

ONE AGAINST THE SCHOOL.

(Sunday - Sunday)

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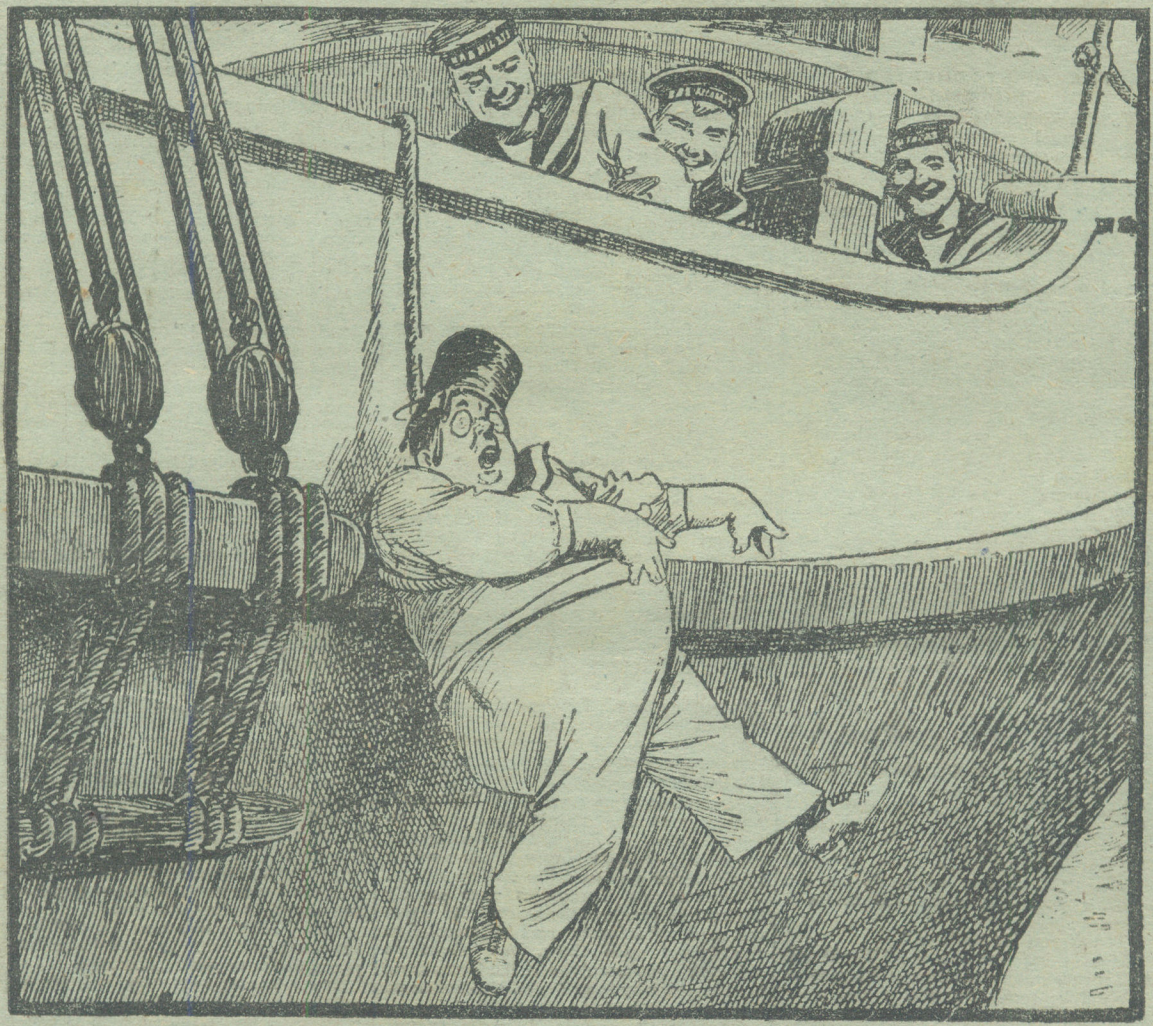
# TO NEWSAGENTS!

The Government are stopping returns from May 1st. You should therefore persuade the purchaser of this copy to sign the form on page 15.

# The Penny Popular

No. 238.

Three Complete Stories of—  
HARRY WHARTON & Co.—JIMMY SILVER & Co.—TOM MERRY & Co.



