choice for an England XI. wicket-keeper. Board and Butt are both very good indeed. It was in no sense of comparison that I picked out six wicket-keepers; I merely criticised the methods of six of the best-known in England.

A Well-wisher.—Linseed oil and salad oil mixed is the best.

Inquirer.—I should consult Sandow. Write to him at Sandow's School, St. James's Street, London, S.W.

Jack D. Whiteman.—(1) Oil your bat every other day. Perhaps it was a cold day when your bat stung so; they often do in cold weather. (2) No; you are quite tall enough for your age.

R. D. O.—It is impossible for a batsman to be caught off his pad unless he has first played the ball.

R. A. Pike.—(1) Write to Sandow's School. (2) If A was caught at long stop, B, the other batsman, could not possibly be run out off the same stroke.

A. B. C.—Originally Rugby v. Marlborough was played at the Oval, but for the last forty years this match has taken place at Lord's.

Inquirer.—Gentlemen v. Players was first played in 1805, so this is the centenary year of the fixture.

Yorkshireman.—Probably the Yorkshire eleven of 1900 (and 1901) was the strongest county team of modern times. Surrey at the end of the eighties and early nineties was a very powerful side, and Lancashire has had some great elevens.

R. S.—Yes, the Colonial Secretary was captain of the Cambridge XI.

Arthur Clark.—You will find "Ranjit's" centuries for 1896 in *Wisden* for 1897.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

By Franklin Welles Calkins.

No. 17.—SOZY AND THE SIX-SHOOTERS.



AROUND our French Creek camp-fires in '75 there were gathered groups of mountaineers and plainsmen of the old régime. We had then no status in the gold-bearing wilderness despite the fact that we had staked claims and paid recorder's fees. Therefore Buckskin Joe, California Joe, Florida Bill, Old Mis-

souri, Felix Michaud, Jacques Boyer and others of us of less picturesque nomenclature and far less fame had time to burn, if time may said to be consumed in that manner. At all events, we burned quantities of tobacco, and often we talked and oftener the major part of us listened. Our camp, under the pinnaced rocks of Custer's Gulch, was set in a breathless and solemn wilderness. The caterwauling of a cougar, the surprised "whoof" of the grizzly, the whistle of the startled mule-deer, the clucking call of the pine-hen to her scattered young: these sounds and their like, and the track of various four-foots, were the audible and visible signs of a habitation apparently undisturbed since the eon of the split-hoof horse.

Lounging about the waggons of our Iowa party a group were, one afternoon, discussing Indians and their superstitions—especially the superstitions, or perhaps cowardly dread which had kept the tribes out of the depths of those solemn Black Hills pines. Naturally, talk turned upon the comparative courage of red and white as exemplified in border warfare. In the argument which followed, men of little or no experience generally

expressed the opinion that the American aborigine was cowardly by nature. Of this there was evidence enough, they contended, in the deadly ambush, the treachery and general bushwhacking tactics of the race in fighting.

Although appealed to from time to time in confirmation of this or that opinion, California Joe, who was of our number, smoked his pipe in silence. When he finally began to speak it was not to set forth an opinion or to give expression to a sentiment.

"There was my Shoshony partner, now, that I picked up at our North Fork rendyvoos in '47," he said, "Sozy—he was an average Indian, I reckon, rather under the average as to looks. Sozy was so consumedly homely that he couldn't git married, not even among the Snakes and Flatheads. I reckon that's the reason he took to me an' my ways. I named him Sozy, which isn't Injun that I know of, because the name seemed to fit his ornery face, somehow; and his Shoshony name, well, that was a name that no white man could pronounce twice runnin' with any certainty of ever eatin' another meal o' victuals. Sozy was only half Snake. His mother was a Blackfoot woman, captured in war, and he spoke her language better, if possible, than he did Shoshony. He knew the country to north of the Yellow Stone like a schoolboy knows his reader, and that is principally the reason why I took him with me in '48, upon the Yellow Water, which is a little branch of the Musselshell.

"We took beaver for a season there and had good ground left, which we concluded to hold for another fall. When summer put in I went to Fort Union with our pelts. While I was there I traded for three Colt's six-shooters out of the first shipment of that kind of guns to come up the Missouri. They were the first repeaters I had seen, and I was mightily tickled with them. I would have

taken a dozen if McKenzie would have spared 'em, for I knew the mountain men would want the guns whenever I should run up against a company again.

"Sozy wasn't long in learning to handle the one I gave to him, when I got back. He was, if anything, more tickled with the weapon than myself. 'Shoot Oglalla a heap; shoot Sikasapi a heap'; he would say, grinning with delight, as he rubbed the cylinder of his gun with bear's grease, 'shoot buffalo a heap, all same more better like bow and arrow.'

"Early in September, or thereabouts, we went to the foot-hills of Big Snowy to kill elk for our winter's supply of meat. Of course, buffalo would be runnin' south soon, but there never was much of a buffalo's carcass that agreed with my stomach, and the wastefulness of coverin' an acre or two o' ground with dead critters, for the sake of tongue and tenderline, always went agin the grain with me. I was never guilty of slaughterin' God's critters for fun, either. I never hired out to any dukes or nabobs to blow his innocent four-foots off the earth, an' I never will.

"We hadn't seen any buffalo that season, so far, but on the fourth or fifth day of our hill huntin' we saw 'em come up on the prairie in countless herds. I've never seen so many critters of any kind, before or since. We were well up on the mountains and could look down upon a heap of country. And yet there seemed a misty about the way those cattle appeared. They popped suddenly out of creek valleys and the heads of coulees in dark, moving lines an' blotches and spread until the mind got tired in tryin' to conceive of their number.

"Well, we thought best to git back to our camp an' ponies on the Flat Willow, an' so we pulled our freight immediately. We got to camp before it was overrun with herds, but the Blackfeet had come with the buffaloes and our five ponies were gone; also their ropes an' picket pins an' our blankets and camp truck. We soon discovered that a single Injun had done the whole business, an' that was the reason we hadn't been laid for an' bushwhacked. Sozy wasn't a beauty, as I've said, even when he was sober and goodnatured. Ordinarily, but for his horse-tail hair an' pig's eyes, his peeked for'ead and copperas skin, he'd have been taken for a fat guzzler of hop drinks. But a fiend pitted with smallpox would have looked handsome beside of Sozy when he found the

Blackfoot's moccasin tracks. He made pizen medicine agin the maker of 'em. Rather late in the day, it struck me, but Sozy was all Injun. When he got through with his contortions, an' shakin' of his medicine clout, he became as cam an' placid as if nothing had happened.

"He spoke in Shoshony, which I understood. 'This is very bad,' said he, quite as if he was offerin' me information. 'This will make the feet weary until we can take horses of the Bloods and Piegans. Younger brother, we shall have to kill some of those people.' 'Well, then, come and let's do it,' I said. I was young and very much incensed, and quite ready for a desperate enterprise. We returned on foot an' cautiously to our shack lodge, on the Yellow Water, where our traps, ammunition, and extra firearms were cached. So far the shack, which was hidden in a thicket of river ash, had escaped the Blackfeet's detection.

"We now prepared ourselves for a scouting expedition. We both wore Shoshony dress, but Sozy spent a few hours of the night a-patching and fringing, and easily changed our shift to Blackfoot gear. We tied our hair in Sarcee pattern. I wore no beard in those days an' my skin was tanned blacker, if anything, than Sozy's. A little yellow earth fixed me to pass an ordinary inspection. Disguised in that fashion, and wearing the new Colts under our shirt flaps, we set out on foot in the morning. We scouted along the river and among the coulees as though we were stalkin' the buffalo. It didn't take us long to discover that the country was overrun with Bloods an' Piegans; indeed, we hadn't walked two miles when we met a party of Bloods—it was Sozy who knew the difference in tribes—an' they passed us, a dozen of 'em, within a hundred yards. It was a trying minute for me, but I followed Sozy's lead. He turned indifferently towards a coulee on our right an' the party rode on payin' us no attention. We saw other parties of horsemen and foot-hunters presently and avoided 'em in the same careless fashion, among the breaks and gullies.

"Before night we had located a big village of Bloods and another of Piegans. These camps were on the bottom an' not more than a mile apart. We lay close in covert and watched hunting parties an' squaw packers come in loaded with meat. About sundown, too, we saw another big band of Injuns come into the valley on the

east an' make camp two or three miles below the Bloods.

"I saw that Sozy was mightily tickled at this, although I confess I couldn't guess the reason, an' it seemed to me our chance o' gittin' out of that hornet's nest wasn't any too good. Accordin' to my reckonin' we'd enjoyed uncommon good luck that day and ought, in all reason, to have lost our scalps before night.

"'Brother, we shall take horses of these people to-night,' said my partner. Now, there was a big lot of ponies, especially around the Piegan lodges, but they were all tethered close in, an' the outlook for a mount didn't seem to me promising. I knew there would be prowling guards and sharp eyes on the look-out among those herds.

"But when darkness had fairly settled down, Sozy got up out of the grass bold as a lion. 'Come, brother, let us go among those Piegan folks,' says he, as cool as though we were goin' a-fishing. Not knowing exactly what he intended I thought I could go anywhere that he dared to venture. The night was cloudy and so far favourable. We got pretty close to the Piegan village and stopped to take observations. Against the light of plenty of camp-fires we could see guards moving about among the ponies, evidence that the Blackfeet were on the look-out there at the edge of the Sioux country. At their village things were lively. Everybody seemed to be having a big time in the midst of peace an' piles of meat. Squaws were busy with fleshing knives, yawpin' back an' forth at each other. Two or three fellows were beating tom-toms and makin' some kind of luguberous squeelin' music. Most of the hunters had laid down in their lodges, dead tired, but young fellows were having all sorts of frolic.

"'Younger brother,' said Sozy, 'we must now go among these Piegans. If any see we are strangers they'll think we're visitors of the Bloods. We must go as the young men do, leaping at play.' It seemed a crazy thing to do, but I couldn't seem to be a coward, and so, laying our rifles on the knoll



WE TUMBLED INTO THE MIDST OF THE PIEGAN LODGES IN A ROARIN' GOOD HUMOUR.

we'd been standing on, we approached the Piegan village with perfect assurance. Sozy chanted some snatches in Blackfoot an' we pulled an' hauled each other about roughly as we passed in among the horses. I knew that so long as there was nothin' suspicious in our appearance the Injuns wouldn't interrupt us while we seemed to be engaged wholly with each other. An' that was what Sozy was counting on.

"An Indian stalking among the ponies passed us, paying no attention to our capers. That was encouragin'. On we went, chasin' each other to an' fro as other young men were doing among the lodges. All the time we kept a sharp look-out for the best line of retreat when we should leap upon ponies an' fly, as I expected we'd have to do if we got away with a mount. Well, we tumbled into the midst of the Piegan lodges in a roarin' good humour.



THEY GRABBED ME BY THE FEET AND BEGAN HAULING ME TOWARD THEIR FIRES.

“ ‘Who are you?’ a saucy young squaw asked, as we stumbled among her tepee stakes.

“ ‘Sarcees,’ said Sozy, an’ his matter o’ fact statement must have satisfied her, for we saw her pointing us out an’ talking an’ laughing with some of her friends, a minute later. No others paid us any curious attention and presently we set down on the creek bank and talked together in low tones.

“ ‘My friend,’ says Sozy, ‘you saw the tepee of the two hunters who slept—it was open. They have no women. We shall take their bridles and ride the horses of

those men. Theirs are the horses nearest their lodge.’ We talked on in undertones until most of the Injuns’ camp-fires had died down to embers; then we got up an’ walked carelessly, in a roundabout way, until we’d come to the open tepee of the two hunters. Sozy went in an’ I followed. The tired Blackfeet were both lyin’ on their backs breathing like quarter horses. Flickerin’ embers in front threw a faint light inside. We sat down and smoked for awhile. I could see Sozy’s pig-eyes gleaming wickedly in the firelight.

“ Presently my partner gathered up two

bridles which lay near the tepee's fire-hole and we passed out, walkin' toward the nearest ponies, just as though we owned 'em. It was too dark for the sharpest eyes to make out figures at more than a few yards distant. Sozy, fat an' stocky though he was, was mounted in ten seconds, with lariat hauled in an' ready to go. But my horse gave me plenty of trouble. The half-wild critter began to go backward before I'd got it bridled. I hung on intending to cut the pony's rope when I'd mounted and git out of town the best way I could. But the little rascal backed up agin the tepee of its owner, an' before I could make up my mind to let go a pair of sinewy arms jerked me backward off my feet.

"As I struggled to git out of his grip the Piegan yelled like a demon, an' before I could break loose we were surrounded by a crowd of excited bucks. The rascals went for me like a parcel of wolves. They pushed an' hauled an' crowded each other to git at the horse-stealer, whose boldness must have excited their envy, whatever they might have thought of his judgment.

"I fought like a caged tiger. I tried to git at my guns, but some fellow, during the squash, got his hands under my shirt and jerked both weapons out of their holsters. Then I went down under the mob, an' my hands were tied up in a jiffy. Two or three of the howling pack now grabbed me by the feet and began hauling me toward their fires.

"You can guess what would have happened to me next had not the attention of my

captors been drawn off just then to a more serious matter. Their village was attacked from the prairie side. Bang! bang! bang! A succession of shots was fired that rattled like the volley of a troop. An Injun was hit an' fell across my legs. One or two more went to the ground, and the Piegans hustled for their weapons.

"Crack, crack, crack, came the shots, so close at hand I could smell the powder, an' I knew that Sozy, my gallant Shoshony, was making a diversion in my behalf. He'd rushed in among the Piegans who were downing me; had mixed with 'em in the darkness an' got away with my Colts. An' now he was banging at 'em with a vim and a relish that was good to hear an' feel.

"The flight of the bucks for their guns left me free use of my feet, an' I gained them in a jump an' ran for dear life toward the blaze of Sozy's pistols. The Shoshony met me in the tall grass an' thrust my revolvers, hot with firing, into my belt. He cut my hands free and we slashed the ropes of the nearest manageable ponies an' mounted in hot haste.

"While the Piegans were in a hubbub getting ready to repel an attack upon their village, we made a dash across the Yellow Water and into the bush toward Fort Union, where we arrived two days later, minus rifles an' traps, but thankful to have saved our hair."

The silence which fell upon our group, when this famous old frontiersman had finished his simple narrative, was suggestive.

Thrifty People Build up the Empire.

THE laws which guide the affairs of a nation create also the character of an individual, and I doubt whether the superstructure of any character be sound which does not rest upon thrift as one of its foundation stones; for thrift is not to be thought of as the mere accumulation and investment of money, it is the evidence of certain qualities which are more precious than silver and gold. When you know that a family are thrifty, then they may or may not be clever, agreeable, good-natured, popular, but you do know that they must be industrious, honest, persevering, simple living. Thrift, if you go into the matter, proves foresight in the regulation of life, a steady principle of action, a constant self-denial in little things, and a certain willingness to endure hardships. It would be a rare thing indeed to find a thrifty person lazy, shiftless, unreliable, irresolute. You may take for granted that he will be clear of head and strong of will, independent of human opinion, and true to his own conscience. He cannot be soft who lives in this atmosphere; he cannot be weak who has passed through this temptation; he cannot be a fool who has so often had to say no.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by JOHN WATSON, D.D.



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE 1ST CADET BATTALION ROYAL FUSILIERS.

From the painting by Alfred Peares.

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The Fusilier Cadets.

By A. E. JOHNSON.



"DURING my visit to the Colonies, four years ago," said the Prince of Wales in opening the new headquarters at Hampstead of the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, "I was much impressed by the cadet movement, which had then attained some importance, and I believe our brothers across the seas are right in encouraging it, not for the purpose of militarising the population, but in order to give training in physical exercises and discipline, and in the art of shooting, sufficient to make every one feel that he is developing into a man, and that, at all events, he may be of some use should his services ever be required in the defence of his country."

The spirit of the Prince's words is the spirit which has inspired the work of organising the latest addition to the cadet battalions of the metropolis. The 1st Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers has, in point of fact, been formally in existence for the last four years, but not until the present year, which has seen the completion of the magnificent headquarters opened in May by the Prince of Wales (as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Fusiliers), can it be said to have fairly entered into its own. It has done much good work already in its brief existence, under inconvenient and hampering conditions: now, splendidly equipped, with a strength which was over 300 at the close of the last volunteer year, and is rapidly increasing, it may be looked upon as sure that it will not only maintain the excellence of its past record, but will do yet greater things.

The formation of the battalion was sanctioned by the Secretary of State for War on May 1, 1902, and seven days later Major Frank Sheffield, second in command of the 17th (North) Middlesex R.V., was transferred, gazetted Lieut.-Colonel, and appointed to command. Temporary headquarters were secured in a convenient district of Hampstead, and recruiting began, with such success that

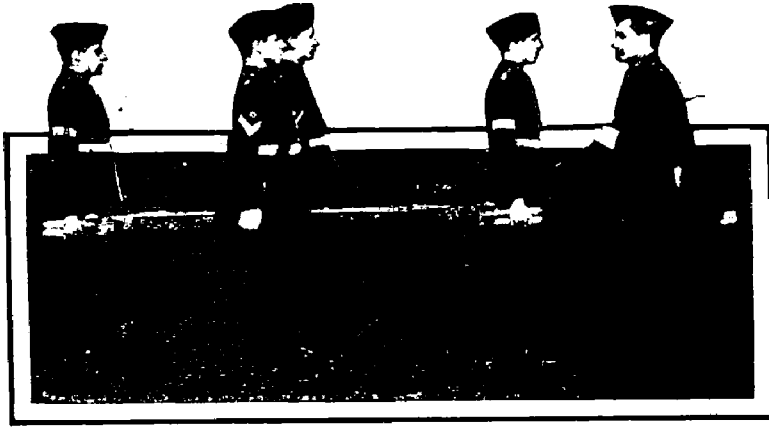
when the battalion made its first appearance in public nearly 250 of all ranks were on parade. No bad muster for a new battalion!

The record of the corps for the first few years succeeding its formation has been entirely creditable. Onlookers, even the most critical, who have watched it on parade or in the field, cannot fail to have been struck by the smartness of the cadets and their steadiness in the ranks. The temporary headquarters of the battalion, however, were very cramped, and though the many difficulties to be contended with were overcome in one way or another it became imperative to secure adequate accommodation. This was forthcoming through the private generosity of Mrs. Wharrie, daughter of Sir Henry Harben, Honorary Colonel of the battalion; and in Pond Street, Hampstead, the 1st Cadet Battalion Royal Fusiliers has now perhaps the most complete and well-equipped headquarters possessed by any volunteer corps of the metropolis.

A brilliant assembly filled the Drill Hall on the occasion of the opening ceremony by the Prince of Wales, and the picture by Mr. Alfred Pearse, which we reproduce, admirably depicts the notable gathering upon the platform.



1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS CYCLIST.



1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS STRETCHER-BEARERS.

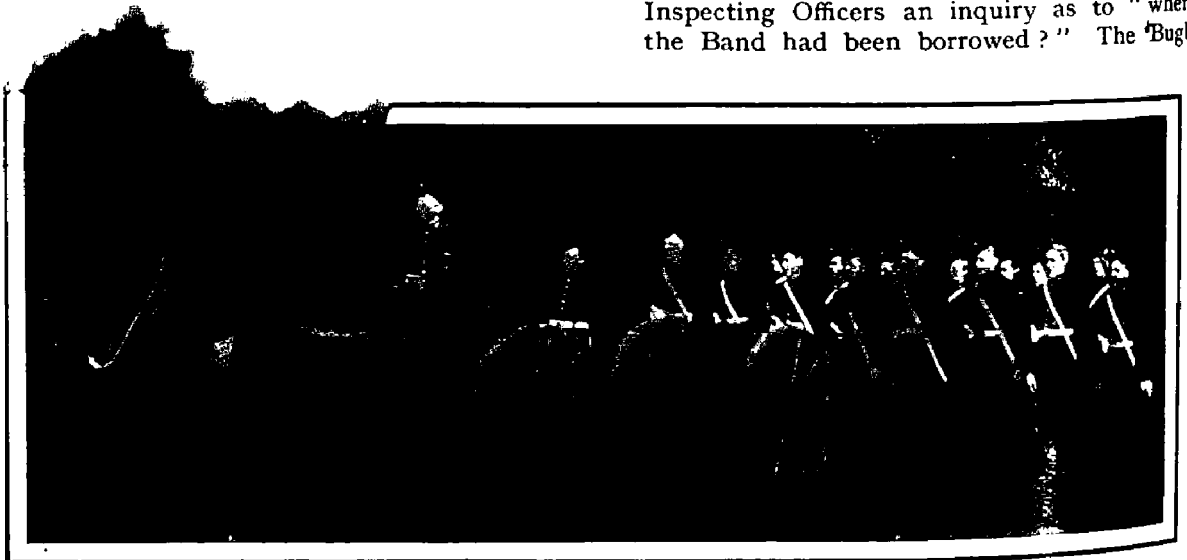
The quarters are exceptionally complete and most ingeniously planned. The Drill Hall, 100 ft. by 50 ft., is a splendid building, well lit, and convertible into an immense school of arms with every kind of gymnastic plant available. The Armoury is one of the largest in London; while the Orderly-room, Committee-rooms, Quartermaster's Stores, Machine-gun Room, and Band-practice Rooms are all more than adequate in requirements. What may be termed the social accommodation includes Officers' and Sergeants' Messes, while for the Men there is an excellent Canteen, with kitchen attached, where good meals can be obtained at the lowest possible prices. The Canteen, it should be added, is conducted on strict temperance principles, the battalion being a branch of the Royal Army Temperance Association.

One particularly interesting feature of the equipment of the headquarters is the under-

ground Rifle Range for practice with the Morris-tube. This is fitted with electrical targets, the value of each hit being automatically signalled at the firing point. The pull of a cord suffices to wash out the previous shot, and the presence of a marker at the targets is thus dispensed with. In addition there are ingenious contrivances for similarly manipulating from the firing-point miniature sectional targets (reduced to scale, that is), both stationary and disappearing, and a miniature "running man." A compacter, neater, or better devised miniature range

we have certainly never seen.

The organisation of the battalion is remarkably complete. The Machine-gun Section has the use of two up-to-date .303 Gardner Guns (one single, and one double-barrelled) which can be hauled either by horse or man draught. The Cyclists' Section does good work, while the Signallers, using both flag and lamp, have gained a reputation for exceptional smartness and proficiency. Next year it is hoped the heliograph will be added to their equipment. There is likewise a Stretcher-bearer Section, which has proved its efficiency on more than one occasion. Of bands the battalion has no less than five! The Brass Band is of recent formation, but the Drums and Fifes have been in existence since the first days of the corps, and have many times earned no small praise. At the first Inspection of the battalion, their performance drew from the Inspecting Officers an inquiry as to "where the Band had been borrowed?" The 'Bugle



1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS: THE MACHINE-GUN SECTION.

Band and the Pipers supplement the Brass and the Drums and Fifes: while the battalion can also boast the distinction of a String Band, numbering twenty-four at full strength, which is already much in request for public and private performances.

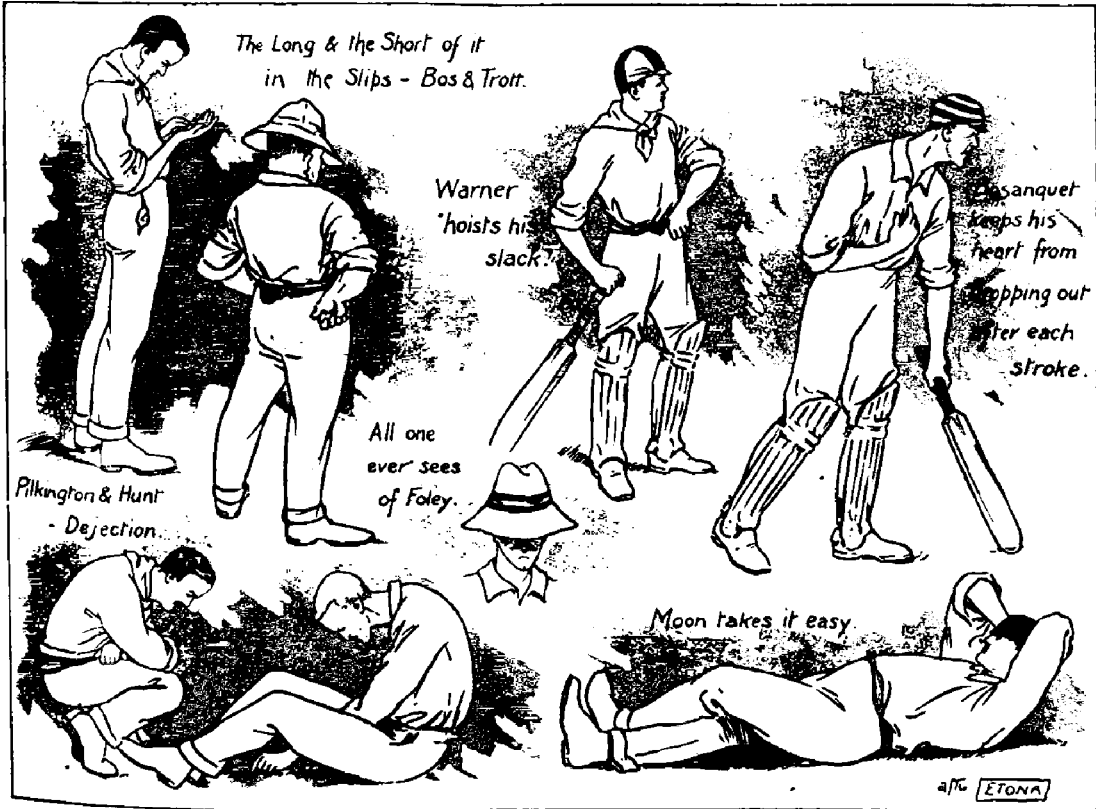
We have not the space here to enter upon a discussion of the ethics of cadet soldiering. But no one, surely, who has studied the subject at all, or is familiar with the work done by the volunteer cadet battalions in this country, would be willing to dispute the value, *on every ground*, of the training they give. Discipline, *esprit de corps*, intelligence, alertness, and physique—all these qualities of mind and body the training of a cadet imparts. For which reason the work of such organisations as the Cadet Battalions of the Royal Fusiliers, the King's Royal Rifles and others is heartily to be commended. From the patriotic point of view, their importance cannot be exaggerated. "Only a few days ago," said the Prince of Wales in his speech to the Hampstead Cadets, "an important memorandum on the subject was published by the Government of the Commonwealth of Australia with a view of establishing the movement upon a more thorough and systematic basis. I need



SIGNALLERS OF THE 1ST C. B. ROYAL FUSILIERS.

only quote and commend to your notice its opening words: 'The training of the young is the foundation of any sound system of national defence.'

Which the CAPTAIN humbly begs leave to endorse.



"MORE CRICKETERS' LITTLE WAYS."

THE PEACE MACHINE.

BY WILLIAM HICKS.

Illustrated by Alfred Pearse.

[I think this is the wildest flight of imagination that has ever been submitted to me in the form of a story. Such an original idea, however, deserves to see the light of print, and so I am publishing Mr. Hicks' tale, though not without qualms lest some ingenious CAPTAIN reader may invent and commence operations with a "peace machine" on the lines laid down by M. Jakovitch!—ED. CAPTAIN.]

I.



Prime Minister was courteous but very firm.

"What you ask, M. Jakovitch, is quite impossible. Your invention may possibly be all you claim for it, but to pay you a round million for the secret is quite

out of the question. All our efforts are directed to keeping down the public expenditure, and the increase of the Secret Service Vote by a million would provoke a storm of indignation from the Opposition. A pretty story it would make for the Halfpenny Press—that we had paid this enormous sum for an invention, blind-fold! No—unless you can trust us sufficiently to explain the nature of your discovery, and allow us to judge as to its value or otherwise, it is quite useless to continue this discussion."

"My Lord," returned the Russian, "that is not right what you say. I have come to you with this great discovery of my own, which I have given so much of my life to perfect. With it you can rule the whole world—say to the nations what you will have done. And I offer it you for less than the cost of one big ship in your navy. The other peoples would take it willingly without wanting proof, but your land is the only one we poor exiles can come to without fear; therefore I would be thankful to you, and give to you the power to make the other peoples do what you want."

The Prime Minister hesitated a moment before speaking again, and studied the speaker's face with interest. Carl Jakovitch was an uncanny-looking man, certainly. About sixty years of age and of average height, there was something in the stoop of

his shoulders and the shuffle of his walk that told of a life mostly spent in prison. His face was clean-shaven, but his hair was arranged in long matted tresses over his forehead as if to conceal the mark of a wound. His thin, nervous hands were scarred and cut as if the muscles had been torn by a sharp knife. One could see he had suffered much; one knew instinctively that his body bore marks of the knout and scourge. He was in every way a contrast to the well-set-up, debonair Lord Starminster, Prime Minister of Great Britain.

"We must leave sentiment out of the discussion, M. Jakovitch. Much as I should like to help you, I have also to remember my duty to the State."

Jakovitch looked disappointed for a moment; then a faint smile stole over his face.

"My Lord, I am so sorry that I cannot make you buy my invention now and here. But you will see me again in six months' time, during which I hope to prove the value of my invention—yes?"

Starminster nodded acquiescence, and Jakovitch, with a word of thanks, turned to leave the Prime Minister's room. At the door he paused and cast one look of amused pity on the great man; then vanished silently into the street.

II.

One morning, a few weeks later, Police Constable 4473X turned from his rapt contemplation of the fountains in Trafalgar Square and strolled in a leisurely manner towards the Nelson Monument. As he drew near to the lofty pile he was surprised to see an old gentleman climbing on to the base of the column. This was against rules, but to his astonishment the

old gentleman beckoned to him to come closer, seeming very excited about something, and prodding and scraping the stonework with his stick. The constable opened his mouth in gruff rebuke; then, forgetting his dignity, clambered on to the column as quickly as he could. For on coming closer he saw that the stonework, for a space of several feet, seemed to be covered with a curious green fungus. It was like nothing he had seen before, and the old gentleman and he began scraping away at it, but without making the slightest impression for a long time. At last they detached a small piece, which the old man put in his pocket-book; then, slipping a shilling into the policeman's hand, he hurried away towards Westminster. Quite a crowd was by this time staring at the statue in wonder, and some passing journalist must have taken note of the matter, for several evening papers had short paragraphs about the occurrence in their later issues. Next morning a real mob surged round the column, and in the afternoon a London County Council inspector examined the stonework carefully. What he found seemed to puzzle him, and that same evening the space around was roped off to permit an examination by experts from the Home Office. Then the next morning it was generally known that some mysterious decay had seized upon the Nelson Monument, rendering it unsafe for people to approach it. Trafalgar Square was closed, and the traffic along the south side stopped, pending an investigation.

The authorities in provincial towns looked at their statues anxiously, but for the most part discovered no cause for alarm. At Bristol, however, the Cabot Statue showed small patches of the fungus, and the façade of St. George's Hall at Liverpool was also found to be affected. In each case it proved that the mysterious growth had eaten more or less deeply into the stones. No preventative could be discovered. The matter was mentioned in Parliament and a committee of eminent scientists appointed to report. After several days' work they were none the wiser, and could only advise the demolition and rebuilding of the various monuments.

No further appearances of the mysterious fungus being reported, public apprehension became somewhat modified. But the papers



PRODDING AND SCRAPING THE STONWORK
WITH HIS STICK.

were crowded with letters on the subject, many weird theories being advanced as to the cause of the disease. As is invariably the case, the writers were apt to stray from the point, and introduce side issues into the discussion in order to ventilate their pet ideas. A well-known clergyman in the East End took the fungus as a text for his Sunday evening sermon, and proved to his own satisfaction that it was a modern "Writing on the Wall"—a warning to the inhabitants of Modern Babylon.

Things were jogging along as usual when, like a bolt from the blue, came the announcement that several of the newest and biggest battleships at Portsmouth and Devonport

showed signs of the fungus in their hulls. People gazed in vague fear at the placards announcing this fresh development; a new committee (of naval experts this time) was formed, but its investigations proved as fruitless as those of the first one; it could suggest no remedy, and the nation awoke to the fact that not only was the first line of defence seriously weakened, but that further construction was a waste of money under the circumstances. The peace-at-any-price party was in raptures at the news, and started an agitation in favour of total disarmament. At the dockyards, consternation reigned, and the long lines of men waiting to be taken on met with curt refusals and the statement that all work was suspended on instructions from headquarters. And while these things were occurring and setting England topsyturvy, no one noticed a little stooping man who moved among the excited crowds, his smile growing broader and broader as he listened to the various explanations and theories with regard to the dreaded fungus. His smile vanished when he saw the ranks of the unemployed swelled by the men discharged from the dockyards—he felt sorry for them, and more than once was on the point of seeking out the Prime Minister; then, thinking of the weary years he had spent on his invention, he decided to wait a little longer.

III.

Dover Bay was crowded with warships; the old town seethed with excitement, and was noisy with the tramp of soldiers. The ruler of a friendly State was to land at the historic port on a visit to England's King. At early dawn a long, black line of destroyers had sped across the Channel to escort him into the harbour. Decked out with flags, the fleet made a brave display, the clear winter sun showing the war vessels off to perfection. On the pier stood a prince of the royal house, surrounded by a glittering group of officers and local dignitaries.

The eager crowds on the front cheered lustily as the lithe, black destroyers leapt into sight out of the channel haze, and were seen to be escorting a big cruiser, on the bridge of which stood the nation's guest. Amid the thunder of guns from fleet and fortress, the blare of bands and rolling cheers, the big ship came to her moorings, and after a very brief delay the special train of the Great Southern Railway rolled out of the station on its journey to London.

All went well until the train had covered half its journey. Then the grinding of the brakes told that something was wrong—a second later and the train was pulled up with a violent jerk. With dismay and chagrin on their faces, the officials in charge hastened to seek an explanation from the men on the footplate, and to their consternation found that the engine had broken one of her piston rods. The engine was a brand new one, just out of the shops, but examination showed the whole of the "motion" thickly covered with fungus. A fresh locomotive was quickly obtained, and the journey completed without further mishap.

During the next few days there were a number of unaccountable breakdowns on all the railways, and in every case the fungus was found to be the cause. The railway companies were alarmed, and would issue tickets and accept freights only on the understanding that they were not to be held responsible for damage or loss caused by breakdowns, accidents or delays proved to be due to the new fungus.

All this time Jakovitch was travelling about the country, but nobody connected him with these strange accidents, for only one man in the country had reason to suspect him, and he had kept silent. It wanted a fortnight before the six months expired, and Jakovitch determined to make the most of it.

IV.

Lord Starminster sat in his private room at Downing Street. On a table by his side were copies of a large number of newspapers of various dates, and a pile of cuttings. His lordship looked worried, as well he might; things seemed absolutely upside-down everywhere, the public were clamouring for an explanation of the numerous accidents which took place daily, and the trade of the country was rapidly coming to a standstill. For merchants would no longer trust their wares to the railways under the new conditions.

Lord Starminster was feverishly reading the reports and articles for the tenth time when his servant announced the Home Secretary. That gentleman lost no time in stating his business, which consisted of a report to the effect that the façade of Buckingham Palace had been attacked by the fungus. While they were talking about this fresh disaster a telegram arrived from Windsor to say that the castle walls



IT IMMEDIATELY CRUMBLLED INTO A HEAP OF WHITE SAND.

were showing signs of crumbling—fungus undoubtedly the cause. The two men looked at each other in dismay, and, after an anxious discussion of the situation, Lord Starminster decided to call the Cabinet together to decide what was to be done.

The meeting of the Cabinet was very prolonged, and although no details were allowed to leak out, it was generally understood and reported in the press that the fungus had been the one subject of discussion. Immediately upon its close the Prime Minister instructed the police to find Jakovitch. They had little difficulty in tracing him, and he at once expressed his willingness to put himself at the disposal of the authorities, acknowledging that all the occurrences of the past few weeks had been his work.

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It was arranged that Jakovitch should demonstrate his invention before a joint committee of the Cabinet and naval and military experts, and the appointed day witnessed a full attendance at No. 10 Downing Street, extraordinary precautions being taken by the officials to ensure that no whisper of what was going forward should become public.

Jakovitch's apparatus filled a small japanned box, which he placed carefully on a table by his side. Without delay he plunged into an explanation of his invention, and what he could accomplish with it. Put into plain English, and shorn of the verbiage of his language, it was as follows:

Jakovitch was a chemist by profession, and had been honoured as a man Russia might be proud of until his outspoken Nihilism had procured him many years in

a Siberian prison. Escaping thence, he proceeded to America and devoted all his energies to the study of his profession. By experimenting with radium he had evolved a new element, the emanations from which formed a gas or vapour. This gas, when ignited and focused by a powerful lens, had the effect of producing instantaneous decay in any object on which the rays fell, no matter how hard it might be—in the case of human beings it produced a virulent cancer. The new element and method of controlling the same were Jakovitch's secret; the element, he insisted, shared with radium the property of being practically inexhaustible.

With this explanation Jakovitch opened his box and took from it a small black case, for all the world like a hand camera, with two little ivory buttons on the top. He next produced a solid block of marble, about a foot square and four inches thick, which he placed on a table a few feet away. Taking up his little case, Jakovitch pressed the two buttons together, and those present saw a quick flash from the lenses, followed by a faint bluish light, which burned steadily. Every one held his breath as the inventor pointed the lenses at the block of marble, which in a second or two became densely covered with a green, scaly fungus; then, after a short pause, he released the little buttons and invited those around him to examine the stone carefully. Seeing that they hesitated to touch it, Jakovitch laughed and then threw the marble lightly on the floor. It immediately crumbled into a heap of white sand. A gasp of astonishment and admiration proved that all present

realised the value of such an engine of destruction.

Jakovitch now asked that an armour plate might be submitted to the influence of his apparatus, but material of that kind not being available, he turned his lens on the great safe which stood in the corner of the room. In a few seconds' time the paint began to peel off in flakes, showing the solid steel eaten and fretted as if by an acid. Locking up his camera, Jakovitch took a wooden spade from his pocket and, crossing the room to the safe, soon scooped a big hole in the solid steel, the metal falling out in a silver shower.

Jakovitch took his spectators' praises as a matter of course, though the Prime Minister gazed ruefully at his safe. The inventor was then left alone for some little time while the committee retired to consider the matter. Upon their return the Prime Minister informed Jakovitch that they would purchase his invention for the sum he asked, and would appoint him to supervise the manufacture.

In course of time Jakovitch received naturalisation papers, which changed his name, by royal letters patent, to Sir Charles Jackson, K.C.V.O. As usual, his Majesty had done the right thing, and time was to prove that he had secured a most loyal, faithful subject. The purchase of the invention having been accomplished, the new-made knight settled down in the country of his adoption and devoted all his time and energies to the elaboration of the wonderful machine which was to make Britain the arbitress of the World's Peace.

THINK OF OTHERS.

IF every one did an act of daily kindness to his neighbour, and refused to do any unkindness, half the sorrow of this world would be lifted and disappear.

What we mean to do let us do quickly, for life is short, and, as has been said, we shall not come this way again. The sun will soon be setting for every one of us, and we will be coming to the Master to give an account of the day's work and to receive His judgment. And we are going to be judged by nothing more or less than by our kindness or our unkindness. They who were kind shall go to the right hand—He said it who Himself is Judge—and they who are unkind shall go to the left hand, for inasmuch as we have done it unto the least of His brethren, we have dealt kindly with the Lord Himself.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by JOHN WATSON, D.D.



CLYTIE. By C. Burrell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

*"The Captain"
Photographic
Gallery.*

*Being a Selection
of
Photographs
entered for our
Competitions.*



LIGHT AND SHADE. By K. W. Dowie, Montreal.



FISH MARKET ON BRIGHTON BEACH. By C. J. Hubbard, Norwich.



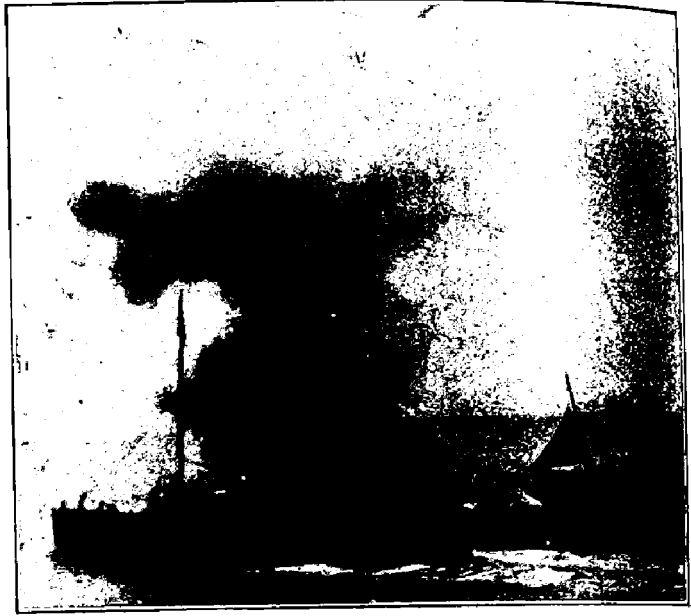
ORIENT PACIFIC R.M.S. "ORTONA." By F. S. Piper, Yelverton.



PORTRAIT STUDY. By T. E. W. Strong, St. Anne's-on-Sea.



IN THE CLOISTERS. By C. Winter-Wood, Paignton.



A STUDY IN SMOKE.

By James Aitken, Durham.



IRISH SHELL AND COCKLE VENDORS.

By V. R. Poole, Waterford



"WE TWO."

By T. Pape, Colwyn Bay.



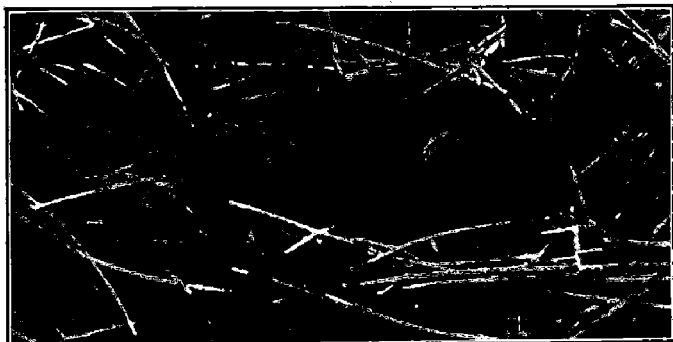
"DOOMED."

By Eric Seward,
Hastings.



IN THE ALPS.

By Walter Kalisch, Renens, Switzerland.



A PLOVER'S NEST.

By Alice M. Hamling,
Barnstable.



"UNINVITED GUESTS."

By R. W. Copeman, Wincanton.



Photo. by

H. S. F. Cosens.

SOME TOURING HINTS

THOUGH not all cyclists are photographers, very few photographers are not cyclists: and when a cyclo-photographer goes on tour he naturally wishes to take some sort of apparatus with him. In the following paragraphs I venture on some hints which I trust may be useful to those readers who have been bothered by their cameras during a tour from lack of knowing how best to carry and keep them supplied with films or plates; or who have not yet cared to include them in a touring outfit.

THE BEST CAMERA FOR TOURING.

From the point of mere convenience the small roller-film camera undoubtedly takes first place. It is light and occupies little space; and films for many exposures can easily be carried in one's pockets. For snap-shotting pure and simple it is all that can be required; though the subsequent handling of the films is by no means quite plain sailing.

At the other end of the scale I should put the box-form hand camera with plates in metal sheaths. It is bulky, and rattles, besides being heavy.

Midway between the two comes the small stand camera, with separate dark slides for plates. This, from the point of avoirdupois, would seem to be an even

worse burden than the type last mentioned. But, fortunately, its parts can be distributed about the person and machine. And for really artistic and all-round work—interiors as well as landscapes, "time" as well as snap exposures—it will prove most valuable to the serious photographer.

My own touring camera is

A "FIVE BY FOUR,"

which I find an excellent size of plate. The quarter-plate has one chief advantage over it, namely, that it will yield lantern slides by direct contact printing. Otherwise I plump for the 5 x 4. Not believing in strapping a camera to the cycle, since the slides may be chafed by continuous jolting, and deposit dust on the plates, I carry it in one waterproof canvas bag and its six double slides in another. Both bags are furnished with "webbing" slings 2½ in. wide, so as to bear broadly on the shoulders. Camera, cases, and six loaded slides make a total weight of about 6 lb., which I have carried 100 miles in a day without feeling any discomfort. The stand is either a three-fold wooden one weighing 2 lb., or a feather weight four-draw telescopic aluminium, scaling, with leather case, 22 ounces. The cloth is wrapped up in the macintoshes on the handle-bars.



Camera's slides and stand conveniently arranged for carrying.

I think that the camera and slides should undoubtedly be carried on the body. The two important points to remember are: (1) keep the slides separate from the camera; (2) have broad shoulder straps.

The stand is fastened under the top bar of the frame. To prevent rattling, I use two lengths of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. circular rubber, passing them round the bar and tying the ends of each together. Before the stand is inserted in the rings, the latter are given a half twist so as to form the figure 8, the top loop encircling the tube, the lower loop the stand. The point of crossing acts as a buffer between stand and tube.

The screw is permanently attached to the stand top and therefore cannot be lost. If you have a loose tail screw, at least secure it to the top of the stand by a piece of string.

A very puzzling problem with tourists is

HOW TO KEEP THE SLIDES FED WITH PLATES.

In most towns one can find a photographic dealer who has a dark room which he is ready to place at the disposal of customers for a small fee. I strongly advise you to spend a shilling on “The Peerless Photographer’s Note-Book,” which gives the addresses of about 2500 dealers in the British Isles, besides a plate register for 700 exposures and a neat little exposure calculator. If you want to change plates, look up the town you next come to and ask permission to use the dark room. The chief drawback attending local purchases of plates is the uncertainty of being able to get the brand you are accustomed to work with. Therefore it is well to select a well-known make, such as the “Imperial” or “Ilford,” and to write to the manufacturers for a list of agents who supply them. As a general rule, however, you are almost certain to find one or other of these makes; though of their freshness you must take your chance. The bigger the town, the more likely you are to get fresh stuff.

ANOTHER PLAN

is to buy several dozens of plates before you start, pack them in a box, and send them in advance by post. Six dozen 5 x 4’s, and a “Student” pocket dark-room oil lamp, can be packed comfortably into a box measuring internally 10 x 6 x 5 in. The lid must be attached by screws: and for protection against prying eyes you should tie the package up with string and seal it before sending it on to a post office or hotel in the town where you are next likely to need a change, with your name and “To be called for” plainly inscribed. This

system costs about 1s. every time the box is forwarded, but ensures you a constant supply of good and uniform plates, and also a means of storing exposed plates. As soon as the six dozen are used up the box may be sent home to await your return: or the plates should be despatched, carefully packed, and the box refilled, if you contemplate a further journey.

THE NUMBERING OF PLATES

gave me some trouble till I worked on the following method. In my exposure book I, of course, make full entries of subject, light, stop, time given, &c., about each plate exposed. All plates exposed *before the first change* are lettered A₁, A₂, A₃, &c., in my book. When I change I scratch the corresponding letter and number on each plate in one corner, and write the letter on the outside of the wrapping of each group. After the first change I use B’s; after the second, C’s; and so on. No plate is marked *until it is removed from the slide*. I have found this a satisfactory and simple plan: very preferable to consecutive numbering, because the number of the slide is transferred straight to the plate, while the letter distinguishes it from any other plate exposed in the same slide. When I numbered plates *before* putting them in the slides, difficulties kept occurring. Thus, out of twelve plates only nine might be exposed; then came the change. I should now have to shift 10, 11, and 12 into slides 1, 2, 3, and make a special note of it in my exposure book; or fill up slides 1 to 9 with plates 13-21. Of these only 13-17 might be exposed; then more confusion. So I gave it up.

CHANGING THE PLATES

should be done at night, if you cannot get access to a dark room. With practice it is, however, quite easy to change in the recesses of a bed during the daytime, by the sense of touch alone. I have done this sometimes, after drawing down the blinds of the room and pulling the curtains. The slides are piled carefully in order. Then comes a plunge head first under the bedclothes with slides, a pin, a pencil, and a box and wrapping for the plates. All the plates are extracted, and I scratch the letter and its proper number on a corner of each. They are packed film to film in pairs and stored in the box. I emerge, and get a box of fresh plates and also a draught of fresh air. Then into the bed again, and unwrap the plates, piling them up until I have the required number. If you are doubtful as to which is the film side of a plate, moisten the tip of your

finger slightly, and apply it to a corner. If it sticks, it is on the film.

Such changing is very hot work, and I don't resort to it if a dark cupboard or cellar is available. Most hotels have what is called a "dark room," though in an ordinary house it might be mistaken for a mere stuffy cupboard.

DEVELOPING ON TOUR.

I don't do it nowadays: it proved much too messy and uncertain. Instead of test developments, I use an exposure meter (Wynne's) and thereby make approximately certain of my exposures.

If, however, you are working from a centre to which you return every night, and there are proper facilities for development, it is worth while treating the day's exposures at once. Very possibly evenings which would otherwise be heavy on hand may be passed profitably in this way; and you will also avoid the somewhat wearisome business of developing a stack of plates "off the reel" when you get back to your dark room at home. But if things are *not* convenient, leave the development alone.

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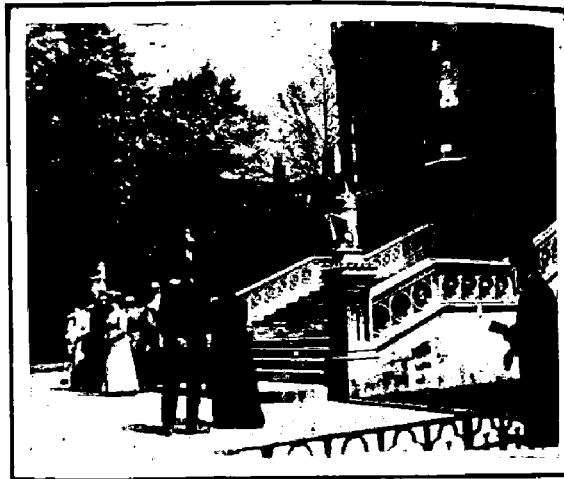
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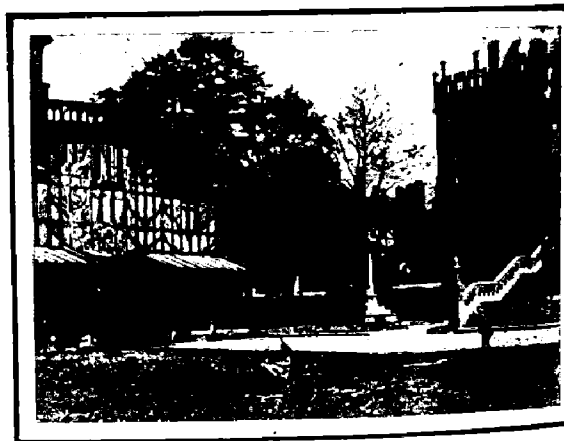
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In this view, too, the "cant" of the masonry is evident. Be very careful that the plate is vertical.

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Before putting down my pen I shall turn to non-touring matters for a moment. The porcelain dishes which one uses for toning, fixing, intensifying, &c., should be reserved rigidly for their respective work. If you are constantly using them you will probably remember which is which. But after a space of a week or two their distinctive marks or shapes may be for-

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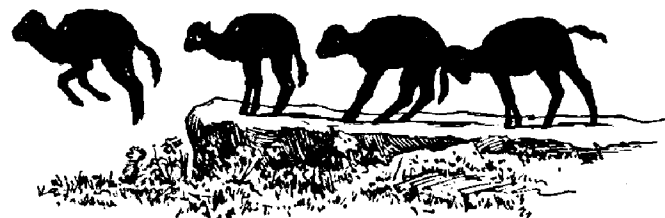
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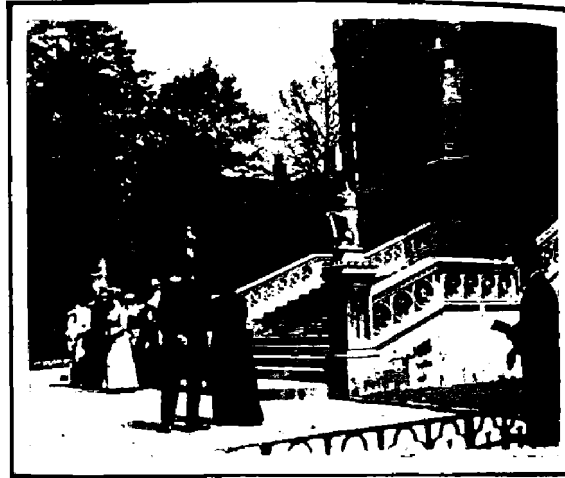
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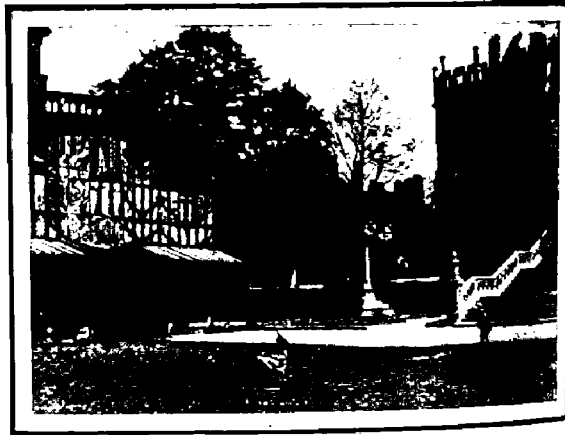
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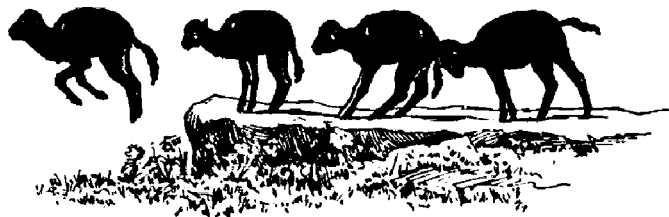
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TALES OF WRYKYN

No. 5

THE LAST PLACE

BY P. G. WODEHOUSE


Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

ONCE, on an average, in every four years, there comes to most public schools such a season of athletic prosperity that many who would, in ordinary years, have been certain of places in the first eleven or fifteen have to be content with second caps. This happened at Wrykyn in the year when Trevor was captain of football and Henfrey captain of cricket. The fifteen won all their school matches and most of the club games, and, which only happened at very rare intervals, beat Ripton twice. The cricket team did, if anything, better. All the four schools they played went down before them. The M.C.C., who brought a poor team, were positively massacred; and the O.W.'s were beaten, though including in their ranks three county men, one of whom had been in the last English eleven to Australia.

It may be imagined, therefore, that there was some competition for places in the team. There were eight old colours, which left only three caps for the twenty odd second- and third-eleven men who wanted them.

At the beginning of the summer term it was found that Strachan had not returned, and news came that he was ill at home with scarlet fever. Strachan, who played back for the school fifteen, was a reckless, hard-hitting bat and a useful field. He had got one of the last places in the team of the previous year, and was the eighth of the eight old colours mentioned above. Henfrey bore his loss philosophically enough, having such magnificent material to his hand with which to fill the vacant place, wrote him a letter of sympathy, telling him to come back as soon as he could, and in the list for the first school match, against the Emeriti, included Ellison and Selwicke, both of Donaldson's.

In an ordinary season both of them would



have been high up in the team on their form of that year. Three years later they were playing for Oxford together. They were good, stylish bats, curiously alike in method, and they fielded beautifully, Ellison at third man, Selwicke at cover. Out of the cricket-field they were inseparable. Wrykinians as a class were rather inclined to hunt in couples, but Selwicke and Ellison lowered all records. For years, since the days when they had been fags, they had walked to school together, sat next to one another in form, gone for afternoon strolls together on Sundays, boated together, and prepared their work together. They were now in the Sixth together, and house prefects. They did not share one study, but they were so constantly in each other's dens that it amounted to that. In the holidays, it was believed, they visited each other's homes. The school knew curiously little of them except the fact that they were good at games. It was said that they were good sorts, but the firm was so self-sufficient that it did not recognise the necessity of knowing anybody outside it. They were very quiet, and not even Trevor or Clowes, who had gone up the school with them and been in the same house for five years, could remember an occasion on which they had let themselves go, and plunged

into any public escapade. There were single hermits at Wrykyn, though not many, fellows who seemed to know nobody and to want to know nobody, but the Ellison-Selwicke combination was the only case of a firm of hermits.

The match against the Emeriti resulted in a fairly easy win for the school. Ellison and Selwicke were at the wickets together towards the middle of the innings, and scored respectively twenty-nine and thirty-one. Ellison caught a couple of catches at third man, Selwicke held a nice one at cover. Each came out of the ordeal, therefore, with credit, and, as might have been expected, with equal credit. One could not imagine either of the two making a century to the other's duck. One expected a neat twenty or thirty from both. Clowes and Trevor talked the match over that night after tea. Both were certain to be in the eleven at the end of the season. Trevor was an old colour, and, after Jackson and Henfrey, perhaps the best bat on the side. Clowes, though not a great bat, was sure of his place as wicket-keeper.

"What did you think of Ellison's innings?" asked Clowes.

"Good," said Trevor.

"And what did you think of Selwicke's?"

"Good," said Trevor again.

"Not much to choose between them, was there? And there never will be, either. You see. As long as Henfrey goes on playing them they'll each make exactly the same number of runs in exactly the same sort of way, and they'll each field exactly as well as the other. I tell you what, Trevor, and that is that there's brain-fag waiting for our popular and energetic skipper. He can put it off, but he's got to have it. What would you do in his place? I should cry, I think."

"But there are three places," said Trevor.

"Nothing escapes you," said Clowes admiringly. "On the other hand, in my modest way I had already bagged one of the said three for myself. At any rate, if they don't have me—and I shall bring an action if they try to turn me out—that won't affect Ellison and pard. Because they've got to have a wicket-keeper, and, if it's not me, it'll be Dunstable or some one in the third."

"Yes, you're right there."

"I'm always right," said Clowes. "They call me Archibald the All Right, for I am infallible. Then there's Milton. He must

get one of the vacant places for his bowling. You must have a fast bowler in the team. And if Milton didn't get in, which he will, that, again, wouldn't let in Ellison or Selwicke. They'd give the place to some other bowler. Clephane, perhaps; only he's too erratic. So, however you look at it, there's only one place for the two of them. And, I tell you what, if this doesn't smash up the firm, I shall be surprised. I could imagine David quarrelling with Jonathan if they both wanted the same place in a cricket team."

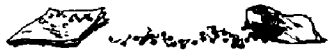
"I hope it won't," said Trevor. "I rather like seeing two chaps pals like that. They don't interfere with anybody, and they give the house a leg-up whenever they can."

The house was Trevor's hobby.

"So do I hope it won't," said Clowes. "Who said they hoped it would? I used to be sick with them at one time, but it amuses me now. Still, it'll be interesting watching the effect of this on them. If anybody came between me and that cap for which I hope shortly to write to Devereux, I should feel it my painful duty to blot him off the face of the globe. I should feel that he wasn't wanted, that he didn't fit into the general scheme of utility. And I bet that's what Ellison and Selwicke'll be feeling before long. You watch 'em. And, in the meanwhile, lest we become rusty in the noble language of old Greece, make a long arm and hoik down yon 'Prometheus Vincetus,' and let's do a little work for a change. For slackness," said Clowes, opening his Bohn's English translation, "I can't abear."

Clowes was right. Slowly but surely the rivalry began to have its effect on Selwicke and Ellison. There was something almost ludicrous in the way they kept together in their cricket performances. Against the Gentlemen of the County Ellison made twenty-five. Selwicke replied with twenty-four. In the first of the school matches Selwicke had made nine and Ellison ten, when Henfrey declared the innings closed. Without inflicting upon the reader their full scores in every match, it may be said that three-quarters of the way through the term there were not a dozen runs between them. They had played in every match, and neither had failed nor yet achieved a big success. Useful twenties and thirties stood to their names in the score sheets of every match.

Henfrey was not disturbed. As far as



he was concerned, all was well. He had not to decide on the final composition of his team till after the return match against Ripton, three weeks away. And, meanwhile, he had two absolutely reliable men to go in sixth or seventh and knock up a nice little score as a background to the scintillations of Jackson, Trevor, O'Hara, or himself earlier in the innings. He was not going to worry himself yet about which of the two must have his cap. "Sufficient unto the day"—he felt. He gave Milton his colours after the M.C.C. match, and Clowes his after the game against the old Wrykinians. But the last place remained open; and Selwicke and Ellison grew more silent than ever. They avoided one another now. It had started in a small way, by Ellison omitting to come to his friend's study to work, but it grew till sometimes they barely spoke half a dozen times to one another in the day. Like the heroes of Mr. Gilbert's "Etiquette,"

"At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard.

They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged a word.

The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the head.

And when they meet each other now, they cut each other dead."

It was a pity. But when two dogs want the same bone, there is always unpleasantness.

"What did I tell you?" said Clowes to Trevor.

"Fools—they are," growled Trevor. "What's it *matter*, when you come to think of it! In another five years nobody'll remember they were at the school."

"It's all very well to say that," said Clowes, "and thank you very much for the moral reflection, but I should like to see *you* if somebody tried to bag your place in the first."

A fortnight before the Ripton match the situation was further complicated by the reappearance of Strachan, who turned up at the school thin but cheerful. There was one match before the game which would settle the team for good and all, for, as in the case of the fifteen, it was a school tradition that the eleven which played against Ripton in the return match should be the official Wrykyn eleven. This last remaining fixture before Ripton was against the Incogniti; and took place a week after Strachan's return. All through

that week the ex-invalid had been practising hard at the nets, and it was certain that he would play against the Incogs. The excitement in the school was great now that it seemed that Henfrey must make his choice between the two rivals. Selwicke and Ellison went about looking gaunt and anxious.

And after all the choice was not made. When the list went up on the Friday morning the school, crowding round the notice-board, saw that the two names still figured on the list. Strachan's was there also. Examination revealed that O'Hara was not playing. And presently authoritative information came (through the fags of the house) that O'Hara had bruised his right hand, and that, in order to ensure its being serviceable against Ripton, he intended to rest it for a few days.

There must have been a bigger gathering at that Incogs. match than at any other match on the school grounds for years. Not even the Ripton matches had aroused such interest. There was a sporting flavour about this long-drawn-out duel between the Damon and Pythias of Donaldson's which appealed to the school.

By five o'clock the match was in a most exciting state. The Incogs. had batted first. They had brought down a sound side, with a Middlesex man who had scored a double century against Essex during the previous week, in command, and quite a number of well-known players in the ranks. The Incogniti did not intend to make the mistake the M.C.C. had made. They recognised that the Wrykyn team this year was an uncommonly good one. Starting on a good wicket, the earlier batsmen had helped themselves freely off the school bowling. At lunch time a hundred and forty was on the board, and only three wickets were down. But lunch had had its effect on the eye of the visiting team. Milton, in the course of a couple of very destructive overs immediately after the start, had disposed of three men, including a dangerously adhesive gentleman who had made seventy before the interval. After this the game settled down. The tail wagged comfortably, and the total score when Clowes whipped the last man's bails off at a moment when that impulsive player had gone out of his ground to the extent of a couple of yards in order to hit one of Allardyce's slows into the pavilion. was two hundred and eighty-one.

The Wrykyn ground was made for fast



scoring. The turf was hard and dry, and the ball travelled beautifully, like a red streak along the green. The school went in at three o'clock confidently. Eighty an hour is quick work, but on just such a day as this, in the Masters' Match, runs had come at the rate of ninety an hour and more. Wrykyn never played for a draw, and to-day they meant to win, even if it entailed the taking of risks.

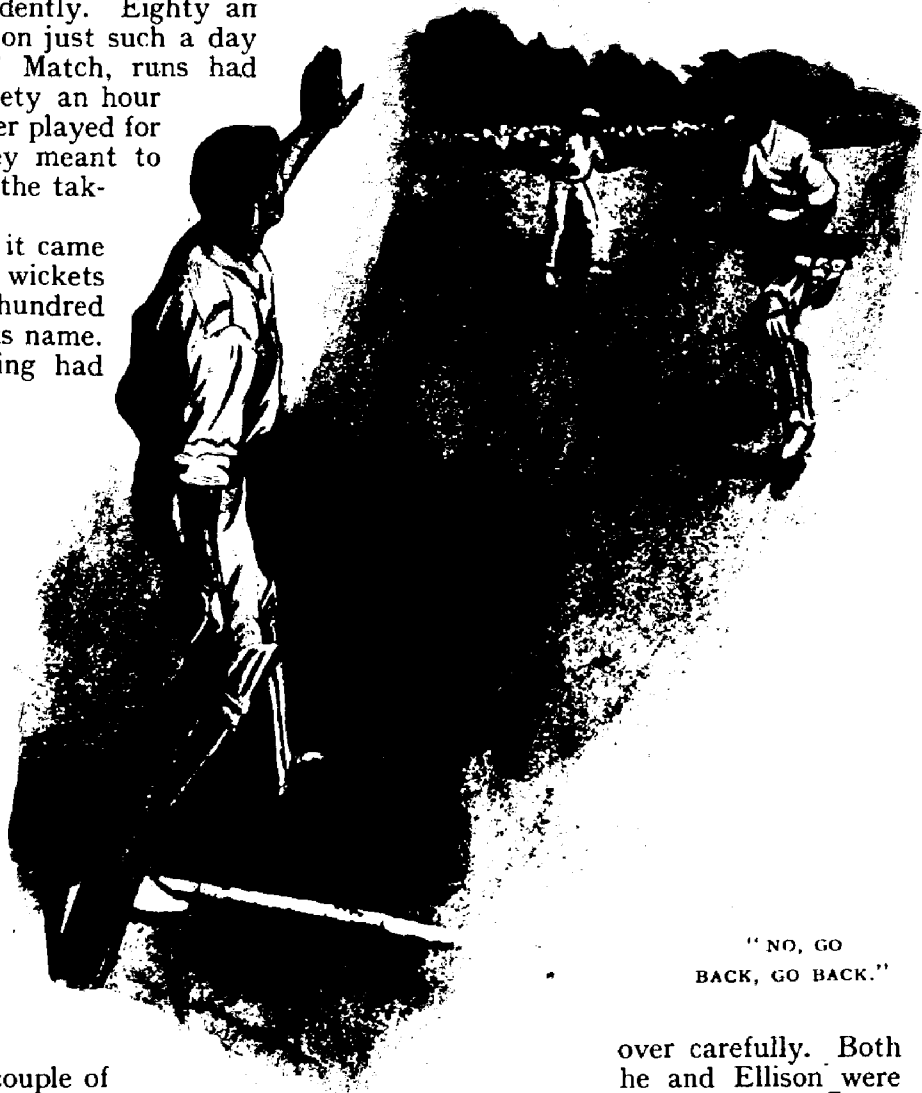
And so at five o'clock it came about that, with four wickets down, the school had one hundred and sixty-three runs to its name. So far the rate of scoring had been exactly right. Some good men had gone in the amassing of those hundred and sixty-three runs. Henfrey was out: l.b.w. 31. Worse still, Jackson was out: clean howled 54. Trevor had knocked up a beautiful seventy before being caught in the slips; but Strachan, after scratching about miserably for a few minutes, had been yorked for six. Allardyce was in at one end. At the other was Clowes. Neither had scored.

For some overs the scoring was slow. Then Clowes got the fast bowler away for a couple of fours. Off the next ball he was caught at third man.

Ellison came in. He played the last ball of the over, but half-way through the next Allardyce's leg stump was knocked askew by a lovely length-ball from the slow bowler. The score was now one hundred and seventy-nine, and six wickets were down.

Selwicke was the next man. There was a stir of excitement round the ropes as he walked down the pavilion steps. The school clapped encouragingly. The interest was twofold. Would Wrykyn save the match? And would Selwicke do better than Ellison, or *vice versa*?

Selwicke took guard amidst a profound silence, and played the remaining balls of the



"NO, GO
BACK, GO BACK."

over carefully. Both he and Ellison were always slow starters.

Soon it began to be apparent that they had played themselves in. The rot was stopped. Selwicke hit the fast bowler twice past cover, scoring seven by the strokes. Ellison took eight off the slow bowler. Two hundred went up on the board. Ellison had made eleven, Selwicke ten.

Selwicke glanced the fast bowler to the boundary. It looked as if the two were going to knock off the runs. The opinion of the school was that each would make forty not out and that Henfrey would get brain fever.

But the very next ball the gruesome thing happened. It was a short, fast ball. Selwicke got well over it and cut it crisply



to third man. Third man just reached it. For a moment Ellison thought he had let it pass him.

"Come on," he shouted. Then in the same breath, in an agonised yell, "No, go back, go back."

But Selwicke was already half-way up the pitch. Back came the ball, and off went the bails. The wicket-keeper looked a query at the umpire. The umpire's hand went up, and Selwicke, white as a sheet,

mitted the most stupendous act of folly on record, and he seemed to know the fellow, and be sorry for him. The suddenness of the thing had stunned him.

"Man in!" said somebody.

He looked up, and saw Milton walking to the crease. His first impulse was to get himself out, to knock his wicket down, as a sort of atonement. But he realised in time that he must do his best to win the match for the school. But he longed to



THE FIRM OF SELWICKE AND ELLISON WAS ONCE MORE DOING BUSINESS
AT THE OLD STAND.

turned sharply off to the pavilion. There was a dead silence all round the ground.

"Hard lines, sir," said the wicket-keeper consolingly. Selwicke made no reply.

Ellison stood where he was, as if he had been frozen. There seemed to be lead in his chest. The sun seemed to have gone in, and a chill wind to have begun to blow. He walked down the pitch, and tapped a worn spot mechanically with his bat. He felt as if he were in a dream. He could feel vaguely that somebody had just com-

heard the rattle of the stumps behind him. If only they would get him out before he could make any more!

But somehow no bowling he had ever played had seemed so absurdly easy. How could a fellow be expected to get out against such stuff! Soon he began to feel a sort of dull fury at the feebleness of it. He hit out viciously. There were roars from the school on the ropes. The incident of the run-out was forgotten in this brilliant display of hitting. Every over the ball

skimmed along the turf and flew under the ropes. It's your fault, Ellison kept saying to himself; you shouldn't bowl such muck. And yet the bowling was fully as good as it had been during the earlier part of the innings, and Milton, at the other end, was in considerable trouble whenever he had to face it.

Two hundred and fifty went up. Another over from the slow man, and two hundred and sixty succeeded it. There was a brief consultation among the authorities. Then the field spread out like a fan. Ellison laughed savagely to himself. What was the good of lobs?

The lob-bowler's name was Saintsbury. If you look at the analysis of that match in the *Wrykinian* you will find:

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Saintsbury, E. J.	1	0	24	0

Ellison hit every single ball full-pitch over the boundary, and the Incogniti helped to chair him into the pavilion.

"The man's a lunatic!" said Henfrey, some hours later that evening, as he read the letter Ellison's fag had brought him.

"DEAR HENFREY [it ran].—It is very good of you to offer me my colours for the first, but I'm afraid I cannot accept them. I would much rather you played Selwicke against Ripton. He was quite set when I ran him out, and but for my folly would have made a century. Yours faithfully,
"G. B. ELLISON."

"He's off his dot," said Henfrey. "Of course, he feels raw about that run out; but Selwicke couldn't play an innings like that if he tried all the summer. And yet Selwicke's a jolly good bat. I wish—but it can't be helped."

It was to be proved, however, that it could. As Henfrey was going to his dormi-

tory that night, he was stopped by Strachan. Strachan was very calm and business-like.

"Made out the list for Ripton yet, Henfrey?"

"Not written it yet. But of course Ellison gets the place. Chap who can make an eighty-three like that——!"

"Half a second," said Strachan, "I just wanted to speak to you about that. Put in Ellison, of course. And put in Selwicke, too. I'm not going to play."

"Not going to play!"

In spite of himself Henfrey could not help feeling pleased. He had not even thought of such a solution of his difficulty, but it was the very best possible. Poor old Strachan was dead out of form. Selwicke was worth two of him at present.

"No," said Strachan, "I thought I'd make this afternoon's game a test, and I found I'd lost all my hitting powers. No nerve either. So I'm no good. Be all right next year, I suppose. So count me out. See?"

"Well, if you really——" said Henfrey.

"That's all right," said Strachan. "Good night."

"One minute. I see how we'll manage it. You'll keep your cap, of course. It'll be quite in order, you know, as you've been ill. 'Not placed.' There'll be twelve caps instead of eleven this year."

"All right. So long as you get Ellison and Selwicke in, I don't care what you do. Good-night."

"Good-night. I say, Strachan."

"Hullo?"

"Er—you're a good chap," said Henfrey gratefully.

Next day it was noticed by the observant that the firm of Selwicke and Ellison was once more doing business at the old stand.

WALKING.

THE walker is the most free and independent being on this earth; his pleasure is dependent upon the caprices of nothing or nobody. He can go as fast or as slowly as he pleases; he may stick to the highways, or he may travel over byways and footpaths inaccessible to all others. He may start when he likes, he may leave off when he chooses; time to him is nothing. True, he does not cover a mighty lot of ground in a day, but he has a better knowledge of the country he goes through than the cyclist, train traveller, or that modern abomination the motorist.

He knows that in every mile he travels he is adding to his stock of health, strength, and vitality, clearing his brain, freshening his ideas, and stimulating his nerves and circulation. His exertion induces free perspiration, and thus he rids his system of the waste matter, the many impurities which would otherwise remain stored, inducing ill-health, and paving the way for the attacks of disease germs.—PERCY LONGHURST in *The Athlete*.



HOLIDAYS ON WHEELS.

WITH the approach of the happy month of August the Cycling Editor feels it his bounden duty to turn his thoughts and pen to the pleasant subject of touring. In his mind's eye he sees scores of CAPTAIN readers saddling-up their steeds and careering all over the British Isles—even invading foreign countries—in pursuit of the delights which a healthy body and quick change of scenery unite to produce. What, therefore, can he offer better suited to the occasion than some advice about preparing for and conducting a tour?

PREPARATION

may be said to fall under four heads. (a) preparation of body; (b) preparation of machine; (c) preparation of luggage; (d) preparation of an itinerary. Let us take these in order.

Body.—If you are obviously “out of condition” and “soft,” it is well to harden your muscles and get rid of superfluous fat before starting on a tour. If you don't do this, you will have either to take the first few days very easily, or risk fatigue and lassitude. So put in a fair amount of preliminary riding, which will not only make you fit, but also help to show any weak spots in the adjustment of the machine.

Machine.—Don't funk any necessary alterations, renewals, or additions to your mount. Get them done in good time, so that you may start on your happy way with the consciousness that if any breakdown shall occur it cannot be attributed to carelessness. You may take my word for it that neglected faults lie low while you are jobbing about home, but are ready to spring upon you just as you begin to enjoy yourself as a tourist. That cut in the cover

has been gradually letting in damp to rot the canvas, and giving no sign. Are not repairers and fresh tyres within easy reach? Alas! as you spin along among beautiful scenery you suddenly find that only tyres are vile. Pop! A large burst;—nasty, messy job;—temper spoilt;—fears of further trouble;—“Oh! why didn't I!”—&c. &c.! Strip your covers right off and examine them thoroughly. If they are mottled with dark patches, solution over these large pieces of canvas;—or get fresh covers, since those dark areas mean “rot.” Away with inner tubes which have been much mended and *won't* hold air for more than a few hours together. Covers and tubes are fairly cheap; and

FREEDOM FROM WORRY WHILE ON TOUR

is worth the expenditure of a sovereign. Besides, when the tour is over, you will have good rubber to withstand the onslaughts of winter roads.

Make your mudguards tight, so that they may not trouble you with rattling noises. Put fresh blocks on your brakes, if worn, and adjust them carefully. Squirt some paraffin-oil through the free-wheel, and oil it well afterwards. Tighten up loose bearings, and a slack chain. If the machine giveth a rusty colour on the tubes in parts, dab some black enamel over it. Make sure that your lamp is in proper order, and that the bracket carrying it is sufficiently strong for its work. Get your saddle and handles to the right height. If you suspect the saddle of causing soreness, replace it with a comfortable, well-sprung article. (Brook's B 90 is excellent.) Go through your tool-bag carefully: fill up oil-cans; have a new repairing outfit. Put new rubbers on the pedals if they need it.

All this may mean a bit of a bother. Never mind. In the long run it saves time to take a big dose of trouble when you are about it. And there really is something pleasant about the fuss of getting ready for an expedition.

LUGGAGE.

This is the rock on which a good many tourists founder. If one could only count upon the weather, the necessary amount of clothing could be very limited without detracting from one's comfort and personal appearance. Unfortunately our climate has as many delightful (?) uncertainties as cricket, and since I must confess to a hatred of remaining in wet things a moment longer than is absolutely necessary, I plump for a complete change of underclothing. Supposing that I meant to be entirely independent of rail or post office, my kit list would read as follows:—(This, of course, doesn't include what I have on.)

Macintosh leggings, reinforced at the bottom.

Macintosh cape, long and large.

Striped flannel shirt (quiet pattern) with collar attached for day use.

Ditto, ditto, for wear with white collars at night.

Trousers to match coat and vest.

Underclothing, fairly thick.

Two pairs socks.

Two pairs stockings.

Pair of slippers.

Washing and shaving tackle.

Brush and comb.

Small clothes brush (most useful).

Half a dozen white collars.

Ditto handkerchiefs.

Thin pyjama suit.

All these (the first two articles excepted) will go into a handbag of squarish section fifteen inches long by twenty-eight inches in circumference, if carefully packed (I have just done it to make sure); and the whole scales eleven pounds. I like the handbag best as a container, since it is so convenient to carry; and if protected by a piece of American cloth (a hole edged with braid should be cut for the handle) it is perfectly water-tight. This I affix to a large bi-carrier over the back wheel—and remember to cock my right leg up a little higher than usual when dismounting. The macintoshes go on the handle-bars. Books, maps, &c., go into your pockets, or into a

special little case slung in the frame; and there you have your complete outfit—not very beautiful aesthetically, perhaps, but very workmanlike. Where two or more persons are touring together, certain things,—clothes-brush, maps, sponges, hairbrush—need not be duplicated, and precious room will be saved.

“LUGGAGE IN ADVANCE.”

For a long tour of a fortnight or more it is advisable to supplement your marching-order kit with an auxiliary package containing clean collars, underwear, shirts, &c., sent on by post in advance to a town or village which you intend to include in your route: addressed to yourself either at the post office “To be called for” (you might send a note to the postmaster at the same time) or to the hotel which you have fixed upon. An even more sybaritic plan is to pack white shirts, a hat, and a second suit, together with other luxuries, in a small portmanteau or kitbag, and despatch it daily ahead by rail; or at least to the places where you intend to spend Sundays. I must say I find it a relief to get sometimes into the ordinary garb of the non-tourist, even if it

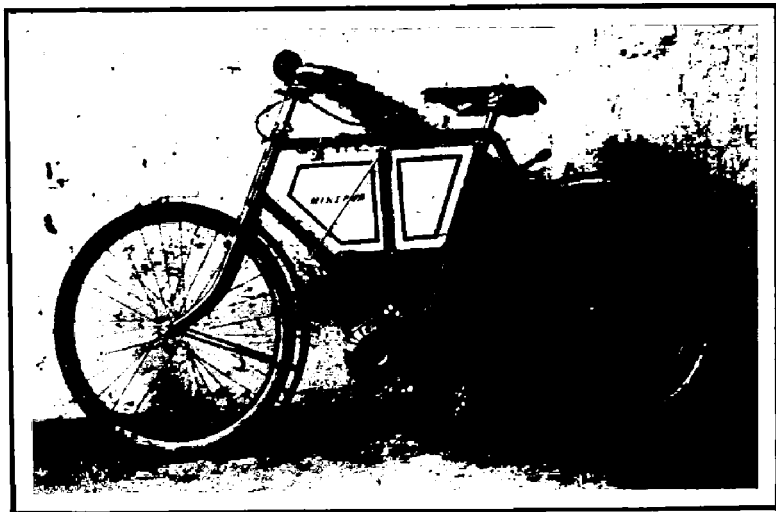


AN ANCIENT TOURIST OF EIGHTY YEARS,

who, now that his legs are not quite equal to the task, propels himself with a hand gear of his own design. Notice the steering apparatus.

costs a little more money and time. On a prolonged French tour I found the last plan work very well. The chief point to remember about your outfit is that it is wiser to take too much than too little clothing; since the lack of a proper change may spell real discomfort, if not illness. You may also bear in mind that to a certain extent your wardrobe should be regulated by the class of accommodation you mean to make use of. Clothes which will suffice for the farm-house lodging or coffee-tavern are sometimes unduly conspicuous in the dining-room of a first-class hotel. And I don't think that

very good) and guide-books. I can recommend for the last the series published by A and C. Black (4, 5, 6, Soho Square, W.) which cost from 1s. to 5s. each, according to size, and contain full information about the "lions," besides maps and hotel lists. The C. T. C. road-books, covering the whole of the British Isles in six volumes, which can be bought separately at an average price of 5s., give particulars of road surface, distances from point to point, and the physical nature of the country. Having these helps at your command you can plot out your route so as to make it pleasant for riding



A CURIOUS PIECE OF LUCK.

The screw-driver fell out of the wallet and lodged in the back fork, as shown, while the motor-cycle was travelling at high speed. It was still in position when the rider dismounted.

people touring on the Continent need leave *all* their nice clothes behind in Merry England. Whatever be your outfit, you should make a point of looking your best possible in the public rooms of a hostelry, out of consideration for your host and other guests. Dusty stockings and other marks of travel are inexcusable, though in my time I have run against a good many people who apparently don't seem to think so.

We now come to our fourth heading,

PLANNING THE ROUTE,

which is an extremely important part of the preliminary business. Assuming that you are quite ignorant of the localities through which you mean to pass, you should get thoroughly good maps (the C. T. C. issue of Bartholomew's two-miles-to-the-inch are

as well as sight-seeing, and decide upon your halting-places for the night.

YOU SHOULD DETERMINE BEFOREHAND what you mean to see. A rough sketch map will help you greatly, especially if you annotate it with distances, &c., pretty freely. In the case of historic buildings pick out the things that will particularly interest you, and ask to see them; as the paid officials who show people round often slur over half the attractions,—no doubt from the sheer fatigue of repetition. A good many tourists fail to get their money's worth through a haphazard, Micawber-like trust that something picturesque or interesting may "turn up" as they jog along. Although it is horrid to live with one's nose in the guide-book, it is equally annoying to find after a tour that right and left

of the road lurked shrines which every good pilgrim should visit. After all, touring doesn't mean the mere pedalling of so many miles per diem. We should come back with our minds stored as well as our bodies restored after the drudgery of office stool or class-room desk.

CYCLE-CAMPING

is said to be a pleasant and cheap way of spending a holiday. Of its joys and trials I cannot speak from experience; but I can refer you to a brightly written little book on the subject by Mr. T. H. Holding (Is., L. de Vere and Co., 7 Maddox Street, Bond Street, W.), wherein a thoroughly practical account of the necessary impedimenta is interspersed with a humorous sketch of a tour in Connemara.

THE COST OF TOURING

cannot be set down in black and white. One gentleman of my acquaintance has toured in strange places at the rate of a few pence a day. But then, he was content to prick a table with a pin to find the softest board. If you are wishful to "rough it," and take your chance of indifferent meals, five shillings a day would see you through. For good hotels double the price. Lunch is a meal on which the thrifty soul may save money without faring badly. A small loaf, two pennyworth of cheese and some cold Cambridge sausages, eaten at the road-side, make a quite sufficient mid-day meal: and one more judicious than a heavy lunch. In France the omelettes—which every housewife makes to perfection—are worthy of attention, though, of course, you must go under a roof to get *them*. Don't drink a lot of ginger beer and such stuff when you feel thirsty; and if healthily hungry after a ride be careful not to *over* eat. Good digestion does not *always* wait on appetite. To enjoy a tour to the full you should try to keep in the pink of condition; which itself depends on moderation in diet and exertion. What marches our soldiers did in South Africa when rations had been cut to one-quarter!

In the "Camera Corner" of this issue I have paid special attention to the cyclo-photographer. So the two Corners should be read in conjunction with one another.

I will conclude this chapter with the wish that all readers who mean to take part of their holidays a wheel will find the clerk of the weather in good humour, and have a jolly time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. G. Dutton.—I fear that I can't help you much in plotting a tour, as you are going into country unknown to me, though I hope to explore it before long. Your second query is practically answered in this number. You should buy *Safety Cycling*, by G. D. Leechman (price 1s., published by Messrs. Iliffe and Son, Tudor Street, E.C.). This will help you a lot.

S. J. H.—I hope to write an article on the subject you ask my advice about, or at least to deal with it at some length, in an early issue. The matter is too large for a mere paragraph, so I trust you will forgive me for not saying more here than to suggest that a club should have other objects than mere cyclometer moving. Try to join photography, natural history, and the visiting of interesting houses and places to which the public is admitted, with the rides.

New Captainite.—I seem quite snowed under with requests to mark out routes. Buy Mcreedy's *Road Book of Ireland* (Southern Section), price 1s., and you will be able to find everything you want. I believe that your best way across the water would be from Bristol to Cork.

H. F. Knight.—The only way to clean rust off rims is to use fine emery cloth. Rims are often very poorly plated; as the plating has gone, you will do well to enamel the rims, except on the surfaces rubbed by the brakes.

"Wash."—The route you have mapped out includes very good roads, though after a prolonged drought you might find them somewhat loose. I am sorry that I can't give you archaeological details without hunting through the guide-books—a task I think you might profitably undertake for yourself. As regards the hotel charges, I don't suppose that you would find them at all abnormal. If you join the Cyclists' Touring Club you will receive a handbook giving the fixed charges made to all members by the keepers of certain hotels in most towns.

Links.—You need not be afraid of your chain breaking under any strain that you can put upon it with your legs. I believe that an ordinary cycle chain will bear a weight of over a ton. The metal of which chains are made is extremely tough and well tempered.

L. B. Manson.—Straw hats are bad cycling companions. In a breeze they catch the wind too much; and if pressed on tightly may cause headache. A cap is better, and for very hot weather I sometimes use a soft felt hat the brim of which turns down.

Acetylene.—I am sorry you have had the bad luck to lose your lamp. When travelling by train I generally remove mine and take it into the carriage with me, as I have found that lamps are apt to get twisted on their brackets. Guards are good fellows, but they don't take a particularly fatherly view of cycles. No doubt they have their shins a good deal knocked about by pedals during busy seasons. For a long journey it is advisable to remove the pedals, if they can be detached easily, as is generally the case. The guard will also be grateful if you slew round the handles so as to be on a line with the rest of the machine.

POISON FOR SIX.

By E. F. ALLAN.

Illustrated by George Soper.

IN the early autumn of 1901 I was sitting alone one day in the *salle à manger* of the Hotel Meurice, at Boulogne, when Colonel Gaunt came in and joined me at my lunch.

The Colonel—late of the Indian Staff Corps—is a very old friend of mine. He resides for the greater part of every year in a pretty little château lying somewhere between Cape Gris Nez and the town of Marquise, not far from the seashore, in the Pas de Calais. The place is somewhat out of the way, and difficult to get at after you have left the electric tram at Wimereux, but it is well worth a visit in spite of all obstacles, not only on account of the hospitality with which the Colonel welcomes all his visitors, but also because of the lovely view of the surrounding country obtainable from the château, which stands very high, and of the quaint picturesqueness of the gardens and surroundings.

Gaunt took his seat opposite me and was soon very much occupied with an excellent *déjeuner*; little was said until we had practically concluded the meal, when, looking up suddenly, he exclaimed with rather a queer smile—"I had a nasty upset this morning!"

"What! off your bike?"

"Oh dear, no—not a spill off my bicycle, old chap, although, indeed, the machine has some remote connection with the business. I mean a mental upset—a sudden shock—one that took away my breath just as effectually as your cold tub does yours on a frosty winter's morning!"

"No bad news, I trust?"

"No; no bad news at all, my dear boy. Dear me! nothing of the sort—only a mere trifle—I suddenly discovered at eight o'clock this morning that *I had killed half a dozen or so Frenchmen*—and soldiers at that, too. Of course, the homicide was unintentional on my part!"

I stared at my old friend, thinking that he was joking, but he appeared to be perfectly serious, and the only signs of incipient insanity that I could detect were in his calm manner and his usual genial smile, which no sane, self-accusing murderer could possibly have assumed.

"Altogether it's a rum yarn, and I will tell it to you, if you like, while Antoine is bringing our coffee and *chasse*."

I assured the Colonel that I was very anxious to hear his story, and, as far as I can remember, he told it as follows:

You know what a terrible bother I have had lately owing to our gardener and factotum—the great Hercule—having to go off and do his twenty-eight days *service militaire* as a Reservist? Well, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could find a substitute for him, as every able-bodied man or boy in the entire province seemed to be busy at the harvest. At last, after hunting about in all directions, we found a youth of about sixteen disengaged, through the medium of that queer little Registry Office up there in the Haute Ville. The people said he was perfectly respectable and quite capable of looking after a horse and minding the garden. He did both—ha! ha!—or rather *he* looked on while *I* did both! Oh, he *was* a treasure. I had had no character with him except that which the Registry Office people gave him, but I was only too glad to find anyone—and this Alphonse, as he called himself, sounded all right. Well, he arrived the day after our *brave Hercule* left. He came on foot in very seedy-looking boots, and brought no luggage with him except three hats. One of these decorated his head, of course, and he carried the others in each hand. From the moment he arrived until he suddenly disappeared this morning I never could induce him to do any work at all. If I remonstrated with him he smiled sweetly and made a pretence at something until my back was turned, when his hands went into his trousers' pockets and he continued to idle.

This autumn our house has been infested by rats. We are too near a farm, you know, and I think they must have scented my last Stilton—it is a prime one—for we have been more bothered with them than ever before. Mrs. Gaunt says she can stand many things, and is prepared to stand many things while living in a foreign land, but she will *not* put up with a rat making its nest in the crown of her best hat! So I determined to see what poison would

do for the pests, especially as we have no dogs about the place. So I came into Boulogne yesterday morning and bought a packet of rat poison from Dutertre, the chemist. I got home for a late lunch and laid the parcel on the chimney-piece in the dining-room, remarking to Mrs. Gaunt as I did so that there was poison enough there to kill a whole army of rats—or of men, for the matter of that. I said I should commence operations with it this morning without fail. I spoke in French, as I thought it best to let the *bonne*, Léontine, who was serving the lunch, know the deadly nature of the packet.

After the meal was over I went out into the garden to see if Alphonse had earthed up the bed of celery as I had told him to do before I left home in the morning. Not a bit of it—he had never attempted to begin even, and I found him, with a cigarette between his lips, leaning against the stable-door watching Marie, the cook, grooming the horse—his work! I don't often lose my temper, as you know, but when I do, well—I do. I grabbed the young ruffian by the collar and hauled him out of the stable-yard and down to the celery-bed. I took and shook him till his teeth chattered, and we hadn't sufficient breath left as would blow a penny trumpet. Then, as a wind-up, I smashed in the crown of the one of his treasured hats which he chanced to be wearing, and sternly, and with as much dignity as my loss of wind would allow, gave him his *huit jours* there and then.

This morning I was up with the lark, as usual, and on going outside our gates I found a corporal's picket of the 40th Regiment ensconced under the shelter of the trees in front. You know that there are military manœuvres on a small scale—of a sort, you know—going on at present all over this part of the Pas de Calais, and this picket belonged to some brigade or other whose headquarters were at Marquise. These poor chaps had started at 3 A.M. on a small cup of black coffee, and nothing to eat!



I HAULED THE YOUNG RUFFIAN OUT OF THE STABLE-YARD.

They had managed to get detached from the main body, and had utterly failed to get in touch with the enemy. So, when I found them, they were resting and waiting for something or somebody to turn up.

You know I have always had a weakness for "Tommy"—no matter whether he wears a red or a blue coat, and I soon got into conversation with these fellows, and we all became very friendly. One of the privates turned out to be the *chef* of the Royal and Imperial Club, and so I expect he was a real artist in his way. He swore magnificently, in English at having had to come over to do his twenty-eight days. The rest of the picket were all Reservists, gardeners, grooms, hairdressers, and I don't know what else not—with the exception of the corporal in charge, who was just finishing



THEY HAD NOT OVERRATED THEIR THIRST!

his three years' with the colours. Presently, at a pause in the conversation, the corporal began to make inquiries as to the whereabouts of the nearest spring of drinking water, and it then transpired that they were all consumed with a terrible and burning thirst. Of course I took the hint and went back to the house to see what I could find. On the side-board in the dining-room was my bottle of whiskey—as usual, half empty—and also a nearly full bottle of red wine. I filled up the whiskey bottle with water, but did not think the red wine wanted any further dilution, and then took the two to my friends under the trees. Judging from the way in which my refreshment was appreciated they certainly had not overrated their thirst! They mixed the red wine with the whiskey and water in those tin cups the French Tommies always carry, and then sent it fairly hissing down their throats.

I was returning to the house with the empty bottles when Léontine came rushing out crying, "Monsieur! Monsieur! Oh, la la, le pauvre Alphonse! He is not in his room, his bed is

deserted—he has not slept in it! He is gone—he is not to be seen—all his *effets* are gone except indeed one hat. . . . He was so enraged last night after Monsieur had so justly corrected him, he swore vengeance against Monsieur—terrible vengeance! And oh, Monsieur! the packet of poison for the rats, it is gone from the *salle à manger*—and Alphonse is gone too! Oh, la, la! He threatened he would kill himself. . . . He said he would do so last night in the paroxysms of his rage!"

