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The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 995. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 3rd, 1920.

THE GOLDEN TRAIL



By SIDNEY DREW

CORNERED!

There came a chorus of fierce yells and the thud of hoofs. Flinging up the sand, a score of dark-faced horsemen came galloping over the dune brandishing pistols and rifles, and closed in. "Hold up your hands, boys!" shouted Jack Darby. "We can't fight this crowd!" Such an attempt would have been like suicide. They were surrounded on all sides!

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

JOHN GARVERY, deceased, has left a most extraordinary will, the terms of which are, that the nephew who proves himself to be the most resourceful and persevering shall inherit his fortune, amounting to over a million pounds. Various clues have been hidden in different parts of the globe, and the two nephews, RICHARD ARCHGRAY and BENNET GARVERY, are each given five hundred pounds to set them on their travels. Eight months is allowed from the day of starting to collect all the clues together. The successful nephew is to inherit the fortune.

JACK DARBY, an ex-officer of the British Army, is the affianced husband of CHERRY. RICHARD ARCHGRAY'S sister, and he offers to accompany Dick on his quest.

TIM HORRIDGE and SANDY NOAKES, two of Jack's retainers in his Army days, also offer their services, and are taken on.

CHRIS TORVEY, a rascally bookmaker who has Bennet Garvery in his power. He finances Bennet's party on the condition that he takes a half-share in the fortune, and also enlists the services of a Greek aviator named Davri Archelos.

The first clue is to be found at Siwah, in Egypt, and Dick and his party are crossing the desert one night when they see an aeroplane in difficulties. The machine crashes, and as Dick rushes forward, he finds himself face to face with his cousin, Bennet Garvery, who had been a passenger in the machine!

(Now read on.)

Peter the Dervish.

While the cousins were still staring at each other in mute wonder, the prostrate man stirred, and Jack Darby dropped on one knee beside him. He was the pilot of the aeroplane that had carried Bennet Garvery and his companion from Alexandria. He had been knocked senseless when the machine crashed, but was coming back to consciousness, and luckily he had escaped without any broken bones. A little brandy from Jack Darby's flask quickly brought a tinge of colour into his cheeks. His eyes opened, and he sat up and began to cough.

"Jack," said Dick Archgray, recovering his voice, "wonders will never cease. Here's my cousin, Bennet Garvery."

The flames were dying out, leaving the aeroplane a charred and glowing wreck, but the summer moon was clear and bright. Jack was master of himself, whatever he may have felt. He held out his hand to Garvery and spoke very quietly.

"I congratulate you," he said. "You got out of this pretty luckily. It shook you up, didn't it? It was a nasty bump."

Just then Tim Horrigan and Sandy Noakes came up. Torvey seemed very

dazed and shaky. He was not at all like the gay, sprightly Mr. Torvey Dick had met in the teashop in Chancery Lane. A little Dutch courage supplied from Jack Darby's flask did him good, and he took plenty of it. He looked at Dick in the moonlight and began to twirl his little moustache.

"It appears to me, Ben, dear boy, that we've muddled it," he said. "We've lost all our luggage, and a shock of this sort isn't good for a fellow's nerves. It's a joyful surprise and all that sort of thing to meet an old friend, Mr. Archgray, a great and unexpected pleasure, so to speak. But the question is, Ben, my unlucky old bean, what is going to happen to us?"

"You're a good thirty miles from Siwah," said Jack Darby quietly. "What do you expect us to do?"

"I don't know," said Bennet Garvery sullenly. "I suppose you're not going to leave us here?"

"But we must," said Darby. "We can give your pilot a mount on our spare camel, for he isn't well enough to be left. We'll give you water and rations. This is the old caravan route to Siwah. When we reach there we'll send a couple of camels back for you. You'll come to no harm in the mean-

time. Your bad luck is our good fortune, you see. However Dick may feel about it, you can't expect me to allow him to throw away such a splendid opportunity. First come, first served, you know. If you were in any real danger, it would make a difference; but there's no danger at all."

"Unless you forget to send the camels," said Bennet Garvery. "It's so easy to forget a little thing like that, isn't it? It's as good as murdering us. We can't plug thirty miles through this stuff on foot without dropping dead."

Jack Darby shrugged his shoulders. "I'll send the camels," he said. "You have my word for that. Your luck is out, and ours is in. I don't forget my promises."

"Glad to hear it, sir," said Torvey. "It's unfortunate and most unpleasant for us, but there you are, Ben. I'm a man of the world, you know. We're beat on the post, so to speak, so we've got to grin and bear it, and grousing will do no good. Fair is fair, dear boy, all the world over. If the case had been the other way about, would we have slung our chances away? No, no; the thing ain't reasonable. We're busted; but I'm sure Mr. Archgray is a sport."

There's nothing in the old chap's will to say that the winner can't pay the loser's expenses that I'm aware of. You won't mind footing the merry little bill, eh, Mr. Archgray?"

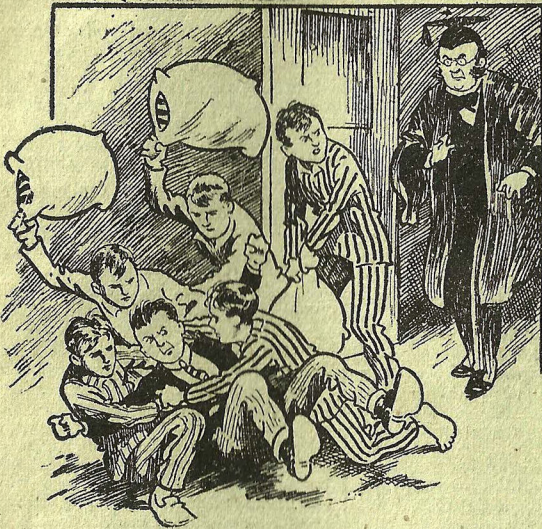
"I'll do that with pleasure if I'm allowed to," said Dick. "It does seem rough luck. Major Darby is running this show, Bennet, and anything he likes to do I must agree to. You'll get your camels right enough, as he has promised them. We'll see to that."

The pilot of the wrecked machine had not uttered a word. Jack Darby asked him if he could ride a camel.

"Oh, yes, if I am not seek!" he answered. "My head it is seek and buz round, but I can try to hold myself on."

Then he began to cough again. Jack felt his pulse, and it was very jumpy. It would have been cruel to leave him behind to face the blazing heat of the morning in that arid waste. Horrigan and Noakes made a rearrangement of the baggage and mounted the airman on the spare camel. Then Dick held out his hand to Bennet Garvery.

"I can't help being a bit sorry, Bennet," he said. "It seems a mean thing to leave you, but we can't take you."



In Hiding!

A LONG, COMPLETE STORY
... OF ...
JIMMY SILVER & Co.,
... AT ...
ROOKWOOD SCHOOL.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. The Runaway.

Clang, clang, clang!
The rising-bell rang out over Rookwood School in the clear summer morning.

In the dormitory of the Classical Fourth Jimmy Silver sat quickly up in bed as the rising-bell roused him from slumber.

His glance turned at once towards Valentine Mornington's bed.

Jimmy half-expected to find that bed empty, and he was relieved to see that Mornington was still there.

Morny was still asleep.

Doubtless his extraordinary proceedings of the day before had tired him; at all events, he did not open his eyes as the bell rang.

Jimmy met Kit Erroll's glance, and he saw that Erroll, too, was feeling relieved to find Mornington still present.

"Thank goodness he's still here!" said Jimmy, as he turned out. "He says Jimmy, as he turned out. He said he was going to clear before rising-bell."

"Morny still here!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, as he jumped out of bed. "My hat! Hallo, Morny! Wake up!"

"Still here!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "I told you fellows he was only gassing. Hallo, he's waking up!"

The rising-bell had ceased, but the voices around him had awakened Valentine Mornington.

He sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes.

"Well, here you are still, Morny!" grinned Lovell. "Thought better of it—what?"

"Better stay now and see it through," said Jimmy Silver persuasively. "It's only a flogging, after all, Morny, and it's soon over."

Mornington uttered a startled exclamation.

"Has the bell gone?"
"Yes, and stopped."
"Oh gad!"

Mornington was out of bed with a bound.

In a twinkling he was hurrying on his clothes.

Erroll quickly came towards him, his face very anxious.

"Morny, I wish you'd—" he began.

"No time for jaw now!" said Morny, still hurriedly dressing. "You might have given me a call!"

"But—"

"I was going before rising-bell. Suppose a dashed prefect should hop along and see me!" growled Mornington. "I shall have to scud for it now!"

"But—"

"Bother! Don't talk now!"

"Then you're really going, Morny?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Yes, fathead!"

"I've half a mind to stop you!"

exclaimed the captain of the Fourth.

"We shall all get ragged for letting you go."

"Rats!"

Evidently, Valentine Mornington was not very much concerned whether the Classical Fourth were ragged or not on his account.

He dressed in record time.

The juniors watched him, with very curious expressions.

They were thinking of what the Head would say when he learned that Mornington, who had run away from Rookwood the previous day to escape a flogging had returned to sleep in the dormitory, just as if nothing had happened.

It had been Mornington's intention to leave again before the other fellows were awake, but he had slept so soundly.

Undoubtedly the Head would blame the juniors for not detaining

the runaway; and especially Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Form.

Jimmy was wondering whether it was, in fact, his duty to collar the recalcitrant junior, and detain him by force until a master or prefect came to take charge of him.

He knew that the Head would think it was his duty to do so, but he was not so sure of it himself. He had a natural disinclination to have a hand in delivering a culprit over to the "beaks."

"He oughtn't to be allowed to go," said Raby, looking at Jimmy Silver.

"If he's run away from school he shouldn't come back here and put us all into a false position."

"Who's going to stop me?" sneered Mornington.

"You'll be stopped fast enough if Jimmy gives the word!" exclaimed Newcome. "What do you say, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

"I don't know—" he began.

Mornington hastily finished lacing his boots, and started for the door. In spite of his defiant mood he was well aware that he had no chance of escape if the Fistical Four chose to stop him.

"Look here!" exclaimed Cyril Peele. "You oughtn't to let him go, Silver, as head of the Form. We may all get detention for this."

"Very likely!" grunted Lovell.

"Oh, let him go!" said Jimmy.

"I don't know that it's our bizney. If we get wiggled we can stand it."

"I'm not going to stand it, anyhow!" exclaimed Peele. "I'm jolly well goin' to call a prefect!"

"Look here, Peele—"

"Rats!"

Cyril Peele ran for the door, and reached it at the same time as Mornington.

Morny's hand was on the door first, however, and he turned on Peele, with a glitter in his eyes.

"Stand back!" he snapped.

"I'm goin' to call Bootles—"

"Stand back!"

"I won't!" shouted Peele.

Morny released the door and closed in on Peele. His hands were up, and Peele retreated, yelling, before a shower of blows. A drive on the chin laid him on the dormitory floor on his back, roaring.

Then Mornington opened the door and stepped out into the corridor.

"Ow, ow, ow!" gasped Peele, sitting up on the floor in a dazed state.

"Ow! Oh, my eye! Oh!"

"Serve you right!" growled Erroll.

"I'll stop him!" panted Peele.

He scrambled up and dragged open the door. Mornington was scudding away as Cyril Peele shouted:

"Mornington! Mornington's here! Prefect! Prefect!"

"Sneak!" howled a dozen voices from the dormitory.

"Prefect!" yelled Peele.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came up the stairs two at a time as Peele yelled. Mornington had disappeared into the box-room at the end of the corridor.

"What's that?" exclaimed Bulkeley, as he came up breathlessly.

"Did you say Mornington?"

"He's here!" panted Peele.

"Where?"

"Just gone into the box-room—"

Bulkeley did not wait for more; he scudded along the passage at great speed. He ran quickly into the box-room. The window was open, and as he looked out he caught sight of Mornington dropping from the leads outside.

"Mornington!" shouted Bulkeley.

Morny was on the ground now, and he looked back. He waved his hand coolly to the astonished prefect at the window.

"Ta-ta, old top!" he called out.

"Come back at once! Stop!" roared Bulkeley.

"Rats!"

And Mornington scudded away, and vanished round a corner of the school buildings.

The 2nd Chapter. The Vials of Wrath.

Jimmy Silver & Co. came into the Fourth Form-room that morning in a rather uneasy mood. The news that the runaway junior had spent the night in the Fourth-Form dormitory was all over Rookwood now, and it had created tremendous excitement. Morny's nerve fairly took the Rookwood fellows' breath away. The previous day Morny had "cleared off" while the whole school waited in Hall with the Head for the flogging to take place, and the school had had to be dismissed without the flogging. Search had been made for the missing junior in all directions; but he had not been seen until, after lights out, he had turned up in the dormitory. That he should venture back into the lion's den, as it were, in this way, was amazing, though it was really just like Morny.

Bulkeley had reported the circumstances to the Head, as in duty bound, and the Fourth were expecting to hear from Dr. Chisholm on the subject.

Hence their uneasy mood as they came into the Form-room that morning. And they were not disappointed. The Head came in along with Mr. Bootles, the latter looking very grave and the Head very wrathful.

"Now look out for squalls!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.

