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



“ALL TOGETHER, BOYS!”

(A Great Scene from the Magnificent Long Complete Tale of Harry Wharton & Co.,
contained in this issue.)

TOMMY COOK'S "SISTER"!

A Splendid
Long Complete Story,
dealing with the
Early Adventures of
JIMMY SILVER & CO.
the
Chums of Rookwood.

— BY —

OWEN CONQUEST

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

The Moderns' Wheeze.

"SOMETHING'S got to be done about it," said Tommy Dodd to his chums, Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle. "Those rotters have been scoring over us far too often of late!"

"That's so!" agreed the chums. "But what are we to do?"

"Ah!" said Tommy Cook. "Here comes the postman. I am expecting a letter from my sister Amy to say that she will be down here this afternoon."

"Good egg!" said Tommy Dodd and Tommy Doyle together.

Tommy Cook speedily perused his letter, which contained the disappointing news that his sister was unable to come to Rookwood that afternoon.

"It's put off," said Cook. "I'm sorry, kids, but—What's the matter?"

Tommy Dodd had given a sudden jump, as if struck all at once with a new and brilliant idea. He grasped Cook's arm.

"I've got it!"

"Got what?"

"The wheeze! Your sister is coming!"

"She isn't!"

"Yes, she is! You're awfully like your sister, and your face is smooth and plump; and you know how rippingly you made up as a girl in the amateur theatricals, when I was spending the vacation at your place last Christmas?"

Tommy Cook started.

"I say, Doddy—"

"It's a ripping wheeze! We can go to the costumier's in Coombe, and give out that we're going to meet the train your sister's coming in."

"Ha, ha! But—"

"You'll come back alone, having missed us, and you'll take in the Fistical Four, and make regular asses of them, if you play the part well, and—"

Tommy Cook's face expanded into a grin.

"My word, Doddy! It's a great idea, if you think I can do it!"

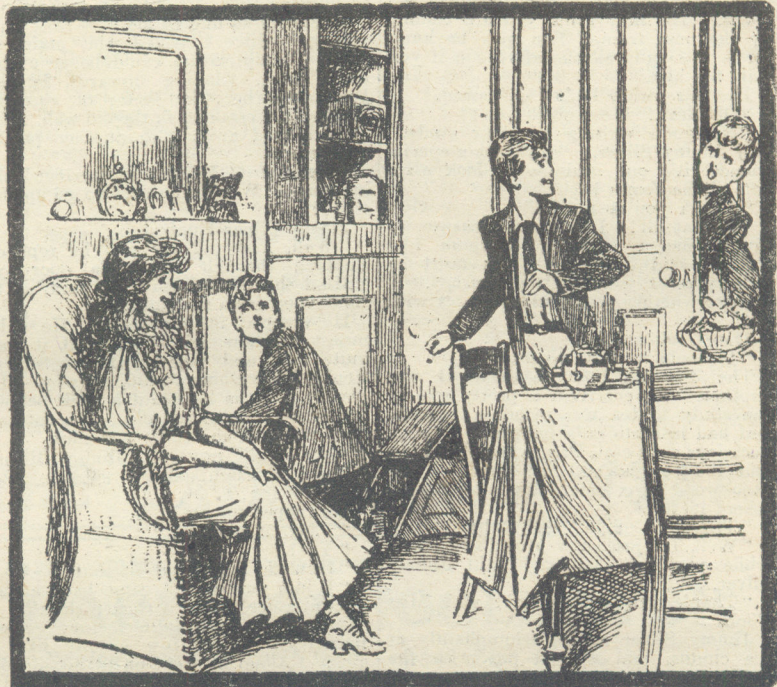
"I know you can, if you try."

"Well, I'll try, anyway!"

"Come along, then!"

Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook set off at once for Coombe, Tommy Doyle remaining behind, as he had some back work to make up.