You bet I was back in the dining-room in a brace of shakes! Sure enough, the rat poison was nowhere to be seen, but, lying close to the spot from which I had taken the bottles, the contents of which had gone down the Tommies' throats, was the white paper in which the arsenic, or whatever it was, had apparently been packed—and I saw with horror that only a few grains of the white crystallised powder remained in it! Heavens! The whole thing flashed upon me like lightning. That villain of a boy, in his mad desire for revenge, had doctored my whiskey with the rat poison, and had then made a clean scoot of it, hoping he would thus kill me! And I had in consequence inadvertently poisoned

the whole picket!

I fairly staggered to the gate again, not knowing whether I should find my friends alive or dead, and dreading what I should see when I reached them. The men were still sitting under the trees, but already the deadly drug was beginning to take effect. The corporal looked green and was being violently sick. Some of the others were groaning. The *chef* sat doubled up, every now and then letting loose a violent oath—real Billingsgate! There was evidently not a moment to be lost. . . . two of the men shook their fists at me as I came near. . . . there was only one thing to be done, but, merciful heavens! my heart was beating so against my ribs I scarcely had strength to get back to the house! I was faint and giddy, I felt as if I had lived years in so many seconds—I believed my own end was approaching.

An antidote! that was the only thing. An antidote! My wife had a medicine chest and two or three medicine books, and she would know what to do! I staggered along towards the house feebly calling her name.

but all the sound I could make seemed but a hoarse whisper. . . . The perspiration poured off my face; I was trembling in every limb, and could barely reach the dining-room. As good luck had it, just as my legs failed beneath me and I sank helpless into the first chair I came to, I saw my Missis coming into the room.

She started when she saw me and exclaimed, as she rushed to my side, "Good gracious, Charles, whatever is the matter?"

All I could ejaculate was, "Poison . . . soldiers . . . rat poison . . . antidote! antidote! Quick, quick!"

I waved my arm at the sideboard and she stared with blank dismay and amazement. Then a light seemed to dawn upon her.

"What have you done with my methylated spirits, Charles? I want to curl my hair. Léontine—so careless—broke the new bottle yesterday and only saved half in an old whiskey bottle. She had it to clean the silver with yesterday. . . ."

But I waited for no more. "*Methylated spirits! Worse and worse! Poor fellows! Methylated spirits and arsenic!*"

I groaned and hid my face in my hands. "*Arsenic!* What *do* you mean?" said Mrs. Gaunt, calmly. "I put that nasty packet of poison away under lock and key last night—I thought it so dangerous to leave it about. And, oh, do look at Léontine's careless un-

tidiness! There is the empty paper still there in which I gave her out the lump sugar for the week! Why are you staring so, Charles?"

I believe she must have thought I had gone mad, for I *was* staring at her with all my eyes! I could hardly believe my senses. . . . Then after all I had *not* poisoned the soldiers—for methylated spirits, though very nasty, are *not* poisonous. . . . I could go out again and find them all still there and *still alive*.

I jumped to my feet—all my infirmity was gone—rushed to the kitchen and gave some hasty directions. Then I dared face the music. Before they could say anything I explained to them exactly what had happened—told them about Alphonse—everything. And then, before they could reply, I pointed towards Marie and Léontine, who, wreathed in smiles, were coming from the house bearing trays laden with large cups of steaming coffee, and plates of *tartines*. And the coffee, with a *chasse* of the real thing this time, soon put my warriors on their legs again. . . .

As for Alphonse—the young beggar *had* decamped, but not without leaving me with a souvenir of his nasty spite, for I found the tyres of my new bicycle ripped to ribbons—by his hand, of course. So he had his revenge, and my lack of a man *à tout faire* and need of new bike tyres has brought me to Boulogne to-day!

BLISS.

(Inspired by 90° in the shade.)

Oh! let me lie beneath the shade,
 Alone with pints of lemonade;
 Above my brow a gentle spray
 Of scented water all the day.
 A fountain playing on each hand;
 My fevered features gently fanned.
 A cooling douche upon my chest—
 A bed of moss on which to rest.
 Far in the distance dreamy strains
 Of fascinating valse refrains.
 Seraphic, calm, and comfort this—
 How emblematical of bliss!

R. C. THARP.



Photo. C. Field

"HOMWARD SOUND"

By permission of the Autotype Company



THE STAMPS OF HUNGARY.

HUNGARY is a restless and troublesome partner in the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary. Each of the two countries has its own parliament, and makes its own laws so far as they deal exclusively with its own affairs. They are united under one monarch for military, diplomatic, and customs purposes only. A parliament of 120 members, one-half chosen by Austria and the other half by Hungary, deals with affairs common to the empire as a whole.

The dominant race in Hungary are the Magyars, who overran and settled in the country in 889. In the year 1000 they formed it into a kingdom under Stephen, who, having Christianised the country, was made a saint by the Pope and presented with a crown of gold. This self-same crown has been worn by all the kings of Hungary to the present day. In the eyes of the Hungarians it is a sacred relic. It is a conspicuous feature in the design of every postage stamp of the country, and even figures as an outline for the watermarking of the paper on which the stamps are printed.

It is a crown that has had many strange adventures. Mr. Wm. Jones, in his "Crowns and Coronations," indeed, goes so far as to say that there is no crown that has passed through so many vicissitudes. He describes it as a most venerable relic of the Byzantine art, formed by a broad flat band of fine gold, whence springs an arch supporting a cross. It really consists of two united crowns, for it is recorded that "Duke Stephen, after the battle of Vesprini (A.D. 1000), having put an end to the conflict between Christianity and paganism in Hungary, obtained from Pope Sylvester II. permission to assume the title of king, and the present of a crown, which the pontiff happened to have by him, intending it for the Polish King Boleslav, but in consequence of a dream it was bestowed upon King Stephen." This crown Stephen had

united to his own, the Roman crown forming the lower part, and the Byzantine one the upper. The widow of one of the kings who gave birth to a son not long after his father's death, placed the crown for safety in her own chamber, hoping thus to secure the succession for her son, but parliament set another on the throne. Once more, during an insurrection, she got possession of the relic, and hid it away in her child's cradle. It was pledged by Queen Elizabeth, and the precious stones it contained were then enumerated as 53 sapphires, 50 rubies, one emerald, and 138 pearls. It was redeemed for sixty thousand gold pieces. A man named Peter Pereny, who had custody of it, betrayed his trust and gave up the crown to Ferdinand King of Bohemia, who used it for his own coronation in 1527, and then removed it to Prague, where it remained for more than half a century. Once only during that time, at the coronation of Rudolph, was the crown used in Hungary.

Subsequently it was deposited in safe keeping under special laws at Presburg. In 1784 it was removed with the rest of the regalia to Vienna, but six years afterwards it was restored to Presburg amidst rapturous national rejoicings. In 1849 Kossuth, who hated crowns and sceptres as the devil is said to hate holy water, got hold of it, hid it away, and intended to remove it to London; but a friend unwittingly betrayed its secret hiding-place. Once more it was recovered, once more it was conveyed to Vienna; but only to be transferred to its present home at Buda.

Its Philatelic History.

The philatelic history of Hungary commences with an issue of six values in May 1871. The design included in the upper half a portrait of the Emperor Francis Joseph as "King Apostolic of Hungary," with the national arms surmounted by the crown of St. Stephen on

the lower half. This first issue was printed by means of lithography from impressions taken from the die subsequently used for making a steel plate for a second issue. This second issue followed in August of the same year, and was printed from steel plates. These two issues, though identical in design, colour, and perforation, may easily be distinguished, the lithographed stamps by the blurred character of the printing and dull colouring, and the engraved by sharp clear impressions and brighter colours.

A third issue made in 1874 discards the portrait of the king, probably as being a distasteful reminder of the foreign yoke of Austria. The new stamp took the form of the simple outline of an envelope bearing in bold figures the numerals of value surmounted by the ever-present and sacred crown of St. Stephen and the inscription, "Magyar Kir. Posta" (Royal Hungarian Post), in carved letters at the bottom of the stamp. In 1887, a fourth issue was made of a slightly altered design, and in 1900 a long series was issued with the currency changed from kreuzers to filler and korona. For the filler values the design included the historic crown in a circle, under the protecting outspread wings of a bird flying overhead, and on the korona values is a large portrait of the aged Emperor Francis Joseph wearing the crown of St. Stephen.

With the exception of the two values of the first issue, it is a most inexpensive country to collect "used." Most of its stamps may be had for a penny piece, and in sets for a great deal less.

1871 (May).—Six values, lithographed, and perf. 9½. Design, head of Emperor Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, with crown of St. Stephen and the national arms. The lithographed stamps all present a more or less blurred appearance, as if they were roughly printed. White paper, unwatermarked.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 kr., orange . . .	10 0 ..	8 6
3 kr., green . . .	45 0 ..	30 0
5 kr., rose . . .	15 0 ..	0 4
10 kr., blue . . .	60 0 ..	2 6
15 kr., brown . . .	— ..	3 6
25 kr., mauve . . .	40 0 ..	1 0



No Wmk. Lithographed. Perf. 9½.

1871 (August).—Six values of the same design, colours, and perforation as the previous issue, but printed in brighter colours from engraved steel plates, on white paper, unwatermarked.

No Wmk. Engraved. Perf. 9½.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 kr., orange . . .	0 9 ..	0 6
3 kr., green . . .	1 0 ..	0 9
5 kr., rose . . .	0 9 ..	0 1
10 kr., blue . . .	2 0 ..	0 2
15 kr., brown . . .	6 0 ..	0 8
25 kr., mauve . . .	5 0 ..	0 4

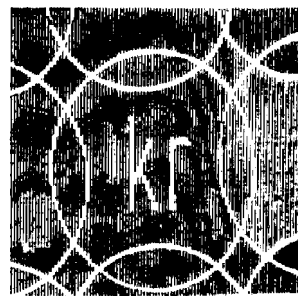
1874-1876.—New design, outline of an envelope bearing boldly the numeral of value surmounted with the crown and the inscription in carved letters at the foot of the stamp, "Magyar Kir. Posta" (Royal Hungarian Post). Printed on white paper, unwatermarked and perf. 12 to 13½, and 11½ to 12, the first-named perf. being the commoner of the two.



	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 kr., mauve . . .	2 0 ..	0 1
3 kr., green . . .	2 0 ..	0 1
5 kr., red . . .	2 0 ..	0 1
10 kr., blue . . .	4 0 ..	0 1
20 kr., grey . . .	30 0 ..	0 3

No Wmk. Perf. 12½ to 13½.

1881.—Same design as last series, but printed on paper watermarked with interlaced ovals with the initials, "Kr," extending over four stamps. Perf. 11½ to 12, also 12½ to 13, the former being the commoner of the two.

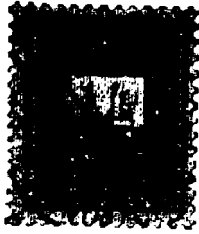


Wmk. interlaced ovals.
Perf. 11½ to 12.

	Unused.	Used.
	s. d.	s. d.
2 kr., mauve . . .	0 2 ..	0 1
3 kr., green . . .	0 2 ..	0 1
5 kr., red . . .	0 6 ..	0 1
10 kr., blue . . .	0 6 ..	0 1
20 kr., grey . . .	1 0 ..	0 2

1887-1898.—Similar design to last issue, but printed by what is known as surface printing, that is, the style as used for printing the current English stamps. The paper was watermarked as before, but seems to have received a printing of vertical lines, on which the stamps were then printed. The numerals were printed in black on the lower values and in red on the 1 florin and 3 florins. Perforation, 11½ to 12.

Wmk. interlaced ovals. Perf. 11½ to 12.



	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 kr., black	0 1	0 1
2 kr., mauve	0 2	0 1
3 kr., green	0 2	0 1
5 kr., red	0 3	0 1
8 kr., orange and yellow	0 4	0 1
10 kr., blue	0 5	0 1
12 kr., brown and green	0 5	0 1
15 kr., rose and blue	0 6	0 1
20 kr., grey	0 9	0 1
24 kr., purple and rose	0 10	0 1
30 kr., olive green and brown	0 10	0 1
50 kr., red and brown	1 5	0 1
1 fl., blue and silver	2 3	0 1
3 fl., violet brown and gold.	7 0	0 5

New Designs.

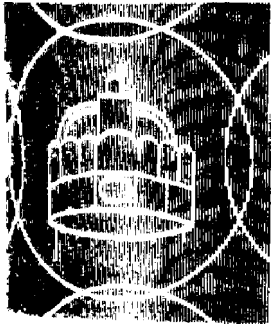
Values in filler and korona in black. Perf. 12.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 f., grey	0 1	0 1
1 f., dull lilac	0 1	0 1
2 f., olive-yellow	0 1	0 1
3 f., orange	0 1	0 1
4 f., lilac	0 1	0 1
5 f., emerald	0 1	0 1
6 f., marone	0 1	0 1
6 f., bistre	0 1	0 1
6 f., olive-green	0 1	0 1
10 f., rose	0 2	0 1
12 f., lilac	0 2	0 1
20 f., brown	0 3	0 1
25 f., blue	0 4	0 1
30 f., orange-brown	0 5	0 1
35 f., red-lilac	0 6	0 1
50 f., lake	0 7	0 1
60 f., grey-green	0 8	0 1
1 kr., red-brown	1 2	0 1
2 kr., blue	2 3	0 6
3 kr., greenish blue	—	0 8
5 kr., claret	6 6	0 9



1905.—Designs as in last issue, but watermarked with the Hungarian crown on each stamp.

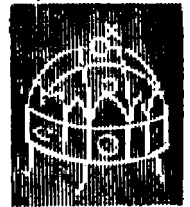
1898.—Same design as last issue, but paper watermarked with interlaced circles enclosing a crown. Perforation, 11½ to 12.



Wmk. interlaced circles, with crown.
Perf. 11½ to 12.

	Unused. s. d.	Used. s. d.
1 kr., black	0 1	0 1
2 kr., mauve	0 1	0 1
3 kr., green	0 2	0 1
4 kr., rose	0 2	0 1
8 kr., orange	0 2	0 1
10 kr., blue	0 3	0 1
12 kr., brown and green	0 6	0 3
15 kr., rose and blue	0 5	0 1
20 kr., grey	0 6	0 1
24 kr., purple and red	0 8	0 1
30 kr., olive green and brown	0 9	0 1
50 kr., red and orange	1 9	0 1

	Unused. s. d.
1 f., grey	0 1
2 f., olive-yellow	0 1
3 f., orange	0 1
5 f., emerald	0 1
6 f., olive	0 1
10 f., rose	—
20 f., brown	0 3
25 f., blue	0 4
30 f., orange-brown	0 5
35 f., red-lilac	0 6
50 f., lake	0 7
1 kr., red-brown	1 2
2 kr., blue	—
5 kr., claret	—



Notable New Issues.

The best news in the matter of new issues comes from our old friends, Messrs. Whitfield King and Co., who write to us as follows :

" We have just received some news from Columbia which you and all other good philatelists will be delighted to hear. It is that the Columbian Government has suppressed all the separate issues of stamps for the different departments and provinces, and hereafter only one series of stamps will be in use through the entire republic ; these, moreover, are sold on a gold basis, the same as the United States. Let us hope there will be no new stamps issued in Columbia for many years to come."

And so say all of us. In Gibbons' Catalogue, Columbia, with its many separate issues for departments and provinces, extends to no less than twenty-five pages.

The new issue factories are not very brisk just now, but they are making a great deal of noise in the United States over a specially designed new series for their Philippine Islands.

1900-1904.—New designs and new currency, fillers and koronas instead of kreuzers. For the filler values the crown in a circle with bird with outspread wings flying overhead ; for the korona values head and shoulders of Emperor Francis Joseph wearing the Hungarian crown. Perforated 12. Watermarked as in last issue.

The designs as finally determined upon are as follows:

- 2 centavos, bust of Rizal, the patriot.
- 4 centavos, bust of President McKinley, who was President when the United States relieved the Filipinos from the bondage of Spain.
- 6 centavos, bust of Magellan, who discovered the Philippines and after whom was named the famous straits south of South America.
- 10 centavos, bust of General Lawton, the American officer killed in the Philippines while leading an attack on the Tagalos.
- 8 centavos, bust of Legaspi, an eminent Philippino who established the first civil government in the archipelago.
- 12 centavos, bust of Abraham Lincoln.
- 16 centavos, bust of Admiral Sampson.
- 20 centavos, bust of George Washington.
- 27 centavos, bust of Carriedo, the famous Spanish philanthropist who bequeathed large sums of money for the establishment of a water-works system for Manila.
- 30 centavos, bust of Benjamin Franklin.
- 1, 2, 4, and 10 pesos are uniform in design, having as the central figure the coat-of-arms of the Filipinos.

Belgium.—Last month (p. 304) we chronicled the 20 c., 25 c., and 35 c. values of the new designs, and we have since received the 10 c., also varying in design, as will be seen from our illustration. The name, it will be noted, appears at the top in French and in Dutch, with a hyphen between. There is no watermark and the perforation is 14.

No Wmk. Perf. 14.

- 10c., rose.
- 20c., olive green.
- 25c., blue.
- 35c., brown.



British Guiana.—Several values of the current design have appeared on the multiple CA paper.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

- 1c., grey green.
- 2c., purple and black on red paper.
- 5c., purple and blue on blue paper.
- 12c., purple and violet.
- 24c., purple and green.
- 60c., green and carmine.

Falkland Islands.—We have several values to add to our list on multiple CA paper.

- 1d., yellow green.
- 1d., vermilion.
- 2d., mauve.
- 2½d., ultramarine.
- 6d., yellow.
- 1s., grey brown.
- 3s., dull green.



Wmk. Multiple CA Perf. 14.

Gibraltar.—The King's heads are coming out very slowly on the multiple CA. paper. In April we chronicled the ½d. and 2s., and now we have the 1d. and 1s. to add to the series with the new watermark.



- ½d., dull green.
- 1d., purple on red paper.
- 2d., grey green and carmine.
- 2s., grey green and blue.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

Montserrat.—Four values of the current type have appeared on the multiple CA paper.

- ½d., grey green and green.
- 2d., grey and brown.
- 3d., dull orange and purple.
- 6d., mauve and olive brown.



Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

Southern Nigeria.—The 1d. and 4d. values have to be added to the King's heads on multiple CA. paper chronicled last month. This now leaves only the 10s. to complete the series.



- ½d., green and black.
- 1d., carmine and black.
- 2d., orange brown and black.
- 2½d., ultramarine and black.
- 4d., olive green and black.
- 6d., mauve and black.
- 1s., black and green.
- 2s. 6d., brown and black.
- 5s., yellow and black.
- £1, violet and green.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We are indebted to the following firms for early copies of new issues:

EWEN.—Falkland Islands, multiple CA. 2d., 6d., and 1s. Gibraltar, multiple CA, 1d. and 1s. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA, 1d. and 4d.

STANLEY GIBBONS.—British Guiana, multiple CA, 1c., 2c., 5c., 12c., 24c., and 60c. Gibraltar, multiple CA, 1d. and 1s. Montserrat, multiple CA, ½d., 2d., 3d., and 6d.

WHITFIELD KING AND CO.—Belgium, 10c. Gibraltar, multiple CA., 1d. and 1s. Southern Nigeria, multiple CA, 1d. and 4d.

Summer Collecting.

MANY young collectors, when the summer, with all its outdoor attractions, arrives in real earnest, lock away their stamp albums, and never dream of opening them again till the approach of winter. And this practice has been the rule for many years.

But is it wise ?

The shrewd general collector says emphatically, "No." The specialist never ceases his hunt for what he needs to complete his varieties, summer or winter. And the keen young collector follows suit. He is gradually beginning to realise the fact that in these days of new issues surprises he may have to pay through the nose for letting his stamp collection lie dormant in the summer months. It does not do to let new issues that may be had for a few pence go by to be gathered up only by the expenditure of a few shillings a few months later.

Besides, what of the wet days ? No summer comes and goes without its wet days, and on those days it is surely better to work away

at your stamp collection than mope about doing nothing. Out with that stamp album of yours, look up your new issue page of the CAPTAIN, and see that you do not "get left" with some ephemeral new issue of your favourite country.

A Duplicate Pocket-Case.

MR. J. CANSINO, 11 Todd Street, Manchester, sends me a new duplicate pocket-case which he calls "XL ALL." It consists of a pair of stout covers with linen shelves for holding stamps. It is handy, neat, and most useful, and the price is only 2d. Next to his collection the collector's duplicates should receive special care, and a few should always be tucked away in one of his many pockets, not loose amongst his money, but neatly arrayed in some such handy duplicate case as the one just received from Mr. Cansino. Then if some other collector comes along and produces a duplicate book, you have the material at hand for a grand swop.

Some Stations and their Masters.

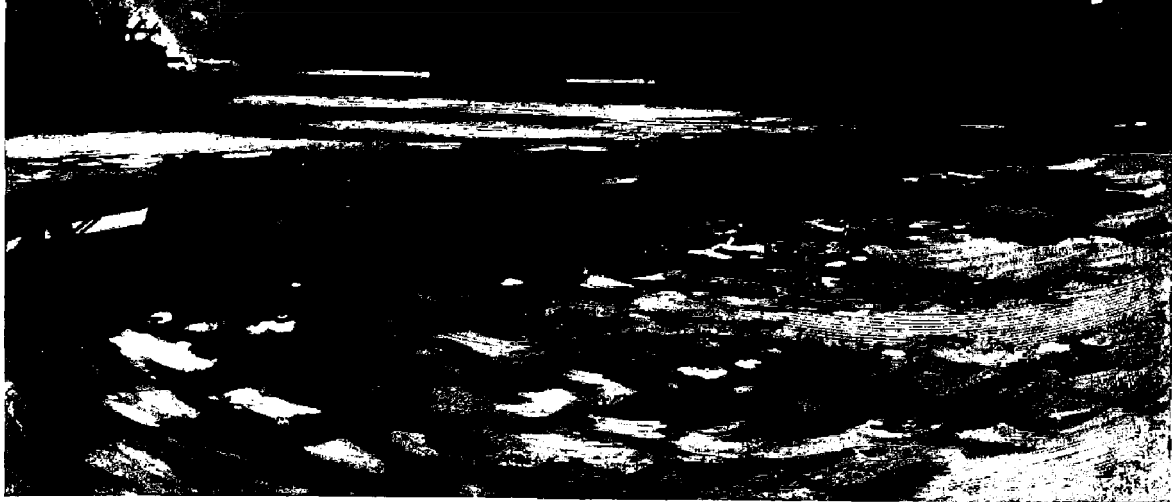
A WELL-KNOWN railway company employ a "Mann" at Redditch; a "Goatman" at Haverstock Hill; a "Rainbow" at Blackwell; a "Redman" at Ripple; a "Griffin" at Kirkby Muxloe; and a "Mee" at Masborough. The station-master at Royston is "James"; at Kingsbury "George"; at Credenhill, "Thomas"; and at Oakham "Herbert." "Woods" can be seen at Shirebrook, and a "Woodman" is kept at Ratby. We are informed that "North," "East," and "West," are at Penns, Kimberley, and Ketton, respectively. Fruits appear to be scarce, as there is only one "Peach," who is at Pear Tree, and only one "Cherry," whose station is Walton; although "Orchards" are said to flourish at Desborough and Stapleford. Naturalists will find "Swifts" at Beauchief, Hazelwood, and Defford; a "Teal" at Arkholme; "Martin" at Hasland; "Swallow" at Hunnington; "Fox" at Camp Hill; and an "Antill" at Dublin. Five "Kings," four "Knights," two "Nobles" and one "Earl" may be seen daily attending to their station duties. (*Hélas!* How the great have been reduced, you chaps!) For the convenience of the public, a "Mason," "Barber,"

"Baker," and "Butler," several "Cooks," "Coopers," and "Smiths," are judiciously distributed over the system. As regards eatables, for *déjeuner* you can obtain "Heggs" from Otley, "Lamb" from Hunslet, "Herring" from Cheltenham, "Sugars" from Tibshelf, "Oram" from Evesham. "Salt" may be procured from Basford, "Pepper" from Tewkesbury, and if mustard is deemed a necessity a "Little" could be provided from Whittington. In the event of hostilities the Company are prepared, as they have a "Fourt" at Isham, and "Arms" at Cotehill. Geography sounds rather mixed when we say "Bentham" is in Giggleswick, "Hyde" in Nailsworth, "Buxton" in Lincoln, and "England" in Rolleston; nevertheless, study a "Mapp" at Leicester and be convinced. "Bills," "Best," "Witts," "Manners," "Kind," "Law," "Done," "Snow," and "Merryweather," yell out lustily the names of their respective stations. Finally, to be serious, only six "Clarkes" and two "Porters" are employed on the system, although, if more are required, a "Staff" can be withdrawn from Gargrave.

J. F. BEBBINGTON.



O.H.M.S. Being NAVAL YARNS of To-Day.



No. 5.—THE BOOM.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

HERE it lay between the ends of the two great walls, menacingly. Not much to look at—just a few baulks of timber, interwoven with chain cables and wire hawsers, rising and falling with the play of the waves; but a very impassable gate to the fleet, semi-circled impotently eight miles or so outside the great harbour. For, until it was removed, there was no hope of getting in to block up the docks and dock entrances, to say nothing of the three battleships and five cruisers, with a goodly number of torpedo craft, sniggering in the safety of the deep water basin behind the eastward wall.

Jimmy Ludlow, sub-lieutenant of his Majesty's cruiser *Ione*, sprawling half on, half off the chart-house table, gazed through his glass and ruminated.

Detached from the Channel fleet the *Ione*, with three other armoured cruisers, four battleships, and ten destroyers, had now been for three days vainly trying to pierce the defences of St. Vilet Harbour, or to tempt its inmates out. There were two submarines with them when they arrived. But with frightful luck one had been hit by

a chance shell the very first day, and the other had sunk down cheerfully one dark night, with specially prepared mines on board, never to return. Anxiously [the night watchers had listened for the sound of the explosion that never came. When the morning broke, the boom was seen to be still intact. And the fate of the submarine was but subject for surmise and sorrow.

No joke was this blockade of St. Vilet. By night and day there was perpetual danger from the enemy's submarines. That was why the fleet, with torpedo nets down, was kept lashing up and down the roads so much. Even with all their precautions one fine ship, the *Berenice*, had been sunk by the unseen foe. Ludlow smiled grimly as he thought of what had followed. For the *Ione's* ram had caught the escaping submarine right abeam and toppled her down to join her victim, eighty fathom deep below the sea.

And Ludlow wondered, as all the fleet had wondered, why there had been no sign of a French submarine or destroyer since. Was it luck, or had something happened that kept them in?

"It's just like a cork in a bottle," said Ludlow, looking at the boom once more.

"Thing is to find the corkscrew that will draw it."

"Signal from the Admiral, sir."

For an infinitesimal fraction of a second Jimmy Ludlow failed to respond. His thoughts had seized fast hold of an idea; and through all the din and stench and smoke of the high angle shelling that filled out the rest of the morning the idea at the back of his mind slowly grew and elaborated. So much so that, when peace fell upon the fleet again for a time, Jimmy Ludlow, after a careful re-examination of his plan, sought an interview with his Captain.

"Um," said Captain Tower, when Ludlow had finished his say, regarding the young officer steadfastly, "do you know it is certain death?"

"Well, sir," said Jimmy cheerfully, "there's always a chance."

"I should be sorry to lose you," said the Captain, reflectively.

"It might happen any time, sir," said Jimmy, accepting the compliment. "And we must get through the boom somehow."

"Did you know there was a conference this afternoon?" asked Captain Tower suddenly.

Ludlow admitted that he did.

The Captain smiled. "All right," he said, "I will take you with me."

"May I have what I want from the Electrician, sir, in the meantime?"

"Oh, yes. Certainly."

The gun-room mess had knowledge of its president's visit to the Captain, and the gun-room was curious. But Ludlow preserved an impenetrable silence. And as his messmates watched the departure for the flagship of the Captain's galley, with the sub-lieutenant on board, they had to be content with the conjecture that "Jimmy was up to something."

For Jimmy Ludlow had a reputation.

Half way to the *Indomitable*, Captain Tower noticed a small box which the sub-lieutenant kept close beside him. "What have you got there?" he asked.

"The mine connection, sir; I thought the Admiral might like to see it."

Captain Tower smiled. Jimmy Ludlow was nothing if not practical.

The Admiral was busy, but he was curious to know what had brought that keen officer, the Captain of the *Ione*, to the conference of commanding officers before any of the other captains had even started. In a very few minutes Ludlow and his chief found them-

selves in the great man's cabin. The Admiral stared at the unexpected appearance of the junior officer.

Captain Tower hastened to explain, and suggested that in order to save time Ludlow himself should lay his plan before Sir Charles Cleeve.

"Good," said Sir Charles, turning round in his chair and carefully placing the tips of his fingers together, as was his habit. "Now, young man!"

No whit abashed, Ludlow set forth his idea.

He had finished, and was wondering what verdict lay behind the keen eyes of his silent listener, when a knock came at the door.

"The captains? Good. Show them in."

The captains of the fleet filed in, upright and ready. But clean face and bearded face all showed the strain of night watch and constant tension, and bandages and arms in sling also told their tale.

"Sit down, gentlemen," said the Admiral. "You are just in time to give an opinion. This young man," he waved his hand towards Ludlow, standing in the middle of the cabin, cap in hand, "has had the audacity to suggest that he should swim in to St. Vilet to-night and try to mine the boom single-handed. What d'ye say to that, eh?"

Silence for a moment, while all eyes turned upon the sub-lieutenant. Then said the Captain of the *York*, somewhat dubiously:

"I suppose you would tow your mine, Mr.—Mr. —."

"Ludlow," put in Captain Tower; "sub-lieutenant Ludlow, of the *Ione*."

"No, sir," said Ludlow promptly. "As I explained to the Admiral, I should carry it on my back." He turned to Sir Charles Cleeve. "I have a dummy in this box, sir; shall I explain it?"

"Yes," said the Admiral, "I should like to see it."

"This dummy case," said Ludlow, holding up a kind of oval-shaped box, "will hold several pounds of explosive. These two hooks at the back are to hook over shoulder-straps. That leaves my arms free, and the hooks would help to attach it to the boom. The electro-contact wire runs on this reel, which I should have attached at one side of my waist, where I could get at it easily. Having fixed the mine I should run the wire off as far as I could and make the contact. Of course if I was disturbed I shouldn't wait and—well, it would be all up with me."

A smile crossed the faces of his audience.

The cheek and pluck of the young officer appealed to all. They gathered round the table to examine Ludlow's model more closely. Several comments were passed. The general opinion was that it might come off, but—and it was a very big "but."

"What about the weight?" asked one.

"I reckon it will not be more than a suit of clothes, sir," answered Ludlow, "and I have done five miles fully dressed easily."

"Well, what d'ye say?" repeated the Admiral.

Captain Fentiman, the senior Captain present, dropped his eye-glass, looked round at his brother officers, and turned his broad, rough-hewn face to his chief.

"I say, sir, let him try—for the sake of the fleet." And all the other Captains nodded assent.

"Very well," said Sir Charles, abruptly. "Mr. Ludlow, you are a fine fellow"—he extended his hand—"and I hope this won't be the last handshake we shall have—for the sake of the fleet. But I am afraid," he muttered to himself, turning over the papers on his table as Jimmy went out, "I am afraid it will be another good man thrown away."

Outside on the bare and sanded deck, in the cool sea breeze of the summer's afternoon, Jimmy Ludlow waited for his Captain in thoughtful silence. Now that his plan was actually under way he realised more fully what a big thing lay before him. He looked out over the dancing waves, past the gaunt, battle-stripped ships of the squadron, to the cliffs of distant St. Vilet, gleaming white in the sunshine, and wondered suddenly whether it would be for the last time.

II.

The sun went down that night in a blaze of glory that burnt itself for ever deeply into Ludlow's memory. When twilight came, the fleet as usual steamed out to sea, where, covered by its destroyers, it would be out of range of the restless search-lights on shore.

After dark, Ludlow went below to the surgeon, who dyed him from head to foot a dark coffee colour—a special mixture of his own composition. This was to render the sub. as inconspicuous in the water as possible. Then, clad in an old coaling rig, Jimmy Ludlow was ready.

But the news had got about the ship, and when he came on deck he found all the officers gathered round the wire makeshift for the

quarter-deck ladder, waiting to bid him "God speed." Every one wanted to grip hands. "Good luck, old man!" "Give it 'em hot!" "Keep your pecker up!" came variously with the outstretched hands. "Keep cool," said some one, and there was a laugh.

At the top of the ladder stood the Captain. One more handshake and then, as Jimmy went down the side, a muttered cheer forward, instantly suppressed, told him that the men were giving him their send-off too.

"Full speed ahead," sang the *Peregrine's* Captain down the speaking tube, and the little destroyer shot out into the moonless night. Up on the bridge Lieut.-Commander Havill and Ludlow discussed plans quietly.

"The tide'll be running strongly," said Havill. "Your only trouble will be the cross current by Point d'Orze. Once through that and you're all right. I'd take you inside it if I dared, but it's too close."

"I hadn't counted on getting inside," said Ludlow. "I reckoned on taking the water off Millevranché or thereabouts."

"That's about it," said Havill. "As it is," he went on after a moment, "we shall have to cross the masked battery on the Point."

Swiftly, stealthily, the long, lean hull of the destroyer shot over the dark sea. Nothing but the driving beat of her screws disturbed the black silence. With a double purpose she was making a big sweep round—to keep clear of the enemy's scouts, should any be out, and to give Ludlow the full benefit of the tide, which would soon be on the flow.

Suddenly through the darkness a great beam of light flashed backwards, forwards, and rested, a wide circle of rippling light and shadow, not half a mile away to starboard.

A quick motion from Captain Havill, and the destroyer swung swirling away out of her course. In breathless silence all watched the search-light, now moving, now pausing, as it swept the surface of the waters. But it came no nearer.

"The masked battery," said Havill after a time. "Too close to be pleasant."

"We're clear," he said a little later. "They can't see us now," and he began to edge the *Peregrine* in towards the land.

"How much longer?" asked Ludlow

"About ten minutes. We'll then be about five miles out. You'll have seven to do, off and on, and the set of the tide should take



SUPPOSING HE WERE SEEN FROM THE SEA WALLS? . . .

you right up to the harbour—but look out for that cross current.”

“All right,” said the sub. and went below to get ready.

Clad solely in a pair of “athletes,” and dark as a Malay, it was a quaint-looking figure that reappeared shortly after. If Captain Havill had not been so intent on dropping Ludlow safely and getting back to his flotilla, he might have smiled.

The destroyer’s speed came down to dead slow. Ludlow gave a last look to his straps and their deadly burden. Then, shaking hands with the *Peregrine’s* commander, he let himself quietly down the side and pushed off into the sea.

It was a warm summer’s night, and the feel of the water was not unpleasant. With a long and easy but powerful stroke, Ludlow commenced his big swim.

A few seconds later he heard the churn of the destroyer’s screws. Over his shoulder he saw her dark shape passing. Soon it melted into the darkness, and he was alone

in the silent night with nothing but the stars for guide.

Now began the monotonous portion of Ludlow’s task. With an occasional glance at the heavens he swam on steadily, changing at intervals from breast to side and back again, but taking it quite easily. He knew the tide would help immensely, and he wanted to reserve his energy of mind and body for the end of the game.

There were three critical points on his route—the battery on the Point, masked on this side, but opening across the bay; the cross-current beyond the Point, and finally the harbour entrance and the boom, his goal.

Sooner than he anticipated he reached the Point. The sound of breakers away to his left was the first warning that the shore was not far away. He was in the midst of a calculation as to his approximate whereabouts, when the broad rays of a search-light shot out high up, right ahead. Whereupon he knew that he was nearing the Point and

would soon be in full view of the battery; not that he anticipated much danger from that source.

A little later he passed right under the long shaft of light from the battery, and could see the search-lights of St. Vilet itself moving in varying circles across and around the bay.

Now began the tough part of his task, so far as sheer swimming was concerned. He soon realised that the strong sweep of the cross-current already was taking him out of his course. By raising himself high in the water he could see the shore lights dotted along the bay, and he knew he was coming too far in. Altering his direction, he made vigorous efforts to counteract his inshore drift.

He plugged away strongly, fearing that he would be carried so far in that, once through the current, he would have to take a course that would lose him the full force of the tide.

Minute after minute passed, during which he discovered himself continually dropping off the furthest search-light, his leading mark. At length to his relief he found his line keeping true, and knew that he was out of the grip of the current at last.

Now for a time all was plain sailing. He took a brief rest, floating motionless on his back. Then he turned over and resumed his mechanical one, two, three, once more.

His thoughts turned to the dangers to come, and he wondered whether the merciless glare of the search-lights would distinguish even his small mark, in spite of his precautions. He reassured himself that they would be directed too far out for that, and once he was inside their range he would be in darkness again. But supposing a scouting destroyer came along, or men were at work on the boom for some reason, or he were seen from the sea walls?

"Oh, rot," he said to himself, curbing his imaginative wanderings. "Wait till they happen—no good worrying beforehand."

The moving beams of the search-lights fascinated him as he approached their outward range, and he began to wonder when they would catch him. Slowly he neared them, when suddenly—

He dived beneath the surface, dazzled, dazed, striking out blindly, he hardly knew whither. In a few moments the blinding white glow had passed, and his salt-smarted eyes could see again. "Don't want much of that," he gasped, spitting. "It's hardly pleasant."

But several times yet the sweep of a search-

light crossed his path. He found the best dodge was to turn on his back away from the dazzling glare and paddle gently until it swept clear.

It was a long time before he got fairly inside the moving arcs. Now he was not very far from the end, and he braced himself for the final effort.

Gently, cautiously, with hardly a ripple marking his path, he bore down upon the end of the western wall: To his joy he discovered that his long shot had been aimed to a nicety. The tide should just carry him abreast of the boom. Then, for better safety, he meant to dive.

Slowly, slowly he drifted on. Except for the restless search-lights overhead all was still. It looked like being easier than—ah!

Away on the sea wall shorewards something was moving.

Hardly daring to breathe, Ludlow, with no more than his eyes and the tip of his nose showing, trod water gently and watched. Soon his straining eyes made out two figures, moving with measured tread towards the end of the sea wall. As they came near he could hear their voices plainly above the rippling wash of the waves against the breakwater. He could even distinguish some of their words.

"Il fait une nuit obscure."

Ludlow heard the other man agree. They strolled on to the end of the wall and stood looking at the boom. He could see it quite distinctly, with its top hawser stretched some eight feet or so above the water-line.

"C'est bien singulier," came in clear tones.

"Eh bien! Nous verrons demain."

The two officers wheeled round. Ludlow heard the clink of their swords upon the stone. They came back until nearly opposite the sub, when one of them paused and stooped.

Suddenly he raised himself and his arm swung.

Plash! Ludlow started violently as something struck the water, missing him by inches. A laugh sounded shrilly as the French officers moved away towards the shore.

"Jove," thought Ludlow, "I thought they were shying at me."

All was well, but it was a minute or more before the sub dared shift his position. Then with infinite caution he paddled gently in the direction of the boom.

He was right opposite it, about fifty feet away, when he was startled to find his progress stopped by something, thin but rigid, pressing against his waist. As he paused,



CRASH!

wondering, his feet swung under him and encountered a barrier of some sort that gave slightly at his touch. He felt cautiously with his toes, and explanation dawned on him. It was a wire net defence.

"Can't get under, and it's too high to get over safely," he thought. "I must go round."

He began to work his way along the top bar. At the end, as he expected, was another bar at right angles, with a guy leading up to the top hawser of the boom. He was on the point of diving under the rod connecting with the boom, when an idea struck him, and he floated himself along it instead.

Sure enough, a short way nearer the boom he discovered another net stretching out parallel with the first, and a few feet further on yet another. "Lucky I didn't try to get over," he thought. "I wonder—oh, *the submarine.*"

With a gasp of horror he clung shudderingly to the steel rod, knowing, as certainly as if he could see, that somewhere below, almost underneath him, hung their lost submarine with its hapless crew, caught and caged in the deadly net entanglement.

This then was the reason of its non-return, this was the explanation of the French officer's words. With the weight of the submarine pressing against it the boom could not open, and that was why no French destroyers had been seen for the last day and night. It was all clear now.

Almost oblivious of his own personal danger, Ludlow pushed on towards the boom. The idea of what lay beneath the placid wavelets so shook his hitherto steady nerve that all he wanted now was to finish his job and then get away—away from that unseen, ghastly tomb.

He was at the boom. On the dock head the devilish maxims, ready to riddle him with a hundred bullets, peered down unbecked as he gripped a hawser, and with quick, nervous fingers detached his mine. As he went down to fix it securely into position the thought did occur to him whether the suspended submarine might spoil his effort. But he did not pause to consider. The mine was firmly laid. He made sure the wire would run freely, and struck out quickly in the dark shadow of the wall. A score of strokes and he felt a check. The time had come. Without hesitation he felt at his side.

Crash! A sharp momentary tug jerked Ludlow under water. A sheet of flame spurted out behind; flying fragments filled the air; then followed a dull, grinding roar.

Almost instantly the glare of a dozen search-lights made all around the boom, save the narrow line of shadow on the outer side of the breakwater, as bright as day; and the bright waves were churned into foam as the guns of the harbour focused their fire on the semi-circle beyond the boom.

In the dark shadow of the wall, without a look behind, Ludlow swam furiously, with quick, nervous strokes. Suddenly, however, a terrific, bursting roar from the neighbourhood of the boom forced him to look up. Overhead, high over the wall, flew a great steel structure, its shape illuminated clearly by the converging search-lights. It was the conning tower of the submarine.

"The gasoline," muttered Ludlow; "the gasoline, exploded by a shell."

He swam on, unheeding and unheeded. All eyes and energies were directed away from his course. He did not see the black destroyers dash up on their forlorn hope. He did not stop to see their fate, but swam on behind the harbour towards the shore.

He felt his strength going, but doggedly, mechanically, he swam on. Then, when almost spent, his feet stumbled, and, reeling and swaying like a drunken man, he staggered through the breakers, to fall exhausted on the soft, warm sand.

Overhead towered great, quiet cliffs. Behind, the search-lights flashed and guns raged and roared. But the man who had started it all lay unconscious under the shadow of the cliffs, for, utterly exhausted in mind and body, Jimmy Ludlow had fainted.

* * * * *

"These mad English!" exclaimed one of the French *garde du côté* that picked up Ludlow's senseless form some hours later, "they even fight naked!" And when Ludlow came round he saw no reason why he should offer an excuse for his so scanty attire. Subsequently he spent many uncomfortable hours in St. Vilet prison, before the capitulation of the port brought him back to a crowd of cheering, half-envious messmates, a full Lieutenancy, and, when the war was over, that highest of all rewards, the rarely bestowed V.C.

IN AN INDIAN GARDEN.



By H. HERVEY.

Sketches by E. COCKBURN REYNOLDS.

DON'T you fret; I'm not about to launch into a discourse on animal or vegetable physiologies and exercise you with scientific and technicalities. As I have already said somewhere, I am no *savant*; I do not aspire to knowledge of things beyond my depth; so I am just going to jot down in plain language a little scene or two of insect, bird and reptile life that have been rehearsed outside in the garden when I happened to be round, and where—did I suit my own inclination—I could pass the whole day under the trees, looking on at the fun. But there's work to attend to; and, above all, I must not forget my kind editor friends at home in old England.

To begin with, the house I am living in stands in its own "compound," or grounds. You know that portion of the Embankment Gardens beginning near the Charing Cross railway bridge and skirting the whole river face of the Hotel Cecil? Well, imagine four of these laid side by side; timber that area with tropical fruit trees, adorn it with flowers, plants, and shrubs, run masonry conduits all over the place, lay it out with paths and shady walks, see in your mind's eye three gates with carriage sweeps coalescing to the lofty *porte cochère*, dump down a huge bungalow or house in the centre of this miniature Eden, and there you have a fair idea of my present diggings. The flowers, etc., are at the front; the kitchen and fruit gardens—

with which we have more to do—lie to the rear. A long walk, heavily avened with guava, orange, mango, lime and loquat trees, skirts the back verandah; the locality is seldom intruded on by the servants or gardeners; and it is here that many such "goings-on" as I am about to describe are enacted.

I see something globular rotating across the walk; it is a spherical "dob" of *gobur* (a substance that you find in any field or yard where cattle is herded). But how is it propelled? What is the motive power? A beetle, about the size of, and, in fact, very much resembling, a chocolate cream, and its *modus operandi* is for all the world similar to that of a man rolling a cask; only that whereas the man generally tops the cask, the "dob" is sizes larger than the beetle. The most curious thing about it is that the beetle is reared against the ball, head downward, and progresses backward, pushing the "dob" with her long hind-legs as she goes. Suddenly, the movement stops; a stone obstructs further progress: the beetle gives a heave; no go; the stone is too much for her. Leaving the "dob" she retrogrades an inch or two—in order to gather momentum; then, charging forward, tries to rush the ball over the impediment; but no, the "dob" only tilts and comes rolling back on her. Now, one would imagine that the easiest method of circumventing the difficulty would be to shift her

helm a bit, and so "weather" the stone; she does no such thing. Again abandoning her plunder, *pro tem.*, she attacks the stone, tugging at it, shoving at it, burrowing round it, and as she digs with a sort of shovel arrangement on her head, she looks for all the world like a pig rooting in a field, till at last, with one grand effort, she pushes it out of the way, tackles her "dob" again, and resumes her trundle. She progresses merrily across the path till she gets to the side slope, where the ball feels the gradient, and here the beetle's faculties of reasoning come into play. Directly she realises that the load is actuated by the force of gravity, she springs forward, checks it, and clawing round to the falling side, proceeds backwards, gradually letting the ball follow her, till the level is gained; whereupon she reverts to the shoving process and goes on as before. Curious to see what she would do if she met an immovable barrier, I pick up a brick and gently deposit it athwart her path. Her visual powers are evidently limited, for she takes no notice of me, and propels the "dob" bang against the brick. As soon as she feels the concussion, she skoots round, examines the obstruction, essays to move it, emits a slight fizzing sound—indicative of anger, I suppose—and, finally, realising that the brick is too much for her, she makes a *détour*, and away she goes. I follow. She reaches her burrow; she



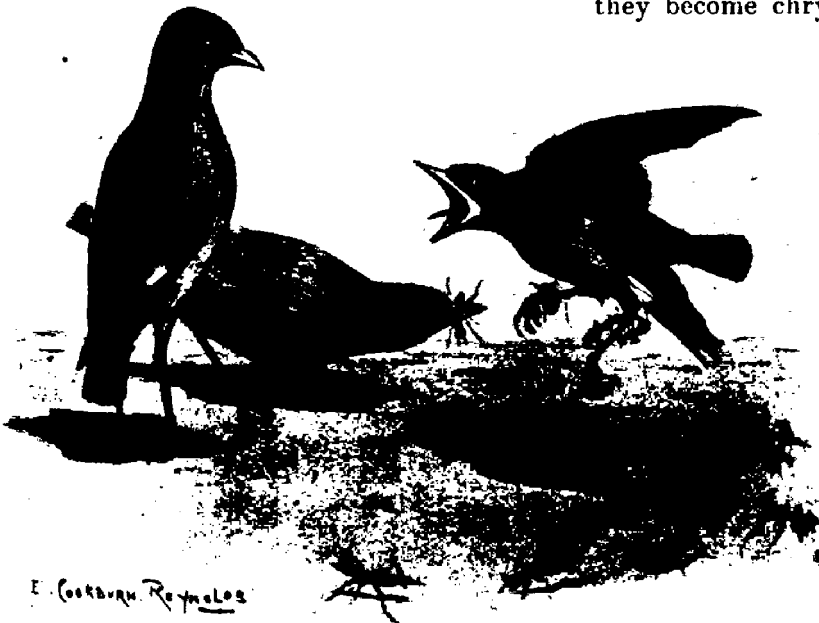
PUSHING THE "DOB" WITH HER LONG HIND LEGS.

manœuvres to the orifice, climbs over the "dob," and, gingerly letting it down the slope, disappears from view. That beetle displayed a pig-headed tenacity of purpose on the one hand, and a rare judgment on the other; first, by her persistence in moving that smaller impediment, by sailing round which she would have saved herself an immensity of time and trouble; and, secondly, in realising the futility of attempting to negotiate the heavy brick and sensibly avoiding it.

Now, doubtless, you all want to know what the beetle trundles pellets of manure about for, and why she eventually buries them. The fact is that ball of manure is her nest of eggs, and she is rolling it along so that the soft material may pick up a good deal of dust and get case-hardened; then the imprisoned heat will hatch her eggs, and the young grubs will use the walls of their house for food till they become chrysales, when they will lie dormant till next year.

But as soon as the ground has been softened by the first rains they will burst the earth, and come forth fully developed Scarabeus beetles. The mother beetle, her labours done, buries herself with the eggs, and dies. The ancient Egyptians noticed this, noticed also that the young beetles sprang to life on the same spot, and that is why the Scarabeus beetle is with them an emblem of the rebirth of the soul.

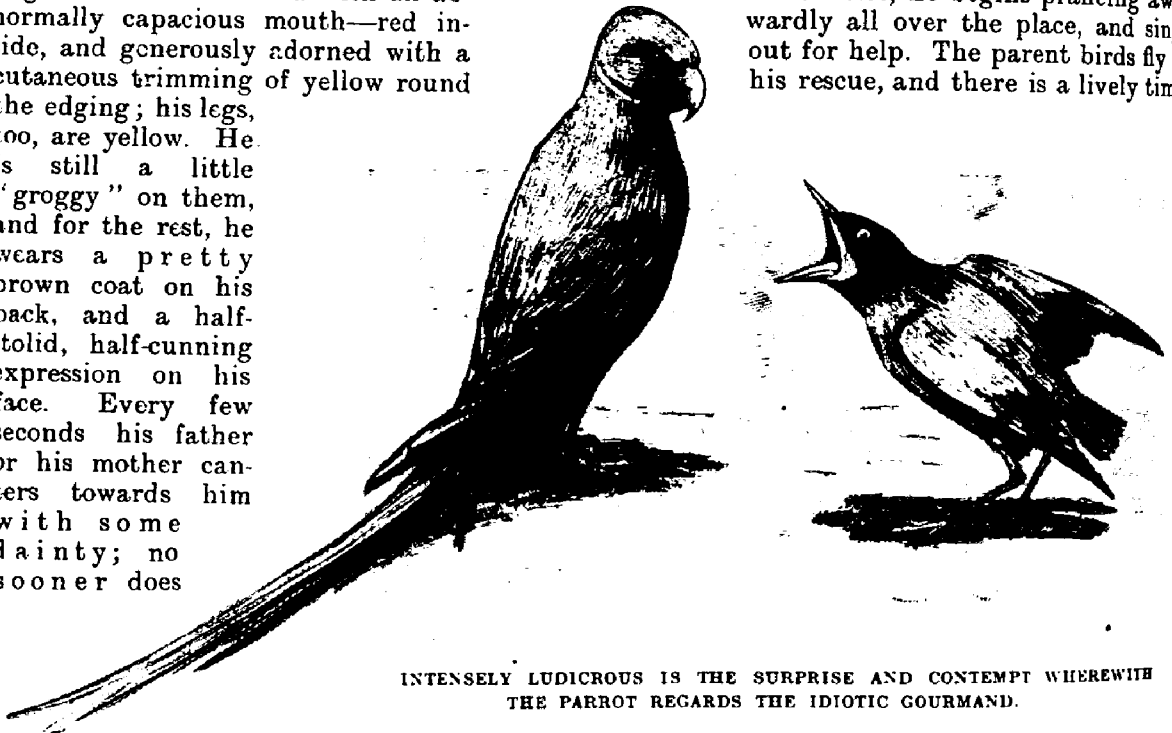
Ah, there are three minas—birds answer-



E. Cockburn Reynolds

THE OLDSTERS PROCEED TO PICK OFF THE ANTS THAT STILL ADHERE TO THE YELLOW LEGS OF THEIR HOPEFUL.

ing, I think, to our English starling, but a tamer, prettier, and more amusing species. Careful not to scare them, I watch. In maturity the mina is one of the most knowing of birds; but as a chicken he is a downright dolt—especially in all situations that may appeal to his voracious appetite. The parents strut purposefully along the ground, squinting on all sides, and keeping up a running fire of talk between themselves and their young one, who lags behind, and who apparently has no thought beyond food, no care outside that of getting his stomach filled; but to accomplish which, at the present stage of his existence, he won't move a finger. He is furnished with an abnormally capacious mouth—red inside, and generously adorned with a cutaneous trimming of yellow round the edging; his legs, too, are yellow. He is still a little "groggy" on them, and for the rest, he wears a pretty brown coat on his back, and a half-stolid, half-cunning expression on his face. Every few seconds his father or his mother canters towards him with some dainty; no sooner does



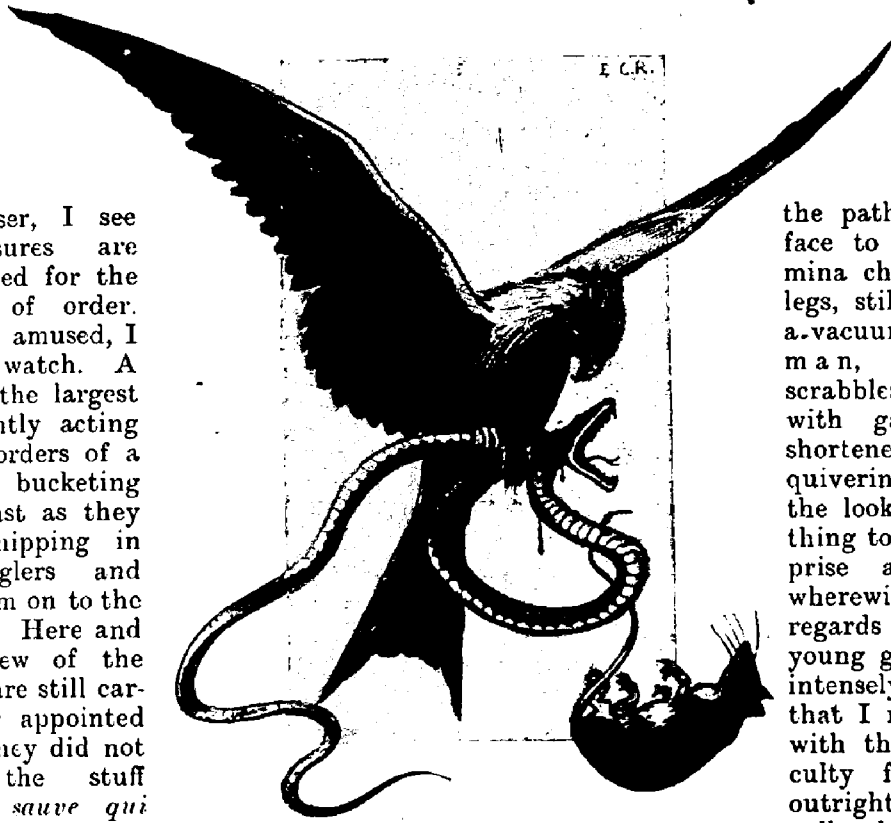
INTENSELY LUDICROUS IS THE SURPRISE AND CONTEMPT WHEREWITH THE PARROT REGARDS THE IDIOTIC GOURMAND.

he perceive the intention than a very ecstasy seems to possess him; he droops and flutters his wings, shortens his neck, throws back his head, and opens his yellow-red mouth wide enough to engulf the parent bird almost. Before the eye can follow it, the tit-bit is popped in, and the gaping "mug" snapped to; the oldster stands by for a while, as if to see how the youngster likes it; the youngster strikes a meditative attitude, apparently sampling the stuff he has swallowed, and then starts his convulsive antics again, asking for more. The trio are proceeding along a side path leading to the vinery, in the order already described; presently, the old birds give vent to a warning "Chay-chay," and simulta-

neously hop over a line of large red ants that are crossing the road, engaged in their favourite business of laying up store for winter or for a rainy day. The young mina, straddling along in the rear, reaches the procession, but, instead of skipping over, like the silly-billy he is he bungles in among the industrious insects, the result, of course, being that the enraged ants fasten on to the trampling yellow legs. The owner of those yellow legs, at first mistaking the nips for something suggesting or prelude of "grub," promptly opens his mouth and gazes into space for the expected morsel; then, becoming alive to an unpleasant sensation in his nether extremities, he begins prancing awkwardly all over the place, and sings out for help. The parent birds fly to his rescue, and there is a lively time.

The oldsters, literally hustling their son out of reach of the now scattering insects, proceed to pick off the ants that still adhere to the yellow legs of their hopeful, all the while maintaining a scolding "Chay-chay," levelled either at the ants or their blundering offspring. This done, there follows a congratulatory chat all round, and then, having cautioned the boy to be more on the *qui vive* in future, the parental couple revert to their foraging.

But what about the ants? The mina *contretemps*, I notice, has demoralised them, for when I reach the trail their formation is nowhere; they are a confused mob; they have broken their ranks, and many are straying in all directions, as if in dire panic. Then,



WRITHING IN THE TALONS OF A LARGE KITE.

Looking closer, I see that measures are being adopted for the restoration of order. Curious and amused, I halt and watch. A number of the largest ants, evidently acting under the orders of a leader, are bucketing about as fast as they can go, whipping in the stragglers and driving them on to the main body. Here and there, a few of the wanderers are still carrying their appointed portions; they did not abandon the stuff when the *saue qui peut* sounded. A galloper scuttles up to one of these more faithful transport men, and, I suppose, delivers the mandate to concentrate; the worker appears to demur at the order, whereupon a "confab" is held between the two. The carrier must have complained of his load, as fettering his movements. For now the scout suddenly rushes on the other, snatches the parcel from his grip, drops it, and the pair race back to the multitude as hard as they can pelt. In five minutes the ants have re-formed, and continue their journey.

I now desire to see something more of my friends, the minas. Several families of them are cruising round, but I have no difficulty in identifying the trio that had already interested me; there they are, skirting the grapery, in the same order as before; I *cache* behind the vine leaves and look on. Presently, there is a rushing sound in the air, and, lo! a battalion of common green parrots comes swooping down to settle on the surrounding trees. After the first start of alarm, the minas take no notice of the newcomers, who—as is their wont—immediately commence to chatter and climb about the branches, while some flop down to have a drink from the flowing conduit. One of these, after quenching his thirst, waddles into

the path, and comes face to face with the mina chicken. Yellow-legs, still conscious of a vacuum in his inner man, promptly scabbles up to Polly with gaping mouth, shortened neck, and quivering wings, on the look-out for something to eat. The surprise and contempt wherewith the parrot regards the idiotic young gourmand is so intensely ludicrous that I restrain myself with the utmost difficulty from laughing outright. But when yellow-legs, in his eagerness and impatience, hops against the parrot, capsizing

him, and then, when the green bird picks himself up, gives his hobbledoy aggressor *one* look, and stalks off on his fore-and-aft-toed legs, wearing at the same time an expression of much offended dignity, I can no longer contain myself, but roar with laughter, scaring parrots and minas alike, and putting a period to my diversion for the time being.

Halloa! what's the row away down at the farthest end of the garden? Tragedy, evidently, for in and around a big tamarind tree the whole ornithological population of the place seems to be congregated, all speaking at once, and raising an ear-splitting din. I hasten towards the locality, arming myself with some stones *en route*. Parrots, minas, tailor birds, or seven sisters, sparrows and other small fry screech and scramble among the branches, all throwing their glances earthwards; the ubiquitous crow, his *confrère*, the crow-pheasant, jays, and several varieties of the handsome kingfisher, fly excitedly from point to point, occasionally sweeping down to a particular spot, each such performance eliciting an outburst of applause—so it sounds—from the others; while, forming an outer circle, numerous kites wheel round and round, adding their shrill cries to the general tumult.

They are all either too excited and angry to notice me, or they regard me as an ally, for there is no doubt that they are disturbed by some common enemy, and perhaps expect me to side with them. If so, they have calculated rightly, for my sympathies freeze to the birds directly I perceive the cause of this clamjamfray, a Dhamin or rat snake, holding in its jaws a field rat by the "scruff" of the neck. Mischievous as he is in a garden, nevertheless I pity the poor rodent, for I hate his captor and all his genus; my experiences of him have taught me to regard the snake—noxious and innocuous—as the foe not only of mankind, but of every sentient creature on the face of the earth. I wish to release the rat; peradventure, the serpent is not poisonous to animal life, and the victim may recover from the mere impress of its teeth. The snake is not very large, and is squirming about in a small depression, handicapped by the weight of its prey, and no doubt distracted by the pandemonium going on above it. The brute is making for its home; I see the entrance close by. Not wishing to risk injuring the rat in the process of stone throwing, I run back to a row of peas to procure a forked stick to pin the snake

with, and then set free the field rat. I am at the pea row when I hear a louder hubbub than ever. I glance back, and there, high up in the air, I see the snake, with the rat still in its mouth, writhing in the talons of a large kite that now ducks, now doubles in the act of avoiding its pursuing brethren. I keep my gaze on the chase. The laden kite dodges slimly, then something comes dropping to the earth. It is the rat. I run to the place where he has fallen; there he lies, stunned and bleeding, but he still breathes. I turn him over; I take him up by the tail and carry him to the nearest point in the conduit; I lay him down on the gravel, and sprinkle him with water; he revives under the treatment; he opens one eye and regards me furtively. I turn to scoop more water in my hands, and wheel round to my patient just in time to see him sprinting away at the top of his speed, apparently very little the worse for all his recent tribulations, while the birds of the air, on witnessing the field rat's resuscitation, raise such a clamour of rejoicing and congratulation, I suppose, that I fly, stunned and deafened, yet glad that I am the means of saving the rat from the tender mercies of that Dhamin.



COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

Last day for sending in, August 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, September 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 18.

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.—“**Captain's Birthday Book.**”—This time take the month of October (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season October falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Class I., a Benetfink No. 2 “Flash” Camera, value 19s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a No. 2 “Scout” Camera, value 10s., manufactured by Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 2.—“**Drawing of a Dog or Cat.**”—Send a sketch of a dog or cat, in pen, pencil, or water-colours. Prizes: Class I., a Sandow Developer, value 12s. 6d. Classes II. and III., a Pair of Sandow Grip Dumb-bells, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—“**An August Event.**”—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of August. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three “Swan” Fountain Pens.

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

No. 4.—“**Photographic Competition.**”—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, *i.e.*, not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—“**Fill-ups.**”—A Six-Shilling Book (to be chosen by winner) will be presented to each of the four competitors sending in the four best “fill-ups,” after the style of those we frequently use in THE CAPTAIN. These fill-ups should be not less than 200, or more than 400, words in length. They should not necessarily take the form of “lectur-ettes,” but should deal with all sorts of matters. The source should be stated at the foot, and the excerpt should be copied with absolute accuracy from the book, magazine, or paper from which it is taken. One comma out of place will be sufficient to disqualify a competitor.

No age limit.

No. 6.—“**Twelve Best Advertisements.**”—We will present four prizes of 5s. to the four readers who send in the most correct lists of the *twelve most striking pictorial advertisements* now to be seen on hoardings and in periodicals. As usual, this competition will be decided by vote. Send post-cards.

No age limit.

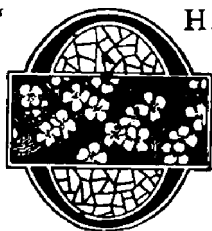
FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **September 18**. By “Foreign and Colonial” we refer to readers living *outside* Europe. There will be **no age limit**. One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: “Foreign and Colonial August Competitions.”

AT HICKSON'S.

By F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 11.—WHY RITA RAN.



I.

H. I'm *sick!*" said Marie Durne, with much emphasis.

"Exactly!" agreed Les West. "So should I be, if my house were as slack as Bowen's."

"Slack!" echoed Grace Hawkes. "I'd like to know how. I can do my hundred now in fourteen and a half, and there's a fortnight before Sports Day."

"Bowen's isn't composed *entirely* of Miss Grace Hawkes," put in Marie, a trifle acidly. "If you can come in second in the senior mixed on Sports Day, you will have done *your* bit. Of course, John Smiles will be first, and I know our young friend Les reckons on a second. It's the fulfilment of his desires that you've got to prevent."

"Yes, Grace," said West. "Knock off all sweet-stuff, run two-fifty every day before brekker, and then you *may* come in third in the hundred yards, and ninth or tenth in the quarter. I won't promise you better than that."

"Thanks," smiled Grace. "Let me know when you do your hundred in less than fourteen secs."

"Oh! lay down your arms, you two, for any sake," interrupted Marie. "I know you're both marvels, but as to which is the more marvellous, Sports Day will decide. Bowen's won't shine, anyway. The flesh is strong enough, but the spirit is unwilling."

"*What!*" said Grace Hawkes and Les West together, not catching the drift of this epigrammatical remark. Marie disburdened her mind of the trouble that had ruffled her general state of calm.

"Well, the fact is, we've a runner in the fourth form who could walk over the whole of Carr's Middle School, only—and this is the tragedy—she won't try."

"I'd like to know who it is," remarked Grace Hawkes, in a tone that savoured of unbelief.

"So should I—much," said West.

"Well, I'll tell you. I only discovered her yesterday. I was sprinting to the College, about three minutes before lock-up, when I noticed a Bowenite running ahead of me—evidently scared of being late. Being, as you are aware, of a sporting nature, I put on the pace, meaning to catch her up. Now comes the funny part. I was going my fastest—and *I couldn't overtake her.*"

"My land!" from Grace; while a long-drawn whistle expressed the amazement felt by West.

"A fact. Well, on reaching the Coll., of course I captured the kid, and prepared to enter her for the mixed Middle School."

"Yes—and who was it?"

"It was—don't laugh—it was Rita Riley."

"Not—*not* the Middle School music maniac?"

"Yes; I tackled her in her study next day and asked her to run. She was practising on her violin, as usual. I appealed, threatened, coaxed, and almost wept—all of no avail. She said she hadn't time to train, as all her spare time was given to her violin. I talked about the honour of the house, but she only looked pigheadedly musical, and absolutely declined to turn out for Bowen's on Sports Day."

Grace groaned, while Les West remarked meditatively;

"I guess if one of our men behaved that way, we should just kick him."

Marie sighed.

"Seems to me we shall do the same as usual on Sports Day—come in a pitiful last. We might at *least* be an occasional jolly good second."

West advanced with laughter in his eyes.

"I believe—yes, I really do—that you've

been thinking about the *Victor Ludorum*. Oh, Marie, how refreshing you are!"

Marie Durne moved off without answering. It was true. She had been thinking of the *Victor Ludorum*—and was still thinking of it. This imposing cup had been in existence for sixteen years—and had been held by the boys' house fourteen times. It went to the house obtaining the greater number of points in the mixed events on Sports Day. Marie was herself a good all-round athlete, but Grace Hawkes was Bowen's fleetest of foot, and better than all Bowen's was John Smiles, of Carr's. But he was indiscreet in his training, and Marie's keen eyes had seen in him signs of a break-up. Taken as a whole, Bowen's were weak, but here and there could be found a brilliant exception. Grace Hawkes was one; Jane Hobbs of the Junior School was another; and the recently discovered and unwilling Rita Riley was a third.

II.

A week later the half-term arrived, and with it Percy John Dover, a small boy, rotund as to form, and with a round, rosy countenance, expressing much stolidity of mind. His parents, having bidden him a fond farewell, handed him over to the Head and departed. The Head, with a few kindly and appropriate remarks, passed him on to a junior, who took him as far as Bowen's Court entrance, and then deserted him.

Percy John leant against the post, viewed the vastness of Hickson's, and gave himself up to melancholy. His feelings need not be enlarged upon in detail, as they are well known to most fellows, and many girls. Suffice it to say that he became profoundly miserable. After a short space of silent suffering, symptoms of grief unrepressed began to assert themselves, and Percy John felt for his pocket-handkerchief—an article always of a more or less unknown quantity.

At this critical moment a tall girl appeared, walking quickly house-wards. She pulled up before the small new one.

"Hallo!" she said, with just the proper amount of sympathy in her voice. "Haven't you any one to show you round?"



"I THREATENED, COAXED, AND ALMOST WEPT."

She was evidently one of those girls whose habit it is always to throw a rope to a fellow-human in distress.

"Don't fret, kiddie," she went on cheerfully; "you'll shake down in a day or two. I'm just going in for tea. Suppose you come with me, and afterwards I'll take you up to the field."

Percy John, feeling better already, followed, and they repaired to the tall girl's study, in which was spread a dainty array of tea-things. Another girl, not so tall, who was stretched at full length on the floor, breathing deep breaths, rose as the two entered, and regarded the small boy with mild curiosity.

"Only a new junior," explained Percy John's friend, who was Marie Durne. "He was moping round, so I brought him along. What were you doing on my study-floor?—and who spread my china?"

"Trying my wind. I did," said Grace Hawkes, replying to both questions in order. "I've come to tea, so I thought I'd do the work in lieu of an invitation. The kettle's boiling, so I'll make the tea if you don't mind, as I'm due up the field at six."

"Right." Marie went to a cupboard and produced a cake, which, with great delicacy and seeming unconsciousness, she placed before Percy John, whose state of mind was still rather downcast.

"I've got something curious to relate," commenced Grace Hawkes; "if you'll buck up and carve the tea, I'll tell you about it. I was watching John Smiles running round the track this afternoon, when suddenly he doubled up and rolled over as if some one had put a bullet in him. He looked mighty queer, and didn't get up, so I and Ward of the fifth sprinted up to see what was wrong. We found poor old John pretty bad. He said it was cramp in his side, that he'd be all right in a minute; but it was a good quarter of an hour before he could walk. He said it was nothing, but it looked to me like a pretty hot case of over-training."

Marie, who had listened to this with great attention, and the teapot suspended in the air, solemnly filled the cups.

"Grace Hawkes, with all due sympathy for Smiles' cramp, I say that things are looking rosy for Bowen's. If you stick to it, you can just do Les West—he's a shocking bad starter, whereas *you* are off with Stevens' powder."

Dr. Stevens manipulated the pistol on Sports Day.

"I reckon," continued Marie, "that with Smiles in form—and I *think* I hope he'll be in form—you'll come in second in the hundred yards; and that, failing Smiles, you'll *win*. The quarter-mile will be a toss-up between you and Les, if John is out of it. Les runs it at tip-top speed all the way."

Grace nodded. "Anyway, we ought to come off decently; and if only that Middle School flyer of yours would do the square thing, and run for the House, we should have a *chance* of the *Victor Ludorum*."

"She won't. She says she doesn't like sports, and doesn't care who gets the cup. She seems to have no interests beyond her fiddle—and I must say she plays it jolly

well. At the same time, I think a girl ought to do what she can for her house, and I have told Rita Riley so until I'm tired."

"Just our luck," said Grace. "when Carr's are inclined 'to be feeble, to have a corresponding feebleness. But it's five to six, and I must fly. See you later, Marie."

Grace departed, and Marie Durne put away the tea, in which process she was aided by Percy John, whose heart had been captured by the senior's continued good nature.

And when, later, she took him up to the field and, with the mighty influence she possessed, procured him a pass into the confidence and good graces of the Lower School, the new junior's unbounded gratitude was such that he swore in secret to devote himself to its practical outlet.

Percy John was small and stolid, but he did not forget benefits received, and his mind, once made up, was not easily turned from its purpose.

III.

Sports Day brought to Hickson's fine weather, lines of horse and motor carriages, and a San Francisco band. Proud were the "people" who claimed relationship with a Hicksonian whose light and airy clothing proclaimed him, or her, to be a competitor.

After several minor events—throwing the ball for Carr's, and the mixed high and long jumps, all won by George Mirams—the bell rang for the mixed senior hundred yards.

In spite of the fact that the result was a foregone conclusion with Hickson's, John Smiles' eleven seconds was heartily cheered; while Grace, with twelve and two-fifths, beat Les West by a paltry foot. It was a good race.

The next mixed event was for juniors under twelve. This was won by Jane Hobbs, who also came in first in the next—an open race of two hundred and twenty yards for mixed juniors. Thus gallantly did Bowen's acquit themselves.

"Strikes me," remarked West. "that it's as well for us your fourth form wonder isn't running. Charming One"—addressing Grace—"how do you feel for the quarter-mile?"

"Fit," responded Grace promptly, "so look out."

John Smiles, who was sitting on the grass, gently rubbing his calves, glanced up.

"Say, West," he said suddenly, "if anything happens to me, we depend on you. Don't forget it."



GRACE SHOT BY, BREASTING THE TAPE A BARE SECOND BEFORE HIM.

"Nothing *will* happen, old fellow," said Les with encouragement; "you did the hundred in *fine* style."

"I don't feel extra sure of myself, somehow," rejoined Smiles, "but perhaps it's stage-fright. There's the bell."

The quarter-mile handicap was the event of the day. Smiles, though scratch, was first favourite, but general opinion differed as to the merits of Grace Hawkes and Les West for the second place.

The runners bent low and forward, each in his, or her, own approved position for a good start. Dr. Stevens read out the numbers with great energy. Grace and

West went off together six seconds before John Smiles. The favourite had a beautiful stride, and after thirty or forty yards he overhauled Grace Hawkes and West, who were running level. He passed them on the outside. Then something happened that put a different complexion on the race—something that had been feared by Carr's, half expected by a few of Bowen's, and deeply dreaded by Smiles himself. Suddenly clapping his hand to his side, the scratch man staggered and fell right in the path of West, causing him to slacken momentarily. Quickly recovering himself, however, West shot after Grace, who had not lost a fraction of a

second. Smiles, after making several ineffectual attempts to rise, was quickly surrounded and carried off the track—crooked for the day. The cramp (brought on by over-training) that had warned him before, had gripped him again. It was bad luck, for the fellow had been looking forward to this day all the term.

Once out of sight, however, he was for the moment forgotten. Bowen's and Carr's

"Carr's—*Ca-arr's*—CARR'S!" triumphantly.

They entered on the last hundred yards with West twenty feet ahead.

Then Grace put forward the strength she had been nursing. With a mighty rush she gained on the Carr's man yard by yard.

"West—Carr's—*Ca-arr's*!"

Les West had been running at tip-top speed all the way, and was, of course, going



"AND PRAY, WHAT ARE YOU SMILING AT?"

alternately cheered and groaned. Grace Hawkes and West, being far ahead of the rest, caused their respective houses to hover between yells of enthusiasm and deep despairing silences. The educated saw that while West regarded the quarter-mile as a sprint, and did his best all the way, the girl did not look upon it as such, for after the first two hundred yards or so she slowed down visibly, and Les West shot past.

"Bowen's—Bowen's—*Bowen's*!" encouragingly.

considerably slower than at the start. A quarter-mile sprint is a big thing for a young runner.

"It's Bowen's—Bowen's—*hurrah*!"

With a last spurt, made just in time, Grace shot by West, breasting the tape a bare second before him.

Much excitement followed.

"You jewel!" gasped Marie Durne, arriving seventh, all the intervening ones being Carr's. "The senior and junior first are ours. The mixed middle school

comes off next. I don't want to see it; I feel too sick at the thought of that Rita Riley giving it to Carr's. If we could have won it, the *Victor Ludorum* would have been ours, in spite of Carr's winning all the jumping, as well as the senior hundred."

"I vote we get through the crowd and breathe a bit," said Grace Hawkes. "Let's go and inquire after John Smiles. He's lying on a seat under that tree."

The two girls made their way through the lookers-on, and collapsed on the grass beside Smiles, who had the air, generally, of a piece of chewed string.

"Hard luck," quoth Grace, patting him gently on the back.

"Never mind, feller, you've pulled off the cup all right. Mirams' jumping and your splendid hundred yards did it," said Marie, thereby causing the desponding look to fade from the face of Smiles.

A murmur that swelled into mighty yelling made both girls spring up.

"It's *Bowen's*—*Bowen's*!"

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Smiles.

A senior boy, breaking away from the crowd, ran up to them.

"They've won," he said to Smiles, who had raised himself on his elbow. "A real flyer—don't know who she is. The darned pot is theirs!"

Marie and Grace made a simultaneous rush for the track, meeting the runners on the way. The winner, a frail-looking girl, obviously out of condition and panting heavily, broke away from enthusiastic congratulations and walked hurriedly towards the College.

"It's Rita Riley!" exclaimed Marie Durne.

"Jove! she can run, whoever she is," said a senior boy.

The crowd broke up, chattering excitedly. Carr's ran hither and thither in horrified astonishment. Could it be true?

"But what made her run after all?" inquired Grace Hawkes.

"Don't know," responded Marie. "and don't care a rap. The *Victor Ludorum* is Bowen's! *Poor* thing!" she added in tones

of deep commiseration to a passing disciple of Carr.

* * * * *

It was the next day.

"Oh, how weird!" laughed Grace Hawkes. Several other of Bowen's seniors were crowded round the table in Marie Durne's study. They bent their heads over a crumpled and dirty scrap of paper, and the study rang with their laughter.

The scrap of paper was of the kind used by the Lower School, and the writing on it was in the hand of a junior—and a very young one at that. It ran thus:

"If you win the mixed Race your fiddel will be give back. If you tell anybody of this it will be Burnd."

"So it was this masterpiece, coupled with the disappearance of your violin, that made you run, after all?" said Grace Hawkes.

Rita Riley, who was standing near the door, assented.

"And since, the fiddle has been returned?"

"Yes—the same day."

Marie Durne banged the table.

"The kid that did this is a coming Force," she declared; "if I could find out who it was, I'd give a study tea in her honour, and let her invite the company. Could appreciation further go?"

A slight movement behind her caused her to look round. Percy John stood there, a broad grin ornamenting his somewhat heavy cast of features.

"What, still here, kid?" said Marie Durne. "And pray, what are *you* smiling at?"

The grin faded away, and Percy John looked uneasy.

"Nothin', I guess," he replied.

"Don't do it, then," said Marie, "Now, friends, if you *don't* mind clearing out! Because I have a little private business with a Latin dictionary. Thanks."

Thus was the *Victor Ludorum* wrest from Carr's House—and the unknown aider and abetter of the dark deed was a Carr's junior, who did it—whisper it softly—all for love of a lady.





Goldfish.—"Ginger" (Salisbury) says he has two goldfish and one of them "constantly rests at the bottom of the bowl. When he does rise to the surface of the water for food, he often turns on his side and so sinks to the bottom again. Is it possible for him to have fits? Or can you tell me why he behaves so queerly?" It is not possible to give a satisfactory answer to questions of this sort, because as a rule the "pets" have been kept, in most cases, differently from how a naturalist would keep them, and therefore the troubles that arise are different from what the naturalist has experienced. I should think that your goldfish is being drowned! Drowning is a form of suffocation, and if you keep fish in water that has no growing weeds in it they will die for want of oxygen, which is practically what happens to a man if his lungs get filled with water.

Big Spider.—R. G. G. (Pernambuco, Brazil) asks for the name and habits of a large Spider, known in Brazil as "Aranha caranguegeira" or Crab Spider. It measures anything between five and twelve inches in length, and is covered with long black hair. "Is it the Tarantula?" No; but I believe Spanish-Americans know it by that name. It is known to Arachnologists here as the Bird Spider (*Pæcillotheria fasciata*) from the fact that it frequently catches and kills small birds. It is certainly worth preserving in a collection. Dealers in natural-history specimens here often have them, but I cannot tell you what their commercial value is. This, of course, would largely depend upon the size, condition, and skill with which they were preserved. I should be glad to have the specimen you so kindly offer to send me. R. G. G. says he noticed a picture in this "Corner" of the Giant Cockroach. "Unfortunately we have too many of them out in North Brazil, of two kinds, known as lively and otherwise. The slow ones are those referred to in the CAPTAIN. The lively ones are red-brown and shining, and when killing

them one has to aim about a foot ahead of them."

Cacti.—"Cactus Plant" (Westcliff-on-Sea) wishes to know the title of a book on Cacti. Get "Cactus Culture for Amateurs," by W. Watson, Curator of Kew Gardens (L. Upcott Gill, 5s.). It contains descriptions with illustrations of most of the kinds that will grow in this country.

Query re Bird's Egg.—G. B. Hony (Malvern) has an egg like a Starling's in size and colour, but it was found in a Hedge-sparrow's nest with three of the builder's eggs. "Can it be a Cuckoo's egg?" Judging from your statement of its size I should say not, though the Hedge-sparrow is a favourite selection of the Cuckoo to act as foster-parent to her offspring. But it is impossible for any one to express a definite opinion about something he has never seen. You might as well ask if that half-crown you received as a tip the other day is a good one.

Tit's Nest.—C. Iarcom (Osborne, I.W.) has found a Great Tit's nest, containing four eggs, built in a Magpie's nest in which were four fresh Magpie's eggs. He asks, is this usual? It is not unusual to find the Great Tit's nest in a deserted Magpie's or Crow's nest, but I should say it was extraordinary to find it in an occupied nest of the larger bird. The Magpie must have had a very kindly feeling towards the Great Tit; or perhaps it was so amazed at the little one's "check" that it felt afraid to eject it. Such a find is certainly worth recording, and it would be well to take note of developments of the situation—what will happen when the eggs are hatched and the Magpie's brood requires more room? Keep your eye on this, and let us hear further on the subject.

Record Nest-building?—G. H. Williamson (Chellaston, Derby) sends me an interesting account of quick nesting which is worth printing. "At a certain brickworks, close to where I reside, a number of heavy carts

are used. One of these was brought in on Thursday evening (Good Friday Eve) and was not again visited until the following Tuesday morning. It was then found that a Blackbird's nest had been built in the nave of the wheel. Four eggs had been laid in it, and the hen blackbird was already engaged in brooding them. I have since heard that the eggs were all safely hatched." I have known nests to be quickly built in an emergency caused by a disturbance, but do not remember anything to beat this. Probably the bird had already begun laying, and had her first nest stolen or destroyed. The necessity for providing accommodation for the unlaidd eggs impelled to instant action on the first site available, and probably the first of the four eggs was laid before the nest was finished. If birds get in such a hurry over their domestic arrangements they may be taking to the use of incubators before long!

Newts.—J. S. J. (Didsbury) bought four Palmate Newts, of which two have died, the third is nearly dead, and the fourth has disappeared. He asks if they ever eat each other, as he feels sure one could not escape. The adults sometimes swallow very small juveniles, but one adult could not eat another. Their jaws are not furnished for such work, so I think you must conclude that number four *did* escape. Adult Newts will not willingly remain in water long after the breeding season is past, and unless the tank is very closely covered they *will* get out.

Wasp-beetle.—C. W. Stacey (Worthing) sends me a beetle in a matchbox which, strange to say, the Post Office officials omitted to smash! He says: "I found this insect on our tennis-net. Never having seen one before, I should be glad if you could tell me the name of it." The insect is the Wasp-beetle (*Clytus arietis*), whose portrait accompanies this note, and for the benefit of readers who have "never seen it before" I would state that its colour is black with bright yellow bands—left white in the drawing.



WASP-BEETLE.

It spends its early life as an internal feeder in timber, and when arrived at full beetlehood flies about flowers, and gets put down as a Wasp, which it is very like on a cursory inspection. C. W. S. further asks if there is any way of preserving the natural colours of pressed flowers. Rapid changing of the drying-papers will do a good deal in this direction, but with many species the utmost care is of no avail, and the cases are rare in which the attempt meets with complete success.

Thrushes.—E. B. Hall (Brondebury) found a thrush's nest with four eggs in a tree in the garden, and wired up the tree to prevent the cats from getting at it. The eggs were hatched, and when the young birds had grown big enough to get lively they fell out of the nest. Then, still to protect them from cats, they were placed in cages which were put outside a window, and the mother-bird fed them through the wires. Then came heavy rains, and the young birds died, so E. B. H. asks me if I can explain the cause of death. Is not this rather obvious? In a cage, with the mother shut out, young birds get no protection from the weather. If they had been put back into the nest the old birds would have kept them warm and dry. An attempt to take over a hen's responsibilities seldom succeeds with very young birds, and could not be expected to succeed under



MOLE.

the conditions described. Yes: thrushes frequently have a second brood.

Mole.—I was much surprised the other day to receive the body of a Mole (*Talpa europæa*) from R. B. W. (Dalston), who had found it in Epping Forest and sent it for identification. That was the surprising part of it, for I had imagined that the Mole was well known by sight to every one; but, on reflection, it occurred to me that among the enormous number of persons in a huge city like London who have little opportunity for actual observation of Nature, there must be many to whom so retiring a creature has never shown himself. And so I thought it would be well to put in a portrait, and my country correspondents must understand that it is not inserted for their instruction. Every country boy, of course, knows a Mole by sight almost as well as he knows a sheep; but I wonder how many of them have looked for and found the tiny eyes that most people believe have no existence? And how many have carefully examined those remarkable feet that are perfect as burrowing implements? Again, have they reflected what a perfect coat he has for the life he leads?—a coat of short velvety fur that enables him to go backwards and

forwards in comfort, and is so close and short that there is little fear of it getting clogged with soil.

Minerals.—C. E. B. P. (Derby) is "thinking about taking up the collection of rocks and minerals as a hobby" and wishes to know of a book on the subject. The only small work I am acquainted with is "Mineralogy" by A. Ramsay, price 3s. (Crosby, Lockwood and Co., 7 Stationers' Hall Court, E.C.).

Dogs and Canaries.—E. T. T. (Reigate) (1) wants a dog for a companion—"one that would not cost very much to keep, but would be useful as a protector from tramps." She suggests an Irish Terrier as meeting the first requirement, but is doubtful whether it would fulfil the second. I have no experience of Irish Terriers, but would recommend an English Terrier. These are both faithful and plucky. I cannot advise as to any particular dealer, or the price to pay. I should think it would be more satisfactory to make inquiries of dog-keepers in your own neighbourhood; some of your acquaintances or tradespeople are sure to know of such. (2) Yes; Upcott Gill publishes Greene's "Canary Keeping for Amateurs," 1s., and Wallace's "Canary Book," 5s. and 6s. 6d. There are plenty of dealers in the district you name, especially at the upper end of St. Martin's Lane and Shaftesbury Avenue, and in Bear Street, Charing Cross Road; but I cannot recommend any one in particular. The price varies greatly, and choice birds are desirable for breeding. I think that if you have no experience in this matter you ought to get the personal assistance of some friend who has, before you begin.

Fire-fly.—Roy Inglis (Croydon) has received a live Fire-fly from Trinidad, and wishes to know how and where to keep it. From the description I should say the species is *Pyrophorus noctiluca*

(a beetle, not a fly), and I do not think you can improve upon your present methods. If you let it loose in the greenhouse, as you suggest, you will probably lose it. In any case you must not expect it will live long, because beetles do not attain to great age as such.

Water Tortoise.—J. Freeman (Cockfield) sends me a description of his Water Tortoises and asks me to name the particular species. I am sorry I cannot do that, as the particulars given refer equally well to the European Marsh Tortoise (*Emys orbicularis*) and the Sculptured Terrapin (*Clemmys insculpta*) of the eastern parts of North America. They are similar in their habits, and their food consists of any small animals not too big to be swallowed—such as worms, insects, tadpoles, newts, small fishes, frogs, &c. They should not be kept entirely in water, but have it handy for them to get into when so inclined. The American species is known to keep right away from water for months at a time. They bury themselves in the ground before winter, and provision should be made in autumn for this retreat. Your Green Lizards will require protection from cold in winter, and if given the materials will curl up among moss, &c., and sleep till spring. You can certainly add newly purchased ones to the same cage, and they will probably get on together, though sometimes they fight terribly, but I have not been able to discover that they can hurt one another. I cannot advise you as to the price you should pay for your Ocellated Lizards, as I have never bought them, neither can I specially recommend any dealer. There are plenty of them, and you need not buy if you are asked more than you think they should cost. Size and condition regulate the prices of such pets, and as a rule a dealer who has them for sale has the price ticketed on the cage.

RESULT OF "NATURALISTS' COMPETITION."

WINNER OF SIX-DRAWER CABINET: Kenneth W. Rainbow, 246 King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: D. E. Tyler, St. Martin's, Cliftonville, Margate; James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow; W. T. O. Zeroni, 13 Pretoria Road, Streatham, S.W.

HIGHLY COMMENDED: J. Medley, Hugh F. Stoneham, A. J. Aldridge, R. O. Nicholls, C. McArthur, J. Cyril Perry.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. M. Urquhart, A. T. Vaughan, J. H. Symes, Winifred Milner, Ernest O. Tancock, Phyllis H. Arundel, Albert E. Burton, D. C. Taylor, John Bell, Isobel J. Keith, G. A. Taylor, Harry A. Collins, Joseph K. Matthews, Olive L. Coxhead, Reginald Purdon, Kate Duffy, F. Broadhead, Norman D. Cuthbertson.

Several of the best essays will be published in future issues.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

The Sherborne Pageant.

SHERBORNE School and its associations played no little part in the historical folk-play which was enacted last June in this quaint old Dorset town to commemorate the twelve hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the town, bishopric, and school. The "book" was the work of Mr. Louis N. Parker, the well-known author and playwright, who was for many years a master at Sherborne School, while Mr. A. F. Tester, the present organist, was responsible for the music. The play consisted of a series of twelve episodes, the first of which depicted the foundation of Sherborne by St. Ealdhelm in 705. The second described the defeat of the Danes by Bishop Ealhstan, and next came the death of Æthelbald, whose nephew, Alfred the Great, is left at Sherborne to be educated. The fourth episode gave a view of Monastic life in 998. Next, in 1075, William the Conqueror removes the See to Old Sarum. A few years later, Roger de Caen builds the castle, in whose grounds the play was produced, the old ruins forming a most impressive background. The seventh episode, skilfully rendered in the Dorset dialect by Mr. Walter Raymond, told of a dispute between monks and parishioners

which resulted in the firing of the Abbey. The foundation of the still flourishing Almshouse, in 1437, by Sir Humphrey Stafford, occupied the eighth episode; while the dissolution of the Monastery and expulsion of the monks by Henry VIII. formed the theme of the ninth episode. The refounding of the school by Edward VI., in 1550, supplied the subject of the tenth episode, in which present Shirbirnians appeared, and sang an appropriate poem, written by Mr James Rhoades, and set to music by an Old Shirbirnian. The next episode presented the home-coming of Sir Walter



NOEL, THE INFANT SON OF MR. TOM BROWNE, THE FAMOUS BLACK-AND-WHITE ARTIST.

Raleigh to Sherborne Castle, the famous incident of "Sir Walter's pipe" being introduced. During each episode the mass of performers in the arena increased until no less than nine hundred persons combined to form the gorgeous and effective spectacle of the final tableau. Sherborne is to be congratulated upon the success which attended its Pageant, an achievement only made possible by the remarkable spirit of enthusiasm which characterised the labours of every one engaged in its presentment. C. G. PAUL.

Shakespeare on the Test Matches.

(ADAPTED BY JOHN LEIGH TURNER.)

The day before :

"So tedious is this day
As the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them."
Romeo and Juliet, Act iii. sc. 2.

The Captain sets a good example :

". . . with a noble fury and fair spirit
Seeing his reputation touched to death
He did oppose his foe."
Timon of Athens, Act iii. sc. 1.

C. B. Fry in :

The Crowd : "He has no equal."
Coriolanus, Act i. sc. 2.

Noble (bowling) : "I would have thee gone."

Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 4.

C. B. Fry out :

The Crowd : "So noble a master fallen."
Timon of Athens, Act iv. sc. 2.

Darling : "I'm very glad on't."

Cymbeline, Act i. sc. 2.

Noble : "Is't not perfect conscience To quit him with this arm."

Hamlet, Act v. sc. 2.

Standing up to Cotter :

Hayward : "You are too swift, sir."
Love's Labour Lost, Act iii. sc. 1.

Retired hurt :

"There be some sports are painful."
Tempest, Act iii. sc. 1.

Stopping a Rot :

"What defence thou hast
Betake thee to't."
Twelfth Night, Act iii. sc. 1.

The Stonewaller :

"More guarded than his fellows."
Merchant of Venice, Act ii. sc. 2.

"I think I have that back trick as strong
as any man."—*Twelfth Night*, Act i. sc. 3.

In an hour for four runs :

The Crowd : "This is not the way to win."
Richard III., Act iv. sc. 4.

L.b.w. :

Phillips (umpiring) :

". . . the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty."
Merchant of Venice, Act iv. sc. 1.

Half an hour to play and fifty runs to get :

Darling (to Trumper) :
"Time calls upon us."
Antony and Cleopatra, Act ii. sc. 2.

Jessop hitting hard :

The Batsman : "There I hit it right."
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii. sc. 3.

The Crowd : "You're powerful at it."
Winter's Tale, Act ii. sc. 1.

The hat trick :

"This is the third time."
Merry Wives of Windsor, Act v. sc. 1.

A bad light :

"Give o'er the play!"
Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 2.

"'Tis no time to play now."
Romeo and Juliet, Act iv. sc. 5.

The Men left out :

"How ill it follows after you have
Laboured so hard."—*Henry VIII.*
Act ii. sc. 2.

After an Even game :

"The better matched, the greater victory."
Julius Cæsar, Act iv. sc. 2.

The Return of the Victors :

"After the hurly burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won."
Macbeth, Act i. sc. 1.

A London Clerk's Holiday.

IT is August in London. Heat bubbles from the wooden roadway, trembles in the air flashes from the quivering shop-windows. Only one thought is in our minds—our holidays.

And after many hours of limp collars and moist brows, the blessed time arrives, we pack a bag, we don a cheap summer suit, and we enter the railway station, jostle amid the warm and happy crowd, distract the perspiring porters, scarcely breathe in the oven-like train, and emerge at last, grim, grimy, but exultant, at Hampton-on-Sea.

