

The Most Amazing Boys' Story Ever Written!

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE "PENNY POPULAR." **WAR TIME PRICE**

No. 903. Vol. XVIII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending September 28th, 1918.

The Boys Who Beat The Kaiser.

By DUNCAN STORM.



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**PEELE ON THE
WARPATH!**

A Magnificent Long Complete
Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co.
By OWEN CONQUEST

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GOLD-SEEKERS!**

A Splendid Long Complete Tale
of Frank Richards & Co.
By MARTIN CLIFFORD

THE GREAT JOY RIDE!

had concocted a dastardly scheme for getting his revenge. The boys went ashore at a place named El Katif. Suddenly a hippopotamus appeared on the scene, and lunged at Arty Dove. It seemed that nothing could save Arty, when Horace, the goat, charged full-tilt into the hippo.

(Read on from here.)

The Joy-Riders.

Arty Dove's life hung on a slender thread as the huge hippopotamus charged him.

Down on his face on the ground, he stood no chance as the great beast towered over him, looking as big as an express engine in the uncertain light of the moon.

But the thread on which Arty's life hung was a good tough one. It was Horace, the goat. Good old Horace! Ill-tempered and cantankerous though he was, Horace had taken a queer goatish liking for the boys, and especially for Arty.

Horace had a great respect for Arty's power of arm and fist, and, if he had a preference amongst the boys, it was for Arty.

So when he saw Arty prostrate on the ground before his formidable antagonist, Horace did not hesitate.

He charged the hippo's stomach. It was a huge stomach, like a giant

kit-bag, and it was full of the mushy sudd and water-weed with which the hippo had been regaling himself in the river.

Thump! Horace's horns and head charged into the huge side of the hippopotamus.

Horace recoiled under the force of his own charge.

But his charge had been enough to save Arty.

The great hippo hiccuped and swerved aside under the driving butt, and, instead of trampling Arty into shreds, made a short straight run for the river bank.

At the brink of the clay slope he paused.

Here the bank was high and crumbly.

Perhaps the great brute would have made a run for it, and got away from the crowd of boys who had so rudely disturbed his night slumbers. But he would not trust his great weight to the steep bank, and, thus penned, he lumbered round and faced the dancing group.

Mr. Lal Tata and Tookum el Koos had scrambled by the stiff slippery slope from the boat.

Somehow, out of the confusion in the half-capsized whaler, Lal had managed to snatch up a rifle.

"Look out, boys!" he shouted. "Let

me make some shots at this ferocious beast."

Arty Dove had jumped to his feet once more, and, with a quick run, rejoined his companions.

The hippo had trampled round now, and, with a deep grunting roar, swung his huge head from side to side, stamping and trampling restlessly with feet that clumped like pile-drivers on the hard, cracked clay ground.

Horace, with his tail up, and his horned head dropped slightly, stood between the hippo and the boys, watching his enemy with a green eye that shone luminous in the half-light.

"Ha, boys!" exclaimed Lal Tata. "Now you shall see me shoot some hippopotamuses! I will do in this terrible fellow in one shot! You shall wait till he moves his head, then I will shoot him behind the ears. It is only that way the hippopotamus is kybosh!"

But the angry hippo, though he swung his huge head restlessly, would not give Lal the chance of taking the desired shot.

As a matter of fact, the short-sighted beast was looking for Horace.

The hippo had never met anything like Horace before in his life.

He could smell Horace, but he could not see him, and he snuffed at the night air angrily.

It was plain that he did not like the smell of Horace.

With half the hair singed off him by the flaring of the paraffin-lamp, he now smelled more like a burned bolster than anything else.

Now, the hippo had all the fear and hatred which all wild animals have of the smell of fire, or of anything which had been burned.

So he did not take much notice of the boys.

He was looking for Horace. His nose helped his eyes.

With a sudden rush he lowered his head and made a bee-line for Horace, who, disreputable and full of fight, waited for him with lowered horns.

Horace allowed his enemy to come on a few yards and gather speed.

Then, dropping his horns, he charged.

Hippo and goat met end on. Smack!

Never did hippo take such a smack on the nose as this angry animal took from the full impact of Horace, who

(Continued on the next page.)

FOR NEW READERS.

THE KAISER is determined to obtain possession of the Mahdi's huge treasure which is hidden in the heart of the continent of Africa, and, to do so, he employs three desperate Germans named BARON VON SLYDEN, CAPTAIN STOOM, and VON SNEEK.

The papers, however, containing the secret of the whereabouts of the treasure are in the possession of

CAPTAIN HANDYMAN and CY SPRAGUE, who decide to go in quest of the treasure, and to take with them the boys of the Bombay Castle, chief among whom are DICK DORRINGTON, CHIP, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

LAL TATA, a cheery Hindu, TOOKUM EL KOOS, a native wrestler, BLINT PASHA, a member of the Sudan Police, are also amongst the party, as well as the boys' pets, CECIL, the orang-outang, HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the crocodile.

In the last instalments Baron von Slyden and his fellow spies made strenuous efforts to secure the papers containing the secret of the Mahdi's treasure. But the boys of the Bombay Castle defeated them, and they went away empty-handed.

The baron refused to throw up the sponge, however, and when the boys of the Bombay Castle started on the expedition up the Nile the rascally Hun

THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER

(Continued from the previous page.)

and lay there for a second on the sandy track, still laughing and bewildered by the reports of guns and the sounds of struggle that were issuing from the dark tunnel where the path plunged into the bamboo-thicket.

not so badly scared as this murderous gang of ruffians, who saw in him a powerful and sacred protector of the boys they were intending to assassinate.

the press, dealing out his thumping blows on camels and men alike. But there was one in the gang of murderers who did not lose sight of his purpose.

he did not know the swiftness that lies behind the fist of an expert boxer. A man who knows how to use his fists is always a match for a man who has to help himself with a knife.

With a rush he doubled up Cassim with a butt in the stomach that shut him up like a cheap pocket-knife.



PEELE on the WARPATH A MAGNIFICENT New Long Complete Tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. By Owen Conquest.

The 1st Chapter. Mossoo is Wrathful!

"Oh, give us a test!" growled Jimmy Silver. Perhaps Jimmy was a little morose. It was a meeting of the committee of the Classical Players, the eminent dramatic society of the Lower School at Rookwood.

"Like your cheek! Mossoo's not a bad sort." "Oh, rats!" "Well, let's see what Peele can do," said Mornington. "Give us Mossoo, Peele, and we'll judge."

Unconscious of the gathering storm; he rattled on: "Silvair, I cane you viz stick! I teach you to be respectable to your master, isn't it?"

"Hullo! What's the game?" asked Morny curiously. "I'm goin' to make that little French beast sit up this afternoon!" growled Peele.

The 2nd Chapter. Nice for Mossoo.

Mornington and Erroll were chatting under the oak, after dinner, when Cyril Peele came along.

"Mossoo's a good sort, and it's a shame to rag him." "He hasn't licked you!" growled Peele. "Well, I didn't ask for it."

(Continued on the next page.)



PEELE on the WARPATH
A MAGNIFICENT New Long Complete Sale of Jimmy Silver
By Owen Conquest

(Continued from the previous page.)

"We don't say 'ze,' in English, sir," said Gower, shaking his head. "I've never heard of it as an English word."
There was a suppressed chortle in the class as Mossoo began to gasp.
Gower was evidently alluding to his delightful accent, and affecting to be puzzled by it.
"I speak of ze definite article, Gower," said Monsieur Monceau, breathing hard through his nose. "I believe not zat you are so stupid. Zis is ze lesson for ze Second Form, not ze Fourth. I zink, Gower, zat you understand bettair if I use ze pointer on ze knuckle, isn't it?"
"I'm trying my hardest, sir," said Gower meekly. "But I've never heard such a word as ze— Yaroooh!"
Rap, rap!
"Now do you comprehend, Gower?"
"Yow-ow! Yes, sir! Certainly!"
"I zought so!" said Mossoo grimly.
Cuthbert Gower thought it was high time to understand. He did not want any more of the pointer.
He sat and sucked his knuckles, and scowled like a demon, not feeling at all humorous now.
Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite breathless after that tussle with Gower's stupidity, sat down at his desk.
BUZZZZZZZZ!
Mossoo fairly jumped, as that loud and raucous buzzing came from the direction of the class.
It did not occur to him, naturally, that he had started the bell by sitting down on his chair.
He glared over the desk at the Fourth-Formers.
"Boys!"
BUZZZZZZZZZZ!
"Will you stop zat bell?" shouted Mossoo. "Mon Dieu! I have never hear such a zing as zese tricks in class! Stop him at once, zen!"
BUZZZZZZZZZZ!
The bell was not likely to stop so long as Mossoo was sitting on the cushion above the bell-push.
Most of the juniors looked astonished, not knowing in the least whence the buzzing of the bell proceeded.
Mossoo's face was thunderous.
"Will you stop him?" he shouted. "Who is ringing zat bell? Is it you, Peele?"
"I, sir? I've not got a bell!"
"It is you, Gower!"
"I don't know anything about it, sir!"
"Mon Dieu! On sonne toujours! Will you stop him?" shrieked Monsieur Monceau. "Silvain, have you zat bell?"
"Certainly not, sir!" said Jimmy, in amazement. "I don't think it's anybody in the class, sir. It comes from your direction."
"Nonsense! Zat sound come from ze class!"
"I—I think not, sir!" said Jimmy, puzzled.
As the sound was midway between the two, the misapprehension was natural.
The buzzing went on without cessation. Mossoo jumped up, grasped the pointer, and strode towards the class.
The moment he did so the bell ceased to ring.
That was enough to convince Mossoo—if he needed convincing—that some member of his class had the bell.
"Now zen, ze garcon zat have zat bell, giff him to me at vunce!" shouted the French master.
There was a unanimous silence.
"You hear me?" exclaimed Mossoo, breathing hard. "I demand zat zat bell be given up to me at vunce!"
Silence.
Mossoo hardly knew how to proceed. The delinquent evidently did not intend to confess.
"Verree vell!" said Mossoo at last. "Verree vell—verree vell indeed! Ve will proceed! But I keeps ze eye open, I zink. I keeps him verree open. Silvair, you shall now give me trauduction of La Fontaine."
"Yes, sir."
Monsieur Monceau returned to his seat. But Jimmy Silver had no opportunity of getting on with the "trauduction" of La Fontaine, for the moment the French master sat down the bell recommenced to ring.
BUZZZZZZZZZZ!
Up jumped Mossoo like a jack-in-the-box.
"Boys! How dare you play zese tricks on—"
The bell stopped instantly.
Mossoo, breathing hard, sat down again.
BUZZZZZZZZ!

