

HAVE YOU MET CECIL, THE TAME ORANG-OUTANG?

(Cecil appears in "The Boys of the 'Bombay Castle'!" our Great School and Adventure Serial. You Will Like Him!)

The BOYS' FRIEND 1 1/2

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending June 8th, 1918.

FOUL PLAY!

A MAGNIFICENT NEW LONG COMPLETE TALE OF
JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

A Kind Invitation.

"I'd like a brass band!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. Jimmy Silver grinned. "I don't think it will run to a brass band," he said. "But we're going to do our merry best."

"Well, so long as we make a row!" "We shall make a row!" grinned Raby. "I fancy all Rookwood will let itself go!"

"Excepting Knowles." "Ha, ha, ha!" The Fistical Four, of the Rookwood Classical Fourth, were holding a "pow-wow" in the end study. The occasion was important.

In fact, it would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of the event that was to take place on the morrow afternoon.

Few Rookwooders would have missed it, even to see the Kaiser hanged, as Arthur Lovell put it.

For Bulkeley was coming back. George Bulkeley of the Sixth—the captain of Rookwood—the head of the Classical side—"old Bulkeley," in fact!

He had only been away a few weeks, but Rookwood had missed him sorely.

But it was not only that they missed "old Bulkeley."

It was the peculiar circumstances of the case that made the event so great.

For Bulkeley had left Rookwood under a cloud.

When he left, his father had been under remand on the charge of robbing the bank in which he was a partner.

Nearly all Rookwood had indignantly repudiated the bare possibility of any relation of old Bulkeley committing such an act.

And Rookwood had been right.

For the innocence of Mr. Bulkeley had been made clear, and the guilt placed upon the right shoulders—those of his partner, James Catesby, the uncle of Catesby of the Modern Sixth.

The rejoicings at Rookwood knew no bounds.

Naturally, Catesby did not rejoice. He couldn't be expected to under the circumstances.

Perhaps he was glad that justice had been done. If so, he concealed his gladness very cleverly.

Most of the fellows felt sorry for Catesby of the Sixth.

He was not responsible for his uncle's rascality, and it had brought deep disgrace upon him.

Fellows wondered whether he would leave Rookwood.

They felt that it would only be tactful on his part.

But Catesby did not go.

There was another member of the Modern Sixth who did not rejoice in the news.

That was Knowles, the new captain of Rookwood.

He had counted on keeping the captaincy, but there was not much prospect of his keeping it after Bulkeley returned.

He had not been a successful skipper during his short reign.

He had caused more discontent than anything else, even on his own side.

It was taken for granted on all hands that Knowles would step down, more or less gracefully, and yield Bulkeley his old place.

If he declined to do so, there would certainly be a new election, in which Bulkeley was sure to poll ten votes to one.

Jimmy Silver & Co., of the Fourth, were among the rejoicers.

They felt that the occasion of Bulkeley's return ought to be marked with a demonstration.

Such an occasion called for recognition.

Bulkeley was coming back on the morrow afternoon.

And Jimmy Silver was planning a march of the Fourth Form to meet him at the station and escort him in triumph to the school.

Half the Sixth were sure to be there to meet him—Neville and Lonsdale and Jones major, and the rest.

Hansom and Lumsden and a crowd of the Fifth intended to go.

But "the thing"—according to the end study—was the Fourth-Form demonstration.

That was "it."

"Of course," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully—"of course, there must be some music. We're going to let half the county know we're glad to see old Bulkeley again. I dare say we can muster a dozen tin whistles in the Fourth."

"Oh, my hat!" said Raby.

"Think Bulkeley cares for tin whistles?" murmured Newcome.

Jimmy did not heed.

"And three or four mouth-organs," he continued, "and cymbals."

"Cymbals!" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes, cymbals," said Jimmy Silver, "and I think an accordion. It will be a regular triumphal march."

"Bravo!" grinned Lovell.

"Knowles hasn't resigned yet," Newcome remarked. "I suppose he will have to when Bulkeley comes back."

"You bet!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"If he puts it to the test of an election, I don't believe half the Moderns even will vote for him. Even they are fed up with the way he's mucked up the cricket. Hallo! Come in!"

Jimmy broke off, as a tap came at the door.

The Fistical Four jumped up in surprise as Cecil Knowles of the Sixth Form came into the study.

Naturally, they supposed that the visit was a hostile one.

Since Knowles had been captain of Rookwood he had been able to pay off a good many old scores against the Classical chums.

There had never been any love lost



A RUMPUS IN KNOWLES' STUDY!

between them, and now there was less than ever.

The Fistical Four eyed Knowles warily.

Jimmy Silver's hand rested lightly on the cane handle of his cricket-bat.

True, Knowles was a prefect, and captain of the school.

But if he had come over to the Classical side to bully the Co. in their own study, it was certain that Jimmy's bat would be introduced into the conversation.

But Knowles smiled at the four in quite an agreeable manner.

"Hallo! Have I interrupted you?" he asked genially.

"Oh, don't mence!" said Jimmy.

"Only discussing giving old Bulkeley a reception to-morrow."

Knowles' eyes glittered.

"Nearly everybody's going to the station to meet him," grinned Lovell.

"We're going to make up a band. We think there ought to be musical honours. Don't you, Knowles?"

Knowles opened his lips, and closed them again.

It was clear that he had not come there to bully, and that he was restraining himself.

But Jimmy Silver watched him warily, all the same.

Knowles might be forcing himself to good temper, but Jimmy, like the sage gentleman of old, feared the Greeks when they came with gifts in their hands.

He did not trust Knowles.

"It will be ripping to have old Bulkeley back again, won't it, Knowles?" said Newcome, enjoying the new captain's expression. "Rookwood hasn't been the same since he went, has it?"

"I—I came here to speak to you kids," said Knowles.

"Go ahead, old scout!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"Will you come to tea in my study?"

"Oh, my hat!"

That ejaculation was not really the proper reply to make to an invitation to tea.

But Jimmy was too astounded to say anything else.

"I've got a rather good spread," said Knowles, with a smile. "I'd like you kids to come if you'd care to."

"You—you're awfully good!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

Tea with a prefect—especially the captain of the school—was a high honour.

Even the Fistical Four felt a little mollified towards Knowles.

"Not at all!" said Knowles.

"Come, will you? I've looked in specially to ask you."

The Fistical Four exchanged a glance.

An invitation from the captain of the school was a good deal like an invitation from Royalty. It amounted to a command.

"T-t-thanks!" said Jimmy at last.

"We—we'll be pleased, Knowles."

"Oh, c-c-certainly!" murmured Lovell.