## BUMPING BUNTER OVERBOARD!

(A Laughable Scene from the Splendid Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., contained in this Issue.)



# THE CROSS-COUNTRY RUN!

A Splendid Long, Complete  
Story, dealing with  
the Early Adventures of  
**JIMMY SILVER & CO.,**  
the Chums of Rookwood.  
— BY —  
**OWEN CONQUEST.**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Beaumont the Bully!

THE Fistical Four were very busy. They were engaged in the task of tearing up old newspapers into very small pieces. There was a good pile on the floor, and still the Classical chums continued to tear, tear, tear.

Suddenly the door of the end study opened, and in walked Beaumont, the Sixth Form bully.

"What are you kids doing?" asked Beaumont.

"Minding our own business," said Jimmy Silver calmly.

"Don't be impudent!" snapped the Sixth-Former. "What are you tearing up all those papers for?"

"For the paper-chase to-morrow," said Jimmy Silver. "I suppose you've no objection?"

"Cheeky young fag!" exclaimed Beaumont. "Take two hundred lines for impudence!"

"Certainly, Beaumont," said Jimmy Silver. "You're awfully kind!"

"I'll kind you!" grunted Beaumont. "Mind, I want those lines before bed-time this evening."

The Sixth-Former took his departure. "The beast!" cried Jimmy Silver.

"That blessed bully's always chipping in when he's not wanted. By Jove, I've got an idea!"

"What for?" asked Lovell.

"For paying the rotter out, of course."

"Well, what's the idea? Get it off your chest, old son!"

"We're in want of more paper for the scent—"

"I know that. Get on!"

"And we owe Beaumont a one—a very big one. Suppose we kill two birds with one stone?"

"Eh? I suppose you're not going to propose that we tear Beaumont up to use him for a scent in the paper-chase?" demanded Lovell.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"Not exactly. But you know that Beaumont's what he calls a sporting chap—that is, he makes bets with some blackguards in Coombe on the races—which the Head would expel him for if he knew—"

"And a pity he doesn't!"

"I guess so. But as I was saying, Beaumont is a sporting ass, and he keeps a file of sporting papers in his study. I've seen them. He's got a lot of them. He keeps them so as to refer to them, you know, about the form of the horses he puts his money on, and they're the apple of his eye."

"Quite so."

"Well," continued Jimmy Silver, "my idea is to kill two birds with one stone—pay Beaumont back for the lines he's given me, and get the scent we want for the paper-chase."



Right through the farmyard ran Jimmy Silver and Lovell, and there was a wild clattering and scattering of ducks and geese and fowls. A burly farmer jumped into their path, with a long cart-whip in his hand. "Sop, you young varmint!" he shouted. "Sorry we've no time," gasped Jimmy Silver; "we'll come in to tea another day, thank you!"

"Good wheeze!" said Lovell.

"Ripping!" said Raby.

"Glad you approve," said Jimmy Silver, with a grin. "Now, let's get along. We don't want to let the grass grow under our feet."

"No fear."

The Fistical Four left the end study, and made their way to the Sixth Form passage. They approached Beaumont's study on tiptoe and observed that the door of the bully's study was ajar.

Jimmy Silver popped his head round the door, and saw to his satisfaction that the study was empty.

The next moment Jimmy Silver had darted across the study to the couch under the window. It was made to open like a box, and he threw aside the cushions and lifted the top.

Inside reposed a heavy pile of sporting papers. Jimmy Silver had them out and under his arm in a twinkling. The sofa lid dropped and shut with a bang.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Jimmy Silver. "Grab hold of some of these, and let's get back to the end study before Beaumont returns."

Lovell and Raby and Newcombe each took some of the papers, and next moment the four Classics were racing towards their own quarters. They reached the end study safely, and locked the door.

They then set to work tearing up the papers captured from the prefect's study. They had no compunction on that point.

The bully deserved punishment, and the papers were of a kind that ought never to have been in a boy's possession.

"Sporting Tips!" said Lovell.

"Sporting Notes!" "Paddock Gems!" "Gr-r-r! Nice kind of literature to feed a young and growing prefect's mind on. This is really nice and considerate of us!" "I hope Beaumont will see it in that light when he finds his precious papers gone!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Well, he can't be a bigger brute than he is now, anyway," said Lovell. "We may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

"What ho!"

The juniors soon made havoc of the sporting papers. Pink and white fragments multiplied on the floor as they tore and tore and tore again.