Later in the afternoon Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Newcome, and Raby, the Fistical Four at Rookwood College, were seated



Tommy Dodd was just coming in, but Lovell shut the door with a slam. Tommy Dodd gave a yell, and hurled the door open the next second. "You howling ass!" he roared. "You shrieking idiot—" "I'm surprised at you," said Lovell severely. "You seem to have forgotten, Tommy Dodd, that you are in the presence of a lady."

in the study, when there came a tap at the door.

"Get along!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"We're busy!"

Tap!

"We can't be bothered now!"

Tap!

"Oh, hang!" growled Lovell. "I suppose it's those rotten Moderns come to bother us with some of their absurd ideas!"

"It isn't!" said Raby. "They've gone to the station to meet Tommy Cook's sister!"

"Didn't know he had one," said Lovell. "I—"

Tap!

"Oh, come in, fathead!" called out Jimmy Silver testily.

The door opened timidly.

The next moment the chums were on their feet, Jimmy Silver with a face quite scarlet with confusion.

For it was a girl who stood in the doorway of the study, looking in timidly at the Fourth-Formers.

A girl, seemingly about fifteen, with a pretty figure and a charming, plump face, and long, golden hair, inclined to rich auburn, and a large summer hat that threw her face somewhat into the shade.

"If you please—"

"I—I—I beg your pardon," stammered Jimmy Silver. "I thought—"

"Is this my brother's study?"

Jimmy Silver started.

The resemblance of the girl to Tommy

Cook had struck him at once, and he understood now how the case stood.

It was Tommy Cook's sister.

"Miss Cook, is it not?" said the leader of the Fistical Four, recovering himself a little.

"That is my name."

"Ah, yes! I heard that you were coming down this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "But your brother has gone to the station to meet you, I believe."

The girl looked disappointed.

"Oh, dear! I did not see him there!"

"Tommy Dodd has gone with him," said Lovell. "They must be a pair of duffers to miss you—I mean, it's an awful pity!"

"Yes, you're right!"

"Oh, dear! And isn't this my brother's study?"

The Fistical Four could not help grinning.

Of all the studies in the Fourth-Form passage, Miss Cook had happened upon the very one which contained the deadly rivals of her brother and his chums. But the Fistical Four were not likely to let her know that. Chivalry to the gentler sex was a ruling trait in the character of the four chums.

"No," said Jimmy Silver, this isn't Cook's study. But we know Cook awfully well. He's a very decent chap, and we all like him."

"Quite true!" remarked Raby.

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"He's a champion!" said Lovell earnestly. "One of the finest chaps in Rookwood. I've often envied Dodd and Doyle having him for a chum!"

The girl smiled sweetly.

"How kind of you to say so! Would you—would you mind showing me where my brother's study is, so that I can wait for him?"

"With all the pleasure of life!" exclaimed Newcome.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy Silver. "Cook may wait for you at the station, Miss Cook. He may think you are coming by the next train. You may be hung up in the study all the afternoon if you wait for him."

The fair visitor looked distressed.

"Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

"No good waiting in their study," said Jimmy Silver. "As Cook's special friends, it's our business to look after you till he comes back."

"Thank you so much!"

"Not at all! It's a real pleasure, to say nothing of obliging a chum like Cook!" said Jimmy. "You must be hungry after your railway journey. I wonder whether you would have tea with us?"

Miss Cook nodded.

"I should be very pleased."

The Fistical Four beamed at one another. To entertain a pretty girl in the study to tea was rather a novelty, and had hitherto only happened on such occasions as Speech Day, when the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the Rookwood boys came down to the old school in force.

"That'll be jolly!" said Raby.

"Well, I'll just show Miss Cook round while you get the tea," said Jimmy Silver.

"Thank you so much!" said Miss Cook.

Jimmy Silver smiled triumphantly at his chums, and walked out with the smiling girl, picking up his cap as he went.

Lovell, Newcome, and Raby looked at one another.

"Well, of all the cheek!" said Lovell emphatically.

"Well, of all the nerve!"

