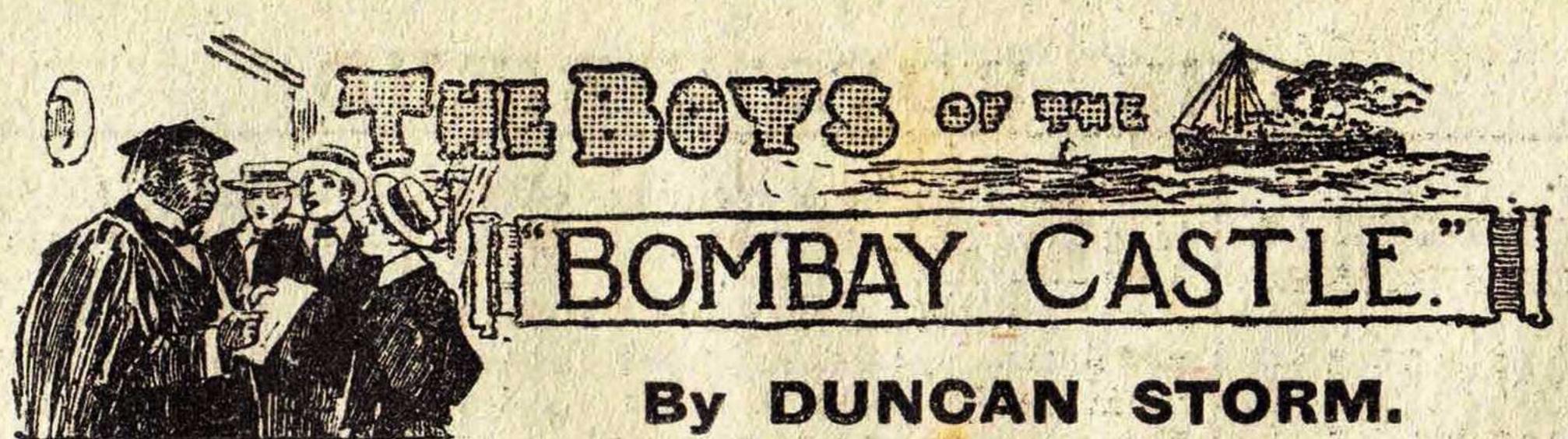
# PACKED WITHLAUGHABLE SCENESI



## FIII EXCITING REMERTS



No. 860, Vol. XVII. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending December 1st, 1917.

A Magnificent New Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School. By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. Barred!

"Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy did not answer as Lattrey of the Fourth spoke.

He looked very uncomfortable.

His chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, did not look uncomfortable; they looked wrathful,

The Fistical Four were chatting in the quadrangle at Rookwood when.

Lattrey came up. They had been looking at Lattrey as he came across from the school-

On his way Lattrey passed half a dozen fellows belonging to the Classical Fourth, and each of them looked another way, or else stared at Lattrey with a grim, unrecognising stare.

The cad of the Fourth was in "Coventry," and he was finding it a very cold and uncomfortable place. Even his own study-mates, Peele and Gower, looked another way as he passed, and affected not to see

Lattrey's face was burning, his eyes gleaming, as he came up to the Fistical Four and spoke to the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver felt, as well as looked, uncomfortable.

Lovell.

Lattrey was cut by the Fourth, and he well deserved it. He had more rascalities than one to his credit, and if the Head had known all that the juniors knew he could hardly have remained at Rookwood.

Doubtless the sentence of Coventry would die a natural death in the course of time; such things did not last for ever.

But for the present it was in full force, and Lattrey was feeling it acutely. And Jimmy Silver's tender

heart was melting a little. If ever a fellow deserved punishment it was Lattrey. He deserved ten times more than he had received. But Jimmy Silver hated to see a fellow down on his luck, and he

always found any appeal hard to He opened his lips, and closed them

again, hesitating. "Shut up, Jimmy!" growled

Lovell knew what that expression on Jimmy Silver's face meant.

"I'll punch your nose if you speak to the cad, Jimmy!" said Raby

warningly. "Same here!" grunted Newcome. Jimmy did not speak.

Lattrey looked at the Co. with a bitter sneer. "Are you fellows Jimmy Silver's

bear-leaders?" he asked. "Can't he speak if he likes?"

No answer. "I'm fed up with this!" went on Lattrey, unheeding the stony stares of | Fourth, to make an end of it." the Co. "Don't you think it's time it was dropped, Jimmy Silver?" Jimmy was silent.



#### See Our Grand School Tale!

come to an end. A word from you would be enough, as captain of the "Look here--" began Jimmy

uncomfortably. "Shut up!" roared Lovell. here, Lattrey- Yarocoh! You against one of the old beeches. silly idiot!"

Raby had promised Jimmy a punch on the nose if he spoke to Lattrey. Apparently he considered it time now I to suit the action to the word. Jimmy

"Sorry, Jimmy!" said Raby he sneered. politely. "You asked for it, you

"Ha, ha, ha!" Jimmy made a rush at his chum.

"No, you don't!" grinned Lovell. "Leggo!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Not to-day!" smiled Newcome.

Lovell and Newcome caught hold of

"There's not going to be rowing in the merry family circle over that worm Lattrey!" "I tell you--" "You asked for it. Jimmy!" said

Raby grinning. "I'll give you another if you speak to Lattrey "You fathead, I'll-I'll-"

"You'll come for a little walkywalky!" grinned Lovell. "Come

"Help him along, Newcome!" "You bet!"

Jimmy Silver, wriggling in the grasp of the faithful chums, was walked forcibly away from the spot.

There was no chance of his bestowing the honour of his conversation on the barred junior.

The Co. were seeing to that. Lattrey stood, with a sullen face and clenched hands, as the Fistica! Four departed from the spot, Jimmy Silver's voice raised in wrathful expostulation.

There was a chuckle under the beeches, and Lattrey swung round. Mornington and Erroll were coming along from the gates, and they had seen the peculiar incident under the

It was Mornington who chuckled. Kit Erroll's face was very grave. Lattrey gave the dandy of the

Fourth a savage look. "You cad!" he exclaimed. "It's not so very long since you were in Coventry yourself."

Mornington nodded. "A true bill!" he admitted. "How, do you like it, Lattrey?"

"Come on, Morny!" muttered Erroll. Erroll drew his chum away from

the spot, Lattrey's eyes following them with sullen malice. The barred junior turned away. He

moved towards a group of nutty youths who were chatting on the drive-Adolphus Smythe and Howard and Tracy of the Shell, and Townsend and Topham of the Fourth.

Smythe & Co. ceased their chat, and walked away.

As a matter of fact, the nuts of Rookwood were not really so much down on Lattrey as the other fellows. But public opinion was too strong for them, and they joined in with the

Lattrey gritted his teeth savagely. Peele and Gower had gone into the tuckshop, and Lattrey followed them there, as if for a last resource.

The two juniors looked uncomfort-"There's a limit, you know," said | "Oh, cheese it, old chap!" said | yelled as his chum's knuckles landed | able as he came in. They did not Lattrey. "This sort of thing must Jimmy. "Let a chap speak! Look on his nose, and he staggered back speak to him. Lattrey joined them. "So you've got nothing to say?"

> "Look here, let a fellow alone!" muttered Peele. "I don't mind

(Continued on the next page.)



whole form. Let me alone."

"You don't like Jimmy Silver any

"It isn't only Jimmy Silver; he's

more than I do," said Lattrey. "But

not so keen about it as some others,"

said Gower. "It's the whole Form-

the whole Lower School, in fact.

You've passed the limit, Lattrey, and

Lattrey, his eyes burning. "He could

without making their purchases, as

Sergeant Kettle looked at Lattrey

Lattrey showed no sign of going.

rather curiously over his

Master Lattrey?" he asked.

"No!" growled Lattrey.

pockets and left the tuckshop.

"Anything I can get for

in Coventry, and there he was to re-

main till the thing died away in the

course of time, and it was likely to

and all uncharitableness in the breast

savagely to the School House,

ignored and avoided on all sides by

The 2nd Chapter.

What Lattrey Knew!

"Now, then, slacker!" said Lovell

It was after dinner, and the Fistical

Lovell and Raby and Newcome

stairs to the Fourth-form passage.

overdue, and Jimmy was going to

off before joining his chums on the

He sat down to the table in the end

Four came out of the dining-room

There was bitterness and hatred

"It's Jimmy Silver!" muttered

"Well, go an" speak to him, and

you ought to have expected this."

not to us!" snapped Peele tartly.

stop it if he liked."

counter.

be a long time.

his schoolfellows.

for the stairs.

"Buck up, then!"

footer-ground.

than of Virgil.

It was like Jimmy.

study, and started work.

Jimmy felt uncomfortable again.

ing more of the outcast of the school

associates outside the school.

wood with similar tastes, though they

did not indulge them to the same

"Footer!"

Bootles."

you're following his lead in this."

(Continued from the previous page.)

But he was spiteful and malicious, and in seeking to injure a fellow he disliked he had no scruples. Since Mornington had dropped his acquaintance, he had made an almost successspeakin' to you in the study. I'm ful attempt to blacken Morny's such a mucker!" He paused. not setting myself up against the character.

He was, in fact, a dangerous fellow, and more than one fellow had remarked that a reformatory was a more suitable place for him than Rook-

wood School. Jimmy wondered whether the severe lesson he was receiving would be a warning to him, and teach him that honesty was the best policy.

And, rascal as he was, Jimmy could not help feeling sorry for him. He had heard something of Lattrey's father, and nothing to his credit.

It was probable enough that Lattrey's home surroundings had not And the two nuts left the tuckshop been of a kind to bring out the better qualities in him-if there were any.

Jimmy was always in danger of erring on the side of easy good-nature, an amiable fault which sometimes | visit his uncle in khaki." exasperated his chums a little.

"Don't come in, whoever you are!" He drove his hands deep into his called out Jimmy, as a knock came at the door. "I'm working!" There was no help for it; he was

But the door opened all the same. It was Lattrey who entered. Jimmy frowned.

He did not need telling that the outcast had picked that occasion when he was alone, in order to tackle him without interference from his chums. of the barred junior as he strode

"Look here, Lattrey! Don't come in here!" said Jimmy sharply. Lattrey came in, however, and

closed the door after him. Jimmy laid down his pen unwillingly. He wanted to get his lines

done, and join his friends. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and for once the weather was bright and sunny. together. Jimmy Silver was heading

And he was annoyed by Lattrey's visit. He was quite conscious of the "You fellows buzz off!" said fact that his easy, good nature was Jimmy. "I've got lines to do for | being taken advantage of, and it nettled him.

He knew, too, that in Lattrey's eyes "Bother Bootles!" said Lovell. good nature was merely another word for "softness," and that the cad of the Fourth only regarded it with went out, and Jimmy ascended the cynical contempt.

"I've come here to speak to you,"

His lines for Mr. Bootles were long said Lattrey. "You know you shouldn't," said make an heroic effort to clear them Jimmy tartly. "I don't want to be hard on you, Lattrey, but you make

me speak plain. Please get out!" "You won't hear me, then?" "I can't! You're in Coventry!" Lattrey was hanging about the

"I haven't come here simply for the passage, and he gave Jimmy a moody pleasure of your conversation," said look as he went to his study, and Lattrey, with a sarcastic curl of the lip. "I've got something to tell you, As he sat at his lines, he was thinkas captain of the Form." Jimmy Silver paused.

Lattrey had been guilty of serious | you, if that's the case," he said. "Cut misdeeds enough. It was not only it short!"

Lattrey carelessly took a cigarette that he was a smoky waster and a secret gambler, and that he had shady | from his pocket, and glanced round for a matchbox, as if from force of There were other fellows at Rook-

> Jimmy's eyes gleamed. "If you light that here, Lattrey, I'll ram it down your mock, and pitch

you out of the study," he said quietly. "Sorry! I forgot!" "Put the silly muck

away, and tell me what you've come here for!" growled Jimmy.

sorry I've played the ox.

fellows' paters. At my

considerably. was, as it were, throw-

kind," said Jimmy frankly. "All the | matter to the test, at all events.

"If I get a fresh chance I mean to make the best of it," said Lattrey. "I'm not a fool! I don't want to play a losing game, anyway! Well, suppose I saw another fellow in our Form beginning to go the same way that I've been."

"Oh!" said Jimmy. "That's how the matter stands," said Lattrey. "If you care to interfere to keep Flynn out of trouble, you can do it. I can't interfere. I don't know that I specially want to, either," he sneered. "Flynn's as down on me as the rest of you. But I've come

Jimmy rose to his feet. Lattrey's nature was so full of duplicity that it was impossible to trust him, even when he appeared to have no motive for deceit. But his words had made an impression on

"Flynn of the Fourth?" said Jimmy.

"What trouble is he in, then?"

"None, so far; but he's gone out looking for it. You're a friend of his, and I'm not. It's not my business, but I thought I'd give you the tip. Even I may not be all bad, you know," sneered Lattrey.

"I don't quite catch on," said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "Flynn's gone to Latcham this afternoon, to "He let the fellows think so," of the Fourth with him.

assented Lattrey. "As a matter of fact, he's gone to the Ship." "Impossible!"

"It's a fact!"

Jimmy was silent. He knew about the Ship, an inn at a great distance from Rookwood School with a most unenviable reputation.

Mornington, in his wild days, had sometimes gone there in deep secrecy. It was a resort of the worst characters for many miles round.

"If you choose to chip in, you can get him away," said Lattrey. "Take your choice. You can guess what he's there for. He's under the influence of Joey Hook and his friends-'my friends," added Lattrey with a sneer. "Don't let them know I've given you the tip, of course. I don' want them to cut up rusty with me. Jimmy gave him a sharp look.

"You suggest my going to the Ship for Flynn?" he said.

"If you choose."

"I'd go like a shot if I thought the silly ass was there," said Jimmy Silver. "I know he's a reckless goat, though he's as good as gold. I remember that worm Leggett drew him into mischief once. But, to be quite plain, Lattrey, I don't believe you. It looks to me like a trick to get me to go to that unsavoury den. I'm sorry if I'm wrong, but you can't ex-

pect me to trust you." Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

"Just as you like," he said. "It's no business of mine. Flynn's not the sort of chap to keep his end up with those wasters, though, and he will be landed in trouble. They'll win his money, and he'll give them paper with his name on, to keep on playing. "I suppose I'm bound to listen to | And once Joey Hook gets his signature on a piece of paper, he's under that man's thumb all the time he stays at Rookwood."

> "I-I know! I-I suppose he's ass enough to be spoofed like that," said Jimmy uneasily. "But-but I don't believe it all, Lattrey."

"Suit yourself."

Lattrey turned to the door. "Hold on!" exclaimed Jimmy. He had forgotten all about his lines and about the footer, now.

He was anxious. Reckless, easy-going Paddy Flynn was just the fellow to be drawn into the net of a cunning rascal without He was more than fed realising what he was doing. And the consequences of a single act of "I suppose it isn't any reckless folly might be very serious

> Lattrey turned back. "Well?"

box of the wonder-working Urace trey. word," said Jimmy Silver bluntly. rung off.

Tablets free to try.

"If that's the truth, "Have you got anything to give me He jammed the receiver back on scout, the lofty and immaculate

home there isn't much Jimmy.

with it!" end study.

And he left the study without The talk on the telephone had con-

"I've thought something of the downstairs. He intended to put the

The 3rd Chapter. Jimmy Silver Decides.

"Seen Bootles?" Jimmy Silver asked, as he passed Dick Van Ryn in the lower passage.

"He's gone out!" said the South African junior. "I saw him trotting down to Coombe."

"Oh, good!"

Even in that small detail Jimmy did not feel inclined to trust Lattrey. But assured now that the master of | Goats" of Rookwood; he was only the Fourth was out, he repaired to Mr. Bootles' study.

The room was empty, and Jimmy, closing the door, crossed to the tele- like water.

The telephone directory lay on the

desk, and Jimmy looked out the number of the Ship inn Then he took up the receiver.

"Number, please?"

"Latcham five O," said Jimmy. In a few minutes he was through to the Ship.

"Hallo!" came a husky voice along the wires.

"Is that the Ship?" asked Jimmy

"Yes. Mr. Jupp speakin'. What's wanted?" Jimmy Silver knew that Mr. Jupp

was the landlord of the Ship. He knew, too, that Lattrey sometimes called at the place, to join the sporting circle there, and until lately he had sometimes taken some of the nuts

was likely enough that Lattrey would | might get into no end of trouble!" know all about it.

Indeed, Jimmy had a suspicion that Lattrey was hand-in-glove with the rogues at the Ship, and shared in the plunder of the foolish fellows he induced to accompany him to the place.

"I-I think a friend of mine is at your place this afternoon, Mr. Jupp,' said Jimmy Silver. "I'd like to

know for certain." "Name?"

"Flynn."

"Who's speaking?" came the next

Jimmy's heart sank. If O'Flynn was not there, there was no reason why Mr. Jupp should not say so at once. But if the junior was not to give the reckless fellow away to a suspicious master or prefect of

the school. "I'm a friend of Flynn's!" Jimmy said into the transmitter.

"That ain't good enough!" "My name's Jimmy Silver." "Never 'eard it before." "Look here, Mr. Jupp, if Flynn is

there, tell him Jimmy Silver wants to speak to him on the telephone. He will come." "Where are you speaking from?"

came the next suspicious query. "Rookwood School."

"Oh!"

friend of Flynn's." "Hold the line. There might be a

gentleman of that name 'ere, and skimming along. Jimmy waited, receiver in hand.

His brows were knitted now. He could only judge by the innkeeper's words that Flynn of the Fourth was there, and that Mr. Jupp was anxious not to risk betraying him. "Are you there?" came the husky

voice after a few minutes.

"There ain't no such person as you mention 'ere," said Mr. Jupp deliberately. "I ain't ever 'eard the name before. Schoolboys ain't allowed to come to my place. Sich things is agin the law." Jimmy's eyes gleamed with anger.

"Look here, Mr. Jupp, you know the name well enough!" he snapped. "You've admitted that much." "Never heard it before, sir."

"It's not Flynn's Form-master speaking. I'm a friend of his, in the same Form!" said Jimmy angrily. "Ask him to come to the 'phone!"

There was a faint whir on the line, "You can't expect me to take your and Jimmy knew that Mr. Jupp had | Silver said he was going somewhere."

the hooks. Jimmy is, takin' to naughty ways.

DO THIS; it acts like magic, expelling chance, really," said Lat- "You might telephone," he said study. The excessive cautiousness of Mr. | it is pink." It cures to stay cured. No other remedy "My pater is a bit dif- if he's there he might answering his inquiries left "Don't be an ass, Morny!" re-

has the same power. It does not matter what ferent from most of the call. You'd know his voice." only one impression on his mind— peated Erroll. "By Jove! I could do that," said | that Patrick O'Donovan Flynn was | "Well, he's goin' somewhere, and at the Ship, and that Mr. Jupp was | there's nowhere else by this route," Write now to address above for free trial box, or of what 'you'd call the "Bootles has gone out. You could suspicious of the inquirer, and did not said Mornington coolly. "How Rookwood point of view." | use his 'phone," said Lattrey. "Suit | mean to admit anything. | would you like to drop in at the Ship

not repulse a fellow who another word. | firmed Lattrey's information. Mr. | Erroll made an impatient gesture,

clips and went round to the bike-shed. He was convinced now that Flynn was at the Ship, and he was concerned about the reckless junior, and angry with him. It was the business of "Uncle James" to fetch Flynn away before he landed himself in serious trouble, and Jimmy was quite prepared to yank his Form-fellow home

by the scruff of the neck, if necessary. If it had been Peele or Gower, or even Townsend, Jimmy would not have taken heed of the matter. But Flynn was not one of the "Giddy an unsuspicious, good-natured, and easily-led fellow, whose money, when he had any, ran through his fingers

· As for his money, he deserved to lose that for his folly; but that was not likely to be the end if he fell into Mr. Jupp's clutches.

Careless of the fact that his chums were expecting him to join them at footer practice, Jimmy Silver wheeled

out his bicycle. Lattrey joined him in the gateway.

"Going out?" he asked.

"You've found out that he's there,

"I think he's there." "I don't think you'll have much trouble in getting him away, Silver. I fancy he'll be jolly well ashamed of himself when he sees you, and he'll

"He'll come!" said Jimmy grimly. "I'll jolly well have him out by the ears if he doesn't!" He paused a If Flynn was at the place—a new | moment. "Thank you for giving me pigeon in the net of the fowler-it | the tip, Lattrey. That silly ass

> He wheeled his machine out, and pedalled away down the lane. Lattrey watched him with a pecu-

liar glimmer in his eyes. When Jimmy Silver was out of sight Lattrey turned into the gates again, and sauntered across the quad He passed Van Ryn, Pons, and Conroy, the Colonial Co., and they passed him with a fixed, unseeing stare. On the steps of the Schoolhouse he found Rawson and Dick Oswald, and they elaborately ignored

his existence. Lattrey's thin lips curled as he went

I into the house. "Still in Coventry!" he murmured. "And all Jimmy Silver's work! But it's a bit worse to be sacked than to there, Mr. Jupp would naturally want | be sent to Coventry. And I fancy to know who was inquiring, in order | dear Jimmy's career at Rookwood is

coming to a sudden end." And Lattrey laughed softly.

#### The 4th Chapter. Trapped!

"Hallo! Whither bound?" Jimmy Silver was pedalling away at a good rate on the lonely path over the heath that led to the Ship on the Coombe uplands.

