



SCHOOL NOTES. *March 1902*

**T**HE first Term of 1902 commenced on January 22nd, but we had hardly settled down to our ordinary routine of work, when on January 30th, there swooped down upon us no less than three Inspectors from the Board of Education.

For two whole days these gentlemen examined and taught and inspected, and now we await the result of all their labours.

We are hoping that something may be done soon in the matter of a small laboratory for practical work in science, as the result of this inspection.

It appears that these Inspectors are not so accustomed to the cold north as we are, for they were very much impressed by the cold atmosphere of our class rooms.

We are now, however, much better off than at the corresponding period of last year. A new stove has been placed in the large school-room which has raised the temperature to a very great extent. Last year we thought ourselves quite comfortable if we could raise a temperature of 38 deg. or 40 deg. in the morning.

Now, however, by the careful manipulation of the stove, we can work at a temperature of 47 deg. to 50 deg., even on the coldest morning. We wonder how these Inspectors would have managed in January, 1901.

For the first month we only saw a football on three or four occasions. Deep snow covered the ground, and all the matches had to be postponed. A few ardent skaters, especially Smales and Craig I., patronized the

school pond, but the skating was only poor, because as soon as the pond was swept, down came another fall of snow, and all our preparations were spoiled.

On February 18th, the frost gave way, and right glad most of us were to see the last of it. When the thermometer is at 20 deg. and the air is fresh, you feel very vigorous; but when all the pipes are frozen and you have to borrow every drop of water, you have a different sort of feeling. Of course considerable economy had to be exercised in the matter of water. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and perhaps this sparing use of water was quite a boon to those boys who could get a little more time in bed and a little less washing away of the high water mark.

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Our best thanks are due to the following Old Boys for contributions to the School Library:—

H. Ramsden for "The First and Second Jungle Books."

J. Ridsdale for "The Lion of St. Mark."

N. Ridsdale for "Condemned as a Nihilist."

We also acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of "The Coathamian" and the Middlesbrough High School Magazine.

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Thanks to the generosity of Miss Poynter, Mr. Fairburn and Mr. Tamblingson, considerable valuable additions have been made to the School Museum. Miss Poynter presented to us a splendid Early British Urn containing human bones, which had been discovered by her uncle, Mr. J. W. Ord, when excavating in

a tumulus at Eston Nab in the Cleveland Hills overlooking the river Tees. This discovery was made on the 11th of November, 1843.

The Urn, which is in an excellent state of preservation, is 16 inches high, and 12 inches in diameter, it is composed of burnt clay half an inch thick, and in colour resembles a common tile. Its sides are marked in a curious manner by the point of some sharp instrument. It had most probably been imbedded for nearly 2000 years.

We have to thank Mr. Fairburn for an excellent copy of the Great Seal of William and Mary, and also Mr. Tamblingson for an idol taken from a Temple, and for a pair of Burmese slippers captured in the Dacoit war.

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On February 26th, we received the results of the Cambridge Local Examination held in December last. Eighteen boys succeeded in gaining certificates, out of a possible twenty-eight, which is highly creditable considering the size of the School, and the fact that we had to close the School on account of illness for nearly three weeks, only a short time before the examination. The following are the successful boys:—

CAMBRIDGE SENIOR LOCAL.—Kennedy i.

CAMBRIDGE JUNIOR LOCAL.—*Third Class Honours*—Bradley i., Annett i. *Passes*—Blackett, Ward, Tate, Levy.

CAMBRIDGE PRELIMINARY LOCAL.—Wilson, Maughan, Graham, Ableson, Blackett ii., Allison, Fordham, Watson, Brown, Ridsdale i., Campion.

It is only right to add that owing to a heavy fall of snow, two other boys, who seemed certainties for certificates, were prevented from doing their papers during one day of the examination.

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As we are on the subject of Examinations, it may interest some of our readers to peruse the following extract from the University Correspondent:—

“A boy, who was invited to name five Shakespearean plays, mentioned, ‘Macbeth,’ ‘The Mikado,’ ‘Quo Vadis,’ ‘San Toy,’ and ‘The Sign of the Cross.’ Another possessed evidently of reminiscences of Chaucer, was asked to state what was Milton’s chief work, and replied, ‘Milton wrote a sensible poem called The Canterbury Tails.’ A third, interrogated as to what he knew of Dryden and Buckingham, inscribed as his answer, ‘Dryden and Buckingham were at first friends, but soon became contemporaries.’ Students of Irish history are furnished with the views of a youth with reference to Dermot. ‘Dermot’s daughter,’ he remarks, ‘married Magna Charta. Dermot himself married Strongbow.’

No history paper, of course, could be complete without something about Magna Charta, ‘the chief clause of which is,’ according to one pupil ‘that no free man should be put to death or imprisoned without his own consent.’ Another youthful authority, questioned as to where the kings of England were crowned, gave the straightforward reply, ‘On their heads.’

“Another pupil informs us that ‘the chief products of Kent are Archbishops of Canterbury.’

“There is one statement which cannot fail to appeal to members of the Navy League, as well as to all who take an interest in the maritime and military history of this country. ‘The Battle of Waterloo,’ it is stated, ‘was fought off Cape Trafalgar, Nelson led up one squadron, and Collingwood the other. When it was over, Wellington rode over the field by moonlight, and met Blucher, the French general, and they shook hands and were friends ever after.’

“In connection with examinations, there are some authorities who regard a connected piece of English composition as the real test exercise. To those who think that way the following extract from an essay on Spring will be specially interesting:—‘In this season there are a great many onions grown, which are called spring onions. People clean out their houses, too, because the bright sun shows up the dirt.’

(To be continued).

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## FOOTBALL.

WITH the exception of one match against Ayton F.S. on February 5th, we had no practice until the last two or three days of the month. From the 6th until the 18th we had blinding snow storms and very severe frosts, which rendered the ground absolutely unfit for play. However when the thaw came, out streamed the boys into the football field like bees from a hive.

