SCHOOL NOTES. Dec. 1901.

To the Boys.

I AM sure, boys. you all will be very sorry to hear that Mr. Johnstone is leaving us at the end of the present term. I feel sure also, that you all will agree with me, that we should place on record in our School Magazine our gratitude to Mr. Johnstone not only for the excellent manner in which he has edited and written it, but also for the many services he has rendered the school during the last two years. Mr. Johnstone has always taken a very lively interest in every thing connected with our school. As a master he has been to me a very loyal and helpful colleague ; and you all know what excellent service he has done for us in our games. Not only has he taken the duties of Hon. Secretary to our Cricket, Football and Sports Clubs, but he has also contributed largely to many of our successes in matches by his conspicuous ability on the cricket and football fields.

He leaves us with the best of good wishes from boys and masters alike.

T. T. LEE-JONES M.A., HEAD MASTER.

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About half-term we had an unexpected vacation, welcome enough to the majority of us, although the reason for the break was to be deplored. One of our number was unfortunate enough to contract diphtheria, and it was thought likely that the malady would spread. There was a great demand for mufflers in Guisboro' and a few of the more enterprising boys managed to acquire sore throats of the ordinary type. Happily there was never more than one actual case. Acting on the advice of the medical officer, Mr. Lee-Jones decided to close the school for a fortnight, so that the drains might be tested and the premises thoroughly disinfected. The School broke up on Friday. October 24th, and met again on the morning of November 11th, and since then we have been free from illness of every kind. The enforced holiday meant a serious interruption of work,—and football too. To make up in some measure for the loss of time, we have been spending two hours in school each Saturday morning; and as for football, two matches only have had to be abandoned. It is good to know that Ramsden is almost himself again ; he has come to be regarded by his schoolfellows as a martyr and public benefactor, who gave up his own liberty that his comrades might have more. This may or may not be some consolation to him.

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We have news of some old boys who are not unknown to the present generation. Many will remember for instance, the illustrious race of Borradailes. Two of its members are now to be found in distant parts of the Empire. Noel is at work in the Mashonaland agency at Bulawayo, whilst Gavin has gone to Winnipeg to learn farming. Rupert, familiarly known as "Mousie," follows his brother to Canada next March. The united ages of these pioneers scarcely total forty-five, and now only the stalwart Llewelyn (irreverently called "Taffy") is left to fight for hearth and home in the event of an invasion.

True genius has a way of forcing itself to the front even amidst the most unpromising

surroundings. Thus we are told that Clarkson, who here won lasting fame as a curator of footballs, has begun to impress the inhabitants of Königsfeld with his skill, and is performing wonders with a valveless inflator.

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G. C. Heslop, who is at Trent College, played in the team which won the Dormitory Trophy. Admirers of Heslop's seraphic voice will be gratified to know that he is much sought after for school concerts.

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Colonel Legard, chairman of the Technical Instruction Committee of the County Council, visited the school on Friday December 6th.

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The last week of the term will be occupied by the Cambridge Locals. Twenty-nine boys have entered for the exams.—one Senior, thirteen Juniors, and fifteen Preliminary Candidates.

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Our best thanks to the following gentlemen for contributions to the School Library :—

To Mr. Trevor, for "Lord Roberts."

To Mr. Johnstone, for Kipling's "Stalky and Co.," and Stevenson's "Island Nights' Entertainments."

To G. C. Heslop, for the "Wreck of the Golden Fleece."

To C. and G. Hadfield, for "The Jubilee Book of Cricket."

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With the publication of this number, the Editor hands over the care of the Magazine to others. Whilst conscious of many sins of omission and commission, he is yet sanguine enough to believe that most readers, past and present, have ever given him credit for good intentions. To those who have been so ready with help, in word and act, he tenders his warmest thanks, and to those who have felt that a shrewd knock or so has come to them through these pages, he would say, "The pen is a perilous and imperfect implement, and the spoken word, when written down, often conveys a meaning which was not in the speaker's mind. You cannot transfer tone and gesture to a sheet of paper; only believe it, that even if the writer has sometimes done sharply by you, he never wished to be malicious." And one thing more. It is the writer's experience that a boy best appreciates his School Magazine when he is no longer a school-boy. And this suggests a source of strength which so far we have not drawn upon. We know that there are many Old Boys who would gladly become annual subscribers if it were open to them to do so; and we know of more than one school journal which depends mainly for its existence on the enthusiastic support of those who are no longer within the School walls.

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A Merry Christmas to All!

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FOOTBALL.

WE can congratulate ourselves on the work accomplished in the Football field this term. It is not that we have an unbeaten record to point to, or a fabulous goal average; but the standard of play all round has been raised, and boys are beginning to realise that they have got to use their heads in more ways than one. Of course the break at the end of October did not do the team any good, and we were unable to play the Darlington match, whilst the return with Middlesbro' had to be postponed.

We have managed to atone for the Ayton disaster; but on account of the frost we were denied the opportunity of proving to Coatham that we are a better combination than we seemed to be when they played us here.

Competent judges tell us that the team we have now is a better one than the School possessed in the Christmas term of last year. Be that as it may, we have certainly a better goal average, and at the time of writing there is still a match to play—the return with Middlesbro'. The forenoon practices have been entered into with spirit (if we except the efforts of one or two chronic loungers) and there is far less slackness than there used to be.

In past seasons the writer has had occasion to criticise the movements of the half-backs, and has endeavoured to instil into them that the duties of a half are various and incessant. It is gratifying to see that these lectures have borne fruit. Our halves have begun to see that there are forwards to feed and follow up, as well as forwards to tackle, and that it is not against the rules to have a "pot" at goal from long range. This being so, our forwards might with advantage play more to the line behind them when they find themselves hampered by the opposing defence. Again, it is often a profitable tactic for the three inside men to draw their opponents' defence by veering to one wing, and then to send the ball across to the uncovered outside man on the opposite wing, who, if he is careful to keep on-side, ought to have a clear run-in. There is plenty of room for more method in our forward play, and there still remains that old weakness in front of goal. Mr. Lowe's work as referee has been much appreciated.