Two juniors were seated on a stump near the path, with two bicycles standing together near them. They were Mornington and Kit

Erroll, of the Classical Fourth. "It's all right, Mr. Jupp! I'm a | The two chums had been for a long spin, and were resting by the wayside, when Jimmy Silver came

there might not. I'll see." Jimmy slackened down as Erroll called to him.

"Hallo!" he said. "You here!" "We've had a spin," said Erroll. "You doing the same on your own?" "No; I'm going somewhere," said

And, with a nod, he rode on. Erroll looked surprised, and Mornington gave a low whistle. The dandy of the Fourth seemed amused. "Do you know where this track

leads, Erroll, old scout?" he asked. "Yes, Morny." "To that cheery and salubrious resort, the Ship!" smiled Mornington.

"And nowhere else, my infant." "Don't be an ass, Morny! Jimmy isn't going to the Ship!"

"Where then?" grinned Morning-"You can get out into the coast road by this path," said Erroll uneasily. "Dash it all, Morny, we're

going that way ourselves!" "Yes, for a long spin. Jimmy

With a moody brow he quitted the | He is goin' to look on the wine when

Jimmy's face relaxed yourself about the matter. I'm done Jimmy Silver did not return to the for a game of billiards when we pass, Kit? We shall find our dear old Jimmy there."

Jimmy Silver stood for some Jupp's denial was too belated for any- but he was silent. As a matter of ing himself upon his mercy moments in troubled thought, and thing else. fact, if Jimmy Silver was "going I in this way. I then he left the study, too, and went I Jimmy took his cap and trouser- somewhere" by that lonely track

### DHEUMATISM There is no need to suffer a day



extent.

longer without relief. Every reader who, is suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, up with Lattrey already. Gouty Eczema, Gravel, or any complaint caused by excess uric acid in good telling you I'm indeed.
the blood, should send their name good Tivo played the and address to the Urace Laboratories, 4, Princes House, Stonecutter Street, and that I'd undo it all London, E.C.4, who will send them a if I could," said Lat-

Tablets free to try.

The only way to obtain permanent relief is to expel the poisonous uric acid from the system. URACE WILL

"If that's the truth, I'm glad of it."

I'm glad of it."

Lattrey shook his head.

"You might telephone" he said the uric acid and purifying the blood. trey, in a low voice. thoughtfully. "Ask for Flynn, and

remedies you have already tried, or how long you have been suffering, Urace will give you relief. Urace does not upset or irritate the stomach.

obtain a supply from your chemist.

TO SELECTION OF AND PAINS AND PAINS "Urace" Tablets are sold by Boots (580 branches), Taylor's Drug Stores, Timothy White & Co., and all

chemists, at 1s. 3d., 3s., and 5s. per box

over the heath, there was only one place he could be going to-and that

was the Ship Inn. was out of sight of the two juniors in | hard.

a few minutes. He was not pleased by the meeting. | mind now. He did not want to make Flynn's | He was trapped, and he had fallen Still less did he desire to be supposed | plicity and innocence of an infant. to be visiting such a place as the Ship | Flynn of the Fourth was, after all, on his own account.

road, and from the upper windows the waters of the Channel could be seen in the distance. In the old days the Ship had been a resort of smuggling gangs, but those days were long over. Its present habitues were a good deal more disreputable.

Jimmy Silver dismounted from his | the telephone, had played up. machine at the inn porch, and left the bicycle there. He went in that Flynn was there, Jimmy might through the ivy-clad porch, into the red-tiled passage within.

From a room on the right came a buzz of voices, with the fumes of tobacco and rum. Jimmy looked round him, wondering where to look for Flynn: He was not likely to be in the public room.

A man with a fat, red face, in a dirty apron, came from a doorway at the upper end of the passage. He stopped as he saw Jimmy

"Afternoon, sir!" he said civilly. Jimmy Silver guessed that this was Mr. Jupp. The coarse face, beery complexion, and shifty, cunning eyes did not favourably impress the junior. "Are you Mr. Jupp?" he asked.

"That's my name." "I telephoned to you this after-

"Oh!" said Mr. Jupp. "I've called for Flynn."

Mr. Jupp nodded. "You'll excuse me bein' careful on the telephone, sir. I couldn't know ! who was askin' me questions," he said. "'Tain't my business to give a young gentleman away. Foller me,

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips as

he followed the landlord. Up to the last moment he had entertained a hope that Lattrey had been lying, that Mr. Jupp had given him a false impression in the talk on the telephone, and that Flynn was really at Latcham that afternoon, as his friends supposed. But Mr. Jupp's words left no further doubt on the subject, if there was any before.

Jimmy followed him up a narrow staircase, and Mr. Jupp opened a

"Walk in, sir!"

Jimmy Silver passed the landlord, who stood respectfully aside for him, and entered the room.

In a twinkling the door was closed behind him, and he heard a key turn in the lock outside.

Jimmy spun round, almost dazed. The room he had entered was wooden shutters fastened over the small window outside. It was empty, save for himself. Patrick O'Donovan Flynn certainly was not there.

But Jimmy Silver was there, and he was locked in.

He grasped the handle of the door, and shook it savagely.

"What does this mean?" he shouted. There-was a fat chuckle outside.

Jimmy rattled the door-handle fiercely. The door would not open. Outside the worthy Mr. Jupp was chuckling with great amusement. "Let me out!" shouted Jimmy

furiously. "Any 'urry?" chortled Mr. Jupp. "Take it calm, young gent. You'll be let out afore long, and p'r'aps you | be neglected.

won't like it, then." "What does this trick mean, Mr. Jupp?" asked Jimmy, controlling his | would believe it? Lattrey would narrow slit between the ill-fitting anger.

Another fat chuckle. out when somebody comes from your | in the room because he was being

"Likewise, p'r'aps you'll be sorry less anger. he's come, then," gurgled Mr. Jupp. | Disgrace in the school and a flog- | by. "But you take your davy on it, some- | ging were the very least he had to

body'll came, and he'll ask for you, expect. Lattrey, Peele, and some rage. and he'll find you hidden 'ere, Master other fellows had been flogged for Silver. Haw, haw!" "Flynn isn't here, then?" said But Jimmy was captain of his

Jimmy Silver between his teeth.

cheerily. "Nobody will 'ear you 'cre. Go it as much as you like. not. Haw, haw!"

steps recede on the long, narrow stairs, and then there was silence.

The 5th Chapter. The Last Chance.

Published

Every Monday

Jimmy Silver stood in the darkened Jimmy Silver rode on rapidly, and room, his hands clenched, breathing

The truth had dawned upon his

foolish escapade known, naturally. | into Lattrey's trap with the sim-

at Latcham that afternoon. Jimmy The ground flew under the rapidly- knew that now. It was Flynn's escape. revolving wheels, and Jimmy came in absence that had given Lattrey the sight of the red tiles of the Ship at | chance to use his name to further his | a heavy one of great size, the panels cunning plot.

It was a lonely place, on a lonely | Jimmy had suspected before that | that way. Lattrey was hand in glove with the it now.

This was Lattrey's revenge.

He had told Jimmy that yarn in the end study, and suggested telephoning to the Ship. Mr. Jupp, on

Had he said out plain on the 'phone have suspected that it was a "putup" scheme. The game had been more cunning than that.

the same time as good as admitting that Flynn was there as if by inadvertence, Mr. Jupp had given Jimmy the desired impression.

The whole scheme had been arranged between Lattrey and his sporting friend, and doubtless a bribe ground. This was quite an easy task. had been paid for Mr. Jupp's assist- But the shutters would have reance. Lattrey was not short of sisted the blows of a hammer, and

And Jimmy had walked into the There was not a single article of

moment to be within hitting distance

of the cad of the Fourth. But he realised soon enough that

there was no time to be lost. or else wait patiently to be found as they moved along abreast of the there by a Rookwood prefect, and fence. taken back to Rookwood in disgrace for punishment.

But his heart sank as he thought of it. It was quite certain that every precaution had been taken against his

He tried the door, but the lock was

It was easy enough to open the winrogues at the Ship. He had proof of | dow, but outside the window were the shutters. They were thick and heavy, and fastened on the outside.

Jimmy pushed at them, and heard the clink of a padlock on a chain. Between the shutters was a narrow strip of light, but he could not get at the lock outside.

He put his face close to the slit, and

looked out. He could see a strip of garden, with trees beyond. The room was at the By assuming great caution, and at side of the house, and outside the room a wooden veranda ran along the building. The window gave on to the veranda.

If the shutters could have been forced he had only to step out and descend from the veranda to the

Jimmy had no weapon.

"Erroll! Morny! Help!" He looked again.

The two cyclists were riding on. They had not heard him. But their He had to escape from his prison, eyes were still turned towards the inn

Jimmy panted.

Well he knew that Kit Erroll would not hesitate if he knew that a Rookwood fellow was imprisoned in the inn, and Mornington would back Erroll up. If he could only let them know!

He did not shout again; he knew of thick oak. There was no escape they could not hear. He took his handkerchief from his pocket, and Jimmy Silver would be in a worse squeezed it through the slit between place. He was certain of a public the shutters. He held it by the flogging, with all the disgrace it in-

The breeze from the sea caught the handkerchief, and blew it out against the green shutters.

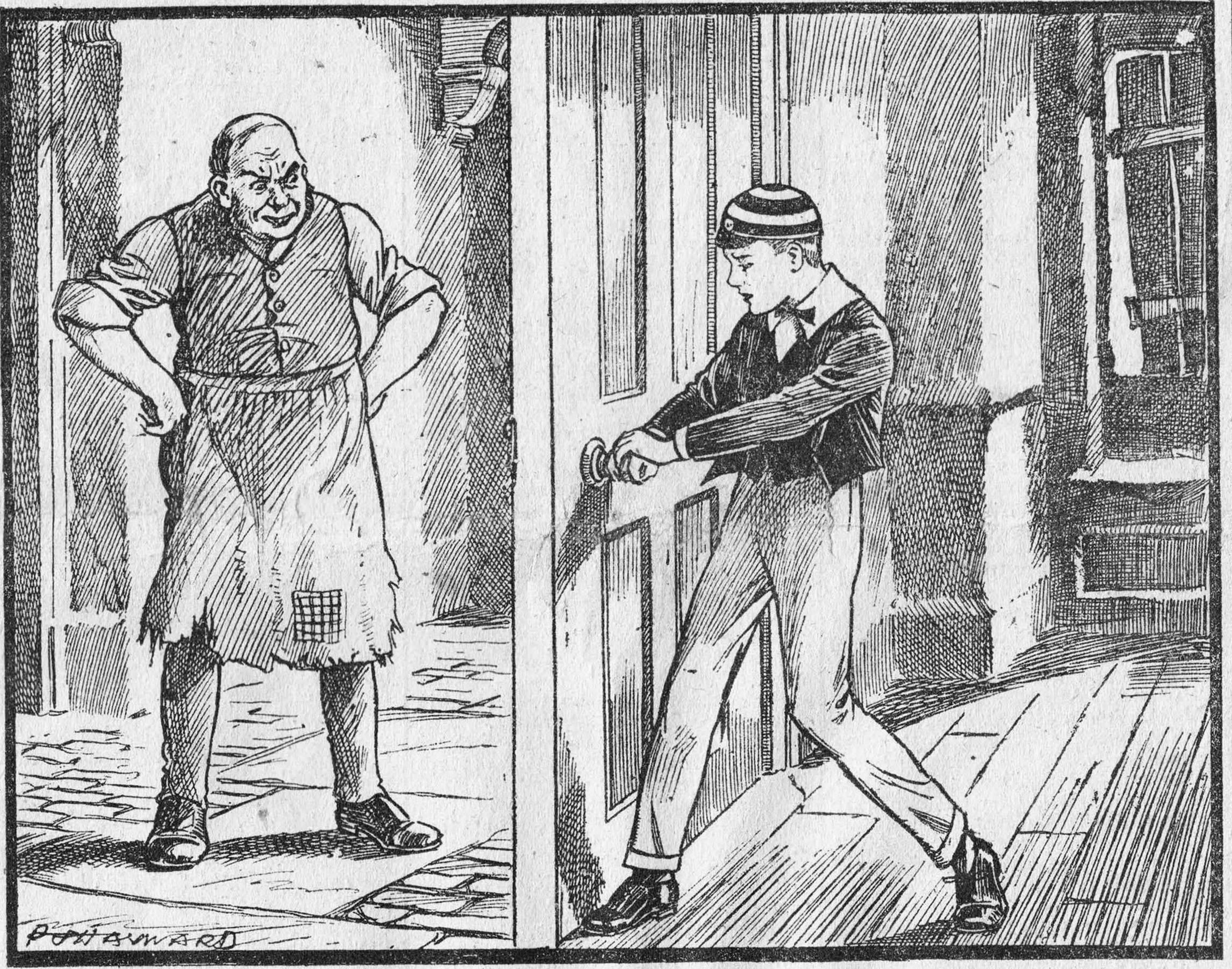
Jimmy Silver's heart beat. Would they see it? Would they guess? It was his only chance.

> The 6th Chapter. The Informer!

Lattrey of the Fourth strolled into the little post-office at Coombe, and phone box and speaking to Mr. Jupp | more or less, cost Lattrey nothing. along the lines.

"Hallo! Is that you, Jupp?" "That's me," came the husky voice. "Is that-"

"Right-ho! I knowed your voice!"



"Let me out!" shouted Jimmy Silver furiously, as he rattled the door handle fiercely. The door would not open. Outside the worthy Mr. Jupp was chuckling with great amusement.

the county. hands, and they were useless.

master or prefect at Rookwood was to lit now. Already, it was certain, the be informed that Jimmy Silver was | information had been laid against him at the Ship Inn.

He would be looked for there. Such | Already someone in authority was information would be too serious to on his way to the Ship. He was sure

He would be found there.

He could tell his story, but who He looked out again through the trey, with great satisfaction. "You deny having said a word about shutters. By pushing hard on the a Rookwood prefect arrives?" Flynn. Mr. Jupp would keep up a | shutters he widened the slit to half an "Take it calm, sir. You'll be let | pretence of having concealed Jimmy | inch.

being found at the Ship.

Form-head of the Fourth-and more "Haw, haw! No." was expected of him than of the "If you don't let me out I'll shout others. It was quite on the cards two cyclists proceeding at a leisurely for help, you scoundrel!" that he might be expelled from the

"Shout away!" said Mr. Jupp | school as well as flogged. It was, in fact, more probable than I

Jimmy moved restlessly about the And Jimmy heard the rascal's foot- room, like a caged animal, his hands the grin on Mornington's face. clenched, for some minutes quite at | Jimmy Silver put his mouth to the Mr. Jupp meaningly. la loss. He only desired at that narrow opening and shouted.

trap, and now he was locked in a furniture in the room to be used for I room in the most unsavoury resort in | that purpose. He had only his bare

Mr. Jupp's words left no doubt. A | give way to despair, but he felt like | at Rookwood.

of it. And he was a helpless prisoner -waiting.

He could see a long stretch of garden and the white road winding | that he's 'ere, and hidden in a room school to fetch you."

Sought for.

Jimmy gritted his teeth with help
Sought for.

Sought for.

Sought for.

Jimmy gritted his teeth with help
Sought for.

S a cry to be heard by a chance passer-

He clenched his teeth with helpless

But suddenly he started, and his eyes became glued to the slit between the shutters.

On the white road, winding past the distant fence, he caught sight of rate past the inn grounds. He recognised Mornington and

Both of them glanced towards the inn, and, distant as they were, he saw

"Is it all right, Jupp?"

"Right as a trivet, Master Lattrey." came Mr. Jupp's reply, with a What was to happen now? It was not like Jimmy Silver to | hoarse chuckle. "The pigeon fair | fect." 'opped in, and asked to be caged." Lattrey laughed.

"He's safe, then?"

"Safe as 'ouses!" "Locked in?"

"What-ho!"

"Good for you, Jupp!" said Latunderstand what you're to say when "I'm on, sir!" Mr. Jupp chuckled

again. "First of all, I denies that a Rookwood kid is 'ere. Then I lets out coming. I goes up to fetch him, Mister Prefect arter me, and I unlocks the door afore he gets to the landing, so he won't know it's been locked. And I walks in and says, says I, 'I'm sorry, Master Silver; it's all up. 'ope you won't get it werry bad up lat the school."

"Good!" chuckled Lattrey. "You've got it A1, Juppy!"

"And I'll see you to-morrow, Master Lattrey?" "Oh, yes!"

"There's a little matter o' two pound that you won't forget," said

that to see Jimmy Silver fixed. Good-

"Good-bye, Master Lattrey!" Lattrey rang off, and left the post-

His face was cheerful as he sauntered back to Rookwood. It was the best of news he had received from his confederate.

Jimmy Silver was in the trap. It only remained to betray him to the school authorities, a matter upon which the cad of the Fourth had not the slightest scruple.

He had played his cards well.

He would still be in Coventry, but volved, at least. He might even be "sacked" from Rookwood.

For Jimmy's denials would not be of much use. On his own showing he would have gone to the Ship to see a school-fellow whom he supposed was disobeying the strict commands of the

And it would be proved that that schoolfellow had never, as a matter of fact, been near the Ship at all.

As for Lattrey's story in the end gave a number to the young lady in | study, Lattrey intended to deny pointcharge of the telephone department. | blank having even spoken to Jimmy Five minutes later he was in a tele- | Silver about Flynn. A lie or two. He was a thorough Prussian on that

In a mood of great satisfaction, Lattrey reached Rookwood, and went into the schoolhouse. The averted looks of the juniors he passed did not trouble him now. All that was to: be avenged upon Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, was just in from footer practice, and he was going to his study when Lattrey came into the Sixth-Form cor-

"Can I speak to you a minute, Bulkeley?" the junior asked. "If you like," said Bulkeley.

"Come in! What is it?" Lattrey followed him into the study. "I think I ought to tell you, Bulkeley," he said hesitatingly.

The Sixth-Former gave him a sharp "If you're going to tell tales, Lattrey, you can save yourself the.

trouble," he said curtly. "I don't want to hear any." "Perhaps I'd better go to Knowles," said Lattrey coolly. "I came to you because you're my own prefect. But Knowles would interfere if he knew that a Rookwood chap was

Bulkelev started. "What's that? You've been flogged yourself, Lattrey, for visiting that low

at the Ship gambling with the rotters

"Quite so; and I don't see why Jimmy Silver shouldn't have the same," said Lattrey. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Put it plain. Do you mean to tell me that Silver of the Fourth is at the Ship this afternoon?"

"I don't believe it," said Bulkeley decidedly. "Silver isn't that kind of fellow. How do you know?" "I saw him."

"You saw him there?" "I saw him go into the place," said Lattrey calmly. "I was cycling past, and I saw him go in. He spoke to Jupp in the porch, and then went in with him."

Bulkeley looked at him very hard. "And what have you come to me about it for?" he asked. "You ought to know, as head pre-

"That isn't your reason." Lattrey looked sullen.

"Well, I was flogged for going there, and I don't see why Jimmy Silver shouldn't get what I got." he said sulkily. "I'm no worse than he is. Besides, I've never been there since, and to judge by the way Silver was talking to Jupp, he's an old visitor there."

Bulkeley knitted his brows. He could see that Lattrey was actuated by malice in giving information. In fact, an informer could hardly be actuated by anything else.

But the information, tainted as its source was, was clear and definite. and as head prefect of the Classical side he was bound to take notice of

It was scarcely possible that Lattrey was fooling him, intending to send him on a wild-goose chase to such a distance. It would have required at bolder fellow than Lattrey to play such a trick upon the captain of Pook-

"You can cut!" said Bulkeley at

Lattrey left the study. He knew what Bulkeley was bound

to do, and he was satisfied. If it came "I sha'n't forget, Jupp! It's worth out that he had "sneaked," he had



betrayed him.

with a knitted brow.

destined to realise.

game of billiards?"

said Erroll quietly.

"Lucky for you!"

"Wha-a-at!"

sion on his face.

Erroll.

machine.

"Fathead!"

"Come on, Morny!"

Head.

be pleased with himself.

Lattrey smiled as he watched him go.

The 7th Chapter.

To the Rescue!

sportin' set-my cheery old friends,"

said Mornington. "Dear old Jupp,

"Oh, don't be an ass, Morny!"

Silver there!" grinned Mornington.

rot! Whatever Jimmy wanted in

this direction, he's not gone there!"

"Of course I won't, fathead!"

"You won't take a bet on that?"

the Ship, well back from the road.

that's enough to give him away!"

when he went in.

"And we should meet Jimmy

"Look here, Morny, that's all

an' Joey Hook, an' Flash Jim!",

(Continued from the previous page.)

Mr. Jupp's pretence of denial, that a Rookwood junior was there.

The chums of the Fourth rode on past the inn, Mornington smiling, Erroll with a clouded face.

little more to expect from the juniors | The road wound on past the Ship, than what he was now enduring. round the high fence of the garden. There was no colder place than Coven- Both the juniors had their eyes on try they could send him to.

And the fact that he had given along the white road.

Jimmy Silver away would make | Little did they dream that Jimmy Jimmy's own yarn sound more im- | Silver, a prisoner there, was watchprobable. Jimmy's attempt to drag | ing them from the slit in the shutters.

Lattrey into the affair would look like | "Don't look so glum, Kit!" said revenge upon the sneak who had Mornington. "Lots of fellows kick over the traces at times. Jimmy Lattrey felt that he had reason to | Silver isn't absolutely perfect, you know. We're all human at times."

