



SCHOOL NOTES.

June 1904

WE regret very much that owing to pressure of work we were unable to publish an issue of *Guisborian* at the end of the Lent term, but we trust that its production at the beginning of the Summer term will meet with no less hearty reception from our readers.

Since the production of our last issue the Cambridge Local results have come to hand. Out of 18 boys entered 14 were successful, this does not equal our record of last year when we had an excellent record of 19 successes out of 20 boys, but it is one on which we may congratulate ourselves. The results are as follows:—

Senior Local: R. Smales.

Junior Local. A Sockett, B. Robson, R. Graham, S. Matthews, W. Blackett.

Preliminary Local.—C. Wood, N. Bewick, E. Farndale, J. B. Annett, R. Holmes, G. Scace, J. Thubron, C. Million.

It may interest many to know that the Government Inspector proposes to visit the School for the Annual Inspection on Wednesday June 1st. Let us hope that we may be able to give a good account of ourselves, and gain for our School a creditable report.

We most gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following additional Subscriptions to the School Laboratory Fund:

	£	s.	d.
Colonel Chalomer (2nd donation)	10	0	0
Mr. H. Samuel, M.P. ...	5	0	0
Mr. H. J. Allison ...	5	0	0
Mr. G. B. Craig ...	2	2	0
Mrs. Fairburn ...	1	1	0
Mr. J. Orton ...	1	1	0

We would point out that a sum of £25 is still required to wipe out the debt. Perhaps our readers will be good enough to point this out to old boys and other friends of the School. Subscriptions, however small, will be most thankfully received.

On the last night of term the boarders entertained themselves and a few of their friends with the performance of a small play called "The Spectre Bridegroom." We must congratulate the performers on the excellent way in which they acquitted themselves. We had no idea there was so much histrionic ability in our midst. Our friend "Dickery" will have to turn his serious attention to the stage, he seems to take more kindly to it than to Dictation and French Composition.

Two of our boys R. W. Allison and R. Graham have this term entered Banks, Graham having joined the National Provincial Bank at York, and Allison the York City and County Bank at Mexborough.

It will be remembered that Allison was Captain of the famous football team, and

one of the best backs that the school has turned out. Graham also distinguished himself as a goal keeper.

We wish these boys every success in their new sphere of labour, and hope that they may gain as much distinction in their life's work as they did in the playing fields at school.

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FOOTBALL.

THE season that has just closed has been quite one of the most brilliant in the history of the School. From beginning to end there was manifested an excellent spirit among the members of the team. We have perhaps had more brilliant individual players, but never better combination. While all the team acquitted themselves well and deserve our commendation, we must give special praise to Allison at full-back, Bewick at centre half and Robson at right outside. These three boys were untiring in their efforts and largely contributed to the excellent results of which the school is justly proud. The following is the season's record:—

Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Goals for.	Goals agst.
23	17	2	4	110	41
		* * *			

GUISBRO'. G. S. v. STOCKTON G. S.

Played at Guisbro, Jan. 30th, 1904.

The home team had all the best of the play in the first half, but owing to weakness in shooting only scored once through Annett. In the second half their play improved, four goals were added by Annett (2), Robson and Pybus. Result 5—2.

Team: Ellis, goal; Wood and Holmes, backs; Fordham, Bewick and Simpson, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Allison, Pybus and Million, forwards.

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SCHOOL v. AYTON F. S.—Away.

Ayton played three masters and two townsmen, while the Grammar School took one master and an old boy. The ground was in an awful condition and the visitors found great difficulty in climbing the mountains and crossing the lakes. They did well considering the refereeing to score 2 goals by Pybus. The homesters were more used to the irregularities of the ground and obtained 5 goals. Result 2—5.

Team: Smales, goal; Allison, and Holmes, backs; Mr. Lowes, Bewick, Million, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus i., Fordham, Pybus ii., forwards.

SCHOOL v. CHURCH LADS BRIGADE.

Played on the School Ground under very unfavourable conditions. By the help of the wind the school pressed and scored 6 goals in the first half through Annett (4), Pannett and Fordham. In the second half the School scored twice more by Pannett and Wood, whilst the Brigade scored 3 times. Result 8—3.

Team: Ellis, goal; Allison and Holmes, backs; Wood, Bewick and Million, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Pannett, Fordham, forward.

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SCHOOL v. DARLINGTON G. S.

At Darlington.

The School did not play up to their usual form and Darlington scored 4 goals, while Guisbro's score sheet remained blank. Allison played a splendid game and saved the school from further downfall. Result 0—4.

Team: Ellis, goal; Allison and Holmes, backs; Wood, Bewick and Simpson half-backs; Robson, Annett, Pybus i., Million and Pybus ii., forwards.

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SCHOOL v. CHURCH LADS BRIGADE.

The School did not show themselves to advantage and were specially weak in combination, usually a strong point. They, however, managed to draw 2 all. Pannett and Pybus scoring.

Team: Ellis, goal; Allison and Holmes, backs; Wood, Bewick and Million, half-backs; Robson, Annett, Fordham, Pannett and Pybus, forwards.

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SCHOOL v. HOCKEY CLUB.

The School were without one of their best men and played a very poor game. But the match was won simply by force of weight. The School scored 2 goals through Mr. Garthwaite and Pybus i. Their opponents scoring 5.

Team: Graham, goal; Allison and Scarth, backs; Wood, Bewick and Holmes, half-backs; Pybus ii., Annett, Pybus i., Mr. Garthwaite and Fordham, forwards.

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SCHOOL v. COATHAM G. S.

A very good game. The home team combined well, and had the best of the play, but on account of weakness in shooting only 2 goals were scored by Robson and Bewick. In the second half Coatham pressed and scored through a

break away. Guisbro' then defended and kept the result at 2—1.

Team : Graham, goal ; Allison and Holmes, backs ; Wood, Bewick and Smales, half-backs ; Robson, Annett, Million, Fordham and Pybus, forwards.

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SCHOOL v. COATHAM G. S.