We are very glad to notice that there has been throughout the term a lively enthusiasm in the game. The boys have played with spirit, and we are pleased to see that there are not so many loafers. We specially notice with pleasure the activity and keenness among the little boys on the junior ground. We have an excellent curator of footballs in our new boy Wright. We all remember last season the cry “Where is Clarkson?” when some energetic forward found the goal in the hedge. This season, when the same trouble happens, the cry is “Where is Wright?” and Wright is always right; for if you should happen to go into the library at any spare

time you will find him surrounded by football cases, inflater in one hand and bootlace in the other.

Looking back on the football season, which is now practically over, we may congratulate ourselves on the fact that taking it all round, it has been one of the most successful that the School has experienced. There has been a display of honest and energetic attempts to play a scientific game. There has been generally a much better combination on the part of the forwards, and the halves and backs have tackled well and worked hard. We have just lately lost Tate and Holmes, two excellent half backs, but we are glad to see some young boys coming on who look like making worthy successors to these two boys. We append the results of the matches for the season.

Matches played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Goals Ag't.
12	6	5	1	43	33
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#### SCHOOL v. AYTON F.S.

Our opening match this term was on Feb. 5th, when the Ayton Friends' School paid us a visit. As they played two Masters we played one Master, Mr. Gifford-Wood, and an old boy, Arthur Knaggs.

The game with Ayton is always a fast and furious one, and this one was no exception to the rule. Our forwards were in excellent form, the combination being better than usual, and Knaggs was very conspicuous at centre-half. In fact he played a wonderful game from start to finish, and quite frustrated all the attempts of the famous centre forward of our opponents. Lancaster worked hard as he always does, and he showed excellent combination with Annett ii., whose goal was due to a very pretty bit of passing on the right wing. Watson also on the left showed very considerable improvement both in dribbling and speed. Some of his centres too were wonderful. The backs had not a great deal to do, but what they did, they did well. When time was called we were victorious by 5 goals to 1. The goals were kicked by Annett ii., Allison (2), Knaggs and Lancaster.

SCHOOL:—F. Ward; Kennedy and Craig i.; Scarth, Knaggs, Craig ii.; Annett ii., Lancaster, Mr. Gifford-Wood, Allison, Watson.

#### SCHOOL v. COATHAM.

At Guisborough, on March 1st. This was one of the best games ever witnessed on the School ground. For the first half of the game both sides showed considerable skill both in combination and tackling, though the combination of the home team was far superior. Watson on the left wing played a splendid game and after 20 minutes his efforts were

rewarded, for by a clever run he evaded the Coatham backs and scored the first and only goal for the School. Although the combination of the forwards was so good there was no further score before half-time, owing, as is so often the case, to weakness in front of goal.

We commenced the second half with one goal to none in our favour, but the game was not many minutes old before matters were equalised. Aroused by their success the Coatham boys played up with renewed vigour, and added 2 more goals, running out winners by 3 goals to 1. It is only fair to add that the last goal should not have been counted, as the Umpire had given off-side and then afterwards changed his mind and gave a goal. However we must not grumble, the game was an excellent one from start to finish, and the Coatham boys play like sportsmen. As far as our own boys are concerned, we must say that everybody played hard and well, though certainly Watson showed himself the best forward on the field. While the excellent back play of Hutcheon saved the downfall of the Coatham goal on many occasions.

SCHOOL.—F. Ward; Kennedy and Craig i.; Tate, Holmes, Craig ii.; Annett ii., Lancaster, Pybus, Allison, Watson.

#### SCHOOL v. AYTON F.S.

The return match with Ayton was played on Wednesday, March 5th, and ended in a victory for the School by 3 goals to nothing. On this occasion we sent two Old Boys, Knaggs and Woodcock, in the place of Masters, and both these Old Boys had a considerable share in the result. Our boys always find considerable difficulty in playing on the Ayton ground. Its many peculiarities of mountain, river and tree, which adjoin the touch line, seem to have a bad effect on them.

At half time we were leading by one goal to nothing, scored by Watson.

In the second half the game was of a give and take character, though the Ayton backs were kept very busy in warding off the attacks of Lancaster and Woodcock. Knaggs displayed the same dash as in the first match. In the last quarter of an hour Lancaster and Woodcock each scored, and left us winners by 3 to 0.

SCHOOL:—F. Ward; Kennedy and Craig i., Scarth, Knaggs, Craig ii.; Pybus, Allison, Woodcock, Lancaster, Watson.

#### SCHOOL v. MIDDLESBROUGH HIGH SCHOOL.

Played at Middlesbrough on March 8th. There can be no doubt about the fact that there is a vast improvement in the Middlesbrough team. We have generally beaten them by a fairly good margin of goals, but on

this occasion they turned the tables upon us, and we had to acknowledge defeat by 5 goals to 2.

At half time they were leading by 3 to nothing, but on change of ends we managed to put on two goals through Watson and Holmes, though Middlesbrough added two more. Their success was due in no small measure to a great dash and energy on the part of their forwards, especially of the left wing. Lancaster played a grand game and did the work of three men, and had he been backed up as well as usual we should have done better; as it was, there was a lack of combination and go about our boys. The halves were not up to usual form, but Kennedy tackled and kicked well.

SCHOOL:—F. Ward; Kennedy i. and Craig i. Holmes. Tate, Craig ii.; Annett ii., Lancaster, Pybus, Allison, Watson.

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### The Second XI.

Such enthusiasm has been shewn by the players on the Junior Ground this term that it was decided to give them an opportunity of trying their powers in a match. Accordingly an engagement was made with the Church Choir Football Club, and the first match took place on February 22nd, on the School Ground. Scarth, who was appointed Captain, led his men on to the field amid great excitement punctually at 2.30. The opening stages of the game were marked by an utter absence of combination, the forwards running back far too much and bothering the halves; but as the boys warmed to their work matters began to look better, and Annett ii. by a clever bit of dribbling got home with a beautiful shot. His play throughout was very good and his shooting excellent; for during the game he netted the ball three times. Bradley i. and Bradley ii. played with dash and scored a goal each, while Scarth

just before time scored the sixth goal from a penalty kick. The Choir Boys played a very plucky game, Sterry being especially brilliant. The match resulted in favour of the School by 6 goals to 4.