For purposes of comparison we append

results up to date, together with the results at the corresponding time last year :—

	Matches Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals For.	Agst.
Dec. 8, 1900...	11	5	5	1	47	47
Dec. 7, 1901...	8	4	3	1	32	24

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SCHOOL *v.* AYTON F.C.

We went to Ayton on October 9th confident of adding another to our list of wins, and experienced an unpleasant shock when the call of time found us a goal to the bad. We played down-hill in the first half, but it was some time before we became accustomed to the Ayton pitch. On one side the touch-line is bordered by a beck, and on this side also a tree is included in the field of play. Round this tree detachments from the opposing sides chase one another until they become giddy, or get the ball into the open. We have some hilly country on the opposite side of the field. If the ball strikes the side of the hill it is still in play,—if it should chance to hit the crest of the mountain it is in touch. Despite these obstacles and the fact that our team was below its usual form, we had the most of the play,—but the Ayton centre broke away now and then and scored twice before we had found the net. Then Lancaster put on one for us, and the half-time score was 2—1. In the second half Ayton were the first to score. Lancaster replied, and then Ayton got their fourth goal. Our third point came from Ward and for the latter part of the game we penned our opponents, and played desperately for a draw, but our shooting lacked precision, and we had to retire beaten by 4—3. Our team did not give a very lively display. Annett might have saved one of the goals by coming out, though it must be said that he did not receive too much support from his backs. There is nothing criminal in knocking a man over with a fair charge, and backs should not be scrupulous about using their weight if they cannot get the ball away otherwise. Both backs and halves seemed under the impression that they had an easy thing on, and were somewhat slack in watching their men. Forward the movements were not well organised, and much ground was lost on the left wing through hesitation and square passing. Lancaster wrought hard, but could not be expected to win the match by himself.

SCHOOL.—H. C Annett; Kennedy and Scarth; Holmes, Mr. Johnstone, Allison; H. Stokeld, Pybus, Lancaster, Ward, Levy.

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SCHOOL *v.* COATHAM.

At Guisbro' on October 19th. The match was in striking contrast to the last game played on our field with Coatham. On this occasion the play was slow and almost devoid of excitement, and, if we except the display of the Coatham backs and left half, very little good form was shown on either side. We kicked towards the Abbey goal in the first half, and, before the game was many minutes old, Ward lost a golden chance of opening our account. The visitors attacked next. Their forwards played a more open game than ours, and were not afraid of letting fly at goal from long range. Their first point was the result of a long shot, which hit the inside of the upright and glanced into the net. The second goal was almost exactly similar. Coatham continued to hold the upper hand, and, as our defence was rocky, Annett got a good deal to do. He was beaten for the third time by a high dropping shot, which he reached, but turned into the net. Lancaster scored our goal in this half, the Coatham backs having relaxed their efforts, under the impression that the ball had previously gone out of play. In the second half the visitors put on two more, but towards the close Guisboro' did all the pressing. Weak shooting alone prevented us from scoring at least twice, and we retired beaten by 5 goals to 1. Annett saved very smartly once or twice, but one of the goals he let through in the second half was distinctly "soft." Kennedy was the better back. Scarth would do well to practise kicking with either foot. Holmes was best at half. Allison was not a success, and shaped better when he went forward. Lancaster did not spare himself, but would have been more useful if he had kept his place, instead of straying over to the wings. Pybus was as plucky as ever, but the other three forwards funked the backs, and besides, were lamentably slow. For some reason or other, the tactics of Levy were a source of much mirth to the "gallery."

SCHOOL.—H. C. Annett; Kennedy and Scarth; Allison, Holmes, Tate; Levy, Pybus i., Lancaster, Ward, Watson.

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SCHOOL *v.* MR. GARTHWAITE'S XI.

Played on our ground on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, in weather too bad for anything but football. The visitors turned up in the most sportsmanlike manner, despite the drenching rain, but had to draw on the School for a couple of men. We started from the Redcar Road end, and Mr. Lee-Jones opened the scoring. We crossed over leading by 3—0. In the second period we added 4, of which Lancaster claimed two, and Allison and Mr. Johnstone one each. The visitors scored through Garthwaite (2) and Hutton. J. B. Annett made a promising first appearance, and scored a nice goal in the first half.

SCHOOL.—Ward; Kennedy and Craig i.; Holmes i., Mr. Johnstone, Tate; Annett ii., Lancaster, Rev. T. T. Lee-Jones, Allison, Watson.

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SCHOOL *v.* OLD BOYS.

On Saturday, November 23rd. The Old Boys paid us the compliment of bringing a very warm side against us, including Gaudie, the old Sheffield United man, and, strangely enough, the scoring was the same as in the Old Boys' match of the last two seasons, viz., 8—5 against us. The veterans scored 4 in the first half, whilst Lancaster and Watson got goals for us. After crossing over, the visitors added 4 more, and Watson, Allison, and Lancaster got through for us.

SCHOOL.—Ward; Kennedy and Craig i.; Holmes, Mr. Johnstone, Tate; J. B. Annett, Lancaster, Pybus i., Allison, Watson.

OLD BOYS.—Gaudie; Bourn and Wear; F. Stokeld, L. Harrison, Darnton; H. Stokeld, F. Sanderson, Matthews, Batterbee, H. Sanderson.

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SCHOOL *v.* AYTON F.S.

The Aytonians found us at the top of our form in this match, which was played on the school ground, on Wednesday December 4th, and they must have been heartily thankful when time was called. Holmes opened the scoring for us with a lightning shot, Lancaster put on another, and we crossed over leading by 2—0. It was like old times to see H. Annett operating again on the right wing, and he was responsible for two of the goals in the second half. Mr. Johnstone scored the other and we won by 5 to nil.

SCHOOL.—Ward; Kennedy and Craig i.; Holmes, Mr. Johnstone, Tate; H. Annett, Lancaster, Pybus i., Mr. Lee-Jones, Allison.

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SCHOOL *v.* MIDDLESBRO' BANKS.

On our field, on December 7th. The game was evenly contested, and resulted in a draw —two each. The visitors lead by 1—0 at half-time. They put on another in the second half, whilst we got goals through Pybus i. and and Mr. Johnstone. Thanks are due to those Old Boys who so readily gave up other engagements in order to assist the School.

