

THIS WEEK'S

MARVEL

Library Contains a Thrilling Tale of

TOM SAYERS,

The Great Boxer and Popular Actor, by

A. S. HARDY.

Printing Set Coupon No. 6. See page 291.



EVERY TUESDAY.

The object of THE BOYS' FRIEND is to Amuse, to Instruct, and to Advise Boys.

No. 487.—Vol. X. NEW SERIES.]

ONE PENNY.

[WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 8, 1910.

# SEXTON BLAKE; FOREMAN.



A NEW SERIAL  
OF THE  
GREAT DETECTIVE.

J.M. Gold

Some of the Grand Incidents You Will Read of in This Week's Chapters of "Sexton Blake, Foreman." Start Now.

## Being a Grand New Serial of the Great Detective, and His Assistants Tinker and Pedro.

### NEW READERS START HERE.

The contents of this story finds Sexton Blake, the famous detective, with his young assistant, Pedro, on the way to their embarkation to East Africa on a steamer trip. At the very last moment this long anticipated holiday is abandoned.

### So far, Sexton Blake has not struck

the slightest clue to the mystery he has come to solve, and nothing has happened since he left the steamer for a couple in the city.

The detective, now known as "Tinker," is better known by the name of "Ginger Tinker," and the famous detective and his assistant are looking for the contents of his flashlight some distance away from the building.

Block Jack is an exceedingly hard and suspicious foreman, under whom Tinker is working. In the night the work of months is mysteriously made a complete wreck, and the machinery put in a disheveled condition.

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own gang, and given him only light work at first, after his routine lunch.

But Tinker would have none of it, and he was not surprised when he said: "I'm not going to take on anything but my regular school job. 'I'll stand my feet all up to the top, same as the rest of 'em."

So he took his former place in the gang under Black Jack — another thing that made Blake rather uneasy, for he strongly doubted if that sort individual had any means for forcing the trick Tinker had tried, and he was a small schoolboy. 'I'll stand my feet all up to the top, same as the rest of 'em."

And Blake was right. Black Jack did not forget the incident.

But though he had his suspicions, he could not be sure who was responsible for it, and he was not certain about that he was not certain whose brow it was that had knocked down the tin.

He could only nurse his wrath and make covert inquiries. But although several of them and boys were taken into the line, they were struck, for they liked Tinker, and they were not his.

But the foreman never relaxed his efforts to find out. And his chance came at last in the biggest amount of a kick sent flying off Dave's arm, scattering his contents—bolts falling from the basket and apples falling over the dusty ground.

The police were called, and a howl of dismay, and then began to blubber like a child.

But the boy laughed, and began grinning the stolen pop.

"You mean, cowardly lark," he cried, "that I'm a favourite with the cops and the boys?"

"Silly Sam," he said, "you're a howl of dismay, and then began to blubber like a child."

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"Give us another punny, then," said Daft Dave, sipping the black round of coffee.

"I'll stand my feet all up to the top, same as the rest of 'em."

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"Stop a bit," he said. "I want one of you to take a barrow up to the toll-house yonder, alongside the tramroad, and let me have a couple of pick-belts to be repaired."

"Here, you've got 'em," said Tinker. "I won't take you more'n half an hour."

This was to Tinker's advantage, and he was not surprised when he said: "I'm not going to take on anything but my regular school job. 'I'll stand my feet all up to the top, same as the rest of 'em."

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illness, and spent with the day's heavy work. The effort soon exhausted Tinker, and he was not surprised when he said: "I'm not going to take on anything but my regular school job. 'I'll stand my feet all up to the top, same as the rest of 'em."

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### Tinker Makes a Dangerous

Discovery

HERE is an account in it, no doubt, but there is one

master-brain at the back

of it all, continued Sexton Blake

### Tom Sayers

Read the Thrilling, Long, Complete

Plot of this

Tom Sayers

### Boxer Actor

by Arthur S. Hardy

is in this Week's

Boxer Actor

### Mare

Price 1d.

Mare

Price 1d.

### Price 1d.

Price 1d.

Price 1d.

Price 1d.







I want all my boys to look upon me as their firm friend and adviser. There are few men who know boys as well as I do, and...

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about your troubles, and I will try to help you. My friends will find it interesting to read...

All letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, 25, Bonwell Street, London, E.C.

Another attractive feature commencing very shortly is a new series of short stories entitled "The Lads of London." This series will deal especially with every phase of boy life in the great metropolis...

CANNOT CONCENTRATE.

J. A. is a boy who tells me that he is very downhearted over the fact that whenever kind of reading he takes up it does not interest him at all...

He has got into the habit of going to bed at 10 o'clock and getting up at 6 o'clock. He has to do this to pull himself together, and start his first lesson in the morning...

Now, J. A. knows this, and I would advise him to try to get his class-jerk at him to show them this paragraph, and ask them if they can do it...

I WANT BOYS TO WRITE TO ME.

J. H. opens his letter with a sentence which I want to put into the mind of every reader of "The Boys' Friend." He says, "Knowing you don't write to boys, I thought I would then go on to ask me a question which I will answer later."

Of course, I cannot promise to answer every letter in the paper, but whenever I give you information I am urgently needed, all my correspondents have to do to slip in a post-card or stamped address-envelope, and I will see that the reply comes to you in return of it to them promptly.

It is rather late to ask this question, but I will usually get to you at the end of the football season. You can get in an order to improve it and keep the leather in good shape...

A SMOKER.

I am a new reader, and also a member of the League of Boy Scouts. I have written to you before, and I am sorry to say that the one thing which hampers me most in smoking is my nose...

Of course, they will, E. H. K., because they haven't any nose, because they are dead. I think it mainly to smoke-jerk as though a boy could not be a decent, sensible, clean-cut, and well-to-do smoker!

There never was such a stupid fellow in the world as a boy who smokes, and jogs at the boy who doesn't smoke.

Further, I would advise him to practice some breathing exercises. He should stand in the open air, lifting up his hands until they touch his ears, and then let them fall, and so on...

The next week he should repeat the same exercise, but this time for three times a day, and the third week let him make it twenty; he will find that his lungs are gradually becoming stronger and more elastic...

I am afraid that the fact of my writing this article will necessitate his seeking an open-air life. He might find it better to drive a motor-car, or be a gardener, or in any calling which compels him to be out of doors most of his time.

WROTE-RECOVERS.

There is no young friend writes me asking if, when they tell people that they want to know how to be successful in life, they should tell them that their lead to a living life in the back-woods of Canada, and they will be able to do so...

Now, I am sure of all tell my young friends that a trapper's life is a hard and a dangerous one, because of the many dangers that attend every season of the year in wild countries in Canada...

Now, F. H. K., don't you mind if the boys do laugh at you. After all, you are a doctor, because of not smoking you are showing that you are a master of yourself, that you can do it...

F. H. K. Your friends will very soon get tired of it when they see you doing it. They will not be affected they want—that is, to make you smoke.

AN UNLUCKY BOY.

One of my friends—who, let me say straightaway, is not very sympathetic—tells me he has had the bad luck to have three consecutive years of bad luck...

There is often a good deal of trouble caused by using men to the lumber camps in Canada. This work consists of the felling and hauling of trees, and every winter an enormous amount of it is done in Canada...

Of my father's control, a simple and healthy.

OUT OF HIS FATHER'S CONTROL.

"My lad" is a boy who wants me to tell him what age a boy should be when he is out of his father's control, and what his own ways are.

The legal age, which a man attains when he is 21, when, in the eyes of the law, he becomes an adult, is not necessarily the moment a boy can support himself. He is practically out of the control of his parents because he can treat them, and fend for himself, and do what he likes with his money.

It seems to me, however, that be hind these two questions there lies a much more important question, which has probably been having trouble at home—possibly he has resented the fact that he is out of his father's control to his father. If this is the case, "My lad" should not be too hasty in any action which he is contemplating. If he has any money, he should use it to buy a coat over in a quiet, sensible fashion with his father. He should remember that he is not a great deal older than himself, and knows more of the world; and, as a rule, relatives are not so kind to their sons. If my friend has any personal grievances, he should try to settle them with his advice and try to arrange matters on a friendly basis.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

BOXING NOTES.

How to Tackle a Bull.

It falls to the lot of almost every one during their boyhood to have a "bull" fight with them. It is against someone bigger and stronger, and, therefore, a few notes on such unusual contests should prove valuable.

In the first place, remember that the bull will come at you whether or not you are ready for it. If a boy learns to be respectful himself, and cannot descend to hitting people much more than he can, he will be the small boy most make up for his and lack of weight by scientific knowledge.

Next, remember that in fighting a bigger man than yourself you have one stupendous advantage—you can see him before he can see you. By this means you will, as the saying goes, "be a step ahead of him" at all times.

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NEW STORIES.

THE NEXT week I shall have very much pleasure in printing the opening chapters of "Yorkshire Grit," a tale of the wood district. It is written by Mr. Stacey Blake, who is quite well known to readers of "The Boys' Friend."

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BY  
THE  
AUTHOR  
OF  
"THE  
ODDS  
AGAINST  
HIM."



Our Grand New Series of Complete Stories.

**A FIGHT WITH THE FLAMES.**

"ARTON," said Mr. Gaythorpe graciously, "the tide has turned; therefore no longer does my footsteps to cast me upon the hard rocks of pauperism. A new sun shines brightly upon the business which advances in a—no—wave of prosperity along the smooth road of success."

By which involved speech he meant to imply that many through Jack's up-to-date methods the business had been saved, and was rapidly becoming a prosperous concern.

It was a Thursday, and the shop had closed at two, but Jack had stopped behind to assist his employer in going through the books.

"I'm very glad, sir," he said. "Yes, Carton, it is a good thing for us both. I'm not denying that I owe a good deal of the success to you, and you will not find me ungrateful. I hope at the end of the month to pay you the money I owe you, and to raise your wages for a pound a week."

Jack's heart leapt, for he knew how useful extra money would be to his mother. The next day his mother was going into the country to stay with some people that she had known as a girl, and Jack was anxious to give her a surprise by finding a pleasant place than Dawson's dwellings for her to return to.

"I'm very grateful, sir," he said quickly. "I want to get on, and I mean to do it. I think we can still be friends, I'm thinking out of scheme now, but I'd rather not talk about it until I've got it all fixed up."

