

MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY!

# The BOYS' FRIEND I.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 752, Vol. XV, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending November 6th, 1915.]



**FRIENDSHIP'S BARRIERS BROKEN DOWN!**

*Touching Schoolboy Scene  
In This Issue.*

## A SHATTERED FRIENDSHIP!

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing  
**JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.**

**BY OWEN CONQUEST.**

### The 1st Chapter. Very Mysterious.

"Master Silver!"  
"Hallo?" said Jimmy Silver.  
Jimmy Silver was sitting on the corner of the table in the end study, talking to Lovell and Raby and Newcome. The subject under discussion was rather important—it was the question of tea in the study or tea in Hall.

Tea in Hall was not to the juniors' taste. Tea in the study required funds. Funds were low.

Hence the discussion, which was interrupted by a tap at the door and the arrival of a youth in uniform, with a letter in his hand.

"For me?" asked Jimmy Silver, glancing at the letter.  
"Yes, sir; if you are Master James Silver."

"Bravo!" chorused Lovell and Raby and Newcome.

Remittances had been very disappointing—of late. Urgent letters had been written home, but the oof-bird, as Lovell expressed it, had not

flown. The arrival of an express letter could only indicate one thing—to the minds of the Fistical Four of Rookwood. Some kind-hearted uncle or aunt had taken pity on them, and sent off a remittance post-haste.

Express letters seldom—or, rather, never—arrived for juniors of the Fourth Form, and two or three fellows had followed the post-office messenger along the passage to the end study. Such an unusual happening was bound to attract attention.

"Well, this is luck," said Jimmy,

slipping off the table. "My bonnie boy, you are as welcome as the flowers in May! Chuck it over!"

The messenger grinned, and handed over the letter. Jimmy Silver felt in his pockets. A single, solitary "tanner" was all that remained in the shape of cash in the end study. It was just like Jimmy to bestow it in a tip upon the messenger.

The lad from Coombe departed satisfied, bearing Jimmy Silver's last sixpence with him.

"Open it, fathead!" said Lovell, rubbing his hands. "Must be a remittance, of course. Your pater, I suppose?"

"Must be a remittance," agreed Jimmy Silver. "Couldn't be anything else, in an express letter. Blessed if I ever thought the pater would send me a remittance in an express letter."

"Well, let's see it," said Raby.

Jimmy Silver slit open the letter. He took out a single sheet of paper, which was folded in two. There was no sign of a remittance.

"Oh!" said Lovell.

"My hat!" said Newcome.

"Nothing in it!" ejaculated Raby. There was a chuckle from the fellows in the passage. They had lingered to see the remittance, which ought to have been a whacking one, arriving in such a manner. The fact that the express letter contained only a note struck them as funny.

Jimmy Silver glared into the passage.

"Cut off, you duffers!" he exclaimed. "What are you cackling about?"

Jimmy closed the door with a slam.

Lovell looked at him reproachfully. "You'd better write to your pater, and tell him that this isn't playing the game," he said. "He has no right to raise our hopes like this and dash 'em to the ground again. It's too bad!"

"Rotten!" said Raby, with deep feeling. "It will be tea in Hall, after all. Chuck that silly letter in the fire, and come along, or we shall

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## A SHATTERED

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## FRIENDSHIP!

be late. You've given away the last tanner."

"It can't be from my pater," said Jimmy Silver. "Looks to me more like a joke by some silly ass! I'll read the letter, anyway."

"Oh, rot! Come on! You're not bound to read a letter from home unless there's a remittance in it," said Lovell.

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver unfolded the letter, and looked at it. It was a scrawl in pencil upon a dirty sheet of paper.

His three chums watched him rather impatiently. If it was going to be tea in Hall, it was better not to be late. Mr. Bootles did not like juniors arriving late at his table. Besides, if they were late, there would be nothing left for them but a share in the "doorsteps"—by which euphonious name they described the thick bread-and-butter that was provided for Rookwood juniors at tea-time.

Jimmy Silver glanced at the letter carelessly at first.

But as he read it his expression changed.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome noted that he gave a violent start, and the colour wavered in his face.

His eyes became glued upon the dirty sheet of paper with its pencilled scrawl, and his breath came thick and fast.

He seemed to have forgotten utterly the presence of his astonished chums. They watched him in silence.

Jimmy Silver finished reading the letter, and stood with it in his hand, still staring at it, his face pale, his brows knitted.

It was Lovell who broke the silence. He was astonished, and a little alarmed.

"Well?"

"Well?" repeated Raby and Newcome.

Jimmy Silver started again.

He crumpled the letter in his hand, and thrust it into his pocket. Evidently he did not mean to show it to the Co.

"What the thunder is the matter?" demanded Lovell.

"Matter!" repeated Jimmy Silver vaguely.

He seemed dazed.

"Yes. Isn't that letter from home?"

"N-no."

"Who's it from?"

"A—a—a man!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"Man you owe money to?" asked Newcome.

"No, no."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"N-nothing!"

Jimmy Silver was making evident efforts to pull himself together. Whatever was in that mysterious letter, it had given him a shock.

"Well, you needn't tell us anything if you don't want to," said Lovell, rather tartly. "If you're keeping blessed secrets, you can keep 'em!"

Jimmy Silver did not reply.

"Let's get down to tea!" said Raby, rather gruffly.

The Co. were naturally a little hurt. There were no secrets among the Fistical Four. In the end study complete confidence had always reigned. Jimmy Silver had received a letter now that upset him, and he did not intend to say a word about it, and his chums could not help taking it a little amiss.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome turned to the door.

"Ain't you coming?" demanded Lovell, as Jimmy Silver made no move to follow them.

"I—I can't come to tea now."

"Why not?"

"I've got to go out."

"You've got to go out!" exclaimed Lovell. "You don't get any tea, then!"

"Never mind!"

"Do you want us to come?"

"No, no! You chaps go and get your tea," said Jimmy, flushing.

"It's all right. I'm going for a spin on my bike."

The chums stared at him blankly. Jimmy Silver had said nothing whatever about going out before this. It was not difficult for them to guess that he was going to see the writer of that mysterious letter.

"I don't like this," said Lovell abruptly. "What are you keeping secrets for, Jimmy Silver? Who's written to you?"

"I—I can't very well tell you," said Jimmy, his colour deepening. "It's all right; your fellows needn't bother about it."

"You're going to meet the chap who's written to you, and you don't want us to come!" snapped Lovell. Jimmy was silent.

"Is that it, Jimmy?" asked Newcome.

"No need for you to miss your tea," said Jimmy Silver. "You buzz off to Hall. I'd better be going!"

And—perhaps to avoid further talk on the subject—Jimmy Silver walked out of the study, and disappeared down the passage. Lovell and Raby and Newcome looked at one another blankly.

"Well, my only hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "This beats the giddy band! Is the chap off his silly rocker?"

"Looks like it!" growled Raby. "Let's go down to tea; we're late already!"

The three juniors made their way down to Hall in a puzzled mood. They heard the whir of a bicycle in the quadrangle, and they knew that Jimmy Silver had gone out.

Where had he gone? And why? What was all the mystery about?

The Co. felt a little hurt and annoyed—that was natural. But they were concerned, too, and during tea they gave much more thought to their absent chum than to the "doorsteps" and weak tea. What was wrong with Jimmy Silver?

The 2nd Chapter.  
Run Down.

"Line up!" said Tommy Dodd.