SCHOOL.—Wear; Kennedy and Bourn; Holmes i., Mr. Johnstone, Tate; Matthews, H. Stokeld, Lancaster, Pybus i., Allison.

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The Eleven.

LANCASTER (Captain).—A steady and hard-working captain, who plays a strong game at centre forward or inside right. Knows how to pass, but is scarcely so ready in front of goal as he used to be. Can use his weight to some purpose.

KENNEDY (Vice-Captain).—Has improved remarkably, and is now the equal of any back we have had during the past three seasons. Puts both strength and judgment into his kicking, and is a safe tackler.

PYBUS i.—Has plenty of pluck and dash, and a fair turn of speed. Plays a good inside game on either wing, but is not too deadly in the goal-mouth.

WARD.—Is still quite the best goal keeper we have. Played forward in the early part of the season, but was not a success there. Has done some excellent saving since going back to his old place.

HOLMES i.—No member of the team has improved more rapidly. Gets over a lot of ground, and uses his height to good purpose. Plays either centre or right half, and is not afraid to have a try for goal when he gets near enough. Follows up better, and shows more judgment than hitherto.

TATE.—Is entirely a product of this season's play, and a very useful product, too. Has had a big share in making our half-back line the success it is. Feeds his forwards well, besides watching the enemy's wing like a terrier, and hammers away throughout the game in a grim but effective manner.

ALLISON.—Played very well at full-back in the early part of the season, and later on has combined well with Watson on the left wing. Is always a trier, but must get on the ball more quickly. His shooting is off and on.

WATSON.—Plays an improved game at outside left. Still too slow for a winger. Should learn to keep his arms down when keeping an opponent off the ball.

CRAIG i.—Has done good service as a partner to Kennedy. Is a cool and generally sure kick, but is apt to miss when hotly pressed. Tackles resolutely, though rather light for a full-back.

HUTTON.—Is very active and a fairly good kick at half-back. Has a good deal to learn yet in the art of following up and placing to his forwards.

ANNETT ii.—Outside right. A keen player, who knows what to do with the ball when he gets it. Dribbles nicely, and passes well when he does pass, which is not often enough. His centres at present are rather weak, but when height and weight come to him he should be a worthy successor to his brother.

By WILLIAM JAMES MARX,

Author of "Daisy Claim, Klondike," "The Avengers," "Candy's Drama," &c.

Chapter I.

Charlie Warden.

THIS isn't my story exactly, but Charlie Warden's, though I had a good deal to do with it. I have told the yarn several times at school, and Mr. Moss—our English Master—advised me to write it down, in case I should forget it, though that doesn't seem at all likely at present.

The event happened last Christmas Eve, but before beginning the yarn proper, I had better tell you something about myself.

My name is Cholmondeley Percival Powell, commonly called Percy, but known at school —thanks to Charlie Warden—as "Chummy."

Charlie and I, as everyone at Bostock House would tell you, were two of the best boys in the school. Perhaps I ought to mention that the masters did not think so, but then, of course, they were prejudiced, and therefore their views should not be taken into account. After all, masters are only human, and *humanum est errare*, as some respectable old gentleman said a long time ago.

Charlie had always been my friend since our first and only fight, when my nose bled such a stream that one fellow fetched his model boat to give her a sail in the *Red Sea*, as he said. As the result of my prowess, Charlie's eyes were not exactly a well-matched pair for some little time after that mill.

He was rather a queer sort of fellow—tall for his age, too, and slim; with clear white skin, and dark hair and eyes. His people were in India, and he always spent vacation with an uncle living in Yorkshire. Charlie had come straight to Bostock House from India, and we soon found him a capital addition to our room. He was a fine ventriloquist and could conjure as well as the fellows at the Egyptian Hall.

I should like to tell you some of the clever tricks he could do, but that would interfere with my story.

One evening, late in November, several of us sat together doing our Latin prep., or, at least, that is what we were supposed to be doing. Really we were talking of the coming "vac," and bragging of our skating powers. It's wonderful how fine a skater every fellow is when there's no ice about!

All at once Potter put his head in at the door, and, looking round, said in a dismal voice, "Warden, the Doctor wants you, in the study!"

"Ouf!" exclaimed Simmons, remembering his own calls to the study, "What have you been up to now, my boy?"

"Nothing!" replied my chum, with a merry smile, "at least, I can't remember anything in particular."

Leaning over I whispered nervously in his ear, but he only shook his head and laughed, saying, "What a muff you are, Chummy! How on earth could he find that out?"

"I hope he hasn't!" I observed, still quaking—for a guilty conscience isn't a nice thing, and I was thinking of a certain little incident that had happened the night before.

"How does the Doctor seem?" I asked Potter; though I was not referring to his health.

"Savage as a bear, my boy! I wouldn't be in Warden's shoes for a trifle!"

However, Charlie didn't seem much impressed, and, suggesting that it was probably an invitation to supper, he walked off chuckling, while we waited with impatience to learn the result of the interview. In a quarter of an hour he returned with a very long face. Of course he was pelted with all sorts of questions and sympathy, but he did not satisfy our curiosity.

"It's nothing," said he, "nothing to make a fuss about," and that was all we could get out of him, which, of course, made us more curious still.

Now, seeing that all his scrapes without exception had been shared in by me, you may be sure I spent a most uncomfortable evening wondering which had at length been brought home to him. At last, just before bedtime, I had an opportunity to question him.

"What has he found out?" I asked.

"Keep your hair on, Chummy!" said he, for he was most regrettably slangy, "keep your hair on! Your eggs aren't in this basket!"

I looked at him in such open-mouthed astonishment that he said with a laugh. "It's nothing to do with the school my boy, it's a private concern."

"Nothing wrong at home, I hope?"

"Oh, no; but the Head's just had a letter from Uncle Edward. It seems there's fever at his place; nothing serious, but he suggests that I had better spend Christmas here."

"Oh!" I cried, "what a beastly shame! Fancy moping through Christmas in this hole!"

"It's not much to look forward to, is it? But there, it can't be helped, and I must make the best of it. The corners of my mouth went down, though, when the Doctor told me!"