SCHOOL:—Annett i.; Holmes ii. and Scarth; Hutton, Ableson, Sowerby; Annett ii., Bradley i., Pybus iii., Bradley ii., Brown.

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The return match between these teams was played on March 22nd, on the School Ground, when the Choir Boys made up for their previous defeat by giving the School a good beating by 7 goals to 3.

There can be no doubt about it, that the best team won. The Choir Boys played with great dash and spirit, well led by Sterry, who was playing an excellent game. Their forwards romped round our halves and backs, Sterry scoring no less than 6 times.

Wood and Pybus iii. scored for the School, and Scarth as in the former match finished up by kicking a penalty goal.

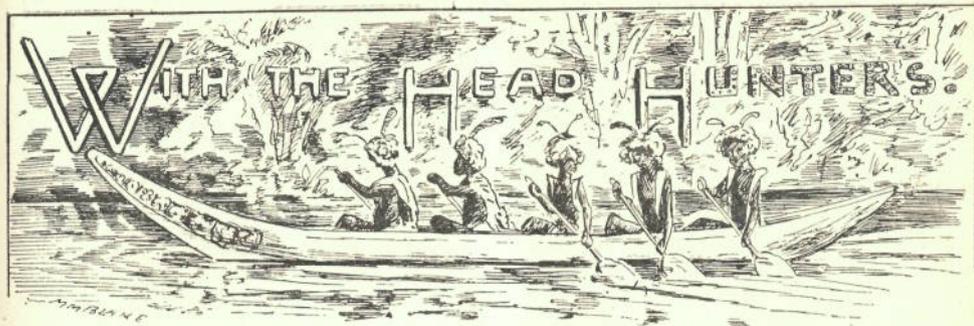
We never saw the School forwards so ragged in their play; there was no combination, and, with the exception of Sowerby, who played a hard game from start to finish, the tackling of halves and backs was feeble. In justice to the backs, we ought to say that Scarth was suffering from a sprained ankle, and Holmes ii., having lost his belt, was afraid to exert himself to any great extent lest he should leave some of his clothing on the field.

SCHOOL:—Annett i.; Scarth and Holmes ii.; Hutton, Sowerby, Wilson; Annett ii., Wood, Pybus i., Bradley i., Pybus iii.

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By the way, we are pleased to see that the new game of Football Tiddlywinks, invented by the boarders, is being energetically carried on at night after Prep. At the time of writing, Lancaster is at the head of the League.





By HERBERT HAYENS,

Author of "Ye Mariners of England," "Paris at Bay," "One of the Red Shirts," etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### The Loss of the Persian Rose.

THE events set down in this story happened many years ago, but they are almost as fresh in my memory as the doings of last month. I was quite a youngster at the time, barely turned sixteen, and an apprentice on the full-rigged ship *Persian Rose*.

It was my second voyage in her, and we were bound to the China Seas. John Taylor, the skipper, was also part owner. He was very unlike the popular idea of a sea-captain, being a slim, rather undersized man, with a soft voice, and very quiet, retiring manners. New hands on the *Persian Rose* always chuckled after their first interview with him, and concluded to run the ship themselves.

That notion, however, was soon knocked on the head. I remember a case in point at the very outset of my second voyage. There was a new hand named Belper, a big shock-headed chap, with limbs like a first-class giant. He looked able to pick the skipper up with one hand and throw him over the side.

The very first day out Belper began to give trouble. He was king of the fo'c's'le, and thought he might as well rule aft as well. He wasn't a bad-hearted chap, but rather puffed up by reason of his enormous strength. The trouble began with Mr. Martin, the first mate, and the skipper went to see what was the matter.

He was as quiet as a baby, but his eyes—! No one ever cared to look long at our skipper's eyes when he meant business.

"Look here, my man," said he in a drawling tone; "this vessel isn't a grog-shop, and the only person allowed to give trouble here is the skipper. See? Now do what you're told, and hurry up."

Big Belper never said a word. Something in the little man's face advised him to take in all sail at once, and he finished his job as

if he had been the ship's boy. But the skipper had a word more to say.

"That's right," he remarked pleasantly, "and now I'll ask you to beg Mr. Martin's pardon."

Belper's face was like a thunder-cloud, and I began to reckon on mischief.

"What if I don't?" he growled.

"In that case," said the skipper quietly, "I'll drill a hole through you inside of three minutes," and he just let the man see the tip of a pistol.

He wasn't a bit more excited than if he had been bargaining for a sack of potatoes. He seemed to regard the shooting as if it were just an ordinary, everyday transaction, unpleasant perhaps, but not particularly so.

Belper didn't wait the three minutes, but climbed down at once, begging the mate's pardon, and went on with his work like a lamb. The old hands chuckled, the skipper, going on the bridge, lit a cigar, and there was no more fuss on the *Persian Rose*.

Nothing of interest occurred on the voyage till we were near the coast of Malacca. I turned in just after eight in the evening, it being my watch below, and was soon fast asleep. Shortly before ten I was awakened by a terrific crash, and at the same time heard someone shout, "All hands on deck! Tumble up my lads, tumble up."

Hastily slipping on my trousers I ran up with the others.

"What is it?" cried one, "a collision?"

"We're aground!" yelled another.

"Struck a sunken rock," cried a third, "and we're sinking."

We were sinking sure enough, and some of the men, panic-stricken, made a rush for the boats. But for the skipper's coolness, the boats would have been swamped.

"Steady lads," he cried—he was standing

quietly on the bridge—"there's no hurry. Mr. Martin, take your watch to port; Mr. Davies, cut away the starboard boat. Now, my lads, I shall be sorry to do it, but the first man who attempts a rush will find a bullet through him."

It was useless trying to save the ship; she was settling fast, and most of us doubted if we could escape in time. It was fairly dark and we could scarcely see the skipper, but every now and then he called down cheerily, telling us not to lose our heads.

We got the starboard boat clear at last, and jumped in. She was loaded up to the gunwale and the addition of another man would have sunk her. It was even worse on the other side, there being no room for Mr. Martin, while the dinghy and the captain's gig had been smashed.

