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222.

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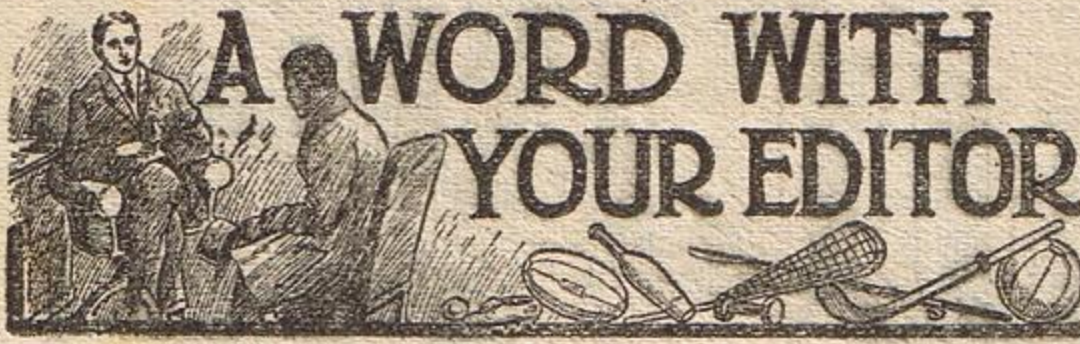
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**THE SCHOOLBOY STRIKERS HOLD THE LUMBER SCHOOL!**  
(One of the Many Exciting Episodes from Our Thrilling Backwoods Tale.)

Say, you Fellows, isn't this Programme a FINE One?



**NEXT WEEK'S THE WEEK!**

There will be another topping triumph for the POPULAR next week. Look out then for the start of the new serial. It is a real livener-up in the way of a story, as you can imagine, seeing that it is all about Robin Hood and the grand old days in Sherwood Forest.

**A QUARTETTE OF SCHOOL YARNS.**

That's what the POPULAR always gives, and they are all of the best. In this respect the budget of completes may be likened to the four suits in a pack of cards, but there is one little difference. In the POPULAR they are all trumps!

**"THE HOLIDAY SPOILERS!"**

That is the coming Greyfriars yarn. No punishment is adequate for a fellow who plans to wreck a well-earned holiday. Boiling in oil is child's play. In the new story, Mauleverer, of the generous heart, and the fat purse, arranges a week-end party. He wants his special elums. But the burly Bolsover has made it clear he means to join up. For coolness, Bolsover could give points to a Bolshevik. What happens? You will see, if you wait. Various cads are on the same lay as Bolsover, and there are numerous surprising happenings.

**"HOLDING THE FORT!"**

There is, shoulder to shoulder, real hammer and tongs work in the spirited defence of the Cedar Creek Schoolhouse against the

Sheriff's posse. No surrender is the motto of Frank Richards and his comrades. See next Tuesday's POPULAR for the very interesting developments in this heroic fight for freedom and justice.

**"THE BLACKLEG PREFECTS!"**

Rookwood is in the throes of rebellion. Trouble has been seething for long enough. Matters have not improved since the ill-advised Head made a pack of Fifth-Formers into prefects. As we know, honour cannot be given; it has to be won by merit. Jimmy Silver & Co. think very small potatoes of the new batch of prefects. There is a battle royal against oppression, and it is touch and go for the new prefects. How do things get fixed? I can commend you to next week's rattling Rookwood story.

**"THE SCHOOLBOY MARVEL!"**

Bob Kenrick is the central character in the new tale of St. Jim's. He is a corker at cricket, but it is the out and out mystery surrounding his personality which intrigues Tom Merry and his crowd. There is no fairer-minded chap than Merry, but he feels, and so do others, that there is something a bit uncanny here, which ought to be explained. You will find the upshot in the POPULAR's next issue.

**A POLICE-COURT NUMBER!**

Next week's number of "Bunter's Weekly" can be recommended with confidence. It is characterised by wisdom, integrity, sportsmanship, and humour. Above all, it brings the wheeze of the famous police-court, so much appreciated at Greyfriars, back into the full glare of the limelight. A great supplement this!

**"THE OUTLAW KING!"**

It is only right to end up with a reference to the superb serial which starts next week. I made passing mention of the new sensation at the start, but too much cannot be said of this magnificent treat. For full particulars, see page 7.

**Your Editor.**

**STOP, YOU CHAPS—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?**  
Solve the Picture Puzzle below and Win a Topping Prize.

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Here is a splendid Footer competition which I am sure will interest you. On this page you will find the history of West Ham Football Club in picture-puzzle form. What you are invited to do is to solve this picture, and when you have done so, write your solution on a sheet of paper. Then sign the coupon which appears below, pin it to your solution, and post it to "West Ham" Competition, POPULAR Office, Gough House, Gough Square, E.C. 4, so as to reach that address not later than THURSDAY, APRIL 26th, 1923.

The FIRST PRIZE of £5 will be awarded to the reader who submits a solution which is exactly the same as, or nearest to, the solution now in the possession of the Editor. In the event of ties the prize will be divided. The other prizes will be awarded in order of merit. The Editor reserves the right to add together and divide the value of all, or any, of the prizes, but the full amount will be awarded. It is a distinct condition of entry that the decision of the Editor must be accepted as final. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

This Competition is run in conjunction with the "Gem," "Magnet," and "Boys' Friend," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

I enter "West Ham" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final.

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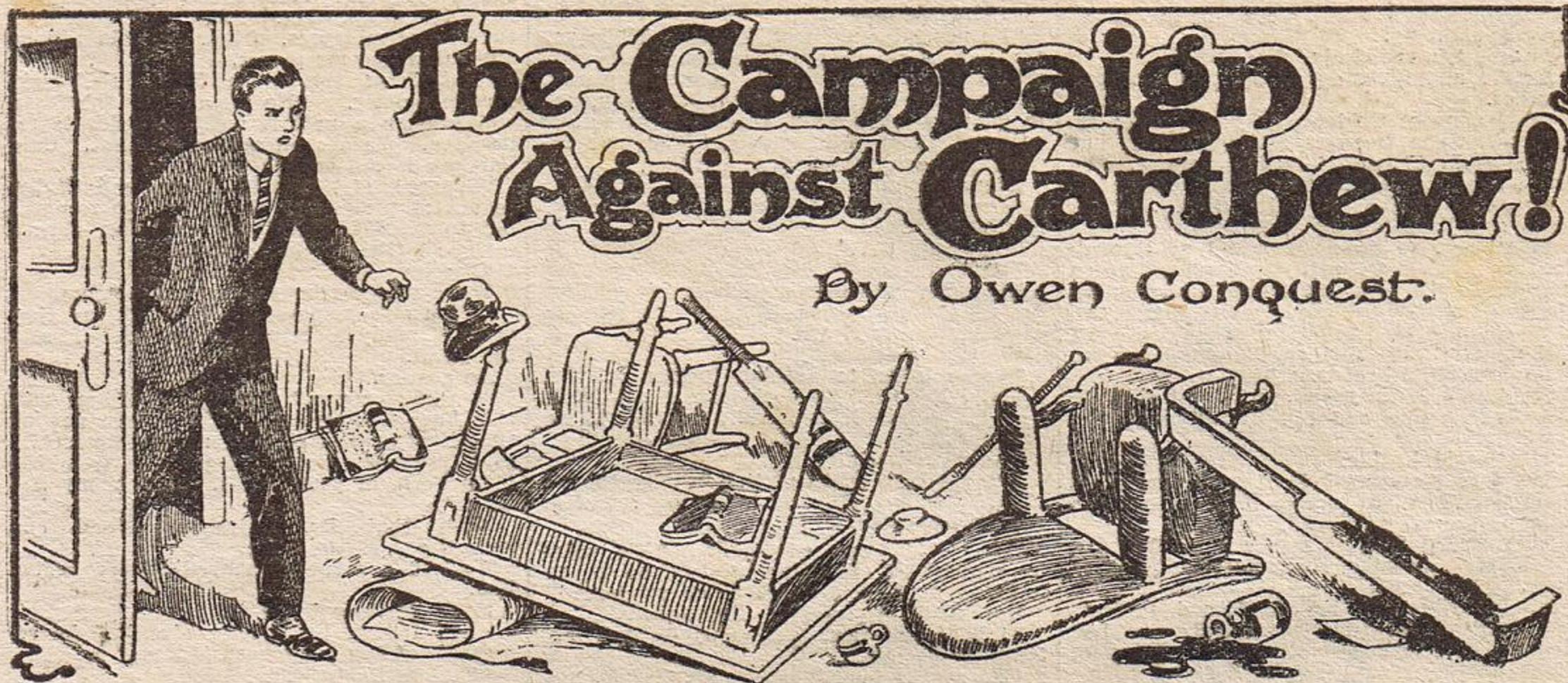
NO PREFECTS WANTED!

Mark Carthew is elected Captain of Rookwood by order of the Head! What happens?

STIRRING TIMES AT ROOKWOOD!

# The Campaign Against Carthew!

By Owen Conquest.



## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### The New Captain.

**R**ATS!!! That expressive word, in large capital letters, emphasised by three big notes of exclamation, stared Carthew of the Sixth in the face.

It was daubed in white paint on the dark oak of his study door.

As Mark Carthew came up the Sixth Form passage, with his nose in the air and rather a strut in his walk, that inscription on his study door dawned upon him.

Carthew of the Sixth had been feeling very pleased with himself. Nobody else at Rookwood was pleased with him; but that did not matter to Carthew. He had reached the goal of his ambition at last—he was head prefect and captain of Rookwood School.

True, Rookwood did not want him. He had been imposed upon the school as captain by the autocratic will of the Head, in defiance of the rights of election and all the traditions of Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co, of the Fourth Form had announced that they still regarded "old Bulkeley" as captain of the school, and didn't intend to take any notice of Carthew. But the new captain did not heed the attitude of the Fourth, even if he was aware of it.

The whole of the Sixth gave the new captain the "marble eye," but even that did not mar Carthew's satisfaction. He hoped that they would come round in time; but even if they didn't he was still captain of Rookwood!

So his look was lofty and his face wore a smile as he lounged along the corridor, feeling a truly great man in his own eyes. And then that daubed inscription on his study door struck him.

Carthew stopped and stared at it. Evidently it was a message from rebellious spirits in the Lower School, who wanted Carthew to understand what they thought of his captaincy.

The head prefect looked round with a glittering eye.

But there was no junior in sight of the captain, and only two seniors—Bulkeley, late captain, and Neville, his chum. Carthew then called to them:

"You fellows seen this?" Neville looked round, and then, without answering, turned his back on Carthew. But George Bulkeley called back:

"What is it, Carthew?" "This foolery on my door!" shouted Carthew.

Bulkeley came a step or two along the passage and looked at the inscription. Then he smiled.

"I hadn't noticed it before," he said.

"You don't know who did it?"

"Naturally, I don't."

"Perhaps you wouldn't tell me if you did!" growled Carthew.

"Probably not," assented Bulkeley, unmoved. "As I am not a prefect now it is not my business to keep an eye on the juniors. I suppose it is the work of some junior."

"I'll skin him!"

Bulkeley turned away. Carthew eyed him angrily. Although he was captain now, and Bulkeley had fallen from his high estate, he still felt his old awe of the former captain of Rookwood. But that feeling only led Carthew to assert himself all the more.

"Look here, Bulkeley!" he rapped out.

"Well?"

"I want the fag found who daubed that on my door!"

"You had better find him, then."

"I leave that to you," said Carthew. "I believe you know that I am head prefect now. You will take your directions from me."

"Nothing of the kind, Carthew!"

"Look here—"

"I do not think you will find anyone to take your orders," said Bulkeley. "Even the fags will refuse to do so, I think. The fact is, Carthew, you have put yourself into a false position. You know very well that the Head has no right to appoint a captain of the school, and the fellows will not acknowledge a captain appointed without an election. I, for one, certainly shall not!"

And with that Bulkeley rejoined Neville, and the chums of the Sixth walked away, without another glance at Carthew.

The latter scowled blackly after them. His first attempt at the exercise of authority had not been much of a success.

He scowled again at the daub on his door. The paint was still damp. Carthew shouted for a fag.

"Fag!"

His voice echoed along the corridor, but only the echo answered him.

Certainly some of the juniors must have heard him, but if so they did not take the trouble to reply or to come.

"Fag!" roared Carthew.

Still no reply.

Carthew strode away furiously towards the big staircase. On the staircase four juniors were chatting—Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome of the Classical Fourth. Carthew looked up at them.

"Fag!" he shouted.

The Fistical Four went on chatting, as if afflicted with sudden deafness.

"Silver!" yelled Carthew.

Then Jimmy glanced down.

"Hallo, old top!" he said.

It was the first time on record that a captain of Rookwood had been addressed as "old top" by a junior in the Fourth Form. But it was also the first time that a fellow like Carthew had been captain of the school.

"You look rather excited, little one!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin.

Carthew gasped.

"I want a fag!" he howled. "Come down at once, Silver!"

"Eh?"

"Come to my study at once!"

"What?"

"Will you come at once?"

"Which?"

Carthew's face was a study in itself as Jimmy replied with that series of interrogations.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"You—you—you—" gasped Carthew.

"Do you know you're talking to a prefect, Silver?"

"The prefects are on strike, aren't they?" smiled Jimmy Silver. "If you're not backing up the rest Carthew, you're a blackleg! Blacklegs don't count!"

"You—you—" stuttered Carthew.

"Run away and play!" suggested Raby.

That was too much for Carthew. He charged up the stairs at the Fistical Four.

He expected them to break into flight, and to smite them as they fled. But they didn't. They lined up across the stairs and waited for him.

"Come on, old nut!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Collar him, you chaps, and bump him—hard!"

"What-ho!" chuckled Newcome.

Carthew halted.

"You—you dare!" he panted.

"Come on and see!" cooed Jimmy Silver.

But Carthew did not come on and see; he could see without coming on. He was looking for a fag, not for a scrap with four sturdy juniors on the staircase, in which, as he knew, there would be no aid for him from the other seniors.

With a black and furious look he turned and descended the stairs again, and a chortle from the Fistical Four followed him.

They had won the first round in their tussle with the new captain of Rookwood.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Head's Ultimatum.

**T**HE next day, after lessons, Jimmy Silver looked into Neville's study, in the Sixth, with a rather peculiar expression on his face.

"Message for you, Neville," he said.

Neville looked round, and Jones major and Scott, who were with him, looked round also.

"Well, Silver?"

"From the Head!" said Jimmy.

"Oh!" said Neville, becoming grave.

"Well, what is it?"

"Dr. Chisholm told me to tell you," said Jimmy Silver. "He's coming to the prefects' room to speak to you, and he wants all the prefects of Rookwood present—except Bulkeley."

"There are no prefects at Rookwood, excepting Carthew," remarked Scott. "You'd

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better take your message to Carthew, young 'un."

"Well, that's what the Head said," answered Jimmy.

And he left the study.

Neville and his companions looked at one another.

"I—I suppose we'd better go," Neville remarked. "The Head is rather a trial, but we're bound to treat him with respect. We haven't had a word from him since we all resigned in support of old Bulkeley. This looks as if he's coming round."

"He ought to have summoned us through Carthew as Carthew is captain," remarked Lonsdale. "It looks as if it's dawning on the Head the kind of captain Carthew is."

"Well, the present state of affairs can't last for ever. It's time the Head saw reason. Who ever heard of a school without prefects?" said Jones major. "I'll cut over to the Modern side and tell Knowles and the rest."

"Do!" said Neville.

The late prefects of Rookwood were glad, upon the whole, to receive that summons to a meeting with the Head.

They hoped that it was a sign that Dr. Chisholm was coming round to their point of view.

The "strike" of the Rookwood prefects had lasted some time now; and none had deserted the cause, with the exception of Mark Carthew, who had turned "blackleg" to serve his own ends—without much profit to himself so far.

Sixth Form prefects formed a very important part of the administration of the school; and so long as they were out of office their work and responsibilities fell upon the masters—not at all to the satisfaction of the staff.

But awkward as the strike was for the Head and the staff, it was not exactly agreeable for the prefects themselves. They had lost their powers and privileges.

All parties would have been glad to see the present state of affairs come to an end, but Bulkeley's supporters were determined not to give in. Unless Bulkeley was made head prefect again the rest of the august body intended to remain on strike. Even Knowles, Bulkeley's old rival on the Modern side, had lined up with the rest. If the thought had crossed his mind of taking personal advantage of the state of affairs, the scorn and odium poured upon Carthew was a warning to him.

One by one the Sixth-Formers who had held the rank of prefect dropped into the prefects' room in the School House, and there they awaited the arrival of the Head.

Some of them looked a little uneasy as the rustle of a gown was heard without.

Dr. Chisholm was an awe-inspiring old gentleman, and it was not easy to stand up in opposition to him.

Frampton and Catesby moved a little to screen themselves behind the other fellows as the Head entered.

But the rest faced him firmly enough. They felt that they were in the right, and that encouraged them.

Dr. Chisholm's brow was very stern. He greeted the assembled Sixth-Formers with the curtest of nods.

"I am glad to see you all here," he said, though there was not much gladness in his look or tone.

"All except Bulkeley, sir," said Neville.

The Head frowned.

"Bulkeley is not a prefect," he said.

"Neither are we, then, sir."

"I accepted your resignations," said Dr. Chisholm. "I supposed, however, that in a short time you would return to a sense of duty. One of your number, I am pleased to say, has done so."

Carthew smirked.

"One of our number, sir," said Neville, "has acted in a way that the rest of us regard with contempt."

There was a murmur of applause. The Sixth-Formers had not expected so easy-going a fellow as Neville to speak up so bluntly to the headmaster. And the Head's deepening frown indicated that he had not expected it, either.

"I did not ask your opinion on that point, Neville," he said tartly. "I repeat that Carthew has acted well and dutifully in returning to his proper allegiance. I expect the same of the rest of you."

Silence.

"The present state of affairs cannot

continue. While you are neglecting your duties—"

"Really, sir—"

"Do not interrupt me, Neville. While you are neglecting your duties they fall upon others to perform. This cannot continue. I have, therefore, come to speak to you, and to offer to reinstate you all in your former positions. I am willing to overlook your disrespectful act in resigning in a body."

There was a pause.

"Does that include Bulkeley, sir?" asked Neville, at last.

"Certainly not!"

"Oh!"

"Bulkeley was dismissed from his position for good reasons. You know the reasons. That matter is closed."

"But, sir—"

"I can listen to nothing further on that subject, Neville. My decision was not taken hastily, and it is impossible for me to reconsider it."

"Very well, sir."

"May I take it, then, that you accept my offer?" inquired the Head, looking round at the serious faces of the prefects.

"No, sir!" answered Neville. "We acted in support of Bulkeley. Unless he is reinstated we do not desire to be reinstated."

Dr. Chisholm closed his lips tightly.

"I hope that you speak only for yourself, Neville," he said.

"He speaks for all of us, sir," said Lonsdale.

"Certainly!" said Knowles.

"Very well," said the Head. "I have

given you this opportunity of receding from the absurd and disrespectful position you have taken up. You decline. I shall now take other measures. Other prefects will be appointed in your places."

"Not from the Sixth Form, sir," said Neville quietly. "No member of the Sixth will become a prefect until Bulkeley is reinstated. We are all agreed on that. Only Carthew is cad enough—"

"Silence! If the Sixth refuse, undutifully, to act as prefects, I shall have no resource but to appoint prefects from another Form."

"The Fifth!" exclaimed Neville.

"Precisely so."

There was a grim silence in the room.

"I am still prepared to hear you say that you are ready to return to your duty!" said the Head.

No answer.

"I will give you," said Dr. Chisholm, "till this hour to-morrow. If you have not by that time applied to me for reinstatement, I shall proceed to appoint prefects from the Fifth Form in your places. That is my last word."

With that Dr. Chisholm turned and rustled out of the room.

He left a rather dismayed silence behind him.

Mark Carthew broke it.

"You fellows had better give in," he remarked. "You can't keep this up."

"Shut up!" snapped Neville.

"Where will the Sixth be—with the Fifth-Formers swanking over them as prefects?" said Carthew. "It won't do, and you know it! It's not good enough."

"It's rather thick, I must say," muttered Frampton.

"Better toe the line while you've got the chance!" urged Carthew.

"And acknowledge you as captain of Rookwood—what?" asked Neville.

"Of course!"

"Bosh! You're no more captain of Rookwood than Tubby Muffin is! Get out of this!" growled Neville. "We want to consult, and we don't want a spy present."

"Get out yourself!" retorted Carthew. "This is the prefects' room, and I'm the only prefect at Rookwood at present. You've no right here at all, unless you accept the Head's offer."

Neville's eyes gleamed.

"I've told you to get out!" he said.

"And I've told you I won't!"

"Well, I'll jolly soon make you!" exclaimed Neville.

He advanced upon Carthew.

The new captain of Rookwood backed away towards the door. Once more he had found his authority break in his hands.

"I'm not going to scrap like a fag," he said loftily. "If you touch me, Neville, I shall report you to the Head."

"Report, and be hanged!" said Neville.

He shoved Carthew out at the doorway, and the captain of Rookwood did not resist. He certainly was not looking for a "scrap" with Neville—whatever his reasons might have been.

Neville slammed the door after him.

After Carthew's departure there was a long and anxious consultation among the former prefects. But the decision was to "carry on." There was to be no surrender. And if the Head waited in the expectation of repentant prefects visiting him he waited in vain.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**Carrying the War into Africa!**

"IT'S up to us!" Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, made that remark in the end study.

There was a gathering in that famous study—quite a representative gathering of the Fourth Form.

The Fistical Four were there, and Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the Colonials, and Mornington and Errol and Teddy Grace. Tommy Dodd and Cook and Doyle, of the Modern side, were there also—for once on the best of terms with their Classical rivals. It was, as both parties agreed, a time for the lion to lie down with the lamb. House rows could stand over till the common enemy had been dealt with—Carthew of the Sixth being the common enemy.

"Right on the wicket, Jimmy!" agreed Tommy Dodd. "It's up to us. And we're going to solve the giddy problem."

"We are—we is!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "What's the programme, though? Are we going to boil Carthew in oil?"

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"Be serious, please!" said Jimmy Silver. "This is a serious matter. Rookwood is going to the dogs."

"Hear, hear!"

"Full steam ahead for the merry bow-wows!" agreed Mornington. "What's going to be done?"

"Carthew is!" said Raby.

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it, Jimmy!"

"The Head isn't a bad sort," said Jimmy Silver considerably. "It was owing to Bulkeley pasting Raby a bit too hard that he sacked him from the captaincy. The Head meant well. He went too far. The fact is, the Head is a bit of a mule."

"More than a bit!" remarked Conroy.

"There was that trouble with the masters last term," resumed Jimmy Silver. "The Head simply forced them to go on strike, and now he's got the prefects up against him in the same way. They've taken a leaf out of the masters' book. They're in the right. They ought to stand by old Bulkeley. But it's a rotten state of affairs. We elected Tubby Muffin to the captaincy, to show the Head what we thought of his precious candidate, Carthew. What does he do? Instead of reinstating Bulkeley, he cancels the election, and appoints Carthew captain of Rookwood over our heads, simply ignoring all our rights of election, and all the historic traditions of Rookwood. Is that good enough?"