"I can't understand it," said Erroll. Ten minutes later he saw Bulkeley "There's a trick in it somewhere. of the Sixth wheel out his bicycle, Don't be an ass, Morny. Jimmy isn't there for the reasons you used Bulkeley had a long ride before him, and he was not pleased by it; to have for going there. It's a but he had little choice in the matter.

"What rot!"

He went up to a solitary tea in his | "I don't understand it, but I'm study, with the happy prospect before | sure of it. Jimmy is as straight as a | dows looked upon it, and discovery at him of seeing Jimmy Silver marched string. He wouldn't be found dead home in disgrace and taken in to the among those rotten sharpers!"

"Thanks!" grinned Mornington. It was his old acquaintances Erroll But there is many a slip 'twixt cup was speaking of. and lip, as the cad of the Fourth was

"My hat! What's that?" ex-

claimed Erroll suddenly. Mornington followed his glance.

From the green shutters of a win- pocket-knife. dow above the rambling old wooden veranda a white handkerchief was fluttering in the wind.

"No hurry, old scout!" smiled Mornington. "There's the merry old | against the dark green of the shutters. | dear boy. And here comes merry old Ship! You don't feel inclined for that | "Great Scott!" exclaimed Morn- Jupp round the corner."

Erroll jammed on his brake. "There's something wrong there, "I could introduce you to quite a Morny—that's a signal!" he ex- padlock, using it as a wedge. With claimed, his eyes gleaming. "It's a a wrench he forced the lock. signal plain enough. Those shutters are fastened, and somebody inside is padlock yielded. The chain fell from trying to attract attention."

"Looks like it, by gad!" The juniors jumped from their shutters were wide open. machines. The handkerchief was "Come on Jimmy " waving up and down, as if the unseen | "Hallo! What's that there game?"

fined space. "But-but it can't be Jimmy "What do you mean?" growled Silver, Kit!" said Mornington. "Why don't he open the shutters if "I mean that Jimmy Silver's bike | he's there and wants to signal us?"

is leaning up against the porch this | "They're fastened, of course!" Mornington whistled.

minute!" said Mornington, laughing. "You mean that he's kept there

Erroll stared round at the porch of | against his will?"

"Somebody is, Jimmy Silver or There was no mistake about it. A not, or why should he be signalling handsome jigger was leaning up to the road?" said Erroll quietly.

"Blessed if it doesn't look like it!" outside the porch, and at the second glance Erroll knew Jimmy Silver's "I'm going to find out, anyway!" said Erroll, setting his lips.

gang at this place; there may be shouted: "Here, Bill, Jim, Mr. Hook "Good heavens!" muttered Erroll. | trouble if you drop on any of them!" "The utter ass! Why, if anybody "I don't care!"

Kit Erroll leaned his bicycle belonging to Rookwood came by, against the fence, and hurried along | veranda-post, and dropped lightly to Erroll could not, of course, guess to a gate at some distance. With- the ground. Mr. Jupp rushed furithat that was precisely the reason out hesitation he swung himself over why Mr. Jupp had allowed the bicycle | the gate into the weedy, ill-kept | to remain where Jimmy had left it garden.

That bicycle was to meet Bulkeley's | warned his chum, but he did not | knees with a roar like a bull. eyes when he arrived, and naturally shrink from a risky adventure.

Mornington at his heels. There was a door under the veranda, but it was closed. The window from the handkerchief If you are too stout and wish to reduce your weight! waved, looked upon the

> reached the veranda, and on his face, gasping stertorously. looked up.

green shutters.

"Erroll!" window. shuttered Jimmy Silver, peering through the spotted

"Yes! Help! I'm locked in!"

"Right!" Mornington. "Is it a merry

"I'm going to have Jimmy Silver out!" said Erroll.

He ran up the steps of the veranda, and grasped one of the poles that supported the slanting roof.

To the lithe, active junior, climbing the post was an easy matter. In a minute or less he was at the top and grasping the edge of the roof.

Mornington watched him as he drew himself slowly and surely upon the sloping roof. Keeping a sure hold with hands and feet, Erroll crawled along to the shuttered window, grasped the sill, and raised himself upright.

Jimmy drew in his handkerchief. Erroll could see him now through the slit between the shutters.

"Thank goodness you spotted me!" gasped Jimmy. "I've been locked in here, Erroll, by a trick!"

"What on earth did you come here | Silver?" for?" exclaimed Erroll, his fingers busy with the padlock while he was that question. speaking.

breathed hard. "It's a trick, of he hadn't come in for tea. course! Lattrey's fixing it up for a The Co. were naturally wrathy. Jupp let that out." "The rotter!"

"Can you unfasten it? Buck up! You may get spotted!" said Jimmy anxiously.

garden was deserted, but several winany moment was possible.

"I can't open the lock, Jimmy! But it's a rotten, rusty thing-I can break it, I think. I want something to force it with, that's all!"

Keeping hold of the sill with one hand, Erroll groped in his pocket with the other. He took out a large "Go it!" said Jimmy encourag-

"Go it!" chuckled Mornington It showed up sharp and clear from below. "You've been seen,

ington, in astonishment. Erroll did not look down, there was

not a moment to waste. He forced the shut knife into the

There was a sharp crack, and the the shutter.

A moment more and the green

person within was trying to wave it, roared Mr. Jupp, arriving upon the his fingers squeezing through the con- scene, crimson and breathless. "You come down from there, you burgling young 'ound!"

"Jimmy, buck up!" Jimmy Silver had a leg over the window-sill already.

He scrambled out on the creaking wooden roof of the veranda. Mr. Jupp gazed up at the two juniors with fury in his gaze. He could not stop them.

"That game's up, Juppy!" said Mornington. "Take it smiling, old

Mr. Jupp gave him a glare.

"You come down, you young Mornington chuckled at the expres- "Hold on, Kit. They're a rough 'ound!" he gasped. And then he Raby. -here!"

> "Too late!" grinned Mornington. Erroll swung himself down the ously at him as he landed.

Mornington promptly put out his foot and tripped up the fat innkeeper. Mornington followed him. He had Mr. Jupp went over on his hands and

Jimmy Silver was swinging down would make him persist, in spite of I Erroll ran towards the house, with the post, and he dropped. Mr. Jupp was below, and Jimmy dropped fairly O'Donovan Flynn this afternoon to get on him. He was quite willing for Mr. Jupp's fat and podgy person to break his fall. Crash!

Jimmy Silver's boots landed on quickly and safely, commence the famous Antipon sloping wooden veranda Mr. Jupp's fat shoulders, fairly crushing him to the ground. Jimmy Erroll halted as he jumped off lightly, leaving Mr. Jupp

ington. "Here comes some of the for yer nose!" still fluttering against the merry boozy bounders, and they look excited."

"Come on!" muttered Erroll. It was a shout from The three juniors ran for the gate. Mr. Jupp's friends stared after

them, and gathered round the groanthe slit, had ing innkeeper. Mr. Jupp was hurt, Rookwood that was evident. But his beery junior looking up. And friends did not seem very sympathe-Erroll was well within tic—in fact, they were grinning.

The three juniors vaulted over the gate into the road. "Our game!" chortled Morning-

"Your bike's outside the place,

"Right-ho!" Jimmy Silver ran round the fence case of kidnappin'? What | and reached the porch of the Ship. | Flynn's pressing invitation. are you goin' to do, His bicycle was still where he had "Sure, that'll do for the baste!" Erroll?" And he gripped and took

Mornington and Erroll on the road. Mornington was chuckling.

"Erroll tells me that Lattrey fixed savagely with his handkerchief. you there, and that he's arranged for a prefect to come for you."

"That's so." "Then the merry prefect must be on the road before this. We'll ride round through Latcham home, or we may meet him on the way. Better let him finish his ride in comfort." "Ha, ha!"

And the three juniors mounted and took the road for Latcham.

#### The 8th Chapter. Lattrey Pays the Piper.

"Where the thump is Jimmy

Arthur Edward Lovell growled out

It was past tea-time. Certainly "Lattrey spun me a yarn about | there was not much for tea in the end Flynn being here, and I came to rout study, but, such as it was, the hungry him out. He wasn't here, and Jupp | juniors wanted it. And Jimmy Silver locked me in this room." Jimmy had not only cut footer practice, but

Rookwood prefect to find me here. They were looking out of gates in the early winter dusk, prepared to scalp Jimmy Silver when he did come in.

Three grim looks were turned on Lattrey of the Fourth as he came down to the gates. Lattrey considered Erroll was thinking of that. The that it was time for Bulkeley to come in with the junior captured at the Ship, and he was quite keen to see Jimmy arrive in charge of the pre-

> He smiled sarcastically as he caught Lovell & Co.'s look. There was a surprise in store for the Co.

> "Why doesn't the ass come in?" growled Raby. "What did he go off for without a word? We'll jolly, well scoff his tea if he doesn't come in

"Hallo! Here he is!" said New-

There was a whir of bicycles on the Four juniors rode up to the and jumped down-Jimmy Mornington, Erroll, and Patrick O'Donovan Flynn. juniors had fallen in with Flynn at Latcham, and they had ridden home

to Rookwood together. Lattrey's eyes almost started from his head as he saw them.

Jimmy Silver, who was supposed to have been caught at the unsavoury Ship by the captain of Rookwood, was here with Morny, Erroll, and Flynn, and apparently in the best of

Evidently Jimmy had not been

Lattrey staggered back against the gate. It was past his understanding, and he was almost giddy with the rage and disappointment that swept over him.

"So here you are!" howled Lovell. "Where have you been, you bounder?"

"On a spin!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "Hallo, here's Lattrey! You look rather blue, Lattrey. Anything the matter?"

"Don't speak to that cad!" hooted

"Faith, I'm going to spake to him, the thafe of the worruld!" said Flynn, handing his bicycle to Jimmy, and striding towards the pale-faced, spiteful cad of the Fourth. "I've got something to say to him intoirely!"

"He's in Coventry, you wild Irish ass!" growled Lovell.

"Shure, I'm on'y going to spake to him with me knuckles!" said Flynn. "Lattrey, you spalpeen, you've used the name of Patrick Jimmy Silver into a scrape, and sure Jimmy's tould me. And it's yer nose I'm coming for, darling!"

"Hands off, you fool!" hissed Lattrey, backing away. "If Silver says) — Hands off, I tell you! It's a

"With you an' Jimmy Silver to choose from, I fancy I know which is I "Better hook it!" drawled Morn- the liar," said Flynn. "And here's

"What on earth-" ejaculated Lovell in astonishment.

"Go it!" chortled Mornington. "Two to one on Flynn in quidsahem!-I mean, in ha'penny stamps! Any takers?"

Mornington might have offered two hundred to one on Flynn. Lattrey simply had no chance against the indignant Irish junior.

He put up his hands and fought savagely, since there was no help for it. But Flynn's attack was like a whirlwind, and he was knocked right and left. In a couple of minutes Lattrey lay

gasping on the ground, and he refused to rise at Patrick O'Donovan

He dragged it away, and joined his bicycle and wheeled it in, followed

by Jimmy Silver & Co. Lattrey staggered to his feet when "Come on, Silver!" he said. they were gone. He dabbed his nose

> With bitter rancour in his breast he limped away to the Schoolhouse. He was no longer anticipating Bulkeley's return with keen pleasure. It was only too clear that something had gone wrong with the scheme, and that Jimmy had not been caught by the prefect under suspicious circumstances.

Lattrey was booked for a decidedly unpleasant interview with Bulkeley when the latter came home, as it turned out. It was not the first time that the cad of the Fourth had found out the thorniness of the transgressor's path.

Half an hour later the door of the end study was abruptly opened, and Bulkeley of the Sixth strode in, followed reluctantly by Lattrey. The cad of the Fourth had been brought there to face the junior he had accused, but under quite different circumstances from those he had planned.

There was a cheery party at tea in the study-the Fistical Four, and Flynn and Kit Erroll and Valentine Mornington. As a matter of fact, the juniors were expecting Bulkeley's

They rose as the captain of Rookwood came in, with smiling faces. "Silver!" rapped out Bulkeley.

"Adsum!" said Jimmy cheerfully. "Lattrey says he saw you go into the Ship Inn, on the Latcham road, this afternoon!" Jimmy Silver smiled.

Having spun that yarn to the captain of Rookwood, Lattrey was desperately sticking to it. It was the only thing he could do, unless he chose to confess his plot.

But he had no hope of proving it

"Did he?" said Jimmy. "I don't fancy he was anywhere near the Ship this afternoon. I didn't see him there, at all events." "Then it's true you were there!".

exclaimed Bulkeley. "Quite! As Lattrey's told you part of the yarn, I'll tell you the rest.

Lend me your ears, sahib." And Jimmy Silver explained, quietly and succinctly.

Bulkeley listened without a word. When Jimmy had finished, he fixed his eyes upon Erroll and Mornington. "You bear this out?" he asked.

"Every word!" said Erroll. "The merry truth!" said Mornington. "We found Jimmy locked up in the inn, and rescued him. And if you want proof, you'd better look at old Jupp's back! Jimmy jumped on it, and I fancy the bootmarks will

show for some time to come. Juppy seemed to feel it, anyhow." And there was a chuckle in the

"You ought not to have gone to the place, Silver," said Bulkeley. "I understand your motive, but you ought not to have gone to a disreputable place out of bounds. If I had found you there, with appearances against you, you know what would

have happened." "I know," said Jimmy quietly. "That's what Lattrey planned. But now Morny and Erroll can prove that I was a prisoner there, and they got me out."

"And that sees you clear," said Bulkeley. "As the matter stands it's clear enough. But you can see for yourself that you ought not to have gone to the place, even supposing Flynn to be there. You see how it might have turned out. But I fancy you can see it for yourself now, and I'll let that drop. Lattrey, have you anything to say?"

Lattrey panted. In the face of Mornington and Erroll's evidence it was not much use his repeating his falsehood. His face was like that of a hunted animal.

Bulkeley gave him a scornful look. "You were lying," he said, "and you might have caused a serious injustice to be done. That was your intention. You'll come with me. Lattrey."

And Lattrey went; and when he quitted Bulkeley's study he was twisting painfully, and his face was white. Bulkeley had not spared the ashplant. Cunning as his scheme had been, he had been foiled at the finish

THE END.

### TO TERMS!"

--- By OWEN CONQUEST. DON'T MISS IT!

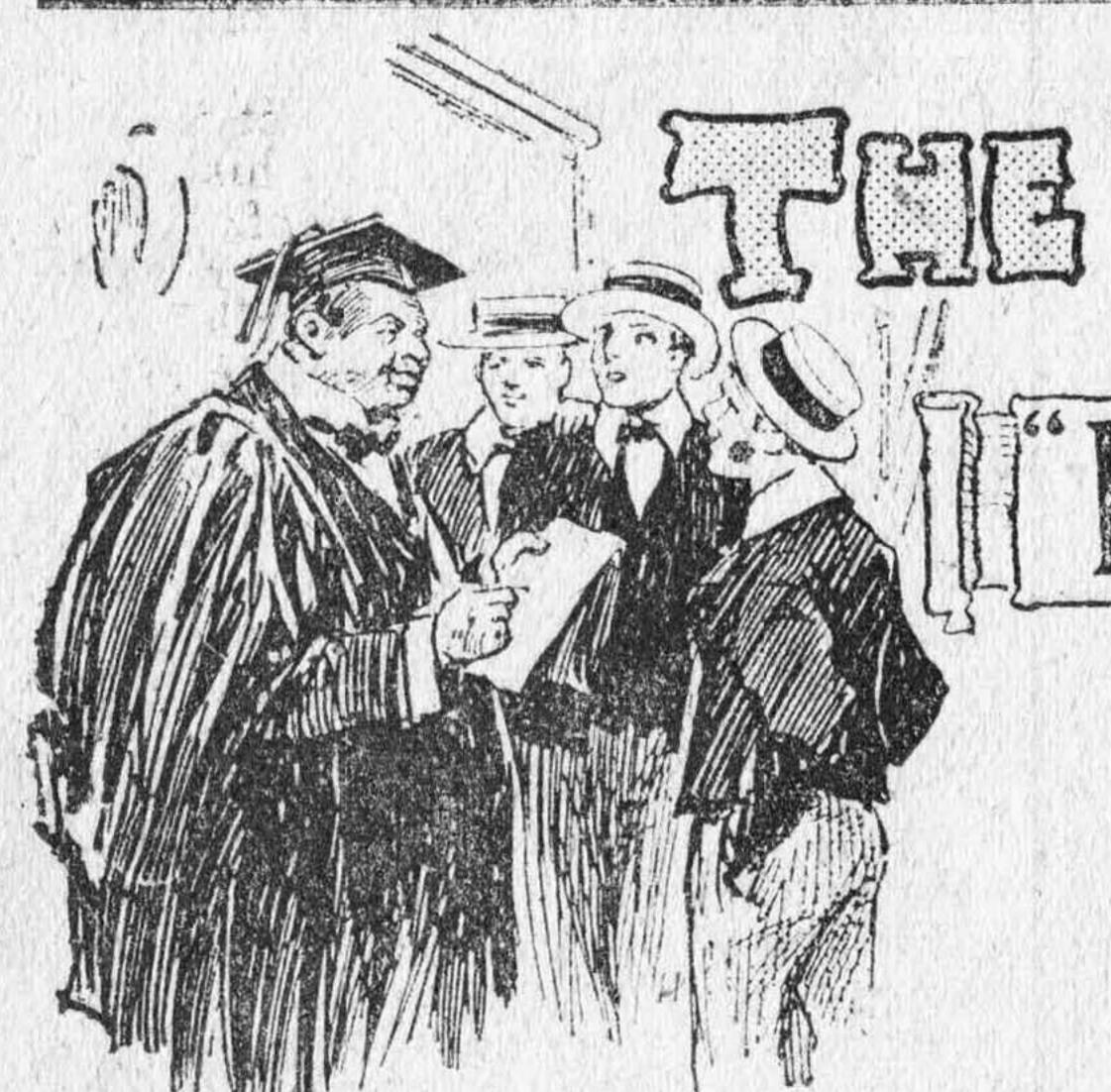
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### ORDINARY!



A Magnificent New Serial, dealing with the School Aftoat, and introducing Cy Sprague, Lal Tata, Chip, and Captain Handyman.

### By DUNCAN STORM.

#### THE LEADING CHARACTERS IN THIS AMAZING STORY ARE:

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN, who is commander of the Bombay Castle. CY SPRAGUE, the famous

American detective. LAL TATA, a fat, genial Hindu, who is a master on board the Bombay

Castle. MORTON. and FRED and DICK PRODGERS, high-spirited DORRINGTON, four juniors who belong to Dormitory No. 3 of the floating school.

FLASHMAN BULLY STOAT, two bullying juniors, Dormitory No. 1.

In last week's instalment the boys were captured by the Spanish police, and held captive in a wooden building on a pier. However, they managed to loosen the nuts which held the structure to the pier, and carried the wooden building off with them to the edge of the pier, where Algy, the nut, a young middy, was waiting for them in his steam-pinnace.

All the boys except Chip had just managed to escape from the wooden structure when the latter toppled over the edge of the pier into the water. A fat policeman had gripped Chip by the collar, and, of course, both of them were carried into the water with the wooden building.

(Read on from here.)

#### A Stroke of Luck.

A yell went up from the lifeboat as the prison-shed toppled on the edge of the wharf, slowly lurched over, and, turning turtle, fell roof downwards into the water with a tremendous splash.

Luckily for the occupants of the lifeboat, the middy had cast off their mooring-ropes, ready to steam out as quickly as possible with his rescued

So, instead of falling directly on top of the boat, the prison-shed slapped into the water alongside, hurling the lifeboat back on the displaced water, which rose in a wave as it plunged alongside the wharf.

The fat Spanish policeman was the the water.

strongest law of Nature.

As soon as he came to the surface Chip grabbed his captor in turn, pretending to be in deadly fear of his life, and behaving as though he could not swim.

He tried to wrap himself round the policeman, who was jolly glad to kick him off, and to swim to the groundplate of the capsized house, which was floating on a level with the water.

Here he clung, expressing in voluble Spanish his exact opinion of British schoolboys.

tackle another gang even if they rang | Good-bye, old chap!" every church-bell in the town.

he was saying.

chums into the lifeboat they cheered | The flag at the stern of the Bombay

into it with profusion. \*

water, and climbed up the ladder of the anchor.

water, and climbed up the ladder of the wharf, leaving the wooden prison
water, and climbed up the ladder of the anchor.

Mr. MacStaggers produced a pair hull showing against the sunset as she the wharf, leaving the wooden prison
Mr. Ferguson had heard the story tence of catching us!"

Spanish policeman touches three of Gibraltar the better. pounds ten shillings in solid currency, and as soon as he saw what was in the and flags were wagging their signals | Handyman, putting the ear-piece of said he, "but it may be that yonder | The racing engines were rung to cap, the aspect of the fat sergeant from the forecastle. changed from scowls to smiles. | "Full speed ahead!" ordered Cap- | that you?" | us. If she's the impudent, it's my | relief.

monsons

to him to have met such a party of greatest speed. young millionaires cruising round would never have dreamed of arrest- say. ing them or putting them in the lock-

He declared that he would square the whole matter with the "boss," and that there would be no trouble in fishing the wooden prison out of the water at high tide, and replacing it in its old position on the pier.

And as the middy rang up his engines to tow the boats away from the pier, the fat policeman took off his cap, and gave three cheers for Eng- | night in a Spanish gaol. A white land and the English, and another | launch crossed under our stern as we three cheers for Scotland and the Scots, with additional cheers for Wales and Ireland.