Dr. Chisholm glanced over the class with a stern brow. All the Classical juniors kept their eyes on their desks, not caring to meet the Head's glance. The Modern juniors congratulated themselves that they were "not in it."

"Silver!" rapped out the Head.

"Yes, sir," answered Jimmy.

"It appears that Mornington, who ran away from school yesterday, returned to sleep in the dormitory."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you aware of this?"

"We woke up when he came in, sir."

"He remained all night?"

"Yes, sir."

"And left again after rising-bell?"

"Yes, sir," murmured Jimmy.

"Why did you not detain him?"

"Ahem!"

"As head boy of the form, Silver, you were perfectly well aware that it was your duty to detain a boy who had run away from school and defied the authority of his headmaster," exclaimed Dr. Chisholm angrily.

Jimmy Silver was silent.

Doubtless the Head was right, from his own point of view, at least. But the headmaster and the Fourth Form did not always see eye to eye.

"You have all done very wrong, and especially you, Silver," said the Head. "By allowing Mornington to leave, you have, in fact, made yourselves parties to his conduct, and leagued yourselves with him in his defiance of authority. You, Silver, will be caned, and the whole Form will be detained on Saturday afternoon. You may come here, Silver."

Jimmy came quietly out before the class.

Mr. Bootles picked his cane from the desk and handed it to the Head. Swish! Swish! Swish!

Jimmy Silver fairly wriggled under those swishes. They were exceedingly well laid on. The Head ran no risk of spoiling the junior by sparing the rod.

The Fourth stood in silence while the punishment was administered. Jimmy Silver was silent, too, though he was a little pale.

"You may go back to your place, Silver," said the Head harshly, as he handed the cane back to Mr. Bootles.

Jimmy obeyed without a word.

"If Mornington should be seen again," continued the Head, glancing over the silent class, "you have my strict commands to detain him until he can be secured. If my commands are neglected, the consequences will be serious. Kindly bear that in mind."

The Head turned towards the door, still amid a grim silence. There was an impression among the juniors that he was "taking it out" of them because Valentine Mornington was beyond his reach, and some of the fellows looked sullen. As the Head reached the door, Tommy Dodd, of the Modern Fourth, spoke, in very respectful tones.

"If you please, sir—"

The Head glanced round sharply.

"Well, Dodd?"

"Is the whole Form detained, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Moderns as well as Classics, sir?" asked Tommy Dodd, with an air of respectful meekness that was just a little impertinent.

Some of the juniors grinned. The Head had spoken in haste, owing to his exasperated frame of mind, and had, in fact, made a mistake. The Modern juniors, whose quarters were in Mr. Manders' house, had nothing to do with Mornington or his proceedings.

Dr. Chisholm paused. A faint flush crept into his cheek, and he coughed. Mr. Bootles chimed in meekly.

"The Modern boys were not present, sir, when—"

"Quite so," said the Head hastily.

"I was referring only to the Classical boys. They only will be detained on Saturday."

"Thank you, sir," said Tommy Dodd demurely.

The Head quitted the Form-room rather quickly. Tommy Dodd winked cheerfully at Jimmy Silver, who smiled. Tommy Dodd's wink implied that he had taken a rise out of the old bird, as he would have expressed it in the peculiar language of the Fourth Form.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bootles caught that playful wink as well as Jimmy Silver. He rapped out suddenly:

"Dodd!"

Tommy Dodd jumped.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you mean, sir, by that extremely disrespectful action?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles warmly.

"Whi-ich, sir?" stammered Tommy Dodd.

"You winked at Silver, sir," thundered Mr. Bootles.

"Mum-mum-my eyelid twitched, sir," faltered Tommy Dodd.

"You must not allow your eyelid to twitch, Dodd, on an occasion when your headmaster has just addressed you."

"Nunno, sir."

"In order to impress that upon your memory, Dodd, I shall cane you. Come here at once, sir!"

"Oh, lor!" murmured the hapless Modern junior.

Swish! Swish!

"There!" said Mr. Bootles. "If your eyelid twitches again, Dodd, I shall repeat your punishment."

Tommy Dodd's eyelid did not twitch any more that morning.

The 3rd Chapter. Carthew Looks In.

Valentine Mornington had not been seen again when the Rookwooders were dismissed after morning classes.

The juniors learned that Bulkeley and the other prefects had been hunting for him, but they had hunted in vain.

Tubby Muffin also discovered that Police-constable Boggs, of Coombe, had been to see the Head, and Tubby surmised that the Head had offered him a reward for the capture of the missing junior.

What had become of Mornington was a mystery.

Certainly he had not gone home, and the fact that he had returned to school to sleep the previous night showed that he could not be very far away, wherever his hiding-place was.

Jimmy Silver & Co.'s belief was that he was hiding somewhere within the precincts of Rookwood itself; they had not forgotten the supply of tuck Morny had purchased at the school shop the previous day.

"The ass!" Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, when the juniors came out after dinner. "The flogging's still waiting for him, and he will have to turn up sooner or later. It won't improve by keeping."

"I fancy the Head will get more and more waxy," said Raby. "He was pretty wrathful in our Form-room this morning. Nice for us to be detained on Saturday afternoon for that goat Mornington."

"I feel inclined to find him out and punch his silly nose!" said Jimmy Silver, frowning. "I dare say he's sticking in the Abbey ruins all the time."

"They've searched there," said Newcome.

"Morny was out of gates while they were searching, of course; then he came back. They're not searching inside the school to-day, so he's safe enough," said Jimmy. "It would serve him right to rout him out. If he shows up in the dorm to-night—" He paused.

"He won't," said Lovell. "He couldn't risk it a second time without being caught. Depend on it, they'll keep an eye on the Fourth Form dorm to-night. It's Carthew doing lights-out for us this week, and Carthew would be glad to nail him; he doesn't like Morny. I shouldn't wonder if he comes sneaking into our dorm after lights out to see if he's there."

Mornington's place was still vacant that afternoon in the Form-room.

Wherever the missing junior was, he was very careful to keep from discovery.

Some of the juniors made it a point to waylay the Head in the passages, to watch him and see how the "old sport" was taking it. But they did not learn much from the Head's looks.

Dr. Chisholm did not allow his features to betray his feelings for the entertainment of the Fourth Form.

Still, as Lovell observed, there was no doubt that the Head was "no end waxy," whether he looked it or not.

In the circumstances the Head could scarcely fail to be extremely waxy.

During the evening prep was interrupted, in the junior studies, a good many times by fellows coming out to ascertain whether there was any news of Mornington.

But there was no news.

Towards bed-time the question was keenly debated in the Classical Fourth whether Morny would have the nerve to turn up in the dormitory again. It was risky, certainly, but there was never any telling what Morny might do.

Carthew had the duty of seeing lights out for the Classical Fourth,

Awkward for the bather!
HARRY WHARTON, of
Greyfriars School, loses
his clothes.

Do Not
Fail to Read

"SPORTSMAN or COWARD!"

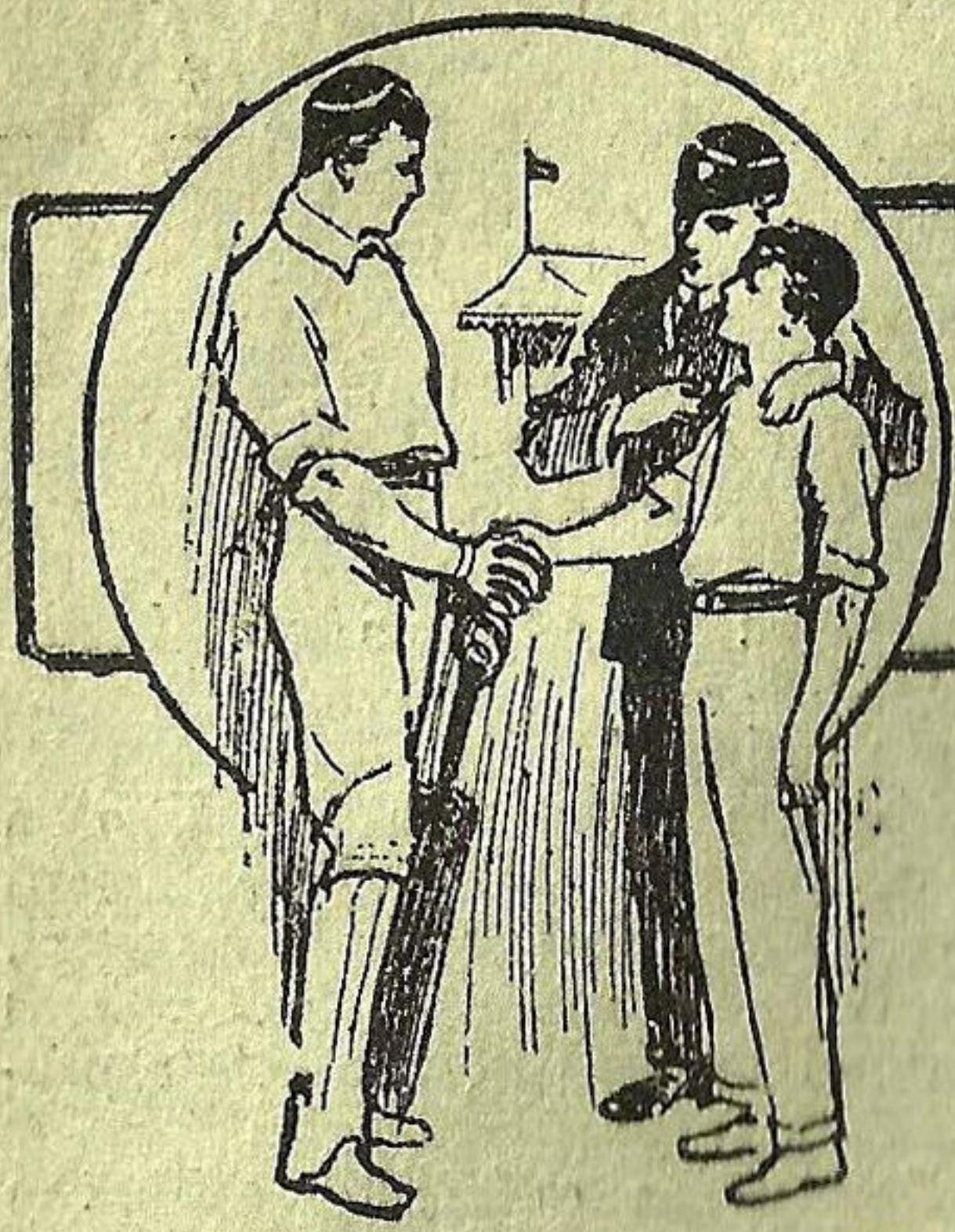
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IN HIDING!

(Continued from the previous page.)

and when he came into the dormitory he favoured the Fistical Four with a very suspicious look.

"Have you heard anything from Mornington to-day, Silver?" he asked.

Jimmy glanced at him in surprise. "No, Carthew," he answered, "not since he cleared off from the dorm this morning."

"The Head cased you, I understand, for letting him go?" said the bully of the Sixth, with a sneering grin.

Jimmy did not answer. "Do you hear me, Silver?" exclaimed Carthew, in his most bullying tone.

"I hear you," answered Jimmy.

"Answer me, then!" "I really don't know what you understand, or what you don't!" answered Jimmy coolly. "It's a surprise to me that you understand anything, Carthew."

Some of the juniors chuckled, and Carthew scowled.

"It's my belief, Silver, that you are hand-in-glove with Mornington, and helping him with this trickery of his," said the prefect. "If I find you out for certain, look out!"

"Thanks!" "Do you know whether Mornington intends to come back here to-night?"

"How should I know?"

"I believe you do."

"You're welcome to your belief, Carthew, if it's any comfort to you," said Jimmy Silver. "I know nothing whatever about Morny or what he intends, and don't care twopence!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" said Carthew grimly. "If he comes, you're to come down to my study at once and tell me."

Jimmy made no reply to that. He did not believe that Mornington would be rash enough to come, but if he did, certainly Jimmy had no intention of giving him up to the bully of Rookwood.

Carthew eyed the captain of the Fourth angrily and suspiciously, but he put out the light at last, and left the dormitory.

Arthur Edward Lovell chuckled when he was gone.

"He knows you won't tell him if Morny turns up, Jimmy," he remarked. "I'm pretty certain Carthew is going to nose around the dorm for some time to-night. He would get no end of credit with the Head if he marched Morny to him by the collar."

"I'm sure of it," said Jimmy quietly. "I think we shall be able to pull Carthew's leg. He can't take my word, it seems, the cad! I'm not going to sleep just yet."

Jimmy Silver stepped softly out of bed.

He trod away quietly to the door and remained there with his ears on the alert.

"What are you up to, Jimmy?" called out Putty Grace.

"Waiting for Carthew!"

Jimmy waited about ten minutes, while the juniors chatted from bed to bed. Then he opened the dormitory door, kept it open a moment or two, and closed it again with a snap.

"Wha-a-at's that?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Shush!"

Jimmy dived into bed.

In less than a minute the door opened and Carthew of the Sixth came in and switched on the light.

There was a deep silence in the dormitory; judging by appearances, the Classical Fourth were all deep in the arms of Morpheus.