"Right you are, then," said Knowles, "I'll expect you."

And, with a cheery nod and smile, the captain of Rookwood quitted the end study.

The four Classical juniors blinked at one another as his heavy footsteps died away down the passage.

"So we're going to tea with Knowles!" gasped Lovell, rubbing his nose.

"Looks like it."

"What's his game?" asked Raby.

"Is it a dodge to get us over to the Modern side and rag us?" Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I fancy I know!" grunted Lovell.

Knowles was like sugar just before the captain's election, you know. He's going to contest it with Bulkeley when he comes back, and he knows the Fourth follow our lead. He's electioneering."

"After our votes!" howled Raby.

"That's it."

"He won't get them!"

"That he jolly well won't! But he's after them, all the same," said Lovell, with conviction.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"I suppose that's it," he said. "It can't be anything else. Knowles means to make a fight for it, and he'd like to butter us and get us on his side. Blessed if I think we ought to go under the circus."

"It's arranged now," remarked Newcome. "After all, a feed's a feed in war-time. But we're jolly well not going to vote for Knowles if it comes to an election."

"No jolly fear!"

The minds of the Fistical Four were quite made up on that point when they started for Mr. Manders' House to go to tea with Knowles.

The 2nd Chapter.

Tea with Knowles.

"It's a rotten look-out, Cecil."

Frampton of the Modern Sixth made that remark in Knowles' study.

Knowles nodded glumly.

"I don't see how it's much use puttin' up a fight," continued Frampton. "All the fellows are delighted at the idea of Bulkeley coming back. Even on our side it's the same as with the Classics."

Knowles grunted.

(Continued on the next page.)



"If it goes to a new election, Bulkeley will simply romp home," said Frampton.

"I hope he didn't, anyway," said Frampton. "But it looks bad. It's done our side a lot of harm."

"I don't, for one," grunted Knowles. "Not till it blows over, anyway."

"Some of the Classics have nicknamed this House the Thieves' Kitchen," said Frampton. "There's a lot of feeling on the subject, and—"

"I don't see any chance," said Frampton. "I don't see my chance."

"We may be able to wangle the election," said Knowles desperately. "After all, we had to do some wangling when I got in after Bulkeley went."

"It must work!" muttered Knowles. "I've got to get the voters somehow, if it comes to an election."

"I might try," said Frampton. "The expression on Knowles' face made him uneasy, almost scared."

"You can't stop him coming, I suppose?" "I might try."

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The Classical juniors, thus cordially welcomed, came in. So much civility from two prefects of the Sixth, both of whom disliked them, could have only one meaning; it was flattering, but it was rather palpable.

But the Classical chums, for reasons of politeness, affected to take that unusual cordiality at face value. They grinned as genially as Knowles and Frampton as they came in.

The table had already been laid by Knowles' fag, and there were extra chairs in the study.

In the fender there were piles of fresh toast and poached eggs galore keeping warm. On the table there were two kinds of jam, marmalade, sardines, pilchards, and cake.

It was a very unusual spread for a time of war and rations. However, that seemed rather an uncharitable thought for visitors to entertain, and naturally the juniors made no comment.

The tea-party sat down in a very amicable way. Knowles did not, as the visitors expected, begin on the subject of the expected election.

He chatted with them cheerily on the subject of junior cricket. On that subject, naturally, Jimmy Silver & Co. liked to talk, and Knowles let them talk to their hearts' content.

In spite of their suspicions of Knowles' ulterior motives, the juniors could not help feeling good humour. Knowles could be agreeable when he liked, and he liked now.

In fact, Jimmy Silver & Co. had to admit that they had never really known what an agreeable fellow Knowles of the Sixth could be.

It was not till the spread had been nearly disposed of, and talk had run on junior cricket for some time, that Knowles came down to business.

"You play St. Jim's juniors in a week or two, I believe?" he remarked. "Yes," said Jimmy, helping himself to jam. "In a fortnight, Knowles."

"In a fortnight, Knowles," said Jimmy. "I hope we shall have better luck than you had with St. Jim's First Eleven, Knowles," remarked Lovell, rather unfortunately.

Jimmy kicked his foot under the table. The Fistical Four were not there to make allusions to Knowles' failures as captain of Rookwood.

But Knowles only smiled. "I hope you will," he said. "In fact, I'm sure you will, from what I have seen of your play lately. I've been thinking about that match. To do it justice, you really need to make it a day match."

"It's barely possible that Bulkeley may put up again when he comes back." "Eh! It's certain, isn't it?" exclaimed Lovell, with a stare.

"Not at all. He may or he may not. If he does, there will be a contest," said Knowles calmly. "In that case, I suppose I can rely upon you fellows for the election?"

The cat was out of the bag now! The 3rd Chapter. The Cloven Hoof!

Jimmy Silver & Co. looked, as they felt, extremely uncomfortable. They had had a good tea in Knowles' study, and they had been very friendly.

In fact, they had almost forgotten what a beast Knowles was in the flow of easy geniality that pervaded the tea-party.

Now the Modern captain had come down to business, and they hardly knew what to say. They reddened, and looked at one another, and coughed.

Knowles appeared to notice nothing. "I don't suppose it will be much of a contest," he observed carelessly. "After giving up the captaincy, Bulkeley may not even claim it again. It would be rather inconsiderate, wouldn't it?"

"I don't see that at all," said Lovell at once. Knowles did not seem to hear that remark.

"Of course, I feel bound to contest it if he does," he went on. "I want to do my best for the school in every way. In case of a contest, I'd really like to know whom I can rely on."

"Oh!" said Jimmy awkwardly. He was feeling great discomfort, but he was angry, too. It really was not fair of Knowles to ask fellows to tea, with this intention at the back of his mind.

"Well?" smiled Knowles. "We're backing up Bulkeley, of course!" blurted out Lovell.

"Why, of course?" asked Knowles. "Classical, you know, murmured Raby, with the idea of putting it gently.

"The fact is, Knowles, we shall vote for Bulkeley if there's an election," said Jimmy Silver. "So will every chap on the Classical side, I think, or nearly every one. That's all settled."

Knowles' genial smile faded a little. "Can't I persuade you to change your minds?" he asked. "Can't he do it?"

"Just think it over," said Knowles, coming out more into the open, as it were. "I may as well say that I shall be a friend—a good friend—to every chap who votes for me, and quite the opposite to chaps who don't!"

Knowles' reply was a rush. The can sang through the air, and came down on Jimmy Silver. Jimmy gave a yell.

"Go for him!" Like one man the four piled on Knowles. He had time for only another cut, which caught Lovell across the cheek and made him yell.