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle of the Modern side at Rookwood were chatting in the grey old gateway when Jimmy Silver came along on his bike. The Classical junior had mounted his machine in the quad, which was really not permitted—but Jimmy seemed to be in a hurry.

The three Moderns lined up in the gateway. Of course, it was no business of Tommy Dodd & Co.'s if Jimmy Silver cycled in the quad in spite of regulations. But Tommy Dodd & Co. thrived on rags with the Classicals, and they did not mean to let a chance slip.

Jimmy Silver frowned and rode on.

"Clear!" he exclaimed sharply. "I'm in a hurry!"

"Bump him over, bedad!" said Tommy Doyle. "Check! Riding in the quad against orders! What is Rookwood coming to?"

"Chuck it!" roared Jimmy Silver. He had to stop, but he did not dismount; he rested one hand on the open gate for support.

The three Moderns closed in on him, grinning.

"I tell you I'm in a hurry!" snapped Jimmy. "I've no time now for fat-headed rags, you duffers! Chuck it!"

Tommy Dodd shook his head.

"Sorry!" he said affably. "But we can't see the rules disregarded in this—ahem!—flagrant manner."

Tommy Dodd was humorously imitating the somewhat ponderous style of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form. "I am surprised at you, Silver—I may say shocked!"

Doyle and Cook chuckled, and Jimmy Silver snorted.

"Let me pass, you fatheads!"

"Have him off that bike!" said Tommy Dodd. "It's up to us, as the top side of Rookwood, to teach these Classical kids manners."

"It is!" said Tommy Cook. "It are!"

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. Whatever it was that was calling him

away so suddenly from Rookwood, he certainly was in a hurry, and he was not in a mood for rags.

He brought his pedals round suddenly, and the bike came forward. His elbow caught Tommy Dodd under the chin, and Tommy sat down. Doyle caught a whizzing pedal with his knee and hopped and yelled; and Cook went staggering into the road as a wheel biffed on his legs.

The cyclist reeled a little, but he kept his seat and pedalled on.

Almost in a twinkling he was clear of the three Moderns and whizzing away down the long, white road to Coombe.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" came from Doyle, as he hopped and rubbed his knee. "Yow-ow-ow! The thafe of the worruld! Yow-woop!"

"Oh, my chin!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, crumbs!" howled Cook, scrambling up. "Why didn't you hold him, you duffers?"

"Why didn't you, you fathead?"

"Why, you silly ass—"

"Afther him!" howled Doyle.

"Sure, he's lamed me intoirely! Afther him, and mop up the road with him!"

"Ass! We can't run down a bike!" growled Cook.

"Haven't we got bikes, too, you gossoon?"

Tommy Doyle rushed away towards the bike-shed. Tommy Dodd and Cook followed him. They were sore in a double sense as the result of that brief encounter with the Classical junior, and the prospect of overtaking Jimmy Silver and mopping up the road with him appealed to them strongly.

The three Moderns rushed out their machines and pedalled away on the track of Jimmy Silver. He was out of sight, round the bend in the road; but as they pedalled round the bend they spotted him again, riding hard in the direction of Coombe.

"The baste; he's making the fur fly!" grunted Doyle. "He knows we're afther him!"

"He hasn't looked back."

"He's leaving the road, bedad!" exclaimed Doyle.

The village of Coombe was in sight in the distance when Jimmy Silver turned from the road and followed a muddy and rutty cart-track that led away across the moor. It was difficult ground for riding, and Jimmy certainly couldn't have chosen it for pleasure. Tommy Dodd & Co. naturally concluded that he had spotted their pursuit and was seeking to throw them off.

"Put it on!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd.

The three cyclists came up to the turning with a rush, and without hesitation turned into the track across the moor.

Jimmy Silver had had to slow down on the rough track, and the three Moderns, when they turned from the road, were not so far behind him.

The Classical junior did not look back once.

Tommy Dodd was puzzled.

His first idea had been that Jimmy Silver had spotted the pursuers, and was leading them on a wild-goose chase. But he surmised now that the Classical junior was unaware of the pursuit. Certainly, if that was the case, Jimmy Silver must have been very deep in thought.

"Sure, we're not gaining on the boulder!" grunted Doyle, perspiring, as the bikes bumped over the hard ruts.

"We'll run him down!" said Tommy Dodd. "It's up to us now! Put it on!"

"Stick to the beast!" said Cook. "He can't go much further, unless he's making for Latcham, and that's right across the moor."

Still Jimmy Silver did not look back.

He turned from the cart-track into a deep lane that ran across the open moor, fringed by willows and elder-bushes. The lane was cut up by cart-wheels, and was heavy going. Strung out at a distance behind him the three Moderns kept on, feeling considerably exasperated by this time. They had started out to run Jimmy Silver down after a spin, and they had not looked for this hard grind over caked mud and stones. But they would not give in now.

"My hat!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd suddenly. "He can't be going there!"

A wayside inn had appeared in sight, nestling by a clump of big trees, a landmark on the wide moor. The juniors knew that inn by reputation. It was called the Ship, and from the windows the sea could be seen across the uplands.

In old days the cellars of the Ship

Inn had been the storehouse of smuggled goods from France and Flanders, and a bad reputation still clung about the old inn. It was the resort of poachers and suspicious characters for miles round. It was, of course, strictly out of bounds for the Rookwood fellows, and the most reckless of the Giddy Goats of Rookwood would never have dreamed of going there.

Tommy Dodd & Co. exchanged startled glances. Was it possible that the old Ship was Jimmy Silver's destination? That, instead of dodging them as they had supposed, he had been heading for that disreputable haunt all the time?

"Tain't possible!" muttered Cook. "He ain't that sort!"

"Look!" muttered Tommy Dodd, catching his breath.

Jimmy Silver had dismounted.

He wheeled his bicycle into the dragged, untidy garden beside the inn, and disappeared from sight.

The three Moderns jumped down, in something very like consternation.

"He's gone in!" said Cook faintly.

"Into the Ship!" said Tommy Dodd, in awe-stricken tones. "My hat!"

Tommy Dodd whistled softly.

"Well, this beats it!" he said. "I'd never have thought it of Silver. You remember how he helped to rag Smythe of the Shell for going to the Bird-in-Hand. Why, the Bird-in-Hand is a select, pleasant-Sunday-afternoon sort of a place compared with that low den. He must be off his rocker!"

"I suppose it isn't our business," said Doyle, after a long pause. "I—I wish we hadn't found it out. He—he may think we were spying on him!"

"I don't care what he thinks! He's a blackguard to go to a place like that—a Rookwood chap!" said Tommy Dodd indignantly. "Must be mad, I think, or somebody's got him into doing it. Dash it all, he was always a decent chap! Look here

Tommy Dodd paused.

"Well?"

"He's a Classical ass, and it looks as if he's rather a rowdy rotter," said Dodd. "But—but I don't feel inclined to leave him there. Let's go and have him out."

"He'll tell us to mind our own business."

"'Tis our business, ain't it, not to let a Rookwood chap disgrace his school. He was down on Smythe for the very same thing."

"Yes, that's so. But—"

"Hasn't even the sense to change his cap," said Tommy Dodd. "There's the Rookwood badge on his cap, for anybody to see—in that low den. Why, it would mean the sack for him if the Head found it out! We're not going to leave him there, you chaps. Let's have him out. After all, as top side of Rookwood, it's up to us to look after those Classical kids."

"Ahem!"