The order was obeyed at once.
Peele joined in as cheerfully as anyone else, and the juniors fled before the Head, demonstrating the fact that they had no bell in their possession.
"The boy must have left it among the desks or on the ground," said the Head. "Perhaps you will ascertain, Monsieur Monceau?"
"Mais oui, monsieur!"
Mossoo proceeded to look for the bell.
As he was searching the place where the juniors sat for lessons he was a good distance from the spot where the bell and the battery were concealed under the turf, and naturally he did not find them.
He came back at length, looking puzzled and perplexed.
"You have not found it?" exclaimed the Head.
"Non, monsieur! It is not zere."
"That is very remarkable. The bell must be somewhere here," said Dr. Chisholm, knitting his brows. "Silver, I ask you as head boy of the Form, do you know anything about this matter?"
"No, sir."
"Once more, I command the boy who has that bell in his possession to hand it over at once!"
Silence.
"It has, perhaps, been thrown away to a distance," said the Head.
"But he ring till you shall come, monsieur, and I have ze eyes on ze class all ze time."
"It is very odd! The boy, then, must have concealed it about his person. The matter shall be gone into thoroughly," said the Head, with a thunderous look. "Every boy shall be searched. Silver, call the porter here."
"Yes, sir."
Jimmy Silver started off once more.
Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat to wait for old Mack to arrive. The next moment he jumped as if electrified.
For the moment he sat down there came the loud buzz of an electric bell.
BUZZZZZZZZ!
"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Head. The juniors jumped, too.
"My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell, staring downward. "What the thump is—"
"Dear me!" murmured Clarence Cuffy. "The sound appears to proceed from the earth. It is very remarkable, my dear friends. I will inform the Head—"
Tommy Dodd gripped Cuffy's arm.
"Shut up, you ass!" he whispered.
"My dear Thomas—"
"Dry up! Don't be a sneak, you ass!" Cuffy looked surprised.
"But it is very remarkable, my dear Thomas, that this sound should proceed from the earth beneath our feet."
"Shut up!" muttered Tommy, ferociously. "Can't you see it's a jape, you thumping dummy?"
"Oh dear!" said Clarence.
And he shut up.
The buzzing proceeded without intermission, and Mossoo cast up his eyes in his horror and amazement at this disrespectful trick in the august presence of the Head of Rookwood himself.
Dr. Chisholm sat petrified for some moments.
Then he rose, and strode towards the group of juniors, and the bell ceased as if by magic.
"What boy was ringing that bell?" thundered the Head.
Dead silence.
"I have never heard of such astounding impertinence!" exclaimed the Head, breathing hard. "In my very presence! It is unheard-of!"
He looked at the juniors almost as if he would eat them.
Monsieur Monceau, feeling quite overcome, sank down in the seat the Head had vacated.

BUZZZZZZZZ!
Dr. Chisholm jumped almost clear of the ground.
From the midst of the group of juniors came the buzzing of the bell, fairly under his eyes.
"Good heavens!" stuttered the Head, taken quite aback. "This passes all belief! Which boy is that?"
"I—I don't think anybody here has a bell, sir," stuttered Conroy.
"What? Nonsense! It is one of you! File before me at once, and I shall see for myself."
The juniors separated, and the Head could see that none of them was handling a bell of any description.
But the buzzing continued.
"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head. "This is amazing! The sound almost seems to be proceeding from the ground, but that, of course, is impossible. Mack! Jimmy Silver had brought the porter on the scene at last. Mack, kindly search each of these boys in turn for a bell. One of them has a bell concealed about his person."
BUZZZZZZZZ!
Monsieur Monceau, suddenly remembering that it was not respectful to sit down while the Head was standing, jumped up, and the bell ceased.
Mack, very much surprised at the Head's order, was beginning his task, when a new-comer arrived on the scene.
He was a man in overalls, and evidently one of the workmen employed on the school buildings in the distance.
"Begging your pardon, sir," he began. "You're the headmaster, I think."
"Yes, yes! What is it?"
"Then you're the gentleman I want," said the man. "There's been some things took away from the shed—somebody has been playing tricks. The boss sent me to ask about it."
"Dear me!" said the Head impatiently. "What is missing?"
"A bell, sir, and a length of wire, and a small battery."
"What? Oh, I think I understand!" exclaimed the Head. "Some boy here has been playing tricks with a bell, doubtless the one that has been taken."
"I 'eard it as I come up, sir," said the workman. "It's here right enough. P'raps this young gentleman can tell us where it is."
To Cyril Peele's horror, the electrician jerked a thumb towards him.
"Peele!" exclaimed the Head. "Do you know anything about this, Peele?"
"Nothing, sir!" gasped Peele.
"I see that young gentleman hanging about the shed," explained the man, "hour and a 'arf ago."
"Indeed! What were you doing there, Peele?"
"I—I was just looking round, sir."
"You know very well, Peele, that all the boys are forbidden to go near the buildings at present, and that the workmen's property must not be touched."
"Yes, sir! I—I haven't—"
"The bell shall be found," said the Head, with a grim look at Peele. "Wait a few minutes, please. Mack, continue your search."
"Yessir!"
Dr. Chisholm sat down in the master's seat again.
BUZZZZZZZZ!
The workman started.
"My eye!" he exclaimed.
Dr. Chisholm rose hastily, and the bell stopped.
"Mack, which boy had that bell at that moment?" he exclaimed.
"I never seed any bell, sir," said Mack. "Proceed, then," said the Head, in a suppressed voice, and he sat down again.
BUZZZZZZZZ!
"My eye!" said the electrical gentleman. "I fancy you're ringing that bell yourself, sir."

"What!" stuttered the Head.
"It rings when you sit down, sir, and stops when you get up," explained the workman, who had noted that at once. "I fancy it's fastened on your chair."
"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo. "Zat is so! He ring ven I sit myself down, and he stop himself ven zat I rise! Zat is so! C'est vrai!"
The Head rose quickly, and the bell ceased, confirming the workman's statement.
The Head breathed hard.
"Perhaps you will be kind enough to examine the chair, as you understand such matters," he said.
"Cert'nly, sir!"
The workman approached the master's chair, and Peele caught his breath.
The man grinned as he removed the cushion and revealed the bell-push.
"There it is, sir."
"But there is no bell—"
"There's a wire, though." The man traced the wire through the back of the chair, and down the leg to the ground.
"Here it is, hidden in the grass, sir. I'll soon have that there bell."
It did not take the workman long to follow the wire, coiling it up as he went, and arrive at the spot where the battery and the bell were hidden.
He jerked up a loose turf, and a sheet of cardboard, and picked the bell and the battery out of the hole Peele had made for them.
"Ere you are, sir," he said cheerfully. "A lark of one of the young gens, I s'pose. No harm done, sir."
And the electrical gentleman touched his cap, and marched off with the bell, the wire, and the battery.
From his good-natured point of view there was no harm done, but Dr. Chisholm evidently did not agree with him.
The Head's expression was simply terrific.
The juniors stood waiting for the thunderclap. It came!
"Peele!"
"Oh, oh, oh, sir!"
"Did you place that bell where it was found?"
A denial trembled on Peele's lips, but he realised that it was not much use, as he had been seen lurking about the electrician's shed.
And even Peele had hardly enough nerve to tell the lie direct to the Head.
His knees were knocking together.
"Answer me, Peele!"
"It—it was only a joke, sir," Peele managed to articulate.
"A joke!" thundered the Head.
"I—I never meant it for you, sir!" gasped Peele. "It was a—a—a joke on Mossoo, sir. I—I never guessed you would come, sir! Oh, dear!"
"Probably not! Monsieur Monceau, kindly give me your cane! Come here, Peele!"
What followed was a painful scene, especially for Peele.
Even Mossoo, worried as he had been, felt sorry for the unhappy practical joker by the time the Head had finished with him.
"I think, Peele, that that will be a lesson to you!" said the Head, as he laid down his cane.
Peele only gasped.
Dr. Chisholm retired, and the juniors went to their seats. Peele looking quite pale, and squeezing his hands in anguish.
When Mossoo handed the class over to Mr. Bootles a little later Peele was still suffering severely, and he indulged in suppressed groans till the class was dismissed.

The 4th Chapter. Vengeance for Two.

Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth grinned as he joined the Fistical Four after tea.
Jimmy Silver was discussing the programme of the Classical Players with Lovell and Raby and Newcome when the fat Classical came up.
"Peele's going it!" Tubby announced. "Poor old Peele!" said Jimmy, with a smile. "Has he got over his licking? He's been in the wars to-day, and no mistake!"
"No fear!" said Tubby. "He's vowing vengeance on Mossoo."
"It was the Head who licked him," remarked Raby.
Tubby chuckled.
"He, he! A chap can't go for the Head—even Peele!" He says it was Mossoo's fault, and he's going to make him sit up."
"Rot!" said Jimmy Silver.
"He's making up in his tent," said Tubby. "Jolly good, too, Jimmy! It's the part he's going to have in the play—imitation of Mossoo, you know."
Jimmy Silver frowned.
"There's not going to be any imitation of Mossoo in the play," he said. "That's all rot! I think I'll speak to Peele."
The Fistical Four walked over to the tent which Cyril Peele shared with Townsend and Topham of the Fourth.
They found Peele busy.
As calling-over had been taken, the amateurs were free till bed-time, and the amateur actor was not likely to be interrupted.
Jimmy Silver stared as he looked in.
Peele was dressed in striped trousers, with very high-heeled shoes, and was making up his face at a glass fastened on a tent-pole.
Close by him lay a black frock-coat.
Townsend and Topham were looking on and grinning.
Peele glanced round at the new-comers, presenting a countenance that was hardly recognisable.
Peele was very clever at make-up, and he had adopted the sallow complexion and ample wrinkles of the French master; and he was now adjusting the waxed moustache and little pointed beard in imitation of the hirsute adornments worn by Monsieur Monceau.
"My hat!" ejaculated Jimmy Silver. "I must say that's not so bad, Peele!"
"Thanks!"
"All the same, we don't want it in the

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

"SETTLING WITH THE SHARPER!"
By Owen Conquest.

When, in last week's story of the Rookwood chums, Jimmy Silver allowed Peele to knock him down, in order to obtain the negative and photograph of his Cousin Algy playing cards at the Bird-in-Hand, he thought that the affair was finished with, and that Algy Silver was saved.
But in next Monday's magnificent tale of the Rookwood juniors, Jimmy Silver receives a great surprise. He learns that one of the tell-tale prints is in the possession of Joey Hook, the rascally book-maker. How to get hold of the photograph is a tremendous problem. Jimmy makes an effort, but it meets with failure. Nevertheless, Mornington has a plan, a very ingenious plan, in fact. Mornny is as anxious to save Algy Silver as Jimmy is, but he is more anxious still to score off Joey Hook. With the assistance of the Fistical Four, Mornington carries out his plan, and—well, the title of this story suggests the result.

"THE CLAIM JUMPERS!"
By Martin Clifford.

Having been fortunate enough to strike gold in the Far North-West, Frank Richards & Co. take the precaution of registering their claim in next Monday's splendid tale of the Cedar Creek chums. But it is not long before somebody

arrives on the scene with the intention of jumping the claim.
Juan and Gomes, the claim jumpers, are very desperate men, men who will stop at nothing to achieve their rascally object. They are determined to take possession of the juniors' gold, but in spite of the villainous nature of their enemies, Frank Richards & Co. refuse to knuckle under and to give their enemies a free hand. Yen Chin figures prominently in this tale, and I am sure you will think far better of him when you read how he came to the assistance of the chums of Cedar Creek in their time of need.

"THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER!"
By Duncan Storm.

Our amazing serial story moves merrily along next week. You will read how the Germans went to great lengths to get their revenge; you will be held breathless when you read of the boys' exciting tussle with their enemies, and you will also be very pleased with the result of the encounter.

"THE FORM-MASTER'S PERIL!"
By Herbert Britton.

Our next story of Bob Travers & Co. is really a most magnificent one. Bob Travers & Co. go to a circus, and get into trouble with Mr. Chambers for doing so. They are forbidden to go to the place again, but they do go, with amazing results. Mr. Chambers, in his desire to catch the chums in the act, follows them,

and goes through one of the most exciting experiences of his life. Bob Travers & Co. also have their share of excitement, and you will read with much enjoyment how, at a most critical moment, they were not found wanting for pluck, and performed one of the most pluckiest deeds imaginable.

OUR GRAND FREE PLATE.

This week I have great pleasure in telling all my readers that the MAGNIFICENT PHOTOGRAPHURE PLATE of "THE BOYS WHO BEAT THE KAISER" will be GIVEN AWAY with the issue of the BOYS' FRIEND dated OCTOBER 19th. Every reader should therefore make a note of this date, and be sure to order his copy of this particular issue.
This plate will be without doubt the finest that has ever been presented with the BOYS' FRIEND. It will be an excellent picture, one that you will be able to have framed and hung up on the walls of your best room. Tell all your chums about this special attraction, and urge them to order a copy of the BOYS' FRIEND, dated October 19th, well in advance.

Your Editor

play," said Jimmy, with a shake of the head. "It would only lead to trouble for the club."

"Oh, bother your play!" answered Peele, turning to the glass again. "I'm not worrying about your blessed play!"

"What are you making up for, then?" asked Newcome.

"I'm going to make that French beast sit up!" said Peele, between his teeth. "I've got landed once; but this is a safe way."

"Better let him alone!" grunted Jimmy. "Oh, rats!"

"But what the thump are you going to do?" exclaimed Lovell. "You can't make Mossoo sit up by getting yourself up to resemble him."

"Can't I?" said Peele savagely. "Don't you think I shall pass muster as Mossoo when I've finished—in the starlight, too?"

"I suppose so. But what?"

"Well, I'm going out as Mossoo after dark," said Peele coolly. "You know he shares a tent with Mr. Bootles, and he goes for a trot after supper. While he's gone I'm going in as Mossoo."

"What?"

"I'm going to slang Bootles in Mossoo's voice."

"Wha-a-at?"

"And throw things at him," said Peele. "Are you potty?" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"He will think Mossoo's drunk and disorderly," said Peele calmly. "Old Bootles is as blind as an owl, and he will take me for Mossoo when I'm finished. He would, anyway. I wouldn't be afraid to go out in the daylight, either. I'm going to give Bootles five minutes that he won't forget if he lives to be as old as Methusalem; and he will put it all down to Mossoo. He will complain to the Head, of course."

Jimmy Silver knitted his brows.

"Look here, Peele, that's too thick!" he exclaimed. "I think—"

"You can think what you like!" sneered Peele. "I suppose you're not going to sneak, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy compressed his lips.

He utterly disapproved of Peele's scheme, which was far outside the limits of a joke; but, certainly, he could not give Peele away to those in authority. That was forbidden by every canon of schoolboy law.

"Well, you know what I think," he said. "Anyway, I dare say you'll make a muck of it. And serve you right. You haven't had much luck with Mossoo."

And Jimmy Silver left the tent with his chums.

Peele shrugged his shoulders, and went on with his make-up with the admiring assistance of Townsend and Topham.

Those two youths did not intend to join in the jape in any way whatever, having too much regard for their skins; but they were ready to help the more reckless Peele in any way they could.

Jimmy Silver was frowning as he walked away in the dusk, but his comrades did not seem to share his displeasure. They were grinning.

"After all, it's a thumping jape," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Peele's got a nerve, and no mistake."

"Too much nerve!" growled Jimmy Silver. "If he makes a success of it, Mossoo may get landed in no end of a row."

"And if he doesn't, Peele will get landed in no end of a row," grinned Raby. "It's a fair chance."

"Anyhow, we can't chip in," said Newcome.

And Jimmy Silver assented to that.

"Hallo! What's Gower up to?" exclaimed Lovell suddenly, catching sight of Cuthbert Gower as the Fistical Four sauntered among the tents.

Gower was creeping along very cautiously, and keeping in the cover of the tents as much as he could.

He was carrying a bucket in his hand.

He jumped as he saw the chums of the Fourth, and breathed with relief as he recognised them.

"Oh! Only you!" he said.

"What on earth are you doing with that whitewash?" demanded Jimmy Silver, staring at the bucket.

"Hush, you ass! You heard what the Head said to-day about meddling with the workmen's things!" growled Gower.

"You're doing it all the same."

"I've borrowed this pail of whitewash," said Gower, in a low voice. "I was jolly careful not to be seen, either. It's for Mossoo."

"Mossoo!" exclaimed the Fistical Four together.

"He caned me to-day!" said Gower between his teeth. "I was only pulling his leg in class, the worryin' little beast! He gave it to me stiff!"

"Well, you asked for it."

"Oh, hosh! I'm going to make him sorry for himself!" said Gower. "The little beast goes trotting every evening before bed, an' I'm going to wait outside his tent for him in the dark."

"Look here, Gower!" exclaimed Jimmy angrily. "Let Mossoo alone! It's too jolly bad going for him like this! You asked for what he gave you. A chap expects to get licked if he plays the goat."

"Bosh!"

And Cuthbert Gower crept on his way, giving no further heed to the captain of the Fourth, and disappeared among the tents.

"It's too rotten!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Poor old Mossoo will come back to find that Peele's got him a reputation for being drunk and disorderly, and then he'll get that whitewash on his napper. I've a jolly good mind to knock Peele and Gower's nappers together!"

"Come and have some supper instead," suggested Lovell.

"It's too bad, though."

"Never mind. The supper's all right," said Lovell comfortably.

And the Fistical Four went into their tent to supper.

With great caution Gower crept behind Mossoo's tent with the bucket of purchased whitewash.

Inside the tent a lamp was burning,

where Mr. Bootles sat with a Greek book. The rule against showing lights in the school camp was very strict, and the tent-flap was carefully closed, and hardly a glimmer escaped.

Outside was dim starlight.

Gower crept closer, keeping in the thick shadow of the tent, and waited.