The boys cheered heartily in return as they left the policeman cheering at the end of the pier.

The pinnace, with the lifeboats in tow, raced across the blue waters of ] the bay towards Gibraltar, and the policeman cheered, and the boys cheered in return, till the policeman dwindled down to a tiny, waving spot on the end of the pier.

The middy steered straight for the Bombay Castle, where they found Captain Handyman waiting for them

as they climbed on board. The captain grinned when he saw

He had already heard of their adventure with the monkeys of Gib-

"Hallo, you young rascals!" he said. "What sort of mischief have you been getting into on the other side of the bay?"

Chip related the story of the walking prison and the ringing of the bells of Algeciras, and the captain roared with laughter.

"You young scoundrels!" he exclaimed. "There will be trouble first to appear above the surface of about this. The best thing we can do is to 'op it quick, before the He was spouting water like a por- | Spanish authorities send a complaint | poise, and still holding Chip by the over to the Governor of Gibraltar. collar, but self-preservation is the They may demand your arrest for that job. Luckily we are ready to clear, and we can start at once, though I did not mean to clear out of the port till gunfire."

Dick and his cousin, the middy, shook hands. Dick thanked his cousin for a very pleasant day, and

bade him farewell. The middy grinned.

"It's just as well you are off, Dick!" he answered. "I've got to settle up now with number one about his windows being smashed by the monkeys. As for that bell-ringing He said they were "Hijos de De- job and upsetting the quod off the monio"—sons of the devil—and that | end of the pier, I wasn't in it. My he would sooner lose his job than chaps can prove an alibi for me.

down the side ladder into the waiting | end of the Rock, settling down | bells for a lark!" But as they pulled Chip and his steam-pinnace.

the swamped policeman. | Castle dipped as he steamed off to the Dick Dorrington's soaked cap was Admiralty Harbour, where H.M.S. and chequered experience of the sea, serious folk, the Spanish, like us dential, young gentlemen. Look!

"Here you are, Don Garlico The boatswain's whistle shrilled the destroyer responded. Onionio!" he called, and handed the along the deck, and Mr. Ferguson, "Gum!" exclaimed Captain cap with its contents to the policeman | the first officer, grinning all over his | Handyman. "She's after us! The on the end of the boathook. stern face, hurried forward to the complaint has reached the governor, The policeman crawled out of the | forecastle-head to superintend the | and the governor has signalled to the | Chip. "We don't want to lose the | boys saw the destroyer swing from

house to look after itself. of the bell-ringing, and knew that the He rang down to the engine-room, of glasses from his pocket, and turned. It is not once in a lifetime that a sooner the Bombay Castle cleared out | and roused up Mr. MacStaggers, his | levelled them upon the racing de- | A moment later and the fog-bank

He was quick to shove the money I tain Handyman, as soon as the bows in his pocket before his pals could of the Bombay Castle had swung sea-

He bowed low to the boys, and And he cut a double-shuffle of deaddressed them as "Caballeros." | light on the bridge as the powerful He said that it was a great honour | engines started working up to their

The anchorage was clear of shipthe world for their own pleasure, and | ping, and they raced out to the added that if he had known what a Straits and turned Europa Point at splendid, high-spirited lot of young | full speed, the Bombay Castle carry- | Her propellers were thundering, Englishmen he had to deal with he | ing a bone in her teeth, as the sailors | leaving a wide road of broken foam

Then Captain Handyman looked down from the bridge, having shaped his course up the blue expanse of the Mediterranean.

His eyes twinkled as he looked down on the knot of boys who were gathered in the fore well-deck.

"Good job for you young gentlemen that we were ready to clear out quick," he called; "otherwise some of you would have had to spend the started off, and was no doubt bringing a complaint over to Gibraltar. If they had flagged us from Europa Point 1 should have been obliged to return to the anchorage, or they would have sent a shot across our bows!"

not quite easy in his mind.

When they had run eight miles from Europa Point, and the great fade astern, he saw the long, lean hull I would be rotten if anything like that her foghorn, which, by Board of

Staggers. "An' what'll be all the with the end o' the jib-sheet!"

"It's as bad as that, Mac!" replied Captain Handyman. "Those young rascals of ours have been painting the town red over at Algeciras, and there's a T.B.D. settled on our track. don't know whether she means to catch us, or whether it's just makebelieve. But can you snatch another couple o' knots out of her?"

Mr. MacStaggers laughed. "It's like old times, James!" said. "We'll be gettin' into plenty o' scrapes wi' this cargo o' young rascals. Well, well, I'll see what we can do. There's some verra guid coal in the bunkers the noo!"

Mr. MacStaggers set his stokers to

Torrents of smoke poured out of the funnels of the Bombay Castle, and a flicker of flame showed at the top of the funnels, where the paint began to turn white and blister.

Dick Dorrington & Co., who soon got to know what was going on, gathered astern to watch the destroyer, which was loping along now about six miles astern.

The Bombay Castle was beginning to travel.

astern of her.

Her whole fabric was twisting and yet!" jarring under the increased speed of the engines.

The boys were looking pretty blue, and their feelings were not brightened by Mr. MacStaggers, who came up from below, wiping his hands on a piece of oily waste.

He laughed as he saw the destroyer gradually overhauling them.

"Ah, weel, young gentlemen," he said, "if ye will ring the kirk bells ye must needs pay for it! There's na' doot that you Navy ship is sent after us to take ve back, and hand ye over to the Spanish authorities. Ye'll spend a day or two in gaol, and they'll fine ye fifteen shillin' or three As it was, Captain Handyman was | days, and ye'll all have to go home | in the mailboat instead o' finishing out this gr-r-and cruise!"

"Don't say that, Mr. MacStag-

"Ay, James!" replied Mr. Mac- | ain son Robbie that commands her, and my ain sister's son that's her hurry? We come out o' Gib as engineer lootenant-commander. They though you'd been payin' your debts | called aboar-rd to see me this mornin', an' Robbie won't want to run down his old dad on the high seas when he sees that his dad is tryin' to get away frae him. As for gettin' any more speed out o' the Bombay Castlewell, another half-knot at this gait wad rack my beautiful engines to ruin!"

> "Ho, crumbs!" groaned Lal, who had joined the group, and was watching the destroyer through a telescope he as long as a barge-pole. "It will be nty most awkward if that Navy ship captures us! I, also, shall have to go back with the boys, as I was in charge of them. And it will be doosid awkward for me, Chatterjee Lal Tata, to have to go into Spanish police-courts and say that I could not command attentions and obedience of my beloved scholars. Perhaps they will also put me in quods, which is most disagreeablesome."

Mr. MacStaggers laughed.

"Sure, ye'll have to go to prison with the boys, Mr. Tata!" said he. "Ye were in char-rge of them, and if ye didn't tak' a hand in the ringin' o' the bells, ye were an accessory to the fac'. But cheer up! I'm thinkin' that if my boy Robbie wanted to catch us he'd ha' overhauled us by now. You little ship o' his will lay thirty-seven knots behind her, and he's steamin' on two boilers only

Nearer and nearer drew the destroyer.

She was almost within signalling range, and the hearts of the boys were in their boots.

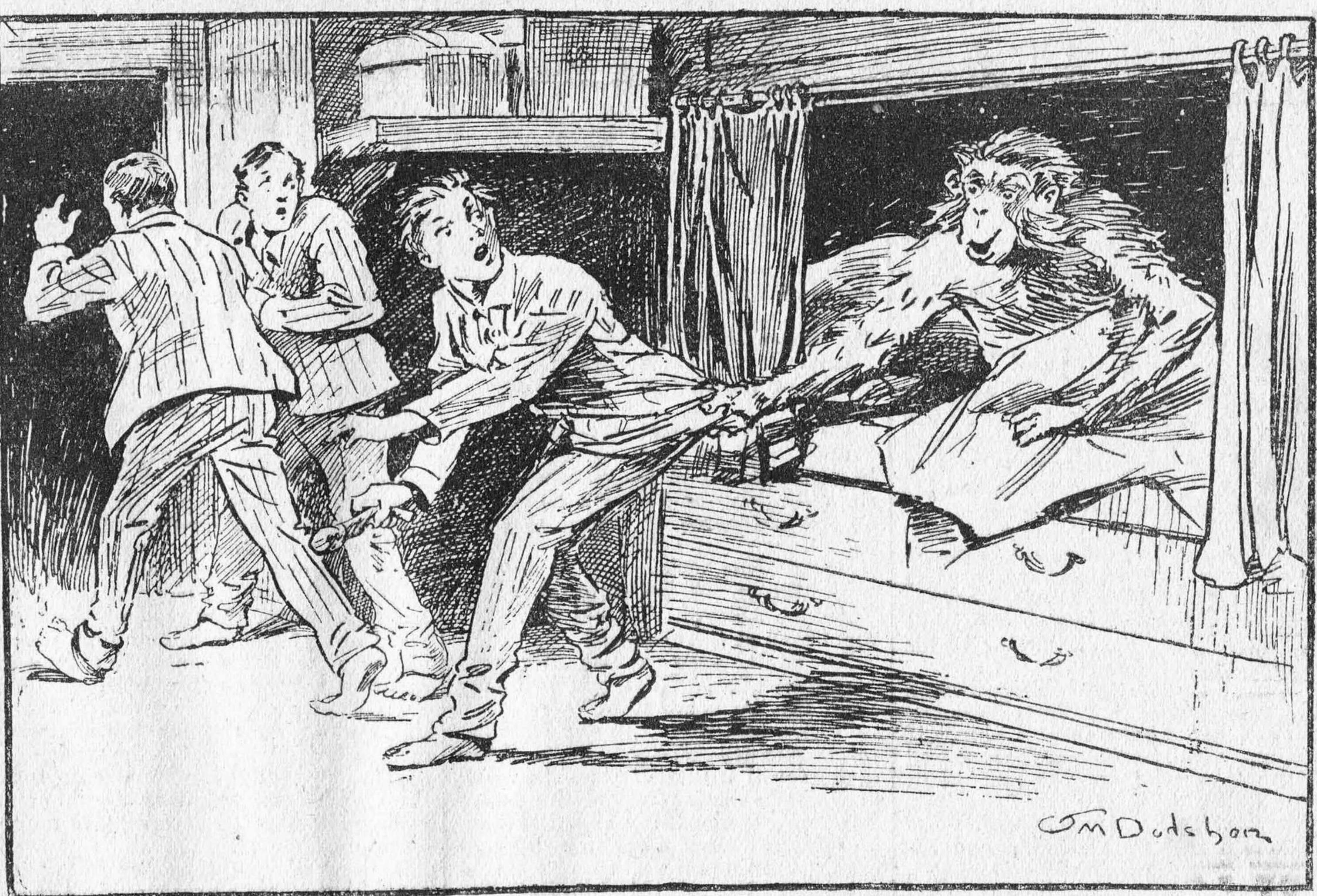
But just at this moment Mr. Mac-Staggers turned and looked forward. He had felt a sudden cold breath of air on his cheek, and knew what it

At this season of the year sea-fogs were frequent enough in the Western Mediterranean.

And, looking forward, he saw why Captain Handyman had been racing his ship, and why the destroyer had hung back as much as she dared.

Ahead of the ship loomed a white wall, which blotted out the blue sea in a fleecy veil.

In another second the Bombay outstanding Rock was beginning to gers!" pleaded Dick Dorrington. "It Castle blared out, the loud blast on



The bully started back with a howl of fear as a bullet head shot up from beneath the blankets, and a huge hairy paw shot out and grabbed him by the slack of his pyjama trousers.

The boys did not understand what saluting Captain Handyman, ran of a torpedo-boat destroyer turn the happened! Why, we only rang the Trade rules, must be kept up every directly in the course of the Bombay | "The Spanish authorities won't through fog. Castle.

chief engineer.

Soon the huge winch was clanking, "Hallo, Mac!" said Captain "I'll no say it for certain, boys,"

speedily. He changed his course slightly, and nor o' Algeciras, bein' roused from he lost sight o' the ship in a thick his afternoon nap by a parcel o' cal- fog!"

faster, Mr. MacStaggers?" pleaded funnels of the Bombay Castle, the

stroyer.

think it a lark, my lad!" answered "Weel! Weel!" exclaimed Mr. Captain Handyman, from a long Mr. MacStaggers. "They are verree MacStaggers. "If that's not proveesent round both the lifeboats, and Horrible was coaling.

sent round both the lifeboats, and Horrible was coaling.

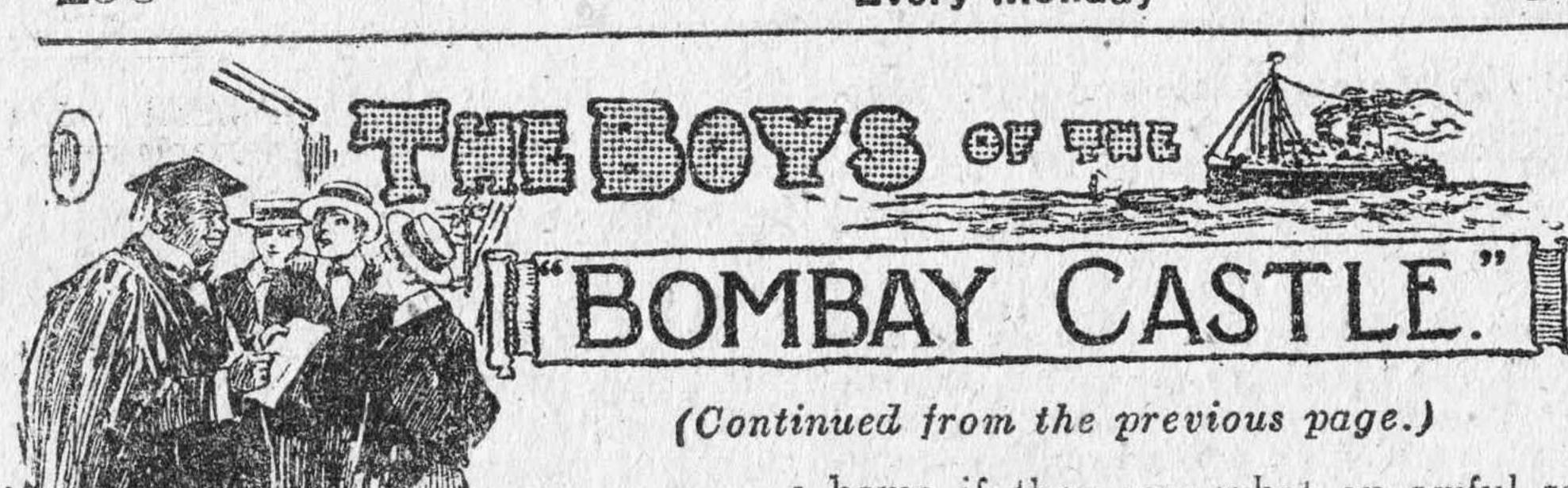
shillings and pesetas were dropped The lifeboats were hoisted up destroyer was on his track.

Scotsmen. And I can quite sympather that the feelin's o' the Gover-will go back to Gib, and report that

> lants like yerselves!" And sure enough, just as the "Can't you bustle her up a bit wreaths of sea-fog closed round the

had closed round the ship, blotting everything out.....

the bridge telephone to his ear. "Is little ship is not sae anxious to catch | "Slow," greatly to Mr. Parkins'



The old ship plodded on her course now, through a bank of fog as thick as a "London particular"; whilst the boys, with a cheer for Mr. MacStaggers and his son and nephew, rushed off to the saloon in answer to the welcome summons of the supper

Captain Handyman grinned when Mr. MacStaggers sought him on the

"I knew they didn't want to overhaul us all the time!" he said, as he laughed with Cy and Mr. MacStaggers over the adventure. "But it's as well that those young rascals should have a jolly good scare. It'll teach them to behave better, and to quit playing the goat next time they go ashore. They can just thank their lucky stars that this bank o' mist drew up to us. Otherwise your boy, Mac, would have had to draw up to us and collar the young rips who answered. "But you can understand were in the jape. And that would this. If it is some little kid who's have spoiled the cruise for them."

#### Cecil Simmonds-New Boy.

All the time the boys were at supper the great foghorn of the Bombay Castle was booming out its warn-But when they went up on deck again it had ceased as suddenly as it had started.

They found themselves steaming over a clear, warm, moonlit sea again, for the ship had steamed through the fog-bank.

There was a great curiosity amongst the boys, for Mr. MacStaggers had whispered at supper-time that a new boy had joined the ship at Gibraltar. But no sign of the mysterious new

boy could be seen. No luggage had been placed in any of the vacant cabins, and no cover had been laid for him in the saloon at supper-time.

When the stewards were questioned they only grinned.

They said that a new boy had come on board, a boy most uncommonly like Master Walker to look at.

"Now, I wonder where that chap can have stowed himself?" said Pongo Walker, who was curious to see the boy who was so much like him. "I expect the captain has asked him to supper up on the bridge-deck! If he's a decent sort of chap, I don't see why we shouldn't try to get him a berth in the Glory Hole. There is ing-mask to a box of safety-pins. still one bed vacant."

Bully Flashman, who was standing by, grinned evilly. Bully had just come up on deck, and was not in a very good temper. He had been full of hope that the destroyer would Hole who stood between him and his had him settled in the chair and was ward through the long alleyways that your service. An' ain't 'e a nut?" ambition to be cock of the ship.

"If he's going to be one of your crowd we'll put him through it pretty quick!" he growled. "It's time some of your Glory Hole boosters had the buck taken out of you, ain't it, Stoat?" he added, turning to his toady and satellite.

"You bet we'll put him through it!" replied Stoat. "There's far too good bats on board now." Captain Handyman hadn't favoured ton," pursued Wiggy. "Dr. Grace of the cabins showed that the members replied Pongo readily. "I don't you, we would have put you all in your right places by now!"

rotten set, sniggered.

way!" he bleated. "This ship is full | bob!" of cads! I never met such a rotten lot of boundahs in my life! I don't Dick, firm against Wiggy's flattery. know what my people would think at I

home if they saw what an awful set there were on this ship!"

And Percy Potts leaned against the bulwark, and started manicuring his nails with the small manicure set which he always carried in his pocket. "I don't see why he should be a

cad, Glue Pot!" said Dick Dorrington genially. Percy flushed angrily. He hated any talk about glue. Like

all snobs, he was deadly ashamed of the way in which his father had made his fortune.

"Look here, don't you call me Glue Pot," he exclaimed angrily, "unless you are looking for trouble! "What's the matter with glue?"

mocked Dick. "Glue sticks!" "I don't want it to stick to me!" replied Percy shortly, "And I don't want to talk to cads! If this chap who has come on board is as big a cad as you are, Dorrington, I don't want to speak to him! Flashman and Stoat will attend to him!"

Dick grinned again. "All right, Glue Pot!" aboard, you and your pals will keep your hands off him, or I'll attend to some of you. There's not going to be any more bulldozing on this ship!"

Dick did not look at Percy Potts as he spoke, but there was a smouldering light in his eyes as they turned on Bully Flashman.

Flashman grinned uneasily. "Come along, you chaps!" he said.

"There goes the prep bell. When prep is over, we'll find out where this new chap is berthed, and we'll give him a bit of a stir up in the night, just to let him know who's who on the ship!"

The gang of bullies loafed off to

Dick did not follow them, for he, with Chip, Tom, Fred, and Pongo Walker, had got leave to go to the barber's shop to have their hair cut.

Wiggy Tuff was the name of the barber, and his barber's shop, like all ships' barbers' shops, was the most entrancing cabin in the ship.

For Wiggy not only kept all the are as curious as anything about articles that usually adorn a barber's him!" shop, but he was likewise the general shop of the ship.

sweets, school caps, braces, straw hats, curios, studs, boxing-gloves, sportinggear, collars, and ties.

he could supply anything from a fenc-

But Wiggy supplied more than this. He was the newsvendor of the ship. Like all barbers, he had the whole gossip of the ship as soon as it was

Dick was a great favourite with lower deck. Wiggy, and as soon as the barber snipping away at his curls he started ran right through the ship, bordered Cecil grinned at the compliment.

"Look 'ere, Master Dorrington," | their superiors. said Wiggy, as he snipped away.

dirt cheap at thirty bob!" answered Dick. "I've got two jolly | quarters under the forecastle.

once played with that there bat, and of the crew off duty were enjoying smoke; and if I did I couldn't stand said that he never played with a better | themselves at quiet games of crib, and | that choky stuff that Greasy smokes." Percy Potts, a worm who had at- one. It's a give-away at thirty bob, in home handicrafts according to their tached himself to Flashman and his and if it was anyone but you—the best custom. cricketer in the ship, as you might

> "Don't want the bat!" replied as "Greasy." "Well, look 'ere!" said Wiggy.

> > you to increase your height. Mr

Briggs reports an increase of 5 inches; Driver E. F., 3 inches; Mr.

Ratcliffe, 4 inches; Miss Leedell, 4

inches; Mr. Morris, 3 inches; Mr.

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Dick shook his head. He did not want any bull's-eyes. But Wiggy was not going to be put

"Look 'ere, Master Dorrington!" he said. "Do you know you've just got the beginnings of a nice moustache coming? You try a pot o' my vi'let-scented vaseline! Preparation o' my own-a real secret! Your fam'ly won't know you when you get ome. You'll 'ave whiskers on you like ole Oppy Jimmy, the 'ead cook, and you

"I know," assented Dick. "I got one in the rice pudding at supper-

know 'e never sends a dish to table

without sending one of his whiskers

"Well, you try some of this 'ere vaseline!" replied Wiggy. "Give you my word, it's all right! It'd raise whiskers on a rockin'-'orse!"