The School went to Coatham *sans* two men of the usual team. Coatham were in full force and we thought, ought to have given us a bigger beating than they did. Coatham scored all their 3 in the first half, when Guisbro' improved somewhat, but were unable to penetrate the home defence. Result 0—3.

Team : Graham, goal ; Allison and Smales, backs ; Fordham, Bewick, and Million, halves ; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Pannett, and Winter, forwards.

* * *

SCHOOL v. AYTON F. S.

At Home.

Always an exciting match, but particularly so at this time as the school only wanted three goals to complete the 100 for the season. Ayton played the usual three masters, and an outsider, while Guisbro' were assisted by Mr. Garthwaite and H. Stokeld, who both very quickly netted the ball, thus leaving one to complete the century. Annett got through but was ruled off-side. However he was determined to have his goal and amidst great applause secured the coveted honour of the 100th goal.

Half-time score 4—0.

In the latter half the Grammar School added three while the Friends secured one. Goals scored by Mr. Garthwaite (2), Stokeld (3), Annett and Pybus. Result 7—1.

Team : Graham, goal ; Allison and Holmes, backs ; Wood, Bewick, Smales, half-backs ; Robson, Annett, Stokeld, Pybus, and Garthwaite, forwards.

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SCHOOL v. SPRINGFIELD ROVERS.

At Stokesly.

Very rough and ready football, the Grammar School were far superior in play but being unaccustomed to such opponents and through very bad shooting only scored two goals by Annett and Holmes. Result 2—0.

Team : Graham, goal ; Allison and Holmes, backs ; Fordham, Bewick, Smales, halves ; Robson, Annett, Pybus, Pannett, and Million, forwards.

SCHOOL v. HEADMASTER'S XI.

The final match of the season was easily won by the boys by four goals to nil. Thus making the total number of goals for the season, 110 for the School, and 41 against.

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The Team.

GRAHAM.—Kept goal very well during the last half of the season.

ALLISON.—An excellent back, though he can play in any position. Kicks and tackles well, and works hard from start to finish. As Captain and right-back he did splendid work in all matches.

HOLMES.—Very much improved lately, is a strong kick and tackles fairly, but is still slow in recovery when pressed, has played generally at left-back with success, and has done some good work at half-back.

WOOD.—Has played well at right-half, tackles well and is a good strong kick, should pay more attention to feeding his forwards.

BEWICK.—A very fine centre-half for his size, a splendid tackler, and always worries his opponents, feeds his forwards well, and is a good shot at goal. Centre-forwards find him a very hard nut to crack.

SMALES.—Only lately got into the team, but developed very quickly into a good left-half, has plenty of pace, and is a hard worker, wants more judgment in feeding his forwards, but that will come with more experience, played a grand game against Coatham.

ANNETT.—Still retains his old position of inside-right, and is as tricky as ever, his combination with Robson is a treat to watch, he is still weak in shooting, though much improved in this respect lately.

ROBSON.—At outside-right he has done splendid service for the team. He is very fast, quick on the ball, centres well, and is a capital shot. He combines well with Annett, and the pair make a good right-wing. This wing has borne the brunt of the attack, and we may honestly say that through the combined efforts of these boys the majority of the goals has been scored.

PYBUS.—Has played centre-forward in most matches, dribbles well, but is still a little selfish in his play, though we are glad to say he has improved in this respect. He is very light for the position, and is therefore at a great disadvantage when hustled near goal, but when he is older and stronger he should make a good forward.

MILLION.—Has had to do duty in several positions. Has played one or two good games at half, and also on the left wing. Has a good idea of tackling.

FORDHAM.—Like Million, has had to take various places in the field, generally a hard worker, and a good tackler. We think that if well coached he should turn out a good centre-forward.

PANNETT.—Only introduced into the team late in the season. Has plenty of pace and dash, but is lacking in skill, he does not know when to pass or centre, and is somewhat rash in front of goal, but there is the making of a good forward in him.

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CRICKET.

WITH only three boys, Robson, Annett and Holmes, left of the 1903 cricket team, we entered upon our season with no great hopes of success. However, we must not complain, for vacancies like this frequently occur in most schools, moreover it gives an opportunity to the younger members to distinguish themselves and show their worth. Robson is batting well and we have unearthed an excellent bowler in Hamilton, who has an easy delivery, keeps a good length, and comes up quickly from the pitch. Annett is playing a good steady game, while Winter and Wood, who are sloggers, somewhat demoralize bowlers. We are glad to notice that the boys are very keen and are most active and regular in their practice. On the Lower School Ground there is the greatest enthusiasm among the little boys. There is a daily contest between the Boarders, Train boys and Day boys. We believe the Days boys hold the "Ashes" at present,

but the Boarders expect to bring them home by the end of the term. Among the Train boys Shutt seems leading star, for the Boarders Trees i. is the champion batsman, and Gibson and Lee-Jones the bowlers, while for the Days boys Kennedy and Hutton take the batting honours, and Brice has the reputation of being the best bowler, and we must not forget to mention the excellent fielding of Hutchinson.

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SCHOOL v. COATHAM G. S.

Played on the School Ground on Saturday, May 14th, and resulted in a win for the School. Hamilton bowled with great success, taking seven wickets for 10 runs, and Pybus captured three wickets for no runs. Score:—

SCHOOL.

Hamilton, b Hutchinson	4
Pybus, c Forster b Hutchinson		...	11
Holmes, b Hutchinson	0
Annett, b Hutchinson	4
Ellis, b Hutchinson	0
Allison, b Armstrong	2
Wood, not out	18
Fordham, b Armstrong	4
Pannett, b Armstrong	0
Winter, c and b Armstrong	15
Bewick, run out	0
Extras	6

—
Total 64

COATHAM G. S.

