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The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

BOUGHT BY BOYS THE WIDE WORLD OVER!

No. 767, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending February 19th, 1916.]



A STRANGE APPARITION IN THE DORMITORY AT ROOKWOOD!

CURING THE DUFFER!

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

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Looking After Dickinson Minor.

"Where's Dickinson minor?"
Jimmy Silver asked the question,
and Arthur Edward Lovell replied
emphatically:

"Blow Dickinson minor! Let's
go down to the footer!"

Jimmy Silver grunted.

"Blow Dickinson minor!" growled
Dickinson minor! "He's stuck somewhere with

a Yankee gore-book! Let's get down
to the footer!"

"Dickinson's coming down to the
footer, too," explained Jimmy.

"Oh, he won't come!" said New-
come. "He don't care for footer.
Come on! We're waiting for you,
fathead!"

But Jimmy Silver did not come.

"It's because he doesn't like footer
that he's coming," he said. "He's
going to take up footer, whether he
likes it or not. See?"

Whereupon Lovell and Raby and
Newcome exclaimed in chorus:

"Blow — blow — blow Dickinson
minor!"

But Jimmy Silver did not heed.
Jimmy had made up his mind. And
when Jimmy had made up his mind
wild Huns could not have dragged
him away from his purpose. Jimmy
had determined to befriend Dickinson
minor, the new boy in the Fourth,
whether the said Dickinson liked it
or not. The chances were that he

wouldn't like it, but that could not
be helped.

"Seen Dickinson minor, Oswald?"
he called out, as Dick Oswald came
down with a coat and muffler on over
his footer things.

Oswald grinned.

"He's in the dorm," he replied.

"Changing?" asked Jimmy.

"No jolly fear! Sprawling and
slacking!" said Oswald.

"Come on!" said Jimmy.

He started for the stairs. Lovell
and Raby and Newcome growled, and
followed. They were growing fed
up with Dickinson minor.

The Fistical Four entered the
Fourth Form dormitory. Two or
three fellows were there changing
for the footer. Dickinson minor
also was there. He was sprawling on
his bed, resting on an elbow, and
intently engaged upon a book with a
lurid cover, which represented, in
many colours, a trapper being burned
at the stake by Red Indians. He did
not look up as the chums of the
Fourth came towards him. He was

deep in the adventures of the Black
Chief of the Red Raiders.

Jimmy Silver sniffed as he looked
at him. Dickinson minor's taste for
lurid American literature was the
joke of the Form, but Dickinson did
not mind. Chaff and chipping could
not lure him from "Dead-shot Bill"
and "Blood-stained Dave." Dickin-
son's dreams were of the time when
he would scour the prairie on a coal-
black mustang or rove the ocean in
a rakish schooner.

Dickinson major of the Sixth had
bestowed brotherly lickings upon him
without avail. Jimmy Silver & Co.
had raided his library of lurid
volumes and burned them to the last
page out of sheer friendship, and
they had thought that that would be
the end of it. But lo and behold! in
a week, or less, Dickinson minor had
accumulated a fresh stock of gory
volumes, and was wallowing in them
as of old. Nearly all Dickinson's
pocket-money went in that direction.

He would go into class with "Dead-"
(Continued on the next page.)



CURING THE DUFFER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

shot Bill" hidden under his waist-coat, to be scolded not and enjoyed when Mr. Beetles' back was turned. Even at callings-over he would sometimes forget to answer to his name, being deep in the adventures of "The Boy Pirate of the Northern Seas," or "Nobby Nick of New York."

"Buck up, then!" Dickinson minor rose somewhat painfully, with a black brow. If he had possessed such a thing as a trusty rifle, he would certainly have been tempted to use it then. But trusty rifles were off. The new junior sulkily changed into footer attire.

no help for it. Jimmy Silver didn't care twopenny for Trapper Bill or the Black Chief either, and Jimmy's word was law. For a quarter of an hour Dickinson minor was kept at goal practice, and there was always a friendly look at hand to help him when he slacked.

tip, as I hear you've taken the bowl, aren't such things as 'Yankee' Yankee goshawks!" "You little know!" said Dickinson. "So one who would have been talking to a fellow like you will see. What will you do when the time of 'Dead-shot' comes round for you?"

chucko, don't you know that I've been a Yankee goshawk!" "You little know!" said Dickinson. "So one who would have been talking to a fellow like you will see. What will you do when the time of 'Dead-shot' comes round for you?"