As soon as the French master came back his cheerful pupil was ready for him.

One swing of the light bucket, and its contents would be swamped over poor Mossoo, and then it was Gower's intention to drop the bucket and sprint.

There would be nothing to connect him with the affair. He knew that the Fistical Four would say nothing, and he had been very careful not to mention his scheme to any less reliable persons.

Gower waited and watched, till a trim little figure loomed up in the deep dusk, approaching the tent.

Gower's heart thumped.

He peered through the darkness, and caught a glimpse of a trim figure, a black frock-coat, and a pointed beard and waxed moustaches.

The bucket shot forward in his grasp. Swoosh!

A flood of whitewash swamped right on the trim figure, smothering it from head to feet, and there was a gasping howl of horror and surprise.

Gower did not wait to hear it. He dropped the bucket and bolted.

The 5th Chapter.
Peele Tries It On.

"All serene, I think!" said Peele.

"Right as rain!" grinned Townsend.

"Toppin'!" said Topham heartily.

Cyril Pece surveyed himself in the glass.

He could not help grinning at his reflection.

"Vat you say, Cartew?" snapped Peele in Mossoo's reedy voice—and in Mossoo's English, which was safer to imitate than his French.

"Sorry, sir! I didn't see you for a moment."

"You spick to me verree disrespectful, Cartew. You say, 'Who ze tender!'" said Peele sternly, quite reassured by Cartew's meek manner. "Zat is not ze way to spick to a master."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir!" murmured Cartew very meekly, though his eyes gleamed. "I am sorry."

"In zat case, Cartew, ve say nozing more about him. But you must learn ze better manners," said Peele, much delighted at being able to call the bully of the Sixth over the coals in this way. "You have ze mannairs of ze Hun, Cartew!"

"Wha-at!"

"I zink, Cartew, zat it is of ze pigs zat you have learned ze manners," pursued Peele. "Is it not so, n'est-ce-pas?"

Cartew gritted his teeth.

But the French master, though not quite so important as the other masters at Rookwood, had to be treated with respect, and the Sixth-Former was forced to be civil.

"Really, Mossoo—" he murmured.

"Zat will do, Cartew! You are vun pig!" said Peele. "Your manners are disgrace to zis school, and I zink zat your proper place is in Bochelund viz ze ozzer Huns! Go away viz you!"

Cartew, scowling like a demon, went his way, and Peele chuckled silently as he went.

The disguised junior, was completely confident in his get-up now.

It had passed muster with three of the Sixth, and it was sure to pass muster with Mr. Bootles, who was short-sighted.

The cad of the Fourth moved on towards Mr. Bootles' tent.

There was no compunction in his breast for the shame and disgrace he was plan-

ning to bring upon the unfortunate French master.

He was only thinking of revenge upon Mossoo for his punishment of the afternoon.

And there did not seem room for failure now.

Mr. Bootles would certainly take him for the French master, and when the supposed Mossoo "slanged" him and punched his nose, he could only believe that the Frenchman was intoxicated and violent, and he would not fail to bring such an outrage to the Head's knowledge.

The tents were close enough for a dozen ears to hear Peele talking in Mr. Bootles' quarters in Mossoo's voice, so there would be plenty of evidence.

And he intended to be quickly off the scene as soon as he had punched the astounded Form-master.

It really seemed impossible for the daring but well-laid scheme to fail.

But there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip.

As is so often the case, in the best-laid schemes, it was the unexpected that happened.

Peele, strolling carelessly as if he were Mossoo returning from his evening walk, approached the tent.

He was sure that Mossoo was out, but he intended to peep in first to make sure, and then stride in.

But as he approached the tent, in the dusk, a dim figure loomed for a moment from the darkness, and what happened next seemed like an earthquake to Peele.

From the darkness came a sudden smelly flood, that swamped him all over, and he staggered back with a choking howl.

"Yurrrrrgh! Grooogh! Yoooooooch! Grooooooch! Yawwwp! Yowp!"

And Peele of the Fourth sat down in a swamp of whitewash, gurgling and guggling as if for a wager.

"It is a—a man!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Surely not a master, treated in this scandalous fashion! Surely—"

"Gug-gug-gug!"

"Who are you, sir? Who is it, Bulkeley?"

"I—I think it's Mossoo—Monsieur Monceau, sir," stammered Bulkeley, recognising a pointed beard from which the whitewash was dripping.

Mossoo was the only wearer of a pointed beard at Rookwood.

"It's Mossoo right enough," said Cartew, with a grin. "Some young rascal has done this to him! Shocking!"

Cartew did not look very shocked, however.

"What an awful nerve!" said Gower to Jimmy Silver, loud enough for Mr. Bootles to hear. "Fancy treating Mossoo like that! Wicked, I call it."

"Bless my soul! This is—is terrible!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Monsieur Monceau, pray accept my assistance! Let me help you! I—"

"Mon Dieu, vat is all zis?" exclaimed a voice.

A trim little gentleman came on the scene.

It was Monsieur Monceau!

The Rookwooders stared at him blankly. Gower's jaw dropped.

He stared at Mossoo as if he could scarcely believe his vision.

"Wha-a-at—" he mumbled.

"Monsieur Monceau!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles, in amazement and relief. "Then—then it is not you?"

"Vat? I hear zis commotion as I talk viz myself in ze quadrangle," said the French master. "I zink somezing happen. Perhaps he is an air-raid, isn't it? Vat is all zis?"

"Groogh! Gug-gug! Yooooooch!"

"Then—then it can't be Mossoo!" exclaimed Bulkeley, in bewilderment. "I—I thought—from the beard—"

"Who the thump can it be?" murmured Lovell to Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy nearly exploded.

"Peele!" he whispered. "Oh, my hat! PEELE! Peele was lying in wait for Mossoo, and Gower came along as Mossoo, and— Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell, as he comprehended. "Oh, my hat! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" shouted Mr. Bootles wrathfully. "Who is that laughing? How dare you laugh! Silence! Who is this—this person, as it is not Monsieur Monceau? Speak, sir! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow-ow!"

Bulkeley stooped over the whitewashed figure, and, touching him rather gingerly, helped him to his feet.

He noted then that the waxed moustache was hanging on one side.

"My hat! It's somebody in disguise!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; and he caught hold of the pointed beard, which came off in his hand.

"It's a kid!" he exclaimed. "One of the juniors!"

"But what does it mean?" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Boy! Person! Speak! Who are you?"

"Groogh! Ow! I—I—I'm Peele!" groaned the unhappy spoofer. "Ow-ow! I'm only Peele, sir! Yow-ow-ow! Groogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Peele, what do you mean by dressing yourself in this manner, and spilling whitewash over yourself, outside my tent?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Gower. "I—I didn't, sir!" gasped Peele. "Oh, dear! Some beast drenched me with whitewash! Ow-ow! Grooogh!"

"Why are you got up in this manner, in a man's clothes?" thundered Mr. Bootles.

"I—I—I—" Peele would not have explained that for worlds. "I—I—"

Mornington lounged forward.

"Peele's been practising a character sketch for one of our plays, sir," he said. "That's all."

"Yes, sir, that's all," gasped Peele, really grateful for the hint from the astute Morny.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bootles. "That is all. And some foolish boy has played this trick upon you! You should not go out of your own tent, Peele, if you dress yourself in an unaccustomed manner for your theatrical performances. Go away and clean yourself at once!"

Cyril Pece was only too glad to obey that order.

Monsieur Monceau trotted cheerfully into his tent, little dreaming of what a narrow escape he had had.

Until bedtime Peele was busy with soap and water, breathing fury the while.

It was not only his disaster that infuriated him, but the fact that, now he had been seen in his guise of Mossoo, the trick he had planned could not be played on another occasion with safety.

He was beaten all along the line, and had scored nothing but a flood of whitewash, which was very far from satisfactory.

But while Peele fumed and raged, the rest of the Fourth roared with merriment when the story was known.

The unexpected ending of Peele's little game seemed to the Fourth-Formers a much richer joke than his success would have been, and they howled over it.

Jimmy Silver & Co. enjoyed that jape extremely, and when Peele showed up at bedtime they thanked him for the entertainment, amid yells of laughter. And Cyril Pece's face, when he went to bed, was like unto that of a demon in a pantomime.



"It is a—a man!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "Surely not a master, treated in this scandalous fashion! Surely—"
"Grooogh! Gug-gug-gug!" came from the whitewashed figure.

The 6th Chapter.
Not as Per Programme.

"Gurrgh! Gug! Gug-gug-gug! Groooooch!"

Those wild splutterings were heard on all sides, and to a distance.

Jimmy Silver ran to the door of his tent. "Mossoo's got it!" he exclaimed. "That rotter Gower—"

"Poor old Froggy!" chuckled Lovell. Jimmy ran out, and caught a slinking figure by the arm as it dodged by the tent.

"Gower! You worm—"

"Let go!" panted Gower.

"You've done it!"

"Can't you hear him?" grinned Gower. "Mum's the word! Fairly on the napper, and he's smothered!"

"Gug-gug-gug! Grooogh! Yooop!"

The Fistical Four ran towards the spot, with a crowd of other Rookwood fellows.

Mr. Bootles, startled by that sudden extraordinary outbreak outside his tent, had jumped up, and put his head outside.

"What is it? What—what?" spluttered Mr. Bootles, in astonishment.

"Groogh—hooh—hooh—hoogh!"

The light from the tent streamed upon a weird figure sprawling on the ground.

It was smothered with whitewash, and its eyes and nose and mouth seemed to be bottled up with that unpleasant liquid.