Butler, b Hamilton	0
Barnet, b Hamilton	0
Anderson, c Fordham b Hamilton	7
Forster, b Hamilton	2
Gloag, b Hamilton	3
Hutchinson i., c Allison b Pybus	2
Hutchinson ii., b Pybus	0
Thompson, b Pybus	0
Robinson, b Hamilton	0
Tomlinson, not out...	0
Armstrong, b Hamilton	18
Extras	3

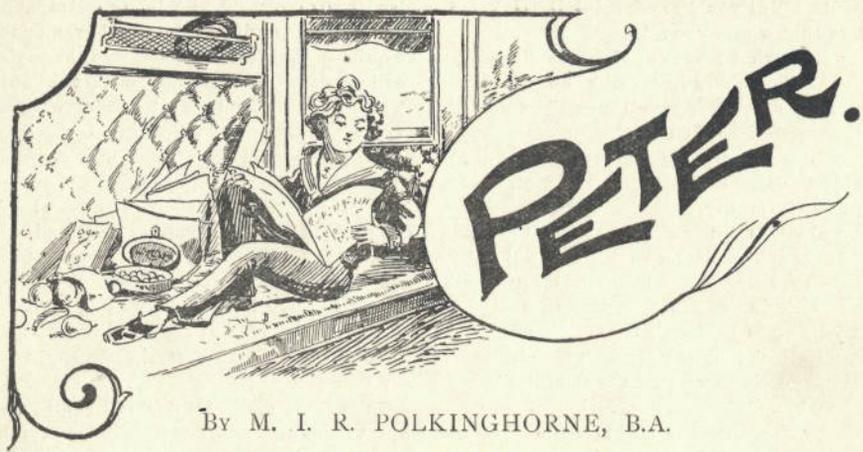
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Total 35

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	O.	B.	W.
Hamilton	7	10	7
Pybus	2	0	3

For the Visitors Armstrong batted in good style, and Hutchinson bowled well.





By M. I. R. POLKINGHORNE, B.A.

CHAPTER I.

Sir Peter St. Leger, Baronet.

IT was about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, the 27th of September, when Derrick strolled on to No. 2 platform at Paddington Station and began to walk slowly up and down as he waited for the train that was to take him back to St. Dunstan's. Derrick, the captain, was a fine fellow in appearance, tall and broad-shouldered, with very brown, clear cut features and deep-set blue eyes. Yet his was a very stern face for a boy, and many a luckless youngster quaked and quailed beneath the Captain's glance, while even his comrades of the sixth thought twice before they did or said anything to rouse his wrath. For Derrick had a powerful weapon—one which he never failed to use, whether it was to urge on the slackers at cricket or football, put down rowdyism in his own house or avenge his private wrongs—and that weapon was his tongue. He had a talent for saying sharp stinging phrases that made his hearers flush and wince when one struck home to them; so even though he was Captain of St. Dunstan's, he was not a very popular fellow. True, the boys roared his name in the cricket and football field, clapped and stamped when he received his usual honours on prize day, and pointed him out to their people as one of the heroes of the school, but further than that they were not prepared to go. He was very useful. He could keep the political affairs of the small school world which he ruled always above water. If things went wrong he was

blamed; if things went right all the odium that well maintained discipline sometimes inspires fell upon him, but none of the credit.

He had no chum and personally he was unknown for he never encouraged any overtures of friendship.

"He's as hard as nails," said Warder once when the Sixth were discussing Derrick's character. "I shouldn't care to go to him for sympathy."

"Don't know," remarked Hammond thoughtfully, "I think Derrick is as soft as putty in some places. Did you fellows ever know he had a brother?"

"No," was the general chorus.

"Well he had," went on Hammond quickly. "I was in his study once when he was hunting in his desk for something and he accidentally turned up a photo of a youngster, a jolly little chap about ten. I hate pretty boys generally, but this little 'un—upon my word you fellows—"

"Oh, yes, we know," interrupted Warder impatiently, "go on."

"Well, of course, I asked who it was, and Derrick positively dragged the thing out of my hand. 'It's my brother,' he said in an awful sort of tone. 'Oh,' I said, 'a decent little chap, when's he coming to St. Dunstan's?' My word, you fellows, how he glared at me. Then he sort of froze all over, you know his way, and shrugged his shoulders, and said awfully quietly, 'He's dead.' Well, somehow, I felt I'd put my foot into it, so I cleared out as soon as I

could. But you'd never think Derrick was like that would you?"

"Like what?" asked Manners blankly.

"Well you'd never think he could be awfully soft on anyone I mean," explained Hammond impatiently.

"How on earth do you know he was?" objected Warder, "I don't see your story proves anything."

"Don't see then," snapped Hammond. "It doesn't matter to me. Only I know this, that Derrick, with all his bitterness and sneering and all that sort of thing, is a jolly sight better than any of us."

"Hallo," laughed Sims, "Here's Hammond getting sweet on the Captain."

"Oh no I'm not," retorted Hammond coolly, "because I don't know him, no more do any of you; if you did—" He shrugged his shoulders and left his sentence unfinished.

"I suppose you mean we'd all be sweet on him," chuckled Sims.

"I do," said Hammond decidedly to the general astonishment of his fellows.

But to return to Derrick, where we left him at Paddington Station. The platform was nearly deserted and the Captain strolled up and down frowning moodily because his watch had gone wrong, and he had consequently arrived a good half hour before his train started. As he turned round he noticed at one end of the platform an old lady with a little boy. The former did not interest him much, but he could not keep his eyes off the boy. He was a little chap about ten, a mere baby with a brown chubby face, great saucer-shaped blue eyes, and a rosebud mouth. He had a small black terrier with him and began to career up and down the platform with the dog prancing and barking at his heels.

"Who's first, grannie?" he shouted excitedly, as he raced past the old lady, his small trousered legs working vigorously to keep up with the dog. He flashed saucy glances at Derrick every now and then, and at last the Captain stopped in his walk, leaned idly against a seat and watched the boy with half closed eyes.

"Peter, don't make yourself so hot, dear," he heard the old lady say once.

"All right, grannie," puffed Peter. "It lets off steam you know." He was racing down near the edge of the platform as he said this and, in turning, his foot slipped, and in a moment he would have been under the wheels of a train which just then came gliding in, had not the Captain, with

a swift rush, caught him by the arm and swung him back into safety. It was done so quickly that few people noticed the boy's peril and no commotion occurred, but Peter's grannie hastened to them with a very white face and trembling lips. She did not say anything. She only pressed Derrick's hand, but her eyes spoke volumes of thanks. "Peter is so dreadfully wild," she said rather plaintively as they walked back to her seat, Peter, now very subdued and very quiet, trotting by Derrick's side.