The grocer tried to get some particulars from him, but Jack put him off. He had a scheme for express delivery to distant suburbs, but he meant not to say anything until it until he had looked at it from all points of view, for he knew the folly of introducing a half-considered scheme.

Thanks to Jack's idea of the biscuits Mrs. Gaythorpe had begun to ahead; two messenger boys were now making an inventory of one of Gaythorpe's biscuits had caught on; people talked of them, recommended them to their friends, and it had become the "thing" in the district.

Jack heard that the people at the Stores were furious for the makers under their contract with Gaythorpe had refused to supply them, and the grocer found that orders arrived from places that he had never dreamt of doing business with.

At last Jack finished his work, and turning up the collar of his coat when he came to himself on the driving rain of a cold winter's afternoon, he hurried home.

"Mother," he cried, sitting down to tea, "this is our last evening together for some few weeks, and we must have a jolly time. Gaythorpe has just told me that he is going to give me a rise, and—well, things are

going finely, mother, and we must celebrate the event."

His mother was tired, but she smiled at his enthusiasm.

"Where can we go, Jack? The theatre would be too late; I'm not strong enough for late hours."

"Oh," said Jack quickly, "I will go to the new picture theatre. We've got a fine show on, and the scenery sets are like stalls in West End theatres. We'll do the thing properly, mother, and go in the best seats."

Then they hurried over their tea, talking of Mrs. Carton's visit to the country, of their future prosperity, and of the things they would do when Jack had climbed a few more rungs in the ladder of success.

But little did they think how Jack's little words in his ear were to be brought tumbling to the ground.

"By Joe, mother," cried Jack, as they came out of the picture theatre that night, "I'm sure you'll know, just after nine that night, at a lady's fire somewhere close at hand. Look at the red flames!"

People were standing staring at the red glow of the sky, or hurrying towards where they believed it to proceed from.

A great red merry fire-brine thundered past, and then, closely following it, came up escape, and then another engine.

"Fire, fire!"

The cry seemed to echo on every side, and the terrible cry so full of meaning that strikes a chill, and at the same time a strange excitement, the hearts of even the most hardened.

"The engine's stopped!" cried Jack. "The fire's in the High Street. We'd better out down the side roads, mother; we shall never get through the crowd. Hello, there goes another engine!"

Clang, clang, clang! Clang, clang, clang! Clang, clang, clang! Clang, clang, clang!

The cry seemed to echo on every side, and the terrible cry so full of meaning that strikes a chill, and at the same time a strange excitement, the hearts of even the most hardened.

"Where is it?" shouted a man, who was running along just past the Stores, towards the grocer's!

"Gaythorpe's—the grocer's!" shouted the constable, as he hurried along.

Jack stopped as though shot.

"Gaythorpe's—the grocer's!" his employer's shop was on fire; the shop that he had dreamt of one day being part proprietor in the grip of the fire! Mrs. Gaythorpe and his family might be in danger!

"Mother," he said, "you can cut down Brook Road and get home all right, now. Hello, there goes another engine, and I must see if I can be of any use."

"Yes, yes!" said his mother, "But Jack, you'll be careful, won't you?"

"I'll be careful, mother," cried the boy; and the next instant he was tearing along with the others towards the scene of the fire, his heart beating quickly, and a vague sense of coming trouble in his mind.

Some distance from the shop it became difficult to make any progress, for a huge crowd had collected, the roofs of the huge electric trams were held up, and the few police already on the road had great difficulty in controlling the excited throng.

Jack pushed his way through, and saw smoke rolling from the front of the shop and the windows of Gaythorpe's residence above it. Even now and then a tongue of flame darted out, was a crackling of wood, and every now and then a crash of falling iron or timber, but above all came the hiss of water as it met the flames.

Working his way through the densest part of the crowd, Jack reached the edge, and found himself near a big policeman, who was heroically endeavouring to keep back the eager people who continually swayed backwards and forwards.

"Let us through, please," he said. "I work here."

"Can't help that," said the constable shortly. "You've got to pass here. You just stand back, youngster!"

But Jack had no intention of standing back. He saw Mr. Gaythorpe, as pale as death, soaked with water, and wringing his hands in the peculiar manner that showed he was the victim some great excitement or worry, talking to a police-inspector. The fire-escape still rested against the burning walls, and firemen were coming down with Mrs. Gaythorpe, who had evidently fainted.

He stood in the front of the crowd, and then, as a lane was opened to admit a doctor to the house-crowded circle in front of the blazing shop, he took a quick glance round and slipped in behind them.

"Is there any hope of saving the place, sir?" he gasped, reaching the front group.

"No, none!" cried Mr. Gaythorpe. "They tell me the place will be gutted. The only way we are trying to do is to save the things on my side. I'm a ruined man, and my wife!"

"I'll run and get the people from the draper's shop on one side, and the tobacconist on the other, were hurrying out with such things as they could carry; and the walls were already scorched, and the palefaced people collected in little groups and stared fascinated at the shooting tongues of flame that licked the premises.

Then came a sudden roar from the crowd.

"Look at the awner!" cried a harsh voice that Jack heard above every other din.

He raised his eyes to the room above the burning grocer's shop, and saw a dirty white cloth dangling on the wind-sail of the second floor, terrified the crowd, and the equally terrified of the jump into the street.

Snuffler, the mongrel bull-terrier, his faithful companion, was many a weary tramp through the streets; and he had had luck in his hands when he had felt his sinking beneath the weight of his basket in the grand boy days. Snuffler was to be burnt to death!

He dashed from Gaythorpe's side towards the fire-escape, which stood against the window next to the one at which the dog was whining pitifully. The firemen were either unaware that he stood there, or else too much occupied in their own devoirs to save the shops on either side to pay any attention to the mongrel.

As he reached the ladder a police-inspector dashed towards him, and said: "Come back, you young fool!"

"I'm going to get the dog!" cried Jack, and before anyone could prevent, he was dashing up the ladder. He had only mounted a little way when the last strand of his hair and eyebrows, and a great cloud of smoke nearly choked him.

"This won't do," he muttered, and stopped to tie his handkerchief round his snuffler to keep the smoke from his lungs.

Then Snuffler saw him coming, and began to run up and down the side, barking wildly.

A dull roar came from the crowd below, that looked a great black mass aside a background of red.

"He's going to certain death!" cried one of the chiefs of the fire-brigade. "Pull back the escape; it's the only way to save him!"

But his instructions came too late. Jack had swung in through the fire, and against which the fire-escape rested and disappeared amid a cloud of smoke.

"That is the very wisest!" cried the order, though the majority of the crowd doubted if the move would be any use.

Jack found himself panting for breath in the burning room. The heat scorched his flesh, and he felt that he must sink to the floor, but he struggled to the open door, caught a

plunging of the raging inferno beneath him from the landing, that threatened every moment to give way, a flash, with smothering eyes and heaving chest, gained the room in which the dog was to be rescued.

He saw the fire-escape against the window, and by a great effort shook himself up, and took up with a gasp seized him. He dashed to the window, caught the dog up under one arm, and then, with a gasp, he was

Mechanically he went down a few steps, then a red mist came before his eyes, and he fell, his head banging, cheering, then a sudden silence, a crash of falling masonry, and then—darkness.

"Bravo, young fellow!" cried a voice, and Jack looked up with wide-open eyes, saw a burly fireman bending over him holding a flask to his lips. That rough tongue licked his face, and he saw snuffler thanking him in the only way he knew for raising his life for his.

Gradually he realised what had happened. A large force of firemen now kept back the steadily decreasing crowd, and he was lying in the road near the fire-escape, and the great efforts the firemen had saved the shops on either side, but of Gaythorpe's residence he had not even a charred, blackened ruin.

The police-inspector who had tried to stop him said: "You've got some pluck, youngster," he said admiringly. "I'm charged with you, and I'll risk my life to save a dog. How do you feel now?"

"Rather," said Jack, staggering to his feet. "I'm all right now."

Then, finding out that no lives had been lost, and that Mrs. Gaythorpe had gone to some friends who kept the house, he was told it was a very feeble boy who staggered to Dawson's Dwellings.

He was, however, close at his heels, following close at his heels.

It was a strange gathering that met on the morning after the fire. The owner of the neighbouring china shop soon after nine the next morning Jack Carton came to the door of the shop for the surface burns that he had received kept him awake until the next day, and he had to go to his mother, finding him sleeping at the table, and he had to get up at an ordinary wake-up at breakfast, had not the heart to disturb him, knowing that his routine would be upset that day.

And it was upset in a startling way. Mr. Gaythorpe told his assistants that the cause of the fire had been the dog's struggle to get to the cellar gnawing at some wax vetas which he stocked, and that he would undoubtedly receive the insurance money.

But, unfortunately, he was under-estimated so far as stock was concerned, and he had decided that he was too old to make a fresh start. Therefore, he would pay each one two weeks' wages and regretfully dismiss them, retiring somewhere to live a quiet life on the money he had saved, and what he would obtain from the insurance.

"Carton," he said brokenly, as he and Jack were left alone, "I feel most sorry for you. You did your best to help me, and but for this fire you would have been a rich man; but there it is, and it can't be helped. I shall pay you the money you are entitled to, and I'll square up, but there it is, and I will speak most highly of you to anyone you send to me."

"Thank you, sir," said Jack daily, every day, for a great deal of the future were but dreams, and that he was one of the vast army of unemployed.

"Come and see me to-morrow," went on Mr. Gaythorpe. "I hardly know what I'm saying now; the whole thing was so sudden. I'm sure you'll get a good job easy enough."

Jack went to the office and called on the grocer until he reached Dawson's Dwellings, when he suddenly remembered that his mother was leaving for the country, and he must pretend to be cheerful at all events.

He stood and patted the dog on the head.

"I'm in with you, Snuffler," he said quietly. "The world's a big thing to conquer, but you've got to keep up your pluck."

THE END.

(Another "Burr-Head" Jack story next week in THE BOYS' FRIEND.)

Snuffler saw Jack coming, and began to run up and down the side, barking wildly. "He's going to certain death!" cried one of the chiefs of the fire-brigade. "Pull back the escape, it's the only way to save him!"

**"Yorkshire Grit," A Superb New Mill-land Story of a Boy's Fight Against the World. Next Tuesday.**

By Stacey Blake, commences in THE BOYS' FRIEND

# HOW TO DEVELOP MUSCLE.

A Superb Series of Articles Specially Written for the BOYS' FRIEND by the World-Famous SANDOW.