Carthew glanced grimly along the row of beds. His prompt appearance showed that he had not been far away, and that he had heard the closing of the door. He came quickly up to Mornington's bed. The bed had been made ready for the missing junior if he should return. But it was still empty, and Carthew was disappointed. He glanced along the beds again.

"Don't try to make out that you're

asleep, you young sweeps!" he exclaimed. "I've come here for Mornington! Silver!"

Snore!

"Silver!" roared Carthew. Jimmy opened his eyes at that. He rubbed them, and blinked at Carthew in the light.

"Hallo, Carthew! Is that you, Carthew?"

"You know it is, you young rascal!" snapped Carthew.

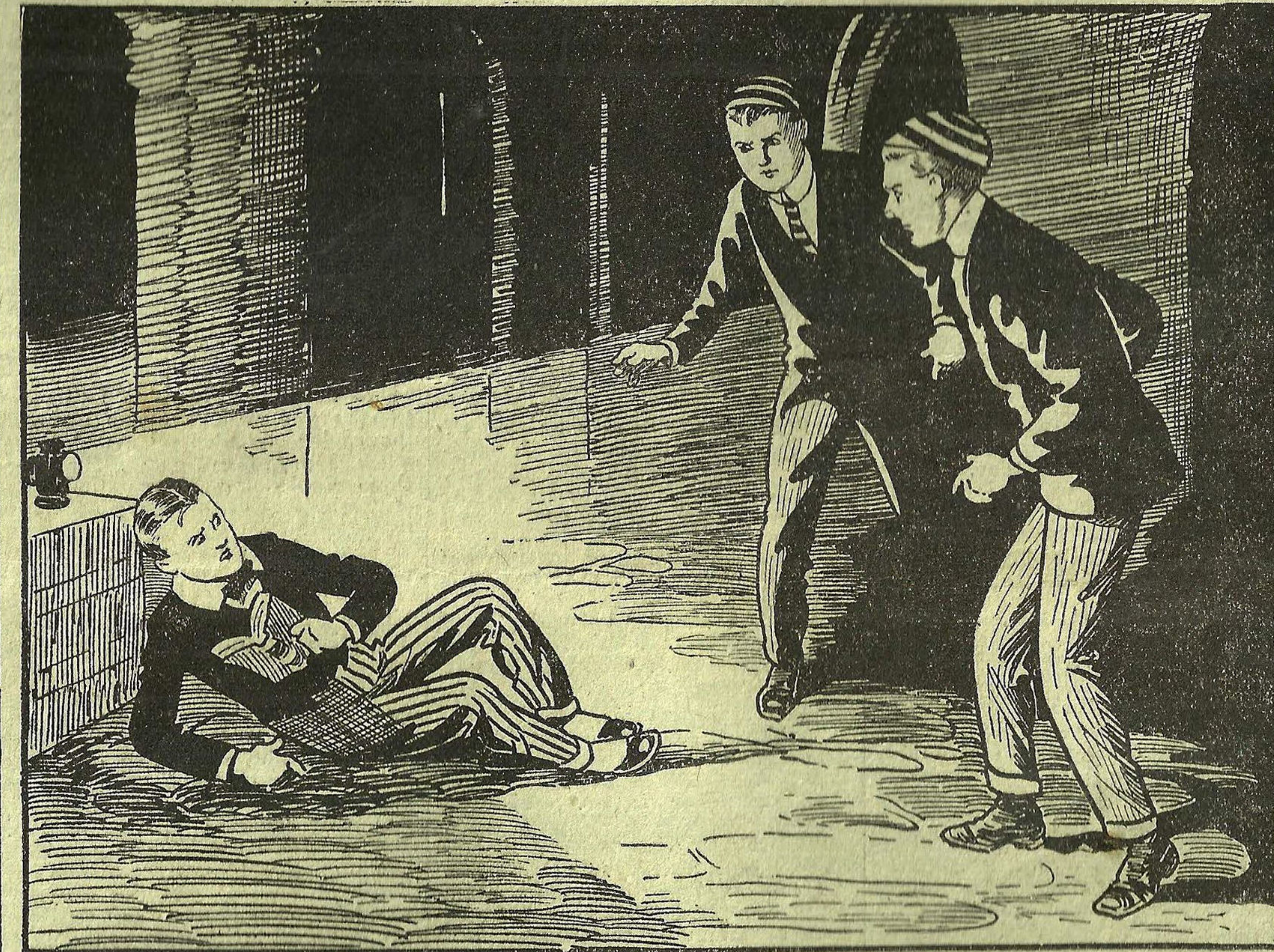
"I know it is now I look at you!" admitted Jimmy Silver. "I thought at first it was some horrid phantom! You see, you look—"

"I don't want any cheek, Silver. Where is Mornington?"

"Eh?"

"I know he is here—I distinctly heard the door shut!" said Carthew with a triumphant sneer. "I knew you were in league with him. Where is he hiding now?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Carthew," answered Jimmy meekly.



FOUND! A bicycle lamp was burning on a small box, and close by it on a rug and a coat lay Valentine Mornington—reading. He turned his head as the door opened, and the daylight glimmered into his underground retreat. Never was a fellow more completely taken by surprise than Mornington was at that moment. He stared up at the two prefects, blankly.

"Don't tell me lies, Silver!" "Oh, go and eat coke!" said Jimmy. "If you stuck a bit closer to the truth yourself, Carthew, you wouldn't suspect other fellows of lying."

Carthew strode towards his bed.

"I think I said that I didn't want any cheek," he remarked. "That isn't the way to speak to a prefect, Silver!"

"A prefect shouldn't talk like a blackguard, if he doesn't want to be answered straight!" retorted Jimmy Silver.

Carthew made no rejoinder in words, but he laid hold of the captain of the Fourth, and began spanking. Jimmy Silver gave a yell and grasped his pillow. It was against all rules to "pillow" a prefect of the Sixth, but Jimmy did not stop to think of that. Carthew's spanks were too painful to allow him room for reflection.

He grasped the pillow in both hands and smote. The smite caught Mark Carthew full in the face and bowled him over like a ninepin. Carthew staggered back and sat down with a bump, and there was a delighted howl from the Classical Fourth.

"Well hit, Jimmy! Ha, ha, ha!"

The 4th Chapter.

Nice for Carthew!

Carthew sat and gasped. He was more surprised than hurt, but he was hurt, too. Jimmy dodged out of bed

on the other side, the pillow still in his hands. He was prepared for further hostilities.

The Sixth Former staggered to his feet at last.

"You—you—you—" he stammered, glaring at Jimmy Silver across the bed. "You—you—I'll—I'll—Come here!"

"Catch me!" said Jimmy des- rively.

Carthew came round the bed with a rush. Jimmy Silver did not wait for him to get to close quarters.

He made a flying leap across the next bed in time to escape the pre- fect's angry clutch.

Again the enraged senior circum- navigated a bed, but again Jimmy eluded him with a leap across the next.

The Classical Fourth were all sitting up in bed now, watching the chase with great excitement and loud laughter.

Carthew, with a face that Lovell likened unto that of a demon in a pantomime, rushed in furious pursuit, and Jimmy cleared bed after bed, the occupants lying low to keep clear of his feet.

But at the end of the long dormi- tory he was cornered, and Carthew closed in on him with a savage look. Jimmy grasped his pillow and turned at bay. As Carthew rushed in on him he hurled the pillow, and Car- thew caught it on his nose. Before

ing his bolster, and Carthew rushed at him and seized him.

"Rescue!" yelled Lovell.

"Rescue—pillows!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

Half the Classical Fourth were out of bed now, and they rushed on Car- thew. He had only time to give Arthur Edward Lovell one terrific spank when a dozen hands seized him.

"Let go!" shrieked the prefect.

"Down him!"

"Bump him!"

Crash!

Carthew went over, with five or six juniors sprawling upon him. Prefect and Fourth-Formers were mixed up in a struggling heap on the floor.

There was a step in the doorway, and Mr. Bootles blinked in over his spec- tacles, with horror and amazement in his startled face.

"What—what—what is this dis- turbance?" exclaimed Mr. Bootles breathlessly. "Boys! Cease this up- roar at once! Do you know that you can be heard over the whole house? I command you—"

"Cave!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy had Carthew's ear in his grasp, and was knocking the prefect's head on the floor with a series of what a novelist would describe as sickening thuds. But he dutifully let go as he heard Mr. Bootles' voice, and jumped up.

A breathless crowd of excited

juniors faced Mr. Bootles. Carthew, with all the wind knocked out of him, still lay on the floor, gasping in anguish. Then Mr. Bootles perceived him.

"Bless my soul! Carthew!" ex- claimed Mr. Bootles, in horrified tones. "I am surprised—astounded—shocked to find a Sixth Form boy joining in this noisy horseplay in a junior dormitory. Carthew, what do you mean by it, sir?"

"Groooogh!"

"Explain yourself at once, or I shall report this to the Head!" ex- claimed Mr. Bootles. "You are sup- posed to keep order in the dormitory, Carthew, and I find you playing a noisy game with juniors at ten o'clock. Are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Gurrrrrg!"

Carthew was trying to speak, but he had not got his second wind yet. He was only capable of a gurgle.

The juniors grinned; they could not help it. Mr. Bootles' misapprehen- sion struck them as funny.

"Carthew! Get up at once! Help him up, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver demurely helped the damaged prefect to his feet, being re- warded with a homicidal glare. Car- thew sank on a bed and spluttered. Mr. Bootles eyed him like a basilisk.

"Now, Carthew, before I take you to the Head, explain what you mean by this disorderly and unheard-of conduct."

"Groooogh! I—I—" stammered Carthew.

"Speak!"

"I—I— They—they set on me, sir!" gasped Carthew. "It—it wasn't a game; I was being attacked—Ow-yow!"

"Oh, I perceive!" said Mr. Bootles, his brow clearing. "However, that does not explain what you are doing here at all."

"Groogh! I—groogh! I came here for Mornington—"

"Mornington! Is Mornington here?" exclaimed the Form-master.

"Has that boy returned, Silver?"

"No, sir."

"He's here!" gasped Carthew. "I heard him come into the dormitory, and came for him, and then Silver—oooooh!"

"Silver says that he is not here so—"

"Silver's lying!" spluttered Car- thew. "I heard him! He hasn't left the room since. He's hiding under one of the beds, I think."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles. "The dormitory must be searched! If you have spoken un- truthfully, Silver—"

"I haven't, sir!"

"Well, we shall soon see. You will search the dormitory, Carthew, while I stand at the doorway."

"Yes, sir!" gasped Carthew.

Mr. Bootles took up his stand at the doorway, to cut off the escape of the supposed intruder—if he was routed out. Carthew proceeded to rout him out. But he had no success—which was not surprising, as Morn- ington was not there. He looked under every bed in turn, and into every corner of the dormitory, while Mr. Bootles remained on guard. To Carthew's surprise, and Mr. Bootles' annoyance, the search was a failure. Carthew had to give it up at last.

"I—I—I don't see him, sir!" he stammered.

"The boy is evidently not here," said Mr. Bootles, frowning. "You have made a disturbance, at this hour of the night, for nothing, Carthew!"

"I heard the door open—"

"Nonsense! How could you have heard the door open, if no one opened it?" said Mr. Bootles testily.

There was a chortle from some- where, and Carthew, looking round on the grinning faces of the juniors, was enlightened.

"I—I—I suppose one of these young villains—"

"These what, Carthew?" inter- rupted Mr. Bootles very severely.

"These—these juniors, sir—one of them opened the door, I suppose, to—to pull my leg—"

"Indeed! Do you mean that you were on the watch? You could not have heard it from your study?"

"I thought it my duty to keep a look-out for Mornington, sir, as the Head is so anxious—"

"Nonsense! You have made a dis- turbance for nothing," said Mr. Bootles impatiently. "Really, Car- thew, you should be more careful! You have accused Silver of speaking falsely, and the event proves that he was speaking the truth. A prefect should weigh his words more care- fully. You had better go to your room."

Carthew opened his mouth, and closed it again. Mr. Bootles was too angry to be argued with. The prefect passed out of the dormitory, Mr. Bootles waiting for him to go before he turned out the light. Then the light went out, and the Fourth Form master retired and closed the door.

And then there was a ripple of laughter through the dormitory.

"I rather think we got the best of that," chuckled Arthur Edward Lovell. "I wonder if dear old Car- thew will think it his duty to come back again, as the dear old Head is so anxious about Morny? If he does, we'll take him for a burglar, and pillow him again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Carthew did not come back. He had had enough pillowing; and his sense of duty was allowed to slumber.

The 5th Chapter.

On the Track.

The next day was Saturday, and that day there was a very considerable amount of "grouching" in the Classical Fourth. Saturday afternoon was always a half-holiday, but this Satur- day there was no holiday for Morn- ington's Form-fellows. The Head's sentence kept them detained for the afternoon; and the prospect of an afternoon at detention tasks in the Form-room, instead of on the cricket- field or the river, was not agreeable. The remarks made on the subject of Mornington were "frequent and pain- ful and free." With the exception of Erroll, every fellow in the Classical Fourth had something uncomplimentary to say about the missing junior. They felt that it was rather unjust of the Head to detain them

for not having "collared" Morny; but it was not much use to inveigh against the Head; that great personage went on his serene way, like the stars in their courses, unmoved by, and, in fact, oblivious of, Fourth Form comment. So the exasperated Fourth "took it out" of Morny in emphatic words, and at least half the Form promised most solemnly to punch Morny's nose when he "showed up" at last.