"Never mind, lads," we heard him say, "I'll stay with the skipper. Pull off if you don't want to be swamped," and then we dimly saw him scrambling on to the bridge.

"Push off, my boys!" shouted the skipper, "you can't be far from the coast. Don't lose your wits and you'll be all right. Good-bye."

Big Belper was in our boat, and he nearly swamped us there and then by jumping up suddenly and singing out "Here you are, sir, I'll make room for you. I'm a lot heavier and the boat'll ride easier if you're in my place."

"Much obliged," answered the skipper; "I always knew you had the right stuff. But it can't be done, my man, my place is here. Give way, lads, give way. Steer due east, Mr. Davies, and you can't miss the coast."

The men pulled to a distance and then lay on their oars, waiting. The end of the tragedy soon came but we only saw it indistinctly.

"The ship's gone," said the second mate, "but we'll hunt round for the skipper and Mr. Martin."

"Aye, aye," responded the men heartily, though each knew well that the boat could not hold another man.

However, we found neither of the gallant fellows; they had both gone down like heroes, and perished at the post of duty. That's the kind of thing we expect from an English skipper.

We pulled about till daylight when the mate said, "It's all up, my hearties, we must see to ourselves now."

What became of the other boat I never learned, nor did I ever see any of the men who were in her. We were picked up by a vessel in the China trade, and landed at Singapore without a penny piece, and most of us with no more clothing than a shirt and a pair of trousers.

Singapore was different then to what it is now. Very few ships touched there and the English Consul did not know what to do with us. However, he provided us with good shelter and clothing, and found places for two seamen in a ship bound to Calcutta.

One morning, while down at the harbour, we saw a schooner yacht, mounted with several guns, come in. She was a beautiful craft, spick and span as a new pin, and we envied the men on her decks. As soon as she was alongside a gentleman stepped ashore, and walked straight to the Consul's office.

He was a tall handsome man, well dressed, and with something of the soldier about him. His face was flushed and he seemed very excited.

"The owner!" said Mr. Davies to me in a whisper, "and there's evidently mischief of some sort brewing."

"I wonder," remarked one of our crew, "if he wants an extra hand or two. I hope he does; this place is worse than a lazarette."

Having nothing better to do we lounged about till the gentleman returned, looking hot and angry, and more excited than ever.

Seeing us he stopped suddenly and said, "Are you seamen?"

"Part of the crew of the *Persian Rose* wrecked off Malacca, and stranded here," responded Mr. Davies promptly.

"Are you the skipper?"

"Second mate, sir. The first officer and skipper went down with the ship."

"Well," said he, "you look a likely fellow. Will you come on board with me for half an hour?"

"Certainly," replied the mate, and with that the two went away together.

"Going to sack the skipper, maybe, and put Davies in his place," grinned Big Belper. "Perhaps there'll be a chance for us. I'd go to sea in a wash tub, if 'twould take me away from this hole!"

Quite an hour passed before the mate returned, and we saw there was something up.

"Come along here," said he quickly; "I've a yarn to spin and not much time."

"Fire away," said Big Belper, as soon as we reached a quiet spot, "we're all attention!"

We stood around in a ring, while the mate who was in the middle, pitched his yarn, and a queer one it was.

"The yacht yonder," he began, with a wave of his hand toward the water, "is the *Pearl*, and a very pretty little boat she is."

"That's so," agreed one of the men, "but then, d'ye see she isn't ours—more's the pity."

"Dry up, Mackie, and listen to me. The owner is a gentleman named Elkington.

Army man, I take it. His brother is a naturalist—.”

“What’s that?” asked Mackie.

“A chap as goes about picking up beetles and bugs,” exclaimed Big Belper in a tone of scorn. “Continue the yarn, Mr. Davies.”

“Well,” said the mate, “this naturalist lost himself up Borneo way, and his brother has been looking for him. The other day he picked up a friendly native, who knows where there is a white prisoner. Mr. Elkington came here hoping to find a gunboat or two, but there’s none off the coast, and the Consul doesn’t know when there will be one.”

“Awkward!” said Big Belper, shaking his head like a barn door owl.

“There’s seventeen men on the yacht,” continued the mate, “and the long and short of it is that Mr. Elkington means to go without the gunboat. Any of the crew that doesn’t like the job steps ashore, and all the stranded sailors willing to do a bit of fighting, at a high figure, will go on board.”

“The whole crowd?”

“The whole crowd,” said the mate, “and I’m one.”

“I have heard,” remarked one man cautiously, “that these natives have an unpleasant way of slicing off heads and pickling ‘em.”

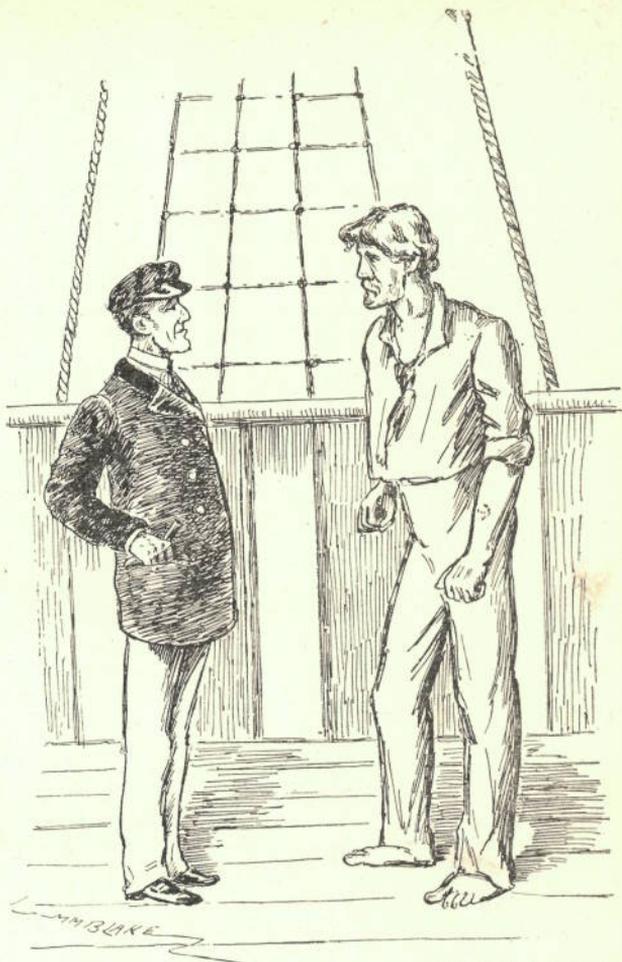
“Shows your ignorance Woodhouse,” said Big Belper; “they smokes ‘em; hangs ‘em up in their sheds—in rows.”