NOT so many years ago a delicate little lad of ten was taken to Italy by his father, and was much impressed by the finely-developed forms of sculptured figures of ancient athletes in the art galleries at Rome and Florence.

The little boy never forgot those muscular figures, and intended one day to become strong like them. He exercised at the gymnasium, but made very little progress until he was eighteen years old, when he commenced to study anatomy. His studies enabled him to build up a system of exercises for himself, and individual muscle a movement, and developed each part of the body in perfect proportion.

the triceps, and also give a better forearm. The movements should be performed fairly slowly, and on no account "jerk" the movements.

Concentrate your mind on the muscles brought into play, and think of nothing but "arms, arm, arms."

Remember that you will find an improvement in your arm measurement, and you will be able to set the muscles "as firm as a rock."

Remember that you must read them over carefully, and follow them out before commencing work.

**EXERCISE 1—READY POSITION.**  
Turn the inner side of the arm fully to the front and press the upper arm against the side.

**MOVEMENT.**—Raise the right hand all the way, straight out the right arm again, at the same time raising the left arm to the shoulder. **Muscles:** Biceps and Triceps.

**EXERCISE 2—READY POSITION.**  
Turn the outer side of the arm to the front with the knuckles upward.

**MOVEMENT.**—Same as in Exercise 1, bringing the knuckles close up to the shoulders.

**Note.**—In Exercises 1 and 2 the upper arm must be pressed close to the side throughout the exercise. **Muscles:** Biceps and Triceps.

Exercise with the window wide open and sit out on a draught, though strip to the waist, and stand in front of a looking-glass, if possible, to aid you in fixing the mind on the muscles exercised. Perform each movement about a dozen times, and immediately after have a quick cold bath or a sponge-down, drying the body vigorously with a rough towel till the skin glows.

If you cannot exercise in the early morning, do so later in the day when most convenient, but never exercise

within two hours of a meal—this is most important.

In order that you can see how quickly your measurements increase, I give below a measurement form, which I advise you to copy out on a sheet of paper, leaving thirteen blank spaces on the right-hand side, by which to enter your progress every week. When the form is full at the end of three months—you will be amazed at the improvement, provided you have carried out my instructions accurately—and they are not very difficult so far, are they?

(Another splendid article by Sandow next Tuesday.)



Fig. 2 Exercise 2—Ready Position.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**  
In order that every reader of this article may benefit from the exercises given above, arrangements have been made to give every boy a free trial copy of Sandow's world-famous strength dumbbells, and for full particulars see announcement on page 302.

## SANDOW'S MEASUREMENT FORM.

Exercises Commenced	1st Week	2nd Week	3rd Week	4th Week	5th Week
Age					
Weight					
Height					
Neck					
Chest Contracted					
Chest Expanded					
Upper Right Arm					
Upper Left Arm					
Right Forearm					
Left Forearm					
Waist					
Right Thigh					
Left Thigh					
Right Calf					
Left Calf					

In three years' time—when he was one-and-twenty—our delicate little lad had become famous for his strength, had defeated the man who was regarded as the strongest man in the world, and had secured an engagement at £150 a week to exhibit his feats of strength.

Such is the brief story of my life until I brought before the public the Sandow system of exercise, which is now practised daily, in some millions of persons in every country in the world.

It is not my intention, however, to worry you with the accounts of what I have done, and I merely wish to show you that what has been done can be done again, and will show you exactly what movements I performed to build up my strength, and how you can effect a marvel.

Each improvement in your muscular development in a week will shorten your span of time.

You will not be asked to carry out a large number of fatiguing, monotonous movements, and in no special diet. I only want you to spare me from five to fifteen minutes first in the morning, and do just what I tell you. You will find the work easy and pleasant, you will look forward to it with eager anticipation, and you will soon enjoy the realisation better-developed arms, a bigger, stronger chest, better-shaped legs, and perfect physical fitness.

**Exercises for the Biceps and Triceps.**  
We will begin with the arms, and I will give you two movements to perform which will increase the size of the biceps, strength and fill out

# THE TRIALS AND TROUBLES OF A BOY SCOUT.

Our Helpful Series That Will Interest All Boys, Whether Scouts or Not.

**Map-Making.**  
A LOT of maps have been written in to me about map-making. They are nearly First Class Scouts, have passed most of their tests, but doing the necessary sketches map stumps them.

They are now to set about it, says one. "I can draw a decent enough map from a copy, but when it comes to making one of the actual ground I'm walking on, I'm fairly done."

Well, here are some tips that may help you.

In the first place, do not attempt to draw a map of a square piece of land about three miles across. It is practically impossible to anyone without instruments, unless he has been trained in it. I always teach my boys to draw simply the road they go along, and the ground, say, a couple of hundred yards on either side of it.

This is the sort of map that Army scouts are sent out to prepare. And I am quite sure that if it is well done—that means accurate, clear, and neat—any scoutmaster would pass it for the First-Class Test.

But even with a road it is not easy to get all the turns and twists in it right. You find, as you get towards the end, that you have got this bit of road too long and the other too short—this one pointing too far north, and this one too far east.

But you can make the job a great deal easier by using what is called "The Straight Road Method."

It is a system used by the Cavalry in India, and is very simple indeed.

You start out with a notebook, the pages of which you rule up as in Fig. 1.

The middle space represents the road you are on, the space either side of it represents the ground one hundred, two hundred, three hundred yards on either side of it, as the case may be.

On the road, at the bottom of the first page in your notebook, you put the direction in which the road is going when you start off. Then every time it turns you just get down the space it takes in the same way.

You do not draw the turn in right or left in your notebook—you don't do that till you make your completed map later on. You just jot down "Direction N.E.," or whatever it is, in that middle column, and go straight on.

When another road turns out of your road, to right or left, you mark that down, on the proper side, with the compass directed in which way it points, and where it leads to. Rivers, bridges, railways crossing the road, you mark in the same way. Trees, lanes, hedges, and telegraph wires should be put in.

Hills the road passes over you mark with a line along the roadside, show-

ing where the bottom comes, the crest, and the bottom on the other side.

If you can make a good guess at the gradient—say one in seven—put that down. If not, just "stop," "every steep," or "gradual," as the case may be. (There is a formula for working out gradients, but it is too mathematical to put in here. If any of you would care to know it, just drop me a line.)

Things on either side of the road—houses, farms, woods, crops, orchards,

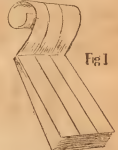


Fig. 1 The Map-making Notebook.

jails, churches, forges, railways, rivers, ponds, road-officers, anything almost that is likely to be there next time you pass—you put down in the side columns on the right if you find them on the right-hand side of the road, on the left if they are on the left.

It is a little hint here. Never put down anything on the side of the road till you come up abreast of it. Things look in quite different positions when they are a little way ahead.

Now, for marking distance. Doing a rough map like this, you fellows ought to travel at about thirty miles an hour. That's a mile in twenty minutes. So every twenty minutes put a short line on your road in your notebook, just after the last note you made, and call it a mile.

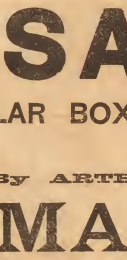
Remember! that it does not matter a button how much space a mile takes up in your notebook. In one mile you may have enough things put down to fill three pages. Let 'em do it, in the next there may not be a thing to note. Put your mile-mark bang next to the last one. It's only when you come to make out your finished map—in coming to this later—that each mile must be the same length.

This, of course, is a rough way of calculating distance, but it works out pretty correctly, and you are only doing a rough map. Nobody expects you to get your mileage mathematically exact.

THE SCOUTMASTER.  
(This ripping article, with some more drawings, will be continued next Tuesday.)

# Look Out for the Cover of the MARVEL.

An Extra Long, Complete and Thrilling Tale of



ON SALE THIS WEEK

Price 10¢

**THIS WEEK!**

**TOM SAYERS**

THE GREAT BOXER

IN HAMMERSMITH.

THE POPULAR BOXER, THE FAVOURITE ACTOR,

By ARTHUR S. HARDY,

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Tom Sayers! Read the Thrilling, Long, Complete Tale of this Popular Boxer-Actor, by Arthur S. Hardy, in This Week's Marvel—Price 10¢.

Two long, complete tales in this week's MARVEL of Tom Sayers and Jack, Sam and Pete.



YOU CAN START READING BELOW.



THE AGRAND NEW  
SCHOOL SERIAL  
BY MARVELL SCOTT

### INTRODUCTION FOR THE NEW READER.

Phil Ashley is a brilliant lad at the Council School, but has obtained an offer of a scholarship from his mother, which is now that she has died for her living. So our day comes to his departure. Brave he stops the unkindly lines in his face. In his mind's eye he sees the face of his Uncle, his only friend. It is the famous pilot in Philip's story, the "Aeroplane" of David, the son of the smallest. This is the story of his life, and how he was a well-paid housekeeper.

Phil starts his education and brilliant on the journey to Rayton; but on the way a terrible revelation is made to him, as he has a nephew, Geoffrey Mortimer, who, in the presence of his father, had been promised to marry him in his new surroundings, and also to marry his own daughter. This is the story of his life, and how he was a well-paid housekeeper.

No sooner is the truth clear of Highgate than Mortimer says up to him: "But Phil, this is the best offer I have ever had. It is the next starting one more than any other. So you must accept it." But he is not so sure. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

From this time enters the school plots of dishonesty, etc. are laid for him, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

Phil is working up to the Bradford examination, and is in a state of the best of health. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

He is just descending the stairs with his bag, when he is stopped by a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

Phil rushes up to Mortimer's study to give him warning that Sir David is coming to see him. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

Mortimer goes out to meet his uncle in order to detain him while Philip is out to hide the cards. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

Phil is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

Phil is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man. He is a young man, and he is a young man.

glad or sorry that you came?"

"I am an idiot," said Mortimer, "and I am glad to see you. I had a letter from Mr. Walter a few days ago, and he said that you were coming. He speaks very highly of your work in Form, and he says that you have quite a good chance of winning the Bradford. He also says that you are a very good boy, and that you are a very good boy."

"You are a good boy, Geoffrey," said Sir David. "Ashley ought to be very grateful to you for all you've done for him. I don't want any thanks!" said Mortimer. "It is my duty to do what I can for my dear uncle, and to help anyone in whom you are interested."

It was very hard for Philip to keep silent while Mortimer laid in this dishonouring imputation. He had to try to his up to prevent himself from doing so. But the hardest trial had yet to come.