"So I should think! I'm awfully sorry. I shan't half enjoy my Christmas now!"

"I daresay!" said he, grinning. "You'll be too sorry to touch a bit of pudding even!"

I lay awake a long time that night, thinking over my chum's disappointment, and at last resolved to see what I could do in the matter.

Nothing further was said on the subject, but a week or ten days later I rushed up to Charlie, frantically waving an open letter.

"It's all right!" I cried. "It's all right! Here's a letter from my mother! Listen to what she says: 'Of course you may bring your friend with you! I should not like to think of the dear boy moping in an empty school while we are enjoying ourselves. He must come by all means, and we will give him a hearty welcome. Your father has written to Dr. Courtenay by this post.' So that's all right, Charlie, isn't it?"

"I should rather think so. But, I say, Chummy, you're an awfully good sort, and your father and mother. It's first class, and no mistake!"

That same day he had another interview with the Head, who agreed to the new arrangement; and, before the end of the week, his uncle wrote a very nice letter, full of thanks to my mother for her kindness.

So it was all settled, and at last we found ourselves in the train which would take us from Bostock to Belhaven, a fair-sized town on the south coast. A testy-looking old fellow got in just as the train was about to start, and we three were the only occupants of the compartment.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the stranger, after settling himself satisfactorily, "what a horrible smell!"

"It's only peppermint, sir," said Charlie, producing a bag of bulls'-eyes.

The old fellow glowered at him, and said aloud, but addressing no one in particular, "A pity the company doesn't provide special carriages for school-boys!"

Charlie winked at me, and the next minute there came the whine of a dog from under the seat.

"Take that animal out!" cried the old gentleman angrily. "Take it out, I say. I won't have it here!"

"It isn't mine," I remarked meekly.

The whine became a bark, and, when the old gentleman kicked vigorously beneath the seat, there was an ominous growl.

"This is intolerable," cried he. "I'll report you at the very next station. Get out, you brute!" and he gave another tremendous kick.

"It isn't my dog," observed Charlie, who was lounging in one corner.

"It belongs to one of you. I shall certainly report you the first time we stop," which sure enough, he did.

"Hi, porter!" he yelled, flinging open the door, "come here. Remove this dog; it has no business here."

"Belong to you young gentlemen?" asked the porter civilly.

"No," said I. "we have no dog."

The man stooped down, but a savage growl sent him flying back, and then he said coaxingly, "Carlo, Carlo, good dog, good dog! Come then!" but the dog refused to be drawn from its hiding-place.

In the midst of the confusion the whistle sounded; the porter jumped to the platform, slammed the door, and, as we steamed out of the station, shouted something about having it seen to at the next stoppage.

"Gr-rrr!"

Our fellow passenger started, drew up his legs, placed them on the opposite seat, and never once removed them till we ran into Belhaven station. Then he jumped to the door, shouting for the station-master, and vowing vengeance alike on us, the railway company, and the unfortunate dog, which was still alternately barking and growling.

A crowd quickly assembled, but no one cared to put his hand beneath the seat, though there was a great deal of "Good dog!" and "Good old Rover, then!"

At length a sturdy porter came along, and volunteered to drag the animal out. Down on hands and knees he went, amid cheers and warnings to be careful, while one or two men edged cautiously away, lest the savage brute should make a sudden bolt.

I wish you could have seen that man's face when he had finished the search.

"Why, you blessed duffers!" said he scornfully, "there ain't no dawg there! Not even a lap dawg!"

"Perhaps he slipped out between our legs," I suggested. "Come on Charlie, my people will think we haven't arrived. I say porter, fetch out our traps, will you!"

"Mind the dog," said Charlie gravely. "If he's still there he may bite you."

"It's my private opinion," said the porter, as he followed us across the platform, "that the old gen'leman's been dreaming."

My father now came toward us.

"You look well, Percy," said he, shaking my hand. "This your friend Warden? Glad to see you, my boy! Hope you'll have a pleasant holiday. Ah! here's our cab. In with you both. Two portmanteaus and a box, porter. Put them outside. We'll have the rest inside with us. Here you are, and a merry Christmas! Town Quay, cabby, and the landing stage at the far end. Well boys, did you have a pleasant journey?"

"Capital, thank you father," I answered, trying to avoid Charlie's eyes. "Did you come over in the *Rose*?"

"Yes. The tide's up and the water fairly calm. Can you sail a boat, Charlie? Too cold for much of it now, but in the summer we have plenty of boating. You must come again then."

"Thank you, sir," replied Charlie. "I should like to learn how to manage a boat, very much."

"It's fine sport as long as you don't upset the boat, isn't it Percy? Hulloa, here we are!" and opening the door he stepped out, leaving us to follow.

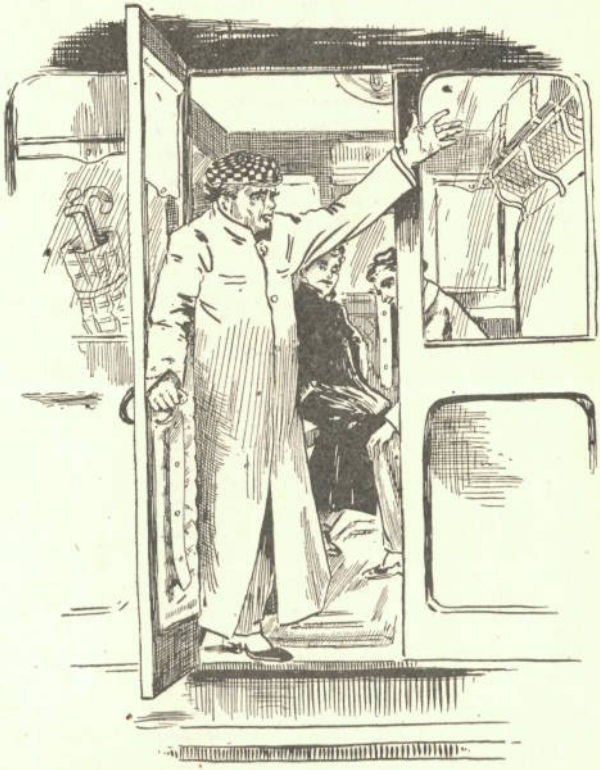
Our traps were quickly stowed away on board the *Rose*, and, as soon as we were seated, Dick Mason—one of our men—cast off the rope.