The 2nd Chapter.

Dickinson minor was marched out of the dormitory, wriggling Lovell and Raby and Newcome brought up the rear, grinning, and occasionally helping the new boy with his footer-boots when he lagged.

But as it was Dickinson minor was only waiting for an opportunity of escape. His chance came at last. "You're improving," Jimmy Silver told him. "Now let's see what you can do. We're going to play seven a-side."

"The howling duffer said he had an appointment this afternoon. What appointment he was with such a one on earth can be said with such a fellow as Dobby described? He's dotty enough to get himself into trouble."

Who? Which? What? Never mind! Jimmy Silver and Lovell changed glasses. The thought came into both their minds at once that the duffer of the Fourth was really and actually 'doff'!

The 3rd Chapter.

Jimmy Silver did not see the new boy again till the evening, when he found him in the common-room. Dickinson minor was sitting in a chair, reading, of course, a volume with a lurid cover. He had started reading by candle-light in the dormitory when he first came to Rockwood, but hurrying boots and pillows had put a stop to that.

Jimmy Silver kept an eye open. Jimmy Silver did not see the new boy again till the evening, when he found him in the common-room. Dickinson minor was sitting in a chair, reading, of course, a volume with a lurid cover.

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Advertisement for 'FREE' items including a bicycle, a watch, and a camera. Text: 'For selling or using 12 Bicycles or 12 Watches at 10s. each. FREE Bicycle for selling or using 12 Bicycles at 10s. each. (Gift Wanted, Exchange, or Cash for Bicycles, 10s.)' Includes an image of a bicycle.



CURING THE DUFFER!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Before the last stroke had died away Dickinson minor had slipped out of bed, and he began dressing hastily. Jimmy Silver's heart beat a little faster. He slipped from his bed, and moved towards the dormitory door. Dickinson minor did not observe him. He finished dressing, and put on the rubber shoes, and stole towards the door. Jimmy was standing with his back to the door. As the new boy came up Jimmy's hand dropped on his shoulder with a grip like iron. Dickinson uttered a shrill, terrified cry. "Yow!" "Stop, you fool!" said Jimmy grimly. "Oh, it's you, you ass!" panted Dickinson. "I—I thought—" "Hallo! What's the row?" yawned Lovell, waking up. "Let me pass!" hissed Dickinson. "Not just now," said Jimmy. "You're not going out, my pippin!" "You fool! Let me pass! He's waiting!" "Who's waiting?" "Never mind whom! Let me pass!" Instead of letting him go, Jimmy silver compressed his grip, and pushed the new boy back to his bed. The weedy disciple of Dead-shot was as an infant in Jimmy's powerful grasp. "Down!" "I won't—I—I—"

Dickinson minor sat down forcibly, and a light, Lovell!" said Jimmy. "Match flickered in the gloom of the dormitory."

The 4th Chapter, Mysterious Jim. Lovell stepped out of bed and lighted a candle-end. Raby and Newcome and Oswald were awake now, and several more of the Classical Fourth. They sat up in bed and stared at the strange scene. "What's the trouble?" yawned Raby. "What's the duffer dressed for?" exclaimed Topham. "Goin' out on the tiles, Dickinson? My hat!" Dickinson minor wriggled in Jimmy's grip. But there was no escape for him. "Now, Dickinson," said Jimmy Silver, very quietly but very firmly, "you're going to tell me where you were going, and why?" "I won't!" "Then I'll take you down to Mr. Bootles at once!" "Who-at!" "Come on!" said Jimmy, with deadly determination. "You're not quite safe, you dotty duffer! I'm going to take you to Mr. Bootles!" "I—I—I— Don't!" yelled Dickinson. "I—I say, I'll tell you, if you like!"