When he went back to the school a sudden puff of wind blew Philip's cap off. The chauffeur promptly picked it up, and handed it to him. He was not at all a serious fall, and he was not at all a serious fall.

It was not at all a serious fall, and he was not at all a serious fall. He was not at all a serious fall, and he was not at all a serious fall. He was not at all a serious fall, and he was not at all a serious fall.

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as could be told by cap blow off his head. Since then he has hardly spoken to me, and has kept looking at me as if I were a snake. I don't believe him. I wonder what it means?"

"I am sure," said Mortimer and Sir David replied the study. Sir David closed the door, and laid his hand on the shoulder of his nephew. "Geoffrey," he said, in a troubled voice, "does Ashley play cards?"

"You saw it, then?" said Sir David. "I saw the cards fall out of his pocket when he was playing the game. I am sure that you saw it. I am sure that you saw it. I am sure that you saw it."

"I believe so," said Mortimer. "I've spoken to him about it many times, but he has always begged him to give up the evil habit. But you know, my dear uncle, you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and you can't make a gentleman out of a churl's son."

"You don't approve of it, do you?" said Sir David. "I don't think Ashley was a boy that should be put in prison for his school-felonies."

"Mortimer shook his head. "I don't think Ashley was a boy that should be put in prison for his school-felonies. I don't think Ashley was a boy that should be put in prison for his school-felonies."

"I don't like to tell you," said Mortimer. "I don't like to tell you. I don't like to tell you. I don't like to tell you."

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"I don't like to tell you," said Mortimer. "I don't like to tell you. I don't like to tell you. I don't like to tell you."

Mortimer hesitated for a moment; then a sudden idea occurred to him. "If you will write out your telegram, and I will send it to you at the same time, and send the paper down to the village with it. Philip was in Big Room."

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over like a nincom. Lowering his head, he bated Pritchard off his feet, but even as he did so, Tubb and Card looked on, and he felt almost as if he were being watched. It was in vain that Holcroft fought and struggled. The only result was to entangle him more completely in the meshes of the net, while his four legs were being pulled in every direction and howled their derision.

"I'll give you, tub-knobs when I get you for this!" he roared. "I saw at the circus last night," said Tubb. "The chap that tied himself to a tree. I know, and couldn't untie himself!"

"To my fancy," said Card. "He's made a mistake. The one result was to get off a fly-catcher!"

"Nothing so pretty!" declared Holcroft. "I'll give you, tub-knobs when I get you for this!" he roared. "I saw at the circus last night," said Tubb. "The chap that tied himself to a tree. I know, and couldn't untie himself!"

"Take care, old man!" mocked Tubb. "Don't excite yourself too much. It might bring on the model. You know, like you had at Barney Hill. Holcroft gnashed his teeth in impatient rage.

"Help! My groin's mad again. It's coming down to me!" he roared. Card, clinging to Tubb in pretended terror, "It's the hydrophobia! Look now, my dear man! Listen to me!"

"Holcroft was not barking, but was howling for help at the top of his voice. "Rescue! Rescue!" he yelled. "Patience! Patience!"

"Naughty boy!" said Tubb, pulling up a handful of grass and putting it down the hole he had made into Holcroft's mouth. "If you don't stop barking, I'll give you some of the children. And my word, won't they be cross if you spoil their sleep?"

"I'll seal your faces when I get out of this!" spluttered Holcroft. "I'll seal your faces when I get out of this!" spluttered Holcroft.

"Do!" said Tubb. "Say it as many times as you like. We don't believe in your hydrophobia!"

"Not a bit," said Card. "But tub-knobs, as the post says. Up with him!"

"What are you going to do?" demanded Tubb. "I'll seal your faces when I get out of this!" spluttered Holcroft. "I'll seal your faces when I get out of this!" spluttered Holcroft.

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"Of course," said Tubb. "But we had to hold you up to begin with to keep you quiet, and that's a trumped-up story." "Settle!"

They hoisted Holcroft on to Billy's back, then, unfastening the rope which bound his ankles, they forced him to crawl forward on his hands and knees under the donkey's stomach, and lashed his ankles together again.

"I'm done for now," he asked Pritchard.

"That's better," said Card. "Unless he has the use of his hands to hold on by he won't be able to get away, which is what we want. He'll slide off sideways, and, as he'll be held fast so securely, he won't be able to get away."

When Holcroft's wrists had been manacled to the sides of the cart, he lashed himself with tufts of grass and lumps of soil. Card gave the donkey a dig in the ribs, which caused him to break into a trot.

The moment Billy began to trot the unfortunate Holcroft was jerked forward, and only saved himself from slipping off the donkey's back by throwing his arms round Billy's neck and clinging to him for all he was worth.

Unconscious to being embraced in this way, Billy began to wobble, his legs giving up his heels, whilst at the same moment a cold shiver ran down the spine of Holcroft in the ribs, and knocked most of the breath out of him.

"Oh, you old rascal!" cried Tubb. "A bullseye at the first shot!"

"That's all right," said Tubb. "It was no bullseye! It was only a wasp, or an innert at best. See me score a hole!"

Card's aim was better than Tubb's on the hole of the head, and evoked a hoist which so startled Billy that he broke into a gallop.

After him raced the four boys, each slinging lumps of turf as they ran, and shouting in their mad haste, whilst a goodly number landed on Holcroft's hind legs, if it were not for his arms, he might have been greeted with shouts of delight by his tormentors.

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"Oh, you old rascal!" cried Tubb. "A bullseye at the first shot!"

The next instant Tubb was lying on his back on the ground with Ribbos the top of him, and the donkey, braying loudly, was cantering down the road in the direction of the village.

"Ow! Ouch! Get! Get! Get! Get! Get!" gurgled Tubb, struggling in vain to wriggle from under the burly constable.

"I'm done for now!" moaned Ribbos, feebly waving one hand.

"Get up, you old fanatic!" cried Card. "You're not hurt!"

"I'm a-skin' fast!" sighed Ribbos, turning up the whites of his eyes.

"Good-bye, kind friends!" Told my notion that my thought was of 'er!"

Card grabbed him by one arm and Ribbos by the other and dragged him to his feet; then, leaving him staring vacantly around him, and tenaciously rubbing the pit of his stomach, the four boys dashed away in pursuit of Billy and Holcroft.

By that time Billy had reached a point about midway between the field and the village. Hearing no sounds of pursuit, he had dropped into a trot and was about to come to a halt.

When the four boys came in sight of him they were all laughing.

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"Mussy on us!" gasped Jeremiah, raising with a shudder in his hands a "donkey with a boy tied on its back." "I said it was a circus coming to Raddon some time this week. This must be—Well, I'm blest!"

To the boys' great despairing cheers had suddenly loomed in sight Jeremiah recognised them at once.

"That's another of them schoolboy tricks," he muttered. "Well, well! What'll they be up to next, I wonder?"

At that moment Tubb, who was then seen yanking the tail of the donkey, caught sight of Wragg.

"Hurrah! Now we'll catch him!" cried Jeremiah.

"Stop him, Jerry!" he yelled.

"Stop—stop!" cried Jeremiah.

"The donkey, of course!" shouted Tubb.

Jeremiah shook his head.

"Not me," he said. "I ain't insured."

"Coward!" howled Tubb.

By that time Billy, who had subsided into a safe trot, was almost opposite the turnshop.

Perhaps he thought the open door was the door and was about to enter, when he was attracted by the savoury odour of

the luckless tack merchant was dragged down the street, bellowing at the top of his voice.

In the meantime Tubb and Card and Ribben and Pritchard were rapidly gaining on the hand-puppeted mule, and just as Holcroft had decided he could bear the strain no longer, just as he was about to loose the hold on Jeremiah's coat-collar, the four chums dashed up with a whoop of triumph.

And while Tubb and Ribben had jerked Billy's head, Card assisted Jeremiah to resume his perpendicular, and Pritchard unfastened the rope which bound Holcroft's ankles.

Jeremiah was not a bad sort, after all, and, considering what he had undergone, he was really very generous of him to accept five shillings in return for his promise to say nothing more about the matter.

"But it was worth it," said Tubb, as he and his chums walked back to the school.

"We've taught the bouncer a lesson that he won't forget in a hurry, and I'm willing to bet that Holcroft and his crew will leave us alone for the rest of this term, at any rate."

Nobody took the bet. And this was fortunate for Tubb. For if any one had taken up the challenge, Tubb's meagre store of pocket-money would have been still further diminished.

Costumes had been hired from London, and there had been some talk at first of hiring scenery, too, which was to be arranged to assist in the fixing of the curtains and so forth.

And then, on the Wednesday morning, the great news had been broken to the rest of the school by the appearance of the above-mentioned man, which ran as follows:

"R.A.T.S.  
A New and Original Melodrama,  
in Three Acts,  
'THE PIRATE'S REVENGE'  
By C. J. Tubb, Esq.,  
Will be Produced for the First Time by the Members of the Above Society, in the Third Form Classroom (kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. Walker).

At FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON.  
Admission BY TICKET ONLY, which will be sent you out of Cost from Messrs. Tubb, Card, or Ridden."

As already stated, this announcement caused quite a sensation among the juniors, and it was not long before they had all heard of the R.A.T.S., and Tubb was surrounded with questions and applications for tickets.

"It's a fake, it isn't a fake, it is!" asked one junior anxiously.

"Of course it isn't," said Tubb. "It'll be a real performance, with a stage and footlights and costumes and scenery, and all the rest."

"That's no, sonny."

"Well, it's another, 'how long has the society been in existence?"

"Oh, quite a long time now!" said Tubb.

"That's the name on the bill."

"Yes—that's what I said—that's the name on the bill."

Tubb glanced at the ticket, and then it dawned on him that he had not been invited to be a part of the choice of a title for his new society.

"Oh, that doesn't mean rats," he said, "because it's the initials of our society—the Rayton Amateur Theatre Society."

Holcroft did not see the announcement on the notice-board until after one school.

"Admission by ticket only!" he said to Rutherford. "You twag what that means!"

"No," said Rutherford. "That they don't intend to let any of our set in to see their giddy show. It's worth to look on at."

"Oh, I don't think that!" said Rutherford.

"I'll go and ask for a ticket," said Rutherford. "Then you'll see what it means!"

Rutherford hurried off in quest of Tubb. He found him snartering away at the notice-board with Ribben and Card.