“Pickles ‘em, I’ve always heard,” replied the other man doggedly, and very soon the dispute waxed hot between the “picklers” and the “smokers,” as most of the fellows took one side or the other.

Personally I saw no reason for the quarrel, and at length ventured to suggest that once our heads were lost, we should have little interest in the manner of their disposal.

Fortunately they took this view and then began questioning the mate closely about the “figure.”

“Well,” said he, “seeing that it’s an uncertain kind of voyage, the owner’s willing to pay each man twenty pounds, and five hundred among you, share and share alike if the cruise is successful. Of course he



“IN THAT CASE,” SAID THE SKIPPER QUIETLY, “I’LL DRILL A HOLE IN YOU IN THE INSIDE OF THREE MINUTES.”

makes a special bargain with his own crew.”

“I’m good for one,” said big Belper.

“Here’s another,” cried Woodhouse defiantly, “an’ perhaps we’ll see who’s right about the pickling.”

Two or three hung back, but the rest of us followed the mate aboard the yacht, where Mr. Elkington met us.

“You’re a plucky lot,” said he smiling. “You’ll find the quarters crowded, as none of my men will go ashore, but there’s plenty of food, and fire-arms enough for us all. I hope though, that you fully understand the kind of trip we’re going on.”

“Aye, aye,” said Big Belper gruffly.

“There’s only one thing,” piped up Woodhouse shrilly, “and on that my mate and me don’t agree. Perhaps you can tell us, sir, whether these Dyaks pickles our heads or smokes ‘em.”

“I’m sure I don’t know,” replied Mr. Elkington, laughing heartily, “but I don’t

intend them to do either the one thing or the other to mine. Still it is quite true the Dyaks are head-hunters, and I must warn you again that we are engaged in no child's play. As likely as not some of us will never return. If there is anyone who would rather not face the risks, let him say so, I shan't blame him."

"I think we're all agreed," said Mr. Davies after a pause, "and unless I'm much mistaken, you'll have little fault to find with the men of the *Persian Rose*."

Mr. Elkington was in a tremendous hurry and we got to sea that very night. As he had said, we found the quarters crowded, but, on the other hand, the large number of sailors made the duties light, and we spent a great deal of time practising with the fire-arms.

The friendly native excited much interest. He was a well-made and almost handsome fellow, dressed in green trousers and green velvet jacket, with a bright red scarf over his shoulder, and a girdle in which was stuck a murderous looking knife, around his waist. He could speak a little English, but not much, and eked out his few words by much gesticulation.

He and Big Belper soon became great cronies, and the two would parade the deck together, jabbering away, and showing each other every mark of friendship.

As far as my memory serves we came in sight of Borneo after a five week's cruise during the last week of which we had been on the alert day and night. The coast was unknown to everyone on board, except the Dyak. There were shoals and reefs in all directions, and at any moment we might be surrounded by scores of war-boats filled with fighting savages. There was need for caution.

We skirted the shore, I might almost say, foot by foot, landing occasionally for water, but always very glad to return to the yacht.

Inside a belt of rocks the shore was sandy, and in the background again towered skyward the giant trees of a primeval forest. We saw no people, but once, while procuring water, we came across numerous wild boars, while troops of chattering monkeys swung from the branches of trees, and even dropped close at our feet, regarding us with what seemed an impudent stare.

On the second evening after sighting the coast we reached the mouth of a small river, and here our leader dropped anchor. The river was low, and so narrow and winding, that even a landsman would have known the yacht could not ascend it.

As soon as things were made snug, Mr. Elkington, having placed some on guard,

called the rest of us together and explained his plan.

According to Si Jaffer, the friendly native, the white prisoner was kept in a stockade about fifteen miles up the river. His captors were sea-pirates, and our only hope of success lay in the chance that the men of the tribe were absent on one of their piratical excursions. If so, and if they did not return in the meantime, we might rescue our leader's brother, and effect our own escape with comparative ease.

"So, my lads," concluded Mr. Elkington "the case stands like this. Part of the crew will stand by the yacht; the rest will accompany me to the stockade in the two boats. There must be no noise, as we want to take the Dyaks by surprise. If they are all at home, we must creep back and try some other plan. If we are seen and attacked we must fight for our lives. Do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the crew quietly.

I don't know whether I was glad or sorry to find myself in one of the small boats. Just where the greater danger lay no one could tell. The pirates might be away, and in that case our risk would be slight.

Mr. Elkington left the skipper in charge of the yacht saying, "Keep a sharp look-out, Mr. Burrows. These natives are wonderfully cunning, and reckless into the bargain. If they catch sight of our craft, they'll swarm all over it like rats. Are the guns loaded?"

"Yes, sir," responded the skipper; "I hope the fellows won't come, for their own sakes, but if they do—;" he patted one of the guns fondly.

It was dark when the boats drew away from the schooner; we had muffled our oars to deaden the sound; and not a man spoke.

Si Jaffer had gone with the leader in the first boat; the second was manned mostly by men of the *Persian Rose*, and was in charge of Mr. Davies.

In places the river narrowed so much that we could almost touch the banks with our oars; then again it broadened considerably, and we lost sight of the dark, gigantic trees that fringed the jungle.

Taking into account the need of caution, we swept along at a fair pace, a slight interval separating the two boats. Mr. Davies was in the bows of our boat, and presently, in a whisper, he gave the order "Steady all!"