"No fear!"

"Never!"

"Now, we can't exactly back up against the Head," said Jimmy Silver. "It's rather bad form—"

"And might lead to lickings," remarked Van Ryn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind that. Carthew is our game. He's appointed captain of Rookwood, and he's got to be disappointed—"

"Ha, ha! Good!"

"My idea is to lead him a dog's life till he gets out."

"Hear, hear!"

"Nobody will support him," said Jimmy Silver. "The Sixth turn their backs on him, the Fifth sneer at him to his face. Even the kids in the Third turn a cheery deaf ear when he howls for a fag. I saw Wegg of the Third walk off right under his nose to-day."

"Good old Wegg!"

"Mornny's cousin, in the Second, refused to fag for him, didn't he, Mornny?"

"He did!" grinned Mornington. "And Carthew didn't pitch into him, as I came along with a cricket-bat in time."

"He's reported several fellows to the Head," went on Jimmy. "Some of us have been caned—"

"We have!" said Lovell, rubbing his hands.

"But we can stand that—"

"H'm!"

"Carthew can't keep it up. He took me in to the Head this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "The old bird looked very ratty. He caned me, but after I was gone Carthew stayed to be jawed. I don't know what the Head said, but I can guess. He doesn't want fags marched into his study to be caned every ten minutes."

"Ha, ha!"

"Hitherto—" continued Jimmy.

"That's a good word!" said Lovell admiringly. "Go it, Jimmy!"

"Hitherto," repeated Jimmy Silver, "we've just checked Carthew, and made it a point to disobey all his orders. He's no more captain of Rookwood than he's Emperor of China, as a matter of fact. But he's still clinging to the name, though he can't have the game, and standing in Bulkeley's way. We've got to take active measures now."

"Hear, hear!"

"Like merry old Scipio, we're going to carry the war into Africa," said Jimmy Silver. "Having declared war on Carthew, we've got to take the offensive and go over the top."

"Bravo!"

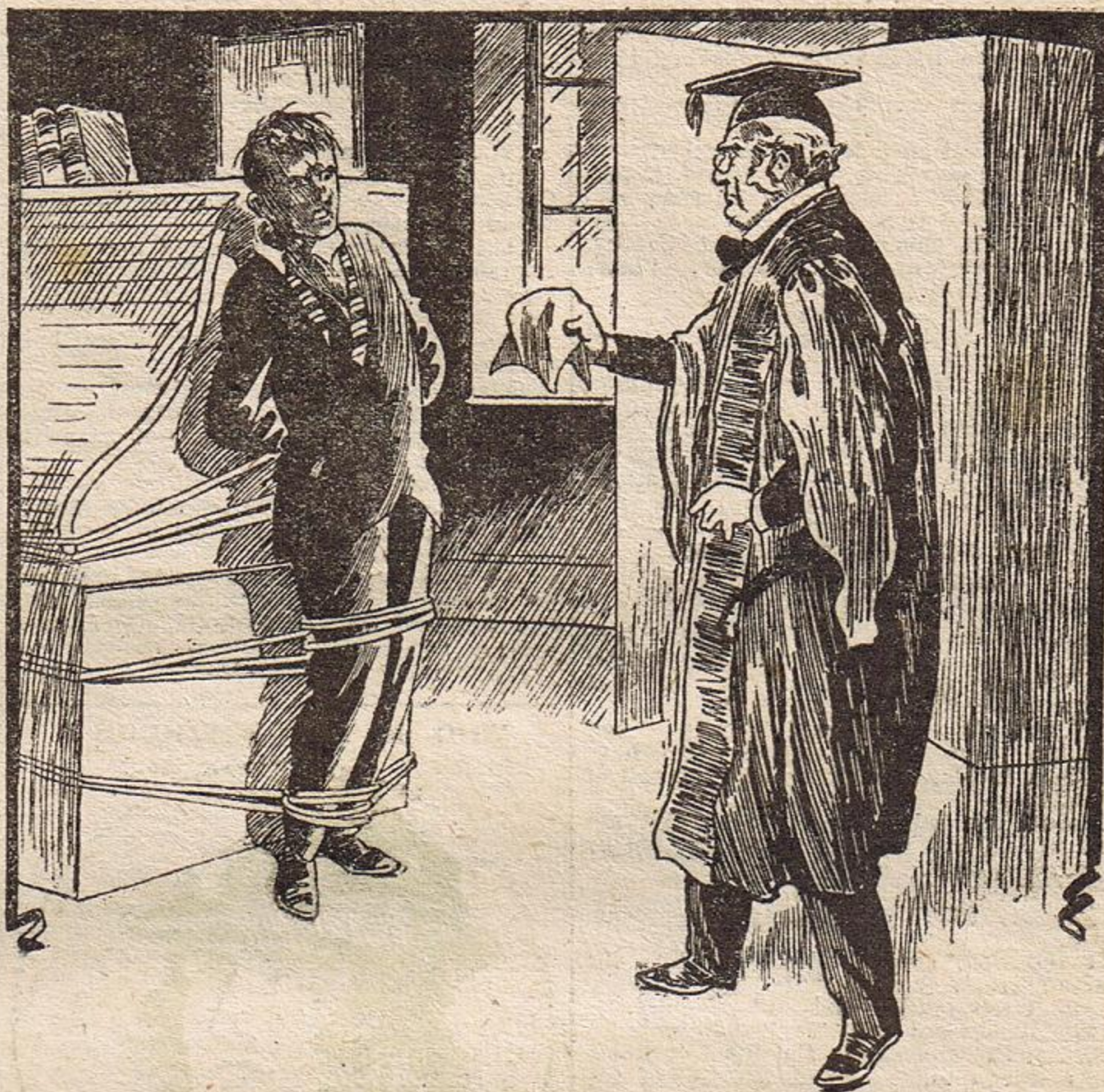
"We're going to lead him a dog's life till he resigns, or until the Head gets fed up and sacks him. We don't care which. Now, Carthew's gone out; I watched him from the window. I suggest getting his study ready for him when he comes in—"

"Fagging for him?" exclaimed Newcome.

"Yes, in a way. We're going to rag the study."

"Phew! Rag a prefect's study!" said Raby.

"Yes—when Carthew's the prefect. That's what I mean by carrying the war into Africa. In this case, Carthew's study is Carthage,



**THE LAST STRAW!** With a brow of thunder the Head strode towards the unhappy captain and dragged away the duster from his mouth. "Who are you?" he thundered. (See page 7.)

and we're the merry Romans. Gentlemen of the Fourth, follow your leader!"

"Oh, we're game!" exclaimed Mornington.

"Hurrah!"

Jimmy Silver threw open the door of the end study and led the way. The crowded meeting poured out after him, and followed him downstairs.

Three or four more juniors joined up on the way, as the news of the expedition spread.

There were fifteen or more in the party when Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived in the sacred quarters of the Sixth Form.

Jones major met them in the passage.

"What the thump do you want here?" he demanded.

"Calling on Carthew," answered Jimmy Silver.

"He's out."

"I know. That's why we're calling on him."

There was a chortle from the army of juniors.

Jones major looked at them very doubtfully.

"If this is a rag—" he began.

"You've hit it."

"Well, look here—"

"Sorry, old man, but we've no time to waste," answered Jimmy Silver politely.

"What!" roared the Sixth-Former.

"You must allow me to point out that you're not a prefect, and you've no right to interfere, Jones major," said the captain of the Fourth, with great politeness, but still more firmness. "We're on the warpath, and we mean business. See?"

"That's how it is, old chap," said Jones minor, who was in the crowd. "Let's get along, Bert."

Jones major, with a very curious expression on his face, backed out of the way. After all, it was none of his business, as he was not a prefect any longer.

Jimmy Silver & Co. marched on triumphantly to Carthew's study.

That apartment was empty, but it was soon swarming.

There was not really much room for fifteen or sixteen fellows in the study, but they found room.

They swarmed all over it. The rag was soon going strong.

Such proceedings in the study of a captain of Rookwood were simply unheard of. They were heard of now for the first time.

Jimmy Silver started with the table, which was up-ended into the fender. Ashes and cinders were dragged from the grate and scattered far and wide. The carpet was dragged up and hung in festoons over the table-legs, further adorned with a pile of chairs and pictures from the walls.

Meanwhile, Putty, who had brought his paint and brush, was adorning the walls and the glass and the windows with inscriptions, such as "Rats!" "Blackleg!" "Outsider!" till the whole study reeked with uncomplimentary messages to Carthew of the Sixth.

A quarter of an hour sufficed to make quite a startling change in Mark Carthew's quarters.

Fellows strolled along the passage to look at the juniors at work, and walked away chuckling. Nobody seemed to think it was his duty to interfere. The ragers were careful not to make noise enough to bring masters on the scene. And there were no prefects to take a hand in the proceedings.

The only fellow who came along and showed a disposition to chip in was Hansom of the Fifth, rather a lofty youth. But Hansom's first expostulation was answered by a roar of defiance:

"Get out!"

"Yah!"

"No Fifth-Formers wanted!"

"Rats!"

"Look here, you cheeky fags—" roared the captain of the Fifth.

That was all Hansom had time to say. There was a rush of the ragers, and Hansom went spinning out of the study with a daub of paint on his nose, a fist in his eye, and three or four cushions crashing after him. He sprawled in the passage, where he made a good target for several portable articles belonging to Carthew. Hansom picked himself up and ran for it, a sadder and wiser Fifth-Former.

Then Jimmy Silver & Co. finished their

work, conscientiously and thoroughly. By the time they had finished, Carthew's study looked as if a horde of Prussians had been let loose in it.

Jimmy Silver surveyed the havoc with a satisfied eye.

"I think that will do," he remarked.

"I should say it would!" gasped Lovell. "I'm blessed if I know how Carthew will ever get this to rights again!"

"That's his funeral," remarked Conroy. "Hallo, we've forgotten the clock! Better put the ink in it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Their work well done, the raggers marched off in triumph.

Carthew's study, in an extraordinary state, awaited his return. And the raggers, satisfied as they were with their handiwork, could not help wondering what would come of it, and some of them rubbed their hands in anticipation.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Going Through It!

"SILVER!"

Hansom of the Fifth looked into the end study. He found the Fistical Four finishing their tea in that apartment.

"Hallo, old gun!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Trot in! We don't often have the Fifth to tea, and there's still the tail of a sardine—"

Hansom snorted. Evidently he had not come to tea, and was not to be tempted by the remains of the sardine.

"The Head—" he began.

"No, the tail!" said Jimmy Silver innocently.

"I tell you," roared Hansom, while the Fourth-Formers chortled, "the Head—"

"And I tell you the tail—"

"The Head wants you!" yelled Hansom. "Oh, you're alluding to the Head of Rookwood? I was talking about the tail of the sardine."

"You'd better go, the lot of you!" snorted Hansom.

And he turned and strode away in lofty wrath.

Lovell rubbed his hands.

"Looks like trouble for little us!" he remarked.

"If do—it does!" sighed Jimmy Silver. "Carthew's reported us, of course. How did he guess we had a hand in wrecking his study?"

"How, indeed?" grinned Newcome. "Even Carthew's brain was equal to that, I should say."

"And the Head's sent Hansom to tell us!" remarked Raby. "There's a rumour going round that the Head is going to make some of the Fifth into prefects. It looks as if Hansom is getting ready for the job."

"Let me catch him prefecting!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I—I say, we'd better go. Rather bad form to keep the Head waiting."

"Ahem! We'd better go!"

There was really no doubt upon that point. The Fistical Four agreed that they had better go, and they went.

"Trouble?" asked Mornington, as he met the chums of the Fourth in the passage, heading for the stairs with rather serious faces.

"The Head's sent for us," answered Jimmy.

"About ragging Carthew?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you're not going alone!" said Mornington decidedly. "We are all in it, and we'll all come!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"No," he answered. "No good the whole crowd getting licked; it may discourage the chaps. Besides, it mayn't be that affair at all. You stay where you are."

And the Fistical Four went on to the Head's study.

They found Mark Carthew with the Head. The captain of Rookwood was pale with rage; and even the Head's presence could hardly restrain him when Jimmy Silver & Co. entered. The effect of the rag upon Carthew had been like that of a red rag on a bull!

Dr. Chisholm's face was grim and stern.

"Silver!" he rapped out. "Carthew's study has been, he tells me, wrecked during his absence this afternoon."

"Indeed, sir?" said Jimmy.

"He suspects you of being concerned in the affair."

"Does he, sir?"

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"Kindly tell me at once, Silver, whether you had a hand in such lawless proceedings!" exclaimed the Head.

Jimmy was silent.

"Do you hear me, Silver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then answer me at once!"

"Of course it was Silver, sir!" burst out Carthew. "No other junior at Rookwood would have the nerve—"

"Let Silver speak, please. I am waiting for your answer, Silver. Were you concerned in the outrage in Carthew's study?"

"I was there, sir."

"He was the ringleader!" exclaimed Carthew.

"You cannot possibly know that, as you were not present, Carthew," said the Head, rather sharply. "Silver, did you take the lead in the proceedings?"

"Yes, sir."

"We were all in it!" exclaimed Lovell. "Jimmy did no more than the rest of us—less, in fact."

"All who were concerned in the affair will be severely punished!" exclaimed Dr. Chisholm. "Such a thing is too serious for a caning. 'I shall—'"

Tap!

Tap!

#### WHO IS GUY FITZHUGH?



You will know Next Week!

The door opened, and Mornington of the Fourth marched into the study. He was followed by his chum Erroll and the Colonial Co., and the three Tommies and Putty, and several other juniors.

Dr. Chisholm gazed in astonishment at the army of fags that had suddenly invaded his quarters.

"Bless my soul! What does this mean?" he ejaculated.

"We're all in it, sir!" said Mornington cheerfully. "We're all down on Carthew, sir, for being a blackleg—"

"Mornington! How dare you!" thundered the Head.

"And we all took a hand, sir," said Mornington coolly. "If Jimmy's going through it, it's only fair for us to take our whack!"

"We were all equally to blame, sir, if anyone was to blame," said Erroll, in his quiet way.

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head.

He gave Carthew a look that was not exactly pleasant. Evidently he did not expect his new captain and head prefect to "land" him with fifteen juniors to cane at once. He dismissed the idea of flogging from his mind; fifteen floggings was rather too large an order.

He rose and took up his cane.

"As you were all concerned in the outrage, I shall punish you all," he said. "You first, Silver!"

Swish, swish, swish!

For a good ten minutes there was a sound of swishing in the Head's study. It was accompanied by other sounds—of woe and suffering.

Carthew of the Sixth looked on with glittering eyes. He was enjoying the scene—the only fellow there who did! There was no enjoyment for the hapless raggers.

Dr. Chisholm looked a little fatigued when he had finished with the cane. He had put in some rather hard exercise, and he was not an athlete.

He pointed to the door, and the unhappy victims filed out, with suppressed moans and mumbles. In the passage they looked at one another dolorously.

"This is what comes of carrying the giddy war into Africa!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. "Ow! Wow! Ye gods! My hat! Wow!"

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Oh crumbs!"

"Might have been worse!" groaned Jimmy Silver. "It was going to be a flogging, if you hadn't come in with your crowd, Morny! Yow-ow! Keep smiling! Yoop!"

"Oh dear!"

The raggers wandered away disconsolately. They were still keen on the war with Carthew; but for the present their keenness was damped.

Carthew was not exactly enjoying himself now in the Head's study. As soon as the door had closed on the last of the juniors Dr. Chisholm turned to him with a very severe brow.

"This is not what I expected of you, Carthew," he said. "In appointing you captain of the school, I anticipated, of course, that you would exert the usual authority over the juniors. A dozen times, at least, you have brought cases before me which would naturally be settled by the head prefect. My time is of value, Carthew!"

"I—I've done my best, sir—" stammered Carthew.

"You certainly led me to suppose that you would be able to do better than this. It is most unpleasant for me to be put to the task of caning fifteen boys on a single occasion."

"They refused to be caned by me—"

"They did not refuse to be caned by Bulkeley when he was head prefect," said Dr. Chisholm. "I was seeking a better captain of the school, not a worse one, Carthew. Such a scene as this must not be repeated. You must find some way of making yourself respected in the school, or it will be quite useless for you to retain the captaincy. You see that, of course?"

Carthew mumbled something indistinctly.

How he was to make himself respected in the school was a problem far beyond his ability to solve. He could only have done it by "playing the game"—and the first step would have been to resign the captaincy he had "bagged" by deserting his comrades of the Sixth. The Head, in fact, was just a little unreasonable; but he was annoyed and troubled by the wholesale execution that had taken place in his study. He felt that it did not accord with the fitness of things, and perhaps it was natural that he should lay the blame upon Carthew, instead upon his own error of judgment in selecting that youth as captain of Rookwood.

"Kindly bear in mind what I have said, Carthew!" added the Head tartly. "Such a scene as this must not recur. You may go, Carthew!"

And Carthew went, leaving Dr. Chisholm shaking his head very seriously.

The captain of Rookwood was in need of a fag to clean up his study—in fact, of a good many fags. But he shouted for a fag in vain. He took his ashplant and started for the junior quarters, but he stopped, and turned back. He knew that there would be resistance, and he could not venture to make more complaints and reports to the Head—yet, at all events.

The hapless captain of the school had to clear up the wreck himself, and it kept him busy for quite a long time. Other Sixth-Formers came along to glance in at him and smile.

Carthew's temper was at boiling-point all that evening.

But he had to control it, and consume his own smoke, as it were. It was dawning upon his mind that the captaincy of the school was no sinecure; and he was beginning to doubt very seriously whether he had been so very clever after all in "bagging" Bulkeley's place.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

##### The Last Straw!

"HIS gone out!"

Tubby Muffin came up to the Fourth Form passage with that news after lessons the next day.

Tubby had been on the watch, and he had seen the stately figure of Dr. Chisholm crossing the quadrangle to the gates.

"He's gone!" announced Tubby; and there was a buzz of voices at once in the Fourth Form passage.

"This is where we begin!" said Lovell.

"Come on, you fellows!"

"You'll get into an awful row!" remarked Townsend.

"Aren't you coming, Towny?"

"No fear!"

"Yah! Funk!" roared Lovell.

"Oh, we don't want Towny!" said Jimmy Silver. "Half a dozen would be enough to handle Carthew. Funks aren't wanted, anyway!"

"Plenty of us, and no mistake!" said Mornington. "We'll get along to the Head's study, and Tubby can take the message to Carthew. He won't be suspicious of Tubby."

"I'm your man!" said Tubby Muffin at once. "I don't mind taking a message. What am I to say?"

"Simply tell Carthew he's wanted in the Head's study," answered Jimmy Silver.

"But the Head's gone out!"

"Carthew's wanted there, all the same. We want him."

"Oh, I see!" grinned Tubby.

And the fat Classical rolled away on his errand. Jimmy Silver & Co. repaired to the Head's study. That sacred apartment was usually trodden with fear and trembling by juniors, but the rebellious fags of Rookwood were making free with it now. Jimmy Silver's latest scheme seemed to some of the Fourth rather the limit of prudence, but he found plenty of followers.

The juniors had a shrewd suspicion that the Head was far from satisfied with his new captain, and that he was tired of the incessant troubles that had followed Carthew's appointment. Jimmy's idea was to make him "tired," as he expressed it.

While nine or ten of the Fourth were enconcing themselves in the Head's study Tubby Muffin rolled away to deliver his message to Carthew. He found the new captain of Rookwood in his study with a gloomy brow. Carthew had had his tea in Hall, his fag, with the general support of the Lower School, having gone on strike. Carthew, certainly, could have gone on "strike" in another way—with his asphalt—but he had had enough of rousing hornets' nests of enraged fags about his ears.

He was, in fact, a hopeless failure as captain of the school, and he was no longer in a mood to look for trouble.

He scowled at the fat face of Tubby Muffin, as the Falstaff of the Fourth looked in.

"You're wanted in the Head's study, Carthew!" said Tubby Muffin; and he disappeared before the prefect could ask him questions.

Carthew growled under his breath as he rose to obey the summons. He was not aware that the Head had gone out, and he

wondered what he was wanted for. He little guessed.

A few minutes later he was tapping at the door of the Head's study. As he was not told to come in, he tapped again, and opened the door.

Then he stared.

Dr. Chisholm was not there, but nine members of the Fourth were there in a state of breathless excitement.

Carthew stood in the doorway and blinked at them.

"What—" he began.

"Collar him!"

There was a rush.

Carthew jumped back into the passage in alarm, but the Fistical Four rushed him down, and he was seized outside the doorway. The startled prefect struck out furiously, and Lovell yelled as he caught the blow and spun over on the floor. But the rest of the juniors swarmed to the aid of the Co., and Carthew, in the grasp of many hands, was swept into the study.

He sprawled on the Head's carpet, with three or four knees planted on him to keep him there. Putty of the Fourth shoved a duster into his mouth as he opened it to yell, and Carthew's yell died away in a suffocated gurgle.

Arthur Edward Lovell, with his handkerchief to his nose, followed his comrades in and closed the door. Lovell's nose was the only casualty.

"Jump on him!" gasped Lovell. "Groogh! Scalp him! Ow! Look at my nose! Give him jip!"

"Gerrooooooggh!" came from the captain of Rookwood.

"Hold him!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I've got the rope!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew struggled desperately. But he was helpless in so many hands.

Jimmy Silver whipped out a coil of cord and proceeded to bind the senior's wrists together, and then his ankles. Meanwhile, Teddy Grace secured the duster in his mouth by binding twine round it and round Carthew's head. It was fortunate for the Rookwood captain that he had his nose to breath through.

"Up with him!" grieved Mornington.

"Heave-ho!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Carthew was swung up against the Head's desk. There, Jimmy Silver proceeded with the rest of the rope. Carthew was secured in an upright position to the desk, facing the door.

The expression on his face was extraordinary.

"Now, where's the ink?"

Carthew gurgled wildly as the ink was applied to his face. In a few minutes he looked like a Christy minstrel. The juniors chuckled spasmodically as they regarded him.

"I think that will do!" said Jimmy.

"I rather think so!" gasped Lovell.

"What on earth will the Head say?"

"Goodness knows!"

"It will be rather a surprise packet for him," remarked Mornington. "It ought to show him that Carthew is no good as captain of Rookwood."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. streamed out of the Head's study, closing the door carefully after them.

The captain of Rookwood was left to face the Head when he returned.

Carthew's eyes glittered. He made frantic attempts to get rid of the gag, to yell for help and get released before Dr. Chisholm could come back. But Putty had done his work too well, and the duster silenced Carthew's voice effectually. He gave it up at last, and waited.

The sunset changed to dusk, and the dusk deepened into night.

Carthew still waited.

His feelings while he waited were the reverse of enviable. What the Head would say and do when he found him there he could hardly guess. Certainly, he would be very angry with the raggers. But what was he likely to think of a captain of Rookwood who was treated like this by the fags!

