



Rookwood Versus Greyfriars!

Great Cricket Match!



The Sports of St. Clive's!

Arthur S. Hardy's New Story.



The BOYS' FRIEND 1 1/2

TWELVE PAGES!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 2nd, 1919.

Jimmy Silver's Way!



SMYTHE & CO. STAY BEHIND!

had done his work too well for that. It looked as if they would be left out of the Greyfriars match after all!

"I think they'll do!" remarked Jimmy Silver, grinning. The three "nuts" of the Shell were standing round the tree, secured by the cord round the trunk. There was no escape for them; Jimmy

The 1st Chapter. Morny's Best!

"Jimmy—"
"Oh, buzz off, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver crossly.
Jimmy Silver was dabbing his nose with his handkerchief in the end study. There were stains of crimson on the handkerchief. And Jimmy was not in his usual sunny temper.
But Tubby Muffin of the Classical Fourth did not buzz off. He rolled into the study instead.
"I say, Jimmy—" he persisted.
"Br-r-r!"
"Roll away, barrel!" said Lovell. "Can't you see that you're superfluous, Tubby? The charms of your

fascinating society have palled. Roll away!"
Tubby did not heed.
"I want you to lend me your bat, Jimmy!" he said.
Jimmy Silver stared at the fat Classical over the crimsoned handkerchief. His nose was feeling rather painful.
"My bat?" he exclaimed.
"That's it!"
"What the thump do you want a bat for at nearly bed-time?" demanded Jimmy.
"I don't want it to-night, of course. To-morrow, I mean," explained Tubby Muffin. "You won't want it, as you're not playing at Greyfriars

to-morrow, Jimmy. I've sold my bat—I sold it to Jones minor, you know, when I was stony last week. Of course, I never foresaw that I should be asked to play in the junior eleven to—"
"Wha-a-at?"
"You never asked me to play for Rookwood when you were junior captain, Jimmy," said Tubby Muffin reproachfully. "I offered my services more than once and you always refused. It's different now Mornington's captain. Morny knows a good man when he sees him."
Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the fat junior.
They could not speak for a moment. Tubby Muffin as a member of the

junior cricket team took their breath away.
Tubby was a great man in his own line; he was the very best customer at the tuckshop; he was the best cook in the Fourth Form, and what he didn't know about frying sausages wasn't worth knowing. But as a cricketer Tubby did not shine. As a cricketer he was probably more hopeless than even Smythe of the Shell.
"You in the junior eleven!" ejaculated Arthur Edward Lovell at last.
"You!" howled Raby.
"You!" stuttered Newcome.
"Oh, my only hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Morny must have gone fairly off his rocker, I think!"

Tubby Muffin blinked indignantly at the Fistical Four. He could not see anything surprising in his inclusion in the Rookwood junior team.
"The fact is, Jimmy, Morny's a better skipper than you ever were!" he said. "He's giving me a chance. You can cackle if you like, but you'll see! You wait till I'm knocking up runs at Greyfriars to-morrow!"
"Oh dear!"
"But I want you to lend me your bat, Jimmy! Of course, I can't knock up runs without a bat."
"Nor with one, you howling ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "I'd like to see you facing the Greyfriars bowlers! Has Morny gone potty? First he puts Smythe and Howard and Tracy in the



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previous
page.

JIMMY SILVER'S WAY!

team—three born idiots. Now he's picked out the fattest chump in the Fourth—

"Look here—" roared Tubby, in great wrath.

"Greyfriars will have something to chortle over to-morrow!" snorted Lovell. "They had some comic cricket when Smythe took a team over. Morny's team will be funnier than Smythe's at this rate! What is Rookwood cricket coming to?"

"I suppose Morny's potty!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Sniff!—from Tubby Muffin."

"You'd say that, of course!" he grunted. "You're jealous, Jimmy!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"You always kept me out of the cricket!" said Tubby indignantly.

"You know you did, Jimmy Silver!"

"There was no room for a potty porpoise in my eleven when I was skipper, Tubby!"

"You silly ass!" roared Tubby Muffin. "You're ratty because Morny punched your nose; that's what's the matter with you, Jimmy Silver. Serve you right if he'd licked you! He would have if Erroll hadn't interfered! Yah!"

"Oh, dry up, fathead!"

"I'll borrow a bat somewhere else," said Tubby Muffin; "I won't have yours now if you offer it! Yah!"

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"You can have the bat if you're playing cricket to-morrow, Tubby," he said. "I won't stand in the way of your knocking up a thousand runs or so for Rookwood. Are you going to make it a thousand or a million?"

"I hope I shall get a century!" said Tubby, with dignity.

"It will take you about ten centuries to do it!" grunted Lovell.

"Yah!"

Tubby's reply was emphatic, if not elegant.

And he rolled out of the end study in a state of great indignation.

Jimmy Silver dabbed his nose again thoughtfully. Mornington's knuckles had landed there an hour before with painful effect. Jimmy Silver had been resolved to keep on good terms with the fellow who had taken his place as junior skipper, but it had not worked out like that. Mornington had made a bad beginning, and he was already in bitter conflict with the former skipper.

"Well!" said Lovell, with a deep breath, when the fat Classical was gone. "This takes the cake, and no mistake! I'm jolly glad we're not in the eleven! Greyfriars will cackle themselves to death over this match!"

Jimmy Silver nodded.

"Morny's in a fix, of course," he said. "He's determined to play Smythe and Howard and Tracy—which means throwing away the match. Every other fellow has resigned from the team in consequence, except his own chum Erroll; and Morny must make up an eleven somehow if he's going over to Greyfriars at all."

"And what's he playing Smythe & Co. for?" hooted Lovell. "Because he promised them places in the team for voting for him at the election! A dirty trick!"

"Rotten!" growled Raby.

"Caddish!" snorted Newcome.

"It was rotten enough," agreed Jimmy Silver. "But Morny doesn't seem to think so. He looks on it as an electioneering trick. It wouldn't do for this study—"

"I should jolly well say not!"

"But Morny's a queer fellow, and he never meant to put those silly asses into a good match. It's really an accident that the Greyfriars match comes off to-morrow. He can't get any good man to play, with Smythe & Co. in the team, but he's got to make up the number. But fancy falling back on Tubby Muffin!"

"I dare say he's put up a new list by this time," growled Lovell. "It

ought to be interesting to read. Let's go down and see."

"That's a good idea."

The Fistical Four left the end study and went downstairs. They found a good many juniors gathered before the notice-board, upon which was the list of players for the Greyfriars match in Morny's elegant hand. The comments that were being passed on the list were very emphatic.

"Look at this!" said Conroy, as the Fistical Four came up. "What do you think of this merry menagerie?"

Jimmy Silver read down the list.

It ran:

"Mornington, Erroll, Smythe, Tracy, Howard, Muffin, Leggett, Townsend, Topham, Peele, Lattrey."

"My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver, almost overcome.

The list contained two names of cricketers—Mornington and Erroll. The rest were hopeless cases. Mornington had evidently been driven to desperation by the resignations from his team. He had filled the places anyhow he could, and the result was deplorable. So far from being fit to play Greyfriars. Remove the team was not "class" enough to stand up to an eleven chosen from the Second Form.

"Well, that puts the lid on!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, with a snort. "That's the skipper you've changed Jimmy Silver for! My word! I hope you're pleased with him now you've got him!"

The Rookwood fellows certainly were not looking pleased!

"This won't do!" said Jimmy Silver abruptly.

"You can't help it," said Raby.

"You can't interfere, Jimmy. Let the silly ass make a fool of himself. He will be booted out of the captaincy for this, anyhow; and that will be the good."

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

He did not want to see Mornington "booted" out of the captaincy; though many of the fellows did not give him credit for his good wishes towards his successful rival.

"Something's got to be done!" he said.

"Br-r-r!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver walked away, leaving an excited crowd commenting on the remarkable cricket list. Jimmy Silver was thinking deeply. He wanted to save Rookwood from a crushing defeat at Greyfriars, and he wanted to save Morny, if he could, from the results of his obstinacy and folly. But that was a big problem, even for the astute "Uncle James," of Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter.

Jimmy Silver to the Rescue!

"Morny, old man!"

Valentine Mornington was pacing to and fro in his study, when Erroll came in, closing the door after him.

Morny was looking angry and perturbed.

He was quite conscious of the bad break he had made, in beginning his career as junior captain of Rookwood. He was aware, too, that he had made matters worse instead of better by his fight with Jimmy Silver in the end study. Everything seemed to be going wrong for Morny; and his feelings towards the late junior captain were bitter enough.

He stopped his restless pacing and looked round sullenly as Erroll came in.

"Well?" he snapped.

Erroll took no notice of his savage tone. His patience seemed inexhaustible in dealing with his obstinate and wilful chum.

"I've just seen the fellows looking at your list, Morny."

"What are they saying?"

"They don't like it, of course."

Mornington sneered.

"I didn't expect they would! It's all Jimmy Silver's doin'. He's determined that I shan't make a success of it as captain."

"You know I don't agree with you there, Morny."

"Hadn't you better desert me, like

the rest, and back up Jimmy Silver?" broke out Mornington, bitterly and scornfully. "I shouldn't be surprised if you did."

"I think you would be surprised, Morny; and you know I shan't do it, anyhow. It won't be pleasant to play in such a team; but I'm sticking to you, of course. If you're determined to keep on like this—"

"What can I do?" exclaimed Mornington savagely. "Jimmy Silver set the example of standing out of the team. The other fellows followed it. Even the Modern fellows did. I'm left to make up a team the best way I can, and nobody who can play cricket will come into it. Do you want me to go over to Greyfriars to-morrow with a team of two—you and me?"

"You must take a full team, of course."

"Then how am I to make it up, without playing those duffers, if the cricketers' boycott the team?"

"By doing the right thing, Morny," said Erroll quietly. "The trouble began by your putting Smythe and Howard and Tracy into the eleven. They can't play cricket, and everybody knows they can't. It's asking for a licking to play them. Cut them out."

"I can't!"

"If you dropped them, as you know you ought, the other fellows would come round, and Jimmy Silver would be the first. You can't expect him to play in a match he knows must be a defeat, because you persist in putting in three silly fools who don't know a wicket from a wicket-keeper."

Mornington shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"You know why I put them in," he snapped. "I promised them places in the next match, for their votes at the election. I was fixing up a fag match for to-morrow, so that I could keep my word without any damage being done. Then Wharton offered to replay the match to-morrow—the one Smythe mucked up by his trickery last week. I was forced to accept Wharton's offer; and we're booked to play Greyfriars. I've got to keep my word to Smythe, and play him and his friends."

"You oughtn't to have made such a promise."

"It's easy enough to say that; I know it as well as you do; and I'm sorry I did it, if you come to that. But I've done it now, and I can't break my word. Do you advise me to do that?"

Erroll was silent for a moment.

"Couldn't you make some arrangement with Smythe, and buy him off somehow?" he asked.

"I've tried."

"And he refuses?"

"Yes. He's jolly glad to pin me down. The silly fool thinks he can play cricket, and he's dead set on figuring in the Greyfriars match."

"It's a rotten position," said Erroll, after a pause.

"I know it is. But we had a chance of winning, even carrying three passengers, if the other fellows had backed up."

"You couldn't expect them to, under the circumstances. And there wasn't a chance, Morny. The match will be touch and go, anyway. With three hopeless duds in the team, we haven't an earthly."

Mornington grunted.

"Still, the fellows ought to have backed up," he said. "Jimmy Silver said he was going to support me as captain. This is how he's doing it, hang him!"

"I can't blame him. You put three fumbling fools into the team, for a reason you can't explain in public. No wonder all the decent fellows clear out of it."

"Go it!" said Mornington bitterly. "Pile it on."

"I don't want to do that. But—I wish you'd let me give you some advice, Morny."

"I'd be glad if you would. But it's no good preaching at me. What's done can't be helped."

"Suppose you go to Jimmy Silver?"

Morny rubbed his nose.

"I've been to him already!" he said grimly.

"That was a silly thing to do, Morny—you pitched into Silver for nothing at all. It was your own fault, not his, that everything's gone wrong. Go to Jimmy Silver, and put it to him frankly—tell him you're in a scrape, and ask him, as a friend, to help you out of it."

Morny set his lips.

"After punching his nose an hour ago!" he said.

"Never mind that. He will do the best he can for Rookwood, if not for you."

"I'm not goin' to humble myself to him."

Erroll looked impatient.

"Look here, Morny, you're in the wrong, and you ought to own up to it," he said. "You can't take that team of prize idiots over to Greyfriars to-morrow, just to satisfy your silly pride."

Mornington started.

This was unusually plain language from his patient chum.

There was a tap at the door, in the pause that followed, and Jimmy Silver looked into the study.

Mornington gave him a grim look.

"Come in," he said, with a sneer.