Tommy Dodd started wheeling his bike towards the inn, and his chums followed slowly and doubtfully. But Tommy Dodd's word was law on the Modern side at Rookwood, so far as the juniors were concerned, and Cook and Doyle raised no objection.

The 3rd Chapter.  
Jimmy Silver's Uncle.

Jimmy Silver had wheeled his machine into the ill-kept garden and rested it against the fence inside. Then he stood looking about him.

His heart was beating faster than usual.

Deep in painful and unpleasant thought, Jimmy had not observed that the Modern juniors were on his track; but he knew that there was danger that he might be spotted in that disreputable haunt. And he knew that the consequences would be serious for him if it became known at Rookwood.

The colour came and went in his cheeks. Jimmy Silver had plenty of nerve, but it was not the kind of nerve that was required for shady enterprises. He hesitated to enter the inn, and he looked about the garden in the hope of seeing someone whom he could speak to. A fat and beery-looking man, with a clay pipe upside down in his mouth, came through the weedy garden from the direction of the stables, and stared at the schoolboy. Jimmy Silver hurried towards him.

"Can you tell me if there is a Mr. Robinson staying here?" he asked.

The ostler nodded.

"Yus."

"Will you tell him I want to see him?"

"You can go in, young gentleman."

Jimmy flushed. "I—I'd rather not go in. Can't you tell Mr. Robinson that I'm here, and ask him to come out? I'm his nephew Jimmy."

The ostler nodded, and went into the inn.

Jimmy Silver sat down on a bench under the trees, and waited. He drew from his pocket the letter he had received by the messenger, and which had brought him so suddenly from Rookwood School to this queer place. He read over again, with a glum brow, the scrawled lines in pencil.

If Lovell and Raby and Newcome could have seen those lines, they would have known why Jimmy Silver did not want them to see the letter.

"Dear Jimmy,—I know it will be a surprise to you to get this, but I want you to help me. I'm in trouble—rotten trouble. You can help me if you like; but keep it dark, or it may be my ruin. Come as quickly as you can to the Ship Inn and see me. Don't fail me, Jimmy. It's more important than you could guess. Ask for Mr. Robinson.—Your  
"UNCLE JOHN."

That was the letter. Jimmy Silver had obeyed the summons. He could do nothing else. But his heart was heavy. He knew little of his uncle, John Silver, excepting that he was a ne'er-do-well, a rolling stone that had certainly gathered no moss. He knew that his father never saw him of late years, and did not like to hear him mentioned. Mr. Silver was not a hard man, and Jimmy had no doubt that his sternness towards his wastrel brother was justified. Yet Jimmy had not felt that he could disregard the appeal from the wastrel.

His remembrance of his uncle was not very clear. But the man had been kind to him as a child, and if he had gone to the bad, that was no reason why Jimmy should dislike him. If the wayward, weak-natured man was in trouble, Jimmy felt that it was up to him to lend a helping hand if he could. Yet what he could do was not very clear.

He waited in the garden, while the sun sank lower and lower over the moor. But he did not have to wait long. From the side door of the building a man emerged—a man in shabby attire, with an unshaven chin and a dirty collar. His face was curiously blotchy, and Jimmy did not need telling that that was the result of strong drink. But in the face, disfigured as it was by reckless living, there were traces of past good looks.

"Jimmy, kid! So you've come!"

"Yes, uncle."

"Sh!" muttered John Silver, with a quick glance round him. "Don't call me that here! I'm Mr. Robinson here! Call me that, if anything."

Jimmy felt a chill.

"Why?" he asked, sinking his voice almost unconsciously. "Why can't you use your own name?"

"It's not safe."

"Not safe!" repeated Jimmy mechanically.

"No, I'm in trouble."

Jimmy stared at him blankly. He began to have a dim suspicion of what John Silver meant by "trouble."

"Come into the house, Jimmy," said John Silver nervously. "I've got a room here. We can talk in my room."

Jimmy shook his head.

"Let's talk here," he said. "We can't be seen from the road. I don't want to go into that place. It's out of bounds for us."

John Silver made an impatient gesture.

"What does that matter when I'm in danger?"

"In danger, uncle?"

"Uncle again!" muttered John Silver savagely. "I tell you that if it was known that your uncle John Silver is here, Jimmy, the police would come over at once from Coombe!"

"The police!" faltered Jimmy.

"Yes."

"But—but why?"

"There's a warrant out for me."

Jimmy Silver sank back upon the bench, almost giddy. So that was it! It was a fugitive from the police whom he had been called to help.

## The 4th Chapter.

## A Fugitive From Justice.

John Silver stood looking down upon his startled and dismayed nephew, with a bitter expression upon his face.

Jimmy Silver was dumbfounded. He could only stare at the man before him in utter dismay.

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## A SHATTERED

## FRIENDSHIP!

(Continued  
from  
the  
previous  
page.)

"Oh!" he muttered at last. "Is—is that it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"What have you done?"

"Nothing."

Jimmy started eagerly.

"You mean that you were innocent, and it is a mistake?" he exclaimed.

John Silver looked at him oddly.

"That's exactly what I mean," he replied. "I—suppose you believe me, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep, deep breath of relief.

"Of course I believe you!" he said.

"I know you wouldn't tell me lies—your own nephew."

John Silver winced slightly, but the Rookwood junior did not notice it.

"But what has happened? Tell me that."

"I got into a place," said John Silver. "Your father always refused to help me unless I settled down to work. Well, I settled down. He got me into an office in London. It was a hard grind for a man like me, but I stood it. I've stood it for over a year. Then the crash came. There was something wrong in the accounts, and—and it was put down to me. Perhaps I was careless; but—but somebody got at my books, Jimmy, and—and there was a sum of money missing, and false entries had been made, and it was put down to me. Of course, it was an easy trick to play on a careless man like me."

If Jimmy Silver had had much experience of business life, he would have known that such a trick was far from easy to play. But a junior in the Fourth Form at Rookwood was not likely to know much of the routine of a London office, and Jimmy never even thought of doubting his uncle's word.

"But—but it must come out!" said Jimmy. "Surely it will be found out?"

"Perhaps—in time. But they think I did it, and—and unless the money's handed back it can't be stopped. And I haven't got five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Jimmy, in dismay.

"That's the sum."

"Oh! But my father—"

"I can't go to your father, Jimmy. He wouldn't help me."

"If he believed that you were innocent—"

"He doesn't believe in me. He thinks I'm guilty, like the rest," said John Silver bitterly. "I'm not saying anything against your father, Jimmy. He's my brother, and he might have lent me a hand; but he believed the worst against me at once. I'm not blaming him, either. I'd been rather a thorn in his side when I was young and reckless. Only it's hard, when I had settled down to lead a steady life and make up for the past, that this should knock me right out."

"It's horrible!" said Jimmy, miserably. "But—but how can I help you? I've not got much money."

John Silver smiled slightly.

"I know—I know, Jimmy. But I wanted to see you, most of all to tell you my side of the story, so that you'd know that I'm not so black as I'm painted when you hear the whole story. I'd like to think that you believed in me."

"I do believe in you," said Jimmy, touched.

"Thank you, Jimmy. As for money, you might be able to help me a little. I'm a beggar now. I haven't even enough to settle my bill here. I had to borrow a shilling to send a man to take that express letter to you. And I've been afraid all the time that it might be opened by a master."

"It might have been," said Jimmy, with a shiver. "Luckily, it wasn't. Of course, I'll do anything I can. What are you going to do?"