The schemer of the Sixth felt that the game was up. Whatever severe measures the Head took with the daring raggers, he was not likely to sustain Carthew any longer in a position for which he was so obviously unsuited. The game was up—and, indeed, just then Carthew would willingly have given the captaincy, and a great deal besides, to escape from his position.

But there was no escape for him.

The silence was broken at last by footsteps in the corridor.

Carthew shivered.

It was the Head returning.

Dr. Chisholm pushed open the study door, felt for the light-switch, and turned it on. He came into the study, for a moment unaware that anyone was there.

Then Carthew dawned on him, so to speak. The Head stopped suddenly, as if transfixed. His gaze fastened in a fascinated way on the blackened face of the figure tied to his desk. For the moment, he did not recognise Carthew.

"What—wha-a-at—" he stuttered.

"Grrrooogh!"

"What—what is it—what—who—"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

With a brow of thunder, the Head strode towards the unhappy Sixth-Former and dragged away the duster from his mouth.

"Who are you?" he exclaimed in great wrath. "Is it—is it—is it Carthew?"

"Ow! Yes!"

"And what does this mean?"

"Oh! Wow!"

"What does this mean, Carthew?" thundered the Head.

"Ow-wow! Wasn't my fault! Fags—Jimmy Silver! I've been ragged! Ow! Yow—"

Carthew's voice died away. The look on the Head's face rendered him dumb.

Five minutes later Carthew of the Sixth limped away from the Head's study, free at last, but feeling as if life were not worth living as captain of Rookwood School.

That evening there were canings in the Fourth—canings numerous and painful. But Jimmy Silver & Co., as they rubbed their hands, had good news to solace them.

For they had been successful; Carthew of the Sixth had resigned the captaincy!

Whether he had resigned entirely of his own accord, or under pressure from the Head, the fellows did not know—or care.

And Jimmy Silver & Co., as they rubbed their aching palms, rejoiced, and rejoiced still more heartily when the pain had worn off. They had led the new captain of Rookwood a "dog's life," and this was the result; and after the licking had worn off a little there was a greater celebration in the end study over the fall of Carthew of the Sixth.

THE END.

(Don't miss next week's story of the famous Rookwood Chums.)

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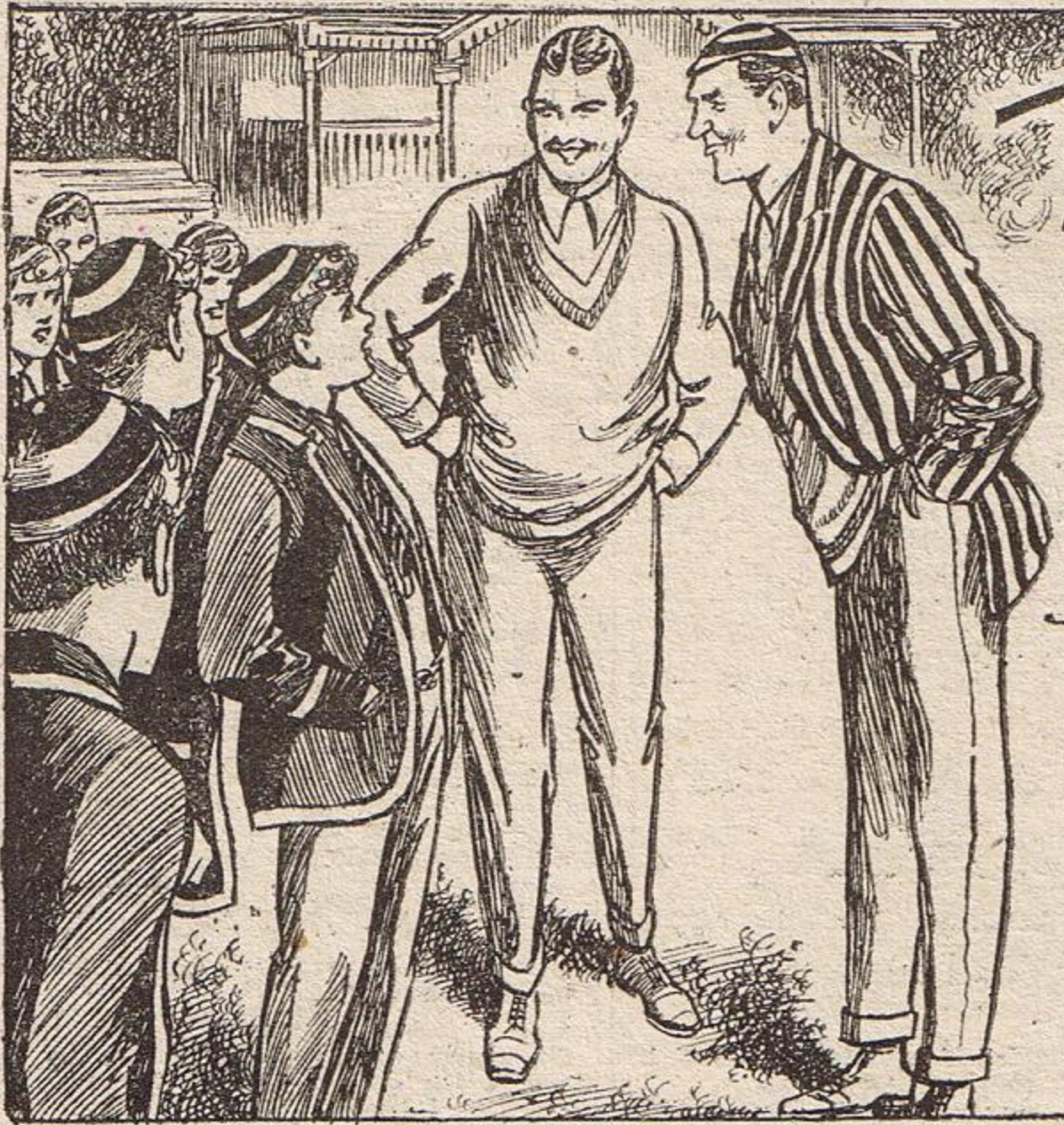
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**THE FIRST CHAPTER.**

**Coker's Joke!**

**T**HERE was hilarity in the Remove Form at Greyfriars, and there was hilarity in the Fifth Form at the same famous school. In the case of the latter Form, the reason for the hilarity was rather obscure.

But the Remove had good cause to be hilarious. They had received a letter from the Trojans, the wonderful cricketers about whom all England was talking, and that letter had been an invitation to a match.

Only Coker & Co., of the Fifth, treated that as a joke. The Remove were greatly elated and very proud of that invitation. When they left Greyfriars in a car provided by Lord Mauleverer, they cheered themselves as lustily as did the juniors who saw them off.

In the Fifth Form that morning, sudden, irrepressible cackles broke from Coker & Co. in the course of lessons, to the surprise of their Form fellows, and to the annoyance of Mr. Prout, their Form master. Mr. Prout inflicted lines upon Coker, Potter, and Greene for their ill-timed levity—but they did not seem to mind the lines. At intervals, as hidden thoughts moved their risibility, they cackled again, unable to keep their mirth quite in check.

"What on earth's the matter with you chaps?" Blundell whispered to Coker, after Mr. Prout had come down on the great Horace a second time. "Have you got some awfully good joke on, or is it a case of insanity?"

"The joke of the season!" murmured Coker. He felt that it was time to take the other fellows into his confidence now.

"Well, what's the joke?" Blundell inquired.

"Up against the Remove," said Coker.

"Seems to me the laugh is on their side," growled Blundell. "They've secured the match of the season, and the seniors are left out!"

Coker gurgled.

"They haven't!" he murmured.

"Dotty?" asked Blundell politely. "Ain't they gone to play the Trojans?"

"No!" said Coker coolly.

"What!"

"It was a jape!"

"A jape!" murmured the captain of the Fifth. "A jape! What do you mean?"

"And I worked it!" said Coker loftily.

"That letter—the challenge from the Trojans, you know—I got a man to write it!"

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"What!" gasped Blundell.

"It was all spoof! They're not going to play the Trojans. The Trojans have never even heard of them!" grinned Coker.

Blundell stared blankly at Coker for a moment or two. Then, as the full gorgeousness of the jape burst upon him, he gave a wild yell, forgetting that he was in the Form-room, and supposed to be devoting his attention to the classics.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Prout swung round upon him angrily. Mr. Prout was already annoyed by the unaccountable risibility of Potter and Greene and Coker. He fixed a very exasperated look upon the captain of the Fifth.

"Blundell!" he rapped out.

"Ha, ha!—yes, sir—ha, ha, ha!" spluttered Blundell.

"The Form-room is no place for this unseemly merriment," said Mr. Prout severely. "I am surprised at you, Blundell—you, the head boy of the Form!"

"I'm sorry, sir!" gasped Blundell. "Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Take a hundred lines, Blundell!"

"Certainly, sir! Ha, ha!"

Blundell almost choked in the effort to suppress his laughter. When Mr. Prout's back was turned, he thumped Coker on the shoulder.

"Oh, what a giddy jape!" he murmured.

"And all the fellows think you an ass, Coker!"

"Do they?" said Coker, rather grimly.

"Ha, ha!—yes—but—ha, ha!" And Blundell nearly choked again.

Whispers ran through the Fifth Form-room now—the story of Coker's great jape was spreading through the Form. And as fast as they heard the story the Fifth-Formers giggled and gurgled over it in ecstatic enjoyment. Mr. Prout was in a state of great and growing exasperation. He could not understand his Form that morning. Lines fell as thick as leaves in the celebrated Vallombrosa; but the Fifth-Formers did not care for lines. What were impots to them, when they were anticipating meeting the returning Removites and enjoying their looks as they sneaked in discomfited?

Lessons were over at last, and the Fifth-Formers escaped from the Form-room, and rushed down in a body to the school gates. The car was not back yet; but it might be seen any minute now. There was no sign of it in the road, however.

"They can't be long now," said Coker.

"They've had lots of time to get to Lantham and back by now. I suppose they don't care to show their faces in the school. Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The story was spreading like wildfire now. Removites heard it, and looked glum or furious, as the case might be. The Fourth Form and the Shell heard it with rapture, and gave loud cheers for Coker. Loder, of the Sixth, was seen to double up when he heard it. Wingate looked rather stern, but he burst out laughing, too, at last. It was irresistible. A whole laughing school awaited the return of the discomfited Removites.

But—

They waited in vain.

The car was not seen. Like Sister Anne, Coker watched the road, but he did not see anyone coming.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**A Surprise!**

**A**ND how had the Remove cricketers fared?

Never had Harry Wharton & Co. been in such high spirits as they were that fresh, crisp, spring morning, as the big car dashed along. Cheery voices were raised in a loud chorus as the car swept along the white road.

They were going to play the Trojans—and their cup of satisfaction was full.

The rapid car seemed to eat up the distance. Lantham appeared in sight at last, and there was a stir in the crowded car. Harry Wharton looked at his watch.

"Half-past nine!" he said. "Lots of time. We shall be at the ground in ten minutes now."

"Hurrah!"

The car glided into the streets of Lantham. The faces of the junior cricketers were bright with anticipation.

Truly, it was a day worthy to be marked with a white stone in the annals of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Here we are!" said Bob Cherry.

They had arrived.

The Lantham Cricket Ground had a somewhat deserted appearance, so far as they could see from the car. Evidently the Trojans were not on the spot yet. But, after all, a great team like the Trojans would not make much fuss about meeting a schoolboy eleven. They would probably stroll down from their hotel at the last moment.

**"The Holiday-Spoilers!"—a Corking Long Tale of Greyfriars Next Week!**



"Anyway, we're in time!" said Harry Wharton.

"Queer that there's nobody about, though," Vernon-Smith remarked, with a somewhat uneasy glance in at the gates. The gates were open. A man could be seen rolling the pitch, and a couple of groundsmen were chatting idly near the gate. The car stopped, and the cricketers poured out with their bags, and marched in. The two groundsmen stared at them, and one of them came towards the Greyfriars crowd.

"Hallo!" he said.

"Hallo!" said Wharton.

"What do you youngsters want here?" They stared at him. It was like his cheek to call them youngsters, of course. Not that they were anything else—but they felt at that moment all the dignity of a team that had come to play the mighty Trojans. They were entitled, for the occasion, at least, to all the respect that would have been accorded to the M.C.C.

"What do we want?" repeated Wharton.

"Yes; what do you want?"

"We're from Greyfriars," Wharton explained.

The groundsmen looked puzzled.

"Greyfriars!" he repeated. "What's that?"

"Eh? It's our school, of course!"

"Oh, a school!" said the man. "You're a school team—eh? Well, you've made a mistake; this isn't the ground you want. Lantham High School is on the other side of the town. I suppose that's what you're looking for. Keep straight on, and—"

"We're not looking for any old High School!" broke out Bob Cherry. "We've come here to play the Trojans!"

The groundsmen almost fell down.

"You've come here to—to-what—to which?" he babbled.

"To play the Trojans!" said Bob indignantly. "Don't you know that there's a match on to-day?"

The groundsmen recovered himself.

"Don't be funny, young gentlemen!" he said, "Now, don't crowd in here—you ain't allowed in here. Some of the gentlemen are coming down to practise presently."

"There's a match on!" howled Johnny Bull.

The man shook his head.

"There's no match on to-day, sir; the two-day match finished yesterday. If you've come to see a match, I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"We haven't come to see a match—we've come to play a match!" said Harry Wharton, in bewilderment. "I tell you we've come to play the Trojans. We had a challenge from the Trojans' secretary."

The man grinned broadly.

"I'm afraid somebody has been having a joke with you, sir," he said, not unsympathetically. "But—but, surely you didn't really believe the Trojans would play a schoolboy team—kids like you? Oh, my 'at!"

"Look here!" said Harry Wharton testily. "It's not a joke. We had a challenge from the Trojans, and we've come here to play them. I suppose you haven't been told about it. Any of the Trojans down here yet?"

"Not yet. Mr. Lynn and Mr. Flaherty are coming down presently, I believe, to put in an hour or so," said the groundsmen. "But then—"

"Where are they now?"

"At their hotel, I s'pose."

"Well, we'll go into the pavilion, and wait for them," said Wharton, with dignity.

"Oh, come off!" exclaimed the groundsmen. "You won't get into the pavilion. Schoolboys ain't allowed to make free with this here ground!"

"I tell you we were asked—"

"Oh, stuff!"

"Why, what do you mean? You—"

"I s'pose somebody has been pullin' your leg, or else you're tryin' to pull mine!" said the man testily. "Anyway, you ain't coming in here. You can wait outside if you like till Mr. Lynn comes down, and speak to him."

And the man walked back to his companion, and the next moment the Greyfriars juniors had the pleasure—or otherwise—of seeing the two of them laughing like hyenas. The Removites gathered in a dismayed crowd by the car, looking at one another. They were astonished, chagrined, and bewildered.

"I can't make head or tail of it," said Harry Wharton desperately. "They can't

possibly have forgotten that they asked us to play, I suppose."

"It can't be a joke of their secretary, surely?" said Nugent.

"Why should he do such an idiotic thing?"

"Blessed if I know!"

"Anyway, there's no sign of a match to-day," said Vernon-Smith, with a shrug of the shoulders. "And there goes ten o'clock!"

Ten chimed from a neighbouring church.

It was the time that the stumps should have been pitched, according to the terms arranged in the letter of J. Smith. The Greyfriars Remove were on the spot, ready for action, but there was no sign of their opponents.

Harry Wharton took J. Smith's letter from his pocket, and the juniors read it over again. There it was—evidently quite genuine—written on the official paper of the Grand Hotel, Lantham—evidently, therefore, written in the hotel where the Trojans were staying. And there was the signature—J. Smith.

"It's right enough," said Peter Todd—"right as rain! I simply can't understand it! But what's going to be done now?"

"They owe us an explanation, at least!" said Harry Wharton wrathfully. "If they don't want to play, they need not; but they've got to explain."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Vernon-Smith. "Fancy going back to Greyfriars, and telling the fellows there hasn't been a match after all!"

The juniors felt cold all over at the bare idea. After their triumph, after their "gloat," to have to sneak back to the school and confess that there had been no match! It was impossible! They would never be able to face Greyfriars! A feeling of desperation seized them.

"They're at the Grand Hotel," said Bob Cherry. "It won't take long to run the car there. Let's go and see them, and demand an explanation."

"It's the only thing to be done, I suppose."

"The man said Lynn was coming down to the ground—we may miss him," said Vernon-Smith. "Some of us had better wait here—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! There he is!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Oh, good!"

The tall, handsome captain of the Trojans had just appeared in sight, walking down to the cricket-ground with Flaherty. They came up to the gates, glancing rather curiously at the stationary car and the crowd of excited juniors.

Harry Wharton ran towards Lynn.

"You're late, Mr. Lynn!" he exclaimed.

The big Trojan looked down at him in surprise.

"Late?" he repeated.

"Yes; it's past ten."

"I don't quite understand you," said Lynn good-humouredly. "Who are you, by the way?"

"I'm Wharton."

"Oh, you're Wharton, are you?" said Lynn, with a smile. "I'm afraid I'm no wiser than before. I don't catch on."

"From Greyfriars!" added Wharton.

Lynn looked more puzzled than ever.

"Oh, you're Wharton—from Greyfriars?" he said, "And what is your business with me, Wharton from Greyfriars?"

"You can't have forgotten!" exclaimed the bewildered junior.

"Forgotten what?"

"About arranging a match with us to-day."

Lynn jumped. Flaherty jumped, too. It was only too clear that Wharton's remark had caused them the most profound astonishment.

"Arrange a match with you!" said Lynn faintly.

"Faith, and that's too rich!" murmured Mr. Flaherty. "Too rich intirely!"

"But—but—but—" stuttered Wharton.

"I'm afraid there's some mistake," said Lynn good-humouredly. "I suppose you're not trying to pull my leg, young 'un?"

"Of course not!" said Wharton indignantly.

Lynn glanced over the crowd; their excited, anxious faces showed plainly enough that they were in earnest. It was certainly no joke—so far as they were concerned, at least.

"Then there's some mistake," said Lynn, with a smile. "This is the Lantham ground, you know, which has been lent to us while we're here. We are the Trojan team."

"Yes; I know you're the Trojans. We've come to play you."

"Play us?"

"Of course!"

"I—I—I'm afraid we don't play with junior schoolboy teams, as a rule!" gasped Lynn, almost overcome. "We—we appreciate the—the honour of the offer, but really—really—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Flaherty. "It's too rich intirely. Ha, ha, ha!"

But the Greyfriars juniors did not laugh. They did not feel like laughing. They were feeling puzzled, bewildered, and sore and savage. It was only too clear now that there had been some misapprehension somewhere, but where they could not guess. But their castles in the air were tumbling down now.

"But you challenged us!" howled Bob Cherry.

"Oh, come, now—"

"You asked us to play!"

"My dear kid—"

"We're the Greyfriars Remove!" shouted Bob. "Don't you understand? We're the Remove team from Greyfriars!"

"My dear kid," said Lynn soothingly, "that's all right! I can see there's been some mistake. But, I assure you, I've never heard of the Remove team—"

"What!"

"And I've never heard of Greyfriars!"

There was a dead silence. The Removites were dumb. It was the last straw!

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**After All!**

L YNN stood looking at the dumb-founded juniors of Greyfriars, and they stood looking at him. Flaherty was trying to suppress his merriment. Lynn looked concerned, but he could not help looking slightly amused also. There was a mistake, evidently. But for these "kids" to fancy that they could play the Trojans—well, it was, as Flaherty said, too rich intirely!

"You've never heard of Greyfriars!" Wharton managed to articulate at last.

"Never, I'm sorry to say!"

"Then what did your secretary mean by sending us a challenge?"

"Our secretary!"

"Yes; your secretary, Mr. Smith!"

"Impossible!"

"I've got it here."

"I should be very glad to see it," said Lynn dryly.

Wharton handed over the famous letter without another word. The juniors scanned Lynn's face eagerly as he read it. The astonishment in Lynn's face was a plain enough proof that he had never known of the existence of that letter before.

"That's all right—what?" demanded Frank Nugent.

"I'm afraid it's not quite all right," said the captain regretfully. "Some silly person has been playing a practical joke on you."

"How?"

"This letter isn't in Mr. Smith's handwriting at all. It certainly was not written by him."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Then who did write it?" exclaimed Tom Brown warmly.

Lynn shook his head.

"I really don't know. I've never seen the writing before. I observe that the writer's room is given as No. 16. Mr. Smith shares my room—No. 4. Apparently there is another Smith staying at the same hotel. It's not an uncommon name. And this Smith has played a practical joke on you—for some reason of his own, I suppose!"

"Oh!"

"My hat!"

Lynn handed the letter back to Harry Wharton. He took it with a nerveless hand. He understood enough now. Why a mysterious Mr. Smith, staying at the Grand Hotel, Lantham, should play such a rotten joke on the Greyfriars Remove was beyond all understanding. But it was clear that he had done so.

The letter which had caused so much delight to the Remove at Greyfriars, was not from the Trojans' secretary at all. It was from another Smith in the same hotel; and that Smith, of course, had received the Remove's reply, the Trojans remaining in happy ignorance of the whole affair.

Smith, indeed, had written as if he were the Trojans' secretary, though Wharton noticed now that he had not actually mentioned himself as such. But there was nothing in the letter to excite a suspicion that a trick was being played, excepting the one circumstance of a junior schoolboy team receiving a challenge from such a club as the Trojans. Wharton realised, too late, that that ought to have astonished him more than it had done.

The utter dismay and woe in the faces of the junior cricketers touched the Trojans' captain—Flaherty ceased to grin. It was funny enough to them, certainly; but it was a tragedy to the Greyfriars Remove.

"I'm really sorry for this!" said Lynn, kindly enough. "This man Smith ought to be kicked for playing such a trick! I suppose it is somebody you've had some disagreement with?"

Wharton shook his head. "I've never heard of him before," he said. "Then it is very curious."

"The rotter!" muttered Bob Cherry, clenching his fists. "We'll call on him before we go back, anyway, and smash him up!"

Wharton laughed bitterly. "He won't be there to see us," he said. "It's a rotten trick, and he'll take care to clear off before we can get at him. It's a jape, and there's no reason why a stranger should fool us like this. Somebody at Greyfriars has fixed this up!"

Bob Cherry gave a yell. "Coker!"

"Coker!" gasped Nugent. Wharton's eyes gleamed. Only too well now he remembered the uncontrollable laughter of Coker & Co. whenever the Trojans' match was mentioned.

"Coker, of course!" he said savagely. "I shouldn't have fancied he had brains enough! I shouldn't wonder if this was the man Bunter saw him meet the other day, too! Well, Coker has done us this time! We shall be laughed to death!"

"The laughfulness will be terrific!" "I say, I'm sorry about your being so disappointed," said Lynn, quite concerned. "It was rotten of the practical joker to use us like this to take you in. If there's anything I could do—"

Bob Cherry groaned dismally. "Nothing you could do—excepting to play us!" he said. "Ahem!"

Now that they were face to face with the Trojan captain, the juniors realised that it was, as a matter of fact, a piece of colossal cheek on their part to have thought of playing the Trojans at all. They really ought to have "tumbled"; they could see that now—too late.