After dinner that day, instead of dispersing to enjoy themselves, the hapless juniors had to hang about waiting to go into the Form-room. It was a very fine and sunny afternoon, and the green pitch seemed to call to the cricketers, which made the situation all the more exasperating.

"The silly chump!" said Arthur Edward Lovell, referring, of course, to the missing junior. "The howling ass! What is he playing this fool game for? I suppose he doesn't think the Head will forgive him if he plays the burbling goat long enough, does he?"

"It's just cheek!" growled Raby. "Cheek, pure and simple!" snorted Newcome. "We were going to play the Moderns this afternoon. Now we've got to grind Latin, under old Bootles' eagle eye. It's sickening!" "Bootles will lose his half-holiday, too," remarked Putty Grace. "That's one comfort!"

"Yes, there's that!" agreed Lovell. "But I'm fed with Morny! When he turns up I'm going to wallop him."

"He didn't come to the dorm after all, last night," remarked Conroy. "He's camping out somewhere. He's not gone home, or the Head would have heard from his guardian, old Stacpoole. He must turn up sooner or later; and I fancy it will mean something stiffer than a flogging, after the trouble he's given."

Jimmy Silver nodded. "The Head won't let him stay after this," he said. "He couldn't! It means the order of the boot."

"You'll lose your pal, Erroll," remarked Peele, with a sneer. "Jolly good riddance, too, if you ask me! Here—leggo! Lovell, you beast! What are you up to? I wasn't speaking to you. Leggo!"

Instead of letting go Arthur Edward Lovell tightened his grip on the back of Peele's neck and proceeded to shake him, a good deal like a terrier shaking a rat.

"Erroll didn't ask you, you worm!" said Lovell. "Keep your valuable opinion till it's asked for, or you'll get shaken—"

"Leggo!" "Like that—" "Yurrrggghh!" "And that—" "Yoocoooh!"

"And then bumped over," continued Lovell. "Like that!" "Bump!"

Peele sat down at the foot of the School House steps. He sat there and spluttered.

"Now," said Lovell, "all you fellows jump when I do, and see how many of us can land on Peele! When I say three! One—two—"

Before Lovell could say "Three!" Cyril Peele had scrambled up and fled. Erroll went into the house with a clouded brow. He did not heed

Peele's sneer very much; but his heart was heavy for his wilful chum. He felt that the opinion of the juniors was well founded; the Head could not let Mornington remain at Rookwood after his mutiny. The flogging that Morny had refused to submit to would be rescinded now, doubtless, because the dandy of the Fourth would be sent away from the school as soon as he was found.

Tubby Muffin came up to the group on the School House steps with an expression on his face that told of news.

"I say, Jimmy! I've found something out!" exclaimed Muffin breathlessly.

"Whose keyhole have you been favouring now?" asked Lovell, with a snort.

"I've been talking to the sergeant," said Muffin, unheeding. "I've found out that Morny bought two pounds' worth of tuck at the school shop before he sloped. What do you fellows think of that?"

Jimmy Silver laughed. "We knew that yesterday," he answered. "The day before yesterday, in fact. You're late for once, old top!"

"And you never told me!" said Tubby reproachfully.

"No. That was an oversight," said Jimmy. "Of course, we ought to have told you; it would have been as good as shouting it from the rooftops."

"Of course, I'm not going to tell anybody," said Tubby. "But look here, Morny didn't want all that grub for nothing. He couldn't have wanted to carry it away with him. It shows that he's hiding somewhere around, and hasn't cleared off at all. That's what I think. I shouldn't wonder if he's skulking in the abbey ruins all the time."

And Tubby Muffin blinked at the Fistical Four in triumph, as if demanded their admiration for his sagacity.

"Ass!" was Jimmy Silver's only remark.

"Don't you think so?" demanded Tubby.

"Yes; I think you're an ass!"

"I mean, don't you think that Morny is hiding somewhere about Rookwood, as he laid in a supply of grub to last him a long time?"

"Never mind what I think," grunted Jimmy Silver. "Keep your silly tongue quiet, Muffin; it's not our bizney to give Morny away."

"If the sergeant guesses what Morny wanted the grub for he will give him away," said Muffin.

"Well, he hasn't guessed. Morny might have been shopping for half a dozen fellows, for all Kettle knows."

"But he wasn't," said Tubby. "I'm jolly well going to look for him. Of course, I'm not going to give him away. I wouldn't; I'm too honourable! But if he's hiding in the abbey ruins—"

"Shut up!" breathed Jimmy Silver suddenly. Carthew, of the Sixth, was coming towards the School House, and he had already caught Tubby Muffin's words.

But Tubby had his back to the prefect, and he did not see any reason for shutting up.

"The abbey ruins is the most likely

place," continued Tubby. "You see, he cleared off while they were hunting for him in Rookwood, and—stop stamping on my foot, Lovell, you beast!—and came back afterwards. What are you making faces at me for, Jimmy Silver?"

"Muffin!" Carthew came up and took the fat Classical by the shoulder. Tubby Muffin spun round with a gasp.

"Oh, I—I didn't see you, Carthew! I—"

"Were you speaking of Mornington?" asked Carthew, with a glitter in his eyes.

"Nunno."

"Whom were you speaking of, then?"

"I—I—I—"

"Answer me!" snapped Carthew, shaking Tubby by the shoulder. "Ow! I—I wasn't speaking at all," gasped Tubby. "I—I—I was just listening to Jimmy Silver, you know. He was jawing. He's always jawing, you know, Carthew! Ow! Stop shaking me!"

"You were speaking of Mornington," said Carthew, with a glare at the fat Classical. "You think he is hiding in the abbey ruins?"

"Oh, no! I'm sure he isn't!" stammered Tubby. "I don't think for a moment that he's anywhere near Rookwood at all, Carthew. He got the grub for a—a picnic, I think."

"What grub?"

"Eh? Did I say grub?" gasped Tubby helplessly. "I didn't mean to say grub! I wonder what made me say grub—yaroooh! Leave my ear alone, you beast!" wailed Muffin.

Carthew did not leave Tubby's fat ear alone till he had given it an agonising twist, which elicited a fresh howl from Tubby. Then he turned to Jimmy Silver & Co. with a grin.

"You knew that Mornington was hiding about Rookwood?" he said.

"We know nothing about it," answered Jimmy curtly.

"But you think so?"

"What we think is our own business."

Carthew glanced round, and called Bulkeley of the Sixth, who was coming along the path with Neville.

"Bulkeley, will you come with me? I've reason to suppose that Mornington is inside the walls of Rookwood, after all."

"The place has been pretty well searched," said Bulkeley.

"He could have come in after the search was over, while everybody was in the Form-rooms."

"Well, I suppose he could," said the captain of Rookwood doubtfully. "Where are you thinking of looking for him?"

"In the abbey ruins, first."

"Well, I'll come, of course."

The two prefects walked away together.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged glances.

"All U P with Morny, if he's there," said Lovell, with a whistle.

"I suppose he's there. After all, where could he be? Somebody would have seen him by this time if he'd left, and he must have had some sort of shelter last night."

"Well, he couldn't keep up this game for ever," said Jimmy Silver.

"He had to take his medicine sooner or later. But if that fat duffer had held his tongue—"

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly, rubbing his ear. "Wasn't I keeping it dark? I've had my ear pulled because I wouldn't give Morny away. Ow!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. waited for Bulkeley and Carthew to return. They had little doubt that the prefects would bring the missing junior with them, and that that day was the last Valentine Mornington was destined to spend within the old walls of Rookwood.

The 6th Chapter. Sentenced.

"No sign of him here," said Bulkeley.

He was glancing over the mossy ruins that had once been Rookwood Abbey. Save for the birds twittering in the trees that grew among the old masses of masonry, there was no sign of life about the place.

"He would be out of sight, of course," said Carthew. "I'm going to look in the vaults. I've found out that he laid in a supply of grub; and that looks as if he had a hiding-place somewhere close by."

"Well, let's see."

The two Sixth-formers descended the old stone steps, to the opening of the vaults. The oaken door was closed, and Carthew, as he examined the padlock, grinned. The padlock had been forced.

He threw open the door suddenly.

There was a glimmer of light within, instead of the intense darkness that might have been expected. It showed that the vault was tenanted.

And tenanted it was. A bicycle lamp was burning on a small box, and close by it, on a rug and a coat, lay Valentine Mornington—reading.

He turned his head as the door opened, and the daylight glimmered into his underground retreat.

There were signs of a meal on the stone floor about him. Mornington had lunched, on the supply he had laid in—and which had been the means of betraying him. Probably he found his self-imposed incarceration in the vault tiresome enough, though his obstinate pride would not allow him to surrender. Two or three books lay about; the only means he had of occupying his mind in his solitude.

Mornington stared up at the two prefects, blankly. Never was a fellow more completely taken by surprise, than Valentine Mornington was at that moment.

He had supposed that his retreat was perfectly secure; having remained outside the walls while the search for him was going on. And having given the impression that he had run away from the school, he had not expected another search. Neither would one have taken place, but for the too-active tongue of Reginald Muffin. But the runaway was fairly caught now; and Carthew grinned with satisfaction at the sight of him.

"I thought so!" he remarked.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mornington.

For a moment or two he stared,

blankly; and then, dropping his volume, he made a spring, with the evident intention of fleeing up the vaults.

But Carthew was too quick for him.

He leaped at the junior, and grasped him as he rose. Mornington struck out fiercely, and Carthew yelled.

"Bulkeley! Lend me a hand, can't you?"

"I'm coming."

Mornington was fighting like a wild cat, and Carthew, alone, might not have succeeded in holding him. But Bulkeley's powerful grasp was soon added to that of the other prefect.

"Better come quietly," said the captain of Rookwood, grimly.

Mornington panted.

"Hang you! Let me alone!"

He still struggled and kicked. Bulkeley gripped his collar, and half-led, half-carried him out of the vault, still struggling.

"Take his other arm, Carthew."

"I've got the young cad," growled Carthew, twisting Mornington's arm. "Now, be quiet, you cheeky little beast."

"Oh, you cad!" gasped Mornington.

"You needn't twist his arm, Carthew," said Bulkeley, sharply. "We've got him safe enough. He will get enough from the Head."

Carthew gave a grunt; and the two prefects led Mornington out of the ruins, with a tight grip on his arms. They did not mean to give him a chance to break loose and escape.

There was a shout as they entered the school quadrangle, with the prisoner marching between them.

A dozen fellows gathered round at once.

"Morny! It's Morny!"

"Morny, by gad!" ejaculated Smythe, of the Shell. "Dear old Morny, led like a lamb to the merry slaughter."

Mornington's face was crimson, as the prefects marched him towards the School House. A crowd followed them, gathering in numbers every moment. The news spread quickly that the runaway had been recaptured.

Jimmy Silver & Co., met Mornington's glance, as he came up the steps. They were looking serious. It was only too clear what was going to happen to Mornington, when he was handed over to the Head.

Mornington's lip curled.

"They've got me, you see," he said coolly.

"It was bound to come, sooner or later, old chap," said Jimmy Silver. "But I'm sorry."

"All the same, I'm nat goin' to be flogged!" said Mornington. "I said I wouldn't, and I won't!"

Jimmy Silver made no reply to that. He was pretty certain that it was something more serious than a flogging that Valentine Mornington had to expect now.

There was a step in the doorway, and the juniors backed away as the Head appeared. Dr. Chisholm had seen the procession across the quad, from his study window.

(Continued on the back page.)

HEALTH AND EXERCISE.

(Continued from page 255.)

it produces that condition which is known as being "muscle-bound."

There are advertisements to lure the unwary into taking up weight-lifting, and no doubt it is fine to be able to say that you can lift with one hand above the head a bar-bell that the ordinary fellow is barely able to shift from the ground; but it is not so satisfactory, when, later in life, it is learned that the heart has become weakened by the terrific strain placed upon it—weakened so greatly that taking part in all healthy, out-of-doors games requiring strenuous movement is out of the question.

Don't be misled by weight-lifting records. I knew, some time ago, a young fellow with a magnificent muscular development, which was the outcome of his having taken up weight-lifting exercises when he was no more than twelve years of age. He was fine to look at—and at two-and-twenty he hadn't the strength of a lad of fourteen. If he ran fifty yards he got breathless, and his heart started palpitations. If he walked a mile in anything less than half an hour he felt tired. He couldn't last two minutes in the boxing-ring, or on the wrestling-mat. He was frightened to attempt football. His health was rotten; and, altogether, he was a miserable object.

He had learned what was the cause

of his troubles, and he was quite sincere when he said to me: "I wish that when I was a youngster someone had warned me of the folly I was committing, and prevented me from going on with it. It's too late now."

Those heavy lifts of which he had been so proud had ruined his health and drained his body of all energy and vitality.

When I have seen youngsters ten and twelve years of age encouraged in the raising of heavy weights I have felt sorry for them, and wished I had the power to send to prison those who encouraged them.