The unhappy Peele, sitting dazedly in a whitewash flood, was gouging desperately at his eyes, to clear them, too utterly thrown off his balance to be able to think at that moment.

He could only gouge, and gasp, and splutter, and gurgle, half suffocated by the whitewash.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Mr. Bootles, gazing at him in horror. "Who is it? What is it? What can have happened?"

"It's—it's whitewash!" exclaimed Bulkeley, one of the first on the spot. "It's somebody smothered with whitewash."

"Groogh! Gug-gug-gug!"

THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

SETTLING WITH THE SHARPER!

B. CLAREN CONQUEST.

DON'T MISS IT!



REPAYING THE RAIDERS!

A Splendid New Story, introducing
**BOB TRAVERS & CO., the Chums of
Redclyffe School.**

By **HERBERT BRITTON.**

The 1st Chapter. Bunny's Suggestion.

"I've been thinking—"
"Shurrup!"
"I've been—"

"Be quiet, fathead!"
"But I was going to say— Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!"

Theodore Bunny spluttered and roared. The duffer of Redclyffe had really been most anxious to tell the chums of Study No. 5 what he had been thinking.

But Bob Travers, Turner, and Jackson had not expressed any anxiety in the matter.

As it happened, Mr. Chambers, the master of the Fourth, had seen fit to call them to account that morning, and had given them a hundred lines each in consequence.

Directly after dinner the three chums had commenced to peg away at the lines, and therefore Bunny's interruption had not pleased them in the least.

Dicky Turner had become thoroughly annoyed, and he had hurled a cushion full at the duffer's head.

"Now perhaps you'll shut up, fat-head!" he growled, giving Bunny an angry glare.

"I've been thinking—"
"Br-r-r-r!"
"I've—"

Scratch, scratch!

Three pens travelled at a fast rate over three sheets of paper.

Bunny picked himself up from the chair into which he had fallen under the weight of the cushion, and blinked.

"Dear me!" he muttered. "I cannot make out why you fellows refuse to listen to me. Those lines can wait for a little while."

"They can't wait!" mumbled Dicky Turner, without looking up.

"Finished!" Dicky Turner rose to his feet with a cheerful grin on his face, and blotted his lines. "How much longer are you going to be, Bob?"

"Two more," replied Bob—"one more—finished!"

"Same here," said Jackson. "I'll take them along to old Chambers, and then we'll get down to footer practice."

Dicky gathered up the lines, and was about to move towards the door, when Bunny clutched him by the arm.

"I've been thinking—" he began.

"Well, I'm blowed!" gasped Dicky Turner, looking round. "I thought you'd hopped it. Why don't you learn how to make yourself scarce?"

"Really, Turner, I see no reason why I should make myself scarce," said the duffer. "Wait just one minute while I tell you my suggestion."

"Suggestion?"

"Yes, I've been thinking that the furniture in this study—"

"Don't you start running down our furniture!" snorted Dicky.

"I had no intention of doing so," said the duffer. "I was going to suggest that it would be a good idea if we changed it round a bit. Supposing we put the table against the wall—"

"The table's all right where it is."

"And supposing we put the bookcase nearer to the window—"

"The bookcase doesn't want shifting."

"But I've been thinking— Ow! Leggo my ear! I— Oh, dear!"

Dicky Turner took the duffer's car between his thumb and finger, and dragged him towards the door.

"The right place for a duffer like you is outside," said Dicky meaningly.

"When we want our furniture shifted, we'll do it ourselves."

"But I thought—"

"You've thought just a little too much," declared Dicky. "If you want to do any more thinking, just try and think how to be less like a burbling chump!"

"Really, Turner, I— Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!"

The duffer landed with a bump on the floor.

Bob Travers & Co. passed on down the passage, chucking to themselves.

Bunny blinked after the departing juniors in amazement, and picked himself up slowly from the floor.

He moved into the study, and gazed at the furniture for a few moments.

Then, evidently seeing the inadvisability of starting on his scheme of rearrangement, he left the room and walked slowly downstairs.

He was passing into the quadrangle, when somebody smacked him on the shoulder, propelling him forward.

The duffer looked round, and observed that Jimmy Wren & Co., the chums of the New House, were standing behind him, with cheerful grins on their faces.

"Hallo, Bunny!" said Jimmy Wren.

"How are all the little rabbits?"

"Rabbits?" muttered the duffer simply. "I do not keep rabbits. I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the New House chums.

"Excuse me one moment," said Bunny,

stepping forward. "I wonder whether you'd mind telling me whether you ever shift the furniture in your study?"

"What the dickens—"

"I don't wish to be inquisitive," the duffer hastened to explain. "The fact is, however, I suggested to Travers and Turner that they allowed me to change the furniture about a bit in Study No. 5, and they were really most annoyed."

"Didn't they approve of your suggestion?"

"No," said Bunny reminiscently. "Turner was most rude. He took me by the ear, and dragged me out of the study."

"How sad," said Jimmy Wren seriously. "I expect he wanted you to shift the furniture, all the same."

"No, he said—"

"Oh, I expect he said he didn't want you to," said Jimmy Wren. "If the truth's known, though, he didn't want you to have all the work to do yourself. Turner's a very considerate chap, and—"

"Then do you think I might act upon my suggestion?" asked Bunny, his face brightening up.

"I'm sure Turner would be pleased if you did," said Jimmy Wren, giving his chums a knowing wink. "But really, Bunny, you're not the man for this job."

"I—"

"It wants strong fellows like us," said Jimmy Wren. "I'm rather keen on doing Turner a good turn. You leave the shifting to me. I'll arrange everything so nicely that Turner will think it's your doing, and he'll throw his arms round your neck and weep for joy."

"Do you think—"

"I'm certain of it," said Jimmy Wren promptly. "Look here, Bunny, you won't mind buzzing into Meringham, and ordering a few articles for tea, and we've run rather short of grub."

"I should be delighted to oblige," said Bunny eagerly, "especially after your kindness in offering to attend to the furniture in Study No. 5."

"Don't mench," said Jimmy Wren, taking a piece of paper from his pocket and handing it to the duffer. "Here you are," he added. "Take this to old Sandy, the grocer in Meringham, and ask him to send along the goods as soon as he can. You needn't trouble to bring them with you."

"Very well," said Bunny. "I will go on my bicycle, so as not to waste time."

"Good!"

A moment or so later, the duffer had mounted his bicycle, and was riding down the road leading to Meringham, entirely in ignorance of the fact that Jimmy Wren had only sent him on the journey in order to leave himself free to carry out a jape on the School House chums.

"Look here, Jimmy," said Lucas, as soon as the duffer had disappeared, "what's the game?"

"Those School House chaps are!" explained Jimmy Wren gleefully. "Come on upstairs to Study No. 5! We're going to shift their giddy furniture."

"I'm hanged if I am!" said Lucas promptly. "Let them shift their own furniture!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jimmy Wren. "Don't you see the idea? We needn't take a lot of pains over the show. We can turn some things upside down if we feel inclined, and—"

"Oh, I see!" said Lucas. "It's a jape."

"What-ho!" replied Jimmy Wren. "We're going to shift everything in Study No. 5. We're going to do our utmost to please those School House bounders. Whether we shall succeed, I cannot say, but—"

"But we'll do our best," grinned Lucas. And then he added: "To muck things up!"

"That's the idea," said Jimmy Wren. "Now come on!"

Lucas and Lane followed their chum eagerly.

They found the Fourth Form passage deserted, and they were able to reach Study No. 5 unnoted.

Once inside that apartment the New House juniors quickly busied themselves in rearranging things.

"I always did think that a bookcase looked better upside down," remarked Lucas, hurling all the books on to the floor, and upending that article of furniture.

"Oh, rather!" agreed Jimmy Wren. "And it's my opinion a table looks best with its legs sticking up. I don't know how those duffers will be able to have tea; but that's their business!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, Wren, old scout!" said Lane, picking up the coal-box. "Don't you consider that coals look well on a carpet?"

"Jolly well!" concurred Jimmy Wren. "You want to spread 'em well over."

And Lane promptly proceeded to "spread 'em well over."

Jimmy Wren was piling up the chairs

in a corner, whilst Lucas had suddenly decided that the curtains looked better stuffed into the grate.

The alterations that the New House juniors made in the study were numerous and unique.

"I really think we might say the job is finished," remarked Jimmy Wren at length, surveying the disordered study.

"And I think it's time we made ourselves scarce," said Lucas.

"Jolly good idea!" said Jimmy Wren. "Come on! We don't want to be here when those duffers come back."

The New House juniors certainly did not want to be in the vicinity of Study No. 5 when Bob Travers & Co. returned.

The latter might have seen fit to dole out a few black eyes, and Jimmy Wren & Co. rarely went out of their way to receive such gifts.

Chortling to themselves over the success of their jape, Jimmy Wren & Co. made tracks for the New House dormitory.

There they donned their flannels—it was a gloriously fine afternoon for the time of the year, quite suitable for the wearing of cricketing clobber—and, in view of the fact that their guests were due to arrive shortly, they took a little more trouble than usual over dressing.

The 2nd Chapter. Bob Travers & Co.'s Triumph.

"What the—"
"Why the—"
"Who the—"



Splash! There came loud exclamations from Jimmy Wren & Co. as tar shot in all directions, splashing them from head to foot.

Three startled exclamations fell from the mouths of Bob Travers & Co.

They had returned from football practice a little earlier than usual, owing to the heat, and had been struck spell-bound on the threshold of Study No. 5.

Not a single article of furniture was in the place where they had left it.

Everything was in a state of complete disorder.

For a few moments neither of the chums could voice an opinion.