"He is going to school, you know," continued the old lady as she sat down.

"Oh!" said Derrick, feeling he ought to say something.

"Yes," she said, "Of course I shall miss him very much, and I really dread to think how he will get on, because he has been rather spoilt I am afraid."

"Oh, he will get licked into—that is—I mean he will get along all right," said Derrick, blushing to find himself talking, while his eyes wandered to Peter who was now walking quietly up and down with his dog.

Then the old lady grew very friendly and Derrick found himself listening to accounts of Peter in long clothes, Peter in the nursery, Peter in trousers, Peter ad infinitum. Yet the Captain listened patiently perhaps because in his mind's eye he saw another little face very much like Peter's, and heard another little piping voice calling him by that name he never heard now. 'Ted,' 'Ted' (for the Captain had no relations, except a surly old uncle, his guardian, who lived in India), or, of course, he may have listened merely through politeness. At any rate, whatever his motive was, he smiled grimly to himself as he sat there in his new character of an old lady's confidant. He learned that like himself Peter was an orphan.

"Where is he going to school?" he asked during a lull in the old lady's narrations.

"To St. Dunstan's," she said quickly.

"Oh!" said Derrick in surprise, "Why that's my college. I'm going back now, you know. My name's Derrick," he added, raising his cap.

"Derrick," cried the old lady brightening, "Oh, I remember. Dr. Redwood spoke about you. You are the Captain, are you not?"

"Yes," said Derrick.

She looked at him thoughtfully for a few minutes, then she said suddenly—

"Do you know I am sorely tempted to take a very mean advantage of you?"

Derrick stared at her in surprise. She laughed softly.

"You don't understand me, I'll explain. I am a very quick judge of character, dear boy, and I know if you promised to do anything one could trust you to do it, whatever the consequences were to yourself."

Poor Derrick flushed crimson at this outspoken compliment.

"So," she continued, smiling, "I feel greatly tempted to ask you to look after Peter. I know you cannot do much. I quite understand it does not do for big boys to spoil the little ones; but if I could feel Peter had someone to go to if he were in trouble, someone to give him a leg up, don't you say?" And the boyish slang fell very prettily from her lips. "I should feel so happy about him."

"I promise you I'll do my best," said Derrick slowly, although he had great misgivings on the subject of Peter's coming to him for help or advice. Small boys as a rule shunned his company. "The Captain's a beast" was generally their opinion. Then he made an offer which he regretted the moment the words had passed his lips.

"He could fag for me, if you like," he said, for he had lost his fag of last term as the boy had left.

"Oh, I should like it immensely," she cried gratefully. "I hope I am not asking too much. You will understand, won't you, that I do not want impossibilities. I know Peter must get into scrapes, be teased, and go through the ordinary routine of school-boy life, but there are times when perhaps a word from an older boy will have much influence, especially from the captain of the school."

"I promise you I'll do my best, but —" And here Derrick flushed a little. "I—I am afraid you have pitched on the wrong fellow to, to —"

"No, no," interrupted the old lady, smiling. "Ah, here is the train."

In a few minutes Derrick found an empty carriage and pitched in his own and Peter's traps. Then he shook hands with the old lady who thanked him again for saving Peter's life and for his promise, much to the Captain's embarrassment, and he stood back while Peter and his grannie took an affectionate farewell of each other.

"Good-bye, Peter, dear, Jenkins is in the next carriage and will see that you have lunch at Exeter. Good-bye, dear."

Then the train started with one-third of Peter out of the window, waving farewell.

Derrick had now some time to himself and the first thing he did was to anathematise himself for making friends with strange old ladies, and appointing himself nursery-maid-in-chief to a wretched little new boy all because—

"Bah," he muttered savagely. "I always thought I was a fool and now I know it."

Having growled at himself he felt better, and turned to see what his travelling companion was doing. The opposite side of the carriage was littered with books, papers, chocolate boxes, and fruit, and in one corner Peter was curled up with a *Graphic* opened and propped up in front of him so that Derrick could not see his face, but from behind the book there came to Derrick's inexperienced ears a curious sound, something like the crunching and munching of sweets.

"Greedy, hard-hearted little beast," thought the Captain. "I say, young'un," he cried, shying his cap at the book, "What are you doing?"

The *Graphic* came down with a run and poor little Peter's face was disclosed, tear-stained and woe-begone, his red button of a mouth trembling suspiciously, and his fair hair ruffled. A pitiful little object!

"I'm reading," he said indignantly, "You're very rude."

For once Derrick had not a retort ready. He went back to his paper and said nothing, and Peter retired again behind the *Graphic*.

At Exeter the man whom Peter called Jenkins came to the carriage and took the boy off to the refreshment room, while Derrick stretched his legs on the platform and waited for the train to start. Suddenly a hand clapped him on the shoulder and a voice cried, "Hullo, Derrick."

Derrick swung round.

"Hullo, Sims," he said curtly.

Sims was a tall, lanky member of the Sixth who did not go down well at St. Dunstan's. He was inclined to be snobbish and I think everybody knows what that means without further explanation.

He got into Derrick's carriage and the two boys talked together in a desultory manner.

In a few minutes Peter re-appeared and bundled into his corner.

"Hullo!" cried Sims. "Who's this?"

Peter stopped and stared at Sims, and Sims stared back at the small boy.

"I'm Peter," he said simply.

"A new kid," explained Derrick carelessly, "He's going down to St. Dunstan's."

"Oh, a new kid," said Sims, "Well you're a cheeky little beggar. Here, clear up this mess of yours"—indicating the piles of papers and sweets. "D'you hear. Look alive."

Peter gazed in amazement at the big boy, but at a word from Derrick he obediently heaped up his belongings in one corner.

At that moment Jenkins poked his head in to the carriage window.