An Old Football-case.

Have you got such a thing? Do you know where to get hold of one? Just the outside leather casing of a discarded Association football. If you have the chance of getting one, take it like a shot, for you are in luck's way. That old case can be converted into a means of exercise valuable for maintaining health, and at the same time of benefit to the muscles.

First of all, set to work and sew up any gaps in the stitching, using a big needle and a bit of waxed thread. This done, get a bit of canvas, or such material, about six inches by four inches, just big enough, when the ball is filled, to shove inside and smoothly cover up the slit where the lacing comes. An old leather boot-lace will serve as a lace, if this is missing.

Now fill the ball. It doesn't matter a great deal what you use as filling

so long as you get the case thoroughly filled, so that it is thoroughly firm when you have finished, just as it would be if it had the air-filled bladder inside. What does matter is the weight of the ball when filled. It shouldn't be more than five or six pounds. A combination of sand and sawdust would do very well, the sawdust giving the bulk while the sand furnishes the weight. The great thing is to get the case quite hard and the weight correct. Be careful in adjusting the canvas over the lacing slit. Lace the ball tightly, and tuck in the loose end.

You have now what is known as a medicine ball, and one quite as serviceable as you'd have to pay about thirty shillings for at an athletic outfitter. It won't be quite so big, but good enough. With the medicine ball you can get amusement and exercise without limit. You can use it by yourself, and just as well when you can get half a dozen other chaps to enter into the recreation. There's nothing monotonous about its use. It will improve your carriage, strengthen heart and lungs, give you a fine chest, and develop your muscles. The big and important muscles of the front of the body, and all over the back, are called into play without the slightest fear of straining.

But exercise out of doors with it if you can. A six-pound ball dropping on the bed-room floor is by no means good for the ceiling underneath.

The ball is used for throwing one to another, if several are taking part, and for lifting by various movements, if exercising alone. In any case, try to keep position shown in the diagram for standing and holding the ball.

Next week I will explain some of the exercises.

Muscle Tricks.

Here is a test of muscle—there is something of a trick in it also—that two chaps may get some amusement out of. Each sits down on the opposite sides of a rather narrow table. Each then places his right upper arm across the table, elbow firmly planted, palm facing towards the left. The two arms should be opposite, so that the hands meet and cross flatly, palm against palm. Each takes a firm grip.

Each then pushes away to the left, so as to force his opponent's arm over until the knuckles touch the table, being careful that the elbow does not rise from the table-top during the process. It is not allowed that either leaves his seat during the contest.

The winning trick is not to make any effort to force over the opponent's hand as soon as the word "Go" is given, but just to concentrate on holding the original position. Then, when the other fellow shows signs of relaxing his effort, to put in all the strength one has.

Try this. Sit down on a chair, with the longer part of the thighs extending beyond the chair edge.

Invite your chum to sit down immediately opposite you, and with his knees close together. Open your knees, and enclose his, inside of your knees close against the outside of his knees. Now challenge him to move his knees wide apart, without shifting his feet, against the inward pressure of your knees. If he thinks he can do this easily, it is more than likely that he'll come up against a serious disappointment.

This is also a first-class exercise as well as a muscle test, one that develops muscles otherwise not often brought fully into use.

Get hold of a fellow who believes he has a strong neck. Tell him you can force him to go backwards using a single finger. He won't believe you. If you insist that you can, he'll probably challenge you to try. Agree, provided that he takes up the position you suggest. It is to stand perfectly upright, feet close together. Tell him he may tense his muscles, especially those of the neck, all he chooses, but that with your forefinger you'll be able to move him backwards.

So you can, by pressing with the edge of your finger upon the narrow bit of cartilage that separates the two nostrils. Don't press into his face, but into the cartilage and upwards, as though you meant lifting his nose off his face. He'll go backwards all right.

(Be sure and read next Monday's splendid article.)

THE SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS!

(Continued from previous page.)

superstition. And, as they sped for the shore, amidst the fleet of admiring and scared canoeists, Lal tried to explain the principle of the steam-engine to Fishhook in the few words of Eskimo which he had already picked up with the readiness of the Bengali.

But Fishhook was a little shy of Lal. He could not understand why Lal was black, but had made up his mind that Lal had lived in his igloo for a long time, and had got covered with the soot of the lamp, and had not had a wash.

This made the boys laugh when it was explained to them; for up in these cold seas Lal was not too fond of his bath.

So when Mr. Lal Tata had floundered about a bit, trying to turn a piston-rod into Eskimo, and to explain the generation of steam in a tubular-boiler, he gave it up as a bad job, and promised to give Arty a hiding if he did not stop laughing.

Soon they reached the beach and the water-front of Narvik. It was a rough-looking place, consisting of a number of groups of stone igloos and storehouses, roofed over with stones and turf.

Fishhook was evidently the swell of the place, for his house had a window of skin in it, and was very stylish.

He said that they must all come in and see Mrs. Fishhook, who was inside the igloo.

An Eskimo igloo, whether it be a snow or a stone igloo, has no front door. It is approached by a tunnel, over which is stretched a curtain of walrus-skin.

Fishhook went down on his hands and knees when he reached his front-door, and one by one the boys crawled

on their hands and knees, following in the wake of Mr. Lal Tata.

Mrs. Fishhook, an extraordinary fat Eskimo lady, was seated in the igloo, though it was a bright and sunny day, sewing by the light of a blubber-lamp. She was dressed much the same as Fishhook, in a deerskin aateah or shirt, which is made of the deerskin, with the hair turned inwards, and is worn by the Eskimos in winter and summer. And she wore a pair of sealskin trousers and neat boots or kamiks of sealskin, soled with the heavier leather of the square flipper-seal. Over her shirt she wore the same hooded jumper or kooletah as her husband wore. Being summer-time, this was made of sealskin, but for winter it is made of fox or deerskin.

At the sight of Lal's black face crawling in through the tunnel, Mrs. Fishhook dropped the fur boot she was chewing, to supple it, and let loose a yell like a foghorn.

For a moment the boys were taken

aback. Then they realised that Mrs. Fishhook had never seen a black man before.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Fishhook did not go out of her house, and was, therefore, a bit behind the times, so she had never seen or heard of a black man before.

"Yoo-hoo!" she yelled, starting up from her seat in the igloo, and coming near upsetting the lamp of blubber that burned in the carved stone basin.

Then she had another look at Lal, and liked it less than the first.

"Yoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" she bellowed.

Fishhook, in a stream of ginger-beer-cork language, was trying to assure Mrs. Fishhook that Lal was not Puniak, the Evil Demon, come to eat her up.

And Lal himself tried to create a better impression.

"Mrs. Fishhook, my dear madams," said he, "don't be frightsome of me. I am Hindu gentlemen, Mr. Chaterjee Lal Tata, M.A., Calcutta

University. I am quite peaceable persons and I do not bite except when I eat my dinners!"

But Mrs. Fishhook was still greatly afraid of Lal and his black face and his pink turban. She yelled again and again. And at the sound of her yells a whole lot of rough-looking Eskimo dogs, that looked more like a pack of wolves than a team of respectable sledge-dogs, rushed into the igloo to see what was the matter. And as the boys and Lal and their hostess pretty well filled the igloo already there was not much room for a dog-fight.

But they had one pretty soon, for Tootik, the leading sledge-dog, suddenly discovered his rival, Kotuk, in the igloo.

Without a bark of warning he flew at Kotuk's throat, and started to tear him to pieces, and as soon as the fight started, the rest of the dogs joined in a terrible, all round, go-as-you-please cup-tie of a fight.

(Don't miss next Monday's long instalment of this magnificent story.)

IN HIDING!

(Continued from page 258.)

"Ah, you have found him, Bulkeley!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir! He was in the abbey vault."

"I found him, sir," said Carthew, with a sour look at Bulkeley. The bully of the Sixth did not mean to lose the credit—such as it was—of having recaptured the runaway. "I asked Bulkeley to come with me."

"That is correct, sir," said Bulkeley, "Carthew found out some-

how that he was in the abbey ruins, I don't know how."

"I am very glad of it, Carthew. Mornington—" The Head fixed his stern eyes upon the mutineer of the Fourth.

Mornington met them calmly.

His obstinate spirit was still unsubdued. The crowd of Rookwooders looked on in silence.

"Here I am again, sir," said Mornington, flippantly. "Sorry to show up in such a grubby state, but the vaults are not over-clean, and I was rather short of a change of clobber."

"Morny," whispered Erroll, who had come out on the steps, and he gave his chum a beseeching look.

Morny nodded to him coolly.

The Head's brow darkened.

"I find you as flippant and disrespectful as ever, Mornington," he said, harshly. "However, you will not find much further scope for your impudence at Rookwood. I shall not administer the flogging to which you were sentenced—"

"Oh, good," said Mornington, coolly.

"Because," said the Head, raising his voice a little, "because it will not be necessary to chastise you, Mornington, as you are leaving Rookwood to-day, for ever."

Mornington did not flinch.

"Leavin' Rookwood!" he repeated, calmly. "Is that so?"

"Did you expect me to allow you

to remain in the school after your conduct? I shall certainly not do so. You will be confined in the punishment-room until your guardian arrives to take you away. I shall not trust you to go alone; I shall hand you over to your guardian, and then my responsibility towards you will cease. Bulkeley, kindly take Mornington to the punishment-room, lock him in, and bring the key to my study."

"Yes, sir," said Bulkeley.

He drew Mornington, gently enough, into the house as the Head retired. Kit Erroll pressed nearer to his chum.

"Morny, old chap!" he whispered.

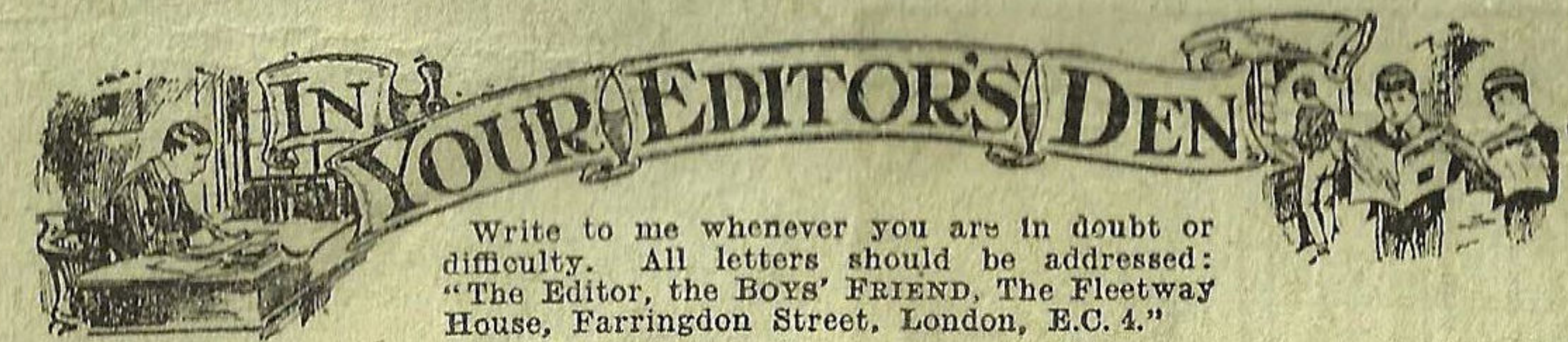
"All serene—I'm game," said

Mornington, "I rather expected the chopper to come down! I don't care! I'm fed with Rookwood, anyhow."

And Mornington disappeared with the captain of Rookwood. The bell was ringing now, and the Classical Fourth went to their form-room for their detention. But there was no wrath now towards the cause of their detention; there was hardly a fellow in the form who did not feel sorry for the wilful, hapless youth, locked in the punishment-room, there to wait the swiftly-approaching hour when he was to look his last upon Rookwood School.

THE END.

(Next Monday's long, complete story of Rookwood is entitled "Sacked!" by Owen Conquest. Be sure and read it!)



Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4."

NEXT MONDAY'S ATTRACTIONS.

There will be another splendid instalment of our grand new serial on the programme for next Monday. Now, I want all of you, my chums, to let me have your opinion of this new story, and that you can do by dropping me a postcard bearing your candid criticism in as few words as possible. You see, it is a difficult proposition to cater for the many thousands of my readers, and I have selected this magnificent new story with the idea that it will satisfy all tastes. You all know Mr. Sidney Drew. When I say that, I mean that you all have read from time to time his splendid stories, and perhaps it is worth mentioning, this brilliant author quietly told me that this latest work of his is, in his opinion, the finest that ever flowed from his pen.

That sounds jolly promising, doesn't it? I want you all to give Mr. Sidney Drew such a hearty welcome back to our pages as he is never likely to forget, and the best way of showing your appreciation is to tell your friends of this new attraction in the old "Green 'Un," and advise them to start reading at once

"THE GOLDEN TRAIL!"

By Sidney Drew.

Next on the list of good things is a ripping complete story of Rookwood School which brings the reckless junior, Valentine Mornington, into the limelight, as it were. As the title suggests, he receives the full sentence for his misdeeds, but Morny is as cheerful as ever. Be sure and read

"SACKED!"

By Owen Conquest.