Flaherty broke into a chuckle, and drew his skipper aside. He whispered something into Lynn's ear, and Lynn shook his head.

"Impossible!" he murmured. "You wild Irishman, what an idea! How could we do anything of the sort—a junior schoolboy team!"

"Sure, and it's a shame to disappoint the kiddies!" said the good-natured Flaherty. "And we're doing nothing to-day."

"But—"

"It will be fun intirely, and as good as batting to the groundsmen. Telephone to the chaps and tell them to come."

"But—but—"

"Be a sport!" urged Flaherty. "The kids have been diddled—they've come over here expecting to play us. Be a sport, old fellow! It's not their fault; and they've had out a car and all. Play 'em!"

"Play a set of schoolboys—"

"Yes; for the fun of the thing, intirely. They won't last a couple of hours."

Lynn's face broke into a smile. He was good-natured, and he felt for the woeful disappointment that was expressed in the faces of the Greyfriars juniors. He made up his mind.

"I'll do it!" he said. "Bravo!" chirruped Flaherty.

The Trojans' captain turned back to the juniors. Some of them were getting into the car.

"Hold on, you youngsters!" said Lynn. "You've been taken in, and I'm sorry; but, if you like, we'll give you a game."

Wharton started, and caught his breath. "You'll play us, all the same!" he exclaimed, scarcely able to credit his ears.

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Lynn nodded. "All the same," he said. "It's a rotten shame to disappoint you, after you've come all this way. It won't hurt us, anyway. Would you care to play?"

"Would they care!" The delight and relief that flashed into every face sufficiently answered the question of the Trojan captain.

Lynn smiled. "Then it's a go!" he exclaimed. "Thanks, awfully!" said Wharton. "You're a jolly good sort! Of course, you'll lick us—we know that—"

"Ahem! I think it probable!" murmured Lynn.

"But we'll give you the best match we can. You see, if we go back to Greyfriars without playing, we shall be cackled simply to death—"

"I understand! It's a go!" Lynn looked at his watch. "Come in! I'll telephone to the hotel, and we'll have the men down here in a brace of jiffies. We'll pitch the stumps as soon as I can get my men here."

"And we'll stick to six p.m. for drawing stumps?" asked Wharton.

Lynn burst into a laugh. "Yes; if you last until six!" he replied. "Right-ho!"

And the Greyfriars juniors, in high spirits again, trooped into the Lantham Cricket Ground—to play the Trojans, after all!

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Play Up for Greyfriars!

STUMPS were pitched at eleven. Harry Wharton & Co. had quite recovered their spirits by this time.

They had been japed, and they were in little doubt as to who was the japer. Coker, undoubtedly, was nearly killing himself with merriment at Greyfriars at that very moment. But the laugh would be on the other side when Coker discovered how his jape had turned out!

Lynn was a sportsman, and he had acted nobly; the juniors felt that. They were going to have the match after all!

"And we owe it to Coker!" grinned Bob Cherry, in the pavilion. "Coker has got us this match with the Trojans! Coker!"

And the Removites shouted with laughter. It was true enough. But for Coker of the Fifth, they certainly would never have played the Trojans! Coker's plot had fixed up the match for them—which was certainly the last thing in the world that Horace Coker had intended or dreamed of.

The Trojans had arrived on the ground, strolling in by ones and twos, in a state of astonishment and hilarity. The idea of playing a schoolboy team seemed to strike most of them as funny. Certainly the teams seemed very disproportioned when they were seen together—an eleven of Goliaths opposed to an eleven of Davids. But the juniors remembered that David had beaten Goliath.

Lynn tossed with Harry Wharton, smiling. He won the toss, and elected to bat first. His idea was to pile up a big score in a few overs, and then declare, and let the schoolboys bat. Then he would make them follow on their innings, and their two totals not equalling the Trojans' first score, the match would be over. There was no need for it to last after lunch.

That was Lynn's plan—gratifying the schoolboys by giving them the match they wanted, and having a morning's fun with them. Only, the Greyfriars Remove were tougher customers than Lynn knew. He was going to find that out.

Lynn himself and Flaherty went to the wickets for the first over. Harry Wharton placed his men to field. He had watched Lynn's performances once, and he knew what to expect, and the Greyfriars juniors fielded deep. And they looked very businesslike as they took up their positions.

The Trojans were smiling, as was only to be expected. But the Greyfriars players were not smiling. It was deadly earnest with them, and they meant to surprise the Trojans if they could.

Tom Brown, the New Zealander, was put on to bowl first. Lynn swiped away the ball, and three were run. The next ball gave Flaherty four. For the third ball Flaherty took three, bringing his skipper back to the batting end. Tom Brown sent

down the fourth ball of the over, and Lynn drove it through the slips, and they ran.

But— A white figure leaped up from the green, there was a faint sound—something between a click and a kiss—and Harry Wharton of Greyfriars was holding up the ball!

And the umpire gasped: "Out!"

Lynn stood and stared. He had been caught out at the fourth ball of the first over—caught out by a schoolboy! No wonder he stared.

Up went the ball from Wharton's hand, to come down straight as a die into his palm again.

Lynn's face broke into a grin. "Well caught!" he said.

And he walked back to the pavilion, laughing, and another man came in to take his place.

The fieldsmen exchanged looks of satisfaction. True, the Trojan captain had not been so alert as he would have been in a more serious match; but that did not alter the fact that he had been caught out, and one wicket had fallen in the first over. It was a good beginning for Greyfriars.

And it had taught the Trojans to be careful, too. They played up now as if they were facing a team of their own weight, and did not give away chances if they could help it. But there were some they could not help, and the juniors were only too watchful to take advantage of them.

The score was at 50 for one wicket, when Tom Brown bowled Flaherty clean as a whistle. And there was a joyous yell from the field:

"How's that?" "Out!"

Flaherty stared down at his wrecked wicket, and walked off, shaking his head. He had not expected to be bowled. But the New Zealand junior had performed the unexpected.

Lynn grinned as Flaherty joined him outside the pavilion. He was watching the fielding of the Greyfriars juniors with an approving eye.

"Hot stuff, those kids!" Lynn remarked. "Faith, and you're right!" said Flaherty. "They caught you napping, but I was clean bowled—as good a thing as I've seen at the Oval or Lord's. They're hot stuff intirely!"

"We'll declare when we get the hundred," Lynn remarked. "They won't pile up a hundred in both their innings, of course. A dozen, or twenty, perhaps, in their first—as they seem to be rather hot stuff—and then we'll make them follow on."

"But we sha'n't get more than the century before lunch," remarked Flaherty. "We shall be playing in the afternoon after all, my boy."

Flaherty was right. The Trojans' two best bats were out, and the rest, good as they were, found that the Greyfriars' field was very hard to deal with. The bowling was of the best, Tom Brown and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh doing their very best—and their very best was good indeed. Vernon-Smith, as a change bowler, was also at the top of his form, and he accounted for a Trojan wicket. Lynn's idea of a hundred for no wickets had had to be abandoned before the first over was finished. Then he had to abandon his intention of winding up the match before lunch. And, indeed, if he had not resolved to declare at a hundred, the innings itself would not have been finished before lunch.

The runs were coming in more slowly now, as the field warmed to its work. The quickness, the alertness, the pace of the juniors opened the eyes of the Trojans. Six wickets were down by the time the score reached a hundred. It was half-past twelve.

Then Lynn declared.

Harry Wharton & Co. were glad enough of it. By declaring the innings at an end, the Trojans deprived themselves of the additional runs they might have gained, and Wharton hoped that they would need them later on in the match.

"They fancy we can't get a hundred in both innings," Bob Cherry murmured to his leader, "and I fancy that we're going to undeceive them—what?"

"You bet!" said Harry tersely.

"You're going to lunch with us, you youngsters," said Lynn genially. "We're having lunch sent from the hotel, you know. This way!"

The junior cricketers lunched with the Trojans in great spirits.

They had not done badly, so far, in the great match, and they had high hopes for the afternoon. With luck, they might succeed in astonishing the Trojans yet. And as they lunched with the hospitable Trojans, they wondered what the fellows were thinking at Greyfriars.

"Coker will be expecting us back," Frank Nugent remarked, with a chuckle. "He will be rather surprised when we don't come."

And the juniors grinned. The practical joker certainly would be mystified by the failure of the japed eleven to return to the school. After lunch the juniors expected to see Greyfriars fellows dropping in at the Lantham ground. They went on to begin their innings in great spirits.

Harry Wharton and Bob Cherry opened the innings. The Trojans were smiling as they trooped out to field. How long the school-boy innings would last under such bowling as the Trojans could give them they could guess. Flaherty went on to bowl the first over—to Wharton's wicket.

Flaherty was a bowler of renown. County batsmen dreaded him, and sometimes got "rattled" when he gripped the round red ball in his sinewy hand, and took his little hopping run.

But Wharton was not "rattled" perhaps because he had never played Flaherty's bowling before. He stood up coolly to the bowling, and stopped the first ball dead, declining to be tempted to hit out at it. He stopped the second ball, and the third. He ventured to hit the fourth, and it sailed away, far beyond the reach of the field, and the batsmen ran—once, twice, and safe home!

They had broken their ducks, at all events! "Good men!" said Lynn, as he tossed in the ball too late.

And they were soon proving that they were good men, for Harry Wharton had taken 20 off his own bat before he was bowled, and Bob Cherry had pined up 10 of his own when he was caught in the slips. Peter Todd put 8 on the score, Nugent added 4, Penfold contributed 6; and then Vernon-Smith, the Bounder of Greyfriars, was in, with Mark Linley at the other end. Forty-eight for five wickets. That was not bad for schoolboys against the Trojans. But there was better to come.

For the Bounder of Greyfriars was in wonderful form, and Mark Linley backed him up well. The Trojans opened their eyes when the Bounder swiped away the first ball to the boundary, and followed it up with another. Their bowlers put all they knew into it, but the Bounder was firmly planted. Linley went out with 8 to his credit, and Bulstrode joined Vernon-Smith. Bulstrode added 4, but the Bounder was scoring all the time. Lynn's face looked quite serious when the 100 runs were turned, 49 of them belonging to the Bounder of Greyfriars.

"Faith, and they've touched the century!" Flaherty gasped.

And the Bounder was still scoring. But it was not to last much longer. The Greyfriars score was 115 when the Bounder went out, caught by Lynn. Five more had been added by the time they were all down. And the total read: First innings—Trojans, 100; Greyfriars, 120. And Lynn and his merry men had to bat again.

**THE FIFTH CHAPTER.**

**Not as Per Programme!**

**H**ORACE COKER wondered. Where were the Remove cricketers?

For hours now the school had been chuckling, waiting for their return. But they had not returned. Was it that they dared not face the laughter of the school, and were making a day of it in the motor-car? That seemed the only possible explanation to Coker of the Fifth. But, somehow, he was beginning to feel uneasy.

Bolsover major of the Remove came up to him in the Close soon after dinner. Bolsover was looking ratty.

"Look here, Coker!" he exclaimed. "Have you been pulling our leg—what?"

"What do you mean?" snapped Coker.

"About that jape. It looks to me as if they are really playing the Trojans, and you prevented us from going over to see them! Is that your little game?"

Coker snorted.

"I tell you they're not playing! It was a jape from beginning to end!"

"Then why haven't they come back?"

"Afraid to show their faces, most likely," said Potter.

"Oh, that's all rot!" said Bolsover major decidedly. "If you'd fooled them like that, they'd come back top speed and rag you bald-headed, Coker! They've not come back, and so I'm pretty certain they are playing the Trojans. Own up!"

"They're not playing!" growled Coker.

"Well, I'm going over to see!" said Bolsover major. "I'm going to catch the two o'clock train at Courtfield!"

"You'll have your journey for your trouble!" sneered Greene.

"I'll risk that."

Several more Removites decided to risk it, too, beginning to believe that Coker, instead of having japed Harry Wharton & Co., as he had declared, was japing the school, to keep them away from the great match. Coker wore a worried look as half a dozen Removites departed for Courtfield Station.

"I'm blessed if I quite understand it!" he confided to Potter and Greene. "What that young cad said is quite true—they'd have come back raging to scalp us."

"But they can't be playing the Trojans," said Greene helplessly. "The Trojans weren't expecting them—hadn't even heard of their existence."

"Something's gone wrong," said Potter.

"But they can't be playing!"

"Goodness knows!"

Coker & Co. were feeling quite uneasy and worried. The great jape seemed to be falling flat. During the next hour or so Bolsover's opinion gained ground. A good many fellows told Coker what they thought of him, and started for Lantham.

Coker tried to feel that they were going to have their long journey for nothing, but, somehow, he couldn't feel quite easy about it. Something must have gone wrong with the great plot—what, he could not guess, but evidently something.

Coker & Co. were lounging idly at the gates when the telegraph-boy came from the post-office. It was nearly two hours since Bolsover major and his comrades had gone. The telegraph-boy went into the House, and two minutes later a crowd of juniors came rushing out, making for the gates.

"Hallo! Where are you off to?" asked Coker.

"Lantham."

"I tell you there's no match!"

"And I tell you there is!" shouted Skinner, waving a telegram under Coker's nose. "That's from Bolsover. He's sent it from Lantham. I asked him to wire me if there was a match."

Coker gazed at the telegram in stupefaction. It read:

"All serene. Remove playing Trojans. Going strong.—Bolsover."

"Remove playing Trojans!" stuttered Coker.

"Yes! Hurrah!"

"Bolsover must be spoofing you!" yelled Coker wildly. "I tell you they're not playing the Trojans! I tell you the man Smith who wrote to them wasn't Smith at all! His name's Jones, and he's a bookmaker, and I paid him to write from the Lantham Hotel!"

"Well, they've fixed it up somehow, all the same," grinned Skinner. "Ta-ta, Coker! I'm off to Lantham!"

The news of the telegram had spread, and other fellows were off to Lantham now in crowds. Wingate of the Sixth glared at Coker as he passed him on the way out.

"So you were japing us, to keep us away from the match, you thundering ass, Coker!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"I—I wasn't!" said Coker feebly. "I tell you there isn't a match!"

"Rot!" said Wingate.

And he hurried out. Coker & Co. exchanged dismayed glances. Potter and Greene were feeling ratty towards their great chief.

"Something's gone wrong," said Coker



"HOW'S THAT, SIR?" The score was at 50 for one wicket, when Tom Brown bowled the famous Flaherty clean as a whistle. There was a joyous yell from the field. "How's that?" "Out!" Flaherty stared at his wrecked wicket. He had not expected to be bowled. But Brown had performed the unexpected. (See Chapter 4.)





Supplement No. 119.

Week Ending April 21st, 1923.

**IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!**  
By **BILLY BUNTER.**

My Dear Readers,—Life would be a very dull and dreary affair if it wasn't for the postman.

I have no wish to write like an eye-brow (that is, a person of superior education); but I regard the postman as a harbinger of hope. Sometimes he is a harbinger of gloom as well. When he brings me a letter containing a post-order, I could fall on his neck and whisper words of grattitude in his ear. But when he brings me nothing at all I feel like booting him through the school gateway!

The postman plays such a prominent part in the joys and sorrows of school life, and he is such a highly-important person that I felt I could not do better than publish a special number of my WEEKLY for his bennyfit.

I sincerely trusted that the Greyfriars postman—an ancient, bewhiskered "beever" named Blogg—will appreciate my kind thought, and bring me lots and lots of letters containing post-orders in the near future. When I meet him in the Close, in the early morning, and say, "Any for me, Blogg?" I shall eggspect him to brighten up and say, "Yes, Master Bunter, there's duzzens and duzzens!" But if he shakes his head sorrowfully, and says, "Nothing doing, Master Bunter!" I shall feel like taking his sack and giving him a swipe over the napper with it!

As for you, my dear readers, I feel sure you will larf and glote right merrily over this Special Postman Number, which is the best I have ever produced until next week.

I can imagine you saying, "Hallo, Billy! What have you got up your sleeve for next week?" To which I reply, in the langwidge of the lady named Polly Tishun, "Weight and sea!"

I will now bid you a dew, and I sincerely hope this number won't prove a frost.

Your plump pal,  
**YOUR EDITOR.**

**THE POSTMAN!**  
By **Dick Brooke.**  
(of the Shell Form, St. Jim's.)

Who shuffles with unsteady gait  
Into the quad at half-past eight?  
For whom does everybody wait?  
The Postman!

Who bears a bag upon his back,  
And sometimes heaves a bulging sack?  
Who has the whole school on his track?  
The Postman!

Who comes with shoals and shoals of letters  
From comrades, creditors, and debtors?  
Who bids good-morning to his betters?  
The Postman!

Who once within his post-bag took  
A lengthy and exhaustive look,  
And said, "Fifteen for Master Brooke!"  
The Postman!

Who brought me, by a stroke of luck,  
A topping hamper crammed with tuck?  
And asked for oranges to suck?  
The Postman!

Who has to come three times a day  
To the big college Rylcombe way?  
Who growls and grumbles at his pay?  
The Postman!

Who calls for "tips" at Christmastide,  
And taps his pockets with great pride  
Because there's so much wealth inside?  
The Postman!

Who once went flying through the air  
When Towser did his trousers tear,  
While letters scattered everywhere?  
The Postman!

For whom does Baggy Trimble wait?  
To whom does he exclaim, "You're late!"  
When there's a step outside the gate?  
The Postman!

Who is the school's most welcome guest,  
Bringing us letters of the best,  
And others— (Never mind the rest!)?  
The Postman!

**MY POSTBAG FOR THIS WEEK!**  
By **Sammy Bunter.**  
(Sub-Editor.)

**MONDAY.**  
Letter from Aunt Prue hoping I am quite well, as it leeves her at present. Wish she'd leeve me a present! I wrote and asked her to send me a hoarse, so that I could gallop round the Close, and make all my school-fellows jellus. And what do you think she sent me? A rocking hoarse! Bah!

**TUESDAY.**  
Postcard from Uncle Bob wishing me many happy returns. The silly chump seems to think it's my berthday. He ought to know by now that I have a berthday every Satterday, not every Tuesday! In any case, he might have sent me sumthing a bit more substantial than a postcard. Oh, these aunts and uncles!

**WEDNESDAY.**  
Nothing arrived this morning. No letters, no postcards, no parcels, no nothing! I asked the postman what had happened to all my korrespondence, and he said perhaps it was hung up. He speaks of it as if it were Monday mornin's washing! I feel very sav-vidge at the thought that noboddy loves me enuff to send me a letter.

**THURSDAY.**  
Another blank day. Half a duzzen letters for my brother Billy, but nothing whatever for me. I feel very sick and sorry about the whole bizziness.

**FRIDAY.**  
I reelly can't understand it. Not a line from anybody. All my friends and relations seem to have cast me off in my old age. I berst into tears when I found there were no letters for me.

**SATTERDAY.**  
At last! No less than twenty letters arrived for me this morning. I paraded them under the nozes of the other fellows, and made them all jellus. They simply couldn't understand me having twenty letters in one delivery. "You lucky little beggar!" they eggscclaimed. But I wonder what they would have said if they knew that I had written all those letters, and posted them to myself?

**NEXT WEEK!**  
**ROBIN HOOD!!**  
**'NUFF SAID!!!**  
THE POPULAR.—No. 222.



Pity the Poor Postman!

BY PERCY PLODDER. (The Rookwood Postman.)

WHEN you're jog, jog, joggin' along the highway, with a weighty sack of letters or parcels on your back, life is anything but a bed of roses.

How many of the young gents at Rookwood stop to think what the poor postman has to go through? If he happens to be five minutes late with the letters, they goes for him baldheaded, so to speak. They don't realise the miles and miles he's had to tramp. They forget that when it's a wet morning the roads are like quagmires. They also forgets that I suffers cruel bad with the gout, and finds it difficult to hobble along. Besides, I'm nigh on sixty years of age, and can't be expected to sprint along the roads like a two-year-old.

I'll tell you the sort of experience I has to put up with. I arrive at Rookwood about half-past eight in the morning, and Master Muffin rushes up to me, and he says, says he:

"Anything for me, Plodder?"

"No, Master Muffin," says I.

"Then you're a beastly fraud!" says he. "You're a snare and a delusion. Yah! Beaver! Why don't you trim your beard?"

Then Master Peele comes running up.

"Mornin', Plodder!" says he.

"Marnin', Master Peele!" says I.

"Have you brought me a parcel?" says he.

"Nunno," says I.

"Then you're a baldheaded old buffer!" says he, fierce-like. "I hope you fall in a ditch on your way back to the village, or get knocked down by a stray cow."

These are the sort of insults that I gets showered upon me morning after morning. It fair gets a man's goat, to be treated like a slave instead of a human being.

But there is a brighter side to my existence, thank goodness! Not all the young gents at Rookwood are like Master Peele and Master Muffin.

Before the school broke up for the Christmas holidays last year, Master

Silver says to his friends, "What about poor old Plodder, the postman? It's time he had a good fat tip."

"Hear, hear!" chimes in Master Lovell. "Let's have a whip-round for Plodder's benefit."

The result was that I received nigh on two pounds, and was able to get a fine plump turkey for the Christmas dinner, as well as some toys and sweets to put in the youngsters' stockings.

But Christmas only comes once a year, more's the pity, and I shall have to wait many weary months before I gets any more tips.

Wet or fine, snow or hail, wind or blizzard, you'll see me plodding along the highway with my sack. They offered me a bicycle once, but I don't hold with these newfangled inventions.

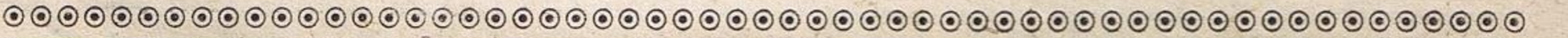
"What was we given feet for?" says I. "To push pedals round with? No, to walk on!" None of your bicycles and tricycles and motor-scooters for me!

Mine's a hard life, mine is. And it don't carry no princely pay with it, neither. There's a slight difference between a Cabinet Minister's salary and a postman's. And yet the Cabinet Minister toils not, neither do he spin, whereas the postman is always on the go.

If you've got a spark of ambition, if you wants to succeed in life, don't become a postman. That's my advice to the young gents of the present generation. You spends all your time fetching and carrying, and you're at everybody's beck and call.

The call of duty demands that I should lay down my pen. I've got a couple of sacks of letters to cart up to Rookwood.

Oh, my poor feet! Anybody got a couple of artificial legs to spare?



The Langwidge of Letters!

BY BAGGY TRIMBLE. (Sub-Editor.)

HAVE you ever studied the langwidge of letters? It's quite a fascinating hobby.

By simply glancing at the outside of an envelope, I can tell eggsactly what sort of a letter that envelope contains.

"Fiddlestix!" I can imagine you saying. "Poo-poo!"

Of corse, it does seem pretty wonderful, on the face of it. But then, I've made a lifelong study of letters.

What do I go by in order to form my deductions? The handwriting? Not at all! I go by the position of the stamp on the envelope. And I will now let you into the secrets of the bizzness.

If the stamp is stuck on the top right-hand corner of the envelope, in the usual way, it means that there's just an ordinary letter inside from one of your relations, hoping you are quite well as it leeves him at prezzant.