Of course, we did not know what was taking place, though afterwards we heard the reason of the halt. Si Jaffer, taking off his gorgeous costume, had slipped quietly into the water to find out if the pirate boats, or prahus, were in the little bay near the stockade.

## The Pirates' Stronghold.

A number of the men had received orders to stay with the boats; the rest of us, in perfect silence, stepped ashore and formed up in line.

"Remember," said our leader quietly, "no fighting unless you are forced, and give quarter to every man who surrenders. The less bloodshed, the better. I intend to surround the village, and then demand that the prisoner shall be set free."

Unfortunately both for the Dyaks and ourselves this plan failed. We were still some distance from the village when a fearful

It was rather terrifying sitting there in the dark, not daring to move a foot, to speak a word, or to make the slightest sound. For all we knew the banks might be lined with savage warriors who at a given signal would fall on us, and secure our heads. I began to think that after all the fellows left on the yacht were having the better time.

At last the first boat moved forward: Si Jaffer had returned, but so stealthy were his movements, that although only a few yards off I did not hear the slightest sound as he left the water.

Again we stopped, and this time there was a sharp crack occasioned by the snapping of



"A KNIFE," CRIED MR. ELKINGTON, "QUICK, CUT THE THINGS SO."

an oar. A shiver passed through us as we wondered if the noise had betrayed our presence. A few moments of terrible suspense—they seemed an age—passed, and we crept forward, slowly now, and carefully, the rowers letting their oars glide gently through the water, the others peering into the darkness, and straining their ears to the utmost.

Suddenly a rocky hill loomed up in front of us; then the boats' heads were turned; we bore away to our right, and presently ran softly into a small and almost land-locked cove. Thus far our adventure had been crowned with success but the peril was still very real.

yell broke the silence. A minute later it was repeated, and answering cries rent the air. It was plain that the savages had discovered us and there was no further need of caution.

"Forward, my lads!" exclaimed Mr. Elkington excitedly, and we rushed on with a rousing cheer.

Suddenly we were met by a heavy shower of spears and stones, but in the darkness they did little mischief, while our progress was not checked for an instant. Next, and rather to our astonishment, came the rattle of musketry, and a score of bullets whizzed over our heads.

Big Belper went down like a log, but he

was not hit, he had only tripped over a fallen tree-trunk.

"Hang it," he growled, rising to his feet, "why don't they put up lights, so that we could see our way?"

We were still laughing at this odd remark, when there was a loud explosion, and a broad volume of flame shot skyward.

"Gunpowder!" cried Woodhouse. "they've dropped a spark into it, and have lost their ammunition. Hurrah! Come on, they'll be scared to death."

"The houses are blazing," shouted another sailor, and the next instant we saw long fiery tongues lapping over the burning buildings. Everything was of wood, so that the fire had no lack of fuel.

"My brother!" cried Mr. Elkington passionately; "he'll be burned to death!"

At this we pushed on faster than before, in spite of spears and stones, bullets and poisoned arrows, for the Dyaks had a choice assortment of weapons.

The fire had driven most of the natives from the village, and the lurid flames showed us women and children skurrying to the jungle, like rabbits to a warren. Many of the houses, or rather huts—for they were nothing more than wooden shanties—were already alight, but some as yet remained untouched.

Into one of these I dashed, followed by Woodhouse and Big Belper. The owner was probably a notable warrior, and dangling from the roof were two rows of human heads, perhaps a score in number.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Woodhouse, and, though a brave man, he actually shivered.

There was no prisoner there, and out we ran to search the next place. A few of the natives continued to assail us with various missiles, but the majority had disappeared.

Suddenly there came a shout from our left; "I've got him! I've got him! Back to the boats!"

The men cheered like schoolboys, and very soon were hurrying back, glad to be out of such a hot quarter. It was at that moment I noticed Mr. Elkington, halfway between the burning village and the jungle.

"Back, sir," I cried, "back! The men have found your brother."

He took no notice; perhaps did not hear me, so I ran after him at full speed, and yelling at the top of my voice for him to return. Instead of stopping he ran faster than ever, and then I saw he was following two Dyaks who carried a burden of some sort.

Being young and active I soon overtook our leader, and spluttered out—for it was a case of bellows to mend with my lungs—"The men have returned to the boat, sir!

They have found your brother."

For answer he pointed to the Dyaks and increased his pace. He could not fire without stopping to reload his pistol, but as mine was still undischarged I took aim sending the bullet purposely just over their heads.

The warning was perfectly successful: with a terrified scream they dropped their burden, and plunged into the recesses of the jungle. The next minute we were bending over the bundle which to my astonishment turned out to be a white man.

"A knife" cried Mr. Elkington, "quick, cut the thongs, so. That's right, now hold his head up," and taking a flask from his pocket, he forced some stimulant down the other man's throat, saying anxiously, "Steve, Steve, don't you know me?"

"Yes," answered the stranger faintly, "dear old Ted. I knew you'd come."

"Can you stand?"

"Yes, and walk, but I'm rather weak."

"It isn't far to go. Here, youngster—I'll remember you for this night's work—take his arm. Now, Steve, up you get. That's the style. Our boats aren't far off, and I've a yacht at the mouth of the river. Now, while we have the chance!"

"We're too late, sir," said I quietly; "listen. The Dyaks have doubled, and our men are fighting their way to the boats."

"The more reason for hurrying" said he. "We must get through somehow; those brave fellows will be waiting for us."

"I think not sir; they won't know we are absent. One of them cried out that he had discovered the prisoner, and there was a rush to the cove there and then."

"The traitor!" exclaimed Mr. Elkington scornfully; "the cowardly scoundrel wanted to save his own skin; that's the amount of it."

"No, no, Ted, you're too hasty" said his brother. "No doubt the man did rescue a prisoner, for the Dyaks held two of us, but the sailor wouldn't know that."

While we talked a terrible fight was going on in the direction of the cove, but at last we heard a rousing cheer, and knew that our comrades had reached the boats.

"Well" said Mr. Elkington, "this is a pretty fix! What are we to do? We can't stay here, and yet we ought. The men will miss us, and then they're certain to turn back."