And when we are settled in our apartments, our first thought is of shrimps and stacks of



PEDESTRIAN WAG: "HALLO, KERNEL!"
 Drawn by A. B.

snow-white canvas of a tiny yacht flashes like a sea-bird's wing in the distance. A sunburnt old boatman ambles along the front, informing all and sundry that "the *Skylark* is just a-goin'!" His voice seems to chime in with the rush of the water, and become a part of the scene.

All "grown-ups" have sunk into a delicious laziness, and only the bare-legged children are busy, as they erect sand castles, and fish for strange water plants, or try to capture the tiny brown crabs, with screams of merriment.

And we lie on our back, we bask in the sun, and we dream—and dream—and dream—until—

Our holiday is over! We crawl to the station, we jostle the heated crowd, we growl at the "beastly sun," till we stand once more in Fleet Street.

And the heat bubbles from the wooden roadway, trembles in the air, flashes from the quivering shop-windows! P. DACRE.

An Easy Way of Saving a Drowning Person.

MANY ways have been suggested as the best for saving drowning people, but to my mind the simplest and most effective is the following, to which I should like to call the attention of CAPTAIN readers.

Should a person be seen to be in trouble.

bread and butter. So we tea; then wander beach-wards. A broad, green common stretches up to the parade, where "swells of the ocean," clad in spotless flannels, stroll arm-in-arm with dainty damsels, cool and fascinating under their many-hued parasols.

Down on to the sands we bound, with eyes only for the sea—the murmuring, silver-splashed sea. And as we watch the last shafts of the glowing sun quiver on the crimson-tipped waves, we sit in rapt silence, awed by the vastness of earth, and sea, and sky, till our unromantic inner man reminds us that it is supper-time.

We rise early next day, and wander to the beach again, book in hand, to read, and dream, and idle.

The scene is perfect. The heavens deepest blue, flecked with billowy clouds, the ocean getting greener and darker green until it fades mistily into the horizon. Out at sea a golden-brown-sailed fishing-boat is rolling on the waves, and the



THE DIVER ATTACHED TO H.M.S. "VICTORIOUS" DESCENDING AT LAMLASH BAY.

Photo. by George Milne.



THE FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "INDUS," FORMERLY
THE FLAGSHIP OF THE ADMIRAL SUPERINTEN-
DENT OF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

Photographed by special permission by the
Rev. H. D. Nicholson, M.A.

simply throw a towel, coat, pair of trousers, braces, anything to him and then jump in yourself and save the article which you have thrown away. The drowning man or woman or child will naturally cling to anything that comes within his or her reach, and if the other end of the article thrown in is seized by the would-be rescuer, the "to-be-rescued" may easily be towed ashore. Should the drowning person be in trouble too far off for anything thrown to reach him, let the article be taken within his reach, and then pull for the shore for all you are worth. The advantages of this method over the other difficult, dangerous, and sometimes impracticable ones seem to me very numerous, the chief being that the rescuer

does not come within the deathly and tenacious grip of the drowning man, and should the rescuer get fatigued he can always "let go."

ARTHUR G. NEGUS.

Skegness.

ASK your North of England friends where Skegness is, and they will hesitate ere they reply, for not a few will be ignorant of the fact that Skegness lies on the flat Lincolnshire coast, midway between Burgh and Wainfleet.

There are two things about the place which first strike a visitor—sand and trippers.

The sands are perfect. They stretch for miles along the coast, hard, smooth, and shining, and form the most delightful of playgrounds for impromptu games of hockey and cricket.

Of trippers there are thousands. Skegness has been called the Yarmouth of the North, but he who would shudder to spend a week-end at noisy Yarmouth can safely enjoy a long holiday here. There is no crowding; the excursionists betake themselves with one accord to the "tripper's" end of the beach, where cokernut-shies, merry-go-rounds, donkeys, &c., are in evidence, and leave the *élite* of Skegness to enjoy the fine parade, the pier, the park, and the gardens.

A word must be said in favour of the trippers, for they are exceptionally well-behaved. The frightful discords of concertina and mouth-organ, the various uproars which one usually associates with the name of tripper, are wanting here. They are a simple, friendly, hard-working people coming chiefly from the large manufacturing towns of the North, and very different from our suburban Bank Holiday crowds.

There is little fishing and boating done here, but certainly the great drawback at Skegness is the poor bathing. The most enthusiastic swimmer may plunge seawards for half a mile, and still find himself knee-deep in water.

A huge sand-bank beyond the pier partly accounts for this, and consequently the seawater swimming-bath is well patronised.

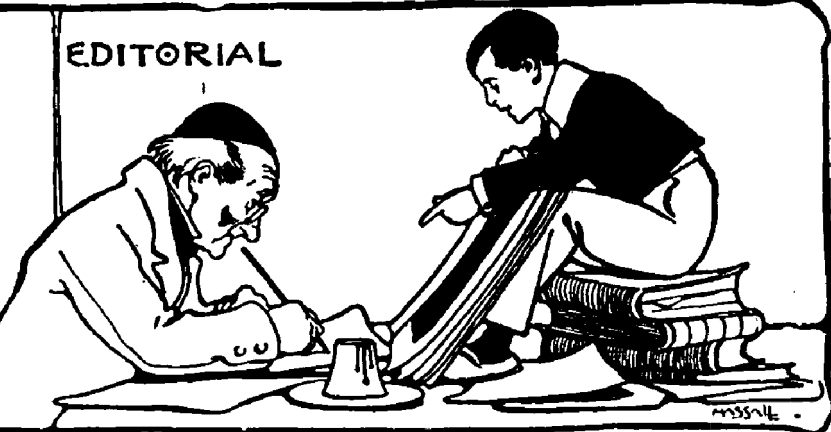
Skegness is essentially a health-resort. The town, with its one long main street, is well built and clean; the breezes which come from the German Ocean, and across miles of flat open country, give the place a wholesome, bracing tone.

Any one who wishes to spend an enjoyable holiday in a thoroughly healthy and bracing place, cannot do better than make up his mind to go to Skegness.

"PUELLA."

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

The Idle Month.—August is undoubtedly the idlest month of the year—the month which one spends, metaphorically, lying on one's back. There is a distinct lull in the country's business, and so our hard-working clerk hies him to the seaside, and London is empty save for some five million souls who cannot get away for August. Gardens and fields have reached the full maturity of their summer glory, and one is greeted on all sides with heavy, drowsy scents. Lucky is the man who can put down his pen and revel in August idleness. For, except to the young or the very active, this month is hardly the month for violent exercise. It is true that there are some people whose one idea of a holiday is to put their muscles constantly on the grindstone. They cover huge distances on cycles, and leap about for hours on tennis-courts, in the full glare of Mr. Sun at his hottest. But I think the generality of mankind prefer for the most part to loll and laze in the shade. Of course one walks, and swims, and boats, and cycles, and plays tennis in a moderate degree, but the Gentle Art of Taking It Easy is, I fancy, the art which is most assiduously studied. For August is the month of all the months when shady nooks are most welcome; now we seek out the leafy bower, unfold our deck-chair, and idle away the time not unprofitably—aided by those silent and yet eloquent companions, our favourite books.

I have an idea that many people consider winter to be the book-reading season, but I do not think people read books much more in the winter than they do in the summer. In the latter season, owing to the temperature, one can sit quite still for a very long time and experience no inconvenience

owing to "that chilly feeling" which comes upon one in the winter unless the room is well warmed. On a hot summer's day it is possible to dream away a whole afternoon with a book—now reading it, now thinking, now perhaps, if it is very hot, dozing a little. I think one enjoys one's reading quite as much in the summer as in the winter. My favourite time for reading is late at night, when the house is quite still and silent. That is the most witching hour to renew acquaintance with a book that you love—that silent, cool hour when all is hushed, and the blinds are just moved by a gentle night breeze.

Mr. Williams, in his own particular "Corners," has given you most comprehensive advice about how to go touring, and more particularly how to go touring with a camera, and now for my part may I suggest that if any of you are in some doubt as to which direction your wheel should take for a tour, you might do worse than plan out a week's wanderings in some great author's "country." Almost every great author has a country, either the country described in his books, or the district he selected for his abode. If you write to Messrs. A. and C. Black, Soho Square, London, W., they will send you a list of a number of charming little works which they have published describing the "countries" of various novelists—the Dickens country, the Thackeray country, and so forth. The great novelist who has most largely applied himself to the description of a certain part of rural England is undoubtedly Thomas Hardy, whose "country" is Wessex—viz., Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and the adjacent counties. Hardy may be a little above junior readers of the CAPTAIN, but many of our senior readers will no doubt be familiar with his works. Then there is the "Thackeray country," which also lies in

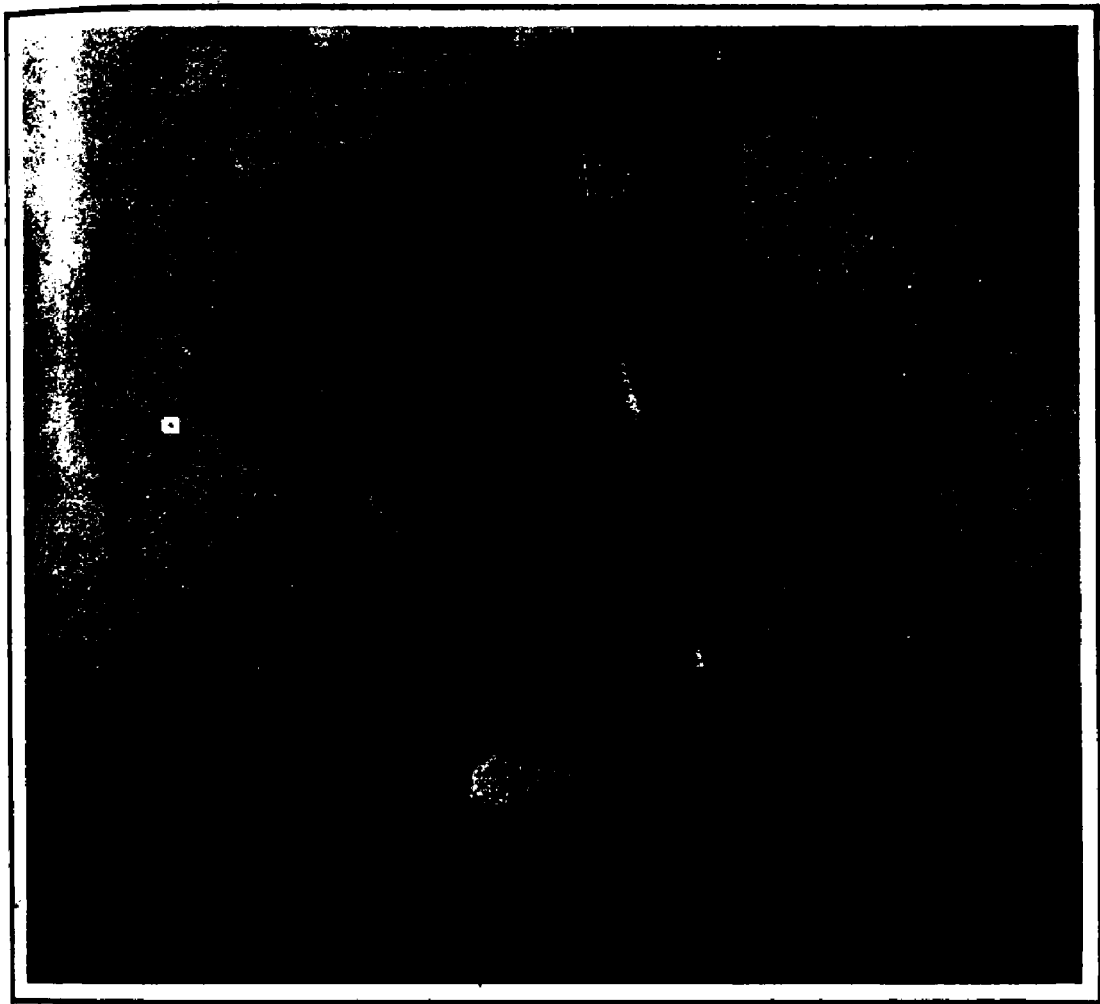
the West, as does the country of Kinglsey and Blackmore. The "Dickens country" is adjacent to London. Working northwards in easy stages, one comes first to Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire—"Disraeli's country"; then to North Warwickshire—"Eliot's country"—where you may lean upon the gate of the very farm in which "Mrs. Poyser" waxed garrulous; then to the Yorkshire moors—the "Erntë country"; then to the Lake district and its fragrant poetical associations; and then away over the border to the country of Scott, of Burns, and—in modern times, let us not forget—of that virile and picturesque recorder of gallant deeds—Samuel Rutherford Crockett.

I cannot call to mind any novelist who has made the eastern counties his happy hunting-ground, but if you go into Suffolk—to Dedham and East Bergholt, and all round there—you will understand why Constable delighted to honour this region by immortalising dainty patches of it with his masterly brush. Indeed, to any of you who want a centre from which to take daily bicycle trips or walking tours, let me commend the old-fashioned village of East Bergholt, the station for which is Manningtree, on the Great Eastern Railway. Bergholt is three and a half miles from Manningtree by road, and about eight from Colchester. An ideal sauntering place for cyclists, this; and a daily dip can be had in the little river which appears in not a few of Constable's pictures. Bergholt Church, I may add, contains a curiosity in the shape of a bell-shed, one of the only two bell-sheds in the country, I believe. The story goes that they never could build a tower to Bergholt Church, because the Devil pulled it down in the night. At any rate, although we laugh in these up-to-date times at such absurd superstitions, there is the unfinished tower, and there is the bell-shed. There is also what is alleged to be a "haunted grange" in East Bergholt, and I myself have watched for the mysterious lights which are said to appear, though I must confess I was never fortunate enough to see them.

Those of you who wish to know of a place where one can enjoy a free and unfettered existence, where young ladies can walk about with their pretty feet innocent of shoes and stockings, where there are no niggers, canary-men, fortune-tellers, or

dreadful "troupes" of masked performers, where the bather dresses and undresses in caves, or under the shelter of gigantic rocks—well, you will find just such a place in the little fishing-village of Perranporth, which lies nine miles from Truro. Within walking distance are the scenes of some memorable shipwrecks, not far away being the spot where the *City of Paris* was laid up for months some seven or eight years ago. It is not a good cycling country, this, but there is plenty of hard hill-climbing for stout legs. Near Perranporth is a dynamite factory which venturesome CAPTAINITES may like to inspect. Personally, I like viewing such places from a safe distance—say two miles.

Talking about books, when one goes into an author's "country" it is highly advisable to take with one a "Life" of that particular author, for then the interest of the visit is enhanced by the fact that one can survey the novelist's favourite walks, the church he attended, and the scenes by which he was inspired. One can also pick up in the course of gossip something about his characters, for every author whose *forte* is character-drawing must draw to a large extent from life. It is as necessary for him to do this as it is necessary for a painter to have models. Of course, all writers with any consideration endeavour to disguise the identity of their models, but they are not always successful. Dickens put Leigh Hunt into a book, and, I have read, gave great offence to that charming essayist by the portrait he drew of him. Charlotte Brontë "took off" curates of her acquaintance in "Shirley." In a letter to her publisher she said that the curates "showed no resentment, each finding solace for his own wounds in crowing over those of his brothers." Speaking of one of them, she adds the curious fact that, "since he read 'Shirley' he has come to the house oftener than ever, and appears remarkably subdued and assiduous to please." You will find many other like instances if you take the trouble to read the lives of our great fiction writers. It was highly necessary for Charlotte Brontë to use whatever human material she could find near at hand, seeing what a secluded life she and her sisters led. I have heard it said that they knew only one bad man, and that was their brother, and he appeared in their books as the villain. Probably they made him their model quite unconsciously.



THE REV. THE HON. CANON EDWARD LYTTELTON, M.A., WHO IS SUCCEEDING DR. WARRE
AS HEADMASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

Photo. by Russell and Sons.

You can read about this unfortunate young man in Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." It is shown there what a trouble he was to his father and sisters, but, after all, he served his purpose in that his little genius sisters were able to make use of him in the way described. He himself was a brilliant fellow in his way, and would probably have made a much better business of his life had he lived in less austere surroundings. One's environment has a very great effect on one's character, and this fact ought to be carefully remembered by parents who have sons who are apt to be erratic and troublesome.

I hope to have another little literary chat with you in a future number, but this month I must move on to other matters which claim my attention. One little story,

however, I must tell, and it concerns this very subject of describing actual people and places in fiction. About twelve years ago a new weekly paper was launched by a popular humourist, and of its earliest contents I particularly remember a serial story contributed by a rising young novelist, who told a weird tale of a sculptor who murdered one of his friends and hid the body inside a huge female figure which he was modelling. The novelist calmly took as a "model" for his central character a well-known sculptor, and described his studio in detail. In fact, he instructed the artist who illustrated his story to go and make a sketch of the studio. That was, as you will understand, carrying realism a little too far, as the sequel will show. The artist was a very little, mild-looking man—a highly conscientious worker who always

followed out instructions to the letter. On this occasion, obediently to orders, with sketching-block under arm he proceeded to the studio and rapped boldly on the door. On the door being opened the little artist found himself confronted by a huge fellow over six feet in height, and of stalwart build, wearing the long smock that sculptors affect when they work. The artist explained his errand: he had come to make a sketch of the studio. The gigantic sculptor glared at him in a truly fearsome way. "Ho!" he said, "I have heard of this yarn, and a nice piece of cheek it is. Clear off, and look sharp about it," he thundered, "and tell Mr.—" (naming the author of the story) "that if he will favour me with a call I will punch his head for him." Needless to say, that little artist got down the path in double-quick time. I daresay, when he was in a milder mood, the sculptor laughed heartily over the incident. I think the story itself ended by the sculptor going mad and setting the studio on fire, thus destroying model, corpse, and all. At any rate, the ending was very wild and woolly—the sort of ending that makes one's "flesh creep" in a highly thrilling and enjoyable manner.

School Sports Results, 1905.—

I am indebted to all the correspondents who have enabled me to publish the following results of this year's sports. It is interesting to compare those of St. Andrew's College, Grahamstown, and the Vancouver College and High School, with those of our own schools. In the case of the former, four records were created, and my correspondent also encloses the existing records for the other events, which, he thinks, are slightly better than the average English public school records. I print these records below, in order that readers at home may match them against their own school records.

Hurdles.—17 sec., 1886.
 High Jump.—5 ft. 4½ in., 1893.
 Long Jump.—21 ft. 4½ in., 1895.
 Cricket Ball.—122 yd. 1 ft. 10½ in., 1899.
 Weight.—33 ft. 3 in., 1881.

The Hurdles time is excellent, but the High Jump is nothing very great. The Long Jump is good, but by no means a record. W. H. Dunnett, of Ipswich School, for instance, this year covered 22 ft. 3 in.—which must be very nearly a record. Dunnett also distinguished himself in the "Hundred" (10½ sec.), Hurdles (17½ sec.), and High Jump (5 ft. 5½ in.). His "Hun-

dred" and "High Jump" are the best I have noticed in this year's school sports, and I must congratulate Ipswich School on the possession of such a redoubtable athlete.

It may be interesting to my public school readers to compare their own times, &c., with those accomplished at the Amateur Athletic Association's Championships meeting, on July 1. Here are the principal results:

Four Miles.—V. Smith, 21 min. 8½ sec.
 Mile.—G. Butterfield, 4 min. 25½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—B. J. Blunden, 2 min. 2 sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—W. Halswell, 15½ sec.
 220 Yards.—H. A. Hyman, 22½ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. Morton, 10½ sec.
 Hurdles.—R. Stronach, 16½ sec.
 High Jump.—G. Leahy, 5 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—P. O'Connor, 23 ft. 9½ in.
 Weight.—Denis Horgan, 44 ft. 5½ in.
 Hammer.—T. R. Nicholson, 155 ft. 10½ in.

The surprise of the meeting was the defeat of Shrubbs in the Four Miles. P. O'Connor's long jump was the best championship distance ever recorded. The "quarter" was a great race; W. Halswell, the winner, holds a commission in the Highland Light Infantry. T. R. Nicholson was in great form with the hammer, and Denis Horgan (says *Lloyd's Weekly*, to which I am indebted for these figures) gained his ninth victory in the weight-putting competition.

Now let us see what the schools have done in similar events.

BIRKENHEAD SCHOOL.

Mile.—Bigland, 5 min. 3½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—Bigland, 56½ sec.
 100 Yards.—Bigland, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—Band, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—Emmott, 4 ft. 7 in.
 Long Jump.—Band, 19 ft. 11½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—Pemberton, 82 yd. 2 ft. 5 in.
 Weight.—I. C. D. Irvine, 25 ft. 8 in.

BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL.

Mile.—A. V. Hill, 5 min. 3½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—A. V. Hill, 59 sec.
 100 Yards.—R. L. Bryant, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—R. L. Bryant, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—B. F. Newill, 4 ft. 10½ in.
 Long Jump.—B. F. Newill, 17 ft. 10½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. S. McIntyre, 102 yd. 3½ in.
 Weight.—B. F. Newill, 28 ft. 2 in.

CRANLEIGH.

Mile.—S. E. M. Lawrence, 5 min. 25 sec.
 Half-Mile.—R. Bown, 2 min. 26½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—W. B. Cross, (minor), 62 sec.
 220 Yards.—S. E. M. Lawrence, 26½ sec.
 100 Yards.—W. B. Cross (minor), 12½ sec.
 Hurdles.—H. W. Young, (minor), 17 sec.
 High Jump.—J. C. Frood, 4 ft. 9½ in.
 Long Jump.—H. A. Cressall, 15 ft.
 Cricket Ball.—H. A. Cressall, 101 yd. 9 in.
 Weight.—H. W. Young (minor), 29 ft. 2 in.



MR. F. W. WALKER, M.A., THE RETIRING HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.
Photo. by Russell and Sons.

GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL.

1000 Yards.—W. Turner (no time given).
Quarter-Mile.—J. W. Findlay, 56½ sec.
100 Yards.—J. W. Findlay, 11 sec.
Hurdles.—J. W. Findlay, 18 sec.
High Jump.—J. Milne, 4 ft. 10 in.
Long Jump.—J. Findlay, 19 ft. 5½ in.
Cricket Ball.—P. M'Diarmid, 78 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.
Weight.—John M'Innes (distance not given).

HIGHGATE.

Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 4 min. 58 sec.
Half-Mile.—A. J. N. Williamson, 2 min. 10½ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—H. Gardiner, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—H. Gardiner, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—G. R. Sayer, 19½ sec.
High Jump.—G. R. Sayer, 5 ft. 1½ in.
Long Jump.—L. W. Sothers, 18 ft. 2½ in.
Cricket Ball.—L. W. Sothers, 96 yd. 1 ft. 4 in.

IPSWICH.

Mile.—F. P. Wood, 5 min. 16½ sec.
Half-Mile.—K. Raynor, 2 min. 13 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—K. Raynor, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—W. D. Dunnett, 10½ sec.

Hurdles.—W. H. Dunnett, 17½ sec.
High Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 5 ft. 5½ in.
Long Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 22 ft. 3 in.
Cricket Ball.—C. J. Brown, 93 yd. 2 ft. 2 in.

QUERNMORE SCHOOL.

Mile.—Ashton, 5 min. 32 sec.
Quarter-Mile.—Pearsall, 58½ sec.
100 Yards.—Ashton, 11½ sec.
Hurdles.—Ashton, 15½ sec.
High Jump.—Lewis, 4 ft. 6 in.
Long Jump.—Lewis, 17 ft. 10½ in.
Cricket Ball.—Ashton, Jasper, 88 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, GRAHAMSTOWN, CAPE COLONY.

Mile.—H. T. Landers, 4 min. 42 sec.
Half-Mile.—H. T. Landers, 2 min. ½ sec.
Quarter-Mile.—W. G. Crosby, 55½ sec.
100 Yards.—J. W. H. Carr, 10½ sec.
Hurdles.—W. J. Jooste, 19½ sec.
High Jump.—H. Ford, 5 ft. 3½ in.
Long Jump.—18 ft. 11½ in.
Cricket Ball.—M. A. Bell, 98 yd. 9 in.
Weight.—C. C. Atherstone, 32 ft. 6½ in.

VANCOUVER COLLEGE AND HIGH SCHOOL.

Mile.—Shearer, 4 min. 58½ sec.
 Half-Mile.—Shearer, 2 min. 22½ sec.
 Quarter-Mile.—McCurdy, 60½ sec.
 220 Yards.—E. Murray, 25½ sec.
 100 Yards.—E. Murray, 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—E. Murray, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—E. Murray, 5 ft.
 Long Jump.—E. Murray, 17 ft. 8 in.
 Weight.—Robertson, 32 ft. 10 in.

Another Record.—I don't venture to assert it as a fact, but I doubt whether nine first-class cricket matches have ever before been started on a Monday and finished definitely on the Wednesday. This, at any rate, took place on June 19, 20, and 21, when Lancashire beat Somerset by an innings and 79 runs, Sussex beat Kent by 306 runs, Northants beats Derbyshire by 23 runs, Yorkshire beats Notts by 127 runs, Middlesex beat Surrey by eight wickets, Leicester beat Hants by an innings and 92 runs, Warwickshire beat Oxford by eight wickets, Cambridge beat the Gentlemen by eight wickets, and the Australians beat Dublin University by 231 runs.

A Charming Book to read at this time of the year is Mr. Edward Step's "Wild Flowers Month by Month in their Natural Haunts," the first volume of which, price 6s., we have received from the publishers, Messrs. F. Warne and Co. In these pages Mr. Step takes his readers wild-flower hunting with the camera, and illustrates his rambles with over a hundred and sixty excellent photographs direct from Nature. "Wayside and Woodland Blossoms" (F. Warne and Co., 6s.) is another of our Natural History Editor's new books. This is a pleasant companion on a country walk, being of a convenient size for the pocket. It is embellished with 127 coloured plates and numerous pen-sketches by Miss Mabel E. Step, with whose work our readers are also familiar.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"**Bolek**," addressing me as his "old and still handsome friend," requests me not to devote any further editorials to the Hickson topic. Personally, he is opposed to the Hickson system, and ends his letter by informing me that he is "just going to meet a nervy, pretty girl" who, he is thankful to say, has never had any connection with an institution of the Hickson type. "Bolek" also hopes that England may long be spared that "prime ministeress of nuisances—the athletic girl," and asks if I can suggest a better term than "prime ministeress." Why, certainly. How about "prime mistress"? I present my compliments to "Bolek," and trust he didn't meet a bull when he

was out with his "nervy, pretty girl." If he did, he probably wished that his companion was a little less of the "nervy" order, and rather more of the athletic—for the latter would at least sprint for the nearest hedge, while the "nervy" one would probably collapse into "Bolek's" arms, and so render him as well as herself an easy prey to the bull's horns.

F. S. T. (Portora, Enniskillen), has curious views regarding the functions of a magazine like the CAPTAIN, for he suggests that we should hold yearly examinations in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, the grades to be three in number and the prizes £30, £20, and £10, and in addition a proportionate share of the entrance fees. August, he thinks, would be a good month for the examinations, and he proposes that each competitor should turn up at the examination halls bringing a copy of the CAPTAIN and a shilling (entrance fee)! May I point out to this enterprising young gentleman that it is the duty of a magazine editor to edit his magazine, not hold examinations? As for holding them in August—can F. S. T. be a boy to suggest such an infamous scheme!

H. M. D. is sixteen, has recently completed a story 50,000 words in length, and now wants to know how he can "get it published." I should say that it is highly improbable that a story by a boy of sixteen would be worth publishing. I have been told that Edna Lyall wrote her first novel, "Won by Waiting," when she was sixteen, and I believe Kipling was a clever writer at that early age. But these are exceptional cases. H. M. D. had better get a grown-up friend to look through his story and give him an opinion on it. The friend will probably tell him it "shows promise," but is not quite the kind of tale a publisher would care to publish. If, however, the friend tells our young author that it is a capital story and worthy of publication, H. M. D. can proceed to send it round the publishing houses, beginning with the publishers who advertise in the CAPTAIN. I should strongly advise H. M. D., however, not to mention his age when submitting his manuscript to a publishing house.

"**Maxwell**."—You might suffer from a far worse infirmity than "bandy legs," my friend. You must grin and bear them. "Bandy legs" are curable in childhood, I believe, but not at your age. As for your thin calves, exercise—walking, in particular—will help to enlarge those. Your writing is clear and regular. I do not see why anybody should "speak to you about it."

"**Erin**."—I am informed that a conundrum which you sent me about a dead donkey was taken from another magazine. Please understand that we only want original matter in the CAPTAIN. I thought every reader was aware of that.

"**Dover Reader**" says he has "heard from a girl" that I am an author, and that in addition to writing novels and editing the CAPTAIN, I edit *Pearson's Magazine* and run an evening paper—the *Globe*, he fancies the girl said it was. "If this is true," adds "Dover Reader," "you are a go-ahead sort of fellow." Yes, "Dover Reader," I should be a go-ahead sort of fellow if I did all that. I should also want three or four heads! I need hardly say that I have nothing to do with any of the periodicals mentioned except the CAPTAIN.

Pauline sends the following appreciation of Mr. F. W. Walker: "Dear Old Fag.—Having



REV. DR. WARRE, THE RETIRING HEADMASTER OF ETON COLLEGE.

Photo. by Hills and Saunders.

read the article on the St. Paul's High Master, I will tell you my own impression of him. He patted my head and asked me about my parents. Several times afterwards he asked me about my progress. I am by no means the only boy whom he talks to, and I think every boy in the school is afraid of him. His resignation caused consternation and disappointment, and various other uncomfortable sensations surged through most Pauline hearts. One word from the High Master is enough for any Pauline. A subscription for a memorial is now being got up. All we can do is to look for comfort in the Rev. Mr. Hillard, who, if he does one-tenth part of Mr. Walker's deeds, will make an admirable High Master."

"Yankee Pride."—(1) A William and Mary farthing was recently sold for £7, so I presume your Charles II. farthing is worth the same, unless a William and Mary farthing is a special rarity that commands a very high price. (2) Mr. "Plum" Warner was born on October 2, 1873.

Correction.—The photograph entitled "Daisies," on page 282 of the June No., was taken by Frank Odams, and not by J. B. Welford, as stated.

C. H. S.—No, you cannot enter photos, which have won prizes in the CAPTAIN for competitions

in other papers. **Mr. C. B. Fry's Portrait.**—S. D. Wale is good enough to point out that Mr. Fry's portrait—as supplied by *C. B. Fry's Magazine*—costs two shillings, and not, as I stated, one shilling. **C. G. S. G.**—I know nothing about the War Office automobile department. You should be able to obtain a reply to your query by addressing a letter to the Secretary for War, War Office, London, S.W. **Midshipman.**—I will think it over. **A Weston Lodge Boy.**—We cannot publish junior school sports results. **Dr. Moore Anderson.**—Sorry, photos, not interesting enough. **A Lover of Accuracy.**—I fear I cannot afford space for your essay. Of course, it was a mistake on the part of the author of the essay to say that the "Prisoner of Chillon" was a novel, and I cannot understand how it escaped my notice. **A. Needham.**—We cannot use an essay on the English Cup Final months after the match is over. **Uruguay.**—We have already published a long article on the *Worcester* in the CAPTAIN—in the third number (June 1899).

Letters, etc., have also to be acknowledged from: B. J. Hoare, B. H. O'Donnell, G. Brown, "Hiawatha" (thanks), V. McQuilkin, E. J. S. (West Kensington).

THE OLD FAG. 7

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"A June Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: R. Abel and Son's "GUV'NOR" CRICKET BAT: P. E. Pettey, Broad Park Avenue, Ilfracombe.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. M. Tapnry, Thorndale, Wateringbury, Kent; W. H. L. Gronow, The Lizards, Winterton, Ferryhill, Durham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: S. Austen Taylor, Benjamin Corbyn, J. W. Steadman, Leonard C. Whetham, T. R. Allen, W. J. Lewis, Eastland Staveley, H. J. A. Crooks, Percy J. Emberson, J. W. McNinch, Lorenzo Robinson, P. R. Laird.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: George Birkett, 40 Marlboro' Road, Tue Brook, Liverpool.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alan L. Miller, Broad Street, Alresford, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Arnold Heathcote, David E. Evans, James McGregor, E. Owen Rutler, F. A. Kennett, Edward Kearney, Daisy Brooks, Cyril J. Seed, A. Leslie Cranfield, Arthur W. Fox, R. L. Robertson, F. R. Horner, W. H. Strike.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF "EXCHANGE" CRICKET BAT: Douglas Mackay, 45 Bonnymuir Place, Aberdeen.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Jack Johnston, H. W. Coombs, Harold Gleave, Arthur Wearing, Bertie Barnes, Marjorie N. How, Edward Darke, G. L. Davies, E. D. E. Harland, Herbert F. Crook, J. C. Brooksby, F. A. S. Clarke.

No. II.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: George H. Dunford, 58 Tugley Street, Newport, Isle of Wight.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: A. E. Radford, Tunnel Road, The Park, Nottingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kuno Reitz, John Richmond, Edgar Swallow, E. A. Field, W. J. Watt, George C. Mallet, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: A. E. Bass, St. Peter's House, St. Albans.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: L. E. Bastable, 6 Trevelyan Terrace, Brighton Road, Rathgar, Dublin.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. Mason-Hayes, Don Brigham, Edgar J. Barrett, Frank Foxcroft, George S. B. Cushnie, George H. Webber, William Blann Meff, Wilfred A. Clabour, Norman Cowell, John Punch, Ernest Townsend, W. Seward Gales, J. J. R. H. Oldham.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: H. P. Robotham, Holmwood, Walton Park, Clevedon.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: H. J. Sanders, 188 Monument Road, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: R. O. Beit, Frank Anns, Stanley Gerald Robinson, A. R. Rubin, A. H. Mummery, Morley Copeman, Cyril Cole, Cedric Burrell, R. Barnett, Leonard Pearce, Eustace C. Crowther.

No. III.—"Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Constance H. Greaves, 15 Powis Square, Brighton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Holder, May MacCowan Hall, V. M. Bland, Marian Hewitt, E. M. Nanson, Albert A. Kerridge, Evelyn Hewitt, Mary Gillott, E. C. Pritchett.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: V. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gladys von Stralendorff, T. W. Spikin, K. Perrin, Dorothy Nanson, G. M. Smith, Alfred H. Grigsby, Christine Thomas, R. A. Stigant.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF "BENEFIT" CRICKET BAT: T. Harston, 13 Denman Drive, Newsham Park, Liverpool.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: R. Middleton, 90 Kensington Park Road, Bayswater, W.

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 Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the June Competitions.

No. I.—The usual number of excellent essays were sent in, the favourite subjects chosen being The Battle of Waterloo, Signing of Magna Charta, Accession of Queen Victoria, and the Battles of Bannockburn and Plassey. It should not be necessary to point out to competitors that we require original essays, and not accounts of different events copied direct from books.

No. II.—The standard of the best photographs was higher than usual this month.

No. III.—We did not receive quite so many artistic productions this month, though the few submitted were highly creditable. Some excellent selections came from Class III. this month. I would advise certain senders of otherwise excellent attempts to occasionally vary their quotations with lighter verses, &c. And in all cases please state the source of quotation.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Rose Sandes, Emmeline d'Auvergne, Cyril E. Hutchings, Theodore T. Palmer, Olive M. Tomkins, Grace Mortimer.

No. IV.—"Geographical Conundrums."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "GUINEA KLITO" HAND CAMERA: J. R. Shires, Milnsbridge, Huddersfield.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Charles L. E. Robinson, 19 Church Road, Manor Park, E.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Kate Perrin, H. B. R. Thompson, Dorothy N. Best, Thos. R. Allen, Thomas Handforth, H. C. C. Stanley, G. Harold Williamson, A. H. Jenn, Henry Woodward, D. Fuller.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: A. V. Serjeant, c/o Mr. Chivers, 125 Rylston Road, Fulham, S.W.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: David Beatt Ross, 12 Forbesfield Road, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom L. Walsh, W. T. Bird, Eric C. Bloodworth, F. Franklin, Percy H. Hooper, F. R. Horner, Richard Page, E. G. Coomes, Isobel Lockie, Marian Wadsworth, Lucy Ehrmann.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF No. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Cyril Cole, "Terpor," Hayne Road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W. Milsom, Kathleen M. Key, Phyllis Harding, H. W. Coombs, F. A. Pucknell, Norman Samuel, G. J. Child, John C. Brooksby.

No. V.—"The 'Old Fag's Correspondence' Competition."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)
WINNER OF HAMLEY MODEL YACHT: Tommie Thomson, 111 Sinclair Road, West Kensington, W.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: A. E. Gott, 32 Henry Street, Nuneaton.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. McGhie (jun.), A. J. Moss, R. J. Jones, Thomas William Rogers, Doris E. Haefner, J. W. Jones, C. E. P. Brooks, John C. Fletcher.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Arthur D. C. Mason, 10 Buckland House, Offord Road, Barnsbury, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. J. Cook, A. Pettit, Percy Ford, Edward Page, W. Gordon Legat, G. H. Miserov, A. Maddocks, Marjorie Smith, F. Scrimshaw, Horace Austin Smith.

No. VI.—"Captain' Newdigate."

(No age limit.)
WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: James McGregor, 47 Palermo Street, Glasgow.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. G. Leigh, 68 Grand Parade, Brighton; Marian Hewitt, West Hill, Copdock, Ipswich.

HONOURABLE MENTION: James Walker, S. Geiss, William Hunter, T. R. Coxon, C. J. E. Cable, Jeanie J. Wyllie, Alex. Scott, James Bland, Gladys M. Maltby, Christine Thomas, Doris Haefner.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(May.)
No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: G. P. Cassé, 6 Victoria Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. W. Melville (Jamaica), F. N. Brierty (Trinidad), May Constance Edwards (Cape Colony), Jack Robbie (India).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: Alfred L. Solomon, 133 King Street, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. K. Tancock (Ceylon), F. E. Turner (Kimberley), Eric L. Commin (New Zealand), Eric Brownlee (South Africa), Cecilia Duffy (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: E. A. Mulliner, "The Firs," Kloof Road, Sea Point, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: F. N. Brierty, K. W. Dowie (Canada), D. G. Harris (India), George Commissiong (Grenada), W. D. Walcott (Jamaica), E. W. Melville.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: Edith Eileen Erskine, P.O. Box 6279, Johannesburg, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: E. K. Thompson (South Africa), J. Fauvel (Canada).

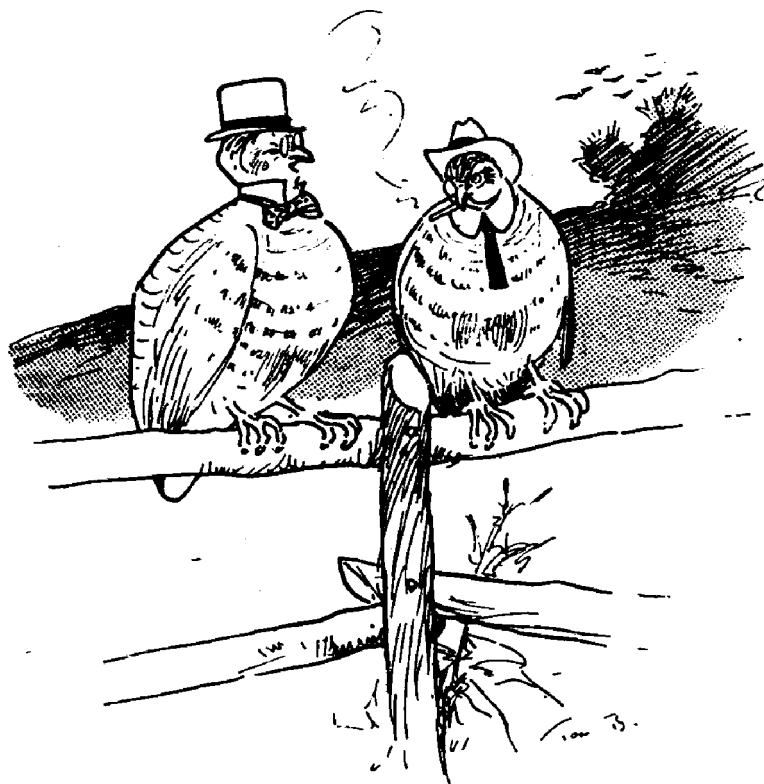
No. IV.—The correct list of answers, in order, is as follows: Sheepshed, Shelf, Sing-sing, The Spree, Swampscott, Tirnova, Anadir, Axe Edge, Bagdad, Cincinnati, Colou, Enos. Special mention should be made of the post-card sent in by J. R. Shires, the prize-winner in Class I. Will Class III. kindly take particular notice of *age limits*.

No. V.—Many competitors failed to observe the condition that barriers should be crossed. The prizes went to the senders of the most neatly executed correct solutions.

No. VI.—This proved to be a most popular Comp., and a large number of excellent verses were submitted. Most competitors showed a sound knowledge of metre and rhythm, and the winners are to be heartily congratulated on their efforts.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

ON THE EVE OF "THE FIRST."



FATHER PARTRIDGE: "My son, to-morrow is the terrible *First*. Remember the traditions of our family and do not show the white feather."

SON PARTRIDGE (*an inveterate joker*): "At any rate, father, whatever I do I'm bound to die *game*."

(Drawn by Tom Browne, R.I.)



ON CAME TONKS AND THE WHOLE CROWD OF BLOODTHIRSTY VILLAINS.

THE CAPTAIN

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THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD,

By H. C. Crosfield,

Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood.

SYNOPSIS.

JOHN BAYWOOD, the son of an early settler in New England, has a rival for the hand of Verity Whalley, his sweetheart, in the shape of Zephaniah Eccles, a hypocritical rascal who keeps a store in Boston, where the Baywoods are people of some importance. Through the machinations of Eccles, John is kidnapped by Barnabas Skeffington, skipper of the *Good Hope*, bound from Boston to the Barbadoes. Before the *Good Hope* can make her port, however, she is wrecked, the skipper and John Baywood being the sole survivors of the catastrophe. By means of a raft they reach a West Indian island inhabited by buccaneers, by whom they are compelled to work as slaves and treated in an inhuman manner until they succeed in making their escape, only to fall into the hands of a company of Spanish soldiers. With the help of Tonks, the English mate of the Spanish ship in which they are being borne to San Domingo by their captors, Skeffington and Baywood seize the vessel and turn "flibustiers," or pirates, Baywood following Skeffington's lead much against his will. Having seized another Spanish vessel called the *Madre de Dios*, which they find to be full of treasure, they change over into this ship and make sail for the Barbadoes, where they wish to take in provisions, guns, and ammunition. Arriving at Carlisle Bay, Skeffington fits out his ship and sets sail for England. The ship has not been long on her voyage when Tonks, the mate, heads a mutiny of the men and sets Baywood and Jeffery Horton adrift in the long boat, but keeps Skeffington, tied and bound, a prisoner. Baywood and Horton, after an adventurous time in the open boat, at length reach a derelict, which they board with some difficulty, but on the derelict they find nothing whatever to eat or drink, and death by starvation and thirst stares them in the face. They are in this sore plight when they are sighted by the *Swallow*, a vessel chartered by Zephaniah Eccles for the purpose of carrying off Verity Whalley and her friend, Prudence Baywood, to England. Greatly to Eccles' annoyance, Mr. Allstone, captain of the *Swallow*, insists on picking up the castaways, and there is a joyous meeting between the latter and the two maidens. But almost immediately the four young people are threatened by a fresh danger, for the *Barnabas and Joseph* is sighted bearing down on the *Swallow* in a menacing manner. While the *Swallow* is preparing for a fight, a man, whom Baywood recognises as Captain Skeffington, leaps from the deck of the *Barnabas and Joseph* into the sea, and, followed by an ineffective fusillade from the mutineers, heads in the direction of the *Swallow*.

CHAPTER XX.

WE FIGHT WITH THE "BARNABAS AND JOSEPH."

WE stood watching the swimmer, as he gradually drew nigh to the *Swallow*. Whilst I was standing there, Zephaniah Eccles came to me, and said: "John, my old master's son, I trust that you bear no ill will towards me. I ask your forgiveness for the wrong I have done you." "Zephaniah Eccles," I answered, "I bear

malice towards no man at a time such as this. Yet I cannot forget that it is your accursed folly and wickedness that have led us, Verity and Prudence and all of us, into this strait. Your repentance is sudden, and full late; but play the man in the fight, Zephaniah, and amend your ways afterwards, and I will try to forgive you."

"It is of Verity that I desire to speak," said Zephaniah. "I wish to make amends so far as I can."

"Well?" said I.

"First of all, if we escape the fight, I will make no further advances towards Verity, and will send her and you and your sister Prudence home at my own charges."

"Well?" I said once more.

"John, I should like you to believe that I meant no harm towards them. I was blinded by my affection for Verity."

"Supposing I admit that, Zephaniah," said I, "I do not see that it carries us much further. You cannot say that you meant no harm towards me when you caused Captain Skeffington to carry me off. But it is useless to argue about that now. Have you any more to say?"

"Only this much," he said. "You are a poor man, John, and I a rich one; and what I have to say, therefore, is this: if I should be slain in the fight and you should live to bring Verity and your sister to land, I give you the lading of this ship, which is all mine, to lay out for their and your own benefit and bring you safely home to Boston. Master Horton," Zephaniah went on to Jeffrey, "I call you to witness that if I die the whole cargo of this ship belongs to John Baywood."

I shook him by the hand, and wished that his repentance had been earlier. Yet I believed, and do still think, that his repentance

was an earnest one ; and I am glad to remember that the last words I ever spoke to him were friendly ones.

"Farewell, Zephaniah," I said. "I do believe that thou meanest to do well at last. But cheer up, man—we are not going to be killed."

"Farewell, John," he answered. "Give my duty to thy worshipful father. It is borne in upon me that this is my last day on earth ; and I trust to find mercy and forgiveness for my many sins."

By this time the swimmer had reached the ship's side. Mr. Allstone threw him a rope's end, and he climbed up to the deck, slowly and painfully.

"Captain Skeffington!" I called out to him.

"What, Jack, my boy, art *thou* here?" he exclaimed. "And thou, too, Jeffrey? Why, this is indeed a meeting of old friends. But we have no time for talk. Who is master of this ship?"

"I, sir, Gregory Allstone, at your service," said Captain Allstone.

"Sir, your servant. I am Barnabas Skeffington, master of yonder ship, the *Barnabas and Joseph*. The crew have mutinied and turned fibustiers. But I see you are ready to defend yourselves."

"Under Providence, we shall be able to give a good account of ourselves, I doubt not," said Captain Allstone. "But are you for us or against us, Mr. Skeffington?"

"Well," said Captain Skeffington, "do you think I took this long swim for the pleasure of it?"

"True," said Allstone. "Sambo, reach Captain Skeffington a glass of Nantz. Why doth yonder ship not shoot at us, Captain Skeffington?"

"Why truly," said Captain Skeffington, "because they cannot find more than a very little powder, and for that you must thank me, for there is good store on board. Now, look you ; they think to capture you by falling aboard and carrying the deck with a rush ; but they are cowards at bottom, more particularly their leader, one Tonks ; and if ye withstand them boldly ye have naught to be afraid of."

"Here they come," said Captain Allstone. "Now my lads, shoot 'em if ye can ; if not, steel must do the work. O the brig ahoy!" he shouted, "do ye want to run foul of us? Put her head round, ye lubbers, or ye'll be into us."

By way of answer they on board the *Barnabas and Joseph* shot off their muskets, but without

doing hurt to any of us on the *Swallow* ; and Captain Allstone answered with a shot from his great gun, which struck the brig's forefoot, yet not so as to do her any harm. In another minute the *Barnabas and Joseph* ran foul of us, her bowsprit catching fast in our main-shrouds ; and with cries like a pack of hungry wolves her crew swarmed up her bowsprit and so leapt down on our deck. At their head came Tonks, and after him the whole crowd of bloodthirsty villains who made up the ship's company.

Now, I had done my share of fighting against Indian savages, in our woods at home, but this was my first battle against Englishmen ; and I need feel no shame in saying that my knees trembled and shook at the first onset. But my tremors were soon gone, and instead of fear came a great joy and pleasure in the turmoil and stir of fighting. And was not I fighting for the lives and honour of my dear Verity, and of Prudence ?

The judicious reader will no doubt have observed, in reading of battles, that no two men tell the story alike, although each may be a perfectly truthful man and desirous of relating what really happened. The reason of this is that in a battle (even so small a one as that of which I am now to speak), every man is too closely occupied with his own affairs to take a large general survey of the course of the fight. Each man can, therefore, only tell of what happened to himself, and of what he noticed near to him ; and with this caution in mind I must now relate what I saw of the fight between the *Swallow* and the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

First we of the *Swallow* did all let off our muskets, and three of the enemy fell dead or sore wounded ; and then all set to with pike and cutlass. So headlong was the onset of Tonks and his men that at first we gave way and were forced backwards along the deck, here one and there another on each side falling down wounded with stroke of cutlass or push of pike. But we kept well together and fought stoutly. The *Swallow* had flush decks—that is to say, she had no poop, nor even a round-house on deck, and we had thus no place to set our backs to until we were forced clean across the deck and against the larboard bulwarks. At this part of the fight I was closely engaged with a sturdy ruffian named Luke, and he was pressing me hard and had struck the cutlass from my hand, when one from behind me thrust at him with a pike and he fell dead, I looked to see who it was, and found it to be Captain Skeffington.

"Thank you, Captain," said I. It was the third time that he had saved my life.

I must not omit to say that during the whole fight Sambo, the black steward, who had ascended to the mizen top to be out of harm's way, continued to blow the Hundredth Psalm out of his trumpet; and it did mightily encourage us and refresh our spirits to hear this noble music amongst the tumult of the battle.

The issue of the fight was for some time doubtful. I suppose it did not rage for any long time, perhaps not more than ten minutes, for a man keeps no reckoning of time when he is fighting at close quarters. The decks began to be red with blood and encumbered with slain and wounded. I saw Tonks go down, and then Captain Allstone. I clave the skull of another man who was assailing me, and I saw Jeffrey drive his pike through the body of one who was striking at him with a cutlass. Zephaniah I could not see, and it crossed my mind that he had skulked away and hidden himself. But in so thinking I did him wrong, as you shall hear.

The *Swallow's* great gun was mounted on a swivel, or pivot, on the forecastle, and was so made that it could be turned in any direction at the will of the gunner. Now of a sudden, above the din of battle, this gun gave forth a great roar, and sent a charge of old iron, nails, bullets, and sundry other matters clean into the ranks of the *Barnabas and Joseph's* men, overthrowing divers of them and causing the others to look towards the gun in amazement. Seeing their confusion the *Swallow's* men made a sudden onset and forced them across the deck, hewing and stabbing at them. Now that Tonks was gone they had no leader, and they lost heart. Many of them had been slain and others sore wounded; and the rest we chased back into their own ship.

"Now Swallows," cried Captain Skeffington, "follow me and we will turn the tables upon them." So saying he leapt upon the bowsprit and so on board the *Barnabas and Joseph*. Some half-dozen of us followed him; and to such effect did we ply our weapons that in five minutes but three of the filibustiers were left unwounded, and they were on their knees crying for quarter. We quickly disarmed and bound them.

No sooner was the fight over than I hastened to Verity and Prudence with the glad news that the Lord had given us the victory, and brought them up into their cabin again, warning them to stay there until the traces of the conflict had been washed from the deck.

"What man was it that fired the gun?"

said Captain Skeffington. "It was he that won the victory for us."

"If it please your honour," said Rogers, the boatswain, "it was that Mr. Eccles. I saw him go away forward, and I thought he was sneaking away out of the fight; but then I saw him load the gun and blow his match and give fire as if he had been born to it; though where he picked up his knowledge Heaven only knows."

"Where is he?" said Skeffington.

"He was with us when we boarded the brig," said Jeffrey. "He went up the bowsprit in front of us."

The two ships were still locked together, and I went on board the brig again. There I found Zephaniah lying dead on the maindeck, with a bullet through his forehead. I remembered to have seen one of the filibustiers fire a musket just at the end of the fight, but I had not observed whether the ball struck any person; and it must have been with this last shot that poor Zephaniah was slain. He was a bad man; but in the manner of his death he made amends for many misdeeds.

Now came the task of counting over the dead and wounded and clearing them away from the decks. Of the *Swallow's* men were killed Captain Allstone and three seamen, and five more seamen wounded. On the part of the filibustiers Tonks was so wounded that he died during the day, seven others were slain outright, and eight more wounded, leaving but three unwounded, and those close prisoners. Not only that, but we had regained the *Barnabas and Joseph* for Captain Skeffington and her cargo for Mr. Prickett; and Jeffrey and I also recovered our belongings. Never was a victory more complete.

The ships had suffered but little in the fight, and the damages were soon repaired. The fight was over by ten of the clock, and before noon the dead had been committed to the deep, and the wounded cared for as well as could be, we having no surgeon on board, and here Verity and Prudence bore their share, for dressing of wounds and care of the sick are lessons which every Boston maiden must learn.

"Captain Skeffington," said Mr. Wilkins, the mate, who had taken over the command of the *Swallow* on poor Captain Allstone's death, "I take you, sir, to be a master mariner of some experience."

"Captain Wilkins, sir," said Skeffington, "indeed you do me no more than justice."

"Therefore," Wilkins went on, "I would fain ask you whether, in your opinion, it be possible, after the losses we have suffered



THE FLIBUSTIERS WERE ON THEIR KNEES CRYING FOR QUARTER.

to tow yonder old hulk to England. Mr. Allstone was bent upon taking her to the Thames with him, but in my judgment that hath now become impossible."

Captain Skeffington asked several questions about the *Dolphin*, which having been answered he went on :

"My honest opinion is, that it is not only impossible, but that it might endanger the safety of the ship towing her. If it were a great matter, it might be well worth while to run the risk ; but for the small sum which at

the best she and her cargo will fetch I believe you would be doing wrongly to make any such attempt. I, therefore, counsel you against it."

"I am pleased that our judgments are at one," said Wilkins, "and I will act accordingly."

"That being so, Master Wilkins," said Captain Skeffington, "I have somewhat to propose to you. There is no doubt that the mutineers on board the *Barnabas* and *Joseph* richly deserve death, yet I am not minded to carry

them to England and give them over to the Admiralty and be kept six months or more kicking my heels to testify against them; and moreover, to be plain with you, I do not desire too close an inquiry into the proceedings of that ship. Now what I propose is that those of our prisoners who are unwounded be offered their choice to be either hanged forthwith, or to be put on board the *Dolphin* with a month's food and water, to take their chance of sinking or swimming."

"Suppose, sir," said I, "that they get on board some other ship, and there make trouble?"


"There are but three of them," said Captain Skeffington. "It is not much that they can do to annoy any peaceful ship."

"Better hang them, sir," said Jeffrey; and I spoke to the same effect; but the plan had taken hold of Captain Skeffington's thoughts, and so after some further talk it was settled. When the choice was given to the three men they at once chose to take their chance on the *Dolphin*; and a proper quantity of salted pork and beef, bread and water having been put on board, the three men were taken to her and there left. What became of them I cannot say; for we lost sight of her that afternoon, and I have never since seen the old *Dolphin* or heard a word of her.

Captain Skeffington went on board his own ship, taking Jeffrey with him; and the unwounded men were equally divided between the two ships, though they made but slender crews for the two vessels. I stayed in the *Swallow*, and did duty under Captain Wilkins. During the afternoon we made sail, and the two ships pursued their voyage towards England in company.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAPTAIN SKEFFINGTON TELLS HIS ADVENTURES.

LTHOUGH it was not for some time afterwards that Captain Skeffington related his adventures on board the *Barnabas* and *Joseph* after Jeffrey and I had left her, I will set them down here for the entertainment of the reader. I will tell them as he told them to me.

"Thou seest, Jack," he said, "my skull is of the thickest, somewhat of the same metal as thine own. I think; and when Joseph Tonks fetched me that crack over the sconce, it did not kill me, though it knocked me insensible. How long I lay like that I do not know, though I

think it was not very long. When I came to myself there was Tonks looking at me, and he stirred me with his foot, to see if I lived, I suppose. Hearing me groan, Tonks fetched me water, and glad enough I was to drink it; and afterwards I feigned to go off in my swoon once more.

"I am sorry for Joseph Tonks. He had no stomach for the dirty trade he had picked up. A right ribustier would have pitched me overboard; but when Tonks saw me swooning, what did he do but loose my bonds and drag me off to my own bunk and lay me in it, shutting the door and turning the key. I fell asleep, and slept for many hours, until next day, in fact, for when I awoke it was daylight again and Tonks was in my cabin, and with him that man Luke. These two men asked politely concerning my health; which I informed them was very far from being such as I could desire. This moved them to offer me a drink of cognac, which I took, likewise some meat which they brought me. After I had eaten, I felt refreshed, and at their request went forth with them into the cabin, and there found the ship's company assembled in council. Jack, thou oughtest to have seen them. Sure such a sick and sorry company were never seen before. In the space of one day they had consumed enough strong liquor to have lasted them a full quarter of a year; and they sat with aching heads and parched tongues, longing for more drink, yet loathing the smell and taste of it. They were quiet enough, and presently Tonks took up his parable and spoke thus:

"'Mr. Skeffington, I have been chosen Captain of this ship and her company of gentleman adventurers, according to the custom of these seas.'

"'A worthy and wise choice,' says I.

"'And I have prevailed with these honest gentlemen to spare your life,' says he.

"'I thank you,' says I.

"'But on conditions,' says he.

"'State them at large,' says I.

"'They be these: first that you shall take a solemn oath to cast in your lot with us and be true to us; secondly, that you shall discover unto us your share of the treasure which we took in this ship and make fair division among all hands by way of ransom for your life. If you agree to these fair and moderate conditions, well and good; otherwise we are purposed to cast you overboard to the sharks. We await your answer, sir.'

"'Mr. Tonks, and you honest gentlemen,' said I, 'I will see every mother's son of you very well hanged before I agree to either of

your conditions.' So saying I set my nose in the air and waited. I was not such a fool as not to be able to see which way the wind was setting. The truth was that there was not a soul among them who had wit enough to sail the ship to a port, let alone working her during a fight, and they could not do without me. I had my treasure safely hid, and I knew that they had not come at it, or it would have been divided up amongst them without my leave asked.

"At this a mighty hubbub arose; some were for tossing me to the sharks forthwith, whilst others were in favour of treating further; and when the clatter had gone forward long enough I said, very stately:

"Gentlemen, if you have no further need of me I will withdraw to my cabin, for I am something sick and faint with the blow Captain Tonks fetched me when I was lying bound hand and foot."

"This made Tonks rather shame-faced, but they would not suffer me to leave them, and at the end this treaty was entered into: that I should sail them to the nearest port where they could obtain a navigator, and that I should then be free to depart with all my possessions. Even so they had a very good bargain, for, as I did not fail to remind them, I was giving up my ship to them, to say nothing of Master Amos Prickett's cargo. I did my best to save it for Mr. Prickett, but it was no use. I likewise laid down that I was to be Captain, so long as I stayed on board, and that there was to be no fibustiering work.

"After this all went smooth for the few days before we met the *Swallow*, and it was well for them that I was on board, for although the bit of a blow which we had was naught to be afraid of, it was more than they could have managed. I need not tell thee, Jack, that I was not such a fool as to trust any single one of them. As for Tonks, he was a poor weak thing, blown about this way and that with every breeze; and I knew that as soon as they could do without me my throat would be slit or I should go over the ship's side. I gave out that I was steering a course for the Azores, where I said that gentlemen captains of the sort they wanted were as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. The poor souls knew not that the course I was steering would not bring them within a thousand miles of the Azores, but towards the coast of Ireland, where I hoped to find a King's ship (if the King, God bless him, has any ships left to him), or some armed vessel of the Parliament, so

that I might escape on board of her and perhaps save ship and cargo as well.

"Early in the morning of the day on which we met the *Swallow* I had left the deck to Tonks and turned in to my bunk for a few hours' sleep. Before long Tonks comes to me and bids me a good morning and desires to be informed how I did.

"I thank you, Mr. Tonks," said I, 'my bodily health is in nowise impaired since I left you on deck not two hours ago.'

"Tonks cleared his throat and hummed and hawed for a space, until I was moved to say to him:

"Mr. Tonks, I have answered your kind inquiry, and if that is all you had to say I will thank you not to stand hawking there, like a Parliament man at a loss for a word, but shut my door and return to your duty on deck."

"Captain Skeffington," then said Tonks, 'the crew have commissioned me to make inquiry of you whereabouts the powder is stored.'

"Mr. Tonks," said I, 'when this ship left the Barbadoes you were her master's mate, or I am mistaken?'

"Ay sir," said he.

"And if you knew so much of the sea as the ship's cat you would know that it is the part of the mate, not of the master, to know where every single thing on board a ship is stored."

"Ay sir," said he again, looking like a fool, as the poor fellow was.

"Well, if you had attended to your duty, instead of wasting your substance in debauchery on shore, you would have known all about the powder. Wait till I come on deck, and then, if I do not forget, and if I think proper, I will endeavour to recollect whereabouts the powder is stored."

"I pushed him out of my cabin and put on my clothes. Now the truth is that there was plenty of gunpowder on board; but before we left Barbadoes, having many doubts of the honest intentions of our excellent crew, I had so dealt with Master Prickett that he had put all the powder in sugar barrels, with a secret mark known only to him and me; and these barrels were stowed in the hold along with the sugar; so that unless the rascals had broached every barrel they would never have hit on what they wanted. When I went on deck and cast my eyes over the sea I knew at once why the rogues wanted powder; for there was the *Swallow* plain to be seen with the old *Dolphin* towing astern.

"Gentlemen," said I, in a loud voice, 'I



grieve to tell you that our store of gunpowder is very small, since, as ye all know, we sailed as a peaceful merchant-ship and not equipped for fighting. Such powder as we have is very much at your service. We have two kegs, and these will suffice to load our great guns. There is perhaps one charge for each, and there should be enough left to charge some of our muskets. But what matter?' said I. 'We have no need of powder for fighting, for yonder ship is not a pirate, ye may be sure.'

"I told them where the two kegs were—in a little cupboard in the after part of the cabin, where I had caused them to be stowed in case of need. They were fetched and opened on the deck. The men did not seem content, yet were they forced to be satisfied, for I told them that if they did not believe me they were welcome to rummage the ship; and certain of them were for doing this, but others said that there was no time.

"Now a fight was just the time when they needed me most, to direct the motions of the ship during the battle, or doubtless I should have been shut up below out of the way, if not thrown to the fishes. Yet that ruffian Luke came to me as I stood on the poop and said:

"Skeffington, the ship's company order that thou shalt take an oath to be true to them during the fight, and —"

"What he would have said more I cannot tell, for I was very much angered, and shouted at him:

"Luke, thou vile scum, say *Captain*, and *you*, when thou speakest to me. Get thee off this poop, and if thou darest to utter so much as one word to me after this, thy vile carcase shall smart for it. Stay not to consider of it, but go.'

"See now the power which righteous anger



Stanley L. Wood
1885

"GET THEE OFF THIS POOP."

hath against the wicked! Luke was armed with sword and pistol, while I had not so much as a marlinspike, yet he sneaked away off the poop, muttering, 'No offence, no offence.'

"Then, as I stood there on the poop it came suddenly upon me to leap overboard and chance the swim; trusting in the Lord that the crew of the *Swallow* were less hardened ruffians than those on the *Barnabas* and *Joseph*. So I leapt and did swim, and the rest of my tale thou knowest."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN LONDON.

NOW is my story nearly ended; yet I must relate shortly what befell us in England, and how we returned home safe and sound after so many and great dangers.

The winds continuing favourable, the two ships stayed in company, and in ten days or thereabouts after the fight we came to an anchor in the Downs without further adventure. Captain Skeffington, Jeffrey, and I went ashore at the town of Deal, in Kent, taking with us Verity and Prudence; and after some little ado, for the country was much unsettled, hired horses, and in three days rode up to London. Captain Wilkins sent by me letters to the owner of the *Swallow*, one Master Grocott, a merchant in Seething Lane in the City of London, acquainting him with what had befallen; and I had with me likewise the bills of lading of the cargo, which was mine by the gift of Zephaniah Eccles.

I was much put to it to provide some place of refuge for Verity and Prudence while we abode in London. As we were riding through Southwark towards London Bridge on our way to the City, I bethought me of what poor Mr. Allstone had told Verity and Prudence of his wife and daughters; and at my entreaty we lighted from our horses at an Inn in the Borough, as they call Southwark, and made inquiry from the host whether he knew Madam Allstone. He did not, and told me that I had better ask the parson of the parish, the Reverend Nicholas Bagshawe, who was a good man and knew many of the people, though he was but newly come thither.

I sought out Mr. Bagshawe, and found him to be a man past middle age and of the Presbyterian way of thinking. When I told him my name he said:

"Do you come from Lancashire? In my young days I remember some Baywoods in the town of Liverpool in Lancashire."

"Sir," said I, "my father dwelt in Liverpool, and I come from Boston, in New England, whither my father removed his family some years ago."

"An Independent, if I mistake not?" said Master Bagshawe.

"Yes, sir."

"Alas, they are blinded persons, blind leaders of the blind," said he. "Still, for old acquaintance' sake let me hear your business."

I told him my errand, which was to inquire after Madam Allstone, and I was led into relating some part of my adventures.

"Mr. Baywood," said Mr. Bagshawe, "this woman Allstone is well enough, but after all she is but a rough sea captain's wife, and her dwelling is in a mean court, not fitted for your sister and the other young woman of whom you speak; not but what they would be safe enough there. But suffer me to speak with my wife, and we will see whether we can make some scheme for their safety until you can return with them to New England."

Madam Bagshawe was a kindly, stout woman; and it ended in my entering into an agreement that Verity and Prudence should dwell in the parsonage under her care for a few weeks; I agreeing to pay for their entertainment after the rate of one shilling sterling per diem for each of them; for Mr. Bagshawe was but a poor man, while I was now a rich one, at least in my own estimation.

Now I was free to go about to sell my cargo, for it was not consigned to any merchant, Zephaniah having designed to keep the sale of it in his own hands. But first Jeffrey and I went to Master Windball, the goldsmith in Lombard Street, and presented Amos Prickett's drafts; and (not being used to dealings in paper) were glad to receive good solid jacobuses in exchange for them.

"Bless your hearts, gentlemen," said Mr. Windball, "I would honour my good friend Prickett's drafts for five times that sum."

Mr. Windball seeming friendly and disposed to talk, I told him of the cargo which I had for sale and how I had become possessed of it.

"Would you sell it to me?" said Windball.

"Surely," said I, "at a fair market price."

"Well," said he, "I deal in all manner of things. But I must first see my attorney and ask him if all be in order. This Eccles may have left kinsmen, or failing that, the Parliament, which is in sore straits for cash, might take a fancy to the cargo as being goods of an intestate; and what I desire to buy is a cargo, not a law-suit. You have the bills of lading?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good. Then come you again at this hour to-morrow, and you shall know my mind."

When I went again to see Mr. Windball he told me that his attorney said the cargo was undoubtedly mine and that he might safely buy it.

"My attorney told me," said Windball, "that this gift having been made to you by word of mouth before witnesses, by a person in immediate apprehension of death, may be taken to be of the nature of a non-cupative testament—these lawyers love long words—"

and that as a bequest it is good against all the world. He added something about a *donatio mortis causá*, but that was, only to make me believe him a man of learning and the less inclined to look askance at his next bill of costs. Let me see the manifest and the bills of lading, and I will name a price which I am ready to pay."

He offered me for my cargo the sum of £1000. This sum he told me frankly was below the real worth of the goods, but the times were troublous and his risk was great. I took counsel with Captain Skeffington, and by his advice agreed to accept Mr. Windball's price, rather than have the trouble and risk of going from merchant to merchant, selling a parcel here and a parcel there, and perhaps making less in the end.

By this time the *Swallow* and the *Barnabas* and *Joseph* had worked up the River Thames and were lying in the Pool, and Captain Skeffington had to see to the delivery of the lading of his ship to the merchant to whom Mr. Prickett had consigned it. With this I had nothing to do; and for some weeks I was free to go abroad with Prudence and Verity and with them to see all the sights of London town. We saw the Tower, London Bridge, old St. Paul's (since, alas! burnt to ashes), the Abbey of Westminster, the Palace of Whitehall little thinking of the dreadful deed which was to be done there within a few short years after), Westminster Hall, Hampton Court. To us it all seemed very gay and splendid, though Captain Skeffington assured me that the whole town was mean and sordid compared with the time before the troubles, when the King still dwelt in Whitehall, and so many nobles, now scattered far and wide, also had their houses in London.

I must also mention that by Verity's desire I made my way to her kinsman Whalley, the Parliament man, to tell him of his kinswoman's plight, so that if he were so minded he might stand her friend. Great ado I had to come at him, for in those days members of Parliament were (more particularly in their own esteem) little kings, and were to be approached with reverence and fear. Howbeit I did at last come to have speech with him at his lodging in Spring Gardens—after greasing the palms of two or three serving-men, whose sober looks and apparel and pious speech were but cloaks for rapacity and insolence; and after kicking up my heels for a couple of hours in an antechamber.

"What is thy will with me, young man?" said Master Whalley. "Be brief and come to the point speedily, for we that serve the

commonwealth have no leisure to listen to idle prattle."

I told my story in as few words as I could; but while I spoke he was for ever pulling his watch from his pocket, or turning aside to look at a heap of papers that lay on a table, and striving in other ways to convey to me a sense of his importance and my unworthiness.

"Well," said he, when I had finished, "and what has all this rigmarole to do with me?"

"Why, nothing, sir," said I, "unless you would be pleased to consider that this young woman, your own kinswoman, is here a stranger in a strange land."

"Hast thou any proof that this young woman is, as thou sayest, of kin to me?" said he.

"My word, sir——" I began.

"Thy word? What have I to do with thee or thy word?" he answered. "And even if it be all true (which I think is an extravagant thing to suppose), why should I, who am burdened even to fainting with public matters, concern myself about this young woman? But it is idle to talk thus. Young man, thy device is an ingenious one to palm off this creature upon me, thyself being tired of her, I suppose. But I am not so credulous as thou imaginest. Begone, and be thankful that I do not deliver thee to the constable."

"Sir," said I, being very angry, "I am but a small man, and you are, I suppose, a very great one; but I take leave to tell you that you are abandoning your own blood relation to the care of—of—whomever will take care of her. But you can rest assured that you will not be further troubled; and I can only say that I shall be sorry for the Kingdom if it be left to the care of such guardians as you."

This speech had the effect of striking Mr. Whalley dumb with amazement. He rang a little bell which stood at his hand, and when the servant answered the call he could but point at me and then at the door. I was glad when I found myself in the street, for indeed I feared that the great man would have an apoplexy and that I should be called to account as being the cause of it.

Verity was greatly distressed when I told her the result of my embassy.

"My own flesh and blood cast me off!" she cried. "What must I do?"

"What must thou do, my dear?" said I. "Why, thou must love me more than ever, and we will get a ship back home again, away from all these proud people here."

Now, I made many inquiries after a ship, and was told on all hands that there was very

little chance of getting one back to America that year, for it was already late in the season and past the time when ships usually sailed across the Atlantic, and I well-nigh made up my mind to tell Verity and Prudence that we must stay in England until the spring.

It was now near the end of September; and one day Captain Skeffington entered my chamber at the Inn in the Borough, where I still lay for nearness to Verity and Prudence, and said to me:

"Jack, hearken; art thou minded for a voyage to Boston?"

"That am I," I said, "but where can a man find a ship at this season of the year?"

"Will the *Barnabas and Joseph* serve thy turn?" said he.

"Truly; but——"

"Listen, Jack; and thou shalt hear news. I am a rich man once more; rich in good solid lands and beeves," said the Captain.

"How is that, Captain?"

"I sent a messenger down into Leicestershire some ten days back, and he is now returned with the news that my elder brother Leonard was killed at Edge Hill, fighting on the side of the Parliament. (Would he had been for the King, but he was ever a thought cranky; yet it has saved me my estate.) He was never married, and I am his heir-at-law."

"Captain——"

"Do but wait a moment, Jack. I am minded for one more voyage before I take up mine inheritance. I need wait for no cargo, for I am rich enough to bear all charges myself. In a fortnight the *Barnabas and Joseph* can be made ready for sea, and in London I can get a sober, steady crew, not like the scoundrels I had last time."

"Captain——"

"There again, Jack; do but be silent; I can get in no word for thy prating. One young maiden I can do with on board my ship; two were too great a weight for me to make myself answerable for, but one I can well take on board. Then we must have, to bear her company, a gentlewoman, married, of sober life and conduct, yet not too old."

"Captain," said I, he having at last paused to get his breath, "I thank thee most heartily; yet I fear we cannot accept thy kindness. For even if I were willing (which I am not) to leave either Verity or Prudence alone in England, thou knowest as well as I do that they would never agree to be parted."

"Jack," said the Captain, "thou art a

dullard. I perceive that I did not sufficiently rope's-end thee on board the *Good Hope*, and now thou art grown too great a man for me to mend thy wits by thrashing. Were I as young as thou, I should long since have gone to the reverend Bagshawe, and have clapt him on the shoulder, saying, 'Your reverence, here be two loving young hearts longing to be made one. Tie us, therefore, so fast together in the bonds of matrimony that none shall be able to separate us.' Now what dost thou think of that, John?"

"I think, Captain, that Verity would never agree," said I.

"Well, ask her, man, and see what she says. And, Jack, thou canst tell her likewise that I am going to change the ship's name again. She was unlucky to her rightful owners when she was the *Madre de Dios*, and not much better when she was named in honour of me and that poor rascal Tonks. I am going to call her the *Verity and Prudence*, and sure two such excellent qualities as these should bring good luck. And ere I forget, tell Mrs. Verity likewise that I will give her away to be thy bride with the greatest pleasure in life. That may tempt her if nothing else doth."

"Captain," said I, "'tis a thousand pities that thou art not in the Parliament. Thou hast a fine natural eloquence which is thrown away on ship-board."

"Jack," said he, "thou art impudent and ungrateful. But I forgive thee, my lad, for the present. Wait until we are on the open sea again, and then we shall see."

I made my proposal to Verity that very day; and she immediately said that she would have naught to say to any such precipitate and unsuitable doings.

Next day I asked her again; and she bade me not trouble her.

The third day I put the question to her again, and she wept and told me that I was unkind. At this I was much dashed in my spirits, and was going away like a whipped puppy when Prudence ran after me and advised me to arrange matters with Master Bagshawe. "For," said she, "you have yet to learn, John, that a maiden often says 'no' when she means 'yes.'"

Not to trouble the reader further with my love-affairs, I may state that in a week after that Mr. Bagshawe had united Verity and me as man and wife in his church; and in another week she and I, together with Prudence and Captain Skeffington, were on board the *Verity and Prudence* in the Downs, wishing for a fair wind to bear us back to Boston.



JEFFREY TOOK HORSE AND RODE OFF INTO THE WEST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BRINGS US BACK TO BOSTON, AND MY
STORY TO AN END.

NOW before we cross the Ocean again I must relate shortly what had befallen Jeffrey Horton, that he was not one of the guests at the wedding of Master John Baywood and Madam his wife.

Soon after we reached London, Jeffrey took horse and rode oft into the west to inquire after his father and friends. He underwent many perils from the disturbed state of the country; and in particular, not having a pass either from King or Parliament, he was more than once in danger of being hanged as a spy by one or other of the armies. However, in the end he reached Bristol safely, and there found that his father had died in great poverty, about a year before this time.

"And what of Mrs. Phillett, Jeffrey?" said I, when Jeffrey was giving me later on the history of his adventures.

"Name her not to me," he answered. "No longer than a month after I had been kidnapped out of Bristol, what does the jade do but go and get wedded to a man old enough to be her grandfather, but reputed to be enormously rich. Well, I have done with her, and 'tis quite as well. I saw her, Jack, and I marvelled that I could ever have thought that I loved a fat painted Jezebel like that."

Thus finding none in Bristol to bid him welcome home, Jeffrey thought he could do no better than come back to the Captain and me, who seemed to be his only friends. He rode back to London by roundabout ways, only to find on asking at the Inn in the Borough that we had gone down to Deal, designing to sail thence to Boston. He, therefore, rode post after us, and made inquiry on the beach whether such a ship as the *Barnabas and Joseph* were in the Downs, not knowing of her change of name. The boatmen told him "no," and also that no ship of that name had sailed within the last few days. He therefore stayed in Deal for two or three days, thinking that the ship must be working down the Thames.

One day it came on to blow a stiff breeze from the north-east, and among the many ships which were loosing their sails and making ready for sea, to take advantage of the fair wind, Jeffrey saw one which looked very much like the *Barnabas and Joseph*.

"Can you tell me the name of yonder brig?" he said to one of the boatmen.

"Ay, sir. That is the *Verity and Prudence*,

outward bound from the Thames to New England, they tell me," said the man.

"The *Verity and Prudence!*" shouted Jeffrey. "That is the very ship I want, but her name hath been changed."

Thus it happened that just as our anchor came to the cat-head and the sails were being loosed, we on board the *Verity and Prudence* saw a boat come shooting out from the beach and make straight for our ship; and when the boat came near a man stood up in her and shouted to us. It was Jeffrey.

"*Verity and Prudence* ahoy!" he shouted.

"Jeffrey Horton ahoy!" answered Captain Skeffington.

"Will ye take me with you to New England?"

"Gladly. Throw us up your traps," said the Captain.

So Jeffrey paid his boatmen, handed up his baggage and came on board; and with a fair wind we stood down the Straits of Dover and the Channel and so out into the great Atlantic Ocean.

We made a long and difficult passage of it, owing to storms and adverse winds, and above all to fogs, which in the fall and winter make the navigation of the American coast very dangerous. It was not until the month of December that we reached the port of Boston, and winter had already set in. I must pass over the joy with which our friends and neighbours received us. In their happiness at beholding us once more Madam Whalley and my father fully forgave *Verity* and me for being so bold as to be wedded without obtaining their consent.

"Indeed," said Madam Whalley, "it was the best thing ye could do, when my kinsman Whalley refused his aid; and I thank thee, John, for thy tender care of my dear daughter."

I was very much moved when my father called me into his parlour one day, and said:

"Son John, I ask thy forgiveness."

"My forgiveness, father?" said I.

"Yes, my son. I was too harsh with thee, and I gave ear too readily to Zephaniah Eccles. Had I been more tender, all this trouble had been spared. I see my fault now, John."

"Thou hast my forgiveness most readily, father, if it is needed," said I. "And poor Zephaniah, too, I forgave him long ago."

As for Barnabas Skeffington, he laid up his ship for the winter in a creek, and dwelt among us until the spring. He made himself much beloved in the settlement by his cheerful conversation and kindly behaviour, and he was also of much service in an expedition which was

undertaken to chastise a band of Indians. In one thing only did he displease my father and the elders of the congregation, and that was that he would never frequent the religious exercises and preachings on Lord's Days.

"No, no, Master Baywood," he said. "You must excuse me, but I am a good Church and King man, and my conscience will not suffer me to frequent conventicles. I am sorry if I displease you, but I must ask you to bear with me for the short time I am with you."

There was some talk of taking him before a justice to answer for his neglect of public worship, but it went no further.

Now two things only remain for me to tell the reader, and I am done.

The first is, that when the spring came Jeffrey Horton went to my father and begged his leave to marry my sister Prudence. Both my father and the maiden herself consenting, they were duly wedded not long after, and settled on a farm not far from the town of Boston.

The second and last thing is how I bade farewell to Barnabas Skeffington when he departed to enter into his inheritance in the old country. The day of his sailing I went on board and sat with him in his cabin.

"Jack," said he, "I love not this parting from thee. I am greatly minded to lock thee

up in the black hole again and not let thee out until we are on the open sea."

"Captain," said I, "I love not this parting any more than thou dost. But I bid thee beware. Remember that this time thou wouldst have Madam Verity to reckon with, and I think she would pull down the Parliament House itself but she would have justice on thee."

"Yea, Jack, thou hast reason," said the Captain. "Moreover, now that I am a man of substance I have done with kidnapping and fibustiering and the like unholy trades. Now we must say farewell, lad, or I shall miss this tide."

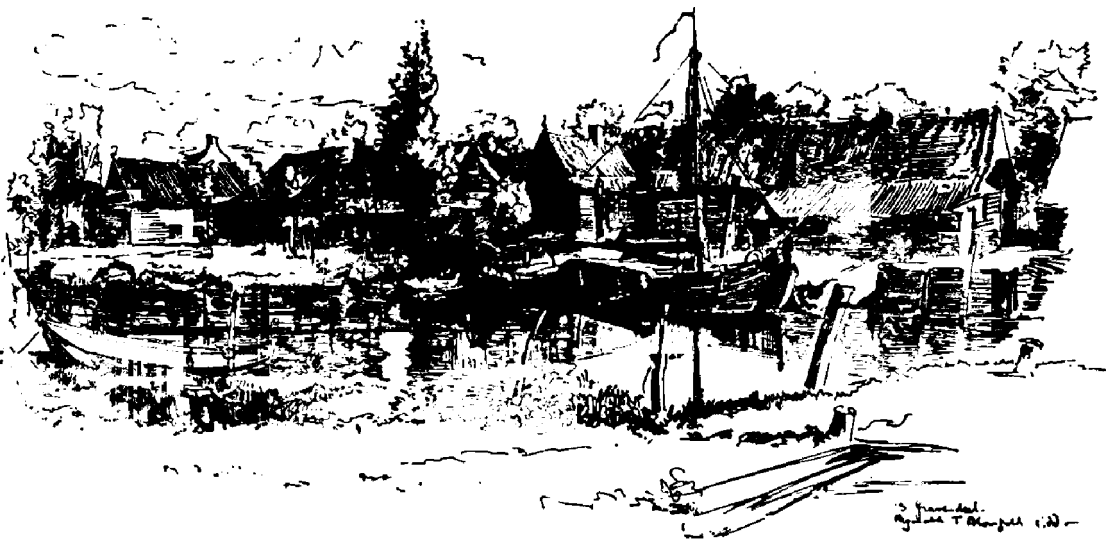
We grasped each other by the hand, and so parted. A shore-boat took me back to the land, and Verity came to the beach to meet me. We stood there together and watched the ship as she loosed her sails and stood out into the ocean.

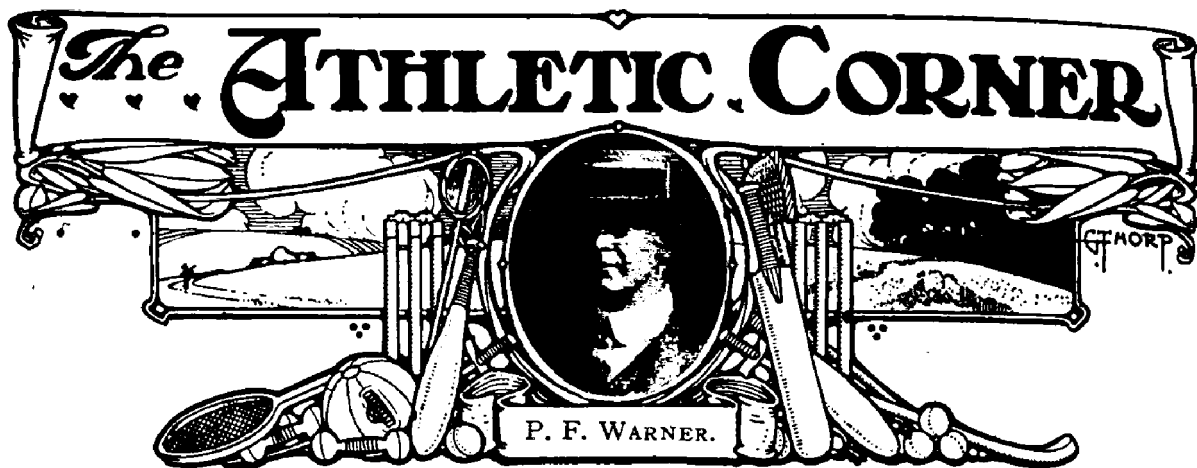
"Verity, my dear," said I, "let us at some time go to visit Barnabas Skeffington in the old country."

"John, my dear," she answered, "I verily believe that thou lovest Barnabas Skeffington more than me, thine own wedded wife."

This was but her jest; and I took her in my arms and cherished her, and together we went back to our own small homestead, talking of all that had befallen since the time when I first embraced her in the woods.

THE END.



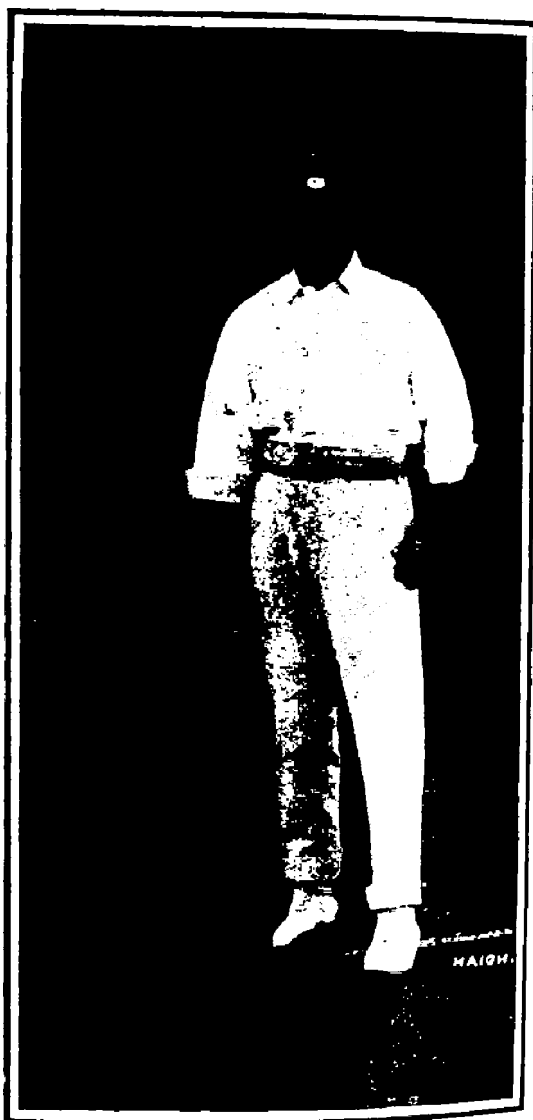


GREAT BOWLERS OF THE DAY.

L EFT-HANDED bowlers are almost invariably more difficult to play on sticky wickets than right-handers, for the simple reason that the ball is always breaking away from one—that is, granting you are a right-handed batsman; but there is one right-handed bowler who on a tricky wicket is as difficult as any left-hander. I mean Haigh. He really is horribly difficult to play, for the amount of work he can get on the ball is enormous, and besides keeping a good length he pulls the ball back in the air, and every now and again shoots a very fast yorker at you. Now, a straight fast ball on a sticky wicket is a very nasty ball to play, for one is always on the look-out for a break-back, and one is therefore very apt to be taken unawares and to play inside this straight ball.

I remember a very keen match between Middlesex and Yorkshire at Lord's in August 1902. The wicket favoured the bowlers from start to finish, and the scoring was consequently small. Haigh and Rhodes had a great time. Rhodes was difficult enough, but Haigh was worse. I scratched some sixteen runs myself, and when I came back to the pavilion C. M. Wells said to me, "I see my way to getting a run or two off Rhodes, but I can't see how I am possibly going to make one off Haigh." Well, Mr. Wells was too modest of his own capabilities, for he made some twenty odd runs; but his remark served as a good illustration of the dread we, of Middlesex, have of Haigh when the turf is false.

On a batsman's pitch Haigh is rather disappointing, and ought, I think, to be a great deal better than he is, for he has every artifice of the bowler's art at his command.



HAIGH.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.



BARNES (LANCASHIRE).

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.



LOCKWOOD.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Possibly his length is not quite steady enough.

On a matting wicket he is one of the most difficult bowlers I know, and during Lord Hawke's tour in South Africa in the winter of 1898-1899 he took a prodigious number of wickets. On the Cape Town ground he did "the hat trick," and he often pitched the ball very near to the edge of the mat and came back on to the wicket—and the mat is not particularly narrow.

Another very great bowler was Barnes, of Lancashire. In Australia, with A. C. MacLaren's team, he did wonders until his knee gave way, and the leading Australian batsmen consider him the best bowler on a typical Australian wicket we have sent them.

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Cross-examine any of the great batsmen of the day and they will tell you that the ball of all others they detest and abhor on a perfect wicket is the one which goes with the bowler's arm. Well, Barnes used to bowl this ball to perfection when he was in form, and bowled it so well that he made you play at it. People who follow cricket must have noticed how often "*c* MacLaren, *b* Barnes" appeared on the score-sheet. It was that going-away ball that produced the stroke which enabled MacLaren to catch you at slip. It is a thousand pities that Barnes has given up county cricket for the more prosaic excitement of the League game, for one would willingly have seen more of this highly gifted bowler.

Lockwood, of Surrey, though he has now retired from first-class cricket, was in his day the finest fast bowler this generation has seen. Richardson in his prime ran him very close, and in the matter of consistency he was Lockwood's superior. But when he was bowling well Lockwood had no equal. Nearly all the great batsmen of the day held this opinion. Ask K. S. Ranjitsinhji or C. B. Fry, F. S. Jackson or A. C. MacLaren. Perhaps as a Middlesex cricketer I may have an unduly high respect for Lockwood, for is not Lord's the ground on which he has accomplished many of his most daring feats?

But it is not only Middlesex who on their own ground have had ere this to bow their knee before him, for the Gentlemen have felt the weight of his attack very severely on more than one occasion. It will be enough to instance one match. In the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's in 1901 the Gentlemen had at lunch-time on the second day scored 206 for one wicket, with Ranjitsinhji and C. B. Fry well set; and yet an hour after play was resumed the Gentlemen were all out for 272—Lockwood having taken seven, I think, of the wickets. It was one of the finest pieces of bowling I have ever seen, that wonderful slow ball of his deceiving batsman after batsman.

Cricketers do not, as a rule, carry in their minds the memory of any one particular ball which they have seen bowled, but there is one ball which I shall never forget. England were playing Australia at Lord's in July 1893, and Lockwood was bowling from the pavilion end.

Lyons went in first, but when he had made seven runs Lockwood clean bowled him. This was a good ball—a very good ball, but nothing like the one which George Giffen, the next batsman, was asked to play.

It was an exceptionally fast one, and it pitched about four inches outside the off stump, kept very low, and hit the middle and leg. Of course Giffen had no chance—the ball would have bowled any man in the world. To this day Giffen talks about it.

The slope in the ground and the little bit of fire and life there always is in a Lord's wicket unmistakably help a bowler of Lockwood's type. Probably one of the finest things he has ever done was his seven wickets for seventy runs in the Test Match at the Oval in August 1899. The wicket was of the most perfect Oval type, and the Australian Eleven of that year were very powerful in batting, but Lockwood was invincible.



MR. C. M. WELLS.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

However well we may do in the early part of a summer, Middlesex never take the field with any real confidence until C. M. Wells and J. Douglas join us in August. When they are with us we feel equal to tackling any team in England, for the one is a superb all-round cricketer and the other a great batsman and a great long-field. But it is with Wells that I am for the moment more particularly concerned.

Learning his cricket at Dulwich, Wells was a member of those strong Cambridge Elevens in the early nineties which included such men as S. M. J. Woods, G. MacGregor, F. S. Jackson, A. J. L. Hill, R. N. and J. Douglas, E. C. Streatfeild, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji. While he was at Cambridge, Wells was



HARGREAVE.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

chosen to play for the Gentlemen *v.* the Players at Lord's, and in addition to making forty-four runs bowled exceedingly well. For the last ten years Wells has been unable to take any part in first-class cricket until the beginning of August, but he is one of those gifted cricketers who can apparently come straight into a big match and bat, bowl, and field as if he had been in full practice for weeks.

From the ring Wells is probably rather a simple-looking bowler, but there is nothing simple about him when one gets to the wickets. He bowls slow, with a long and rather quick run, and no bowler that I know of has a greater command over the ball, while he has that inestimable virtue

in any bowler—be he fast or slow—of making the ball look to be farther up than it is. The result is that the unwary batsman has a go and is “*c* J. Douglas, *b* Wells,” for it may be taken as a practical certainty that if a catch is hit anywhere near J. Douglas a wicket will ensue. I can well recollect Douglas bringing off a wonderfully fine catch high up with his left hand—while running, too—in the Middlesex and Yorkshire match at Leeds four years ago; and when those of us who were fielding in the vicinity of the wicket were talking about it, Wells quietly remarked: “Oh, Douglas never misses. I have played with him for years, and I think I have seen him drop perhaps two catches”—which goes to show that even in these days, when we read so much about the decadence of fielding, there are still one or two good men left.

Wells' best ball is, I think, the one on which he puts an apparent big spin, but which comes straight and quickly off the pitch; he has had many a one lbw with this. Trent Bridge, Nottingham, is his favourite ground.

He has always done exceedingly well there, and one fine day he made 244 runs—the highest score ever hit for Middlesex—and took thirteen wickets.

But if he fails to make runs or get wickets—and I cannot recollect the match in which that has happened—Wells may be counted on to save heaps of runs in the field, at extra-cover especially, but indeed anywhere on the off-side. I have heard Lionel Palaret complain before now that Wells stopped all his drives between cover and extra-cover.

Wells was in his day, as probably every one knows, one of the finest half-backs at Rugby football in England. That position requires exceptional quickness of foot, and this extreme readiness to start makes him the magnificent extra-cover he is; for, though a man of heavy build, he can cover the ground and move to a ball like lightning.