Then he came down on the floor with a heavy bump, in the grasp of the four enraged juniors. Lovell snatched the cane away, and dealt Knowles a cut across the shoulders as the other three jammed him down.

Frampton rushed to the rescue. "Smash them!" shrieked Knowles. "Go it, you fellows!" panted Jimmy Silver.

He left Knowles and faced Frampton, who rushed him over, Jimmy Silver clinging to him like a cat. But Jimmy held on, and Frampton went to the floor with him.

It was a fight now between two seniors and four juniors, and it was a "scrap" of unusual vim.

The two big Sixth-Formers were rather too much for the juniors in actual fighting, which was what it had come to. But the Fistical Four were well worthy of their name. They put up a record fight.

One or two of them were on the floor most of the time, but they jumped up again and piled in. Lovell seized the tongs from the fender as Knowles caught up a cricket-stump.

The two weapons crashed together, and the stump went flying, and the next moment the tongs crashed on Knowles' head.

Knowles reeled back with a fiendish yell. Lovell turned on Frampton, slashing recklessly, and the Sixth-Former jumped away in great alarm.

"Cut!" gasped Jimmy Silver, seizing the opportunity. He tore open the study door. The four juniors rushed out, Lovell hurling the tongs back into the study as he went, and they landed on the tea-table with a terrific smash of crockery.

Then the Fistical Four fled for the quadrangle. There was no pursuit. In the study Knowles was nursing his head and panting, and Frampton stood against the wall gasping for breath.

The Fistical Four had certainly not had the worst of it, though they were feeling sore when they arrived on the Classical side.

"Hallo! What's happened to you chaps?" exclaimed Morningson of the Fourth, as they came, panting, into the School House.

"Ow, ow!" gasped Lovell. "We've been to tea with Knowles!" "Faith, you look as if you've enjoyed it intirely!" grinned Flynn.

"Suppose somethin' happened to him on his journey?" Frampton started to his feet, his face quite white.

"Are you potty, Knowles? What are you talking about? Are you thinkin' of somethin' that might land you in prison?"

"Will you help me?" said Knowles, without answering the question. "No, I won't!" exclaimed Frampton violently. "I think you're mad! Leave me out of it! Give up the idea, and don't be a silly fool!"

"Let me alone, then, and keep your mouth shut!" said Knowles savagely. "Cecil, old chap—"

"Oh, give us a rest!" Frampton left the study. His face was pale and troubled as he went out into the quadrangle.

Knowles' chum was not a particular fellow. He would not have been Knowles' chum if he had been. But he had his limits.

The Modern captain was evidently thinking of foul play of the most desperate kind, so savage and bitter was his determination not to be ousted out of the position he had won.

Frampton hung about the quadrangle, his hands driven deep in his pockets, and a worried frown on his brow. He was alarmed for Knowles, alarmed for the consequences that might follow a reckless and lawless act.

Knowles came out of the house at last and started for the gates. Frampton called to him, but he did not answer or turn his head.

Frampton ran after him, overtaking him near the gates. "Knowles, old chap!" he exclaimed. "Knowles' eyes glittered at him."

"Let me alone, you chicken-hearted fool!" he muttered. "I must speak to you!" said Frampton. He caught Knowles' arm and drew him, almost forcibly, into the shade of the beeches, to be unobserved.

"Now, look here, Knowles—" he began. "Cut it short!" snapped Knowles. "You can't stop Bulkeley coming back."

"I'm going to try!" "But—but—" stammered Frampton, almost helplessly. "You must be mad! Are you thinking of making an attack on the fellow in the train?"

"Perhaps." "Even that wouldn't stop him, would it?" "He might be too ill afterwards to take up his position here as captain of the school."

"Knowles!" gasped Frampton. "Well, you asked me," said Knowles, with a bitter sneer. "Come and help me, with a bitter sneer. 'Come and help me, instead of babbling. No need for us to be known. We can get ourselves fixed up at the costumer's in Latham, and Bulkeley won't know us by sight, or anybody else.'

TO THE BOYS AT THE FRONT! If you are unable to obtain this publication regularly, please tell any newsagent to get it from: Messageries HACHETTE et Cie., 111, Rue de Valenciennes, PARIS.

"Old Bulkeley!" stammered Tubby. "Knowles has gone to Latcham—"

"Well?"

"He's going to get into the train with Bulkeley?"

"Well?"

"And—murder him!" stammered Tubby.

"What!" yelled the Fistical Four.

"I—I heard him say so! Oh, dear!"

The 5th Chapter.

The Fistical Four Take a Hand.

Jimmy Silver closed the study door. Then he grasped Tubby Muffin by the shoulder.

Tubby's astounding statement, of course, was not believed for a moment, but Jimmy could see that there was something behind it.

"Explain yourself, you young ass," he said sternly. "Don't shout. Now, get it off your chest, and keep to the facts."

In breathless excitement Tubby Muffin babbled out what he had heard under the beeches.

The Fistical Four listened in dumb amazement and wrath.

"It can't be true!" said Raby, when Tubby had gasped to a finish. "Even Knowles wouldn't be such a hooligan."

"I heard him!" panted Muffin. "He's going to the costumier's in Latcham to get disguised, and he's going to attack Bulkeley in the train. He said so. He said Bulkeley would be too ill afterwards to become captain of Rookwood. He's got to be stopped! Oh, dear!"

"My hat!" said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath.

"You believe him, Jimmy?"

"It's true!" yelled Tubby indignantly.

"I think he heard what he says," said Jimmy Silver. "Knowles is pretty desperate. Of course, he doesn't mean to hurt Bulkeley very seriously. But—but he means to hurt him, you chaps, so that he can't be captain of the school here. He means to hurt him enough to lay him up."

"Jimmy!"

"He may reckon that if he could keep the job for the rest of the term he would be able to secure himself in it," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "It's a jolly desperate idea. But Knowles is desperate, I believe. He's simply furious at the idea of giving up the captaincy. I know it sounds thick, but—but I think Tubby's telling us the truth."

"The awful villain!" said Newcome.

"Let's go to the Head!" exclaimed Lovell.

"No good," said Jimmy quietly. "We don't want to start a disgrace that would stick to Rookwood for years. And it's too late for the Head to interfere. Tubby says Knowles has started."

"I saw him go!" gasped Muffin.

"And besides, though I believe the yarn, I shouldn't care to repeat it to the Head. He wouldn't believe it," said Jimmy Silver. "This is where we come in, you fellows. I think Tubby's got it right, but I'm not sure. We're not going to Coombe Station with the fellows, after all. We're going to bike over to Latcham!"