"Back up, then!" "I'm going to meet a comrade," said Dickinson sulkily. "Not a pal!" snorted Lovell. "A piddy comrade!" "Who is it?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Mysterious Jim!" "There was a cackle of laughter from the juniors sitting up in bed. But Dickinson's face in the candle-light was quite serious. "Who is Mysterious Jim?" asked the captain of the Fourth quietly. "A—a—a pirate!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Tell us all about him," said Jimmy patiently. "Well, I don't mind," said Dickinson. "I swear to keep the deadly secret—" "Don't be a silly ass! Go on!" "Well, it's really a deadly secret," said Dickinson. "I came to know the chap last week. I was reading the 'Boy Pirate' on the stile when he spoke to me. I—I thought he was a footpad at first, but—but he asked me about that story, and I told him, and then I told him a lot of things, you know, about my wanting to be

a pirate when I grew up, and so on, and he—he—" "Laughed?" said Raby. "No, he didn't!" said Dickinson indignantly. "He said it was a ripping thing, and that I was just the build of a boy pirate." "Oh, crumbs!" "He told me that he ran away from school when he was my age, and became a pirate," went on Dickinson. "Then he asked me to meet him again, and I've met him twice, and he's given me a lot of tips about being a pirate." "Great Scott!"

"What was he pulling the silly duffer's leg for?" said Oswald, in wonder. "He wasn't pulling my leg," said Dickinson. "He told me he was a pirate, and had sailed the Spanish Main for years and years. He said what he's been wanting to meet was a lad of spirit, like—like me!" "Like you! Oh, Julius Caesar!" "And he's asked you to meet him to-night!" said Jimmy. "Yes. He said he'd like to see those books I've told him about. I've got a lot in the box-room, and he asked me to let him in to-night. Of course, it's a dead secret. Bootles would cut up rusty if he knew."

"I fancy he would!" assented Jimmy Silver. "So you were going out to let that man into the house? Who is he?" "He's known as Mysterious Jim, he told me." "I don't suppose he's very mysterious to the police, I dare say they know him quite well!" said Jimmy. "And he wasn't going to do anything but look at your precious Yankee gore-books, when you let him in!"

thing he can want here is to rob the place. Do you understand now?" Dickinson gasped for a moment. "Bah!" he said at last. "If you'd let him in," resumed Jimmy Silver, "most likely the first thing he'd have done, would have been to knock you on the head, so that you couldn't give the alarm." "Oh, I say!" "And then he'd have robbed the place, and taken everything he could lay his hands on, and you'd have had to explain to the Head in the morning." "Oh, dear!" "Do you understand now, you crass idiot?" "I—I don't believe it!" Lovell was slipping on his clothes. "I'm jolly well going to wake Bootles," he said. "If that scoundrel's hanging about the school, the police ought to be telephoned for." "Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Look here, Jimmy, you don't want the house to be burgled, I suppose?" "I don't want Dickinson minor sacked for being a silly idiot. As for

ing and silent. The four juniors, with their hearts beating a little faster than usual, crept silently down to their study. But for the consequences to Dickinson minor, Jimmy Silver would have called the Form-master at once. But the inevitable result would have been the "sack" for the duffer of the Fourth. Jimmy naturally shrank from that. And the Fistical Four had no doubt about being able to deal with the ruffian, who had taken advantage of the new boy's simplicity. They were quite assured that when they had done with him, Mysterious Jim would not want to hang about Rookwood any longer. He was evidently not a professional burglar, or he would not have needed the assistance of the new junior. He was undoubtedly a footpad, who had seen in Dickinson's Tolly a chance of getting into the house, there to steal all that he could lay his greedy hands upon. In the end study, Jimmy struck a match, and sorted out his cricket-bat. Raby and Newcome took a stump each, and Lovell the poker.

that rotter, we can deal with him. We know where he is, and we can tackle him. We four can do it!" "But—but—" "We'll get a cricket-bat each, and give him the password, and then bash him on the cocoon!" said Jimmy. "He will be fed up with Rookwood then." "Ha, ha, ha!" "You won't!" yelled Dickinson. "I won't let you! I tell you—" "You look after this burbling chump, Oswald. If he makes a row, take him by the neck and march him down to Mr. Bootles' room, and explain!" "You bet!" said Oswald. Dickinson minor collapsed. Whether his mysterious friend was burglarious, or only practical, he knew what view the Form-master would take of the matter. The Fistical Four dressed themselves quickly. "Mind that burbling idiot doesn't get away!" said Jimmy Silver, as he blew out the candle. "I've got his arm!" said Oswald. "Sure, I've got the other!" said Flynn. Jimmy Silver & Co. quitted the dormitory. All Rookwood was sleep-