"Have you come to finish that little affair that Erroll interrupted in your study? I'm ready!"

Jimmy Silver gave him a cold, quiet look.

"I haven't come here to row with you, Mornington," he said. "If you're in that temper, I'd better go, and nothing said. But—"

"Don't go," said Erroll quickly. "We were just speaking of you, Jimmy. I think you ought to help Morny out of the scrape he's got into."

"I'm willing."

Mornington compressed his lips. He was trying to overcome his savage temper, but he found it hard.

"Well, if you can do anything, I'll be glad," he said ungraciously. "I'm in a scrape, no mistake about that. I don't want to take a team of duds over to Greyfriars to-morrow. But what's to be done? Everybody else has cleared out of the eleven—including yourself."

"You're still determined to play Smythe and Co.?"

"I've got to. I've promised the cads. You needn't tell me I'd no right to make such a promise, for such a reason. I've had that from Erroll, a dozen times. Besides, I know it." Morny paused a moment.

"Look here, Silver, I know it was a rotten trick, beggin' votes at the election by such methods. I did it carelessly, without thinkin'—never meanin' to let Smythe into a match that mattered. I know I oughtn't to have done it. I wouldn't do it over again. But it's done. I can't break my word to the rotters; an' you wouldn't advise me to do that?"

Jimmy Silver's face softened a little.

A confession of wrong-doing from

the lofty Morny was rather unexpected; and Jimmy knew it cost him a good deal to make it.

"Well, I've been thinking the matter over," said Jimmy Silver slowly. "You mayn't believe it, Morny, but I really wish you well, and I'd like to see you make a success of your job. I think I can help you."

"Oh, good!" exclaimed Erroll.

Mornington looked at the late junior captain very curiously.

"If you mean that—" he began.

"I shouldn't say it if I didn't mean it."

"Well, go ahead, then."

"It all hinges on Smythe & Co.," said Jimmy. "I'm not going to preach. We'll let it go that you've landed yourself to play them. But if they play, the match is a goner. No good anybody else going over to Greyfriars with them to gather up a thumping licking. But if those three fools would stand out—"

"They won't!"

"They might be persuaded to."

"I've tried that," said Mornington impatiently.

"Leave it to me, then," said Jimmy Silver. "I think I can persuade them to see reason on the subject."

"My hat! You must be a giddy magician, then!"

"Leave it at that," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll speak to the fellows, and get them to join up again. You can depend on Lovell and me, and the other fellows will come round when they know Smythe & Co. are not in the team. You can rely on that."

Morny drew a deep breath.

"But they won't stand out, and I can't turn 'em down," he said.

"Leave that to me, I tell you. Now, we've got to get off early to-morrow," said Jimmy. "Smythe & Co. have permission to leave early, as members of the team. They'll start with us. On the way, I'm going to use my eloquence on them, and I'm certain I can persuade them to see reason. We shall have to get leave for three extra players to go as reserves. That's easy enough. And now, Morny, draw up a fresh list, for goodness' sake, and put it on the board before the fellows talk themselves into a fit."

Morny grinned faintly.

"You're asking me to leave a lot to you," he said, "and you're not explainin' very clearly. I don't believe Smythe will give in for any consideration whatever."

"I guarantee that."

"You've got some hold on the rotter, do you mean?"

"You'll have to leave all that to me. But I answer for it that if you're willing to do so, I'll see that you reach Greyfriars with a good team."

Morny laughed.

"I can't do better than accept that offer, Erroll," he said.

"Jump at it!" said Erroll.

"Well, I'll jump at it, then," said Mornington. "Done, Jimmy Silver!"

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver left the study, and Morny knitted his brows in deep thought.

"He must have some hold over Smythe," he said slowly. "Smythe wouldn't let up simply for bein' asked."

"You can trust him, anyway."

"Oh, yes; I suppose so."

Just before bedtime there was a new list on the board—which caused fierce indignation in the fat breast of Tubby Muffin. Muffin's name no longer adorned the list, and Tubby was no longer in need of Jimmy Silver's bat, with which to knock up centuries at Greyfriars. There were other indignant duds as well as Reginald Muffin. But nobody heeded them or their indignation.

The new list gave satisfaction. There were fourteen names in it. Jimmy Silver had induced the cricketers to join up again, on the assurance that Smythe & Co. would be standing out. Smythe & Co.'s names still figured in the list, making it up to the unusual total of fourteen, which was rather a puzzle to all who read it.

For Adolphus Smythe, consulted on the subject, loudly declared that he hadn't the faintest intention of standing out, and Howard and Tracy heartily concurred.

"But Silver says you're going to stand out!" Conroy told them.

"Silver's an ass!" was Smythe's reply.

Whereupon the Australian junior hurried back to Jimmy Silver.

"Smythe says he's still in the team!" he announced.

"His name doesn't do any harm on the board, does it?" asked Jimmy.

"Not if he doesn't play to-morrow."

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JIMMY SILVER'S WAY!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Well, he won't play to-morrow."
"He says he will!"
"Let him!"
"Look here, you're sure of it, Jimmy Silver?"
"Quite!"
"Blessed if I understand this game!" said Conroy, in perplexity.
"You'll understand to-morrow."
"Oh, all right!"
And so the matter ended for that night.

The 3rd Chapter.

A Perplexing Position!

Adolphus Smythe, the ornament of the Shell, might have been observed, the following morning, wearing a thoughtful expression.

Smythe had food for thought. His aristocratic name still figured in the Greyfriars list, and Smythe was assured that Morny would not break his word—that he would not venture to do so, if he wanted to.

But it was perplexing.
"You see," said Adolphus to his chums, after breakfast, "Morny's put fourteen names in the list. Takin' three reserves, of course. But he doesn't specify which are the reserves. It's odd!"

"Jolly odd!" agreed Howard.
"Dashed odd!" said Tracy.
"He can't be intendin' to drop us at the last minute," said Smythe.
"He wouldn't dare!" Besides, Morny's a man of his word!"

"Oh, yaas!" said Howard.
"Then what does it mean?"
"Better ask Morny!" suggested Tracy, after some thought.

And the nuts of the Shell bore down upon Valentine Mornington just before the juniors went into the Form-rooms.

"What does your cricket list mean, Morny?" Adolphus inquired.
"What it says!" answered Mornington curtly.

"Startin' a new fashion, an' playin' fourteen men in the match?" asked Adolphus sarcastically.

"No—ass!"
"To come to the point, you're keepin' your word to us?"

"Unless you stand out, of course."
"We're not standin' out!" exclaimed the three Shell fellows together.

"Hasn't Jimmy Silver spoken to you?"

"No; and he could speak till he was black in the face, and we shouldn't stand out, to please him," said Adolphus with a disdainful sniff. Mornington knitted his brows.

He was perplexed, as well as the nuts of the Shell.

He was acting on Jimmy's assurance that Smythe & Co. would stand out of the match, and on that understanding, the other cricketers had rejoined the team.

Excluding Smythe & Co., Morny had as good a team as the Lower School at Rookwood could possibly turn out.

If Smythe & Co. stood out, all was plain sailing, and Morny looked forward to his first match as captain with high hopes.

But if the nuts persisted in claiming their rights, Morny had to play them, and then all the trouble would begin again, for the cricketers were quite determined not to play if Smythe & Co. did.

Jimmy Silver had assured him on the point; yet, if Jimmy was right, surely Smythe & Co. ought to know whether they were standing out or not.

But they didn't. Their impression was that they were playing at Greyfriars that day.

It was certainly a perplexing position.

The bell rang for classes, and Mornington went into the Form-room with the rest, Adolphus & Co. strolling off gracefully to the Shell quarters.

Morny's face was clouded that morning in class.

He was worried. Erroll's advice, and his own common-sense, led him to rely upon Jimmy Silver to rescue him from the scrape he had fallen into. But he could not see light. Jimmy Silver, certainly, was not the

kind of fellow to "talk out of his hat." But it really looked as if Jimmy had been talking out of his hat this time.

Classes did not last long for the cricketers that morning. The members of the junior team had leave to quit classes early, on account of the long journey to Greyfriars, and leave had been given for three reserves to go with the rest.

At eleven o'clock fourteen fellows came out of the Form-rooms and prepared for the journey.

There was Morny, Erroll, Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, Conroy, Van Ryn, Selwyn, Tommy Dodd, Cook, and Doyle—and Smythe, Howard, and Tracy.

The nuts of the Shell looked self-satisfied and supercilious as usual. Evidently they had, so far, no intention of standing out of the Greyfriars match.

Mornington looked at Jimmy Silver.

"All ready!" said the latter cheerily.

in the persuasive powers he intended to exert upon Smythe & Co. before they arrived at Greyfriars.

It was a bright and sunny morning, glorious weather for cricket, and Jimmy Silver & Co., at least, were in great spirits.

The cricketers turned into the short cut through the wood. Jimmy Silver looked at his watch as they walked along the leafy footpath.

"You're taking the tickets, Morny?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Cut ahead and take them, then. There may be a crowd, and we don't want to risk losing the train. If we lose the connection at Latcham, we're dished."

Morny glanced at him.
"Does that mean that you're goin' to jaw to Smythe now?" he asked, in a low voice.

Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Well, yes," he said, also in a low tone. "I'd rather everybody didn't hear what I've got to say to Adolphus. It's private—in fact, very private."

"You've got some hold on the cad, and you're goin' to make him give in," muttered Morny.

"I'm not going to explain. You've agreed to leave it to me."

"Oh, I'll leave it to you fast enough, if you can induce that fool to let up on me, and keep out of the team; and I'll be your debtor for life into the bargain."

"Let go, you fool!" he shouted.
"This way!" repeated Jimmy coolly.

He drew Adolphus, in spite of his resistance, off the footpath, into the wood, much to the surprise and indignation of the dandy of the Shell.

Lovell had taken Howard's arm, and Raby performed the same service for Tracy.

In the grip of the three chums, the nuts of the Shell were led off the path, wriggling and loudly expostulating; and the rest of the party stared at the scene in blank astonishment.

"What on earth's this game?" demanded Conroy.

"Leggo!" yelled Smythe. "I'll punch you, Jimmy Silver!"

"You'll lose the train!" called out Tommy Dodd.

"Oh, we'll soon be after you!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to have a heart-to-heart talk with Smythe. We're going to urge him to stand out of the team, for the sake of the side."

"I won't!" yelled Adolphus.
"Well, we'll see what eloquence will do. You other fellows keep on. Tell Morny we're coming in time for the train."

"Oh, all right!" said the amazed Conroy.

The cricketers walked on, while Adolphus & Co. struggled in vain in the grasp of Jimmy Silver & Co. In a few minutes Conroy and the rest were out of sight.



THE CRICKETERS' WELCOME! "Hallo, hallo, hallo!" The powerful voice of Bob Cherry, of the Greyfriars Remove, greeted the Rookwooders as they poured from the train at Courtfield. Bob Cherry and Wharton and Hurree Singh had come to meet the cricketers at the station.

"Are we all startin'?" asked Morny.

"Why not?"

"Look here, Jimmy Silver," said Mornington, sinking his voice, "I'm relying on you, an' you know it. If you're pulling my leg—"

"I'm not!"

"You said that Smythe & Co. are standing out?" muttered Mornington. "I can't turn them down, and you know it. But if they play at Greyfriars, the others fellows won't."

"That's so."

Mornington knitted his brows.

"Are you makin' a fool of me?" he muttered fiercely.

"No."

"Well, I suppose I've got to see it through, as I've agreed," said Morny. "I don't understand what you've got up your sleeve, Jimmy Silver."

"That doesn't matter. Let's get off."

Fourteen juniors walked down to Coombe, to take the train, for Latcham Junction, where there was a change.

Smythe & Co. walked with the rest. The party was very silent; most of the fellows were more or less perplexed by the strange state of affairs.

Only Jimmy Silver, Lovell, and Raby seemed quite placid.

Jimmy Silver's chums were evidently in his confidence, and had faith

"Done!" said Jimmy.

"Come on, Erroll!" called out Mornington. "We'll get ahead and see about the tickets."

"Right-ho!" answered Erroll.

The two chums quickened their pace, and soon disappeared in the windings of the footpath.

Jimmy Silver & Co. sauntered on in a more leisurely way.

Smythe and Howard and Tracy were chatting to one another; the rest of the party had nothing to say to them.

Adolphus was expatiating on the game he intended to play at Greyfriars, rather enjoying the restive looks of the other fellows as they heard him.

"We stop here!" said Jimmy Silver suddenly.

Adolphus Smythe glanced round.

The juniors had reached the middle of the wood, and there certainly seemed nothing to stop there for, so far as Adolphus could see.

"What are we stoppin' for?" asked Smythe.

"For you, my dear infant."

"I'm not stoppin'."

"Your mistake; you are, old bird," answered Jimmy Silver cheerily, and he put his arm through Smythe's.