"This is grand!" said Charlie. "I didn't know we should have to cross the water."

"There's a way round by the bridge, higher up the river," my father explained, "but it's a matter of ten miles, all told, with a train service only half the distance. Are you cold?"

"Just a little," admitted Charlie, who, I suppose, because of his early years in India, generally felt the cold of winter more than I did.

My father wrapped an extra rug around him, saying with a laugh, that on reaching home we would put him in the chimney corner.



"HI, PORTER!" HE YELLED.

We had a very pleasant sail across to the tiny pier at Avondale, where the *Rose* was brought to.

"There's Williams with the dog-cart," said my father. "Shall we ride, or walk on and leave him to bring the luggage?"

Both Charlie and I voted for walking, though it was a fairly stiff climb to Avonhurst, as our house was called. Grace—that's the sister next to me—who was standing on the steps, saw us coming, and ran into the house to fetch mother.

"So this is Charlie Warden?" said the *mater*, smiling at my chum. "I am very pleased to see you, my dear. I hope you will be quite happy at Avonhurst. I am sure we shall try to make you so."

Charlie blushed and stammered out his thanks, and then I took him off to the room he was to share with me.

"I say, Chummy," he began when we got inside, "your people are just too stunning for anything."

"I thought you'd like them," I answered carelessly.

"I do, no end! What did you call your sister? Grace?"

"That one. There are several others, but they're grown up. Grace and I are the youngsters."

As dinner was to be late that evening, mother arranged that we boys should dine at once with Grace, and spend the evening together, which suited us very well.

Charlie and my sister were soon good friends, and after dinner he performed some of his wonderful tricks for her amusement. I cannot tell you about all of them, but there was one especially which made Grace open her eyes.

"Have you ever seen the dance of the glasses?" he asked her, and before she could reply, he placed three long-stemmed glasses in the middle of the table.

"Now," said he, "if you will sit just here, and Chummy at the other end, the performance will begin. Keep your eyes fixed on the glasses, and don't speak a word."

How he did it I cannot pretend to explain, but after a time one glass began to move very very slowly. The two others then followed suit, and there they were, all three gently rocking to and fro like boats on a calm sea. Charlie was crooning some old Indian ditty, and when he sang faster the glasses skipped around, keeping time just as if they were obeying the music.

It was the oddest sight and, I fancy, rather frightened Grace, as she had very little to say afterwards. I don't mind confessing that it made me feel a bit creepy.

When I told Sam Parsons about it the next day he laughed. Sam is going to marry my sister Eunice, and is a very clever chap. You should have heard him explain all about it! He nearly took my breath away. Of course I didn't understand anything he said, except that it was all a pack of rubbish, and that Charlie had humbugged us by an optical illusion.

I mentioned this to Charlie, who just lay back and laughed, which seemed hardly the proper thing, considering that Sam was going to be my brother. However, I must get on with the story. We had a splendid time. Charlie was a prime favourite all round, and everyone tried to make things pleasant for him.

"I tell you what it is, Chummy," said he one night, as we went to our room after a rattling good evening's sport, "the only thing bothering me is, that I can't do something to show your people how much I appreciate their kindness."

"Oh, stuff!" said I sleepily. "They'll be quite satisfied if you have a good time."

* * *

Chapter II.

The Crystal Globe.

This is the part of my story at which strangers always laugh, although there's nothing funny in it. Some shake their heads wisely and recite the hardest words in the dictionary—at least it sounds like that; others say "Pooh! Pooh! A mere coincidence. The explanation is simple enough. Professor So-and-so swept all the mystery out of that kind of thing years ago."

Now my readers can laugh as much as they like. I shan't hear them for one thing, and it would make little difference if I did. I can only say that no one laughed at Avonhurst when it happened!

We had a full house on Christmas Eve, but I need not introduce all the people. Taking it all round we had a good time, though Sam Parsons *would* tinker on the piano, while a lady visitor sang, "Oh Love, how I love thee!" which wasted a great deal of time.

Then Blanche Sylvester introduced another kind of game, at least I took it for a game, which threatened to be just as dull. She had a glass ball in which we were to see things which, as far as I could judge, weren't there. Some of the guests sniffed and tossed their heads, saying they didn't believe in such silly rubbish; while others, who took a peep, saw nothing.

"You have a try, Percy," said Blanche to me. "Look very steadily into the glass while I think of something."

"Oh," said I with a start, "I can see a

long table full of all sorts of good things. There's a turkey, and a fat goose, and—"

I don't think it was exactly good manners, but Sam Parsons and the rest began laughing, while Blanche said stiffly to me, "I can't say that I was thinking of the supper-room!"

"A very natural picture for Percy to see, though!" exclaimed Parsons, laughing again, while Eunice wanted to know if I had been in the kitchen. She's pretty sarcastic for a girl, is Eunice, which I hope by this time Mr. Sam Parsons has discovered.

"Never mind, Percy," laughed my father, "have another try!"

NO ONE SPOKE, BUT ALL WERE LISTENING INTENTLY.

"No thank you!" I replied, "I'll do the thinking this time. Grace, will you come?"

"I'd rather not," said my sister, "I might see something dreadful. Let Charlie try."

Now I will say for my chum that there was no nonsense about him. He never pushed himself forward, but he was always willing to be agreeable, and would take a hand in anything that was going.

"What am I to do?" he asked, coming forward.

"Look steadily into the glass while Percy thinks of someone or something, and then tell us what you see."

Now it is very odd, that, directly Charlie became what I believe is called the *scrier*, a curious hush fell upon the whole company. The laughing and chattering ceased, and the audience assumed the kind of expression usually worn in church.

"Go on," said I to Charlie, "I've thought of someone."

"Does he know who it is?" asked Blanche.

"Oh, no; he has never seen, and, as far as I know, has never heard of the person."