"I don't think they're likely to discover our absence before reaching the yacht, sir. It'll probably be a running fight all the way down, and the men of each boat will think you're in the other."

"The youngster's right, Ted."

"Then what are we to do? The old skipper will hang about the coast till he finds me, or till all his crew are dead."

"We must make our way through the jungle to the mouth of the river" said his brother.

"That will be lively for you in your weak state."

"Oh, I shall manage nicely. They didn't keep me tied up all the time, you know."

He spoke cheerfully but his courage was greater than his strength, as we very soon discovered. Afraid to remain in the open we had to cut a passage with our knives through the jungle, except where here and there we hit by accident on some native pathway. Meanwhile the cries of the combatants became fainter, proclaiming that our comrades were making their escape down the river.

"Si Jaffer told me that most of the prahus were absent," Mr. Elkington said to his brother.

"That is so. Almost all the fleet put out to sea a week ago. The only boats left at home belong to an inferior chief who stayed with about two score men to guard the village. Not that they expected an attack though!" and he laughed.

"We intended a grand surprise, but it failed. The rascals must have keen sight, and hearing. Lucky for us this youngster saw me running after you, eh? What's your name, boy?"

"Dick Darling, sir,"

"Well, if we get out of this scrape, Dick, I'll take precious good care not to forget you. Hold up, Steve! Feel a bit tottery in the fresh air I expect, though there isn't much of it in this jungle."

We were walking in Indian file; myself first, and the rescued man in front of his brother. Glancing round occasionally, I noticed he was making desperate efforts to walk straight, while from time to time he laughed as if in the best of spirits.

"He's a plucky beggar," I thought, "but he'll never finish the journey, that's certain."

Dawn had broken now, but we did not get much light. The trees were tall and straight, and stood close together with their branches touching at the top. Round their trunks, and, indeed, covering every bit of space were huge trailing plants and creepers of various descriptions.

You may guess that the journey was tedious and

our progress slow. Mr. Elkington and I might have made the pace faster, but the sick man could hardly trail one foot after the other. He didn't lose his spirits though, but kept laughing and chattering as if the whole adventure was a fine joke.

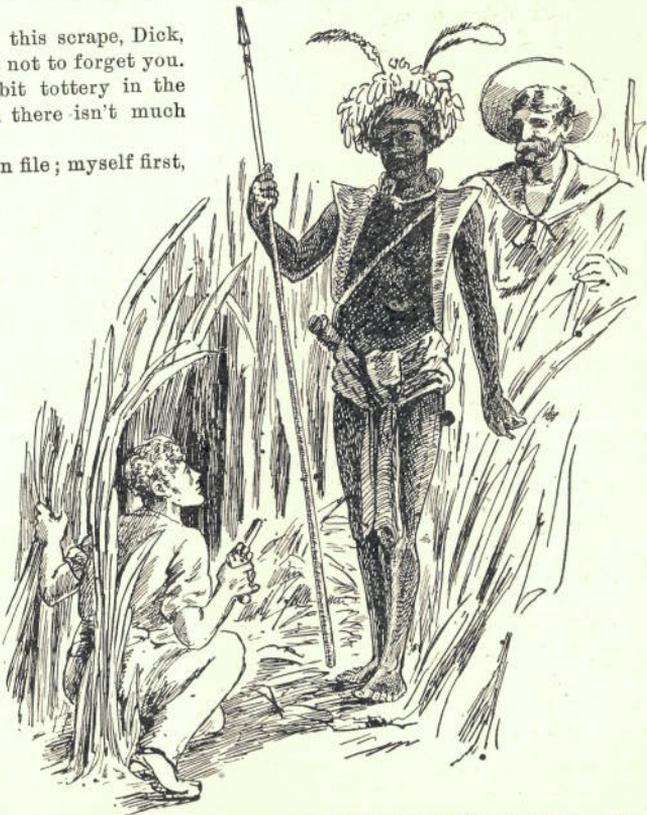
Once his brother wanted him to stop for a rest, but he said, "No, I'm all right." Then turning to me he said "Go ahead, or I shall take the pioneering business out of your hands."

It was plucky of him, but he required something more than high spirits to keep him going. We had covered perhaps two miles of this jungle land, when his stumbling became more marked, his legs wobbled about like those of a drunken man, and it was plain that he could not keep up much longer.

"Take my advice, Steve," said his brother, "and lie down. An hour's sleep will do you good, and we shall get on more quickly afterwards."

"Nonsense" he laughed, "d'you think I'm a baby? I can go mile for mile with you, my boy, yet. Besides, we musn't keep the yacht waiting long, unless you want her to fall into the hands of the pirates."

This was a sensible remark, but we had to keep her waiting for all that. The poor fellow



I DREW MY BREATH SHARPLY AS THE CANES PARTED AND DISCLOSED THE FIRST.

trailed on a hundred yards farther; then his legs doubled under him and down he went.

"The game's up, Ted" he said feebly, "I'm about played out. Still there's a chance for you and the boy. Push on, you two, and maybe you'll reach the yacht in time."

"That'll do, Steve," said his brother, "I haven't come all this way to leave you in the jungle."

"But you can't do anything for me," whispered the sick man eagerly, "and there's no reason why both of us should come to grief."

"Stuff! I'm going to stay here. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

"You'll sacrifice the boy."

"Never mind about me, sir" said I hurriedly, "but I think it would be better if we moved you a bit deeper into the jungle. We're close to a native path here, and we don't want half a dozen Dyaks tumbling over us."

"'Twould make the neighbourhood a trifle unhealthy" replied the sick man with a smile. "The boy's advice is to the point, Ted; I think you'd better move me, we can talk over what's best to be done afterwards."

Accordingly we carried him some twenty yards or so farther into the jungle, and finding a snug little hollow, made a bed of leaves, on which we placed him. Then we formed ourselves into a committee to discuss the situation.

"Now listen to me," said the sick man, "while I tell you my ideas; they're very simple. Our only chance of getting help is from the crew of the yacht. Isn't that so? Very good. Now I can't get to the yacht by myself, and you can't take me—under a month. But there is one thing can be done. You two can go on, and bring some fellows back."