If the stamp happens to be upside-down, it means that there is trubble in the fambly, and that everything is topsyturvy at home.

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If the stamp is on the top left-corner of the envelope, instead of on the right, you can jump for joy. There's a remittance inside that envelope!

This is not a hard-and-fast rule, however. I once threw a couple of letters away bekwase they didn't happen to be stamped in the top left corner. And it afterwards transpired that both letters had contained remittanses!

If the stamp is situated right in the middle of the envelope, instead of at the side, it means that you may eggspect a remittance in the near future. The letter inside the envelope will say, "Dear Tom, I am sending you a fat check, but not this time!"

If the stamp isn't on the face of the envelope at all, but stuck on the back, you'd better not open the letter, bekwase it's a "ticking-off" from your people. The Head has just sent them your school report, and they are simply furious to think you are at the bottom of the class. Beware of the envelope with the stamp on the back!

If you find a letter with only a half-penny stamp on it, and the envelope

unsealed, you can bet your bottom dollar it's a bill. Don't throw it away. Bills are very useful for lighting study fires, and so fourth.

When the stamp happens to slant to the right, it is a token of affeckshun. You may eggspect the letter to read as follows: "Dear Billy,—I have grate plezzure in enclosing my fond love and good wishes." Personally, I always throw such letters away in disgussed. You can't get very fat on love and good wishes.

But when the stamp slants to the left, everything in the garden is lovely! The letter will kommeence: "Dear Joe,—Under separate cover I am sending you a hamper crammed full of delishus tuck." And you will dance a hornpipe in your delight, and eggsclaim, "That's the stuff to give 'em!"

When a letter isn't stamped at all, don't take it. If you do, you'll be letting yourself in for about fourpence surcharge. You can safely konklood that an unstamped letter will be a rood or insulting one. Give it back to the postman, and tell him he can take it away and berry it!

I am making no charge for all these valewable hints, which I trussed you will find of grate service to you.

In future you will be able to tell at a glanse what sort of a letter you've got—weather it contains a remittance, or somebody's love and good wishes, or a jolly good ticking-off, or the prommis of a remittance in the near future.

As I remarked at the beginning of this artikle, the langwidge of letters is a very fascinating affair, and every sensible fellow will not hezzitate to take it up.

[Supplement II.]



# Billy Bunter's Windfall!

By DONALD OGILVY.  
(of the Remove, Greyfriars.)

**B**LOGG, the postman, was wending his weary way across the Close at Greyfriars. The metallic clank of his hob-nailed boots on the flagstones made merry music.

Crowds of fellows were waiting to waylay him.

"Buck up, Blogg!"

"Put a jerk in it!"

"Any for me?"

The postman halted.

"Go easy, young gents," he said. "Give a man time to breathe."

The sack was opened, and Blogg plunged his hand into its yawning depths. The hand came up again, clasping a bundle of letters. They were the Remove letters, already sorted, with a rubber band round them.

"I say, Blogg, hand mine over first, there's a good fellow!" urged Billy Bunter.

"Expecting a postal-order, Bunt?" asked Bob Cherry, with a chuckle.

"Yes."

"Blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall not be disappointed!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Billy Bunter was obviously expecting something. And, what was more to the point, he got it.

Blogg suddenly exploded a bombshell.

"Fifteen for Master Bunter!" he announced.

There was a buzz of amazement.

"Great jumping crackers!"

"Blogg must be pulling our legs!"

But the aged and venerable postman was no leg-puller. There were fifteen letters for Billy Bunter, right enough. They were handed over to the fat junior, who counted them, and found the number correct.

Bob Cherry blinked at Bunter. Like the prophet of old, he was amazed with a great amazement.

"Jove, what a collection!" gasped Bob. "Where did they all come from, Bunt?"

"From my titled relations, of course," said Bunter, with dignity. "I've been expecting remittances ever since the term started, and now they've all come in a bunch."

"You—you don't mean to say that all those letters contain remittances?" gasped Harry Wharton.

Bunter nodded.

"I don't believe it!" said the captain of the Remove bluntly.

"Then I'll jolly soon convince you, and any other doubting Thomases who happen to be present."

So saying, Billy Bunter opened the envelopes one by one. And from each envelope he extracted a postal-order.

The fellows looked on in growing amazement. The old, old story of the expected postal-order had come true at last, with a vengeance!

By a curious coincidence, each postal-order happened to be for the same amount—sixpence. But fifteen sixpenny postal-orders were not to be sneezed at. They could be converted into seven shillings and sixpence hard cash.

There were letters with the postal-orders. But Bunter didn't trouble to read them. He thrust them into his pocket.

"My titled relations have turned up trumps at last," said Bunter. "I expect I shall get another crop of remittances by the midday post."

Nobody else expected the same thing. One miracle had already happened, and to expect a couple of miracles to happen in one day was absurd.

But when the midday post arrived, the fellows rubbed their eyes, and asked themselves if they were dreaming.

A further consignment of letters came for Billy Bunter. There were seven in all, and each of them contained a postal-order for sixpence!

Although Bunter insisted that the postal-orders had been sent to him by his titled relations, he was careful not to exhibit any of the letters. And this made lots of fellows suspicious.

"Bunter's working some stunt or other, and I mean to find out what it is," said Skinner, who rather fancied himself as an amateur detective.

Next day a further flood of postal-orders arrived for Bunter. And the fat junior spent most of his leisure time perched on a high stool in the tuckshop, sampling Mrs. Mibble's jam-tarts.

The fellows were more and more mystified. But Skinner soon got to the bottom of the business. He was scanning the advertisement columns of a certain weekly journal, when he came across the following advertisement:

"HOW TO PUT ON FLESH! Simple and effective method. Fully explained, on receipt of sixpenny postal-order, by W. G. BUNTER, Greyfriars School, Friardale."

Greatly excited at his discovery, Skinner went along to Study No. 7.

"The game's up, Bunter!" he said.

"Eh? What game?" asked the fat junior, in alarm.

"I've spotted your advertisement in the paper."

"Oh crumbs!"

"You've been advising people how to put on flesh. What have you been telling them?"

"Look here, Skinner, you beast, this is no business of yours!"

Skinner's eye, roving round the study, alighted on a number of slips of paper on the table, ready for dispatch. Each slip of paper contained the "simple and effective method" for putting on flesh. It consisted of four words only:

"LAF AND GROW FAT!"

"My only aunt!" gasped Skinner. "So this is the advice that you've been charging a tanner a time for! You'll get it in the neck for this, you fat swindler!"

Skinner reported his discovery to Harry



As soon as Bunter's trick was exposed, Harry Wharton summoned a Form meeting. Billy Bunter was court-martialled, found guilty, and lammed with a fives bat!

Wharton, who decided to deal with the matter himself. If it got to the ears of the authorities, there would have been serious trouble for Bunter.

Wharton summoned a Form meeting, and Billy Bunter was court-martialled, and lammed with a fives bat.

The Owl of the Remove had spent all his ill-gotten gains. But Wharton was determined that Bunter's victims should receive their money back. There was a whip-round among the fellows, and the sixpenny postal-orders were refunded to Bunter's clients.

Bunter was ordered to repay his school-fellows by instalments. "And if you don't settle up by the end of the term," said Wharton grimly, "you'll be made to run the gauntlet!"

Moreover, the editor of the paper was written to, and further insertions of Bunter's advertisement were cancelled.

The deluge of postal-orders ceased forthwith. And Blogg, the postman, no longer astonishes the Greyfriars Remove with the remark:

"Fifteen for Master Bunter!"

THE END.

## GREAT EXPECTATIONS!

By Dick Penfold.

(The Greyfriars Bard.)

With heavy sack upon his back,  
The postman staggers in;  
"He's like a blessed Santa Claus,"  
Says Cherry, with a grin.  
"Hi, postman! Anything for me?"  
"Nay, not this mornin', sir," says he.

There's one for Bulstrode, one for Brown,  
And one for Johnny Bull;  
There's one for nearly every chap  
At good old Greyfriars School.  
"Oh, postman! Surely, one for me?"  
"Nay, not this mornin', sir," says he.

He comes again at twelve o'clock,  
His sack is somewhat smaller;  
He does not have to bend or stoop,  
He seems six inches taller!  
"Hi, postman! Anything for me?"  
"Nay, not this noontide, sir," says he.

There's one for Snoop and one for Stott,  
And six for Harold Skinner;  
The postman brings a further batch  
As soon as we've had dinner.  
"Kind postman! Anything for me?"  
"Nay, not this artemoon," says he.

For weary weeks I wait and wait,  
But nothing ever comes;  
Letters and postcards by the score  
Are showered upon my chums.  
"Say, postman! Anything for me?"  
"Don't keep on worritin'!" says he.

Years pass; in nineteen-ninety-nine  
The postman comes again;  
Not shuffling on his gouty pins,  
But in an aeroplane.  
"Hi, postman! Anything for me?"  
"Ten thousand letters, sir!" says he.

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FOOTBALL IN LONDON!

Dick Redfern, the St. Jim's exile, falls in with his old chums under strange circumstances, and a mystery is solved!

A DRAMATIC ARRIVAL!



THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER!

A Fine, Long, Complete Story, dealing with the adventures of Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's. By

MARTIN CLIFFORD

(Author of the famous tales of Tom Merry & Co., appearing in the "Gem" Library.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Schoolboy's Honour!

ANY news of Redfern?" Tom Merry asked the question almost hopelessly.

A long week had elapsed since Dick Redfern, of the New House, had run away from St. Jim's by night. And nothing had been heard of him since.

If any news turned up, Lawrence and Owen would be the first to get it. They were Reddy's closest chums. Tom Merry, seeing them walking together in the quadrangle on that sunny April morning, approached them with his question.

Lawrence shook his head. "Not a line from Reddy," he said. "We've haunted the letter-rack for days, but nothing has turned up. It may be that Reddy's afraid to write to us, because the postmark would betray where he was. And, of course, if the Head knew, Reddy would be brought back to St. Jim's—and then sacked in disgrace."

Tom Merry nodded. "I'm still convinced that Redfern wasn't guilty of playing that trick on Ratty—mixing up the lantern slides, I mean," he said. "Reddy gave his word of honour that he wouldn't tamper with the slides, and his word is as good as his bond. And yet—if Reddy didn't do it, who did?"

"Chowle," said Owen promptly. "Well, he's certainly cad enough," agreed Tom Merry. "It's quite on the cards that he sneaked into Ratty's study and meddled with the slides. But there isn't a tittle of evidence against him."

"Yes, there is," said Lawrence. "What! You've found out something?" "Yes. Chowle has given the whole game away."

"Great Scott!" Tom Merry stared at Lawrence in amazement.

"You—you mean to say that Chowle has confessed?" he gasped.

"In a way, yes," replied Lawrence. "But he hasn't confessed openly and publicly."

Tom Merry looked bewildered. "You're talking in riddles," he said. "Would your mind telling me what has happened?"

Lawrence explained, as the three juniors strolled along together.

"We happened to be awake till after midnight last night, jawing about poor old Reddy," he said. "Presently, we were startled to hear a chap talking in his sleep. It was Chowle. He was jabbering incoherently at first, and we didn't take any notice of him. But after a time he started talking about the lantern slides, and, of course, we were all attention. Chowle

described the whole business—how he sneaked into Ratty's study just before the lantern lecture, and got all the slides out of order. He didn't do it with the idea of getting Redfern blamed for it. It was just a jape."

Tom Merry gave a low whistle. "Chowle said all this in his sleep?"

"Yes. I suppose it had been preying on his mind—Reddy being unjustly blamed, and all the rest of it. And even in his sleep it haunted him."

"Have you spoken to Chowle about this?" "Not yet," said Owen. "But he's guilty, right enough. Reddy's name is cleared, and he'll be found and brought back to the school."

But Tom Merry was not so sanguine. "What a fellow says in his sleep is not evidence," he said. "That point has been thrashed out in a court of law, many a time. If a man happens to say in his sleep, 'I am a murderer,' it doesn't really follow that he's killed anybody. I don't doubt that Chowle is guilty; but the Head wouldn't accept his sleep-talking as evidence."

"It's good enough for us," said Lawrence. "But it's not good enough for the Head. Old Ratty has got it firmly wedged into his mind that Redfern's guilty, and so has Dr. Holmes. Nothing short of a frank confession from Chowle will alter their convictions."

"Then Chowle must be made to confess," said Owen grimly. "Why should Reddy's reputation and honour have to suffer because of a worm like Chowle? We must force him to own up."

"Well, we'll have a shot at it," said Tom Merry. "We'll go and interview Chowle; in fact, I'll bring a whole crowd of fellows along. The more the merrier, in a matter of this sort. Chowle will see that public feeling is against him."

It was not difficult to collect a crowd. The quadrangle was alive with fellows.

Tom Merry signalled to Jack Blake & Co., and Figgins & Co., and Talbot and Harry Noble. Manners and Lowther also joined the party.

The fellows were amazed when they heard of the admissions Chowle had made in his sleep.

"Let's go and tackle the cad!" said Figgins impatiently.

It was a strong force of juniors that went to call on Cyril Chowle. There were fifteen, as a matter of fact, and they packed Chowle's study to overflowing.

Chowle sprang to his feet, alarmed at this wholesale invasion. He was not mildly alarmed, but very seriously alarmed. The sea of accusing faces greatly disconcerted him.

Tom Merry acted as spokesman. "We want a few words with you, Chowle," he said.

"What—what about?" stammered the cad of the New House, nervously fingering the back of a chair.

"A little incident that occurred last night. You were talking in your sleep."

Chowle turned pale. He was not aware that he was in the habit of talking in his sleep, and he wondered what he had said. Had he given himself away? Had he unwittingly declared Redfern's innocence, and his own guilt? The thought was truly terrifying.

Never was guilt more plainly written on a fellow's face than on Chowle's at that moment.

There was a silence in the study—one of those silences that could be felt.

The spell was at last broken by Chowle himself.

"How—how do you know I was talking in my sleep, Merry?" he faltered.

"Lawrence and Owen heard you." "What was I saying?"

"You described how you sneaked into Ratty's study and tampered with his lantern slides."

Chowle gave a violent start. "I—I—" he stuttered.

"The game's up, you cad!" said Lawrence. "We know perfectly well that it was you who played that jape on Ratty. The jape itself was quite harmless, and we're not sitting in judgment on you for that. What we're furious about is this. Suspicion fell upon Redfern. He had given Ratty his word of honour that he wouldn't interfere with the slides; and it looked as if he had broken his solemn word of honour. He was believed to be guilty, and sent to the punishment-room. He refused to apologise to Ratty when the Head ordered him to do so, and he would have been flogged—possibly sacked—in the morning. But he didn't wait for the morning. He bolted during the night. If you had owned up in the first place, all this would have been avoided. It was to save your own precious skin that you allowed Redfern to be blamed. But a belated confession is better than no confession at all—and you're going to confess now!"

This was quite a lengthy speech for Edgar Lawrence. But it got home.

A denial hovered on Chowle's lips. He was about to protest his innocence. But he realised that this would not avail him much. Everybody in the study thought him guilty. He was driven to the wall with a vengeance. If he continued to brazen it out the fellows would make his life not worth living.

After much mental torment, Chowle decided to confess.

"I—I own up," he panted. "It was I who changed the slides. But I didn't do it to get Redfern into trouble—believe me, I didn't—"

"We're willing to believe that," said Tom



Merry. "You'd have saved a tremendous lot of bother if you had confessed a week ago. Still, as Lawrence says, a belated confession is better than no confession at all. Come along, Chowle!"

"Eh? Where to?" asked Chowle, in alarm. "To the Head's study, of course."

Chowle's legs trembled under him. "I—I say, you chaps," he muttered. "Can't you keep this to yourselves—sort of hush it up, I mean?"

"Certainly not!" said Tom Merry scornfully. "You seem to forget that Redfern's honour is at stake. You'll come to the Head right now!"

The wretched Chowle had no alternative. He was marched away to the Head's study, trembling in every limb, and already half-regretting his confession.

Tom Merry tapped on the door, and the deep voice of the Head said, "Come in!"

The door was opened, and Chowle was fairly pushed into the study. In fact, he was given so violent a push that he landed on all fours on the Head's carpet.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes, in amazement. "How dare you enter my study in this precipitate manner, Chowle?"

"I couldn't help it, sir. I was pushed!" muttered the unhappy junior, staggering to his feet.

"Have you anything to say to me, Chowle?"

Chowle moistened his dry lips. "I—I've come to confess, sir," he faltered. And the whole miserable story came out.

The Head's stern face did not give Chowle much encouragement. But he struggled through his confession somehow, knowing full well that his schoolfellows were at hand to prompt him if he showed any sign of hesitation.

Dr. Holmes looked very grave when the confession was over.

"Your conduct has been most abominable, Chowle!" he said sternly. "You have allowed Redfern to bear the whole brunt of your guilt. He has now left the school, and cannot be traced. It is possible you have done him an irreparable injury. Why had you not the manliness to come to me before with this confession?"

Without waiting for Chowle to reply to that question—indeed, Chowle would have been hard put to it to make a reply—the Head sent for Kildare of the Sixth, and instructed him to take Chowle away to the punishment-room.

Dick Redfern's name was now cleared. His honour was vindicated. The old school, from the Head down to the smallest fag, would welcome his return.

But where was Redfern?

London seemed the most likely place. But in that vast city, where millions came and went, what hope of finding Dick Redfern? It would be far more feasible, the Head reflected with a sigh, to hunt for a needle in a haystack.

The situation was tantalising to Tom Merry & Co. But they could do nothing. It was for the Head to employ detectives—to use every means in his power to find and restore the runaway.

The juniors of St. Jim's could only wait—and hope.

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**

**Reddy to the Rescue!**

**D**ICK REDFERN was indeed in London. Not an outcast—not one of the wanderers who tramped the streets of the city by day and shivered on the dreary Embankment by night. Though he might well have become one of these but for a stroke of fortune.

Reddy had obtained a job—only a temporary job, it was true—as a reporter on the "Athlete." He was no novice at the game. A keen observer, a clever journalist, and a speedy shorthand-writer, Redfern made a splendid reporter.

His editor was pleased with him. His colleagues liked him, but there was some mystery about him that they could not quite fathom. Redfern was very reticent, and he told nobody that he was a renegade from school. Had he imparted that information it might have meant the sack from his billet.

Even as it was, Redfern was afraid he would not hold the job very long. The man whose place he was taking was ill, but he was making a rapid recovery. As soon as he was fit enough to resume his duties Redfern would have to go.

Reddy's first working week came to an end on the Saturday. The editor sent for him and paid him his salary.

He glanced keenly at Redfern as he handed over the money.

"You have performed very creditably, kid," he said. "You ought to develop into a very fine sporting journalist!"

Redfern flushed at the compliment.

"Is there anything for me to do this afternoon, sir?" he asked.

"Yes. I want you to report the school football match which is being played in town—St. James' College versus The Rest."

Redfern gave a violent start. He remembered that this was the day on which St. Jim's were coming to London to play a representative team of public schools.

Having won the Public Schools Cup, St. Jim's had been challenged by "The Rest." It was a friendly fixture, but a very important one, for all that.

"Match starts at three," said the editor. "You know which ground it's being played at, I suppose? Make your report three-quarters of a column, will you?"

Redfern nodded, and quitted the editorial sanctum. He could scarcely trust himself to speak.

A startling situation had arisen. Redfern was to go and see his own school play, and report the match for the "Athlete."

Although he had doffed his Etons, and was wearing ordinary clothes, Tom Merry & Co. would recognise him at once—if they saw him. And, impelled by a sense of duty, they would probably take him back, by force if necessary, to St. Jim's.

That must not happen. Redfern would have to see, without being seen himself. He must bury himself in the Press-box, and not budge from it until the match was over and the players had departed.

Dick Redfern ate a lightning lunch at a small restaurant in Fleet Street. Then he boarded a motor-bus which would take him to the ground. He wanted to get there before the teams arrived.

It was a glorious afternoon—a trifle too warm for football. But it would be a great game. Reddy felt sure of that.

The Rest had a fine team out. Included in their ranks were Harry Wharton and Vernon-Smith, of Greyfriars; and Jimmy Silver and Dick Oswald, of Rookwood.

There were very few people on the ground when Redfern arrived. He went straight to the Press-box, and was delighted to find that there was not much chance of being observed in his lofty retreat.

Another reporter joined him just before the game started. Reddy knew him by sight. He was on the staff of "British Sport," and his name was Belton.

"Topping afternoon!" said Belton. "Yes, rather!"

"Going to be a good game, d'you think?"

"I've no doubt about it," said Redfern. At that moment one of the teams sprinted on to the field. It was the Rest.

Then the St. Jim's team came out. Redfern, surveying them without exposing himself, noticed that they looked far from happy. Tom Merry led them on to the field, and his face wore a worried look.

Redfern counted the players as they came out. There were only ten!

"Hallo! They're a man short," he remarked.

Reddy's companion nodded.

"I've just come from the dressing-room," he said. "I was talking to the skipper of the St. Jim's team, and he told me that one of his fellows was taken queer in the train. Chap called Noble, who was to have played at centre-half."

"Great Scott!"

"There's no time to get a substitute, so the Saints have got to play with ten men."

"Jove, what a handicap!" muttered Redfern.

His heart ached as he gazed out across the green field. His own position in the St. Jim's team had been centre-half. If only he could fill it now!

A wild impulse came upon him to rush on to the field and offer his services to Tom Merry. But that would not do. Emphatically it would not do. It would be an act of madness.



**OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN!** The door of the dressing-room opened, and there was a yell of amazement from the St. Jim's footballers. Then Redfern spoke. "I want to help you out, Merry—I want to play in the second half, if you'll let me!" he said. (See Chapter 3.)

The referee blew his whistle, and Tom Merry lined up his men.

Levison dropped back from the forward line to fill the centre-half vacancy. This meant that St. Jim's had only four forwards.

To crown his misfortunes, Tom Merry lost the toss. The Saints had to battle against a blustering wind that buffeted into their faces.

The ball was kicked off, and Dick Redfern's pencil began to race over his notebook.

There was a sensational opening. Vernon-Smith dashed down the wing with the speed of a hare. He pulled up within a foot of the corner-flag, and sent across a square pass to Harry Wharton, who let drive at the goal from point-blank range.

There was a roar of "Goal!" But the spectators were too premature. For Fatty Wynn, with the agility of a panther, leapt at the ball and pulled it down. He bounced it, swerved to one side as Wharton rushed him, and punted the leather far up the field.

"Saved, sir!"

"Oh, well cleared!"

Thunders of applause greeted Fatty Wynn's great effort.

But the Rest were soon swarming around Fatty's goal again, and he had his hands full keeping them at bay.

It was a case of a spirited attack against a dour defence. And the defence was bound to cave in sooner or later.

Nothing was seen of the St. Jim's forwards. They were utterly disorganised.

Cardew wandered about aimlessly, waiting for the pass that never came. Tom Merry did likewise. Talbot and Clive, finding no work to do, fell back to assist the defence.