"The glass has become dim, just as though a wet cloth had been laid on it," said Charlie, "I can see nothing. Oh, wait a bit! Here's a train just coming into a station! The passengers are jumping out; now the platform's crowded with people! Why, it's *Belhaven!* I can see the porter who carried our bags, Chummy! He's talking to a big man with a peaked cap and heavy top coat, but I can't see the fellow's face!"

Everyone was now thoroughly interested, and I was nearly dancing with excitement.

"Keep your eye on the big chap, old man!" I cried. "What is he like?"

"I've missed him. He's got mixed with the crowd. Now the station's empty and almost in darkness. Hulloa! what's this place? Why, I've been here before, too! It's the Quay Head where we boarded the *Rose!* It does look jolly dismal! It's raining fast, and the lamps look as if they want to go to bed! Here's a man coming along in oil-skins and sou'wester. He has sea boots on, too, and is swinging a lantern in one hand. Oh, here's the big fellow coming!"

"Can you see his face now?"

"No, he's in the shade. The boatman has gone down some steps. He's hooking the lantern on to the mast of a boat. Now I can see the other—he looks like a sailor—an officer, I should say. There's gold braid round his cap, and a little flag in front. I can't see if he's in uniform."

"But the man himself, Charlie," I cried, not daring to look at my mother, "what is he like?"

"Well, he's tall and young—hardly over twenty; he has curly hair, and his—— why, Chummy, it's *you, grown up!*"

You could have heard a pin drop in the room now. My sisters stared at Charlie as if he were a wizard, my father looked startled, while mother seemed half dead with fright.

"Better drop it," advised Sam Parsons, "we have had enough of that fooling."

"No, no," said the *mater* faintly, "let him go on."

Blanche Sylvester was as pale as mother, though at that time I did not know why.

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried she, eagerly, "please keep looking. Who knows what may come of it?"

"It's very queer, certainly," said my father, "unless——".

A sudden suspicion shot through his brain, but, catching sight of my excited features he dismissed it.

It was quite apparent that Charlie and I were not gaming.

"There's another man at the Quay Head!" cried Charlie. "He's helping to cast the boat off. Now he's waving his hand and walking away. Now he's turning back and looking across the water. I can see the boat no longer."

"Don't take your eyes off," urged Blanche, "oh, please don't!"

No one else spoke, but all were sitting well forward, listening intently. Even Sam Parsons, who at first thought we were playing a trick, seemed anxious and uneasy.

"See anything more, Charlie?" I asked in a whisper.

"No, only the water. The waves are tossing up and down tremendously. Oh, there's the boat! I can just see the white sail. O—oh!"

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"I thought she had gone down, but she's up again though half full of water. The big chap has taken off his boots and top-coat. I can see the gilded buttons of his uniform. Afraid he'll have to swim for it, perhaps. The boatman has his boots off too. Now she's gone again! Oh, Chummy, I do believe she's done for!"

It was all so natural, so direct and real, that we seemed to see the picture almost as well as Charlie himself, while, of course, he could have no idea what a fearful interest attached to his story. He was intensely excited, and did not hear my mother's cry of dismay.

"Here she is again!" he cried presently. "She's floating bottom upwards, and there's a man clinging to her keel!"

"Which?" I asked hoarsely; and, though perhaps it was horribly selfish, I heaved a sigh of relief when he answered "The big fellow in uniform."

After this he was silent awhile, only remarking that it had got very dark and he could not see the boat. We hung round him breathlessly, waiting as if our lives depended on his seeing something more.

Leaving his seat, my father walked over to mother, and stood beside her, holding her hand.

"Ah!" exclaimed Charlie suddenly, "there's a broad flash of lightning, and everything as clear as day. I see the boat!"

"But the man!" almost screamed Blanche Sylvester. "Where is the man?" and the silence in the room was quite painful.

"The man's gone!" cried Charlie excitedly. "It's dark again now, but he wasn't on the boat."

I believe Blanche Sylvester fainted dead away, and I heard my mother's almost suppressed but heart-rending cry, "Oh, Tom, Tom!" but I did not look round; I was watching Charlie's face. His eyes were screwed up and strained, just as when one is trying to observe things at a distance on a dark night.

"There's the lightning again!" he presently exclaimed. "What a flash! There's a curious building—it seems made of iron, and has an outside spiral staircase. Close by is a dark patch. It's wet mud that has been covered by the tide. Ah, there's the big fellow; I see the gleam of his buttons! He's lying stretched out on the mud, quite still. I should think he is dead! Now everything is blurred."

"Eunice!" shouted my father, "see to your mother! Look to Blanche, you girls! Percy, tell Jenkins to put the mare to and drive to Doctor Kelly. Tell him not to lose a second, but to bring the Doctor right away to *Look-Out-Point*. Sam, tell the servants to get lanterns out! I don't understand this juggling business, but that little chap has described our Tom as well as if he knew him!"

When I left the room Charlie was as white as a sheet and trembling all over. Until that moment he had not guessed what anguish he was causing us: he was, indeed, too engrossed in describing what he saw.

I dashed off at full speed, found Jenkins, raced to the stables, got out the mare, helped put her in the shafts, and gave the astonished man my father's message.

"Take the near cut," I cried, "and beg the Doctor not to linger a minute. *Look-out-Point!*"

"Right you are, sir!" he replied, jumping to his seat. He gathered up the reins, and,

as I stood aside, the mare plunged into the darkness.

I suppose we all seemed very absurd and simple-minded, yet I think hardly anyone doubted that my father was acting rightly.

As I ran back from the stables he came out from the house, Sam Parsons followed, then three gentlemen visitors, and poor old Charlie, white-faced still, brought up the rear. Three or four servants went ahead with lanterns, and I joined Charlie.

We scarcely noticed the cold or rain, but went tearing off down the hill past the landward end of the tiny pier, in the direction of *Look-Out-Point*.

"Is this the place you saw?" asked my father, catching Charlie by the arm.

"Yes," said he, "there's the iron building with the light at the top."

"Spread out, men!" cried my father, unable to conceal his anxiety. "Throw the light on the ground. Search every foot. Try to recall the scene, Charlie, and tell me just where the figure lay."

"In that direction," replied my chum without hesitation, pointing south-west of the light-house.