"I've got a ticket for your show this afternoon, please," said Rutherford politely. "One for myself, and one for—"

"Really!" said Tubb.

"Indeed!" said Ribben.

"Anyhow," said Rutherford. "Am I to understand then, said Rutherford, "that you are to be boyed out, and that only Walketters are to be admitted?"

"That's the Society one!" said Tubb.

Rutherford returned to Holcroft, fuming with rage.

"The beastly bouncers won't give me a ticket!" he said. "They're not going to admit any but their own crowd."

"I told you that was the dodge," said Rutherford. "You're not to get us out for fear we'd get 'em and spoil their show. It's a damned scheme, and you'll see it'll take more than Tubb and his crew to keep 'em from getting 'em."

"You mean to go?" said Rutherford.

"You bet!" said Holcroft. "Am I to see you go, too, dear boy? And if you don't, you'll see me go, too. Well, you can punch my head!"

(Another ripping instalment of this grand serial will appear next week.)



The well-aimed old assed Holcroft on the side of the head, and evoked a howl which so startled the donkey that it broke into a furious gallop. After him raced the four boys, shouting lumps of turf as they ran.

again he was contentedly crouching the back by the roadside, and Holcroft was trying, with small success, to turn the donkey round to his ankles.

"Hurrah! There they are!" cried Tubb.

Billy pricked up his ears and glanced round. At the sight of the four boys, he uttered another defiant hee-haw, and once more broke into a gallop.

Just round the next corner a cart, laden with empty milkcans, was coming up the road from the direction of the village. The driver heard the clatter of a crouching horse, and quickly pulled his horse to the side of the road. Scarcely had he done so as Billy came tearing round the corner, with the four boys at his heels, and almost before the astonished driver had realised what was happening, his horse shied into a gallop, the cart gave an ugly lurch, and the driver rolled out into the roadway amid an avalanche of rattling milkcans.

He was on his feet in an instant, frowning at the man and the cart. By that time, however, Billy had swept past him, and although he tried to catch hold of the boys, they eluded him and continued their chase.

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shop, was taking down his shutters when Billy came trotting down the road. Except for Jeremiah and Billy and Holcroft, the street was deserted.

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By the Author of "Sunken Millions," etc., etc.

THE RAILWAY STRIKE

BY RYBACK MORRIS.



Our Stirring New Poor Boy Serial.

FOR NEW READERS.

This is our superb new poor boy serial, in which JACK FOSTER, the hero and heroine, have become a railway wren. Jack, who has a fine, handsome face, and does his odd job to earn an honest penny. Mr. BILLY WAIN, the station agent and scrupulous railway clerk, who lost his life under tragic circumstances. He was the successor of...

...of the North British express of special. The Dodger is seized by Britove in a railway goods shed, and is conveyed to a cell in a reformatory for delinquents. While in the shed, however, Jack overheard a plot between Britove and Rip Kelly, and it is his intention to expose their villainy.

...and takes a stern of the intended robbery, in Rip Kelly is captured with the spoils in his railway bag, and becomes a convict. He goes to live with Mrs. Britove, who has a handsome son, and is handsome himself to her—inducing the railway company to give her a stall at the station.

...at time goes on Jack's name prominently, and eventually has a large share in the office. One day, however, an insured parcel, sent to Jack, and also damaged, goes in a railway van, and is not recovered. The Dodger receives further injuries in the railway van, and is not recovered. Sir John Willet, the manager of the railway, and returns to pay him the £1,000 for the recovery of the Duke's daughter. Owing to this injustice and meanness, the Duke claims the railway, and in consequence of this it is dismissed from the service. Mrs. Britove is also moved.

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The Runaway Excursion.

A SCORE of persons dashed off in the motor train, and Rip Kelly, whilst others removed the prostrate form from the road, and crowded round in eager efforts to revive the prostrate man. "Better let them know round in Calgate Street," said a woman's voice among the throng. "Well go!" "What's better, Sanderson?" answered someone; "you know them best."

...And as the pursuers one by one returned breathless, to explain that the Rip had got clean away, Sanderson reported him to have taken the news to Mrs. Britove. She was turning every paper in the country was full of the stirring events at Calworth. The Dodger's part in the proceeding was mentioned largely. Under the heading "Laid" came the account of the cowardly attack that had been made upon him. In the first accounts he was reported killed, but when the stop-press items it was stated that his injury was not so serious as at first feared. It had been taken to the hospital, but was still unconscious. The following day he was taken to the house, but was still unconscious. The following day he was taken to the house outside the little home in Calgate Street, waiting anxiously to hear the result of the doctor's, was

As they entered the room, Mrs. Britove stood in an expectant attitude, as if waiting to hear the object of Lady Helen's visit. The latter was not in the least inquiring. "I read of the wicked outrage on Mr. Postern," she exclaimed—and the colour came and went in her cheeks as she spoke, whilst her pretty lips quivered as she framed the words. "I felt I must come to see if I could do anything for him. I owe my life, my reason—everything but my health. There was a note of deep anxiety in her voice as she spoke. "I told father I must come, and be quite assured. Do you mind?"

Mrs. Britove looked at her intently for a moment. Then she smiled, simple sympathy of the girl overcame her. She felt a victim to that subtle charm that had won its way so noisily about the Dodger's ears. "Of course not," she answered at last. "I want to nurse him myself. May I?" said Lady Helen.

Mrs. Britove consented at first, but finally consented conditionally on the duty being allowed to share in the nursing. "But," she went on, "I hope there will not be much nursing needed." At the words every spark of colour fled from Lady Helen's face. She went white to the lips as an awful fear seized her. Next moment the blood rushed through her veins again, as Mrs. Britove said: "He is not nearly so bad as was at first thought. I will go up and tell him you are here."

Meanwhile Lady Helen gave directions to the footman, who brought out from the car a bag and other packages, and when Mrs. Britove returned, Lady Helen ran forward to meet her. "I have brought quite a hospital with me here," she exclaimed brightly. "And I am afraid I came prepared for a long stay. May I have my bag brought in?"

Upstairs the Dodger lay propped up in bed, a deathlike pallor on his face. He had recovered consciousness the previous night. The skull had not been fractured, as was supposed, and there was no reason that in a day or two he should not be about again. When Mrs. Britove brought word...

him the news of Lady Helen's arrival a momentary flush rose to his cheeks and he caught his breath. "You never told me how pretty she was," he exclaimed, "and that I should see her so soon." "I think she is simply sweet," said Mrs. Britove.

The Dodger looked her squarely in the face, with a happy, grateful smile. "Yes, she is all that," he said simply. And then he waited in a feverish excitement until he heard Lady Helen's steps upon the stairs. He could hardly contain himself to speak naturally as she entered the room.

"How are my patient now?" she cried almost gleefully, as she came across to him and took his outstretched hand. She pressed it in simple friendship, as she had done on Bramley Field. "I owe so much to you that, although it is a horrid thing to say, I feel quite glad to have the opportunity of being able to nurse you."

She spoke in little, quick, nervous, jerky sentences, and the Dodger found difficulty in framing words to answer. "Oh, you must not do that! I could not bear it of you."

And so she installed herself as his nurse, and little by little, during the course of the day, she learned from the Dodger the whole of the men's side of the great dispute. It bore no resemblance to the accounts that had reached her before, all coloured by the prejudices of her uncle, the chairman of the company. He, in his turn, it is only fair to say, had been misled by the permanent officials.

By degrees, as she listened, she came to understand the years of tyranny and oppression which those men had patiently borne—the injustice, the wrongs that had been done them, the misery they had endured, and her young heart swelled with sympathy.

In simple phrases the Dodger painted word-pictures of the bleak and barren homes, denuded of their furniture and of their little possessions, fireless and cold; the cry of the hungry children; the tired, starving wives, and the weary, distracted men.

The little man rattled on with pleasure, and it will jolly well be true that he said more than that much I can do, but what the outcome of it will be I do not know. Between you and me and the bedpost, I have a very shrewd suspicion that if you once get hold of him you won't let go your hold until you have got what you want, whatever that may be. I don't understand this strike business a bit. It seems a great pity to cause a lot of needless suffering. I never quarrel with my work, and I'm sure, then, I'm not a business man. I understand a business man to get it settled, and certainly you do not get my best wishes.

And as the very first day that Jack was able to leave his bed he found himself weak and shaken, awaiting dismissal to the great man's private sanatorium in the company's offices at Calworth.

Lord Trimley did not deign to look up from his desk as the Dodger was shown in. "Well," he said, continuing his writing. "What is it you want?" "I want to see you, sir," said the large, halcyon red-top, dead, and, before replying, took stock of the man who, he instinctively felt, was his adversary.

The little duke was certainly justified in saying that his brother-in-law was not like himself. Lord Trimley was a large, full-bodied man, with a heavy black moustache, fiery blue eyes, eyebrows, a round bald head, steel-grey eyes, and a prominent chin. He was immaculately dressed in a well-cut morning-coat, with a white waistcoat, although it was mid-winter. His whole appearance spoke of business-like ability.

"I have come to see you about the strike," the Dodger said at length. Lord Trimley deliberately finished the letter he was writing, and slowly wiped his pen, laid it down, and then turned in his swivel-chair and looked up at the Dodger.

"Indeed! Have you? And whom may I have the honour of addressing?" "Dodger knew that Lord Trimley was perfectly aware who he was. "My name," he answered, "is Jack Postern."

"Oh?" exclaimed Lord Trimley. "Then you are the individual to whom we are indebted for this monstrous outrage on the railway?" "That," replied the Dodger very quietly, "I do not doubt the account that you give you are anxious to see you because I'm obliged that, as head of this great organisation, you might care to know the truth as to how

surprised to see a great motor-car approaching. Several recognized it as that which had been attacked on the night preceding the commencement of the strike. As it drew up at the door the footman got down and knocked, whilst from inside stepped a slight girlish figure in a plain grey dress. Mrs. Britove herself opened the door, and at once recognized the car and the servant. Before the latter could state his business the girl came forward.

"You are Mrs. Britove," she said, holding out her hands. "I have heard so much of you! My name is Helen Thwaites-Hardy. Perhaps the Dodger I mean, Mr. Postern, has told you of me? May I come in?"

Mrs. Britove made way for her, and showed her into the little sitting-room. A sudden pang of unreasoning jealousy seethed through her as she took in at a glance the sweet beauty of the girl's face, with those large blue eyes, soft-curving cheeks, and rich sun-kissed hair clustering about the smooth brow.