Hargreave was originally engaged on the ground staff at Old Trafford, and the story of how he came to play for Warwickshire is, I think, worth the telling. Lancashire were playing Warwickshire, and before the match commenced Lilley went out to have some practice. Hargreave happened to be bowling at his net, and Lilley, who is a very sound judge of the game, was at once taken with his possibilities. He then spoke to H. W. Bainbridge about Hargreave, and the result of it all was that Hargreave migrated to



BLYTHE.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.



J. T. HEARNE.

Photo. T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Warwickshire. Hargreave had never played for Lancashire's first eleven, but appeared twice, I believe, in the county's second team. Becoming qualified for Warwickshire at the end of 1899, Hargreave has been a regular member of the team since, and is undoubtedly one of the best left-handed bowlers of the day.

There is, indeed, no bowler in the world for whom Mr. A. C. MacLaren has a greater respect, and well he may, for the number of times Hargreave has clean bowled him is extraordinary. Until the Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's in 1903 Mr. MacLaren had not made twenty-five runs in any one innings when opposed to Hargreave, and he must have batted against him on ten or twelve occasions.

It is the ball which comes with Hargreave's arm which is so fatal to the Lancashire captain, and no left-handed bowler that I have ever met bowls this ball better.

Hargreave went with me to New Zealand and Australia in the winter of 1902-3, but though he bowled out eighteens and twenty-twos as fast as ever they came in, he was not, in the eleven a-side matches, as successful as a bowler of his class might have been expected to be. We had much hard travelling in New Zealand and a good deal of rushing about from place to place, and this hard work undoubtedly told on him. In the three games we played in Australia—against New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia—Hargreave only obtained

two wickets in seventy-four overs for 192 runs; but he was palpably stale and below his best form.

Blythe, like Hargreave and Rhodes, is a left-hander, and is such a good one that many cricketers think he is the equal of either of these other two. Certainly he has the most difficult flight of the three, and it is this power of holding back the ball—when judged by his action, one might be excused for thinking he was propelling it forward—which makes Blythe such a fine bowler on a hard wicket. Then he, too, has that "go with the arm" ball—though not so markedly as Hargreave.

Blythe has never yet played for the Players at Lord's, but he might well have done so, and been no loss to the side either, for he is undoubtedly in the very front row of present-day bowlers. His bowling in Australia's second innings in the third test match was of a very high quality indeed.

The name of Jack Hearne is honoured at Lord's, as well it may be, for through many long years he has rendered great service to the county of Middlesex—and, it may be added, to M.C.C.—who have often, as Middlesex have found subsequently, worked him not wisely but too hard.

Who that has been to Lord's does not at once picture to himself, when he hears the name of Jack Hearne, that easy, graceful run up to the wicket, that swinging rhythmical action, that superb length, and that quick break-back?

It is many years now since he first played for Middlesex and bowled W. L. Murdoch, then the Australian captain, for a "duck"—but to-day he still stands forth as the backbone and sheet-anchor of Middlesex

cricket. A little past his best now, he is still one of the best bowlers in England, and on certain wickets—for instance, a fast and crumbling Lord's pitch on a third day—he is as likely as any man to clean-bowl you. I wonder how many matches he has won for Middlesex?

There is besides Trott yet another Australian, Tarrant, who plays for Middlesex!

He is a nephew of the Tarrant of the sixties, but he learned his cricket on the Melbourne ground. He had at that time already made up his mind to try his luck in England, but I was so impressed with his bowling that—though I had no authority to do so—I ventured to say that if he came to Lord's I might be able to help him. Well, Tarrant came, saw, and to a great extent has conquered; and I feel sure that his left-handed bowling will help Middlesex to many a victory in the years that are to come. His best ball is that which comes with his arm. It is a good ball—a very good ball—but he is apt to overdo it, and to forget that a particular delivery, however full of possibilities in itself, is apt to breed contempt by familiarity. For he has a slow ball which he pulls back in the air after the manner of his countryman, and as he can spin the ordinary left-hander's break-back, he has a good many strings to his bow.

Over and above his bowling Tarrant is a capital batsman, with a straight bat and wristy offside stroke ranging from just behind point to the left of mid-off; and as he can field extremely well—like nine out of ten Australians—one may, without undue optimism, expect much of him in the future.



SOME NOTES ON FIELDING.

GOOD fielding, from the mere spectator's point of view, is often the best thing in a cricket match. We have been led in recent years to expect the Australians to show a superiority over us in this branch of the game; but, judging solely by the Test Match at Nottingham, the English eleven were, if anything, rather the better fielders. G. L. Jessop, for instance, stood out head and shoulders above any one else, and during the two innings of Australia it is no exaggeration to say that he saved at least fifty runs. The harder the ball was hit at him

the more cleanly did he pick it up, and the amount of ground he covered and the quickness of his pick-up and return were extraordinary. He will go down to posterity, quite apart from his fame as a hitter of daring originality, as the greatest cover, or extra-cover, cricket has so far produced. V. F. Royle and Briggs gained great kudos as cover-points, and G. B. Studd as an extra-cover; but it is pretty generally admitted by those who have seen these four cricketers field that Jessop is the best of the lot.

Another whose fielding stood out as one of

the best features of a memorable game was A. O. Jones. Unlike Jessop, Jones excels in any position in the field. Jessop specialises as an off-side fieldman; Jones is equally good in the slips or at third or in the country—in fact, anywhere. His enthusiasm is contagious, and his activity and eagerness to run after the ball would inspire the laziest eleven in the world with energy. It was chiefly to his ability as a fielder in the slips that Jones owed his place in the Cambridge Eleven of 1893—for in those days he was quite a moderate bat, going in last but one in the Light Blue Eleven—and at the present time there is not a finer all-round fieldman in England. At a time when wickets as a general rule favour the batsman, it is very essential that bowlers should be well supported by the field, and when this is so the results are frequently surprising, for bowlers of only moderate ability find run after run saved—and maybe the dismissal of a brilliant batsman by a fine catch—and so gain heart and probably bowl above their true form. It is a fine sight to see an eleven working their hardest and keenest in the field; and when this is so it often happens that everything “comes off” for them. Public school elevens ought, by reason of their youth and activity, to excel in this respect, and last year’s Eton Eleven gave a capital exhibition, though, on the authority of the late Bob Thoms, the Winchester Eleven of 1889 was the best fielding side any school had ever produced during his career. The Oxford Eleven of 1892 and 1896 gained a great reputation for fielding, and the Australians have almost always been exceptionally smart. Especially do they shine in throwing, and it is said that at least eight of the present team can throw over a hundred yards. Englishmen are, of course, tremendously handicapped in their throwing by the cold of our winters, which stiffens the muscles of the arms and shoulders; and it is a fact that the members of the English teams on arriving in Australia or South Africa, or the West Indies, where the climate is always warm and dry, discover to their surprise that they can throw twenty or thirty yards further than they were able to in England—and much harder. So that to field and catch well one must have warm weather and true fielding ground, for to field accurately is impossible on rough and uneven turf, and for this reason it is to be hoped that steps will be shortly taken to improve the conditions at Lord’s. The weather during May was very trying to groundsmen, the long spell of dry weather and the cold winds at night making the surface of the ground very rough

and brittle. In this respect the Sydney and Melbourne grounds are delightful to field on, the hardest hits coming truly to the fieldsmen over the beautifully kept turf, though it must be remembered that cricket is played at Lord’s every day from May 1 until the end of August, while there is only an occasional match on the Sydney and Melbourne grounds. Old Trafford, too, is quite ideal to field on, and in nearly every respect an ideal ground; but comparatively few matches are played there, and the spectators are not allowed inside the ring on any pretext whatever, a practice which might with advantage be adopted at Lord’s in all matches excepting Oxford and Cambridge, and Eton and Harrow. Side by side with fielding comes wicket-keeping, and here there has been tremendous improvement since the days of the long-stop. Blackham is always supposed to have been the pioneer of wicket-keeping in its modern form, and it is pleasant to be able to say that Lilley proved himself in the Test Matches at Nottingham and at Lord’s no whit inferior to the many great cricketers who have in the past filled the position of wicket-keeper for England. Lilley has taken part in twenty-three or twenty-four Test Matches, I believe; and the way in which he stumped Laver in the second innings of Australia at Nottingham off a ball of Bosanquet’s that jumped up quickly was, I should imagine, one of the best pieces of stumping ever recorded. And then as understudy to Lilley there is Mr. Martyn, in practically every respect the equal of Lilley; so that in the event of an accident to England’s first string no anxiety need be felt.

P. F. W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. Crawford.—Your idea is a very good one, but with all the County cricket it would be difficult to arrange such a match. Besides, Scotland is not altogether neglected. Strong English elevens play there every season. You may rely upon it that as soon as Scotland shows herself strong enough, England *v.* Scotland at cricket will be arranged.

E. P. Watts.—Yes, the Sandow system is excellent, but you must be careful not to overdo it, as too great a strain on the muscles is, as you suggest, apt to make one slow. Personally, I am no believer in the absolutely cold tub—in *medio tutissimus!* But you must judge for yourself.

S. F. X.—So far as I can judge from your letter, the game you mention seems to be practically broomstick cricket, which is most excellent training for the real thing, as it improves the eye.

E. S. Hubbard.—B. J. T. Bosanquet, in my opinion. It is pronounced “Bozangket.”

Gerald F. Marson.—I should imagine E. Nosworthy’s 100 yards in 11½ sec. must be easily a

record for a boy 14½ years old; 4 ft. 4 in. is also an exceedingly fine high jump for a boy at a preparatory school; and Littleton ought to throw as far as Trumper one of these days.

A Constant Reader.—You must consult a doctor. I really am scarcely competent to answer the questions you ask me.

G. McFadyean.—Linseed oil and olive oil mixed, rubbed in occasionally. No, sand-papering does good if the face of the bat has been rendered hard or brittle by the dirt off a wet ball.

Old Citizen.—(1) Certainly not; only the face of a bat requires oiling. (2) Four runs. (3) No, nothing is scored.

W. H. E. Carr.—G. L. Jessop scored 104 in the second innings of England in the test match at the Oval in August 1902.

An Admirer of Cricket.—(1) C. B. Fry. (2) Rhodes, on every day form; B. J. T. Bosanquet on his day. (3) G. L. Jessop. (4) "How We Recovered the Ashes."

A Cricket Enthusiast.—Under the arrangement which was made with the Captain of the opposing side you would have been perfectly right in insisting on that arrangement being kept, and drawing stumps at six o'clock. As you, however, decided to play on after six you must abide by the eventual result of the match—viz., a victory for your opponents by five runs. Your captain showed the true spirit in which the game should be played by consenting to go on.

In Doubt.—The word *finally* is the important point in the rule you refer to. In the case you mention in the first part of your letter the ball is certainly not dead; otherwise, no batsman would ever be stumped. "Finally settled" means that the ball has been taken by the wicket-keeper, and sufficient time has elapsed to show that the batsman has "finished finally" his stroke—that he is not over-balancing himself, for instance, and that there is no chance of his being out of his crease in his attempt to make the stroke he contemplated when the ball was being bowled. As regards the case you mention, the batsman was stumped in the first instance—that is, supposing he was out of his ground at the time, and there was no necessity to pull up a stump and make a second appeal.

P. D. M.—The volume on "Football" in the *Badminton Library*.

Tom Hayward.—"M.C.C. and Ground" means that in the XI. which is representing the Club will be found members of the ground staff. An M.C.C. XI. composed entirely of amateurs would be called "M.C.C." With professionals on the side it would be called "M.C.C. and Ground." The M.C.C. was founded in 1787. The Club sprung from the ashes of the White Conduit Club, dissolved in that year. The M.C.C. is, I believe, though I am not quite sure, the oldest club now playing, as the Hambledon Club in Hampshire, so famous at the end of the eighteenth century, no longer exists.

Arthur Clark.—Your letter was replied to at once, but answers to correspondents are often held over owing to want of space. I never answer letters except through the columns of the CAPTAIN.

An Admirer of Jessop.—(1) In the event of the rubber being undecided at the end of the fourth test match, the fifth and final test match at the Oval will be played to a finish. (2) Any of the advertisers in the CAPTAIN. (3) About 14s. at the most.

H. M. Leonard.—It can do no harm whatever to the ball.

J. E. P.—About three parts of linseed oil to one of olive oil.

Saltburnian.—No, it is not strictly a hat trick, as a hat trick means three wickets with three consecutive balls in the same innings. Rhodes, the great Yorkshire bowler, once had an experience similar to your friend's. He took the last two wickets in Kent's first innings, and then dismissed E. W. Dillon with the first ball of the second innings, but it was not counted as a hat trick, why I do not know.

F. N. Stroud.—Probably a strain or a slight rupture. Consult a doctor at once.

Timepiece.—Please write me again, and I will do as you ask with regard to rules for a cricket club. An Australian tour in this country is a financial speculation on the part of the players, who divide any profits—and there is always a large profit—amongst themselves. A very successful tour may mean as much as £600 or £700 to each member of the team.

"Vi Tibblings."—Ask B. J. T. Bosanquet. He is the only bowler at present who can do so without telling the batsman which way the ball is breaking. Your first essential is a good length. Never bowl too short. A half-volley is far more likely to get a wicket than a long hop. Secondly, learn to vary your pace without changing your action. And, thirdly, try and make the ball either break back or come with your arm—both if you can do it. J. T. Hearne is a good model to take. I am afraid I can only answer letters in the CAPTAIN.

F. R. C.—No coaching will teach you confidence. Time alone can do that, for confidence is a plant of slow growth. The great thing is to argue that as one occasionally makes runs there is no reason why each particular innings should not be the one in which one is going to come off. Besides, cricket is but a game, and no moral disgrace attaches if one fails at it, so go in with a light heart and you will make runs every now and then.

J. Douglas Balls.—(1) *Vanity Fair* Office, Essex Street, Strand, W.C. W. Quaife left Sussex to play for Warwickshire, and the result of this was some friction between the committees of the two Clubs.

P. F. Cross.—In making the handicaps you must be guided by the form of each individual competitor. There can be no hard and fast rule laid down. The Committee of the Athletic Sports at your school ought to be able to do this to the satisfaction of the rest of the school; but to lay down a definite system is impossible for one who has no knowledge of the form of the various competitors.

H. Clayton.—The matches you name are not first-class matches.

F. R. H.—The umpire was quite wrong. The appeal to be successful should have been made before the next ball was bowled.

Harold F. Woods.—A hat trick must be done with three consecutive balls in *the same innings* by, of course, the same bowler. It does not matter if the fifth and sixth balls of one over, and the first of the next take wickets—that is a hat trick all the same, for the three wickets were obtained in *the same innings*. If, however, the third wicket is taken with the first ball of *the second innings*, that would not be a hat trick.

TALES OF THE FAR WEST.

BY FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS.

Author of "Across the Wilderness, &c."

No. 18.—TAUK-SOK AND OOK-JOOK.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HAWLEY.



WHEN my old friend, Adolph Borel, was stationed at a Hudson Bay Company's "house" at Chesterfield Inlet, there was a large village of the native "Huskies" near his post.

Among these Eskimo were two young brothers, who had much reputation among the "Bay" folk as hunters of seal and walrus. At the post, on account of their unpronounceable names, they were dubbed Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook, after the many-voiced "old wives" duck and the famous "dog-faced" seal. These names finally stuck. Although but boys in years when Borel knew them, the brothers had made several excursions into far arctic seas, and had already figured in the life-saving service of the Bay.

In the second year of his stay at the Inlet winter closed in much earlier than usual. In September there came an arctic blizzard, followed by freezing weather unusual at that season. Ice formed in great thickness around the shores of the Inlet and the Bay. Tide and high waves ran over this, and fell off, leaving a shore-strip green and glare, like an immense continuous glacier.

Sealing-boats in the habit of wintering at the Inlet came in one by one, until there was only the Penguin, a small tub of a whaler, left to be accounted for.

Thus matters stood when, one day, just before noon, there came in at the post an old Innuite with a tale of shipwreck and disaster. He had been sealing far down the coast, and was coming in, when he descried two men off shore upon a huge iceberg. He had immediately put whip to his dogs and run them over shore ice, according to his

account, a distance of thirty miles in less than three hours.

Instantly it was surmised that the Penguin must have "bumped" an iceberg and gone to pieces. The Hudson Bay berg is sometimes mountainous in proportions, withstanding the summer heat of years. Thus great submerged sections gradually rise near to the surface and are a constant menace to the Bay traffic.

Borel heard the Innuite's story and hurried to the Huskie village. Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook were already preparing to go to the rescue of the imperilled sealers. A big walrus-sledge had been dragged out upon the shore ice and braces were being put on at the sides, for hitching extra teams. A dozen Eskimos were at work harnessing snarls of dogs. A yawl, dry, warm clothing, food and brandy were brought out from the factor's store. The yawl was lashed upon the sledge and a kayak (canoe), bound upon light runners, was hitched behind. All the best-trained and fleetest dogs of the Huskie village, fifty-one in all, were attached to the great sledge. Borel and three *attachés*, all good oarsmen, took seats inside the yawl, while the drivers stood outside the boat's rail. All the Innuites were armed with long-lashed dog-whips. At a word of command the Huskies among the dogs fell away, tumbling over one another.

The vicious whips hissed and cracked and instantly the scrambling, yelping packs drew together in a mad flight over the ice. Their speed was furious from the start. The ice was barely rough enough to give them footing, and the weight of the bone-shod walrus-sledge offered impediment enough to straighten the traces. In a twinkling the post and its immediate surroundings vanished from sight.

The work of the Eskimo drivers was a



THE VICIOUS WHIPS HISSED AND CRACKED.

marvel to Borel. These wild, skin-clad men were simply the embodiment of savage energy perfectly directed. Each one stood, clasping the yawl's rail between his knees, alert, his whip swung with unerring precision to flick the ear of a lagging dog, and each hooded face aglow with a fierce, controlled excitement.

A little after the start a dog slipped, scrambled, and was about to go under the sledge, when Tauk-Sok stooped quickly, snatched the struggling brute off its feet and flung it head foremost out among the racing packs. Another, unable to keep the terrific pace, finally went under the runners. Its trace was promptly cut, and Borel, looking back, saw the dog roll over and over an incredible number of times, then bounce to its feet and scamper homeward, apparently unhurt.

Numerous stranded ice-cakes and hummocks were encountered, and, in dodging these, the expert drivers and well-trained teams showed to the best advantage. Harsh, outlandish screams and the hiss and swish of the long, braided lash were continuous accompaniments of this furious drive.

Borel glanced at his timepiece frequently.

At the end of thirty minutes, as he noted by a familiar promontory, the sledge had covered twelve miles, not including curves; in one hour, twenty-five miles. They were swiftly nearing the perishing men.

Presently the old Innuitt signalled a halt, and Tauk-Sok shrieked at the dogs a long-drawn "*Ooo-gaarr eek!*" The teams instantly slackened their breakneck speed, pulling and hauling against one another, while the sledge ploughed among them until they rolled, fighting and yelping, in confused and tangled heaps. They threw themselves panting upon the ice, while Borel and his men and the Eskimo got off yawl and kayak and put to sea. Ook-Jook paddled the smaller craft.

A half-mile out from shore floated an immense berg surrounded by a family of smaller ones. Towards a great uplifted block, well to windward, the boats steered, directed by the old Innuitt. At first nothing could be seen save the glaring ice walls, and Borel feared greatly that the shipwrecked men had already perished. When the boats were half way out, though, two men were seen standing upon the crest of the floe. They feebly flourished their arms,

but sank from sight again when assured that their signals had been answered. Evidently they were too nearly frozen to stand against the cutting wind.

The men in the yawl redoubled their exertions and shouted, in a futile effort to be heard, cries of encouragement. The ice-cake they were nearing seemed to be nearly rectangular in shape, with sheer walls and a crest lifted some forty feet or more above the sea's surface. Great rollers, which tossed yawl and kayak upon their long, easy swells, were frothing and boiling about its base. Keeping out of the rough waters, yawl and kayak passed around the berg, looking for a landing—if such a term may be used—and a place of ascent.

To the amazement and dismay of Borel and his men, a complete circuit of the floe revealed only sheer walls and inaccessible steepes. The men could never have climbed to its top. Their ship had been wrecked by the breaking up of a submarine glacier. The poor fellows were apparently as far from rescue as when they had first been sighted.

Borel's heart sank, and his white companions shook their heads in dismay. The men up there might jump or slide into the sea, but they would—benumbed and half-frozen as they were—go down like stones in the tumbling waters around the floe. Only the kayak and its half-aquatic paddler could approach near enough to pick up a swimmer should one, indeed, live to swim. The men must even now be perishing, else they would show themselves upon the edge of the ice-cap.

While Borel in despair thus reasoned, the Innuït brothers, as the boats tossed, shouted back and forth in harsh, ear-splitting yells. Presently the kayak touched, about its middle, at the yawl's stern, and Tauk-Sok, who had been steering, sprang lightly upon it. He kept his feet, and took position with Ook-Jook's head between his knees. Soon he seized the two-bladed paddle and propelled the light craft directly into the waters around the berg.

Borel watched the kayak in much anxiety. What could men do against the face of those ice walls and among the breakers, too? He questioned the old Innuït but, having no interpreter at hand, got no intelligent reply. The kayak was now tossing and pitching. It sunk from sight and rose again repeatedly. A half-dozen times the light craft was washed up against the face of the berg.

Still Tauk-Sok kept his feet, and presently the men saw that he had exchanged his paddle for a harpoon. Here and there he jabbed at the floe, and at length the amazed white men saw him leap off the kayak against the ice and stick, as a lump of clay might stick when thrown against the face of a wall. He had thrust his harpoon into a crevice and gained a footing. The kayak slid away into the trough of the sea.

Breathless the men watched, while the daring Innuït attempted the ascent of a steep which assuredly no polar bear could have climbed. A wave rolled up and half buried him; yet he clung. Presently he was seen to mount a step higher—and then another. He was using his harpoon to cut steps. He leaned with his breast against the slanting face of ice and prodded carefully, cutting holes just above his head. He took his footing with infinite caution. Slowly he climbed higher and higher, while the kayak held its place like a water-fowl.

The yawl moved into danger in the men's eagerness to watch every motion of that perilous ascent. Now and then the Innuït reached standing-room upon some jutting ledge; again he was compelled to cut his steps laterally in order to avoid impossible steepes. Once he disappeared within a crevasse, but soon emerged to again cut his way upward.

After a half-hour of this perilous work—a time which seemed an age to the onlookers—the Eskimo had achieved the impossible. He had reached safe footing upon the cap of the floe.

Hearty cheers went up from the yawl. It is doubtful whether the stolid Innuït would have comprehended had he heard them. He moved on unconcernedly. He had performed an incredible feat, but how was he to save those benumbed, freezing, and starving men?

While the men were speculating anxiously, Tauk-Sok disappeared beyond the ice-cap's rim and the kayak moved on. The yawl followed until the smaller craft rested under a projecting shelf where the breakers lost some of their force.

Borel and his men simply awaited developments. In the face of that sheer height, they could see nothing to be done. In their opinion there was but one hope for the sealers. If Tauk-Sok could carry a rope up his flight of steps, he could haul up clothing and food to provide for the sufferers until the sea abated.

After a time, and while they were still debating plans, a man appeared, crawling upon the topmost rim of ice, directly above the kayak's position. It was one of the sealers. The man hesitated for some seconds upon the brink of the ledge, then slid downward; and the astonished white men saw that he dangled at the end of a harpoon-line, which they had not been able to see as Tauk-Sok had carried it. Slowly and with apparent safety the man was lowered. Ook-Jook, in the kayak, bobbing like an elongated cork, sat dipping his blades and looking upward.

Ook-Jook could catch the man, undoubtedly; could cut his line and bring him out of those waters; but it must be done at the cost of a drenching likely to finish the poor fellow before anything further could be done. He would be dropped directly into the sea, should the Eskimo fail a hand's-breadth in the first attempt to reach him.

There were brave men in the yawl, and they pushed into the crazy waters, shouting at Ook-Jook to get out of the way. By the dexterous steering of the old Innuite, they ran under the man in time to catch and drop him, dry and safe, at the yawl's bottom. Then they pulled away from the berg.

When they had reached safer waters, the half-frozen man was cased in warm furs and dosed with brandy to start his circulation. He told his story in a few words. The Penguin had been heaved out of the water, smashed and rolled back into the sea while she was coasting a "breaking"



SLOWLY HE CLIMBED HIGHER AND HIGHER.

berg at perilously close quarters. Himself and a single companion had jumped and gained a footing upon the heaving ice. All the others must have perished.

Questioned by Borel as to how the Innuite had lowered him, he explained that the Huskie had made a windlass of his harpoon. He had drilled a hole to half its depth in the ice, wound a coil, and handled his weight at will. Evidently Tauk-Sok had watched operations on shipboard to good effect.

In a few minutes the second man was lowered. Again the yawl rowed in and made the rescue with only a light wetting, and

again she had a hard fight to get out of the eddying swirls which met behind the berg. Then, with the rescued sealers warmly bundled—they had kept themselves from severe freezing for eighteen hours by lying together behind an ice-hummock—the yawl and kayak pulled around off the point at which Tauk-Sok had ascended.

Already the Eskimo's black figure could be seen near the top of the floe. Tauk-Sok was feeling his way downward with even greater caution than he had used in going up.

And he had need.

For a third of the way or more he descended, moving apparently as a fly moves along a pane of glass. Poised above a fearful incline, the black figure cautiously moved sidewise. He advanced a half-dozen steps laterally, and then a foot slipped. He was seen to cling by one hand for an instant, then whirl upon his back, clap his feet together and throw his hands above his head. Then he shot downward, like a well-aimed harpoon, into the sea.

There was a general groan of dismay in the yawl. They believed the brave fellow would never come out of those waters alive. They saw the kayak shoot out upon the crest of a wave, sink into a trough, toss up against a face of ice, go down again. Spray and spume succeeded, and Ook-Jook, too, seemed to have gone down.

Then the boat tumbled out of the spray with a figure astride the paddler. Such cheering! The clerk and his *attachés* shouted themselves hoarse; even the half-frozen sealers crowed and screamed in a frenzy of delight. And well they might, for those daring and resourceful Northmen had snatched them out of the maw of death.

In two or three minutes the kayak pulled safely alongside the yawl, Tauk-Sok astride his brother's neck, dripping and grinning, quite as if his recent plunge had been taken with a relish for ice-cold baths.

Such is the tale of Tauk-Sok and Ook-Jook—sealers and heroes.

END OF "TALES OF THE FAR WEST."



A SLIGHT MISTAKE SOMEWHERE.



ENTHUSIASTIC GENTLEMAN [from a very remote part of France]: "Pardon me, M'sieu! but how neat, how tidy is your London! Here have I just finished eating ze banana, and I pop all ze skins into ze receptacle—dust-bin—how you call it?"

STORIES in London STONE,

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED

BY



THE "LONDON STONE."

L Cannon-street, in the City of London, within a minute's walk of the well-known railway station, is a stone carefully preserved behind an iron railing. It is an old stone, a famous stone, and what a history it could tell were it only gifted with the power of speech!

More than eighteen hundred years ago this stone was placed on one of the great roads leading out of London, by the Romans, after their occupation of London, or *Londinium*, as they called it, to mark the boundary of their city. But this alone does not make the guarded stone in Cannon-street the famous stone it is. "London Stone," for that is the name given to it, is one of the two only remains of Roman London to be seen at this day. - Eighteen feet of earth, it is estimated, separate Roman London from the London as we know it, and the only links of its occupation by the Romans are a portion of the wall with



THE MONUMENT.

A Memorial of the Great Fire of London, Sept. 2nd, 1666.

which the City was surrounded, and this "London Stone."

It saw the occupation of London by the Romans, and their abandonment of it some four hundred years later. Then came a blank of two hundred years in the history of London. Historians, so far, have been unable to fill up this blank in the chronicles of the metropolis; but "London Stone" was there, and the silent history of those two centuries is deeply marked upon its now grimy face.

It saw the Saxon occupation of London, and the first St. Paul's Cathedral, built by Ethelbert in 610. It watched the commencement of the Tower (1078), and the construction of a bridge across the Thames (1176). It survived the Plague (1665), and the Fire (1666), and saw Temple Bar erected in Fleet-street (1670), and its subse-



CHARING CROSS.

What great changes has this stone witness!! The pack horse was replaced in its presence by the sedan chair, and then by the stage coach and the mail coach. The whistle of the steam locomotive soon removed the coach from the roads, and then followed the omnibus and the hansom cab. It has seen, too, the gradual advancement of the bicycle, and the more recent appearance of the motor car.

More than once it has figured in the chronicles of the history of the City.

A great and important stone as it was, it soon made itself felt, even after it had been deserted by its patrons, the Romans. A boundary mark to them, it soon became a boundary mark to the succeeding generations, for in the year 1328 we read that King Edward III. granted to the City of London the sole right to establish markets within a "seven miles radius of 'London Stone.'" A hundred and twenty-two years later it played an important part in one of the great rebellions. With a force of forty thousand lusty men of Kent, Jack Cade entered London, and, riding up to "London Stone," struck it with his sword, exclaiming, "Now is Mortimer lord of

quent removal in 1879. It was illuminated at night by the first gas lights (1807). It heard the shriek of the first London railway (1836), and the horn of the first penny steamboat on the Thames (1845), the joyous shouts of acclamation at the two jubilees of Queen Victoria (1887 and 1897), and the crowning of our present King in 1902.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE EMBANKMENT.

this city," after which statement he and his party proceeded to plunder and burn, until at the end of three days they were forcibly made to retire across the water into Southwark.

Such is the story of "London Stone." Thousands pass it daily, but how few know of its existence! For preservation's sake it has been built into the wall of St. Swithin's Church, and protected with an iron railing. There are other London Stones, each with its own particular story to tell; some record noble deeds in times of war, others great achievements in times of peace. To a few of the most notable we intend to introduce the reader with the hope that enjoyment as well as instruction will be derived from these stories which stones have to tell.

THE MONUMENT.

Within sight of "London Stone," is another old monument with a great story. So old is this monument that it is called *The Monument*, and it tells the tale of the day when London burned. The Great Fire of London broke out on Sunday morning, 2nd September, 1666, in a baker's shop in Pudding-lane, 202 feet from the spot where the Monument, 202 feet high, was erected, and by night the whole of the adjacent Gracechurch, Fenchurch, and Lombard streets were in ashes. Two days later the flames had spread as far as Temple



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE AS IT STOOD AT ALEXANDRIA.

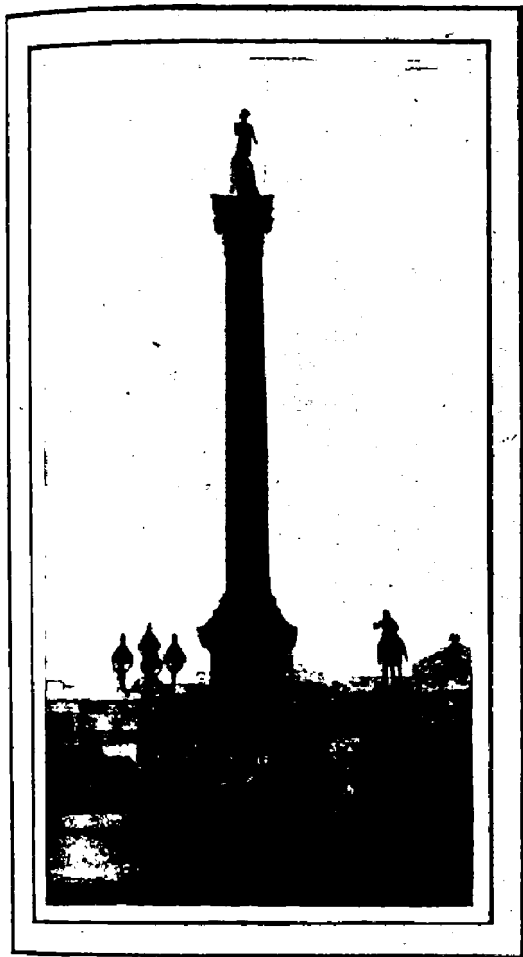
Bar, where, fortunately, were some brick buildings that would not catch fire, but by the following Friday five-sixths of the area of London had been swept away: 13,200 houses were in ruins, 89 churches and 4 city gates were destroyed.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

Upon the Embankment, between Waterloo and Charing Cross bridges, is one of the oldest stones in the world. We refer to the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle. The story of it is, briefly, as follows:—

It was originally one of six pillars which adorned the entrance to the Temple of the Sun, at On, in Egypt. Subsequently two of them were removed to Alexandria to grace the entrance to the Cæsarium, a temple built in honour of the Cæsars, and, from their connection with the great Cleopatra, they became known as Cleopatra's Needles.

In due course the Temple fell; its splendid magnificence passed away, and the "Needle" which we now see upon the Embankment was buried for centuries in the sands of Alexandria. In 1801 Sir Ralph Abercromby wrested Egypt from the hands of the French, and a subscription was raised for the purpose of conveying the monument to England, but the project was abandoned by order of the military authorities. In 1820 Mehemet Ali, the Egyptian ruler, offered it to us as a mark of friendship, but the present was not accepted until fifty-seven years later, when Ismael Pasha, the Khedive, renewed



THE NELSON COLUMN IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

The damage done was estimated at ten millions of pounds sterling, and 200,000 people were rendered homeless. The Monument was erected in 1677 as the great memorial to the Great Fire, and its story is one of the most telling of all London's stones.

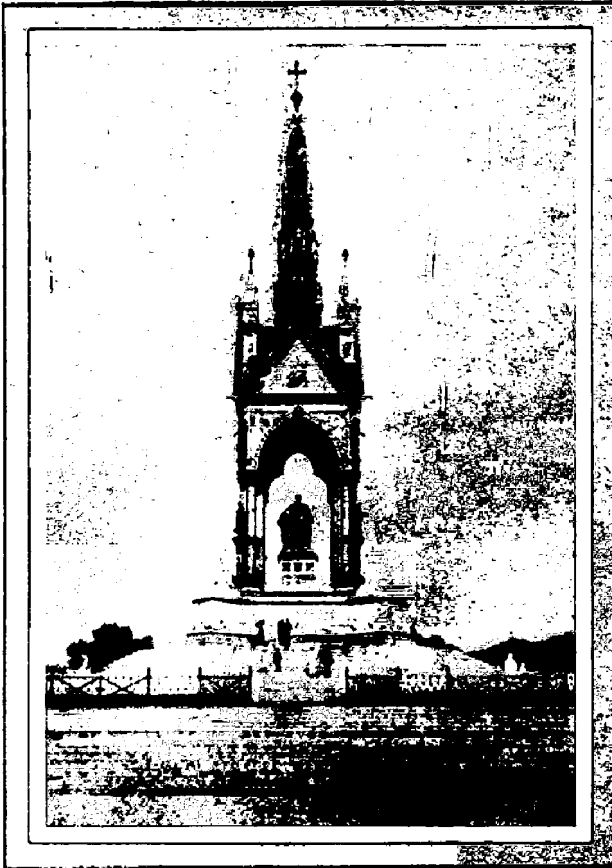
CHARING CROSS.

Charing Cross is a familiar name with all of us. It is one of the great termini of London, and is a spot familiar to all visitors from the Continent.

Charing is a corruption of *Chère Reine* (Dear Queen), the cross being built in memory of Queen Eleanor, wife of the first Edward. She was buried in Westminster Abbey, her body being brought thither from Nottinghamshire. Wherever the body rested during the journey, there was a cross erected. There were thirteen such crosses in all, of which but three remain; one just outside Northampton, another at Waltham, and the third at Charing Cross. The present cross is not the one erected in the 13th century. That disappeared nearly 300 years ago, when the one we now see was put up in its place.



THE CRIMEAN MONUMENT IN WATERLOO PLACE.



THE ALBERT MEMORIAL IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.
Erected in Memory of Prince Albert at a cost of
£120,000.

the offer. Through the liberality of Professor Erasmus Wilson, who contributed £10,000 towards the removal and erection of the Needle, and to the unfailing efforts of Mr. John Dixon, C.E., we owe the possession of this historic monument.

The story of how this huge granite block weighing 180 tons was brought to England is most interesting.

The ship which was to bring it to London was specially made by the Thames Iron Company, and sent to Alexandria in sections. It was, when finished, cylindrical in shape, with a rudder at one end. The various parts were built around the Needle, and when this was fairly encased in it, a channel to the sea was cut in the sand, and the vessel with its contents floated on the water. Once floated, a mast, deck house, and other contrivances were added, and the steamship "Olga" was engaged to tow it to England. At the end of three weeks a storm sprung up, and, in spite of the utmost endeavours of both crews, it was decided, in order to save their lives, to cut the "Cleopatra" adrift. The consternation in England was great at the supposed loss of the Needle; but Mr. Dixon was confident that the "Cleopatra" was seaworthy, which belief was

soon to be justified, for, after she had tossed about for three days in the Bay of Biscay, at almost the same spot where the "Olga" had cut her adrift, she was picked up by the steamer "Fitzmaurice" and towed into the Thames, where she lay for some months pending the completion of the arrangements for the erection of the Needle.

As it now stands, it is sixty-eight and a half feet in height. It gradually tapers as it ascends until it assumes the shape of a pyramid. The base on which the Needle is planted is guarded at each corner by a sphinx, and bears inscriptions explaining the origin of the Needle, and how it came into the position it now occupies.

As we said at the outset, Cleopatra's Needle is one of the oldest stones in the world. It is one of the oldest books in the world, too! for the hieroglyphic writings on the four sides of the column present to us the earliest known method of recording events of the times.

And as we look at the Needle, it occurs to us to imagine that in all probability some of the characters in the Bible were familiar with it, and that, no doubt, Moses received his education in the temple outside which this very column stood thousands of years ago.

BRUNEL, ENGINEER.

A walk along the Thames Embankment from Blackfriars to Charing Cross takes us past a great number of statues of men who have helped to make England the great and powerful country that it is. Just before reaching Temple Gardens we find at a corner of the road a very fine statue erected to Isambard Kingdom Brunel, one of England's greatest engineers, the constructor of the Thames Embankment, and the father of the Steamship. The statue stands out prominently,



LORD BEAconsfield's STATUE ON PRIMROSE DAY.

and in appearance is as striking as any statue to be seen. Below is a stone seat upon which the loafers of the Embankment are wont to sleep upon a summer's day.

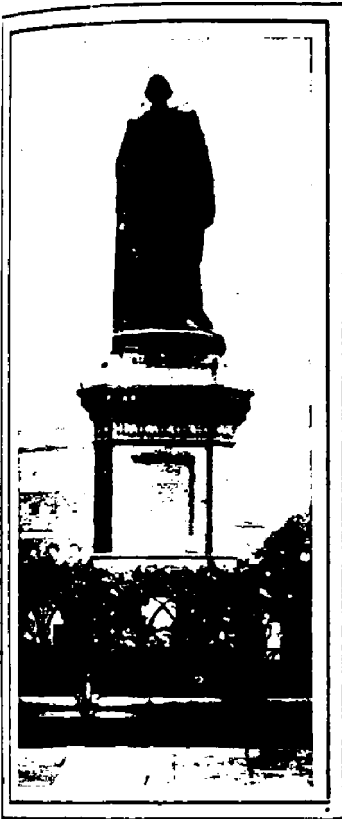
Isambard Kingdom Brunel was the son of a great engineer, and was born at Portsmouth in 1806. At the age of

steamships. She was launched on 8th April, 1838, and so commenced the regular service of steamers between the old and the new worlds.

Near by are statues of John Stuart Mill, the great philosopher, and W. E. Forster, educationist. Beyond Waterloo Bridge, and opposite Cleopatra's Needle, is another public garden, in which we find statues to Robert Burns, Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday Schools, and Henry Fawcett, the blind statesman. Beyond Charing-Cross Station is another garden facing the river, in which stand statues to Sir J. Outram, Sir Bartle Frere, and William Tyndale, the translator of the Bible.

NELSON COLUMN.

In Trafalgar-square may be seen memorials to a number of great men, among them Sir H. Havelock, Sir C. J. Napier, and General Gordon, but the "lion" is the Column erected to the great Admiral who lost his life at the Battle of Trafalgar, October 21, 1805. Annually, on this day, the statue is bedecked with laurel in great profusion, and around the



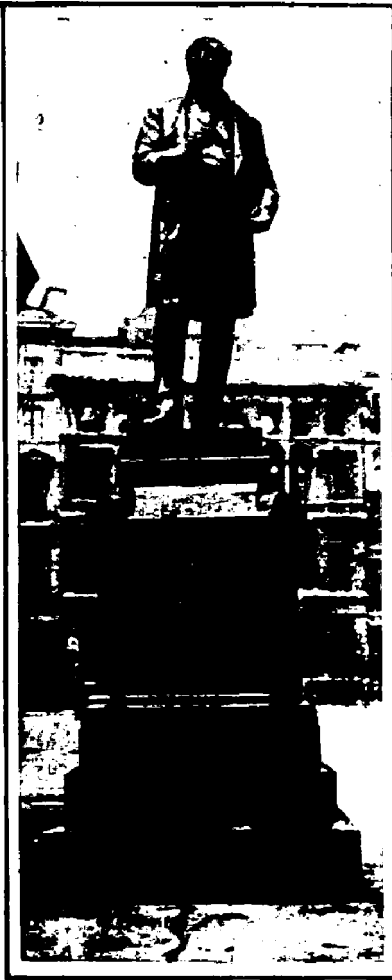
LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STATUE.

twenty we see him assisting his father in the construction of the Thames Tunnel. Seven years later he became engineer to the Great Western Railway, and introduced the broad gauge system of railway lines, until a comparatively recent date a feature of this line.

Associated as he was with one of the earliest and most important railways in the kingdom, it was not long before he began to make a name for himself in the other department of travel, the sea. The first ocean-going steamer had made its appearance in 1812, but "The Coast," for such was its name, was only a coasting steamer. It remained for Brunel to construct the first real ocean-going steamer in the world. This steamship was constructed in 1838, and was called "The Great Eastern"; other vessels had steamed to America before her, notably the "Savannah" in 1819, but the "Great Eastern" was the first successful steamship, and proved the practicability of ocean



THE EMBANKMENT STATUE, ERECTED TO ISAMBARD KINGDOM BRUNEL, THE DESIGNER OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" STEAMSHIP.



THE SIR ROWLAND HILL STATUE,
OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

base numerous wreaths are placed, the gifts of societies, and from the descendants of those who took part in that great victory. Of late years it has been the custom to include in the decorations the French and Spanish national colours, as a tribute to the bravery displayed by a valiant foe.

BEACONS- FIELD STATUE.

The Nelson Column is by no means the only statue that is decorated during the course of the year. Primrose Day is even

better and more widely known than Trafalgar Day, for on April 19th a great crowd is always assembled about the statue of Lord Beaconsfield, the base of which is completely hidden with masses of the great statesman's favourite flowers. The flowers are sent from all parts of the kingdom, from rich and poor alike, and are a tribute to the man whose genius and self-reliance defied all obstacles, and were his guiding stars to the post of First Minister of State.

Parliament-square, in which Lord Beaconsfield's statue is situated, is further adorned with statues of other great statesmen, Canning, Peel, Palmerston, and Derby.

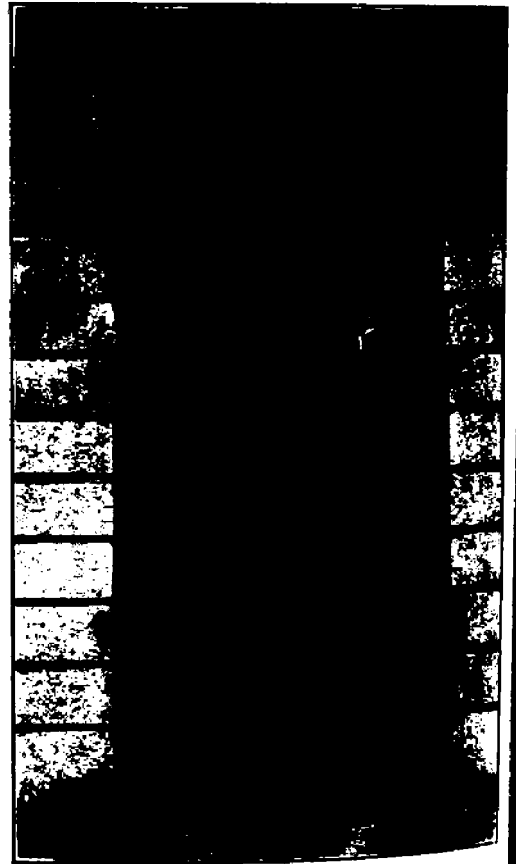
To the west of the Abbey, and opposite the main entrance, is the Westminster Column, erected to the memory of the scholars of Westminster School who fell in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny. The Crimean Monument to the officers and soldiers in the Guards, killed in the war, is in Waterloo-place, at the eastern extremity of Pall Mall.

ALBERT MEMORIAL.

The most elaborate of all London's monuments is the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, adjoining Hyde Park. It was erected to Prince Albert, the consort of her late Majesty Queen Victoria, in 1861, at a cost of £120,000. The statue is of bronze gilt, and is surmounted by a Gothic cupola elaborately ornamented and terminating in a spire and cross. It is reached by a number of stone steps. The base is adorned with marble sculpture, representing poets, painters, architects, and sculptors of all ages. It is a magnificent piece of work, and in every respect worthy of the originator of the great Exhibition of 1851.

Other interesting memorials are the Sir Rowland Hill statue outside the Royal Exchange, the Boadicea Group at the corner of Westminster Bridge, and Queen Anne's statue in front of St. Paul's, to say nothing of the many "stones" inside that Cathedral, and in the Abbey of Westminster, with which we have no space to deal.

Among Martyrs' memorials, the one illustrated below is, perhaps, unique.



THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, ERECTED OUTSIDE ST.
BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL, TO THE MEMORY OF
THOSE BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR THEIR
RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

The Review of the Cadet Corps in Hyde Park.

By Field-Marshal H.R.H. the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.

Inspector-General of the Forces.



"HIS PEOPLE"

A RUGBY CADET AFTER THE REVIEW.



CADETS OF HAILEYBURY COLLEGE.



CADETS OF
- MARLBOROUGH
COLLEGE.



CADETS OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE.



THE CADET ENGINEERS OF READING SCHOOL AFTER THE REVIEW.



CYCLISTS OF THE 1ST
C.B. KING'S ROYAL
RIFLES CORPS.



MACHINE GUN OF THE
1ST C.B. KING'S
ROYAL RIFLES
CORPS.



1ST CADET BATTALION
KING'S ROYAL RIFLES
CORPS.

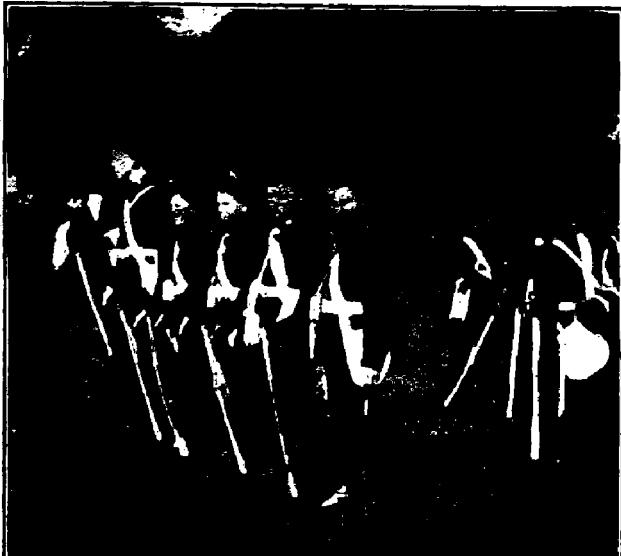




THE LIFE GUARDS WHO KEPT THE GROUND.



GROUP OF THE 27TH MIDDLESEX (HARROW SCHOOL) R.V.



CADETS OF STREATHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



HIGHGATE SCHOOL CADETS.

THE BABOON THAT WENT TO SCHOOL.

By Cecil H. Ingle and H. E. Johnson.



It is difficult to say which of the two was the more ill-tempered, Mynheer van Braantje, the retired Boer storekeeper, who lived in the solitary house on the outskirts of Pretoria, or Piet, the hideous baboon, who was the sole companion of the morose old man's seclusion. There was no doubt, however, as to which was the more entertaining of the pair: for whereas his master kept mostly to the house and rarely strayed beyond his *stoep*, Piet might any day be seen perched on the top of the tall pole which stood in the garden and overlooked the roadway.

To a ring which slid up and down the pole the baboon was fastened by a chain attached to the leather belt round his loins. On the top of the pole was a small platform, which made a comfortable basking-place when the sun was warm, and here sat all day long the grim-visaged Piet, looking down, like a gargoyle on a church tower, upon the passing show beneath—an object of much interest and malicious attention to the boys of St. Martin's College, as they went by on their way to and from the school close at hand.

It had not taken long to discover that a very little sufficed to move Piet to an exhibition of ill-temper highly gratifying to the onlooker. Considerable ingenuity, in consequence, had been brought to bear upon the invention of new methods of torment, and there was a recognised code of such, in each of which the luckless baboon was the central figure. The simplest, perhaps, was the Insult by Grimace. No self-respecting member of St. Martin's, with a proper regard for correct behaviour, ever omitted to pause as he reached Mynheer van Braantje's *stoep*, and salute the hairy Piet, as he sunned himself on the top of his pole, with the most hideous contortion of the features that his face was capable of. Whereat Piet, grasping the edge of his platform with both hands, and quivering with rage until the pole shook, would tighten the wrinkled skin of his face, bare his fangs, and set his teeth a-chatter, as he glared savagely at his tormentor.

There was likewise the Ordeal by String,

a peculiarly malicious form of annoyance. This consisted of attaching a piece of fruit to the end of a long string, and throwing it within a short distance of the pole. Piet, eyeing the fruit at first suspiciously and then covetously, would presently descend and pounce upon it; but before his fingers could close upon the luscious prize, a sharp jerk of the string would send it flying out of the tethered animal's reach. Of a similar nature was the Torture of Tantalus, in the practice of which a dainty morsel of some sort was so placed on the ground that Piet, despite the most incredible twistings, turnings, and strainings at his chain, could just *not* grasp it.

On the afternoon of the day with which this story is more particularly concerned, the spirit of Piet was sore vexed within him. The day was blazing hot and a succulent peach had been deposited, in accordance with the rules of the Torture of Tantalus, just outside the radius of his chain. Moreover, Colbourne of the Upper School, his veteran foe and past master in the art of baiting, had but lately derived much mental enjoyment and satisfaction from standing a few paces beyond the unattainable fruit, and mocking the ape's efforts to come to it with the most hideous grimaces his plastic features could devise. Ruffled and insulted (for the baboon is singularly resentful of any implied aspersion upon his looks), Piet had retreated to the top of his pole, where gall had been added to his already full cup of bitterness by a few stones flung at him by thoughtless members of the Lower School, who came by after Colbourne's hated presence had been removed.

The school bell closed its summons with a loud final clang, and Piet, instructed by long experience, became aware that for the next few hours he might look for peace. He was likewise aware that when those few hours had elapsed his misery would begin again. Nature, while bestowing upon him a considerable share of cunning and craft, had not, unfortunately, endowed him with intelligence to ignore the pin-pricks of his small-minded persecutors, nor with a philosophy able to withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. So he brooded sullenly upon his



his perch. He placed the stones between his feet and turned them over curiously, wrinkling and unwrinkling a puzzled brow the while. Then he caught hold of the chain which dangled from his body and bit it. He had done that often enough before, but he intended, perhaps, to give it one last trial. - It was hard and impregnable as ever. The leather thong round his loins he could not reach with his teeth.

Piet set one stone upon the floor of his platform, with a sharp ridge turned upwards.

Then he placed a link of the chain upon it, and grasping the other stone in his hand struck the link sharply. No immediate result was apparent, but with a persistence remarkable in a brute of the ape's wayward mind, he continued striking, like a Simian blacksmith on a toy anvil. The chain was a light one, of not very well-tempered metal, and presently it yielded. The link snapped, and, with a rattle and a clink, Piet's chain fell to the ground.

The baboon looked triumphantly round. Conscious of misdoing, he doubtless feared detection. But nobody was in sight, and in a trice he had clambered over the ground and was across the garden and over the fence into the roadway. Then he set off towards the big building near at hand, which he had so often seen his tormentors enter and leave. As he loped along on all fours, there was a look in his eyes that boded ill

* * * * *

The Upper School, out of sheer weariness of the spirit, had relapsed into lethargic orderliness. The afternoon was so hot, and the doors and windows, though wide open let in so little air to cool the stifling atmosphere, that even the task of ragging Mr. Mullins seemed to have lost its savour. And since that good man had been specially designed, it seemed, by Nature to be the butt of his fellow men (more especially his junior fellow men), it will be perceived that the Upper School was in a bad way indeed. Mr. Mullins himself, though wont, as a rule, to make up for his notorious short-sightedness by a restless and feverish activity, found his energies sapped by the sweltering heat. While the form dallied with algebraic examples, and affected a wholly fictitious interest in the gymnastics of x and y , he lolled in perspiring somnolence over his desk. It would have been difficult to say which party bored the other most—the boys the master, or the master the boys.

The least diversion would have been welcome,



THE END OF THE BAMBOO CAUGHT HIM
FAIRLY ON THE JAW.

wrongs, as he sat upon the top of his pole, and idly scratched himself.

Presently, as he glanced around, a sudden idea seemed to strike him. His eyes rested upon a couple of the stones which had been flung at him, and which now lay on the ground beneath. Climbing hastily down the pole, he picked up the two stones which had attracted his attention, put them in his mouth, and swiftly regained

and when a shadow suddenly fell athwart the sunlight that streamed through the open door, the Upper School raised its eyes expectantly. Standing on the threshold, as if in hesitation, was the hairy form of Piet, the broken fragment of his chain dangling from his waist. No one stirred, though a titter ran round the desks, so, finding his entrance unchallenged, Piet stalked on all fours, self-possessed, into the middle of the room. Then he sat down and scowled forbiddingly at the grinning faces about him.

The titter of laughter swelled audibly, and Mr. Mullins awoke from nodding with a start.

"What's all this noise about?" he demanded sharply.

No one replied, and Mr. Mullins, fumbling for the glasses which had fallen from his nose, peered inquiringly round the room. His short-sighted gaze fell upon Piet, who, at this sudden interruption of the silence, had risen threateningly upon his hind legs.

"What's that boy doing out of his seat?" asked Mr. Mullins. "You, boy, *you*, I mean," he added with asperity, as no answer came. And he pointed his finger at Piet.

The situation, thought the Upper School, had distinct elements of humour. Colbourne rose to improve the occasion.

"Please, sir," he observed soberly, "I think it's a new boy looking for a place."

"New boy, new boy," said Mr. Mullins interrogatively, pushing his chair back; "what new boy do you mean?"

He stepped from the dais, and, adjusting his glasses, walked towards Piet. The latter retreated a couple of paces and crouched as if to spring, while the Upper School grew hilarious.

Evidently the *pince-nez* of Mr. Mullins gave a different aspect to the "new boy," for the master paused suddenly and gazed indignantly about him.

"What nonsense is this?" he snapped. Then he took a step towards Piet, and remarked angrily, "Shoo, shoo."

"He wants to give him the boot," explained Colbourne in a stage whisper.

Piet drew back the wrinkled skin on his brow, till his forehead was smooth and menacing. Then he thrust his head forward, and gibbered volubly. Mr. Mullins, though learned in Latin and possessed of some considerable smattering of Greek, had no knowledge of Simian, and was at a loss for a reply. A stealthy movement on the part of his interlocutor, however, and the baring of a yellow fang, convinced him that action of some sort was necessary. He turned appealingly to the boys.

"Has some one, by any chance, got a biscuit?" he asked beseechingly.

A dozen biscuits at least were held out. Mr. Mullins took the nearest and held it out enticingly.

"Good boy, then, good boy," he observed soothingly.

Piet resented the epithet with a scowl, but the biscuit was too much for his cupidity. As Mr. Mullins walked towards the door, he followed, one eye on the coveted morsel, the other watching warily for a treacherous move on the enemy's part. Arrived at the door the master threw the biscuit into the roadway outside. Piet pounced upon it, like a hawk upon a mouse, and at that instant the door of the class-room was slammed behind him.

Mr. Mullins walked triumphantly to his desk. "We will now," he began, "resume our——"

There was a soft thud against one of the open windows, and Piet appeared upon the sill. Annoyed by the ruse which had brought about his ejection through the door, he was evidently determined to gain re-admission by other means.

Mr. Mullins was irritated. Like most bad disciplinarians he was afraid of ridicule, and he fancied that the laughter of the boys at the speedy reappearance of Piet was uttered at his expense. Seizing the long bamboo pole which was used for shifting certain maps that hung high up on the walls, he advanced to the attack.

Piet from his vantage point on the window-sill showed equal resentment. Like most apes and monkeys he had a profound dislike for faces that were adorned by spectacles or eye-glasses; and the sight of Mr. Mullins, with the light shining on his polished *pince-nez*, prancing down upon him with a long pole tucked, lance-wise, under his arm, filled him with rage. He barked and showed his teeth in a manner not a little menacing.

The master, however, was not a whit dismayed. He charged gallantly and thrust truly. The end of the bamboo caught the enemy fairly on the jaw, and Piet executed a flying back somersault through the air. The Upper School applauded with much cheering and stamping of feet, and the gratified Mr. Mullins, dropping his lance, proceeded to shut the window against further invasion.

He had forgotten the second casement, however. Even as he pulled down the sash of the first, there was a disturbance on the further window-sill, and an ominous thud on the floor. The master turned hurriedly to find that his enemy, now thoroughly savage, had climbed through the other window, jumped from the sill to the floor, and was advancing upon him.



FALLOWFIELD SWEEPED HIM ACROSS THE FLOOR.

There was no mistaking the ugly look that shone now in Piet's eyes. He meant mischief, it was plain. At close quarters the long bamboo broom was useless, and Mr. Mullins, looking hastily round for a weapon, caught up the class-room besom, which stood against the wall within reach.

Now most animals have an absurd dread of the harmless, necessary broom, and Mr. Mullins, as he made ready to meet the angry baboon, jumped fervently that the rule might hold good. As Piet approached, he pushed the broom in front of him, and made as though to sweep his antagonist off the floor. But at the second motion, the baboon, springing suddenly, caught hold of the broom-handle, and with a vicious

twist wrested it from the master's hands. The latter, disarmed and seized with fright at the close proximity of the yellow fangs, beat a hasty retreat, and retired behind the shelter of his desk.

The boys were not slow to follow this example, and speedily barricaded themselves behind desks and benches. The affair had gone beyond the joke they had at first considered it. Piet's temper was evidently vengeful, and a baboon in a savage mood is no pleasant customer to tackle unarmed.

The situation was growing critical. No one dared move, and Piet, pacing the middle of the room (himself chary of approaching his enemies

too closely while behind their ramparts), held all at bay.

Active hostilities, however, were not long in breaking out. It was Latham who fired the first shot, in the shape of a small but thick French dictionary. Its weight told, and Piet was nearly knocked over. Latham was sitting quite near, and slipped hurriedly from his place to recover his dictionary.

But Piet was too nimble for him. With a savage growl the baboon, his eyes red with rage, sprang upon his foe with such speed and agility that escape from the onslaught was impossible. Seizing the unfortunate Latham by the leg, the infuriated brute snapped fiercely at him. But Latham, drawing back involuntarily at the critical moment, withdrew his leg an inch, and the gleaming fangs met only in the cloth of his trousers. On the instant a furious fusillade of ink-pots, books, and rulers was directed upon the baboon from all parts of the room. Laying hands on all missiles within reach, the boys pelted him with all their might—and in many cases with true and effective aim.

Momentarily taken aback by the suddenness of this bombardment, Piet released his hold. As he did so, Colbourne, rushing forward, brought down with a resounding smack upon the dazed animal's head the heavy atlas he had snatched up. Piet stumbled under the blow, but the weapon was not hard enough to stun him, and he was on his feet again in a twinkling. Half a dozen eager hands had already dragged Latham behind the barricade of desks, but Colbourne stood unprotected in the middle of the room. Piet crouched low, but, even as he sprang, a massive lexicon, luckily aimed, met him in mid-air and knocked him sprawling against the wall.

The bigger boys rushed out to join in the fray. Fallowfield seized the fallen broom and dealt the baboon a lusty crack with the handle, and as the animal rushed at his opponents two others picked up a form and swung it at him end-wise. The boys stood their ground warily, and though Piet made more than one swift leap at them, each time broom or form came into play, while books, slates, and rulers continued to rain upon him.

It was Mr. Mullins, however, who devised the most effective weapon. As Piet, faced by the overwhelming odds, paused for a moment to collect his scattered wits, the master, snatching up the big duster from the black-board, stole stealthily behind him and cast the cloth over his head. Muffled in this way, the baboon was at a hopeless disadvantage. His frantic

struggles to escape from the impeding rag had the effect merely of winding it more securely round his neck. Blows were dealt him on every hand, and Fallowfield, plying his broom with a will, literary swept him, rolling over and over, across the floor.

Blinded, beaten, and entangled, the baboon passed from rage to panic. When finally he wrested his head free from the cumbering cloth, his spirit was broken. The open window through which he had made his last entrance was just above him. With a frantic spring he gained the ledge, swung himself to the ground, and made off as fast as he could lope towards Mynheer van Braantje's garden and his own familiar pole. From the inviolate heights of the latter, he felt, he could defy the whole horde of the Upper School.

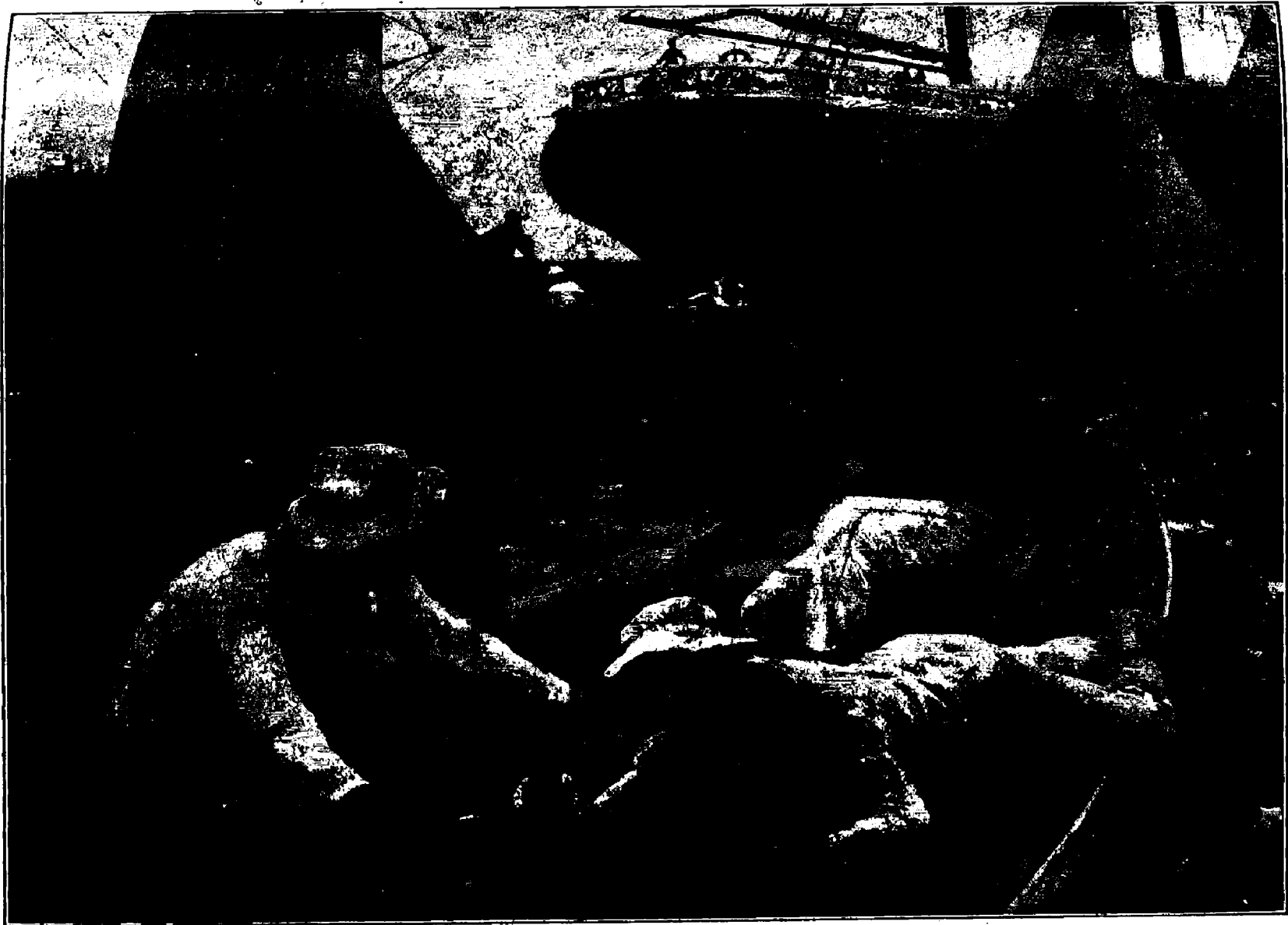
But the Upper School had no desire of pursuit. Mr. Mullins, reaching up to the window, slammed the sash down, and returned to his desk. The boys, rejoicing in a providential release from the vagaries of *x* and *y*, proceeded to dismantle the siege works, and the class-room by the end of the afternoon had regained its normal aspect.

Doubtless, to be strictly in accordance with precedent, one should add that Piet, nursing his wrath and biding his time, eventually reaped the reward of patience by hitting his arch-tormentor on the head with a cocoa-nut. Truth, however, compels me to say that the end of the affair was of a more amicable nature. It is undeniable that for long after his encounter with the Upper School the sight of a boy wearing the College ribbon on his hat was sufficient to set Piet literally dancing with rage on the top of his pole. But with lack of fuel to feed it his enmity gradually died away.

Partly as a result of their own experiences on that eventful afternoon, partly as the result of indignant remonstrances and threats from surly Mynheer van Braantje, it became recognised as "bad form" in the Upper School to torment the hapless Piet, and the example so given was followed by the Lower School.

It was Colbourne who set the fashion of peace-offerings by presenting Piet with a peach—putting it where the baboon could reach it, this time—and Piet is now on the best of terms with St. Martin's College.

Nevertheless, he is seldom able to refrain from a violent and pantomimic exhibition of rage at the sight of the mild-mannered but glass-eyed Mr. Mullins. It is declared, indeed, that were the latter to pass Mynheer van Braantje's house *with a broom*, Piet's career would be cut short by a stroke of apoplexy!



From the picture by H. S. Tuke, A.R.A.

"THE RUN HOME."

By permission of the Autotype Company.



Photo. H. W. Whitcombe Maidstone.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

EXPOSURE AND DEVELOPMENT.

IN this article I shall endeavour to give you some useful hints on the subjects

which form my heading. Correct exposure and correct development raise so many technical points that it will, of course, be impossible to treat either topic exhaustively; and I must therefore confine myself to a broad consideration of these two questions, while drawing your attention to some of the general principles underlying the art of obtaining a good negative.

Now, among amateurs there is a tendency to forget that

EXPOSURE AND DEVELOPMENT

must always be considered in relation to one another. I know people who take great trouble to get the right exposure, and then nullify their trouble to a large extent by carelessness in development. Others, again, are cautious developers, but rather negligent of the exposure problem.

I would impress upon you that what may be called the correct exposure for any one subject must depend largely on the *nature of that subject*.

To start fairly, let us imagine that we are photographing a hoarding on which are one hundred strips of paper, ranging from dead black at the one end, through many shades of grey, to dead white at the other end.

If we snap-shotted the hoarding the gradations of the lighter end of the scale would be well shown, but many of the darker strips would be represented as clear glass. The longer the exposure, the further down the scale we should get; but we should find that as we increased our range towards the black end, the lighter shades would merge more and more into one

another till several become a dead white. Each strip of negative film contains a certain amount of silver that will combine with the developing agent and turn black. As soon as all that silver has combined, the maximum of density is reached. Hence it is obvious that if you exposed your plate long enough, the hoarding would be represented by a practically uniform blackness right across the negative.

Now apply this to a possible artistic subject, a sitter wearing a beautiful lace collar of delicate and diverse shades, and also a dark dress of which the folds should be reproduced. Here are two sets of shading, at opposite ends of the "light scale." It would be very difficult, if not impossible, to expose the negative and afterwards treat it so as to do full justice to *both* sets. So you must decide either to go for the lace and sacrifice the dress details, or to give the dress the preference and to expose till the lace shadings have merged into a uniform white—when developed, of course.

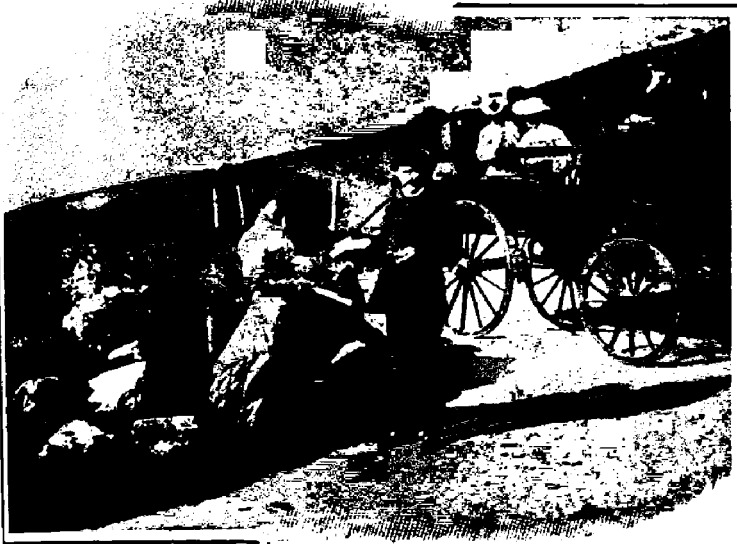
It is this difficulty that has produced the good old rule,

EXPOSE FOR THE SHADOWS.

and let the "high lights," or whiter parts of the picture, look after themselves; because large areas of deep shadow, showing no detail whatever, are more offensive to the artistic sense than a "flatness," or uniformity, in the high lights. Snap-shots as a rule fail to give shadow



TWO DAYS OLD.



A HIGHLAND POST OFFICE.

The driver of the coach drops letters into boxes, tins, &c., placed in the stone walls flanking the road. The people living on the farms come down from the hills to hand in their letters to the post-coachman, and to empty the boxes.

detail: hence the "something wanting" which so often characterises them.

A second rule therefore follows almost necessarily.

WHEN IN DOUBT, ERR ON THE SIDE OF OVER EXPOSURE.

You cannot call up light effects which have never taken place: but you can curb an overdose of light.

Development also must be regulated by the subject. Here are a few rules for you to make a working basis of your dark room operations:

- (1) Over exposure tends to reduce contrasts.
- (2) Under exposure tends to increase contrasts.
- (3) Strong solutions tend to increase contrasts.
- (4) Weak solutions tend to decrease contrasts.
- (5) Addition of alkali (or No. 2 solution) quickens action, but reduces contrasts.
- (6) Addition of developing agent (or No. 1 solution) slows action, but increases contrasts.

These rules are short, but the repetition of the same words in different combinations tends to create confusion; so let us develop four imaginary plates.

Plate Number 1 is of a glade in

a wood, with sky showing through the branches, and deep shadows under the trees. Evidently we wish to catch the details of those shadows. If we used a normal developer, what would happen? The high lights would soon show, and "rush out," several gradations rapidly merging together so that they would all print dead white. But we don't want this to occur. Shall we therefore remove our plate before the high-lights gradations have gone? No! because our poor shadows would all be lost, if we did. We therefore add water to our solution till its bulk is doubled, before introducing the plate. The development is thereby rendered much slower, but the high lights do not get so big a

start of the shadows, and the proportionate density of both is reproduced fairly faithfully.



"102 YEARS OLD."

This aged gentleman had at the time of taking the photo, a son 82 years old, a grandson of 60, a great-grandson of 40, and a great-great-grandson, who himself had a child.

Towards the end of the operation a little more alkali may be added to hurry things up, though you should never be tempted through impatience to precipitate matters unduly.

Plate Number 2 was directed at a landscape lacking strong contrasts. Here we run a risk of getting a very "flat" negative. Referring back to rule 3, we remember to keep our solutions strong for this, with a preponderance of No. 1 solution. The bromide of No. 1 will hold back the shadows while allowing the high lights to come out.

Plate Number 3 has, we know, been considerably over-exposed. A normal mixture would bring all the gradations tumbling on one another's heels, and before we could arrest the chemical action it would have got beyond control. Now, rule 1 says that O.E. (over exposure. U.E. = under exposure) tends to reduce contrasts, so that our solution must counter-balance such a tendency. To four parts of No. 1 solution we add one part of No. 2; also half a dozen drops of a 10 per cent. solution of bromide of potassium, kept handy in a dropping-bottle; and two parts of water. We must go slowly. The plate develops rather "flat" (*i.e.*, lacking contrast), but, as there is plenty of detail all over, we arrest development early and

TRUST TO INTENSIFICATION

to accentuate the contrasts.

Plate Number 4 is a U.E. snap-shot of cricketers. We don't want a number of snow men on a black field. Rule 2 has told us that U.E. increases contrasts; and rules 4 and 5 give us the needful advice for developing. To one part of No. 1 solution we add two of No. 2, and two parts of water. The more U.E. a negative is, the more slowly must it be developed: intensification being called in to give the final touches. The golden rule to remember, when you mean to use intensification, is, that the high lights should, during development, be kept as thin as is possible while detail in the shadows is growing. If the high lights are carried too far, they will be sadly

"bunged up" by the intensifier. By the by, a U.E. negative should during printing be covered on the clear side with tissue paper, to reduce the contrasts.

Reviewing the question of development generally, we see that, as a rule, slow development is advisable. It keeps gradations more nearly to their proper proportion, and also enables the operator to have his plate under good control.

Another thing is also clear, *viz.*, that

ACCURATE PARTICULARS OF EXPOSURE AND SUBJECT

should be entered in the exposure book. If



"A WINDOW IN THRUMS."

The window which figures in Mr. J. M. Barrie's famous book is indicated by a cross.

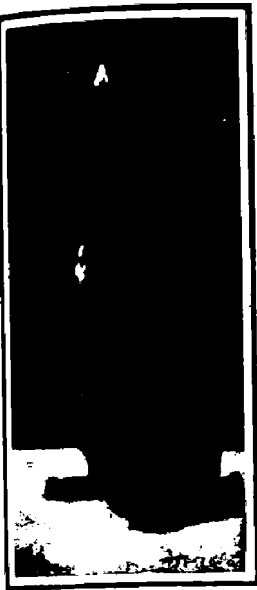
a batch of plates have been exposed under similar conditions, and for equal times, you should, if you are doubtful as to correctness, select from the batch the plate which you would most willingly sacrifice, and test it with a rather weak solution, carefully noting the time which elapses between flooding with developer and the first appearance of high lights. If you keep a standard test developer, you will soon get to gauge the state of affairs very accurately.

THE USUAL METHOD OF JUDGING DEVELOPMENT

is to turn the plate over and see whether the image shows right through. This serves very well with rapid plates. But some of the "ordinary" brands, being more thickly coated, are fully developed before the chemical has quite penetrated the film.

FACTORIAL, OR TIME, DEVELOPMENT,

introduced some twelve years ago by Mr. Alfred Watkins, merits attention. The system is briefly this. You use a certain developer of a certain strength, and take the time necessary to give the first signs of an image. The "factor" is, say, 10, so you leave the plate in 9 times as long again. The "factor" changes



"BALANCE."

with various developers. Thus :

Hydrokinone is 5.
Ortol is 10. -
Amidol is 18.
Metol is 30.
Rodinal is 40.

If the developer is merely diluted, the rule still holds good, but when bromide is added the "factor" changes in proportion to the extra percentage of bromide. You will find a lot of interesting information about "Factorial Development" in No. 6 of the *Practical Photographer* series, published by Hodder and Stoughton, 27 Paternoster Row, E.C. This is a capital little book, which I have found most useful.

Factorial development leads me to mention

STAND DEVELOPMENT.

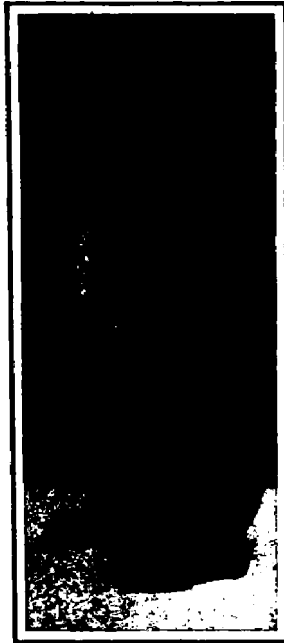
The plates are arranged in frames, a dozen at a time, and submerged vertically in a tank or developer. Messrs. Houghtons supply a neat little apparatus, the "Standa," for the purpose. It can be used in daylight. A very suitable "stand" developer is

RODINAL,

which does not stain the fingers, and does not require the plates to be kept in motion. For normal exposures add 1 part rodinal to 20 parts water; for O.E. 1 part rodinal to 10-20 parts water and some drops of 10 per cent. bromide; for U.E. 1 part rodinal to 40

water. It is, of course, advisable to sort your plates out, so as to get O.E.'s and U.E.'s together for stand development. The plates should be watched till the first signs of development appear. Then take the time, put on the cover, and leave them to stew for the proper period, *i.e.*, 39 times as long again.

In conclusion, I would remind you that, though rules are invaluable, they *must* be reinforced with care and method. Development is so complex a business that you should do your utmost to learn all the possibilities of a good formula, such as is usually to be found on the plate box. Continuous care and close observation will presently give you an *instinct* of what should be done in both exposure and development.



"PLEASE!"

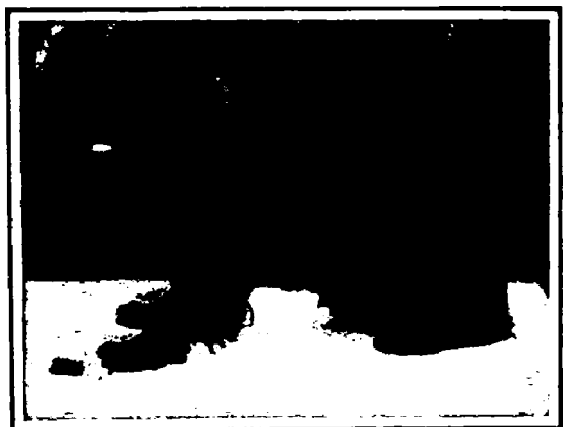
of each photograph. Failure to comply with this rule will in future disqualify photographs.

THE "H.H." DEVELOPER.

Mr. J. Rawlins, of 3 Cross Lane, St. Mary-at-Hill, E.C., has sent me this developer for trial. The two bottles, sufficient to make half a gallon of solution, cost only 1s. The developer is made from a formula given by Mr. Horsley Hinton, the Editor of *The Amateur Photographer*, and certainly yields very fine results.

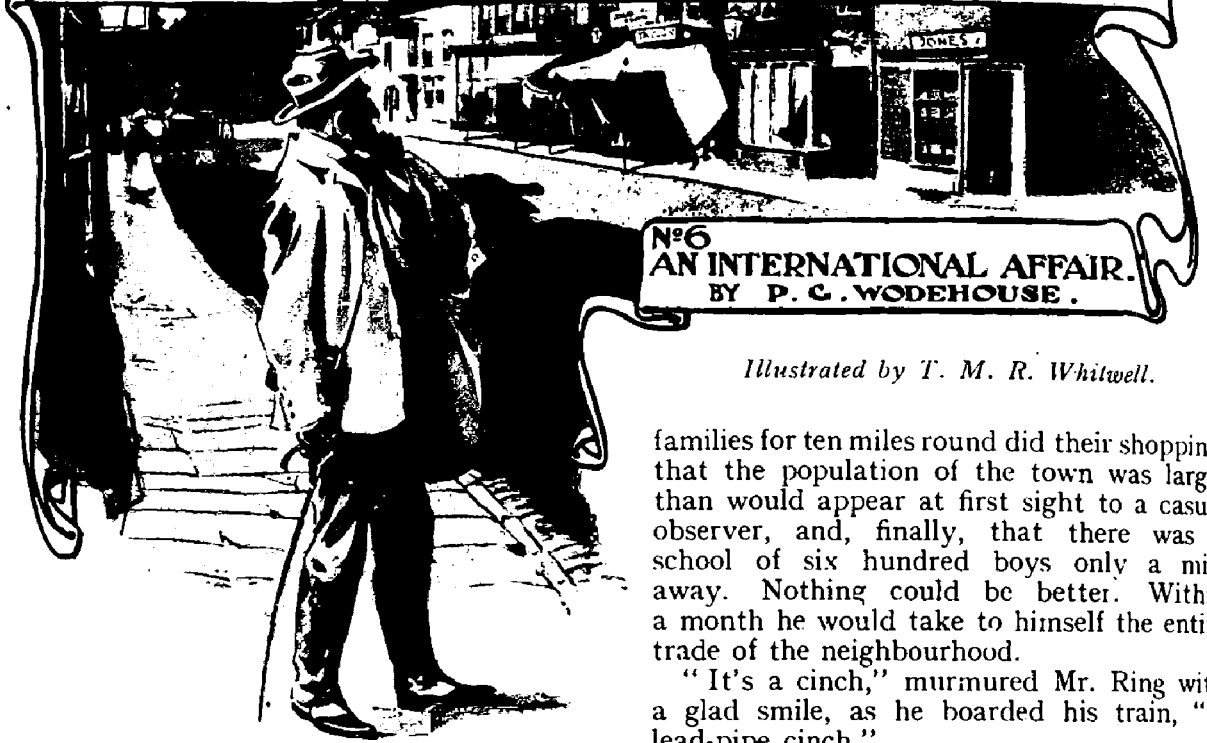
NOTE.—Competitors in Photographic Competitions MUST put name and address on the back

ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.



"I'M STILL HUNGRY."

TALES OF WRYKYN



Nº 6
AN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.
BY P. C. WODEHOUSE.

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

I.

THE whole thing may be said to have begun when Mr. Oliver Ring of New York, changing cars, as he called it, at Wrykyn on his way to London, had to wait an hour for his train. He put in that hour by strolling about the town and seeing the sights, which were not numerous. Wrykyn, except on Market Day, was wont to be wrapped in a primæval calm which very nearly brought tears to the strenuous eyes of the man from Manhattan. He had always been told that England was a slow country, and his visit, now in its third week, had confirmed this opinion: but even in England he had not looked to find such a lotus-eating place as Wrykyn. He looked at the shop windows. They resembled the shop windows of every other country town in England. There was no dash, no initiative about them. They did not leap to the eye and arrest the pedestrian's progress. They ordered these things, thought Mr. Ring, better in the States. And then something seemed to whisper to him that here was the place to set up a branch of Ring's Come-One Come-All Up-to-date Stores. During his stroll he had gathered certain pieces of information. To wit, that Wrykyn was where the county

families for ten miles round did their shopping, that the population of the town was larger than would appear at first sight to a casual observer, and, finally, that there was a school of six hundred boys only a mile away. Nothing could be better. Within a month he would take to himself the entire trade of the neighbourhood.

"It's a cinch," murmured Mr. Ring with a glad smile, as he boarded his train, "a lead-pipe cinch."

Everybody who has moved about the world at all knows Ring's Come-one Come-all Up-to-date Stores. The main office is in New York. Broadway, to be exact, on the left as you go down, just before you get to Park Row, where the newspapers come from. There is another office in Chicago. Others in St. Louis, St. Paul, and across the seas in London, Paris, Berlin, and, in short, everywhere. The peculiar advantage about Ring's Stores is that you can get anything you happen to want there, from a motor to a macaroon, and rather cheaper than you could get it anywhere else. England had up to the present been ill-supplied with these handy paradises, the one in Piccadilly being the only extant specimen. But now Mr. Ring in person had crossed the Atlantic on a tour of inspection, and things were shortly to be so brisk that you would be able to hear them whizz.

So an army of workmen invaded Wrykyn. A trio of decrepit houses in the High Street were pulled down with a run, and from the ruins there began to rise like a Phoenix the striking building which was to be the Wrykyn Branch of Ring's Come-one Come-all Up-to-date Stores.

The sensation among the tradesmen caused by the invasion was, as may be imagined, immense and painful. The thing

was a public disaster. It resembled the advent of a fox in a fowl-run. For years the tradesmen of Wrykyn had jogged along in their comfortable way, each making his little profits, with no thought of competition or modern hustle. And now the enemy was at their doors. Many were the gloomy looks cast at the gaudy building as it grew like a mushroom. It was finished with incredible speed, and then advertisements began to flood the local papers. A special sheaf of bills was despatched to the school.

Dunstable got hold of one, and read it with interest. Then he went in search of his friend Linton to find out what he thought of it.

Linton was at work in the laboratory. He was an enthusiastic, but unskilful, chemist. The only thing he could do with any real certainty was to make oxygen. But he had ambitions beyond that feat, and was continually experimenting in a reckless way which made the chemistry master look wan and uneasy. He was bending over a complicated mixture of tubes, acids, and Bunsen burners when Dunstable found him. It was after school, so that the laboratory was empty, but for them.

"Don't mind me," said Dunstable, taking a seat on the table.

"Look out, man, don't jog. Sit tight, and I'll broaden your mind for you. I take this bit of litmus paper, and dip it into this jug, and if I've done it right, it'll turn blue."

"Then I bet it doesn't," said Dunstable. The paper turned red.

"Hades," said Linton calmly. "Well, I'm not going to sweat at it any more. Let's go down to Cook's."

Cook's is the one school institution which nobody forgets who has been to Wrykyn. It is a little confectioner's shop in the High street. Its exterior is somewhat forbidding, and the uninitiated would probably shudder and pass on, wondering how on earth such a place could find a public daring enough to support it by eating its wares. But the school went there in flocks. Tea at Cook's was the alternative to a study tea. There was a large room at the back of the shop, and here oceans of hot tea and tons of toast were consumed. The staff of Cook's consisted of Mr. Cook, late sergeant in a line regiment, six foot three, disposition amiable, right leg cut off above the knee by a spirited mule in the last Soudan war; Mrs. Cook,

wife of the above, disposition similar, and possessing the useful gift of being able to listen to five people at one and the same time; and an invisible menial, or menials, who made toast in some nether region at a perfectly dizzy rate of speed. Such was Cook's.

"Talking of Cook's," said Dunstable, producing his pamphlet, "have you seen this? It'll be a bit of a knock-out for them, I should think."

Linton took the paper, and began to read. Dunstable roamed curiously about the laboratory, examining things.

"What are these little crystal sort of bits of stuff?" he asked, coming to a standstill before a large jar and opening it. "They look good to eat. Shall I try one?"

"Don't you be an idiot," said the expert, looking up. "What have you got hold of? Great Scott, no, don't eat that stuff."

"Why not? Is it poison?"

"No. But it would make you as sick as a cat. It's Sal Ammoniac."

"Sal how much?"

"Ammoniac. You'd be awfully bad."

"All right, then, I won't. Well, what do you think of that thing? It'll be rough on Cook's, won't it? You see they advertise a special 'public-school' tea, as they call it. It sounds jolly good. I don't know what buckwheat cakes are, but they ought to be decent. I suppose now everybody'll chuck Cook's and go there. It's a beastly shame, considering that Cook's has been a sort of school shop so long. And they really depend on the school. At least, one never sees anybody else going there. Well, I shall stick to Cook's. I don't want any of your beastly Yankee invaders. Support home industries. Be a patriot. The band then played God Save the King, and the meeting dispersed. But, seriously, man, I am rather sick about this. The Cooks are such awfully good sorts, and this is bound to make them lose a tremendous lot. The school's simply crawling with chaps who'd do anything to get a good tea cheaper than they're getting now. They'll simply scrum in to this new place."

"Well, I don't see what we can do," said Linton, "except keep on going to Cook's ourselves. Let's be going now, by the way. We'll get as many chaps as we can to promise to stick to them. But we can't prevent the rest going where they like. Come on."

The atmosphere at Cook's that evening was heavily charged with gloom. Ex-

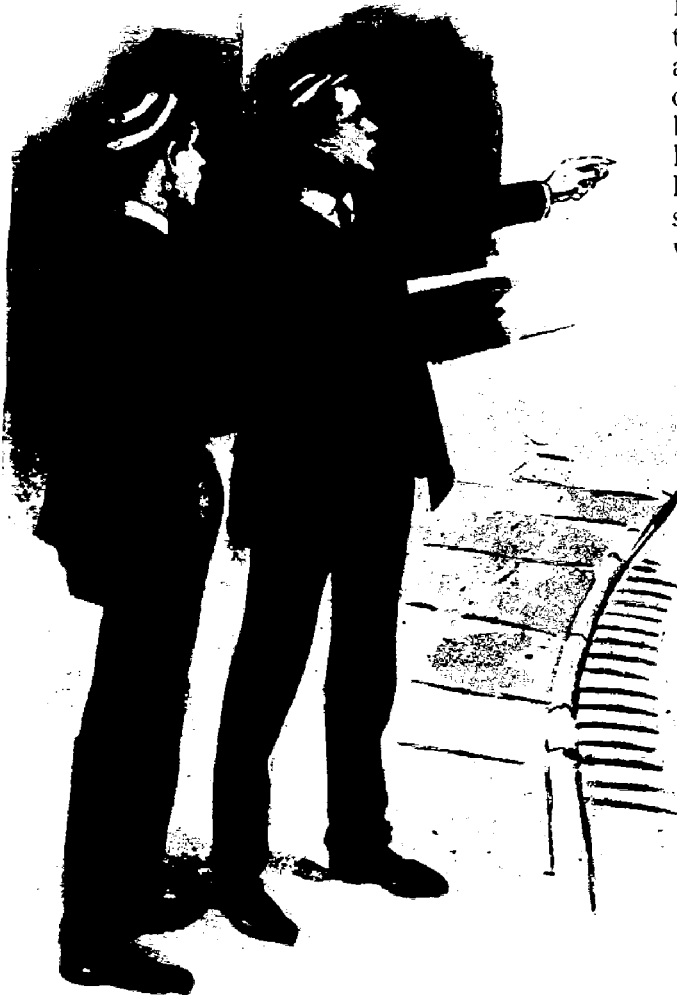


Sergeant Cook, usually a treasury of jest and anecdote, was silent and thoughtful. Mrs. Cook bustled about with her customary vigour, but she too was disinclined for conversation. The place was ominously empty. A quartette of school house juniors in one corner and a solitary prefect from Donaldson's completed the sum of the customers. Nobody seemed to want to talk a great deal. There was something in the air which

"said as plain as whisper in the ear,
"The place is haunted,""

and so it was. Haunted by the spectre of that hideous, new, glaring red-brick building down the street, which had opened its doors to the public on the previous afternoon.

"Look there," said Dunstable, as they came out. He pointed along the street. The doors of the new establishment were



"LOOK AT 'EM," SAID DUNSTABLE.

congested. A crowd, made up of members of various houses, was pushing to get past another crowd which was trying to get out. The "public-school tea at one shilling" appeared to have proved attractive.

"Look at 'em," said Dunstable. "Sordid beasts! All they care about is filling themselves. There goes that man Merrett. Rand-Brown with him. Here come four more. Come on. It makes me sick."

"I wish it would make *them* sick," said Linton.

"Perhaps it will. . . . By George!"

He started.

"What's up?" said Linton.

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of something."

They walked on without further conversation. Dunstable's brain was working fast. He had an idea, and was busy developing it.

The manager of the Wrykyn Branch of Ring's Come-one Come-all Stores stood at the entrance to his shop on the following afternoon spitting with energy and precision on to the pavement—he was a free-born American citizen—and eyeing the High Street as a monarch might gaze at his kingdom. He had just completed a highly satisfactory report to headquarters, and was feeling contented with the universe and the way in which it was managed. Even in the short time since the opening of the store he had managed to wake up the sluggish Britishers as if they had had

an electric shock.

"We," he observed epigrammatically to a passing cat, which had stopped on its way to look at him, "are it."

As he spoke he perceived a youth coming towards him down the street. He wore a cap of divers colours, from which the manager argued that he belonged to the school. Evidently a devotee of the advertised "public school" shillingsworth, and one who, as urged by the small bills, had come early to avoid the rush.

"Step right in, mister,"

said, moving aside from the doorway. "And what can I do for you?"

"Are you the manager of this place?" asked Dunstable—for the youth was that strategist, and no other.

"On the bull's eye first time," replied the manager with easy courtesy. "Will you take a cigar or a cocoa-nut?"

"Can I have a bit of a talk with you, if you aren't busy?"

"Sure. Step right in."

Dunstable stepped right in.

"Now, sir," said the manager, "what's your little trouble?"

"It's about this public-school tea business," said Dunstable.

"It's rather a shame, you see. Before you came bargeing in, everybody used to go to Cook's."

"And now," interrupted the manager, "they come to us. Correct, sir. We are the main stem. And why not?"

"Cook's such a good sort."

"I should like to know him," said the manager politely.

"You see," said Dunstable, "it doesn't so much matter about the other things you sell; but Cook's simply relies on giving fellows tea in the afternoon——"

"One moment, sir," said the man from the States. "Let me remind you of a little rule which will be useful to you when you butt into the big, cold world. That is, never let sentiment interfere with business. See? Either Ring's Stores or your friend has got to be on top, and, if I know anything, it's going to be We. We! And I'm afraid that's all I can do for you, unless you've that hungry feeling, and want to sample our public-school tea at twenty-five cents."