And he held up a pot of the neatlylabelled vaseline invitingly. "Sell it to Percy Potts," suggested

"Gaw!" replied Wiggy, with great contempt. "I get too much o' young Glue Pot alw'ys 'anging round my shop, tryin' to beat me down for every pot o' brilliantine 'e buys. Nearly came throwin' 'im out, I did, to-day. He wanted to giv' me sixpence for a two-shillin' bottle of 'air-Wouldn't take no for an answer! 'Look 'ere.' sez I. 'you go an' wash your 'ead under the tap! You can get that for nothin'!' sez I. 'Now, you push off out o' my shop; you're blockin' the way o' better customers!' Told 'im off proper, I did! Now, there you are, Master Dorrington, a nice, neat clip! 'Ave a dab

"No, thanks," answered Dick. "Now, look here, Wiggy, you know everything that goes on in this ship. Who's this new boy who came on board to-day at Gib? And where is his cabin?"

o' brilliantine on?"

Wiggy doubled up, and spluttered. "Crumbs!" he giggled. "Who told you he was a new boy?"

"No one in particular, and everybody in general!" replied Dick. "It's the buzz of the ship! All the chaps

"Gaw! They're pullin' your leg, Master Dorrington," said Wiggy, He had large quantities of hard chuckling. Then his voice lowered to a whisper as he bent to Dick's ear.

Dick's face lighted up at Wiggy's | words. He jumped out of the chair, In short, it was Wiggy's boast that | and threw off the barber's wrapper. "Come along, you chaps!" he said. "Never mind about getting your hair cut! Let us get to work whilst all those bounders are shut up at prep!"

His companions, wondering, followed him out of the barber's shop, which was situated astern of the long

Dick led the way cautiously foron his old game of trying to do a by the white-painted cabins.

He did not want to run into any of

The coast was all clear, and, with-"Let me sell you that old bat. It's out being seen, they reached the forward end of the ship, and stole up a "I don't want a bat, Wiggy," stairway that led into the crew's He shook Pongo's hand as though

"It's a lovely bat, Master Dorring- lights gleaming through the shutters "No, thanks, Cecil, old chap!"

A burst of laughter came from the | up in a wide grin as he listened. "I expect he's an awful cad, any- say-that bat would be forty-five cabin of the ship's butcher, Mr. Gree, For Dick had hatched a daring commonly known throughout the ship | plan.

the cabin.

"Come in!"

Dick, stepping into the cabin. "What's this I hear about you having a new boy up at this end of the ship?"

Then Dick stepped suddenly.

Gree's it, and Mr. I fresh pair o' py-jamas every week!"

Gree's jolly red face hung like a sun in the haze.

He had been doing some fretwork, for he was making a pipe-rack of

But he had laid his tools aside, and was sitting in company with the boilermaker and the carpenter.

The three looked up as Dick showed at the door of the cabin. He was a great favourite and a welcome visitor with them all.

They were enjoying his mystification, for there, seated in a cane chair, neatly wrapped up in a blanket, was a large orang-outang, complacently smoking a black clay pipe, loaded up

Dick coughed, and the tears came

There was no doubt about it, Greasy and his pals smoked tobacco strong enough to lift the hatches.

"Come in, and shut the door, Master Dick," called Greasy. "Come an' see the new boy!" Dick closed the door on his com-

panions outside, and looked doubtfully at the orang-outang. "So this is the new boy, is it?" he

"That's 'im!" replied Mr. Gree, "An', my word, 'e's a

nut! As 'uman as one of you young gents, an' just as artful. See, Master Dick, 'e wants to shake 'ands with you, an' be friendly-like!"

The orang's eyes lit up with a friendly light that was almost human as a huge hairy paw crept out from the cover of the blankets, and was held forth to Dick, who gripped it

"Don't you squeeze 'is 'and too 'ard, Master Dick," said Mr. Gree, "or 'e might squeeze back again, and he's got a fist like a vice when 'e lays

"What's his name?" asked Dick. "Well," replied Mr. Gree, "'is name's Cecil, but we call 'im Cecil Simmonds. The cappen of the Dutch mail-packet sent 'im aboard when 'e 'eard we was going east. 'E don't want to take Cecil up with 'im to 'Olland this trip, in case 'e gets cold, so 'e's asked our skipper to give 'im a passage back into the warm. We'll land 'im in Java when we get there, an' 'is master will be coming back there with 'is ship, and he'll pick 'im up. Thinks a lot o' Cecil, that Dutch cappen does. He's had him ever since 'e was a babby on 'is ship, an' brought 'im up on the bottle soon after 'e was captured."

"But how do you get to call him Simmonds?" asked Dick.

"That was along o' your Mr. Parkins," said Mr. Gree. "E came along 'ere to measure Cecil's skull an' ship!" arms, for, bein' a scientific sort o' gent, 'e's interested in that sort o' thing. An' 'e starts talkin' about our Simmonds friend."

"'Our simian friend,' you mean," interposed Dick.

"That's it, Master Dick, our friend," rejoined Mr. Gree. "So we calls 'im Simmonds. An' there 'e is. Cecil Simmonds, at

And Dick, moving to the door of the cabin, called in his chums to see the "new boy."

Cecil seemed to take a fancy to Pongo Walker at once, just as the Gibraltar apes had done.

he had met an old friend, and wanted Here all was in darkness, though him to have a draw at his pipe.

Dick was deep in a whispered con-

versation with Greasy, whose face lit

This was nothing more or less than Dick tapped politely at the door of to smuggle Cecil aft, and to stow him mysterious new boy who had come fun. aboard at Gibraltar.

This must be done whilst prep was on, and everybody was engaged in the class-rooms on the upper deck.

Greasy, hearing that Glue Pot had expressed his intention of putting it across the new boy, at once fell in with the idea.

"I'd like to see 'im try to put it across Cecil," he said. "Why, Cecil would scare 'im into fits as soon as he shoved 'is 'ead above the bedclothes! Go to bed? Course 'e does, just like any 'uman being. Tell you, 'e's been properly brought up by that Dutch skipper, an' always used to thick with having a cabin to 'isself. Regular tobacco - smoke fuss-class passenger, as you might say, that he could and werry particular to 'ave clean hardly see across | sheets an' a clean piller-case, an' a

The bargain was soon concluded. Dick passed a cake of very strong

tobacco to Greasy. "Now, Cecil," said Greasy to the orang, "you go 'long o' Master Dick Dorrington. Go to bye-bye aft, Cecil. They'll make you very comfortable

Cecil seemed to understand exactly what Mr. Gree said. He confidingly slipped his great paw into Dick's hand, and trotted out of the cabin with him, followed by the boys, who were splitting with laughter at the surprise in store for Bully Flashman and his satellites.

They passed down the stairs to the with some of Greasy's strongest Irish | lower deck, and smuggled Cecil along the deserted alleyways.

All the stewards, both from the to his eyes with the pungency of the | saloon and the bed-rooms, were at fumes that assailed his nose and their supper, and there was no one

> It did not take the boys long to smuggle Cecil into a vacant cabin on the same deck, and in close vicinity to the Glory Hole.

Here there was a bed ready made, with plenty of blankets, and Cecil was plainly ready for it, for at the sight of the clean, inviting berth, he hopped into bed, just like a human being, pulling sheets and blankets well up round his bullet head.

And in a few seconds he was fast

The plotters had not finished rigging up the cabin yet.

Outside each cabin, or series of cabins, there was a card with the written name of the occupant on it, and Dick was not long in finding a suitable bit of card, on which he wrote in the plain, legible hand of Mr. Binks, the under-purser, "Master Cecil Simmonds."

This he slipped in the little brass frame outside the cabin in which Cecil was sleeping.

Then, with the help of his chums, he dragged several of their portmanteaus from the baggage-lockers, labelling them "Cecil Simmonds, Passenger, London to Gibraltar," so that they exactly conveyed the idea that the new boy had come out by the P. and O. mailship from London, and had joined the Bombay Castle at Gibraltar.

All their preparations were complete by the time a rush of pattering feet down the companion-ways told that prep had been dismissed.

Bully Flashman and his followers came cruising along the Glory Hole corridor, and were not slow to notice the new name on the cabin, and the baggage laying outside it.

"So this is the new cad!" said Bully Flashman, pulling up, and reading the label. "Lazy young scrub is too slack to unpack his bags! But we'll smarten him up! We'll jolly soon show him who's who on this

The bullies passed on, whilst Dick and his chums, who had been listening to the remarks from an adjacent bathroom, doubled up with laughter.

"This will be too good to miss!" exclaimed Dick, when the bullies had sheered off to their cabins. "Come along, boys; let's get into our pyjamas, and create the idea we've gone to bed."

They turned in, and, dousing the electric lights in the cabin, listened intently for over an hour.

Then they heard soft footfalls in the passage outside the Glory Hole. Peering through the curtain over the doorway, they saw Flashman, Stoat, and Glue Pot tiptoeing towards the new boy's cabin.

Each of the bullies carried in his hand a cob of two-inch manilla rope, with a Turk's head turned in the end of it; a nasty weapon enough for the licking of a harmless kid, as they supposed the tenant of the cabin to be. "We'll give him Cecil Simmonds!"

growled Bully Flashman, working himself up for the job. They stole past, and threw open the door of the cabin where the sup-

posed Cecil Simmonds was sleeping. The bully switched on the electric up for the night in the cabin which | light, and Chip, Dick, and the rest popular rumour had set apart for the stole along the cross-alley to see the

"Get up, Cecil!" growled the bully. "Get up, you lazy pup! We are just going to introduce you to the ship. Come out, and we'll show you which crowd it's best to belong to!"

He lifted his cob, and brought it down with a smack on the figure that was slumbering peacefully beneath the bedclothes.

Then he started back with a howl of fear as a bullet head shot up from . beneath the blankets, and a huge hairy paw shot out and grabbed him by the slack of his pyjama trousers.

(Another magnificent long instal. ment of this amazing serial in next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me know what they think of this new story.)



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# TALES OF THE DORMITORY.

A Great New Series of Short Complete Tales, Told by Juniors Rookwood School.

Fublished

Every Monday

THIS WEEK: DIXON'S DIAMOND ARTHUR NEWCOME

"Time you kids were in bed!"

Thus George Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood School, as he looked into the Classical Fourth dormitory to see lights

"All right, Bulkeley, old man!" sang out Jimmy Silver. "Can't you see we're moving heaven and earth to get into bed in less than no time?"

"I'll move you if you don't," said Bulkeley good-naturedly. "Now then, get a move on!" The juniors got a move on, and then

Bulkeley switched off the lights and left the dormitory. Five minutes elapsed after the captain of Rookwood had taken his departure, and then Jimmy Silver, the Classical cap-

tain, jumped out of his bed. "Come on, you fellows!" he exclaimed, as he lighted a candle and placed it on a washstand. "We've got to hear Newcome's yarn to-night."

"Good!" The juniors, eager to listen to the tale that Newcome had promised to tell, slipped out of bed, and were soon. grouped in a circle on the floor of the dormitory.

Newcome, old son?" asked Jimmy Silver anxiously.

"' Dixon's Diamond,' " explained Newcome. "It's a tale of St. Wode's."

"Good bizney. Let's have it." Newcome started.

#### The 1st Chapter. The Diamond Arrives.

Tom Dixon and his chums, Dorman and Dorman. Daring, were known as the three D's at St. Wode's. They shared Study No. 4, and were leading lights in the footer and

cricket elevens. any wheezes to be worked the three D's were always in the limelight.

"I reckon it's time we ragged Potter

with cigarette-smoke."

"Yes, they're going it a bit strong," remarked, Tom Dixon plainly. "I saw Potter quizzing at a sporting paper this morning. That means the rotters are backing gee-gees, and once a chap starts i that sort of thing there's no knowing rotter!" snapped Dorman unsympatheticwhere it's going to end."

He's as poor as a church mouse, and a But I haven't," muttered Potter. "Hang your people!" snapped Dorman, forthwith deposited in the locker. ing, and—"

quid—a quid, mind you—to buy himself and—" ome new footer togs."

"Better borrow it off your pals."

"Why, the chap never plays footer!"

"They're stony, like me." some new footer togs."

"Quite so," said Dixon quietly. "It's my firm opinion he's getting into a bit of coming here," said Dorman firmly. | quids?" a mess. Maybe he only owes a quid or | "We're all pretty short, and-" so at present, but goodness knows what on with the game."

Dorman made an impatient gesture. "Well, I don't see how it matters much to us," he said. "If he cares to run the course I should repay the money, and risk of being expelled, that's his business."

"I know," agreed Dixon, "but-" Tom Dixon broke off suddenly as there came a tap on the study door.

The door opened, and in walked Potter | "My hat!" exclaimed Tom Dixon sud- | Dorman, thoroughly annoyed. of the Fourth. Potter was an ungainly- denly.

looking fellow. His appearance could in During the argument between Potter sagely, "you let me have your guv'nor's bets for?" no way be described as athletic, and there and Dorman he had been undoing the address, and we'll see whether we can't was a sly, artful look in his face—a look | package addressed to him. He had dis- | rake a few quids together and send them | which suggested that Potter was not to covered the contents, and immediately to him." be trusted.

"Well, what do you want?" asked uttered an ejaculation. "No; we'll save you the trouble," said you don't pay that ten quid by to-morrow Dorman abruptly, as Potter entered. | "Look, you fellows!" cried Tom Dixon. "Hallo! It's six o'clock. | night I shall be compelled to pay a visit

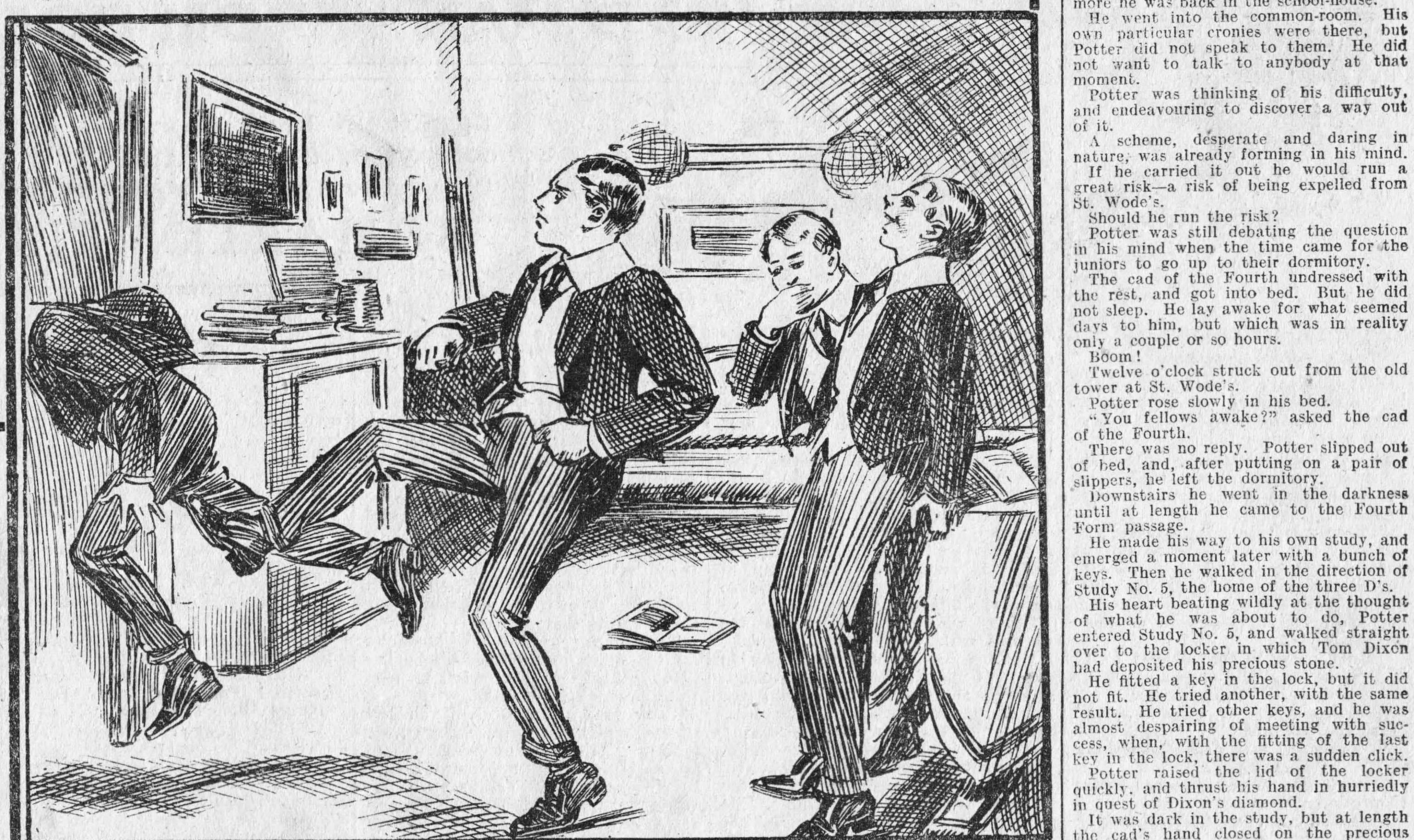
Potter's manner was always of a snap- diamond!"

pish nature, and he was only polite when Tom held out his hand, on which was Potter hesitated.

"What! That's another twenty or so

hastily, "if you--"

"Hold on, Dorman, old son!" urged "By Jove!" exclaimed Dorman in find it." said Tom Dixon.



if If you want to raise the wind to pay your gambling debts," said Dorman, bringing his foot into play, "you'd better try elsewhere. Now then, out you go!"

along to you."

"You're beastly kind all of a sudden!" remarked Tom Dixon, in surprise. "Hand it over!"

Potter handed the package to Dixon, and gazed rather sheepishly at the three

"All right, Potter," said Dorman impatiently, "you can buzz off now."

"I-I-I" faltered Potter. "Shut the door as you go out!" snapped | fifty. It's very small, you know."

"If you don't mind-" "But I do!"

Potter struck up a determined attitude. Look here, Dorman," he said, "you're If there was any japing to be done or | not the boss of this study, you know! If Dixon doesn't mind my staying, I don't

"You'll feel in a minute if you're not & Co. again," remarked Tom Dixon one careful!" said Dorman emphatically. evening whilst the chums were at tea. | "What the dickens do you want to stick | "Potter's getting more unbearable every here for? We don't want your company, mond if you want to!" said Dixon.

passed their study only a quarter of an | beastly snappy for all of a sudden," said | whether—whether—" hour ago, and the passage fairly reeked Potter protestingly. "I think you might show a bit of sympathy to a chap in impatiently. "We haven't got all night trouble."

"Who's in trouble?" asked Dorman incredulously. "I am."

"Then you shouldn't be such a shady afford to back horses, for that matter. expect?"

a hole, and wants twenty quid at once. | your yarn!"

"Well, it's not a bit of good your

"I thought that this package would will happen in a month or two if he keeps | contain a remittance for Dixon," faltered Potter. "I thought he might be willing to advance me a few quids so as to help my people out of their difficulty. Of

"Come in, fathead!" sang out Dorman. | "Really, Dorman, I--"

his eyes had lighted on the latter he had! "Oh, I'll send them!" said Potter.

"I wasn't aware that I had spoken to excitedly. "Look what I've got here! A Time we got on with our prep. Give us to your headmaster—see?" you, Dorman," said Potter curtly. | brand-new, gilt-edged, double-barrelled | the address, Potter, and leave the rest | "Can't you give me to the end of the

he wanted to borrow money. | resting a magnificent-looking stone, which | "I'm afraid I've forgotten it," he said days!" exclaimed Carne. "No, I can't, "Look here, Potter," said Dorman glinted and shone in the electric light of slowly.

Tom Dixon. "Let's hear what Potter's | terestedly. "Who's sent you that?" | "I-I-I-" stammered Potter. "Yes, but---" got to say for himself. Now then, Potter, | "Some old uncle of mine whom I've | Dorman had been sitting on the table, | what's prompted you to pay us a visit?" | not seen for years," explained Tom | but suddenly he stepped on to the floor, any further!" snapped Carne, "You've Potter shifted rather uneasily on his Dixon. "He's been out in Rhodesia for and, clutching Potter by the arm, let me down badly, you have. You've feet, and handed a small package to the last ten years, and my people dragged him towards the door. been hard on me by not paying, so thought he had gone under. But it | "Come on, you artful little cad!" he must be a bit hard on you. Good-bye,

"What's the yarn going to be called, the rack, and I-I thought I'd bring it I he's struck oil at last, and this is the I pack of lies, and you won't get a single

"He's made you a present of it?" asked Dorman doubtfully. "Yes."

"Why, it must be worth hundreds of pounds!" said Dorman, closely inspecting the stone.

"Don't know about that," said Tom Dixon. "I should put it down at about

"Yes, maybe," agreed Dorman. "But I say, Dixon, old son, you'd better be careful with it. It won't do to-" Dorman looked up, and saw that Potter was still looking sheepishly first at the I'm blowed! Haven't you gone yet, Potter?"

waiting to see-to see-"

"Oh, no; it's not that!" said Potter "Hear, hear!" echoed Dorman. "I all don't know what you want to be so hesitatingly. "I was waiting to see diamond—" commenced Dorman.