Jimmy Silver began to cram the torn paper into the bags the hares were to carry. By the time the last sporting prints were finished, the bags were crammed to the brim.

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver, with much satisfaction. "That job's done. I really don't think we shall be short of paper to-morrow."

"No fear!"

"Thanks to Beaumont!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

## THE SECOND CHAPTER. Hare and Hounds.

MORNING school was voted a bore the next day by everyone concerned in the paper-chase for the afternoon; but, like all things, it came to an end at last, and the juniors were free.

In twos and threes they strolled down to the meeting-place, most of them



already in their running flannels, with coats round them.

Bulkeley, the captain of Rookwood, was to time the start, and he was promptly on the ground. A pretty good crowd had collected to see the start.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell, who were to be the hares, came up, with their bags of scent slung across their shoulders, looking very fit and trim in their flannels.

Bulkeley nodded to them pleasantly. "Start in three minutes, youngsters!" he said cheerily.

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're ready!"

"Hallo!" said Lovell. "Here comes Beaumont. I wonder what he wants in such a hurry?"

Every eye was turned towards the school, from the direction of which the prefect could be seen running rapidly towards the meet. He was shouting something, which became audible as he drew nearer.

"Stop them!"

"What's the matter, Beaumont?" asked Bulkeley, looking up from his watch.

"Are you speaking of Silver and Lovell?" The Classical juniors exchanged a glance. They could tell by the expression on the prefect's face that he had discovered the loss of his precious papers.

"Yes," panted Beaumont, coming up. "Stop the young scoundrels. I——"

"They start in one minute. What's the matter?"

"They have taken some papers from my study—some valuable papers——"

"How do you know?" asked Bulkeley.

"Did you see them?"

"No; but I know they did. I know——"

"What were the papers?"

"Some—some old newspapers I was keeping for—reference," said Beaumont, stammering a little. "They were valuable to me."

The captain of Rookwood looked at the Classical chums.

"Have you kids taken any papers from Beaumont's study?"

"What papers is Beaumont speaking of?" asked Jimmy Silver. "We've taken old papers from wherever we could find them to tear up for scent. If Beaumont could tell us the names of the papers, we could say——"

"What were the papers, Beaumont?"

"I—I—they—what does that matter?" snapped out the prefect angrily. "I say they took a bundle of papers out of my study—out of the sofa chest. I know they did it."

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see that there's anything for me to say," he remarked. "If Beaumont can give us the names of the papers, Bulkeley will know that he's telling the truth, and not merely inventing an excuse to pick upon us, as he's always doing."

"Why can't you do that, Beaumont?" asked Bulkeley, pushing the prefect back, as he strode savagely towards the Classical junior.

"Let Silver alone. If you have lost any papers I suppose you know what they are?"

"That's quite immaterial——"

"Not at all. I suppose the youngsters have collected up all the old papers they could find to make scent, and——"

Beaumont gritted his teeth.

"If they've torn up my papers, I'll——"

"Look here," said Jimmy Silver, "if we've torn up papers belonging to Beaumont, as we may have done, we've got the pieces in the bags here. He can look, and identify some of the fragments if he likes."

"Do as he says, Beaumont."

The bullying prefect turned red, and made no motion to approach the bags which the hares obligingly held open for him. It was as much as his career at

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Rookwood was worth to identify any part of a racing paper as his property.

"Well, Beaumont!" exclaimed Bulkeley impatiently. "Are you going to do it?"

"No, I'm not. I——"

"Then stand back, you're wasting time."

"They have taken my papers."

"You said that before."

"Is that your property?" asked Jimmy Silver, taking a fragment from his bag, upon which the title "Sporting Tips" was printed.

Beaumont turned scarlet.

Bulkeley looked quickly from one to the other. Perhaps a glimmering of the facts came into his mind.

"Did you get that from Beaumont's study, Silver?"

"I don't see why we should be called upon to condemn ourselves," said Jimmy Silver. "We don't deny or affirm anything. It's for Beaumont to find proof as the accuser, as he'd know if he knew anything about law. Let him look in the bags."

The prefect muttered something between his teeth, and strode away. He realised that he had made a fool of himself, and that if the matter went any further it would be the worse for himself.

Bulkeley looked at his watch.

"Time!"