"This way."

Adolphus struggled.

The 4th Chapter.

Jimmy Silver's Way.

Jimmy Silver watched the cricketers out of sight along the footpath, still keeping an iron grasp on Adolphus' arm.

Then he turned to Adolphus, with a smile.

"Now we're going to have a little talk!" he remarked.

"Let go my arm!" roared Adolphus.

"I'd rather keep hold, if you don't mind," smiled Jimmy Silver. "You see, you might bolt—you're such a slippery customer."

"But I do mind!" snapped Adolphus.

"Same thing, old nut; I'm keeping hold."

"You cheeky cad—" began Tracy.

"Keep that ass quiet, Raby. Knock his head against a tree."

"What-ho!" grinned Raby.

Bump!

"Yooop!" roared Tracy. "You rotter! Ow!"

"Now, Adolphus—"

"I'm not goin' to talk to you!" said Smythe fiercely. "I know what you want, and there's nothin' doin'."

"I'm goin' on to Greyfriars."

"Let's have it out—"

"I'm goin' on, I tell you, and if

you don't let go my arm, Jimmy Silver, I'll punch your head!"

"Punch away!" answered Jimmy cheerily. "I'd just as soon thrash you before I talk to you!"

Smythe of the Shell clenched his hands; but he unclenched them again. He had no chance in a fistic encounter with the chief of the Fistical Four, and he knew it. He had tried that before, and the results had been too painful.

"Oh, you rotter!" he mumbled.

"I'm quite at your service," smiled Jimmy Silver. "Are we going to have a talk, or a fight first?"

"I—I don't mind talkin' to you, hang you!" mumbled Adolphus.

"That's better. Now, the matter stands like this. About a week ago you dished us over the Greyfriars match. You spoofed us into getting into a motor-car, and sent us wanderin', while you took a team of born idiots to Greyfriars to play as the Rookwood junior team. They walked all over you, as anybody but a born idiot might have expected."

"Look here—"

"Wharton's offered to play the match over again now he knows the facts, and the offer's accepted. You've got the cheek and impudence to stick yourself in the team, after the exhibition you made a week ago on the same ground. You've pinned down Morny on a rotten promise he made you at the election. Now, I put it to you, Smythe, that this isn't playin' the game."

"Rats!"

"I request you, as a decent chap, to stand out of the team, as Morny isn't in a position to turn you down. Leave the match to fellows who can play it."

"Rot!"

"Will you stand out?"

"No!" howled Smythe. "An' now let me go, you rotter!"

"Do you fellows say the same?" asked Jimmy, glancing at the angry faces of Howard and Tracy.

"Yes," said Tracy at once.

"Just the same, word for word!" growled Howard.

"And now let us go, and get after the fellows!" said Adolphus. "You're only wastin' time, Jimmy Silver! I told you there was nothin' doin'!"

"That's your mistake, Adolphus. I've given you a chance to do the right thing. As you won't, you'll be made to!"

"You can't do anythin'!" sneered Smythe. "You're not captain now, Jimmy Silver! Morny's captain, and he dare not turn us down."

"There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with cream!" remarked Jimmy Silver. "As you won't step out of the team, Smythe, you'll be put out. You're staying here, my pippin!"

"I won't stay here!"

"We shall see!"

Jimmy Silver fumbled in a pocket with his left hand, and drew out a coil of thin but strong cord.

Smythe & Co. stared at it.

For the first time a suspicion of Jimmy Silver's little scheme dawned upon them.

"Wha-a-at's that for?" stuttered Adolphus.

"That's for you, old bird!"

"Why, you—you—"

Jimmy Silver looped the cord round Adolphus' wrists. At that the dandy of the Shell began to struggle again. An iron grip on his neck forced him to his knees in the grass, and there was a loud rap as his head came into contact with the trunk of a tree.

"Yaroooh!"

"Better take it quietly, Smythe! You've got to take it, you know!" said Jimmy Silver, with deadly earnestness.

"Ow, ow!"

Adolphus made no further resistance. He had to give in, and he did not see any use in getting a thrashing first.

Jimmy Silver tied his wrists together securely, and then ran the cord round the tree-trunk and tied it there.

Tracy and Howard watched that proceeding with dire apprehensions, aware that their own turn was coming.

But Lovell and Raby held the Shell fellows fast, and there was no escape for them.

Having finished with Smythe, Jimmy Silver turned to his comrades. "Look here—" began Tracy furiously.

"Enough said! Give me your paws!"

"I won't!" howled Tracy.

"Knock his head, Raby! He wants another!"

Bump!

"Ow! Yow! Stop it!"

"Have another, old nut?" asked Raby affably.

"Yow-ow! No! Oh!"

Tracy's hands were tied together, and then to the cord on the tree where Adolphus Smythe stood with a scowling countenance.

Howard was the next victim, and he did not venture to resist.

In a couple of minutes he was secured with his nutty pals.

Jimmy Silver & Co. grinned as they looked at them. The three nuts of the Shell were standing round the tree, secured by the cord round the trunk. There was no escape for them. Jimmy had done his work too well for that.

Certainly, they could call for help; but they had been taken off the footpath into the wood, and the path was not much frequented. It was not likely that help would come to the hapless nuts.

"I think they'll do!" remarked Jimmy Silver.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You horrid rotters!" groaned Adolphus. "You're not goin' to leave us here like this! You dare not!"

"I rather think we do!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Try to imagine that you're playing at 'Babes in the Wood,' old top!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've asked Newcome to give you a look-in after lessons," continued Jimmy Silver. "He will come along presently, and let you loose—after dinner. When it's too late for you to bump along to Greyfriars, you know!"

"Oh, you rotter!"

"Don't call me names when I've

been so good to you!" said Jimmy Silver reproachfully. "I've asked Newcome to bring you some sandwiches, as it won't be safe to let you loose in time for dinner."

"Hang Newcome!"

Adolphus Smythe was evidently not in a grateful mood, in spite of Jimmy Silver's thoughtfulness.

"Well, ta-ta, old beans!" said Jimmy Silver. "I hope you'll have a good time studying nature's beauties and all that! Come on, you fellows!"

The chums of the Fourth turned away and walked back to the footpath, followed by wrathful yells from Smythe & Co.

They did not heed the yelling of the hapless nuts.

"Uncle James" was not likely to be turned from his purpose by the objections of the nutty pals of the Shell.

In a cheerful mood, the three Fourth-Formers trotted along the footpath, and arrived in the village.

"Lots of time!" remarked Jimmy Silver, glancing at the station clock.

"Hallo! Here's Morny!"

Valentine Mornington was waiting for them at the entrance to the station, with a cloud upon his brow. He stared at the three juniors, evidently surprised to see them arrive without Smythe & Co.

"Where's Smythe?" he ejaculated as they came up.

"Staying behind," answered Jimmy Silver carelessly.

Mornington drew a deep breath.

"You—you've persuaded him?" he stammered.

"Yes."

"And—Howard and Tracy?"

"The whole merry family! They're standing out of the match, and everything in the garden is lovely!"

"Blessed if I know how you managed it! Smythe was dead-set on playing at Greyfriars. You must have a hold on him somehow."

"Well, I had a hold on him, certainly," said Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "You don't know what a persuasive chap I can be, too, when I begin. After a little argument they yielded the point, as I thought they would. Let's get in, Morny—the train's nearly due."

They went into the station.

Mornington was still in a puzzled mood; but his handsome face was very bright now.

How it had been done he did not guess; but the fact itself was clear. He was rescued from the incubus of Smythe & Co., and saved from the result of the unscrupulous pledge he had given the nuts of the Shell.

He owed it to Jimmy Silver—he knew that. Jimmy Silver, whom he had replaced, if not supplanted, had saved him from disaster at the very beginning of his career as captain. And Mornington did not forget it.

It was a very cheerful party of cricketers that crowded into the train for Latham. And most cheerful of all was Valentine Mornington—looking forward eagerly to the match in which, for the first time, he was to

figure as captain of Rookwood juniors.

The 5th Chapter. Morny's Match!

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!"

The powerful voice of Bob Cherry of the Greyfriars Remove greeted the Rookwooders as they poured from the train at Courtfield.

Bob Cherry and Wharton and Hurree Janset Ram Singh had come to meet the cricketers at the station.

"Jolly glad to see you chaps!" said Harry Wharton, as he shook hands with Jimmy. "The last match was rather a joke; but there will be a different sort of game this time."

"The differentiation will be terrific!" remarked Hurree Singh—a remark that made the Rookwooders smile.

"It will!" said Jimmy Silver. "By the way, you know Mornington—he's our skipper now. Is that your brake?"

"That's it! Tumble in!"

In a few minutes the cricketers were rolling away cheerily to Greyfriars School.

After a hospitable lunch they repaired to the cricket-ground. Jimmy Silver clapped Mornington on the shoulder.

"Feeling merry and bright—what?" he asked, with a smile.

Mornington smiled and nodded.

"Toppin'!" he said. "I don't know how you worked it to get me out of my scrape, old fellow, but I'm no end obliged! And—and—" Morny paused, and lowered his voice. "I'm sorry we had that trouble in your

study last evenin'. Silver. It was my rotten temper! I'm sorry!"

"All serene!" answered Jimmy cheerfully.

"And—and about that election bizzness," said Mornington, colouring. "I really acted without thinkin' much in bribin' Smythe & Co. to vote for me. I really didn't realise, at the time, that it was a low-down trick. It didn't make any difference to the result, as it happens, as you stood out of the election. But—but I wish I hadn't done it; it wasn't playin' the game, an' I know it. I'd like you to believe that, Silver."

"Of course I believe it," answered Jimmy.

"It's jolly good of you to back me up in this way, considering that I've bagged your job, in a way," muttered Mornington.

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Not at all," he answered. "The fellows wanted a change, and they've got it. So long as you make a success of the job, it's all right, and I'm satisfied."

"I—I suspected you of wanting to make me make a hash of it," faltered Mornington.

"You know better now then?"

"Yes, rather. You're a good chap, Silver, and I sha'n't forget this."

"All serene."

"Wharton's ready for you, Morny," chimed in Erroll. Erroll was looking very bright now, as well as his chum.

(Continued on page 276.)



THIS WEEK: SOME CRICKET ANECDOTES. By A FAMOUS AMATEUR.

There are many good stories told of the great summer game, but somehow the ordinary person outside the charmed circle of first-class cricketers seldom hears them; and, for some unknown reason, cricket anecdotes are not often seen in the columns of our newspapers and periodicals.

Many years ago there was a great cricketer named Tom Emmett, who played for Yorkshire and England, and some delightful stories are told of this humorist. At one time he was engaged as professional bowler to a local club in Yorkshire. One Saturday afternoon he was bowling for his club, but the fieldsmen dropped catch after catch with such systematic persistence that Tom lost his temper, threw the ball on the ground, and said, with asperity:

"I'm not going to bowl any more. There's an epidemic on this ground; but it ain't catchin'!"

For another story of Tom I must find space, though readers with memories extending over twenty years will remember that it was then current among cricketers. Tom was batting for England against Gloucestershire, and Frank Townsend was bowling his curly lobs. Emmett made a show of contempt for underhands, and held his bat up over his shoulder, and left alone one or two balls on the off. At last Townsend got a ball to break in more than usual, and it hit the off stump. Emmett, apparently mortified at his own stupidity, walked back to the pavilion in high dudgeon. Someone went up to him and asked:

"What is the matter, Tom?"

"Don't you 'Tom' me!" was the answer.

"Well, Emmett, then."

"Don't you 'Emmett' me!"

"What must I call you, then?"

"Why," replied Tom, bursting with wrath, "you must call me a stupid fool!" Only he didn't say "stupid."

R. G. Barlow, the old Lancashire cricketer, kept an athletic requisite establishment in Manchester, and tells a good tale of a man coming into his shop and asking:

"Do you keep a full supply of cricket requisites?"

"Certainly!" replied Barlow.

"Then let me have a bottle of arnica, three penn'orth of court plaster, two yards of bandaging-lint, and an arm-sling. I'm playing in a cricket-match against Jack Crossland this afternoon." Crossland was the Hitch of those days.

Writing of fast bowling and its dangers, I cannot resist referring to a match in which I was playing, and in which a bowler of the "brute force and dashed ignorance" type performed. This terror hit a certain batsman all over his body in one over, pitching his deliveries short in order to make them get up. The last ball of the over caught the batsman square on the mouth, at which the bowler grinned, and shouted:

"Sorry; it's the bad wicket, you know!"

The man who was struck was still for a moment; then, after spitting out a mouthful of blood and teeth, he made for the bowler with his bat, and belaboured him until he escaped to the pavilion. There was no more fast bowling that afternoon.

One of the nicest things I ever saw on a cricket-field was at Oxford, where Mr. C. Thornton's team was opposed to the 'Varsity. The Oxford captain was giving a trial to a young batsman, who, with visions of getting his "blue," was distinctly nervous.