"Lie low for a bit," said John Silver. "This is a safe place. They won't think of looking for me here. When I've got enough money for a journey, I'm going to make a break and get out of the country."

A sudden thought came into Jimmy's mind.

"What about the Army, uncle?"

"The Army!"

"Yes. You're not much over thirty, and I've wondered several times whether you were going."

"Not in my line, Jimmy," said John Silver; then, as he saw the expression on his nephew's face, he added quickly: "I mean, they wouldn't take me with this stain on my name. They would soon find out who I was, and hand me over to the police. They don't want criminals in the Army—they want the pick of the nation. But if I could get safe out to Canada, I might be able to get into the Canadian contingent, as a Canadian, you know, and come back without much danger. Of course, I—I'd like to be out in Flanders with the rest."

"What about the Army, uncle?"

"The Army!"

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"Not in my line, Jimmy," said John Silver; then, as he saw the expression on his nephew's face, he added quickly: "I mean, they wouldn't take me with this stain on my name. They would soon find out who I was, and hand me over to the police. They don't want criminals in the Army—they want the pick of the nation. But if I could get safe out to Canada, I might be able to get into the Canadian contingent, as a Canadian, you know, and come back without much danger. Of course, I—I'd like to be out in Flanders with the rest."

"What about the Army, uncle?"

"The Army!"

"Yes. You're not much over thirty, and I've wondered several times whether you were going."

Dodd and Cook and Doyle had arrived.

## The 5th Chapter.

## Tommy Dodd to the Rescue.

Tommy Dodd's brow was grim. He looked at Jimmy Silver, startled and crimson, and at the bloated, blotchy face of the man he had been in conversation with. The disgust and contempt in Tommy Dodd's face struck Jimmy to the very heart. He knew what conclusions the Modern junior must draw from seeing him in such a place with such a companion.

"Caught!" said Tommy Dodd. "Ain't you pretty thoroughly ashamed of yourself, Jimmy Silver?"

"Faith, and you ought to be!" said Doyle.

"Who are these boys?" asked John Silver.

"Rookwood chaps!" said Jimmy, in a faltering voice. "What the dickens are you doing here, you Modern rotters?"

"We came after you, to bump you," said Tommy Dodd, "and we happened to run you down here, that's all."

"Well, now you've run me down, you can clear off."

"Not quite," said Tommy Dodd grimly. "We're not leaving you here."

Jimmy Silver started.

"What the dickens—" he began. "You remember how you helped

know what that means—backing geese!"

"It's nothing of the sort, you dummy!"

"What is it, then?"

"That's not your business."

"We don't agree on that," grinned Tommy Dodd. "Smythe told you it wasn't your business when he sneaked down to the Bird-in-Hand to gamble with Gunter, and that shabby crowd. If you had any decent reason for coming here, I suppose you can tell us what it is."

"Go and eat coke."

"That's not a reason. We're taking you back to Rookwood with us, same as you'd have done with Smythe. As for this shady blackguard, I've a jolly good mind to duck him in the trough."

John Silver gave his nephew an expressive look, and retreated into the house. The three Moderns sniffed as he departed.

"Are you coming, Jimmy Silver?" asked Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy set his teeth. Certainly it was only the same high-handed treatment that he had himself meted out to Adolphus Smythe, the "Giddy Goat" of the Shell. But the circumstances were different. It was impossible to explain to Tommy Dodd, without betraying his uncle, and that was not to be thought of. Appearances were against the Classical junior. But meting out that high-

"Well, so shall we," said Tommy Dodd. "If you can lick the three of us, you're welcome to stay here till you grow as boozey as your seedy friend."

The three Moderns closed in on Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy kept his word.

His blood was up.

There was a wild yell from Tommy Cook as Jimmy's right crashed upon his nose, and Cook went down into the grass with a bump.

The next moment Jimmy was in the grasp of Dodd and Doyle before he had time to hit out again.

He was swept off his feet, struggling wildly. The ostler came out and stared at them. Cook sat up and nursed his nose and roared.

"Ow, ow! Yow! Squash him!"

"This way!" panted Tommy Dodd. "Get him off before his rowdy friends can come out—I dare say there's a regular gang of them here! Buck up!"

"Leggo!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

Struggling furiously, Jimmy was rushed out of the garden between the two Moderns. Tommy Cook picked himself up and followed, dabbing at his streaming nose. He ran Jimmy's bike out into the road for him.

"Mount!" said Tommy Dodd.

"Sha'n't!"

"Bump him!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Will you get on now?"

"No, you rotters—no!"

Bump, bump, bump, bump!

The Moderns meant business. Jimmy Silver struggled and roared in their grasp. But it occurred to him that his business at the Ship was finished, and that it was, as a matter of fact, high time to ride back to Rookwood, unless he was to miss calling-over.

"Let go, you rotters!" spluttered Jimmy breathlessly. "I'll mount!"

"Good egg!"

The dusty and furious Classical was placed on his bike, and the Moderns mounted round him. They rode off in a dusty bunch, several faces staring after them from the Ship Inn.

Jimmy Silver was in a savage temper. He was greatly inclined to dismount and renew the combat, but it was not much use tackling such odds. Instead of that, he put on speed, and rode as if on the cycle-track in a race.

"Faith, he's trying to dodge us!" exclaimed Doyle. "After him."

"Buck up!" rapped out Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver grinned as he pedaled on. He was a hard rider, and could beat any other fellow in the Fourth on the cycle-track. He put all his beef into it now as a punishment for the interfering Moderns. Tommy Dodd & Co. rode as they had seldom ridden before to keep up with him. But in spite of their efforts they lost ground.

As they came out of the rough track on the moor and entered the lane Tommy Cook was left hopelessly behind, and Tommy Doyle was tailing off. Only Tommy Dodd still held on in the race.

But in the lane, half-way to Rookwood, Jimmy Silver dropped him, too.

Jimmy arrived at the school in ample time for locking-up, with a crimson face and in a profuse perspiration. Tommy Dodd was out of sight, way back along the lane.

## The 6th Chapter.

## High Words.

"Oh, so you've got back!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcome were waiting at the gates, and Lovell greeted Jimmy Silver rather gruffly as he wheeled his machine in. Jimmy was as red as a beetroot, and perspiration was trickling down his face.

"Yes, here I am," gasped Jimmy.

"What's the hurry? You came up the lane like lightning," said Raby.

Jimmy chuckled—quite his old chuckle.

"Some Modern worms thought they could ride," he explained. "I jolly well showed them that they couldn't. They'll come crawling in presently—if they're still alive."