Dicky Turner staggered against the wall and gasped.

"I'll scalp him!" he muttered at last. "I'll boil the silly ass in oil! I'll—I'll—"

Words failed the dismayed Dicky.

"You don't think Bunny has done this?" asked Jack Jackson.

"Who else could have done it?" demanded Dicky. "The burbling chump! The ass of all asses! I suppose he considers this a joke."

"Impossible!" broke in Bob Travers. "Bunny's an ass, but he wouldn't be fool enough to muck up a study like this."

"Rats!" snapped Dicky wrathfully. "He's an ass enough for anything! He—"

"Telegram for Master Travers!"

The three chums turned round, to find Boggles, the school-page, standing in the doorway.

There was a wide grin on Boggles' face as he held out a buff-coloured envelope to Bob Travers. Evidently he saw something amusing in the disordered state of the study.

Bob Travers took the telegram, and tore it open. Next instant he uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked Dicky Turner.

"Oh—er—nothing much!" answered Bob, with a faint grin. "My guardian—"

Mr. Conway—is coming down this afternoon. He wants us to meet the four-thirty train at Meringham."

"Phew!" gasped Dicky Turner. "Four-thirty! And it's half-past three now. How the dickens can we tidy up this blessed study, prepare tea, and get down to Meringham Station by half-past four?"

"We shall have to buck up," said Bob. And then he caught sight of Boggles still standing in the doorway. "You can buzz off, Boggles, unless you'd care to tidy up this mess."

"He, he, he!" giggled the page-boy. "I—I'm too busy—I'd be only too pleased, only—only—"

"Well, hop it then!" said Dicky Turner ungraciously. "Your chivy only makes things worse!"

Boggles took his departure, and, after closing the door, the three chums busied themselves in tidying up the study.

After ten minutes' hard work they had succeeded in straightening things up a bit.

Then the door of the study suddenly opened, and in strode Bunny, his brows knitted in a thoughtful frown.

"Dear me!" he muttered, as he observed Bob and Dicky placing the bookcase in its correct position. "What is the matter, Turner? What— Ow! Yow! Yaroooooh!"

"I'll show you what's the matter!" roared Dicky, hurling himself upon the duffer, and bearing him to the floor. "I'll teach you to muck up our study!"

"Really I didn't— Yooop! Groooogh! Yah!"

Bump, bump!

"You burbling jabberwock!" exclaimed Dicky, bumping the duffer on the floor. "I told you what would happen if you dared to touch anything in this study!"

"I—I—I— Oh, dear! Yow! Yaroooooh!"

Dicky was in a merciless mood. He bumped Bunny again and again.

"That's enough, Dicky," said Bob, dragging Dicky from his victim.

"Leggo!" shouted Dicky. "I'll scalp him! I'll—"

"You've done quite enough scalping," said Bob, with a smile. "Get up, Bunny, you ass!"

Thoroughly bewildered by Dicky's warlike action, the duffer scrambled to his feet, rubbing his head.

"Look here, Bunny," said Bob Travers. "I thought we told you not to touch our furniture!"

"I have not touched it," replied Bunny quietly. "But surely Wren rearranged it to your liking?"

the head. "I think I must go and see that grocer's boy."

"If you want any groceries—" began the duffer.

"I do!" said Dicky.

"I shall be only too pleased to cycle into Meringham and—" said Dicky quickly. "But you can make yourself useful if you're not too much of a rank duffer."

"I shall be only too pleased to."

"Well, finish tidying up this study," said Dicky. "Pick up the coals from the carpet, and shove up the curtains, and—well, straighten things up as much as you can. When you've done that you can get tea."

The duffer beamed.

"I will do that with the greatest of pleasure!" he said, giving the angry Dicky a benign smile.

"Well, go ahead!" said Dicky. "Come on, Bob! We'd better buzz along to Meringham and meet your guardian."

The three chums left the study and strode downstairs.

"Better go on our bikes," said Dicky, as soon as they reached the quadrangle.

"There isn't time to walk the distance."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. "But look here, Dicky, what's the game?"

"Game?" said Dicky. "Why, my pippin, we're going to pay those New House bounders out for ragging our study. We're going to meet that grocer's boy, and we're going to collar Jimmy Wren's grub!"

"Oh!"

"I shall be rather sorry for Jimmy Wren's guests if they have to go away hungry!" said Dicky, with a laugh. "But, after all, we've got a guest coming, and we must treat him decently."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Dicky, jumping on his bicycle. "And mind you keep your eyes open for that grocer's kid!"

"What-ho!"

The three juniors left the quadrangle, and were soon pedalling quickly down the road leading to Meringham.

They were cheerfully anticipating triumphing over their rivals of the New House, and thus, when they came across Jimmy Wren & Co. standing by the side of their bicycles by the cross-roads, they were not tempted to stop and mop up the road with them.

The New House juniors grinned at sight of Bob Travers & Co.

"Hope you chaps liked the rearranging of the furniture!" sang out Jimmy Wren cheerfully.

"Yah! New House bounders!" replied Dicky Turner.

"Yah! School House asses!" yelled Jimmy Wren & Co.

And with that exchange of compliments Bob Travers & Co. put on a spurt, and had soon left the New House juniors well behind.

Another half-mile the School House chums covered, and then they caught sight of the grocer's boy, pedalling slowly along on his bicycle, with a basket over his arm.

"Don't let him get by!" urged Dicky Turner.

"No fear!"

The grocer's boy rang furiously on the bell of his machine, but he was soon compelled to jam on his brakes, for the oncoming cyclists were spread across the road.

"Stand and deliver, Traddles!" sang out Dicky Turner.

Traddles, the grocer's boy, who knew the chums by sight, jumped off his bicycle and gave Dicky Turner a questioning look.

"What did you say, Master Turner?" he asked.

"Jolly warm afternoon for the time of year, Traddles, old son!" remarked Dicky.

"Which as it is!" replied Traddles.

"Going up to the school—eh?"

"Which as I am!"

"You don't want to cycle all that distance on an afternoon like this," said Dicky Turner. "It's too hot, you know. Let us carry the parcel for you."

"You're werry kind—"

"Not at all!" said Dicky promptly. "Always glad to lend a helping hand, you know. Who's the parcel for—Master Wren, eh? Oh, good!" added Dicky, taking charge of the parcel. "Old Wren will be jolly pleased if we look after the parcel for him. Feeling thirsty, Traddles?"

"Which as I—"

"Buy yourself some ginger-pong with this," said Dicky, slipping a shilling into the hand of the grocer's boy. "You can drink my health if you like."

"Which as I shall be werry pleased to do so," said Traddles; and, meditating on the remarkable generosity and kindness exhibited by Dicky Turner, he jumped on his bicycle, and, whistling to himself, pedalled quickly in the direction of Meringham.

Chortling to themselves over the success of their scheme for repaying the New House raiders, Bob Travers & Co., after first tying the parcel to the carrier of Dicky Turner's machine, continued their journey.

By putting on speed they reached the station at the very moment that the train came puffing into the station.

They went on to the platform, just in time to meet a bluff, genial-looking man of middle age as he emerged from a first-class compartment.

"Hallo, Bob, my boy!" he said, stepping forward and shaking Bob Travers by the hand. "Sorry I gave you such short notice, but—"

"Don't worry about that, sir!" put in Bob quickly. "Quite long enough for us. The only thing is we had to come along on our bikes, and—"

"H'm!" said Derrick Conway, pursing his lips. "I'm afraid I'm just a little too old to travel on the step of your bicycle."

The three chums grinned.

"You can get a cab outside the station, sir!" said Dicky Turner.

"Oh, good!" said Derrick Conway. "I'll"

commander one at once! You can follow on your bicycles."

Mr. Conway had soon chartered a cab, and was speeding along the road to Redcliffe.

Bob Travers & Co. followed on their bicycles.

They had travelled about a mile when Dicky Turner suddenly jammed on his brakes and jumped off his machine.

"What's the matter, Dicky?" asked Bob Travers, slowing down. "Got a puncture?"

"Ha, ha, ha! No," said Dicky, bending down and picking up a huge piece of paving-stone which was lying at the side of the road. "I've taken rather a fancy to this lump of stone."

"What the dickens—"

"I suppose you didn't notice that Jimmy Wren & Co. were standing by the side of that butt containing tar?" remarked Dicky, placing the lump of paving-stone under his arm.

"No; but—"

"Well, they were," continued Dicky. "and I rather hope they're still standing there when we get back. They looked rather spick-and-span, but—"

"Quite so."

"But they won't look quite so spotless when I've biffed this lump of stone into the tar!" laughed Dicky.

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Bob. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Dicky.

Once again the chums jumped on to their machines, and began to pedal furiously in the direction of Redcliffe.

As luck would have it, Jimmy Wren & Co. were still standing by the butt of tar at the cross-roads.

They grinned derisively at the School House chums as they approached.

There was, however, a grim, set expression on Dicky Turner's face.

Dicky held the lump of paving-stone firmly under his arm, and as soon as he came alongside the New House juniors he hurled it right into the centre of the butt.

Splash!

There came loud exclamations from Jimmy Wren & Co. as tar shot in all directions, splashing them from head to feet.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Turner, waving his hand to the discomfited New House juniors. "We don't always pay our debts in money, you know. That's for your kindness in rearranging our furniture!"

Jimmy Wren broke into a run, and tore after the School House cyclists.

"Come back, you rotters!" he yelled. "I'll—I'll—"

"No fear!" sang out Dicky Turner. "We aren't so fond of tar as to want to stay in your company!"

"Yah! School House rotters!"