"The train starts in two minutes, sir," he said, touching his hat to Peter. "Do you want anything? Her ladyship said—" "Oh no, Jenkins," cried Peter jumping up, "Don't forget to look after Cockatoo."

"Very good, Sir Peter."

Sims started at the title, and stretching out his hand took up the boy's cap.

"Peter St. Leger," he read in a whisper. "Oh I say, Derrick, he is Sir Peter St. Leger. They are an awfully good county family. My people and his are rather chummy, you know."

But Derrick did not show any interest and was apparently absorbed in his illustrated paper.

"Dear me, so that is the little baronet," mused Sims, gazing at Peter's back almost reverentially.

Then as the train started they heard Jenkins' hurried "Good-bye, Sir Peter, good-bye, sir," and Peter's piping voice as he hung out of the carriage and gave a shrill, "View halloa." "Tell grannie I'm awfully jolly," he shouted. He dropped back into the carriage and Sims, to Derrick's disgust, actually began to make overtures to the small boy.

"Well, how do you think you will like school, St. Leger?" he asked as agreeably as if he were talking to the doctor.

But Peter's face wrinkled up with suppressed laughter, and he did not answer.

"What is the matter?" asked Sims in surprise. "What are you laughing at St. Leger?"

"Ho! ho! ho!" chuckled Peter. "It's—it's so funny. I'm not a Saint. That's not my name."

"What d'you mean?" cried Sims angrily.

"Why I'm called Sellenger," piped Peter, laughing. "Of course it's spelt St. Leger, but I thought everyone knew it's pronounced Sellenger."

Sims grew furiously red. This hardly tallied with his assertion to Derrick of his intimacy with the St. Legers; but as

Derrick was still reading he sincerely hoped that he had not heard. He retreated behind his own paper and the journey was continued in silence.

When St. Dunstan's was reached the boys parted company, and Derrick saw no more of Peter for the time.

In the Common Room he heard Sims giving some account of Sir Peter St. Leger and laying great stress on the correct pronunciation of the name.

"I say," he said, turning to Derrick suddenly, "I think I'll take him for my fag. I'll swop him for young Riggs."

"Sorry," said Derrick, flushing and savagely regretting that unlucky promise. "But I've taken him."

"Good gracious," sneered Warder scornfully, "What are the Sixth fellows coming to, that they run after a kid with a handle to his name?"

Derrick coloured angrily and strode out of the room, wishing fervently that Peter was the son of a dustman—a shoe-black—a scavenger—anyone rather than Sir Peter St. Leger, 13th Baron of Beechcroft in Buckinghamshire.

* * *

CHAPTER II.

Sir Peter St. Leger—Hero.

The Captain soon found that Peter required little looking after and that his promise was not likely, as he feared at first, to entail disagreeable consequences to himself.

Peter shook down into his place at St. Dunstan's. He never put on any side, and the fellows soon forgot his title. His answer to the question: "What's your name?" was always "Peter," and Peter he was called by all, even by some of the masters. He was just an ordinary jolly little school-boy, neither very clever nor very stupid. He did not take St. Dunstan's by storm, but in his first week he fought Ranger of the Third twice, got two 'impots,' broke three of the Captain's cups and bagged a pillow from Dormitory B. for the famous fight between the Muffins and the Crumpets—two factions among the Lower Third—Peter was a Muffin—a statement which greatly puzzled his Grannie, Lady St. Leger, when she read his letter. This, taking everything into consideration, was a most creditable beginning for a new boy.

The Captain was very curt and stern with his new fag, as indeed he was with

all the boys. *Kortiter in re* he might understand, *suaviter in modo* never.

Almost to his dismay, however, Peter showed great liking and admiration for him, and all his sharp speeches and cuffs made no unfavourable impression on the boy.

"I know you aren't really wrathful with me," he would say to Derrick. So he fagged away willingly for the Captain, treated him to any amount of information about his Grannie, and even listened to his occasional words of advice; and Derrick—well, he called himself a fool and then excused himself by thinking of the unfortunate promise he had made. It was, he would say to himself, a bit of a bother that the kid should take such a fancy to him, but as Peter's affection was very undemonstrative and no one suspected it, the Captain tolerated it. It pleased the boy, and it did not hurt him. Oh, yes, the Captain was very wise and cautious, but there was just one person about whom he sometimes made great mistakes, and that person was himself.

One dull March morning on a certain holiday, Derrick and a few other fellows of the Sixth were down on the beach dragging out the Coastguards' boat. *Seagull*, which they had borrowed for the day.

"Oh, I say," piped an eager voice, as they took their seats. "Can I come with you? I'll cox you."

"No thanks," drawled Croft, as he looked at Peter's small figure. "We don't want to be upset."

"I won't upset you," protested Peter, earnestly. "May I? May I, Derrick?"

"No, you may not," said Derrick, curtly. "Now cut."

"Oh, let him come in if he likes," said Hammond, good-naturedly. "He can fag for us. Jump in, kid, provided you don't smell of peppermint or mention your Grannie more than once."



"HE COULD NOT KEEP HIS EYES OFF THE BOY."

After a glance in Derrick's direction to see that he really did not object, Peter scrambled in and curled himself up in the bow.

"Oh bother," exclaimed Derrick, after they had been rowing along the coast for some time. "Here comes the rain." And as he spoke a black cloud crept across the sky and the rain came down in heavy torrents, while a stiff breeze sprang up.

"We're in for it, I'm afraid," said Derrick, as the wind blew the pelting rain against their faces.

"I vote we put in somewhere and shelter," suggested Hammond. "We shall be soaked in a minute."

"There's the very place," cried Croft, pointing to the shore. "See that cave."

In a moment they had turned the boat's head, and a few vigorous strokes brought her close to the land. The boys jumped out and hauled her high and dry on the beach. It was lashing hard now, and sweeping gusts of wind rolled the waves in upon the rocks with a loud roaring sound.

"Just in time," laughed Lees, as they all raced up to the cave and sought shelter in its dark shadow. "I expect its only a passing squall."

"I don't know about that," muttered Derrick, as he gazed out on the gloomy sea. Great dark clouds were rolling up from the horizon, and the wind howled dismally around the cave; and Derrick as he looked at the white-crested waves congratulated himself that they had been near the shore.