The hares, grinning cheerfully, started off across the open country. They were to have five minutes start, and the pack waited eagerly for the interval to elapse.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell disappeared behind a belt of trees, and every eye was then fixed on Bulkeley.

"I say, isn't it time?" ventured Tommy Dodd, of the Modern side.

Bulkeley shook his head. A few seconds later, however, he closed his watch with a snap.

"Time!" he said. "Off you go!"

And the hounds started running, with Tommy Dodd & Co. well in the lead.

Tommy Dodd sent a cheery call from his bugle ringing across the country, and it came to the ears of the hares, and warned them that the hounds were on the track.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### The Run.

**T**HERE goes Tommy Dodd's bugle!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver as the ringing note from behind fell upon his ears. "They've started!"

The hares paused on the summit of a swell to look back. They could see the pink shirts of the hounds in the distance.

"There's Tommy Dodd!" exclaimed Lovell. "He's at the lead. And there's Tommy Cook behind. I tell you, Jimmy, those Moderns will be the hardest stickers."

"But they won't catch us," said Jimmy Silver confidently.

Leaving the trail of torn papers behind, the hares descended the further side of the swelling ground, and ran on lightly and steadily towards the river.

They paused on the bridge to look back, and again caught sight of the pink shirts, and a note from the bugle showed that their own colours had been seen against the grey stone of the bridge.

"Come on, Lovell!"

They ran on, putting on a little more speed now, for the last bugle note had been nearer. They wound round the foot of a low hill, and Jimmy Silver suddenly turned to the left, and led the way up the acclivity through a narrow lane.

The hares began to breathe harder as they breasted the slope.

They came out on the high ground, and a gleam of pink showed up in the lane behind. Then Jimmy Silver led the way through lane after lane, winding and turning, and wherever they went the trail of torn paper remained to guide the hounds.

Suddenly they came out into the open ground, and to Jimmy Silver's amazement and dismay there were the hounds, running hard, and only a dozen paces distant.

There was a shout from the hounds, and a gasp from Lovell.

"Jimmy, we've——"

"It's all right!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "We're a good mile ahead of them. They've got to follow the paper trail."

"By Jove! I forgot that."

The hunt was not, of course, by sight, but by scent. Wherever the paper trail led, the hounds had to follow, even if they saw the hares within arm's length to right or left.

Anything was allowed to the hares except crossing their own trail. Two or three thoughtless hounds left the track and started towards the hares, but Tommy Dodd's voice promptly called them back.

"Keep to the trail, ass a!"

Jimmy Silver and Lovell stood grinning, and they kissed their hands, as the pack tore on. Tommy Dodd & Co. grinned back at them cheerfully enough. The hares took a rest while the pack ran on, and finally disappeared from sight.

Then they resumed their way at a leisurely pace.

"We've gained half a mile," observed Jimmy Silver. "That's the best of knowing the ground well. We've given them a hard run so far. We'll take it easy till we get to the Old Priory, where we turn homeward."

Lovell nodded. The Old Priory was the objective point of the run. It was a good five miles from the school, and there the hares intended to rest a little before turning back. They had gained a good deal already, and deemed themselves entitled to take matters more easily now.

But they took them a little too easily as it proved.

The pack had made good pace, and though some of the shorter-winded runners had dropped out, a good score were still sticking to Tommy Dodd & Co., who came on tirelessly.

Hidden by the rough ground and the trees, the hounds gained, and suddenly came in view of the hares scarcely a hundred yards ahead.

Tommy Dodd gave a yell.

"Run for your life, Lovell!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

The hares broke into a desperate spurt.

They had been careless, and they seemed destined to pay for it. To capture them on the outward run had hardly entered into the calculations of Tommy Dodd & Co. But it seemed possible now, and Tommy Dodd's bugle rang out a note of hope.

It would be a triumph for the Moderns that could never be argued away by the Classics. Tommy Dodd & Co. raced on with every ounce of speed in them, and their followers backed them up well.

Three or four more dropped out of the race, but there were fifteen or sixteen sweeping on behind the chums in full cry.

"Buck up!" panted Jimmy Silver. "We've got to dodge them or bust something."

Speed alone would not do it now. Stratagem was wanted, and as he ran, Jimmy Silver rapidly turned the possibilities over in his mind.

"This way, Lovell!" he shouted suddenly.

He swerved sharply off into a cart-track leading down into a farmyard. A man in a smock frock stared at them, as if amazed at their action.