"Phew!"

"Did Knowles start on foot, Tubby?"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Then he's going by the local train. We can beat that on our bikes," said Jimmy Silver. "We know the costumier's in Latcham. We've had things there for the Players' Society here. If we see Knowles go in there that will settle it, and we can see that he doesn't get a chance at Bulkeley. Tubby, don't say a word about this to anybody. We'll skin you if you do!"

"I—I say, Jimmy—"

"You'll get flogged for saying such a thing about a prefect, Tubby; and, remember, you can't prove it," said Jimmy Silver. "You don't want to be expelled for slandering Knowles, I suppose?"

"Ow!" gasped Tubby.

"You can leave it to us to look after Bulkeley. Keep your mouth shut, old chap! We don't want a scandal in the school!"

"I—I won't say anything!" stammered Tubby. "Knowles would be beast enough to deny it, and say I—I was making it up! Ow!"

"He jolly well would!" grinned Lovell. "Come on, you chaps!"

The Fistical Four hurried out of the study, leaving Tubby Muffin gasping.

Five minutes later they were on their bicycles, riding for Latcham as hard as they could go.

The great reception at Coombe was left in less capable hands, but that could not be helped.

The 6th Chapter.

A Surprise for Knowles.

"Here we are!" panted Arthur Edward Lovell.

It had been a rapid ride.

The miles had fairly flown under the whizzing wheels, and Jimmy Silver & Co. had arrived in Latcham long ahead of the slow local train from Coombe—the train in which Knowles was travelling.

They had put up their machines at the station, and in a rather ruddy and breathless state walked down the High Street to the costumier's.

On the opposite side of the way the four juniors stopped in an entry, which was nearly blocked by a barrow turned on end.

It was an excellent coign of vantage for watching the shop opposite without being seen themselves.

There, in cover, they were able to take breath at last.

To passers-by they looked like a group of schoolboys who had stopped there for a chat, or to wait for some acquaintance. But they kept a very keen eye on the costumier's opposite.

Jimmy Silver looked at his watch.

"A quarter of an hour ahead of Knowles," he remarked.

"Good!"

"Suppose Tubby was pulling the long-bow," murmured Raby. "We've had a dickens of a ride for nothing."

"It was worth risking that, Raby."

"Well, yes."

"We'll soon see, anyway," said Jimmy. "If Knowles goes into the costumier's, and comes out looking different, that settles it."

"But—but could he have the nerve?" muttered Lovell. "What would the blessed costumier think?"

"Knowles would spin him some yarn—say it was a practical joke, or something. He's done a lot of business with the Rookwood fellows, you know. He'll do what Knowles wants, and without guessing that the rotter has such a scheme in his petty head."

The juniors watched.

Twenty minutes passed, and then Jimmy Silver uttered a low exclamation.

On the opposite side of the street a well-known figure came into view.

It was Cecil Knowles, of the Rookwood Sixth.

"My hat!" murmured Lovell, his last doubt vanishing. "It's true."

Knowles disappeared into the costumier's establishment.

The Fistical Four waited.

It was a quarter of an hour later that someone came out of the costumier's.

Had not the juniors been watching keenly for Knowles, they certainly would not have suspected that this was a Rookwood prefect.

His face was darkly red, as if sunburnt, and he wore a dark moustache. He had changed his clothes for a check suit, and his straw hat for a cloth cap. He looked a rather "loud" young man, and certainly not much like a Sixth-Former of Rookwood.

"Is—is that Knowles?" muttered Lovell.

"Well?" said the three together.

"It was Knowles. He's spun Mr. Jones a yarn that he's taking a rise out of the bobby at Coombe," said Jimmy breathlessly. "Passing himself off as a chap of military age, you know, to get taken up, and then owning up that he's only a chap at school. We'll work that wheeze off on Bogs ourselves one of these days. Knowles has stuffed up Mr. Jones with that—jolly cute! Come on!"

The Fistical Four walked along to Latcham Station.

At the ticket-office they caught sight of the young man in tweeds with the dark moustache.

He was taking a ticket for Coombe.

He went to the platform, and when he was quite gone Jimmy Silver hurried to the booking-office and took four tickets for the village near Rookwood.

The Classical chums came along to the barrier, and spotted Knowles.

The disguised prefect was keeping back behind some trucks and baggage on the platform, watching the entrance.

The juniors did not go on the platform. They did not want Knowles to spot them there.

The train was not yet due to start, and some minutes before it was due a figure they knew well crossed the bridge from the other platform.

It was Bulkeley of the Sixth, the old captain of Rookwood.

From behind a truck the juniors watched him.

Bulkeley looked very bright and happy. The clearing of his father's name and his own return in all honour to Rookwood had made George Bulkeley very happy indeed.

He disappeared on the platform.

"Train's in!" muttered Lovell, a few minutes later.

The juniors looked over the barrier. Bulkeley of the Sixth had been pacing

"Bulkeley!" shouted Lovell. "Bulkeley! Make him let us in! We'll lose the train!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley looked over his newspaper. He smiled as he saw the juniors through the carriage window.

"Hallo, you kids!" he exclaimed cheerily. "What's the trouble?"

"Make this chap let us in, Bulkeley!" "Let that door alone, please!" rapped out Bulkeley, little dreaming that he was speaking to a schoolfellow. "What are you keeping the boys out for?"

"Urry up, there! Now, then!"

Bulkeley came across the carriage, and as Knowles did not let go, the captain of Rookwood grasped his wrist and forced him to release the handle.

Jimmy Silver tore the door open.

The Fistical Four bundled headlong into the carriage.

The disguised prefect sank back in his seat, almost panting.

Bulkeley looked at him grimly as the guard slammed the door.

"Sorry to handle you like that," he said. "But you had no right to keep the boys out. They might have lost the train."

Knowles made no reply. He was afraid that Bulkeley might recognise his voice, though not his looks.

With bitterness and rage in his heart, he sat staring from the window as the train rolled out of Latcham Station.

The 7th Chapter.

Show Up!

Jimmy Silver & Co. sat down breathless, but smiling.

Bulkeley seemed pleased to see them there.

"Did you know I was coming by this train, you young scamps?" he asked.

"What-ho!" answered Lovell. "You



"Knowles is in this carriage," said Jimmy Silver. "Look here!" With a quick movement Jimmy Silver caught at the dark moustache on Cecil Knowles' face, and it came away in his hand.

"Same height," said Jimmy Silver. "Same way of walking—as if the earth belonged to him. See how he's looking round him, too—on his guard. See how he's fingering his moustache; it feels odd to him, of course, and he thinks it may come loose. What?"