"Let's explore this cave while we wait," cried Hammond. "I believe its the famous Rackett Cave, and is supposed to go underground for miles. It's connected with the old mine on Fenly Moor, you know. Come on."

This suggestion was hailed with applause, and the boys scrambled over the rocks further into the interior of the cave. As they went on the ground became smooth and sandy, and the vaulted roof arched high above them.

"What a ripping place," said Croft, enthusiastically.

"I've got a candle," cried Peter's shrill voice. "If you chaps have any matches we—"

He stopped as a loud, rumbling, crashing noise burst on their ears, and the little light in the cave suddenly died out and left them in the darkness.

"What is the matter?" cried Hammond's voice. "Oh, I say, let's get out of this."

"What is it?" cried the others.

"There's been a land-slip or something," said Derrick quietly. "The mouth of the cave is blocked."

"Good heavens, we are buried alive," groaned Lees in a trembling voice, while his words sent a thrill of horror through the others.

"Oh, shut up," growled Derrick, the first to recover himself, as he felt Peter clinging to him in fear. "Strike a match, you fellows; Peter, where's your candle?"

A match was struck and the flickering light lit up the pale faces of the boys.

"Now the first thing to do is to think how to get out," went on Derrick, calmly.

"Get out?" gasped the others.

"Well, you don't want to stick here, do you?" retorted Derrick.

"No, but my dear fellow," said Hammond, "how are we going to get out?"

"Dig ourselves out," suggested Croft.

But as they examined the blocked mouth of the cave a glance showed them that

without pick-axes or instruments of some sort this was impossible, for the roof seemed to have fallen in for some distance and consequently there was a wall of several yards thickness between them and the open air. Truly they were in a terrible situation.

"Well," said Derrick, slowly, "I suppose we must wait until we are dug out or—"

"Or what?" asked Hammond, as the Captain hesitated.

"Or find our way to the opening of the mine."

"Oh, I'd rather stay here," said Croft, decidedly. "We don't know the way, and we might get lost, or the roof might fall in further on and then we should be worse off than now. After all it can't be long before we are found. What do you think you fellows?"

"Look here," interrupted Derrick, quickly, "I don't want to make things worse, but as you know everyone thinks we were going to Long Island. They will never think of looking for us here, and the tide is coming in so the boat will be washed away. I tell you there is a very poor chance of our being rescued from here, but if we find the opening of the mine we can climb up or soon make our selves heard by shouting."

"But we don't know the way," objected Croft.

"I have some idea of it," said the Captain. "Pierce at the Coastguard Station showed me an old map of the mine. I know its awfully risky, but it seems better than sitting here doing nothing."

"I think Derrick's right," said Hammond, and after some discussion the rest agreed with him.

They started off guided by the faint light of the candle, Derrick with a very heavy heart as he thought of Peter.

"I wish to Heaven we hadn't brought the kid," whispered Hammond to him as they stumbled along, but Derrick made no reply.

"Hullo!" cried Croft, who was leading.

"Here's a fullstop."

They pressed forward anxiously at his words, and saw that a smooth surface of flat rock barred their progress.

"Perhaps we can get round it or over it," suggested Derrick.

They eagerly examined all corners, but no opening could be found; then suddenly a cry from Peter startled them.

"Oh I say, Derrick," he shouted excitedly, "the rock doesn't touch the floor of the cave, perhaps we can squeeze underneath, look."

He was digging away at the sand as he spoke, and the boys looking down saw a dark narrow slit between the rock and the ground.

"By Jove," cried the Captain. "But I am afraid it has no opening the other side," he added, as he examined it. "It doesn't look very inviting."

"If we got stuck in there it would be no joke," muttered Croft, who was inclined to be stout.

"Let me wriggle through," cried Peter, flinging off his coat and waistcoat. "I shan't get stuck, and I can tell you fellows if there is an opening."

"Here, take the candle and matches," said Derrick, thrusting them into Peter's hand. "And mind you don't stick."

In a few minutes Peter wriggled into the hole. The opening was very narrow, and in some places he could hardly breathe. He could just squeeze himself through with the greatest difficulty. Then suddenly as he raised his arm it encountered no resistance, and with a feeble triumphant 'Hurrah' he dragged himself out at the other end, and stood upright on his feet.

Then he knelt down and put his face to the opening. "Derrick!" he shouted, breathlessly, "Can you hear me? I am through. It is all right. Come along."

In the joy of his discovery it never entered Peter's head that the Sixth Form fellows would find it impossible to get through the space through which his little body had only wriggled with the utmost difficulty.

"All right," shouted Derrick's voice in the distance. "We're coming."

Peter waited patiently in the dark, waited for a long time as it seemed to him; then he heard Derrick's voice again.

"It's no good, Peter, we can't get through."

"Oh, rot," cried Peter, piteously. "You must. Dig up the sand. Here, I'll dig up this end."

And he wriggled in again, clawing at the sand with his fingers, and sending showers of it out at the opening. He worked frantically, cutting his hands and almost choking himself.

"Derrick!" cried Peter. "try again. It's an awfully little way."

"We're trying," answered Derrick's stifled voice.

"Give me your hand," shouted Peter, sweeping out his small arm and longing to feel it clasped by Derrick's strong fingers. "I'll pull you through."

And Derrick who was straining every muscle to work his way between the rocks, smiled grimly at this offer.

"It's no good, you fellows," he said, panting, as they all in turn made the attempt. "The floor's of solid rock—we can't make the opening any bigger."

The others did not answer; the disappointment had almost unmanned them.

"Come back, Peter," cried Derrick. "It's no good. We must wait until we are dug out."

For a moment Peter did not answer. He looked at the awful darkness that surrounded him and shuddered. Even death on the other side of that wall with Derrick's hand in his would not be so very bad—but to die alone—alone and in darkness; yet that would probably be his fate if he attempted to find the opening of the mine. But if he could find it—if he could save Derrick.

The thought set Peter's heart thumping with excitement, and steadied his voice as he called again to the boys on the other side of that wall.