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"He's going to bring me a revolver too. He said he would!" Jimmy looked fixedly at the duffer of the Fourth. Dickinson's faith in his piratical acquaintance was evidently complete. "Jolly lucky I was keeping an optic on you, I think," said Jimmy Silver. "Where are you to meet him?" "I'm going to help him over the school wall, under the old beech." "And he's there now?" "He was to be there at midnight." "Good! So he's expecting you?" "Yes. The password is 'Blood and Bones!'" "Oh! There's a password, is there?" "Yes. I've got to whisper 'Blood and Bones,' so that he'll know it's me. And now you can let me go, Jimmy Silver. I'm not going to keep Mysterious Jim waiting to please you!" "Stay where you are, you burbling idiot!" Jimmy Silver pushed the new boy back on the bed. "I'm going to explain to you. In the first place, your Mysterious Jim is what you took him for—a footpad. He's found out from your silly babble that you're half-mad, and he's fooled you with those yarns, because he wants to be let into the school, and the only

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"If Mysterious Jim gets this little lot on his napper, he will feel like chucking up the business of a pirate," grinned Lovell. "What ho! Follow your leader!" said Jimmy Silver. The match went out. The Fistical Four stole silently from the study.

The 5th Chapter, Ragging a Rascal! Jimmy Silver & Co. were soon outside the house, dropping silently from a back window. As a matter of absolute fact, they had left the house in a similar manner before, though never on such an errand. This time it was not a "rag"; it was grim earnest. They scudded quickly across the shadowy quadrangle. It was well past midnight now, and if the footpad had kept his appointment, he was undoubtedly lurking outside the school wall at that moment. Quietly, the four juniors drew themselves up the wall, in the shadow of the overhanging beech. At that spot under the tree the darkness was dense. But the slight sounds they made in climbing evidently caught a pair of sharp ears, for they heard a movement in the road. A dark figure was lurking close to the school wall. Jimmy Silver peered down. "Is that you?" he whispered. Then he remembered the ridiculous password arranged by Dickinson minor, in keeping with the practical character of the whole business. "Blood and bones!" He could scarcely avoid a chuckle as he gave the password. "Ere I am, sir!" said a husky voice. "Come on, then; give me your hand, and I'll pull you up."

"Ay, ay!" said the husky voice. The dark figure drew close to the wall just under Jimmy Silver. The ruffian had no suspicion that the whispering voice did not belong to the foolish lad he had duped. He reached up his hands, and Jimmy Silver grasped them. With the junior's aid, the ruffian scrambled up the wall, and got his elbows on it. Then, to his astonishment and alarm, a pair of strong hands grasped each of his wrists, and another fastened on his collar. "Ow!" gasped Mysterious Jim. "Wot the thunder—" "You rotten scoundrel!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're caught!" "Oh, my heve!" "Hold him, you chaps!" "What-ho!" chuckled Lovell. "We've got him!"

The ruffian made a desperate effort to drop back into the road. But he could not. He was held by both wrists and his collar, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome easily supported his weight. The poker and the bat were not required. It was a cricket-stump Jimmy Silver proceeded to use. The ruffian was held with his chest grinding on the top of the wall. He could not climb higher without the use of his hands, and he could not escape. Jimmy Silver sat astride of the wall, and leaned over. "Now you're going to have a lesson, you scoundrel!" he remarked. "I'll smash you yet! I'll—Yah! Oh! Whack, whack, whack! "Yanook!" "Whack, whack, whack!"

Jimmy Silver laid on the cricket-stump across the ruffian's back and shoulders, with all the strength of his muscular arm. Mysterious Jim wriggled and struggled and gurgled and yelled. "Yow-ow-ow-ow! Lemme go! I won't do it no more! Yow-ow-ooop! Oh, my heve! Stippit, you young demon! I'll out yer! I'll serag yer! Yow-ow-ow!" "Whack, whack, whack!" The resounding whacks echoed in the night, as if Jimmy Silver had been beating a carpet. "Whack, whack, whack, whack!" "Yaroooh! 'Elp! Yow-ow-ow!" "Ha, ha, ha! Pile in, Jimmy!" "I'm piling in, ain't I?" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I'm giving him pip! I'll Mysterious Jim him!" Take that, you rotter, and that—and that—and that!" "Oh—ow—yow—yoooop!"