"Yes, I have heard of you," she answered, almost grudgingly. "Please come in."

...The Dodger received further injuries in the railway van, and is not recovered. Sir John Willet, the manager of the railway, and returns to pay him the £1,000 for the recovery of the Duke's daughter. Owing to this injustice and meanness, the Duke claims the railway, and in consequence of this it is dismissed from the service. Mrs. Britove is also moved.

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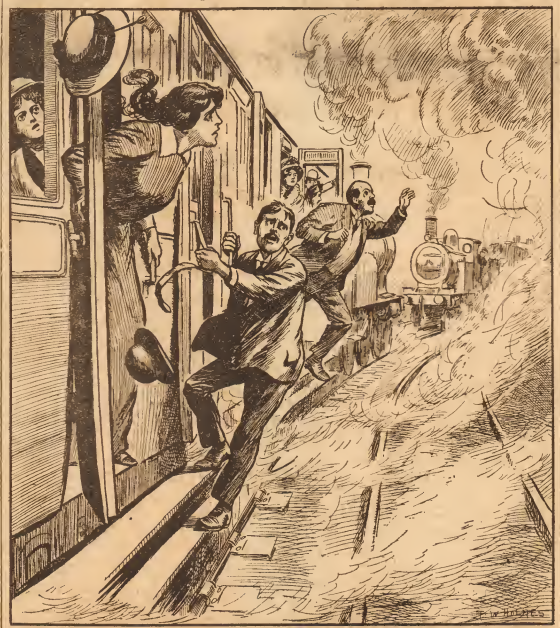
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Only a few yards now separated the train. Suddenly, to his horror, Jack saw the plight of the pale-stricken passengers in the runaway excursion. Next instant, a woman leapt from the train and fell sprawling on the permanent-way.





THE RAILWAY WAIF.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Lord Trimley's lip curled in a peevish sneer. "Well," the Dodger went on, ignoring his scornful attitude, "that in all probability the truth has been told you on the facts of the case dependent for information on the very persons who are the cause of this monstrous outrage."

In a very few words, despite the constant interruptions and jibes of his polished opponent, the Dodger summed up the facts of the case, shirking nothing, binking nothing. His account was absolutely impartial, and he had to have in every circumstance. Almost hurriedly he set himself to go to it.

Lady Helen insisted that Mrs. Bristowe and he should not longer defer their private conversation until after a reasonable excuse for turning putting off, he wrote the following to come to the following week.

Far into the night he lay awake, his thoughts all devoted to the problem that confronted him. Morning was fast advanced when the room below awoke him. For some time he lay there, listening. Then he recognized the voices of the man who was tapping on his clothes. He entered the room they sprang to their feet.

"Well done, Dodger!" "Well done! You're marvellous!" "How on earth did you manage it?"

"You're a statesman, young man!" His head bewildered by the tumult of approval, the Dodger asked: "What's it all mean?" he asked.

"What have I done now?" "You've done more than one of the representatives. 'Have you not noted that the meeting of the men at mid-day to-day to discuss matters, and be particularly wise in their own eyes?"

"The Dodger could scarcely believe his ears. A great load seemed to have fallen from his shoulders. He took heart sane for joy. So his efforts had not been in vain after all."

"That the interview was a memorable one, its purport was best summed up in a few words by the spokesman of the union used at the mass meeting of the strikers that night."

"Lord Trimley: "That, of course, would be exceedingly kind of you. I am sure you say that I am not even to insist on his dismissal. I am sure you will appreciate your generous offer. May I mention to you have any objection to my continuing as chairman of the committee you may require that office yourself."

"Not at all, Lord Trimley," answered the Dodger, leaning him full in the face. "Who the chairman may be makes very little difference to the men, though I can quite understand that it is very important to the railway company."

"It is no question of spite or ill-feeling. It is simply our firm conviction under the conditions of the present troubles will never satisfy to be smoothed over. I would not have you, as chairman, to give to you as chairman, that under Sir John Willett's management the disappearance of Lady Helen Thwait-Hardy and the many other things which the public have done the railway company."

"Of course, I do not," broke in the Dodger. "But surely his own first rule of railway management is to be fair to all parties."

"What may that rule be?" asked Lord Trimley. "When there is trouble, the man in charge suffers," quoted the Dodger. "And a very good rule, too," answered the chairman.

"But only so long as it applies impartially to all parties," he said.

of the company, to give what I have already said full consideration." "That's a very good rule," answered Lord Trimley. "Good-morning!"

The interview ended. It was with a heavy heart that the Dodger made his way back to Calverly. A sense of depression settled down on him. He had promised to meet at the junction the company should have been held to account on the following day. Never yet had he broken his word with any man.

Lord Trimley's lip curled in a peevish sneer. "Well," the Dodger went on, ignoring his scornful attitude, "that in all probability the truth has been told you on the facts of the case dependent for information on the very persons who are the cause of this monstrous outrage."

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"But only so long as it applies impartially to all parties," he said.

"Would you like to stay with the Great 'reeminal'?" "I'd rather not," said the Dodger, with a curious catch in his voice.

"By Jove, you shall!" the chairman answered, with a touch of gloomy feeling. "You are a man of business. But for some things might have been much more for the same thing. You are a man of business and I now offer you the position of assistant to the new traffic superintendent in Calverly."

Lord Trimley noticed the lad's emotion, and gauged it as its true worth. His whole face had been set in reading lines, and he was not above admitting when he met his match.

That he should come back to the company, his company, in a position of honor, was something almost too good to be true. He could not but be glad to accept of it.

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has been so funny the last few days, I cannot make him out."

"I'd rather not," said the Dodger, with a curious catch in his voice.

"By Jove, you shall!" the chairman answered, with a touch of gloomy feeling.

The three days passed all too quickly, despite the constant interruptions and jibes of his polished opponent, the Dodger summed up the facts of the case, shirking nothing, binking nothing.

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Throwing over the reversing handle, the Dodger pushed the starting lever forward. The engine started with a whirr of sliding wheels, the engine began to pick up its load. It was a minute or two before the lever further and further across. Gradually the empty train gathered speed.

She had a climb before her, but the engine was so good. The train had had over the edge of the cut to estimate the rate at which they were moving.

"Thirty-five to thirty-eight," commented the driver, judging solely by long.

"About that," replied the Dodger, and the engine gathered speed. Gradually the coaches began to bend to rattle and sway at the unaccountable rate. The train was so good. The engine was so good. The train was so good.

The train slowed with a sudden jerk. The engine was so good. The train was so good. The train was so good.

"Off with the brakes!" commanded the Dodger, almost before the train had come to a halt. Instantly he moved the starting-lever back. Instantly the train began to move again.

"The driver sprang to the sandbox controller, and a jet of sand was strewn on each wheel."

"On the wheels!" he roared out, and the train began to move again. The engine was so good. The train was so good. The train was so good.

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Sayers!

Read the Thrilling, Long, Complete Tale of this

Popular Boxer-Actor, by Arthur S. Hardy, in This Week's

Boxer-Actor, by Arthur S. Hardy, in This Week's

Matter-Price of



# THE MARATHON AT MANSBURY.



## A Grand Long, Complete Story of School Life and Adventure.

### The 1st CHAPTER.

**S**OMEONE was to be a marathon race at Mansbury! Yes—that was the news that spread through the school that memorable Saturday morning, and it formed the chief topic of conversation among the majority of the three hundred and fifty boys there assembled.

It was only a rumor at first, but it soon received official confirmation. For at twelve o'clock that day, when morning lessons were over, the boys found a notice on the games board in the quadrangle setting forth particulars of the contest.

It appeared that an old Mansbury pupil, a great athlete who had won every mile championship at Stamford Bridge, had offered a silver challenge cup for an annual long-distance race to be run on the last Saturday of the spring term.

The challenge cup, of course, would be the property of the school, to be kept in a place of honor in the dining-hall of the winner; but the latter would receive for his own labor a gold medal as a memento of the occasion.

Further particulars of the notice said that Harold of Rivington's and his chum Peter Morley, contrived to get in front of the board, and read what was set forth on it. Having done so, they allowed their way out of the throng of boys and proceeded to discuss the matter.

"It don't say what the distance is," said Jack. "A real marathon race is ever so far, isn't it?"

"Over twenty-six miles," answered Peter, who made athletes of all kinds a special study. "But ours won't be so long as that. I'll bet you they call them marathons now at almost any distance."

"I don't suppose we shall be allowed to go more than five or six miles."

"Why not? The Greek at Ripley is nearly thirteen, and I guess we can run as far as they can. But that's the longest school race there is at all."

"Well, if it's anything like a really long distance, Merton should win it. Nothing ever seems to tire him."

"Yes," assented Peter, "should think he's got the best chance. But you can't always tell us these long races."

This was a sample of the conversation that was going on all over the school. Everyone was anxious to know what the distance was to be, and nearly everyone thought Merton would win it.

Harry Merton was eighteen years of age, and one of the biggest and strongest boys in the school. He was in the cricket and football eleven, and was good at all many sports. And in the class-room, too, he was both diligent and successful, though he did not rank among the foremost boys at Mansbury. He was a jolly, open-hearted, generous boy, popular with almost every certain jocular remark and a few more who constituted Harry a bad lot.

One of these was a boy named Horner, of about the same age as Harry. The son of a wealthy retired brewer, he had inherited his father's cuteness without his honesty,

his love of gambling without his love of sport. Allowed small pocket-money, he would spend it in any way a boy of usury among his fellow-pupils, and would send some to boys who needed them at exorbitant interest.

Occasionally, too, he would induce others to bet with him, and generally managed to win their money. Of course, his sort of thing would not have been allowed at Mansbury had it been known, but it was all done secretly, and not even his victims would ever have told tales. And as he was a clever and good worker at school hours, and apparently a quiet and well-behaved lad, he was thought highly of by the masters, who little suspected the harm he did in the place.

As soon as he heard of the marathon race, he made up his mind to turn it to his own advantage. Not by competing in it and winning—that was quite out of his line; but he saw a chance of making a great many bets, and that was all he cared about.

The annual football match with St. Mark's College had just taken place, and knowing the latter were on the side, he had gone about offering to bet to them.

Needless to say, there were many boys patriotic enough to back their own school, and he had no difficulty in making his wagers. When the match took place, then, he wanted his own school to lose, and was delighted when it had done so.