"Derrick, I'm going to find the opening of the mine and get help. I shan't be long, but please tell me how to get there."

"You'll do no such thing," came Derrick's muffled answer. "It's madness. Come back here at once."

"No I shan't," said Peter, determinedly. "Hurry up and tell me the way."

"Tell him, Derrick," said Hammond. "He's a plucky little chap and he may get through—if not—well there's not much chance if he stays with us."

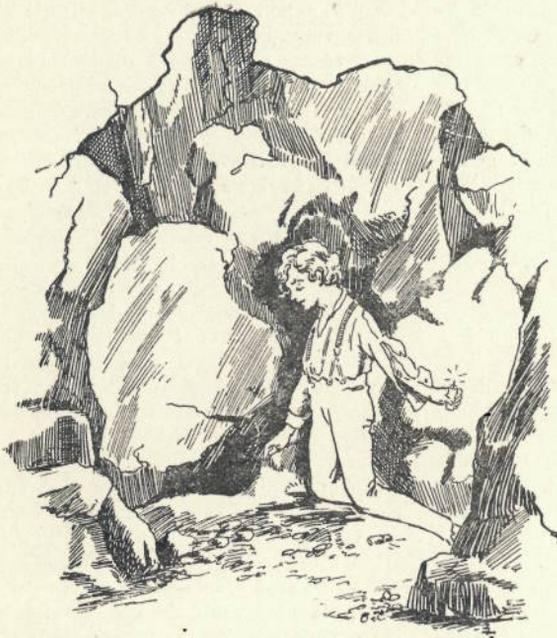
"I know," muttered Derrick, hoarsely, "but he is all alone and—and such a baby."

"Baby or not, he's got a jolly lot of pluck," said Hammond. "Come, Derrick, give the little chap his chance of being a brick."

So Derrick feeling as if he were uttering Peter's death sentence, shouted through the opening the few directions he knew.

"All right," came Peter's muffled voice. "Good-bye, Derrick, I shan't be long."

Then they heard the small boy's footsteps die away in the distance, and a deep silence fell upon them in the darkness of the cave



"COME BACK, PETER." CRIED DERRICK, "WE MUST WAIT UNTIL WE ARE DUG OUT."

as they fervently wished Peter the 'God speed' they had not dared to utter.

And Peter, by his candle's feeble light pushed boldly on down the gloomy passage between walls of dark slimy rocks. His progress now and again became very difficult, and great masses of stone barred his way over which he climbed and struggled, pushed and squeezed, weary yet undaunted. Now he was stooping, bent almost double as the roof of the cave became lower; now wading through pools of stagnant water, his hand high above his head, holding the little bit of candle that gave him his only light. He was wet through, his shirt torn and his shoulders bruised and scratched from the rocks. His breath came in great panting sobs, and only the thought of Derrick kept him from throwing himself down in utter exhaustion and despair. At last, as he scrambled over a projecting rock, his foot slipped and he fell heavily forward. His leg doubled up under him, and his head struck against a stone. For a moment the blow stunned him; then faint and dizzy he made an effort to rise, but an agonising pain in his leg brought him to the ground again with a groan. He had dropped his candle, and he heard it go out with a little spit as it touched the

damp floor. Helpless and in darkness, Peter lay with his face buried in his arms, while bitter sobs of despair shook his small frame. At length he sat up, and as he did so he started, and his heart beat quickly with hope, for away in the darkness of the cave there glimmered a faint grey light. Painfully he dragged himself along the floor of the cave, and after he had gone some little distance the air became cooler, although the light was very dim. He looked up and found he could no longer see the glistening roof of the cave; then something dropped on his head. He held out his trembling hand, and again he felt a few spots. It was rain. With a joyful cry Peter raised himself and peered anxiously into the darkness above his head, and

as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom he could distinguish what seemed to be bushes and shrubs, and through the branches gleamed the white patches of the sky above.

He had found the opening of the mine. He clapped his hand to his mouth and shouted, shouted again and again with all his strength until his voice grew hoarse and a dizzy faintness assailed him; but before he lost consciousness he fancied he heard an answering shout.

When he opened his eyes again the cold March wind was blowing in his face, the grey evening sky was above him, and he was lying in a moorland shepherd's arms. Then Peter remembered, and he attempted to explain Derrick's peril. He was surprised to find how weak he was, and only after great difficulty could he gasp out the words that sent the men who had effected his rescue racing post haste to Penhurst for means and help to dig out the imprisoned boys.

* * * * *

It was eight o'clock the next morning before the little party of rescuers and rescued returned, and were met in the college quad, by an eager crowd of boys whose cheering was very subdued because,

as the whisper ran quickly round, Peter was dying.

"What's that?" cried Derrick, sharply. He was looking very pale and haggard after his long imprisonment.

Then scattered and doubtful information was poured upon him from all quarters—"Peter had got a chill," "Peter was delirious, Lady St. Leger had been telegraphed for," until Mr. Malcolm appeared and carried off the rescued boys to his study, where a sumptuous breakfast awaited them.

"Is it true about Peter, Sir?" said Croft, asking the question that trembled on Derrick's lips.

"I am afraid St. Leger is very ill," said Mr. Malcolm guardedly. "You see he has had a nasty blow on the head, and has lain for a long time at the bottom of that damp place. It was fortunate I was walking across the moor at the time and heard his shouts."

After breakfast, in obedience to the Head's command, Derrick went to see Peter, but the small boy was delirious, and did not know the Captain, and the latter was too awkward and inexperienced to attempt to nurse him, and it was only when Lady St. Leger arrived that Peter grew calmer.

"I will send you word how he is," she whispered to Derrick, reading something of the boy's misery in his eyes.

The day wore on, and the Captain went through it in his usual stolid fashion, only he was perhaps a little more sarcastic and disagreeable than usual.

"Hard brute," muttered Croft to Hammond. "It would be only decent to show some anxiety for the little chap who saved our lives."

But Derrick made no sign and the enquiries about Peter's health were made by the other boys. It soon became known that the crisis would be passed about eleven o'clock that night. If Peter lived then, all would be well.