"Come along then!" and we all three set off with our eyes bent on the ground.

"Bring your lantern this way," I shouted to a servant.

Charlie was about three yards on my left, and suddenly, with a wild whoop, he shouted, "Here's something! Bring a light, quick!" and, running over, we saw what in our hearts we expected to see —my brother Tom, lying motionless, and apparently dead.

Now my father was a man of action, and never spent much time in wondering what to do.

"Off with his coat!" said he. "Now unbutton his shirt. Double your arm under his head, Mr. Dibble, while we turn him over. Percy run to meet the Doctor, and tell him to hurry."

Charlie went with me, but, though meeting the vehicle, we had no chance of speaking to the Doctor. Jenkins was driving like a madman, the mare flew past us like a railway engine at full speed, and, long before our return, Dr. Kelly was on the spot trying to save my brother's life.

As we approached I heard my father say very reverently, "Thank God!" and then, in a louder tone, "Up to the house, Percy. Tell your mother we have found Tom, and that he is coming round. We shall want plenty of warm blankets, hot-water bottles, and that kind of thing. Off with you!"

It was a pull up the hill, but we ran all the way, and almost dropped in the hall from exhaustion. How they crowded round us! I said afterwards to Charlie, it was a mercy we weren't suffocated.

When we told the news, the place was like Pandemonium. The girls, laughing and crying, hugged and kissed us—especially Charlie —over and over again. I thought Blanche Sylvester would never let him go, and even Grace, usually a level-headed girl, kissed him twice. But Charlie's a good-natured nipper, and took it all in good part.

"HERE'S SOMETHING! BRING A LIGHT, QUICK!"

Presently my father, Sam Parsons, and a couple of the visitors brought Tom home, leaving the rest to search for the boatman, but I may as well say here that the poor fellow's body was not found for several days.

Tom was put to bed, and the Doctor said there was no need for apprehension. His breathing was perfectly regular, and, unless

something unforeseen happened, he would waken in the morning little the worse for his adventure.

The strange event broke up the party for the evening, and those staying in the house went to their rooms early.

"Well!" exclaimed Charlie, beginning to undress, "that beats all the Indian tricks I know. What do you make of it, Chummy?"

"Don't understand it at all!" said I. "It's a mystery to me."

"Was it of your brother you were thinking?"

"Yes, that's the queer part of it; but we didn't know he was in England. And, besides, how could you see him by looking at a piece of glass?"

"I don't know! I hope I shan't be dreaming of it all night! This is the rummiest Christmas Eve I've ever heard of!"

Tom was not in time to attend service with us on Christmas morning, but in the afternoon we all gathered in the drawing-room to compare notes.

My sailor brother's yarn was very simple. His ship had reached London sooner than had been expected, and, getting leave, he had come down to Belhaven intending to surprise us. The story of the passage across was just as described by Charlie, and Tom finished up by saying how lucky it was we happened to be at the *Point*.

Then we had to tell him about the crystal, and a fine discussion there was. My mother thanked God and said nothing; my father declared the whole affair to be very queer. Sam Parsons said it was just a phenomenal coincidence or a coincident phenomenon—I don't remember which—acting in conjunction with a thought transference on a wavy plane.

This sounded imposing, and a good many people accepted this explanation as being at once the most lucid and most satisfactory.

As to Tom, he said it was clear he owed his life to Blanche Sylvester, Charlie, and me. I don't know what he bought for Blanche, but, at the end of the holidays, my chum and I returned to Bostock House wearing spanking gold watches and guards, which the other fellows said were brass.

By the way, I don't press you to accept Sam's explanation of the mysterious occurrence. He's an awfully clever chap—ask Eunice—but he doesn't know everything.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

"THE FATHER OF RAILWAYS."

THE story of George Stephenson is a record of pluck and perseverance; of uprightness and heroism such as boys love, and a bad day for England it will be when these qualities no longer arouse their admiration.

To mount the ladder of fame is not easy, but it is possible, even if, at the start, you are a long way removed from the ladder itself, and of this truth George Stephenson is a splendid example.

We might say he started Life's Handicap from "Scratch," yet he came in a winner because of his grit and courage and determination not to be beaten.

George was not "born in the purple" by any means. His father was a fireman at Wylam Colliery near Newcastle. He earned twelve shillings a week and had six children to provide for, so that George did not find himself in a world of luxury.

At seven years of age he began to add his modest mite to the family income. His first appearance in the world of work was as a herd boy, and for his labour he received the princely sum of 2d. a day. From that he struggled upward to be a hoer of turnips at 4d. a day, and was exceedingly proud of his rise in life.

At this time he was bare-headed and bare-legged, and had not an abundance of clothing of any kind. But he was bright, cheerful, and merry; he carried a smile on his face and gladness in his heart; to hear him whistling and singing at his work, you would have thought he found the earth a very pleasant place to live in.

If he had an hour to spare he spent it beside his father's engine. From it he could not keep away; it was an idol, a fetish, to be looked up to and almost reverenced. He was never tired of gazing at it and seeing how it was put together. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to little George, and I daresay he dreamt of it at night.

One day a villager saw him in the field with his cows. He was keeping an eye on the animals, and, at the same time, was busy doing something with his hands Going up to him the man found he had made a little clay engine, with hemlock stalks for pipes. That was the very first of a long line of engines as yet not even dreamed of.

Passing on a few years we find the herd boy has become a fireman, actually earning twelve shillings a week. The wonderful promotion almost turned his head.

"Now," said he to his father, "I am a made man for life."

Up to this time he had never seen the inside of a school, and could neither read nor write. He made up his mind soon to do both, for, simple colliery fireman as he was, he recognised the truth that "knowledge is power."

Most people who have been hard at work twelve hours during the day feel they have earned a right to rest. George however having eaten a hasty supper, went to the night school, where in less than a year he learned to read, and write, and to wrestle with problems in arithmetic.

He was still going up the ladder, and at twenty was brakesman of a large coal mine at a salary of a pound a week. In the evenings, when not at school, he mended shoes, and regarded himself as a rich man.