"We'll get a ripping tea," said Lovell, "and we'll rag Jimmy afterwards for his cheek. Let's go down to the school shop and lay in a supply of grub."

"Right-ho!"

The chums passed Jimmy Silver and his fair companion as they went down to the tuckshop. Miss Cook and Jimmy Silver were strolling towards the cricket-field, the girl looking up at him and chatting sweetly, and many fellows casting envious glances at Jimmy, who looked extremely pleased with himself.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Taken In.

"SHALL we have a look at that old tower?" said Miss Cook, with a nod towards the ruined tower, one of the most ancient relics of the former Abbey of Rookwood.

"Let's have a look at it, by all means," said Jimmy Silver. "It's a curious old place. Once you get inside there's no getting out again if the door gets fastened; and it's so far from the school buildings that there isn't much chance of being heard if you shout. That's how it was that we—that some fellows were kept there until your brother and his chums let them out."

"How interesting!"

They strolled away to the old tower. It was, indeed, a very quiet and secluded spot, shaded by old trees, and seemed strangely silent after the liveliness of the cricket-field.

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The old oaken door creaked on its rusty hinges as Jimmy Silver opened it.

Dark and gloomy looked the interior of the tower, though the hot, summer sunshine was blazing down outside.

The girl glanced in with a shiver.

"How dark it looks!"

"Oh, you get used to that!" said Jimmy. "It's cool and shady. Look! This little door leads on to the spiral staircase that goes up half-way to the top. It's rotten further on, and you can't go higher."

"I should so like to see it."

Jimmy Silver opened the staircase door. Dimly within could be seen the spiral stair, winding upwards, lighted here and there by shafts of sunlight through the crannies in the old wall. Miss Cook looked at it with another pretty little shiver.

"Dear me! What a mysterious-looking place! Would you dare to go up the stairs?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"Well, I should say so," he replied, stepping through the little doorway. "Mind the door doesn't get shut, as it wont open from the inside."

He stepped up the stairs. He only meant to show Miss Cook that it was quite safe, and that he, James Silver, wouldn't have been afraid, anyway. He gave a start as he heard a click below, and turned back hurriedly. The door at the bottom of the stairs was shut.

"My hat!" muttered Jimmy Silver.

"What on earth did she want to shut that door for?"

He tapped on the door.

"I say, Miss Amy!"

"Yes?"

"How did the door come shut?"

"I just pushed it," came back a distressful voice, "and it clicked shut."

"What did you push it for?" murmured Silver. "How exactly like a girl!" Aloud he went on: "See if you can find the lock, will you? It pulls back, you know. It's quite simple."

Several minutes elapsed.

"Have you found it?" asked Jimmy Silver at last.

"I haven't got it open."

"Pull it back!"

"It doesn't move."

"Great snakes! I reckon it's got jammed somehow. Pull harder!"

Another minute of suspense.

"Is it moving now?"

"No; it's exactly as it was."

This was not surprising, as Miss Cook was not even touching it. But Jimmy Silver, of course, was not aware of that fact.

"My hat! It's jammed to a certainty! Never mind, Miss Amy. Don't bother. Go and tell the others, and they'll see to it."

"But I cannot go away and leave you in that dreadful place," came the distressed voice faintly through the oaken door.

"It's all right. It's not dreadful. I've been in here before. I sha'n't mind in the least if you'll go and tell Lovell."

"You might die of fright in the solitude."

Jimmy Silver grinned.

"I don't think I should die of fright if there was any danger; and there isn't any," he replied.

"I can't bear to leave you there."

"My dear Miss Amy, if you can't open the door you must go and tell Lovell," said Jimmy Silver, with admirable patience. "I couldn't make anybody hear if I shouted, and I can't remain here all night."

"Shall I go out and scream for help?"

"No!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"You are sure you don't mind my leaving you here?"

"Not a bit!"

"Then I will go. Keep your courage up!"

"My courage is all right. There's nothing the matter."

"Then I will go."