"You ought to be a giddy detective," Jimmy said Raby. "All the same, I wouldn't bet that that was Knowles."

"We'll jolly soon make sure," said Jimmy. "I believe it is, but we can make sure. Wait here a minute."

Jimmy Silver hurried across the street. He peered into the costumier's shop cautiously. It was empty, save for Mr. Jones himself.

Jimmy entered. The costumier, who knew Jimmy well, smiled a greeting.

"Knowles still here, Mr. Jones?" asked Jimmy boldly.

Mr. Jones smiled.

"No, Master Knowles has just gone," he answered.

"Oh, what a pity!" said Jimmy diplomatically. "Still, I suppose you did what he wanted, Mr. Jones?"

"I see you know about it, Master Knowles," said Mr. Jones, laughing. "Rather more in your style than Master Knowles', though, I should have thought, to play such a joke on the village policeman."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Jimmy, wondering what Knowles had given Mr. Jones by way of an explanation.

"Ha, ha!" echoed Mr. Jones. "Very funny indeed! The policeman will be ready to kick himself, I imagine, when he takes up Master Knowles as an absentee, and finds out that he is only a school-boy. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Jimmy. "Good-afternoon, Mr. Jones! Sorry I missed Knowles."

He left the shop, and rejoined his chums in the entry.

the platform till the local train was ready to start.

There were very few people on the platform, and the juniors saw him easily as he went along the train looking for a carriage.

Behind him walked the young man in tweeds.

Bulkeley stepped into a carriage.

The young man in tweeds a moment later stepped into the same carriage, and closed the door after him.

A passenger tried the door, and passed on.

The juniors could guess that it was being held within.

"The rotter!" muttered Raby. "He wants to be alone with Bulkeley on the journey. The awful rascal!"

"Better get a move on, Jimmy," said Lovell. "Train starts in a minute and a half."

"Come on!" answered Jimmy.

They went in at the gate and along the platform to the same carriage that Bulkeley and the disguised prefect had entered.

Bulkeley was seated in the opposite corner of the carriage, reading a newspaper.

The young man in tweeds was on the near side, and as the juniors stopped at the door he gave a violent start, and grasped the handle within as Jimmy Silver grasped it without.

"Urry up, there!" called out the guard.

Jimmy tugged at the handle.

"Let us in!" he shouted.

Knowles held the door fast within.

He had not the faintest suspicion that the juniors knew who he was, but the sight of them had startled him, and if they came into the carriage he felt that his dastardly scheme would be nipped in the bud.

He held on savagely to the handle, and kept the door shut.

don't mind us travelling with you, Bulkeley?"

"Not at all; I'm glad to see you."

"It's ripping for you to be coming back!"

"Thank you!" said Bulkeley, with a smile.

"And you're going to be captain of Rookwood again?" exclaimed Newcome.

"I shall put up, at all events," said Bulkeley. "Of course, there will have to be a new election."

"That will be a walk-over," said Raby.

"Poor old Knowles!" smiled Jimmy Silver.

Not by a sign had the juniors revealed that they knew the identity of the young man in tweeds, sitting silent and sullen in the corner.

That Knowles could not carry out his intention in their presence was certain.

Bulkeley was saved from the intended attack.

He little dreamed of the danger he had run, and what the chums of the Fourth had saved him from.

"I've got some news for you, Bulkeley," said Jimmy Silver, as the train hummed on towards Coombe.

"Yes, kid?"

"It's about Knowles."

There was a start from the young man in tweeds.

"Don't say anything against Knowles to me, Silver!" said Bulkeley, with a stern note in his voice.

"Can't be helped," answered Jimmy coolly. "A fellow in our Form heard Knowles saying that he was going to damage you, Bulkeley, to such an extent that you'd be laid up, and couldn't take up your job at Rookwood."

The fellow in the corner seat jumped, and his eyes turned on Jimmy Silver.

Bulkeley knitted his brows.

"Silver, how dare you say such a wicked, untruthful thing?" he exclaimed. "I am

surprised at you! My first job at Rookwood will be to give you a licking."

"It's true, Bulkeley."

"Nonsense!"

"You've got to hear me, Bulkeley! Knowles planned to go to the costumier's at Latcham, and get himself changed in looks, so that he could go for you without recognising him."

"Silence!" exclaimed Bulkeley angrily.

"His game was to get in the same carriage with you, and keep other passengers out," pursued Jimmy Silver, unmoved. "You wouldn't recognise him, Bulkeley, with his make-up on. He was going to knock you on the head, or injure you in some way."

"Another word, Silver, and I'll lick you now!" shouted Bulkeley. "How dare you say such things?"

"Because they're true, old scout!" retorted Jimmy. "Knowles is in the carriage at this minute."

"What!"

"Look here!"

With a quick movement Jimmy Silver caught at the dark moustache on the stained face of Cecil Knowles.

It came off in his hand as he jerked at it.

Knowles sprang to his feet.

In spite of his make-up, the loss of the moustache rendered him recognisable at a close scrutiny.

Bulkeley stared at him blankly.

"That's Knowles!" said Jimmy Silver coolly. "And he's got some weapon about him, Bulkeley, and you'd have had the benefit of it but for us. Ah, would you?"

The enraged prefect fairly hurled himself upon Jimmy Silver.

His plot was shattered, and he was not even to escape discovery and disgrace.

In his rage, he grasped Jimmy Silver with almost murderous violence.

But the Fistical Four were ready for him.

Four pairs of hands closed on Knowles, and, with a crash, he was brought to the floor of the carriage.

"Got him!" panted Lovell.

"Look here!" yelled Raby. He had dragged a loaded stick from the prefect's pocket. "Look at that, Bulkeley! That was for you."

Bulkeley seemed petrified for a moment. He took the loaded stick, and shuddered.

"Let him get up," he said, in a low voice.

The juniors released the disguised prefect.

Knowles scrambled to his feet, panting.

"So you are Knowles," said Bulkeley quietly. "Yes, I recognise you now. You have fallen to this!"

Knowles panted.

"Hang you—hang you!" he ground the words between his teeth. "Do your worst, hang you! I shall deny every word—every word!"

Bulkeley's lip curled.

"You will not need to deny it," he answered. "Silver, and the rest of you, you're done me a very great service."

"Always put your money on the end stall!" murmured Lovell.

"You've saved me from injury, and Knowles from a crime he would have been sorry for afterwards," said Bulkeley, in the same quiet tones. "Will you do me another service?"

"Anything you like, Bulkeley," said the four at once.

"Keep this secret."

"Oh!"