"I won't leave you for a second, that's flat!" said his brother, in such a decided tone that further argument was out of the question.

"Very well! It's putting a heavy pack on the boy's shoulders, but if you won't go with him, he must go alone. What do you say, Dick?"

"I'll go or stay, sir, whichever you think best."

"Good boy, you've been well trained. Now, Ted, you're Commander-in-Chief, which is it to be?"

"Well there isn't much choice. If the youngster thinks—"

"Thinks? He's sure! Aren't you, Dick? Well, now that point is settled, you'd better run along sharp."

"Keep your eyes open and your ears, too," exclaimed Mr. Elkington; "these Dyaks are crafty customers."

"Suppose the yacht's gone, sir?"

"The yacht won't be gone unless Burrows is dead, and in that case you may as well return. Good-luck to you."

"Good-luck, Dick," whispered the sick man, and then I was off.

That was a never-to-be-forgotten journey. The physical hardships alone were considerable. Every bone in my body ached; my clothes were torn, my legs and face cut and gashed by prickly plants; my head was dizzy, and I could scarcely see.

At the time, however, I thought little of these things, my mind being filled with terrors more or less imaginary. Every sound that reached my ears I put down to the presence of the Dyaks, and when a stray monkey sprang to a branch close above my head I almost screamed in terror.

Once I was in real danger. Thinking to travel more quickly I had left the jungle for the river bank, when the noise of dismal yelling, or rather chanting, drove me to cover. Hiding in the dense vegetation I waited breathlessly while three large war-canoes crowded with armed natives passed up the river. The men, as I have said, were chanting in a melancholy manner, and from their groaning and lamentation I guessed they had attacked the yacht and had been repulsed with loss.

As soon as the procession disappeared I rose to my feet and continued the journey, pushing on quickly to make up for lost time. My head was swimming now; I feared every moment that my legs would give way under me, and yet go on I must if only for the sake of those whose lives depended on my obtaining help.

The snapping of twigs and the sound of footsteps brought me to a sudden stop, and again I hid myself. This time, however, it seemed as if discovery was certain. Some men were approaching; I was almost in their path, and my trail through the jungle was clearly marked. They could not fail to see it, nor to find my hiding-place.

Strangely enough, I had lost all fear on my own account, and could think only of my employer and his helpless brother.

"It is all up," I said to myself; "they will either die of starvation or be murdered by natives. Nothing can save them now."

I crouched low, holding my reloaded pistol with a firm grip, but stirring neither hand nor foot. Nearer and nearer came the sounds, until I was certain there were only two men.

At that my courage revived, and I began even to hope that there might be a chance of escape.

"My pistol will account for one," thought I "and as for his comrade, well, I may be a match for him."

Oh! I drew my breath sharply as the canes parted and disclosed the first. He was a nearly-naked savage, tall, straight, and splendidly built. What would he do? Pass on, or turn aside to my hiding-place?

Seeing the reeds bent and broken he stopped and uttered an exclamation of surprise. Then he made a step toward me, standing, though he knew it not, very close to death. My finger was on the trigger, though I hated the thought of firing, when the second man appeared, and I cried out half hysterically, "Belper! Big Belper!"

"Why, bless my heart if it ain't Dick Darling; Where d'ye come from, Dicky? Where's the boss?" and, seeing my pistol, he added, "Si Jaffer, old chap, it looks as if you've only just missed having a bullet through you. S'pose you didn't savvy him, Dick, without his plumes?"

"No, I thought he was one of the pirates. But don't let us stand here chattering. Mr. Elkington has found his brother, who is too weak to walk. They are hiding in the jungle. Where's the yacht?"

"Standing off for us. We didn't miss the boss, till we were all aboard and then we hadn't the chance to come back. The pirate fleet had just returned, so we had to cut and make a running fight of it. Poor old Woodhouse and a couple more are gone, but I don't think these particular savages are likely to tackle the *Pearl* again."

"What about the other prisoner?"

"He's safe aboard. Trot on Si Jaffer; we'll find the admiral easily now. But I say, Dick, your pins aren't very steady."

"They'll last till we get back, now I have company."

"Makes a lot of difference, eh?" said Belper, "Well, well, let old Jaffer go first, and you follow me. 'Twill be easier for you."

"Aren't you afraid of the Dyaks pouncing on us?"

"Not unless we stir them up, which we aren't likely to do. They've had a sharp lesson, and they won't forget it in a hurry."

Chatting with Belper made the distance seem much shorter, and I was surprised

when we arrived at Mr. Elkington's hiding place.

"This way," I exclaimed, getting in front of Si Jaffer; "they aren't far off now, unless the Dyaks have stumbled on them."

"Ahoy there! *Pearl* ahoy!" cried a low voice from the jungle, and we responded quietly "Aye, aye, sir!"

We lost no time in asking or answering questions. Si Jaffer and Belper made a litter of branches, and covered it with soft ferns.

On this bed we placed the sick man, and each taking a corner, began the journey to the coast.

How we got there I hardly know. I was weak and faint from both hunger and fatigue but I kept up somehow till at last we arrived at the mouth of river. The yacht was riding at anchor some distance away, but Belper, climbing a tall tree, took a bright red handkerchief from his neck and waved it vigorously.

This was the signal agreed on previously, and almost immediately we saw a boat shoot out from the vessel's side.

"Here they come, Steve," said Mr. Elkington; "in half an hour we shall be on board."

"Thanks to Dick!"

"Yes, thanks to Dick first of all."

Those were the last words I remember for a long time. Overcome by fatigue and terrible excitement, I fell to the ground in a dead faint, and all that happened afterwards is a blank.

Later on I found that my illness lasted several months, and during that time Mr. Elkington waited on me as carefully as on his own brother. By the time the *Pearl* reached England I was on the road to recovery, and able to be removed to my own home.

Here the story of my adventures ends, but I must not forget to add that the two gentlemen always remained my very good friends, and that through their influence, on obtaining my master's certificate, I was given command of a fine ship.