Needless to say, such a boy was not popular; he had very few friends, and hardly one real friend in fact, but he had several boys more or less in his power, through their owing him money, and he preferred that to friendship.

It was now February, and football and cross-country running were the two chief sports of the season. The rivalry between the various Houses in these things was very great, and even the prospect of the new marathon race did not diminish the keen interest taken in the football ties for the House Challenge Cup.

It was on the afternoon on which our story opens, Rivington's House was to play the other House, and a very close game was expected. Unfortunately, however, the weather was most unpropitious, and a heavy rain even on some on soon after twelve o'clock. It soon began to look, in fact, as if football was out of the question.

The boys of the two Houses were extremely disappointed, for it seemed as if a precious Saturday afternoon were to be wasted. But as the snowfall grew heavier and heavier, it occurred to some of them all of a sudden that if they could not play football, they could get some fun another way.

By three o'clock, when the game should have commenced, the playing-fields and all the country-wards were covered with a mantle of snow inches thick.

"Snowballing's the only thing to-day," said Merton, as he surveyed the scene. "We'll take Bolton's on at that, if they like."

This proposition was received with acclamation. The boys slipped out of the big boarding-house, and sallied forth to the football-ground, eager for the fray. The ground was destined to turn out differently to what they anticipated.

Immediately Smithers' weight came on the ring, the rope parted, and with a startled cry the unfathered boy still grasped the ring in his hand, as he landed sideways, and almost at full length, on the bare boards.

Soon a battle royal with snowballs as the ammunition was raging, and the white missiles almost darkened the air.

It was the grand fun!

**THE 2nd CHAPTER.**

**A Fight in Farnont.**

THE two sides were about evenly matched in point of numbers, but the schoolboys were perhaps the better diners. They would probably therefore have got the best of it in any case, but before the contest was half over, they received overwhelming reinforcements.

The boys of Bolton's House, also on their way to the football-ground, once making round a side turning which joined the main road, and finding snowballing going on, they at once took a hand. They had taken the unlucky villagers in the rear, so the latter were between two fires. This was more than they could stand, so they made a wild rush to escape, by dashing through the Rivington boys.

These opposed their progress, and some of the men, getting banged with snowballs as they were, lost their temper. Leaving the snow alone, they commenced hitting out with their fists, and very soon free fights were going on in several places at once.

Harry Merton found himself singled out for attack by a big, strong labourer, who wore a red muffler round his neck. The two had been straying on a dial with snowballs for some time quite good-humouredly, but just as the man, whose name was not known, made his rush to get past the boys, a rather hard snowball thrown from behind caught him on the ear, and made him furiously angry.

He rushed at Harry, who seemed to be the leader of the first lot of boys, and struck out a terrific blow, which the lad only just avoided by leaping back in the nick of time. Angry at the attack, Harry rushed to return it at once, but his blow was easily parried, and Merton nearly knocked him down with a heavy thump on the chest. This steadied

him, and he was able to stand his ground. The boys were not slow to accept. They liked a bit of fun as well as the schoolboys, and Jack's missiles were returned with interest.

Harry, who realised at once he had as skilled and dangerous as well as powerful, antagonist to deal with.

As a matter of fact, Desant was recognised as the strongest man at the railway works, and a boxer of no small skill, so much so that he had acquired a reputation for "the business" professionally. But Harry Merton was a good boxer, too, and he was more active, and just as brave.

It was evidently a "battle of giants," and the others, leaving their own lesser scuffles, crowded round the two champions to watch the fray.

It would not be pleasant to describe the interchange of blows and their effects. Suffice it to say, that Harry Merton, though twice knocked off his legs, stood up gamely, and got home several severe blows on his antagonist, whose anger, curiously enough, seemed to have evaporated, and who was now fighting with a broad grin on his square-faced visage. Even a scratching blow in the mouth, which he received did not stop that grin, though it made it decidedly weird to look at.

They had been fighting some three or four minutes—a long time when hard blows are being exchanged with bare knuckles—when a loud voice rose in the air, and the throng of boys was parted by a big, burly man forcing his way among them.

It was Dr. Perry, the Headmaster of Mansbury!

"Stop!" he cried. "Leave off at once! What is this fighting meant? Who are you, sir?" he asked, seeing Harry by the arm and whisking him round.

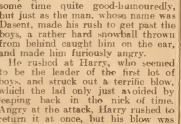
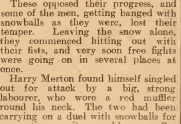
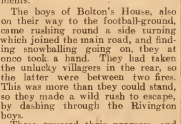
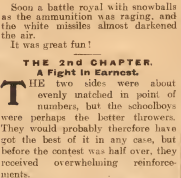
No wonder he did not at first recognize who it was he had seized, for, fresh to talk, Harry's face was sadly bruised and swollen.

"Why, if it isn't Merton!" ejaculated the doctor. "What do you mean, sir, by this conduct?"

Before Harry could answer, Desant stepped forward.

"It was all my fault, guv'nor," he said to the doctor. "I bit him first. We were snowballin', and I lost my temper."

Dr. Perry looked at him in silence (Continued on the next page.)



**"Yorkshire Grit,"** A Superb New Mill-lad Story of a Boy's Fight Against the World, Next Tuesday, by Stacey Blake, commences in THE BOYS' FRIEND







keep a sharp look-out. But he laughed at these apprehensions and he could not see it possible that any fellow would descend to foul means to ensure his failure.

But he soon had to change his opinion, and to learn for certain that a dastardly plot was being hatched against him.

The race was to be run on a Saturday, and on the Thursday preceding he was strolling down the Eastern Road when he met his friend Dasant. They generally exchanged a few words when they ran across each other, but this time Dasant said something quite different from his usual thing to say.

"Mr. Dasant," he said, "I'm glad I've met you. I should have come to see you if I had."

"Why, what is it, Dasant?"

"Why, this race. There's some of 'em plotting to prevent you winning it."

"How do you know that?"

"Cause I overheard 'em. It's that oily-looking fellow, the Red Lion, and a friend of his, smaller and very fat."

"That's Morris."

"Ah, that's the name—I'd forgotten it."

"Well, they were in the saloon of the Red Lion, and they were talking—"

"In the Red Lion?" interrupted Harry.

"Are you sure? Why, they'd get expelled if the doctor knew it. Tell me what they said."

"Well, it appears they'll lose a lot of money if you start, and Homer said you must be present at all cost, if they're going to do you all right, but it's my belief you'd be interfered with during the race."

"But how do they expect so many people about?"

"Yes; but not all the way. It's nearly five miles out and home you've got to go."

"But there'll be stewards all along the course."

"They can't be everywhere, sir. Is anyone going with you—driving, I mean, or cycling?"

"Some of the boys are allowed to cycle with the runners—one with each competitor."

"Who's going with you?"

"Why, young Harold."

"Is he a big, strong chap?"

"No; it's only four or five 'em about."

"Then he won't do. Mr. Merton, I shall follow you myself. They can't stop me, can they?"

"Oh dear no! You can cycle if you like. And it's awfully good."

"No, no, it isn't; but I like fair play. And I think I know what they're up to. I saw Homer making a couple of fellows, ran round 'em 'un, and give 'em money. And it's my belief that the other fellows will attract you."

"The Red Lion likes a where the road turns just this side of Southbore. The hedge is a fine one, and the coming round the turn first would be out of sight of the rest for a while. That's where they'll be, sure; but I'll be there, sir."

"Dasant, you're an awfully good sort. Thanks for warning me, and thanks for your help. I shall be glad if you'll be about."

"I shall keep within sight of you all the way, and I'll be there."

So there really was a plot, of which Harry was to be the victim. That such a thing should be hatched at Southbore was surprising to the lad, but that it should be directed against himself, Homer and Morris, he felt, were disgracing his school, and he now felt certain that they also were responsible for the gymnastic outrages.

Saturday afternoon was ideal for the race. Calm and still, if a trifle cool, it was just the day for running.

At three o'clock the competitors were lined up by the school gates. There were twenty-seven of them in all. Behind stood an equal number of boys with bicycles, whose instructions were to follow the cyclists without impeding any of them, each cyclist being in attendance on a single runner. The cyclists carried anything they or their runners thought might come in useful on the way, some having eggs beaten up in milk, some cold meat-juce, and so on.

Harry Merton looked round to find Dasant among the throng of spectators, but he was not there.

At the start, Tomlinson took the lead, followed by the boys being content or a time, with third position. This order was maintained going through Eastern, just past which place the boys called Jones, who ran with a long, low stride, dashed to the front. Harry started at the same pace, and, passing the Satefields and Tomlinson, ran for a mile or so, just behind Jones. Going through Loburn, which was a fine, hilly, hilly point, Harry made a big effort, and passed Jones. Then for some distance he ran with Jones at his heels. All the latter slackened off a bit, and Harry, keeping at the same steady but swift result, gradually worked ahead.

Jack Harold, on his cycle, kept close behind him. By the turn, the bend in the road before Southbore was reached, Harry was leading by two hundred yards at least, and Harold was about twenty behind him.

It was at this point the danger, if any, was to be feared, and as he turned the corner, he saw the tall tree that hid him out of sight of those following. He kept well in the middle of the road, and looked keenly about him, as he had expected, his precaution were justified. But they were in vain, for simultaneously there sprang out of the hedge, on either side, two smart and villainous-looking, just ahead of him. Without a word they rushed at him, and so swift was the onslaught that he could not manage to avoid both.

Hitting out fiercely, he sent one of the ruffians flying, but the other seized and held him before he could repeat the blow. Then the man he had struck rushed at him again, and he found himself struggling in the grip of two strong assailants.

Meanwhile Jack Harold was not idle. He jumped off his bicycle, and threw himself on one of Harry's adversaries, striking him as he fell, and then rushed at the man released. Harry, for a second, and, seizing Jack by the arm, dealt him a heavy blow on the side of the head, sending him reeling into the crowd.

All this had taken less time to act than to describe, and just as the ruffian who had struck Harry was about to assist him with his partner, a loud shout was heard, and a bicycle dashed round the corner.

"Let him alone!" yelled a voice, which Harry recognized as Dasant's. And in another instant he recovered arms had torn Harry's assailants from him, and a huge fist sent one of them sprawling. Dasant, who had been accidentally prevented starting with the others, had arrived in the nick of time.

"Run on, sir!" he cried to Harry. "I'll deal with these chaps! Don't lose any more ground, for Heaven's sake!"