"I say," said Lovell, "the folks may not like this, and we shall scatter the fowls, and no mistake."

"Can't be helped! Hello, there's Farmer Turbutt, and he looks annoyed. Can't be helped! It will leave trouble here for the hounds, it will save our bacon. They can argue with Mr. Turbutt. Come on!"

Lovell grinned as he comprehended Jimmy Silver's device. Right through the



farmyard they went, and there was a wild clattering and scattering of ducks and geese and fowls.

A burly farmer jumped into their path with a long cart-whip in his hand, his face crimson with rage.

"You young rascals, get off my land! I'll—"

Farmer Turnutt did not like Rookwood boys. He knew them of old. And the audacity of the youngsters in dashing right through his farmyard and scattering paper scent behind them under his very eyes almost took his breath away.

"Stop, you young varmin'ts!"  
"Sorry we've no time," gasped Jimmy Silver; "we'll come in to tea another day, thank you!"

"Tea! I'll tea you! I'll teach you to—"

"Ow!" roared Jimmy Silver, as the whiplash curled round his legs, stinging the bare skin terribly. "Ow! Chuck it!"

But the angry farmer only lashed again, and Lovell got the next cut. But that did not stop the desperate hares. They dodged the farmer, and dashed on. Mr. Turnutt, boiling with rage, sprinted after them.

A six-foot fence loomed up before the boys, but there was no way of avoiding it. "Jump!" panted Jimmy Silver. "No way out!"

Lovell set his teeth.  
The crack of the whip behind lent them fresh energy. They rose to the leap

lessen their pace, however. They kept running at a good speed until they reached the Old Priory.

They were pretty well blown, but they climbed on the highest fragment of the ruins to look back, and saw the pink shirts of the hounds streaming across a field at a great distance back. Evidently they had succeeded in eluding the farmer.

Jimmy Silver gasped, and sank down on the masonry.

"That was a jolly close shave for us," he said.

"What ho!" said Lovell. "But I reckon we've got a good start, and we ought to keep it to the finish."

"I've been thinking," said Jimmy Silver, as he sat leaning back against the stone. "Beaumont knows the course, doesn't he?"

"I expect so. What about him?"

"It's occurred to me that he might meet us going back, and drop on us. It would be just like one of his caddish tricks. He can't make a fuss about the papers, in case it comes out that they were sporting papers. But he won't let us off cheaply."

Lovell nodded thoughtfully.

"It would be no joke to meet that bullying brute when we're blown with the run at the finish," remarked Jimmy Silver.

"We shall have to be on the look-out—that's all," said Lovell. "After all, there are two of us, and if he interferes we

"What's the idea, then?"

"You see, it's a chalky road, and the paper doesn't show up on the white dust. The hounds will lose time here, I fancy."

"Good!" said Lovell. "I never thought of that."

The white paper did, indeed, show little on the white road. When the hounds came streaming out of the wood, Tommy Dodd halted in doubt. The hares were well enough ahead by this time, and the track was for the moment lost.

"This way!" exclaimed Tommy Cook.

"Up this track! There's the paper!"

"Come on!" called out Tommy Dodd, giving a note on his bugle to call in the hounds who had scattered to look for the trail.

But the going was slower now. They knew that the hares might have left the track at any point, and as the paper was hard to see they had to run slowly and keep their eyes on it. But fortune favoured the hounds at last.

Tommy Dodd gave a sudden exclamation of delight.

"Look there! I fancy they never reckoned on that. Put the speed on!"

For now there was pink paper mingled with the white, and the pink showed up well on the dust.

"Good old 'Racing Tips'!" chuckled Tommy Cook.

The hares had evidently come upon the fragments of a pink sporting paper among

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THE BOYS FRIEND.

gallantly. Jimmy Silver cleared the fence, and came down on his feet lightly in the field beyond.

Lovell caught his foot in the top rail and went headlong, landing on hands and knees.

The farmer could hardly essay such a leap. He stopped, and shook his fist furiously at the boys through the fence. But his attention was called off from them the next moment by the hounds pouring into the farmyard.

Jimmy Silver gave Lovell a hand up.

"Hurt?" he asked.

"No, not much," replied Lovell.

Lovell's knees were bruised; and his palms were cut, but he was not the fellow to make a fuss about it.