Mr. S. M. J. Woods was bowling very fast, and had dismissed two or three batsmen somewhat cheaply, when the nervous young man came in to bat. "Sammy" Woods, who understood what it was to fight for his "blue," and who saw how nervous the incoming batsman was, went up to him and said:

"Don't funk it, old chap; I'll send you down a couple of full tosses to leg, which you can hit. You'll soon feel all right."

He did. The balls were promptly dispatched to the boundary; the nervous man gained confidence, scored a century, and got his "blue." A piece of brilliant sportsmanship characteristic of Mr. S. M. J. Woods.

In local and country-house cricket we always take our sport in a happy manner, and as an instance of this I cannot resist telling of a happening in connection with a certain country-house game.

For a considerable period before lunch one day, a stone-walling batsman had been withstanding the variety of bowling which only a scratch team can provide, and everybody was sick to think that the "barn-door" game might go on for the rest of the day.

However, on resuming after a good meal, the side was in better spirits, and G. G. Walker, the famous fast bowler, had to deliver the opening over to the stone-waller. He ran up

to the wicket, swung his arm over, and a bright red ball went through the air, and—splash! "G. G." had secreted a very round and very ripe tomato on leaving the luncheon-table, and had bowled a fast full-toss with it, the impact of the bat and "ball" causing the batsman great surprise, and not a little annoyance.

As a matter of fact, I have taken part in nearly every class of cricket that one can think of, and it is in connection with my rural adventures that I often tell the following story:

It was a game between two village teams, and the captain of the visitors proved to be in fine form. Never before had the villagers seen such a fine display of hitting. Two balls had already been lost in the long grass in the adjoining meadow, when a fresh bowler was put on. But the first ball of his was placed on the roof of a neighbouring cottage.

The second hit the head of a fielder who had taken up the position known as "silly point." The third struck the church tower. Then the home umpire stepped forward.

"Out!" he said peremptorily.

"Out! What on earth for?"

"Out, I says, and out you goes!" said the umpire. "And if you must know the ins and outs of everything, we want that ball for our next match!"

Umpires in local matches, especially those in country villages, are not always what one would desire; and I remember one who was of the "five bob a day and lunch" order, and who gave about eight men out with palpably unfair decisions. When the game was over, and he was walking, with the stumps under his arm, towards the pavilion, the captain of the village side approached him.

"Now, look here, Smith!" he said, with a twinkle in his eye. "We don't want you to be unjust to anybody. Nobody hates unfairness more than I do; but I am afraid some of your decisions were just a bit thick—weren't they? However, it was a jolly fine win—wasn't it, old chap? Don't fail to turn up next Saturday, and, by the way, you can tell Mr. Brown, the secretary, to give you a shilling extra to-day. Er—er—I'd give anything to win next week!"

There is a lot to be said about an umpire's job, of which space will not permit me to tell. Nevertheless, an umpire must have a thorough knowledge of the great summer game at his finger-tips, and his judgment must be sound and reliable.

In ending, I would like to tell a story about a certain young man who, if not a great cricketer, certainly dressed the part very well. He was always immaculately clothed when on the field, and his blazer was an awe-inspiring garment. On one occasion, when he was staying with some friends in an agricultural district, he was asked to assist the village club.

He did—or did not—for he was bowled first ball. When he returned to the tent he remarked:

"That was a magnificent ball! A marvellous ball! I have never seen a ball like it!"

"Be that so, zur?" queried one of the company. "Un' wot did 'ee think us used when us play cricket doon yer—turnips?"



No. 7. ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL.

Special Feature!

THOUGH Silver has a host of friends,
'Tis known that very few come
More closely to his aims and ends
Than Lovell, Raby, Newcome.
With Lovell, in the early days,
His friendship's troth was plighted;
And these two walk their youthful ways
In closest bonds united.

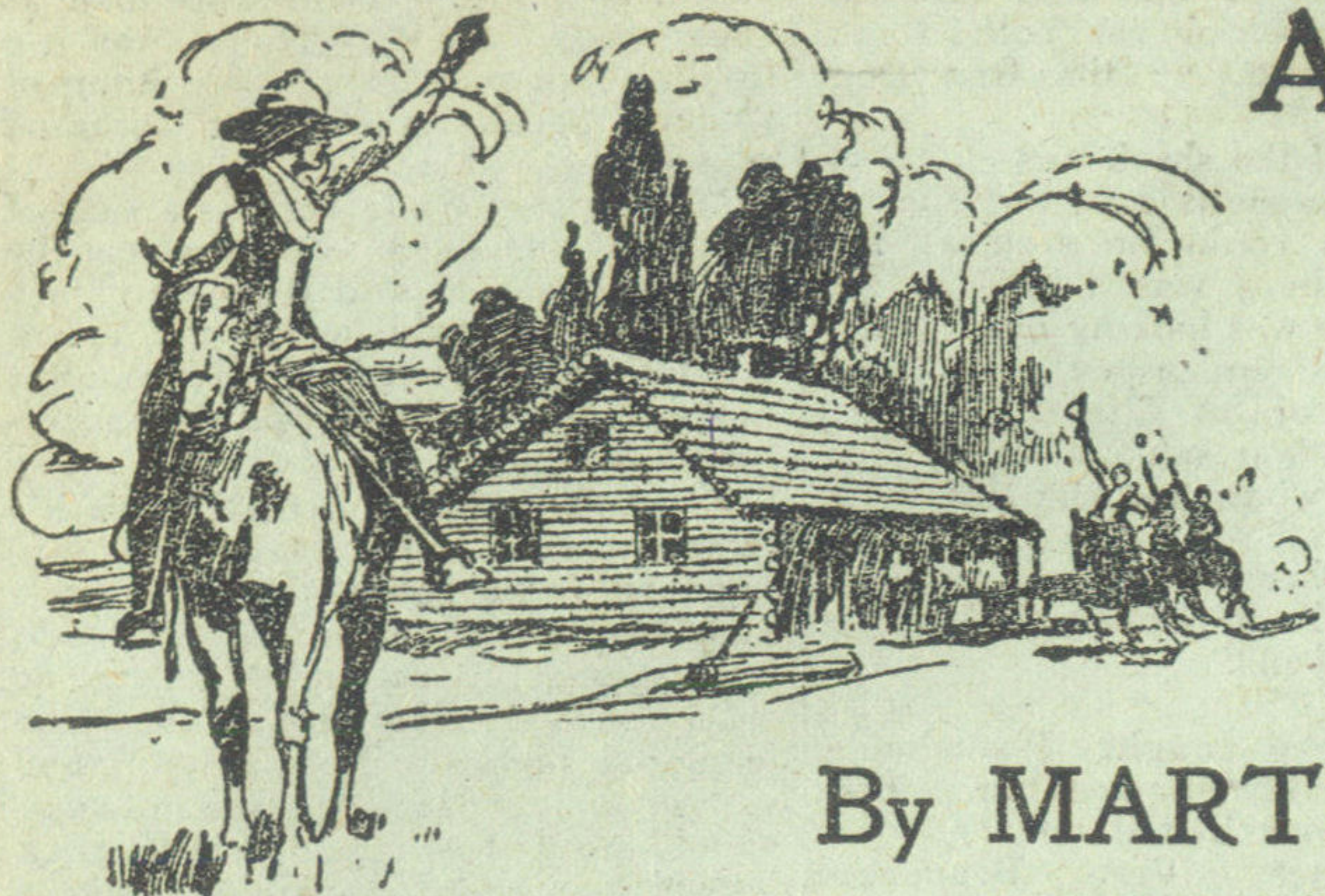
Few ties like this are manifest
In modern schoolboy fiction;
Few friendships will endure the test,
And not find room for friction.
But Lovell springs to Silver's side
To resolutely aid him,
When Modernites, in warlike pride,
Come round to rout and raid him!

We, who, like Silver, swift have soared
To any lofty status,
And neatly swept from off the board
The claims of those who hate us,
Must all confess we owe a lot
To chums who gave their backing;
And Lovell, as you know, was not
In this respect found lacking!

He backed up Silver might and main,
And foes were sorely smitten;
In Rookwood yarns, time and again,
His doughty deeds are written.
The record of the Fistic Four,
Their japes so keen and novel,
Cause girls and boys to shout, "Encore!
Please give us more of Lovell!"

Good luck to him! Although he's not
The champion of the series,
Each reader likes him quite a lot,
Nor of his exploits wearies.
In rounding off this rhyme (I fear
I cannot take up more ground)
I trust a yarn will soon appear
With Lovell in the foreground!

—THE ROOKWOOD RHYMESTER.



AT CLOSE . . . QUARTERS!

A Splendid Long, Complete Story of
FRANK RICHARDS & CO.,
the Chums of the School in the
Backwoods.

By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

The 1st Chapter.

An Astonishing Visitor.

Thud, thud!
The sound of hoof-beats came to the ears of Frank Richards & Co. in the school-room at Cedar Creek.

Morning lessons were proceeding at the school in the backwoods, and Miss Meadows, Mr. Slimmey, and Mr. Shepherd were busy with their respective classes.

Thud, thud!
In the Cedar Creek school-room it was common enough to hear the sound of hoof-strokes from the trail that ran past the school gates. But on the present occasion the thudding of rapid hoofs rang in at the gates and came on towards the lumber school-house.

There was a stir in the class. Visitors at Cedar Creek were infrequent at lesson-time, and the arrival of one promised a break in lessons. So the Cedar Creek fellows were not at all sorry to hear a horseman dash up to the school-house.

With a clatter the unseen rider halted there, and the schoolboys heard him jump down.

Miss Meadows did not heed. The Canadian schoolmistress was taking Chunky Todgers on the subject of strong and weak verbs, and the differences between them—differences in which the hapless Chunky took rather a weak than a strong interest.

It was Black Sally's business to see to the arriving visitor, and tell him that Miss Meadows was engaged, and could see no one.

But Miss Meadows looked round towards the door when a heavy tramp of feet was heard without.

The visitor, apparently, had not waited for Sally to admit him; the outer door being on the latch, he had admitted himself, and was tramping heavily to the school-room.

Miss Meadows frowned. She did not approve of interruptions to lessons; differing on that point from her pupils, who approved heartily.

"Somebody's going to get the grim eye!" murmured Bob Lawless to his chums, Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc. "Miss Meadows is getting her mad up."

"Lawless!"
"Oh! Ah! Yes, ma'am?"
"You should not whisper in class, Lawless!"

"Hem! Oh! Certainly not, Miss Meadows," said Bob, abashed.

Crash!
The school-room door flew open. The arriving visitor was certainly not standing on ceremony. He hurled the door open, without troubling to knock first.

Miss Meadows fixed a frowning glance on the doorway, ready for him, whoever he was, and her lips opened to speak very sharply. But the sharp words died on her lips as she saw the stranger.

He was a medium-sized man, clad in rough buckskin, which showed many signs of wear and tear. His face was covered and almost hidden by a thick, red beard and whiskers, and there was a hideous scar on his right cheek. His keen eyes glittered under thick brows.

Bob Lawless gasped.
"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!"
"By gum!"
"Oh, Jerusalem!"

Miss Meadows' eyes were fixed on the stranger, and they almost seemed to be starting from her head. Mr. Slimmey, the second master, blinked at the man helplessly over his gold-rimmed glasses. Mr. Shepherd picked up a ruler. Not that a ruler was of much use against the armed and desperate ruffian, but it was the only weapon to hand.

There was no doubt about the ruffian's identity.

His name and description were blazoned on every wall in the Thompson Valley, with the offer of five hundred dollars for his apprehension.

Only a week before the red-bearded ruffian had ridden through Main Street, in Thompson, firing right and left at the windows. "Shooting up the town," as it was called—an act of reckless bravado not uncommon in the unsettled camps of the Western States, but very uncommon indeed within the Canadian border.

All Cedar Creek stared at the man as he strode heavily in, his thick boots ringing on the plank floor.

The sudden appearance of the Gentleman in Black himself could hardly have startled Cedar Creek School more than that of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the "rustler" from California.

There was a big revolver in the ruffian's hand, and he raised it as he strode in, his finger on the trigger.

Then there was a breathless hush.

Chunky Todgers slid under his desk, and remained palpitating on the floor. The rest of the boys and girls sat where they were, spellbound by the startling apparition.

"Hands up!"
"Oh, my hat!" murmured Frank Richards.

"Do as you are told, my boys," said Miss Meadows hastily.

Cedar Creek obeyed as one man.

A forest of hands went up, to be clasped over heads. Miss Meadows looked at the two assistant-masters and signed to them to obey also. Very reluctantly Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd elevated their hands. They were unarmed, naturally; and it was only too clear that the "bulldozer" from over the "Line" was ready to shoot if provoked.