"Go away, you dirty boy!" exclaimed Dicky. "What will mother say when she sees those dirty bags? How could you be so careless!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think we might say we've scored this time," remarked Dicky Turner to his chums.

Bob Travers looked over his shoulder at the three New House juniors, who were dimly surveying their tarred garments.

"I don't think there's any doubt about it," said Bob.

And there certainly was not!

"Another cup of tea, Mr. Conway?"

Bob Travers & Co. were seated round the tea-table in Study No. 5. In consequence of their triumph over Jimmy Wren & Co. their faces bore very cheerful grins.

"No, thanks, Bob!" replied Mr. Conway. "I have had quite sufficient. I— Dear me! What—"

Mr. Conway paused as the sound of rushing footsteps could be plainly heard in the passage.

Next instant the door of Study No. 5 was thrown unceremoniously open, and in rushed Jimmy Wren & Co., bespattered with tar from head to foot.

"You rotters!" roared Jimmy Wren. "Where's our grub? Where—"

"Better language, Wren, old son!" said Bob Travers mildly. "Can't you see we have a guest? If you want to see me about anything particular—"

"Oh, scissor!" groaned Jimmy Wren. "Stay to tea if you like!" said Bob Travers cheerily. "There isn't much left, but you're welcome to what there is."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Wren, turning on his heel, and blushing to the roots of his hair. "Come on, you fellows!"

"Oh, do stay to tea!" said Bob Travers, rising to his feet. "I'm sure we should enjoy your company. You look a bit dirty, but— Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Travers burst into a laugh as the three New House juniors shot out of the study.

Mr. Conway gave Bob a questioning look.

"Very peculiar behaviour on the part of your friends, Bob!" he remarked.

"Very peculiar," agreed Bob. "But they often behave like that. They look as though they'd been playing with tar! I can't understand how fellows can be so dirty!"

"Neither can I!" said Dicky Turner; and there was a merry grin on his face that Mr. Conway could not fail to observe.

But Bob's guardian said nothing. Possibly he saw farther than Bob Travers & Co. thought he did, but at any rate it was pretty sure that he had not guessed the means the chums of Study No. 5 had adopted to repay the raiders.

THE SCHOOLBOY GOLD-SEEKERS!

A Magnificent Long Complete Tale of
FRANK RICHARDS & CO.,
 the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.
 By **MARTIN CLIFFORD**

The 1st Chapter. The Way of the Chinese.

"By gum!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. He shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked down the valley, his brow growing very grim.

"What's up?" asked Frank Richards.

"Look!"

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc followed his glance.

The three chums of Cedar Creek had been looking for game, and they were returning to camp for dinner.

Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin had been left in charge of the camp, which the schoolboy explorers had pitched by a mountain stream, high up in the Cascade Mountains.

They were still at a distance from the camp, where a fire of logs and pine-chips smoked, and the horses and pack-mule lay resting by the stream.

"The young rascals!" exclaimed Frank Richards, as he saw what had caught Bob's keen eye in the distance.

Chunky Todgers and Yen Chin ought to have been "doing the chores" while the others were looking for game.

But they weren't.

They were seated on opposite sides of a log, and each of them held a hand of cards, and they were evidently deep in the game.

A little heap of coins glistened in the sun on the log.

The heap was on Yen Chin's side, and it looked as if the Chinese had had all the luck.

Chunky did not look as if he were enjoying the game.

His fat face was lugubrious in expression.

Yen Chin was grinning.

"Well, my word!" exclaimed Beauclerc, in astonishment. "That's rather a new game for Chunky, isn't it?"

"It's that blessed heathen!" growled Bob Lawless. "My hat! I'll give him the end of the trail-ropes! He's led that fat jay into it, of course! He's like all these blessed Chows! They'd gamble the shirt off their backs. But we'll put him up to a wrinkle about playing poker in our camp!"

The three schoolboys hurried their steps towards the camp.

They were wrathful.

Yen Chin had his back to them as they came up, and did not observe them; and Chunky was too deep in the examination of his cards to look up.

"You dawee cardee—oh, yes?" Yen Chin was asking, as Frank Richards & Co. came within hearing.

"I'll draw two," said Chunky at last.

The little Celestial dealt him a couple of cards.

Chunky's fat face brightened a little. Evidently the cards he had received had improved his hand.

"Playee up!" murmured Yen Chin.

"I'm your antelope!" said Chunky.

"There's a quarter for a start, anyhow. Cover that, you heathen!"

Then Chunky looked up, with a start, as he heard footsteps clinking on the rocky ground close at hand.

"Oh!" he gasped.

Yen Chin spun round.

It did not need the looks of Frank Richards & Co. to tell him that they were wrathful. He knew their opinion on the subject of gambling.

In a second he whipped his cards out of sight.

"Velly glad see handsome ole Flanky again," he said. "Niceee ole Bob leardy for dinner?"

"You young scamp!" roared Bob Lawless.

"No savvy. Whatee pool lill' Chinee doee?" asked Yen Chin innocently.

"As for you, Chunky, you young rotter—"

Chunky's fat face was crimson.

"It—it was only a lark!" he stammered defensively. "I—I never really meant to play, you know. I'm not a shady black-guard like Gunten! I—I— You see—"

"Yes, I guess I see!" growled Bob Lawless. "Have you got dinner?"

"I—I'm just going to."

"Allee light!" murmured Yen Chin. "We gettee dinnee velly sick, no time!"

Chunky Todgers was crimson and distressed.

It was the cunning little Chinee who had induced the unwary Chunky to enter into that little game, as the chums of Cedar Creek knew very well.

Chunky backed away to the camp-fire to get on with the neglected cookery, and the chums surrounded Yen Chin.

"Now, you young rascal—" began Frank.



"'You! Ah! No whackee pool lill' Chinee!' wailed Yen Chin, as Bob Lawless laid on the trail-ropes. 'Chinee good lill' boy. Yah! Beastly ugly Bob! Oh!'"

"Chinese no lascal!" murmured Yen Chin. "Velly good boy!"

"You've made that fat duffer play cards with you."

"No playee card!"

"What?"

"No can," said Yen Chin.

"You—you haven't been playing cards?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

Yen Chin shook his head.

"No can," he answered. "Chinee velly good boy. No can playee poken. Velly wrong playee poken."

"We saw you!" roared Bob.

"Niceee ole Bob makee mistake," said Yen Chin calmly. "Me sittee hele, tinkee of niceee ole fiends comee back to dinnee."

The chums of Cedar Creek stared at him.

"Well, of all the lying young villains!" gasped Bob Lawless. "He's denying that he was gambling with Chunky, when we saw him doing it!"

"No could see. P'haps optical delusion," suggested Yen Chin. "Tinkee see, and no see."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards, feeling his breath quite taken away.

"Why, there's some of the cards on the log!" said Bob, pointing to the "hand" Chunky Todgers had hurriedly thrown down.

Yen Chin glanced at the cards as if he saw them for the first time.

"Velly strange!" he said. "No see cardee before. How comee here? P'haps Chunkee know."

"You—you—you pigtailed gopher!" ejaculated Bob. "Don't you know it's wrong to tell lies?"

"Nevvee tellee lie! Flozen thuth!" answered Yen Chin.

"Chunky, weren't you playing poker with the heathen?" roared Bob Lawless.

"I guess so," answered Chunky shamefacedly.

"Do you hear that, Yen Chin?"

"Me heal. Chunkee deamee."

"Wh-a-t?"

"Chunkee goee sleep, and deamee playee card," suggested Yen Chin. "Me no playee; me velly good lill' Chinee."

"Well, if that heathen don't take the prize!" said Bob, with a deep breath. "Do you expect anybody to believe that, Yen Chin?"

"Me tinkee—oh, yes! Flozen thuth!"

"I'll give you frozen truth, you young rascal!" exclaimed Bob. And he caught the Celestial with one hand, and laid on a trail-ropes with the other.

Whack, whack, whack!

Yen Chin uttered an earsplitting yell.

"'You! Ah! Oh! No whackee pool lill' Chinee! No playee piecee card! Chinee good lill' boy! Yah! Oh! Beastly ugly Bob! Oh!'"

Whack, whack!

Yen Chin roared with anguish.

His yelling was so terrific that Bob desisted before he had given him what he considered enough.

Yen Chin sat on the log and sobbed spasmodically.

Bob looked rather contrite.

"You know you asked for it, you young heathen!" he said.

Yen Chin sobbed.

"No whackee pool lill' Chinee!" he wailed.

"Well, I'm not going to whack you any more."

"No whackee any mole?"

"No."

"Allee light!" said Yen Chin, suddenly ceasing his pitiful sobs, and grinning up at the chums. "All light, ole Bob! If no whackee, no cly."

Bob Lawless stared speechlessly at the Chinee.

"You spoofing little villain, you're not hurt!" exclaimed Frank.

Yen Chin nodded calmly.

"No hult," he agreed. "Howlee loudce to makee ole Bob stopee. Oh, yes! All light now stoppee."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"M-m-my word!" gasped Bob Lawless. "I've a jolly good mind to boot you all round the camp, you deceiving heathen! Look here, Yen Chin, if you're caught gambling again, you'll get the trail-ropes in real earnest."

"No catchee again."

"You won't do it any more?" asked Frank.

"No catchee," answered Yen Chin, with a grin.

"Don't you know it's wrong?" asked Beauclerc severely.

"Me know. Likee allee same."

There was really no reply to be made to that, unless it was with the trail-ropes.

Frank Richards & Co. felt that the Chinee was really a little too much for them, and they turned their attention to dinner instead.

that. You fellows coming along the stream? There's a lot of wildfowl."