After twenty minutes' play, Jimmy Silver headed a fine goal for the Rest. The ball whizzed in like a stone from a catapult, and Fatty Wynn scarcely saw it.

It was not until close on the interval that Fatty was beaten again.

The inside-left of the Rest—a boy from Wellington College—fired in a shot which no goalie on earth could have stopped.

"Two up!" said the young reporter who was seated at Dick Redfern's elbow. "It's all over, bar shouting."

Redfern scarcely heard. He noted the look of distress on Tom Merry's face, and a queer gulp came into his throat. It was hard—cruelly hard—to have to look on at the defeat of his old school.

"Play up, the ten men!" cried the crowd encouragingly.

But the gallant ten needed an eleventh. And a great struggle was going on in Dick Redfern's breast. Presently, just as the teams were coming off for the interval, he sprang to his feet. His companion glanced at him in surprise.

"Not going to clear off, surely?" he exclaimed.

"Yes!"

And without another word he made his way to the dressing-room.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Redfern for St. Jim's!

"DICK REDFERN!"

Ten voices uttered the name simultaneously.

Had an apparition suddenly entered the dressing-room, Tom Merry & Co. could not have been more startled.

For a moment there was a stupefied silence. It was broken by Figgins.

"Well, I'm dashed!" said Figgy. "Instead of our finding you, you've found us!"

"I've been here all the time," said Reddy.

"What!"

"I'm supposed to be reporting the match—I've got a temporary job on the 'Athlete.' I stuck it out until half-time. But I—I couldn't go on seeing you fellows struggling against odds. I want to help you out—I want to play in the second half, if you'll let me."

Tom Merry rushed up to Redfern, and grasped his hand tightly.

"Oh, ripping!" he exclaimed. "We shall be at full strength for the second half. Reddy, old sport, you couldn't have popped up at a more critical time!"

"You—you're sure you don't mind me playing?"

"Mind you playing? Great pip! We'd simply love you to!"

"Yes, rather!"

"But you seem to forget that I'm under a

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cloud. I don't really belong to St. Jim's now. I'm as good as sacked!"

"Rats! You're cleared!"

A new light came into Dick Redfern's eyes. He gazed round at the smiling faces of his schoolfellows like one in a dream.

"It's a fact, Reddy!" said Fatty Wynn. "Chowle has confessed, and the Head has engaged detectives to hunt you up and bring you back. You've saved them a job!"

"So it was Chowle who played that prank on Ratty?" said Redfern. "I thought as much all along. But there was no evidence."

"We wrung a confession out of him," said Tom Merry. "He had to make a clean breast of it to the Head, and I believe he's going to be sacked. Anyway, your name's cleared, and the fellows are waiting to welcome you back. There isn't time to send a wire to the Head, telling him you've turned up. Still, it'll be all the bigger surprise for him when you roll up this evening. Hallo! There goes the whistle!"

"What about togs?" asked Redfern quickly.

"Kangaroo's are here. He was taken queer on the train—nothing very serious, but enough to prevent him from playing. He's watching the match from the grandstand. Jump into his togs, and join us as soon as you like!"

Tom Merry led his team on to the field for the second half.

Dick Redfern effected a swift transformation, and the game had only been resumed a couple of minutes when he sprinted on to the field, and took up his position at centre-half, Levison going up with the forwards.

St. Jim's were two goals down, and their chances of victory were remote. But they were a different team now. The presence of Dick Redfern in their ranks cheered and inspired them.

The forwards came into the limelight for the first time.

Levison sped away on the wing, tricked a half and then a back, and whipped the ball across to Tom Merry, who shot without hesitation.

It was a swift and deadly ground shot, and the ball evaded the goalie's frantic clutch and crashed into the net.

"Goal!"

"That's one to us!" chortled Tom Merry. "And now for the equaliser!"

But the Rest, not relishing this sort of treatment, set up a stern defence.

It was a ding-dong struggle.

Dick Redfern played the game of his life. He was very happy now. The clouds had rolled by, and his honour had been vindicated. Surely that was sufficient incentive to him to play as he had never played before?

Reddy swung the ball about with fine judgment. And the Saints were more than holding their own now.

But the time passed all too swiftly, and no further goals seemed to be forthcoming.

After a long spell of fruitless attacking by the Saints, Cardew forced a corner. He took the kick himself, and it was a beauty.

Dick Redfern was standing unmarked about eight yards from the goal. The ball came sailing through the air, in a line with his head.

Meeting the leather fairly and squarely with his head, Reddy sent it whizzing in.

The goalkeeper saved, but only partially. He dropped the ball, and Clive was upon it in a flash. He rushed it over the line, amid wild cheering.

"Goal!"

The teams were level now, with ten minutes to go.

Quite a lot of incident was crowded into those ten minutes.

The ball was kicked off from the centre of the field, and the Rest set up a hurricane attack.

Fatty Wynn dealt with a couple of powerful drives. Then came a terrific shot from the foot of Harry Wharton. Fatty threw himself at full length, and the tips of his fingers touched the ball, but could not deflect its course. It crashed into the net with such force that it broke the rigging.

It looked like the winning goal. But the Saints were undaunted. Games had been pulled out of the fire before now. And every man on the St. Jim's side worked like a Trojan, with the object of levelling the scores again.

With only five minutes to go, Dick Redfern trapped the ball, rushed it past two

men, and swung it out to Cardew on the extreme right.

Cardew showed his opponents a clean pair of heels. He was away like the wind, and there was no stopping him. He turned his head to see where his men were, but they were not up with him. So Cardew did the only thing possible. He took a shot himself.

And what a glorious shot! The goalkeeper said afterwards that it was like a cannon-ball being fired.

The ball struck the far upright, and rebounded into the net.

"Three all!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Bravo, Cardew! You've saved the game!"

"Time for another goal yet," muttered Clive breathlessly.

The players lined up for the last two minutes of that titanic tussle.

With a strong wind at their backs, the Saints attacked. It was a last desperate rally for the winning goal.

Levison made ground on the left. Talbot, hovering near the goal, clapped his hands quickly, inviting a pass. Levison lobbed the ball across just as he was bowled over by a back, and Talbot shot hard and true.

The goalkeeper saved miraculously. But he was hard pressed, and he got rid of the ball as quickly as possible, hurling it out with an overarm throw.

Fortune was indeed smiling on Dick Redfern that afternoon. For the ball came straight to him. He was a good way out, but he ventured everything on a long shot.

It was the best shot of the match.

The ball, speeding through a forest of legs, found a home in the right-hand corner of the net.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

St. Jim's had defeated the Rest by four goals to three!

Dick Redfern's back was thumped and clumped by his exuberant schoolfellows as they came off. And it was a moment of supreme triumph for the fellow who had gone so opportunely to the rescue of his old school.

After the match Dick Redfern rang up the editor of the "Athlete," and explained the whole matter quite frankly to him.

Reddy asked to be released from his duties so that he might return to St. Jim's, and permission was readily forthcoming.

The editor was naturally astonished to learn that his temporary reporter was a mere schoolboy, a fellow who had left school under a cloud, and was now able to retufa to it with his name unsullied.

"You've a bright future before you, my boy," said the editor. "Going to take to journalism when you grow up?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it's a fine profession for those who have brains and energy. And you've an abundance of both. I should like to wish you the best of luck."

"Thanks awfully, sir!" said Reddy. "And, by the way, sir, I'm sending the report of this match along by a special messenger. Good-bye!"

And he rang off, relieved to think that the way was clear for him to return to St. Jim's.

It was late that evening when the victorious team came trooping in at the school gates.

A crowd of fellows, having already seen the result of the match in the evening paper, was waiting in the gateway to greet and congratulate the happy victors.

Lawrence and Owen were among the crowd, and when they caught sight of Dick Redfern they rushed at him with whoops of delight and nearly swept him off his feet.

As for the wretched Chowle, whose conduct had come so near to wrecking Dick Redfern's school career, he received a public flogging. Had Redfern failed to return to St. Jim's, the cad of the New House would probably have been expelled.

Both the Head and Mr. Ratcliff were sincere in their regrets at having unwittingly wronged Redfern. And that popular junior was restored to his old place in the school—more popular than ever by reason of the wonderful game he had played for St. Jim's.

THE END.

(There will be another topping tale of St. Jim's in next week's issue, entitled: "The Schoolboy Marvel!")

A TITANIC STRUGGLE!

SHERIFF'S POSSE v. SCHOOLBOYS!

The great battle of Cedar Creek commences, and Frank Richards & Co. stand gallantly shoulder to shoulder against the strong invading forces!



# The Siege of the Lumber School

A Rousing, Long, Complete Story of Frank Richards and Co., of Cedar Creek School. If you don't know the jolly Backwoods Chums, make friends with them now—they're great fellows!

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
The Enemy at the Gate!**

"HERE they come!" Frank Richards was standing upon a pine-bench inside the barred gate of Cedar Creek School. His head rose above the level of the gate, and he was keeping watch on the trail that ran to the school from the direction of Thompson Town.

Behind him, in the playground, a score of Cedar Creek fellows were engaged in excited discussion.

From the doorway of the lumber school-house Black Sally, the cook, looked out with an almost comic expression of amazement on her ebony face.

The happenings at Cedar Creek since the headmistress, Miss Meadows, had been dismissed, quite dazed old Sally.

The school was in revolt—an unheard-of thing in the history of Cedar Creek.

Under Miss Meadows' rule the school had gone on the even tenor of its way with cheerful contentment.

But there was a change now, with a vengeance.

Cedar Creek was on the warpath!

As Frank Richards called out the alarm there was a rush of the fellows to join him at the gate.

Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclere jumped up on the pine-bench beside him, and looked over the gate into the trail.

On the trail there was a clatter of horses' hoofs.

Big and bronzed, with a grim brow under his Stetson hat, mounted upon a large-boned "American" horse, came Sheriff Henderson, of Thompson.

With him rode Mr. Gunten, the fat storekeeper, and Ephraim Peckover, the new headmaster of Cedar Creek, the gentleman whom his new pupils refused to admit to the school.

Behind them trotted Big Dave Duckers, the sheriff's man, a terror to evil-doers in the Thompson Valley.

There was a buzz from the schoolboys at the sight of the grim, bronzed face of the sheriff.

Mr. Henderson represented law and order in the Thompson Valley, and he was not a man to be trifled with.

Frank Richards & Co., determined as they were, knew very well that it would not be so easy to deal with Sheriff Henderson as with Mr. Gunten or Mr. Peckover.

"I say, now the circus is going to begin!"

murmured Chunky Todgers, with some signs of uneasiness in his fat face.

"I guess it is!" said Bob Lawless. He swept off his hat in salute to the sheriff as the latter drew rein outside the gates.

"Good-morning, Mr. Henderson!"

"Morning!" said the sheriff gruffly.

"Nice morning, sheriff!" said Frank Richards, smiling cheerily over the gate.

Grunt!

"So glad to see you here this morning, sheriff!" said Vere Beauclere, with great politeness. "Sorry we can't ask you in!"

"Order them to open the gate at once, sheriff!" snapped Mr. Gunten.

The sheriff gave him a stare.

Mr. Gunten, rich storekeeper, postmaster of Thompson, and school trustee, was a great man in his way; but Sheriff Henderson's opinion of him was not high, and he was not disposed to receive directions from the fat Swiss.

"You've asked me to come and restore order here, Mr. Gunten," said the sheriff, in his deep voice.

"Yes, yes! Get on with it!"

"Leave it in my hands."

"What?"

"Nuff said!" grunted the sheriff.

Mr. Gunten began to glare, but he checked himself. He could not "bull-doze" the sheriff, and he was aware of it.

He choked back the angry retort that rose to his lips.

Mr. Peckover did not speak, but his narrow eyes glinted at the line of faces over the gate.

If Ephraim Peckover's authority was once established at Cedar Creek, it was likely to go hard with the schoolboy strikers. But it was not established yet, and Mr. Peckover had to abide his time.

Sheriff Henderson rode closer to the gate, and fixed his grim gaze on the cheery, youthful faces on a level with his own as he sat on his big horse.

"Now, what's all this?" he growled.

"All what, old scout?" asked Bob Lawless.

"I don't want any chin-wag, Lawless. What game are you playing here?"

"It isn't a game, I guess. We mean business!"

"Open that gate at once!"

"Can't be did!"

"Now, look here, youngsters," said Mr. Henderson patiently. "This gentleman hyer, Mr. Peckover, has been appointed headmaster, in place of Miss Meadows, by the Board of Trustees. You are under his authority. He must be admitted to the school at once, and his orders obeyed."

"We don't recognise him as our headmaster," said Frank Richards calmly. "Miss Meadows is headmistress of this school."

"Hear, hear!"

"But Miss Meadows has been dismissed by the Board!" said the sheriff.

Frank's eyes flashed.

"And why has she been dismissed?" he exclaimed.

"Because she turned Kern Gunten out of the school for being a black-guard and a rascal, and his father, Old Man Gunten there, worked it to get her dismissed by the Board, so that his precious son could come back!"

"You insolent young rascal!" roared Mr. Gunten.

"Oh, you dry up!" said Frank Richards unceremoniously.

"What is the Board, after all—you and old Grimm and my uncle, Mr. Lawless! Mr. Lawless stood up for Miss Meadows, and you know it. You and old Grimm had your way, because you're a pair of foreign cads, and hand-in-glove with one another!"

"That's straight talk!" grinned Bob Lawless.

Old Man Gunten had turned purple, and he seemed to have some difficulty in breathing.

Probably the wealthy storekeeper of Thompson had never listened to such direct remarks before.

But Frank Richards & Co. had no politeness to waste upon him.

"We're standing up for Miss Meadows," continued Frank. "Miss Meadows is still Head of Cedar Creek School, so far as we're concerned. She's appealed against the decision of the board, as we happen to know, and she may be reinstated by the authorities over the head of that fat Swiss bouncer! Whether or no, we refuse to admit any other Head to the school!"

"Bravo!"

Mr. Gunten spluttered.

"Miss Meadows has put them up to this!" he gasped.

"That's not true!" said Frank Richards, at once. "Miss Meadows left two days ago, and doesn't even know that we have gone on strike. But we mean business, and we won't give in till Miss Meadows comes back!"

"Never!" shouted Tom Lawrence. "So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Gunten!"

The sheriff had listened quietly.

As a matter of fact, he sympathised a good deal with the schoolboy strikers, as he

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knew Miss Meadows well, and respected that lady highly, and did not respect Mr. Gunten at all.

But the law was the law, and the sheriff had his duty to do.

As so often happens in human disputes, it was not a case of right against wrong, but of one right in conflict with another.

"You understand now, Mr. Henderson?" asked Beauclerc.

"I understand," said the sheriff, with a nod. "That's all beside the question. I'm here to uphold the law. The Board has power to dismiss a schoolmistress, and has done it. It has power to appoint a new schoolmaster, and has done it. I'm as sorry as you boys are that Miss Meadows has gone. But, as the matter stands, Mr. Peckover is master of Cedar Creek, and you must obey him."

"We won't," said Frank, "and there's an end of it!"

"I have my duty to do, Richards!"

"And we have ours," said Frank. "Ours is to stand by Miss Meadows, and see that justice is done."

"You bet!" said Bob Lawless emphatically.

And there was a cheer from the crowd of Canadian schoolboys lining the gate.

"Come, come, that's enough of chewing the rag!" said the sheriff. "Now, let in Mr. Peckover at once, and submit to proper authority, and I have no doubt that Mr. Peckover will pass over what has happened, and pardon you all if you return to your duty at once."

And the sheriff glanced inquiringly at Mr. Peckover, for that gentleman to confirm his statement.

Mr. Peckover's reply came acidly from his thin lips.

"Nothing of the kind!" he said coldly. "Every boy who has taken part in this rebellion will be severely punished."

The sheriff made an impatient gesture.

By the promise of a pardon the matter might have been ended there and then—at least, the sheriff believed so.

But it was evident that nothing was farther from Mr. Peckover's thoughts than a pardon for the rebels.

That way out of the trouble was closed up at once—if it had been a way out, as Mr. Henderson thought.

The sheriff seemed at a loss for a moment, and the schoolboys grinned at him over the gate, rather amused by the rebuff the thin-lipped gentleman had administered.

That specimen of the new schoolmaster's nature, too, strengthened them in their determination to resist.

Severe punishment for what they had done already was not exactly an attractive prospect, and there was nothing worse than that to be expected if they made it a fight to a finish.

"Well," said the sheriff, at last, "with that I have nothing to do. Mr. Peckover is your schoolmaster, my boys, and my business is to see him admitted here and placed in authority. Will you open this gate?"

"Sorry, sheriff! No!"

"We don't want trouble with you, Mr. Henderson, or with Dave there," said Dick Dawson; "but we're holding the fort till Miss Meadows comes back."

"Holdes outee, you bet!" chimed in Yen Chin, the Chinese. "Punchee nose if tly to come in, sheliff. Oh, yes!"

"Will you open this gate?" roared the sheriff, his anger rising at this defiance of his authority.

The toughest "bad man" in the Thompson Valley trembled at the frown of Sheriff Henderson, and it was too much to be defied by a parcel of schoolboys.

"No!" said Frank Richards. "We won't open the gate, sheriff! Sorry to row with you, but there it is."

"Force will be used."

"Same on this side."

"And I'll lay my trail-rope about you, too!" roared the sheriff.

"Go ahead, then!"

The sheriff signed to his man to approach. "Get in and open the gate, Dave!" he said.

"I'm your man, sheriff!" said Big Dave cheerily.

And he rode his horse close to the gate and grasped the top to climb over.

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THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Holding the Fort.

DAVE DUCKERS was a big and powerful man, and certainly equal to any four of the Cedar Creek fellows in single combat. He had not the remotest idea that the boys would venture to dispute his entrance.

But he was speedily undeceived. As he grasped the top of the gate with his big, sinewy hands, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless produced their riding-whips and rapped on his knuckles hard.

Big Dave gave a yell.

"You young varmin'ts! Let up!"

Rap, rap, rap!

The schoolboy strikers evidently meant business.

But so did Dave Duckers, and in spite of the rapping on his knuckles he threw a brawny leg over the gate to climb over.

"Will you get back?" shouted Bob Lawless.

"I guess not!" panted the sheriff's man.

"Then here goes! Look out for your cabeza!"

Crash!

The stock of the riding-whip came down on Dave's Stetson hat, smashing it flat on his head, and considerably hurting the head.

"That's a hint!" said Bob. "Get back, or you'll get some more, and worse!"

"Let that man alone!" shouted the sheriff, while Old Man Gunten and Mr. Peckover looked on speechlessly.

"Call him off, then!" said Frank Richards.

"Get on with it, Dave!" rapped the sheriff.

"Yooop!" was Dave Ducker's reply, as two or three sticks rapped on his unfortunate cranium. "Oh, Jerusalem! Oh, gum!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With really heroic fortitude Dave Duckers essayed to clamber on.

He released one hand from the gate to punch furiously at the schoolboys within.

But his arms were grasped by several pairs of hands and held, and he was helpless.

At the same time Bob Lawless leaned over

and gave the horse below a flick with his whip.

Big Dave's horse started and reared, and another flick sent him jumping away.

Duckers' legs were dragged from the saddle, and he bumped against the gate, holding on to the top with one hand.

His fingers, seized from within, were forced open, and he lost his hold, and dropped with a heavy bump to the ground.

There he sat and roared.

"Yah! Oh! Oooooop! Yooooop! Oh, Jerusalem crickets!"

A yell of laughter from above answered him.

Big Dave Duckers crawled away from the gate, with more bruises on his burly person than he had ever collected in a row with the Red Dog gang in Thompson.

The sheriff's face was a study.

Old Man Gunten rode close to the gate, his fat face purple, and slashed at the schoolboys with his riding-whip in his fury.

Bob Lawless howled as he received a lash, but the defenders of Cedar Creek were not slow to return it.

Three or four riding-whips slashed on Mr. Gunten's fat face and podgy shoulders, and the storekeeper retreated faster than he had come, spluttering with wrath.

"Come and have some more, you fat old coyote!" shouted Bob, in great wrath.

But Old Man Gunten did not accept that invitation.

Big Dave Duckers picked himself up, and stood rubbing his injuries and blinking uncertainly at the sheriff.

He was ready to obey orders, if he could, but how he was going to do it was a mystery to him.

Mr. Henderson's face was dark with anger.

The rough handling of this man showed him that he had taken on a bigger order than he had supposed; but he did not even think of retreat.

"Come and have some yourself, sheriff!" yelled Chunky Todgers, much encouraged by the successful defence.

"Shut up, Chunky!" said Frank. "Don't cheek Mr. Henderson. I hope you'll go back to Thompson now, sheriff. Nothing doing here."

Mr. Henderson squared his jaw.

"Will you open that gate?"

"No fear!"

"Come on, Dave!" said the sheriff. "Back me up, man!"

"I'm with you, sheriff!" said Duckers, rather dismally.

Mr. Henderson rode up to the gate, and Dave Duckers climbed on his horse and followed him.

A line of determined faces met them.

"You'll get hurt, sheriff!" said Frank Richards, setting his teeth. "We don't want to touch you, but you're not coming in here."

The sheriff did not heed. He grasped the top of the gate, and essayed to pull himself over, Dave Duckers following his example.

"Go for them!" said Bob Lawless.

Lash, lash, lash!

The two pairs of hands on the gate were mercilessly lashed, but in spite of the lashing the sheriff and his man came on grimly.

They got their chests on the gate top, and each got a leg over.

The matter was critical then, for in a few more moments the two brawny men would have rolled over and dropped into the school enclosure.

But Frank Richards & Co. were ready. The two legs, as they came over the gate, were grasped by many hands, and shoved up and back.

Dave Duckers overbalanced, and hung down outside the gate, his hands losing their hold, and he hung head downwards, only held by the grasp of three or four fellows on his leg.

The sheriff clung on desperately, but he, too, was pushed over, still clinging.

A fierce rapping on the fingers unloosened his hold at last, and he let go, and as soon as his hold was lost he fell back in a heap on his horse, and slid from the horse's back to the ground with a bump.

There he lay for a moment or two, quite dizzy.

Dave Duckers, held by his leg, was howling with wrath and apprehension, as he anticipated every moment a fall on his head.

"Let up!" he yelled. "I mean, hold on!"

LOOK OUT FOR THIS COVER NEXT TUESDAY:—



On Every Bookstall in the Country.

Don't you let me drop on my cabeza, you young varmints! Oh, gum!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep him there for a bit!" gasped Bob Lawless. "It will cool him down."

"How do you like it, Dave?" chuckled Todgers.

"Yaroo! Oh, gum! Oh, holy Moses!" howled Dave. "Sheriff, lend a man a hand! I guess I shall crack my cabeza if I drop! Oh, Jerusalem!"

Sheriff Henderson staggered to his feet and grasped his unfortunate follower.

Then Frank Richards & Co. kindly let go the captured leg, and Dave Duckers was helped to the ground.

"Oh, holy smoke!" he mumbled. "Sheriff, I guess I've had enough of this! I really reckon I've had quite enough, sheriff!"

Sheriff Henderson did not reply.