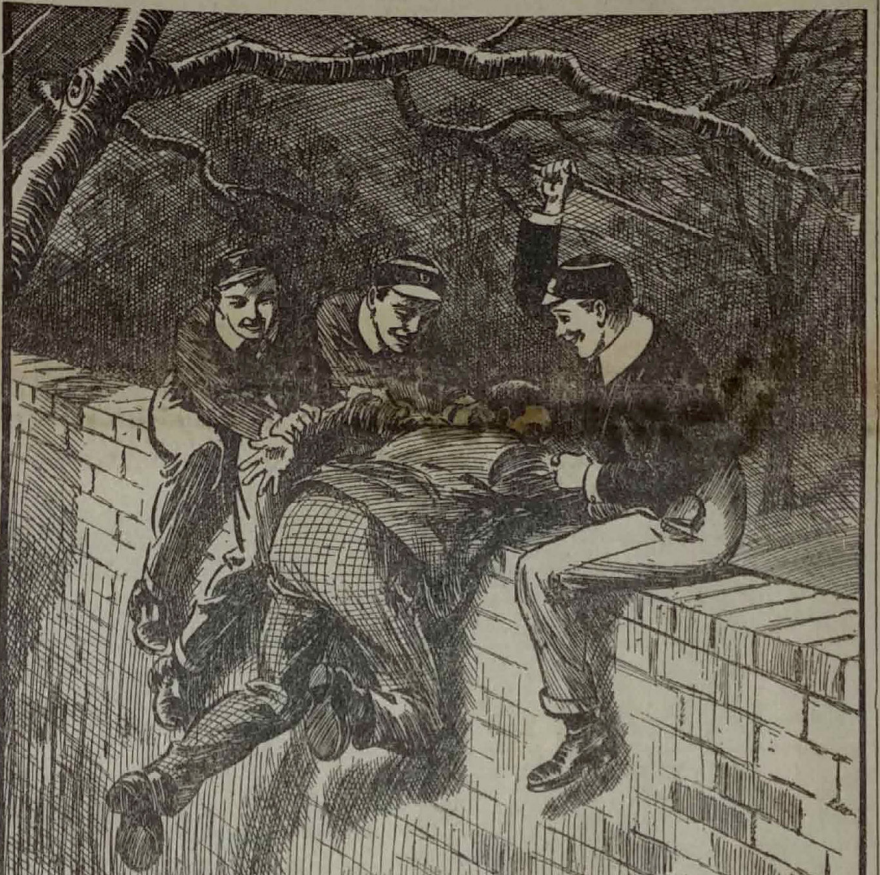
The rascal struggled desperately, yelling with anguish, but Jimmy Silver did not cease till his arm was aching. "Now drop the beast!" he panted. "Crash!" The ruffian went down in the road with a terrific concussion. He rolled over, gasping, and yelling. He

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CURING THE

(Continued from the previous page.)

DUFFER!

scrambled for his feet, a torrent of orange pouring from his lips.

"Come and have some more if you like," growled Lovell.

The surprised coffee made a desperate splash, thinking only of escape at that moment. But the Blackwood juniors were ready.

Two stones and a hat and a paper crumpled on the ground as he leaped up at the wall. Where they hit him the juniors did not know or care, but they certainly hit him hard. He went down with a heavy thump and lay in the sand gasping.

"I hope we haven't hit him too hard," murmured Baby.

"Couldn't do that," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Better call the porter now to help him to the back up."

The grumbling ruffian heard that remark, and he was on his feet in a moment, and running down the road.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mysterious Jim scribbled into the notebook his peculiar designs on Blackwood, completely frustrated.

The Flatfoot Four dropped from the wall.

"I hope we won't come banging around Blackwood again!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Now for the floor!"

"Wonder if anybody heard him," he made sure enough. "Come on."

Checking over their noses, the Flatfoot Four scuffled back to the room.