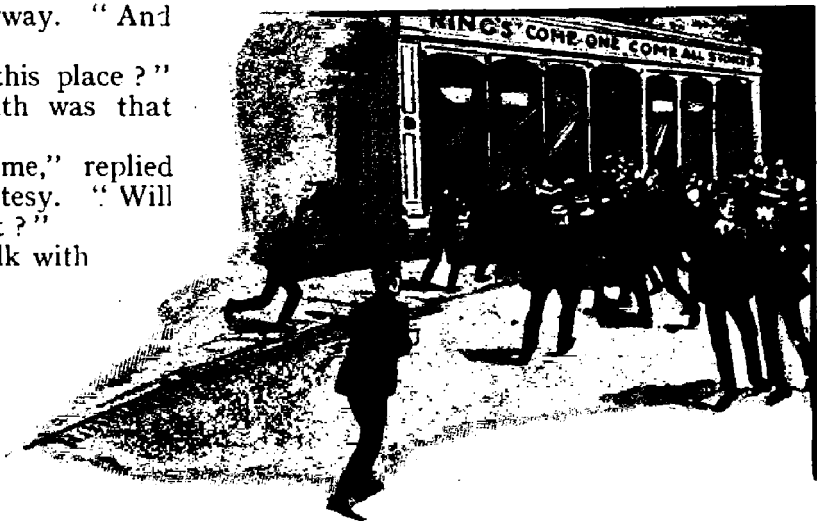
"No, thanks," said Dunstable. "Here come some chaps, though, who look as if they might."

He stepped aside as half a dozen School House juniors raced up.

"For one day only," said the manager to Dunstable, "you may partake free, if you care to. You have man's most priceless possession, Cool Cheek. And Cool Cheek, when recognised, should not go unrewarded. Step in."

"No thanks," said Dunstable. "You'll find me at Cook's if you want me."

"Kindness," said he to himself, as Mrs. Cook served him in the depressed way which



had now become habitual with her, "kindness having failed, we must try severity."

II.

Those who knew and liked Dunstable were both pained and disgusted at his behaviour during the ensuing three days. He suddenly exhibited a weird fondness for some of Wrykyn's least deserving inmates. He walked over to school with Merrett, of Seymour's, and Ruthven, of Donaldson's, both notorious outsiders. When Linton wanted him to come and play fives after school, he declined on the ground that he was teaing with Chadwick, of Appleby's. Now in the matter of absolute outsiderishness Chadwick, of Appleby's, was to Merrett, of Seymour's, as captain is to subaltern. Linton was horrified, and said so.

"What do you want to do it for?" he asked. "What's the point of it? You can't like those chaps."

"Awfully good sorts when you get to know them," said Dunstable.

"You've been some time finding it out."

"I know. Chadwick's an acquired taste. By the way, I'm giving a tea on Thursday. Will you come?"

"Who's going to be there?" inquired Linton warily.

"Well, Chadwick for one: and Merrett and Ruthven and three other chaps."

"Then," said Linton with some warmth, "I think you'll have to do without me. I believe you're mad."

And he went off in disgust to the fives-courts.

When on the following Thursday Dunstable walked into Ring's Stores with his five guests, and demanded six public-school



"I BELIEVE THE STUFF . . . WAS . . .
POISONED."

teas, the manager was perhaps justified in allowing a triumphant smile to wander across his face. It was a signal victory for him.

"No free list to-day, sir," he said. "Entirely suspended."

"Never mind," said Dunstable, "I'm good for six shillings."

"Free list?" said Merrett, as the manager retired, "I didn't know there was one."

"There isn't. Only he and I palled up so much the other day that he offered me a tea for nothing."

"Didn't you take it?"

"No. I went to Cook's."

"Rotten hole, Cook's. I'm never going there again," said Chadwick. "You take my tip, Dun., old chap, and come here."

"Dun. old chap," smiled amiably.

"I don't know," he said, looking up from the tea-pot, into which he had been pouring water; "you can be certain of the food at Cook's."

"What do you mean? So you can here."

"Oh," said Dunstable, "I didn't know. I've never had tea here before. But I've often heard that American food upsets one sometimes."

By this time, the tea having stood long enough, he poured out, and the meal began.

Merrett and his friends were hearty feeders, and conversation languished for some time. Then Chadwick leaned back in his chair, and breathed heavily.

"You couldn't get stuff like that at Cook's," he said.

"I suppose it is a bit different," said

Dunstable. "Have any of you . . . noticed something queer . . . ?"

Merrett stared at Ruthven. Ruthven stared at Merrett.

"I . . ." said Merrett.

"D'you know . . ." said Ruthven.

Chadwick's face was a delicate green.

"I believe," said Dunstable, "the stuff . . . was . . . poisoned. I . . ."

"Drink this," said the school doctor, briskly, bending over Dunstable's bed with a medicine-glass in his hand, "and be ashamed of yourself. The fact is you've over-eaten yourself. Nothing more and nothing less. Why can't you boys be content to feed moderately?"

"I don't think I ate much, sir," protested Dunstable. "It must have been what I ate. I went to that new American place."

"So you went there, too? Why, I've just come from attending a bilious boy in Mr. Seymour's house. He said he had been at the American place, too."

"Was that Merrett, sir? He was one of the party. We were all bad. We can't all have eaten too much."

The doctor looked thoughtful.

"H'm. Curious. Very curious. Do you remember what you had?"

"I had some things the man called buckwheat cakes, with some stuff he said was maple syrup."

"Bah. American trash." The doctor was a staunch Briton, conservative in his views both on politics and on food. "Why can't you boys eat good English food? I must tell the headmaster of this. I haven't time to look after the school if all the boys are going to poison themselves. You lie still and try to go to sleep, and you'll be right enough in no time."

But Dunstable did not go to sleep. He stayed awake to interview Linton, who came to pay him a visit.

"Well," said Linton, looking down at the sufferer with an expression that was a delicate blend of pity and contempt, "you've made a nice sort of ass of yourself, haven't you! I don't know if it's any consolation to you, but Merrett's just as bad as you are. And I hear the others are, too. So now you see what comes of going to Ring's instead of Cook's."

"And now," said Dunstable, "if you've quite finished, you can listen to me for a bit . . ."

"So now you know," he concluded.

Linton's face beamed with astonishment and admiration.

"Well, I'm hanged," he said. "You're a marvel. But how did you know it wouldn't poison you?"

"I relied on you. You said it wasn't poison when I asked you in the lab. My faith in you is touching."

"But why did you take any yourself?"

"Sort of idea of diverting suspicion. But the thing isn't finished yet. Listen."

Linton left the dormitory five minutes later with a look of a young disciple engaged on some holy mission.

III.

"You think the food is unwholesome, then?" said the headmaster after dinner that night.

"Unwholesome!" said the school doctor. "It must be deadly. It must be positively lethal. Here we have six ordinary, strong, healthy boys struck down at one fell swoop as if there were a pestilence raging. Why——"

"One moment," said the headmaster. "Come in."

A small figure appeared in the doorway.

"Please, sir," said the figure in the strained voice of one speaking a "piece" which he has committed to memory. "Mr. Seymour says please would you mind letting the doctor come to his house at once because Linton is ill."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "What's the matter with him?"

"Please, sir, I believe it's buckwheat cakes."

"What! And here's another of them!"

A second small figure had appeared in the doorway.

"Sir, please, sir," said the newcomer, "Mr. Bradfield says may the doctor——"

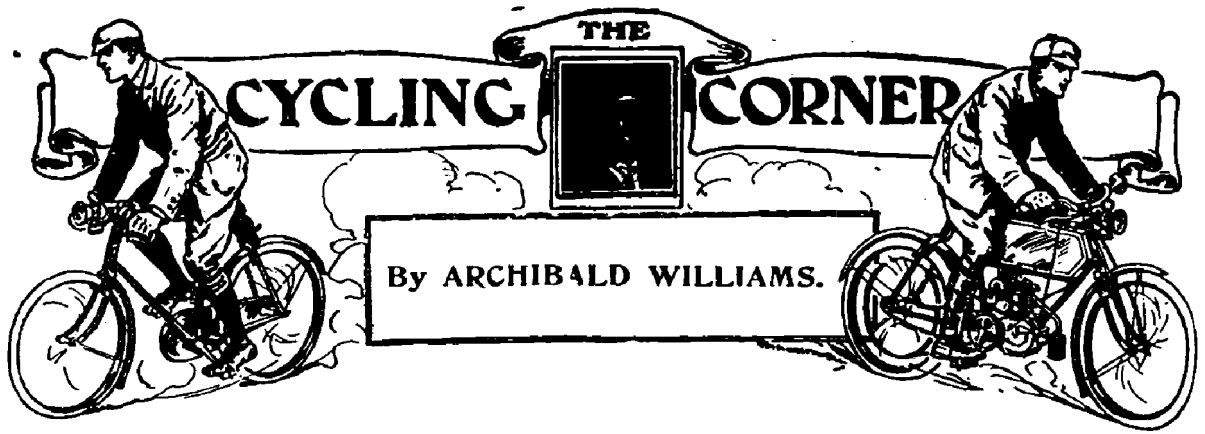
"And what boy is it *this* time?"

"Please, sir, it's Brown. He went to Ring's Stores——"

The headmaster rose.

"Perhaps you had better go at once, Oakes," he said. "This is becoming serious. That place is a positive menace to the community. I shall put it out of bounds to-morrow morning."

And when Dunstable and Linton, pale but cheerful, made their way—slowly, as befitted convalescents—to Cook's two days afterwards, they had to sit on the counter. All the other seats were occupied.



“TAKING IT EASY.”

IT is rather pathetic to see how many young men who have been sitting for five days at office desks take their pleasure on the road at the week's end. With handlebars very low, heads ditto, caps turned hind before, faces red from exertion, or perhaps white from over-exertion, they speed along the highway in gangs, bound for Southend, Brighton, Worthing, Dover, Margate or some other seaside resort. The general characteristics of the country traversed are unnoticed, excepting that they know a good road from a bad one, and their legs distinguish a hill from a level.

Beautiful views may expand to right and left. But Jones thinks less of them than of hanging on to the back wheel of Brown, the pace-maker of the crowd. Quaint and picturesque objects which might well claim their attention for at least a few minutes are dropped behind one after another. Their importance sinks to zero when the dust flies thick and Brown, Smith and Co. are out on the warpath hunting “fast times.” Anon our friends reach Brighton, or whatever town may be their destination, have their shrimp tea, go to bed pretty well played out, and doubtless sleep soundly. The next day they wander about, get a good whiff of sea air, and then back they go to town in much the same manner as they came, with a few occasional halts for refreshments. Monday finds them, more likely than not, feeling considerably the worse for wear, unless they are blessed with unusually robust constitutions. This is only natural. If the heart has to do as much extra work in thirty-six hours as it does in the other 132 of the week put together, it quite reasonably hangs out distress signals.

The benefit of an outing is not to be

reckoned by the amount of work done. Most people, especially young people, have a more limited capacity for fast travel than they suspect. Overdo the business even a little, and the good of the whole vanishes; leaving you with a minus quantity of stamina for your week's work.

The “speed merchant” not only runs risks of physical strain: he also misses what in the opinion of old stagers is the

CHIEF DELIGHT OF RIDING,

viz., absorbing into one's memory as many as possible of the scenes through which the rider passes. If mere mileage is the object of “pleasure” riding, the townsman might almost as well mount his cycle on a “home trainer” in the back yard, get some one to blow on him with a pair of bellows, and pedal till he has had enough. When a cyclist tells me that he got from A to B in so many hours, I pity him: because it almost follows *ipso facto* that he rode with his eyes metaphorically shut.

I may now get back to my original text, from which I have digressed somewhat in order to provide a contrast. “Taking it easily” does not necessarily mean “slacking.” It rather infers a judicious proportioning of exertion to circumstances, and good long halts when the muscles begin to protest. The average speed will, of course, not show up very grandly. In hilly country, or against a head wind, I do not calculate on averaging more than six to seven miles per hour during a long day's ride. So I (pardon the First Person)

START EARLY.

The following will represent fairly well my programme for a single day's riding.



HOW THE ROAD-MENDER "TAKES IT EASY."

Breakfast, 6 A.M.

Start, 7 A.M.

Breakfast No. 2, 9.30 A.M. to 10.30 A.M.

Ride, 10.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.

Lunch, 1.30 P.M. to 2.30 P.M.

Ride, 2.30 P.M. to 5 P.M.

Tea, 5 P.M. to 6 P.M.

Ride, 6 P.M. to 7 P.M.

Dinner, 7.30.

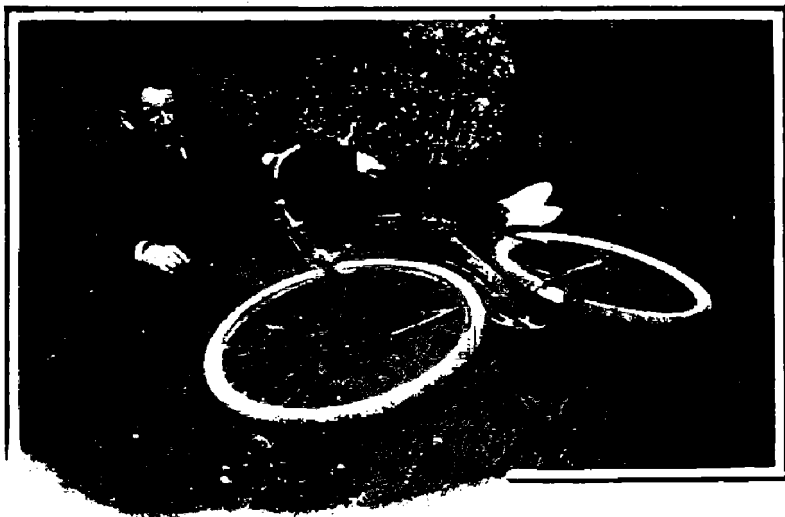
Bed, 10 P.M.

Out of my twelve hours on the road I have rested three. The average rate of travel for the twelve should, therefore, be at least six miles an hour, giving a total of 72: which is a good day's work. My meal-times are long enough to allow chances for photography, the exploration of local "lions," and chats with all sorts and conditions of men—whose conversation often proves very entertaining. If the halting-places are unattractive, I curtail my "breaks," so as to have time in hand for other rests at more interesting spots. When touring I start somewhat later in the morning—say 8 o'clock.

On June 26, I rode from my home to Littlehampton, near Worthing—a distance of about 70 miles, to join the Art Editor, who, after a long course of scissors, paste-pot, the Hound of the Basketvilles, and much heckling from the O.F., was taking a short holiday at the seaside. Having fallen into the seductive habit of motor-cycling, I had given my "pusher" a very easy time of it for some months past; in fact, 15 miles in one day was the longest journey I had made in its company this year. From 15 miles to 72 is a pretty big jump, especially when you consider that the road from Guildford to Littlehampton *via* Petworth and Arundel is particularly hilly; that there was a bad head wind all the way; and that I carried a camera and about ten pounds of other luggage. So I stuck very closely to the times given above, excepting that I shortened lunch and omitted tea; and so stumbled upon the Art Editor a few miles north of Littlehampton, at about five o'clock. On the way I managed to get three photos of a sand-martin's nest; helped a motor-cyclist in distress; talked politics and motor-cars with a road-mender; discussed several subjects (*not* including alien immigration) with an organ-grinder; inspected the internal arrangements of a mission van; photographed some deer; wondered what the Old Fag was doing in London, and thought him an unlucky beggar to be there; called on some friends; refused the offer of an itinerant wire-bender to sell me a flower-stand for one shilling; watched a village school cricket match, in which a big girl kept wicket and talked



THE SIGN-POST OF "THE SWAN," FITTLEWORTH.



THE ART-EDITOR "TAKING IT EASY"—FOR ONCE.

a hundred to the boys' dozen; walked up hills which together must have totalled the height of Mont Blanc; and voted a head wind as bad as a plague of Egypt.*

I must confess that the last made me feel rather "baked," as it was a stiff sou-sou-wester. Had I tried to make a fast run I should not have been in condition for the trip which the Art Editor took with me to Chichester the following day. The Art Editor, by-the-by, though a demon for work in the office, quite agrees with me on the subject of *festina lente* when you're cycling. On the return journey the sou-sou-wester was astern. Oh! bliss!

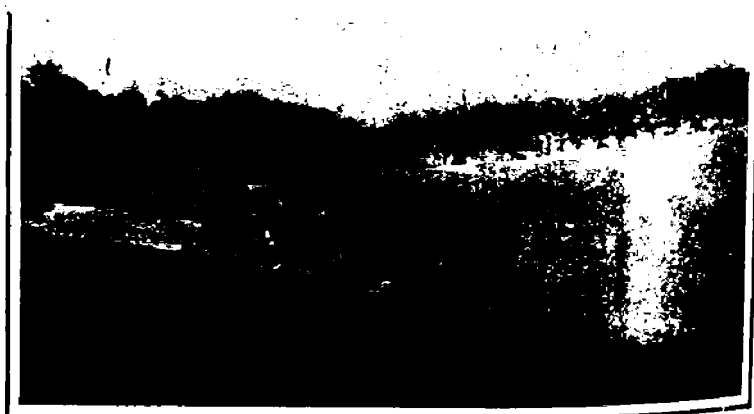
MAPS.

A good map is so valuable a companion that I may refer you once again to what I unhesitatingly pronounce to be the best series yet published for tourists, *i.e.*, the Cyclist Touring Club's revised edition of Bartholomew's reduced Survey maps. They are excellently printed; and the scale (two miles to the inch, excepting Ireland, which is four miles to the inch), enables the printers to show the character of every road in Great Britain and Ireland, the presence of objects or places of interest worth visiting *en route*,

* You needn't have pitied me. Mr. Williams, sir! I was "shooting the Chutes," "aërotating the aërotates," and keeping a good deal cooler than you, at the Exhibition!—O.F.

&c. The land elevation is shown by "contour" colouring; and numerous heights are also given in figures along principal roads. These last are most useful, as they convey a very good idea of the ups and downs to be met with on a route. Take the road from Oxford to Banbury as an instance. Oxford is marked 187 (feet above sea level). Five miles north is the figure 215, denoting a slight rise. A mile further on, 204; and in the next three miles the figures rise to 320. Then occur, at about two-mile intervals, 370, 417, and 434—the last at Deddington. A mile north of Deddington we find 266—a fine run-down here, evidently. Then up to 379;

and down to about 300—and Banbury. The conclusion is—a general up grade with one sharp decline. By the aid of these figures and the contours (areas of different heights, differently coloured) one can judge very accurately what sort of work one will have to do. These maps cost 1s. per section of 40 by 60 miles if mounted on paper; 2s. on cloth; and 2s. 6d. on cloth, dissected. The last two mountings will, of course, stand much more handling than the plain paper; and I, therefore, advise you to go for linen. The most durable map I ever bought is one of London and its environs printed on thin linen *direct*, and published by Messrs. G. Smith and Son, of 63 Charing Cross, S.W. I have opened and folded it many hundreds of times, but it shows no signs of giving way at the creases.



DEER IN ARUNDEL PARK.

CYCLOMETERS

are useful and also interesting accessories, especially if they combine a "trip" index for individual journeys, with a "total" counter. I was pleased to find the other day that Messrs. Jos. Lucas, of Birmingham, are turning out very small cyclometers of Veeder shape, with the star wheel protected from lateral blows by a hood. Hitherto the Americans have practically monopolised the manufacture of these devices. Lucas's meter costs 3s. 6d. Another neat type is the "Security," sold by Messrs. Brown Bros., of Great Eastern Street, E.C. It differs in one respect from all other cyclometers on the market. Instead of fitting on the spindle of the wheel, and being struck by a striker on the spokes, it is attached to the hub and revolves with it, the striker being stationary and attached to the forks. It therefore cannot possibly come to any harm through collision with another machine or with the ground. Remember, *don't oil* cyclometers. Oil renders the figures illegible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. Carter.—The threads of the pedals certainly *should* be so arranged as to cause each pedal pin to tend to tighten up in its socket in the

crank when the pedal is driven. Some makers however, seem to consider this unnecessary though they generally provide a tightening screw which pinches the pin in the socket. If the thread of both parts are correctly cut so as to make a fairly tight fit there should not be sufficient friction at the pedal bearings to cause any unscrewing.

E. Rawlins.—I don't think there is much danger in cycling through a thunderstorm. For, although a cycle is metal, it is almost as well insulated as anything can be, by the rubber of the tyres. In South Africa many soldiers were struck while marching over the high veldt. But then, they were *not* insulated, and there were no trees or other high objects about to divert the lightning, which naturally found a rifle to be a convenient conductor.

Engineer Cadet, E.D.A.—The Ariel Roadster with two-speed gear at the price you mention is very good value. You could hardly do better. Yes, petrol will clean out bearings as well as paraffin, but be careful, oh! be careful with lamps and matches. You mustn't forget to give the parts a good oiling after cleaning, as both petrol and paraffin cause rust, once they contain water, if left in contact with steel. So glad you like the CAPTAIN. Why don't you send in some competition photos of engineering works? they would be quite a novelty. Of course they must be *good*, as some of our competitors are very dangerous fellows with the camera. I wish you success in your work, which you seem to take great interest in. Thanks for your offer of information. I will make a note of it.

DON'T BE SLACK.

HE only need expect to attain success and win the honour of his fellow men who is thorough. The reason why men fail is, in five cases out of six, not through want of influence or brains, or opportunity, or good guidance, but because they are slack; and the reason why certain men with few advantages succeed, is that they are diligent, concentrated, persevering, and conscientious—because, in fact, they are thorough. One sees every day the story of the hare and the tortoise repeated, when the bright man is out-distanced by an unpromising competitor, because he is self-confident and erratic. An irregular swiftness has no chance in the end of the day against the pace which may be slow, but is unrelaxing. As the conditions of labour in every department of human life become more exacting, there will be no use for the shiftless and incapable men. His preserves, where he can mismanage and not be punished, are growing fewer every year. Neither a merchant, nor a college tutor, nor the Church, nor the public service will tolerate him soon; the day is close at hand when even the English army will have none of him, and the last resort of brave incapables will be closed. Society is beginning to demand that whatever a man professes to do he must be able to do, or else Society will wash her hands of an unprofitable servant. If the slack man does not mend his ways, he will have to go to the workhouse.—From *The Homely Virtues*, by JOHN WATSON, D.D.

"O. H. M. S."

BEING NAVAL YARNS OF TO-DAY.

By GEO. ELLBAR.

ILLUSTRATED BY E. S. HODGSON.

No. 6.—THE SNIPER.



I.

"**L**AND oh! Land on the starboard bow!"

A quiver of excitement ran through the men in the open boat, but discipline is strict in the Navy, and not one of them turned his head. In the stern sheets, however, two officers sprang up quickly beside Mr. William Hogben, Gunner, R.N., late of H.M. destroyer *Ready*, and peered out eagerly over the glassy sea in the direction indicated by the Gunner's extended arm.

Sure enough, away on the horizon, the younger of the two men, Sub-Lieutenant Charlie Westwood, also late of the *Ready*, saw what looked like a low-lying, purple-grey cloud. Indeed, he would have said it was a cloud, but the more experienced eyes of his Commanding Officer saw better.

"It's land all right," said Captain Tarleton, sitting down, "and must be the island I mentioned—Chu-su it's called. We shall be there easily before dark."

While Captain Tarleton watched the shadowy outline of the island slowly grow darker, as the cutter drove steadily through the oily-smooth, sun-burnished water, his thoughts travelled back over the events that had led up to his present unenviable position. Only two days before had he been in command of the torpedo-boat destroyer *Ready*, as trim a little ship as ever flew the white ensign of His Majesty's Navy. Then came the great battle in which his ship, he reflected with pride, had done her full share in the defeat of the German squadron—but at what a cost! It was not of his ship but of his men that Captain Tarleton was thinking now. Out of the fifty-six eager,

firm-lipped. steady-eyed British bluejackets that had accompanied him into action, only seventeen all told were in the boat with him now—and some of them bore marks of the fight, and one was sorely wounded.

But the destroyer, battered as she was, and with three out of her four boilers gone, would have reached port safely, had it not been for the tornado that had scattered British and German, victors and vanquished, broadcast over the sea. By seamanship, collision mats, and sheer hard work her scanty crew had coaxed her through the storm, only, by the irony of fate, when it was all over, to leave their ship a few minutes before she left their sight for ever.

"Is it inhabited?" asked Westwood, as he watched the features of the island develop on their approach. A low sandy shore ran up to a belt of dense vegetation, which grew more rich and luxuriant as it sloped up gradually inland to a height of perhaps seven or eight hundred feet. Above the bush growth shot up numberless palms, which gave at least promise of abundance of fruit food.

"Not supposed to be," said Tarleton. "It's only a small island, you know. But we shall soon see—and the sooner the better." As he spoke he gave a hasty glance at the now overclouded sky. "The wind's getting up and the surf will be nasty soon. Rain's not far off."

The surf was a bit nasty, but by good luck and boatmanship they pulled through right side up, and beached the boat in a little inlet, where she was quite hidden from view seawards. Crombie, the wounded man, was carefully carried ashore, and then all hands set to work to get the stores to camp before the few heavy drops of rain now falling should grow into the torrential downpour that accompanies nearly every wind in these latitudes.

Contrary to expectation, however, the rain slacked off, and they were able to pitch camp in comfort. A windsail was rigged up for their lame duck, and on a bed of leaves, with a "portmanteau," as the sailor man calls his kit bag, for pillow, he was made as easy as possible.

A destroyer carries no surgeon, and a smashed bone in one leg, to say nothing of a splinter wound in the other, was a big job for even a handy man, with a good knowledge of "first aid," to tackle. Watling, the chief engine-room artificer and "doctor" of the ship, had done his best; but, although Crombie protested that he was quite all right, his white, drawn face showed that he was having by no means a soft time.

It worried the Captain, and that Westwood knew. Just after sentries were posted for the night, in case of anything untoward happening, Tarleton came across from a visit to the sick man, black of face and swearing between his teeth.

"It's sickening," he said, "and Crombie's such a good chap, too. If it hadn't been for that vile storm we could have got him on board the *Frobisher* all right."

The Sub. made some reply, but Tarleton only growled and, throwing himself on the ground, made ready for the night. Westwood followed his example.

For a few minutes the Sub-Lieutenant lay with open eyes, thinking over the day's events. In his line of sight stood up the motionless figure of Stoker Wood, one of the sentries, his burly, muscular form silhouetted darkly against a clear sky, brilliant with stars. Everything was very quiet. Only the gentle rustling of the leaves in the soft night breeze, and the deep roar of the surf on the beach below, disturbed the dark silence. With these sounds mingling soothingly in his ears, lulling him to rest, Westwood fell asleep.

He awoke with a start, to find some one shaking his shoulder vigorously, and a voice in his ears: "Cap'en wants to speak to you, sir."

As Westwood sat up, sleepily rubbing his eyes, he realised that it was early morning, and that his limbs were cramped and cold. He jumped to his feet, stretching and stamping vigorously to restore his circulation. And as he looked round it was borne in on him that something was in the wind, for the whole camp was astir.

The men were all gathered on the seaward side of the camp and appeared to be intently watching something. Westwood's gaze ran along the line of broad shoulders to where the Captain and the Gunner stood, just by Crombie's bed. The latter's windsail was removed and he was sitting up.

As Westwood moved quickly across the intervening space, wondering what was the matter, he noticed that the wounded man's face was flushed with excitement. Neither the Captain nor Hogben stirred at his approach; stepping behind them, Westwood looked over their shoulders out between the trees.

Right before him, a half mile out at sea, was steaming slowly a dumpy little one-funnelled gunboat.

At the Sub's involuntary exclamation of astonishment the Captain turned round with frowning face.



"What do you make of her, Westwood?"

"Why," cried the Sub., "it's that beastly little German gunboat which bolted just after the action began."

The Captain nodded and handed Westwood his glass.

"Yes," said the latter, after a moment's scrutiny. "That's her, the *Wangeroog*."

They stood for a time watching the gunboat. Then Captain Tarleton broke out angrily.

"It's the wickedest luck," he fumed. "to

"Do something? Capture sixty men with a dozen, I suppose you mean, you fool?" Tarleton finished with a scornful snort.

Westwood was nettled. His remark might have been ill-timed, but the Captain need not have trampled on him like that. He gazed at the gunboat steadily, thinking hard the while.

Coming in for water? That meant a small landing party. They could collar them all right; but that wouldn't be much good.



"IT'S THAT BEASTLY LITTLE GERMAN GUNBOAT WHICH BOLTED."

lose one's ship, and then be scooped in by that miserable little coward. What?"

"P'raps he was acting under orders, sir."

"Oh, yes; no doubt." Tarleton kicked the ground savagely.

"What is she coming in for, sir?"

"I don't know—yes I do, though. There's fresh water over there." The Captain jerked his head sideways.

"Couldn't we do something, sir?" asked Westwood vaguely.

If, instead, they could get the best part of the crew out of the ship! If seizing the few men sent for fresh water would only bring—

Like a flash an idea shot through Westwood's brain. A moment's further thought, and he had turned to the Captain.

"Might I make a suggestion, sir?"

"Well?"

"Couldn't we capture the party landing for water, with such a show of force that the gunboat would send a large number of men

to rescue them? Then, while the gunboat is short of men, why not cut in with our men and board her?"

"What?" exclaimed the Captain, whipping round, "say that again, will you?"

Westwood repeated his proposal.

"But I don't quite see," said the Captain slowly, looking at the Gunner, who had also faced round to the Sub., "how, supposing we got through the first part of your plan all right, and enticed two or three boats' crews to the rescue of the men we had captured, we could get out to the gunboat without encountering those very boats on the way."

Westwood looked thoughtfully out towards the *Wangeroog*, crawling inshore. Then his face brightened suddenly.

"Yes, sir, I think we could. You see, the water party will make for the spring you mentioned. Well, after collaring them there would be plenty of time, before the relief party came, for us to take our prisoners some way from the beach, tie them up securely, and then get round here."

"I see," said the Captain; "and when the relief expedition had got well ashore make a dash for it, eh? It's a well scheme, but 'pon my word, Hogben, I like it. There's just a chance, and if we fail we shall be no worse off——"

His glance fell upon Crombie and his voice dropped. "I had forgotten Crombie," he went on in low tones. "and they're sure to send their surgeon with the relief party."

Now, the three officers had been standing right against the wounded man, and although he had not heard the Captain's last few words, he guessed their intent. He leant forward eagerly as Tarleton ceased speaking.

"Beggin' pardon, sir," he said quickly, "don't take no count of me, sir. I can stand this all right, sir, but I couldn't that no-how."

Captain Tarleton hesitated for a moment, then stooped down and gripped the wounded man's hand.

"You're real grit, my lad," he said, "and I'll take you at your word. You can take mine for it that, if we gain the gunboat, our first thought will be for your well-being."

Meanwhile the men had scented from the long palaver between the officers that something was afoot. It did not take long to explain to them the outlines of Westwood's scheme, and it was evident from their faces that they were only too pleased to have the chance of a whack at the gunboat.

At the prospect of action Captain Tarleton, too, was now all animation. With a cheery ring in his voice he gave the necessary directions to the willing men. The boat was cleared of all the remaining gear, and got ready for instant launching. Then Crombie was carried down to a spot close by, so that it would be but a moment's work to place him on board.

"It's lucky," remarked the Captain, as the men moved carefully away with their burden, "that we hit upon that inlet. If the *Wangeroog* could see the boat the game would be up—and," his face changed comically as an awkward contingency suddenly presented itself, "so it will if the beggars suspect us to be British seamen. They'll scent a trick at once. I hadn't thought of that."

"But I have, sir," said Westwood cheerfully. "If we strip to our shirts I reckon we shall head them off the British bluejacket tack—especially if we make as much row as possible over the job."

"Take us for a band of ferocious desperadoes, eh?" laughed the Captain. "Well, there's nothing like cheek, and if cheek'll do it we'll pull the job through. Now then, my lads."

One disconsolate individual was told off to remain with Crombie; then, amid much subdued merriment, the rest, officers and men, stripped off the upper part of their uniforms, as Westwood had suggested. The supply of rifles and pistols brought in the boat was served out so far as it would go, and a coil of rope was also brought up. Then, barefooted, but heedless of thorns or other more serious dangers, the fantastic-looking little crowd set off gleefully—moving as quickly as they could through the dense tropical growth, yet cautiously, in order that no hint of their presence might reach the *Wangeroog*. The gunboat had now stopped, still about half a mile distant from the island, but in a line with a point on the beach some little way from where the *Ready's* men had pitched their camp.

It was noteworthy that not one of the little band had so much as thought of breakfast.

"Easy!" said the Captain suddenly, as they reached a comparatively clear space, and the scramble through prickly bushes and twining roots and creepers ceased. Tarleton dodged away to seaward for a space, but quickly returned, his face scratched and bleeding.

"This'll do," he said. "We're right



abreast the gunboat, and the spring must be somewhere hereabouts. Steady now. Follow me."

They crept down in single file for some yards. Then the Captain, who was some paces in front, came to a halt.

"See," he said, as Westwood ranged up,

A.B.'s were entrusted with the duty of seizing the man who would probably be left with the boat.

Not for some minutes after the Sub. and his two men had ensconced themselves under a great banyan tree did any movement take place on board the gunboat. At length, however, a small boat was lowered, and began to move slowly towards them over the mirror-like surface of the sea. The sun's rays were now gaining power, and in the damp, moist heat of the trees, shut in from what little air there was, Westwood and his companions perspired at every pore.

"Six men and an officer," noted Westwood, as the boat entered the broken water. His pulse beat a shade faster as the moment for action approached.

The dinghy was beached, and a cask rolled over on to the sand. For a moment the officer, a plump, fair-haired youngster, trim and smart in his white duck uniform, stood giving some directions to his men. Then he turned and, leaving one man behind with the dinghy, the little party came slowly up the beach.

As Westwood watched the young lieutenant, walking all unsuspecting into the trap that awaited him, and carelessly whistling a tune, he felt a sudden pang of com-

punction. Poor beggar. It was rough luck. Suddenly a whistle sounded shrilly, and with a yell that might have been heard a mile away Tarleton and his men rushed out pell-mell upon their prey.

II.

It was over in a few moments. As Westwood sprinted by on his own particular job he saw



TARLETON AND HIS MEN RUSHED OUT PELL-MELL UPON THEIR PREY.

"that cask on the end of a pole. It marks the spring. We know exactly where to go now."

It had been arranged that the onslaught should be made when the *Wangeroog's* party were about three parts of the way up from the water, so that it would be in full view of the ship. At Westwood's request he and two active young

the German lieutenant, like the man he was, pull out a revolver and fire point blank at the oncoming mob. But the next instant he and his crew were overwhelmed, and when Westwood looked round, after securing his man, they were being bundled neck and crop into the dark shade of the trees.

He was about to follow, when an idea struck him, and he turned to the two bluejackets.

"Here, you and Larkin, jump into the boat and pull her round to our inlet. You know where. Then wait for me."

With one hand gripping his captive's collar and the other "jiu jitsuing" his left arm, Westwood was running him up the beach when the Captain hurried down.

"What's that for, Westwood?"

"Tell you presently, sir. Got an idea."

"What! Another one?" chuckled the Captain, as he lent a hand.

They had hardly reached cover when the sharp roar of a gun came from seawards, and a shell crashed among the trees over their heads.

"I expected that," remarked the Captain. "Best get back to our boat. They are not likely to look for us there."

The back trail was easy to find and, although encumbered with their gagged and bound captives, they reached the rendezvous as soon as the *Wangeroog's* boat. The gunboat kept up a pretty hot shell fire the whole time, but it was all directed near the spring and, as the Captain pointed out, every shell flew high. "Want to scare us," he said, "and not hurt their own men."

On the way Westwood explained his reason for sending round the *Wangeroog's* boat. "I thought," he said, "we might take the Dutchies' uniforms and pull out to the *Wangeroog* as if we had escaped, and—but what a fool I am!—we are seventeen and they are only seven."

But the Captain's thoughts were busy, and he ignored the Sub.'s shamed look. Suddenly he turned to his lieutenant with a smile.

"It's a good quiff, my boy, but it wants a little elaboration. Seven of us can row the dinghy out, as you suggest—young Smith, the signalman, the one they call 'Fatty,' will do for the officer. The others must lie down, covered up, in our cutter. We'll tow it out, and they'll think we've taken it with us in order to prevent our being chased. D'ye see?"

Westwood did, and his frank laugh mingled with the Captain's quiet chuckle of satisfaction. Said the latter, "My boy, we are going to pull this through."

A few minutes later four grinning German sailors, behind the backs of two other sailors, also in German uniform, were hurling gibes and grimacing at a stout, fresh-faced young German lieutenant, who stood, hand on sword, with a tremendous assumption of swagger, sternly eyeing them. Behind them reposed seven half-stripped men, bound as only a seaman knows how to bind, and able to express only by looks the rage and mortification with which they were filled. The two men in German uniform not taking part in the little bit of by-play were watching a procession of three boats, pulling furiously from the gunboat islandwards.

"Three boats," said Captain Tarleton, eye to glass, "and full of men. I'll take my oath the big man in the first boat is the Captain, although he's in white undress. There must be forty of them at least. That leaves about thirty—less than two to one. Good business, Westwood, good business."

"How shall we know when to start?" asked Westwood.

"They won't advance until the gunboat ceases firing," replied the Captain. "We'll give them five minutes and—then for the ship."

The boats disappeared from view behind the trees, and shortly after, as Tarleton had surmised, the shelling ceased. He pulled out his watch.

As the minutes crept slowly by, and Captain Tarleton made no move, Westwood grew fidgety. The Captain caught the young officer's impatient eye, and smiled.

"Plenty of time, my boy, plenty of time. Let 'em get well into the island. We don't want to run any risk of being chased."

At last he closed his watch with a snap. "Now," he said.

Everything was ready. The men lying down in the cutter, eagerly gripping their arms, were warned to keep perfectly still and silent. The dinghy was manned, with "Fatty" Smith, looking quite the officer, at the tiller. Then they started.

"Whatever you do," said Tarleton to Smith, as they entered the open sea, "be sure to keep your mouth shut."

As the beach opened out before Westwood, pulling his oar for all he was worth, a rifle lying handy at his feet, he saw the half dozen men standing guard by the *Wangeroog's* boats form into a little group, gesticulating and pointing towards the dinghy and its convoy. A moment later two men separated from them

and, running up the beach, were lost to sight among the trees.

"Gone to tell the others," muttered the Captain, who was pulling bow, the post of danger. "Lay into it, lads."

In spite of their heavy load, the seven men in the dinghy, pulling their whole weight and a bit besides, kept the two boats moving briskly through the water. Luckily there was no wind against them. As the distance from the island grew greater, and Westwood thought they must be getting near the gunboat, he wondered what her crew were doing. Were they suspicious? Would they discover the stratagem in time and move the ship, for she was not anchored? It was tantalising not to be able to see what was happening. He could learn nothing from "Fatty" Smith's face, for, with cap pulled well down over his eyes, ostensibly to protect them from the sun, Smith sat imperturbable, faithfully obeying his Captain's order to "keep his mouth shut."

So faithfully, indeed, that when a shadow loomed up with surprising suddenness behind, and the boats swirled round under the jammed-over tiller, there was no time to ship oars. With a crash they drove against the *Wangeroog's* side, the clumsy oars snapping and splintering and tearing the rowlocks out of the half-capsized boat. And as Westwood grasped his rifle and rose unsteadily to his feet, he heard above the noise of the collision a loud, sudden shout of "*Verrätheren! Das ist wohl im hinterhalt!*"

While Westwood sprang for the ladder, hard on his Captain's heels, he saw below him the cutter's canvas covering heave up and belch out a swarm of white-clad men. The next picture his eyes rested upon was a stretch of deck, shimmering white in the sun's glare, and deserted save for two or three startled, hesitating seamen; and, beyond, a canvas-shielded bridge, at its end a man, shouting and making furious signals to some one forward.

"Quick," cried Captain Tarleton, "the anchors!" As he spoke he broke into a run.

Westwood instantly comprehended. If the anchors were dropped there might be time for the men on shore to get back. He was starting after the Captain, when he saw the man on the bridge suddenly wheel round and crook his arm. At the same moment the Sub., divining his object, swung up his rifle and fired, running. And a glow of triumph ran through him as the man fell backwards, his revolver exploding harmlessly in the air.

Westwood cast a glance back over his shoulder. The *Ready's* men were spreading over the deck, and three or four were following fast after him.

The crack of a revolver made him face round. He saw a man spin round sideways from the Captain's path; he saw the latter jump forward, lean over, and fire three times in rapid succession. Then the Captain turned, a grim smile of satisfaction on his face. The next instant Westwood would have reached his side, when Tarleton flung out his arm and fired right by him, at the same time crying: "Look out, Westwood! Look out behind!"

Westwood wheeled round, and before he had time to think was fighting for his life with three barefooted, panting German man-o'-war's men.

Two of the men were armed with heavy iron scrapers. The third, like Westwood, wielded a clubbed rifle. If it had not been for the Captain's prompt assistance things would have gone hard with the Sub-Lieutenant. As it was, he was beaten down on one knee for a short, fierce moment. Then a rifle whirled swiftly over his head, and his most dangerous opponent dropped like a log. By sheer strength the Captain had wrested the German's rifle from his hands and felled him with his own weapon.

Under cover of this relief Westwood regained his footing, and the other two men were quickly disposed of.

With the thrill of battle stirring his blood, Westwood looked across the gunboat's deck, now deserted no longer. All over the sun-bleached planks were scattered little groups of men, some shouting in the excitement of action, but for the most part fighting in desperate silence.

But even during Westwood's momentary pause a change came over the scene. Out of the *melée* a solid knot of men was forcing its way, and to Westwood's alarm he saw that the men in this united group were Germans, and that their tactics were scattering the disunited men of the attacking party.

Heedless of consequences, he was about to plunge into the fight, when he heard the Captain call his name, and immediately after a whistle sounded shrilly above the din of fighting men.

"To me!" cried the Captain in stentorian tones. "*Ready's* men to me!" And as Westwood fell back beside him he heard him mutter:

"We must unite, or they will cut us up in detail. I did not think there were so many."



The Captain's shout was heard, and in a few moments Westwood found himself one of a group of British, fiercely fighting hand to hand with the organised defending force.

But by their tactics the Germans had turned the fight in their favour. Although stubbornly contesting every foot, slowly but surely the British were driven back.

As Westwood, with set teeth, and every nerve strained to concert pitch, did his utmost towards stemming the steady German pressure, he could hear above the noise of the fight one of their opponents shouting, encouraging, directing his men. "Their leader," he thought. "If we could only settle him!" But the Sub. was hemmed in, and it was all he could do to prevent himself being overwhelmed, much less take the offensive.

Steadily the *Wangeroog's* men gained ground, and the attacking party were forced nearer and nearer to the gunboat's rail. Things were looking very critical indeed for the British, when suddenly the crack of a rifle sounded, and Westwood saw one of the Germans drop in his tracks. A few seconds later another shot rang out and another German pitched over. Then came another shot, and yet another, and each time one of the *Wangeroog's* men fell out of the fight. And each time it was a man in the forefront of the defenders, nearest the gunboat's side.

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From whence were the shots coming? Their effect was magical. Disconcerted by this mysterious sniping, the depleted German force wavered, despite the efforts of their leader to rally them. As much encouraged by the unexpected diversion, the *Ready's* men, led by their Captain, with a cheer threw themselves upon the Germans. For a moment the latter stood their ground; then they broke, and in a few moments more they were felled to the deck, or driven overboard, and the fight was over.

To the last the German leader, an officer in engineer's uniform, fought valiantly. Then, when he saw that the day was lost, he turned, just before the Captain and Westwood could reach him, and, sword in hand, leaped headlong down upon the fo'c'sle.

"After him!" roared the Captain, as he set off in pursuit. But he was too late. Westwood saw the German officer lean over the bows, and his sword flash in the air. The next instant there was a roar of cable rushing out through the hawsepipe, and a heavy splash; and simultaneously the German, flinging his sword far from him, dived overboard.

"He's let go the anchor," panted Westwood.

The Captain looked towards the island. Three boats' crews were pulling vigorously away from the shore—the German landing party was returning! He turned to what were



left of his own men—half of them capable of action perhaps, that was all.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "we have won the ship, and we'll keep her. All hands to the hand capstan gear."

With frantic energy the capstan was manned, and the *Ready's* men lay on to the capstan bars. Slowly the heavy cable came up, coil upon coil; but the *Wangeroog's* boats were coming nearer and nearer to the gunboat.

"Why don't they fire?" thought Westwood, as he bent every muscle and sinew into the task; and even as the thought was in his mind a shot rang out, and a bullet spattered, ringing, against the gunboat's side. But the next moment, amid a gasping cheer from the men, the ring of the anchor came clear of the water.

"Stop it down," panted Captain Tarleton. "Watling and engine-room hands to the engines. Sharp!"

The chief engine-room artificer and his men doubled aft; and then Westwood became suddenly aware of a boat, drifting some score of yards ahead of the gunboat, and for the first time since they had boarded he thought of the wounded man, Crombie.

Seizing a coil of rope and making it fast, he turned to Captain Tarleton. "You'll put her astern, sir?" he called. With one glance round the Captain took in the situation, and nodded assent. The next instant, amid a shower of bullets that fortunately did not find their billet, Westwood had plunged overboard.

His head was but a small object in the water, and in a few minutes he had gained the cutter unscathed. Flinging the rope-end inboard, with a vigorous effort he hauled himself over the bows and made it fast. A few seconds after, it ran out taut, the boat began to drive swirling through the water, and Westwood knew they were safe.

He flung himself, dripping and exhausted, on to a thwart and, turning to speak to Crombie, noticed at once that he held a rifle in his hand.

"Why," he cried, "so you were the mysterious sniper!"

"Yes, sir," said Crombie. "Did I do wrong, sir?"

"Wrong!" exclaimed Westwood. "Why, you, the most helpless man among us, have won the ship."

And so he had.

THE END.



Of the many deeds in history which make one proud of the English name, few can be found more glorious than the defence and subsequent relief of Lucknow.

The Relief of Lucknow.

It is unnecessary to reiterate here the immediate and more remote causes of the Indian Mutiny; suffice it to say that, in a country where customs are so old, change so abhorrent and progress so slow, it was not surprising that the new Government had to face enormous difficulties and serious disaffection. A supposed insult to caste fanned the flame, and in 1857 the Sepoys in Oudh rose.

Sir Henry Lawrence, who then took the military command, at once had Lucknow fortified, and not without reason, for on May 30 the expected insurrection in the city broke out. For the next three months the town was held, though news arrived that every other post in the province had fallen into the hands of the mutineers.

The troops surrounding Lucknow concentrated their strength upon the British Residency, the siege of the inclosure commencing on July 1. The next day, Sir Henry Lawrence, whose health had greatly suffered under the strain, was killed by a shell.

It is difficult to describe the position of the

next few weeks, and it is probable that no one who has not endured such a siege can in the least estimate what it meant.

A handful of English men, ay, and English women and children, shut up in that ghastly city: Fierce, revengeful besiegers without, and, what was worse, faithless spies within. Not only must the men fight at tremendous odds all day; all night they must act as sentinels as well.

The ever-present accompaniments of siege—famine, sickness, and death—laid the men low, till on September 2 the welcome news of a relieving force under Outram and Havelock reached the sufferers.

But still the days went on with no further signs of relief, and the hope that had been born in the hearts of the soldiers died out.

For eighty-seven days had the city been besieged when the hope of relief became a reality. On September 26 Outram and Havelock made their way through the ranks of mutineers. From the hospital came men, women, and children to bless the Highlanders and their noble commanders.

Lucknow was saved!

MAUD MARY LYNE.

AMONG the array of notable events recorded in the annals of the autumn, the painful and pitiful tragedy of September 10, 1898, stands pre-eminent.

The Tragedy of Elizabeth of Austria.

A woman, called to an exalted position, the wife

of the proudest monarch in Christendom, suffering a succession of sorrow falling to the lot of few, the devoted friend of the miserable, the poor, and the oppressed, was done to death by the dagger of a desperado, who could not allege the faintest shadow of a grievance against her or hers, except that he deemed her happier than himself.

Elizabeth of Austria had a love for her only son and an ambition centred in his career, indescribable and illimitable. When she saw the boy she had cherished lying still in a mysterious death, her heart received a greater wound than the weapon of any anarchist could inflict. She withdrew from the functions of a Court presenting no further attractions for her, since the cup of motherly bliss had been dashed to a thousand atoms in that secluded Austrian castle.

From place to place she wandered, vainly searching for distraction, seeking rest where no rest was to be found.

Surely this lonely woman, scourged by sorrow, called for the sympathy of all mankind, but remorseless Fate still hovered near her path.

On her way to the landing stage on Geneva's beautiful lake, a man appeared in an opposite direction, accosted her and thrust a dagger into her, already broken heart.

Unconscious of the real cause of the weak feeling she experienced, she summoned energy to walk a considerable distance towards the hotel. A stretcher was brought, but the former Princess of Bavaria was lifeless before the portals were reached.

So, by the irony of fate, a charming woman, a devoted mother, an affectionate wife, an accomplished empress, a hater of the pomp of sovereignty, most happy when ministering to the wants of the needy, passed to her rest.

A. C. THOMAS.

THERE is some strange quality in the death of a great man which fills us with awe when that greatness has become but a name, and those deeds which thrilled nations have entered into the making of history.

Death of Cromwell, September 1658.

Throughout the annals of English history what two characters afford a greater contrast than Charles the King and Cromwell the Protector? The one upon the scaffold—placed there by means of trickery and baseness—by his nobility in that dark hour expiating his faults and blunders. After all this time he stands out a romantic and kingly figure, nor do we marvel at the royalists' devotion in yielding life and fortune in his cause.

The other on his dying bed may have seen this picture mingled with the more pleasing and ambitious one of his own success. He may have sought consolation in the truism that great men are seldom good, but it is doubtful. With his daughter's last words ringing in his ears, "there is blood to be answered for," what wonder that even his iron spirit shrank before the awful terrors of retribution, and turned in pleading to the eternal Godhead?

The Protector's death left England bewildered and amazed. He had struck ruthlessly at the tyranny of kings and had exceeded them in their own vices; yet he had, despite his actions, struck a great blow for liberty. He had forced on the English his own government, while making it thenceforth impossible for any one man to crush the nation into despicable slavery.

Cromwell had to contend against the romance

and prejudices of the age and to battle for self against chivalry, which, well for the world, was a great and, as posterity views it, a thankless task.

This is, in the main, a kindly, gentle age, and the thought of civil war fills us with repulsion; but in that fiercer time, when the gay life of the Cavalier jostled with unbending Puritanism, conflict was inevitable. Cromwell wrought too fiercely, with the result that his death brought about the undoing of his handiwork and the dawn of brighter days.

WINIFRED LYNCH.



"AYE! aye!" the old man used to say to us, "'tis partridge shooting time again, September!

Ah me, it's nigh upon fifty years ago that I learnt what shooting was." And then, as the

The Battle of Alma, 1852.

golden autumn sun sunk behind the tall elms, the stiff, white-haired old gamekeeper's eyes would flash, as we children gathered around his ivy-covered cottage to hear once again the story of the 7th Fusiliers' perilous attack on the Alma heights, and of the glorious charge of their Scotch comrades.

"A rumour ran round," the old man would commence, "on the eve of the 19th that Lord Raglan and the French Marshal, De St. Arnaud, had had a difference of opinion as to the plan of attack, but be that so or not, Zouave and Highlander, Welsh Fusilier and Regiments-of-the-Line, went, as it were, shoulder to shoulder against them grey-coated savages.

"The 'Frenchies' got to work long afore us, nigh an hour, I should say. They were away to the left in the village of Almatanak, under Prince Napoleon, and commenced storming the precipitous heights immediately in their front—Canrobert and General Bosquet directing the attack. The whole forces came under a murderous fire from the guns of the strongly positioned Russian batteries, but as gaps were made in the ranks they were immediately filled up, and though the dark green hill-side was dotted with dead and dying, and the verdant slopes were fast turning into a blood-soaked shambles, the undaunted Zouaves pressed forward. Soon the hoarse shouts of 'Vive L'Empereur' told us that a point was won, and a moment later the order came for us to move towards the Alma river. Silently, solidly the long British line moved towards the dark stream, soon, alas! to be still more darkened by the life-blood of England's sons. Splash! the cold stream rose swirling

around us. Then of a sudden it seemed as though the 'Gates o' Hell' had opened! The 18-in. Russian battery poured its death-dealing missiles into our midst, and only a blood-red streak in the grey waters marked a hero's exit from this life. That terrible attack on the precipitous Russian hill-sides, how Sir George Brown on his white horse led us on, and how later, when battered and nigh vanquished, Sir Colin's 'Highland Laddies' brought us victory, is now history, but that awful moment when the Russian guns opened upon us will live with me for ever."

R. BRUCE BEVERIDGE.



ON September 30, 1832, the greatest soldier of modern times, Earl Roberts, unpretentiously

The Birth of Lord Roberts.

entered this world. Now that his career is drawing to a conclusion, he has reached the highest pinnacle it is possible for a military hero to attain. Study the marvellous record of deeds achieved by this wonderful little soldier, and one must perforce acknowledge that none of the high honours that have been showered upon him are too great a reward for the magnificent and almost superhuman work accomplished by him.

The perusal of his doughty deeds inclines one to imagine that the narrative of his fight for fame is one of those fascinating fairy tales of our youth, so heroic have been his achievements. Space forbids a detailed description of his splendid struggle in the national interest being given, for an adequate account would occupy several numbers of the CAPTAIN.

The achievement that earned for him undying fame, and which is acknowledged to be the most brilliant military feat of the nineteenth century, was his magnificently rapid march to Kandahar, which forms one of the brightest pages in the annals of the British army.

How he was called to the nation's rescue at a time when he had just received the news of his only son's death, and the superb manner in which he successfully led our brave troops, bringing the campaign to a victorious conclusion, when placed in supreme command of the British forces during the late Boer War, are events of recent occurrence which have been indelibly inscribed upon the present generation's mind.

Lord Roberts has indeed faithfully served his country during the long period he has been at her beck and call, and has worked like a Trojan in her interests.

The finest soldier of the present day, and a true gentleman, he has always sacrificed his own interests in furtherance of the nation's cause. He is beloved by his soldiers, who have on all occasions been ready to obey cheerfully his commands, no matter how dangerous and arduous the work demanded.

May he long enjoy in retirement the full reward of his sterling services!

W. J. WILLIAMS.

"RAILWAYS have rendered more service and received less gratitude than any other institution in the land,"

The First English Railway. said John Bright on one occasion. But how few people really realise and

appreciate the vast amount of time and trouble saved by this form of conveyance! Indeed, without railways a great part of the business daily transacted would come to a standstill. It is difficult to conceive that the first of the railways which now lie like a network of iron over the whole of Britain was laid barely eighty years ago.

The growing demands of commerce, the poor means of intercommunication throughout the country led, in the year 1816, to general discontent.

This dissatisfaction was especially strong in the coal districts. One of the richest coal-fields lay between Stockton and Darlington. A proposal was made which surprised and startled all England. It was to construct a railway between Stockton and Darlington. Edward Pease was its great advocate. A Committee was formed, and George Stephenson was appointed engineer and surveyor. The leading men of the district ridiculed the idea, and even the merchants, who had so much to gain, were very lukewarm in its support. The scheme was twice brought before the House of Commons, but was defeated on both occasions. However, in 1825 it was again brought before the House and this time passed. On Tuesday, September 25, 1825, a memorable day in the annals of our railways, this first line was opened. Mr. Pease himself said, "The scene on that day set description at defiance; the mingled looks of happiness, the vacancy and alarm depicted on the faces of the spectators, impressed all who beheld it." George Stephenson himself drove the first train. The railway was a brilliant success in spite of the opposition it encountered. This initial success at Darlington was not without its effect elsewhere. Agitation for more railways soon began. On September

15, 1830, a second line was opened between Liverpool and Manchester, which was also a great success. Of course, the speed of these first trains cannot be compared with that attained by our present-day locomotives. It generally averaged about ten miles an hour. However, it must be remembered that it is from these first attempts that the modern express train has sprung. Britain will ever owe a debt of gratitude to Edward Pease and George Stephenson, through whose noble efforts so much has been accomplished.

JAMES HENRY POSTLE.

In Egypt, about thirty miles west of Ismailia, was fought, on September 13, 1882, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir.

The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Some little time elapsed between the battles of Kassassin and

Tel-el-Kebir. Taking advantage of this delay, Arabi Pasha strengthened his earthworks. During this interval, too, our troops were increased, and the total number now stood at fourteen thousand. On the evening of the 12th they made a start; but the real advance did not begin until one hour past midnight. The night was dark, and they steered their way by compass. The sandy ground deadened the measured tread of the soldiers' feet, the stillness of night being broken only by the carriage of the cannon, the rattling of the harness chains, and occasionally a restless horse in the rear. Our troops, on that five-mile journey, halted at several places, and orders to do so were issued, not by bugle calls, but by word of mouth. The fighting-line was formed at the last halt. The distance between Arabi Pasha and our men, at this point, was scarcely a thousand yards, and yet the enemy's outposts heard them not. At three hundred yards, however, one of their sentries, having at last noticed our advance, fired. Bang! his rifle rang out loudly in the silent night. Then our soldiers received the order "Fix bayonets," and the Egyptians opened fire, lurid flashes of light from their rifles showing up the bronzed faces of the natives. A bugle sounded to storm. The soldiers obeyed. The Highlanders, as they charged, gave forth a cheer. Scaling the ramparts, and reaching the ground below, they found themselves face to face with the enemy. Then ensued an awful scene of conflict and bloodshed, the continuous shooting of the Egyptians causing the assailants some delay in forcing a headway. The Highland Light

Infantry, after some manœuvring, decided to attack alongside the flanks of the other men. They had a stern fight, and, before they finished, had to be reinforced by part of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and part of the King's Rifles. Such was the situation on the left hand. On the right, a mile away, Graham's brigade, the Guards, the Marines, two English and two Irish regiments were engaging, under heavy fire, another portion of the enemy.

All along the line the defenders steadily resisted our charges, this checking our advance at times. Nevertheless, when Britain's left-hand division gained the top of the slope on which they had been fighting, the enemy broke their line and fled, throwing down their rifles as they ran. Those of the enemy opposing Graham's men did not make such a long stand, and a few minutes later they, too, relinquished their position and joined in the retreat.

So that, after a fight of twenty minutes, Arabi Pasha's carefully prepared position was captured, and his army of nearly 25,000 vanquished. Thus was Tel-el-Kebir won.

ANDREW B. WHITEHILL.



FORGETTING for a moment great historical happenings in the foreign field, and turning our attention solely to domestic affairs, we are reminded of a September event of supreme public importance, beside which all other home occurrences of this month pale into comparative insignificance.

The appointment of a committee to inquire into the wrongful convictions of Mr. Adolph Beck is the event to which I refer, because it is one in which momentous issues are wrapped up. The circumstances under which this unfortunate gentleman was twice compelled to suffer for

the misdeeds of another are common knowledge, thanks to the splendid manner in which the British Press, as the reflector of public opinion, espoused the martyr's cause.

What happened? A gentleman of irreproachable character had, in the name of English justice, been branded a criminal and punished before the world as such, with all the shame and degradation consequent upon such a sentence.

The news of the institution of the inquiry was received with intense interest by every patriotic citizen responsible to the English laws, for the matter was essentially a personal one, not so much on the score of any individual risk one might run of being held responsible for another's crimes, but because the efficiency of our system of judicial procedure, which is vital to the welfare of us all, was thereby impugned and its infallibility admitted.

There was much speculation regarding the possible results of the inquiry, but it was difficult to see how it would fail to ultimately lead to the establishment of a regular Tribunal for the appeal of persons convicted at the Old Bailey.

Hitherto we had been content to accept the finding of this court as final, but shall we any longer? It stands to the lasting credit of British justice that scandals like "*L'Affaire Beck*" are about as little known in this country as are earthquakes or famines. But is it not the attitude of the British mind, rather than punish the innocent, to make the trials of a tenfold exhaustive and painstaking character?

As Englishmen, we noted with the liveliest satisfaction the expression of this feeling in the action of the authorities, who exhibited a praiseworthy determination to maintain, at all hazards, that grand memorial of English justice which we proudly regard as one of the greatest of our national assets.

STEPHEN EGBERT HUTCHINS.

"THE CAPTAIN" CALENDAR, SEPTEMBER 1905.

		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.		Cycle Lamps to be Lighted.
1. Fri.	Gen. Lord Methuen <i>b.</i> , 1845	7.47.	16. Sat.	Sir Theodore Martin <i>b.</i> , 1816.
2. Sat.	Sedan capitulated, 1870.	7.44.	17. Sun.	Thirteenth after Trinity.
3. Sun.	Eleventh after Trinity.	7.42.	18. Mon.	Lord Raglan <i>b.</i> , 1857.
4. Mon.	French Republic declared, 1870.	7.40.	19. Tues.	Battle of Poitiers, 1356.
5. Tues.	Malta captured, 1800.	7.38.	20. Wed.	Battle of Alma, 1854.
6. Wed.	Gen. Sir Archibald Hunter <i>b.</i> , 1856.	7.35.	21. Thurs.	Sultan of Turkey <i>b.</i> , 1844.
7. Thurs.	Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman <i>b.</i> , 1836.	7.33.	22. Fri.	October CAPTAIN published.
8. Fri.	Fall of Sevastopol, 1855.	7.31.	23. Sat.	Battle of Assaye, 1803.
9. Sat.	Battle of Flodden Field, 1513.	7.28.	24. Sun.	Fourteenth after Trinity.
10. Sun.	Twelfth after Trinity.	7.26.	25. Mon.	Earl of Hopetoun <i>b.</i> , 1860.
11. Mon.	Battle of Malplaquet, 1709.	7.24.	26. Tues.	T. S. Cooper, R.A., <i>b.</i> , 1803.
12. Tues.	Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith <i>b.</i> , 1852.	7.22.	27. Wed.	George Cruikshank <i>b.</i> , 1792.
13. Wed.	Capture of Quebec, 1759.	7.20.	28. Thurs.	General French <i>b.</i> , 1852.
14. Thurs.	Duke of Wellington <i>d.</i> , 1852.	7.18.	29. Fri.	William John Hardy <i>b.</i> , 1856.
15. Fri.	Rt. Hon. Charles P. Stuart-Wortley <i>b.</i> , 1851.	7.15.	30. Sat.	Earl Roberts, V.C., <i>b.</i> , 1832.



THE STAMPS OF NORWAY.

NORWAY and Sweden have parted company at last. There is an old quarrel, stretching away back to the very beginning of the last century.

After being united to Denmark for nearly four centuries, Frederick VI., the Danish king, in 1814, without so much as asking its consent, handed Norway over to Sweden.

The Norwegians do not seem to have had any great objection to separation from Denmark, but they naturally and strongly resented being transferred unceremoniously to another power. The Danish king might please himself whether he wore the Norwegian crown, but it was not to be passed on to the sovereign of another country as though it represented only a nation of serfs. Under the leadership of a Danish prince they fought for their independence. They made a gallant struggle, but they lost.

Compelled to make terms with Sweden they agreed to accept the Swedish king as their sovereign, retaining their independence as "a free, independent, indivisible, and inalienable realm, united with Sweden under one king." They were to have their own national assembly which even the king should have no right to dissolve.

It was a peculiar agreement, and one which from the first seems to have been doomed to give rise to continual friction. The Swedes hoped to incorporate Norway as fresh territory. The Norwegians demanded reception as a partner and under an arrangement which did not leave Sweden the satisfaction of being the predominant partner. The peoples never appear to have fraternised. From the first each was dissatisfied, and each sought a different interpretation of the bargain that had been concluded. The Swedes looked for some rights of sovereignty. The Norwegians treated the sovereignty as a more or less nominal understanding. They would brook no inter-

ference with even the semblance of their independence.

Both parties to the compact have gone on finding causes for disagreement from generation to generation, and no mediator has appeared powerful enough to smooth over the differences and unite them as one people. They have treated each other as aliens, and, as they seemed determined to remain aliens, it is perhaps just as well that a sufficient excuse has at last been found to dissolve such an unsatisfactory partnership.

Norway is known to English holiday makers as the "Land of the Midnight Sun." Its majestic fjords are the delight of our tired workers, its glaciers are a perpetual wonder, and its people are voted the kindest and most hospitable of any land.

Its Philatelic History.

Norway, from every philatelic point of view, is a charming country. For the young collector or the beginner it is simple, straightforward, and cheap. For the specialist it affords a little known but nevertheless wide field of almost numberless varieties.

Its first issue consisted of one solitary stamp of quaint design sent out in the early postal days of 1855.

Then followed in 1856-7 a series of four values, all with portrait of King Oscar I.

In 1863 there was a reversion to the arms type in a series of five values. In 1867 there was a slight alteration of this design in a fresh series of five values.

In 1872 what is known as the posthorn design was adopted, and with modifications it has ever since held the field.

In 1877 a change of currency from skillings to öre occasioned a new series.

In 1878 three high values with a portrait of King Oscar II. were issued.

A change of colours of the regular series took

place in 1884, and in 1888 the first and only provisional, till the issue of those now current, was made to provide a 2-öre stamp.

In 1894 the lettering of the word "Norge" was altered in the design from block letters to Roman letters with serifs, and those stamps are current to-day.

The young collector who has to be satisfied with the cheapest form of collecting will find in the used stamps of Norway a happy hunting-ground for his spare pence. Most of the stamps of all the series may be had for a penny each, and very few indeed range up to a shilling. Even nice copies of the earliest and quaintest stamp of all, the first issue of 1855, may be had for sixpence each.

1855.—Design, a lion rampant holding an axe taken from the arms of Norway, on a shield surmounted by a crown. The paper was watermarked with an outline of the same lion and axe. At best the watermark is very indistinct. The stamp was designed by a mechanic at Christiania named Zarbell, and was lithographed by him in sheets of 200 stamps, and they were issued imperforate.



Wmk. Lion with Axe. Imperf.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
4sk., blue	70	0	0	6

1856-7.—Design, a profile portrait of the reigning sovereign, King Oscar I. It was the work of the Swedish Government printing office at Stockholm, hence probably the portrait of the king. In all there were four values; the 4sk. and 8sk. were issued in 1856, and the 2sk. and 3sk. were added in the following year for the prepayment of town postal rates. They were printed on unwatermarked paper and perf. 13.



No wmk. Perf. 13.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2sk., yellow	15	0	1	9
3sk., lilac	6	0	0	6
4sk., blue	7	6	0	1
8sk., lake	30	0	0	5

1863-6.—Five values. Design, a return to the lion rampant with battle axe. These stamps were lithographed in Christiania. They were printed on unwatermarked paper and perforated $13\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{1}{2}$. In this issue it will be noted that the figures of value appear only before the word "skill."



	No wmk.	Perf.	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$	
			Unused.	Used.
			s.	d.
2sk., yellow			12	6
3sk., lilac			15	0
4sk., blue			12	0
8sk., rose			15	0
24sk., brown			1	0

1867-8.—Five values, including a 1sk. and omitting the 24sk. Similar design to last series with slight differences of detail, the most marked being the figure of value before and after the word "skill," instead of before only. These stamps were typographed in Christiania, but by another printer. No watermark. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.



No wmk. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.

	No wmk.	Perf.	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$	
			Unused.	Used.
			s.	d.
1sk., grey-black			1	6
2sk., orange			0	3
3sk., lilac			15	0
4sk., blue			5	0
8sk., rose			15	0

1872.—Six values, including two new values of 6sk. and 7sk. The 7sk. was issued to provide for a change in the postal rates, but it was superseded by the 6sk. later on when Norway entered the Postal Union. Design, a posthorn surmounted by a crown, with the value in bold figures inside the ring of the posthorn. The paper was watermarked with a posthorn in outline, but very indistinctly.

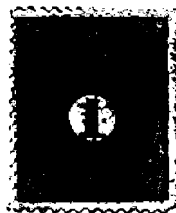


Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.

	Wmk.	Perf.	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$	
			Unused.	Used.
			s.	d.
1sk., green			0	2
2sk., blue			0	6
3sk., rose			1	6
4sk., mauve			0	4
6sk., brown			10	0
7sk., brown			0	6

1877-8.—A series of ten stamps, including mostly new high values. Design as before, but the currency assimilated to that of Sweden and expressed in öre instead of skillings.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.



	Wmk.	Perf.	$14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$	
			Unused.	Used.
			s.	d.
1 öre, drab			0	3
3 öre, orange			1	0
5 öre, blue			2	6
10 öre, rose			1	0
12 öre, green			1	6
20 öre, brown			4	6
25 öre, mauve			15	0
35 öre, green			0	9
50 öre, marone			1	0
60 öre, blue			1	0



1878.—Three high values with portrait of King Oscar II. Designed and engraved by Kruger of Berlin, but printed at Christiania. Paper watermarked with a posthorn and perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$ as before.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1kr., pale green and deep green	1	6	0	3
1kr., 50 öre; blue and deep blue	2	3	1	0
2kr., rose and brown	3	0	0	8

1883-4.—The colours of the 12 öre and 20 öre changed, the 12 öre from green to brown and the 20 öre from mauve to blue. Design, watermark and perforation as before.

Colours changed.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
12 öre, brown	2	9	0	9
20 öre, blue	8	0	1	6



1888.—Provisional, to provide a 2 öre value in the new currency omitted from the previous series. A number of the current 12 öre brown were overprinted in black "2 öre."

Provisional.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2 öre on 12 öre brown	0	1	0	1

1890.—Two values, the 1 öre changed from drab to black brown, and a 2 öre of the current type to replace the provisional of that value. Design, watermark and perforation as before.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1 öre, black-brown	0	2	0	1
2 öre, yellow-brown	0	1	0	1



1894-1903.—Design as before, but modified, the word "Norge" being engraved in Roman capitals, *i.e.*, capital letters with serifs, instead of block letters as before without serifs.

Wmk. Posthorn. Perf. $13\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$.

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1 öre, drab	0	1	0	1
2 öre, brown	0	1	0	1
3 öre, orange	0	1	0	1
5 öre, green	0	1	0	1
10 öre, rose	0	2	0	1
20 öre, blue	0	4	0	1
25 öre, mauve	0	5	0	2
35 öre, green	0	6	0	1
50 öre, marone	0	9	0	1
60 öre, blue	0	9	0	6

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1905.—Norway having separated from Sweden, the current high krona values have been replaced by provisionals, remainders of the 2sk. of 1867 being overprinted with the values required.

Provisionals.

" Kr. 1.00 " on 2sk. yellow.	
" Kr. 1.50 " " "	
" Kr. 2.00 " " "	

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. D. B. (Windermere).—The variety of Russian stamps to which you call attention and which you describe as with and without arrows is listed in all the catalogues. In 1890 arrows were added across the posthorn. They are termed thunderbolts in our philatelic phraseology, and since 1890 have appeared on all Russian stamps with the exception of the 70 kopecks.

M. R. T. (Carlisle).—The registered stamps of Canada have no special value. Here are the latest catalogue prices:

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
2c., vermilion	0	4	0	1
5c., yellow-green	0	8	0	1
8c., blue	7	6	9	0

C. G. (Manchester).—The so-called death mask stamps of Servia are not rarities by any means. On the contrary, despite the excitement which was worked up over the discovery of the death mask, the stamps may still be had for a few pence. Here are the current catalogue prices:

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
5p., green	0	1	0	2
10p., rose	0	2	0	3
15p., purple	0	6	—	—
25p., blue	0	6	—	—
50p., brown	0	9	—	—

It is strongly suspected that the discovery and the subsequent excitement were all part of a pre-arranged plan for stimulating the sale of the stamps to fallible stamp collectors, but the little game has apparently failed, for the stamps are plentiful and likely to remain so.

Several Readers.—You can most satisfactorily value your own stamps by any one of the regular catalogues. I make it a rule to quote only catalogue prices. Any independent valuation would be an attempt to say how much another would be likely to give, and as what any dealer will give must depend upon whether his stock is short of the stamps offered, it must be obvious that any individual attempts at valuation must be misleading. Hence you can value your stamps as well as I can, for with a catalogue you will arrive at the same results. Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., is the only firm that I know which professes to value stamps, and I know they are not at all anxious to do such work.

A. O. (Stoke Newington).—The current catalogue prices for Canadian King's head postage stamps are as follows:

	Unused.		Used.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.
1c., green	0	1	0	1
2c., carmine	0	2	0	1
5c., deep blue	0	4	0	1
7c., olive-yellow	0	5	0	2
10c., brown-lilac	0	7	0	3
20c., olive-green	1	1	0	6

You can get the set from any dealer, and by the set for less. You will find plenty of dealers' addresses in our advertisement pages.

WANTED A PYTHON



An Adventure in Canara.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by Geo. Soper.

I.

ONCE, when employed on road-repair work, some thirty miles from the seaport of Kowdyal, while looking for a central camping-ground I stumbled upon a deserted, dome-roofed, two-room bungalow, conveniently situated on the hill-side, overlooking the road, and about half-way up. It was quite large enough for me, and I saw that a few rough doors and shutters, a coat of whitewash, and a clearance of the encroaching undergrowth would make the place habitable. I forthwith had my tent pitched, set all hands cutting vegetation, sent in to Kowdyal for the necessary artisans and material, and within the week I took possession.

Though busy, the lonely life soon palled on me, especially when I came in from the work and on off days. I was surrounded by desolate jungle, and never saw a soul beyond my native followers and the passing cartmen. I might have got some shoot-

ing, for the diggings teemed with signs of varmints, but at that time I was not an enthusiastic gunner.

However, I was not destined to suffer solitude for long. During the afternoon of the second Sunday two carts came rumbling down the pass: in front of them walked a European, with a rifle slung on his back, a pocket-book, with map attached, in his hands, and a big dog slouching by his side. The man advanced slowly, consulting his book and glancing about him till he drew abreast of the bungalow—with me in the verandah, whereupon he abruptly halted and stared. He was a short, stout young fellow of about twenty-three, and his appearance suggested the globe-trotter.

"Good day to you, sir!" he commenced.

after recovering from his surprise; "my name is Gumshow, and I am on a shooting-trip."

"Glad to see you," I replied. "Step up the bank and have some lunch. I was just sitting down."

"Delighted. May Kaiser come?" pointing to the dog.

"Certainly;" and when he joined me I added, "my name is Fendick, engineer, repairing the pass road. Where are you bound for?"

He smiled. "I expect you'll be astonished when I tell you that *this* is my destination for the present. But I'll explain. Directly I came in for some money left me by a relative, I started out on a trip. I shot buffalo and alligator in America, did the Rockies, and then came on *via* 'Frisco to India. Here I have had my fill of tiger, cheetah, bison, and elephant. One thing remains which they could not show me in America, and which I have still to meet with in this country. I have travelled to this spot purposely to obtain it."

"And that is?"

"I wish to bag a python."

"Why," said I, "I haven't set eyes on a python since I have been in the country, and no one has ever dreamed of dropping on one in these parts."

"Nevertheless," said he, "I hope to bag a python here. I have been told that a lady who lived in your bungalow years ago had a piano, and that one day, when she was playing on it, a monstrous snake appeared at the back door and so frightened everybody that she and her family fled back to Kowdial, and with the utmost difficulty persuaded some natives to come and fetch away their belongings. Since then the bungalow has been deserted. Is not this the Naigenarry pass? Then this must be the bungalow. Now, Mr. Fendick, I have told you my object in coming here, but as you are in possession I ask permission to stay with you a few days—as paying guest."

"You shall be my guest for as long as you like without the paying," I returned; "I shall be only too glad of your company. How, may I ask, do you propose to bag your python?"

"I shall decoy it."

"Decoy it?"

"Yes—by music, which will not only lure the snake up close, but will make it stupid, and so give me a chance of a safe shot."

"Where shall you lure it to?"

"To this bungalow. Remember the lady's piano."

"How about *your* music?" I demanded of the young fellow.

"I have brought a small harmonium along."

"Well," said I, "it promises to be a ticklish business, but I'll give you all the aid in my power."

So it was settled. I vacated my bedroom for Gumshow and moved into the only other chamber, the larger one which I used for dining, sitting, and office work. There was no direct communicating door between the two apartments; to get from one to the other you had to go round by the verandahs.

The carts were unloaded, my guest moved in, and when he had shaken down we set about our dispositions.

To give the expected python every facility, I had a tent pitched on a small level space opposite the house on the other side of the road. We looked for the reptile to approach from the back, so all our servants were evicted from the outhouses at the rear and bundled into the tent, which was also to serve as kitchen for the time being. We placed the harmonium at one end of the large room in order that while Gumshow played and I sat by him we could command a view of both doors. We were to have our rifles handy, and as soon as the snake entered the room and subsided under the looked-for effect of the charm, we were to simultaneously fire at its head, reasoning that, with the lamp burning, we both could not well miss at a few yards' distance. On my remarking that the light might scare the snake, my companion said that the lady of his story could not have been playing in the dark, and that if the python of her day did not funk the light, the python of the present was not likely to mind it.

II.

The first night proved resultless. Gumshow played, and we kept on the watch till nearly twelve o'clock; but nothing happened. On the second night we repeated the performance, maintaining it till even later, but, as no snake appeared, we eventually shut the doors and went to bed. But I had scarcely laid down ere I became sensible of a nauseating, musty smell which was seemingly floating in from the back of the house. While I was wondering as to the cause, Kaiser began

whining, and, presently, Gumshow came round by the front verandah into my room.

"I say," he commenced below his breath, "do you notice a queer smell?"

"Yes, like bad mushrooms or something. What is it?"

He advanced to my bedside. "Python," he whispered.

I bounded up into a sitting posture. "What! Do you think a python is about?"

"I do. What is more, Kaiser is restless; instinct tells him that something uncanny is prowling round."

I felt unmistakably creepy. Hitherto I had been rather sceptical as to pythons being anywhere in the vicinity: now, however, things pointed to the near presence of one of the monsters! Gumshow used an apt term when he said "uncanny." I tingled with goose-flesh.

"I shall let Kaiser out," he continued. "If his behaviour strengthens my suspicions I shall call him back, throw open the doors, and start the music again."

With these words he crept back to his room, while I seized my rifle and took my post by the harmonium. Gumshow speedily returned—with Kaiser, in a great state of disquietude. My friend opened the back door, and the dog scrambled through. We listened; we heard him snuffing about the verandah, growling, but with a hysterical touch of alarm in his tone. We stepped to one of the barred windows and peered out into the gloom. A waning moon combined with the rays of the hanging-lamp burning inside helped us in dimly distinguishing objects, and we made out Kaiser's large white body as he quartered about on the verge of the close-standing jungle. Suddenly, the dog stopped dead, seemed to look fixedly at one spot in the thicket, and broke into a tornado of barks, short, yappy, and feverish. Then, before the eye could wink, the foliage rustled sharply, a long shape shot down from a tree, and, ere Kaiser could move, something dark enveloped him. He gave one stifled yelp, and then both dog and whatever it was that seized him vanished from sight!

"Great Scott!" whispered Gumshow, as we exchanged glances of awe, "the python!"

"Walked off with your dog, too!" I added limply, mopping my face. "What will you do now?"

"Try and shoot the beast, of course?"

"I would stick to the original programme

as the safest. Besides, what about seeing? and what if it chose to lasso one or other of us?"

"True. Perhaps it had heard the harmonium, and was on its way here when I stopped playing."

"Possibly. The chances are that it will be bolder to-morrow night and come bang in, when we can act on our plan with less risk to ourselves. We should be nabbed to a certainty in the dark."

"Don't I hope it *will* come, if only to let me avenge poor Kaiser! Do you notice that that smell no longer hangs in the air?"

"Yes; the varmint in skedaddling with your dog has taken the smell along with it."

"Well, it shan't skedaddle to-morrow—if we can help it."

The next evening we mutually owned to feeling somewhat uncomfortable as to the task before us. We had witnessed the facility with which the snake caught that large dog in its coils, and we surmised that we might as easily fall victims to its dread embrace. We began to doubt whether the music would really act as a charm—however well it might prove a lure. Most likely, the python, attracted by the strains, would pay us another visit, but, instead of the spell having a mesmeric effect, and thus giving us our opportunity, the reptile might just sail in and grab us, as it had grabbed that unfortunate dog! However, we had put our hands to the plough, and had no intention of looking back.

"We shall have to be jolly careful," observed Gumshow at the dinner table. "We must kill the brute at the first shot. If we merely wound it we shall be in a nice fix."

"So I should think. We had better fire together."

"How can we—when I shall be playing? I did not think of that."

"Look here," said I, "on the snake quietening down you drop playing and we'll bang off together."

"Yes, that will do splendidly."

It was an old place. The walls were thick, the four windows were more like embrasures, and the original stout iron bars, let into the masonry, still remained. The front and back doors exactly faced, and the room contained all the usual camp furniture; the stone-flagged floor was bare, and a big kerosene lamp hung suspended from the arched ceiling.

We hurried over dinner, and the frightened servants, only too anxious to get out of the way, scuttled off to their tent double-quick. We opened both doors, turned up the lamp, examined our pieces, threw on our cartridge belts, and assumed our post at the harmonium. Gumshow played tune after tune: we kept our senses on the stretch, especially the olfactory ones, for on them did we rely to give us first warning of the enemy's approach. Sure enough, our noses served us: towards midnight we inhaled that peculiar odour, but it came from the front of the house, whereas we expected our visitor from the back—as on the previous occasion!

"Don't stop playing," I whispered, as Gumshow looked inquiringly at me; "the brute is evidently mooching

round, and may enter by the front door instead of the back, that's all."

The droning continued: we kept our eyes on the front door threshold, casting an occasional glance at the one opposite. The smell grew stronger, and then, gliding slowly in, came the ghoulish head and reticulated body of an enormous serpent! It hugged the ground; its aspect struck one as inert, languid; the mouth was closed, and the eyes dropped. On it crawled; a good ten feet of the fearful shape lay extended; the reptile's movements momentarily became more lethargic.

We were preparing to do our part—as already agreed on—when all at once the python's whole attitude changed. Up jerked the head, the hitherto straightened trunk contracted into undulations, and the



WE LOOKED ON
HORRIFIED.

eyes—now wide open—stared intently to the front. Instinctively Gumshow ceased playing; we followed the direction of the serpent's gaze, and to our amazement beheld *another snake, equally as large, with half its length through the back door!*

We had scarcely observed the second intruder ere both reptiles, setting up loud hisses, simply flew at each other; their bodies intertwined, and they commenced wriggling and whipping about in living representation of Doré's blood-curdling creations. We were spellbound: the spasmodic muscular contortions, the lightning-like movements—which were impossible to follow, the hissing, mingled with the rasping of their serrated skins against the stone floor, the sense of our own perilous predicament—all tended to convert the



I PULLED THE TRIGGER.

situation into a grisly nightmare. It was terrible!

Possibly they were individuals from different broods, and were now meeting for the first time. They had clutched each other in the comparatively open space between the two doors, but very soon they commenced to come in contact with the furniture. One of the snakes gripped a leg of the dining-table with its tail, and in a flash both leaves were flying in a heap of wreckage against the wall: the chairs followed, and, the fight edging off to the further end of the room, the infuriated serpents collided with my dumb waiter; that article toppling over, crash went all my glassware. Now, to our dismay, the combat came towards us: in another minute we would be involved in that writhing tangle, for all retreat was cut off! The windows were heavily barred; we feared to make for the doors, lest the pythons should ungrasp and launch their coils on us, while as for firing with any chance of killing both, such an idea never entered our thoughts. On they came, wrestling and walloping nearer and nearer: one seemed to be gaining

the mastery and pushing the other before it!

"Come on!" I whispered, seizing Gumshow by the arm. "Up into the window! It's our only chance!"

Barely had we ensconced ourselves in the embrasure when we realised that in our haste we had omitted to snatch up our rifles! No time to go and fetch them, for in another second the combatants cannoned against the harmonium. The instrument was hurled aside, the rifles that had been resting against it fell to the ground, and the snakes slithered about above the loaded pieces.

We looked on horrified, our sole hope being that one of them would turn tail and the other fly after it. No such thing happened, for now the reptiles had apparently become exhausted; they were too evenly matched

for either to throw up the sponge. As if by mutual consent they disengaged, and slowly crawled towards the doors, one to the right, the other to the left. We eagerly looked to see them quit; we prepared to jump down, rush to the doors and close them. But no; instead of passing out they lay straight on the floor, as if to recruit for another set-to. We realised that both monsters were pumped; we must not give them time to recover; if they fought again, they might discover us. *We must act at once!*

Carefully, gingerly, holding our very breath, we let ourselves down from the embrasure, and, treading like cats, recovered our rifles. We briefly examined the pieces; they were all right, at full cock, and I marvelled that they had not gone off in the recent rough-and-tumble. I silently indicated the left-hand snake to Gumshow, then pointed to the one on the right as my property.

"Fire when I say 'go!'" I whispered into his ear. Then, with our hearts in our mouths—as we afterwards confessed—we raised our pieces; I gave the word, and the

rifles cracked together. We heard a terrible commotion beyond the veil of smoke, and when it melted sufficiently we saw Gumshow's snake bundled into a writhing bunch, while the other one was wriggling furiously towards us!

"Back!" I shouted, springing sideways and reaching the embrasure at a bound. I fully believed that Gumshow would follow, but, when I looked round, there he was standing his ground, and in the act of frantically slamming in a fresh cartridge!

"Fool!" I bellowed, mechanically reloading as I danced about the niche in a veritable frenzy; "back! back for your life!"

Too late! Before I could jump down and drag him away, before he could lift rifle to shoulder, the angry python, with flaming eyes and scintillating tongue, drew itself together and then, launching itself forward, caught the unfortunate man round the waist, shook the gun from his grasp, and brought him to the ground!

For one moment a mist stood before my eyes, and my heart seemed as if about to burst through my ribs: the next, I was myself again. I could not trust my aim sufficiently to warrant a shot from where I stood; I might hit Gumshow, and, if I merely wounded the boa, it would tend only to inflame it to a greater pitch of fury. I must kill it outright, and I remembered that to do so I must shoot it through the head!

With my piece at the present, I darted forward to the struggling mass. The snake's squab head played from side to side of its victim: it had yet to complete its coils ere giving the final spasm of constriction. The wicked fiery eyes regarded me as if their owner contemplated a cast on me as well! For a moment the movement ceased. My chance had come, and almost jamming my muzzle against the reptile's hideous cranium I pulled my trigger and blew it to atoms. Then, seizing Gumshow by the shoulders, I literally prised him out of his bonds like a cork from a bottle!

He was not hurt; the snake had not commenced to squeeze him properly. He retreated with me to the friendly embrasure while the python flogged itself into quiescence. The other one had by now become almost motionless.

"There you are, Gumshow!" I cried, as in the revulsion of our feelings we grasped hands and he thanked me for saving his life; "you wanted a python; you have bagged two!"

After-examination showed that Gumshow was the better marksman, and had perforated his python's head, whereas I had merely given mine a superficial wound some way down. We measured our game; twenty, and twenty-one feet respectively, with a mean girth of about twenty inches at the thickest part of their vile carcasses!

But no more python for me—*thank you!*



RUSSIA'S STRONG MAN.

TIME and time again have combinations of nobles and capitalists been formed in Russia to crush the power of M. Witte, who has been nominated as peace envoy, and as often have these attempts failed. M. Witte belongs by birth to the lower middle classes, his father, who was of German origin, holding some minor office under government. M. Witte himself started life without either wealth or influential friends to help him on his way. But he dared to think for himself. At the outbreak of the war with Turkey he had just been promoted to the station-mastership of an insignificant railway stopping-place on the confines of Bulgaria. The War Minister had issued certain orders. M. Witte said that disaster would follow if he obeyed them. He disobeyed them, and when his relations made sure that he was going to be sent to Siberia, he was called to the capital and made a director of the Imperial railway for saving the troops from destruction.—*The Evening News*, July 17, 1905.



Names of Plants.—"V" (Winchester) asks for the names of two plants he forwards. The pale yellow one which he describes as parasitic upon the roots of beech, is the yellow Bird's-nest (*Hypopitys monotropa*). It is not a parasite, but a *saprophyte*, that is, a plant that feeds upon the decaying remains of other plants—in this case the dead leaves of beech and pine. The drooping of both flowers and flower-spikes is quite usual until after fertilisation, when they become erect. The brown plant is the Broomrape (*Orobanche major*) which is a parasite, attaching itself to the roots of furze, broom, &c., and drawing all its nourishment therefrom.—H. Ayre (Thirsk) sends me a photograph of an umbelliferous plant that is "growing between the cobblestones" to the height of 10 ft. It is an imported species of Hogweed (*Heracleum villosum*) from the Caucasus.—E. W. Soulsby (Newcastle-on-Tyne) sends for identification a dry flower, which, he says, is "very rare on our northern fells. . . . It is called by the people the Blue Jentine—that's the way they pronounce it." It is the Spring Gentian (*Gentiana verna*), one of our most beautiful plants.

Tree Frog.—C. D. B. Ellis (Leicester) asks how to feed and keep Tree-frogs, especially in winter. The best plan in summer is to turn them loose into a greenhouse, where they will find their own food without troubling you, whilst you may get some amusement out of trying to find them, for they cling so closely to the plants and so exactly match them in colour that they become all but invisible. In winter, if the greenhouse is not heated, they should be kept in a fern-case indoors, and during such time as they are active, fed with meal-worms (to be obtained of any bird-dealers) or such other live insects as may be obtainable.

Aquarium Fountain.—J. D. Tomblin (Hampstead) has seen "in a certain paper" that there are such things as self-acting fountains, but the writer did not mention how they are constructed, so he applies to me for the information. Now, this is not Natural History,

but Mechanics. If I could give you the particulars it would have to be in a long article with working diagrams; but I suggest as the simplest plan a connection with the water company's supply pipes.

Many Matters.—"Béna" (E. Southsea) asks me a number of questions which will not fall under a descriptive heading: (1) is the Bee Orchis very local? In Great Britain it is restricted to the country south of Durham and Lancs., where it is fairly distributed on chalk and limestone soils; (2) your Plume-moth is probably *Pterophorus pterodactylus*; (3) the larva of one of the Lady-birds. Their food consists entirely of Green-fly; (4) the question whether you should study Natural History generally or confine your attention to one of its branches is worth consideration. "Specialists" are the order of the day, but their work would often be more valuable if it were based on wider knowledge. The all-round naturalists, like Linnæus and Darwin, are hard to find now, when everybody is a specialist. It is a good thing to know everything about something, but one should also know something of everything. My advice then is to get a good general knowledge of Natural History at first, and then you can specialise in one of its branches. You will find this will yield you far more enjoyment and prevent the narrowing of your sympathies; (5) it is true that the Slow-worm has skeletal vestiges of limbs. The reptile may be killed by chloroform; but it seems a pity to destroy one for the sake of its skeleton. Why not keep one alive until its life ended naturally? then its actions would help you in arriving at that general knowledge we have recommended. The skeleton is prepared by maceration of the corpse in water (changed occasionally) at some distance from the house, for it is an unsavoury business, and your neighbours may resent it as a nuisance. When the flesh has parted from the bones, the skeleton should be bleached in the sun.

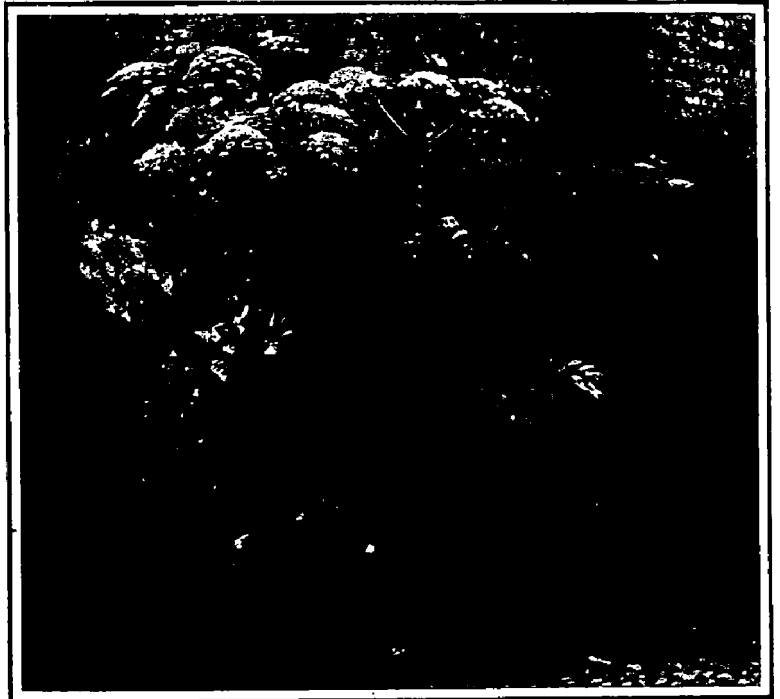
Food of Snake.—E. L. R. K. (Lexden)

has a snake whose appetite he has tempted with frogs, flies, worms, &c., but it takes no notice of them, and presumably he wants advice. Were these things alive? because a snake will not condescend to notice dead or unmoving food. If he will not strike at a lively young frog the presumption is that he is not hungry. You might try living and swimming fishes by putting the snake into the same vessel of water. In answer to your query "when does a snake cast its slough?" there is no definite period, but just when it wants renewing.