And Miss Cook's voice was heard no more. Jimmy Silver imagined for a moment that he heard a chuckle through the oaken door, but he dismissed the idea.

He settled down to wait patiently—more patiently than would have been possible had he known how long that wait was to be.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Guests in the End Study.

"WHY HERE'S that bounder got to with Miss Cook?" exclaimed Raby.

"I suppose he's forgotten all about tea," said Lovell, with a grunt.

The chums had cause to be exasperated, and they were.

Jimmy Silver, with the coolness that was part of his nature, had walked Miss Cook off under their noses, leaving them the task of getting tea. Tea was ready now, and the leader of the Fistical Four had not returned, and there was no sign of him.

And it was, as Lovell said, a ripping tea.

The kettle was singing on the hob. Raby had lighted the fire to boil it, but it was dying down now, for the afternoon was warm. The window was wide open to let in the breeze from the Close and the distant shouts from the cricket-field.

"Where can that rotter be?"

"The beast!"

"I'll see if the bounder's in sight," said Lovell, crossing to the window and looking out into the sunny Close.

Then he gave an exclamation.

"What is it?"

"There's Miss Cook!"

Newcome and Raby looked out, too, and uttered exclamations.

"Dodd's with her!"

There was no sign of Jimmy Silver.

Miss Cook was standing under the elms, talking to Tommy Dodd.

Jimmy Silver had disappeared.

Miss Cook and Tommy Dodd were laughing over something. Lovell could see that, though he was too far off to hear what was said.

"My hat! I wonder where Jimmy has got to?"

"Yes. And how is it that Dodd hasn't come back with Cook?"

Lovell chuckled.

"Oh, I dare say that Cook is still waiting at the station!"

"Ha, ha!"

"This is rather rotten. Miss Cook will chum up with Tommy Dodd, as he's Cook's chum, and we shall be rather out in the cold."

"But she's promised to have tea with us—"

"It's all Jimmy Silver's fault! He ought to have kept her under his wing, and not allowed her to fall into Tommy Dodd's clutches," said Lovell, frowning. "Where can the bounder have taken himself off to?"

"We'd better go and speak to Miss Cook, anyway, before she wanders away with Tommy Dodd," said Raby. "That bounder would be jolly glad to take her away and leave us to eat our tea alone."

"Yes, rather! Come on!"

Lovell, Newcome, and Raby hurried out of the house. Miss Cook looked up with a charming smile as they came up, and Tommy Dodd nodded coolly.

"Hallo!" he said. "I see you've made Miss Amy's acquaintance!"

"Yes, rather!" said Lovell. "As friends of Cook—"

Tommy Dodd grinned again, as much as to say that he would not give them away, and Lovell felt relieved.

"Where's Jimmy Silver?" asked Tommy Dodd.

"He was showing Miss Cook round Rookwood," said Lovell, looking puzzled. "Did he leave you, Miss Amy?"

"I lost sight of him about a quarter of an hour ago," said Miss Cook. "Then I met Dodd in the Close."

"I've just got in from Coombe," said Tommy Dodd. "When we got to the village Cook had to go—a sudden engagement. I missed Miss Cook, and here I am. Cook, of course, looks to me to look after his sister."

"That's not at all necessary," said Lovell. "We're looking after her. Tea is quite ready, Miss Cook."

"Of course you won't mind if my brother's friend comes to tea?"

Lovell forced a cheerful smile.

"I was just going to ask him," he said.

"Well, that's really nice of you," said Tommy Dodd genially. "I don't mind in the least—in fact, I shall be pleased."

"Come on, then!"

"But how about Doyle?" said Tommy Dodd. "May I invite him?"

"Oh, yes, do ask him!" said Miss Cook. "I have heard a great deal about him, and he is such a great friend of my brother's."

Tommy Dodd was just coming in, but apparently Lovell did not notice that, for he shut the door with a slam. Tommy Dodd gave a yell, and hurled the door open the next second.

"You howling ass!" he roared. "You gave me a biff—"

"Dodd!"