The hares gave a glance back through the fence. The hounds were swarming in the farmyard, and the farmer was rushing to stop them. Jimmy Silver gave a breathless chuckle.

"That will keep Tommy Dodd & Co. busy for a bit!" he murmured. "Come on! Now's our chance!"

The hares raced on again. They crossed a field and came out into a lane, and headed for the Priory. Behind them a terrific uproar was rising from the farmyard. The noise, however, gradually got fainter and fainter, as the hares got farther away from the farmyard. They did not

shan't nance matters with him, prefect or no prefect!"

Jimmy Silver rose and took another look at the pack. He counted them rapidly as they came nearer and nearer.

"Fight of them now," he exclaimed. "I can see a couple tailing off a long way back."

"Tommy Dodd & Co. are there, of course?"

"Oh, yes, and in the lead, too."

"Time we started again then."

The two chums left the ruined Priory, and set out at a swinging trot on the homeward run.

They followed a footpath through a wood, leaving the scent clear behind, and had just come out of the wood on the opposite side when a bugle note rang through the crisp air.

"Tommy Dodd again," exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "They haven't stopped at the Priory."

"No, they're sticking it out well."

Jimmy Silver turned down a rough track leading away from the pleasant lane. Lovell looked dubious, but he trusted to Jimmy Silver's guidance, and followed. Jimmy Silver glanced at him.

"Yes, I know it's a rougher road than the other," he said, "but it will be just as rough for the hounds as for us. But that isn't why I've taken it."

the rest in the bags. It was a material help to the pack. They ran on more swiftly. The note of the bugle rang to the ears of the hunted hares.

"There they are!" shouted Tommy Dodd. "Come on!"

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. A Close Finish.

"THREE miles more!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as the bugle note fell upon his ears. "My hat! It will be a run now!"

Lovell set his teeth.

"We've got to win, anyway."  
Right gallantly the hares went down the road. It was the high road they were on now, and it led them back to Coombe village. Their feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground as they sprinted on.

The bags were getting empty now. Three miles more to home, and the prospect was that it would be a close finish—very close. But the chums were determined to win. They were fighting for the honour of the Classics.

T-a-r-r-a-t-a-t-t-a-r-a-r-a-a!

"Tommy Dodd again! That chap sticks it out like a Trojan. He deserves to win!" panted Jimmy Silver. "But he sha'n't. Put your beef into it, Lovell!"

Right on, and on, and on. They turned



from a road into a winding lane, and from that to another, keeping on in the direction of the village. In the setting sun a sheet of water gleamed ahead. They ran on to the margin of the river.

Jimmy Silver uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"The plank's gone!"

Lovell gave a whistle.

The stream was usually crossed by a plank, but it was gone now. Lovell's brows contracted. The water was deep at that point. He looked at Jimmy Silver.

"It's a dozen feet or more, Jimmy—but it's that or a licking!"

Jimmy Silver tossed his bag of scent to the opposite bank, and plunged in.

Lovell followed the next moment.

Splash! Splash!

They struck out gallantly, and in a minute or less were clutching at the reeds on the opposite bank. Jimmy Silver scrambled ashore and gave a hand to Lovell.

They ran on. On the top of the rising ground they looked back. Splash! Splash! Two fellows had plunged in, and the rest had halted on the bank. And among those who had halted were Tommy Dodd & Co.

"Tommy Dodd's not going to funk it, surely?" remarked Jimmy Silver.

Lovell gave a yell.

"Funk it! Look at him! Bravo, Duddy!"

"Bravo!" repeated Jimmy Silver, the next moment.

For Tommy Dodd had plunged in, and Tommy Cook had followed.

"By Jove! We'd better get on!" said Jimmy Silver.

The hares darted on, on to the road to the village. Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook crawled out of the water and shook themselves like mastiffs. The other two who had crossed were already on the chase. The rest had given it up, and were going down the stream towards the bridge.

"Run! Run!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd. "We'll do it yet!"

And the Modern juniors dashed on, and passing the other two hounds, sprinted with deadly determination on the track of the elusive hares.

Jimmy Silver and Lovell came out into the village street, and passed through Coombe like a flash. Then they turned into the lane that led up to the school.

"The last lap!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

Dusk was falling on the countryside. The hares dropped the scent from the rapidly-emptying bags as they ran.

Jimmy Silver looked back over his shoulder as a hugh note rent the air.