Chunky Todgers stretched himself in the shade of a rock.

"I'm not going to sleep," he said defensively. "I'm going to—to keep a look-out. Just as well for one fellow to stay and look after the horses."

Frank Richards & Co. grinned as they went down the stream.

They were well aware that Chunky's eyes would be sealed before they were out of sight of the camp.

The upland valley in which the schoolboys had camped was solitary, and the wildfowl there had rarely been disturbed.

The nearest settlement was twenty miles away, in a "gulch" lower down the range, known as Tucker's Bar.

The stream was a shallow one, rippling over rock and sand, though in winter time it was probably a rapid torrent.

Bob Lawless was watching the stream as the chums went along the rocky bank, and his brows were knitted in thought.

He made the pace, and they proceeded at a leisurely rate.

"This doesn't look much like supper, old scout," said Frank Richards at last. "It's getting towards sundown, Bob."

"I've been doing some thinking, Franky."

"Any result?" asked Frank, with a smile.

"We came up through Tucker's Bar," said Bob. "You noticed the diggings there—all placer mining. This stream flows down into the river at Tucker's Bar. I've been wondering—"

He paused, and looked at the gleaming sands in the stream again.

"Looking for fish?" asked Beauclerc, in surprise.

"Nope! I was wondering if there was pay-dirt in this creek," said Bob.

"My hat!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "Gold, do you mean?"

"Well, it looks like it to me," said Bob. "I've been over the placer claims at home in the Thompson Valley many a time. I know the look of pay gravel when I see it. It struck me, when we camped here three days ago, and I've been thinking about it since. What do you fellows say to sticking here for a few days, and looking for pay-dirt?"

Frank Richards laughed.

"No objection," he answered. "Chunky was going to discover a gold-mine, I remember. He said so when we started on our holiday."

"Well, Chunky won't discover any old mine, unless he walks in his sleep to do it," said Bob with a laugh. "But we might. Not a giddy bonanza, you know; I guess I don't mean that. But I really reckon we might wash out a few hundred dollars."

"Good!" said Beauclerc.

Bob Lawless halted.

Close at their feet was a bed of sand, shining in the sun, which had been covered with water when the creek was swollen by rains.

Now it lay dry as a bone, crunching under the tread.

Bob Lawless knelt, and his chums watched him curiously as he ran handfuls of the shining sand through his hands.

They guessed that Bob had noted that spot before, and borne it in mind, intending to make an examination of it for "pay-dirt."

"Well, what results?" asked Frank, as the rancher's son looked up at last.

Bob coloured a little.

His chums had taken his suggestion of "prospecting" with good-humour, but he could see that they were of little faith.

"I guess it wants looking at," said Bob. "If you fellows don't feel inclined to waste time on it, you go on and look for game."

"Oh, we'll help, old scout. But what's to be done?"

"If we could wash out some of this dirt, I'd jolly soon see whether there was pay-dust," said Bob. "If you want to help, lend me a hand making a cradle."

"Great Scott!"

"Only a rough-and-ready one, of course! There's a bank of osiers along the creek, and I can show you how to do it."

"Right-ho!"

Bob led the way to the osier bank, and

NEXT MONDAY.
THE FORM-MASTER'S PERIL!
 By **HERBERT BRITTON.**
DON'T MISS IT!



THE SCHOOLBOY GOLD-SEEKERS!

(Continued from the previous page.)

and Keller by any chance?" asked Bob. "I believe they're still in these hills."

"No see Guntee." "Well, something's wrong with you. What is it?" "Allee light."

"The little Chinese evidently did not intend to explain." "The chums of Cedar Creek were puzzled, but they gave up questioning him."

Yen Chin sat in silence for a long time. When Bob and Beauclerc went towards the horses, to see them settled for the night, the little Chinese moved at last, and sidled towards Frank Richards.

"Niece ole Flanky!" he murmured. "Hallo! What do you want?" asked Frank, smiling. "You lendee me monee."

"You lendee me monee." "Eh?" "Pool lill' Chineese losee money," said Yen Chin pathetically.

Frank stared at him. "Well, you don't want money here," he said. "You can't buy anything from the grizzly bears, Yen Chin."

"Me wantee doller." "How did you lose your money?" exclaimed Frank, with a sudden suspicion.

"That's a real strike!" he exclaimed. "You bet!" "Hurrah!"

The chums of Cedar Creek returned to camp in great spirits. Yen Chin had not yet returned, and they sat down to a cold supper without him, eagerly discussing the "strike."

"I guess we shall have to stake out the claim," said Bob. "Any prospector may come meseying along any day, and if the claim's not ours legally, any galoot can chip in and wash out our gold."

"Equal whacks all round," agreed Frank Richards. "Then that blessed heathen will have to take a hand in the work," said Chunky Todgers warmly.

"By the way, where is Yen Chin?" exclaimed Bob. "He's getting too jolly mysterious. He must have some reason for clearing off every day like this."

"Can he have fallen in with Gunten?" asked Beauclerc. "Bob knitted his brows. 'It's possible. I believe that foreign trash is still hanging about the hills some-where. But Yen Chin never liked him. Gunten used to bully him at Cedar Creek. I'll jolly well make him explain when he comes back!'"

But it was long before Yen Chin came back. The chums wanted to turn in early, for they were fatigued by a day's hard work. But as the darkness settled down, and night advanced, there was no sign of the Chinese, and they grew anxious.

"I hope the young ass hasn't run into a grizzly!" muttered Bob. "We can't turn in till he comes back," remarked Beauclerc.

"I guess I can!" said Todgers emphatically. And he did. But Frank and Bob and Beauclerc waited up, their anxiety deepening.

"Niece ole Flanky—" "Oh, dry up!" "Dear ole Bob lendee money—" "I'll 'dear old Bob' you!" grunted Bob Lawless. "You try to leave the camp again, and I'll skin you!"

"Ole Bob velly ugly! No likee ugly Bob!" "Never mind whether you likee me!" grinned Bob. "You're going to help work on the claim to-morrow. We'll buy you a new horse at the Bar out of the profits when we break camp. You won't want a horse till then."

"Findee gold?" asked Yen Chin, his almond eyes glistening. "Look at that!" said Bob. He held out the little buckskin bag in which the chums had placed the grains of gold washed out from the placer.

"Goldsee!" ejaculated Yen Chin, almost gasping with excitement. "Hundred doller!" "There's a good hundred dollars there," assented Bob. "And when we've finished we'll buy you a new horse, if you behave yourself, and take your share of the work."

"Me velly good boy. Wolkee velly mubee. Oh, yes!" "I guess we'll keep you to that. Now turn in." Yen Chin obediently rolled himself in his blanket.

But his almond eyes remained open, fixed upon Bob Lawless. There was a glitter in his eyes that would have aroused Bob's suspicions if he had noted it; but he gave no further heed to the Celestial.

He thrust the buckskin bag into his pocket, and sat on the log to keep the first watch while his comrades slept. When his watch was over he laid down to sleep near the dying fire, and Frank Richards took his place on the log.

Frank watched the little valley drowsily in the glimmer of the moonlight. He started a little as Yen Chin rose from his place and glided silently towards him.

"Go to sleep, kid!" said Frank. "Me healee some-ting," murmured the little Chinese.

creek where Frank Richards & Co. had pitched their camp. They were seated by a camp-fire, breakfasting late, in the sunny morning, when Yen Chin came in sight.

"Hallo, heathen!" grinned Gunten, as the Chinese came panting up. "I guess you've had a long walk. What have you got there?"

Yen Chin held up a buckskin bag. "What's in it?" asked Keller curiously. "Gold-dustee." "Phew!" exclaimed Gunten, as Yen Chin showed the contents of the bag. "Where did you get that, John?"

"Findee." Gunten grinned. He did not care very much where Yen Chin had "found" the gold, as a matter of fact. "Playee pooke," said Yen Chin. "Oh, yes!"

"As long as you've got any dust!" chuckled Gunten. And the three sat down to the game round a log that served as a table, and in a few minutes it was going strong under the bright sunshine.

But that game of poker was destined to be interrupted. Gunten had valued the bag of dust at a hundred dollars, and Yen Chin was allowed to use "chips" representing that sum, and two-thirds of the amount had passed to Gunten and Keller, when there was a ringing of horses' hoofs on the rocks of the ravine.

Gunten sprang to his feet. Frank Richards, Beauclerc, and Bob Lawless were riding down the ravine at a trot. "So we've found you!" said Bob Lawless grimly.

"I guess you've come to our camp without being asked," growled Gunten. "What do you want?"

"First of all, we want the bag of dust Yen Chin took last night," said Bob. "I see you've got it there. Take it up, Franky."

The 4th Chapter. Yen Chin's Crime!

Yen Chin did not look up. He was plainly tired out and in a black mood, which contrasted curiously with his usual cheery spirits.

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"Where's your horse, Yen Chin?" asked Bob. "No savvy." "Have you lost him?"

"Losee on tiall." "Have you had to hoof it home?" "Oh, yes!" "That's jolly queer!" said Bob Lawless suspiciously. "Where's your knife? I see it's not in your belt."

Frank Richards clapped the Celestial on the shoulder. Frank was more than suspicious now. "Have you lost the ten dollars as well?" he asked grimly.

The 5th Chapter. Rough Justice!

"By gum! That heathen again!" exclaimed Kern Gunten. Keller grinned. The two Swiss schoolboys were camped in a ravine, a good ten miles from the

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THE END.

NEXT MONDAY.

THE CLAIM JUMPERS! BY MARTIN CLIFFORD. DON'T MISS IT!