"You shrieking idiot—"

"I'm surprised at you!" said Lovell severely. "You seem to have forgotten that you are in the presence of a lady!"

Tommy Dodd remembered himself.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Cook."

"Oh, it is nothing!" said Miss Cook. "You were naturally startled. Ah, this is Doyle! I am very glad to see you, Doyle!"

Miss Cook shook hands with Doyle.

"Tea's ready," said Lovell. "You might shut the door, Doddy."

Tommy Dodd shut the door, and the juniors seated themselves, and tea commenced.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Tea in the Study.

TEA in the end study at Rookwood was generally a cosy and comfortable meal, and on the present occasion there was an unusually excellent spread.

There was plenty of everything, and it was all of the best quality.

pliment than by making a good tea, and that she was certainly doing. Tommy Dodd was making a good one, too; and so was Doyle.

"It's very kind of you to entertain me like this," said Miss Cook.

"A real pleasure!" said Lovell.

"My brother will be very grateful to you," said Miss Cook. "It is very unfortunate that he had to go out this afternoon when I was coming down."

"Oh, he knew he could trust me to look after you!" said Tommy Dodd.

"And, of course, these other friends of Cook's were bound to come to the rescue."

"Isn't Silver coming to tea?" asked the girl, glancing at Lovell.

Lovell looked puzzled.

"I can't imagine where he's got to," he confessed. "He ought to be here, of course. He must have been called away, or something."

"It was very unkind of him," said Raby. "I'll punch his head for it when I see him again!"

"Yes, that would do him good!" said Tommy Dodd. "He's rather a cheeky young bouncer, that Silver."

"If you're looking for a thick ear, Doddy—" began Raby.

"Oh, rats!"

"Well, if you're not—"

"I'm surprised at you, Dodd!" said Lovell.

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Lovell made a grimace.

"Certainly!" he said. "Just look for him, will you, Doddy, and bring him along by all means."

"We shall be pleased," said Raby.

"Right you are!" said Tommy Dodd.

He lifted his cap to Miss Cook, and walked away in quest of Doyle, and Lovell, Newcome, and Raby, after a last look round for Jimmy Silver, escorted Miss Cook up to the end study.

The disappearance of their leader was inexplicable. He might have been called suddenly away, but it was discourteous to Miss Cook to leave her in this way.

It was necessary for the other three to be additionally attentive to make up for the shortcomings of their chum.

"How sweet!" exclaimed Miss Cook, as she looked round the flower-scented and adorned study, with its clean, white tablecloth, and the array of shining crockery upon it.

"It is rather nice, isn't it?" said Newcome. "You know, we don't often have a charming lady visitor."

"You will sit by the window, won't you?" said Lovell. "You'd like this cushion, wouldn't you? I'll shut the door, in case there's a draught."

Lovell poured out the tea. Miss Cook sipped from her cup in a really charming way. She accepted the delicacies Lovell kept her supplied with without a single refusal; and certainly she had an excellent appetite.

"Sorry Cook isn't here!" said Lovell, feeling that he could safely express regret, as there was no chance of Cook getting there.

Tommy Dodd chuckled.

Lovell looked at him frigidly.

"Anything wrong, Doddy?" he asked.

"Not at all!"

"Oh, I say, Miss Cook, I'm really sorry your brother is not here!" said Lovell again. "It would make the party complete."

"It's curious," said Newcome. "You remind me very much of your brother, Miss Cook. You're very much like him."

"We're considered much alike," said Miss Cook. "Yes, I will have some jam, please, Raby."

Raby passed the jam. Miss Cook evidently liked strawberry-jam, for she had already made a deep inroad upon it, and now she made another.

The chums were pleased to see it. Miss Cook could not pay them a higher com-

"Oh, I beg your pardon again, Miss Cook!" said Tommy Dodd.

"It's quite all right!"

"Will you have another cup of tea, Miss Cook?"

"Yes, please!"

"Can I help you to some cake?"

"If you please!"