"Tommy Dodd's still sticking it," he said.

It was near the finish now. The hunt was left to the rivals of Rookwood—Classicals against Moderns. Which would win?

A shadow loomed out from under the trees, and a hand clutched at Jimmy Silver.

"Now, you young cad!"

It was Beaumont's voice. Jimmy Silver reeled with the grip on his shoulder.

He was almost too spent to resist.

"Beaumont!" he gasped. "Hands off! Don't you see how close they are?"

"I'll give you—"

"You coward! Let me go! Let me go!"

Biff! Lovell was not stopping to argue. He charged right at Beaumont like a bull, and butted the prefect in the chest.

Beaumont went reeling and staggering. Lovell staggered, too; his head was ringing with the concussion. There was a loud splash. Beaumont, unable to save his balance, had tumbled headlong into the ditch beside the lane.

Jimmy Silver gave a gasping laugh.

"Come on, Lovell, before he gets out!"

"I'm coming!" gasped Lovell.

His head was swimming, but he dashed on bravely. The hares vanished up the lane in the dusk; but the encounter, brief as it was, had cost them precious moments.

The hounds were close behind. Beaumont crawled out of the ditch, mad with rage, and two running figures bumped right into him in the growing dusk.

"Got them!" roared Tommy Cook, clutching Beaumont by the hair.

"You—you cheeky young rascal!"

"That's not them!" chuckled Tommy Dodd. "It sounds like Beaumont! Come on! Get out of the way, Beaumont, can't you, fathead!"

The furious prefect made a blow at him, but Tommy Dodd dodged it.

The Modern chums ran on, and the prefect, muttering emphatic things below his breath, tramped dismally to the school, mud squelching in his boots at every step.

The hares were on the last hundred yards now. Selwyn and Hooker were standing in the gateway, with a good many other fellows who had collected there to see the hunt come in. The juniors were watching the road anxiously, and they gave a whoop at the sight of the two running figures.

"Here they are!"

"One more spurt, Lovell!" gasped Jimmy Silver, as he heard the rapid pattering of footsteps behind.

"I—I—" Lovell was staggering.

"Jimmy, old son—"

Jimmy Silver turned back in consternation.

"Lovell! You're not cracking up now—on the last lap!"

"My head—it was charging that brute did it!" groaned Lovell. "I—I'm sorry, Jimmy. Run on—don't let them catch both!"

Jimmy Silver set his teeth.

"Hold on to my shoulder, Lovell, and run. I'll take your weight—I'll grip you so! Can you stick it?" he cried anxiously.

"I—I reckon so!" muttered Lovell.

They dashed on. Jimmy Silver was half-leading, half-carrying his chum. Lovell made a last terrible effort, and Jimmy Silver put out all his strength.

They dashed up to the gate.

"Got them!" panted Tommy Dodd, making a desperate clutch at Jimmy Silver's shoulder as the chums reeled into the gateway.

But Jimmy Silver made one more effort, and went staggering onward, and Tommy Dodd's clutch missed by an inch.

The next moment the hares were rolling on the ground, utterly fagged and spent, and Tommy Dodd & Co. staggered against the gateway.

The hares had won—won by an inch. One second more, and the hounds would have had them.

"I—I—I— You've won!" gasped Tommy Dodd, his heart beating in great thumps as he reeled against the gate.

"But—but it was a near thing!"

Jimmy Silver sat up.

"But we did it," he managed to utter. "We did it, Duddy! But—but I admit you nearly had us, and you made a jolly good run. Help us in, you chaps!"

Willing hands helped the exhausted hares into the house, and others did the same for the hounds. What they wanted was a good rub down and a change, and after they had had it they felt much better.

They were fagged, but they were all right, only Lovell feeling a touch of a headache. The rest of the pack came in in twos and threes for the next hour, to learn that the hares had won by the skin of their teeth.

The Classicals had won; but the victory had been so narrow a one that defeat was no disgrace to the Moderns.

After they had changed their clothes the rivals met at the festive board in the end study, where Newcome had prepared a really ripping tea. They discussed that meal with the keen appetite engendered by a long run in the spring air, and thus amicably ended the cross-country run.

THE END.

A Grand Long Complete Story of JIMMY SILVER & CO. in next Friday's issue, entitled,

## "THE FALL OF THE FISTICAL FOUR!"

BY OWEN CONQUEST.

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