In a few minutes they were inside it, and the weapons were disposed of in the usual way, and they slipped back to the dormitory.

"Well, that job," said Lovell, "is done. It's all right. Jimmy Silver is fully closed the door."

"Lovell!" he said abruptly. "He was there, and he's had the best of his life. I fancy he's got more bumps on him than he could count in a week!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you ruffian!" said Dickinson minor.

"And he's gone—out roared speed!" chuckled Lovell. "You won't see Mysterious Jim any more, Dickinson!"

"Better give him a wide berth if you do," said Baby. "He's bound to think that you planted this on him, my dear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now let's give Dickinson some of

the same," suggested Lovell. "He's not going to spend one night's rest for nothing!"

"Good egg!"

"Hold on a minute. Look here, Dickinson, do you understand just that that fellow was a rotten thief, and that you've just now been an accomplice in a burglary?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, I don't."

"You don't believe it now?"

"No."

"Then you want a hiding?" said Jimmy Silver mysteriously.

"Yes, you are!"

"Speak, speak, speak!"

"Do you believe it now, Dickinson?"

"Grasshopper!"

"Speak, speak!"

"Yes!"

"I believe it!"

"Hushed, Dickinson. "Anything you like, you best!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And remember there's some more of the same to come when you show up with your new Mysterious Jim!" said Lovell warningly.

"Yes, you are!"

"Dickinson minor turned in, meanwhile, but still probably unconvinced, in spite of Jimmy Silver's drastic methods of carrying conviction. But, at all events, he was not inclined for any more peculiar adventures that night.

The Flatfoot Four returned to bed, feeling that they deserved well of Blackwood, and their clothes, generally, and slumped at last covered in the sanctuary of the Classical Fourth.

The 7th Chapter.

Jimmy's Idea.

Dickinson minor was in a sulky temper the following day.

He prowled at the Platted Four when he met them, without distinction in the slightest degree the cheery spirits of those merry young gentlemen.

Some of the Classical Fourth looked upon him now as really "cracked." In fact, indeed, probably he was not far off it owing to the influence over his foolish mind of the pernicious American trash he was constantly devouring.

He was called that nothing in the Fore-noon for reading "The Black Jack" under his desk, and Mr. Hodges warned him seriously that if he found such papers in his hands

again he would report the matter to the Head.

He refused bravely to come down to the latter after lessons. He took himself off to the lavatory, where he had a fresh supply of toilet books on hand.

Jimmy Silver watched him go with a thoughtful brow, but with a glimmer in his eyes.

"He ain't scared yet," he remarked to his chums.

"Better him?" said Lovell. "I'm done with him!"

Jimmy shook his head.

"I'm not done with him. He's not a bit wot, really—only fat-headed. Besides, his mixer is very decent, and it simply makes old Dickinson wiggle for his mixer to be the best of the Lower School. It's rough on Dickinson minor!"

"He don't look him enough," said Baby.

"He looks him nearly every day," said Jimmy. "It makes him simply rage when the young set talks about a 'roasty rife.' A fellow would have thought that what happened last night would have cured him."

"Well, it hasn't. He won't be cured till he's sent to a home for idiots."

"I've got a scheme."

"Oh, blow! What about the footer?"

"Never mind the footer now, my son," said Jimmy Silver mysteriously. "I've got a scheme for really curing Dickinson minor!"

"Oh, yes! He's past cure!"

"You see, he's got all that Yankee look about his shoulders and dead-set spectacles fairly grained into him," said Jimmy. "He don't make that a pirate is a dirty thief, like any other thief. He wants to be a pirate, but he won't steal anything—no, you know that."

"I don't see how he's going to be a pirate without stealing anything," growled Baby. "You don't get paid by the hour as a pirate!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You see, he hasn't measured it out, I suppose he hasn't brines enough," said Jimmy. "He's all just got you know, you see, doesn't you?"

"Not he. He wants to be a pirate, but he won't steal anything—no, you know that."

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Dickinson believes there is."

"But there ain't, all that same."

"My dear chap, it's as easy as any thing to manufacture a rubber chief. It only needs a black cloak and a mesh."

"Oh, cranks!"