"Out with it, do!" said Tom Dixon | said Tom Dixon. "But--" to talk to you! What is it you want?"

inclined to-to help my people." "Oh!"

ally. "If you will persist in playing cards | very well in the past," said Potter feebly. | to be safe there if I hold on to the key." "Besides," said Daring, "Potter can't and backing gee-gees, what else can you But-but if you'd let bygones be by- "Right-ho!" gones, and help my people, I---" And the magnificent-looking stone was

hasn't a penny to bless himself with. He | "It's my people, you know. I've just | who doubted the genuineness of Potter's | The three D's started on their prep, tried to borrow ten bob off me this morn. heard that the guv'nor's in a dickens of story. "I don't believe a single word of little realising that Potter, after picking

Dixon. "He had a go at me. Wanted a shot. But I haven't a penny-piece, hard!" said Potter. "I'm sure Dixon Study No. 5 and listened intently to "Don't be ridiculous, Potter!" said every word of the chums' conversation. Tom Dixon. "I haven't got five bob on

me. How the dickens can I let you have "You've got the diamond."

"The diamond! What's that got to ten quid to-night!" do with it?" "You can sell it, and-"

Tom Dixon snorted.

snorted. "I'm not going to sell that led up to St. Wode's School. stone for anything! Besides, I don't "I'm s-s-sorry, Mr. Carne!" faltered "So that's why you brought the letter | know anything about stones, and the | Potter. "I would pay up willingly if only up-eh?" exclaimed Dorman. "I thought | chances are that if I tried to sell it I I-I-I could, but---" you had some ulterior motive in doing should get done down no end." "Do you mean to tell me you can't pay "But my people-"

"Oh, blow your people!" interrupted surprise.

plained slowly. "I-I saw this resting in I time of it, according to his letter; but I your neck! You've been telling a whole you to-morrow night."

copper out of this study!"

"If you want to raise the wind to pay your gambling debts, you'd better try elsewhere. Now then, out you go!"

Dorman's foot came into play, and lifted Potter well out into the passage, where he landed with a bump on the

Dorman, red in the face with rage, slammed the door to with a bang. "Thank goodness be's gone!" he exclaimed angrily.

"You really think, then, that it was a made-up yarn?" asked Tom Dixon. "Of course I do!" declared Dorman.

diamond and then at the chums. "Well, I don't think his people are in need at all. It's my firm opinion that the rotter owes the money for gambling. He'll have "N-n-no!" muttered Potter. "I was to raise the money elsewhere. I don't intend to help him."

"Oh, you can have a quiz at the dia- | "I'm sure I don't!" remarked Daring "And if Dixon suggests selling this

"Oh, I shouldn't think of doing that!"

"Never mind about the buts!" interrupted Dorman. "Better shove this "I was wondering whether, now-now stone away. We don't want everybody that you've got this diamond, you'd feel to know that we've started in business as diamond merchants."

"No fear!" said Tom Dixon, with a "I know we haven't pulled together | laugh. "I'll put it in this locker. It ought

himself up from the floor of the passage, "Well, I'm hanged!" interrupted Tom If only I could help him I'd do it like a Freally, Dorman, I think you're jolly had applied his ear to the keyhole of

#### The 2nd Chapter. A Startling Surprise.

"Well, Master Potter, I must have that

The speaker was a rough, burly-looking man of the racing type. He looked down gloatingly at the junior who stood ner-"Don't be such a silly young fool!" he | vously by his side in the little lane which

up?" demanded Carne, with affected

"Y-y-yes, I---" "Well, what did you want to make the

"I-I-I thought I should win." "Shouldn't think!" snapped Carne savagely. "You should be prepared to pay up. Now, look here, young man, if

month?" asked Potter.

Master Potter. You pay me before ten the study.... "Well, let us have it as soon as you o'clock to-morrow night, or-well, you know what will happen then."

"I'm not going to argue the matter "I was downstairs in the hall," he ex- appears that he's had a pretty rough exclaimed hotly. "You're going out on Master Potter! Don't forget! I'll see

The rascally bookmaker ambled off, and Potter, feeling utterly miserable and sick at heart, walked off in the direction of

St. Wode's. He climbed over a side wall and entered the quad. In a few moments more he was back in the school-house.

He went into the common-room. His own particular cronies were there, but Potter did not speak to them. He did not want to talk to anybody at that moment.

Potter was thinking of his difficulty, and endeavouring to discover a way out

A scheme, desperate and daring in nature, was already forming in his mind. If he carried it out he would run a great risk-a risk of being expelled from St. Wode's.

Should he run the risk? Potter was still debating the question in his mind when the time came for the

juniors to go up to their dormitory. The cad of the Fourth undressed with the rest, and got into bed. But he did not sleep. He lay awake for what seemed days to him, but which was in reality only a couple or so hours.

Twelve o'clock struck out from the old tower at St. Wode's.

Potter rose slowly in his bed. "You fellows awake?" asked the cad

of the Fourth. There was no reply. Potter slipped out of bed, and, after putting on a pair of

slippers, he left the dormitory. Downstairs he went in the darkness until at length he came to the Fourth Form passage. He made his way to his own study, and

emerged a moment later with a bunch of keys. Then he walked in the direction of Study No. 5, the home of the three D's. His heart beating wildly at the thought of what he was about to do, Potter entered Study No. 5, and walked straight

had deposited his precious stone. He fitted a key in the lock, but it did not fit. He tried another, with the same result. He tried other keys, and he was almost despairing of meeting with success, when, with the fitting of the last key in the lock, there was a sudden click. Potter raised the lid of the locker quickly, and thrust his hand in hurriedly

in quest of Dixon's diamond. It was dark in the study, but at length the cad's hand closed on the precious. stone, and he gave a gasp of satis-

"Thank goodness!" he muttered, as he slipped the diamond into his pocket, and, shutting the lid of the locker, turned the

key again. Very quietly Potter left the study and made his way back to the dormitory. He had committed a crime—a crime

punishable by law. He had stooped to Potter thought about his outrageous act, but in his excitement at having secured the gem the seriousness of the

matter hardly became evident to him. He reached the Fourth Form dormitory at last, and returned to his bed, after

depositing the stolen diamond in his coat In less than five minutes he was fast

The juniors turned out of bed at the sound of the rising-bell the next morning. The three D's dressed quickly, and went out for a stroll before breakfast. They returned to the house for breakfast, and glanced over the letter rack.

would be waiting for them from some kind relation. "Letter for you, Dixon, old son!" re-

with the faint hope that a remittance

marked Dorman, handing a blue-coloured envelope to his chum. Tom Dixon took the letter, and com-

menced to read the contents. "My hat!" he exclaimed at length. "This is jolly funny! My Uncle Bob, who sent me that diamond, is coming down here this afternoon."

"Coming here?" exclaimed Dorman. "But I thought he was in Africa!"

"So he was when he posted the diamond," said Tom Dixon. "He came over to England by the next boat, and landed here yesterday. He says he hopes I've got the diamond all right, and warns me to look after it carefully."

"We'll do that all right," said Dorman. with a hearty laugh. "I say, Dixon, old scout, we shall have to give Uncle Bob a jolly good welcome." "What-ho!"

With that firm intention in view, the three D's went into breakfast, and during the rest of the morning they were busily engaged in trying to borrow a few shillings, which would enable them to give Uncle Bob a welcome such as he deserved. The resources of the occupants of Study

No. 5 were very limited at that moment. Hence their reason for endeavouring to raise the wind.

Potter and his monetary troubles were entirely forgotten by the three D's in their efforts to scrape together the necessary cash.

It was not until after dinner that Potter's name was even mentioned. The chums had succeeded in raising the wind, and were just discussing the best

means of spending the money, when Daring suggested that they made another inspection of the diamond. Tom Dixon fell in with the suggestion, and unlocked his locker. Next moment

he gave a startled ejaculation. "My hat!" he exclaimed. "It's gone!" "Gone?" echoed Dorman, staring in surprise. "It can't have gone, fathead!"

"It has, I tell you!" said Tom Dixon. equally amazed. "It's not here! Have a look for yourself!" Dorman and Daring stared into the locker, but the closest inspection failed

to reveal Uncle Bob's splendid present. "I wonder where it's gone to?" remarked Tom Dixon, dumbfounded. "Somebody must have pinched it,"

said Dorman. (Continued on page 264, col. 5.)

### EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT THIS SPLENDID



A Magnificent Long Complete Story, dealing with the Schooldays of Frank Richards, the Famous Author of the Tales of Harry Wharton & Co.

### By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Long Bill and his threatened

They made an excellent meal in the

"shoot-up" did not have the effect of

log dining-room, at a table crowded

with cattlemen and lumbermen. The

talk at the table ran entirely on Long

Just as the meal was over, a

He plunged under the table, and sat

"Hallo! What's that game?"

There was a wail from the Celestial

"Hallo! He's at it!" shouted Bob

Every man was on his feet at once.

There was a rush into the outer

with cabins and buildings, there came

Warning shouts were heard on all

"It's Long Bill on the rampage!"

And there was a rush to take cover.

Frank Richards, scarcely able to

believe his eyes and ears, stared out

He was a huge, muscular ruffian,

Long Bill had filled himself with the

The reckless ruffian had a six-shooter

With utter disregard of the damage

The few buildings in Cedar Camp

A terrified dog, bolting across the

Right in at the window where

Frank had been standing a few

moments before a bullet whizzed,

crashing into the bottles behind the

demolished in that reckless style.

Bottles crashed right and left.

Crash! Crash!

doorway.

There was a roar of wrath from

Bullets flew over them as they lay.

that boasted glass in the windows

were quickly deprived of that luxury.

street, gave a sudden fearful howl,

ging Frank Richards by the arm.

rolled over, and lay still.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

he might do to property, and even to

life, the ruffian charged up the street,

firing right and left into the cabins.

in either hand as he charged up the

evidently fulfilling his threat.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

centre of the street.

twinkling of an eye.

Crash! Crash!

Crash!

long bar.

Shoottee! Poor Ching killy! Oh!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

room, to look into the street.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Look out!"

brick complexion.

"Cover!"

a loud, incessant rattle of shots.

man

comee

asked Frank Richards, in astonish.

impairing their appetites.

Bill and his reckless threats.

wide-open with terror.

"Bad Melican

there quaking.

Lawless.

#### The 1st Chapter. A Very Reckless Scheme.

Billy Cook, the foreman of the Lawless Ranch, pulled in his horse as came riding down the trail.

Canadian autumn-the "fall," as Leg has got too hot to hold him," Frank Richards had already learned grinned Bob. "The man's a regular | cocted by three of her pupils. to call it.

trotted along the trail, with powder- quick it will make his head swim." forbidden them to go ar ing snow under the hoofs of their "But what is shooting-up the Cedar Camp that day. pomes.

"Hold on a minute, boys!" said Billy Cook, and the chums of Cedar Creek School halted on the trail. "You're goin' to school now?"

asked the ranchman.

Camp to-day!" "Anything on at Cedar Camp?"

asked Frank Richards. Billy Cook nodded, with quite a

portentous look. "Sure!" he said.

"Well, what's on?" asked Bob. "We weren't thinking of going to the camp, it's out of our way from school. But what's on?"

"Long Bill's come to town!" said Billy Cook impressively.

"And who the merry dickens is Long Bill?" asked Frank Richards in surprise. "And what does he matter

to us, anyway?" "You haven't heard of him?" asked Billy Cook. "Lee's the bad man!"

"The what?" "The bad man!"

"Oh, he's a bad man, is he?" said Frank, still more astonished. "Well, Canada's a ripping country, but 1 suppose every man in Canada isn't a good man. That would be too much to expect!"

Bob Lawless laughed. "You don't catch on, Frank," he said. "'Bad man' is a Westernism. It means a border ruffian—a rustler. What you would call a hooligan, I think."

"Oh, I see!"

"Waal, carry me home to die!" said Billy Cook. "You go to school regler, and you don't know what a bad man is!"

Frank grinned.

"We live and learn," he said. "So a 'bad man' is a border ruffian, is he? Well, however bad Long Bill may be. I suppose he wouldn't eat us if we dropped in at the camp to-day."

"Oh. you're a tenderfoot!" said the ranch foreman. "Long Bill has been painting the town red last night. The boys say he's goin' to shoot up the camp to-day."

"Shoot up the camp?" ejaculated

Frank.

"In the name of all that's potty what does shooting up the camp mean?" velled Frank Richards. Billy Cook grunted.

"I guess that's plain Canadian," he said. "You don't want to stop any of the bullets, youngsters. He'll warpath. He can't play his Boot Leg gets after him with his posse, Long Mind you keep away from the camp."

And Billy Cook rode on. grinning at the surprise in his Eng- | "You'll be running a lot of risk," | lish cousin's face.

"Have you heard of this chap, Long | there." Bill, Bob?"

said. Bob, laughing. "He doesn't "Yes, let's!" said Frank. belong to this country, Frank. Shootang-up a camp isn't a Canadian pas-

called Boot Leg, on the south side of | with you." the border. It's a wild place, among the mining camps of the Cascade Mountains, and there isn't much law Frank Richards and Bob Lawless and order there-except lynch law!" "Oh!" said Frank.

It was a sharp morning in the late | "I shouldn't wonder if even Boot | brute, and he seems to fancy that he A keen wind came from the snowy | can play his tricks in Canada—quite ! a word to the other fellows. slopes of the Rockies, far off on the a mistake on his part. If he tries the horizon. But the two schoolboys game of shooting-up the camp at the schoolmistress had got wind of looked ruddy and cheerful as they | Cedar, he will be brought to order so | the reckless scheme she would have

camp?" asked the mystified Frank.

i down in the Cascade Mountains and I their scheme strictly dark. the Sierra Nevada. A man fills himself up to the chin with fire-water, spread, and Cedar Creek fellows were "I guess so," said Bob. "Anything | and goes on the warpath. He chases | talking of him that morning, and of up the street, firing right and left with | the way he would be "rounded up" "Yep! Don't you go near Cedar | six-shooters. If anybody gets in the | by the sheriff of Thompson if he way he is liable to get hurt. He started playing the fool in the Thompsmashes all the windows, riddles the son valley. cabins, knocks over a dog or two, or a horse or two-sometimes a man or morning lessons ended.

"My hat!"

"You see, in a lonely camp like Boot Leg a ruffian like that terrorises the whole place," explained Bob. "There's no handling him, unless all. the boys get together some fine day and lynch him."

"What a delightful state of! affairs!" said Frank. "But why is it left to the boys? I should think the men would do it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shricked Bob. "What are you cackling at, you

"Ha, ha! Boys is another of our

expressions—it means men." "Oh, I see!" Frank laughed. "At school in England we often say man when we mean boy. You have it the other way round. But is it possible that this ruffian will dare to act in such a way in a Canadian camp?"

"Likely enough! You see, he won't understand that his kind of game is barred in this section till the sheriff comes down on him. Then he will understand sharp enough."

"I say, Bob--" Frank hesitated.

"Well?"

"I've never seen a bad man," said | Subject.

Evidently the Bad Man from Boot Frank. "That kind of a bad man, I mean. What price trotting over to Cedar Camp after morning lessons?" Bob chuckled.

"After Billy Cook's warning?" he

"Well, we needn't get in the way of his pistols," said Frank. "It would be no end of a lark."

"I guess I was just thinking of it myself," said Bob. "We won't say a word at the school. We'll just cut over and get our dinner at the camp, instead of at the school."

"Good egg!" "I dare say the Cherub will come," | grinned Bob. "I've never seen a bad man on the rampage, any more than you have, Frank. We don't grow 'em in Canada, you know. It will be

no end of a stunt!" be rounded up soon. The sheriff of | And the chums rode on to school, | bad man." Thompson has been warned that Long i their minds made up on that reckless Bill's come over the border on the scheme. They were quite curious to see the Bad Man from Boot Leg "on games here. I guess when the sheriff | the rampage," and they hardly thought of the danger involved.

Bill will be sorry he left Boot Leg. | But when they joined their chum, Vere Beauclerc, at the school, and propounded the precious plan to him, "Come on, Franky," said Bob, Beauclerc looked rather grave.

he said. "Bullets are not respecters | self up with tanglefoot," said Pete, | charged into the hotel he would have | chums came into the log schoolroom. The chums rode on towards Cedar of persons, you know. That man | with a sort of angry disgust. "He's | been met with a charge of buckshot Creek School. | Long Bill is a regular scoundrel. He "But what the dickens does it was fighting three or four chaps in mean?" asked Frank in wonder. | the camp last night. My pater was | plays at home in Boot Leg. He ain't | Fortunately for Long Bill, he did.

"Oh, let's go!" said Bob. "We can | "We're in time for the show!" said | He passed the hotel, charging reck-"Yes, I've heard him spoken of," keep out of danger." Bob. "What about lunch? I'm lessly up the street, firing his re-

time at all. He belongs to a place | Dick Dawson's horse, and ride over And so it was settled.

THE BOYS' FRIEND

"Shooting-up the Town!" Miss Meadows, when she took her class that morning, certainly had no suspicion of the reckless scheme con-

The 2nd Chapter.

Frank Richards & Co. had not said

They were quite well aware that if forbidden them to go anywhere near

The chums respected Miss Meadows under the table. "It's a fool's game they play in far too much to think of disobeying some of the lawless mining-camps her. It was, therefore, wiser to keep

Long Bill's fame had already

The chums were glad enough when

Frank and Bob brought round their ponies, as if going on a ride, and Dick Dawson willingly lent Vere Beauclerc his horse. Dawson was the only fellow Beauclerc was friendly with excepting his own chums. The three schoolboys mounted, and

rode away down the trail through the When they were out of sight of the of the window into the street.

lumber school they broke into a The Bad Man from Boot Leg was

They passed the Hopkins' home- Frank sighted him as he came up stead, and the shack where Vere the street from the Red Dog Saloon. Beauclerc lived with his father, the remittance man, and a little later | with a shaggy black beard and a red-Cedar Camp came in sight.

The three schoolboys rode into the fiery tanglefoot, and lashed himself camp cheerily in the bright, wintry sunlight. They jumped down before starting out to "shoot up the town ' the Hotel Continental, which, in spite of its grandiloquent title, was only a in the approved Boot Leg style. log building of two floors.

A Kootenay stableman took their horses away, and the chums entered the backwoods hotel.

A good many of the men of Cedar Camp were there for their midday meal, and there was an excited discussion going on.

Long Bill of Boot Leg was the

Leg had impressed himself upon the minds of the men of Cedar Camp. There was angry indignation in

most faces. Cedar Camp, in the backwoods as it was, was as orderly as any town in Canada, and not in the least like the wild, lonely camps on the other side of the border, such as Boot Leg,

where Long Bill came from. For the "bad man" to attempt to play his wild pranks there was an insult as well as an injury, and it was quite certain that Long Bill would soon find that he was in the wrong

"Hallo, Pete!" said Bob Lawless, with a nod to the red-shirted landlord of the Continental.

"Hallo, young Lawless!" said Pete. "What on airth are you doing hyer?" "I guess we've come to see your dragging down Vere and Frank with

"You'd better have stayed at him. home." said Pete seriously. "The sheriff hasn't come along yet. When he does. Long Bill is going to get a surprise. He's going to discover that from somewhere. this hyer town isn't Boot Leg, not by Pete Hawkins lifted up a shotgun long chalks!" from under his bar, with a grim ex-

"Where is he now?" asked Frank | pression on his face. He watched the Richards.

"He's at the Red Dog, filling him- If the bad man from Boot Leg had been bragging that he's going to that would have stopped him fast shoot up the camp, same game as he enough. done it vet."

hungry."

volvers right and left as he went. Beauclerc smiled. The three schoolboys went into the Bang! Bang! Bang! "I'm game!" he said. "I'll borrow! dining-room to lunch. And then he was gone.

not come in.

The 3rd Chapter. An Unexpected Arrival.

Frank Richards rose to his feet, breathing hard.

His heart was beating fast. The ordeal had lasted scarcely longer than a minute, but it had been exciting enough while it lasted.

"My hat!" gasped Frank. "Oh, Chinese bar-tender came bundling into the dining-room, his almond eyes "A bit exciting-eh?" said Bob

Lawless, sorting out his Stetson hat from the feet it had fallen among. "Yes, by Jove!" breathed Frank.

"The reckless scoundrel!" said Vere Beauclerc. "He's gone." There was still a sound of shooting

in the distance. Long Bill was still holding the street, monarch of all he surveyed, and certainly there was none his right to dispute.

"Well, this beats Banagher!" said Bob Lawless. "The cheeky rascal, to play that game in a Canadian camp! Wait till the sheriff comes!" From the long main street, lined

But the danger was past.

The shooting died away. Frank Richards looked out into the street again.

Smashed windows and riddled doors met his gaze, and a dead dog lying in the middle of the road. A mule, grazed by a bullet, was galloping frantically down the street.

Frank drew a deep breath. "By Jove, this beats everything!" he said. "The sooner that chap is put safe in chokey the better it will be for him and everybody else." "I guess it won't be long," said

It was time for the chums to start on their return to Cedar Creek School. to get there in time for the afternoon

But they wisely decided to wait a little, lest the intoxicated ruffian should come charging back, as was

quite possible. into a warlike mood. Now he was But nothing more was seen of Long Bill for the next quarter of an hour.

and so they called for their horses and started. Their feelings were not quite easy as they rode out of the camp. Flying

bullets would not have been pleasant to meet. They realised that they had acted far from wisely in coming to the camp to witness that peculiar scene. But Long Bill was not to be seen,

The street was deserted in the and they left the camp behind, and rode rapidly down the trail. "Hallo! Here's the sheriff!" ex-

claimed Bob. From the direction of Thompson a

bunch of horsemen came in sight—the sheriff of Thompson and three of his men, with rifles under their arms. The sheriff pulled in his horse as he came abreast of the schoolboys on

"Cover!" yelled Bob Lawless, dragthe trail. "Anything going on at Cedar?" he

guess so, Mr. Henderson," grinned Bob. "Long Bill has been shooting up the town-right on the war-path!"