Jackdaw.—H. M. Shepton (Penarth) has become the possessor of a number of Jackdaws, and wishes to know: (1) upon what to feed them; (2) at what time they lay and what to give them to build their nests of; (3) whether it is needful to give them much water; (4) how to distinguish the sexes and whether to keep the pairs separate; also (5) can they be taught tricks, and if so what kind? And will I reply by post? I have written replies by post at times, though I have never undertaken to do so; but just now it is impossible, though I have a number of such requests on my table. I will do my best to answer H. M. S.'s queries *seriatim*: (1) jackdaws are general feeders like rooks; they will hunt for wire-worms, cockchafer-grubs, and other insects, steal eggs from the nests of other birds, pick up crabs and "shell-fish" from the seashore, eat fish, flesh, fowl, or fruit, or even act as scavengers. You may, therefore, give them anything left from the table, and such other odds and ends as may be convenient, varying the bill of fare as much as possible; (2) like most other birds they breed in the spring, and will make their untidy nest of whatever is handy—sticks, moss, and grass being the natural ingredients; (3) water *ad lib*; (4) the sexes are exactly alike in size and colour, so that you must wait for them to pair off when the proper time comes. There is no necessity for separation, as naturally they live in colonies and build their nests close together just as rooks do; (5) there is no necessity to teach them tricks: the Jackdaw being naturally about the most mischievous bird known. If you mean performing, that is out of my

line. It is not Natural History, and I have never been in the show business; but I should imagine you will find they know tricks enough without teaching them more. They will probably teach you a few.

Relaxing Butterflies.—L. Caldicott (Four Oaks) has some butterflies which are badly set and wishes to know how to relax them. Unless the specimens are rarities such as you could not easily replace, it is not worth doing, as they never look well after the operation, and are always liable to spring back to their former setting. You can relax by pinning your specimens to a sheet of cork, taking care that the insect nowhere comes into actual



HERACLEUM VILBOSUM.

Photo. by H. Ayre.

contact with the cork. Take a wash-hand basin and pour about an inch of water into it. Carefully float the cork on it, then place a couple of sticks across the top of the basin, and cover over all with a wet towel from which the water has been lightly wrung. Leave for twenty-four hours, then reset the insects, and place the setting boards in a good current of air to dry them quickly, or they will go mouldy.

Insects on Canary.—A. D. Goodway (Catford). Try Essence of Quassia, supplied by F. Tibbs, 30 Parkhurst Road, Holloway, 9d.

"CAPTAIN" CLUB

• • CONTRIBUTIONS. • •

THIS part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, &c., 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 all the contributors to this month's "Captain Club" pages. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Presentations to Popular Cricketers.

IN the history of the national game there are numerous incidents of men, and sometimes teams, being rewarded for their prowess by presents of gold watches, clocks, and even gold-mine shares. The late Jack Ulyett won 250 shares in the Gympie mine by scores of 53, and 106 not out.

The recipients of gold watches include Mr. W. L. Murdoch, who received one as a memento of his 321 for New South Wales against Victoria; Mr. A. C. Maclaren, who was presented with one by his county club in honour of his record score of 424; and all the members of the 1899 Australian team received a gold watch, with the Australian arms engraved thereon, presented to them by Mr. Laver, a brother of the present Australian team manager.

A popular cricketer on his marriage invariably receives a present from his club. David Denton received a marble timepiece from the Yorkshire county team on the occasion of his marriage, as also did Mr. W. New-

ham from the Sussex County professionals; while Mr. A. C. Maclaren received as a wedding present a spirit tandalus from the Lancashire County team.

One of the late Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell's most treasured possessions was a silver bowl, suitably inscribed, and exclusively subscribed for by captains of the Eton eleven from 1866 to 1897, on his retirement from the post of coach to the college.

Amongst Lord Hawke's treasures is a gold cigarette case, bearing in front his crest and the county arms, and on the back a white rose



ANCHOR CHURCH, SITUATED CLOSE TO THE RIVER TRENT, IN THE PARISH OF INGLEBY, ABOUT EIGHT MILES FROM DERBY.

It is one of the most curious churches in England, being hewn out of the solid rock by the side of the river, and is supposed to have been excavated by the Canons of Repton, in the early part of the Saxon period, to meet the needs of the then scattered parish of Ingleby. Photo. by George M. Eaton.

with the inscription: "To Lord Hawke, by the professionals of the team, 1896." Vine, the Sussex professional, also values a cigarette case which was presented to him by Mr. C. B. Fry in recognition of his success with the bat in 1899.

The brothers W. L. and R. E. Foster were in 1899 the recipients of handsomely gilt silver shields in commemoration of their feat of each scoring a couple of centuries in the same match against Hampshire.

In 1900 Mr. A. J. Webbe was presented with a silver tray, subscribed for by every man who had played for Middlesex under his captaincy, on which were engraved the autographs of the donors. Captain Wynyard, who in 1894 scored three successive centuries, received silver candlesticks for his feat. Every member of the 1900 Yorkshire team, which won the championship without losing a match, was presented with a silver bowl. In 1896 M. C. E. Green, the new M.C.C. president, received a bowl subscribed for exclusively by Essex residents in recognition of his services to that county. G. F. CROUCH.



THE LARGEST WATER WHEEL IN THE WORLD,
AT LAXEY, IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

It is 72½ ft. in diameter, 6 ft. broad, and 217 ft. in circumference, being equivalent to a steam-engine of 200 horse-power. Photo. by Alex. Watters.

Men's Holiday Camp, Douglas, Isle of Man.

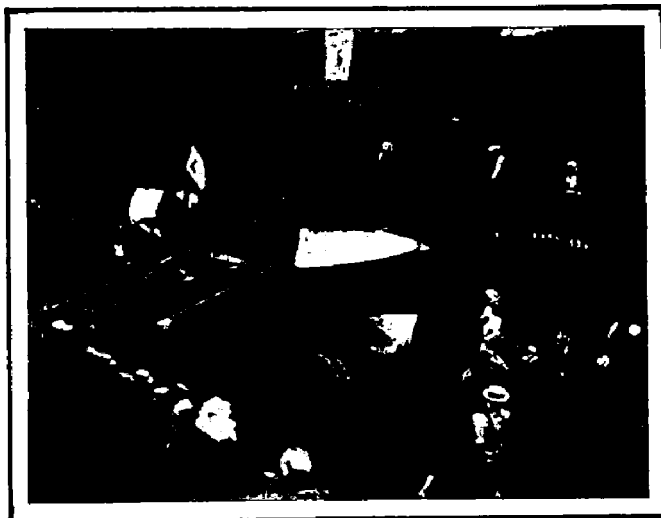
The Camp is excellently situated on the heights overlooking and commanding a splendid view of Douglas Bay. It is only a few minutes' walk from the promenade. The voyage to and

AS many CAPTAIN readers are aware, the Rev. Arthur Chilton, Headmaster of Emmanuel School, Wandsworth, has been appointed Headmaster of the City of London School in the place of Mr. A. T. Pollard, M.A., resigned. Mr. Chilton's appointment will give special gratification to Bluecoat boys, past and present, for the new City of London Head was educated at Christ's Hospital under the Rev. Richard Lee, M.A. Mr. Chilton was a Grecian before he left, and returned to Christ's Hospital as a master, proceeding thence to the Charterhouse, and in course of time resigning his post there to take up the chief position at Emmanuel School. The headmastership of the City of London School is in the gift of the Court of Common Council. "We understand," says the *Blue*, "that when the Court heard Mr. Chilton read, his audibility, authority, and manner as a man of power turned the scale very decidedly in his favour." G. E. B.

An Ideal Holiday.

CAMPING OUT AT DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

ANY boy or "old boy" who desires a really splendid, health-giving holiday cannot do better than betake himself to The International Young



THE LIFEBOAT "HENRY HARRIS" IN THE PROCESSION AT PRESTON ON LIFEBOAT SATURDAY.

The "Henry Harris" was launched at Worthing in 1887, and was withdrawn in 1901 with forty-two lives to its credit. Photo. by Clifford Turner, London.

from the island is a feature in itself and is, of course, very enjoyable and beneficial.

For the small sum of about £1 per week, inclusive, all the delights of an open air bohemian life may be enjoyed amid some of the most beautiful scenery in the United Kingdom.

The fare provided is unlimited and nourishing.

There is a large pavilion for the accommodation and comfort of campers, containing recreation and dining-rooms, baths (hot and cold water), and everything necessary for the welfare of visitors. Gymnastic apparatus, a piano, organ, gramophone, &c., are provided for making the best of an occasional wet day. The tents are fitted with boarded floors and spring-mattress camp-bedsteads. The Camp remains open from the beginning of March until the end of September.

An outline of a day's life under canvas will no doubt be of interest :

Breakfast is from 8 to 9 A.M. After breakfast the visitors disperse in different directions. Some will make up parties—either walking or riding—for journeying to the numerous beauty spots for which the island is noted ; others will laze about or play cricket in the large field provided for the purpose, while others will bathe, boat, or "prom."

Dinner is provided from 1 to 2 P.M. After dinner the time is spent in the same way as before mentioned, except that some of the campers will lie in their tents for an hour or two to promote digestion. This, although rather lazy, is very pleasant on a hot summer day. With the flaps of the tent tucked back, a gentle breeze playing around, and extended on your back with a good novel or journal (notably the CAPTAIN), life seems to be worth living.

After tea, which is served from 5 to 6 P.M., most of the fellows make another toilet and get down to the promenade. Supper from 10 to 11.20 P.M. closes a most enjoyable day, and then, after a few popular choruses, bed is the word—to breathe the pure ozone the night through, wrapped in calm, dreamless sleep.

Mr. Cunningham, a genial and kindly man, who has control of the Camp, is deservedly popular, and is like a father to the "boys."

This holiday (an ideal one) will repay those CAPTAIN readers who undertake it a thousandfold with renewed health and strength. They will also derive any amount of pleasure from it and pleasant companionship with jolly fellows of their own age. In the height of the season the number under canvas is from 400 to 500.

Full particulars will be readily forwarded by Mr. Cunningham on receipt of stamp.

ARTHUR W. BOWKER.



DELIGHT and much amusement may be derived from the simple musical instruments, the means of making which are to one's hand during a country ramble. Cut a stalk of wheat or oats below one of the knots, thus having it closed at one end. Make an incision lengthways, as shown in Fig. 1, and blow down the open extremity, when a more or less harmonious sound will be emitted, the effect of which will be varied if the covering of the slit is not removed. Fig. 2 illustrates a whistle made from a sprig of lilac taken when the sap is rising, a piece of bark being cut as depicted and placed over a short piece of the wood shaped as a mouthpiece. By boring a hole through a peach or apricot stone, as in Fig. 3, and removing the kernel, a whistle may also be made. To make a hautboy, cut a willow branch about a yard long and rather thicker than your thumb ; remove the bark in one long strip by making a spiral incision, and roll up to form a cornet, as illustrated in Fig. 4, using thorns for pins to keep it in place. Next make a mouthpiece as in the case of the whistle, and attach it to the cornet. A number of holes will make various notes possible, and you will be able to experience some of the pleasures enjoyed by the shepherd boy with his primitive pipe.

St. IVAL.



OLD CHEESHILL RECTORY, THE OLDEST HOUSE IN WINCHESTER,
ERECTED IN 1450.

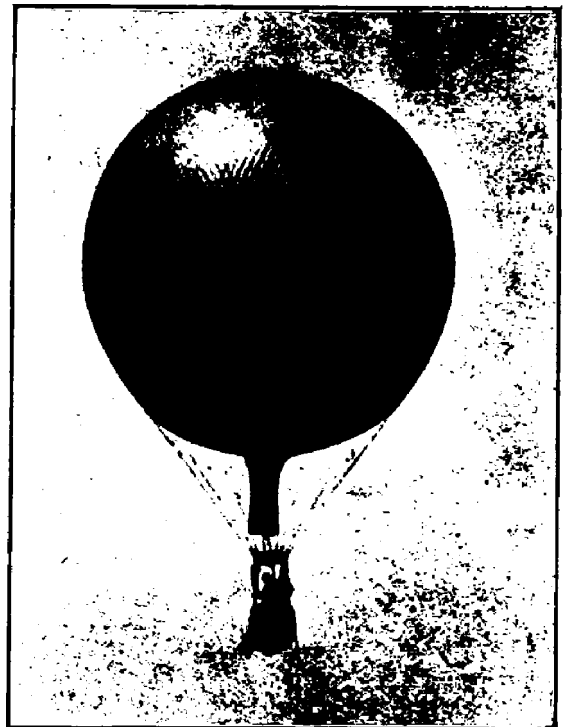
The demolition of this historic structure is mooted, but steps are being taken to preserve it. Photo. by Charles E. Fowler.

The Great Fire of London.

AT the end of August and the beginning of September, 1666, a storm broke over England which was destined to play a great part in the country's history. One night, whilst the hurricane was raging, a fire, which was supposed at the time to be the work of Roman Catholics, broke out in a baker's shop in Pudding Lane. Owing to the dryness of the summer, the wood of which the houses were composed blazed like tinder. The flames, fanned by the gale, rushed along at a pace which seemed incredible, and to spectators standing on the distant hills appeared to be avenging demons destroying the narrow, unhealthy streets, and purging them of the foul pest whose dregs still lingered on in some of the dirtiest slums of the city. During the progress of the fire, bands of marauders ranged through the streets, to the terror of all honest citizens, unchecked by the soldiery, who were restrained by the timidity of the Lord Mayor. As the pipes leading from the New River to the city were dry, unusual measures were taken to stop the progress of the fire. Houses were pulled down, and thus wide gaps were made in the streets. But, in spite of this, the fire continued until gunpowder was used and whole streets were blown into the air. Then, after the conflagration had raged for three days and nights, it abated and at last ceased. One of the grandest

sights of all was the burning of St. Paul's Cathedral, which had been the best example of the various styles of architecture in the whole world. Many great men had planned its building, but the grand old edifice was doomed. The fine tower, once the highest in Europe, was soon wrapped in flames, until it seemed an immense beacon over a fiery sea, pointing the way to heaven. The grandeur of the scene was indescribable and its beauty was terrific and enthralling. Streams of molten lead poured off the roof and ran hissing down the gutters of the streets as lava pours down the sides of a volcano, carrying all before them in their destructive course. The effects of the fire were highly beneficial; for all the old, narrow, unhealthy streets were burned down, and wider ones substituted. St. Paul's Cathedral was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren in an entirely

different style which, if not quite as beautiful as Inigo Jones's Gothic structure, has still a grandeur of its own, and will for ever remain



"AERO CLUB NO 2." ASCENDING FROM
BECKENHAM ON JULY 12, 1905.

Photo. by Cyril Cole.

as a specimen of that great architect's best work.

JOHN THOMAS.

A Cricketing Tragedy.

JIM Jackson was a budding pro.
Who loved a *Darling* girl called Mabel.
And Wood have married her, but was
Not quite financially *Abel*.

But Mabel's pa, with *Hawke*-like eye,
Observed young Jim one *Knight* embrace her.
When 'neath the *Moon* they said good-bye,
And vowed he should not thus dis*Grace* her.

"You must be mad, my *Mann*," he said,
"Or at the *Least* an idle *Spooner* ;
Now *Trott*—you shall not Mabel wed,
I *Warner* I would kill her sooner."

With which he *Cuffed* our hero's ear,
Who like a *Bird* began to flutter,
While Mabel, *Lillywhite* with fear,
D-*Hirst* not a syllable to utter.

"Begone !" her pa went on, "make *Hayeste* !
Your *Rhodes* henceforth lie far asunder ;
Its neither *Wright* nor to my taste
That Mab by *Fostering* boys should blunder."

"So go, *Bull* if there come a *Day*
When you as bowler, batsman, *Fielder*,
Are famous for your *Spry*ly play
And want my *Noble* girl, I'll yield her."

And Jim he swore that C. B. Fry,
McLaren, Jones, and Ranjitsinhji,
Would *Fane* implore him by-and-by
Their *Poyntz* no more to render dingy.

This done he *scuttelled* out of sight,
And left *Poore* Mab to pa and duty—
To pa, who *Blythely* cried, "That's right,
You'll ne'er *Seymour* of him, my beauty !"

Nor did she, for, 'tis sad to *sTate*,
She wed ere long a wealthy *Mason*,
Which changed ent*Ey*rely *Jackson's* fate,
And made him *spHearne* all consolation.

One morning, in a grassy *Mead*,
A passing *Huntsman* dead descried him—
The *Gunn* with which he'd done the deed
In *Payne*ful evidence beside him.

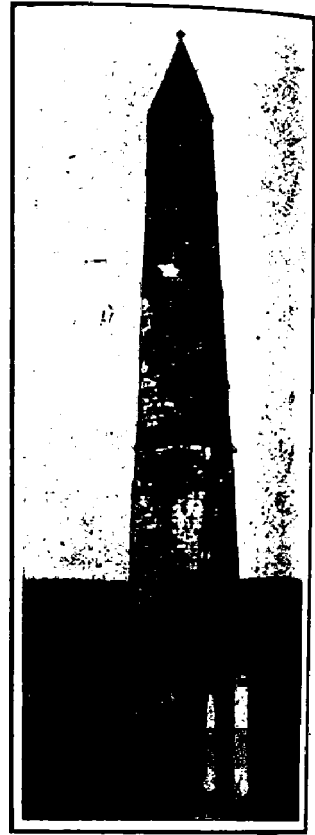
"How's THAT ?"

[Well, no one can say you R. A. Duff-er.—O.F.]

Ardmore Round Tower.

THESE are many of these round towers in Ireland, and it is conjectured that they may have originally been watch-towers, belfries, or telegraphs. Perhaps they served the purpose of landmarks to guide persons flying from justice to sacred spots where they would find sanctuary, or to direct travellers to adjacent monasteries where they could enjoy the good monks' liberal hospitality. The round tower of Ardmore is supposed to have been erected in the fourth century, and is one of the most perfect in Ireland. It is 90 ft. in height, and is called in Celtic "St. Declan's Reed," from the legend that it grew up in one night at the word of St. Declan, who was the first bishop of that part of Ireland.

R. T. ELDERS.



Noonday in Summer.

THE crimson poppies, scorched and tinted brown.
Are slumb'ring in the fields of gilded grain ;
A solitary crow ungainly flaps
Across the grey and dusty, lonely road—
A road which seems to lose its misty self
In haze that hides the darken'd hills from view.
The air is sweet with murmur'd melody ;
The soft, faint lowing of the cattle steals
Thro' meadows fair and scented pasture land.
And blends harmoniously with dreamy drone
Of unseen guests :

Hush'd are the wilds, for now
The minstrels of the wood have lost themselves
In shady nook of oak and elm, to 'scape
The glowing sun ; slowly the river flows,
And foxgloves droop to kiss the dancing rays
That flit across the surface of the stream ;
And on it all, on all the beauteous land,
The fiery sun relentlessly looks down !

JAS. MCGREGOR.

COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Last day for sending in, September 18.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, October 18.)

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.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:
Competition No. —, Class —, THE CAPTAIN,
12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by September 18.

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.—**Scholarship-Appointment Competition.**—See "Editorial."

No. 2.—**"Captain's Birthday Book."**—This time take the month of *October* (thirty-one days), and supply a suitable quotation for each day. You may obtain your quotations, poetical or prose, humorous or serious, from any source you please. Make them as varied as possible, and bear in mind the season *October* falls in. Remember that you are put on your honour not to copy anything out of other birthday books. Do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice. Prizes: Class I. a "Guinea Klito" camera. Classes II. and III., a No. 2 "Scout" Camera, value 10s., manufactured by Houghtons, Ltd. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 3.—**"Photographic Competition."**—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work

of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prize (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s. 6d.

Class I. . . . No age limit.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"My Twelve Favourite Characters in 'Captain's Fiction.'"**—State, on a post-card, the twelve characters which have appealed to you most strongly in CAPTAIN serials and series of tales, such as "Tales of Wrykyn," "At Hickson's," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Tales of Eliza's," &c. On the post-card, write first the name of the character, and in a parallel column the name of the story or series of stories in which the character has appeared, as, for instance:

Sam Weller *Pickwick Papers.*

The sender of the list agreeing most nearly with the votes of the majority will receive a "Swan" Fountain Pen, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

No Age Limit.

No. 5.—**"September Celebrities."**—Our monthly "Event" Competition having run for a year, we will now change its nature to that of celebrities only. Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words, describing the qualities and achievements of some notable man or woman born in the month of September. In looking round for a subject for your essay do not be guided merely by the names you find in the well-known almanacs. Do not neglect these publications, but also try to think of a celebrated man or woman who is at present looming large before the public eye, but whose name does not appear in the almanacs. We hope to publish the pick of the event essays during the next twelve months, and we can recommend it as a feature that will be educational as well as interesting in a general way. Prizes: Three Gradidge Footballs, value 10s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I. . . . Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. . . . Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. . . . Age limit: Twelve.

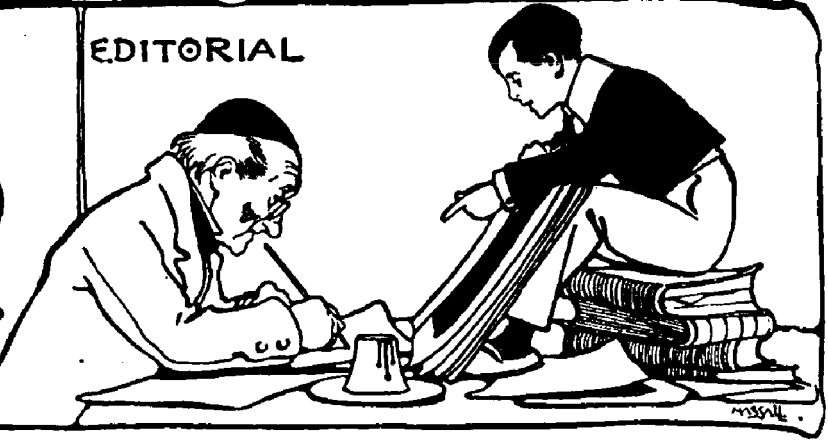
No. 6.—**"Ideal Number Competition."**—For particulars of this see "Editorial." Prize: A New Columbia Graphophone, value 17s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

No Age Limit.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to **October 18.** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living **outside** Europe. There will be **no age limit.** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial September Competitions."

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

Our next Volume.—For Vol. XIV. I have arranged a much shorter programme of regular features than is usually the case, my reason for this change being that with a considerable number of features scheduled—good word that, Jones Minor!—to appear regularly throughout the volume, I have too little space left in which to print all sorts of interesting matter that is languishing in my capacious “ACCEPTED” drawer. The result of my shortened programme will be that you will be able to open each new number of Vol. XIV. with a much greater degree of curiosity than that by which you have been inspired during the run of this present volume. Practically, with the exception of the serial and the series that are, so to speak, nailed down on the counter for Vol. XIV., you won't know what's coming. But you may be quite sure that what *does* come will be jolly good, Jones Minor!

With the present issue of THE CAPTAIN we bid farewell to some interesting friends. We leave John Baywood happily married to Verity Whalley, and I think you will agree with me that we owe Mr. Crosfield cordial thanks for the pleasant hours we have spent in his company. In no tale of this nature

that I have read for years has the author caught the style of his period more happily than has Mr. Crosfield in “The Adventures of John Baywood.” Then, again, Mr. Ellbar's big warships pass out of our sight, though they will reappear, no doubt, at various times. “Hickson's” red-brick walls also go on vacation, after doing duty for eleven months in THE CAPTAIN. As it arrived too late for publication in this number, the twelfth story of the series will be published later on—possibly in our Christmas number. And yet again, we shake a very old friend by the hand in parting with Mr. Franklin Welles Calkins, of the U.S.A., whose “Tales of the Far West” have been appearing in our pages for a period of over two years. He is now verily an “auld acquaintance,” and we bid him adieu with a hearty grip and—what is that!

hear you say, Jones Minor?—and, yes, a tear in the eye. In my eye as well as your eye, Mr. Jones.

The White Feather.—Short stories are all very well, but I think the majority of CAPTAIN readers will be glad to hear that in our next volume Mr. Pelham Wodehouse will be represented by a full-fledged serial, in which he has worked out an excellent plot. Once again the scene is Wrykyn School, and again the hero is a prefect. The character of the story may largely be

VOL. XIV.

The White Feather.

(SERIAL.)

A Public School Story.

By P. G. WODEHOUSE.

An Awkward Charge.

A Series of South African Tales.

By BERTRAM MITFORD.

Contributors to the October No. will include: F. C. SELOUS, DAVID KER, HERBERT COMPTON, R. S. WARREN BELL, and the Usual Experts.

inferred from its title. The hero shows the white feather—under what circumstances you must wait until next month to find out. Then follows the painful period in which he works out his redemption—and I may tell you that the noble art of self-defence plays no small part in that period. Mr. Wodehouse has a keen eye for every side of school life, and he is particularly far-seeing in his summing up of the characters of masters as well as of boys. Again, owing to the fact that it was not many years ago that he was a school-boy himself, and that he has ever since kept closely in touch with his old school, he is able to write from the standpoint of the boy in a manner which must appeal to all boy readers. Throughout the tale one cannot but chuckle over the gay wit which characterises all his work, which work, by the way, appears to find favour with the most discriminating gentlemen who at the time of writing are perspiring in editorial chairs. You may with confidence look forward to this new story from his pen, and if every CAPTAIN subscriber would like to tell his non-subscribing friends—should any such extraordinary people exist in his own particular circle—that next month is *the* time to start taking in THE CAPTAIN.

"An Awkward Charge," the only other new feature announced, is the general title given to a series of tales of adventure in South Africa. Mr. Bertram Mitford is one of the best-known and most popular writers of Southern African stories, and many of you will already be acquainted with the books by which he has won his reputation—"The Gun-Runner," "The King's Assegai," "The Sign of the Spider,"—to name only a few. The hero of these adventures is a young Englishman entrusted to the care of an old and experienced hunter, who finds him in truth an "awkward charge." As you are aware, I always endeavour to enlist in THE CAPTAIN'S service writers who know their ground thoroughly. That Mr. Mitford is such an one may be gathered from a terse sentence forming part of his biography in *Who's Who*: "Career varied: mostly South African."

Mr. Selous.—Apropos of the most famous big-game hunter of modern times will bear Mr. Mitford company in our October number. Mr. F. C. Selous, the celebrated shot, will describe the killing of his first

elephant. His contribution does not take the form of a story so much as an expanded extract from a diary. He tells, in simple, direct language, how he went out, found his elephant, and shot it—since which time he has shot many a score. Another noteworthy contribution to our October number is by Mr. David Ker, who tells a tale about Alexander II., Czar of Russia. Mr. Herbert Compton, whose name will also be familiar to many of our readers, will be represented by an Indian military story—so that, what with Australia, South Africa, and India, our friend Jones Minor will next month be transported in spirit many thousands of miles from his class-room, which ought to satisfy even his almost insatiable thirst for travel *via* THE CAPTAIN'S monthly trips to the tropics!

An Ideal Number.—A correspondent ("Martin") begs to inform me that, in his opinion, we have too many "Corners," and that there ought to be more stories. "With most of your readers," he says, "stories come first." I have myself always been of the same opinion, my good "Martin." I believe THE CAPTAIN is bought first and foremost for its stories, and that the Corners are not of very great interest to our younger readers. But I know each Corner has its distinct following, and that numbers of readers would be very disappointed if any one Corner was left out. The question always is: What does the *majority* want? After all, it is only fair that the great bulk of readers should have first say, for the magazine depends on their support, and they certainly ought to have what they desire. I am, therefore, this month, setting an "Ideal Number" Competition. This may assist me in arriving at a pretty correct idea as to what the majority of readers want. Looking through the August number, I note that the contents run as follows:

- (1) Serial Story.
- (2) Athletic Corner.
- (3) Short Story.
- (4) Article.
- (5) Short Story.
- (6) Photographic Gallery.
- (7) Camera Corner.
- (8) Short Story.
- (9) Cycling Corner.
- (10) Short Story.
- (11) Stamp Corner.
- (12) Short Story.
- (13) Article.



THE REV. ARTHUR CHILTON, M.A., THE NEWLY APPOINTED HEADMASTER OF THE CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

- (14) Competitions.
- (15) Short Story.
- (16) Naturalists' Corner.
- (17) "Captain" Club Contributions.
- (18) Editorial.
- (19) Answers to Correspondents.
- (20) Results of Competitions.

I will ask you to frame your lists on this

basis. We will say a number contains twenty features. Tell us what you would like those twenty features to be. If you think any particular Corner is unnecessary, leave it out and substitute something else. Personally, I think it would be hard to better this list of August contents. You have a serial, six short stories, five "Corners," two general articles, and the usual stationary

features. It must be recollected that another usual feature is "School Magazines." If this item had appeared, the No. 13 article would probably have been omitted. Do not, therefore, forget this feature when making out your lists.

Scholarship Competition.—I have pleasure in announcing particulars of a Scholarship, value £25, offered for competition among readers of THE CAPTAIN by Mr. James Munford, Director of Kensington College, an institution which makes a speciality of training members of both sexes for commercial life, private secretary work, &c. The competition takes the form of a general intelligence paper, and is open to all readers who have not, at the time of entering, attained the age of twenty-two. Mr. Munford will himself adjudicate on the papers submitted, and wishes it to be known that extra marks will be given for good, clear handwriting, correct grammar and punctuation, and elegance of composition. The winner of this scholarship will be entitled to one year's training at the College and to a satisfactory appointment when qualified. No reply to a question is to exceed 400 words in length. Replies are to be written on ordinary foolscap paper, or paper of the kind used in school examinations, and only one side of the paper is to be used. The replies should be directed to the Editor of THE CAPTAIN in the usual way, the envelopes being marked "Scholarship - Appointment Competition." The competition is open to both sexes. In order to allow time for our Colonial readers to compete, the competition will remain open for three months, viz., until November 18, 1905.

It is an enterprising move on the part of the Director of Kensington College to offer this scholarship for competition, and I have no doubt that there will be a large number of entrants. A further inducement to compete takes the shape of extra prizes offered by THE CAPTAIN—*i.e.*, a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Eighteen; a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a candidate under Sixteen; and a Prize of One Guinea for the best paper sent in by a Colonial candidate. The following are the questions to be answered:

(1) Do you think too much time is given in our Public Schools to athletics? What is likely to be the result on the welfare of the nation if such be the case?

(2) What are the principal qualities of heart, mind, and body to

which may be attributed the wonderful success of the Japanese? What is the real cause of the Russian defeat?

(3) What is knowledge? State clearly the use and abuse of books in the acquisition of the same.

(4) What is geography? Describe geographically any portion of England, large or small, with which you are personally acquainted.

(5) (a) Give a short historical account of the means by which the English people have secured their exceptional liberties; or (b) give a short account of the reign of Queen Victoria, with special reference to the advance in literature, science, arts, and manufactures.

(6) What living author may be said to hold out promise of being the most lasting of his generation?

(7) Comment on the saying, "Experientia docet."

(8) Divide 14,678,948 by 358.

(9) Multiply 3.4678 by .056789 correct to three places of decimals.

(10) A dealer marks his goods so as to allow himself 15 per cent. above the cost price, but gives his customers a reduction of 5 per cent. off the marked prices for ready money. What percentage of profit does he make on a cash sale?

Public School Sports.—I find I made a mistake in giving W. H. Dunnett's time for the 100 Yards as $10\frac{1}{2}$ sec., at the Ipswich School Sports. The correct time was $10\frac{1}{8}$ sec. This ("Wellingtonian" informs me) was beaten this year by Wahab, of Wellington College, with $10\frac{3}{8}$ sec. In the Hurdles W. H. Dunnett must also take second place to Shakespear, of Wellington, whose time was $16\frac{3}{8}$ sec., which is considerably superior to Dunnett's $17\frac{1}{8}$ sec., and, indeed, $\frac{1}{8}$ sec. better than that accomplished by Stronach, the Amateur Champion, at the Championships Meeting on July 1. With these superior times to their credit, it would have been interesting had Wahab and Shakespear turned out to oppose Dunnett at Stamford Bridge on the occasion of the Public Schools Championships Meeting, July 29, when Dunnett easily won the Challenge Cup for most points scored, and established a record for the Long Jump (20 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in.). I append results of this meeting as well as a long list of other scholastic sports results. It will be observed that E. R. S. Taylor was the winner of eight events at King William's College Sports.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(Stamford Bridge, July 29.)

100 Yards.—G. H. Weller (University Coll. Sch.), $10\frac{1}{8}$ sec.

High Jump.—No one opposed W. H. Dunnett, who had already accomplished 5 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. at Ipswich. He had three jumps, and after negotiating 5 ft. 1 in., retired. The record for this event is 5 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.

440 Yards.—T. F. Muncey (University Coll. Sch.), $56\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Long Jump.—W. H. Dunnett, 20 ft. $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., this beating the record, previously held by N. S. A. Harrison, of Haileybury, with 20 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.

880 Yards.—S. P. L. Lloyd (S. E. College, Ramsgate), 2 min. 6 sec.

Mile.—S. P. L. Lloyd, 5 min. $12\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

Three-quarter-mile Steeplechase.—H. G. Yates, Battersea Grammar School), 4 min. $37\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

[We are indebted to the "Sportsman" for these results.]

SCOTTISH INTER-UNIVERSITY.

Mile.—A. M. Matthews (Edinburgh), 4 min. 4½ sec.
 Half-mile.—C. C. Twist (Aberdeen), 2 min. 2½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—W. H. Welsh (Edinburgh), 52½ sec.
 220 Yards.—J. P. Stark (Glasgow), 22¾ sec.
 100 Yards.—J. P. Stark (Glasgow), 10½ sec.
 Hurdles.—H. R. Neilson (Aberdeen).
 High Jump.—G. M. Bain (Aberdeen) and G. H. Wilson (Glasgow), 5 ft. 7 in.
 Long Jump.—G. Carmichael (Edinburgh), 20 ft. ½ in.
 Hammer.—R. Gunn (Glasgow), 111 ft. 4 in.
 Weight.—R. Gunn (Glasgow).

GLASGOW INTER-SCHOLASTIC.

Mile.—W. Turner (High School), 5 min. 28 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—C. H. Stewart (Allan Glen's), 57½ sec.
 100 Yards.—C. H. Stewart (Allan Glen's), 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—D. Gray (Allan Glen's), 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—A. Harley (Allan Glen's), and D. Gray (Allan Glen's), 4 ft. 11 in.
 Long Jump.—J. W. Findlay (High School), 18 ft. 4½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—F. Mackinnon (Greenock Academy), 92 yd. 1 ft. 2 in.
 Weight.—W. M'Innes (High School), 34 ft. 8 in.

ALLAN GLEN'S SCHOOL, GLASGOW.

Half-mile.—C. H. Stewart, 2 min. 31½ sec.
 300 Yards.—S. Jeffery, 33½ sec.
 100 Yards.—C. H. Stewart, 10½ sec.
 High Jump.—A. Sayers, 5 ft. 1½ in.

CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Mile.—W. H. Harding, 5 min. 5½ sec.
 Half-mile.—E. A. Knight, 2 min. 17½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—W. T. Wetenhall, 55½ sec.
 220 Yards.—W. T. Wetenhall, 24½ sec.
 100 Yards.—W. T. Wetenhall, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—V. C. Woodroffe, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—J. C. Rennie, 4 ft. 10 in.
 Long Jump.—V. C. Woodroffe, 17 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. J. M. Owen and J. A. M. Spice, 75 yd. 2 ft.
 Weight.—A. W. Barrett, 23 ft. 7 in.

HEIDELBERG COLLEGE.

Mile.—Hollington, 5 min. 24 sec.
 Half-mile.—Relton, 2 min. 10½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Hollington, 59½ sec.
 Hurdles.—Smithers, 19½ sec.
 High Jump.—Browne, 4 ft. 11 in.
 Long Jump.—Simson, 17 ft. 2½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—Simson, 85 yd. 1 ft.
 Weight.—Campbell, 28 ft. 7½ in.

HERETAUNGA SCHOOL, NEW ZEALAND.

Half-mile.—F. Quinlivan, 2 min. 16 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—N. Clarkson, 53½ sec.
 220 Yards.—L. Arthur, 25 sec.
 100 Yards.—K. Ellison, 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—F. O'Reilly, 18½ sec.
 High Jump.—C. Hobbs, 4 ft. 9 in.
 Long Jump.—N. Beatson, 17 ft. 4 in.

KING WILLIAM'S COLLEGE, ISLE OF MAN.

Mile.—E. R. S. Taylor, 5 min. 14 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—E. R. S. Taylor, 58½ sec.
 100 Yards.—E. R. S. Taylor, 11½ sec.
 Hurdles.—E. R. S. Taylor, 18½ sec.

High Jump.—E. R. S. Taylor, 5 ft. 2½ in.
 Long Jump.—E. R. S. Taylor, 17 ft. 8½ in.
 Cricket Ball.—E. R. S. Taylor, 84 yd. 8 in.
 Weight.—E. R. S. Taylor, 31 ft. 7½ in.



W. H. DUNNETT (IPSWICH GRAMMAR SCHOOL),
 WINNER OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
 CHAMPIONSHIP CUP, 1905.
 Photo. by Adolphus Tear.

JAMAICA COLLEGE.

Mile.—Brown, 5 min. 23 sec.
 Half-mile.—Brown, 2 min. 13 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Brown, 51 sec.
 100 Yards.—Brown, 11½ sec.
 High Jump.—Levy, 5 ft. ½ in.
 Long Jump.—Simms, 16 ft. 10 in.
 Cricket Ball.—Baines, 90 yd. 2 ft. 8 in.

MERCERS' SCHOOL.

Mile.—D. E. Sinclair, 5 min. 59½ sec.
 Half-mile.—H. J. Ellard, 2 min. 26½ sec.
 660 Yards.—H. J. Ellard, 1 min. 44½ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—H. J. Ellard, 1 min.

100 Yards.—H. J. Ellard, 12 $\frac{7}{8}$ sec.
 High Jump.—W. Morris, 4 ft. 7 in.
 Long Jump.—E. S. Parnwell, 15 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—W. Morris, 78 yd. 1 ft.

MILL HILL.

Ten Miles.—T. L. McGeorge, 61 min. 17 sec.
 Mile.—T. L. McGeorge, 5 min. 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—A. T. Waite, 58 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—N. A. Dore, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—F. E. Franklin, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—A. T. Waite, 4 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Long Jump.—A. T. Waite, 18 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. T. Waite, 86 yd. 1 ft. 9 in.
 Weight.—C. S. Williams, 29 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

SHREWSBURY.

Two Miles.—Dyson, 10 min. 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Mile.—Dyson, 5 min. $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
 Half-mile.—Gaskell, 2 min. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Anderson, 58 sec.
 100 Yards.—Anderson, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—Cranstoun, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—Acton, 5 ft. 2 in.
 Long Jump.—F. J. Roberts, 18 ft. 7 in.
 Cricket Ball.—V. Leake, 82 yd. 2 ft. 5 in.
 Weight.—Roberts, 29 ft. 5 in.

ST. JOHN'S, LEATHERHEAD.

Mile.—Park, 4 min. 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Half-mile.—Park, 2 min. 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—Park, 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—Stanway, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—Hopkins (major), 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—Hopkins (major), 4 ft. 7 in.
 Long Jump.—Fletcher, 19 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—Fletcher, 82 yd. 2 ft. 9 in.

ST. MARK'S COLLEGE, CHELSEA.

Half-mile.—P. Norwood, 2 min. 19 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—P. Norwood, 1 min. 4 sec.
 220 Yards.—R. Fleet, 27 sec.
 100 Yards.—P. Norwood, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 High Jump.—F. Mackenzie, 4 ft. 10 in.
 Long Jump.—F. Mackenzie, 14 ft.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, HARLOW.

Three Miles.—D. De Lisle, 16 min.
 Mile.—D. De Lisle, 4 min. 55 sec.
 Half-mile.—D. De Lisle, 2 min. 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—C. E. Sweney, 26 sec.
 100 Yards.—C. E. Sweney, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—C. H. Bacon, 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Long Jump.—C. E. Evans, 17'ft. 10 in.

ST. OLAVE'S SCHOOL, SOUTHWARK.

Two Miles.—A. Hughes, 11 min. 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Mile.—F. J. A. Anderson, 70 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—E. P. Vernall, 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—E. P. Vernall, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—E. P. Vernall, 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Hurdles.—G. W. Thomsett, 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 High Jump.—R. M. Ramage, 4 ft. 8 in.
 Long Jump.—E. P. Vernall, 20 ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL, LONDON.

Mile.—J. F. G. R. Haywood, 5 min. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Half-mile.—J. B. Richardson, 2 min. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 Quarter-mile.—T. F. Muncey, 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 220 Yards.—G. H. Weller, 26 sec.

100 Yards.—G. H. Weller, 11 sec.
 Hurdles.—J. D. Jones, 21 sec.
 High Jump.—C. H. Medlock, 4 ft. 9 in.
 Long Jump.—J. D. Jones, 19 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Cricket Ball.—C. K. Roberts, 89 yd. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

WATSON'S COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

Mile.—W. N. Sutherland, 5 min. 24 sec.
 Quarter-mile.—A. Morrison, 61 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 100 Yards.—A. Morrison, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
 High Jump.—W. Robb, 4 ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Long Jump.—A. Morrison, 16 ft. 8 in.
 Cricket Ball.—A. Morrison, 92 yd. 1 ft. 10 in.

Sitting on the Splice.

["*Sitting on the splice*": a technical expression for refusing to hit and keeping up one's wicket regardless of anything else.—CRICKET DICTIONARY.]

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,
 Where I sat years ago;
 I've counted well the price, Mary,
 For one must live, you know.
 I make good sportsmen mad with rage:
 They scout the mean device.
 Who cares? I get my average
 By sitting on the splice!

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,
 But not by all I'm hissed.
 The ha'penny Press is nice, Mary;
 It has an Honour List.
 The match may go: the game may rot:
 But I'll be "not-out" twice.
 I think, my dear, I know what's what
 In sitting on the splice.

I'm sitting on the splice, Mary,—
 The fool would have a dash:
 He'd vanish in a trice, Mary,
 Whilst I collect the cash.
 The little house is took, Mary;
 Our banns have been called thrice.
 I've proved I know my book, Mary,
 In sitting "for the splice."

"THE CARP."

"Captain" Bookshelf: There are a few books on my table which have not been included in our ordinary review pages, but which nevertheless deserve mention.

First comes *The Boys' Handy Book*, by D. C. Beard (George Newnes, Ltd., 6s.). In holiday time, when the boy is frequently thrown upon his own resources for amusement, *The Boys' Handy Book* will prove an invaluable companion. Mr. Beard suggests and explains in an interesting way amusing occupations for all seasons and all ages.

The Pigeon's Cave, by J. S. Fletcher



THE REV. A. E. HILLIARD, M.A., THE NEW HIGH MASTER OF ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.

(Partridge and Co., 1s. 6d.), is a stirring tale of French smugglers and hidden treasure. It will prove a welcome addition to any boy's library.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant, by F. T. Montgomery (Ward, Lock and Co.), is a modern fairy-tale full of astounding adventures. The style is crude and unformed, but the tale will doubtless prove of interest to small children. The illustrations are as quaint as the story.

Brown, A1, by E. M. Stooke (Partridge and Co., 1s. 6d.), is an interesting tale of a school-boy's life on a farm. The plot is well worked out and the characters well drawn, while the tone is unimpeachable. Mr. Staney Wood has provided some excellent illustrations.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Indian Civil Service. — "May I be allowed" (writes "W. J. C.") "to correct an error in your 'Answers to Correspondents' for July? In replying to S. H. V. you state that the limits of age for the Indian Civil Service Examination is 21 to 23 years. Under the new regulations for 1906 the limits of age are 22 and 24 on August 1 of the year in which the examination is held. Thus, personally, I am 20 on August 21 of this year, so that I have four more years before I must absolutely take the exam., although I intend to take it at the end of three, if possible. I think that most 'Varsity men take the exam. at the end of their fourth year, and not third, unless they are very good. Having been at Cambridge a year, I am taking it on a fourth year's work only, as I do not intend to let it interfere with Tripos work. The article in the number for August, 1900 (evidently written by an Oxford man), is only applicable to very few cases, viz., Classics who have the inclination (and money) to go abroad to study modern languages. But of twenty-five

successful candidates from Cambridge in 1904, twelve had, as their strong subject, classics, and eleven, mathematics or science. Thus, mathematics or science require as much looking after as classics, especially so under the new regulations, for in each branch the maximum marks are now 2400, whereas they used to be 1800. Thus in the two overlapping subjects it is possible to obtain 4800 marks. The maximum marks obtainable in the exam. are now limited to 6000—so that, by taking the essay (500), a mathematical or science candidate can only take another subject, and he has his choice of English history, political economy, economic history, political science, &c. A classical candidate can only obtain 1800 from Latin and Greek combined, 1200 from French and German, and 500 from the essay, leaving 2500 to be obtained from subjects about which the candidate will know little probably. From this it will be seen that under the new regulations a mathematical or science candidate has an enormous advantage."

"**Rhodensvendsky**" has a desire to contribute a serial story to our columns, and wants to know what kind of paper he is to write it on, what ink to use, and "will I send the whole complete story together or in pieces?"—If "Rhod" (&c.) has any regard for me, he will wait a few years before sending that serial story in. A bootmaker setting to work on a pair of boots doesn't generally start by asking a customer what sort of leather he ought to use and what sort of thread he ought to sew the leather together with. Surely "Rhod" (&c.)'s sense must tell him that stories are written on ordinary lined or plain foolscap paper in blue or black ink. I may add that only one side of the paper is written on, and that the sheets are as a rule fixed together with a paper fastener. However, before hurling a serial at my devoted head, I think "Rhod" (&c.) had better climb the literary ladder by more gentle degrees and try me with a CAPTAIN Club Contribution. This will serve as an indication of his style, and pave the way for more ambitious efforts.

"**Canadian**" wishes me to explain the duties of a "Monitor" in an English public school—does he, for instance, have charge of the small boys out of school, and has he power to "spank"? I think "Canadian" could gather a good deal of information on this point by reading the public school tales we publish, and by studying such works as "Acton's Feud" (3s. 6d.), "Tales of Greyhouse" (3s. 6d.), &c., obtainable through any bookseller or from this office. A monitor is supposed to keep a general eye on the behaviour of his "house" and the school generally, and as a rule is allowed to "spank" in moderation. A bad case is, of course, sent to the house-master to be dealt with, and if it is very bad the latter passes it on to the Head. A public-school monitor does not, out of school, "shepherd" the small boys, but wherever he may happen to be he is supposed to see that the school rules are obeyed, and he may give lines or "cane" if he happens across a violation of them. I may add in conclusion that the "tone" of a public school depends almost entirely on the way the monitors discharge their duties.

Reader A.—To belong to the CAPTAIN Club you must be a regular subscriber to the magazine. If somebody else presents you regularly with the half-yearly volumes, that also serves as a qualification. Members contribute to the pages set apart for them, and are allowed to write to our experts

for advice. We have discontinued the practice of sending advice from our experts by post, as this entails too much work on those busy gentlemen. The only official who replies by post is your humble servant the present writer, and he only answers sensible questions. Letters to all CAPTAIN departments should be kept as short as possible.

A Girl Captainite.—(1) Do not "swot" during the few days that precede an examination, but go over your notes gently, looking up and making certain about knotty points. Get as much fresh air as possible meanwhile, but do not overtire yourself with violent exercise. During an examination be sure to get plenty of sleep. Don't sit up late cramming the next day's subjects. (2) You can get a good photo of the Australians from T. G. Foster, Brighton.

Rona Sails.—Your tale is similar to most tales we receive from authors of 13½. The story-telling instinct is displayed in a very crude, ana-tourish form. It is the sort of tale that is printed in the Children's Corner of ladies' papers. You ask for my opinion, and there it is, and I hope your feelings won't be hurt by it, my dear. When you are 20½ or 21½ you may be able to write a tale, or possibly before. Time will show, Miss Rona.

C. H. C. (1) asks me to correct a mis-statement made in a letter which I published by him concerning the headmaster of Lord Weymouth's Grammar School. Mr. Blaxter, the headmaster, was never the amateur champion runner at 100 yd., but he was a fine runner in his time, and competed with the champions. (2) The poem is written skillfully and is a praiseworthy production.

Eastern Telegraph Company Clerks.—In correction of my answer to a correspondent in the June No., M. S. H., writes: "The age for entering the E. T. C. is under 17 years. There is no fee for examination, but a premium of £48 has to be paid, and the Secretary's address is Electra House, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C."

Bernard Weaver.—I will publish your description of the aloe in the C.C. pages if you will send a really good photo of the plant. The print you enclose is a poor one, and would not reproduce satisfactorily.

Spurgeon Parker.—For particulars *re* musical examinations write to: James Muir, Esq., Secretary, Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, 14 Hanover Square, W.

C. J. A.—Communicate with the Secretary of the Library Association, 20 Hanover Square, London, W., which grants certificates to young men desiring to qualify for appointments in libraries.

A Captainite and R.N.—Particulars *re* paymasterships in the Navy can be obtained from the Civil Service Commissioners. See reply to "Would-be Sailor" last June, *re* post as purser.

Yorkshireman.—Full particulars regarding "Yorkshiremen in London" can be obtained from H. J. Barker, Esq., 54 Cromford Road, East Putney, S.W.

Letters, &c., have also to be acknowledged from: R. W. Jowsey, "Amelia," John Kingon, F. Dielanangerede (Darjeeling), "S. B. W.," W. J. White, "Rip" (your article doesn't tell us enough about the subject), R. J. Evans (very glad to hear you are up again), "Lavengro" (try your hand at a less hackneyed subject), J. J. S. (sorry; office dog), "A. A. A."

Results of July Competitions.

No. I.—"First XI. v. Rest of England."

(One age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "IMPERIAL DRIVER" CRICKET BAT: J. A. Bray, 14 Lidget Street, Lindley, Huddersfield.
CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: William C. Cooper, 7 Montgomerie Terrace, Mount Florida, Glasgow; A. Tapply, Thorndale, Wateringbury; C. H. Joynt, 116 Eglantine Avenue, Belfast.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. H. Warren, W. Stead, Goronwy Williams, H. M. Wharry, S. H. Vigor, Maurice H. Pugh, W. E. Goldring, F. H. Krohn, James Todd, Frank P. Ray, L. H. Maynard, William Gemmill.

No. II.—"My Most Exciting Experience while Awheel."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF "BROOKS" BICYCLE PATENT ROAD RACING SADDLE: George Long, The Shrubbery, Whitechurch, Hants.
HONOURABLE MENTION: F. T. Harman, A. A. Kerridge.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF NEW DEPARTURE CYCLOMETER: W. F. B. Darvill, 26 Arthur Road, Holloway, N.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Bertram Poole, 34 Mall, Waterford, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. James, G. Austen Taylor, Fred Hill, Edith O. Watford, J. E. Patterson.
CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NEW DEPARTURE CYCLOMETER: C. Quail, 25 West Bank Road, Birkenhead.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Frank Craven Carter, Cravenherst, Prior Park Road, Bath.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Osborn Hart, Vivian Davies, H. M. Barnes, R. G. White.

No. III.—"Drawing of a Tree."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF NO. O. "MIDG" CAMERA: Horace A. Rainbow, 246 King's Road, Kingston-on-Thames.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: T. J. Gillott, Upland House, Eastwood, Notts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. Baron, Harold Whitaker, Alfred Adams, Constance H. Greaves, J. Dixon, W. S. Morley, Daisy Smith, Owen Coghlan, Mark Head.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Frieda E. Myers, "Parkfield," St. Asaph, North Wales.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Alfred Adams, 4 St. James Street, Ashted, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Louis Tighe, R. Weatherley, Frank Gonn, Ada P. Fogg, Randolph L. Pawby, Eastland Stavley, Ruth Banister, C. Crossley, D. G. Wise.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "SCOUT" CAMERA: Leslie Collins, Woodside, Knockholt, nr. Sevenoaks.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Myfanwy Pryce, The Deanery, St. Asaph, North Wales.
HONOURABLE MENTION: William Charles Boswell, Ruth Righton, Charles Gordon Bennett, Peter Winstanley, John H. N. Craigen, Nellie Bilbrow, B. Davies, A. M. James, J. Gray, Raymond Wilber force Spooner.

No. IV.—"A July Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF "GAMAGE" BAT: Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Montenotte, Cork.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Bernard Weaver, Schoolhouse, Swanton Morley, East Dereham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Tom E. Forster, Charles H. Stonham, George E. Russell, Percy Hodgkinson, Ernest Coghlan, Alan Marples, G. Austen Taylor, Joseph W. Dell, W. L. Dudley, Fred Hill, Herbert E. Cooke, Frances Whittingham.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" KODAK: D. Tilford Boyd, 8 Willowbank Street, Antrim Road, Belfast.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: R. J. Evans, 77 High Street, Bridgnorth, Shropshire; G. Warren, 17 Welbeck Mansions, Inglewood Road, West Hampstead.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. W. H. Pullon, Ethel Vetley, Dorothy

Osmond, J. J. Johnson, W. H. Strike, H. B. Champion, Alfred G. Wills, H. B. Higginbottom, E. G. Coomes, Swinburn S. Cherry, Esme M. Parkinson, J. Harold Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)
WINNER OF NO. 2 "BROWNIE" KODAK: Sidney Richardson, 8 Jardine Street, Wincobank, Sheffield.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Joan Malvin, Eric Hodgson, Barbara Aitchison, Stewart St. B. Collins, Andrew B. Hodge, Fred Julian.

No. V.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: E. S. Maples, Hopton, Mirfield.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: J. T. Roberts, 40 Wingfield Road, Gravesend.

HONOURABLE MENTION: George A. Cumming, F. G. Cumming, Harry W. Witcombe, A. Ward, Herbert Cummins, Howard W. Durrans, T. Pape, K. Reeves, R. W. Copeman.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: W. Gundry (jun.), Hope House, Balby, Doncaster.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. E. White, Frank Foxcroft, G. S. B. Cushnie, William G. Briggs, W. Seward Gales, C. G. Gordon-Soutar, J. J. R. H. Oldham, C. M. Finny, A. L. Pentlow, C. R. Byers, Ernest Townsend, J. M. Dawkins.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF PRIZE: Cyril Cole, "Tespoy," Hayne Road, Beckenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy Alice Hilton, H. J. Sanders, F. Russell Sadd, Mary M. Hughes, Vyvyan R. Poole, Morley Copeman, G. F. Stephenson, Maurice Edward Nolan, F. C. Graham, Leonard Pearce, James Althams Talbot.

No. VI.—"Captain's Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Muriel Hall, 43 Victoria Road North, Southsea, Portsmouth.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: John Leigh Turner, "Ingersley," Shaw Heath, Stockport.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Constance H. Greaves, May MacCowan Hall, R. T. Glas Fryd, Albert Kerridge, Edith M. Nanson, W. Macpherson, Evelyn Hewitt.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton Road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Evelyn Byrde, Widworthy Rectory, Honiton, Devon.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Hilda M. Nield, Ethel M. Parsons, Bernard Weaver, Dorothy Nanson, Ernest Coghlan, Harold F. Rowe, E. M. Gough.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)
WINNER OF JOHN PIGGOTT TENNIS RACQUET: Elsie Price, Bushey View, Hampton Wick, Middlesex.
A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: Dorothy Osmond, Rewe, nr. Exeter.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. Leslie Cranfield, Dorothy Dale, T. B. Stewart Thomson, Myfanwy Pryce, Winifred Dawson, Olive M. Tomkins.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—(June.)

No. I.—WINNER OF 5s.: Leslie H. Burket, Blue Bonnets, near Montreal, Canada.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Benjamin Smellie (India), C. H. Boulder (Canada), H. Goodbrand (Natal), Sybil E. Hastings (India), D. G. Harris (India), Egerton W. Melville (Jamaica).

No. III.—WINNER OF 5s.: F. Delanangerede, St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling, India.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Florence Hutson (Barbados).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.: T. T. Waddington, Woodlands, Pembroke, Bermuda.
HONOURABLE MENTION: Eric C. Morris (Canada), A. G. Allison (India) Aldridge Kershaw (Transvaal), Alfred Keen (Canada), L. C. Hutson (Barbados), B. G. Twycross (Cape Colony), H. Goodbrand

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. Bowley, Lilliesleaf, Drake Street, Observatory Road, Cape Town, South Africa.
HONOURABLE MENTION: S. G. Timson (U.S.A.), A. G. Allison.

No. VI.—WINNER OF 5s.: The Rev. P. H. Kirkham, St. Luke's, S.P.G., Toungoo, Burmah.

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 Greyhound," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the July Competitions.

No. I.—The winning lists, decided by vote, are as follows:
"First XI."—Jackson (capt.), Fry, Maclaren, Tyldesley, Bosanquet, Hirst, Rhodes, Hayward, Lilley, Arnold, Jessop.

"Rest of England."—Warner (capt.), A. O. Jones, Martyn, Warren, J. Gunn, Iremonger, R. E. Foster, Denton, Lees, Haigh, Blythe.

No. II.—"Exciting" indeed were most of the experiences related, and I congratulate all prize-winners on being alive to tell the tale!

No. III.—Several excellent studies were submitted, but the chief fault of the great majority was that the trees were not drawn from life.

No. IV.—Quite the favourite "July Event" chosen for essay

was the Spanish Armada; others were the Relief of Londonderry, the Storming of the Bastille, the War of American Independence, the Battle of Sedgemoor, the Royal Visit to Sheffield, and the Third Test Match. The essays as a whole were not up to the usual high standard of excellence.

No. V.—The photographs were considerably below the average in quality in all Classes.

No. VI.—There were not quite so many entries as usual this month, but some excellent artistic efforts were submitted, the drawings by Albert Albrow deserving special mention. Please keep quotations fairly short, and "do not neglect the Captain" when making your choice.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR

RIL.

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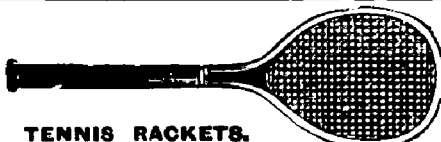
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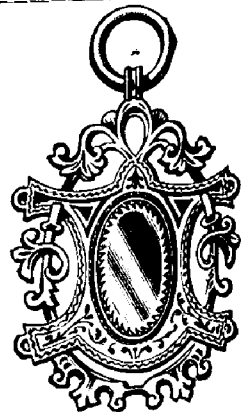
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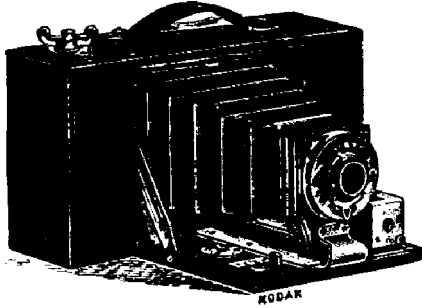
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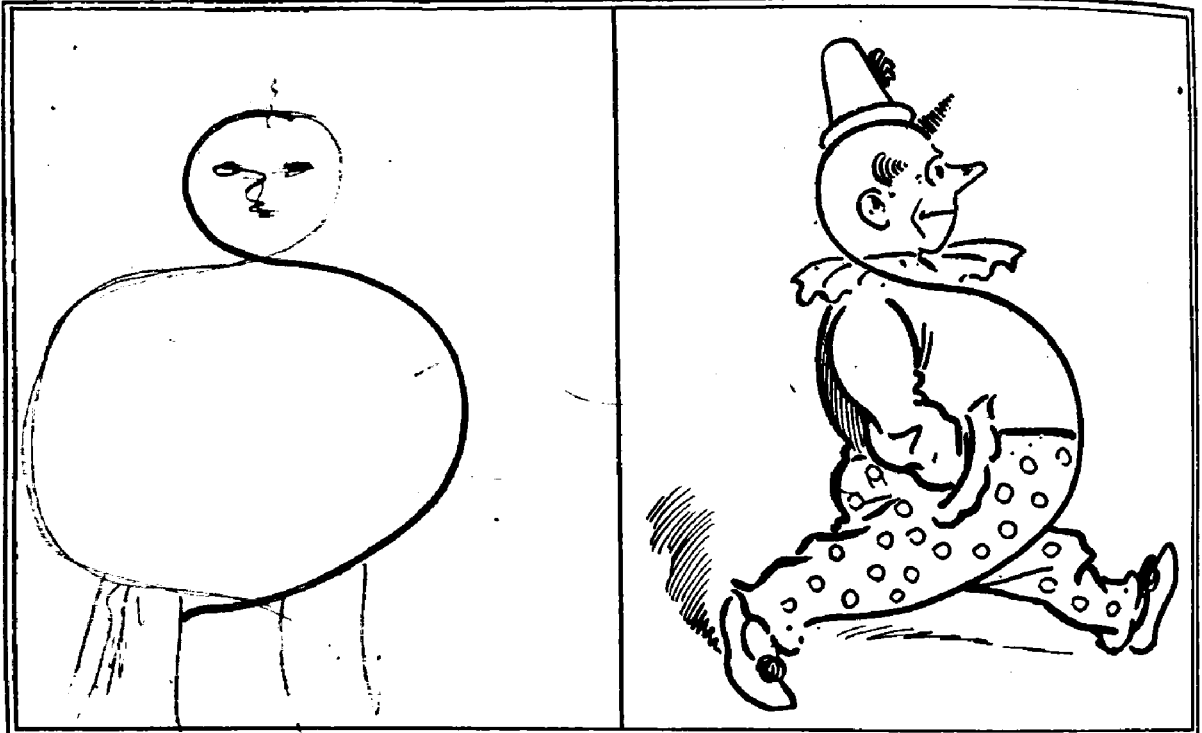
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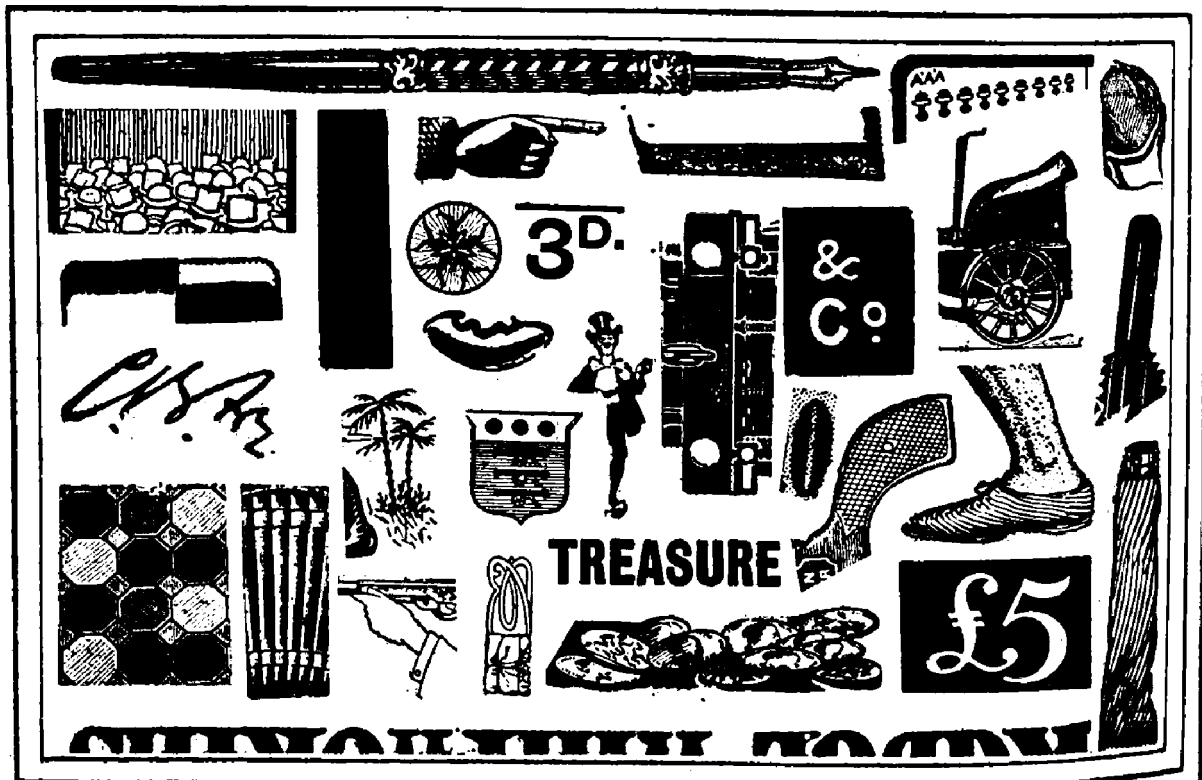
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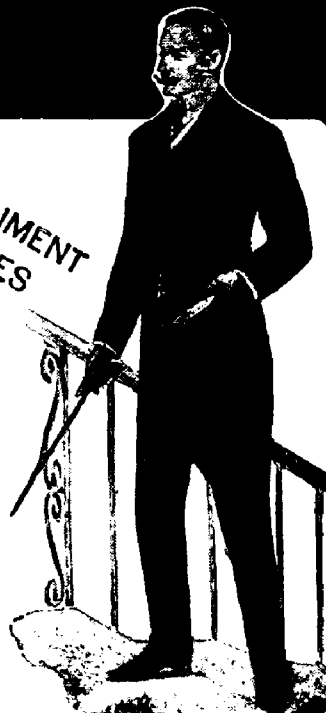
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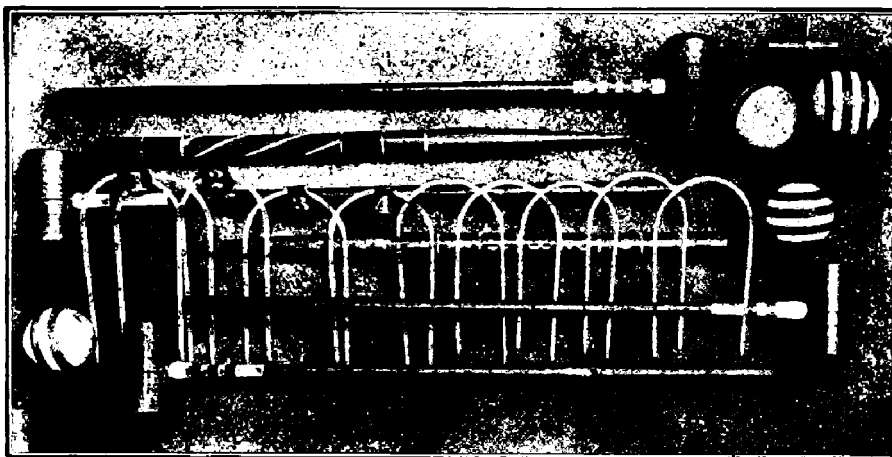
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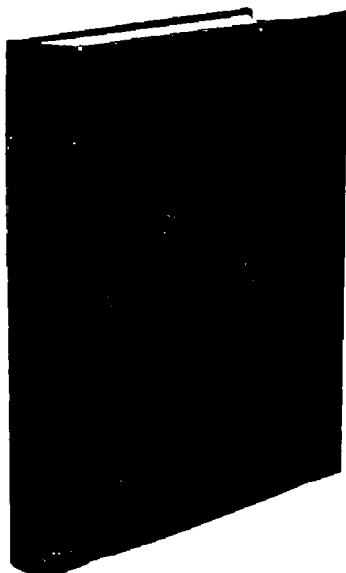
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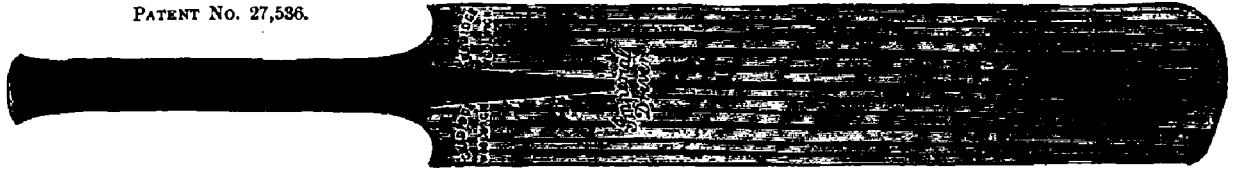
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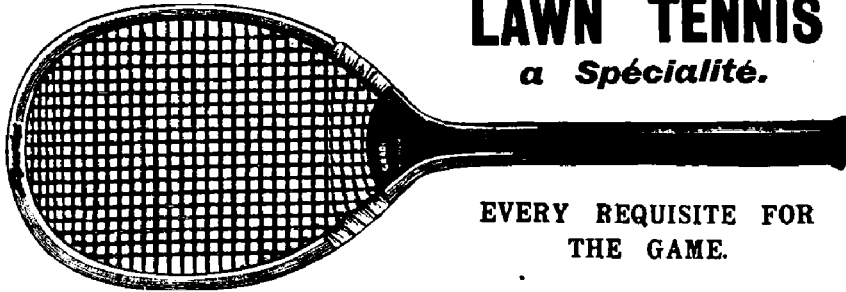
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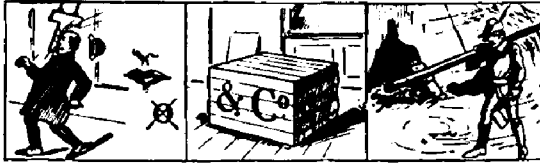
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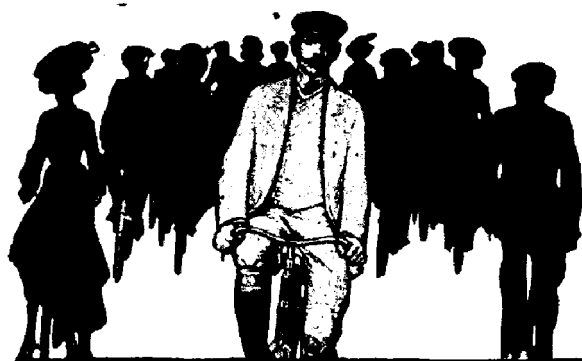
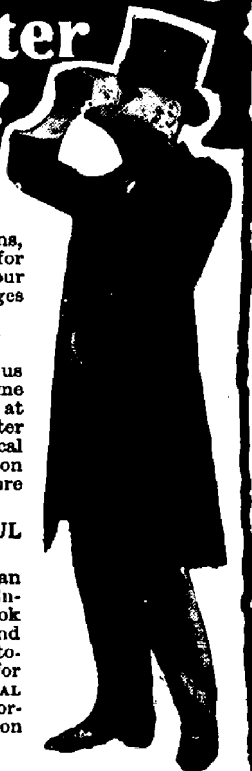
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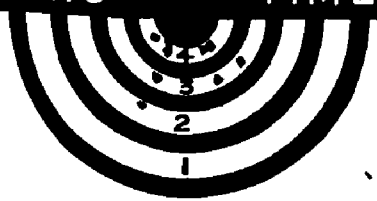
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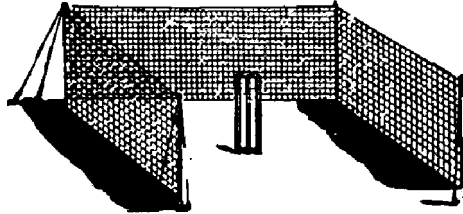
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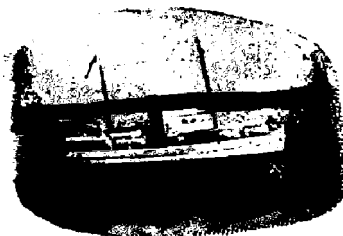
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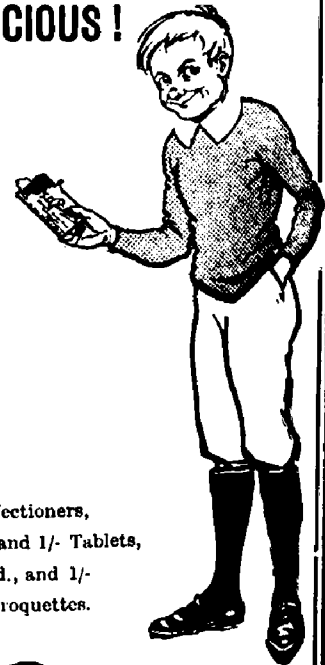
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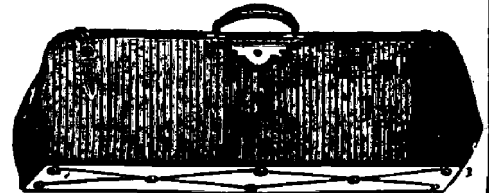
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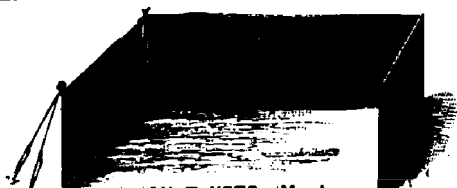


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 19/6 21/6 23/6

CRICKET TROUSERS.

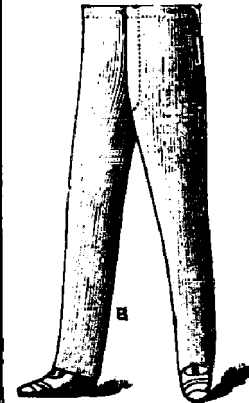
White Flannel, shrunk, 4/6, 5/6, 7/6, 4/11, 5/11, 7/11	Boys' Men's.
Best Quality Flannel, well shrunk, 9/11 nett.	
Best White Doe Cloth, guaranteed	
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Postage, 4d. under 10/-

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White Flannelette ... 2/3	Boys' Men's.
Ditto, Flannel ... 3/-, 4/-	3/3, 4/6
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THE CLUB Coarse Canvas, White	
Umpires' Coats ... 1/11, 2/6, 3/6, 4/6	
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The "UNIVERSAL" White Canvas, Leather
 Men's or Red Rubber Sole ... 4/11
 The "SPECIAL," White Mock Buck, Spiked,
 equal in wear and appearance to real
 Buck (as illustration) ... 8/11
 The "MARLBORNE" Buck Dressed Pyra-
 mid Spikes (Round or Square Toes) ... 10/6
 The "LORDS" Real Buck Skin, Guaranteed
 Machine Weltd, equal to Hand Sewn,
 Pyramid Spikes ... 16/6
 Postage under 10/-, 5d. pair.

Address: --
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HAMLEY'S Speciality
Boxes of Surprises.

Box containing 1 Flying Sausage, 1 Flying Snake, 2 Howling Babies, 2 Coins, 1 Balloon, 1 Blow-out Cigar, 1 Fig, 1 Flying Serpent. All of these blow out and squeak, causing roar of laughter. Price 1/-; Post Free, 1/3.
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Wizard of North Pack Cards.
The Three Card Trick.
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The Funny Chinese Tumbler.
The Wonderful Flying Bat.
The Little Printer.



A REAL SILVER EGG.
A Dainty Novelty or Charm.

Containing the smallest Doll in the world, very quaint and funny. With Silver Split Ring attached.

Price 3s. Post free 4/-

SAILING BOATS.
Prices, 6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 4/-

CUTTERS AND SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished,
2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 6/6
8/6, 10/3,
15/3, 21/-,
42/-

Box and Postage extra on all.



The "NELROS"
CUP OF FORTUNE.

"Wouldst learn thy future with thy tea, this Magic Cup will show it thee."



These words encircle a fortune-telling Tea Cup of quaint old-fashioned shape, designed to successfully reveal the old superstition of telling fortunes by tea leaves. The Saucer contains the signs of the "Zodiac," which are in turn ruled by the planets within the cup. A concisely written and illustrated book accompanies each cup. Price 2/11; Post Free, 2/6.

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Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and spin in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3; 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guinea upwards.

HAMLEY'S RACING YACHTS.

14 in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 7/6; 17 in. Do, Price 9/3;
19 in. Do with 3 Sails, Price 15/6. 23 in. Cutter, with Main-sail, Fore-sail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.
27 in. Cutter, Price 29/-; 30 in. Do, Price 42/-; 36 in. Do, Price 75/-.
Case and Carriage extra on all the above.

HAMLEY'S BRANCHES 510a & 512 OXFORD ST., W. (Marble Arch); 64 & 66 REGENT ST., W. (Piccadilly Circus); 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (near Albert Gate); 35 NEW OXFORD ST., W.C., Conjuring and Entertainments; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., conjuring and Fancy Goods; 86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C., Wholesale and Retail. **LONDON.**

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ONE PENNY
A WEEKLY JOURNAL FOR AMATEURS OF BOTH SEXES

PRICE ONE PENNY.
For YOUNG BOYS and OLD BOYS.

"Hobbies" is a weekly paper for all who engage in some pastimes. It is THE paper for all Boys who go in for any hobby. It is never severely technical, but at the same time all its articles are thoroughly practical, and the Magazine appeals equally to those whose home recreation is of a mechanical or artistic character, or who go in for one of the collecting hobbies.

"Hobbies" deals with Stamp-Collecting, Fretwork, Photography, Wood-Carving, Turning, Metal Work, Leather Work, Outdoor Hobbies, Gardening, Chess, Draughts, &c.

If you are wondering how best to occupy your time, "Hobbies" will help you. If you already have a favourite occupation, "Hobbies" will assist you in its pursuit. Designs worth about £600 for Fretwork, Wood-Carving, or Bent Iron Work, are given away with "Hobbies" every week, and frequent Prize Competitions are arranged.

Ask your Newsagents for a Specimen Copy.

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DELICIOUS COFFEE.

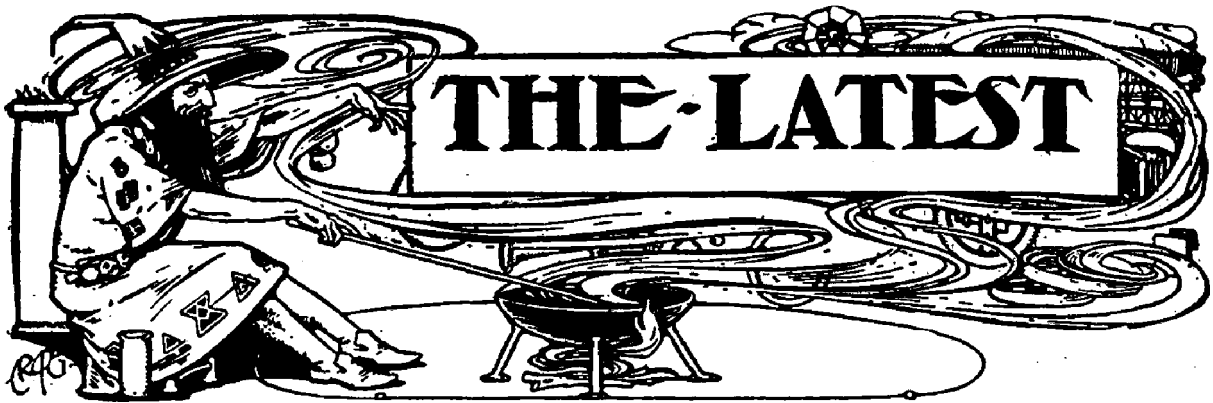
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For Breakfast & after Dinner.

LOCOMOTIVES.

TWELVE MAGNIFICENT COLOURED PLATES OF BRITISH EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVES. Size 17 by 10 1/2. L.N.W.R., G.N.R., G.E.R., M.R., L. & S.W.R., S.E. & C.R., G.W.R., C.I., N.E.R. Price 2/6 the Set.

THE LOCOMOTIVE PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.,
3, Amen Corner, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



"A Ride on a Comet."

The latest open-air exhibition novelty is the ingenious contrivance shown on this page. It is to be seen at work on Coney Island, near New York. The interior of the revolving globe is studded with 170 ball bearings, comprising 17,000 balls. Upon these rests the bowl or car for the passengers, and as the spherical cage revolves in traversing the track, the ball bearings enable the bowl to preserve its own equilibrium with but little oscillation. The "comet," as it descends the track, runs a tortuous course through darkened sections and other devices which render the ride exciting. The scenery represents the planets of the solar system. These move in an opposite direction to that of the comet, and by the aid of coloured limelights the traveller is helped to realise "more or less accurately" what a race through the heavens would be like. Before long, very

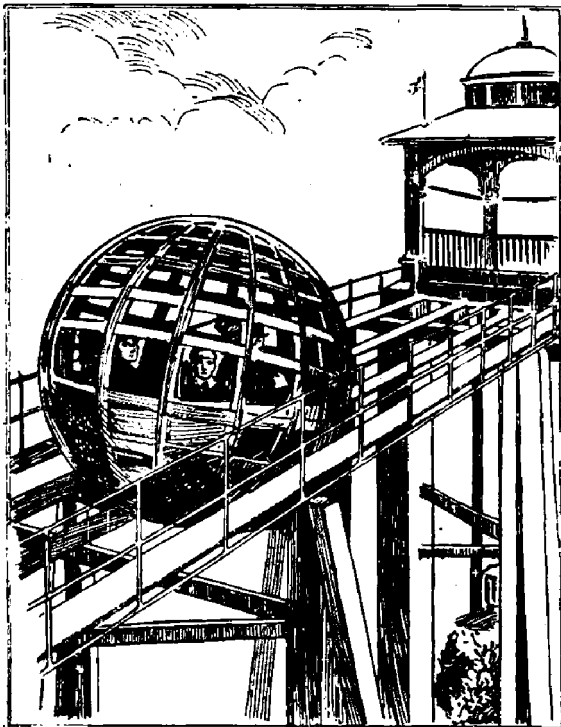
likely, this comet will make its appearance at Earl's Court or Blackpool.

The Latest Lung Developer.

The Allen "Breathing Tube" is quite a modest looking little instrument which may be obtained at all chemists and drug stores at a cost of one shilling. By its use you may spend a few minutes every day in looking after your breathing, and thereby considerably increasing your chest measurement and developing your lungs. It is a most useful apparatus, and helps you to form the habit of deep breathing.

An Early Time-Keeper.

A perfect working model of the earliest time-measuring instrument has been recently put on the market by Messrs. C. Richford and Co., 153, Fleet-street, E.C. The accompanying illustration shows this model sundial. To enable you to tell the time by its aid, at twelve o'clock, mid-day, set the sundial on a perfectly level surface. Turn it until the shadow of the "style" falls upon the blank space intercepting twelve o'clock on the dial. This will give you the correct solar time. The difference between solar time and mean time (time mechanically divided by clocks and watches), is about one minute too fast in the morning and one minute too slow in the afternoon. This is owing to the magnitude of the sun, as its angular breadth is about half a degree. The shadows are given not by the centre of the sun, but by the forward limb in the morning and the backward one in the afternoon. The sun takes about one minute to advance through a space equal to its half breadth.



SPHERE STARTING ITS DESCENT.



MODEL SUNDIAL.



HUMBER CYCLES

THE HIGHEST GRADE OBTAINABLE.

Acknowledged to be in all the World Unequalled.



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| STANDARD HUMBER FOR JUVENILES | 11/6 |
| £7 7s., or by Monthly Payments of | |
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| BEESTON HUMBER | 29/- |
| £18 18s., or by Monthly Payments of | |



Two speed gears are included in the specification of Beeston Humber, and in other models at an extra charge of £2 2s.

All other Particulars on Application to

HUMBER, LIMITED,
Works: **BEESTON (Notts), and COVENTRY.**

Depots:

- LONDON (Cycles and Motor Cycles)—32 Kolborn Viaduct, E.C.
- LONDON (Motor Cars) - 13 Cambridge Place, Paddington.
- MANCHESTER—5 Deansgate. BIRMINGHAM—4 Victoria Square.
- LIVERPOOL—73 Bold Street. SOUTHAMPTON—27 London Road.
- NOTTINGHAM—Crey Friar Gate.

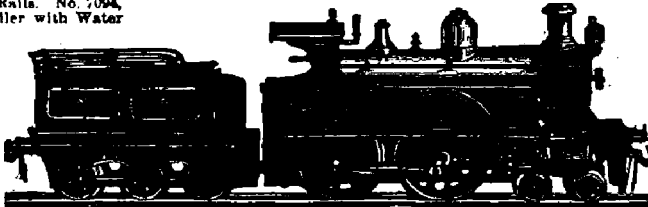
RICHFORD'S EXPRESS ENGINES

SCALE MODEL MIDLAND LOCO.

Tender, and complete set Oval Rails. No. 7094. Oxidised or Enamelled Brass Boiler with Water Gauge, D.A.S.V. Cylinders, fitted with Reversing Eccentrics worked from Cab. Safety Valve, Whistle, Steam Dome, Outlet Cock, &c. The whole splendidly finished and lined correct colours. Prices, with Complete Oval of Rails and Carriage Paid.

- No. 1 Gauge (not reversing) 31/6
- No. 2 (reversing) .. 62/6
- No. 3 .. 75/-
- No. 4 .. 100/-

All Sizes in Stock, and also in Midland, L. & N. W., and L. S. W., same price.



No. 2 Gauge. Length of Engine and Tender, 21 inches.

GAN ENGINES.

No. 2 Well finished and made on Scientific Principles, Cast Cylinder, Two Heavy Fly Wheels, on Cast Iron Base, with Tubing, only 16/6.

No. 3. Larger size, 35/-.

No. 4. Ditto, very powerful, 43/-

No. 5. Similar to above, but Single Large Fly Wheel only, 21/-.

We also stock Electric Motors, Dynamos, Shock Coils, &c. Send for Engine and Electrical Novelty List Post Free

C. RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet Street, London, E.C.
BRANCH DEPOT: 52a High Holborn, W.C.

THIRTY DAYS' SAFE DELIGHTFUL CYCLING FREE.



We will send you upon receipt of ONE GUINEA, a New Rear Wheel complete, carriage paid, fitted with our

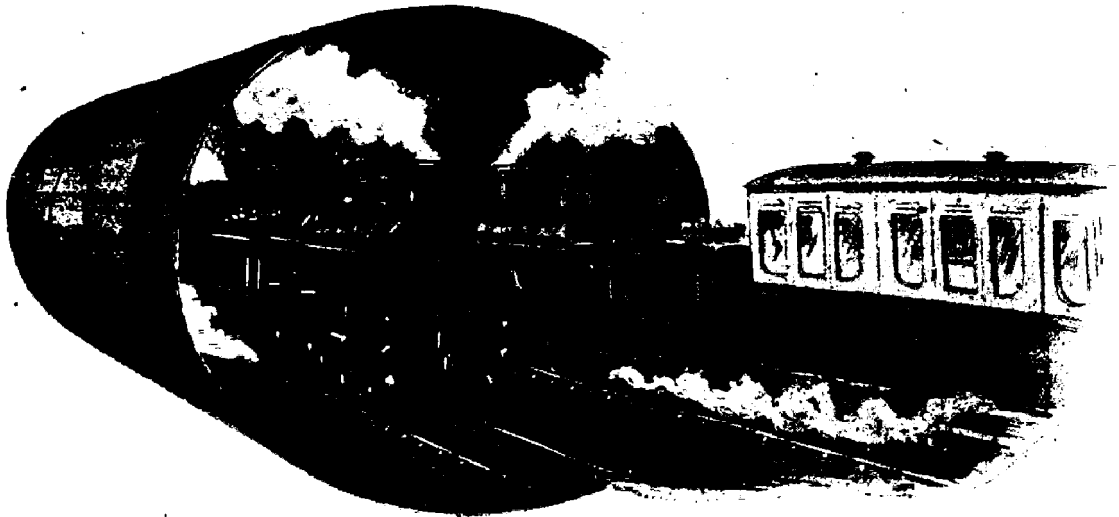
FREE WHEEL AND FOOT BRAKE ALL IN THE HUB.

TRY IT FOR THIRTY DAYS. If not satisfied return it, and we will refund your money.

It will add a charm to Cycling that you have never before experienced.

GREEN & HOUK, Ltd.,
7 SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

The Pioneers of
FREE WHEELS.



FUNNELS AS LARGE AS A RAILWAY TUNNEL.

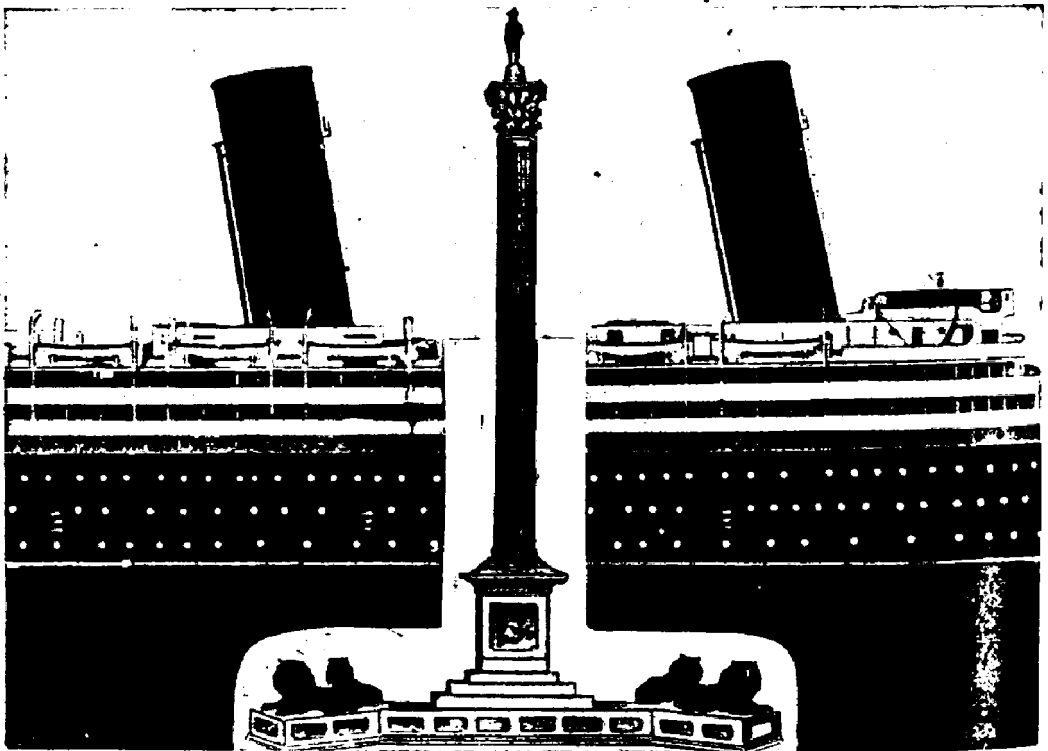
(Ss. *Caronia*.)

The Cunarder "Caronia."

The two sketches on this page are more eloquent than words of the great size of the new Cunarder *Caronia*, which started on her first trip from Liverpool to New York on February 25th last. Her length is 675ft.; her breadth 72ft. 6in.; her depth to bridge 97ft.; her gross tonnage 21,000 tons, and her displacement 30,000 tons. Yet compared with the two turbine Cunarders now building, she seems a small boat!

The Biggest Diamond.

The Cullinan diamond, recently found in the Premier Mine in the Transvaal, is the biggest in the world. It is about eight times as big as the famous Koh-i-noor. The Cullinan weighs 3,032 carats, measures 4½ in. by 2½ in., and, moreover, is of excellent quality and practically flawless. Before being shipped to England the gem was insured for £500,000, but its actual value is probably rather under that sum.

THE LOFTY FUNNELS AND THE NELSON COLUMN, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON. Ss. *Caronia*.

HARBUTT'S PLASTICINE



is a jolly thing
to amuse yourself
and friends by

**MODELLING
CARICATURES
and GROTESQUE
ANIMALS!**

GREAT FUN AT HOME for the Winter Evenings !!
Tin Box, with Tool, 1s. 3d. post free.
PLASTICINE STUDIO, BATHAMPTON, BATH.

5/-

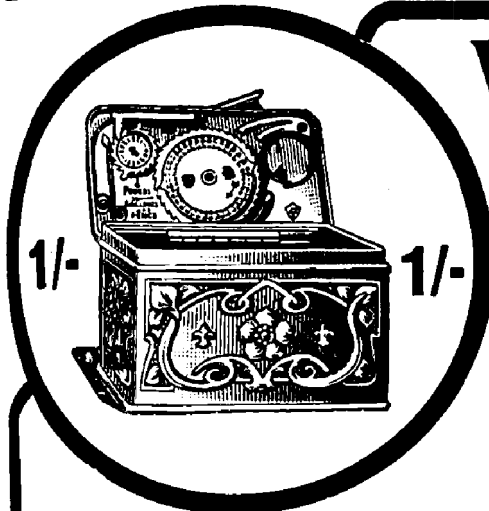
There is no
FOUNTAIN PEN
made which for
simplicity, reliability
and all round excel-
lence can rival the famous

"JEWEL" PEN

In the words of the users, it
HAS NO EQUAL

Perfect flow. Duplex feed.
Gold Nib, fine, medium or broad.
Post: Free 6-; mounted 7 6;
or extra large, No. 6. 1s. 6.
Jewel Pen Co., Dep. 100
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**CALTON
STYLO
PEN 3/-**



WHEN A BOY NEEDS MONEY

PRICE
ONLY
1/-

*he doesn't always know where to get it. Some-
times he needs more than his parents can give
him, and then—he wishes he had saved some
from his pocket-money.*

THE "LONDON MAGAZINE" SAVINGS BANK

is designed for just such
boys at just such times.
IT COMPELS HIM TO SAVE! and gives a small boy a
desire for thriftiness that makes it invaluable.

IT IS CHEAPER THAN A TOY AND BETTER THAN A BANK ACCOUNT.

The most ingenious device of the age. It takes care of your spare pennies and halfpennies, which you might otherwise waste, until they grow into a sum worth having. You simply set to the amount you desire to save; slip in the coins as you can spare them, and when the money within the bank reaches the amount set for, it opens itself—but not until then. The coins once inserted cannot be extracted until the sum settled upon is made up. Every coin as inserted is registered, and amount still required to open it is shown on outside of box.

Each bank is handsomely enamelled in five colours.

CANNOT GET OUT OF ORDER. SIMPLE & EFFECTIVE.

Full Directions printed on every Bank.

A Marvellous Gift at the price.

THE PRICE IS ONLY ONE SHILLING EACH.