He glared speechlessly at the grinning faces over the gate.

"You young rascals!" he gasped, at last.

"We warned you, sheriff!" answered Frank Richards.

"I guess you'll suffer for this!" roared the sheriff.

"We're chancing that!"

"Are you going to get that gate open, Mr. Henderson?" spluttered Old Man Gunten furiously.

"I guess I can do nothing more at present," the sheriff said. "You've got the school into a state of riot among you, and there's no getting in now. I shall have to get more force."

"Get it, and don't lose time!" snapped Mr. Gunten.

Mr. Henderson signed to his man, and they rode away together at a gallop up the trail to Thompson.

A loud cheer from the Cedar Creek fellows followed them.

The retreat of the sheriff and his man was an acknowledgement of defeat.

Old Man Gunten shook a fat fist at the schoolboy strikers.

He was bitterly disappointed by the result of the sheriff's visit.

Not for a moment had he imagined that Cedar Creek would venture to resist the representative of law and order.

He had begun to realise that he had stirred up a wasps' nest, so to speak, at Cedar Creek School, and he began to have doubts as to how the matter would end.

But he was none the less determined to have his way.

As he shook a podgy fist at the rebels, a clod of earth from Eben Hacke caught him under his fat chin, and he nearly fell from his horse.

Mr. Peckover hastily rode back out of range, and the storekeeper followed him, spluttering.

They trotted away at last up the trail in the direction taken by the sheriff and his man.

"Looks like a victory for us, you chaps!" grinned Chunky Todgers.

"Hurrah!"

"So far," said Frank Richards soberly. "But you heard what the sheriff said. He's gone for more men."

"Let 'em come!" said Bob Lawless. "They'll find us ready for them. If they get in over the fence there'll still be the schoolhouse, and we can hold that against all the Thompson Valley."

Frank Richards laughed.

"I don't know about that," he said; "but we can hold it against the sheriff and his men. We'd better get ready for a tussle."

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**

**An Attack in Force.**

**M**ATTERS were growing serious for the schoolboy strikers, but there was no thought of surrender, only of preparation for the tussle to come.

It was probable enough that the enemy would effect an entrance at some point in the school enclosure, if they came in force; but the schoolhouse itself was a stronghold that was not likely to be taken easily.

In the interval before the sheriff could return, Frank Richards & Co. improved the shining hour, as it were, by making the schoolhouse ready for defence if the emergency arose.

Black Sally was politely, but firmly, requested to vacate her quarters, which she



**ROPING IN THE SHERIFF!** Mr. Henderson was dragged free of the ground, and half-way to the top of the gate, and hung there. There was an immediate rush of his men to help him, but it was met by a regular fusillade from behind the walls. "I guess that puts a stopper on you, sheriff!" cried Bob Lawless. (See Chapter 3.)

did, and the Chinese servant was also given notice to quit, and the schoolboys had the house to themselves.

Lumber was carried into the house by many busy hands, and boards nailed across windows inside, and logs piled against the doors.

In the course of an hour the schoolhouse was turned into a veritable fortress, and only the main door was left open on the porch, all ready to be closed and barred if the rebels had to retreat into the house.

Every fellow obtained a stick, a whip, or a pole to defend the walls as soon as the attack came, and Bob Lawless appointed the defenders to their places with the skill of a born general.

Meanwhile, Yen Chin was left to keep watch at the gate, with his eyes on the trail.

All preparations were completed by the time the Chinese gave the alarm.

He was heard yelling at last:

"Sheliff comee! Gettee movee on!"

There was a rush to the gate.

Frank Richards jumped on the bench within, and looked over.

A bunch of horsemen came in sight, galloping towards the school.

He recognised them as men belonging to the town of Thompson, and observed that most of them were grinning.

They were the sheriff's "posse," citizens of Thompson who were called upon when necessary to maintain the law, to lay some "bad man" by the heels, or to run down a horse-thief.

From their looks it was evident that they regarded it as a joke their being called up to quell a schoolboy rebellion at the section school.

Dave Duckers and the sheriff were not grinning, however. They had had some painful experiences already, which convinced them that it was not a joking matter.

There were ten men in all in the party, and it was evidently a force that the schoolboys could not deal with if they once got to close quarters.

Behind the party trotted Mr. Peckover and Old Man Gunten.

They were looking much more satisfied

now, in the confident anticipation of putting down the revolt at Cedar Creek.

With a clatter of hoofs the horsemen stopped outside the gate, and there was a general chuckle among them at the sight of a row of schoolboy faces looking over at them.

But the sheriff was cold and grim.

"Richards! Lawless!" he rapped out.

"Hallo, sheriff! Back again?"

"Open that gate!"

"Can't be done!"

The sheriff raised his hand and pointed to the gate.

"Get over the gate, my men, and lay your ropes round those pesky young rascals!"

"You bet, sheriff!"

There was a clattering and crashing as the horsemen rode close to the gate to clamber over.

But the task was not so easy as they had supposed.

The defenders were in deadly earnest, and their cudgels came into play without mercy, and there were loud yells among the sheriff's posse.

"Sock it to them!" shouted Frank Richards.

"Give 'em beans!" roared Bob Lawless.

"Oh, holy smoke!"

"You young rascals! Yaroo!"

The reception was a little too hot, and the horsemen backed away from the gate, with a wild clatter of hoofs and jingling of bridles.

"Go on—go on!" yelled Old Man Gunten furiously. "What are you backing out for? Get on with it!"

"Get on with it yourself, you fat coyote!" roared Dave Duckers. "Go and get your own silly cabeza cracked, if you like!"

"Yes, come on, Old Man Gunten!" shouted Bob, flourishing his cudgel. "Come on, old sport!"

Old Man Gunten did not come on, but he addressed the sheriff's men in language that was more plain than polite, till Mr. Henderson gruffly told him to "shut his chin."



Old Man Gunten almost choked. Mr. Peckover gave him a hand and assisted him to his feet.

The storekeeper brushed him aside by way of recompense. Tempers were falling on all sides among the attacking party. Within the schoolhouse cheerfulness reigned, but it was not reflected without.

Mr. Gunten strode towards the sheriff and shook a fat fist under his nose.

Mr. Henderson started back.

"Are you mad?" he ejaculated.

"You insolent rascal!" raved Old Man Gunten.

"What?" stuttered the sheriff.

The fat storekeeper was trembling with rage.

"What do you call yourself?" he hooted.

"Sheriff of Thompson! And you're beaten by a parcel of boys! By gad, I'll have you sacked! I'll have you turned out of the sheriff's office if you don't put that man into the calaboose at once, and if you don't bring those boys to order! You hear me?"

"Mr. Gunten!" murmured the schoolmaster deprecatingly.

"You hold your tongue!" snapped Old Man Gunten.

And Mr. Peckover subsided into silence, with a glint in his eyes.

It served his purpose to be subservient to his patron, but the sheriff of Thompson was made of very different stuff.

He looked grimly at the furious storekeeper.

"By hokey!" he said. "You'll have me sacked, will you? You'll have me turned out of the sheriff's office? I'll give you some plain talk, Mr. Gunten. It's your own fault that this trouble has happened. It was a dirty trick to discharge Miss Meadows for no fault of hers, and I guess you did it because she turned your blackguard of a son out of the school, as he deserved, just as the boys say. If I was a boy here I guess I'd stand up for her, just as they're doing. And now, Mr. Gunten, as you think I'm no use, I'll vamoose the ranch, and you can handle the affair on your lonesome, and just as you like."

And with that the sheriff called to his men and strode away to the gate.

Old Man Gunten stood breathless with rage for some moments, then he shrieked after the sheriff:

"Come back! Do you hear me? Come back! I order you!"

Sheriff Henderson did not heed.

He strode to his horse and mounted, and his men followed his example.

Probably Mr. Henderson was glad enough, in any case, to be relieved of the difficult task he had undertaken, and his men were certainly glad to be done with the rebels of Cedar Creek; but to have the insolence of the storekeeper added to the difficulty of the task was the last straw.

The sheriff had washed his hands of the business, leaving Old Man Gunten and the new schoolmaster to deal with it as they thought fit.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the trail as the sheriff and his posse rode off to Thompson, unheeding the frantic commands of Old Man Gunten.

Mr. Peckover stood silent in dismay. The hoofbeats died away on the trail. From within the barricaded schoolhouse came a derisive yell.

"Come on, Mr. Gunten!"

"Hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Old Man Gunten did not reply. He seemed to be on the verge of an attack of apoplexy. The first round of the contest was over, and Frank Richards & Co. were the winners.

THE END.

Next Week's story of the Backwoods rebellion is entitled— "HOLDING THE FORT!" You must Order your Copy Right Aw-y.

"The Greyfriars Cricketers!" (Continued from page 12.)

Mark Linley, who was coming in. He wanted to give his generous opponents every chance of finishing the match.

Mark Linley received the next ball, and ill-luck betided it. It was a good hit, but the round red ball sailed right into Lynn's ready palm.

"Well caught!"

Eight down! Another man in, and the last ball of the over scattered his bails! The finish was getting sharp.

"We shall just do it!" murmured Lynn, with a breath of relief. "Just do it. The Trojans against a set of schoolboys! My word!"

"Last man in!" rapped out Wharton. "Hurry up!"

The Trojan fieldsman heard the "Hurry up!" and smiled. The captain of the school-boy team was a sportsman to the finger-tip, evidently. For there remained only four minutes to play, according to the time agreed upon for drawing the stumps, and a little dawdling would have left the match unfinished.

But there was no dawdling.

Last man in fairly ran to the wicket.

Peter Todd was getting the bowling now, and it was certain that it would be the last over. But Todd was as good a sportsman as his captain. He played for runs, not for time. Away went the leather, and 3-4 were taken before it came spinning in to the wicket-keeper, too late! Lynn was bowling now, and bowling his best! Down came the ball again, and Todd swiped it away for 2! Down once more, and again Todd swiped, and there was a leap in the slips, and the click of a palm on a whizzing ball, and short slip held it in the air, grinning.

"Caught!"

"Oh, caught, sir!"

Todd made a grimace. But he was not sorry. He had done his best. Wingate clapped his hands, and cheered.

"Bravo, the Remove!"

The Trojans had won the match. Lynn strode away to the pavilion, and shook hands heartily with Harry Wharton.

"You are a sportsman, and your team are all good sports," he said cordially. "I'm glad we played you—jolly glad! And glad I've met you, by Jove!"

Wharton flushed with pleasure.

"Of course, we knew you were too strong for us," he said, with a smile. "What we wanted was to play the Trojans, and we've played you, and we're satisfied. But—but I think we've put up a fair game, considering, don't you?"

"I should jolly well say you have!" exclaimed Lynn. "And I hope that you'll be playing in the Trojans some day, Wharton, when you're older—what?"

"What-ho, if I get the chance!" said Harry joyfully.

Wingate clapped Wharton on the shoulder as the Remove team came out of the pavilion with their coats on, their bags in their hands.

"Well played, kid!" he said. "Well played, indeed! It was worth watching! Greyfriars will be proud of you!"

"And all owing to Coker!" said Bob Cherry, with a chuckle. "Good old Coker! We owe Coker a vote of thanks!"

"He's here!" laughed Wingate. "He doesn't look joyful. You'd better go and comfort him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors looked for Coker, and found him. Coker looked at them with feelings too deep for words.

"It was you that japed us, Coker?" Wharton demanded.

"Yes," groaned Coker. "How was I to know it was going to turn out like this—eh? You young rotters! You always seem to fall on your feet, somehow."

"We do—we does," grinned Bob Cherry. "Gentlemen, a vote of thanks to Coker for getting up a match with the Trojans for us!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Passed unanimously!" grinned Wharton.

"Coker, old fellow, you're a brick!"

"Good old Coker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the cricketers trooped away to the waiting car, leaving Coker feeling that the life of a fellow who planned first-class japes was not worth living.

The only consolation Coker & Co. had was that the Remove team hadn't beaten the Trojans. If they had done that, certainly the junior eleven would have wanted a larger size in hats all round; and, really, Coker wouldn't have been surprised at it, considering the awfully good luck that seemed to attend those obnoxious young bounders.

But the mere fact that they had played the mighty Trojans at all was glory enough for the Remove.

And they persisted in thanking Coker for having given them the chance, and lost no opportunity of expressing their gratitude to Coker and Potter and Greene till the chums of the Fifth grew positively dangerous at the mere mention of Coker's plot!

THE END.

Another Grand Story of Harry Wharton & Co., NEXT TUESDAY! "The Holiday Spoilers!" by Frank Richards. A STORY THAT WILL CAUSE A SENSATION. THE POPULAR.—No. 222.

LOOK! Another £10 in Prizes. RESULT OF HUDDERSFIELD PICTURE-PUZZLE COMPETITION.

In this competition no competitor sent in a correct solution. The first prize of £5 has therefore been awarded to the following competitor, whose solution came nearest to correct, with one error:

THOMAS COMBE, 70, Hawthornvale, Leith,

The second prize of £2 10s. has been divided among the following eight competitors, whose solutions contained two errors each:

- Charles H. Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; Frances Morton, 7, Eyre Street, Pallion, Sunderland; Jane Hamilton, 20, Duke Street, Motherwell; Joan Frisken, 21, Church Street, Lochgelly; Mrs. Pattinson, 17, Clementina, Carlisle; Harold Lee, 23, Ainscow Street, Bolton, Lancs; Miss V. Shaw, 61, Pontypridd Road, Porth, Glam; Bernard Wallis, 14, Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

Forty-eight competitors, with three errors each, divide the ten prizes of 5s. each. The names and addresses of these prize-winners can be seen on application at this office.

SOLUTION.

Huddersfield Town might be called the kiddies of the First Division. A few years ago they were in great financial difficulties, but they played such brilliant football that the gates increased amazingly. Huddersfield won the English Cup last year, and will fight hard to keep it.

**THE MEETING OF GEORGE THE SECOND AND DICK NEVILLE!**  
Hector Neville plays his last card against his young cousin and loses! He pays the penalty!



A Thrilling, Full-of-Action Yarn, dealing with the amazing adventures of **DICK TURPIN, HIGHWAYMAN**, and his merry young comrade **RICHARD NEVILLE**, on the Broad Highway. Get to know Dick and his chum—they will take you through many wonderful experiences!

By **DAVID GOODWIN.**

#### BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

Dick Neville, the young squire of Faulkbourne, is turned out of his rightful inheritance by the low-down treachery and deceit of an adventurer who calls himself Hector Neville, Dick's cousin. Hector is helped in his vile plotting by reason of the fact that Dick has fallen into disgrace with the Government, owing to the assistance he has rendered the famous highwayman, Dick Turpin. The young squire has also another deadly enemy in Captain Sweeny, a notorious footpad. Hector Neville is determined to obtain possession of the lordly mansion wherein Dick has taken up his abode. The rogue has been foiled the first time, but he returns to the charge armed with legal warrants. Dick first of

all resists Hector, but when news comes through that he has been outlawed, and that the King's Riders are after him, he leaves Faulkbourne with Dick Turpin. The two comrades meet with many adventures on the broad highway, making many friends and enemies. Dick Turpin is called away on a secret mission, and whilst he is gone Richard Neville falls into the hands of the sheriff of Boxley. Dick is brought to trial before the court at Claverhouse. The meeting is about to commence when suddenly a figure stands up among the audience, and there is a loud cry from the magistrate: "Dick Turpin! He is here!"

(Now read on.)

#### THE AMAZING RESCUE.

"TURPIN, by the black rood!" cried the magistrate fiercely. "Seize him! Arrest him, men! We've got the brace of them!"

"Nay," said Turpin coolly. "We are three, not two. Dick o' the Roads, myself, and—Six-String Jake!"

The Squire of Claverhouse turned white as ashes. For a moment it seemed as if he would drop to the floor.

Then he held up his hand.

"Release him! It was my mistake. That is not Turpin! Sir, my apologies. The prisoner is committed to assizes. Remove him to the cells!"

Turpin smiled blandly, and made a deep bow to the magistrate's apology. He nodded to Dick, who, utterly mystified, was being led away to the cells. Turpin's eyelid fluttered for a moment on his cheek.

That almost invisible wink cheered Dick's heart more than a speech for his defence from the most eloquent lawyer at the Bar could have done. What was afoot he could not guess, but he felt a gleam of hope.

"We—we will now adjourn for luncheon," said the magistrate, coughing violently.

He turned out of the court-house into the corridor, looking uncommonly glad to go. Turpin gained the passage by another door, and overtook him.

"I will trouble your worship for a short interview," he said, grinning. "Your worship will not refuse me, I trust. In the inner room, if your worship pleases."

The magistrate bit upon an oath.

"In here," he said, throwing open a door. Then, after whispering a few words to an attendant, he followed Turpin into the room.

THE POPULAR.—No. 222.

The Squire of Claverhouse threw himself into a chair, and glowered with mingled fear and dislike at his neighbour.

Turpin, still smiling politely, perched himself with easy grace on the corner of the table, and looked his companion over from head to foot with an appreciative eye.

"Gold buckles, set with diamonds," he observed, "sprigged vest, fox-hunting boots, ruby pin as big as a nut, gold signet with a coat of arms! Pink me, it gives a man heart! I may make my fortune yet, Jake. If you could do it, why shouldn't I?"

The squire fought for breath.

"I strolled in here without a weapon," said Turpin. "Isn't it pleasant to think of? Walking about as if I were a London citizen on Sunday afternoon, and feeling safe as a Quaker. What a thing an old friend is! Even if I were captured by some other court's men, you'd see me through, wouldn't you, Jake? Only to see your old brick-red face again is a pleasure—how it reminds one of old times! Do you remember—"

"Hush!" said the squire, in an agonised voice. "Not so loud!"

"I think I shall come and settle down in this district," continued Turpin, eyeing the trembling form of the man before him, and noting his bloodless face. "It would be charming to ride abroad feeling sure that no meddling Riders or bailiffs would interfere, and occasionally dropping in to dine with you at Claverhouse, just to talk over some of our—"

"Take care!" hissed the magistrate, starting up, the veins on his forehead suddenly swelling with rage. "Do not push me too far! I am repenting of my lenience already! My men are waiting outside the door to take you, and you shall swing by the side of Richard Neville if you say another word in that tone."

"I think not," replied Turpin, taking a pinch of snuff; "they would have to build a special gallows to hold the three of us. Pish! What a sight it would be! Dick

Neville, Turpin, and Six-String Jake, all on one gibbet-arm!"

The Squire of Claverhouse sank back with a groan.

"It was something of a surprise to me, I confess," said Turpin. "The loss of your beard and moustache make a large difference, and you are much stouter than of old. I do not wonder you feel so safe. But we rode together so long, comrade, and I know you so well, and all your charming little ways, that it did not take me the twinkle of an eyelid to recognise you."

"Hang you!" muttered the squire.

"It is a transformation scene, in truth, comrade. But you were luckier than most of us on the roads, and you had no niceties of choice, like some of us. I don't know what the rising generation is coming to. This young friend of mine, Dick Neville—you would not credit the ridiculous scruples he has. But there was none of that about you, Jake. Rich or poor, man or woman, sick or strong, you stripped them all equally, and you were very industrious. Seldom you came across the King's Riders either, or had any little professional troubles."

"Not so loud, for Heaven's sake!" groaned the magistrate, wiping the beads of perspiration from his brow. "Somebody may be listening at the door."

"I hope not, for your sake. But you were ever a careful man, Jake. When you were in the profession, never a groat did you spend if you could help it. Never a jolly carouse with boon companions, neither a fistful of guineas for a companion who had fallen on evil times, never a coin for the poor out of the rich man's purse you took. You hoarded it up, and treasured it, and added to it day by day, and you had rare luck!"

"Is it a crime for a man to save his money?"

"'Tis a crime to save other people's money, my good Jake, and so you will find, if any of your parishioners hear of it. But doubtless they never will, unless they are told. Now to return. I lost sight of you after we parted at Lincoln, following our little adventure with the corporal and his men, but I heard of your great piece of fortune at York, when you and Will Caldecott and three others lifted fifteen thousand guineas from the mail. It is such a plum as does not fall to one once in a century. A lucky stroke, indeed!"

The magistrate glanced with an agonised face at the door.

"Then it was noised about that a sad accident happened to Will Caldecott and the others soon after. They were found dead in their beds, all four of them, at the moorland cottage on Gorley Wold. How it must have grieved you, Jake, to lose four such dear companions at one stroke! And there was the added grief of the money—there was nobody to divide it with. You had to be troubled with the whole of it. With what you had before, I dare say it made twenty-five thousand pounds. But you were always a lucky man, Jake."

"Hang you! Did you come here to drive me mad?" muttered the other.

"After that it was said you had slipped out by ship and gone to the Indies with your booty, and next we heard the ship was lost. It must have been great sorrow to the sheriffs, but you were never greatly sought after, being such a quiet worker."

"So now you have bought a country estate, and are a lord of the manor, Jake, and a man of weight in England—eh? Six-String Jake is long dead, but it must be as good as a play to see you storming at some poor cut-purse from the bench and sending him to the gallows for the good of the King's peace! Do you remember, Jake, how we once took six purses in one day—only genteely, at the pistol's point, and not by cutting pockets. I hear you had a murderer before you only last week, and committed him to assizes, where he is under sentence of death. Do you remember the two Riders you shot the day before we parted at Lincoln, Jake?"

"Now, it is not money I will take from you," continued Turpin. "But you will do me a small favour, and that forthwith. Understand, Jake, no nonsense; it must be done at once. You are to release Dick Neville within the hour."

"Dick Neville! It's impossible! And, what's more, I won't do it! The hanged cub has used me in a way I never forgive, and if I had the power I would have him roasted

The Opening Chapters of Our Wonderful Serial Next Week!



to death, not hanged! I refuse, and that's flat."

"Then you will swing upon the same gibbet as he! I will proclaim you for what you are. Before the sun has risen and set again, the Squire of Claverhouse will be stripped of his estate and his office, and flung into the felon's cell. They will believe me, Jake—ha, ha!" Turpin laughed loudly. "My testimony is sound, and my proofs good. I shall soon show them the truth."

"You dare not! To do that, you would hang as well as me. He, he! I have you there!"

"I know that. But I'll do it, unless you let Dick Neville go free! One go, all go, Six-String Jake!"

The magistrate looked into the highwayman's grim eyes, and saw he spoke the truth.

"But, Turpin, I can't! It will mean my ruin if I let him go! They will blame me for it. I shall be disgraced!"

Turpin shrugged his shoulders.

"They may strip you of your office as magistrate, but I do not see that you are much fitted for it, and you get no pay. It will be no loss to the country or to you. Besides, you will throw the blame on the turnkeys. It is hard on them, doubtless, but you cannot expect one of my profession to have much feeling for turnkeys. However, all this is air. If it ruins you ten times over, you are going to let Dick Neville out—or be hanged yourself."

"I shall have to bribe the turnkey!" muttered Jake.

"As you please, so long as it is done. But in your place I should change my coat, and steal the keys from the turnkey's office, which you can easily do; put on a mask, and open the door of Dick's cell when the coast is clear. You know the ropes here, and can well make it sure. For, look you, the turnkey might refuse to be bribed, and then the fat would be in the fire. I am not going to take any risk about getting Dick out."