"I guess that fills the bill!" said Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, with a nod. "Now, marm, I'll trouble you to skip along and hand over the rocks. No time to lose—I'm in a bit of a hurry!"

And the ruffian grinned.

Miss Meadows drew a deep breath. "I will do as you demand," she said coldly. "I warn you that you will be punished for this!"

"I guess, marm, that if they ever rope me in, this little business won't come among the other things!" grinned Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. "I reckon I made cold meat of the sheriff of Hoggsville before I skipped

Bob Lawless grinned.
"I guess this is where we come out at the little end of the horn," he replied. "That bulldozer would shoot as soon as look at you, and I sort of reckon I've left my gun at home!"

"It's rotten!"
"Jolly rotten!" growled Frank Richards. "I don't see what we can do, though."

A quavering voice came from under the desks:

"Has he gone?"
It was the voice of Chunky Todgers.

"Not quite!" grinned Bob. "He's in Miss Meadows' sitting-room at present, Chunky. Shall I call him?"

"Yow-ow-ow!"
Mr. Shepherd and Mr. Slimmey had drawn together, and were speaking in low tones. Both the assistant masters of Cedar Creek were looking very angry and restive. They were under Miss Meadows' orders, and she had bidden them remain quiet; but it was not pleasant. But there was nothing they could do. The Californian ruffian could have shot them down like rabbits before they could have got at him with their hands.

All eyes were turned upon the school-room doorway.

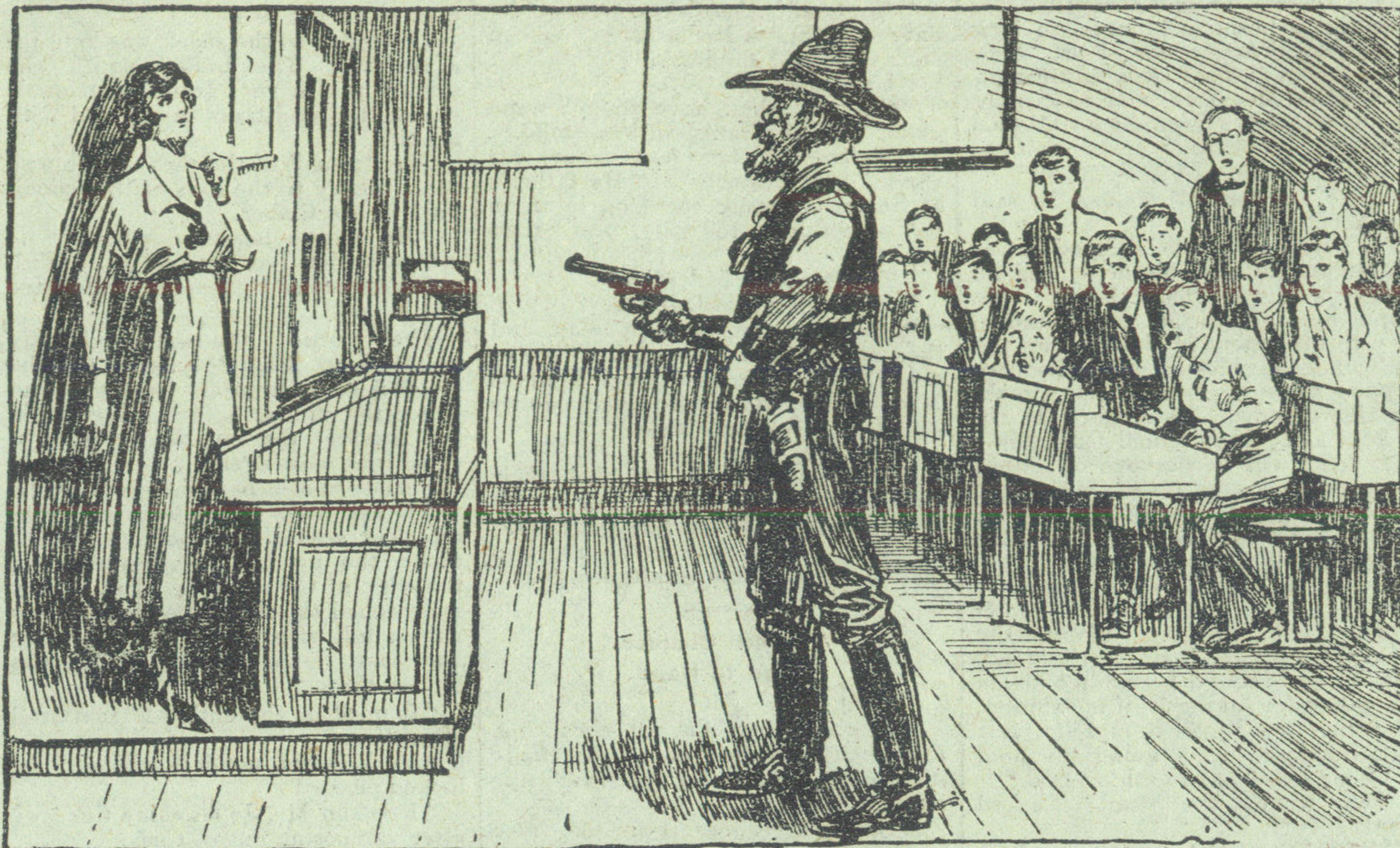
Across the passage outside was the door of Miss Meadows' sitting-room, where the schoolmistress was at that moment, carrying out the orders of the raider.

In the dead silence, the schoolboys could hear the clicking of a key in a lock.

"Dash it all, we ought to do something!" muttered Frank Richards, clenching his hands. "He's making Miss Meadows hand over her money!"

"What can we do?" said Tom Lawrence.

"If we could get near him—"



A VISIT FROM FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR JONES! The visitor hurled the door of the school-room open, without troubling to knock. "Hands up!" he commanded. "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" whispered Bob Lawless.

It was difficult for the English schoolboy to realize that the scene was real; it seemed more like one of the Wild West plays that he had seen performed by a strolling company in the Public Room at Gunten's Store, in Thompson.

But the red-bearded ruffian was evidently in deadly earnest. His eyes gleamed savagely over the revolver.

Miss Meadows found her voice at last.

"What do you want here?" she exclaimed, facing the ruffian courageously.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones stared at her.

"You the schoolmarm?" he asked.

"I am the schoolmistress."

"You're my game, then. I guess you know who I am—Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, from California. I calculate I'm here after the dollars, and if there's any trouble, I shoot on sight! That's a cinch!"

"I know you, from your description," said Miss Meadows coldly. "But if you have come here to rob the school—"

"I guess that's the lay-out, marm!" Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' eyes swept over the breathless school-room. "I said 'Hands up!' Do you want me to begin pluggin'?"

over the Line, and there's a rope ready for me in the States, marm! Bless your little heart, this hyer business ain't a circumstance to me! Get a move on, marm!"

Miss Meadows stepped towards the door.

There was no help for it; it was impossible to argue with a levelled revolver in the hand of a reckless ruffian.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones glanced round the school-room before he followed her.

"You keep still, the hull crowd!" he said. "If I hear so much as a chinwag, I guess I'll begin on you! That's a cinch!"

And he strode out of the school-room after Miss Meadows, leaving all Cedar Creek gasping.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Outlaw's Defeat.

"Well, my hat!" stuttered Frank Richards.

"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones here!" muttered Bob Lawless. "It takes the biscuit, and no mistake! The nerve of it!"

"The impudent scoundrel!" exclaimed Beauclerc, knitting his brows. "Are we going to take it quietly, and let him rob Miss Meadows?"

"Fathead! He would pot you like a prairie rabbit!"

"I—I suppose he would."

Vere Beauclerc half rose in his place. Mr. Shepherd's eye turned upon him at once.

"Sit down, Beauclerc!"

"But, sir—"

"Sit down at once!"

Beauclerc obeyed.

"No use, cherub!" muttered Bob Lawless. "No earthly good, old chap! We can't do anything. And if he began firing here, there's the girls—"

Beauclerc nodded, and sat still. From Miss Meadows' sitting-room the bull voice of the ruffian became audible:

"A hundred dollars! Where's the rest?"

Miss Meadows' reply could not be heard.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' voice rang out again, louder than before:

"I guess you're fooling me, marm! There's more'n a hundred dollars in this hyer shebang, I reckon. I'll trouble you to hand it over!"

"There is nothing more to hand over." Miss Meadows' reply was heard this time. "I have given you all the money I have in the school."

"And where's the rest?"

"In the bank at Thompson, my man, where it is quite safe from you!"

There was a loud and angry oath. "I guess I ain't vamoosing the ranch with a hundred dollars, marm! You'll find more than that!"

"I cannot!"
"You're fooling me. If you don't want your pretty looks spoiled, marm, you'll hustle pretty lively and shell out!"

"I can give you no more."

Another angry oath.
"I guess I'll give you a couple of minutes," said Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, "and if you don't ante in that time, marm, this hyer school will want a new schoolmarm!"

Frank Richards drew a quick breath.

Three or four of the Cedar Creek fellows were on their feet now, at the threat of injury to the schoolmistress.

Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd, as if moved by the same spring, started towards the door.

"Bob," muttered Frank, "if—if he—Bob, come on! We're not going to sit here and let him hurt Miss Meadows!"

"No fear!" said Bob Lawless, between his teeth.

There were no weapons to be had—nothing but inkpots and rulers. Such as they were, the chums of Cedar Creek grasped them, and hurried after the two masters.

Nearer the door of the school-room, they could see across the passage into Miss Meadows' sitting-room.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones had his revolver levelled at Miss Meadows' pale face, with a threatening glare fixed upon the schoolmistress.

"I guess you'd better produce the rocks, marm!" he said.

"I have no more—"

"You can't fool me!" said the ruffian savagely. "I ain't come hyer to levant with a hundred dollars! Not much! You've got one minute left, marm, afore I draw trigger!"

Miss Meadows sank into a chair, her face white and set.

The threatening revolver still looked her in the face, and the trigger moved a little under the ruffian's finger.

But Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones swung round at the sound of footsteps in the doorway.

Mr. Slimmey and Mr. Shepherd were rushing in.

Crack!
Crack!

The ruffian fired twice, and there was a cry from Mr. Slimmey as he fell. The second bullet missed for, at the same instant, an inkpot flew from Bob Lawless' hand, and it struck the ruffian full in the face, and he staggered.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones uttered a roar of rage as the missile struck him, the ink flooding over his face.

Crash!

Frank Richards' ruler followed the inkpot, crashing upon the ruffian's chin.

Crack!
Crack!

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was firing blindly now.

But Miss Meadows, springing from the chair, struck up his arm as he pulled trigger, and the bullets crashed into the ceiling.

Then Mr. Shepherd reached the ruffian.

The young master's fist landed on Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' jaw, sending the ruffian spinning backwards.

"File in!" yelled Frank Richards.

Crash!
Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was on the floor, and Mr. Shepherd kicked the revolver from his hand as he sprawled there.

"Collar him!"

"Down with him!"

Frank Richards & Co., and half a dozen other fellows, were rushing on to the ruffian now.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones scrambled up furiously, his hand groping in his hip-pocket, evidently for another firearm.

But as the revolver came into view, Mr. Shepherd grasped his wrist and forced it up, and closed with the rascal.

There was a sharp report, but the bullet went to the ceiling. The next moment the weapon was wrenched from the ruffian's hand.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones dragged himself away from the young master, panting.

He was only thinking of escape now.

The hundred dollars lay unheeded on Miss Meadows' desk; the ruffian did not even think of his plunder. The Cedar Creek fellows were closing on him, and, now he was unarmed, he was very near the end of his tether.



AT CLOSE QUARTERS!

Continued from the previous page.

call on the doctor first, and ask him to come here, and then take the letter to the sheriff."

"Yes, sir."
"S-s-suppose we meet Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones on the trail, sir!" stammered Chunky Todgers.

"That is very unlikely, Todgers, as he is fleeing for his life. But anyone who wishes may remain within gates until his parents can send for him."

"Come along with us, Chunky," said Bob Lawless. "We'll see you through."

"I—I guess I will!" said Chunky. Frank Richards & Co. led out their horses; and their school-fellows whose homes lay in the direction of Thompson joined them. Quite a numerous party started up the trail; and there were a good many uneasy glances cast into the timber as they went. But nothing was to be seen of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

Outside Thompson, Frank Richards & Co. parted from their companions and rode into the town. They called on the doctor, and then conveyed Mr. Shepherd's letter to the sheriff, with a report of what had happened at the lumber school. Mr. Henderson read the letter, and then called for his horse and started for Cedar Creek.

"Home now?" asked Frank Richards, as the three chums left the sheriff's house.

Bob Lawless shook his head. "If you fellows are game—" he began.

"Game as pie!" answered Frank. "What have you got in your head now?"