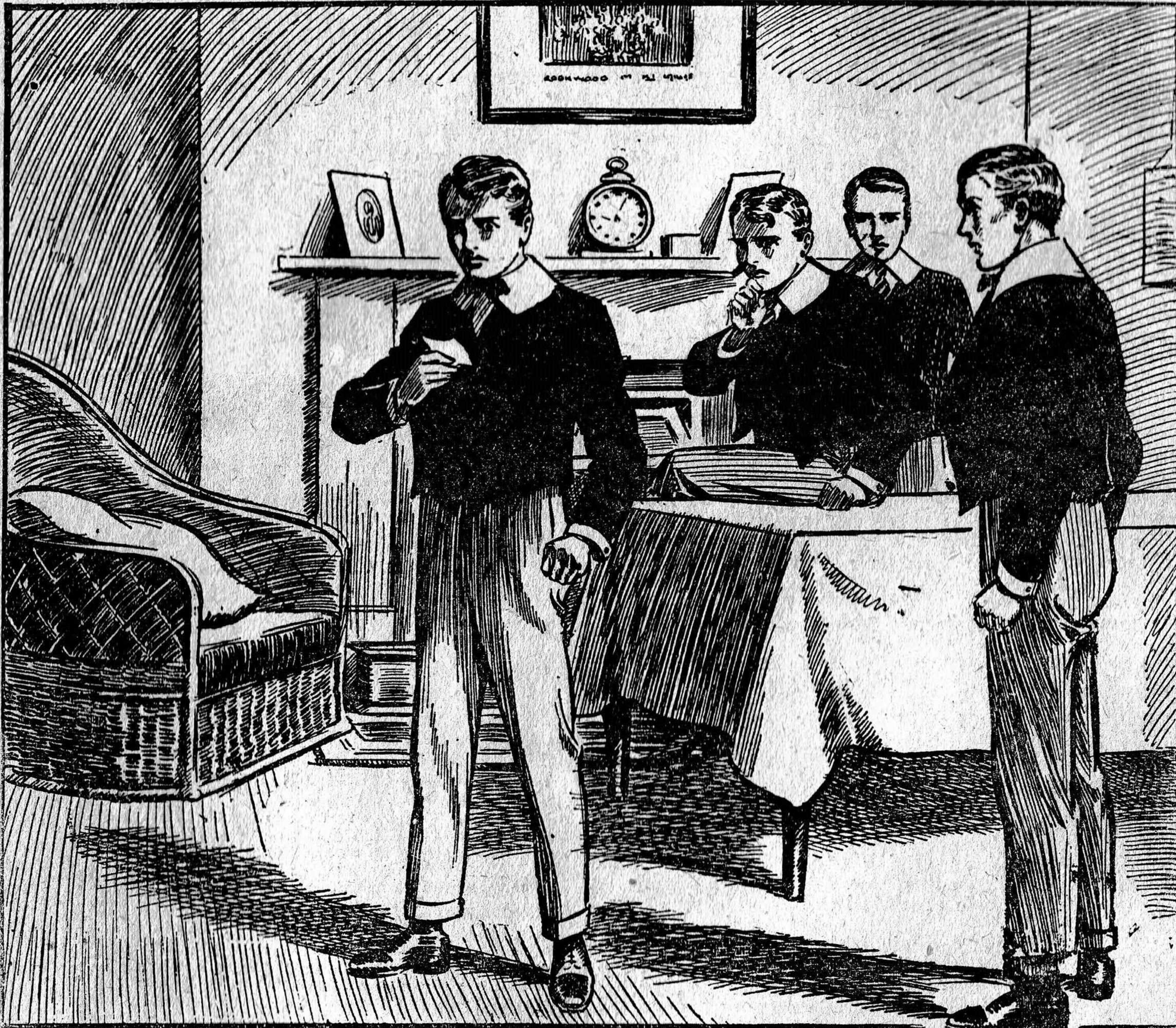
"But where have you been all this time?" asked Newcome.

"Long ride," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm going to get a rub-down now."

And he hurried away to put up his bike.

The Co. looked at one another expressively. Not a word of explanation as to that sudden and mysterious outing; they were evidently to be left in the dark. What had come over Jimmy Silver, once so open and so frank?

There was the whir of a bike on the road, and Tommy Dodd came dragging up. He was quite spent. He tumbled rather than jumped off



Jimmy Silver finished reading the letter, and stood with it in his hand, still staring at it, his face pale, his brows knitted. "Well?" said Lovell. "Well?" repeated Raby and Newcome.

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"How much can you help me, Jimmy? I know you'll help me all you can, knowing that I am an innocent man."

"Of course I will," said Jimmy.

"I—I haven't much money, as you know. I have a pretty good allowance, but it all goes, on one thing or another, and to-day I'm quite stony. But I can raise some cash somehow. I'll raise all I can, and as quick as I can, and send it to you by post—"

"Not by post, Jimmy. I don't want it to get out that anybody is staying here," said John Silver quickly. "Can't you bring it to me?"

"It's risky for me to come here," said Jimmy uneasily. "The Head would be waxy if he knew. But I suppose I could come."

"When?"

"I shall have to raise the money first. Suppose I see you to-morrow evening? I'll do the best I can by that time?"

"Good!"

"And I—" Jimmy Silver broke off suddenly, as there was a trampling of feet on the ill-kept path. "Oh, my hat! Rookwood chaps!"

Three Rookwood juniors came through the ragged bushes. Tommy

to handle Smythe, when he took to going to the Bird-in-Hand," said Tommy Dodd. "You held that a Rookwood fellow had no right to disgrace his school, and that it was up to all of us to chip in. Well, we're taking you at your word. You're coming back to Rookwood with us."

"Why, you cheeky ass—"

"Nuff said. Are you coming?"

"No!" shouted Jimmy Silver, his temper rising. "Mind your own business, hang you!"

"We're making this our business!" said Tommy Dodd coolly. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the giddy gander. It's the same medicine that you served out to Smythe."

"That was different—"

"Where does the difference come in, except that this is a lower and rotter den than the Bird-in-Hand?" said Tommy Dodd sarcastically. "I suppose you didn't come here to give this chap tracts on temperance, though he looks as if he could do with them."

"You don't understand."

"I think I do. I think you're a shady blackguard, Jimmy Silver. I heard what you were saying as we came up—you're going to raise money to give this man, and to bring it to him to-morrow night. I

handed treatment to Adolphus Smythe and having it meted out to himself were two altogether different and distinct matters.

Jimmy Silver showed his sense of the distinction by pushing back his cuffs in an extremely warlike manner.

If the three Moderns had the unexampled cheek to attempt to drag him away by main force, it would be a case of "wigs on the green."

"Better come," said Tommy Cook. "Your boozey friend is gone, and there's nothing to stay for. Hasn't he given you a tip for the Swindleum Plate?"

"Or the Welsher's Handicap?" grinned Doyle.

"I tell you it's nothing of the sort!" shouted Jimmy Silver angrily. "It was a little too much to be supposed to be a sporting blackguard like Adolphus Smythe. 'If you silly Modern asses had an ounce of brains among you, you'd know that!'"

"We know what we see," said Tommy Dodd, "and we know that you're coming home, before you get into any more trouble. We're out for moral reform, you know. This way!"

"Hands off!"

"Bow-wow!"

"I shall hit out!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver fiercely.





# A SHATTERED

(Continued from the previous page.)

# FRIENDSHIP!

his machine. The three Classics regarded him critically.

"Learning to ride?" asked Raby affably.

Tommy Dodd snorted.

"Has that waster come in?" he asked.

"Haven't noticed any Moderns come in."

"I mean that worm Silver!" hooted Tommy Dodd. "If he's dodged us and gone back, we'll jolly well go after him again. We're not going to be disgraced by you Classics, I can tell you!"

"Gone back where?" exclaimed Lovell.

Tommy Dodd gave him a quick look.

"Mean to say that you don't know about it?" he demanded. "I thought you four asses were always hand-in-glove!"

"We don't know where Jimmy Silver's been, if that's what you mean!" growled Lovell. "He didn't choose to tell us, for some reason!"

"Jolly good reason, too, I should say! But if he's keeping it dark, I'm not going to give him away. Has he come in?"

"Yes, he's come in."

"Oh, all right!"

Tommy Dodd wheeled in his bike without another word.

"Well," said Lovell, with a deep breath, "what do you fellows make of that?"