The sheriff's lips closed grimly. "I guess we'll look after Long Bill," he said.

Pete Hawkins as he saw his property He rode on with his men towards the camp, and the schoolboys resumed their way. Bob Lawless looked after Bob Lawless threw himself on the floor to get out of the line of fire,

"By gum, I'd like to be there when he ropes in Long Bill!" he exclaimed. "Same here!" said Frank.

"We are already late for lessons." "He's coming in!" yelled a voice said Beauclerc. "Miss Meadows won't

be pleased." "Right ho! Come on!"

They galloped back to the school.

But afternoon lessons were proceeding when they arrived. The three red and breathless.

Miss Meadows gave them a very severe look. "Lawless! Richards! Beauclerc!

'You are late!" "Very sorry, ma'am!" said Bob meekly.

"Where have you been?" "Ahem!"

Miss Meadows frowned.

smile. "Please go!"

not go, and she nodded at last.

"Yes, marm!"

roar of laughter.

"Haw, haw!" he roared.

was beating fast, the brave girl set

whatever the danger might be.

tain her terrible guest alone.

his guns, and he knows it."

It won't do here!"

were not moderate.

Boot Leg.



"Tell me at once where you have I been!" she exclaimed sternly. "H'm! We-we dropped in at

Cedar Camp for lunch, ma'am!" "You have been to Cedar Camp! You know you should not have done so, under the circumstances!" exclaimed Miss Meadows. "I shall detain you for an hour after lessons. Go to your places!"

"Yes, ma'am."

And the three delinquents, looking very meek and repentant, sat down. They had expected Miss Meadows to be "waxy." The schoolmistress' point of view was, naturally, rather different from their own.

There were excited whispers in class for some time. The news that the three had been to the camp made them the observed of all observers. The other fellows wanted to know whether they had seen the bad man from Boot Leg.

And there was a thrill in the class as Bob Lawless, in cautious whispers, described the "shooting-up" of Cedar Camp.

"I guess the sheriff will nail him!" said Eben Hacke. "I calculate Long Bill will be sorry he spoke-jest a

"You bet!" said Dawson.

"Silence in the class!" rapped out Miss Meadows.

And the whispered discussion of Long Bill and his exploits had to

Miss Meadows was decidedly "cross" with the three young adventurers. When the school was dismissed she gave them a stern look.

"You will remain for one hour!" she said. "You will write out the conjugations of a strong and a weak

"Yes, ma'am."

The early dusk was settling down as the three schoolboys were left | alone in the big room.

Outside, the moon was rising over the woods, but in the log schoolroom it was necessary to light candles.

Rather dismally, the three settled down to their detention task by the light of the candles.

Mr. Slimmey, the assistant-master, put away his books, and left the schoolhouse. Silence settled down over the place.

Bow Lawless yawned lugubriously. "I say, this is rotten!" he remarked.

"Beastly!" said Beauclerc. "But Miss Meadows is right enough. We ought not to have gone, really."

"Right as rain, Cherub! But I don't like verbs out of lesson-hoursnor in them, for that matter! Everybody's gone now."

The school-grounds outside were silent and deserted.

The full, round moon, riding high in the clear Canadian sky, gleamed in at the windows of the schoolroom. Outside, it was almost as light as

Conjugations of verbs, either strong or weak, did not entertain the detained schoolboys much.

They scribbled dismally. The only sounds that came to their ears were the clinking and clanking of pans from the kitchen, where Sally, the black cook, was at work.

But suddenly in the evening silence there came a sharp, ringing report. It was the report of a pistol.

Bob Lawless started to his feet. "Hallo! Who's playing with firearms?" he exclaimed.

"Hark!" exclaimed Beauclerc. A loud, harsh voice rang outside. "Hurroo! Hyer I am; the bad man from Boot Leg! Hyer I am. | hear me yaup!"

Crack! Crack! Richards, in alarm.

Tramp! Heavy footsteps rang in the porch outside.

schoolroom strode a gigantic figure, the huge ruffian, and her face paled a a man with a shaggy beard, red face, and savage eyes, with a still smoking | calm. revolver in his hand.

He brandished the weapon in the to the schoolmistress with a clumsy air, and fired another shot, which attempt at politeness. smashed through a window pane.

"Hyer I am!" he roared. "Hyer's me, Long Bill of Boot Leg! Any galoot got anything to say? Hurroo!"

Crack! Crack! Smash!

The 4th Chapter. Cock of the Walk!

"Long Bill!"

Frank Richards and his chums were on their feet now, in utter dismay. The fearsome ruffian caught sight

of the three schoolboys among the desks, and strode towards them.

Plucky as they were, it required all their nerve to stand up and face the man as he advanced.

"Hallo, galoots!" roared Long Bill. "Hallo!" said Bob Lawless, with a

The man was evidently the worse for drink, but he did not seem to be in a bad temper. The firing had been simply exuberance of spirits. It was Boot Leg. "I guess I'm not going a weakness of the bad man from Boot Leg to wish to inspire terror.

shebang?" demanded Long Bill in his I bet, marm!"

to see me, hay?" "I am not glad to see you," said. certainly give you some supper if you

"O.K.!" said Long Bill. "Don't you mind a little shootin', marm; that's only my way. I've been on the blaze at the camp, miss, and they don't like my ways! I've woke 'em up!" He chuckled. "I'm tramping up the valley, marm, and I ain't looking for any hotel bills to pay. You hand me some supper, hot and plenty, and put me up for the night, an you'll find me as gentle as a lamb. | bet!" You bet!"

"I am afraid I cannot put you up for the night," said Miss Meadows. "But you shall have some supper."

An ugly look came over Long Bill's face at once.

"You can't?" he thundered. "No!"

"I guess, marm, I'm staying hyer this night," said the bad man from farther on. You hear me yaup! And if there's a word said agin it, I pity "Anybody at home in this hyer | the pilgrim what says the word! You

> "If you choose to stay here, cannot prevent you, of course." "Now, you're hall. "What I says you forget it! When I'm home in Boot Leg, marm, I kill a man before breakfast every morn- coming here!" ing! That's the kind of antelope I am, with the wool on, marm."

A string of furious oaths left Long Bill's lips as he rolled on the floor, struggling with the gripping, tightening noose.

Richards.

where's the schoolmarm? I've looked | the schoolroom. in hyer for some supper. If I don't They stopped in the porch. have thet supper quick, there'll be blood on the face of the moon. You

Hurroo!" And Long Bill brought down both Meadows with that ruffian!" his huge boots with a crash on the "Long Bill!" panted Frank plank floor, and with a thud that made the schoolroom ring again.

"What is this?" It was Miss Meadows' cool, quiet voice at the door.

Then in at the open doorway of the | The Canadian girl started as she saw little, but she remained perfectly

Long Bill lifted his big Stetson hat

"Evening, marm!" he said. "Who are you?"

"Long Bill of Boot Leg!"
"Oh!"

bull voice. "Wot do you call this "I will order some supper for you," "It's a school!" said Frank of the ruffian's rhodomontade. "You boys may go now. Go home at once!"

"I guess we're not going!" said

Bob in a whisper. "We're not vamoosing the ranch and leaving Miss

"Certainly not!" said Beauclerc. "No jolly fear!" exclaimed Frank emphatically. "The brute may get his glasses. savage any minute. Look at the rotter now-boozing!"

a flash-a very liberal drink of raw whisky. His red, coarse face grew redder:

Miss Meadows followed the boys into the porch. "It is time you were gone," she

There was a step outside, and Mr. | Mr. Slimmey. hyer shanty, anyhow?" said Miss Meadows, taking no notice | Slimmey, pale and agitated, came | "You hike off and fetch in the into the porch.

"What is it-what is going on?" "Oh. it's a school, is it?" Then Frank Richards and his chums left exclaimed the young master, peering me yaup! Get a move on!" at the boys over his gold-rimmed glasses.

Frank pointed into the open doorway of the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" he murmured.

Long Bill was taking a drink from \ "We're hanging on in case he cuts \ at Miss Meadows.

said Mr. Slimmey nervously. | did not mean to risk it.

gigantic ruffian from the Californian | mistress.

you alone with that beast!" His exploits in Cedar Camp had me!"

I've dropped in for some supper. Glad | the schoolmistress, with a slight | quiet calmness. The brave Canadian girl was making the best of a bad situation.

"We can't, ma'am!" said Beau-Miss Meadows calmly. "But I will | clerc quietly. "Let us stay, please. | Long Bill caught sight of Mr. Slim-We-we'll help you to give the brute | mey in the porch, and glared out at his supper. He may begin shooting."

"Hallo! Who's that galoot with Miss Meadows hesitated. But it was quite clear that the boys would the blinkers on? I allers wing galoots with blinkers on!" "Very well, you may stay at pre-

Crack! sent," she said. "But keep out of the Bob Lawless dragged Mr. Slimmey

man's sight, and do not irritate aside. The ruffian had fired recklessly, intending to "wing" the young "Where's that supper?" roared master—not to take his life, but to Long Bill, striding out of the school- | injure him, that being the Boot Leg room. "I ain't waiting long, you | gentleman's idea of pleasantry.

He roared with laughter as poor "Please step into the kitchen," said | Mr. Slimmey disappeared round the Miss Meadows, unruffled. | corner in the passage, dragged into The ruffian's heavy boots went cover by Bob Lawless.

tramping into the kitchen. Sally, the "Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. black cook, fled with a shriek at the Slimmey. "The-the ruffian wassight of him. Long Bill burst into a | was actually firing at me! Oh!"

Miss Meadows came quickly out of The sight of the terror his very the kitchen. looks inspired seemed to be very en- | "You boys go at once!" she said

tertaining to the gentleman from authoritatively. "You are in danger

"So are you, ma'am!" said Bob Miss Meadows did not recall Sally. rebelliously.

With quiet calmness, though her heart | "Go, I tell you!" commanded Miss Meadows. about waiting on the unwelcome | The three schoolboys looked rebel-

guest and supplying his needs, which lious, but they did not dare to disobey. They went out into the moon-The three boys remained in the light. But they did not go far. Nothing

If Long Bill's mood changed, and | would have induced them to leave the marm," said Long he became violent, as was only too precincts of the lumber school so long probable they meant to chip in, as the border ruffian was there. Bill approvingly. probable, they meant to chip in, as the border ruffian was there.

"What I whatever the danger might be. They moved round the building to

Danger or no danger, they did not the open window of the kitchen, mean to leave Miss Meadows to enter- | where the lamplight streamed out into the night. "My hat!" murmured Frank Long Bill sat at the kitchen-table,

Richards. "This does take the cake, with his broad back to the window. Bob! Fancy that rotten brute and the schoolboys were within a few yards of him, unseen by the "He's had to clear out of Cedar, ruffian. I guess," said Bob. "With all his He crashed his, pistol-butt im-

bounce, he lighted out as soon as he patiently on the plank table. Miss found the sheriff was after him. The | Meadows came back into the room. sheriff of Thompson wouldn't care for 'Anything to drink, in this hyer shanty?" demanded Long Bill "The brute!" muttered Beauclerc. gruffly.

"I've heard of hoboes playing this "You do not like water?" game in the Western States- "Water?" Long Bill yelled an frightening people in lonely places oath. "Do you think I'm a misinto giving them food and shelter. | sionary, marm? What's the matter with tanglefoot?"

> "I have no intoxicants here. Shall make you some coffee?" "Nix! Tanglefoot's my drink!"

> have none here." "Mean to say you run a shanty without a orink in it?" demanded Long Bill incredulously. "Don't tork to me! I dare say Blinkers has got some tanglefoot. Come hyer, Blinkers!"

> Mr. Slimmey did not appear. "Come hyer!" roared Long Bill. 'Show yourself, you galoot, before I shoot the schoolmarm's ear off!"

> He caught up the revolver. Paul Slimmey came hurriedly into the citchen.

#### The 5th Chapter. Roping-in a Ruffian!

Long Bill chuckled. His savage threat to Miss Meadows had brought the young master on the scene at

"Oh, hyer you are!" snorted the ruffian. "Now, about that tanglefoot? I've got a man's thirst. Where's the licker?" "There is no liquor in this house,"

said Mr. Slimmey quietly. "And I warn you, my man, not to go too far. There is law and order in Canada." "What! You tork to me, you-

you slab-sided son of a greaser!" roared Long Bill. "Do not anger him, Mr. Slim-

mey," whispered Miss Meadows Long Bill waved his six-shooter at

licker!" he said. "I guess I've nearly finished my flask. You hear "I cannot give you what is not

here," said Mr. Slimmey. "I give you two minutes," said Long Bill. "Afraid of me getting Mr. Slimmey became paler still, elevated-hey? You galoot, I could but he did not tremble. Poor Mr. | drink more whisky than you could Slimmey was feeble in body, but he | drown yourself in, and keep as sober had the spirit of a lion. His eyes as a padre. Hump it, you galoot! blinked away at a great rate behind If that there licker ain't hyer in two

"He's quiet now, sir," said Bob. The ruffian levelled his six-shooter

minutes off goes the schoolmarm's

up rusty with Miss Meadows." Whether he would have carried out "You must not go into danger-I his atrocious threat, Mr. Slimmey shall deal with him, in that case," hardly knew. But he knew that he

Bob Lawless grinned; he could not | With a pale face, but quite comhelp it. Mr. Slimmey would not posed, Mr. Slimmey stepped between have made a mouthful for the the levelled revolver and the school-

"We're not going, ma'am!" said sierra. "Leave the room, Miss Meadows," Frank Richards. "We can't leave | The ruffian was eating voraciously. he said hurriedly. "Leave him to

"Don't be skeared, marm!" said "You would not be able to help apparently given him an appetite. "Haw, haw!" roared Long Long Bill. "I ain't hurting you. me, even if it were necessary," said Miss Meadows waited on him with Bill. "Leave me to you, you



THE "BAD MAN" FROM BOOT LEG!

Published

Every Monday

(Continued from the previous page.)

whipper-snapper - you - you mosquito- you howling coyote! Hyer I am for you, you galoot!" He made a rush at the young man,

clubbing his revolver.

Mr. Slimmey, still keeping in front of the Canadian girl, faced him bravely, but he was unarmed. struck once, full on the brutal, bearded face, and then the revolver- | face was pale, prepared for the cast. butt crashed on his head, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Miss Meadows gave a sharp cry.

"You villain!"

"Enough chinwag!" shouted the ruffian. "I'm Long Bill, the bad man from Boot Leg, and I don't stand chin-music. Fur a Mexican red cent I'd serve you the same, and don't you forget it."

Miss Meadows bent over the assistant master. Mr. Slimmey was quite unconscious, and a big blue bruise was forming in his pale fore-

Long Bill sat down at the table\_ again and resumed his voracious meal.

"Now, you hurry up with that ( licker!" he said. "Mind, you bring ( it along sharp, or I'll fill that car- a case so full of bullet-holes that you? could use him for a colander! You? hear me!"

"I tell you-" "'Nuff said! I want that licker. I've got a man's thirst on me!" said Long Bill. "Why, you should see me when I'm on the ramp, marm. I'd think nothing of smashing up this ? hyer shebang, and not leaving one plank on another! I'm a bad man when I'm at home, marm!"

"Will you listen to me? I---" "I calculate not! You hump it!" exclaimed the ruffian savagely. "Out ( you go, or I'll come to you!"

He half rose from his seat threaten- S ingly, and Miss Meadows stepped S back out of the kitchen. Long Bill I long, complete school stories. sat down again, with a brutal laugh. S

"Don't you come back without the will contain a long, complete tale of tanglefoot," he said. "And if that harry Wharton & Co., entitled ain't back in five minutes you'll hear > my shootin'-irons, and that galoot on S"BILLY BUNTER'S CHRISTMAS of the floor will be the target. You hear 5 me yaup!"

And he resumed his wolfish meal. Outside, in the glimmering moonlight, Frank Richards and his comrades looked at one another with pale. set faces. They withdrew quietly to 5" THE GHOST OF ST. JIM'S!" a distance from the window to speak.

"We've got to chip in!" muttered \ Bob tensely. "He's fit to commit a fine, extra-long tale of Jimmy Silmurder now!"

Frank Richards nodded.

"There's no choice," he said. "He may kill poor old Slimmey, and Miss" Meadows, too, for that matter. There's not time to get help here." "We've got to handle him!" said Beauclerc, clenching his hands.

"But-but how?" muttered Bob. "You can handle a lariat, Bob?"

"You bet!"

"We can get a rope from the horse." One of your trail-ropes would do." "Good man!" said Bob under his

breath. "I guess I'll try it. Chaps, it may mean death to us all! That villain will shoot if he gets a chance!" "We shall chance it," said Frank. "It's Miss Meadows or us."

"That's so."

They hurried away.

It did not take a minute to catch one of the ponies, and take off the long trail-rope. Bob Lawless hastily ran a slip-noose at the end.

The rancher's son was an old hand ( meet with general approval. The title | will hold you from beginning to end. with the lasso. Often enough he had (of this tale is lassoed cattle on the ranch, when helping the cattlemen in their work.

With the improvised lariat coiled in his hand, Bob Lawless crept back 5 towards the open, wide kitchen window. Frank Richards went with goes from bad to worse in this story. him, with a heavy billet of wood in The juniors get absolutely fed up with his hand, the only weapon he could him, and when the rumour is spread

Vere Beauclerc, also armed with a Sa fellow at Rookwood is sorry. bludgeon, went to the front porch, to 5. Lattrey proves himself to be a cad attack the ruffian on the other side 5 to the last, and when he goes to the when he was "roped." . Head's study to be, as the juniors

He crept quietly into the porch, Surmise, expelled from Rookwood, ready to rush into the kitchen the S not an atom of sympathy is wasted moment Bob had made the lasso-cast Son the outsider. from the window.

Frank and Bob stopped silently out- Samazement of the juniors, he stays at side the window.

Long Bill was finishing his huge S guess that the Head of Rookwood meal, sitting in the same place, with S has been brought to terms by Mr. his back to the open window, quite & Lattrey, who is as cunning and ununconscious of the schoolboys there. S scrupulous as his son. If he had known they were there he would hardly have been on his guard 5 the famous author, is entitled against them.

The bad man from Boot Leg would ( certainly not have supposed that he was in any danger from schoolboys.

But the three were desperately

determined. They were setting their lives upon a cast, and they knew it,

and they did not falter. Long Bill sat at the table, his revolver lying beside his plate. It was ready to his hand if he wanted it, though he did not suspect that he would need it.

Bob, with steady hands, though his

Frank Richards stood with his teeth clenched, his hand gripping his cudgel. He breathed hard, but he was steady.

It was not easy to make the cast through a window, but the range, at least, was close. Bob Lawless swung the coiled rope, and paused. He swung it again, and it flew.

Whiz!

Long Bill started as he heard that sudden whiz in the air.

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ver & Co., entitled

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To begin with, this splendid issue thing about acting.

shoulders, and Bob was dragging madly on the rope outside.

The ruffian started up, with a horrible oath, and the drag on the rope dragged him off his feet, and he sprawled, with a crash, upon the floor.

A string of furious oaths left Long Bill's lips as he rolled on the floor, struggling with the gripping, tightening noose.

One of his arms was pinned down to his side, but the other was torn free, and he had one hand at his ser-

He was out of reach of the sixshooter lying on the table, but there for it furiously as he rolled over.

Had that revolver been drawn there would have been grim murder done in

the lumber school.

But Frank Richards was clambering through the window as Bob dragged on the rope. Half-way through, he hurled his bludgeon with good aim, and the heavy billet of wood crashed. on the ruffian's arm.

Long Bill gave a howl of agony, and his right arm for a moment hung useless. The crashing blow had numbed it.

Still he struggled to his feet, ring. But before he could rise the loop | making ferocious efforts to throw off |

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school in the backwoods. Many of

Chip and his chums have some rare

"THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY

CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm.

ing nature, especially when the dagoes

cast them on to a rock, and there

seems no hope of their being rescued.

"THE FETISH MAN!"

By Maurice Everard.

Once more the little party of adven-

turers come in contact with the

The last item in next Monday's issue

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sure, thoroughly enjoy reading it.

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of forming a dramatic society at the GOOD NEWS FOR ALL!

round him now. But before he was arms. Coil after coil was knotted fairly on his feet Vere Beauclerc was | upon him, and then the end of the

now, as he struggled with the lasso, cudgel crashed on the back of the you should not-" ruffian's head with stunning force.

Giant as he was, Long Bill reeled have felled an ox.

As he staggered Vere Beauclerc again in a hurry!" struck again, with all his strength, and the ruffian crashed at full length on the floor.

was another in his belt, and he groped now, and catching up his cudgel. It he found that he could not move a circled over Long Bill's head, and limb. came down with a crash.

> There was a deep groan from the ruffian, and he lay inert on the floor. He was stunned.

Frank Richards panted.

"The rope-quick!"

Bob Lawless came scrambling in. The three schoolboys threw themselves upon the fallen giant, fearful lest he should recover before they could secure him. The blows had stunned him, but already he was stir-

The rope was knotted round his was round him, settling down over his | the gripping noose, which was tight | huge body, and round his powerful

dashing into the room from the porch. | rope was knotted round his legs. He The ruffian was facing the window | was secure at last-more than secure. "My boys!" Miss Meadows was at

Beauclerc struck at him, and his the kitchen door. "My dear boys, Bob Lawless sprang up.