Another thrilling instalment of our cinema serial will interest all the followers of Phil Fernie and his quest for the hidden treasure. Luke and Paul Carney prove themselves to be very resourceful foes, and Joe Fosdyke and his party are continually up against their cunning plans. You will discover how they fare when you read

"THE STAR OF THE FILMS!"

By Tom Bridges.

Also another splendid, complete story of Frank Richards & Co., of Cedar Creek, is on the programme for next Monday. Mr. Penrose, the

editor of the "Thompson Press," endeavours to increase the circulation of his paper by an ingenious wheeze. Whether or not the scheme materialises you will learn from

"THE HIDDEN HUNDRED!"

By Martin Clifford.

And a long instalment of our school-ship serial dealing with the adventures of Dick Dorrington & Co., is full of exciting interest. Mr. Fishhook proves himself to be a very lively character, and Arty, the strong boy, provides a thrill for the boys by challenging the Eskimo to a bout of fisticuffs. You must not miss

"THE SCHOOLBOY ADVENTURERS!"

By Duncan Storm.

In addition to this full programme there is another instructive article on how to keep fit. All of you, my chums, should make a point of reading these splendid articles, as they will prove very useful to you. If any of you are in need of advice concerning your health, write to our Health Editor, who will answer all queries FREE! Don't miss this splendid opportunity. In conclusion, let me advise you all again to read

"HEALTH AND EXERCISE!"

By Percy Longhurst.

AN ISLAND OF CHARM.

"This is a wonderful little island of ours.

"Small in reality as it may seem to be on the map, it is, nevertheless, rich and gifted in old history and traditions, many of which have inspired the famous Manx author, Sir Hall Caine, with material for his delightful books.

"Let me begin with a very interesting old superstition attached to the Church of St. Trinian's. Three times a roof has been erected on the church, and thrice the roof has fallen off. The older islanders attribute this fact to the work of the fairies. Impossible as this sounds, the strange superstition still holds good, and no further attempts have been made to finish the building.

"Another curious superstition is attached to the Castle of Rushen, a fine, well-kept structure in the south

of the island which has stood the siege of Robert Bruce.

"The legend has it that on wild and stormy nights a woman haunts the outer gates of the castle.

"A gentleman who was noted for his veracity was sure he saw a woman taking refuge by the gates one wild evening.

"Thinking it strange that anyone should seek shelter in such an open spot, he crossed the road, but immediately the apparition disappeared through the locked gates.

"An interesting feature of this castle is the old clock presented by Queen Elizabeth, which still keeps good time, and is the recognised town clock.

"Verily, the visitor to Castle Rushen will find much to interest him. Here, too, we have Peel City, the old-fashioned but pretty fishing part of the island, the place from which Sir Walter Scott gained inspiration for his 'Peveril of the Peak,' a fact which will probably interest Scotch readers.

"There are countless more attractive places of interest, not the least being the capital itself, Douglas, famed throughout the British Isles as one of the prettiest and sunniest holiday resorts. By the time this appears in print—if the Ed. is kind enough to confer that honour upon me—the Isle of Man will have thrown aside the cloak of winter, and everywhere will be seen the signs of summer, the green fields and trees, the peaceful and tranquil waters of the bay, dotted here and there with fishing-smacks, and the gay promenades, reminding all that, although small, the island is not behind its fellow-resorts in the way of sweetness and charm."

Sent in by Arthur Moore, 2, Marina Road, Douglas, I.O.M., to whom I am forwarding the sum of half-a-crown.

THE FIRST SUBMARINE.

"Many people think that the first submarine was invented about the year 1800. This, however, is not correct, for a submarine was designed as early as 1620 by a man named Van Drebbel. His submarine consisted of an ordinary wooden boat encased in a well-greased leather jacket, and was propelled by means of oars which passed through holes made watertight by flexible collars. When submerged, air was admitted through a hollow mast projecting above the surface of the water. This submarine was supposed to have made a voyage under water from Westminster to Greenwich, a distance of about eight miles."

Sent in by L. F. Herbert, 5, New College Lane, Oxford, to whom I am forwarding half-a-crown.

MEXICO.

"Mexico, to most people, almost instantly suggests a vague sense of mystery, surly looks, picturesque clothing, revolver-shots, and hot and dusty plains. For the romantic young it holds delightful attraction and speculation; but for the old or practical little else but contempt at its shallowness.

"But a future certainty awaits it. Its inapproachable fertility, the luscious glamour of its scenery, and its great mineral wealth together will, whenever its hot-headed inhabitants settle down to peaceful employment, instead of having a blood-telling revolution every few months, carry it to the forefront of productive nations.

"In the dim, misty past a native people called Toltecs inhabited Mexico, and very little evidence of their customs and ways of living have survived the ages. We know, however, that they worshipped the sun and snakes, that they made human sacrifices, and were religious in their own way, covering the country with their temples. Aztecs, a much stronger people, arrived and conquered the Toltecs. Then comes the dark stain in the history of Mexico—the absolutely horrifying story of Cortes—a Spanish general-conquest. How he arrived in an apparently peaceful search for gold, then turned round on the unsuspecting Aztecs, and slaughtered and slaughtered until the natives cowered down in complete, terrified subjection. Then a very nightmare of an existence was tendered to the vanquished Aztecs by their Spanish conquerors, and lasted nearly three hundred years until 1820, when the Mexicans, goaded into a positive fury of hate, flung off the cruel Spanish yoke for once and for all time."

Sent in by John J. Quin, Barnbank, Penicuik, N.B., to whom I am forwarding the sum of five shillings.

GARDENING.

Some people simply hate gardening. They call it grovelling. Well, that is just how you look at it. Of course, you cannot have all the beds raised on trestles, like high desks, for convenient working. If you did the drought would be horrid, as the moisture would all drain off. But there are thousands of attractive features about gardening, if you take the business seriously. The processes of plants are so many miracles. There are worse things than mowing a lawn as a recreation after a day in the City. It sort of steadies the nerves. And there is room for thought and originality in the business. The old idea of a front garden in the town districts was of a stretch of turf, and a few beds arranged with lobelias, pyrethrum, begonias, and scarlet geraniums, with a dash of yellow calceo-

larias in the middle. It is all very well in its way, but not a very good way, and most monotonous at that. You get a far more interesting effect far cheaper with a little care and a few packets of seeds, or a chance bunch or two of perennial plants from a working gardener.

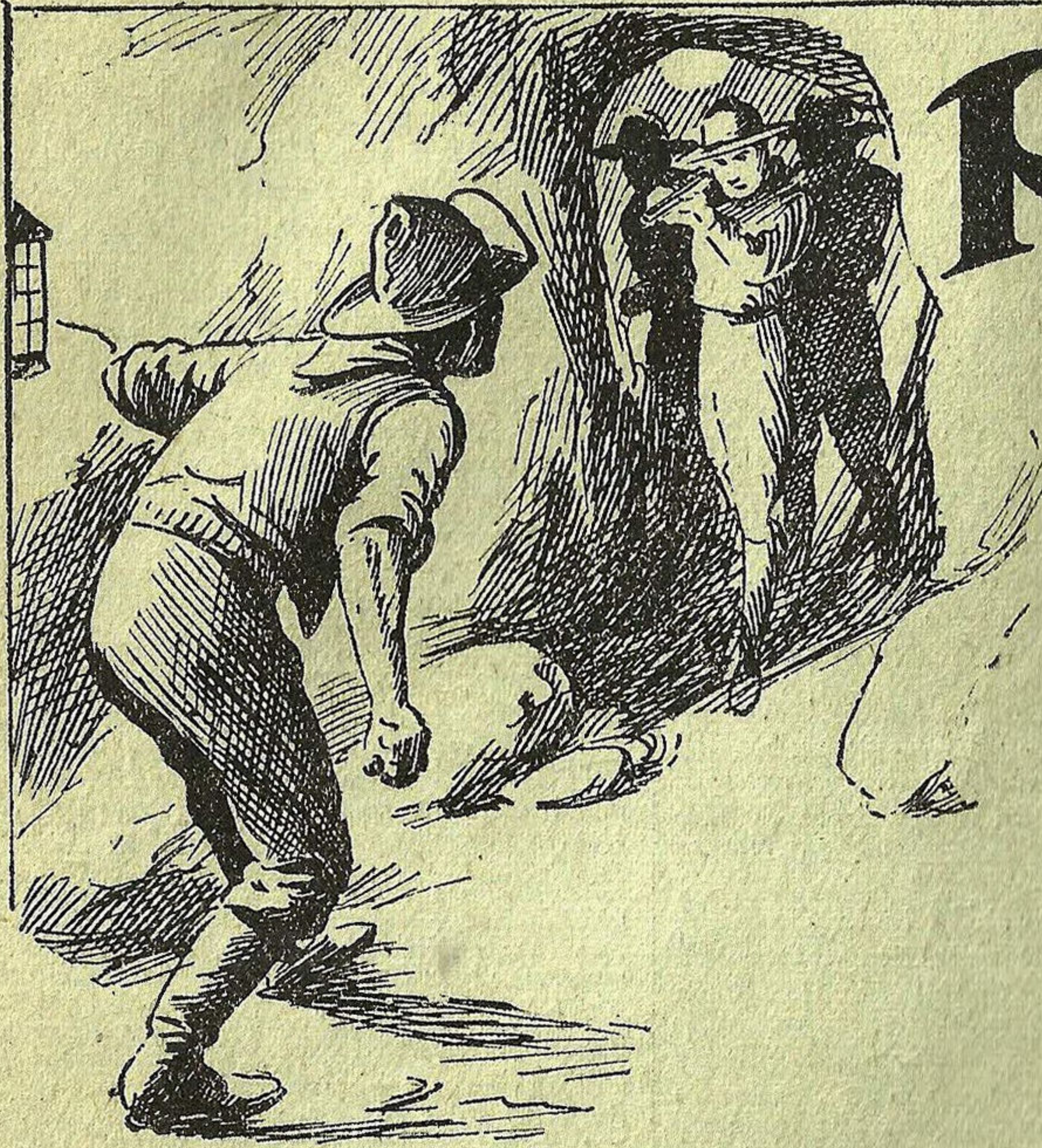
What's the matter with a bed filled with scarlet Tom Thumb nasturtiums, or another brilliant with pink and crimson sweet williams? As a rule, the rockwork corner of a suburban garden is a failure. It gets to look wreathed after a season or two. Ferns set in three feet of good soil in a shady corner will serve, but a garden wants looking after. It is no good allowing a few ugly-looking laurel-bushes to grow on season after season. They must be ruthlessly cut from the top, to allow the undergrowth to have a chance.

Gardening is simple, aided by such a book as "The Hobby Garden," a capital little book, written by A. C. Marshall. The smallest plot can be turned into a gem garden with a little attention and knowledge. Your "lawn" may be only a few yards square, but if you sink it a foot or two, and arrange to have some cluster-roses round it in a trellis, which you can make yourself, you will have something to look at the summer through, which will make the world seem all the brighter.

FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS.

A correspondent from Stoke-on-Trent writes: "Some time back I intended writing to you, but do so now before postage goes up, as I thought you would be interested to hear that my husband has been a reader of the BOYS' FRIEND since his boyhood, and now our children follow in father's footsteps. It is a regular scramble to get the paper. I am as bad as the rest. Being a bed-fast invalid, reading is my only pleasure. I have been ill in bed seven years, being only thirty-two when laid aside, so you will guess what a book is to me. We have a well educated, well read, and very clever old gentleman who comes to tea once a fortnight. His one topic is books. My husband asked him whether he had read some of our favourite stories, but our friend made scornful remarks. He was persuaded to look at the tales, and a fortnight afterwards he was asked if he liked them. 'Like them, man!' he cried. 'They are masterpieces of their kind!' It is a tribute indeed to your publications!"

Your Editor



RUN TO EARTH

A SPLENDID STORY OF
FRANK RICHARDS & CO.,
introducing the
NOTORIOUS CHARACTER—
FIVE-HUNDRED-DOLLAR JONES

By
MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. Two on the Trail.

Bob Lawless jumped off his horse outside the Beauclercs' cabin on the creek, in the glimmer of the early sunrise.

Over the distant snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains to the east, the sun was glimmering red in the dawn of a summer day.

Early as the hour was, the door of the cabin was open, and Vere Beauclerc came out quickly to meet his chum as the rancher's son dismounted.

"Any news of Frank?" he asked eagerly.

Bob Lawless shook his head. "Nope. It's pretty clear that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones has roped him in, Cherub."

"Clear enough," said Beauclerc. "But, you're not going to school to-day, Bob?"

"Not till Frank Richards is found," answered Bob Lawless. "Popper's asked Miss Meadows to leave for me. I guess I couldn't think much of school work while we don't know what's happened to Frank. You're not going?"

"No." "I've got an idea," continued Bob. "The sheriff and his men have been hunting for Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones for days now, and they haven't found a trace of him. Some of them think he's lighted out of the valley for good."

"It looks like it—"
"I guess not. When we had the tussle with him at White Pine his horse was killed and he lost his rifle. He hasn't been able to get another horse. Every galoot in the valley is on the watch for him now, and if he was heard of anywhere it would be reported in Thompson at once. I guess he's lying low, Cherub. And, wherever he is, I guess Frank Richards is, too—a prisoner."