"Don't say a word about it," said Bulkeley. "Knowles will be sorry later he thought of such a horrible thing—I know that! We've got the good name of Rookwood to think of. Promise me to keep this secret."

The juniors hesitated a moment.

"And let him off?" exclaimed Lovell incredulously. "After what he was going to do to you, Bulkeley?"

"Yes. I ask it as a favour."

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.

"Just as you like, Bulkeley. I—I promise, if you like."

And his chums said the same. After all, Bulkeley was right—the story would have disgraced Rookwood School, as well as the wretched, plotting prefect.

"It rests with you, Knowles, whether this disgraceful thing ever becomes known," said Bulkeley, and he sat down.

Knowles was silent.

"I—I—" he stammered, at last. "I—I'm sorry, Bulkeley! I—I was—was excited—I was bitter. I—I beg your pardon. I—I'm glad I was stopped," he added, and there was at least some sincerity in the words.

Knowles left the train at a station before Coombe.

That afternoon's incident was to remain buried in oblivion. It was better for all concerned.

When the train ran into Coombe the Fistical Four alighted with Bulkeley, and there was a roar of welcome from a crowded platform.

"Hallo! Did you fellows go to Latcham to meet Bulkeley?" shouted Mornington.

"Cheeky boudners!"

"We've taken old Bulkeley under our wing, you know," explained Jimmy Silver airily. "We thought we'd see him safe home. Now, then, you beggars, yell!"

And yell they did. It was quite a triumphal march to Rookwood, and the musical honours were simply deafening.

There was no election; Knowles quietly resigned the untenable post, and Bulkeley stepped into his old place with the hearty approval of all Rookwood.

And afterwards, when he had time to reflect upon the matter coolly, probably Cecil Knowles himself was glad that he had not succeeded in his foul play.

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

"THE SCARE AT ROOKWOOD!" By OWEN CONQUEST. DON'T MISS IT!



"THE GENTLE SHEPHERD!"

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.

The 1st Chapter. The New Master.

"Gather round!" grinned Bob Lawless. "And listen!" murmured Chunky Todgers. There was a suppressed chuckle among the fellows gathered in the playground at Cedar Creek School. Frank Richards & Co. were smiling. Mr. Shepherd, the new master at the lumber school, had just emerged from his cabin. It was upon the new master that all eyes were fixed. Apparently, Mr. Horatio Shepherd appealed to the humorous side of Cedar Creek. He was a tall young man, slim and rather graceful in appearance, and certainly very good-looking. He was dressed with great care, in somewhat expensive "store-clothes," and at a glance it could be seen that he set great store by his personal appearance. In the rough-and-ready Thompson Valley that was not a great recommendation for any man. Mr. Shepherd was newly out from England. He had had a post in a boarding-school in Ontario, and possibly had not given complete satisfaction there. At all events, he had transferred the scene of his activities to British Columbia. Frank Richards, who remembered his earlier schooldays in the Old County, had been rather interested to hear that Mr. Shepherd was a public-school man. But that weighed little or nothing with the denizens of the Thompson Valley. So long as a man could do his work, and did it, they cared little whence he came, or what he had been before he came. It is possible that Mr. Shepherd had accepted the offer of a post at the backwoods school, without being fully aware of the remoteness and rusticity of Cedar Creek. Certainly he did not seem to realize that he was in the backwoods. He dressed with as much care as if about to promenade in a fashionable street in Montreal or Quebec, and he spoke with an accent that amazed and delighted the Cedar Creek fellows. Miss Meadows, the schoolmistress, had been a little surprised by Horatio Shepherd; but the boys and girls of Cedar Creek were not only surprised—they were amazed and overjoyed. As Bob Lawless remarked, it prevented things from getting dull when a young man like Horatio came along to have his leg pulled. Mr. Shepherd did his work in class well enough. He was "up" to much more scholastic work than was required of him at the lumber school, and the boys suspected that he was inclined to turn up his nose at his simple surroundings. It was becoming a standing joke among the Cedar Creek fellows to get Mr. Shepherd to talk, just to listen to him, and imitate him afterwards. Never had the Canadian lads listened to such an accent as Mr. Shepherd's. "Now, then, don't gurgel!" murmured Bob Lawless. "Don't let the galoot know that we're pulling his leg." "He wouldn't guess that in a month of Sundays!" grunted Eben Hacke. "Not likely!" grinned Chunky Todgers. "Shush!" murmured Frank Richards. Mr. Shepherd came along by the group, and glanced at them in a languid way. "Good-mornin', boys!" he said. There were plenty of fellows in the Thompson Valley who dropped their final g's, but not in the way Mr. Shepherd did it. Mr. Shepherd did it intentionally, with malice aforethought, as it were. Frank Richards was the only fellow at Cedar Creek who had lived among people where the final "g" was excluded from speech. To the rest it came as a novelty, when they found that Mr. Shepherd was doing it on purpose. Mr. Shepherd's voice was slow, almost drawing, and very aristocratic in tone. It was high-pitched, and sounded as if Mr. Shepherd found it rather an effort to speak at all. "Good-mornin', sir!" answered the boys in chorus, dropping their "g's" in imitation of Mr. Shepherd. "A very fine mornin'," said the new master. "Yes, sir; the sun is shinin', and the birds are singin', and everythin' is toppin'," said Bob Lawless gravely. There was an irrepressible gurgle from Chunky Todgers, and the new master glanced at him.