"I guess we've got that galoot in a under the blow, which would almost | dead cinch, Miss Meadows," he said. "He won't shoot up a town in Canada

> "He's safe now, ma'am," said Frank.

Long Bill opened his eyes. Frank Richards was in the room struggled, and seemed amazed when

> of furious curses poured from his lips. "Hold your tongue, you blackguard!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc fiercely.

> The torrent of oaths and threats did not cease Beauclerc picked up one of the ruffian's revolvers, and thrust

And the bad man from Boot Leg

He lay glaring at the schoolboys with speechless rage. The bad man, who boasted that he killed a man before breakfast every morning when he was at home in Boot Leg, had been roped in by schoolboys, and

But Long Bill had to grin and bear it-or, at least, he had to bear it. The bad man from Boot Leg had

Miss Meadows bent beside Mr. Slimmey, and bathed his face. The young man had recovered consciousness now, and he sat up, Frank Richards supporting him.

crimsoned as he turned his glance upon Miss Meadows.

"I did my best!" he muttered. "You were very, very brave!" said Miss Meadows softly. "The bravest man could not have done more than

Frank Richards and Miss Meadows helped him away to his cabin, while Bob and Vere watched the bound ruffian. With a pistol-barrel between his jaws Long Bill could not speak,

"I guess the sheriff will be glad to , see this pilgrim, Miss Meadows." Bob remarked, when the schoolmistress came back with Frank. "Wasn't it lucky you detained us after lessons today, ma'am!"

Miss Meadows smiled. She could smile now. She hardly dared to think how the matter would have ended but for the presence of the three school-

"It was very lucky," she said. "Now I will send Chu Ching Chow over to Thompson at once for the

"And we'll wait till he comes," said

Miss Meadows did not dissent. The Chinese servant was despatched on horseback at once, and the schoolboys waited, to keep guard over their prisoner.

They had their supper while they waited, and while they enjoyed it the Bad Man from Boot Leg glared at them from the floor in helpless rage, with which apprehension was now mingled.

There was a trampling of hoofs outside at last.

The stalwart sheriff of Thompson strode in, and a look of great satisfaction overspread his bearded face at the sight of Long Bill.

"Take him out," he said to his men; and the border ruffian's legs were freed, and he was marched out, to be bound on a horse, and taken to Thompson, to stand his trial, and later to depart for a very long period of repose in an institution which the Canadian Government maintained for the special benefit of "bad men."

In that enforced seclusion Long Bill had plenty of time to reflect upon the is, no doubt, anxiously looking for quism from Messrs. L. Upcott Gill, 5 chequered career of a professional ward to our Special Christmas Num- Bazaar Buildings, Drury Lane, Lon- 5 "bad man." and to regret that he had ber, on sale the week after next. I don, W.C., price one-and-sixpence, Sever left the delightful town of Boot S Leg to try his luck in Canada.

either in the Navy or the Mercantile Snight. But they reached it in a very This fine issue will contain a double- Marine, you cannot do better than to S satisfied mood, and the next day, at length story dealing with the school- purchase a copy of "The Sea Ser- 5 the lumber school, they were called But Lattrey is not expelled. To the days of Frank Richards, the famous vices," by Mr. John S. Margerison. Supon a dozen times at least to relate author, an extra long instalment of The price of this book is one-and- Show they had dealt with the "Bad,

THE END.

# BY MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Their adventures are of a very thrill- the "BOYS' FRIEND "LIBRARY.

series entitled "King Nadur's threepenny book, dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co., Bob. will be on sale the first week in February. This book will be entitled

"A Staunch Reader."--Very villainous El Hajar. The latter is pleased to learn you think so highly ) Such an issue of the "Penny Popu- extremely anxious to obtain the secret of the stories in the Boys' Friend. lar" has never before been placed of King Nadur's diamonds, and Sorry, but I cannot send you the name Well. I must not tell you exactly what and address you require.

> very nice letter. You are, indeed, a very enthusiastic reader of the Boys' FRIEND. I hope you will always remain so.

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want to urge upon all my loyal However, Frank Richards declares asking me when "The Secret City," that he will prove to the Swiss junior by Duncan Storm, will be published that he can act. Gunten sneers at the in book form. Now, as my chums idea of Frank Richards being an will remember, this fine story had an lar," price twopence. It is a topping actor, but in the end the Swiss junior exceptionally long run in the Boys' is done brown, and forced to admit FRIEND. It is, therefore, impossible that Frank does really know some- for me to publish the story in book form in one volume. It will, therefore, appear in two

exciting times in our next instalment | volumes. The first volume, entitled "The Maharajah's Belt!" will be on sale on Friday, December 7th; the second volume, entitled "The Secret City!" will be on sale on Friday, January 4th. If you wish to avoid disappointment you should place an They are carried off on board a order for "The Mahajarah's Belt!" felucca, and find themselves at the with your newsagent at once. Ask mercy of a band of rascally dagoes. him to save you a copy of No. 408 of

#### The next story in our great new | REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"Johnny F." (Biggleswade).-A) "The Feud at Rookwood!".

happens in this story. You will, I am "A Castaway."-Thanks for your

"Constant Reader" (Nottingham).

"Mariner."-For all the informa- S It was late when Frank Richards am confident that you will not be tion you require about going to sea, and his comrades reached home that Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co. little "the Boys of the Bombay Castle," threepence, and your nearest news. \ Man from Boot Leg." a splendid tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., | agent or bookseller will be able to ( a grand story of Dick, Frank, and secure you a copy.

NEXT MONDAY! "DONE BROWN!"

DON'T MISS IT!

As he realised his position, a stream

the muzzle into his open mouth. "Silence!" he said.

gurgled into silence.

his wrath was unspeakable.

reached the end of his tether.

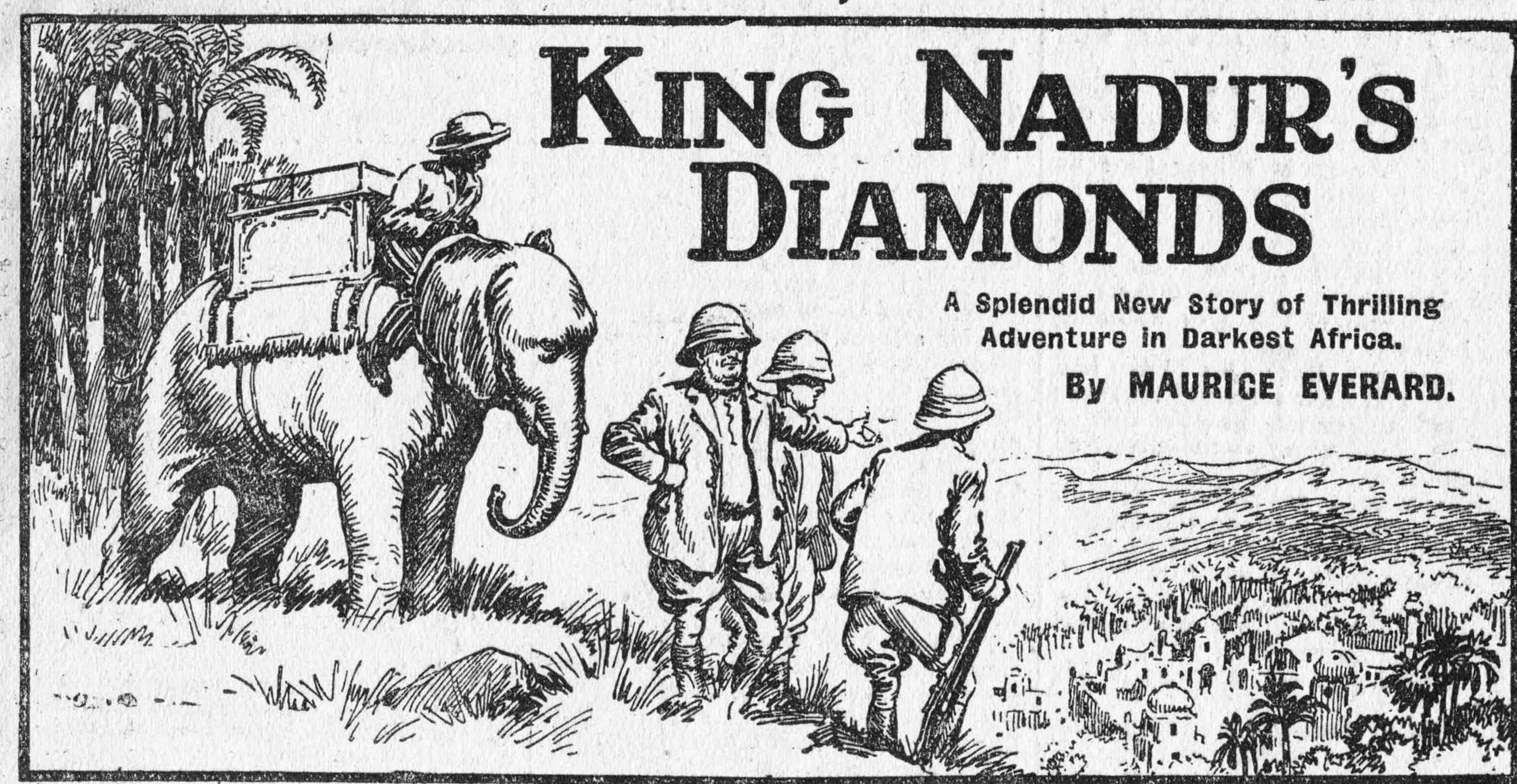
He looked at the bound ruffian, and

the juniors approve of the idea, but Just recently I have received a Gunten, the Swiss, scorns the notion. large number of letters from readers? you did in your place."

And poor Mr. Slimmey took com-

but his looks were eloquent.

MAGNIFICENT SERIES, INTRODUCING NEW DICK AND FRANK POLRUAN, AND JOE TREMORNE.



## This Week: "THE KAID OF DENESRA!"

The 1st Chapter. Into the Unknown.

"Whoop, Daddy Longlegs! Hold up! What's the matter with you? Getting wobbly at the knees at this time of the morning? It won't do, old hoss! You've got to stick it a wee bit longer. Say, Dicky, old gun, how's your 'ship of the desert' sail-

Thus Frank Polruan, about eleven o'clock one morning, after having been in the saddle of his lumbering camel ever since sunrise.

Dick Polruan groaned.

"Wish somebody would torpedo the blessed old craft! What do you say, Joe?"

Joe Tremorne, the old sailor, rubbed the fine dust out of his eyes and uttered a cross between a moan and a grunt.

"Done enough camel-riding across nered an' fifty year! Jolly glad when we get to 'tother side o' that mounting peak in the distance. Then we'll say ta-ta to these gents of the cloven

"How long is it since we left Cairo,

Dick?" asked Frank.

The younger boy glanced at the notes on his saddle-hump, and for several minutes counted aloud.

"A hundred and four days. Whew! To think we've spent nearly three months crossing the desert! I don't believe King Nadur's diamonds are worth it. You wouldn't catch me straddling a camel again for all the wealth of the East. I'm through with the rotten beasts!"

Joe put his hands behind his back and gingerly rubbed his sore flesh.

"Guess my old chap's almost through with me! Shouldn't be surprised if he's worn holes right through

A laugh broke out behind him, and a lumbering mass moved its great bulk leisurely forward through an immense shadow across the golden sand.

"Ho, ho! Who said a nefferlunt wasn't any goodums?" chuckled Pieface, his round, smiling face shining like a huge knob of polished ebony. "Dis chile, he had ridden in cumforts for weekums, and ole Bunjie, he's go alongums boofully, in low gear all der time. Ain't it, Bunjie, ole pal?"

The baby elephant gave a little grunt of pleasure as the black boy patted his flapping ears; and Joe shot Pieface an angry glare.

"Rotten ole thing! Wouldn't be seen dead in a ditch with it! Back my camel agen your nefferlunt any time o' day!" he growled. "We'll give it socks when we get 'tother side of that mountain!"

"What happens then, mop face?" Joe swung round on his questioner.

"Look here, Franky, my boy, your own face is beginning to get moss on it! Reckon you'll have to find a Gasfa. That's the Gasfa country, right where the blue mountains are, and when we get there we're in Morocco, and when we're in Morocco we swop camels for ponies, every one of us, and get along at about twice the pace we've made across the Sahara."

A laugh escaped Pie, who shook his

woolly head defiantly.

am not gwine to part wid his Bunjie for all dem ponies in der world, not | much. Whar a pony ken go a hef-1 At the watercourse they rested a

pipe, Massa Joe, and smokums."

Joe said no more. Whenever it came to an argument with the black about his elephant, Joe always got the worst of it, because over and over again the big, faithful, lumbering creature had proved his ability and worth, although the sailor was very often loth to admit it.

"Never mind, we haven't done so badly," he said after a while. "We've crossed the Sahara all right without seeing a sign of that El Hajar. Shouldn't be surprised if he got a bit fed up with us for putting the police on his trail after the affair with the purple beetles in the pyramid. Bust me hawse-pipes, this is a bit of all right, and no mistake!"

The little party of travellers, who had now come some two thousand miles, all told, in their search for King Nadur's diamonds-Paul Burthe desert to larst me another hun- ton, the missionary, had warned them before he died that the total journey would be little less, in one direction and another, then nine or ten thou-

ferlunt can go, so put dat in your | while and refreshed the poor, jaded beasts before toiling up the valley, which at length opened and revealed a parorama of Gasfa below.

> Gasfa, with its oasis, is a town of high mud walls and domed roofs, with clusters of palms here and there, and a belt of verdant foliage bounding it on the north side.

> As the country beyond was new to them, and of quite a different nature from the rolling sands of the desert. they made it their first task, after making a good meal in the house of the head man, to find a trusty guide who could take them through the hill. country.

Then they left Gasfa, and rode for some hours past ruined walls and crumbling gateways and towers, until the country opened out somewhat, but was still bordered with hills, the slopes of which were thick with ver- of powder-smoke. How's that for a

Joe eyed these slopes somewhat

little cloud of fine dust into the air about sixty yards away.

At the same moment the Berbers, with loud cries, waved their longbarrelled guns above their heads and spurred forward in spread-out array.

"Goin' to put up a fine show for us, those chaps are!" cried Joe, leting himself down and unstrapping his rifle. "Get the ponies into some sort of a square, and shelter behind the packs. Shouldn't be surprised if we aren't in for a tidy stiff scrap."

Suddenly Dick, who was watching the Berbers, uttered a cry of warning. "Look! Our chaps are going to do the dirty on us!" he said, as the Berbers spurred on until they reached

the shelter of the trees-half on one side of the defile, half on the otherand, leaping lightly to earth, led their mounts into the dense vegeta-

A moment later a crackle of rifle and musket-fire broke out from the sides of the path, rolling heavily about the hills, as bullets screamed and thudded about the ambushed

Joe growled, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"We're in a nasty hole," he said, flinging off a bandolier and slipping out a heap of cartridges, which he mounded beside him.

Frank grinned, and his eyes were shining with excitement.

"Just what we aren't, old bird! And there's no earthly chance of digging ourselves in. Woo! That was fire from the oncoming men, who a nasty one!" as a big bullet crashed fired even as they rode. against his saddle and smashed a big water-bottle to smithereens. "Give 'em one or two of the best, Dicky!"

Neither Dick nor Pieface needed any urging.

They set to work with a will, pumping a stream of lead into the side of the gorge, and now and then the bullets went home, as there was a flutter amongst the undergrowth, and a white-robed form slid into view and lay, a huddled-up mass, against the hard brown of the earth.

"We're doing fine!" said Frank, when no fewer than seven of these white patches glared in the sun.

"Bet your life!" said Dick. "And their silly old guns don't do much more than make a big flash and a lot

And, catching sight of a lean, suspiciously for the best part of three | brown arm and a long barrel pointdays, but said nothing to the boys, ling from the base of a bush, he drove sand miles if they followed the track | who seemed quite content with the | three shots home in quick succession, he had been forced to take in fleeing I silent, grim-looking guards who be- I and the holder of the weapon uttered

bullet I'll make your bunjik cat the empty cartridge-shells for his supper." "Waste bullets yourself!" grinned Pie, bringing another Berber top-

pling, all arms and legs, into view. "Let's see youms do likewise, also the same."

Joe tried a couple of shots, which went wide, and at the same moment the fusillade from the hill-sides increased in intensity.

For the length of a good half-mile to the right and left the green bushes were stabbed with flashes of flame, around which clouds of grey-blue smoke whirled, and rose slowly in the blazing sunshine.

And then a whole mob of Berbers, sixty or seventy strong, came surging out of cover, and, uttering wild cries, and calling upon Allah to defeat their enemies, they surged down in a cloud upon the defenders of the fort.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Mulai Hafid.

Matters were certainly beginning to look most serious, and Frank was premeditating a concerted rush to meet the attacking force, and to go down fighting in the open, when a most welcome diversion happened.

At the mouth of the gorge there appeared several dozen horsemen, spurring forward through an immense cloud of dust, and crying "Balek!" "Balek!" as they swooped

Frank raised a cheer, which was instantly answered by a burst of rifle-

Their brown djellabs and picturesque burnouses floated in the light breeze as they stood up in their silvermounted stirrups, discharging their pieces with marvellous accuracy.

The boys saw a good dozen of the attackers go down like ninepins before the remnant turned tail and scrambled once more to the trees for

with antique firelocks, but with modern weapons, which rattled continuously against the fleeing Berbers. As they came nearer Frank noticed

The new-comers were armed, not

that their skins were of a darkishbrown hue, while many of them wore almost sandy-coloured beards. The one, however, who appeared to

be the leader, was clean-shaven, and almost black-a fine, tall figure of a man, who sat his tremendous Moroccan saddle with perfect ease and lissom grace. Drawing within earshot, he slipped

his smoking carbine into its holster. and let himself down to the ground. Then he approached, with dignified

step, and, placing both hands on his forehead, bowed almost to the

"In the name of Allah, I salute thee!" he said, in a voice of fine, rich quality.

Joe climbed over the parapet, and extended a smoke-blackened hand.

"Same here, old sport! You're one of the right sort, and no error!" he cried. "Glad to shake your flip. My friends and me wish you the top slice off the morning. Just arrived in the dandy nick, and did the needful in time to preserve us nicely. Come aboard to my cabin, and pass the time of day. Boys, a real gent has arrived to make his number."

The stranger climbed over the parapet, and extended a hearty brown

"Delighted to meet you!" he said, speaking in excellent French. "I happened to be looking round the country with my bodyguard when I heard a sound of gunfire. It was fortunate I arrived—yes!"

"Very fortunate, sir," said Frank, eyeing his visitor from head to foot. You have our best thanks for your assistance. This is my cousin, Dick Polruan, and that's our very great friend, young Mr. Pieface, son of the King of the Fuzzywuzzies, and his baby elephant Bunjie.

'Delighted to meet you all," said the Moor heartily, "and to welcome you to my hill country!"

Joe stared. "I see! So you're the boss man of these parts?"

"That is my privilege," replied the stranger, showing his white teeth. "I am Mulai Hafid, Kaid of Denesra, and my castle, to which I bid you welcome, is just beyond the first range of hills. Perhaps you will allow my

men to help clear up the mess a bit." He spoke with such frank goodnature and charm that they all felt

Joe was soon engaged in earnest that he had been educated in Paris as "What's to be done, then?" asked a young man, and knew many of the pleasure-centres of Europe.

"I guess this is a very happy meetfires burning, and pepper the jossers | ing," purred Joe, as he rode at Mulai till they get so sick of the game that | Hafid's side at the head of the cavalthey throw their hands in. Now, cade. "My word!" he added, glanc-



Waving their long-barrelled guns above their heads, the Berbers spurred forward in spread-out array. "Goin' to put up a fine show for us, those chaps are," remarked Joe Tremorne.

from the wily E! Hajar across the breadth and length of the Dark Continent-looked upon a scene of sur-Moorish barber when we reach passing loveliness after the dreary, unbroken expanses of the Sahara.

> "It's the Valley of Zousfana," said Joe, pointing to a stretch of water, clear as crystal, at the foot of a verdure-clad hill, with an immense mountain peak in the distance. "We follow the sand round by the shore, passing the clusters of palms, and then we come to Gasfa."

The boys were delighted with the "Oh, no, we don'tums! Die chile | change. Already the air was cooler, and a delicious breeze swayed the

tops of the sheltering palms.

of Berbers.

On the fourth day, however, something unexpected—so far as the boys so sanguine. were concerned—happened.

Towards noon, as they were riding their high castled saddles in leisurely fashion, a sharp bang reverberated through the gorge, and the whine of a bullet sounded overhead.

Joe drew rein and glanced about

In the still noonday air a thin spiral of blue rifle-smoke curled lazily upwards from the green of an almondtree, and a second later was followed by another bang, and a bullet pinged heavily into the earth, throwing a Pie, my lad, if I find you wasting a ling round on a scene of absolute

longed to the renowned fighting race | a loud shriek and tumbled hastily out of his shelter. Joe Tremorne, however, was not

"All right, so far as it goes, young feller-me-lads!" he exclaimed. "But we can't keep this jaborree up for ever. This isn't a Woolwich Arsenal | they liked him immensely. or an Enfield Small Arms Factory, and we can't keep our guns going | conversation with him, and discovered

morning, noon, and night."

"Nuthin'-except keep the home