"Would you like some cream-puffs?"

"Oh, please!"

"These are nice biscuits."

"I will have some, please!"

Lovell smiled with gratification. Not a single offer was refused. There was no nonsense, evidently, about Miss Cook. She had an appetite, and was not ashamed to own it.

The tea progressed swimmingly. Tommy Dodd was not a guest whom the Fistical Four would have chosen, perhaps. He seemed more full of fun than they had ever known him before.

He continually mentioned matters they would have left unmentioned, and told Miss Cook several stories of defeats inflicted upon the Fistical Four, without mentioning names, of course, but in a way that made Lovell, Newcome, and Raby long to have him alone to themselves for a few minutes.

The worst of it was that Miss Cook seemed to be highly amused by Dodd's stories, and agreed with him that the unnamed "fellows" must have been duffers, asses, and mugs.

Directly tea was over, Tommy Dodd rose to his feet.

"You'll let me see you to the station?"

"Certainly!"

"Not at all!" exclaimed Lovell hotly. "We're going to see Miss Cook to the station, Dodd!"

"We are!" said Raby emphatically.

"Oh, no!" said Miss Cook. "I—I am anxious about Silver. I would much rather you went and looked for him."

"Oh, Jimmy's all right!"

"He doesn't matter, anyway!" said Newcome.

"I remember now," said Miss Cook, "he said something about the old tower. Suppose he has got shut up in it, and can't get out again?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Tommy Dodd. "Oh, he wouldn't be such a duffer!" said Lovell. "No chance of that!"

"None at all!" said Raby.

"Still, I should be glad if you would go and see," said Miss Cook. "You may walk with me as far as the gate, and Dodd will take me to the station. I expect I shall meet my brother in Coombe."

"Of course, it's exactly as you wish, Miss Cook!" said Lovell.

"You don't mind looking for Silver? I have a feeling that he has somehow got himself shut up in the old tower."

"Well, we'll look," said Lovell, feeling that Miss Cook's anxiety was misplaced, but willing to humour her. "We'll go there first, if you like, before we see you off."

"Oh, no! I am afraid I shall be too late."

"Very well, then; let's go down to the gate."

Miss Cook put on her big summer hat, and the boys donned their caps and they left the study together—all except Doyle, who had not yet finished his tea. He appeared to be much too busy to take any interest in what was going on around him.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for the Fistical Four.

MISS COOK took leave of the juniors at the gate. Lovell, Newcome, and Raby would willingly have wiped up the lane with Tommy Dodd, but under Miss Cook's eyes that was not feasible, so they maintained an outward show of bland friendliness, and mentally promised Dodd all sorts of things afterwards.

"Good-bye!" said Miss Cook, shaking hands with Lovell. "And thank you so much!"

"It's a pleasure, I'm sure!"

"Good-bye, Newcome! Thank you, also!"

"Delighted!" said Newcome.

"Oh, will you tell Silver—or, rather, will you give him this little note? I have written it for him," said Miss Cook.

Miss Cook passed a folded note into Lovell's hand. The junior took it mechanically. He had not seen Miss Cook write that note, and he wondered what it meant, anyway.

"Will you give that to Silver when you find him?"

"Certainly!"

"I have a feeling that you will find him in the old tower."

"We will look," smiled Lovell.

"Thank you, so much! Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

The juniors strolled away towards the old tower. As they neared it Lovell gave a start.

From within the thick walls came the sound of a heavy thumping and a muffled voice, growing more and more audible as they came nearer.

"My hat! Somebody's there!"

"Then it must be Silver!"

"Let's look! I don't quite catch on to this."

They hurried into the tower. Certain enough, someone was thumping away furiously upon the inner side of the oaken door leading upon the spiral staircase.

Lovell pulled back the fastening.

The door swung open, and Jimmy Silver, looking very red and flustered, was visible in the gloom of the tower.

Lovell, Newcome, and Raby stared at him.

"What on earth are you doing here, Jimmy?" demanded Lovell.