Bob stood with his hand resting on the saddle, his brows knitted. "I was thinking of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" he said abruptly. "It wasn't any business of ours, so long as the rascal kept clear of us. Now he's been to Cedar Creek, and threatened Miss Meadows—and shot poor Slimmey down. He might have killed Slimmey; he didn't care a Continental red cent."

"He's a brutal ruffian," said Frank. "But—"

"It's weeks since he skipped out of the States, to save his neck, and he hasn't been run down here. He snaps his fingers at the sheriff—even to the extent of shooting up the town under his blessed nose. He may happen along again at Cedar Creek, for all we know. Lots of the kids will be kept away from school after this—their folks will be nervous of letting them out on the trails, with that tough cavorting around. It's up to Cedar Creek to take a hand in the game—and that means us."

"I agree!" said Vere Beauclerc quietly.

"I'm not thinking about the reward," went on Bob. "It's blood-money; and though I wouldn't blame any galoot for taking it, if he wanted, I'd rather not touch it myself. But that bulldozer isn't going to hold up Cedar Creek, and nothing said."

"But what's the stunt?" asked Frank.

"You know I'm pretty good at woodcraft," said Bob. "If we could pick up his trail—"

"I suppose there's a chance."

"We know the way he went, for a start. I don't suggest tackling him—we're unarmed—but if we could trail him, it would be easy enough to get the sheriff's men after him. Are you game to try?"

"You bet!"

"Come on, then!"

The chums of Cedar Creek mounted their horses, and rode out of Thompson the way they had come.

They caught a glimpse of Mr. Henderson on the trail ahead of them, riding at a gallop for Cedar Creek School.

The sheriff soon disappeared from sight.

The three chums were serious enough as they rode along the timber. Picking up the trail of a man like Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was a dangerous business, and they were well aware of it. But they were very keen to undertake it, all the same, and they did not wish to lose time by going home for Bob's rifle. Moreover, if Bob had gone in at the ranch for his rifle, it was highly probable that Mr. Lawless would have inquired into the matter, and that a very heavy foot would have come down on the whole project.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' trail was easy enough to pick up near the school. There had been a recent fall of rain, and there was plenty of mud on the trail, and Bob's sharp eye

soon picked out the hoofprints of the outlaw's horse. The ruffian in his flight had ridden down the timber trail away from the creek—the direction Frank Richards & Co. usually took in going home to the ranch after school.

Leading their horses by the bridles, the three schoolboys followed on the trail.

In the timber, they cut themselves thick cudgels with their clasp-knives, as a precaution against a possible meeting with the ruffian whose tracks they were following.

For half a mile Bob Lawless picked the track out with ease, and then his progress became much slower.

He stopped at last, and "tried" backwards and forwards, looking for "sign," but he looked in vain.

Frank and Beauclerc watched him silently. At this work, the Canadian schoolboy was any distance ahead of his chums, and they could not help him.

Bob looked up from the trail at last.

"I guess he took to the timber here!" he said.

"Very likely!" assented Frank. "He rode away at top speed at first. But he wouldn't keep on the open trail long, in case of meeting somebody—and he would be known at a glance, with his red whiskers."

"We'll try the timber, anyhow."

It was past the usual dinner-time for the chums now; but they were not thinking of dinner. They were too eager to get on the track for that.

After some search, Bob Lawless found traces of a horse having forced a way from the open trail into the thickets of larch and sassafras. But there was little "sign" on the tangled ground, and he could not feel certain that it was the track of the man he was seeking.

"I guess it was Jones, but I wouldn't stack many dollars on it," said Bob. "It might have been anybody, or even a loose horse. The track's not good enough. But I don't feel inclined to give in."

"After all, there's no school to-day," said Frank Richards. "We can stick it out till sundown."

"I reckon so."

"Only we shall have to get some grub," added Frank, with a smile.

"We're not far now from our shack," said Beauclerc. "My father's at home. Suppose we drop in there for something to eat, and start again."

"That's not a bad idea."

Bob Lawless nodded assent.

"We'll get a snack with Beau, and then start afresh," he said. "We've got all the afternoon, and I guess Mister Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones isn't far away all the time."

"Come on, then!"

Frank Richards & Co. led their horses into the trail that ran to the Beauclercs' shack on the creek, and mounted. They rode on at a gallop for the home of the remittance-man.

The 4th Chapter. Hand to Hand.

Crack!
Sharp and clear, the rifle-shot rang through the timber, above the thudding of the hoofs on the well-worn trail.

A hundred echoes from the trees and thickets followed it, multiplying the sound.

Bob Lawless drew rein suddenly.

"By gum! That came from the shack, Cherub!"

"It was my father's rifle!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "I know the ring of it. What can be happening there?"

He drove on his horse to a gallop. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless followed him fast.

That sudden shot from the remittance-man's shack had startled them. At any other time they might have supposed that Lascelles Beauclerc was shooting a coyote, or perhaps a lurking prairie-wolf. But Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was fresh in their minds, and they could not help thinking of the red-bearded ruffian.

True, the Californian outlaw was not likely to visit the rough shack on the creek with intentions of robbery. Excepting on the days when he received his remittances from England, Mr. Beauclerc had little money, and the shack did not look as if it contained five dollars' worth of plunder. But the rifle-shot had alarmed the chums of Cedar Creek.

They came up the trail at a gallop, and in a few minutes were in sight of the shack.

It stood lonely in the little clearing on the bank of the creek, a good mile from Cedar Camp, where were the nearest habitations. The clearing was in a good state of cultivation. Lascelles Beauclerc was much more in-

dustrious than of old, and he was now seldom seen in the poker-room at the Occidental or the Red Dog Saloon.

The door of the shack was closed as the schoolboys sighted it, but the remittance-man could be seen at the window. There was a rifle in his hands, and he was looking out watchfully. Beauclerc gasped with relief at the sight of his father. The remittance-man was safe, at least. But at whom, or what, had the rifle been discharged?

"Pull in, Cherub!" rapped out Bob Lawless. "Your poppa's there, safe enough. Pull in!"

"But—"

Bob Lawless caught Beauclerc's rein, and forcibly stopped him. The three schoolboys halted on the edge of the timber. Vere Beauclerc uttered an impatient exclamation.

"What are you stopping for?" he exclaimed.

"I guess I'm stopping because we're still in cover here," answered Bob coolly. "Before we leave cover I reckon we want to know what your poppa was pulling trigger at. If Mr. Jones of California is in the clearing we don't want him to draw a bead on us."

Crack!

The remittance-man's rifle rang again from the window of the shack.

Keeping in cover of the trees, on the edge of the timber, the three schoolboys watched the direction of the rifle to discover the target.

There was a crash in a little clump of willows, by the bank of the creek, as the rifle-bullet tore through the branches.

The willows were about half-way from the timber to the shack, and round the clump was open ground.

"I reckoned so!" said Bob. "Your poppa isn't burning powder for nothing, Cherub. He's firing at somebody in those willows. And there goes a shot in answer."

It was a pistol-shot that flashed out from the willows, though the marksman could not be seen.

The range to the shack was long for a revolver. The bullet struck the lumber wall a yard from the window where the remittance-man stood with his rifle.

The "ping" of the shot on the wall came faintly to the ears of the schoolboys in the timber.

"He means business, whoever he is!" said Bob Lawless coolly. "With a shorter range I guess he would have got home."

The same thought evidently occurred to Mr. Beauclerc, for he stepped back from the window and closed the shutter. Through a slit in the shutter the muzzle of his rifle came into view again.

Beauclerc clenched his hands hard.

Neither party in that strange conflict had seen the schoolboys, halted under the overhanging branches on the edge of the clearing. But if they approached the shack they had to pass within full view of the willow-clump and easy range of the marksman hidden there.

"It must be the outlaw!" muttered Beauclerc.

Bob Lawless nodded, though he looked puzzled.

"I reckon Mr. Jones came this way after vamoosing out of Cedar Creek," he remarked. "But if it's the Jones-man, what the thunder is he tackling your poppa for, Cherub? You needn't be uneasy. Your poppa is as safe as houses behind that shutter. Keep back, you duffer! Do you want to get plugged?" Bob pulled Beauclerc's horse farther back into the trees.

"It beats me!" he went on. "There's nothing at the shack to tempt a man like Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, and he can't know your father, and have a grudge against him, I guess."

"There is money at home to-day," said Beauclerc. "My father drew his remittance yesterday at the bank in Thompson."

Bob whistled.

"But he wouldn't carry it home on the top of his hat," he said. "How could the Jones-man know anything about it?"

"I don't know. He does, or he wouldn't be here. It's Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones—look!"

The chums followed with their eyes the direction of Beauclerc's pointing finger. From the willows a head rose into view cautiously, and they caught a glimpse of a red-bearded, scarred face under a Stetson hat.

Crack!

The rifle rang out from the window again, and the red head promptly ducked and disappeared. But the chums had recognised Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

It was the Californian outlaw who

was attacking the remittance-man at the lonely shack. There was no doubt about that now. The chums of Cedar Creek exchanged amazed glances.

"He knows my father has a sum of money in the shack now; that can be his only reason," said Beauclerc.

"But how could he know?" ejaculated Frank Richards. "He couldn't possibly go into Thompson getting information."

"I can't understand that. But it's clear enough. He may have confederates in the town. But he knows, and he's here to rob my father. And we're going to chip in!"

"I guess so; but you'll follow my lead, old pippin! You're not going to get plugged under your poppa's eyes!" said Bob. "Get off your horses, you chaps, and don't make a row! That bulldozer hasn't spotted us, and he's not going to."

The schoolboys dismounted and tethered the horses under the trees. Then Bob Lawless explained his plan concisely.

"That brute doesn't know we're on hand. We can skirt round through the timber to the creek, and wade downstream right behind that clump of willows. I guess we shall catch him from behind, and nail him before he knows what's happening. Are you game?"

"Come on!" was Beauclerc's reply.

And the chums plunged into the timber.

Bob Lawless led the way.

The schoolboys heard another exchange of shots from the clearing as they wound through the wood. In a few minutes more they had reached the creek.

With great caution they waded in, the high bank hiding them from view as they waded along towards the willows, if the red-bearded ruffian had looked behind him.

The tops of the willows over the bank warned them when they were close to Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' lurking-place.

Bob put his finger to his lips.

It was necessary to be very cautious now, for if the ruffian had seen them they were at the mercy of his revolver.

In silence, with beating hearts, the three schoolboys trod up the rugged, muddy bank of the creek, till their heads came over the level, and they could look into the clump of willows from the creek side.

Near them—so near to them that they started and caught their breath—was a kneeling figure, with his back towards them.

It was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, kneeling in the willows, and watching the shack through the openings, revolver in hand. The ruffian never thought of looking over his shoulder; he had no suspicion of foes behind him. All his attention was riveted on the shack across the clearing. He was watching for a chance to "plug" the remittance-man, whose rifle-muzzle still showed from the distant window.

Bob Lawless' eyes glittered.

Half a dozen paces only separated the trio from the kneeling ruffian, unconscious of their presence.

Crack, crack!

A rifle-shot rang from the shack, answered by a pistol-shot from the willows. It was followed by a curse from Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. And that curse had scarcely dropped from his lips when Bob Lawless sprang upon him with uplifted cudgel.

Crash!

The ruffian heard him as he closed in, and whirled half-round. His arm was thrown up defensively, and the cudgel descended upon it. The revolver whirled from his hand, and he uttered a yell of pain.

"Down with him!" panted Bob.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones came plunging out of the willows, his face convulsed with fury. The three schoolboys struck at him together, and he yelled, backing away towards the creek. All four of them were out of cover now, and in full view of the shack and the remittance-man. But Lascelles Beauclerc did not fire, as he saw the schoolboys. A bullet was as likely to hit one of them as the Californian outlaw.

The door of the shack flew open, and the remittance-man ran out, rifle in hand, and dashed towards the spot. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was retreating towards the timber, jumping and dodging to elude the slashes of the cudgels showered on him without mercy. He made a backward bound and rushed into the trees, with the three chums hot on his track.

"Stand clear!" shouted Mr. Beauclerc.

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But Dick Dorrington interposed. "Stop it, Pongo!" said he. "Don't give the kid that catty. He's a regular young hooligan, and he'll be plugging everyone within reach with it. He'll go practising on the courtiers when he gets back to the palace!"

Pongo saw the justice of these remarks.

Under pretence of adjusting the catapult, he cut through the elastic, and handed it to the prince.

Prince Chulungtoon was delighted. He fitted a marble into the sling of the catapult, and waited his chance of potting one of his subjects.

It was not long in coming. Down the road, under the shadow of a Japanese paper umbrella, came waddling a Bengali moneylender from the city, who had been up to the palace to do a little business amongst the servants, and to attend a cockfight round by the stables.

The moneylender was an immensely fat man, in appearance as near like Mr. Lal Tata as made no difference at all.