"I hope you like Cedar Creek, sir," said Frank Richards hastily. "Yaas!" Another gurgle from Chunky. He was really excusable; he had never heard "yes" pronounced like that before. "A very pleasant quartah," added Mr. Shepherd condescendingly. "The 'quartah' tickled the Cedar Creek juniors very much. "It's a quartah where any fellah might like to lingah, isn't it, sir?" asked Bob Lawless. "Yaas." "Especially now the weathah is gettin' bettah!" suggested Bob. Mr. Shepherd looked at him. "Yaas," he assented. "I rathah considah that the weathah has distinctly been improvin' lately." And he walked on gracefully to the schoolhouse. The schoolboys stared at one another. It really seemed impossible that Mr. Shepherd had not observed that Bob Lawless was making fun of him, but evidently he hadn't. "Of all the howlin' asses!" said Tom Lawrence. "Wrong!" said Bob. "You mean howlin' asses." "Ha, ha, ha!" "The man must be a duffer to play the goat like that here," said Vere Beauclerc, with a frown. "He talks a bit like your popper, Beau, only more so," grinned Chunky Todgers. "I say, he will be a standing joke if he keeps it up." "You should have seen him in the store yesterday," said Gurtien, the son of the storekeeper at Thompson. "He told the salesman that he wanted gaitahs of good leathah, and the galoot nearly fainted." "Ha, ha, ha!" "People gathered round to hear him talk, and he never noticed it," chuckled Gurtien. "I thought Eben Dick would have sailed into him. But he seemed too overcome." "People will think he's putting on side," said Frank, half laughing and half vexed. Frank was not pleased at a fellow-countryman becoming an object of ridicule. "So he is, isn't he?" asked Todgers. "Well, not exactly; it's only a way, you know." "Do they all talk like that in the Old Country?" asked Lawrence. "Ha, ha! No. But lots do; it's only a way they have." "Lots of queer English customs, and no mistake," remarked Lawrence. "Hopkins here chuckles off all his first 'h's,' and now Shepherd chuckles his last 'g's.' He doesn't drop his 'h's,' though." "Ere, 'old on!' exclaimed Harold Hopkins warmly. "Who chuckles his aitches, I'd like to know?" "Ha, ha, ha!" The Cockney schoolboy looked indignant. "If you want your 'ead punched, Lawrence, you've only got to say so," he said. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Ain't they a pair?" chuckled Chunky Todgers. "But the Gentle Shepherd is funnier than Hopkins—he does it on purpose." "Look 'ere—" "Hallo, there goes the bell!" Cedar Creek crowded in to school, in a very hilarious mood. The Gentle Shepherd, as the boys had already nicknamed the new master, had added considerably to the gaiety of the lumber school.

The 2nd Chapter. Quite an Accident!

Miss Meadows wore an unaccustomed frown in the school-room. The Canadian schoolmistress was well aware of the hilarity with which her pupils regarded the new assistant master. It did not make for order in the school, and Miss Meadows found it a little annoying. Indeed, she had thought once or twice of giving Mr. Shepherd a hint that the manners and customs of Bond Street were out of place in the Canadian backwoods. But it was rather a delicate matter. Mr. Shepherd seemed so oblivious of his own defects. He put on "side" with so much simplicity and naturalness, and he was so openly in a state of complete satisfaction with himself, that giving a hint was a difficult matter. He was out of place at the lumber school, as a matter of fact, and unless he was able to "shake down," he was not likely to be of much use. Mr. Slimmey, the other master, glanced at him once or twice from his end of the big school-room.

Mr. Slimmey was a very quiet and un-demonstrative gentleman, and the new master had treated him with condescending patronage ever since his arrival. Mr. Slimmey did not quite know how to deal with that, and for the present he gave the new man his head, so to speak. But a slightly impatient expression crossed his face when he heard the new master speaking to his class about Australiah, and Canadah, and the British Emphah. The Gentle Shepherd's class was in a state of subdued mirth, and but for the presence of Miss Meadows in the school-room, the mirth would have been a good deal less subdued. Mr. Shepherd's peculiar fastidiousness would have excited remark anywhere; but in a backwoods school it was ludicrously out of place. "That galoot's simply come along to make us joyful," said Eben Hacke, when the boys came out of school. "I guess I'm going to have some fun with him!" Hacke ran off to the corral for a trail-rop. He came back with the rope looped over his arm, a running noose at the end of it. "Has he come out yet?" he asked breathlessly. "No," answered Frank Richards. "He's talking to Miss Meadows inside. What are you up to with that rope, Hacke?" "I guess I'm going to lasso him—by accident!" "What!" yelled Frank. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Only by accident, of course," said Hacke. "He'll never see it. Mind you, galoots, the minute I rope him in, you all drag on the rope, without knowing it's caught him!" "I say, Hacke—" "Draw it mild!" said Beauclerc. "He can't be such an ass as to think that it's an accident!" "I guess he's jay enough for anything!" answered Hacke, grinning. "You watch out! I'm lassoing you, Bob, and it falls on him by accident—see?" "Ha, ha!" "Here he comes!" murmured Chunky Todgers. The schoolboys looked away from Mr. Shepherd as he came sauntering gracefully out of the porch. Apparently they did not see him coming. Eben Hacke whirled the lasso through the air. He was half-turned away from Mr. Shepherd as he made the cast, and certainly did not look as if he were trying to lasso the master; but Hacke was an expert with the rope. The noose settled suddenly over Mr. Shepherd's head, and slid down to his waist. Hacke started running at the same moment, three or four fellows catching hold of the rope with him, and running, too. The rope tautened instantly, and the

noose was tight round Mr. Shepherd's slim waist. Before the new master knew what was happening, he was whirled off his feet, and came down with a bump to the ground. There was a wild yell as he landed. "Yah! What—Great heavens! Yaroooh—Oh! Begad! Ah! Help!" With hands and legs wildly flying, Mr. Shepherd was whirled along the ground at the end of the rope. There was a shriek of laughter from all sides. Mr. Shepherd made frantic efforts to get on his feet, but the dragging rope pulled him over again every time, and he went tumbling and flying along. "Ha, ha, ha!" Bob Lawless clung to the porch, almost weeping. The yells of laughter brought Miss Meadows into the playground. The schoolmistress stood nearly petrified at the sight of the new master whirling along, heels over head. "Hacke!" she shrieked at last. Eben Hacke looked round. "Yes, marm?" "What are you doing? Release Mr. Shepherd at once! How dare you!" panted the schoolmistress. Hacke stared at Mr. Shepherd, who had now come to a halt, and was sprawling on the ground, struggling for breath. "By gum!" ejaculated Hacke, with a look of astonishment. "It's Mr. Shepherd! Oh, dear!" The schoolboys rushed to the fallen man. Hacke unloosed the lasso, and it was dragged up. Mr. Shepherd sat up dazedly. "Groogh! Hoooh! Yoooop!" he spluttered. "Not hurt, sir?" exclaimed Hacke. "How ever did you get in the way of the rope, sir? Why didn't you call out?" "Grooogh!" "Help him up," gasped Frank Richards, struggling to repress his merriment. "I hope you're not hurt, sir." "Grooogh!" Mr. Shepherd was set upon his feet. His "store-clothes" were in a sad state, torn and dusty, and he looked dragged and dishevelled from head to foot. He stood gasping for breath, evidently not quite aware whether he was on his head or his heels. Miss Meadows hurried to the spot. "Mr. Shepherd, you are not hurt?" "Groogh! Nunnno!" gasped the young man dazedly. "Somethin'—er—caught me; a—er—rope, I think. I was—er—oh, dear!—pulled over, by gad!" "Hacke! How dare you play such a trick?" "I couldn't guess Mr. Shepherd was going to put his head into the rope, miss," said Hacke. "We often play with lassoes in the playground." Miss Meadows gave him an expressive look. She was not inclined to believe that the affair was an accident; but perhaps she deemed it judicious not to inquire too closely. "I—I—I am feelin' rathah upset!" gasped Mr. Shepherd. "If it was an accident, please do not punish the boy, Miss Meadows. Groogh! I think I will—ah!—retiah to my cabin." And he did. And the Cedar Creek fellows streamed out of the gates, where they could yell without being heard by Miss Meadows.