"Don't ask me," said Raby. "It beats me. That Modern bouncer must have dropped on Jimmy, wherever he's been, and they had a row. Jimmy was dusty from head to foot."

"Here comes Doyle."

Tommy Doyle came limping in, wheeling his bike. He was dusty and breathless.

"Silver come in?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, then he wasn't dodging us to go back, after all, the spalpeen!"

"To go back where?" shrieked Lovell.

"Where we found the thafe of the world, begorra!"

"And where was that?"

"Hasn't Jimmy Silver told you?"

"No, he hasn't."

"Sure, then, I won't; I'm not a sneak!"

"Look here—"

But Tommy Doyle marched in. Lovell and Raby and Newcome glared after him, exasperated. What did it all mean? They were mystified and they did not like being mystified.

"Let's collar him and bump it out of him!" suggested Newcome.

Lovell shook his head, with an unusually bitter expression on his face.

"No," he said. "Let Jimmy Silver keep his secrets if he wants to. If he doesn't choose to tell us, let him keep it dark!"

"But why shouldn't we know?" demanded Newcome.

"Better ask Jimmy Silver that."

The chums of the Fourth were turning away from the gates, when Tommy Cook came in. They were feeling moody and restive, but they could not help grinning at the sight of Tommy Cook. His nose was enlarged in size, and red as a peony. Evidently Tommy Cook had been in the wars.

"Great Scott! Where did you get that nose?" ejaculated Lovell.

Tommy Cook snorted.

"I got it from a shady blackguard, dragging him away from a pub, if you want to know!" he hooted, as he tramped on, without deigning any further information, leaving Lovell and Raby and Newcome in a state of consternation.

"A—a—a pub!" gasped Lovell.

"It can't be true! Jimmy Silver at a pub!"

"Is that why he's keeping it so jolly dark?" muttered Raby. "He wouldn't tell us, and those Modern cads happened to drop on him there!"

"Like their cheek to chip in, anyway!"

"Of course, they're cheeky rotters! But—but it can't be possible! Look here, we're going to have this out with Jimmy Silver!"

The three juniors hurried to the end study. Jimmy Silver was not there yet; he was rubbing down in the dormitory. But he came in a few minutes later.

"You fellows had your tea, I suppose?" he remarked.

"We had tea in Hall. What about you?"

"I had to give it a miss in baulk," said Jimmy. "Never mind—there's some toffee. And what's the odds, so long as you're happy? Coming down; call-over in a few minutes, you know."

"We're not coming down till we've had an explanation," said Lovell determinedly. "If you're playing the giddy ox, like Smythe of the Shell, Jimmy Silver, we're jolly well going to stop you!"

"Oh, don't be funny!" urged Jimmy Silver. "Do I look the same kind of idiot as Adolphus?"

"Well, no; but what have you been doing?"

"Biking."

"Nothing else?"

"Yes; I've been doing the Moderns," said Jimmy Silver. "I've given them the ride of their lives. Let's go down."

"Not yet. Cook came in with a nose like an orchid, and he said he got it dragging a shady blackguard away from a pub!"

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did. Did those Modern cads find you at a pub?"

Jimmy Silver made a restless movement.

"Well, suppose they did?" he said at last. "Not in a pub—near a pub. I suppose you don't think I went there to booze, do you?"

"Why can't you tell your pals what you went there for?"

"It's a secret."

"You never used to have any secrets from the study."

"Well, it's never too late to mend, you know," said Jimmy Silver flippantly.

"You had an express letter this afternoon, and you bolted off without a word, and the Modern cads found you at a pub, and made you come away," said Lovell. "We can see plainly enough that you went there to meet the fellow who'd written to you."

"Well, let it go at that."

"And you won't explain?"

"I can't."

"Why can't you?"

"Because—oh, because," said Jimmy Silver, "tain't really my secret. Least said soonest mended. Look here, I suppose you fellows can trust me not to play the shady rotter, can't you?"

"Well, I always thought we could," said Lovell tartly. "But when a fellow goes to a pub, and tries to keep it dark that he's going, and won't make any explanation when it all comes out, I must say it looks fishy."

"Look here, Lovell—"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver—"

"Hold your row, both of you!" interposed Newcome, the pacific. "You'll be rowing soon, and that wouldn't do any good. Let Jimmy keep his blessed secret; I dare say there's no harm in it. There goes the bell for call-over!"

Lovell grunted, and said no more. As a matter of fact, it was Jimmy he was anxious about, and it was not mere curiosity that troubled him; but a quarrel in the end study would have served no purpose. The matter was dropped; but it was in an unusually moody frame of mind that the Fistical Four went down to Big Hall to answer to their names.

Jimmy Silver's usually sunny face was clouded. It had dawned upon his mind that his uncle's secret—and his—meant distrust and suspicion in the study, for he could not explain even to his best chums that his uncle was in hiding at the Ship Inn. John Silver's safety came before everything else. He could only hope that by his aid John Silver would soon be gone, and the matter would be at an end. But John Silver did not go.

**The 7th Chapter.**  
**Raising the Wind.**

Not a word was spoken on the subject between Jimmy Silver and his chums that evening.

There was a certain "stand-offishness" in the manner of the three chums—They could not help it. But they tried to be just as usual.

Preparation was done in the study in unusual silence, and after that they went downstairs. Oswald, of the Fourth, who probably knew the state of funds in the end study, asked them to supper—an invitation that was gladly accepted.

But the Fistical Four were not so merry as usual, and they left Oswald somewhat puzzled. He could see that something was wrong.

Then came bed-time.

The next morning Jimmy Silver was uneasily expecting to find the adventure of the previous day the talk of the Lower School. To his relief, nothing was said on the subject. Tommy Dodd & Co. were loyal, and, strongly as they had expressed their opinion about Jimmy's supposed conduct, they had no intention of betraying him. Naturally, Lovell and Raby and Newcome had said nothing, either.

The three Classics even refrained from asking questions of Tommy Dodd & Co. They would not learn Jimmy Silver's secret in that way. Unless he chose to tell them, they preferred to remain in ignorance.

So far as the Rookwood juniors were concerned, Jimmy Silver had no doubt that the matter would blow over and be forgotten when his uncle was gone from the neighbourhood of the school. But John Silver could not—or, perhaps, would not—go until he had money. That money Jimmy had to provide, and Jimmy was much exercised in his mind about it.

He believed in his uncle's innocence, and felt that he ought to help him. But to raise a large sum of money was quite out of the question for a junior in the Fourth Form. Under the circumstances, he could not write home for a remittance; moreover, he had already written home for a remittance on general principles, and it had not come.

He had to raise the money amongst his friends, to be repaid out of his allowance at a future date, and it was not a pleasant prospect. Jimmy hated getting into debt. On his own account he certainly would never have gone into debt. For the sake of another he had to do it.

It was soon remarked in the Fourth Form that Jimmy Silver was seeking loans. It was so unusual a pro-

ceeding on the part of Jimmy Silver, that it was bound to attract attention. Fellows were willing enough to lend to him, but their lending was only in shillings, as a rule—and a large number of shillings were required to make up any sum that would be of use to John Silver.

With about five pounds, Jimmy considered, the fugitive would be able to get away, at least, and perhaps he could send him more money later, to some seaport where he would be able to get a passage out. Ten pounds ought to be enough to enable him to take his passage. How was Jimmy to raise either of those sums?

After morning lessons he was very busy.