"Ay, that will be the best, doubtless," said the magistrate gloomily.

"It will be a change for you—quite like old times. I will lend you my spare mask if you like." Turpin grinned. "It would not be well for you to be recognised."

"I have still a mask. It shall be done as you said. About seven o' the clock I shall be able to let him out."

"Very good. Make no explanations to him, but bid him go straight to the milestone at Boxley Wood, and lose no time on the way."

The magistrate nodded sulkily. It was the place where his men had captured Dick.

"And mind, worthy Jake, there must be no mistake," said Turpin, his fierce eyes fixing the man. "If he is not there by half-past seven, within an hour the story of Six-String Jake shall be in the hands of the sheriff of Lincoln. Dick Neville joins me on the road to-night, or you shall hang beside him. See to it well!"

As the shades of night fell, a tall figure on a black mare sat silently by the corner of Boxley Wood, holding the bridle of a great black horse that stood riderless beside. Suddenly the black horse pricked his ears forward, and gave a wild neigh of delight, stamping excitedly, and arching his neck as his fierce eyes strained forward into the darkness. Out of the shadow of the wood came a dim form afoot, hurrying forward towards the horses.

"Turpin, is it you? And Black Satan! Od's wounds! I can't believe it!"

"Ay, 'tis I, right enough," said Turpin; "up into the saddle, and give us a grip of your fist, Dick. Blood! But this does my heart good! Rein round, and let us ride on across the open, for a shot or two out of the wood might grass both of us, and relieve the squire of Claverhouse of a lot of anxiety."

"I think I must be dreaming!" said Dick, as they trotted across the heath. "I shall wake up in that hanged cell, and find myself lying on the cold stone in the dawn."

"Doesn't Black Satan feel real between your knees?" said Turpin, with a chuckle. "Nay, you are out of the clutches of his worship. A gentleman in a black mask let you out—eh? And was in no very good temper, I doubt."

"Zounds! I knew you were at the bottom of it!" cried Dick. "Who was the man? When I saw you in the courthouse, when

they put me up for trial, I made sure they had the pair of us at last, and wondered what mad folly brought you there. And the pig-faced magistrate refused to arrest you—he was in a blue fright! Tell me, comrade, how was it done, and what's the reason?"

"I have some little influence over his worship," said the highwayman, with a grin, "and after a little discussion in his private room, during which he used a very pointed argument, he agreed to let you go."

"You have a life-and-death hold over him, then, of some sort. What is it?"

"Nay, that would be hardly fair to tell you," said Turpin, chuckling. "His red-faced worship has done his part as agreed, and I must keep his secret. Be thankful you are out of it, Dick, and let us put the horses to the canter. For I do not trust Claverhouse overmuch, and it would still save him awkward questions if he could rid the earth of the pair of us to-night. He has many men in this district, and I count it due to my honour to see you safely away."

"Little we care for any blow in the open," said Dick; "but you have saved my life, comrade, when it was not worth a penny's purchase, and it shall never be forgotten!"

"As to that," laughed Turpin, shaking out his rein, "we have saved each other's lives so often that I have lost count, and do not know at the present moment which of us is the creditor. But let that go—it matters not a straw. Which way shall we ride to-night, Dick?"

"Southward," replied the young highwayman, "away towards the Norfolk border, where we will ride the marshes for a couple of days. Old Sapengro and the gipsies are down that way, and there is some kittle news they should have for us. After that, back to St. Austell's for a flying visit to Ralph, by which time all will be ready for my plan, which shall shake the teeth of Hector Neville in his head."

"And what is that same plan?" asked Turpin.

"You shall learn very soon. It is better left unspoken until I have it complete. You shall help in that affray, comrade, and right good sport it will be."

"Will it set you back in your own place, to enjoy Faulkbourne again?"

"Why no," replied Dick. "I see no hope of that ever coming to pass. I am outlaw beyond all saving, and every day the hue-and-cry for me is greater. But at least Faulkbourne is not for Hector Neville, the cheat and miser! I will strip him of it, and drive him out, as he drove me!"

"You would no longer find the life of a country gentleman too quiet—eh?" chuckled Turpin, "were you in possession again?"

"No," said Dick, with a sigh. "I am free to own I begin to sicken somewhat of this hunted life. The freedom of the open, the wind, and sky, and the danger, all these I love. But the treachery, the constant deceit and lying and espionage that I meet with, the vileness of the vile men, all have entered like cold iron into my spirit. It would be pleasant to escape from that, and enjoy my own once more, and do to others as I would be done by. It wearies me to find every man an enemy, save you, staunch old comrade."

"Pretty sentiments these for a knight of the road!" laughed Turpin. "I can see you are beginning to fail us."

"Not I!" said Dick stoutly. "This is the only life that remains for me now, and I shall live it while I may, and die fighting when the end comes. They drove me to it, but they shall never hang me!"

"Well, let us cover another dozen miles, then put up for the night," said Turpin; "we will take many a purse together before that time comes."

They settled themselves at last at a cottage in the woods, and next day rode far to the southward. Unfortunately, Black Bess fell lame by a sharp flint—a thing that did not happen to her once in three years. They had to lie up for a day, but the evening afterwards, as the dusk began to fall, they found themselves on the Norwich high-road.

"I know not how it is," said Turpin, "but I've had much experience in this way, and though I've seen nobody, 'tis borne in upon me that we are followed, Dick."

"By whom—and how?"

"That remains to be seen. We must go warily. I have learned that your escape from the prison has made a great stir, and

that the sheriffs around about have sworn to take us."

"I have heard such resolutions too many times before," said Dick, grinning. "They come to very little save woe for those who try it. But I hear hoofs upon the road round the corner."

"Draw in among the trees here," replied Turpin, leading the way, "till we know who they are. 'Tis always better to see than to be seen."

"None too soon, by the rood!" said Dick, as they reined back behind the rather scanty cover of the spruce fir-branches. "See their yellow-laced hats over the gorse! 'Tis the King's Riders, and no others! 'Tis odds we shall be seen here, too."

"Bide a little, and sit quiet," murmured Turpin, as five or six Riders came round the bend. "They are not after us—they have prisoners. Four in all. 'Od's death!" he muttered, in sudden amazement, "they've got the footpad Sweeny and three of his men!"

"What!" said Dick, beneath his breath. "Zounds, you're right!"

Bound like new-taken wolves, lashed round and round with ropes, with their feet tied beneath the bellies of the farm-horses they were on, the four footpads were escorted by six King's men with cocked and ready pistols in their hands. In the centre was Sweeny himself.

"Taken at last!" thought Dick. At that moment a gust of the evening breeze blew aside the unlucky bough that screened Dick's face, and the evil eyes of Sweeny lit full upon him.

"Blood!" he cried with an oath of savage delight. "See there, fellows—Dick o' the Roads! You've taken us for the gallows; after him, and bring him in beside us!"

The moment Sweeny opened his mouth, Turpin wheeled and clapped spurs to Black Bess, and the two comrades crashed away through the wood, followed by shouts and pistol-shots.

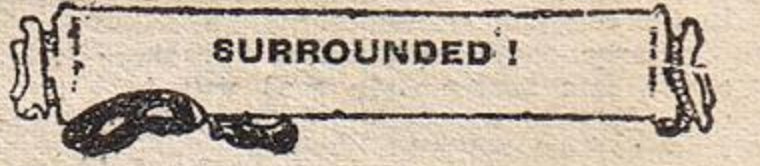
In a few moments they were through the belt of trees and on the open heath beyond, where they galloped at lightning pace straight across country for some minutes, when Dick drew rein.

"Hold hard, Turpin!" he cried. "They're not after us!"

"Nay," said Turpin; "they were too few to dare leave their prisoners. I knew that well. But none the less, we shall do well to get out of the neighbourhood."

"Zounds, but it went against the grain to turn tail like that from so few, and because that villain Sweeny betrayed us; yet when you turned I suppose there was nothing for it but to gallop off!"

"There is something in the air I don't like," said Turpin, after a while. "Like an old hound, I can sniff the fox long before I see him. Who comes there? A little Romany lad, as I live! Now for news, if there's any afoot."



**A** BROWN-FACED, healthy-looking little gipsy-boy started up from the heather like a partridge, and came running eagerly towards the horsemen.

"Is it Dick Neville?" he cried. "Now, all be praised! At last thou'rt found. All the Romanies are scattered over the heath to find ye, and it falls to me. I fear ye'll be in sorry case!"

"What! What's afoot, little man?" said Dick.

"They have surrounded you."

"Who?"

"The Riders. The sheriffs of three counties are out, with every man and horse, soldiers withal, and they count in hundreds. The news of thy escape from the courthouse is abroad, and a great outcry has been made all over the country. They have all sworn never to rest till they take ye, and you have been spied upon till you came to this heath. They are closing in on every side, and there is no gap!"

"What did I tell you, Dick?" said Turpin coolly. "They mean business this time. There'll be no second escape if they take us."

## HIS MAJESTY, KING GEORGE THE SECOND, INTERRUPTS!



The splendid coach and four pulled up opposite Dick and his cousin. A footman flung open the door, and a large, podgy-looking, splendidly dressed man stepped out. "Wass is here?" he cried. "A fight? Dere is nodings better as I like dan a goot fight!" (See page 27.)

"Why, we have but to steal up quietly, and then charge through the ring, as we have done before," said Dick. "'Tis but the chance of a bullet as we go, and they have no horses that will ever see ours, once through."

"Nay, but they are too thick for that!" exclaimed the boy. "There is no way through. And it is thou, Dick Neville, that they seek far more than Turpin this time. The country is ablaze with the noise of thee."

"Quick, then! Have you any plan from those who sent you? Else we must fight to the end, and go under."

"Jasper Sapengro bids me say there is a single safe hiding-place that will hold but one. It is an old hollow tree, to be entered from the ground, and I will take you to it."

"There's your chance, Dick! Away with the lad while there's time!" cried Turpin.

"Nay, pink me, if I take the only place!" said Dick. "You go with him, comrade, and I'll take my chance."

"I'll hang fifty feet high before I do! You are in most danger."

"Then neither of us will," returned Dick. "Nor will we hang. If it's as bad as the lad says, we'll ride at them and empty their saddles till they stretch us dead on the grass! Come on!"

"Stop!" cried Turpin. "I have a plan. Give me your coat."

"What for?"

"Give it me! It may be the last thing I ask, and you won't refuse?"

Dick took off his handsome pink and gold-laced riding coat, by which he was so well known to travellers, and gave it to Turpin.

"Put this on," said Turpin, taking off his own black-and-silver jacket, and handing it to Dick.

"What the plague is this for?" said Dick, as he slipped into it.

"I am going to charge the lines in this coat and my mask, and they will think they have caught you! The instant the word

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spreads they will relax their vigilance, and with luck you may dash through safely. So hold yourself ready. Good-bye, Dick!"

"What! No, burn me if you shall!" cried Dick, as Turpin galloped off like the wind. "Turpin, come back!" shouted Dick, spurring after him. "I won't do it! You sha'n't fling your life away for me! Where's he gone?"

Turpin dashed into a cover, and was out of sight in no time, and, using all his skill, he soon was lost to Dick, who rode up and down distractedly.

"Why did I change coats with him! If he is taken, I won't save my neck at the cost of his. I'll ride into the thick of them and use the butt till they shoot me down. Oh, comrade—heart of gold!—why did you go?"

He looked down, and saw the swift-footed little Romany, who had overtaken him while he circled to and fro.

"Hold, sir! Yonder is one who seeks you!"

"Zounds, who's this!" said Dick, his hand darting to his holsters as he saw a horseman approaching at the gallop. "One of the Riders? Nay, 'tis a boy."

"He has been seeking you, Dick Neville," said the little gipsy. "He rode on to the heath two hours ago, before the Riders surrounded, asking us about you."

"Od's wounds!" said Dick, as the rider dashed up on a foam-covered, exhausted horse. "Ralph, what brings you here? How did you find me?"

"I learned from the gipsies where you might be," replied Ralph—for it was indeed he—"and, thank Heaven, I have found you! I heard that a great effort was to be made to capture you, when I was at St. Austell's, and that you would have no hope of escape. I ran away, and got this horse—I left one dead on the road—and rode a day and night that I might be with you. If you go down, Dick, so will I!"

"You are a Neville to the core, Ralph!" cried Dick. "But I would give my right hand if you were not here. This will be no work for you! It means all but certain

death! Oh, boy, what folly have you done! You must ride back, and save yourself!"

"Not I! You shall shoot me with your own hand first! I am the master of Huntercombe, and have the right to stand beside you, Dick. And if you die I don't give a fig to live on by myself!"

"I see plainly nothing can stop you now," said Dick, with a sigh. "I pray you may pass through it safely, whatever happens to me. But if we are to strive side by side there is no time to waste. Have you any news of how the Riders are advancing?"

"Yes; they are closing in in a large circle, with scouts and vedettes ahead, but yet well away from us. They are narrowing in slowly, and the heath is a perfect place for it. There are five sheriffs and all the Riders and levies of three counties."

"All to capture one lonely highwayman!" said Dick grimly.

"Ay, because there will be woe for them if they fail; and also the King is travelling North, and the sheriffs were frightened lest you might stop him, for which they would be sorely called to account."

"The King?"

"Yes. He will travel by another road now, of course. But the chief news is this, Hector Neville is the first mover of all this, and it is he who stirred the sheriffs up and has spent much of his beloved gold in paying for the force. He means to have you caught now, at any cost!"

"Ha, that explains it! I thought there was some motive out of the common to lead to all this fuss. Well, he is likely to get his way at last. He sits at home at Faulkbourne, doubtless, and gloats over the trouble he has set moving."

"Nay, he is here, helping direct the men."

"Here?" cried Dick, leaping in his saddle.

"Yes. The sheriffs are no great hands at such work, you know, and they find his cunning useful. He is full of zeal, spurring them up to the mark, for Hector is consumed with eagerness to make sure of you this time!"

"You mean he is on the heath?" exclaimed Dick.

"Yes. I caught sight of him right across the middle, by the fir-woods yonder, where the road runs, with several of the Riders' scouts. I paid no heed to him, being so anxious to find and warn you."

"Od's death!" cried Dick. "If I can but come face to face with him before they get me all will pay for itself! Quick, Ralph! Spur on, and show me where you saw him!"

"Gently now!" said Dick, as they approached the fir-copse to which Ralph pointed. "Rein your horse in. Is yonder the wood where you saw him?"

"No; 'twas the other, right down the road there. But he was moving this way with his men."

"Well done, Ralph! Dismount here, and we will walk the horses very quietly into the wood. Have you the pistols? Draw them from the holsters and keep them ready. Quickly—into shelter! I see forms approaching along the road already."

They placed themselves in the thickest part of the dark pine-wood.

The broad white ribbon of the high-road showed just outside the copse, not five yards from Dick's dark hiding-place, and in the starlight he could see five dim forms approaching on horseback, and thought he recognised the outline of one of them. They halted at the corner.

"Shall we search the wood, sir?" said one.

"No," said Hector Neville's voice; "he will not be in hiding. It is not likely he knows yet what is afoot. Do you four ride on separately, one to each of the four knolls away yonder, and keep a look-out there. I will watch here, whence I can see any mounted figure for a long way round. The first who sights him is to gallop back to the lines and give the word."

Ralph nudged Dick in delight as the four riders departed. Hector Neville sat motionless on his horse for some time till they were out of sight below the rise.

Presently he dismounted, to loosen the curb-chain of his bridle, which was causing the horse to fret and stamp noisily.

Dick touched Ralph's arm, and, drawing his rapier, stole forward noiselessly. He reached the edge of the wood in a few strides.

A bound, and he was out upon the road, with his rapier's point at Hector's breast.

"One cry of alarm or warning and you die!" he said.

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Hector gave a great gasp, and turned white as the chalky road.

"You have me fast, perchance," said Dick grimly; "it has taken a few hundred to catch me, and your men are closing in, but before they arrive you and I will settle the matter one way or the other! Out with your sword, and face me as man to man!"

Hector stared stupidly, and tried to speak. "Draw, and fall on!" said Dick. "'Tis your only chance! See, I will fight you left-handed, that your swordsmanship may equal mine!"

Hector grew livid with fury, and at this his rapier leaped from its sheath.

"On guard, then," he cried, "and meet me with the left! I hold you to your word!"

Up and down raged the fight, and Dick found he had given no small advantage by using his left hand, skilful as he was. For Hector, always a good fencer, had been perfecting himself under a famous master-at-arms, and had enormously increased his skill since the encounter with Dick at Faulkebourne.

By changing hands the young highwayman would have had Hector at his mercy at once, but this he would not do. He kept to his word, and, warming to his work, he showed Hector that, left-handed or not, he was yet likely to pink his adversary.

"Hold!" cried Ralph. "What's this on the road?"

**AN UNEXPECTED INTERRUPTION!**

**I**N the thick of the fight the sound of hoofs and wheels rang down the highway, and a splendid coach-and-four suddenly drove along, with four outriders, evidently escorting some great lord on his travels.

The combatants had to stop and jump aside, or the coach would have driven over them, when a commanding voice called out sharply, and the vehicle and its escort pulled up at once. A head was put out of the window.

"Wass is here?" cried the head's owner, with a strong foreign accent. "Is it a fight?"

"Yes, a fight!" returned Dick curtly. "Guard yourself, Hector Neville!"

"Wait!" cried the voice, and, as a footman flung the coach door open, a large, podgy-looking man, splendidly dressed, with a fat, good-natured face, stepped out.

"Dere is nodings better as I like dan a goot fight," he said. "Vot vas it about? I vill see fair play."

"Why, sir, if it interests you," said Dick, "I have here before me at last the knave who has robbed me of my estates and fortune, and by treachery caused me to be hunted across England. He thinks now to have brought me to the gallows, and I am calling him to account for it."

"Very goot!" said the stranger, glancing at Hector. "And a very ill-looking knave he seems, for all his fine clothes."

The swords clashed together again, and the rapier thrusts gleamed like silver. Only the clink of steel broke the silence. But now Dick pressed his rival hard, and Hector began to fall back. Fear shone on his brow.

"Dog of the highways," he panted, "I'll lay you in the dust yet!"

Suddenly, after a quick thrust, he whipped a pistol from his pocket with his left hand. A warning cry came from Ralph.

But before Hector could pull the trigger, Dick's sword-point struck like lightning upon

the scoundrel's wrist, and the pistol fell, exploding as it struck the ground. With a cry of despair, Hector turned on him again, but Dick's blade passed through his body, and he fell dead upon the road.

"Vell done!" cried the stranger. "Der knave, he is vell served! Vot a vile trick mit der pistol! You are a brafe man, sir, and a splendid swordsman. Vot is your name?"

"Dick o' the Roads, at your service!"

"Donnerblitz!" said the stranger. "You are der young highwayman?"

"The same."

"Herr lieber! It is I who order your capture, and here I find you, no cowardly ruffler of der highways, but a gallant shentleman, fighting against odds, and stripped of his rights by fraud. I remember something of der story. And I have seen you conquer your enemy, who showed himself a villain by his dirty trick!"

Dick bowed, marvelling who the stranger could be—apparently the High Sheriff—when suddenly down upon the coach charged a whole troop of Riders, completely surrounding it and the spectators.

"Your Majesty!" gasped the captain of the troop.

"Back!" said the stranger, waving his hand. The Riders pulled back hurriedly and respectfully. "Back—all is arranged!"

Dick stared in astonishment, and the stranger smiled.

"May I ask your name, sir?" said Dick.

"Ja!" replied the stranger, laughing. "My name is King George der Second."

"King George!" cried Dick. And then, mastering his amazement, he swung his hat off and bowed low.

"Your Majesty reconciles me to my capture!" said Dick to the King.

"I—I beg your Majesty's pardon," said the captain of the Riders, "but this is the—"

"Ach, you beg my pardon! Ver goot—dat is fine idea, and I gif it! Nod to you, good captain, but to my new young friend here. Julius, gif me paper and ink-horn from der coach, and a pen!"

And, resting the paper against the side of the coach, the genial monarch—who, like his father, was brought up at the Hanover Court, and talked queer English—wrote rapidly with a grey goose-quill, and scrawled his bold signature below.

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"Your free pardon, Richard Neville von Faulkbourne!" he cried, holding the paper out to Dick. "To-morrow we shall set our seal to it. Blitzen, vot haf we here?"

A second troop of Riders came up, and in their midst, bound with rope, and seated on Black Bess, was Turpin—a prisoner at last.

"You are in luck, old comrade," he said; "all my wishes go with you. Good-bye, Dick; don't ye mind for me!"

Dick turned to the King.

"Your Majesty," he cried, "you have loaded me with kindness. But though I lose your favour, I must ask one more thing. That is my old and staunch comrade whom your men hold prisoner. I pray you, set him free!"

The King shook his head.

"Dot is Turpin," he said—"Richard Turpin, a notorious rogue and malefactor, mit der blackest of records. He must die!"

"Your Majesty," said Dick beseechingly, "let him go, and hang me in his place! I cannot see him go to the gallows while I am free!"

"He shall be hanged!" said the King sternly; "say no more!"

"Then, for my honour's sake, hang me beside him! I shall be worse than a poltroon to live while he is dead. See, your Majesty, he has my coat on! He wore it, and gave himself into the hands of the Riders, that I might chance to go free!"

"Himmel!" he cried; "but you do some brave things for each other, you knights of der road! I haf never heard der like of dot! Blitzen! If he did dot, he must go free! But mind, I cannot gif him a pardon. He is too black a rogue for dot. I know his crimes. But he shall be set loose, and given his horse, and der Riders not follow him till daybreak. Den if dey catch him, dey must hang him."

"He'll laugh at all the Riders in England in two hours!" said a voice.

"I stand to my word," said the King. "Take off dose ropes!"

"Three cheers for his Majesty!" cried Turpin, swinging his hat in the air the moment his arms were free. The hurrahs made the night ring.

"Good-bye, Dick!" said the highwayman, holding out his hand; "you've been the best of comrades, but my company is little good for you, and we must part. I shall keep your coat for a remembrance. Do you keep mine, and a corner in your heart for Turpin the Outlaw!"

Wheeling Black Bess round, he shot past the Riders, and sped away into the night. Nor did they lay hands on him then or after.

"And now," said his Majesty, stepping into the coach, "come mit me, Dick, for I find you very goot company. Dis is your young broder, of Huntercombe? Ralph, his name? Come in, Ralph. Now, Dick, I hear dis house of yours, Faulkbourne, is ver' fine place. Only fifteen miles? We will go dere, and you shall be my host. Send your gallopers on ahead dere, captain, and command that all be made ready. I go to celebrate Dick Neville's return to his own again. We make jolly night of it when we get dere. Forward!"

And less than two hours later the royal coach rolled up to Faulkbourne's doors between long lines of torch-bearers. The walls of the grand old mansion enclosed high revels and glad hearts that night, when Dick Neville sat on the right hand of King George the Jovial at the head of the great banquet-table, and entered into his own again.

THE END.



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