The 3rd Chapter. Bob's Little Scheme.

"I've got an idea!" said Bob Lawless, as the three chums led their horses out of the corral, after lessons at Cedar Creek. "Go it!" said Frank. "Let's ride over to Thompson, before we go home," said Bob. "I want to see a man." "Right you are!" Frank and Bob and Vere Beauclerc mounted their horses, and rode up the Thompson trail, instead of heading for home. "Who's the man?" asked Frank, as they trotted along, under the high branches that overhung the trail, green now in the early summer. "Injun Dick." "What!" exclaimed Frank and Beauclerc together. "That's the pilgrim," said Bob. "I'm going to spring Injun Dick on the Gentle Shepherd. I guess Injun Dick will make his hair curl!" "Oh, my hat!" said Frank. "It's too bad making fun of that duffer!" said Beauclerc, laughing. "Oh, rot!" answered Bob. "He was born to make people joyful, you can see that. He knows as much about Canada as he knows about the mountains in the moon; and I reckon that a real Red man on the war-trail will make him hop some! It will be no end funny!" Frank Richards grinned at the idea. It was not much use arguing with Bob Lawless when that cheerful youth was on the trail of a joke, and his chums let him have his way. They arrived at the town of Thompson, and proceeded to look for Injun Dick. Injun Dick was one of the sights of Thompson. He was an Apache Indian, a race not native to Canada. Injun Dick was many a hundred miles from his native hunting-grounds. He had once been a great warrior of the Apache tribe, and he had fought in the last Apache war in Arizona, when the last defence of their hunting-grounds by the Red tribes had been broken for ever. The remnants of his defeated tribe had been scattered far and wide, and the warrior had wandered far from his native heath. That was long ago, and since then the potent fire-water of the palefaces had not

left much trace of the warrior about Injun Dick. By way of California and Oregon he had wandered to the North, till he had found a kind of home in the Thompson Valley. But the old Apache had not taken to work. Sometimes he carried messages or did odd jobs in the town, and in the summer he was sometimes seen fishing, and occasionally he would go into the mountains to hunt, though whether he was hunting for game or other people's property was a question that had no answer. But as a rule Injun Dick could be found adorning the rail in front of the Red Dog saloon with his person, his tattered blanket draped round him with some remnant of his old dignity. His life was spent on the look-out for stray drinks, which often came his way from compassionate miners or rancho hands, though probably the unfortunate man would have been better off without them. "Here he is!" said Bob Lawless, as he slipped off his horse in front of the Red Dog. Injun Dick was leaning on the rail, his old blanket round him, apparently half-asleep. His copper face glistened in the afternoon sun. He was basking in the warm rays, a good deal like a cat, and perhaps dreaming of the warmer climate he had left so many years ago for ever. Half-asleep as he seemed, his eyes opened sharply at the sound of footsteps. The three schoolboys stopped, and he blinked at them. "Injun thirsty!" he said. That was the old Apache's greeting to anyone who stopped to speak to him. Injun Dick had an insatiable thirst. Water could not quench it. Not that he ever tried water. "Still thirsty?" smiled Bob Lawless. "Fire-water!" said the noble Red man. "Never mind the fire-water now," answered Bob. "I want you to do something for me, Dick. There's a dollar at the end of it." The Red man held out a coppersy hand. "Dollar first!" he said briefly. "No fear!" answered Bob promptly. "I know where your dollar will go, Dicky, and you may be in the calaboose to-morrow. Will you come along to Cedar Creek to-morrow and do something for me?" Injun Dick looked disappointed, but he nodded. Evidently he considered that a dollar in hand was worth two in the bush, but a dollar in the bush was better than nothing. "Well, listen to me," said Bob. "You used to be a great chief, Dick. No end big gun Injun—eh?" "The Apache's eyes gleamed for a moment. "Ka-noon-ka great brave!" he said. "Hundred scalps in wigwam. Long ago." "Just as well that it's long ago," murmured Frank Richards. There was no doubt that Ka-noon-ka—alias Injun Dick—had lifted a good many scalps in the old days, before his tribe was broken and scattered. "Well, I want you to play at it to-morrow," said Bob. "Rub up your war-paint a bit, you know, and come along to Cedar Creek as a great warrior. Savvy?" "Oh, great Injun kill?" "Oh, great Scott, no!" yelled Bob Lawless. "You get hanged if you kill anybody in Canada!" The Red man grinned. "No kill," he said. "Great white chief Henderson come with rope. Wah! I have spoken." Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, had evidently impressed the noble Red man with a respect for law and order. "I don't want you to kill anybody!" exclaimed Bob. "I want you to scare a tenderfoot—make him believe that you're a regular rip-snorter of a red brave, after his scalp, and scare him out of his seven senses. But don't hurt him. Injun savvy?" "Me savvy." "It's a new master at our school," said Bob. "I'll point him out to you—a Mr. Shepherd." "Injun know." "You've seen him?" asked Frank. "You bet! See him at store," explained Injun Dick. "Hear talk. Injun know. Wah!" "Good!" said Bob. "Well, that's the antelope. He generally trots out for a walk along the creek after morning lessons in school. That's when you'll jump on him to-morrow. Give a yell, same as you used to on the war-path, and chase him. But mind you don't hurt him. It's only a joke." Injun Dick grinned. "Injun savvy." "Then it's a trade?" said Bob. "All O.K.!" said Injun Dick, holding out a coppersy paw again. "Injun work raffle, you bet. Two dollar!" "I said one dollar." "Injun say two!" answered the Red man calmly. "Well, it's worth it," said Bob. "Two dollars, if you give him a jolly good scare." "You bet! One dollar to-day, one dollar to-morrow." Bob looked doubtful. "Well, here you are!" he said, handing over the dollar. "Mind, about half-past one to-morrow outside the school!" "Injun savvy." Bob Lawless added a few more instructions, to which Injun Dick listened, with a longing eye fastened on the doorway of the saloon. The moment the schoolboys mounted their horses the Red man made a dive for the doorway, and disappeared into the Red Dog. The chums of Cedar Creek rode homeward in a merry humour. They were looking forward very keenly to the morrow.

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