"You asses!" roared the exasperated Silver. "Why didn't you come here before and let me out?"

"Eh? How were we to know you were here?"

"Didn't Miss Cook tell you?"

"Miss Cook? No! Did she know?"

"Know!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "I should say so! She shut me in, fooling about with the lock when I was inside, and couldn't open it again. I asked her to tell you, and here you leave me shut up all the afternoon!"

"But—but she never told us!" gasped Lovell. "She just mentioned—before she went, now, that you might be in the old tower; that's all. We came along to look, because we said we would. We never expected to find you here, really!"

Jimmy Silver looked dazed.

"She didn't tell you she had shut me up here by accident?"

"Not a word of it! You must be dreaming!"

"I tell you she shut me in and couldn't undo the door, and went off to tell you!" shouted Jimmy Silver.

"Then I can't understand it."

"Didn't she explain at all?"

"Oh, here's this note for you! She gave it me for you just before she went."

Jimmy Silver tore open the note. He stepped out of the shady tower to read it in the sunlight. Then he gave a roar.

"Done!"

"What's the matter?"

"Done!"

"You ass! What's the matter?"

"It wasn't Cook's sister at all!"

"What! Who was it, then?"

"Cook!"

"Eh?"

"Read the note, and you'll see!"

Lovell snatched the note. Newcome and Raby read it over his shoulder. And the feelings of the Fistical Four may be imagined as they perused the following:

"Many thanks for a ripping tea and a howlingly good joke. Who's top of the Fourth Form now you silly duffers—eh?"

"(Signed)

"THOMAS COOK, alias Cook's sister,

"THOMAS DOYLE,

"THOMAS DODD."

THE END.

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"THE NEW BOY'S SECRET!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

(Continued from page 16.)

"Yes, sir; that's right!" said Levison eagerly.

"Silence!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes sternly. "Levison, you may go to your dormitory. I will deal with you to-morrow. I shall not expel you, because I believe you have been practically forced to do this man's will. Nevertheless, I shall give you a severe flogging! Go, sir!"

Levison went, feeling quite relieved.

"As for you, you scoundrels, I shall immediately send for the police—"

Denton interposed.

"Don't you think, sir, it would be best to let the matter drop?" he asked quietly. "We don't want a public scandal about St. Jim's, sir. And, after all, I've got the plan. Barratt's had all his trouble for nothing, so why not let him go? I'm sure I don't want to give him in charge of the police, although he deserves it!"

Dr. Holmes lifted his eyebrows.

The doctor thought for a moment, then he looked sternly at the two miserable men.

"Owing to this lad's kindness—the lad whom you tried to rob—you are being given a chance to escape!" said the Head coldly. "Go! And never allow your faces to be seen in the vicinity of St. Jim's again! If they are, or if you try to molest this lad further, I will immediately take steps to have you arrested. That is all. Go!"

Dr. Holmes pointed to the door.

A minute later the two scoundrels slunk out and vanished into the night.

The juniors kept their word. Not a word was breathed about the midnight adventure, and the rest of St. Jim's never knew about that exciting hour. Taggles was given a liberal tip to hold his tongue, and everything turned out satisfactorily.

Denton stayed at St. Jim's another ten days; then Dr. Holmes learned that a relative of one of the seniors—a nobleman's son—was travelling out to Alaska. Dr. Holmes arranged that Denton should go out to Alaska with this gentleman, and both were more than agreeable.

A big feed was given to Denton on his last night at St. Jim's, and Tom Merry's study was packed to overflowing. And the following morning Tom Merry & Co. were given leave to see Denton off at the station.

It was rather a regretful little crowd who tramped back to St. Jim's in the keen morning sunlight. Denton had made himself thoroughly at home while he had been at the old school, and the School House was very sorry to part with the junior who had been known so recently as the Terrible Three's new chum.

THE END.

Next Friday's Grand Long Complete Tale of Tom Merry & Co.

is entitled:

"KEPT IN THE DARK!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

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