On Sale at all RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS, STATIONERS, FANCY GOODS DEALERS,
IRONMONGERS, &c., or Post Free by return for 1/4 from
Manufacturers and Patentees—

WORLD'S M'FG CO. (Dept. 43), 11 VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

PRICE
ONLY
1/-

**BEGIN
TO SAVE
TO-DAY.**

Special to Public School Men!

THERE are plenty of Excellent Situations, at Salaries of £1,200 to £2,000, in the public service, just waiting to be filled.

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AT HOME { ADMIRALTY (London and Dockyards).
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INDIA: The CIVIL SERVICE, INDIA POLICE, &c

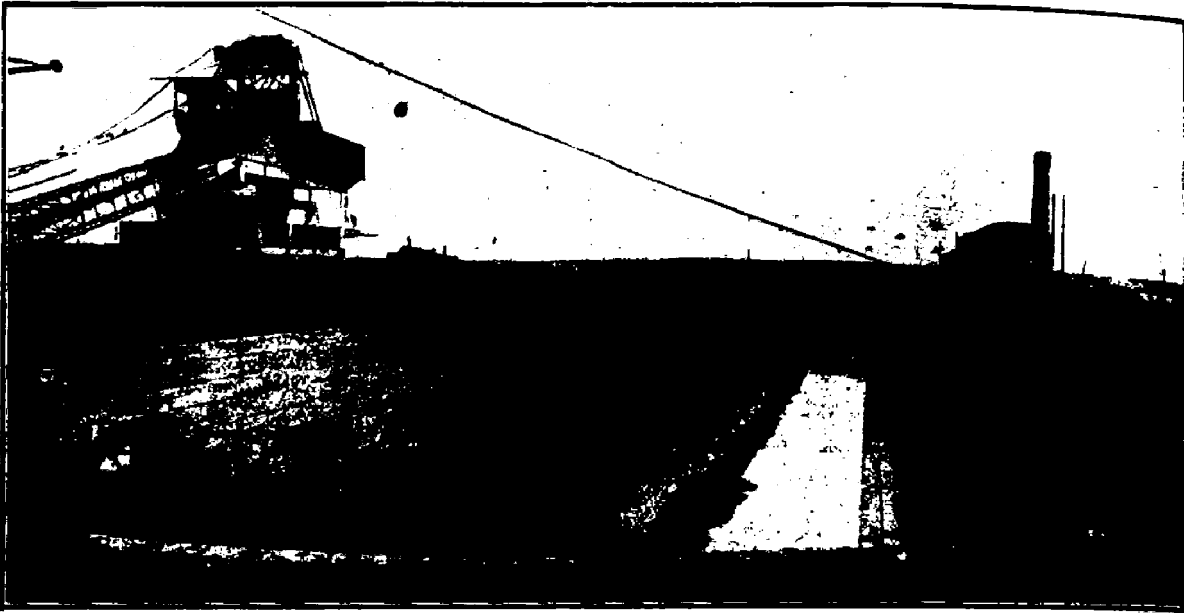
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JAPAN } The Foreign Office: CONSULSHIPS,
TURKEY } INTERPRETERS, &c.

THE ROYAL NAVY: Cadetships, Paymasters, Engineers.

If you are Backward, don't lose Heart.

THE GREAT CENTRE OF SUCCESS,
SKERRY'S COLLEGE (London, Glasgow, and Dublin), has had over 14,000
successful students—and the most backward got through.

NOTE NEW ADDRESS, and write fully, in confidence, to the Sec.,
SKERRY'S COLLEGE, 119 High Holborn (corner of Southampton Row), London, W.C.
Preparation by Graduates in Honours for University and Professional Examinations.



THE GREAT NEW GRAVING DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A Great Graving Dock.

The photograph reproduced herewith shows the great new graving dock which has just been completed at Southampton. It is 860ft. long, 90ft. wide at entrance, with the same bottom width inside, and 125ft. wide at cope level. The whole depth from cope to floor is 43ft., giving a flotation depth over keel blocks of from 29ft. 6in. neap tides to 33ft. spring tides at high water.

A Strange Find.

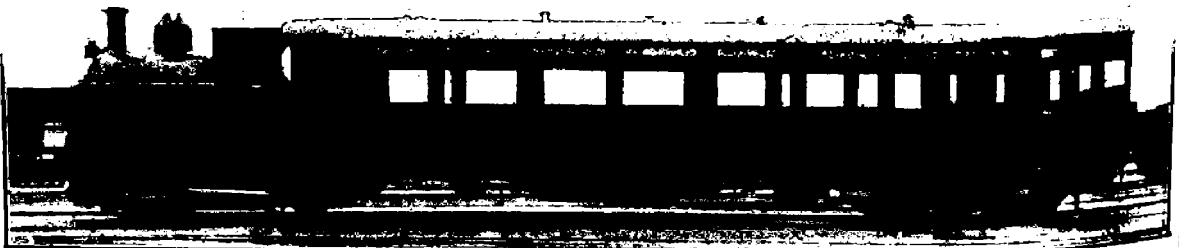
The latest strange haul by fishermen in the North Sea is a huge anchor of extremely antiquated pattern, probably dating back to the time of the Armada. This anchor was recently brought into Yarmouth by the mission ship *Cholmondeley*. Covered all over from stock to head with barnacles and live oysters, it presented a singularly fossilised appearance. It was some 14ft. long, with flukes 3ft. square; the shank was 13ft. long, and an immense wood stock that had formerly been fixed to it had completely disappeared. The weight was over two tons, and its salvage will be of the utmost benefit to the fishermen, as it caused enormous destruction to their trawling gear.

The Latest in Guns.

The War Office have lately been making experiments with the Rexer Automatic Machine Gun, which attracted the attention of the King when in Denmark last year. The Rexer automatic machine gun somewhat resembles a large rifle. It weighs only 17½lbs., and thus can be easily carried by one man either on foot or on horseback. The lightest machine guns at present in general use weigh over 60lbs. each. The muzzle end of the Rexer gun is supported by two light legs. The cartridges are contained in magazines in the form of quadrants, each containing twenty-five cartridges, all of which can be discharged by one pull of the trigger in less than two seconds.

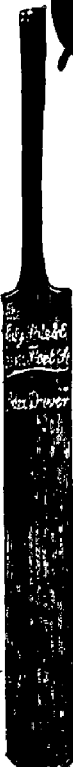
New Rail Motor-Car.

The photograph at the bottom of this page shows the new rail motor-car now at work on the Sheppey branch line of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. British railway companies are now somewhat extensively using rail motors such as these, for working branch lines. Instead of a locomotive coupled to several carriages it has been found to be more economical to have carriage and engine all in one as shown below.



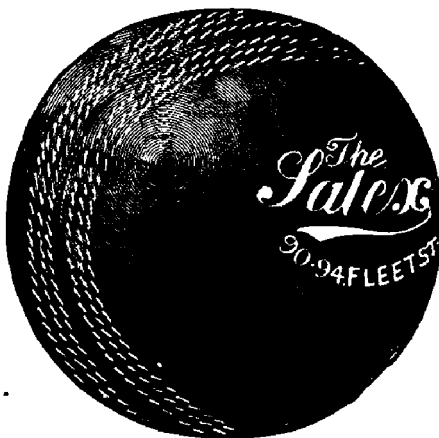
STEAM RAIL MOTOR CAR, SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

City Sale & Exchange



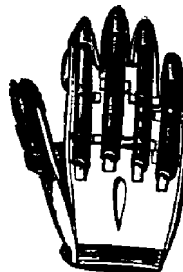
WICKET KEEPING GAUNTLETS.

2/9. 3/6. 4/3. 5/6, patr..
Postage, 3d.



CRICKET BALLS.

The Exchange 3/6
The Salex 4/6
The Fleet 5/-
Compo, 10d. and 1/9

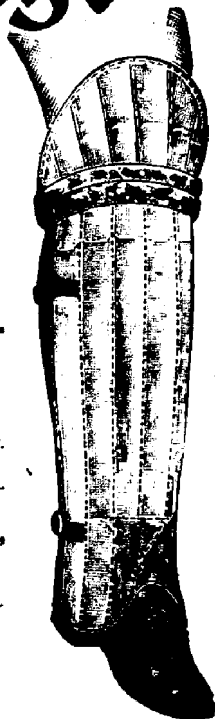


BATTING GLOVES.
Grey Rubber.

4/-, 4/11, 5/9, 6/11,
pair.

Red Rubber.

4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, pair.
Postage, 3d.



LEG GUARDS.

3/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11,
7/11, pair.
Postage, 4d.

STUMPS (Ash).

2/6. 3/-, 4/11, 6/9.
Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.

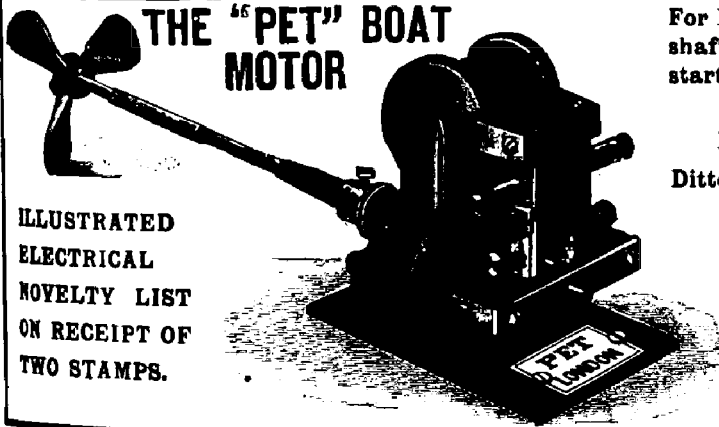
All Cane Handles.

No. 1, 4/11 No. 2, 7/6
The Exchange ... 9/8
The Salex14/6

NEW SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED LIST OF CRICKET, TENNIS, CROQUET, ARCHERY, GOLF, &c., &c.
Post Free on Application. (Mention "The Captain.")

90, 91, 93, & 94 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE "PET" BOAT MOTOR



ILLUSTRATED
ELECTRICAL
NOVELTY LIST
ON RECEIPT OF
TWO STAMPS.

For Model Boats, with detachable flexible shaft and propeller, easily fitted, self-starting, and powerful. Will run a boat 30 inches long, 9/-.

Larger sizes at 13/6 and 21/-.

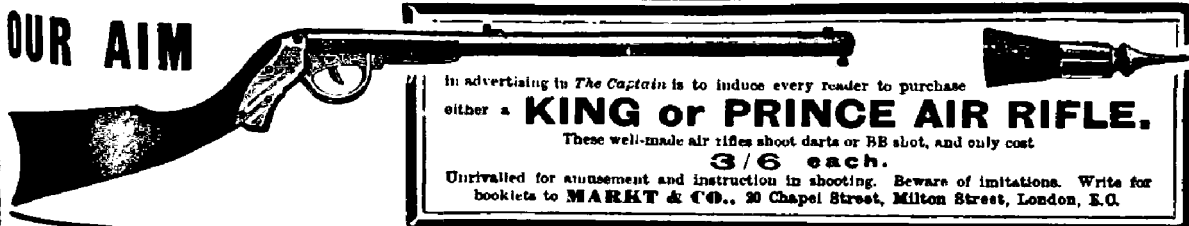
Ditto, Suitable for Boat 5 ft. long, 30/-.

Above Motors run well with Two Batteries, or an Accumulator.

Of all Electrical Houses, or of the Makers:

F. DARTON & CO.,
142 St. John St., London, E.C.

OUR AIM



In advertising in *The Captain* is to induce every reader to purchase either a **KING or PRINCE AIR RIFLE.**

These well-made air rifles shoot darts or BB shot, and only cost

3/6 each.

Unrivalled for amusement and instruction in shooting. Beware of imitations. Write for booklets to **MARKT & CO.,** 20 Chapel Street, Milton Street, London, E.C.

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN
NATURAL HISTORY AND NATURE STUDY,

AND COLLECT EITHER

BUTTERFLIES & MOTHS, BIRDS' EGGS, or go in for **BOTANY, &c.,** send for Gardner's Illustrated Catalogue (which will be sent post free), and note the extremely low prices.

JAMES GARDNER,

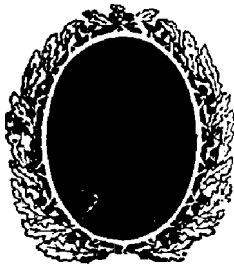
Manufacturing Naturalist and Purrier,
52 High Holborn, London, W.C.

POSTCARD ALBUMS.

SPECIAL LINE.

Direct from Manufacturer, British Make, for Oblong and Upright Cards, linen bound, gilt-blocked, Ivy Leaf Cover, to hold 204 Cards, with 36 beautifully Coloured Postcards, Views of Welsh Scenery. Post Free, 2s.

J. B. Hinchliffe, Builth Wells.



F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newses.

THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE

To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World.



THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR APRIL, 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters, as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN on becoming members of the B.E.L. can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have received a splendid account of this new branch. Only recently the club has been presented with a splendid silver cup—the gift of Mr. Barnard, one of its Vice-Presidents—as a Draughts Trophy. It is called the "Barnard Draughts Cup." Mr. Peter Adam—the President—has also given the club a beautifully framed portrait of himself. Mr. Adam has also invited this branch to encamp in his grounds at Bewdley during the summer—an invitation which was promptly accepted. We heartily wish more of our branches had such kind and interested patrons as these two gentlemen.

YORK.—Stanley Whitehead, 25 Wigginton-road, hon. secretary. This club, which meets at Shaw's Dining Rooms, Parliament-street, has had a very successful season. It commenced in October last, and now has a membership of about twenty. All the usual indoor games are indulged in, and quite a number of

papers and magazines are provided. In summer they intend to have a rowing and cycling club, which together with their cricket club will provide plenty of outdoor recreation.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.—I am pleased to announce the formation of a new club for this district. Mr. George Hunt and his friend, Mr. Walter Emmett, of the Grosvenor Crescent club, Hyde Park, S.W., are to be congratulated on their success. They began by giving an excellent entertainment in the Darlan Hall, Fulham. This branch is fortunate in possessing a variety of musical talent, if one may judge from the able manner in which the performers acquitted themselves at their inaugural concert.

GREENOCK.—This club continues its successful career. James MacAlister is now the Captain, and Neil Macphail, of 75 Holmscroft-street, becomes Secretary in his place. Recently they had their first round of a five-minute speech competition, and some excellent speeches were delivered.

HULL.—B.E.L. hon. secretary, Harry Night-
scale, 64 Londesborough-street, Park-street. This club is doing well, and would be glad to see more members sharing in the benefits afforded.

NEW ZEALAND.—I have to thank some unknown friend—(though I have my "suspicions") in the Wanganui district for a beautiful card decorated with native ferns, lichens, and mosses, and bearing the inscription, "New Zealand sends her Greetings." The card and its lovely specimens of antipodean flora repose in a suitable frame on my writing-table as a valued token of goodwill from friends far away.

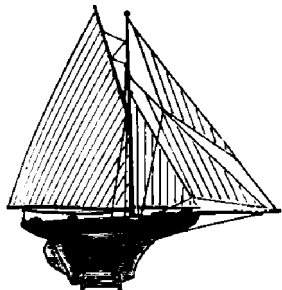
BATTERSEA.—Mr. T. E. Dilnot, of 23 Eland-road, Lavender Hill, S.W., an old and enthusiastic member of the League, would be pleased to hear from members in all parts of the Empire with a view to exchanging notes and items of interest affecting the welfare of the League.

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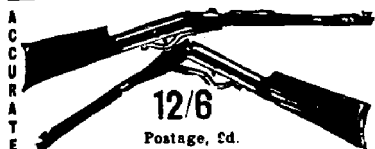
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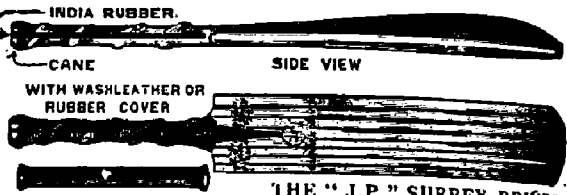
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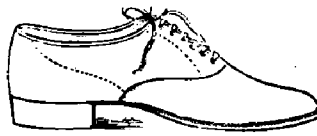
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Vol. XIII. No. 74.

MAY, 1905.

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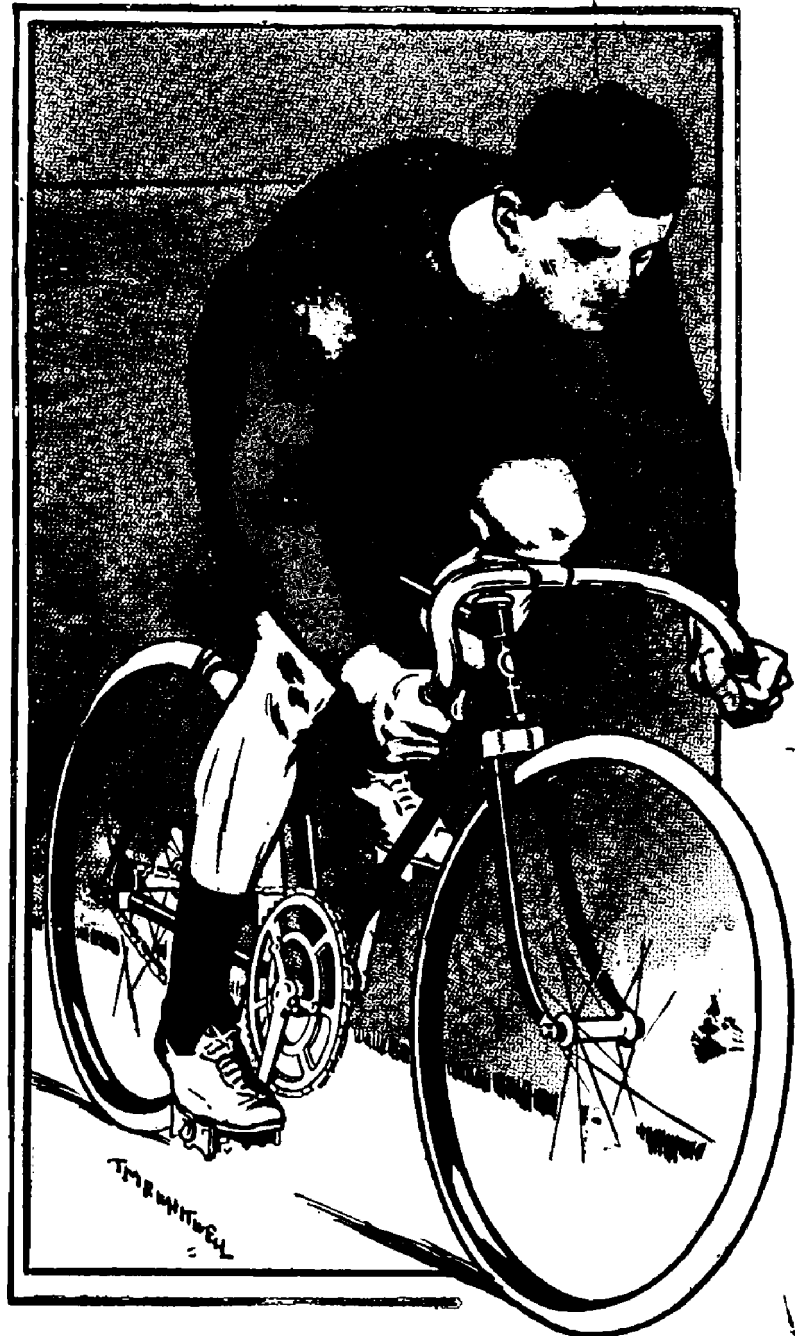
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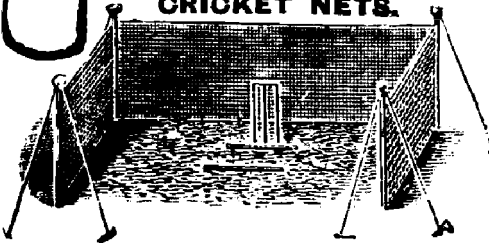
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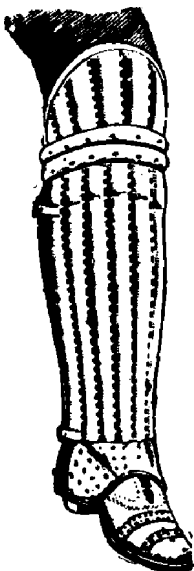
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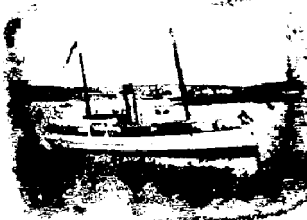
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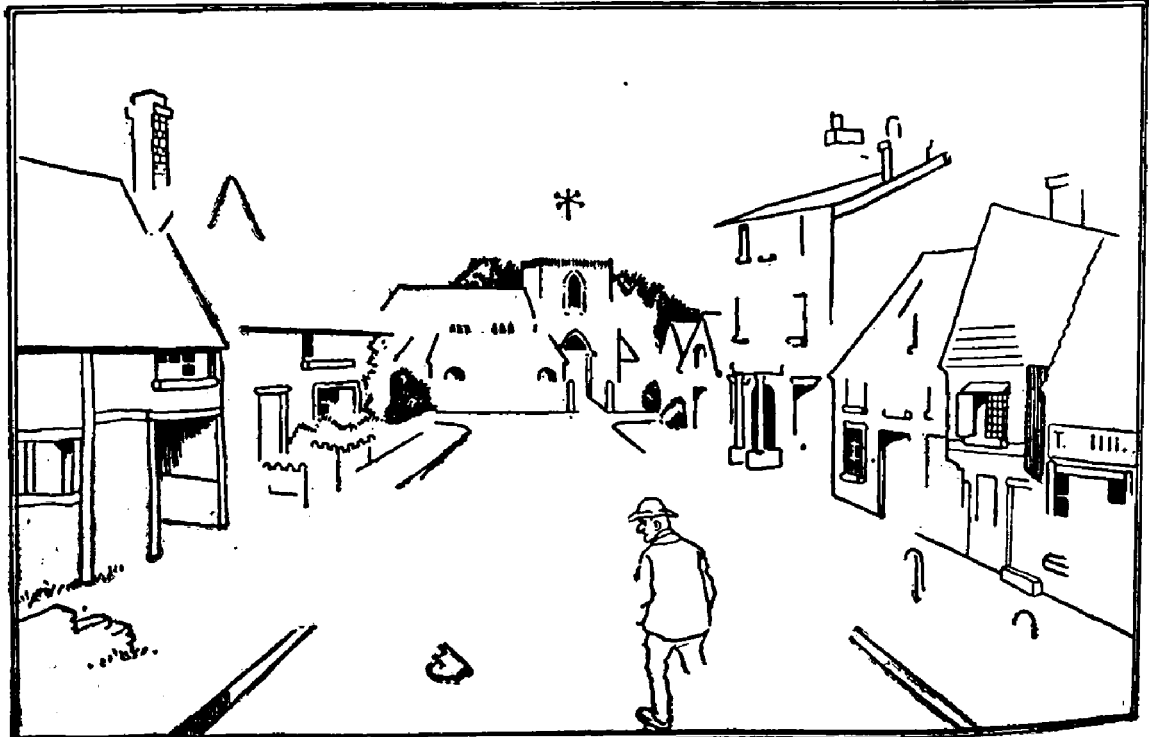
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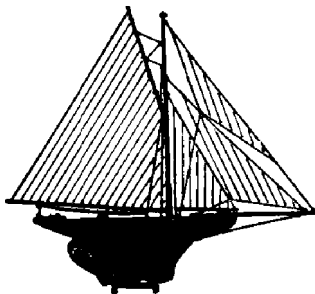
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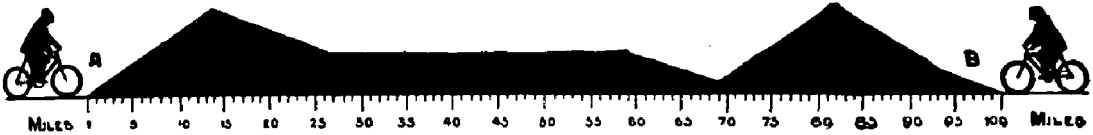
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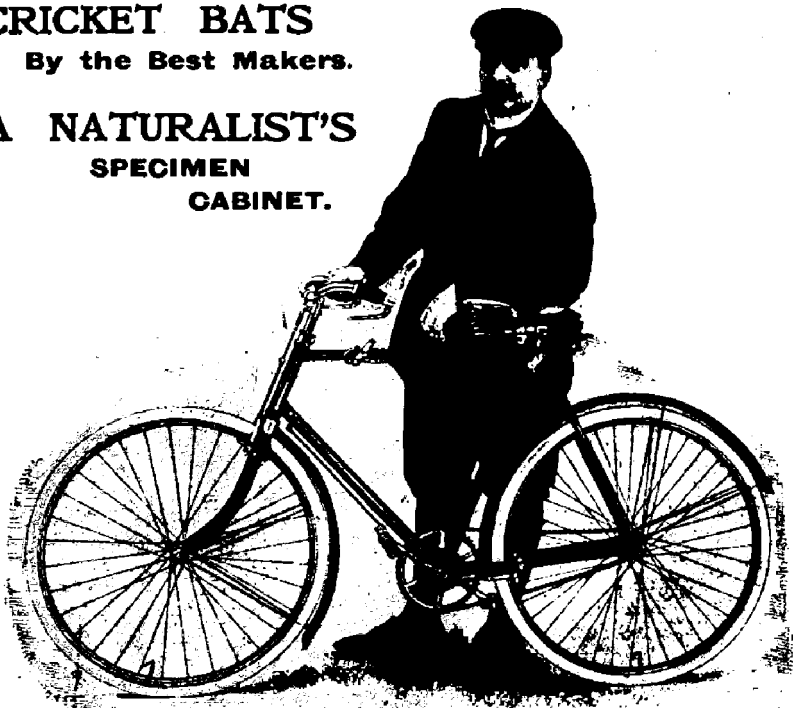
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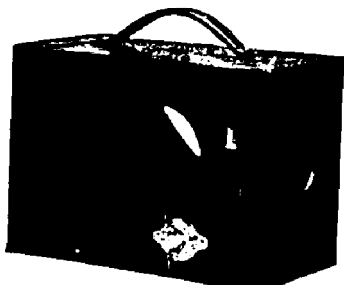
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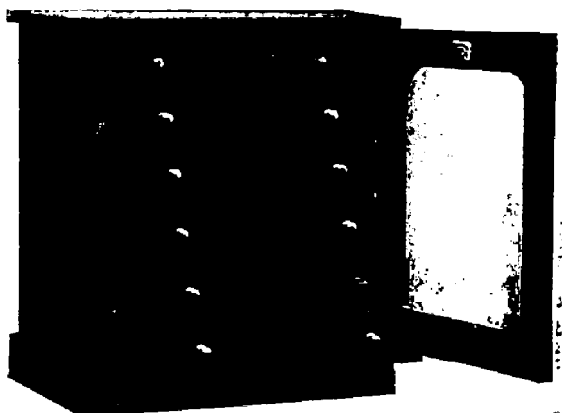
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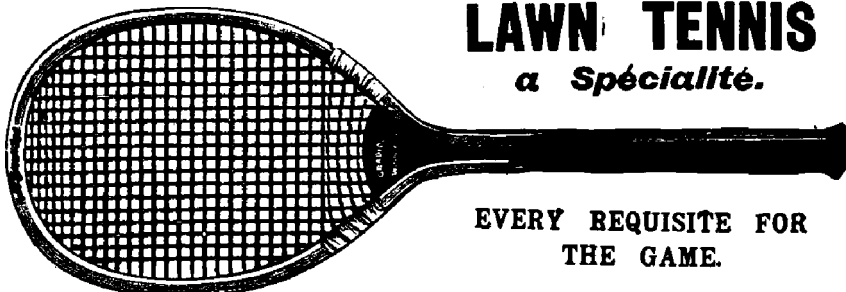
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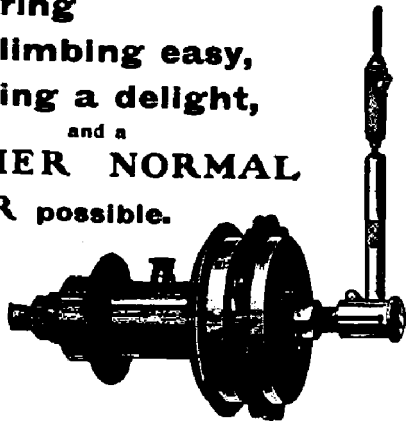
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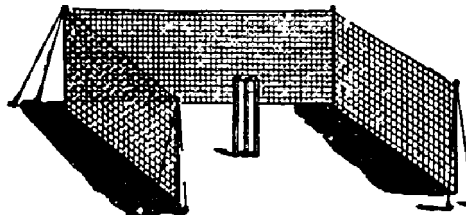
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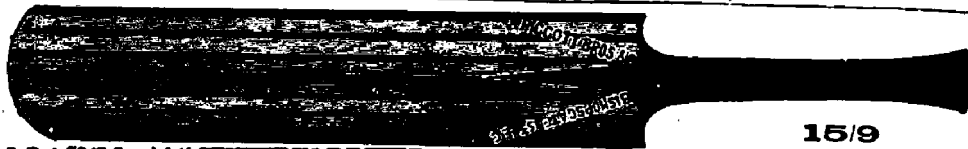
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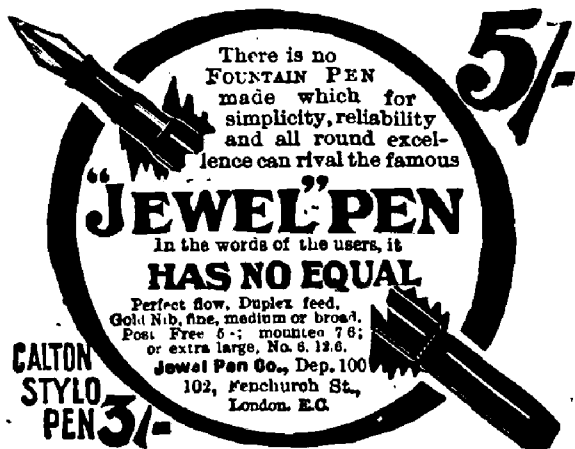
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THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. IX., X., XI., and XII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to VIII. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

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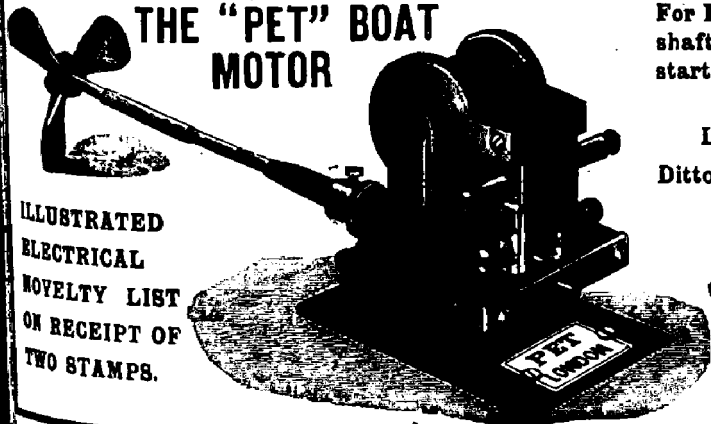
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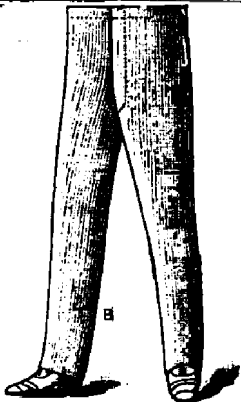
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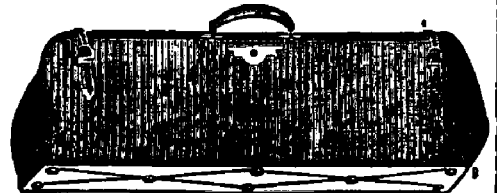
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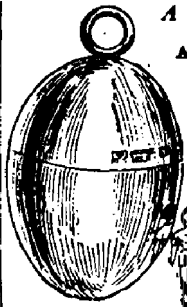
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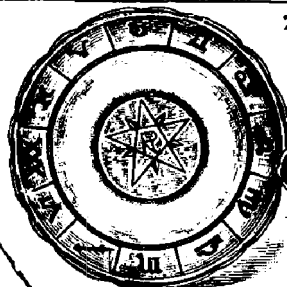
Containing the smallest Doll in the world, very quaint and funny. With Silver Split Ring attached.

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CUTTERS and SCHOONERS, with Sails to take up and down, nicely finished,
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Box and Postage extra on all.



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"Wouldst learn thy future with thy tea, this Magic Cup will show it thee"



These words encircle a fortune-telling Tea Cup of quaint, old-fashioned shape, designed to successfully realize the old superstition of telling fortunes by tea leaves. The Saucer contains the signs of the "Zodiac," which are in turn ruled by the planets within the curve. A concisely written and illustrated book accompanies each cup. Price 2/11; Post Free, 3/6.

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Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath. Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3; 1/6, post free, 1/10. Larger size, 2/11, post free, 3/3. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas upwards.

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14 in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder, Price 7/6; 17 in. Do. Price 9/9; 19 in. Do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6. 23 in. Cutter, with Mast, Foresail, Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders, Price 21/-.
27 in. Cutter, Price 30/-. 30 in. Do. Price 42/-. 36 in. Do. Price 75/-
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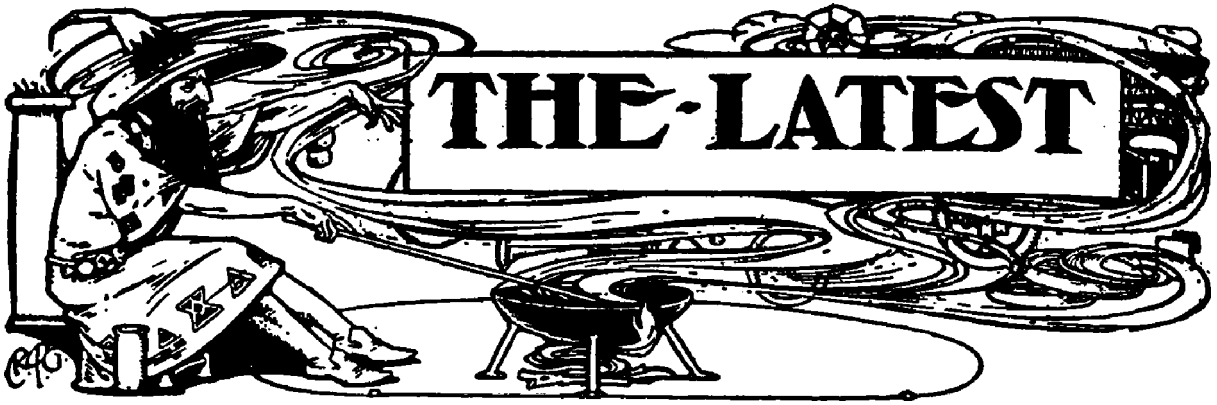
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New Type of Gun.

The accompanying photograph shows the new Rexer automatic machine gun (briefly mentioned last month) with which the War Office and Admiralty have lately been making extensive experiments. It is something quite new in weapons, and, owing to its high rate of firing, combined with portability, it should be very valuable both in military and naval service. All recent wars have emphasised what an

are so arranged that whilst giving steadiness of aim they enable the gun to be swung round so as to cover a wide range. The cartridges are contained in quadrant shaped magazines. In our illustration one of these is in use and three others are lying on the ground. Each magazine holds twenty-five cartridges, and these can be discharged in less than two seconds by one pull of the trigger. The used magazine can be disconnected and a full one



THE NEW REXER AUTOMATIC MACHINE-GUN, WHICH WEIGHS 17½ LBS. AND FIRES 300 SHOTS A MINUTE.

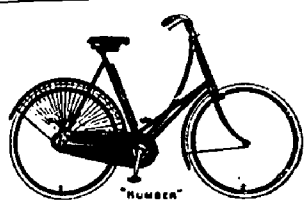
important factor mobility is in the successful carrying on of a modern campaign.

In working trim the Rexer automatic machine gun weighs only 17½ lbs. The lightest machine guns now in general use weigh about 60 lbs. each, and have perforce to be carried on specially built carriages. But whilst the Rexer gun is nearly as easy to carry about as a rifle, it fires the same ammunition, and fires it just as quickly as a 60lb. machine gun.

As shown in our picture, the muzzle end of the gun is supported on two short legs, which

put in its place in quite a few seconds. In fact, so quickly can this be done that it requires no special dexterity to fire 300 shots a minute with the Rexer gun. The barrel is designed so that it cools quickly, thus permitting the firing of a large number of rounds without too greatly heating the barrel. The introduction of the Rexer gun in this country is largely owing to the King, who saw it in use when in Denmark last year. Realising its value he soon had it carefully tested by our military authorities.

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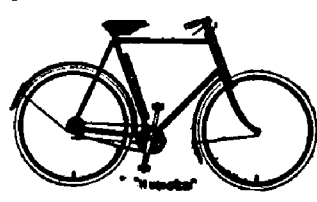
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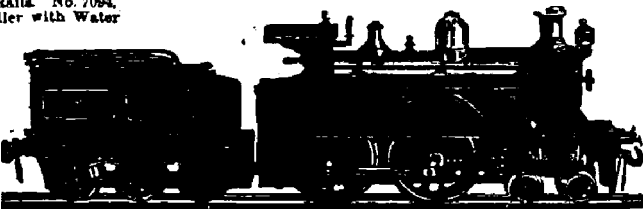
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No. 1 Gauge (not reversing) 31/6
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Single Large Fly Wheel only,
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Illustrated Catalogue for stamp.

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OUR GREATEST LIVING GIANT.

Photo. by Campbell Gray.

The Russian Giant.

The adjoining photograph pictures very strikingly the great size of the Russian giant Machnow, who was lately in this country exhibiting himself at various places of entertainment. Giant Machnow is 8ft. 9½in. in height. The doorway of the room in our picture is of normal dimensions. Note how the giant towers above it. Giant Machnow is not only

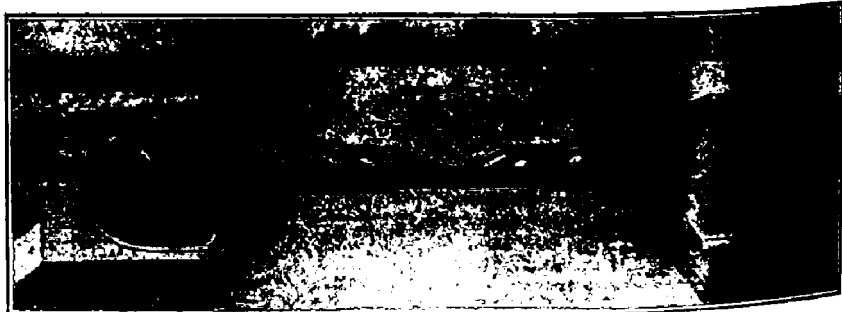
remarkable because of his height but also on account of his splendid figure. Unlike most giants, he is by no means a "skeleton dude." He is strong, hale, and hearty, and in every respect of enormous proportions. Unfortunately he cannot yet speak in English with his many friends in this country. His native tongue is Russian, and his home is in Southern Siberia.

The Latest in Scoring Books.

Messrs. Dean and Son, Ltd., of 160 A, Fleet-street, London, E.C., have prepared new editions of their popular series of "County" cricket scoring books. There are five varieties, in stiff and flexible covers, two of them being a convenient size for the pocket, at prices ranging from sixpence to two shillings. They each contain the full laws of the game revised to date, and are excellent value for the money.

The Latest in Bridges.

The Cowing Lift Bridge, as illustrated on this page, is the latest American invention in bridges. Each tail end of the bridge is a semi-circular rolling segment working in a "cradle," built in the solid masonry of the bridge abutments. In the cradle are twenty-nine rollers. These and the aid of two 35 h.p. motors enable the two halves of the bridge to be lifted up in Tower Bridge-like fashion when ships want to pass by. The weight of each counterweight in the bridge here illustrated is 740 tons.



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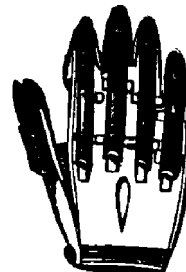
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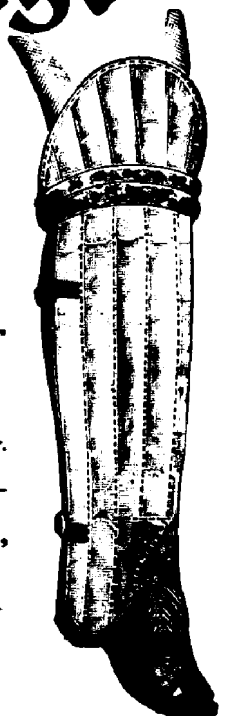
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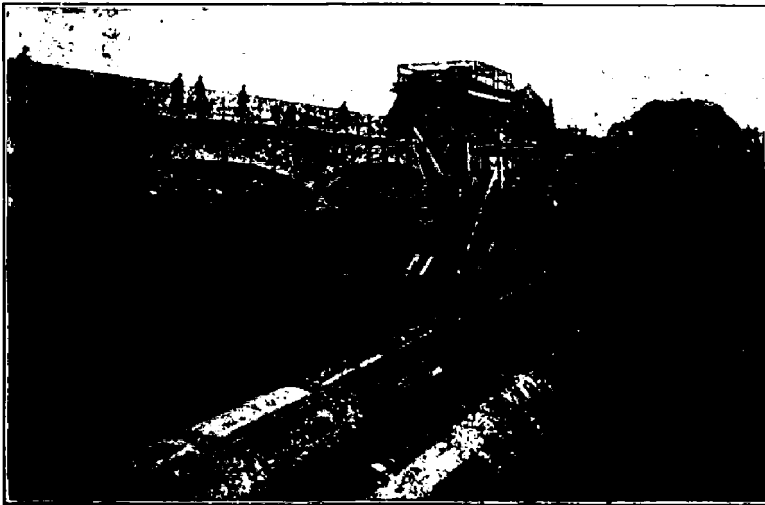
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THE NEW ROLLING DAM AT SCHWEINFURT.

A Rolling Dam.

Something quite new in the way of dams has recently been constructed at Schweinfurt, Bavaria, by the Brückenbauanstalt Co., of Nurnberg. It is called a rolling dam, and consists of a hollow cylinder on each end of which is fixed a toothed wheel, which works on an inclined rack built on each abutment. The cylinder can be kept empty of water, or full of water, or partly full, as occasion demands. When the down stream water level does not rise more than three feet or so above the bottom of the dam the weight of the cylinder is sufficient to counterbalance the pressure, but, when it rises above this level, water is let into the cylinder so as to give it greater stability. When required, the dam can be moved up and down the racks by means of an electric motor and controlling gear. Ordinarily, the dam has to be moved up the racks by the pressure of water. The racks at the bottom are very steep, so as to give the dam better bearing against water trying to raise it.

Motor Costumes for Dogs.

In England we are all accustomed to the strange costumes that many human motorists don when out on their travels. Now it seems they have found it necessary that their dogs should be similarly attired. Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., who send us the accompanying illustration, have come to their aid and designed a suitable dog's motor dress.

Automatic Couplings.

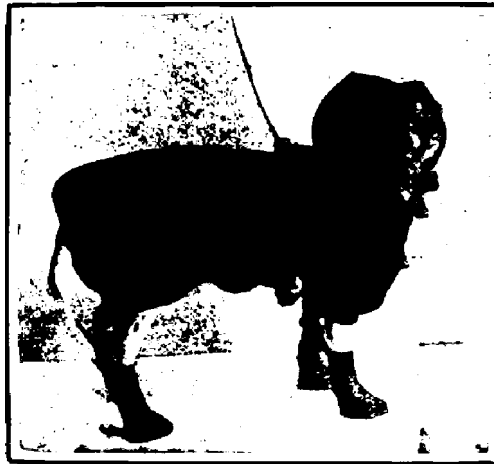
Hitherto railway wagons in this country

have been coupled by hand. Owing to shunting operations and the maze of lines in big goods yards, this is a very dangerous work. It is bad enough in the daytime; but at night it is far worse. The death roll each year is appalling. Soon, however, it is to be hoped that automatic couplings will be generally used, such, for instance, as those designed by the Westinghouse Company, and illustrated below. The wagons shown belong to the North-Eastern Railway.

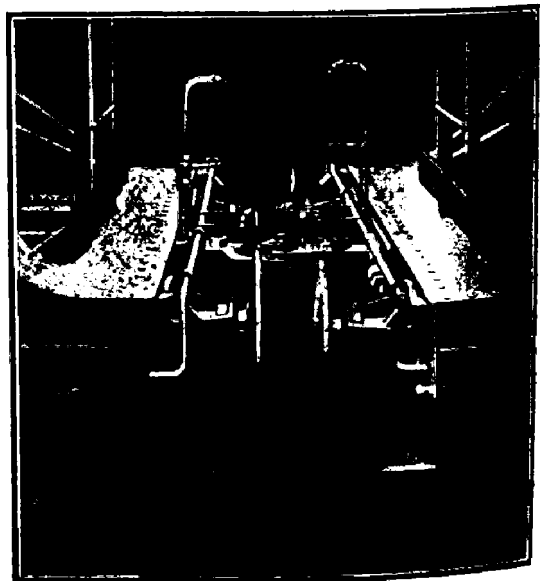
An Electric Bakery.

Since the harnessing of the Niagara Falls, electricity both for power, lighting, and heating pur-

poses is very cheap in the surrounding districts. Hence Niagara Falls has now an electric bakery. Not only are the various machines for mixing the dough and cutting it into form operated by electricity, as is the case in some bakeries in England, but the bread is baked in an immense electrically heated oven. No smell of smoke, and no dust from ashes, are known.



DOG IN MOTOR DRESS.



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In order to promote the cause of Cricket and to increase the interest in Club Matches, we have decided, during the Season of 1905, to present, **FREE OF ALL COST**, a Large number of Carefully Selected

CRICKET BATS

Upon certain Simple Conditions, viz. : To any member of a Cricket Club using any one of the following well-known BATS, The "CENTURY," The "CLARENCE," The "RELIANCE," The "BEST PRACTICE," "AUSTRALIAN MATCH," "VICTORY," "SPECIAL CLUB," Or YOUTH'S "COLLEGE DRIVER," Sizes No. 4, 5, & 6, Or YOUTH'S "JUNIOR" MATCH, Sizes No. 4, 5, & 6, And scoring FORTY RUNS with the same in a Single Innings in an AFTERNOON Match, we will PRESENT HIM with a BAT of the same quality as a PRIZE.

THE Conditions to obtain a PRIZE in a WHOLE Day Match will be that the numbers of Runs required to be obtained in a Single Innings will be double, that is EIGHTY, as there is a better chance of having Two Innings in a Day than during a Half-Day Match.

To prove that a Bat has been Won, all that will be required by us is an authentic copy of the Score Sheet of the Match, signed by the two Captains, or the two Umpires, together with their Addresses, and, if possible, a copy of the Local Newspaper reporting the Score. When satisfied that the Runs were honestly made during the progress of an Eleven-a-side Match the

Prize Bat will be forwarded immediately, Carriage Paid.

We hope this Unique Offer will be appreciated by Cricketers, and that their assistance will be tendered in every way to make it widely known. **DUKE & SON.**

RULES.

- 1.—Only one Bat can be won by the same individual.
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- 3.—The name of the Bat with which the runs were scored to be stated.
- 4.—The Date and Name and Address of Firm from whom the Bat was purchased.
- 5.—The Bat used must be the personal property of the player claiming the Prize, but in the case of Schools, or if the Winner used a Club Bat proof must be given that the Club or School possess at least Three of our BATS.

Send for List of Last Season's Prize Winners.

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The work, which will consist of about 400 pages profusely illustrated with upwards of 300 reproductions from photographs taken direct from Nature, depicting the various flowers, &c., as they are found growing, will be issued in the following manner:—

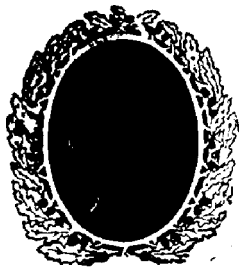
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MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR MAY, 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

LEWISHAM, S.E.—G. H. Lennox-Robertson, of 59 Granville Park, and G. Rock-Widlake, of 7 Albion-road, have now taken this branch in hand, and secured some excellent rooms at 10 Avenue-road. The club meets every Wednesday evening from 8 till 10.

A hearty invitation to join is accorded to all boys living in Lewisham and district.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have received a very interesting letter from Mr. W. J. Hammond, the Hon. Sec. Not content with the success of his own branch, he is anxious in some way to assist other branches, and proposes that the country should be divided into districts, and a committee formed of representatives from each branch in that district. Their proposed duties would be (*inter alia*):—

(1) To try and give a helping hand to weaker branches in their district.

(2) To arrange lectures, social evenings, &c.

(3) To arrange cricket, football, and other matches.

(4) To assist in the formation of new branches, and to do all they can to further the aims and objects of the B.E.L.

I heartily recommend this proposal to the consideration of my readers, and shall be glad to hear their views.

BROMSGROVE.—This club, which enjoys a membership of thirty, meets every Monday at 7.30 at No. 6 The Crescent, when games and reading are indulged in. Each member pays 2d. a week to the club, and 6d. annually to the League.

HULL.—There has been a large influx of new

League members recently from this district. Mr. Harry Nightscales, the Hon. Sec., of 64 Londesborough-street, cordially invites such new members, as well as CAPTAIN readers living in the district, to join his club, which is becoming a very strong and influential one.

AUSTRALASIA.—In recognition of the enthusiasm and success of our branches "down under," I have great pleasure in announcing the offer of two prizes of £3 each to B.E.L. members in Australia and New Zealand—one to each colony.

The prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best essays on "The Past, Present, and Future of New Zealand." The book set for reading amongst B.E.L. members this year is "The Empire Story of New Zealand," price 1s. 6d. Through the kindness of the publishers we are enabled to send it post paid to members of the B.E.L. only for 1s. 2d. The date by which essays should reach headquarters will be announced later. In the meantime, for further particulars, Colonial readers are referred to Vernon H. Weiss, 10 Kenilworth-avenue, Norwood, Adelaide; Arthur Burrows, St. Kilda, Dunedin, N.Z.; and A. D. McKinnon, 36 Dublin-street, Wanganui, N.Z.

The donor of the prizes reserves the right to divide or withhold the prizes, and none but B.E.L. members will be qualified to compete. There is no entrance fee.

EMPIRE DAY.—In most parts of the Empire there are efforts being made to celebrate May 24th, the late Queen's birthday, as Empire Day. I hope all B.E.L. branches will do something to mark the occasion.

Additional correspondents are required by B.E.L. members in Britain among readers of THE CAPTAIN residing in India, Zanzibar, Japan, B. C. Africa, Johannesburg, and the Falkland Isles. Full particulars can be obtained gratis on application to the Secretary. The Organising Secretary will be pleased to send parcels of League literature to any CAPTAIN reader on receipt of penny stamp to cover postage.

HOWARD H. SMICER.

ALBERT WARD'S "CAPTAIN" CRICKET BATS



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Every Requisite kept in Stock for
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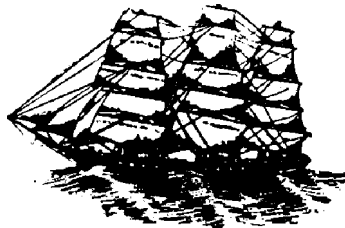
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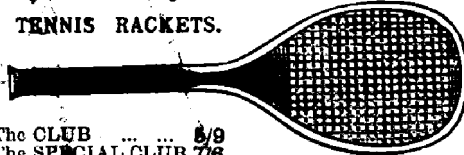
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By P. F. WARNER

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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

6d.

XIII. No. 75.

JUNE, 1905.

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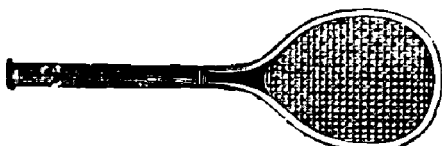


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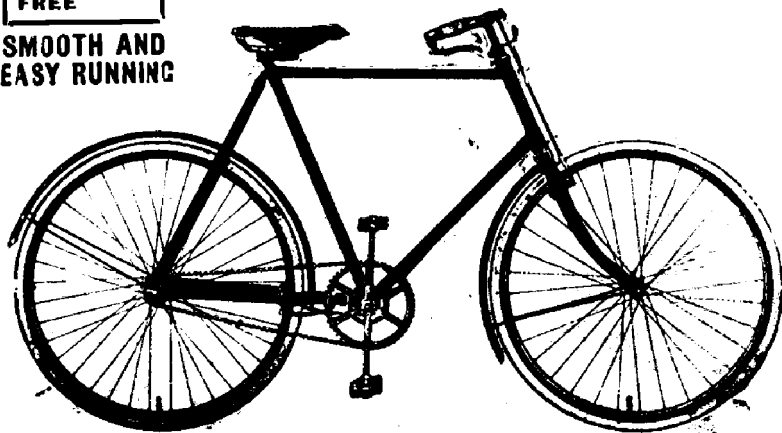
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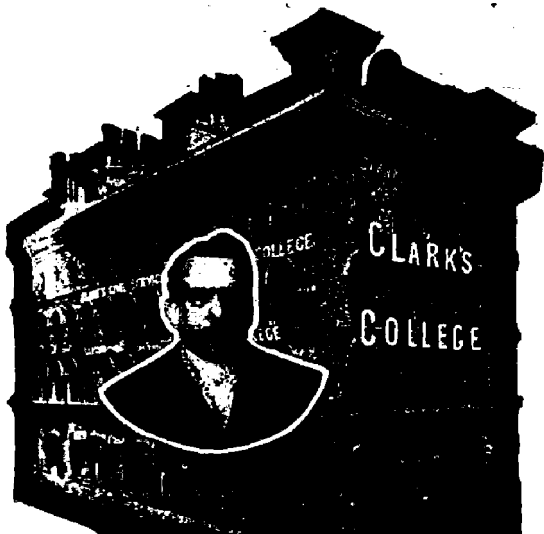
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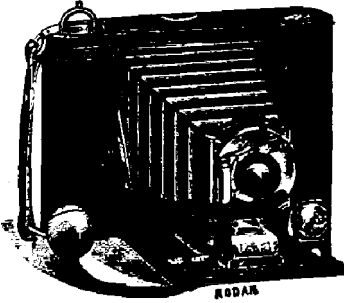
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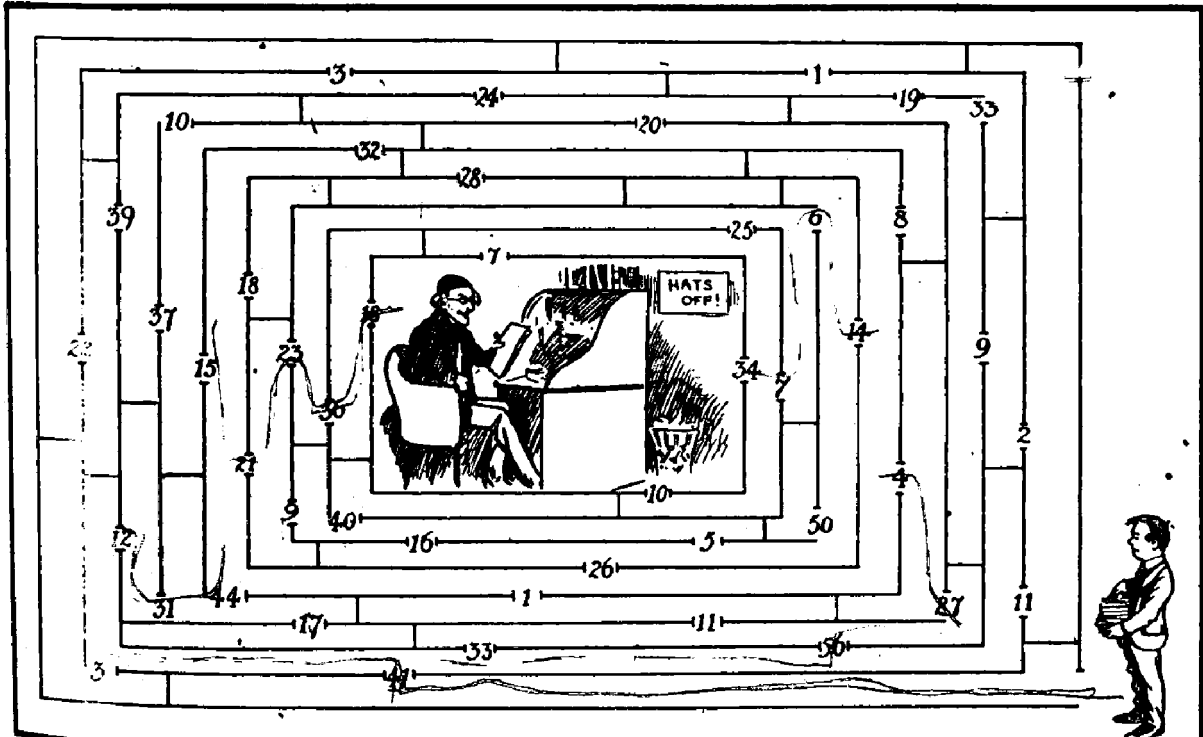
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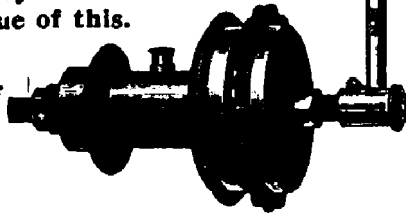
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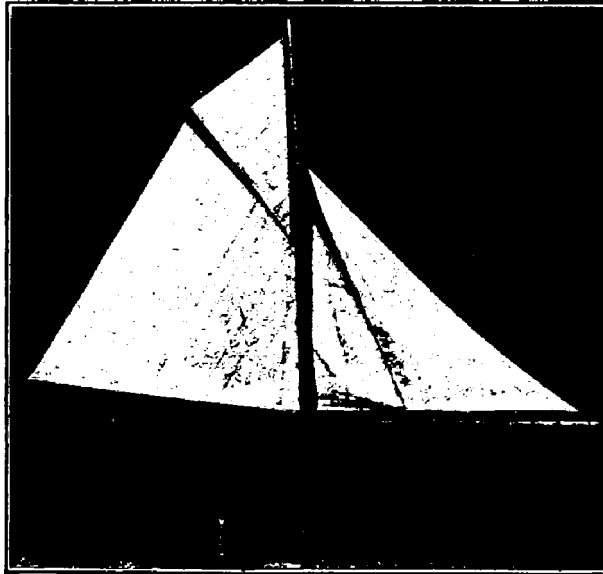
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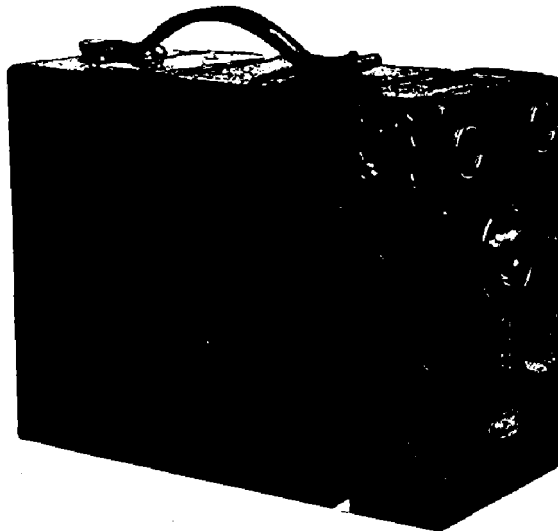
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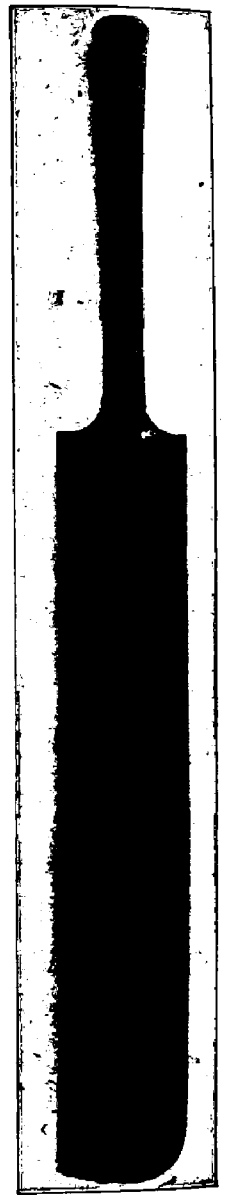
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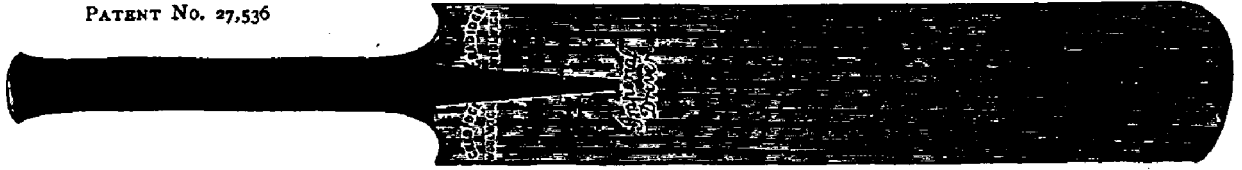
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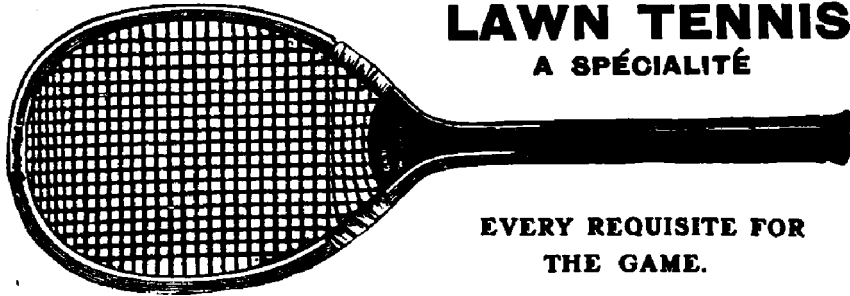
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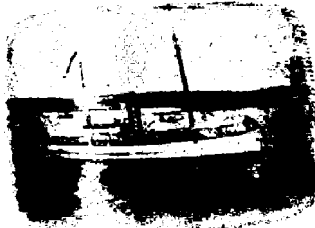
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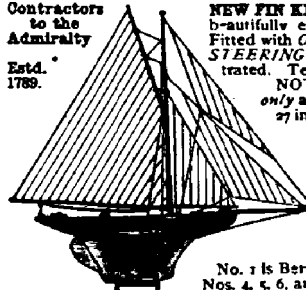
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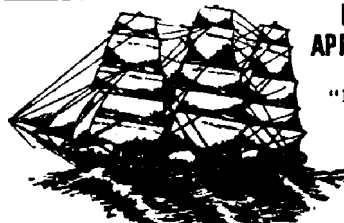
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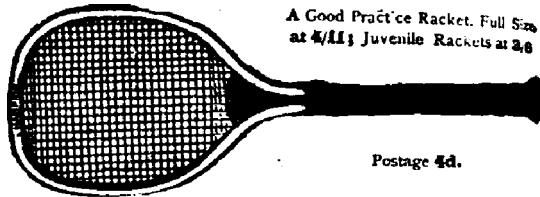
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P. F. Warner,
Athletic Editor.

Editor,
The Old Fag.

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(Signed) **C. B. FRY.**

(Vide letter 3rd September, 1904.)

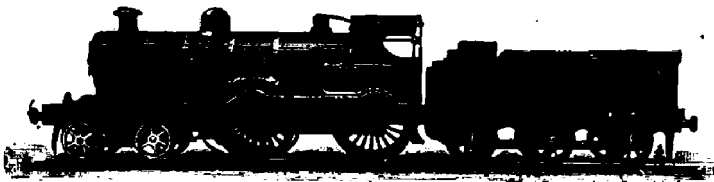
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THE CAPTAIN is published monthly by the proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7 to 12 Southampton Street, Strand, London, England. Subscription price to any part of the world, post free, for one year, 8s. 6d. Cases for binding any Volume may be obtained from Booksellers for 1s. 6d.; or post free for 1s. 9d. direct from the Office. Vols. IX., X., XI., and XII. are now ready, price 6s., or post free 6s. 6d. each. Vols. I. to VIII. are out of print. American Agents in the United States, the International News Company, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York.

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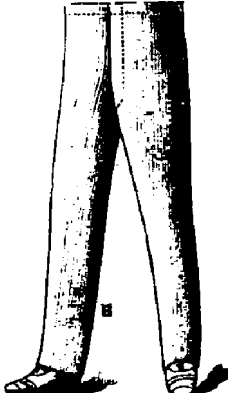


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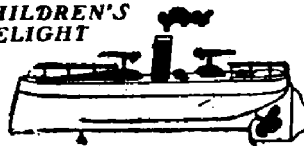
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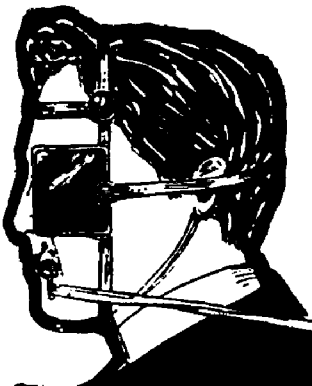
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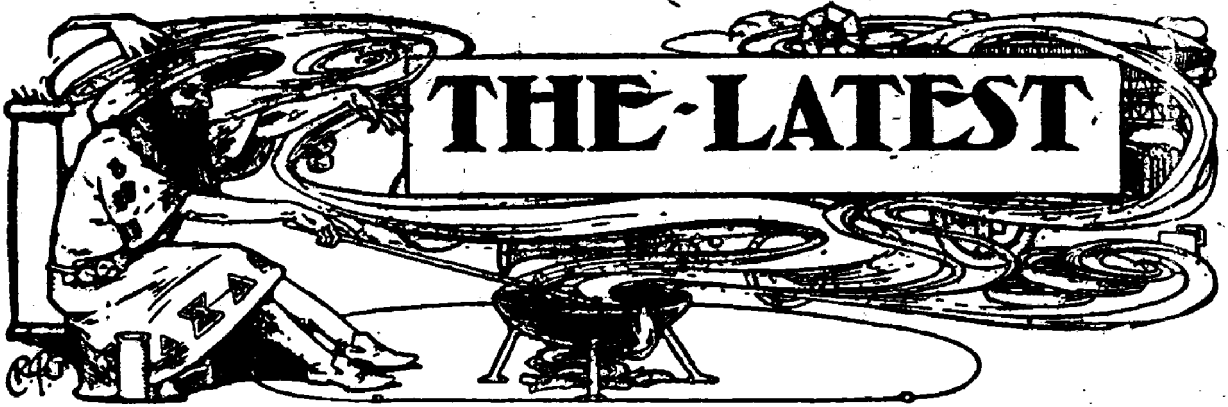
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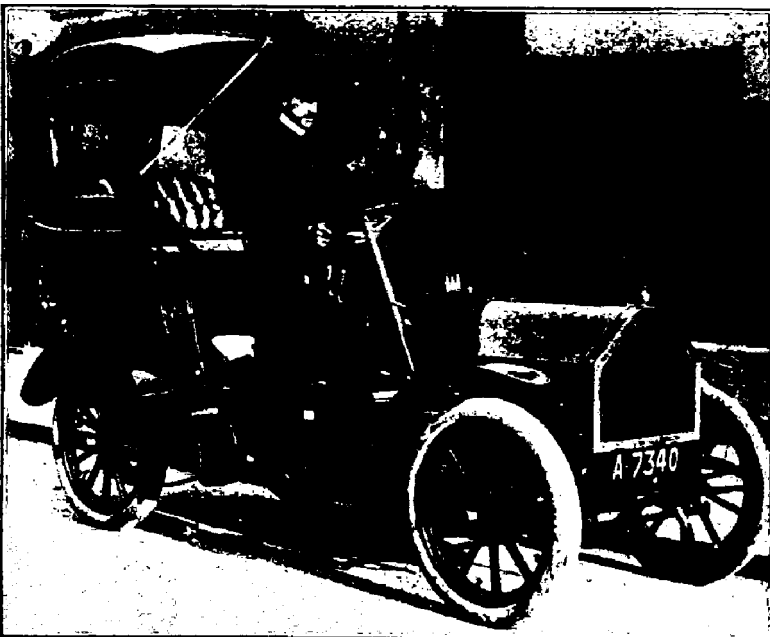
Seeing through a Tree.

THE accompanying illustration shows a Jap soldier at work with a one-man range-finder. The gauging of the correct range for the guns

is very important where any fighting has to be done. As shown in our picture, one man can work in safety behind a tree. The instrument can be used either in a horizontal or vertical position. At the end of the tube is an



ONE-MAN RANGE-FINDER
IN USE.



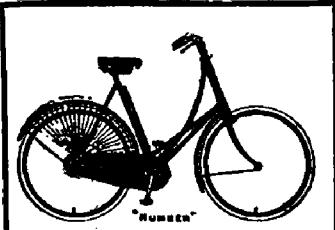
LONDON'S LATEST HANSOM-CAB.

object-glass which reflects the view to the middle of the tube, where there is an eye-piece.

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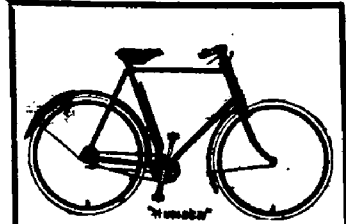
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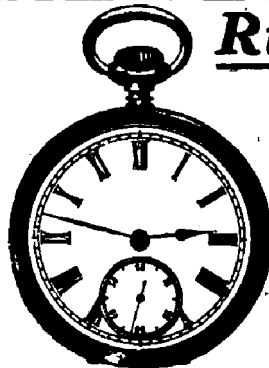
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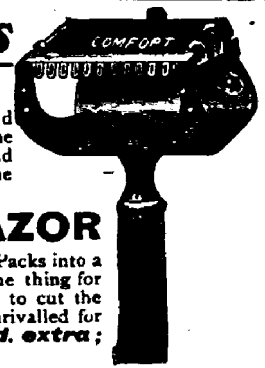
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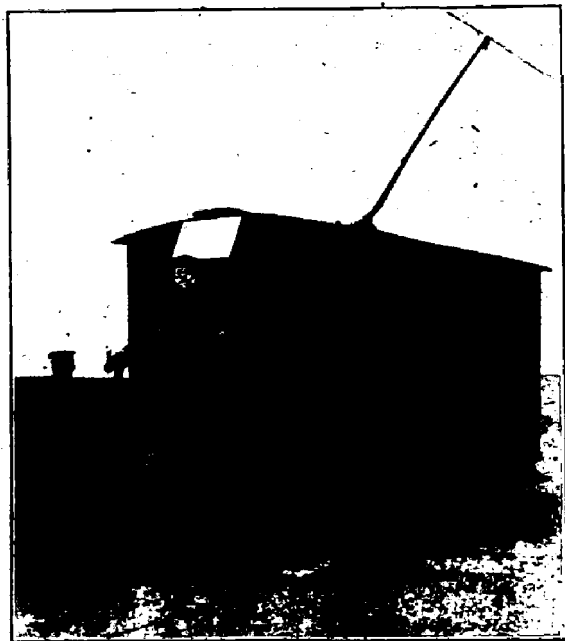
Jujitsu.

Just now every one is talking of *jujitsu*, the wonderful Japanese system of self-defence. The British Government has not hesitated to take another hint from Japan, and *jujitsu*



JUJITSU.—BUTTOCK THROW.

is now being taught to both policemen and soldiers. Literally, the Japanese words "*ju ji tsu*" mean "the art of the weak." In Japan this system of self-defence has been practised and improved upon for five hundred years. It teaches one by several hundred different locks and throws how to overcome



TRAMCAR FOR PARCELS.

any opponent who relies merely on brute force. In fact, strength is of little value in *jujitsu*, which is not a muscle-making science. Indeed, any one whose muscles are abnormally developed would be at a disadvantage owing to loss of flexibility.

No engineer in his senses would attempt to stop the wheels of some great machine by brute force. He would turn to the regulator or a clutch to throw the wheels out of gear. Similarly, *jujitsu* is the outcome of centuries of study of the innumerable regulators, so to speak, of the human machine. A knowledge of their



JUJITSU.—KNEE THROW.

functions and where they are situated places the greatest bully at the mercy of a weak but active man. Mr. S. K. Uyemishi—who teaches *jujitsu* at his school in Golden Square, Piccadilly Circus—not long since challenged the champion wrestler Hackenschmidt, undertaking to throw him ten times in sixty minutes. The offer was not accepted.

Tramcars for Luggage Only.

THE Manchester Corporation's latest enterprise is the inauguration of a service of electric tramcars through the streets of Cottonopolis to carry parcels instead of passengers. Quick collection, rapid transit, prompt delivery, and inclusive rates are amongst the advantages claimed by the organisers of the scheme.

To test the purity of turpentine, drop a small quantity on a piece of white paper and expose it to the air. No trace will be left if the turpentine is pure, but if it contains oil or other foreign matter the paper will be greasy.

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"GUV'NOR" CRICKET BAT.

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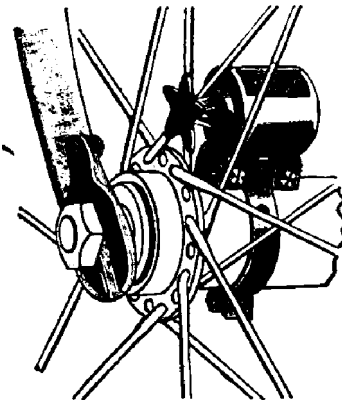
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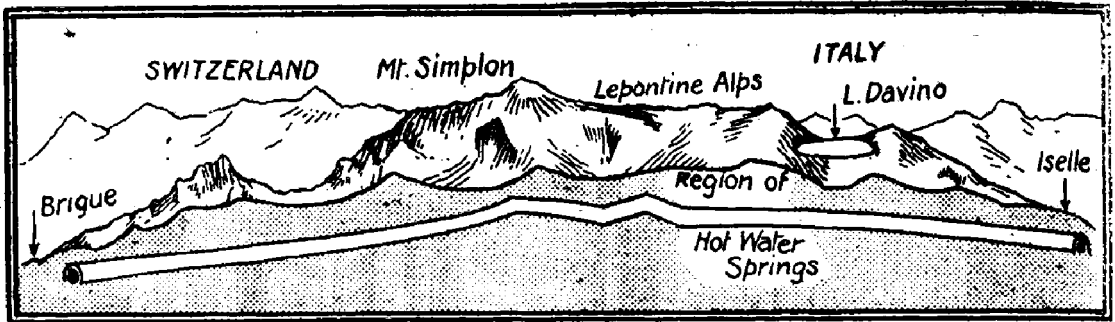
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SECTIONAL SKETCH OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST TUNNEL—THE SIMPLON.

The Simplon Tunnel.

A GREAT engineering feat has recently been successfully completed in the Alps. This is the great Simplon Tunnel, connecting Italy with Switzerland. It is $12\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, being the longest of all the Alpine railway tunnels. The next longest are the St. Gothard, 9.3 miles, and the Mont Cenis, 7.98 miles. The Severn, the longest tunnel in England, is 4.35 miles in length. After four years' preparation and consultation, work was started in 1898. The greatest difficulties to be encountered

were occasioned by the great heat and the hot springs from subterranean lakes and rivers which came pouring into the tunnel. Three thousand men were constantly employed, and those in the tunnel had to work in oil-skins and top-boots, so wet was the place. There was, however, no flying dust from the blastings, as the water turned it all to mud. Often a foot a day was all the progress made, whilst eighteen feet was a very good day's work. In this country it is recognised that coal-mines cannot be cut deeper than 4000 ft., on account of the heat, but the middle half of the Simplon Tunnel

is 7000 ft. below the summit of the mountain. At times the temperature rose to 123 degrees, and great expense was incurred in keeping the place cool enough to work in.

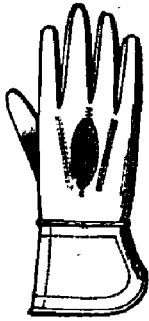
Motor Torpedo Boat.

WHILST on land the motor-car may be said to have reached the age of sturdy youth, on the water the motor-boat is still in its infancy. The 40 ft. Thornycroft torpedo boat *Dragonfly* is a very healthy-looking infant. She is one of the latest boats launched by the famous Chiswick firm. Her motive power is derived from petrol-driven four-cylinder engines. Owing to the funnel, the *Dragonfly* might at first sight be taken for an ordinary steam-launch, but the funnel is in reality merely a silencer. We are indebted to the editor of *The Motor Boat* for the accompanying unique view of this vessel.



THE MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT "DRAGONFLY."

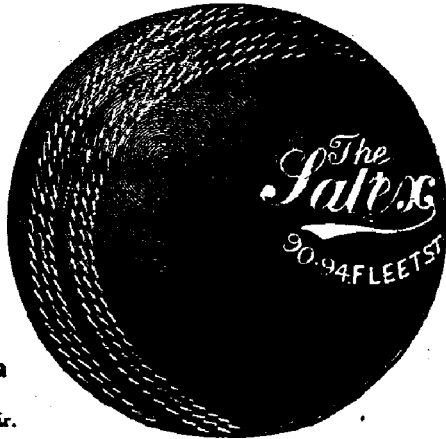
City Sale & Exchange



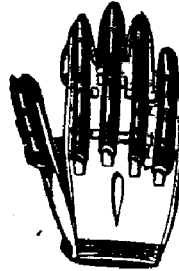
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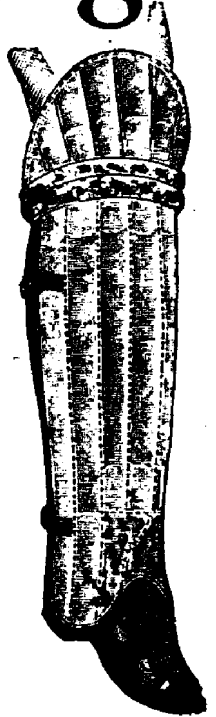


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4/-, 4/11, 5/9, 6/11,
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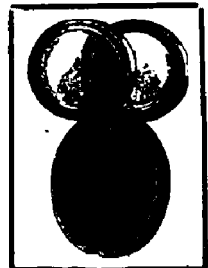
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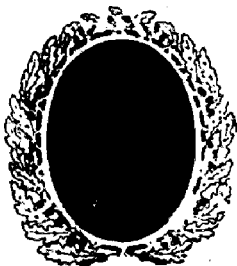
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MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR JUNE 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

ELMINA.—Gold Coast Colony.—I have great pleasure in announcing the formation of a new branch in this part of the Empire. Mr. Manoel da Costa, the Hon. Sec., is to be congratulated on its initial success. He has begun with fourteen members, and quite grasps the importance of enrolling only those boys to whom their position and responsibility as citizens of the Empire is something real and not mere sentiment.

In his report he says: "I have thought it advisable to make a start with only a few reliable boys who will have the working of the Club at heart."

Mr. Manoel da Costa is organising a patriotic demonstration under the auspices of his Branch of the B.E.L., which has created a great deal

of interest on the West Coast of Africa. We are sure that, under his direction, it will be a great success, and await his next report with much interest.

MALTA.—I have also a long letter from Mr. Robert Borg, of the Sliema Branch, enclosing a programme of their fête for Empire Day. It is too long to insert here, but I gather from it that the success of the occasion promises to surpass even that of last year. The whole island is giving itself up to Empire Day. In Malta they do things properly. For full particulars, see the *B.E.L. Gazette*.

NORTH WALSHAM.—This Club has had a remarkably successful season, and recently enjoyed an excellent lecture on New Zealand. We think the choice of subject a very appropriate one, and the members of this branch very fortunate in listening to a lecturer who has been resident for upwards of twenty years in the "Fortunate Isles." Some excellent lantern views were given, and the habits of the Maoris, the productions and capabilities of the colony and its people, agreeably described. After the lecture, the games and other amusements of New Zealand Boys were freely discussed.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—G. H. Maidment, of Trinity, writes giving a very good account of this branch. His letter will be more fully dealt with in the *Gazette*.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—I have quite a number of new members, particularly in S. Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, who would be pleased to hear from their comrades in the Homeland.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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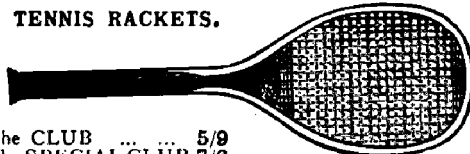
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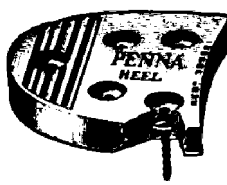
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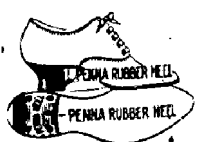
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EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

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Vol. XIII. No. 76.

JULY, 1905.

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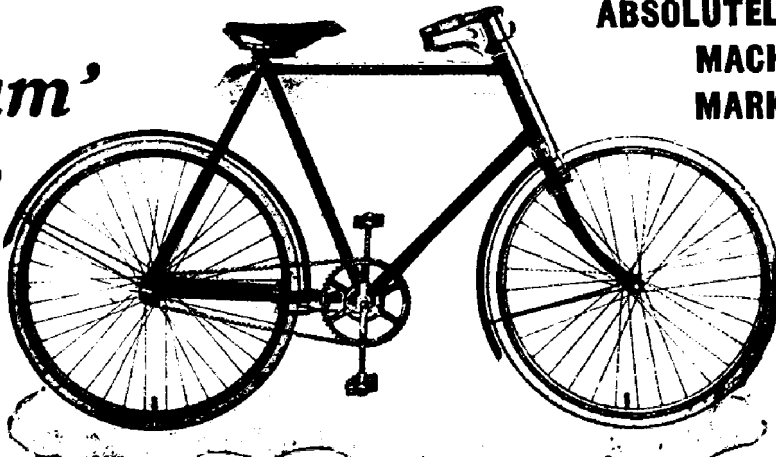
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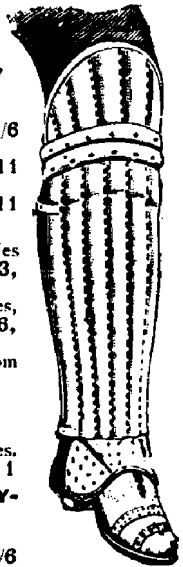
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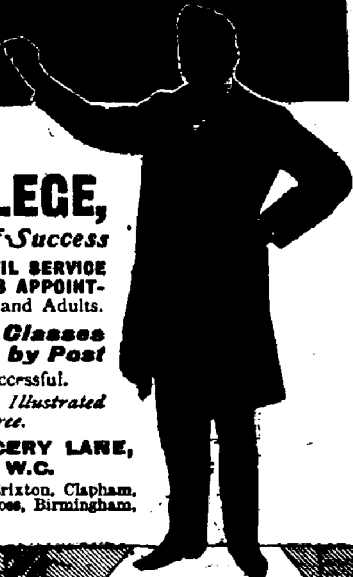
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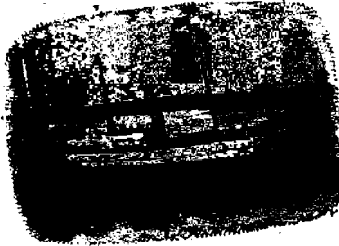


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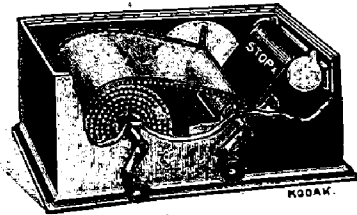
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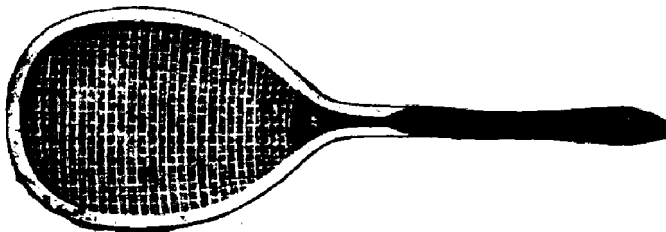
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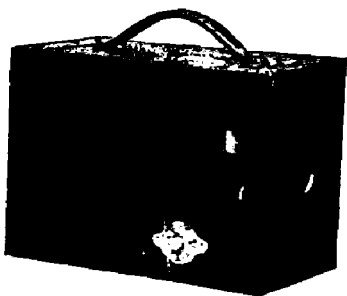
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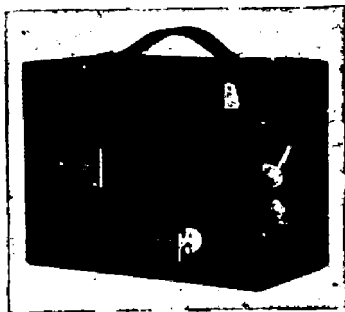
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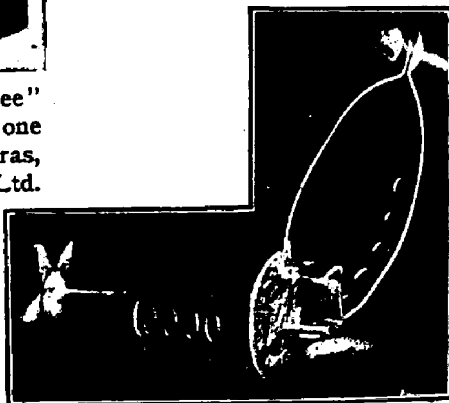
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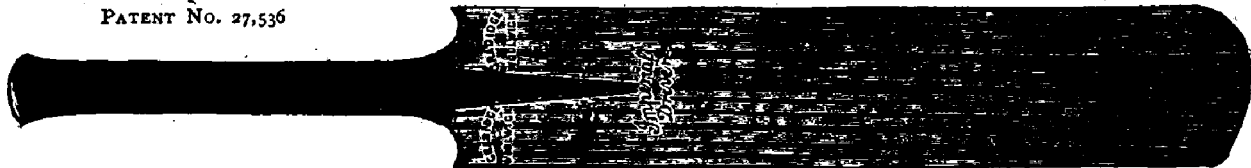
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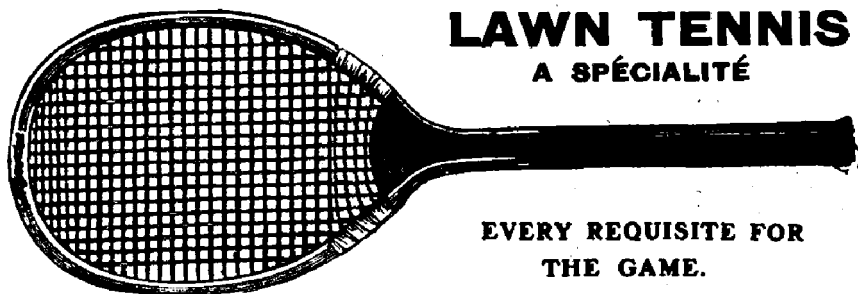
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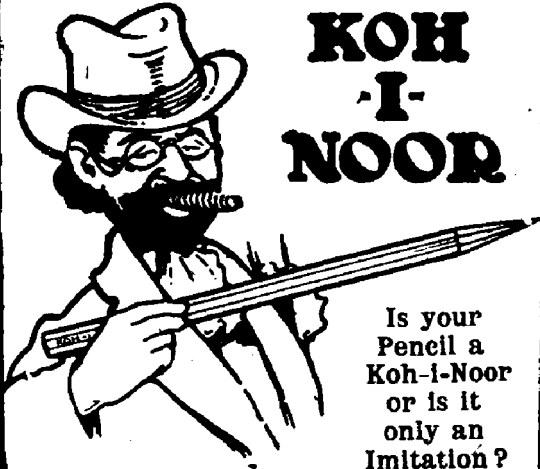
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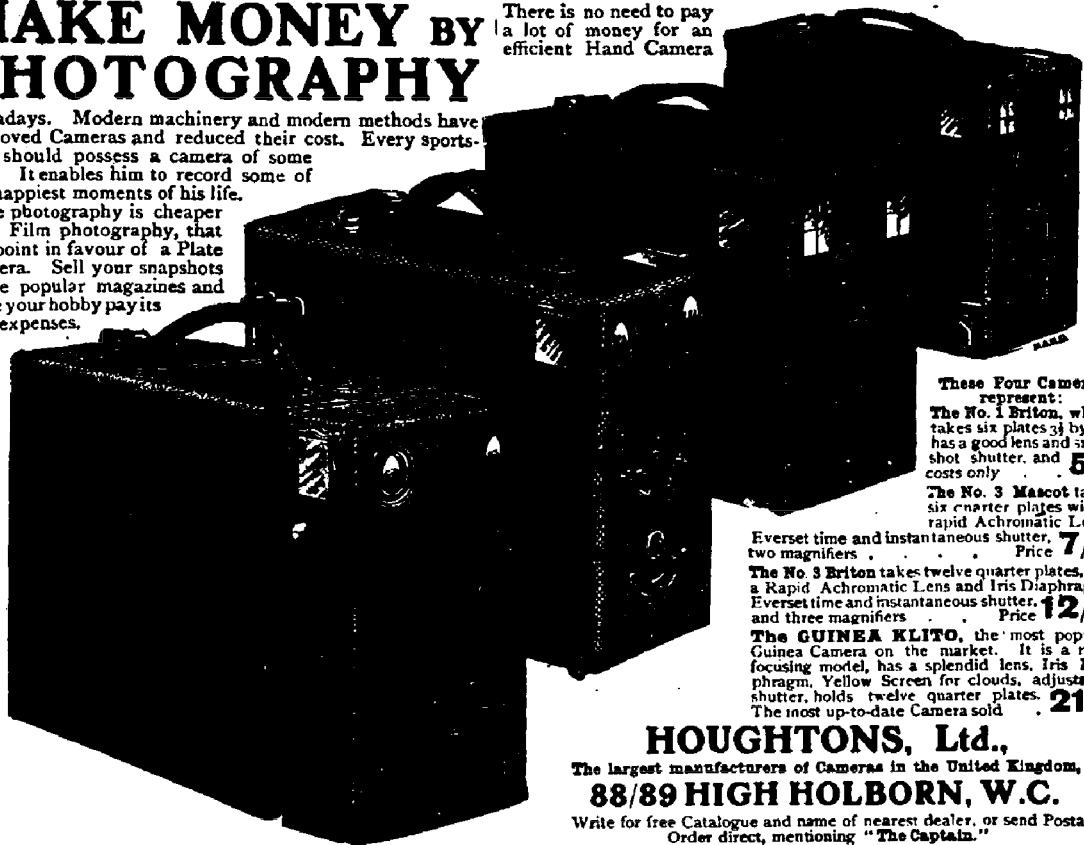
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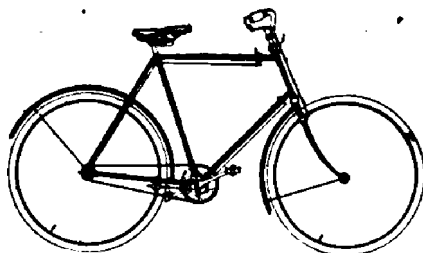
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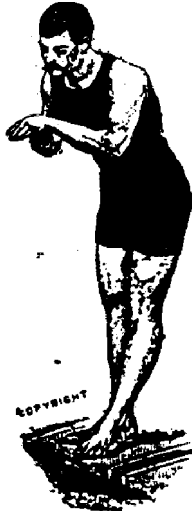
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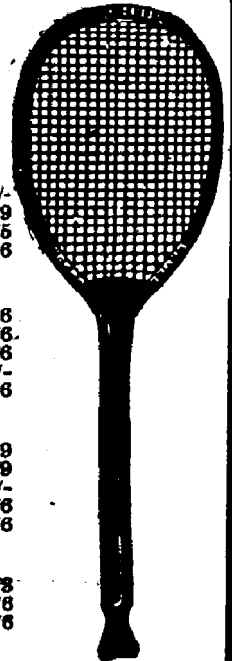
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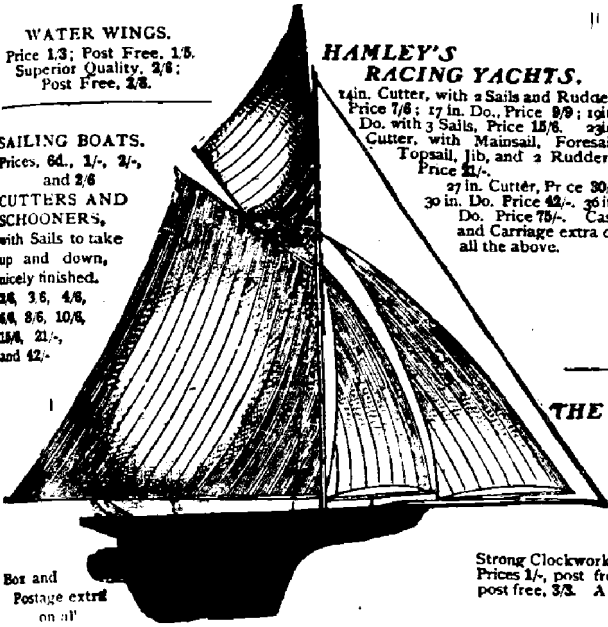
SAILING BOATS.

Prices, 6d., 1/-, 2/-,
and 2/6

CUTTERS AND

SCHOONERS,
with Sails to take
up and down,
nicely finished.