Consulting his book as he came along the dusty road, and wrapped up in his accounts, the fat moneylender did not notice the royal white elephant, with its crowd of laughing boys, till it was close upon him.

He would have dodged it, and have got into the fields, if he had had a chance. But, unfortunately for him, there was a wide, green ditch on each side of the road that was full of slime and black mud, and the ditch was too wide for so fat a man to jump.

So there was nothing for this Hindu gentleman to do but to follow the custom of the country, and to lie down at the side of the road whilst the prince passed, turning his back to the elephant.

He offered a beautiful target, and the little prince gurgled with glee as he stretched the half-severed elastic of the catapult.

The prince did not like moneylenders. The palace people were always in their hands, and he himself owed more than he liked to this twin-brother of Mr. Lal Tata.

The marble flew from the catapult with a twang, and the Indian gentleman howled.

The prince also gave a howl of pain, dropped the catapult in the road as though it were red-hot, and clapped his fingers into his mouth.

All his rings and golden finger decorations had not saved him from a smart back kick from the severed elastic.

"Ai-ai!" yelled the fat moneylender.

"Yow—yow!" wailed Prince Chulungtoon, sucking his fingers, whilst the tears of anguish ran down his cheeks.

"Serves young rascal fellow right!" said Mr. Lal Tata, who was none too pleased at seeing his fellow-countryman treated in this fashion. "You ought to know better, Pongo, than to inculcate these cadsome and goatsome tricks on tender brains of this young prince fellow!"

Pongo grinned. "He's copped out all right, sir! He won't try to pull a catty on his subjects again!" he answered.

Then he turned to the weeping prince, who was inclined to sulk.

"Dry up, princy!" said he. "Don't behave like a kid! Try to look on the bright side of things! Be a little man!"

And Prince Chulungtoon, seeing that the boys were laughing at him, dried his tears and sulked.

But the boys would not let him sulk. They were far too cheerful for that.

Chip delighted him by lending him his straw hat with the school riband, and the prince, in return, lent Chip his jewelled turban, with its upstanding aigrette tipped with diamonds that was worth anything up to a thousand pounds.

Then Pongo pulled off his blazer, and the prince took off his jewelled jacket and lent it to Pongo, whilst he was slipped into the blazer.

It was plain that he was delighted to get out of his gorgeous raiment and to assume the garb of a boy of the Bombay Castle.

And so the elephant came rolling in at the palace gate, shuffling and disreputable, with the merry crew, clustered like bees on his back, cheering and shouting.

Great was the relief of the mahout, who had been sitting in the dust of the road pouring sand on his head and howling ever since they had disappeared.

The mahout had not dared to go back to the palace, which was fairly buzzing with excitement at the news that the British boys had stolen the sacred white elephant and had abducted the prince.

The mahout knew that if he showed

up before the prince did he would not only lose his job, but would lose his head as well, or probably he might meet with a worse death by being impaled on a bamboo stake or thrown to the palace tigers.

So he trotted alongside the elephant as it marched up the great avenue of palms, begging to be taken on board again.

Porkis was beginning to understand now how to manage the elephant. And the elephant was beginning to understand Porky.

When he whacked it over the head the elephant stopped. He gave it another whack, and it slowly doubled up its legs and squatted down.

Then the grateful and weeping mahout leaped upon its colossal knee and hopped up eagerly to his place on its neck.

Porky surrendered him the ankus. "There you are, George!" said Porkis. "Now you navigate old injury-rubber face up to his stables, and next time you come out with us don't fall overboard again. You've missed a grand afternoon out; you've missed a splendid rag, and you've missed a tiger-hunt."

But the mahout was only too overjoyed to recover his elephant and the prince.

There was nothing too nice that he could say to the elephant as he drove him up to the rear of the palace. He called him the Pearl of Elephants, the Mighty One, the Slayer of Tigers, and the Mountain of Delight.

And Lal gave a great sigh of relief when at last the elephant came to a

his tail end, rewarded him with a bun. In return for which the elephant, turning the tip of his trunk right back to his massive forehead, gave Skeleton the royal salute, which is only rendered to princes and maharajahs of the first class, who are entitled to a twenty-one gun salute.

The courtiers crowded round the little prince, fawning and crawling as they listened to his recital of their adventures.

"Crikey!" exclaimed Pongo. "Doesn't it make you fair sick to see these thugs sucking up to that banana-faced kid? I bet he's feeding them up with the tale!"

And the prince was indeed telling the story. He told his courtiers that he had slain two tigers single-handed up in the tiger preserve, and he had scared the unruly city till it was in fits.

Then the courtiers turned on the melted-butter tap of flattery.

"Wah, wah!" they cried. "The prince is a khon khor (a drinker of blood). He is an eater of lions. He is a kizzil bash (a red head or courageous one)."

And they clapped their hands and knelt and touched the edge of the yellow-faced prince's sarong as though it did them good.

"May he live a thousand years!" cried one courtier.

"May his shadow never be less!" cried another. "Who was the Sultan of Boum compared to our prince? Hak buk! He was dirt!"

The Sultan of Boum was an opposition potentate in these seas who took

It was plain that they were all as jealous as a pack of girls of the favour that the prince was showing these white boys.

And a pretty evil-looking lot of young hooligans were these hangers-on of the Court of Bashee. There was hardly a clean-bred Malay, or Dyak, or Chink amongst the lot of them. They were just a yellow-faced lot of mixed pickles, who spent their time cock-fighting and dicing, and playing fan-tan with the Chinese sharpers who hung round the palace.

Nearly every one of them had a small gamecock under his arm, on which he was ready to bet everything he possessed, down to his shirt.

These yellow-faced, slit-eyed young ruffians arranged themselves in a tight little group standing apart from the boys, and the two groups eyed one another with pronounced disfavour.

Captain Bones listened to their talk, leaning on his skull stick.

"They're a nasty lot o' fellers, boys!" said he. "I understand their lingo, though they don't think it. They call 'emselves courtiers, but they're nothing more or less than a gang o' lickpot yellow mongrels hangin' round the kitchen doors to beg for scraps; and they are angry 'cause the young prince has taken to you and wants to play cricket along o' ye."

"Oh, that's what he meant when he said we were going to play 'kliket!'" exclaimed Dick Dorrington.

"Yes," answered Captain Bones. "But these 'ere roosters don't want to play cricket. They hate games

AT CLOSE QUARTERS!

(Continued from page 270.)

The rifle rang out now, and there was a yell from the timber where the outlaw had rushed into cover. A Stetson hat whirled among the trees and fluttered to the ground. Then there was a crash in the thickets as a horse was driven furiously through the underwood.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones had reached his horse, hidden in the timber. For the second time that day the Californian outlaw had failed, and was thinking only of saving his skin.

The remittance-man dashed into the timber, reloading his rifle as he ran. Frank Richards & Co. followed him fast.

Crack! The rifle-shot tore through the leaves, but the crashing of the driven horse did not stop. The outlaw burst out into the open trail, and with whip and spur drove on his horse. There was no time for another shot.

The remittance-man lowered his smoking rifle.

"He has got clear, I'm afraid," he said.

The schoolboys ran into the trail, in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of the outlaw as he vanished in the distance at a furious gallop. Lascelles Beauclerc joined them.

"He is gone!" he said. "But how came you here?"

Beauclerc explained.

"You came in good time," said the remittance-man, with a smile. "It was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the man who is being hunted for from Kamloops to the Fraser River. He came on me suddenly, but, luckily, I got hold of my rifle in time, and he took cover." The remittance-man knitted his brows. "How he knew there was plunder here I cannot guess. There is usually little enough in the shack."

"He must have known," said Beauclerc.

"Yes; he could have had no other reason for coming here. The rascal must have confederates in Thompson; yet that is curious, for he is a stranger in this section. I wonder if—"

"Look here," said Frank Richards quietly.

He had picked up the Stetson hat, knocked from the outlaw's head by the rifle-shot. With the hat was a red wig, which had evidently fallen with it from the rascal's head.

"By gum! Then he is in disguise!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "All that red hair is only cover."

The remittance-man nodded thoughtfully.

"That accounts," he said. "That is why the ruffian is given to showing himself in public, as when he shot up Thompson. The authorities are hunting for a man with red hair and beard, and all the time—"

"All the time he looks quite different when he's at home!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Why, he may be walking Main Street in Thompson every day, and not a galoot the wiser!"

"That is it." "I guess this had better go to the sheriff," remarked Bob Lawless. "He will be glad of the news, I reckon."

Frank Richards & Co. rode up to the sheriff's office in Thompson, later that afternoon, with their trophy. There was no doubt that the Canadian sheriff was glad of the news they brought. And when the news was out, and all Thompson knew that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' red hair was only a mask, there was keen excitement in the town. For, as Bob Lawless had said, it was quite possible that the Californian ruffian, in his own proper person, was walking Main Street every day, unknown to all—perhaps, indeed, known to all by another name, and his real identity never suspected. The ease with which the ruffian had thrown pursuers off the track was explained now.

Frank Richards & Co. wondered whether, now that his secret was known, the ruffian would "vamoose" from the Thompson Valley, and seek safer quarters. But they were destined to discover that they were not yet done with Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

THE END.



THE ELEPHANT'S REVENGE! There was a crash, a rumble, and a roar of falling bricks, as the fat roof and the bed-room upstairs came through into the basement. "Mind your napper!" yelled Pongo, scrambling to safety.

standstill close by the tiger-cages and they were able to get down.

"Never again will I go for such a foolsome promenade on elephants!" said he reproachfully. "We have to thank some lucky stars that we are not all mauled by tigers or murdered by incensed populace. Now we shall have to make some explanation to courtiers."

Indeed, all the riff-raff of the palace were rushing out to greet the prince and the elephant. There is no place like a palace for rumours, and the most alarming rumours were current concerning the adventures of the prince and his friends.

And the Bengal tigers in their cage reared up against the bars and roared at the Pearl of the Lotos, who responded by turning back his trunk, throwing forward his great ears, and trumpeting like a brass band.

It was quite plain to Porkis what the elephant was saying to the tigers. Porkis said the Pearl of the Lotos was chipping them as he trumpeted: "Go back to your kennels! You striped tomcats!" he was saying. "We've trampled the sawdust out of a couple of bigger chaps than you this afternoon! Yaw! Fade away! 'Op it!"

In any case, the tigers slunk off to their dens, whilst the great white elephant, who was evidently very bucked by his little toot round the town, gave a sort of cornet solo as he was once more chained to his pickets. And Skeleton, slipping down from

great credit to himself as a sportsman, having killed a small tiger.

The prince listened to all this flimflam with the greatest delight. He absorbed flattery like a sponge, and he proudly displayed his straw hat with the school riband and his new school blazer to his courtiers, telling them that they had been awarded to him by his companions as a robe of honour.

This chorus of soft-soap was interrupted by a fat nigger, who came running up to the prince and threw himself on the ground at his feet.

"Allah be praised!" yelled the nigger, grovelling in the dust. "The prince is safe!"

"What's the matter with the fat gentleman, princy?" asked Pongo, looking down at the nigger with great disfavour.

"You wait, Pongo sahib!" said the prince. "I come back quick, then we play kliket. My mamma she want me."

The nigger was a messenger from Prince Chulungtoon's mamma, who was the Sultana Gul Bejaze, or White Rose, so called because she was nearly as black as a shoe-brush. The prince's mamma had been having fits ever since his disappearance had been announced.

The courtiers, deprived of the sunlight of the prince's countenance for a few minutes, stood with folded arms, scowling and leering at the little group of boys.

worse'n they hate washing. Their only notion of a game is cock-fighting and shove-'a-penny round corners. They don't want to get told off to play cricket, they don't!"

But the prince had made his appearance again. He had soothed his agitated mother, the sultana. Now he was eager to play some new game with his new friends.

Behind him marched several gorgeously-dressed Court officials.

One of these carried a cricket-ball on a golden cushion. Another carried three stumps. Another was nursing a bat as though it was a baby. Another carried a second bat rolled up in a piece of cloth of gold.

These materials for cricket had been raked out of the young prince's museum. Neither stumps, bats, nor ball had ever been used.

"Now we play kliket!" said the young prince joyously.

Then he whispered to his friend Pongo that they were to play on the Maidan, the great space of beaten earth in front of the palace, so that his mamma, the sultana, and her ladies could peep at them from behind the blinds of the harem apartments. None of the ladies had ever seen cricket played before.

(A splendid instalment of this grand adventure serial again next Monday in the BOYS' FRIEND.)

JIMMY SILVER'S WAY!

(Continued from page 268.)