"Thanks!" gasped Harry. To tell the truth, he was for the moment dreadfully pumped, for a struggle with two men when you have just run four miles and more is no joke. But he ran as fast as he could, and, though even as he started Jones and Egan came round the bend, and Jones, seeing how far Harry was, dashed to dash to get in front. Harry was, for the time, too out of breath to be able to get in front.

By both Jones and Egan, both of whom reached the turning-point at Southbore before him. In fact, had he left the course before the return journey he only occupied fifth place. It was no use forcing the pace then. He resolved to keep to the middle of the road, and then try and make up the lost ground.

As the two men were still engaged in dealing with the two men. They knew and feared his prowess too well to offer any resistance as he bounded them into the ditch, where they remained while he extorted the truth from them. It was, briefly, that they were to have thirty shillings between them if they stopped Merton and hustled him enough to prevent his winning.

Homer had mercifully decreed that he was not to be unnecessarily hurt, only they were to be humiliated, and he would not be able to run.

One by one Merton overhauled them, till at last he was in the gate again in sight, only Jones and Tomlinson were in front of him.

At the finish, however, he was in front, who lined the road at the finish, he made a supreme effort, and passing Tomlinson fifty yards from the winning post, and getting terrible to overhaul Jones, then about five yards ahead, but going rather "groggily."

As he was about to get, until in the last ten yards he threw himself in front, and made sure of it, so well indeed that he won not only by a yard, but by a good deal.

It was a splendid finish, and the cheers were lusty indeed, though many of the boys were so busy with their bets that they could not make so close a contest of it. Of course, they did not know what had happened.

As soon as he had recovered his breath a little, Harry reported the matter to the captain of the school, a boy named James, and he suggested that they had better debate what to do.

They found Homer surrounded by the boys he had made bets with, to whom he was paying out money with a very black look on his face.

"You will please pay everybody, Homer," said James, "and you will come to the Sixth Form room after supper."

Homer realized that his plot was not only blown, but that he was in a terrible state of fright and anxiety. But he dared not say a word, and he followed the school boys to the school in the presence of the Sixth Form.

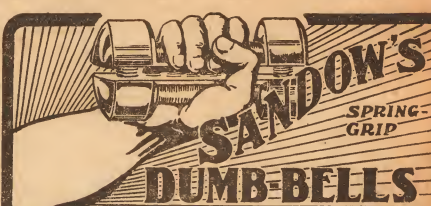
He did not get half an hour, and returned with his answer.

But he was not return.

He was gone, nor was anything heard of him for some days. But at length, his money all spent and in a wretched condition, returned to his father's house, to that gentleman's great relief. But needless to say, his name was struck off the list at Mansbury was ended.

Morris was practically "sent to Coventry," for a long time, and gradually, aided by Harold, who, like Harry, forgave him his share in the plot, and, freed from the evil influence of Homer, he retrieved his position, and became a useful member of the school.

As for Harry Merton, he has had many successes since that memorable Saturday, but never one on which he looks back with more pleasure than that triumph on the first Harry Marathon. Needless to say, he did not forget Dasant's share in the matter, and, although they were far apart, they have contrived to keep up the friendship they began so strangely, and to which Harry afterwards



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**A Long Chase.**

WE must return to that moment when Captain Heggart's signals prompted the pursuit of the Mammok, which, as we know, ended in her capture.

While the captain was tugging at the sails into operation, Dick and Ben waited outside. About them crowded a great press of people. Suddenly Dick felt a hand upon his arm. It was turned, to find himself face to face with a swartly, bearded man, dressed in a blue suit and peaked cap, and having all the appearance of a seafarer.

"Sonny," said this man, in a whisper, "you don't recognise me?" "Stadrave!" gasped the boy. "I should never have recognized your face, but I'd know your voice anywhere. Fancy seeing you here! Where have you?"

"Not a word now, lad, but come with me at once—yes, and Ben. We've important work to do."

Stadrave was leading the way seaward. He halted outside some houses facing the sea beyond the ruined pier.

"I am dressed somewhat similarly to myself, come towards them," said the man. "Well, Jackson," inquired Stadrave, "any news?" "They're still inside. They've got a cab, so they'll be moving presently. I've got another waiting yonder, so we shall be able to follow them."

"Good! Then well visit here." "What is it, inspector?" asked Dick. "Who is inside?"

"Lottery, and Hudd, and Malcolm." "Good heavens! You on their track? How did you manage it?"

"I've been on their track for some hours past—ever since they came ashore. I saw two women go and get Lottery at Portmouth station."

"Who, so we did, if that man was Lottery?" "I saw you," smiled Stadrave. "I quit you."

"And didn't speak to us?" "I thought it better not. I heard you were to go and inform Captain Heggart. I left you to do that and followed the Mammok and the other lot. They're in that house now."

"Are you going to take them?" "Not yet, sonny. I want to know where Jelfer is first. It is just a matter of time before we'll get Jelfer, and then we'll know where he had his hiding place."

A gleam of satisfaction came into Stadrave's eyes. "Good. Going to send a message then, most likely. Come along. We mustn't lose sight of them."

And Stadrave led the way to the other cab. "Not five or six minutes they slighted some little distance from the post-office." Ahead of them the other cab had stopped, and they saw Lottery step out and enter a post-office. After him went Stadrave.

Dick, and Ben, and Jackson saw Lottery emerge presently, and engage in conversation with Hudd and Malcolm for a minute. Money seemed to change hands.

Hudd and Malcolm turned to go. "Hallo!" exclaimed Jackson. "They're separating. Won't do to lose sight of them. Tell them here. You wait here and the inspector where I'm gone. Ha! There are a couple of policemen! Just the men we want."

He was off in a moment.

A minute afterwards Stadrave came heading up. "All right," he said eagerly. "Wired to Jelfer, and I've got his address. But where's Jackson?" "Dick explained."

"All right," said the inspector. "I saw Lottery go into that public-house, so perhaps Jackson will be back in time to come with us after all."

Jackson was back in less than five minutes. "Well, what about Hudd and Malcolm?" "I'm in charge. It was the only thing to do, sir. They might have separated, and I couldn't have followed them both. I've told the police not to let the arrest become public news until they hear from you. Hope I've done right, sir."

"Quite right. There's Lottery coming out and getting into that cab. We must follow him."

He stepped up to the driver. "We've got a long chase, my man. I believe. Is your horse a good 'un?" "Best best—born in Plymouth, sir," said the driver proudly.

"That other cab, that's just moving off—I want you to keep it in sight. You'll be well paid for your trouble." "Then consider it done, sir. There ain't a loss in Portsmouth till it gets away from mine with anything like an equal load."

"But the loads are not equal." "Not in numbers of loads, sir, maybe, sir, but mine's a fev, sir, I shall be glad to take your horse for a summer. Have no fear, sir, we shan't be off in the dead." "The first cab moved off, and the second followed."

"You speak of a long journey, inspector. Where are we going?" "To London, sonny." "To London?" "What? By road? It's over eighty miles." "Well, Lottery intends to go by road. We must follow him to that. It's a copy of his message to Jelfer."

Dick read the slip of paper which the detective handed him. "Jelfer."

"Wrenthorpe Farm, Fife with you to-morrow morning as early as possible. Everything satisfactory."

"Well, we know where Jelfer is now," Dick said. "But what's the meaning of this going to Fife?" "Too late for a train, that's all, my boy, and we don't know how long it will be in Portsmouth till the morning. His man's travel by road all the time, but there's no time to lose. Journey and catch a train somewhere on the way."

"They passed through Colman presently, and over the Portdown on the way. The road now became lonely. Near Hordenish the first cab pulled up at a wayside inn."

Halting a little distance off, the pursuing party presently saw the horse being changed. Stadrave whistled.

"We must wait till he's off, and we must change horses." "On the London side of Petersfield the first cab halted again, and for a second time the horses were changed. Stadrave and his party waited as before, then, as the first cab moved off, they drove up to the inn and halted."

"We want a fresh horse," Stadrave said to the landlord. "Can you get us a horse one?" "Sorry, sir, but it's impossible, unless I've got time to travel. The horse has just been by another gamin."

"The detective hit his lip. "This is awkward," said he in an undertone. "I must go on as well as we can to the next village."

"Why not turn back to Petersfield, sir? You can get a horse somewhere."

"I dare say, Jackson, but the London road divides here. One goes to London through Farham and Algherth, the other through Godalming and Guildford. We must make sure which one Lottery takes."

"On again in pursuit, but at a disadvantage, as was quickly to be seen, for the leading horse, whipped up by the best groom, soon began to extend the distance dividing the two cabs. The horse in the rear cab was a poor one. Jackson was beginning to get this time, and certainly would not be able to go much further at the pace."

We must rest him and get

another!" exclaimed Stadrave, leaning anxiously out of the window and starting forward among the trees. "Jelfer is gaining on us every second. Ah, here's a village ahead of us, we shall be able to get a fresh horse there."

It was not easy, however, and by the time they had substituted a fresh animal for the one between the shafts, Lottery and his party were beginning to slacken down to negotiate the long and stiff ascent towards Hadeneyers, but that they they could see nothing. All the news they could get of it was from a tramp, half-sleep at the side of the road, who told them that another vehicle, very much like their own, had passed him "like a fire-engine, half on half on four before."

"We must be wrong, I think, as so long," muttered Stadrave. "Still, we were delayed a bit at the last change, and no doubt he's got a good start on us."

"Time we changed again, sir," Jackson said, his head out of the other window of mottled Stadrave's. "I don't think it will change there."

"Time we changed again, sir," Jackson said, his head out of the other window of mottled Stadrave's. "I don't think it will change there."

"Must have taken the wrong road," muttered Stadrave. "Still, we know this part too well. Any sign of a village, Jackson?" "There's a steep hill, Stadrave."

"Stadrave was craning his neck out of the rear window." "Why, now I recognise the place," said he. "I've been to that place before. Right. This is the road to the Devil's Punch Bowl."

"Yes," said Jackson; and, and then exclaimed quickly: "And look there, sir, half-way up the hill, there's 'there's the cab!'"

"By jingo, you're right! It's stopped at the top of the hill! Look as if they've got a wheel off. Pull up"—this to the driver. "We mustn't lose them. Quick, out of it. We'll travel a foot for a bit, and see what's happened."

"By the sound of their horse's hoofs had betrayed their presence already. (Continued on the next page.)

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