A dozen loans among the juniors gave him about a pound in ready cash. Smythe, of the Shell, rolled in filthy lucre, and could have lent him "quids"; but he was not on good terms with Smythe. Besides, how could he have repaid quids out of his allowance; he had to think of that. As he did not require his hat any longer, he sold it in the Fourth; but in the football season, naturally, hats were not in great demand, and Jimmy's handsome willow realised only five shillings. He thought of his bike. To part with his "jigger" would be a heavy blow. But it seemed as if there was no other resource.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome could not help him in this; naturally, they would have wanted to know why he needed a large sum of money. Besides, they were in the same unpleasant "stony" state as himself.

Jimmy went into afternoon lessons with a moody brow. So far, he had raised twenty-five shillings, and that was next to useless. Some of the juniors regarded him curiously during lessons, especially Leggett. Leggett was a Modern junior, and extremely unpopular. He was as keen as a razor, and made money out of his schoolfellows in all kinds of sharp ways—especially by lending money at weekly interest. Leggett was not a rich fellow by any means, and he sometimes betted with the "nuts," and with Jeo Hook the bookmaker, which certainly did not make him

(Continued on the next page.)

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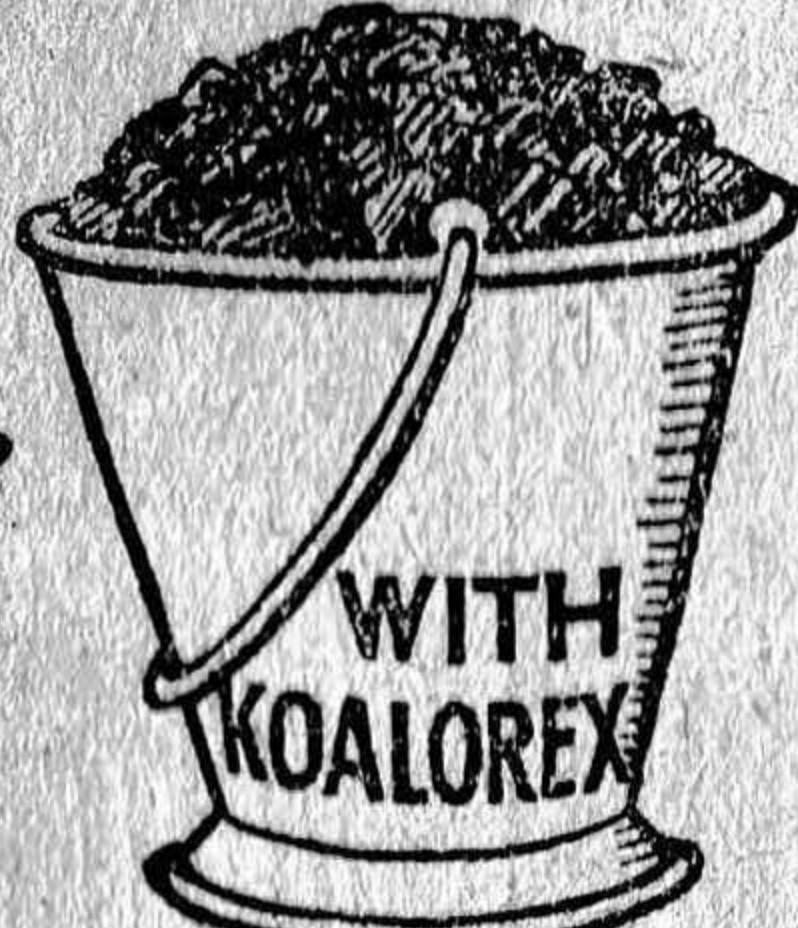


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A SHATTERED

FRIENDSHIP!

(Continued from the previous page.)

any the richer. But he could generally raise the money for a loan when it was required, making his own terms about the repayment, like a young Shylock.

After lessons, Leggett joined Jimmy Silver, as the latter left the Form-room. Jimmy gave him a stare, and walked out into the quad, and Leggett followed him. Jimmy wanted to be alone to think out his problem, and he had avoided his chums, and he certainly did not want Leggett's company.

"Hold on," said Leggett smoothly. "I hear you're in want of tin, Silver."

"What the dickens do you know about it?" said Jimmy gruffly. "I haven't asked you for a loan, anyway!"

Leggett grinned. "Half Rookwood knows it by this time," he said.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Jimmy.

"Don't get huffy. I'm the chap you want to see," said Leggett. "I dare say I could lend it to you, Silver, if it isn't too much you want."

"My hat! You!"

"Why not?"

"Well, we're not on very good terms, for one thing," said Jimmy, in great surprise. "I don't see why you should take the trouble to do me a favour."

"Tain't a loan," said Leggett coolly. "It's business with me. You'll have to pay for the loan."

Jimmy Silver's lip curled. "Oh, I forgot!" he said. "You lend a chap a bob, and charge him twopence a week for it. Well, I don't want any of your bobs!"

"I could make it quids, if you liked."

Jimmy Silver paused.

He wanted the money at once, and if he sold his bike at an hour's notice, he was not likely to get a good offer for it. That handsome jigger, which had cost fifteen pounds, might have to go for two or three.

A loan from Leggett, if large enough, would tide him over—and he could sell his bike on more favourable terms if he took his time about it—and perhaps some remittance from somewhere might enable him to pay Leggett, and save the bike, after all.

It was a chance, anyway, and worth the interest Leggett would charge him, if the fellow was cad enough to take interest on a loan.

"I've got twenty-five bob," said Jimmy, at last. "I want to make it up to ten quid, if I can."

Leggett's eyes opened wide.

"Ten quid! Oh, crumbs! What on earth have you been doing?"

Jimmy Silver frowned. Leggett's natural assumption was that he was in monetary difficulties, owing to some "giddy ox" episode.

"Never mind that," said Jimmy curtly. "If you've got the quids, and you like to lend them to me, I'll pay you what you like."

"I've got more than that in the post-office savings-bank," said Leggett. "When do you want it?"

"This afternoon."

"Phew! I couldn't get it out so quick."

"Then it's no go!" said Jimmy Silver. He was half glad that it was "no go," in spite of his difficulties. He did not like dealing with Leggett.

"Hold on," said Leggett. "I can manage it. I can show my bank-book to old Bootles, and ask him to let me have it, because I've got to pay for a new bike. Old Bootles never smells a rat, and he'll do it like a shot."

"I don't want you to start telling lies on my account!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Let it drop!"

"But I say—"

"Oh, rats!"

Jimmy Silver stalked away. He ruminated by himself for a long time. There was nothing for it, apparently, but to sell his bike, and several other articles of value, for what they would fetch. He had given his promise to John Silver, and his promise had to be kept.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome

came out into the quadrangle, but they did not join Jimmy. He was avoiding them, and they let him do so.

But while he was still ruminating under the old beeches, Leggett rejoined him, with a grin on his face. Jimmy gave him an impatient look.

"Do let a chap alone!" he exclaimed.

"It's all right," said Leggett soothingly. "I've got the quids."

"By Jove!"

Leggett opened a little purse, and showed a crumpled bunch of currency notes.

"Nine quid!" he said. "Never mind what I said to Bootles—that's my business, not yours."

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"I know where you're going now," said Lovell. "You're going off to

Jimmy Silver hurried at once for his bike.

The 8th Chapter. The Last Word.

"Jimmy!" Lovell hurried up as Jimmy Silver was leaving the school gates. His face was very red.