Beauclerc nodded. "But where?" he asked. Bob Lawless made a gesture towards the dark mass of the Thompson Hills, in the distance.

"He must have taken to the hills," he said. "I guess he's lying low up among the rocks, like a hunted wolf, waiting till the search for him slackens down. Then we shall hear of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones again, you bet. But I've got an idea, Cherub."

"Go it."
"I'm going up into the foot-hills," said Bob determinedly. "I'm going to camp out there and keep on the trail till I find out something about Frank. Will you come?"

Beauclerc looked very thoughtful. "I'll come, right enough," he said. "But my father—"

"I—I haven't told popper," said Bob, colouring a little. "I've left a note with Billy Cook to give him. I've told him I can't rest while poor old Frank is lost, and I'm going to look for him. I can't do anything else, Cherub—I've got to go. I've brought my rifle and some grub, enough for a few days. Where's your popper now?"

"Gone down to Kamloops," answered Beauclerc. "He won't be back for a couple of days."

"Then come with me. You may be back before he comes home. Anyhow, you can leave a message for him."

"I'm game, Bob."
"Then hustle, old chap, and let's get started."

"Right-ho!"
In a few minutes Beauclerc had

left a written message pinned to the pine table for his father, and had led out his horse. He looked up the cabin, and then the two schoolboys mounted their horses and rode away across the green plain, glimmering in the rising sun. Both of them were looking serious enough. It was no light matter to venture into the trackless recesses of the foot-hills in search of the desperado who for weeks had been the terror of the Thompson Valley.

But neither of them hesitated. Frank Richards, if he still lived, was a prisoner in the hands of the outlaw, and there was little that his chums would not have risked to

his chums, Bob Lawless and Beauclerc, would be searching for him far and wide, and for a day or two he had hoped that they might succeed, somehow, in tracking the Frisco outlaw to his lurking-place in the foot-hills of the Thompson range. But that hope had nearly died away now.

Frank's face was pale and worn as he rose slowly from the buffalo-robe and began to kindle a fire of brushwood and pine-cones at the mouth of the cave to prepare the morning meal. That task had been imposed on him by his captor. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones did not allow his hapless prisoner to remain idle.

The outlaw quitted the cave to fill

law knew that the search for him was going on actively, and that it was necessary to lie low. But the search never came near the lonely ravine high up in the foot-hills.

"I guess you're sorry by this time you took a hand in the game, Frank Richards," said the outlaw malignantly.

"No," said Frank quietly.

"I guess you will be, then, afore we're done," said Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, with a grin. "As soon as I can get a horse, we're lighting out of this for the north-west, and you're coming with me. When we part company, you'll be left among the Injuns on the Yukon, and you'll never see white men agin, I guess. You'll have plenty of time to be sorry for goin' after Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' scalp, I reckon. I'm going down into the valley to-day to—"

Frank looked up quickly. "And you'd better hope that I come back safe," grinned the outlaw. "If I don't, I guess you'll be a gone coon."

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones finished his breakfast, and rose from the boulder upon which he had been sitting. He stepped out of the narrow opening of the cave, and Frank Richards made a step in the same direction. The outlaw turned upon him with a snarl, his hand dropping on the knife in his belt.

"Stand back!"
Frank Richards stepped back into the cave again. For a moment the desperate thought was in his mind of springing upon the outlaw, but he checked himself. While there was life there was hope—though the hope seemed very faint now.

Outside the opening of the cave, which was barely two feet across, stood a huge rocky boulder. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones grasped it, and, bending all his great strength to the task, rolled it close to the cave mouth. The great boulder com-

valley of the Thompson River, there to attempt to steal a horse from some outlying ranchland.

Frank moved restlessly about the cave.

His heart was heavy. Compared with the dead silence and solitude that weighed upon him now, even the company of the Frisco outlaw would have been almost welcome.

Hope was almost dead within him. Escape seemed impossible, and rescue still farther off. So far as he could see, he was to remain the outlaw's prisoner till Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was prepared to flee to the north-west. And then—

Frank knew that the outlaw's threat was not an idle one.

His hatred towards the schoolboy was bitter. It was owing to Frank Richards that he had been discovered in a safe retreat at Cedar Creek, where he planned to live in disguise while he carried out his raids in the valley. But for Frank Richards he would have been safe in his cabin at Cedar Creek, his identity unknown, instead of being a hunted fugitive in the mountains, subsisting upon game and fish from the stream, and unable even to flee into a safer quarter.

As soon as he was in possession of a horse and arms he intended to start under cover of night, for the wilds of the north-west, taking his prisoner with him—and Frank Richards shivered as he thought of that prospect.

He came back to the mouth of the cave, and bent against the boulder that blocked the entrance. Vain as he knew the effort to be, he strove once more to move the great rock.

But it was in vain. The boulder did not stir under his greatest efforts. He desisted at last, and sat on a chunk of rock in the cave to rest.

Behind him the cave, widening considerably, penetrated some distance into the mountain. Frank had already explored it to its farthest recess, in the hope of finding some other outlet; but there was none. The cave ended in a wall of rock.

The minutes passed on leaden wings. Save for the glimmer of light through the narrow slit above the boulder at the cave mouth, the hapless prisoner was in darkness.

By putting his face close to the rock, he could see a narrow strip of the ravine outside, and catch a glimpse of the foaming, leaping torrent. The murmur of the waters and the cries of wild birds came to his ears in the cave.

Otherwise, the silence was deep and unbroken; and he found himself at last longing to hear even the returning footsteps of the ruffian from Frisco.

But the day wore on in silence. When he looked through the rift above the boulder, he could see that the shadows had lengthened in the ravine, and knew that it was late afternoon. Another day had almost passed. What were his friends doing—where were they at this moment?

Frank Richards groaned aloud. The silence and solitude were terrible; and if only the outlaw would return—

As that thought passed through his mind there came, from outside the cave, the sound of a footfall on the rock.

The 3rd Chapter. On the Track.

"Daylight!" said Bob Lawless. "Up with you, Cherub!"

Bob rolled out of his blanket.

The sun that glimmered that morning into the ravine where Frank Richards was held a prisoner, crept over the pines on a rocky plateau lower down the mountain, where Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc had camped.

Their horses were staked out in a thicket among the rocks, and the two chums had slept, rolled in their blankets, on the hard ground.

The first day of their quest in the foothills had passed without result, and they had camped out, as darkness came on, to wait for morning.

At the first glimmer of the rising sun over the pines Bob Lawless turned out.

A hard day's trailing had led to nothing, but the chums of Cedar Creek were prepared for another day—and many more days, till they should find Frank Richards, or, at least, learn his fate.

There was no clue to guide them in the rocky recesses of the hills, but there was a chance, at least, of coming on some "sign" of the lurking outlaw. To that chance they clung hopefully.

"Better not light a fire," remarked Bob, as Beauclerc threw his blanket aside and rose. "If that rustler is anywhere around we don't want to give him warning. Cold bully is good enough for us."



RESCUED! "Hurry up, old fellow—he might come back! Shove away at it, and I'll help you from the inside!" The chums seized upon the great boulder and exerted their strength, while Frank Richards shoved from inside the cave. The boulder, which had defied Frank's exertions alone, yielded to the combined force of the three sturdy schoolboys. It rolled heavily aside, and the mouth of the cave was open. "Frank!" said Bob. "Oh Franky, old chap! We've found you at last, and you're not hurt?"

"No!" breathed Frank.

rescue him. They rode on without a halt, and long ere the sun had reached the meridian, their horses' hoofs were ringing on the rocks of the foot-hills.

The 2nd Chapter. The Outlaw's Prisoner.

"Wake up!"
A shove from a heavy boot accompanied the words, and Frank Richards started and awoke.

He sat up in the ragged buffalo-robe which was his only bed on the floor of the cavern.

Outside the cave there was a glimmer of sunshine through the pines in the deep and rocky ravine.

It was morning again, the fifth since Frank Richards had been a prisoner in the hands of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw.

During those long and weary days the schoolboy of Cedar Creek had not been allowed to stir from the cave.

What was happening at home he did not know. He was assured that

a tin can at the rivulet that rippled and splashed down the steep ravine. Frank looked after him with burning eyes, and then his glance wandered down the ravine, where the little stream leaped from rock to rock on its way to the plains. Many a time had Frank's eyes turned longingly in that direction during the weary days he had spent in the outlaw's cave.

He was broiling fish in an iron pan over the brushwood fire when Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones came back to the cave.

The outlaw looked at him with a grin.

"I guess you're learning to make yourself useful, pard," he remarked. "This is a bit of a change from Cedar Creek School, eh?"

Frank Richards did not answer.

He was wondering desperately how long this was to last. Since his imprisonment in the cave, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones had hardly left his retreat for more than an hour at a time. It was evident that the out-

pletely blocked the narrow opening of the cave, save for an inch or two above, through which the prisoner within could catch a glimpse of the sunlight. The thud of the boulder rolling into its place was like a knell to Frank Richards' heart.

Well he knew that he could not move it from within; on several occasions already he had been shut in—when Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones had left him for a brief space, and he had already tried his strength on the rock. But the big boulder, which taxed all the outlaw's strength, was far beyond Frank's power to move.

The twilight of the cave was changed to darkness as the boulder rolled into its place.

Frank heard the movements of the outlaw from without for a few minutes, and then there was silence in the ravine.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones was gone.

Where he was gone Frank could guess—down into the distant fertile

"Quite!" said Beauclerc. Bob's wallet was well stored with corn-cake and cold beef, and the two schoolboys made a good breakfast, washed down by cool, clear water from a mountain stream.

By the time they had finished the sun was showing well over the pines to the east, and it was light enough to take up the trail again. "The horses won't be any use higher up in the mountain, Cherub," Bob Lawless remarked.

"If we're going higher, I guess we'll have to leave the critters here. What do you think?" Beauclerc nodded. "I was just thinking, Bob. If Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is hiding in the foothills, he hasn't gone where horses can follow, I should think, as he's on foot."

"Correct!" said Bob. "I know, old scout, that this is a good bit like looking for a needle in a haystack, but, after all, the bulldozer is somewhere. It's days since he was seen, and I guess he is running short of grub—if he has any at all. And if he goes out trapping or fishing, we may come on him, or find his tracks."

"Not much chance of finding a track here, Bob," remarked Beauclerc, with a glance round at the rocky waste, shadowed by peaks that surrounded the schoolboys.

"Not on the rocks," answered Bob. "But where there's water there's sand or mud, and that keeps a trail. Let's stake the horses out here and keep on afoot."

"Right-ho!" "I guess we can leave them where they won't be seen if any pesky horse-thief should come in this direction—which isn't likely, unless it was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones himself."

The horses were loosened, and the chums led them along the plateau to a spot where there was a clump of timber beside a stream. They were led into the timber and tethered there, quite out of sight from the hill-side. The animals were left on a long tether, so that they could find food among the trees.

Then Bob and his comrade emerged from the timber. Their way lay now up the barren hillside, and the path before them was steep and broken, too difficult for even the sure-footed Canadian horses to traverse.

As the sun rose higher the heat of the summer day set in, and the great rocks reflected it back. At noonday the comrades struck upon a leaping torrent from the upper hills, and they were glad enough to quench their thirst in it, and bathe their heated faces in the cool water.

There were no trees at hand, but they sat in the shelter of a big rock to rest and eat their midday meal. The torrent, splashing from the steep rocks higher up the rugged hillside, formed a pool at their feet, and flowed on for a dozen yards or so before it fell afresh over the rocks to a lower level.

The running waters had washed out a deep hollow where the pool lay, and in the depths the schoolboys could see the fish swimming, probably never yet disturbed by the hand of a fisherman, unless that of some wandering Indian.

Thick reeds clustered round the pool, and in the midst of them there were several nests of wildfowl. It was a wild and lonely spot, seemingly never before trodden by a human foot.

Here and there among the rocks ran straggling bushes, stunted in their growth, barely drawing life from the stony soil.

Bob Lawless, as he sat and munched his corn-cake in the shadow of the big rock, had his eyes well about him. Scarcely a moment had passed during the day when he was not looking for "sign."

And suddenly the rancher's son rose to his feet and looked round him with a sharp and suspicious glance. His eyes followed the torrent which came leaping down from a shadowy ravine cleft in the rugged mountain-side.

Beauclerc rose quickly, as he noted the gleam in Bob Lawless' eyes. "Well, Bob?" he asked breathlessly.

"I guess we're not the first pilgrims here, Cherub," said Bob, in a low voice. "Didn't I tell you that where we found water we might find tracks? Look here!"

He was examining the straggling bushes with a keen eye now, and Beauclerc followed his glance. "Somebody's passed this way," said Bob quietly—"somebody who shoved through this bit of thicket. Somebody who was coming down from the ravine yonder—he couldn't descend without passing by here—and he came through this bush. Look!"

Beauclerc looked doubtful. "The few broken twigs that had

riveted Bob's attention did not impress him to the same extent. "Some animal," he suggested. "I dare say animals come to drink at this pool, Bob—a bear, perhaps, or a coyote."