"Right-ho!" said Morny. He tossed with Wharton for the innings. It fell to Rookwood to bat first, and Mornington opened with Jimmy Silver at the other end. Hurree Janset Ram Singh bowled the first over for Greyfriars. The dusky junior was at the top of his form, as he soon showed. Morny knocked away a couple of balls, and then one for 2 runs. But the fourth ball whipped his leg stump from the ground. Morny's face was a study, as he looked down at his wrecked wicket. "How's that?" sang out half a dozen voices. "Out!" Morny seemed to gulp something down. It was cruel luck, at the beginning of his innings. He suppressed his feelings as he came back to the pavilion with his almost unused bat. "Man in, Erroll!" he muttered. "Hard cheese, old chap!" muttered Erroll. "It's all right. Get in!" Erroll went to the wicket. Mornington stood looking on with a clouded brow. The Greyfriars bowlers seemed in great form, and their field was very much on the alert. Rookwood wickets went down rather fast. Erroll put up 10 runs, and Jimmy Silver the same number; but after them there was a "procession." There were no "duck's eggs" scored for Rookwood, but there were several ones and twos. All down for 36 was the result after quite a brief innings. "Better luck next time!" Jimmy Silver remarked to his skipper. "Keep smiling!" Mornington nodded without speaking. Greyfriars batted well. Jimmy Silver, the champion bowler of the Rookwood team, did well; but the other bowlers did not seem quite up to the form of the Greyfriars bats.

Harry Wharton & Co. totalled 56 for their first innings. "Oh, my hat!" was Arthur Edward Lovell's comment. Jimmy Silver and Erroll were put on to open the second innings for Rookwood. This time the bad luck came Jimmy's way, and he was caught out by Frank Nugent for 4 runs. Erroll was dismissed for 8. Lovell was keeping his end up, when Mornington came in to join him. Then there was a turn of the tide, exemplifying once more the glorious uncertainty of the great summer game. Four, and four more, from Morny, brought cheers from the Rookwooders. Hurree Singh tackled his wicket in vain, and it was tackled in vain by Nugent, Squiff, Linley, and Wharton. Other bats came and went; but Mornington remained "set" at his wicket, piling up the runs. Erroll watched him with a smiling face. He rejoiced more in his chum's success than he would have rejoiced in any triumph of his own. "Good man!" said Jimmy Silver heartily. "Oh, good man! There he goes again—they can't touch him." "That was a narrow squeak!" remarked Conroy, as Morny got back to his wicket, a second before it crashed under a rapid throw from the field. "Not out!" "A miss is as good as a mile!" said Jimmy Silver. "A batsman who never takes chances never gets anything." "Bravo, Morny!" It looked as if Morny was set for the rest of the innings; and so it turned out. There were 40 runs to his credit, when Rookwood were all down for 85—Morny not out. Then there was an adjournment for tea. After tea came the Greyfriars second innings, with Wharton and Bob Cherry at the wickets. Mornington and his men went into the field, and Jimmy Silver was given the ball for the first over. "Mop 'em up, old chap!" said Mornington; and Jimmy Silver

smiled. Complete cordiality reigned now between the old rivals of the Fourth Form at Rookwood. But Jimmy did not succeed in "mopping" them up in the first over. The Greyfriars innings opened well, and runs piled up. It was Conroy who took Bob Cherry's wicket, by way of a start. Wharton was joined by Squiff, and the two of them made the running at a great rate. The Rookwooders looked serious, when the score stood at 30 for one wicket down. Greyfriars wanted only 35 to tie, with a heap of wickets in hand to do it with, and Bob Cherry was heard to remark that they could do it "on their heads." At that point Morny caught Wharton out, and his place was taken by Vernon-Smith, who began with a four. There was a cheer from the Greyfriars crowd. Six more for the over made the Greyfriars fellows remark that it was all over bar shouting, and the Rookwooders were rather inclined to agree with them. "For goodness' sake give them gyp, Jimmy," said Mornington, as he slung the ball to Jimmy Silver for the next over. "I'll do my best, old chap." "Put your beef into it. We're beaten to the wide if you fail us." Jimmy Silver nodded; he knew that. With nine wickets in hand, Greyfriars wanted only 25 to tie. But again there came a turn of the tide. Jimmy Silver was in great fettle now. Squiff went down, and then Tom Brown, and then Linley, and loud cheers from Rookwood greeted the hat trick. But Jimmy Silver was not finished yet. Two more wickets fell in the over, only 5 runs being scored. Mornington clapped Jimmy on the shoulder as the field crossed over, his eyes glistening. "Great, old chap!" he said joyfully. "Simply great! I wish I could give you the next over, by gad!" "Seven down for 45!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell. "We may do it yet, with luck. Go it, Morny!" Mornington was bowling now. Vernon-Smith's wicket fell, and the Boulder of Greyfriars went out. There were 5 runs in the over; eight

down for 50! Then Jimmy Silver had the ball again. All eyes were on Jimmy as he went on. Greyfriars wanted 15 to tie, 16 to win, and they had two wickets to do it with. Jimmy's manner was very quiet, but there was a gleam in his eyes. Mornington watched him anxiously. Upon his old rival depended whether his first match was a win or a defeat; and the difference meant a great deal to Mornington. "Bravo!" he almost gasped, as the wicket fell. "Nine down!" chortled Lovell. Frank Nugent stole a single run for Greyfriars. Then he hit the ball to the boundary for a 4! 55! There was a breathless hush on the field as Jimmy Silver gripped the round red ball again. Whiz! Smack came the bat, and the ball flew. Then the bowler was seen to jump, and run, and spring into the air, and there was a faint "click" as the ball rested in his palm. Mornington gave a yell of delight, as Jimmy Silver held up the ball, hot from the bat. "Caught and bowled Silver!" roared Lovell. "Hurrah!" "Bravo, Jimmy!" "Rookwood wins! Hurrah!" Mornington rushed across to Jimmy Silver, and smote him on the shoulder with a mighty smite. "Good man! Good man!" he gasped. "The goodness is terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, with a dusky grin. "It was touchful and gaudy, but the esteemed Silver had snatched victory from the jaws of defeat." "Bravo, Jimmy Silver!" "Good man!" Rookwood had won by 10 runs! Morny's first match was a success, and he owed it to his old rival. It was Jimmy Silver who had snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. "How did it go?" That was the question a score of voices asked, as the Rookwood cricketers returned in the summer dusk. "My dear chaps, how could it go?"

smiled Jimmy Silver. "We won, of course. What with Morny's batting, and—ahem!—somebody else's bowling—"

"Swank!" grinned Newcome. "What did you beat them by? An innings?"

"Not quite."

"Fifty runs?" asked Oswald.

"Less than that."

"How many, then?"

"Ten!" said Jimmy Silver laughing. "But ten was as good as a hundred, under the circumstances. Has Smythe come home?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yes, they're home," chuckled Newcome. "I let 'em loose after dinner, the dear boys. They seemed in a bad temper about something."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Smythe says he is going to thrash you and Morny—"

"The dear man," said Morny. "What does he want to thrash me for?"

"He didn't like being tied to a tree."

"Tied to a tree!" yelled Mornington. "Was that how you persuaded him not to come to Greyfriars, Jimmy?"

"That was it."

"Oh, gad!"

"The only way, as the chap says in the play," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "As we beat Greyfriars by ten runs, Morny, you can calculate how many they would have beaten us by if Smythe & Co. had been there. But if he wants to thrash us, we'd better go and be thrashed. Come on!"

And Morny and Jimmy Silver repaired to Adolphus Smythe's study. But on their arrival there, it transpired that Adolphus had changed his mind about the thrashing—which was a very fortunate circumstance for Adolphus.

Smythe & Co. had a grievance; but nobody sympathised. Morny's first match had been a success, owing to the solving of his difficulties by Jimmy Silver—and only Adolphus & Co. had any fault to find with Jimmy Silver's way.

THE END.

(Next week's grand story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "Fagging for the Fifth!" by Owen Conquest. Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance.)

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."

Readers of the BOYS' FRIEND are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half a crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

A really splendid and amusing story of Rookwood School is on the programme for the next issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. Mr. Owen Conquest, in his usual breezy style, will, I am sure, satisfy all my readers with

"FAGGING FOR THE FIFTH!"

The next long and magnificent instalment of our grand adventure serial will again grip all my readers. Ikey Cohen, the shrewd Jewish junior, is well to the fore, and the manner in which he impersonates the heir-apparent of Bashee will afford great amusement to the followers of

"SKULL ISLAND,"

By Duncan Storm.

The advent of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones in the little town of Thompson has created quite a stir; and in our next yarn of Frank Richards & Co., Mr. Martin Clifford relates in fine style the exploits of this notorious character. My readers will find something special in

"HELD UP!"

I have had hundreds of letters from all over the country saying what a fine and sporting serial Mr. Arthur S. Hardy is writing for the "Green 'Un," and I heartily endorse my chums' opinion. Already I feel sure this magnificent serial has won a place in the BOYS' FRIEND. In the next instalment you will find plenty of interesting reading in

"THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S."

Another bright and interesting poem by the Rookwood Rhymester, who deals with Putty Grace this week, in No. 8 of his "Rookwood Personalities."

Last, but not least, we have a splendid heart-to-heart talk on the subject of cricket, by Ducat, the famous Surrey cricketer, who earlier in the season put up the huge score of 306, not out.

A HOLIDAY AT A CADET CAMP.

"It was two o'clock on a rainy Saturday afternoon, and my friends and I were clambering into a carriage at the station. A Cadet Corps' Camp had been arranged at Harrogate, and all the Cadet Corps in Yorkshire were going. After a four hours' journey we arrived at our destination. We were lined up, rather stiff after being packed like sardines in the train, and we were marched off to where our tents were pitched. Somebody claimed our blankets, but we got some more. The first night in camp was noisy, and the officers had to check some of the singing. They paraded up and down the lines restoring order. We were told afterwards that our crowd had been the quietest in the line.

On Sunday we filled palliasses with straw. These are huge bolster-cases. Then came breakfast, and Church Service in the open. The Bishop of Hull preached. We rejoiced in a thunderstorm that night, but our

tent was all right for keeping out the rain. We had a couple of parades a day—morning and after dinner. After tea we were free till nine.

I enjoyed seeing Harrogate. It is beautiful. The moors are fine. At the springs they sell magnesia water at a penny and twopence a glass. One glass is quite enough! One of our chaps thought he was poisoned with a cigarette, and left a message for the captain, as he felt he was going to die; but he was all right in the morning!

The burly Beverley boys tossed a pal of mine in a blanket. The blanket was split from end to end. My chum had had enough after being sent up six times. The Beverley sergeant said the blanket was 'only bent,' and returned it to store! I nearly got hit by a tent-pole when we were breaking up camp, for some of the fellows let down our tent suddenly, but I crawled out none the worse. Our camp lasted two weeks."

(Sent in by H. H. Robson, 17, Chatham Street, Albert Avenue, Anlaby Road, Hull, to whom I have sent the sum of 5s.)

A SHOCK FOR THE SCOUT-MASTER.

"Some Scouts were marching along the sea-front of the beautiful town of Lee. There were seventeen of them, including three patrol-leaders and an assistant Scoutmaster.

"Halt!" rapped out the A.S.M. "Who votes we explore the ruins?" All hands went up. "Double up! Forward!" The Scouts went into the ruins of the old castle, and came upon a dark passage-way. They were some distance inside, the Scoutmaster leading, when there was a whining sound—Mee-ow-ow! The leader gave a shout and dashed back, for he was convinced the ancient place was haunted. But the sound came from a cat which was living in the feudal stronghold! And how the Scouts did laugh!"

(Sent in by Philip Dobson, 2, Luxemburg Gardens, Hammersmith, W. 6, who has been awarded a prize of 2s. 6d.)

A VERY DEEP QUESTION.

I dare say a lot of my senior readers read the books of H. G. Wells. Wells is one of the most brilliant thinkers of the time. His last book concerns a schoolmaster named Huss, who was much troubled by the real meaning of the world and of life. It is clever, but it is not a work I appreciate. The author takes up the most ancient question of all—namely, as to whether the personality of man continues after death. I think his conclusions come nowhere near, in point of soundness and splendour, the reasonings of numerous great thinkers of the past. You see, thought is behind all things, and, with action, may accomplish miracles

which are beyond our understanding. These questions may puzzle anybody; but a simple faith in doing right, and a stout heart, are the best standbys, after all is said and done. People are far too ready to run down this world. It is a better world than many of them deserve, all said and done. It is a world of preparation, and should be appreciated, even if it can never be rightly understood.

THE PRESENT.

What I intend to convey is this—that the young fellow who wants to get in on the tape must not, as a rule, expend his best years in preparation for that glorious something in the future. It may never come along at all. It is the present we have to worry about—not so much worry as use it, you understand. The future, like the pounds, can take care of itself. It will be sure to do that. You see, the future is just rolling on over our heads, and coming to meet us. The flying hour is our current coin. Make the most of it. Don't haggle overmuch over the job that is offered. It will act, anyway, as a take-off place for the next berth.

Your Editor