2/6, 3/6, 4/6,
6/6, 8/6, 10/6,
12/6, 21/-,
and 42/-



**HAMLEY'S
RACING YACHTS.**

24 in. Cutter, with 2 Sails and Rudder,
Price 7/6; 17 in. Do. Price 3/9; 16 in.
Do. with 3 Sails, Price 15/6; 23 in.
Cutter, with Mainsail, Foresail,
Topsail, Jib, and 2 Rudders,
Price 41/-.
27 in. Cutter, Price 30/-
30 in. Do. Price 42/-; 36 in.
Do. Price 75/-; Case
and Carriage extra on
all the above.



HAMLEY'S Speciality

Boxes of Surprises.

Box containing: 1 Flying Sausage, 1
Flying Snake, 3 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, 1/2.
Smaller Box, containing 7 Surprses.
Price 6d.; Post Free, 7d.
Boxes of Flying Serpents, containing
7 different colours.
Price 6d.; Post Free 7d.

BOYS' FISHING RODS.

Strong Bamboo and Cane Fishing
Rods, 6d. and 1/- each. Post free,
10d. and 1/4. A large assortment,
2/6, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6 each. Postage
extra on all.

Floata, 3d., 4d., 6d., 8d. each.
Furnishing Lines, 9d.,
1/-, 1/3 and 2/6; Postage 3d.
extra.
Wynches, 9d., 1/-, 2/6
and 3/6 each; Postage 3d. extra.

**THE CHILDREN'S
DELIGHT**



Strong Clockwork Boats to wind up, and go in any water or bath.
Prices 1/-, post free, 1/3; 1/4, post free, 1/6. Larger size, 2/11,
post free, 3/2. A large variety of larger ones from 5 Guineas
upwards.

**SCIENTIFIC
KITES.**

**The Celebrated
American Box Kite.**

They can be folded up in a
small roll, and when opened
form the shape of a box; it
affords endless amusement to
adults.

Made in Paper, 1/-; post free,
1/4.
Made in Linen, 20 in. by 10 in.,
2/6; post free, 3/-; 36 in. by
24 in., 4/-; post free, 4/6; 48 in.
by 36 in., 5/6; packing 6d.
extra; 68 in. by 48 in., 15/-;
packing 6d. extra.

PORTABLE KITES.

These Kites are splendid flyers, and have the advantage of
being very portable, being so made that they all fold up
and go into a case that can be carried in the hand like a
stick; they are made of calico, and can be put together in
less than a minute.

Price 1/-, 1/6, 2/-, 2/6 and 3/6 each.
Postage and packing extra.

BIRDS OR HAWK KITES.

These are also made portable, and when opened are in the
shape of a bird; they fly well and are much used for
sporting purposes.

Price 2/6, 3/6 and 5/- each.
Postage 6d. and 8d. extra.

**HAMLEY'S
BRANCHES**

510a & 512 OXFORD STREET, W.; 59 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, W.; 202 REGENT
STREET, W.; 35 NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.; 231 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.;
86 & 87 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

LONDON.

**A
PRACTICAL
AIR-GUN.**

For Volunteers, Rifle, and School Clubs,
&c. The most reliable and accurate air-
gun ever put on the market. Not only
more accurate, but
shoots stronger than
any other. Suitable
for small Game. Used
in the Principal Air-
Gun Clubs all over the
country. Correctly sighted and beauti-
fully finished. 21s., 25s., and 35s.

**The New
"Milita"
Air Rifle.**

ASK YOUR DEALER
to show you one, or send for Illustrated
List to the Sole Proprietors,
MARTIN PULVERMANN & CO.,
(Dept. 4)
26 Minories, London, E.

**WE HAVE HIT
THE BULLSEYE
THIS --- TIME**

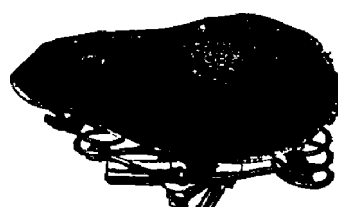
DELICIOUS COFFEE

**RED
WHITE
&
BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

SADDLE SORENESS.

If you have experienced this disagreeable sensation you will be glad to
know that it is **IMPOSSIBLE** to get sore if you ride on a **BIRKBECK PNEU-
MATIC SADDLE COVER**, acknowledged by the highest authorities to be the
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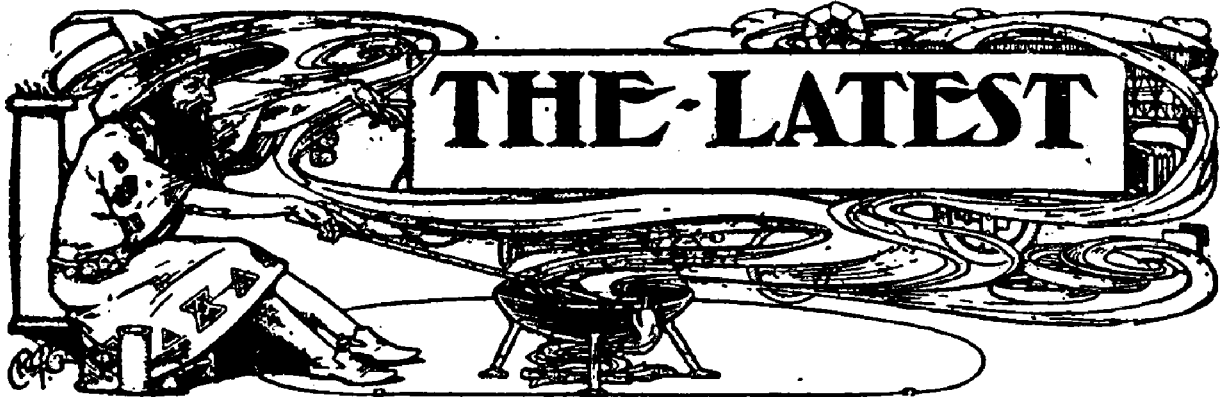
Prices and Sizes.

Measurement	Price, Post including flange.	Free U.K.
No. 1 9 1/2 x 8 1/2	3/6	
No. 2 10 1/2 x 9	3/9	
No. 3 11 1/2 x 9	4/-	
No. 4 13 x 10 1/2	5/6	
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Any size made to Order.
P.O. must accompany Order.
Extracts from Cycling Paper:
Cycling.—"The most comfort-
able saddle cover I have ever
tried. The 'Outrider' has been
using a Pneumatic Saddle Cover for some months, and is greatly pleased with
it. It makes an uncomfortable saddle bearable and a good saddle perfect."

The Motor.—"One of our staff has personally tried it, and finds it very
comfortable indeed."

The Motor Cycle.—"Can thoroughly recommend it."
Illustrated Booklet on Application
Sole Manufacturers: **THE BIRKBECK PNEUMATIC SADDLE CO.**
Birkbeck Works, Birkbeck Rd., Dalston, London, N.E.
Sold by all the principal Agents throughout the world, please mention this paper

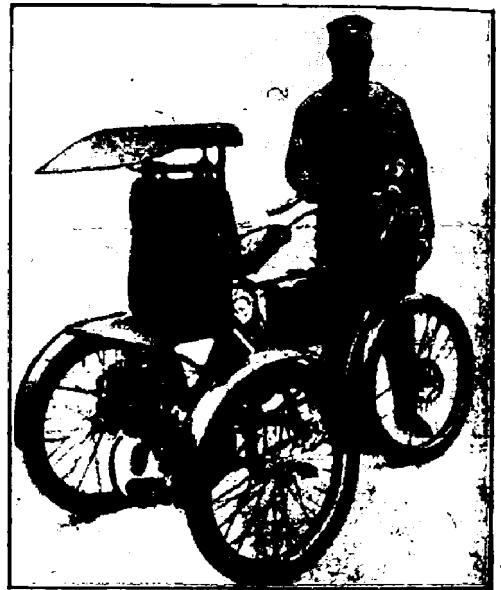


Motor-Cycles for Austrian Postmen.

THE Austrian Minister of Posts and Telegraphs has recently stated that he has found motor-cycles for postal work a great success both as to time and money saving. The motor-cycle shown in our illustration has a hood to protect the mail bag from the weather, and as it is in tricycle form it is easily managed by one man. The machines cost about £78 each. The postmen are expected to clean their machines, but any repairs required are done by skilled men retained for that work by the postal department.

A Wireless Typewriter.

THE latest development of wireless telegraphy is a wireless typewriter, which is the invention of a Mr. Kamm. The inventor is here shown sending a message from one part of his works to another. The transmitting machine is exactly the same as the receiver, and is used as such. By typing a message



MOTOR-POSTAL-CYCLE AS USED IN AUSTRIA.

on one machine an exact facsimile is obtained on the other, placed anywhere within a radius of many miles.



Photo. by

THE WIRELESS TYPEWRITER.

[C. H. Park

K.C.

Do you want a good Appointment?

Then send a Postcard to-day for a free Booklet of the K.C.

GUARANTEED APPOINTMENT

SYSTEM, with copies of Testimonials from Students recently placed in satisfactory appointments, to

PERSONAL AND
POSTAL TUITION

Messrs. MUNFORD & PITMAN,

KENSINGTON COLLEGE, QUEEN'S RD., BAYSWATER, LONDON, W.

BOYS!

DO YOU WANT

£5 TO SPEND?

IF SO, READ THIS ADVT. CAREFULLY.

We are the Sole Proprietors of the

"TAQUTA" AUTOMATIC CAMERA

The Camera which is revolutionising the whole Photographic World by the marvel of its simplicity. The "TAQUTA," by four movements only, exposes, develops, and fixes a Plate so that within TWO MINUTES from the start the finished Photograph can be handed to the sitter.

The "TAQUTA" Camera is already selling in thousands, but to make this wonderful instrument more widely known, we have decided to offer, under very simple conditions, A PRIZE OF

£5 IN CASH

Your dealer will show you the Camera, and the results that can be obtained therefrom. The Price is £1 - 1 - 0 complete with Magazine containing 45 Plates. When you have purchased the Camera, set to work and take the Portraits of as many of your School Chums, Friends, &c., as possible, and the boy who sends us the largest number of Portraits, with names and addresses of the sitters, taken with the "TAQUTA" Camera by December 1, 1905, will be awarded this handsome Prize. If your dealer has not a stock on hand, send us a postcard (mentioning his name and address), and we will see that you are immediately supplied.

QUTA PHOTO MACHINE CO.,
34 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.



ALBERT WARD'S "CAPTAIN" CRICKET BATS

are unrivalled for general excellence. They are being adopted by many prominent Cricketers, and are giving unqualified satisfaction.

A.W.'s 'Captain' Ex. Special 21/-
"Harrow," Selected 18/6

"Size 14/6
Youths', Size 6 12/6

Every Requisite kept in Stock for
CRICKET, TENNIS, GOLF, CYCLING,
RUNNING, FISHING, &c. &c.

Write for List.

ALBERT WARD, County Sports Warehouse, **BOLTON.**



PEARCE'S HIGH-POWER

"ACME" TELESCOPE

*
Three
Miles
Range

Invaluable
to
Tourists
*

Price 15s.

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BECOME A CRACK SHOT

BY BUYING THE ORIGINAL AND
ONLY GENUINE "GEM" AIR GUN



WILL GARRY ACCURATELY AT 25 YARDS
EVERY GUN CAREFULLY TESTED BEFORE LEAVING OUR WORKS

PRICE ONLY 13/6 WITH SLUGS AND DARTS COMPLETE
HEAVY WEIGHT 15/6 COMPLETE

We also stock the Militia Air Guns, 21 - 25 - and 35 - The "Musketeer," 25 - each. T Catch Air Guns, 15 - each. The Daisy Air Rifle, 2 11. Postage 5d. extra. If you are requiring anything in Air or Saloon Guns, Slugs, Darts, Cartridges, &c., drop us a postcard, and we will forward Catalogue (No. 20) per return, post free. We also supply Model Engines, Fittings, Motors, Dynamos, and all the Latest Novelties. Catalogue (No. 21), post free.

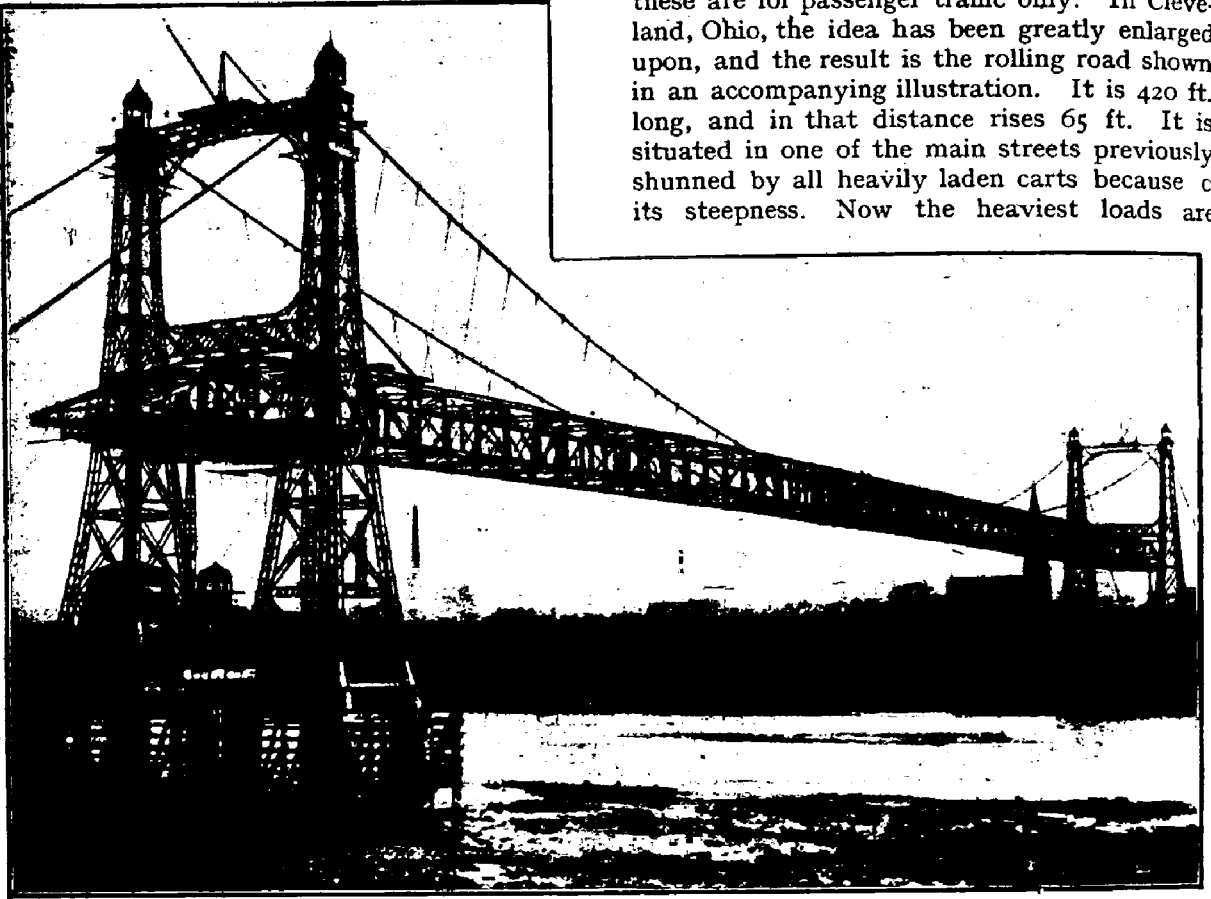
C. RICHFORD & CO., 153 Fleet St., London, E.C.

(Advertisers in "Captain" from its commencement.)

Branch Depot: 52a HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

Established 1876.

these are for passenger traffic only. In Cleveland, Ohio, the idea has been greatly enlarged upon, and the result is the rolling road shown in an accompanying illustration. It is 420 ft. long, and in that distance rises 65 ft. It is situated in one of the main streets previously shunned by all heavily laden carts because of its steepness. Now the heaviest loads are



THE RUNCORN TRANSPORTER BRIDGE.

A Transporter Bridge.

A SKETCH of a transporter bridge was published in a previous issue of the CAPTAIN. The accompanying photograph shows the new transporter bridge at Runcorn—the first of its kind to be completed in England. A car, suspended to the span of the bridge, conveys passengers and vehicles from side to side. This is propelled by two powerful electric motors. A transporter bridge has two great advantages over ordinary bridges—it leaves a clear way for ships and, as no costly road approaches are needed, it is economical to build. The Runcorn Bridge, which crosses both the River Mersey and the Manchester Ship Canal, has a clear span of 1000 ft

A Rolling Road.

A MOVING roadway ascending a steep hill at the rate of four miles an hour, and bearing with it heavily laden vehicles of all kinds, is a sight which now greets the astonished visitor to Cleveland, Ohio. In this country, in certain big stores, and at several seaside resorts, we are accustomed to moving stairways, but

driven on to the rolling road at its lower end, the huge belt is set in motion, and in three minutes the cart or waggon has reached the top of the hill without any effort on the part of the horses. Some 600 vehicles a day are carried up in this fashion.

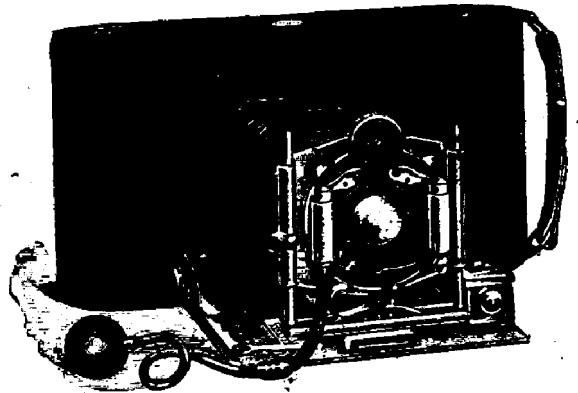
The "rolling roadway" consists of a long, moving platform, eight feet wide, composed of heavy boards arranged crosswise and divided into trucks of two boards each so as to give pliability to the structure. The roadway turns upon a drum at each end, rotated by means of chains and sprockets.



ROLLING ROADWAY.

THE "POCKAM"

Only £3 3 0

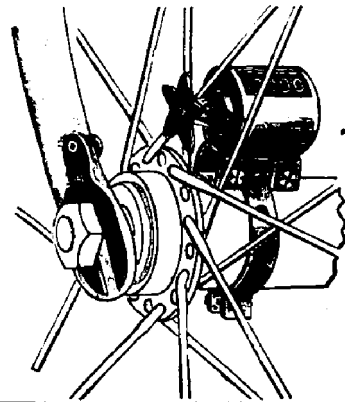


FOR ROLL FILMS OR CLASS PLATES. HAS ALL NECESSARY MOVEMENTS.
BUSCH LENS. SPEED SHUTTER FROM 1 TO 100TH SECOND.

British Made Camera. Elegantly Finished.

Best Value in the Market. Of all Dealers. Lists from
EMIL BUSCH OPTICAL CO.,

35 Charles Street, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.



THE RIGHT PLACE FOR A CYCLOMETER

is on the hub of the wheel—out of harm's way. One Cyclometer fits in the right place. It registers accurately 10,000 miles and then repeats. Fits any wheel. It costs 3/6 from any good cycle agent, and its name is

THE NEW DEPARTURE "SECURITY" CYCLOMETER

Ask for 1905 "New Departure" Catalogue from
BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd.,

(Desk P.) 22-28 St. Eastern St., London, E.C.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH



THIS is the trade-mark which protects us and you.

It is our mark of good faith.

It marks the best bicycle that money can buy

It marks the bicycle in which wrought steel is used instead of the cast iron used in other bicycles.

It marks the highest bicycle on the market, the bicycle that is the easiest to drive and the easiest to buy.

It marks the bicycle that is most fully guaranteed, with the tyres included in the guarantee.

70 Models

£5 5s. to £15 15s.

Packed Free and Carriage Paid.

Easy Payments 4/8 Monthly.

Write now for the 64-page Catalogue

Rudge-Whitworth LTD.

(Dept. A 5), COVENTRY.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

Another Fire Extinguisher.

WHERE gasoline is used in any great quantity there is always danger of fire. From the ceiling over the tank containing the gasoline hangs, by a string or fusible link, a fragile bottle containing about a gallon of ammonia. Should the gasoline take fire the bottle will fall and be broken, releasing the ammonia and putting out the burning gasoline.

A Motor Ice-boat.

ICE yachting is a favourite sport during the winter on some of the rivers and lakes of Canada. Very high speeds are often attained by ice-boats fitted with sails. It seems, however, that the motor ice-boat is to go one better. Our illustration shows the wonderful motor ice-boat invented by Mr. F. M. Underwood, of Toledo. A speed of fifty miles an hour was easily attained, and still better results are expected next winter. The motor-boat was completed too late last winter for a lengthy test.

A Radium Clock.

THE Hon. H. G. Strutt has invented a clock which, it is hoped, will run for thirty thousand years without further attention. If it doesn't, none of us will be any the wiser. One twelfth of a grain of radium is suspended over a small electroscope, consisting of two thin strips of silver. These, being charged with electricity

from the radium, move apart till they touch the sides of the vacuum tube in which they are fixed. Then they communicate their charge to an aluminium wire which rings a bell and being discharged, fall together again to repeat the process for thirty thousand years. To the unscientific this seems quite a fair approach to perpetual motion.



THE LATEST ICE-MOTOR.

New Diamond Field.

DR. AMI, of the Canadian Geological Survey, is of opinion that a great wealth of diamonds is hidden in that part of Canada between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay. Who will be the first to find them?



A STEEL chimney 230 ft. high and 8 ft. in diameter has just been completed, and will be erected in Mexico.



THE "THREE-LEGGED" RACE AT SANDHURST SPORTS, 1905.

THE SANDON SUITS



ARE WELL KNOWN
THROUGHOUT THE UNITED KINGDOM

ELEGANT & DURABLE. STRONG & RELIABLE.

*Made to Measure from the Best
Cloths, thoroughly shrunk.*

BEST QUALITY
BEST STYLE
BEST FINISH
BEST FIT

COMBINED IN

SANDON SUITS

Boys are just as much entitled to the same careful planning and making as men. Boys wearing SANDON SUITS are the equivalent of a West End tailor-made man.

Send for our beautifully illustrated book, and measurement form. Free to all.

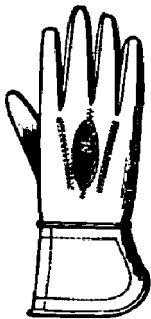
Agents in most large towns.

SANDON BROS., Centenary St., LEEDS

Established 20 Years:

High Class Tailors, and
Specialists for Youths' Wear

City Sale & Exchange



WICKET-KEEPING GAUNTLETS.

2/8, 3/6, 4/3, 5/6, pair.
Postage, 3d.

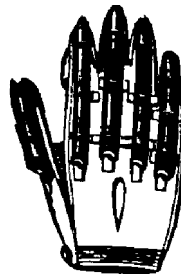
STUMPS (Ash).
2/8, 3/-, 4/11, 6/9.
Postage, 6d.

CRICKET BATS.
All Cane Handles
No. 1, 4/11 No. 2, 7/6
The Exchange . . . 9/6
The Salex . . . 14/8



CRICKET BALLS.

The Exchange	3/6
The Salex	4/6
The Fleet	5/-
Compo, 10d. and 1/0	

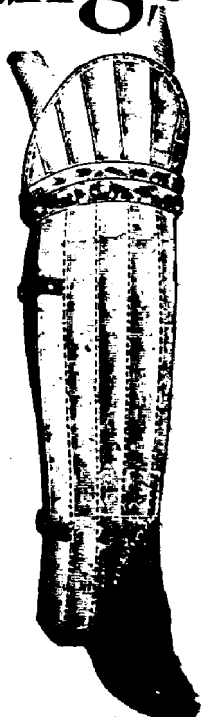


BATTING GLOVES.

Grey Rubber.
4/-, 4/11, 5/9, 6/11,
pair.
Red Rubber.
4/8, 5/6, 6/6, 7/6, pair.
Postage, 3d.

LEG GUARDS.

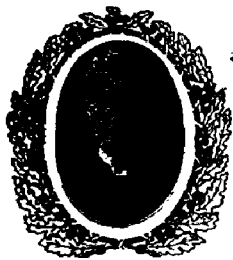
3/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11,
7/11, pair.
Postage, 4d.



**NEW SEASON'S ILLUSTRATED LIST OF CRICKET
TENNIS, CROQUET, ARCHERY, GOLF, &c. &c.**

Post Free on Application. Mention "The Captain."

90, 91, 93 & 94 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.



THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE



*To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World.*

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.
Photo. Mills.

MOTTO—*"Many Countries but One Empire."*

F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newnes

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR JULY 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters as above. Readers of the CAPTAIN, on becoming members of the B.E.L., can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

ADELAIDE.—South Australia. On March 16, 1905, this branch held a debate against the Lutheran Literary Society on the question, "Is it Through the General Use of Machinery that there are so Many Unemployed?" Mr. W. H. Weiss, the Hon. Sec. of the B.E.L. Branch, led his party, taking the negative side of the debate, and Mr. W. Fenn championed the cause of the Lutherans for the affirmative. The debate was well maintained on both sides before a large and appreciative audience, and was decided in favour of the B.E.L. Society.

I have received a long letter from Mr. Weiss, which is published in No. 3 of the *B.E.L. Gazette*, dealing with many matters of interest to members, on which I shall be glad to have the opinion of CAPTAIN readers.

Mr. Weiss is one of the oldest and most esteemed B.E.L. members "down under," and has earned our grateful thanks by his indefatigable efforts to further the League's aims and objects throughout Australia.

VICTORIA.—On March 30 Mr. Henry Crawford delivered an interesting lecture before the members and friends of the local Club, entitled "A Plea for Humanity." Musical items occupied the remainder of an enjoyable evening.

MALTA.—This branch continues to progress steadily, and its doings are watched with great interest by every section of the public in the island. We heartily congratulate Mr. Borg, the Hon. Sec., and his comrades on the continued success of their excellently organised Club. Judging from the programme arranged for Empire Day it would appear that all previous demonstrations have been surpassed, and we await with interest the mail which will bring the report of the day's festivities.

BROMSGROVE, Greenock, Kidderminster, Bo'ness, York, Lewisham, North Walsham, Putney, Hull, &c.—I have to thank the secretaries of all these branches for their encouraging reports, which will be more fully dealt with in the *Gazette*.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope when the protracted war has ceased I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to the above address.

HOWARD H. SPICER.



You must have **WRIGHT'S RULES** if you want those that are always accurate and up-to-date. Price 3d. each.
LAWS OF CRICKET, 1905. With special Explanations, together with Hints on the Game by W. W. READ.
LAWS OF LAWN TENNIS. With Particulars How to Easily Measure a Court and other Items of Interest.
LAWS OF CROQUET. With Regulations for Prize Meetings, &c.
Laws of Lawn Bowls, Quoits, Golf, and Bicycle Polo. Order of Going in Cards (the only original kind used by all the chief clubs).
Laws of Cricket, 1906: for hanging in Club Rooms, Pavilions, &c.
 Send for List of Rare Cricket Literature and Old Oil Paintings.
WRIGHT & CO., 23 Paternoster Sq., London, E.C.

Any one wishing to have their favourite
CRICKET BATS REPAIRED
 should try

H. R. PETHER,
Cricket Bat Manufacturer,
COWLEY ROAD, OXFORD.

All repairs done personally. Every trial gives satisfaction. New Bats made to order.

Patronised by the Oxford University and College
 Cricket Clubs, Gentlemen of England, &c.

H.M.S. "CONWAY" SCHOOL SHIP
MOORED IN THE MERSEY.

Designed to give a sound **TECHNICAL** and **GENERAL** EDUCATION to boys desirous of entering the **MERCANTILE MARINE** and other professions. **SEVERAL NOMINATIONS TO ROYAL NAVAL CADET-SHIPS** UNDER BOTH THE "OLD" AND "NEW" (OSBORNE) SCHEMES OF NAVAL EDUCATION. Physical culture a special feature.

For full particulars and Prospectus apply to the Commander,
 LIEUT. H. W. BROADBENT, R.N.R., Rock Ferry, Cheshire.

SINGER CYCLES

"BEST OF ALL."

WORLD-RENOUNDED for
EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY
 . . . and **FINISH**
POPULAR PRICES.

The Singer Challenge - £8 10
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 With Two-Speed Gear,
 from £10 12
 With Three-Speed Gear,
 from £11 10

NOT, HOW LOW IN PRICE,
BUT, — HOW HIGH IN VALUE.

That is the Test.

Lists Free. Deferred Payments.

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY

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AGENTS EVERYWHERE

If
 you want a
 friend on whom
 you can always
 rely, then possess a

'SWAN' Fountain Pen

10/6 to £20. All hands suited.
 Of all Stationers. Catalogue free.

Mabie, Todd & Bard
 79 & 80,
 High Holborn, W.C.
 Branches:—
 London:—
 93, Cheapside, E.C.
 95A, Regent St. W.
 Manchester:
 3, Exchange
 Street.



TENTS

NEW SQUARE TENTS as illustration, striped, 6 ft. square from £22. MARQUEES in good condition, 9 ft. by 6 ft. £22. 14 ft. by 8 ft. £3 10s.; 16 ft. by 8 ft. £4. Larger sizes equally cheap. Also on hire. Up-River Tents for Camping-out from 30s. each.

Speciality—BATHING OR LAWN TENTS from 12s. 6d. each. Send for illustrated lists free from J. H. BROWN, Mitre Works, Three Colt St., Limehouse, E. Established 1875.

ROWLAND WARD, LTD.

NATURALISTS, and Manufacturers of
APPARATUS and CABINETS

for the Use of Entomologists, Ornithologists, &c.

NETS, 13, 23, 36, 4-, and upwards.
 ZINC RELAXING BOXES, 9d., 1s., 1s. 6, and 2s.
 ENTOMOLOGICAL PINS, 16 oz., four sizes. Box, assorted sizes, 1/-
 SUGARING TINS, 1s and 2s. EGG DRILLS, 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1/-
 BLOW PIPES, 4d., 6d., 8d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6.
 POCKET BOXES, 6d., 9d., 1s., and 1s. 6.
 STORE BOXES, 2s., 2s. 3s, 4s., 5s., and 6s.
 SETTING BOARDS. Corked, 14-in. long, from 5d. upwards.

Set, one of each size up to 5-in., 10s.
 KILLING BOTTLES, 9d., and 1s.
 LABEL LIST, British Butterflies, 3d. British Birds' Eggs, 6d.

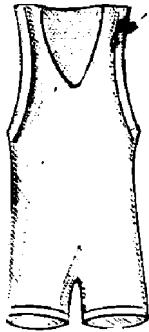
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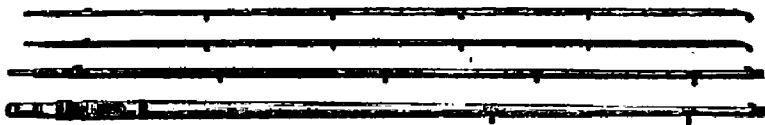
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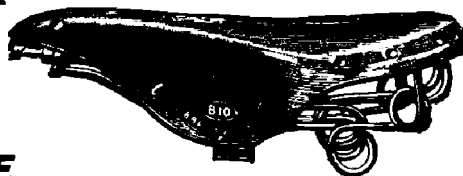
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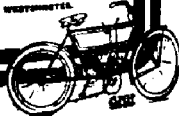
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VOL. XIII. No. 77.

AUGUST, 1905.

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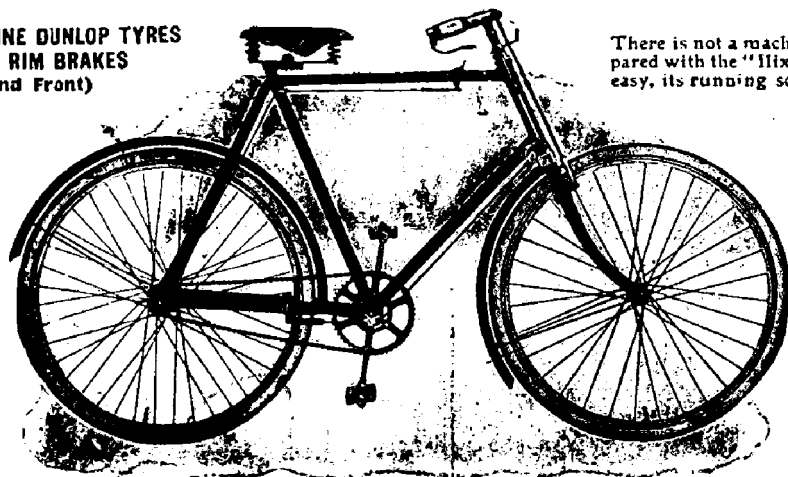
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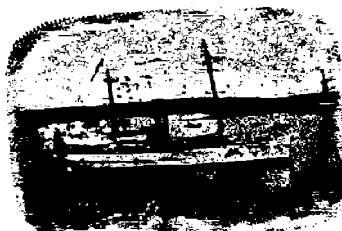
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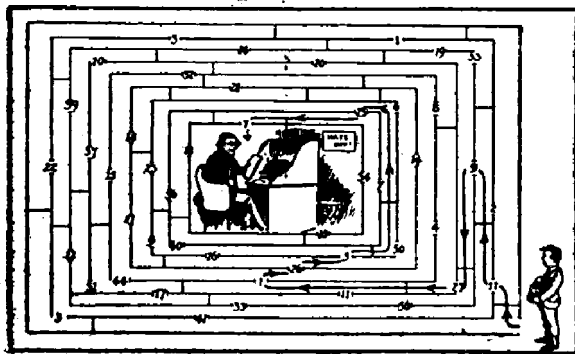
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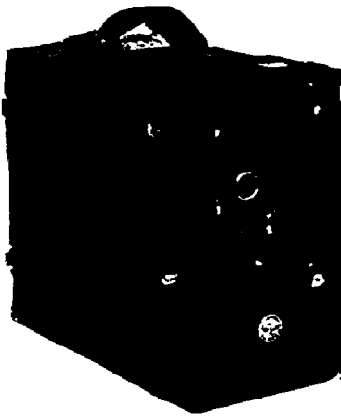
All these Prizes are of the very best quality, including the five-shilling pieces. See page 459



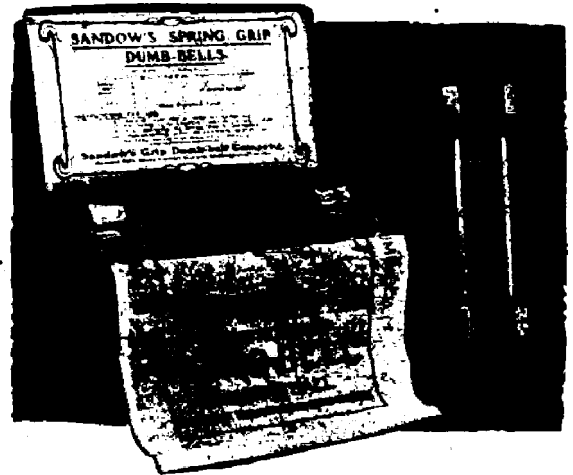
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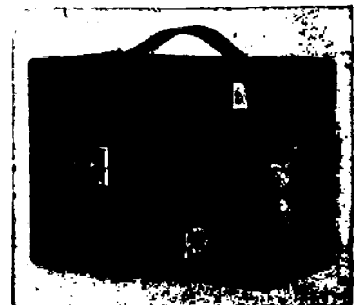
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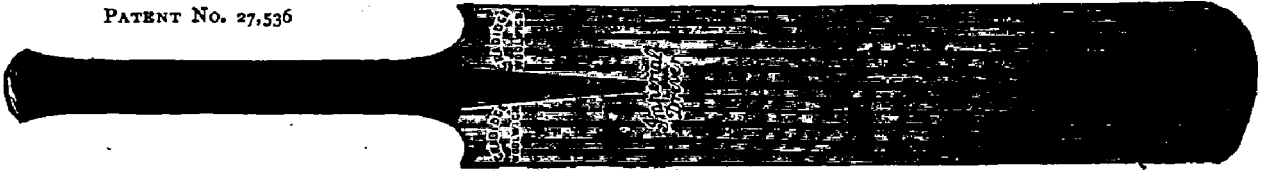


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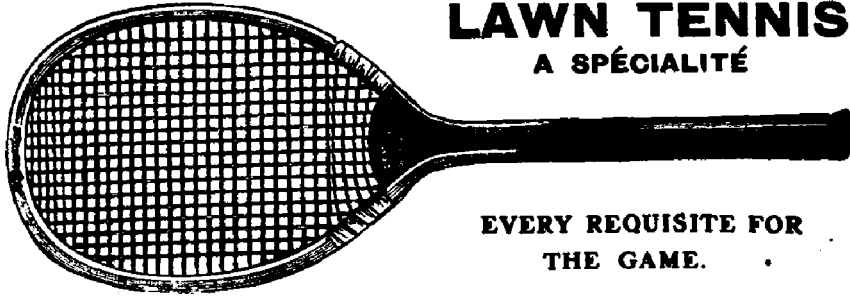
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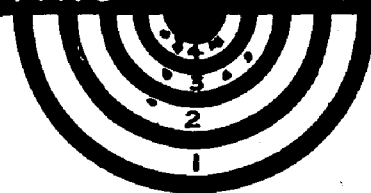
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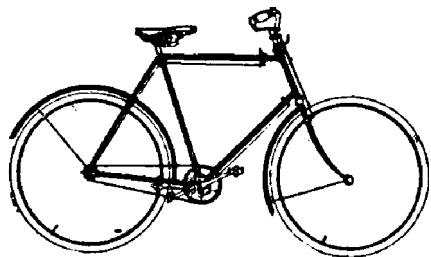
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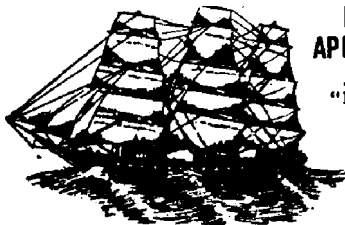
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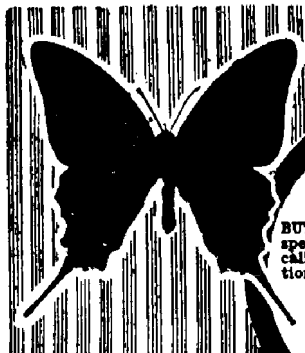


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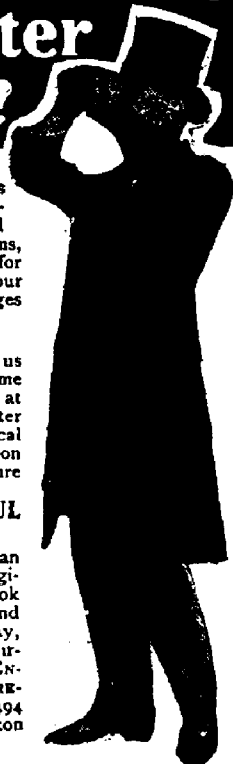
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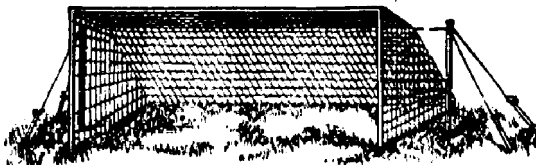
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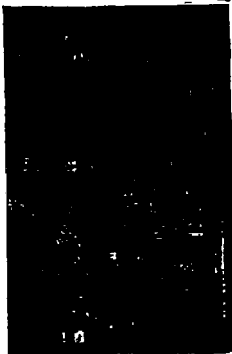
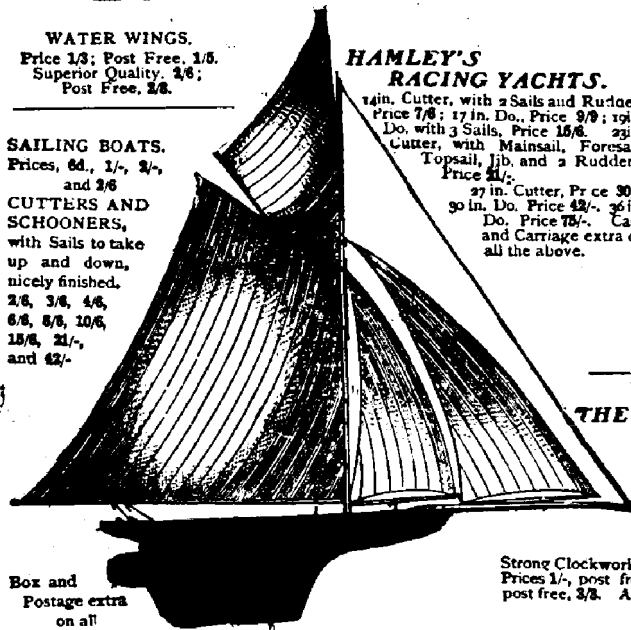
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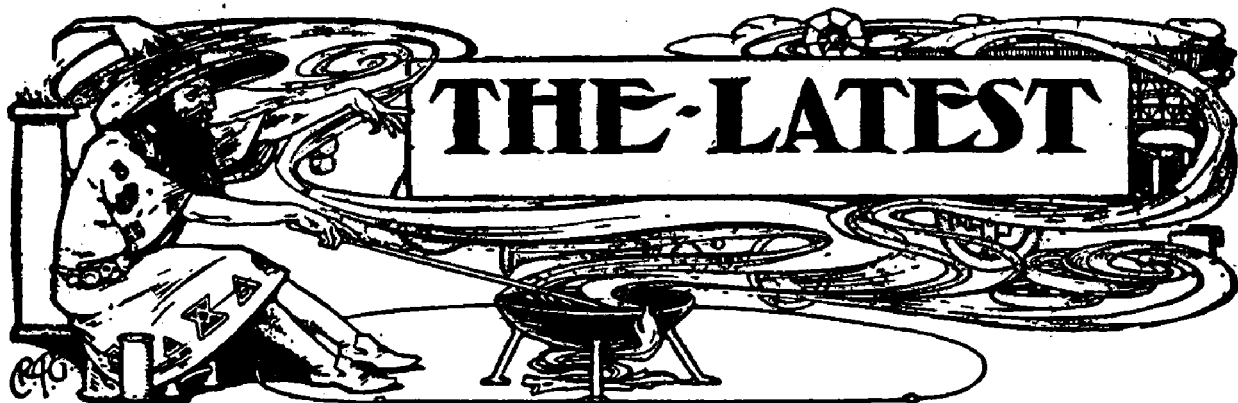
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 Everywhere*

BECOME A CRACK SHOT BY BUYING THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE "GEM" AIR GUN



WILL CARRY ACCURATELY AT 25 YARDS
 EVERY GUN CAREFULLY TESTED BEFORE LEAVING OUR WORKS

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 HEAVY WEIGHT 15/6 COMPLETE

We also stock the Militia Air Guns, 21/-, 25/- and 35/-. The "Marketer," 25/- each. T Catch Air Guns, 15/- each. The Dairy Air Rifle, 2/11. Postage 5d. extra. If you are requiring anything in Air or Saloon Guns, Slugs, Darts, Cartridges, &c., drop us a postcard, and we will forward Catalogue (No. 20) per return, post free. We also supply Model Engines, Fittings, Motors, Dynamoes, and all the Latest Novelties. Catalogue (No. 21), post free.

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(Advertisers in "The Captain" from its commencement.)

Branch Depot: 52a HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

Established 1876.

Coal-Mining with Compressed Air.

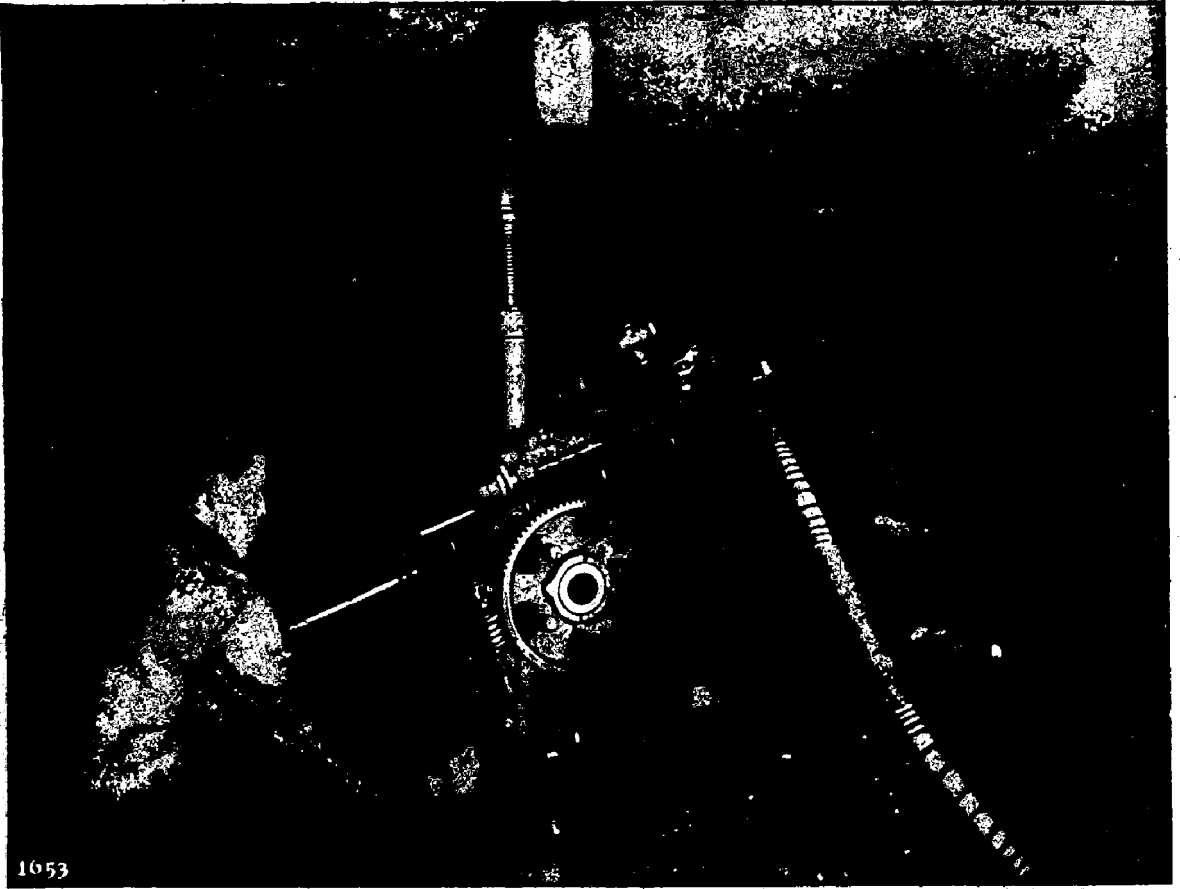
THE picture on this page graphically illustrates one of the very latest developments in coal-mining. The radial coal-cutter shown here is made by the Ingersoll Sergeant Drill Company. The operator sits comfortably on a low stool, very much as a sighter sits when handling a gatling gun. Needless to say, coal-mining by this means is a great improvement on the present tedious method of excavating a seam of coal with hand picks until it is ready for a fall.

This machine coal-cutter can be set in any

upon it, a submarine telescope would save a great deal of time. Such an instrument is now being perfected. It can be used at any depth to which a diver can safely descend. The viewing tube is made in sections, which are added as the lower end of the tube, which contains the lens, is let down. Near the lens is a very powerful submarine search-light. When the light is turned on, the water is illuminated and easily explored.

Building the Big Cunarders.

THE largest steel stern frame in one piece ever made has been cast successfully at the



PNEUMATIC RADIAL COAL-CUTTER.

position desired. The compressed air drives the drill, which is a chisel-shaped tool, into the coal at the rate of several hundred blows a minute. The miner in the right of the picture is cleaning out an "undercut."

A Submarine Telescope.

It has long been thought that in many cases an efficient submarine telescope would dispense with the necessity of employing a diver. Where a search is to be made, or where the diver must first locate an object before going to work

Darlington Forge Works. Nearly seventy tons of molten steel were used. The frame is intended for one of the great Cunard Liners now being built at Wallsend and at Clydebank, which are to be the biggest ships afloat.

The Latest in Warships.

THE French Government are now building a most remarkable cruiser which is to have a horse-power of 40,000. This ship is to be 515 ft. long, with a 72-ft. beam and a draught of 27 ft. Its displacement will be 13,644 tons.



The Hill Test is the Best Test

The amount of pleasure you derive from your bicycle depends upon the ease with which you can drive it. When cycling becomes hard work, there pleasure ceases. Take the Hills, for instance; if your bicycle is needlessly heavy every Hill becomes a drudgery. Not so with Rudge-Whitworths. Their extreme lightness renders them specially adaptable for hill-climbing. You can negotiate the steepest hill with little extra effort if you ride a

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

70 MODELS.

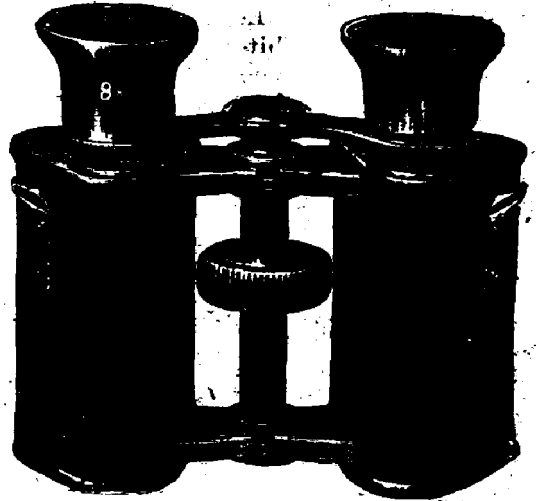
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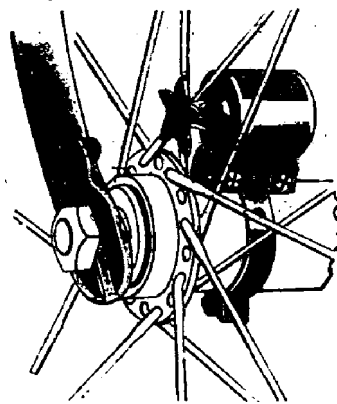
It is of the usual size, yet has twice the illuminating power of other makes of Prism Binoculars.

Invaluable for Sportsmen, Military and Naval Officers who require a Glass for dull as well as fine days, and for use in early morning or at evening. MADE IN TWO SIZES:

6 times Magnifying Power . £6 5 0
8 " " " " . £8 15 0

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Most cyclists recognise the value of a cyclometer. If you have not one on your machine, you need the

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It fits on the hub out of harm's way. Registers 10,000 miles, and then recommences. Fits any hub. For 26, 28 and 30 in. wheels

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A Bed for Bad Sailors.

By courtesy of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son we illustrate herewith an invention for the prevention of sea-sickness, which is now in experimental use on two of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway's cross-Channel steamers. It is called an "Auto Level Cot," and the inventor is Mr. H. Whitehouse, of Victoria Street, Westminster. The cot is suspended on gimbals like a ship's compass. By the aid of an ingenious electrical contrivance the cot is automatically kept constantly level. Even in the roughest weather when the ship rolls



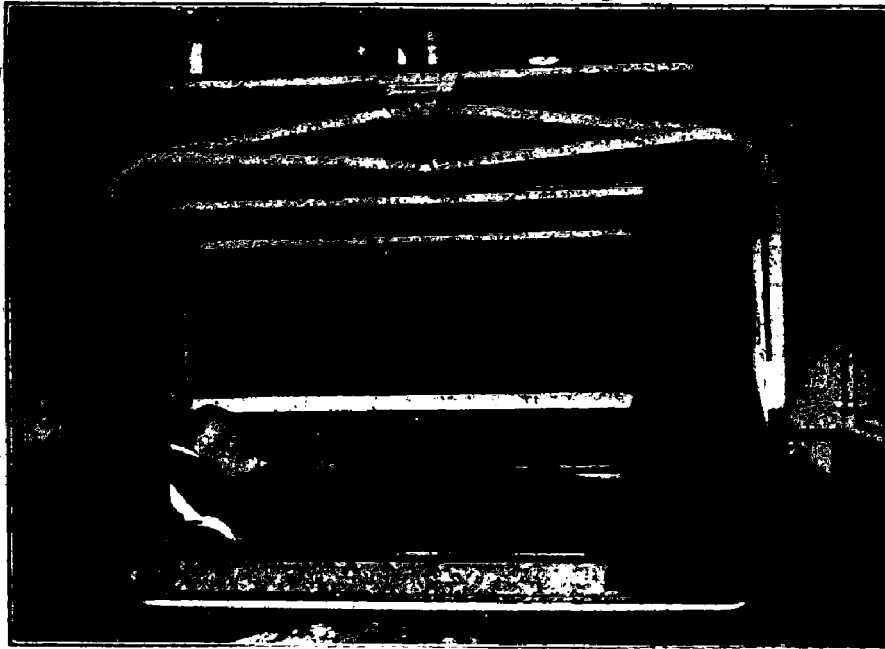
AN AID FOR THOSE LEARNING SWIMMING.

Water Wings for Young Swimmers.

For those learning to swim Ayvad's Water Wings, such as shown in the above sketch, are a great help. At first sight it seems strange that these water wings are all of one size and that they support a man as easily as they support a boy. As the wings are made porous, and as less air is required to support a large body than a small one, the wings allow just enough air to escape to adjust themselves to the size of the body to be floated. The wings themselves only weigh three ounces, and when not in use can be carried as easily as a pocket handkerchief. They cost 1s. 6d. per pair.

Railway up Mont Blanc.

An electric railway to carry passengers up Mont Blanc is the project of a reputable syndicate of French engineers. It will be quite the greatest enterprise yet seen in the way of mountain railways. The line will end at Aiguiles du Gouter, 14,430 ft. above sea-level.

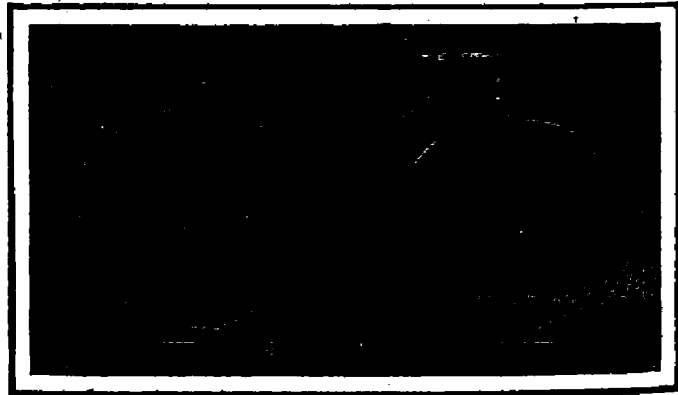


AUTO LEVEL COT IN USE ON CHANNEL STEAMERS.

up to 25 degrees the cot only moves occasionally, and then only 3 degrees.

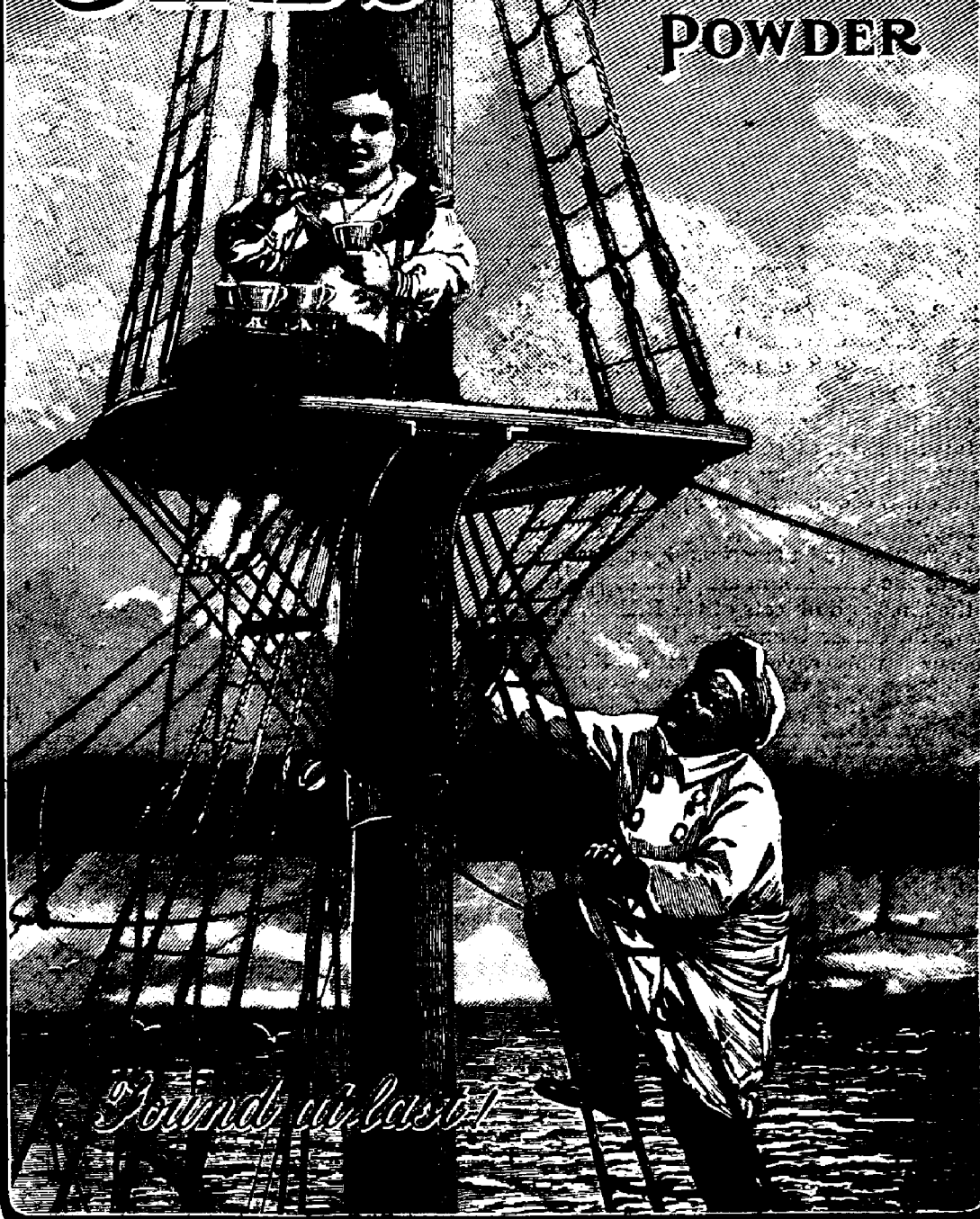
The "Cyclopede."

THE latest in physical exercisers is the "cyclopede." This machine, which is being put on the market by Mr. J. F. Bentley, of Ludgate Circus, is really a glorified hobby-horse, the precursor of the bicycle. The machine is driven by the feet, and on an undulating road a fair average speed of from eight to nine miles an hour can be attained by the rider. The "cyclopede" weighs under 20 lb., and costs three guineas. It is said to be easier to ride a cyclopede than to walk, and that "cycling is violent exercise compared with cyclopeding." The latter is, at any rate, the less costly pastime to take up.



THE HOBBY-HORSE RETURNS TO LIFE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER



Found at last!

SEASONABLE DELICACIES! AUGUST

(Copyright)

BIRD'S CUSTARD & FRUIT—DISHERS FOR THIS MONTH.

Sliced Bananas & Custard.

Stewed Cherries & Custard.

Stewed Gooseberries & Custard.

Stewed Raspberries & Custard.

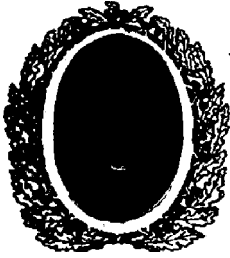
Stewed Red Currants & Custard.

Stewed Prunes & Custard.

Stewed Greengage Plums & Custard.

Stewed Bilberries & Custard.

All Tinned & Bottled Fruits & Custard.



THE BOYS' EMPIRE LEAGUE



*To Promote and Strengthen a Worthy Imperial Spirit
in British Boys all over the World.*

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, M.A.
Photo. Mills.

MOTTO—"Many Countries but One Empire."

F. C. GOULD.
Photo. Newman.

President, F. C. GOULD, Esq. Vice-Presidents, THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON, SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

LEAGUE NOTES FOR AUGUST 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

In response to numerous inquiries from readers of the CAPTAIN in all parts of the world as to the aims and objects of the B.E.L., I think I cannot do better than print the rules of the League, and thus save a great deal of time and trouble

(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, and 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) The official organs of the League are: the CAPTAIN—monthly, 6d.; *Young England*—monthly, 3d.; and the *B.E.L. Gazette*—1s. per annum post free.

(6) 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.

The advantages of joining the League, and its subsidiary sections—The Colonial Correspondence Club, Official Stamp Exchange, Picture Postcard Exchange, &c.—together with the Presidential Address by Sir A. Conan Doyle; "How to start a B.E.L. branch," by the organising Secretary; and photos of Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, Archdeacon Sinclair, and others interested in the League, are included in the *B.E.L. Handbook*, price 3d. post free from the above address.

B.E.L. CAMERA CLUB.—Hon. Sec., Henry J. Verrall, 47 Thornhill Place, Maidstone, Kent, would be glad to hear of any members in his district with a view to forming a branch in Maidstone. Mr. Verrall promoted a very successful branch in Caterham Valley, some years ago, and we hope his efforts will be as well rewarded in the present instance.

NEWBURY, BERKS.—Mr. John Wickens, F.S.B.C., B.E.L., 4407, 3 Gordon Place, St. Mary's Road, Newbury, Berks, would be pleased to hear from any B.E.L. members residing in the counties of Berks, Hants, and Wilts, for the purpose of organising clubs, and, if possible, at intervals, of visiting such clubs for lecturing. Apply, stating number of B.E.L. members, particulars of club, and enclosing stamped addressed envelope, to the above.

COLONIAL CORRESPONDENCE SECTION.—Every week the importance of this section becomes more apparent and extensive. CAPTAIN readers can now be put in communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire. I should like to obtain more correspondents in Japan, and I hope when the protracted war has ceased I shall be able to arrange regular communications between home members and those in the Far East.

For full particulars, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Secretary.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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STEAMBOATS**

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BOILERS.—Bronzed Brass with Water Tubes, 2 Flues, Adjustable Safety Valve, Glass Water Gauge, Steam and Water Cocks, Steam Pressure Gauge, Safety Firing Lamp with Water Cooler, &c. Tested to 50 lbs. per sq. in.
ENGINES.—Double B.V. Cylinder Launch Type, Patent Guides, Lubricators, whole Steel Cranks, &c. Hull 4 ft. over all, 4-bladed propeller, Helm with unique Steering arrangement. Complete weight with Engine and Boiler, 20 lbs. Price, complete, Tested and Guaranteed, £5 5s. 6d. Carriage free. Engines and Boiler without Hull, £4 4s. complete. Engines and Boiler can be set in position or removed from boat instantly. Used as Stationary Engine, drives Dynamos, Sewing Machines, &c. Geared as Crane will lift weights up to 1 cwt. Pamphlet illustrating above, and other Steamboat Engines, our famed Clyde-built Model Racing Yacht, etc., free on receipt of Stamp.

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NETS, 13, 23, 36, 45, and upwards.
ZINC RELAXING BOXES, 91., 17., 16, and 2.
ENTOMOLOGICAL PINS, 16 oz., four sizes. Box, assorted sizes, 1/-
SUGARING TINS, 18 and 2. **EGG DRILLS,** 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1/-
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Set, one of each size up to 5-in., 10 6.

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LABEL LIST, British Butterflies, 3d. British Birds' Eggs, 6d.

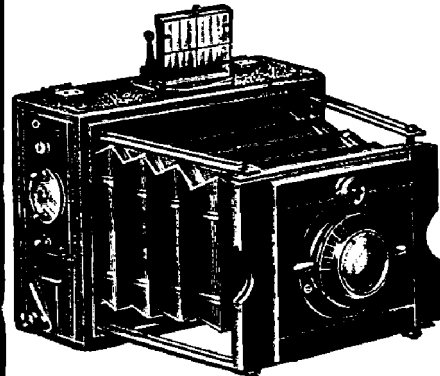
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	Insects.	Eggs.		Insects.	Eggs.
4 Drawers	11 3	12	8 Drawers	33	36
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**ITS
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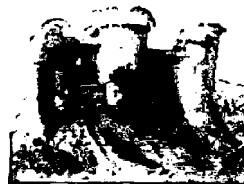
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plete in box with filler and directions.
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Money returned if dissatisfied after three days trial.

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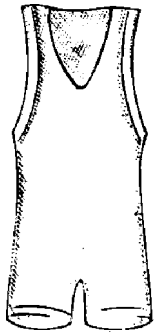
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All sizes ready
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1/- each, 11/- per dozen.
Superior, 1/6 each, 16/6 per dozen
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Quality, 2/6 each, 27/- per doz.

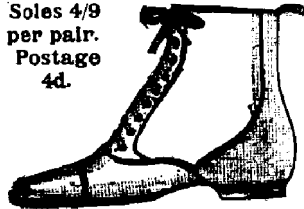
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float, &c. 10/6
No. 4. THE "J.P." SPECIAL ALL ROUND Fishing Outfit, consist-
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Trousers,	Shirts,	Jackets,
White Flannel, 5/3	White Flannelette,	Plain Navy Trimmed
and 6/6	1/11 each.	Ribbon or Coru,
Grey Flannel,	White Flannel,	3/11 each.
4/8, 5/11, 7/11	3/6, 5/2, Youths'	Striped Melton,
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	2/6, 3/6 each.	Striped Flannelette,
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By H. HERVEY

THE CAPTAIN

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FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS"

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG" ATHLETIC EDITOR, P.F. WARNER.

6^d

Vol. XIII. No. 78. SEPTEMBER, 1905

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Endurance

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It supplies stamina
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A COCOA YOU CAN ENJOY.



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Flannel, best Shrunk* ... 9/6

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Red and White, Black and Amber.

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Navy and White Black and Red.

Boys' sizes, up to 14 in. neck,

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These Balls are made of Stout Hide Cases, and are a marvel at the price.

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Perfect in shape. Will last longer than any other make. Every Section Stretched and Hammered before being made. Weighted Seams. It is utterly impossible for the ball to stretch, because the sections are so small. The Hides also go through a process which renders them Waterproof, and are sewn by the most experienced workmen. The shape is perfect, and every Ball is guaranteed. The Bladders are the celebrated "Referee" (extra strong). No. 5 (MATCH SIZE), Price 10/6, post free

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Is specially recommended for use at Barracks and Public Schools. It is composed of eight sections, cut from best selected English Cowhide, and is the best Ball for hard wear.

Price, complete ... 9/6

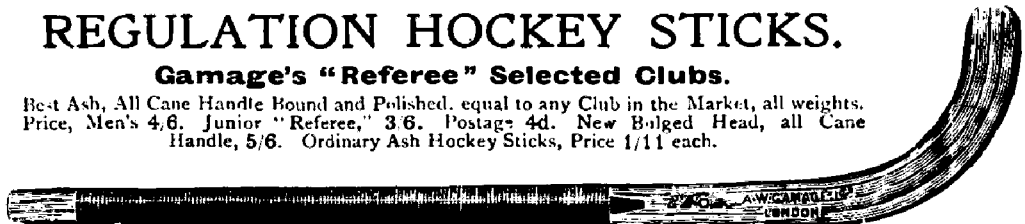
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The Holborn Match Ball, Stout Cowhide, Hand Sewn, 4/6, 5/6, 6/3, 7/3.

REGULATION HOCKEY STICKS.

Gamage's "Referee" Selected Clubs.

Best Ash, All Cane Handle Bound and Polished, equal to any Club in the Market, all weights. Price, Men's 4/6. Junior "Referee," 3/6. Postage 4d. New Bulged Head, all Cane Handle, 5/6. Ordinary Ash Hockey Sticks, Price 1/11 each.



Hockey Balls from 5d. each, or 4/6 per doz. Postage 2d. each. Quantities of 1 doz. carriage paid. Gold Cape Hockey Gloves, Horse-Hair Stuffed Fingers, very light but ample protection to the Hand, price 2/6 each. Postage 2d. Leather

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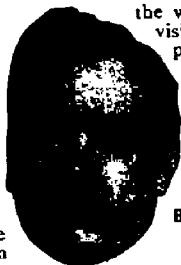
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since 1899 in over 150 matches, and have never had occasion to have it sent to."

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3000 students are at present in attendance at the Central College and its branches, in Daily and Evening Classes. There is also a thoroughly efficient and successful system of tuition by post for students throughout the British Isles or in any part of the world. All



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Founder and
Principal.

the work is under my personal direction and supervision, and is carried on under the system which has proved so successful for many years. That is why Clark's College is the most successful institution of its kind.

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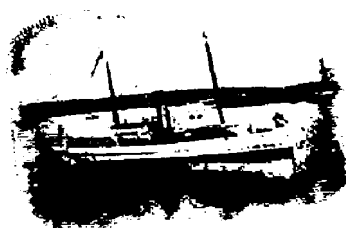
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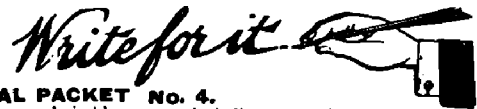
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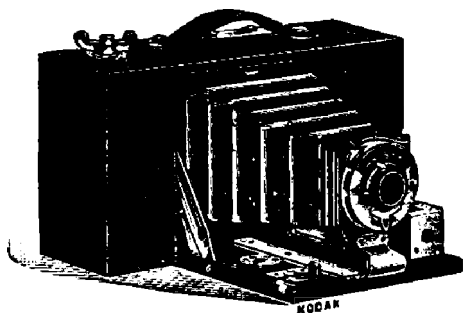
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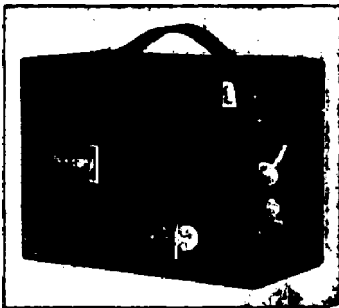
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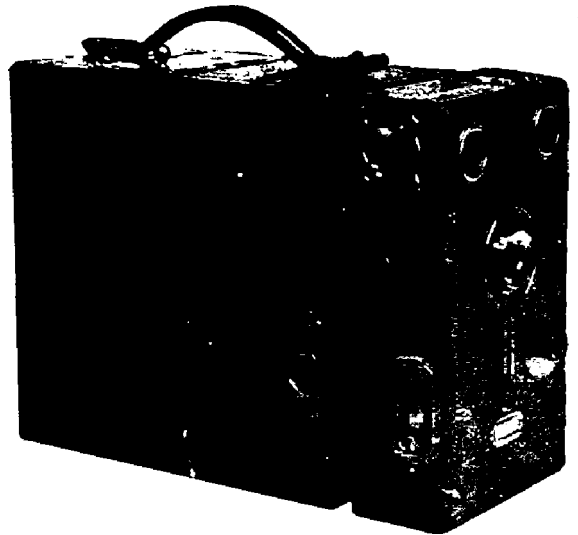
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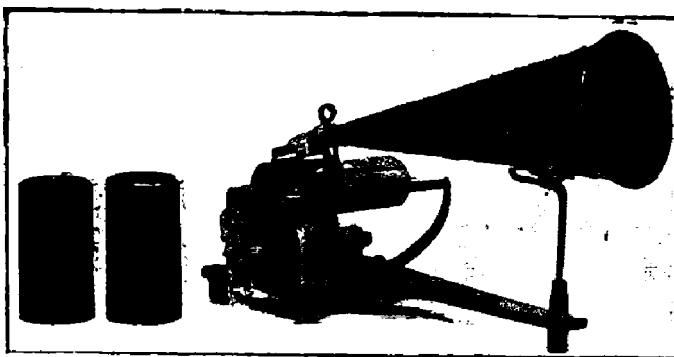


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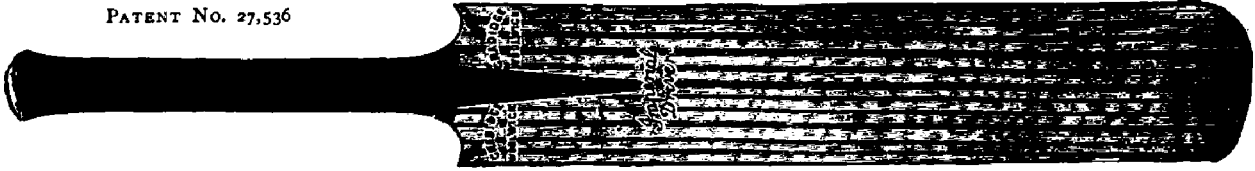
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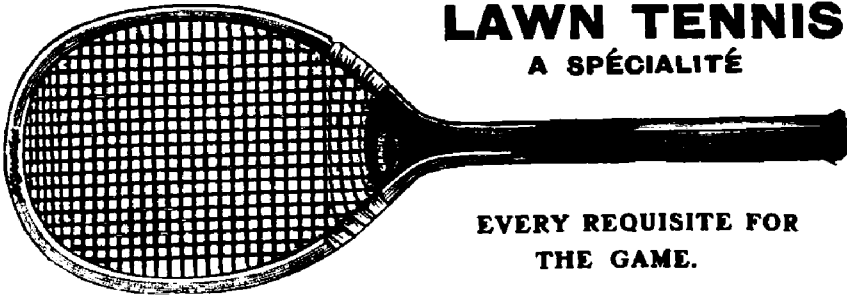
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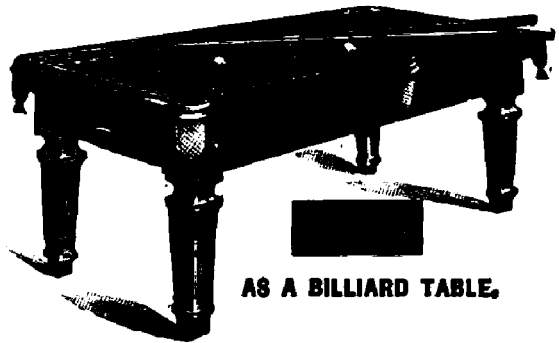
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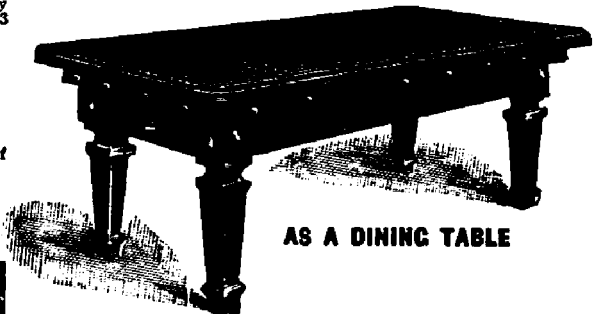
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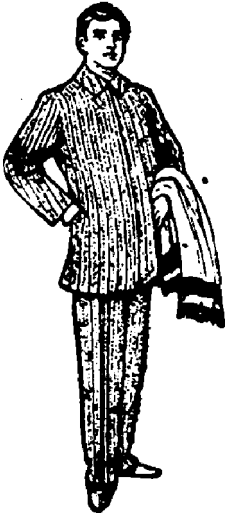
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Athletic Editor.



Editor.
The Old Fag.

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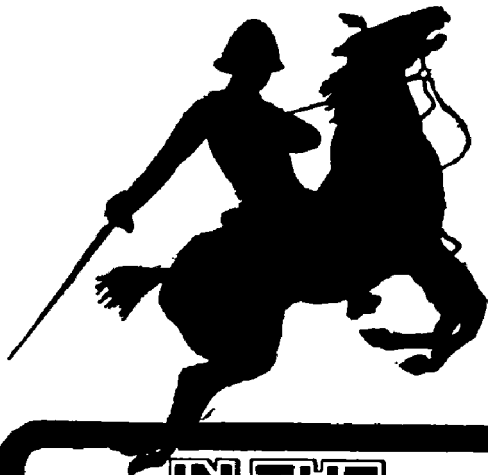
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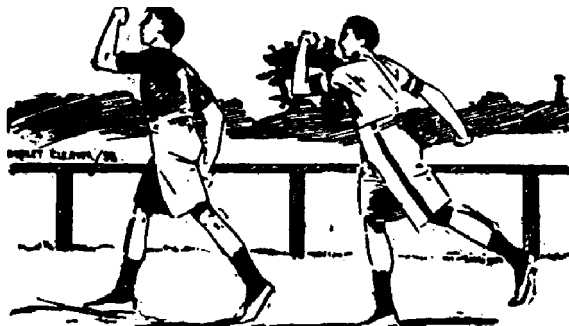
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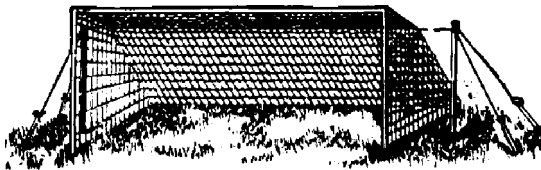
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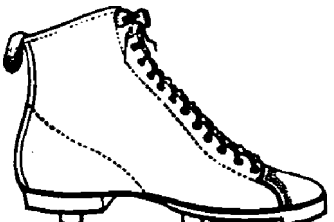
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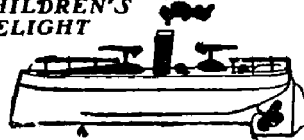
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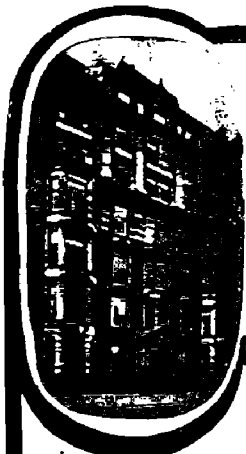
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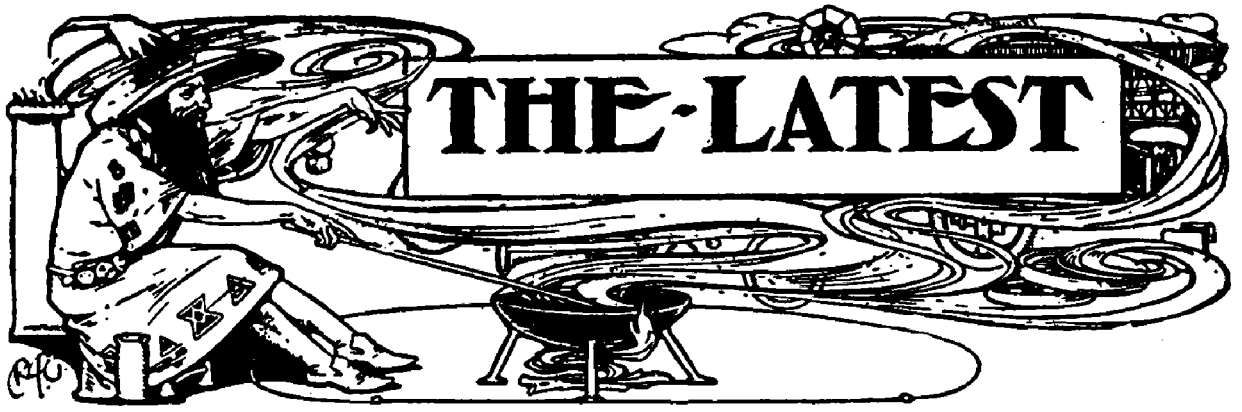
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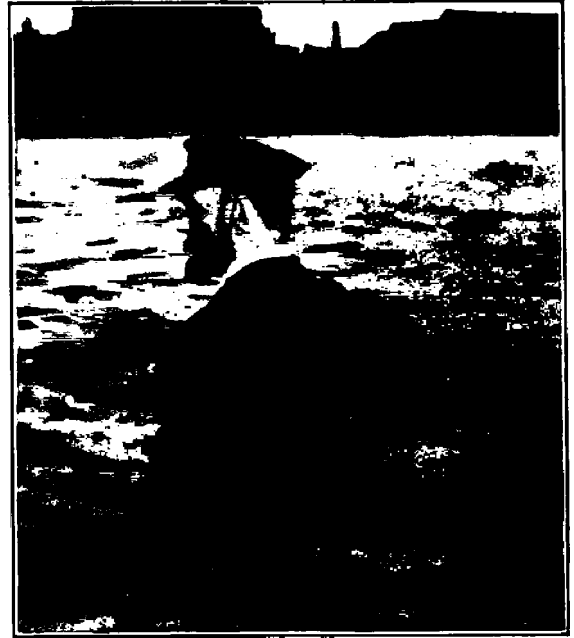
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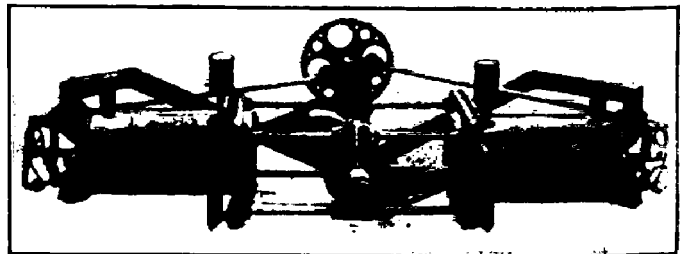
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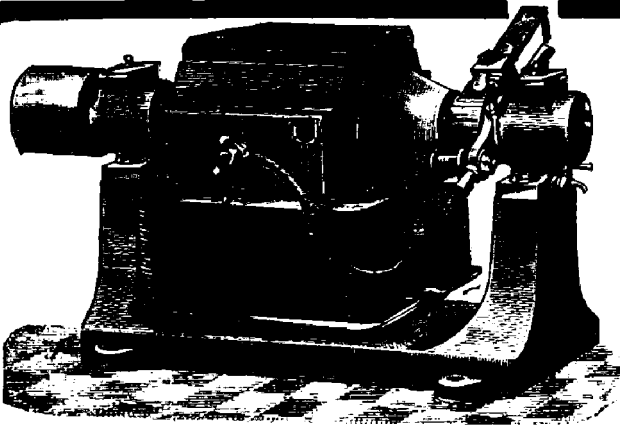
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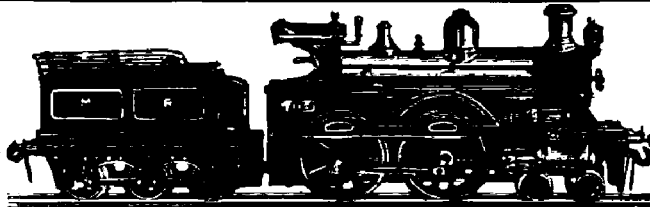
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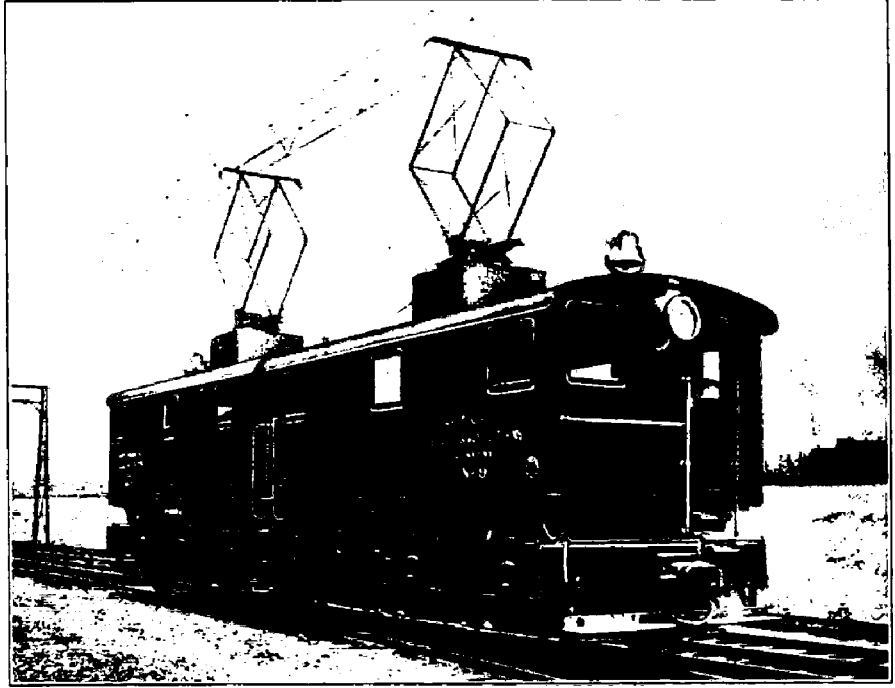
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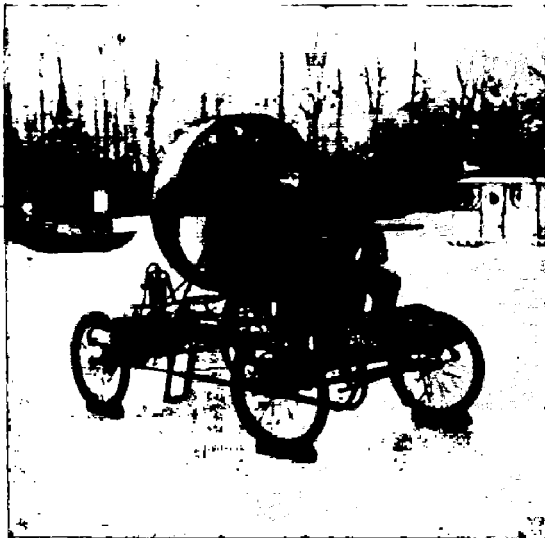
Hitherto nearly all electric locomotives have been designed on the multiple-unit system, and the introduction of the single-phase system has made the question of the electrification of main lines of railway an easier problem than it has hitherto been.



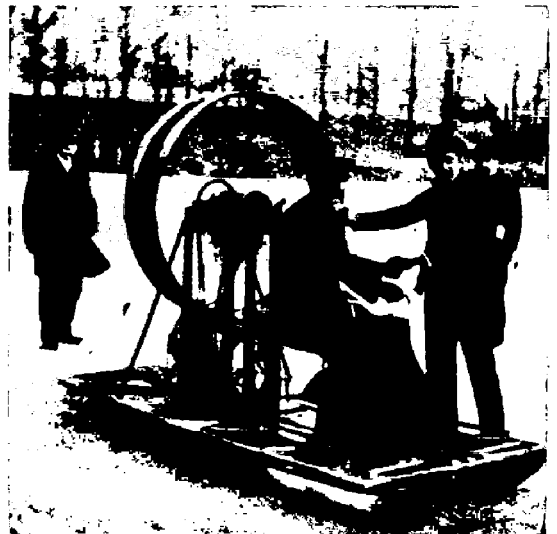
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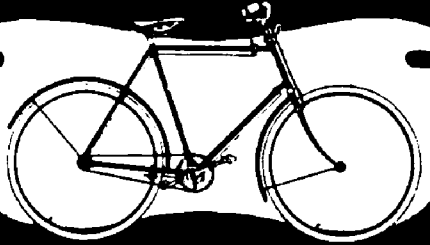
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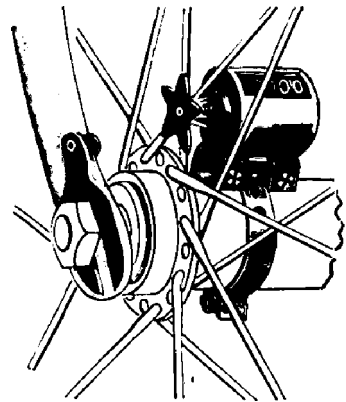
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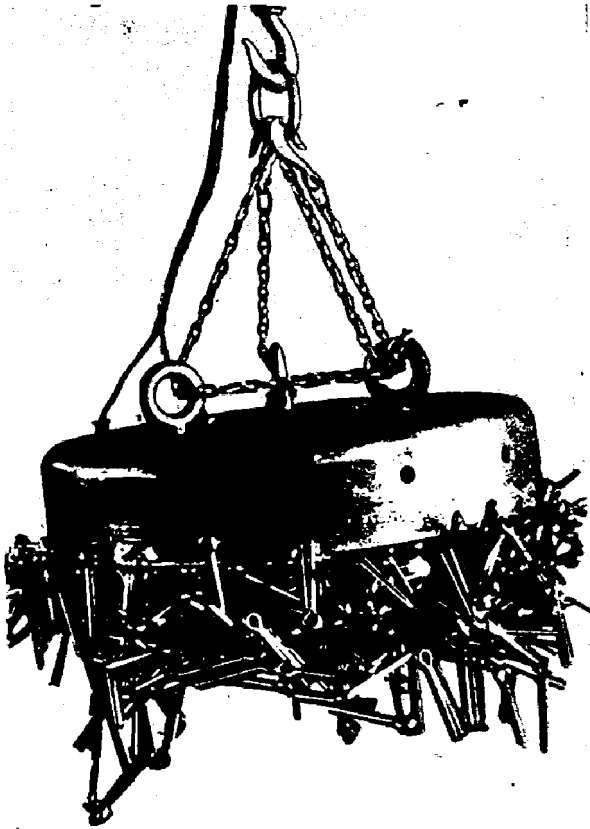
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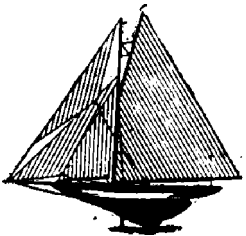
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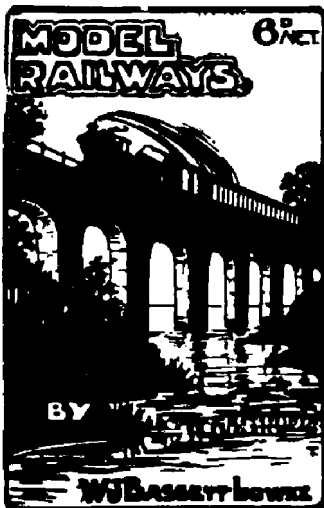


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LEAGUE NOTES FOR SEPTEMBER 1905.

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, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

MALTA.—I have to thank Mr. Robert Borg for a lengthy report of the B.E.L. Empire Day Celebrations. Malta has always been one of the most loyal and enthusiastic branches of the League, and on this occasion appears to have surpassed herself.

ELMINA.—Gold Coast Colony.—It is most gratifying to record that this newly formed branch of fourteen members journeyed many miles to take part in a patriotic procession and rejoicings on Empire Day. Much of the success of the gathering was due to the B.E.L. Members, who were conducted by their enthusiastic Hon. Sec., Mr. Manoel da Costa.

LEWISHAM, S.E.—I hear with pleasure that there is to be a great move in B.E.L. matters in Lewisham this autumn. Formerly one of the strongest of suburban branches, it promises to recover its old position. There is something in the nature of a surprise for all B.E.L. members who care to drop a card to Mr. G. Rock-Widlake, 7 Albion Road, Lewisham, S.E.

HULL, KIDDERMINSTER, NORTH WALSHAM, BROMSGROVE, COVENTRY.—I am in receipt of the usual monthly reports, all of which are encouraging. I hope to refer to them more fully in the *B.E.L. Gazette* for September.

By the time this number is in the hands of CAPTAIN readers, members of B.E.L. branches will be thinking of formulating their programmes for the winter. I have before me a pile of letters from Hon. Secretaries of existing branches, and also from others who would like to form

new Clubs in their respective districts. I append their names and addresses in the hope that CAPTAIN readers who wish to join will write to them direct :

BELFAST.—James W. McNinch, 1 Woodbrook Villas, Ballgomartin Road.

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E. FINCHLEY, N.—W. Smith, 5 Cavendish Terrace, High Road.

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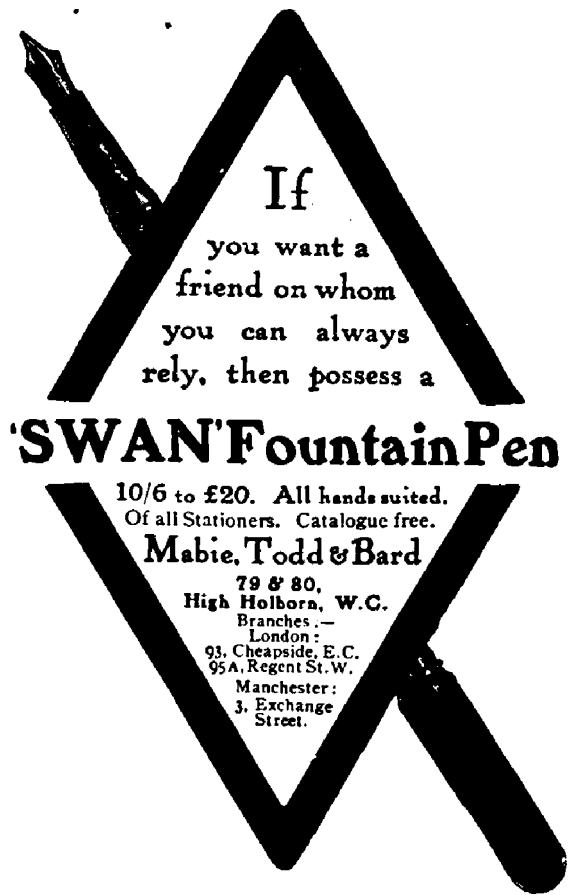
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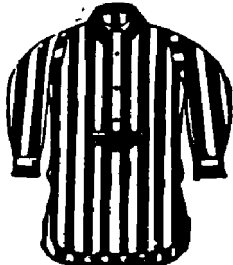
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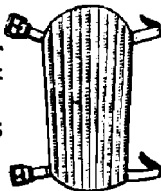
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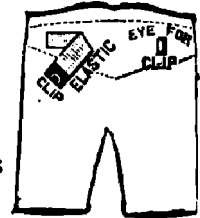


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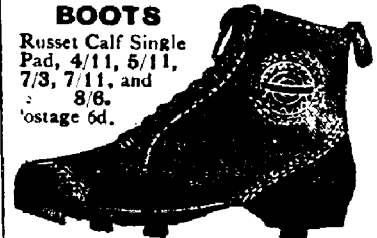


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