Bob Lawless shook his head. "I guess not! But let's look further. Great gophers! What do you think of this, then? Was that a bear or a coyote, Cherub?"

He held up a fragment of thread, which his keen eye had detected clinging to a thorn. It was only a fragment, but the sight of it made Beauclerc as keen as his comrade.

"That's from a man's clothes, I reckon," said Bob, his eyes gleaming. "It came off a coat. Come on!" The chums were excited now, and they searched along the pool for further "sign," forgetting their lunch.

Their search was soon rewarded. In the reeds close by the water, where the earth was softened by damp, was the track of a boot. Several crushed reeds lay broken, and in the mud was the print of the heavy boot, partly filled with ooze.

Bob's eyes blazed. "Look at that, Cherub! I guess whoever made that track was along here this morning. Some galoot came down from the ravine, along the stream, and passed by here, and stopped to take a drink of water at the pool. It's as clear as daylight."

"It looks like it," said Beauclerc. "But don't jump too fast, old chap; it might be only some prospector. They come up into the foothills here sometimes, looking for pay-dirt."

Bob Lawless nodded. "I know—I know! I don't say it was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones that was here, but it might be. If it was, he was going down the hill; and if we'd come this way a few hours earlier we'd have lighted on him. I guess we're following this up, Cherub. Get a move on!"

"You bet!" "And keep your gun handy," said Bob. "The comrades turned their faces up the stream and started.

It was difficult work clambering up the steep bank of the torrent into the ravine. As they proceeded Bob's eyes were keenly about him all the time, and again and again he found traces—slight, but sure—of a man's passage down the ravine. It was certain that someone had passed that way that very day, and, whether the track was that of some lonely prospector, or of the lurking outlaw, the comrades were determined to trace it to the spot where it had started.

It was a clue, even though a dubious one, in the trackless wilderness of the foot-hills. Such traces as Bob discovered were all downward; there was no sign of the unknown man having returned. But if the track had been left by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, its starting-point could only be the secret lurking-place of the outlaw—and it was that that the chums of Cedar Creek sought. For there, if he was still living, they hoped to find Frank Richards.

They came upon a level at last, and stopped to rest. Beyond this spot the ravine narrowed to a mere cleft in the rock. Bob's keen eyes were scanning every side, and he uttered a sudden exclamation, as he pointed to a thicket. In a dozen places the thicker branches had been torn away, evidently for use as firewood. Bob examined the thicket closely. The gashes where the wood had been torn away were fresh; the weather had not had time to darken them.

"There's been a camp-fire close by here, Cherub," said Bob, in a low voice. "That's what we've got to look for now."

"It ought to be easy to find," said Beauclerc. "Come on! But—" He broke off.

From the silence of the lonely ravine there came a sudden sound—the sound of a voice. "Bob!"

It was the voice of Frank Richards! "The 4th Chapter. Rescued!" Bob Lawless jumped.

He stared about him breathlessly. The voice of his lost chum sounded in his ears clearly; but, so far as he could see, the ravine was utterly deserted, save by himself and Beauclerc. "Cherub! You heard?" he gasped.

"It's Frank!" muttered Beauclerc, staring about him, in amazement. "In the name of all that's wonderful, where—" "Frank!" gasped Bob. "Where are you, old fellow? Show yourself!"

"Bob! Beau!" "It was Frank Richards' well-known voice, and it was close at hand. The

two chums stared dazedly round them at the rocks. "This way, Bob!" came Frank's voice again. "Hurry up, old chap! That villain may come back—" "Where are you?" gasped Bob. "I—I can't see you!"

"In a cave—" "Where?" "Behind the rock! This way! Follow my voice!" "Well, this beats the whole deck!" ejaculated Bob Lawless.

He succeeded in "placing" Frank at last by his voice, and the two schoolboys came up to the big boulder that closed in the mouth of the cave. Not for a moment would they have dreamed that there was an opening in the cliff behind it, but for Frank Richards' voice coming from within.

"Frank!" exclaimed Beauclerc. "Old chap, how on earth—" "It's a cave!" said Frank. "His eyes were on his chums through the rift above the boulder, and they were dancing with delight. "I'm shut in by that big rock! I can't move it!"

"But how—" "Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones shut me in when he left this morning." "Oh!" gasped Bob. "Then it was Jones' trail—" "Hurry up, old fellow; he might come back! Shove away at it, and I'll help you from inside."

"Right you are! Lend a hand, Cherub!" The chums seized upon the great boulder, and exerted their strength, while Frank Richards shoved from inside the cave. The boulder, which had defied Frank's exertions alone, yielded to the combined force of the three sturdy schoolboys.

It rolled heavily aside, and the mouth of the cave was open. Frank Richards staggered out. "Frank!" said Bob. "Oh, Franky, old chap! We've found you—and you're not hurt!"

"No," breathed Frank. "Oh, you chaps, if you only knew how I felt when I saw you—" "I think I guess, old fellow," said Bob. "You only knew how I felt when I saw you—" "I think I guess, old fellow," said Beauclerc, pressing his arm. "But how did you see us, shut up as you were—"

"There was a rift left above the rock where it shut up the cave," explained Frank. "I heard a foot-step, and looked out, thinking it was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones coming back. And then I saw Bob, standing only a few yards away from me. I—I thought I was dreaming for a minute. How on earth did you fellows get here?"

"We've been hunting for you since dawn yesterday morning," said Bob. "We've come up into the hills on our own, and thank goodness for it, as it's turned out. It was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones who roped you in, as we thought?"

"Yes." "And you've been a prisoner here—" "Ever since." "Where is he now, then?"

"He left this morning, looking for a chance to steal a horse and escape," said Frank. "If you'd come yesterday you'd have found him here."

"I wish we had, then!" said Bob. "But better late than never. What was the bulldozer going to do with you?"

Frank Richards explained. "I guess his little game is nipped in the bud," said Bob Lawless grimly. "I knew he had his knife into you, Frank, for showing him up at Cedar Creek and clearing him out. And if he keeps loose he will try his game on again, I reckon. You expect him back here?"

"Unless something happens to him he's bound to come back here!" said Frank. "When, I don't know." Bob reflected a moment or two. "We could light out easily enough before he came back, and save trouble," he said. "But I guess Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is too dangerous to be left loose. You fellows are game to tackle him?"

Frank Richards' eyes glittered. "Only give me a chance!" he said. "I'd rather stay here and tackle him alone, with your gun, Bob, than leave him free!"

"Good man! Then we'll stay and give him a welcome home!" said Bob Lawless. "I guess we'll keep in cover in the thicket yonder, where he seems to have got his firewood. Put this rock back in its place, so that he won't see there's anything amiss when he comes up the ravine. Then we'll wait for him."

"Good!" said Frank. The big boulder was shifted back to the mouth of the cave, as it had stood when the rescuers had arrived, and the schoolboys took cover in the thicket, six or seven yards away. There was nothing to be seen that

could put the outlaw on his guard when he returned to his hiding-place. The rock at the mouth of the cave stood just as he had left it, and there was no doubt that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, when he came back, would suppose that it had remained undisturbed, and that his prisoner was still within.

In the thicket by the stream Bob Lawless and Beauclerc kept their loaded rifles ready. The three chums waited. The shadows were thickening as the sun sank lower towards the distant Pacific, and still no sound broke the silence of the lonely ravine.

Darkness fell at last. Still the chums of Cedar Creek waited patiently. Sooner or later the hunted outlaw was certain to return to his lair, and they were prepared to wait any length of time to make sure of the capture of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones.

The moon came out over the hills, and a silver light shimmered into the ravine, and glimmered on the leaping water of the torrent. In the thicket the schoolboys munched a supper of corn-cake and beef, still keeping a sharp look-out.

There was a sound at last lower down the ravine, the sound of a heavy boot scraping on the rocks. "Hush!" whispered Bob Lawless. "He's coming!"

In the moonlight a dark figure loomed suddenly into view, striding towards the rock at the mouth of the cave. It was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones at last!

The 5th Chapter. Lagged at Last!

The outlaw stopped at the big boulder, and the schoolboys, a few yards distant, heard him mutter a curse. The ruffian from Frisco had evidently returned fatigued, and in a far from satisfied temper. Apparently his expedition had been a failure.

The ruffian grasped the big boulder with his hands and rolled it aside. Then he stood peering into the dark mouth of the cave. "Asleep!" he exclaimed savagely, addressing the supposed prisoner within. "Wake up, hang you! Get a light!"

Only the echo of his own voice from the cave answered him. A savage oath rang out again. "Frank Richards! Wake up, you fool! By Jehoshaphat, I'll take the skin off your back with my belt!"

He strode savagely into the cave. There was the scratch of a match in the cave, and Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones lighted the lantern that stood on a ledge of rock.

Then he glanced round the cave in search of his prisoner, with savage malice in his eyes. "Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!"

"Great gophers!" The outlaw spun round to the entrance to the cave, thunderstruck. There against the moonlight stood three figures—Bob Lawless in advance, with levelled rifle; Beauclerc, with his rifle levelled over Bob's shoulder; and Frank Richards behind, with Bob's hunting-knife in his hand.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones stared at them like a man in a dream. Never in all his lawless career had the man from Frisco met with so complete a surprise.

His eyes seemed almost to start from his head as he stared at the levelled rifles. Bob's finger was on the trigger, and his eye glittered along the barrel of his rifle.

"Put up your hands!" he rapped out. "Put them up, you rascal, or I'll drive a bullet straight through you!"

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones panted. "You—you and— Oh!" He grasped the knife in his belt, his only weapon, and made a savage and desperate spring forward.

Crack! Bob Lawless fired without a moment's hesitation. It was his life or the outlaw's now, and there was no room to hesitate.

Beauclerc fired a second later. Both bullets struck Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones as he came springing forward, and a terrible cry rang through the cavern.

The outlaw staggered back. His knife went with a clatter to the rocky floor, and Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones reeled against the rocky wall of the cave.

Bob Lawless lowered his rifle. "He asked for it," he said. "Ah, look out! Look out!" Wounded as he was, and severely,

the outlaw, like a wild beast at bay, was game to the last. He came springing forward again, and was upon the schoolboys in a second. With savage energy he drove his way through the three of them, and sprang out of the cave.

"After him!" shouted Bob furiously. He crammed a fresh cartridge into his rifle as he turned after the man from Frisco.

Crack! Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, leaving a trail of crimson on the rocks as he ran, was leaping down the steep ravine. Bob's bullet missed him by a foot or more as he leaped.

The next moment the shadows swallowed him up. "After him!" said Frank between his teeth. They could hear him ahead of them, tearing through the thickets, leaping from rock to rock, stumbling and falling, and clambering up again. But his strength was failing, and they were gaining on him.

The sounds of flight suddenly ceased. "I guess he's down!" said Bob breathlessly. They came on the outlaw quite suddenly. Overcome by his wounds, he had fallen at last, and lay on the rocks, gasping and groaning.

His eyes glittered at them as they came up. Savage to the last, his clutch had closed on a jagged rock, but his nerveless arm lacked the strength to hurl it at them as they came up. "I guess you've done me!" he panted. "I guess—"

His voice trailed off as he sank into insensibility. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw, was captured at last.

Frank Richards & Co. camped, for the remainder of the night, on the spot where the outlaw had fallen into their hands. They did their best for the wounded man, though only to receive savage snarls in response.

Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' wounds were bound up, and he was made as comfortable as possible on a bed of leaves and twigs and a blanket.

When morning dawned, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, though weak, was quite conscious, and seemed to have recovered his coolness. He watched the schoolboys as they prepared to take the trail again, every now and then hurling a savage curse at them, of which they took no heed.

"I guess we can't carry him down the mountain," Bob Lawless remarked. "One of us had better stay with him, and the others ride down to Thompson, and tell the sheriff."

"I'll stay," said Frank. "Right-ho! I'll leave you my rifle, though I reckon that even that bulldozer won't give any more trouble now."

And Bob and Beauclerc went down the mountain to the spot where they had left their horses the previous day, to ride back to the valley, leaving Frank Richards to watch over the wounded outlaw, and to attend to his wants as well as he could. Before noon the sheriff of Thompson was on the scene, with much grim satisfaction in his face when his eyes fell upon the prisoner. Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones greeted him with a mocking grin.

"You've got me at last, sheriff!" he remarked coolly. "Looks like it, Mr. Jones," answered the sheriff sedately. "I guess we'll take care of you this time, too."

And in charge of the sheriff and his man, the captured outlaw was carried away to Thompson, and lodged in the calaboose, his arrival causing tremendous excitement in the town.

"Bob, you young rascal!" That was Rancher Lawless' greeting as his hopeful son came into the ranch-house on the afternoon of that eventful day. Mr. Lawless was angry, as indeed he had plenty of reason to be.

"You found the note I left for you, popper?" said Bob. "Yes, and I promised you a cow-hiding if you came home safe," answered his father. "And now—" Bob grinned.

"But I've brought somebody home with me, dad," he said. "Trot in, Franky, old scout!" "Frank!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Lawless together, in amazement, as Frank Richards came in.

"And Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is in the calaboose at Thompson!" announced Bob. "Popper, I reckon you can put away the cowhide." And Mr. Lawless decided that he would.

THE END.