That Jimmy had been avoiding him Lovell could not fail to see. He was strongly tempted to stand on his dignity, and let Jimmy go his own way. But Jimmy was, after all, too good a pal for that. Lovell put his pride in his pocket, and hurried after him.

"Jimmy!" he repeated.

Jimmy Silver frowned a little. He had wanted to get away without any talk with his chums.

"Well?" he said. "What's the trouble?"

"Don't go," said Lovell. "I've got to."

"Look here, Jimmy," said Lovell earnestly. "You won't tell me about it, and I won't ask you. But you're getting into trouble. I know you've been borrowing money right and left to-day. What do you want all that money for?"

Jimmy Silver was silent.

"I know where you're going now," said Lovell. "You're going off to

"Well, if that's what you think my friendship's worth, I won't bother you with it any more, Jimmy Silver."

Lovell turned back to the gates, his face hard and set.

"Lovell!"

"Well?" Lovell turned round again. "Am I to come?"

"No; but—"

"Will you stay in, then?"

"I can't. But—"

"That's enough, then."

Lovell drove his hands deep into his pockets, and strode in at the gates. His mind was made up.

Jimmy Silver stood quite motionless, his hand resting on his bike. Through the open gateway he saw Lovell joined by Raby and Newcome. They glanced out towards Jimmy Silver, but made no movement to approach him.

Jimmy drew a deep breath and mounted his bicycle. With a black brow he rode away. It was hard that it should come to this—that the friendship which had seemed to be founded upon a rock should be broken by that wretched secret.

Jimmy Silver's motto was "Keep smiling." But he was not smiling now. His heart was heavy, his brow was gloomy.

He reached the Ship Inn, and found John Silver smoking in the garden. The wastrel's eyes lighted up at the



"This way!" panted Tommy Dodd. "Get him off before his rowdy friends come out. I dare say there's a regular gang of them here. Buck up!" "Leggo!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

"I suppose it is. But—"

"Do you want the money?"

Jimmy hesitated.

"Tain't every fellow I'd trust with a sum like that," said Leggett, with a grin. "I know you're square, you see. Of course, I'm not taking the risk for nothing."

"There's no risk!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Well, anyway, I want you to agree to give me back ten quids for the nine, in a week," said Leggett.

"That's fair."

"My hat!"

"Please yourself," said Leggett.

Jimmy Silver hesitated some moments more, and then slipped the currency notes into his pocket.

"Done!" he said.

"Put your name on this paper," said Leggett.

"Eh? What is it?"

"An I.O.U. for ten quid."

"But you've lent me only nine—oh, the interest—I see! All right."

Jimmy Silver signed his name, and Leggett, with a satisfied grin, put the paper away carefully in his pocket-book and walked away.

where those Modern cads found you yesterday. Isn't it so?"

No answer.

"You don't ask me to ride with you."

"I—I've got to go alone," said Jimmy.

"To see that fellow again, whoever he is?"

"Well, yes."

"You're meeting him secretly. He has no right to make you do that. And in a shady place, too. And if he were decent he wouldn't do it."

"You can't understand, Lovell old chap. I can't explain," said Jimmy.

"But I should think you could trust me."

"You're going to get into trouble, and get the sack perhaps," said Lovell, "and you don't want your pals to chip in. Look here. I'm coming with you."

Jimmy shook his head.

"I mean it," said Lovell. "You're jolly well not going to get sacked. If you do, I'll get sacked along with you. I'm coming."

"You can't come," said Jimmy.

"Don't say any more, Lovell. It can't be helped. It's not my fault, anyway."

Lovell's face set a little.

"You won't let me come?" he said.

"I can't!"

"You're going to see somebody or do something that your best pal mustn't see!" said Lovell bitterly.

sight of the ten pounds that Jimmy placed silently in his hand.

"By gad, you are a trump, Jimmy," he said—"a real trump, by gad!"

"You'll be able to take your passage now, and get clear out of England?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"Yes."

"And you'll leave at once?"

"To-morrow morning."

Jimmy Silver rode home to Rookwood with a somewhat lighter heart. At least, he had saved his uncle. His heart would have been heavier if he could have seen his uncle at that moment. While Jimmy was pedalling away for Rookwood John Silver was seated in a low-ceilinged, smoky room with three or four companions round a dirty table, with dirty cards in his hand and a glass of potent liquor by his side and a cigar between his teeth. The ten pounds which had cost Jimmy Silver so much thought and trouble was going rapidly. Poor Jimmy!

Lovell's face was like a rock when Jimmy Silver came into the end study.

Jimmy did not speak.

Between the chums of Rookwood lay, like a black shadow, Jimmy Silver's Secret.

THE END.

(Next Monday: "Put to the Test!")

TALES TO TELL! Our weekly prize-winners. Look out for YOUR winning storyette.

PAT'S READY WIT. Pat O'Mulligan, although in many respects a good soldier, had a very limited idea of the virtues of tidiness.

Appearing one morning on parade with his boots in a fearful state, the sergeant's eagle eye soon pounced upon him.

"Private O'Mulligan, fall out!" he commanded. "Phwat d'ye mane by comin' here wid your boots in a mess like that?"

"Arrah now, sargint, be aisy!" replied the imperturbable private.

"Shure, an' ye niver before saw a good soldier showin' a clean pair o' heels!"—Sent in by George D. Smith, Scarborough.

TWO VICTIMS! The deaf-and-dumb beggar stood at the edge of the kerb, looking this way and that for "likely" persons.

At last an old gentleman came along and slipped a sixpence into the beggar's hand.

"Oh, thankee, sir!" said the "dumb" beggar.

"Hallo! Hallo!" cried the old gentleman. "What's this mean? You can talk?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" replied the man on the kerb. "I can talk all right. You see, I'm only minding this spot for the deaf-and-dumb man!"

"Where is he?"

"He's gone in the park to hear the band," came the reply.—Sent in by H. Richardson, Birmingham.

COSMOPOLITAN GOSSIP. An unfortunate altercation took place at a well-known restaurant in the City at dinner the other night.

One of the diners asked for some Turkey without Greece, and the waitress rudely replied:

"You must be German!"

"No; I'm Hungary," replied the diner.

His friend nudged him. "Don't Russia or she won't Servia."

The waitress then retired, but returned, saying:

"Do you intend to Roumania?"

The man replied: "Yes; I want Samoa."

The waitress then became annoyed, and exclaimed:

"Ring the Belgium, and I'll call Nancy." She turned to the diner. "This will cost you a New Guinea," she added, with a toss of her head.—Sent in by F. Ping, London, W.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE! In a council school in Leeds the class were having a lesson in English history, and the subject under discussion was the life of Queen Elizabeth.

The teacher, after outlining the career of her life, said:

"Now, can any boy tell me when Queen Elizabeth died? Perhaps Tommy Jones will tell the class."

"She's not dead!" cried Tommy immediately.

"Not dead?"

"No," continued Tommy; "I heard dad say only yesterday that she was fighting in the Dardanelles!"—Sent in by H. W. Campbell, Leeds.

TOO FAR OFF. Teacher: "Professor Newton is going to give a lecture on the sun, and I want all my pupils to be there. Don't forget, children, will you?"

Willie: "I don't think I can go, miss."

Teacher: "You can't go! Why not, Willie?"

Willie: "Cause my mother won't let me go so far away from home!"—Sent in by H. C. Hartley, Middlesbrough.

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED! Readers are invited to send on postcards storyettes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the sender will receive a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House Gough Square, London, E.C.