"At midnight's hour," said Jimmy Silver, in a thrilling whisper, "Black Jack the Bash Hunter will appear in the dorm. He will awaken Dickinson minor, and call on him to follow the black flag. He will demand a few murders as an earnest of good intentions, and will plunge a deadly knife into a chap to show how easily it is done. When he sees Jimmy Silver—that's me—murdered before his eyes, Dickinson minor will understand that it isn't all ascender to be blood-bubbled. He won't know till afterwards that the rubber-chief is me, and that the murdered Jimmy Silver is only a holster and red ink."

"What?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two were almost doubled up at the idea.

"If that don't cure him, nothing will," grinned Jimmy. "We'll try it, anyway. And we shall have to let the other chaps into it, of course—everybody except Dickinson minor. He'll know afterwards!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That evening it might have been observed that there was an amazing amount of whispering and chucking among the Classical Fourth.

Dickinson minor did not observe it. He was deeply immersed in the page adventures of Black Jack, the Terror of the Rockies.

Before bedtime all the Classical Fourth were in the secret, and chucking over it. When the Robber Chief made his appearance in the dormitory, all the Fourth would be asleep—at least, would appear so. Dickinson minor would be left to deal with that dread apparition on his own.

The 7th Chapter.

Dickinson Minor's Change.

"Araken!"

Dickinson minor started, and opened his eyes.

It was some on midnight.

Dickinson had been fast asleep, dreaming that he was chasing Red Indians on the boundless prairies.

A shiver of the shoulder had awakened him, and he started up to find his eyes growing wide and round, and blinking in the light of a candle.

Before his bed stood a form draped in a black cloak, the face concealed by a mask of jetty blackness.

Through the cyclinder of the mask the eyes of the mysterious figure gleamed down at him.

"Grass!" gasped Dickinson, in dire terror.

"Araken!" said a deep, thrilling voice. "The hour has come!"

"Help!" shrieked Dickinson.

"Silence, on your life!"

"Oh, dear!"

"Utter not a sound!" went on the deep voice, growing more thrilling. "Would you awaken the youths who sleep here? Would you give the alarm and betray into the hands of

the poltro Black Jack, the Robber Chief?"

"Oh, cranks!"

"The hour has come!" Dickinson minor, and follow Dickinson sat in bed and gasped. From the other bed, the dormitory came an echo.

Classical Fourth, apparently sleeping the sleep of the just.

Only Dickinson minor sat up in bed, his staring eyes fixed upon the black shadow.

It was not much taller than Dickinson himself, but to the startled eyes it looked almost gigantic.

On the washstand close by the candle burned, Dickinson was seized to realize that it was a robbery proceeding on the part of the night murderer to light a candle in the dormitory. Perhaps the Robber Chief had just set upon the frightened Jim two miles.

The candle-light shined on the cloaked figure, the masked face, and the gleaming eyes. Dickinson minor quaked.

"Who—who—who see you?" stammered through her chattering teeth.

"Have you never heard of Black Jack, the Midnight Marauder of the Mack?"

"Yes; but—but—"

"I—I didn't know he was—"

"real?" gasped Dickinson. "I—"

"—Oh, dear! Lemme alone get away! Oh—on!"

"Bash!"

Dickinson started. So live in his own diabolical "Bash" was the contemptuous "Bash" from Black Jack the Marauder.

"Grass!" hissed the Robber Chief. "Hearken! From my instructions, Mysterious Jim, I have heard of you."

"Oh, dear!"

"Mysterious Jim has told me of you. Listen! One of my best men fallen. He has been hanged—"

"Grass!"

"But not," hissed the Robber Chief. "not till he has been seen in the cotton of the live, and then rolling and yawning and yawning and yawning."

"Was?"

"Dave-dell Duff has fallen, his place must be filled. Hence come. His place shall be taken by Harold Dickinson."

"Was—was?"

Dickinson minor did not look much like a daredevil at that moment. He was shivering like a jelly, and his eyes were like chalk, and his ears were bursting out of their sockets.

"Hearken!" pursued the masked robber. "Without my horses and they paw the ground, ready for the wild ride through the lowering moonlight. Rise, Dickinson minor, and follow your chief! His long war hands shall be as red with blood as mine own!"

"Grass!"