In every dormitory that evening there were hearty wishes for Peter's recovery and more than one small boy felt a lump in his throat as he realised that to-morrow although the sun would be shining and the old cracked school bell ringing there might be no Peter.

Derrick did not go to bed. He knew Lady St. Leger would send him over a message so he went to his study and sat there waiting.

He had his Latin author in front of him. It was the *Rudens* of Plautus, and the book was open at the love scene between Sceparnio and Ampelisca. His eyes wandered over the words and he mechanically repeated them to himself, but there was only one thought in his mind, only one wish and the intensity of that wish formed itself into words which buzzed monotonously through his brain. "Oh God, not him, not him too."

In the deep silence of his study he seemed to hear the words repeated aloud and the faint ticking of his clock caught up the refrain. Tick-tock, tick-tock. Not him, not him.

Yet he saw all the words on that page of Plautus, and he read it through, stopping to turn the leaf as he reached the last line, and Croft, looking in, would have indeed found something to wonder at in the Captain's apparent indifference.

Suddenly a step sounded outside his door, a sharp tap, and the school porter entered and gave Derrick a little twisted note. As the man withdrew Derrick tore it open and read with a deep drawn breath the few words it contained—

"Peter will recover, thank God.

MARIE ST. LEGER."

A mist seemed to swim before the Captain's eyes, his arms dropped over his open book and he buried his face in them with a little groan.

It was the chapel clock striking twelve that aroused him. He got up, carefully wiped the open page of Plautus with his handkerchief, pitched the book in a corner and turned out the gas.

"What an abject fool I am getting," he muttered savagely as he left the room.

He entered his dormitory quietly and was passing down between the rows of small beds, when a subdued whispering reached his ears, and in the moonlight he perceived twelve small youngsters squatting on a bed, originally meant to hold one, and realised that there was need for the assertion of his prefectorial authority.

"What's the meaning of this?" he cried sternly.

"Please Derrick," said a lugubrious voice from the figure perched on the pillow, "We're the Muffins; we're holding a committee meeting in Peter's bed; we thought he might like it."

This speech was interrupted by various sniffs and snuffles, for Riggs was nothing if not gloomy.

"I don't understand," said Derrick, too much astonished to scold them.

"It's like this," explained Partridge, "Peter's going to die, and Peter's a Muffin, so we thought we would like to raise a tombstone over him. It's Riggs' idea."

"A plain, simple marble cross," sniffled Riggs, "Very simple and quite plain."

He had read somewhere that true grief shows itself in simplicity.

"We've collected ten shillings," went on Partridge.

"And three farthings," added Waring.

"And we thought we'd have a Latin motto cut on it," continued Partridge.

"In plain black letters," sniffled Riggs lugubriously. "Very plain you know."

"And the motto we want begins 'Sta viator,'" cried Partridge. "It's something about trampling on a hero's bones, and Peter is a hero you know."

"You mean 'Sta viator, heorem calcas.' But you little duffers, Peter isn't going to die," cried Derrick, who had listened in amazement.

"Isn't going to die," echoed Riggs in dismay as he saw his plain marble cross, Latin motto and other preparations for the dead hero vanish completely away. Really it was most inconsiderate of Peter.

"No," cried Derrick half laughing. "Now out to bed at once."

And he passed on to his own bed with a smile playing about the corners of his mouth that greatly changed the stern hard look his face usually wore.

"Golly," exclaimed Partridge, as they all tumbled gleefully into their cots. "The Captain actually forgot to jaw us for being out of bed. Don't you think he's jolly decenter than he used to be? Anyhow I say hurrah! that Peter isn't going to die, you chaps."

In the morning Derrick told Lady St. Leger about the committee meeting of the Muffins, and a few weeks after when she related the story to him, Peter positively revelled in the plain marble cross with its Latin motto that was to have stood over his bones.

"It seems almost a pity I didn't die, Grannie," said Peter pathetically. "Fancy a fellow having a Latin motto over his grave."

"Oh don't, dear," cried Lady St. Leger shuddering, for the glory of the cross and motto did not appeal to her. "But Peter, dear, the doctor said you might have some friends to tea with you to-day. Wouldn't you like to have the Muffins?"

"No thank you, Grannie," said Peter calmly, "I 'preciate their kindness. It was awfully good of them to come and cheer under my window, and specially good of Riggs. Just fancy a plain marble cross and a Latin motto. But no thank you, Grannie, I won't have the Muffins, I'll have Derrick, please."

And Derrick actually came.

EPILOGUE.

It was the evening after the battle of Atbara, and the grey darkness of the Egyptian sky was falling like a pall over the weary but victorious English camp on the side of the shallow pools of the Atbara.

Two English officers stepped out of the Mess House on their way to their tents, and as they approached their own lines a sound of cheering reached their ears.

"D'you hear that, Derrick?" said the younger man, "They're cheering you for what you did to-day. It means a V.C. you know, old man. Listen to 'em."

"It's a pity they haven't something better to do," growled Derrick fiercely.

The other chuckled.

"It reminds me of the day you left St. Dunstan's. D'you remember what a send off the fellows gave you. Goodness! how they cheered, and yet some chaps said you weren't popular and —"

"Don't remember it at all, Peter," interrupted Derrick calmly. "Tell you what I do remember though."

"What?" asked Peter curiously.

"Why it's the anniversary of that day you saved me and those fellows from being buried alive in Rackett Cave," said Derrick slowly.

"Well you saved my life at Paddington Station, so we're quits there," laughed Peter.

"But you have done more than save my life, young'un," went on Derrick obstinately and shyly, for this was a subject he had never broached before. "I owe you a jolly sight more than that, I was getting a beastly, sneering—"

"Oh I say, dry up," cried Peter in alarm. "Here, hang it, I'm off. Good night."

"All right," laughed Derrick, "Don't be frightened, I won't explain, I see you understand."

"I don't understand; I don't know what you mean," shouted Peter wrathfully as he departed.

But Captain Derrick chuckled quietly to himself as he watched the retreating form of Peter, the youngest sub. in his regiment.