With the surplus of his wages he furnished a cottage, and married a young girl named Fanny Henderson. His wife soon died, but left him a little son Robert, who, in time to come, was to earn fame and fortune as the great Bridge Builder.

All this was, however, hidden as yet, but George resolved his boy should have a good education, and to obtain the money, he added watch and clock cleaning to his other labours.

It was a hard struggle, made still harder by an accident to his father, who was blinded for life. George accepted this fresh burden cheerfully. He settled his parents in a little cottage, and kept them to the end of their days. He believed in the Fifth Commandment and acted on it. All honour to him!

In 1812 he became engineer at Killingworth Colliery at £100 a year. At this time the wagons were drawn from the mines by horses along tramway rails. There were many stationary steam engines, but the locomotive remained to be invented.

Stephenson set himself to the task. It was a dreary fight against all manner of obstacles, but the engineer was used to grappling with difficulties. When he failed he made a fresh start, because it simply was not in his nature to accept defeat. Success must come to a man of this stamp, and it came to Stephenson. After a big struggle he made his locomotive. It ran on rails, and, to the astonishment of everybody, it drew a train with a load of thirty tons at the rate of four miles an hour. This was the beginning of big things, though few people had any idea of the changes the invention would make.

Stephenson had mounted another rung of the ladder. He was now given the task of constructing a railway between Stockton and Darlington. Here again many difficulties cropped up, but the dogged hero laid them all low. When the line was opened Stephenson himself drove the engine, which pulled a weight of ninety tons at from eight to ten miles an hour.

Success springs from success. Stephenson's next undertaking was to construct a line between Liverpool and Manchester. The distance was short, but the difficulties were enormous. Sixty bridges had to be built, tunnels cut, excavations made, and a great tunnel bored under a part of Liverpool itself. Worst of all, Chat Moss, an immense peaty bog of spongy vegetable pulp, which would not support the weight of a man, had to be made firm.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

The most distinguished engineers of the day said it was an impossible thing which no man in his senses would undertake to do. George listened gravely and then began work on the "impossible" task.

I wish the Editor would give me sufficient space to recount the whole story. It reads like a romance, it is brimful of dangers and adventures, and it shows in the clearest light the picture of a man who was never beaten, and who commanded success out of his very failures.

At last the line was ready, and Stephenson passed from one triumph to another. An engine was wanted for the train, and the Directors offered a prize of £500 for the best. Four engines, of which one was the famous "Rocket," were entered in the competition. Three came to grief, but the "Rocket" stood

every test and was triumphantly declared the winner.

The "Rocket" was built by the same hands that made the little clay engine in the field near Wylam, and I am glad to say that one of the assistants in its construction was the successful engineer's son, Robert. The famous father was to be followed by an equally if not more famous son. Two trips were made, and, to the amazement of the spectators, the engine travelled at the rate of thirty-two miles an hour.

I need not dwell on the revolution which the advent of the "Rocket" made, and how entirely it altered the face of our country. Railway lines were laid down in all directions, and hardly one, during the next ten years, was constructed without the advice and assistance of George Stephenson.

He was at the top of the ladder now, and I know of few men who so thoroughly deserved success. All his life he had worked hard and had never faltered. He was brave in the true sense of bravery, he was a dutiful son, an honest workman, an upright and honourable employer, and emphatically one of "nature's gentlemen." It says much, too, for our country that a man, by steady perseverance and integrity, could raise himself so high from so humble an origin.

In 1840 he resigned most of his appointments, leaving his railway work to be carried on by his son Robert. In his latter years he lived the life of a country gentleman, though still continuing to overlook the collieries and lime-works he had purchased.

Many of his leisure hours were devoted to gardening pursuits, and to the keeping of birds and animals, of which he was very fond.

Remembering his own early struggles, he took a great interest in education, and was the Founder and President of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers at Birmingham. He died in August, 1848, being then sixty-seven years old.

In 1881 the centenary of his birth was celebrated. At Newcastle and Chesterfield the occasion was observed as a general holiday, and both towns were made gay with flags and bunting. From Wylam to Newcastle, a distance of eight miles, there was a grand procession of railway engines. The first locomotive that Stephenson ever made was there, and in its company were some of the grandest engines which man has been able to construct. Far more magnificent they were than their humble forerunner, and yet the interest of the spectators was centred almost entirely in the antiquated engine to which the others owed their existence.

Many famous inventions have been perfected since Stephenson's time, and many marvels of science have been unfolded within the memory of even my youngest readers, but we must not let new triumphs altogether obscure the old; we must keep a corner in our minds for those sturdy old forefathers of ours who paved the way for their successors.

And somewhere in the front rank we must place George Stephenson. He did not invent the steam-engine—that honour belongs to others—but he did more than anyone to invent our railway system and to make it workable. For this reason it is fitting that we should honour him with the proud title—"The Father of Railways"—which is placed at the head of this short sketch.

But it is not his skill alone which claims our admiration and respect. He is a grand type of the sturdy men who did so much to raise our beloved land to its proud pre-eminence; he is a grand example to the British youth of the present day.

There are many people at home and abroad who preach the doctrine that Great Britain is "going to the dogs," that decay is eating away our spirit, that our hands have lost their former cunning. We are being beaten everywhere they cry; the nation is lagging behind in the race; presently it will fall out altogether.

I do not believe this for an instant, though it would be folly to deny that our rivals are pushing us closely. Then all the more reason that we should be up and doing, for the thought of Great Britain going down in the world is not to be endured.

And when our boys take their places in the stern fight for supremacy, where will they find better examples than among those sturdy forbears of whom George Stephenson was one.

It is well for us to put him forward now and again, and to study his career, for his qualities are those which have built up this great nation. Steadily he pursued his way, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. Giants in the shape of almost insuperable difficulties rose up in his path; he battled with them one by one till he had them lying at his feet. Many and many a time he suffered defeat—and what then? He did not whimper, but worked on, learning by failure how to achieve success. He was a man, brave, stout-hearted, undaunted. He put "impossible" out of his dictionary, refusing to acknowledge the existence of such a word.

Success crowned his efforts and success will crown ours also, if, like him, we press forward steadily to our goal, determined upon reaching it.

J.O.E.