"Do you shrink, Dickinson minor? What mean, then, the bold words uttered to my trusty lieutenant Mysterious Jim? Are you not yet"

(Continued on the next page.)

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CURING THE

(Continued from the previous page.)

DUFFER!

ward to give the medicine round, to see at midnight through the window...

"The door!"

"The door has opened! Follow me!"

"I tell you the medicine stands are waiting without the door!"

"I-I can't see!"

"The Robber Chief gave a commandment."

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"I-I say—how do I get, with you?"

"Oh, he!"

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But only that evening he had hoped to be arrested... The Robber Chief gave a commandment...

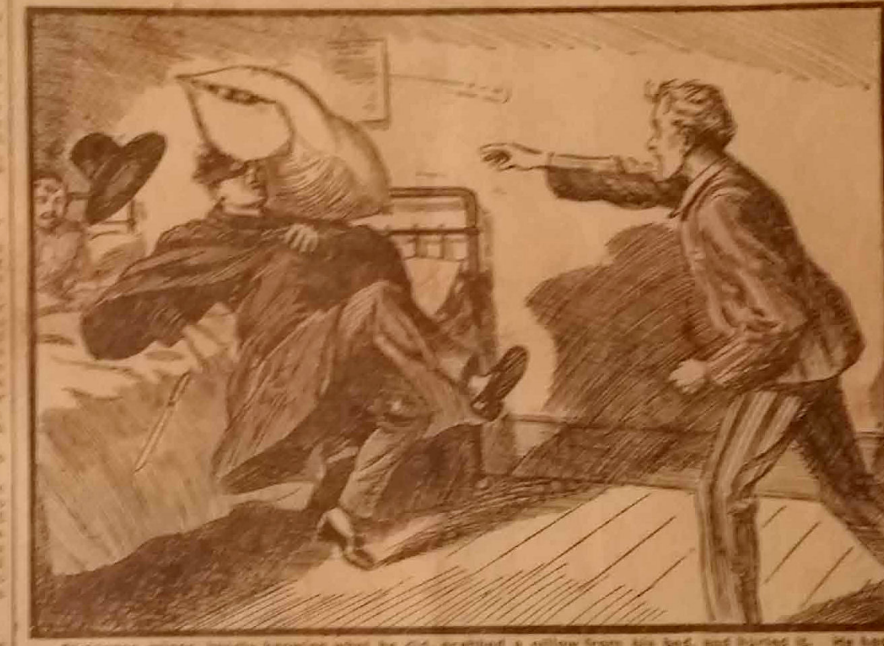
The Robber Chief gave a commandment... The Robber Chief gave a commandment...

But you're not your great friend... The Robber Chief gave a commandment...

The Robber Chief gave a commandment... The Robber Chief gave a commandment...

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

ROUGH ON PA. A man once knew the other evening... The Robber Chief gave a commandment...



Dickinson minor, barely knowing what he did, grabbed a pillow from his bed, and hurled it. He had forgotten the desire to become a robber and a pirate—quite forgotten that only that evening he had...

who would be a bold power! Dickenson minor, barely knowing what he did, grabbed a pillow from his bed, and hurled it...

ing from under the black trunk of the Robber Chief! Dickenson minor, barely knowing what he did, grabbed a pillow from his bed...

"I-I say, you cheap—" in with him. Dickenson minor, barely knowing what he did, grabbed a pillow from his bed...

THE BEST MATCH. One day during the present war a group of Germans entered a small French town...

"OUR, OUR!" "So you didn't keep your French maid, Mrs. Corbett?" said one of the ladies' most intimate friends...

A "CURRENT" TOPIC. Old Lady Goo's grocer's shop. "I want one pound of tea, half a pound of butter, and half a pound of currants, please..."

HARD LINES! Magistrate: "How comes it that you dared to break into this gentleman's house in the dead of night?"

MONEY PRIZES OFFERED! Senders are invited to send in prize-winning stories or short interesting paragraphs for the current...

FOR NEXT CAUGHT NAPPING! MONDAY; By C. on Conquest.

THE SECRET OF THE BEAST! By Duncan Storm.

HARD TIMES! By Arthur S. Hardy.

A TALE OF TWELVE CITIES! By Maurice Everard.

CAPTURED BY CHANCE! By S. Clarke Hook.