

THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME AGAIN!

DRAMATIC ROOKWOOD TALE YOU'LL ALL ENJOY!
Tubby Muffin imagined he was keeping the secret of "The boy without a name" for Adolphus Smythe, but in a perfectly guileless fashion he was leading Jimmy Silver & Co. straight to the truth of the mystery!



Finding His Name!

Another Splendid, Long, Complete
 Story, dealing with the adventures
 of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood.

By **OWEN CONQUEST**

(Author of the Rookwood stories now
 appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

A Pig in Clover!

AND six jam-tarts!"
 "Yes, Master Muffin!"
 "And a plum-cake!"
 "Yes, Master Muffin!"
 "And a seed-cake!" continued Tubby Muffin thoughtfully. "And I think I'll have some dough-nuts!"

Sergeant Kettle smiled quite benignly upon Reginald Muffin of the Classical Fourth. Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the old sergeant had been in the habit of frowning when Tubby Muffin rolled into his little shop at Rookwood. For Tubby's object generally was to make one more effort to obtain tuck on "tick." But now the sergeant was geniality itself. Tubby had not only become his best customer—he was always willing to be that—but he had become a cash customer.

Quite a little pile of good things were accumulating before Tubby on the counter as he gave his orders. There was a ten-shilling note in Tubby's fat paw, and it was evident that his orders were going on until the limit of ten shillings was reached. Tubby Muffin was not a believer in putting anything by for a rainy day. When Tubby was in funds, his funds all went in the same direction, and in these days he was as welcome in Sergeant Kettle's little shop as the flowers in May.

"And a tin of pineapple!" said Tubby Muffin, after due reflection. A matter of such importance required a certain amount of reflection.

"Yes, Master Muffin!"

Four juniors were coming into the school shop while Tubby was giving his orders, but the fat Classical was too busy to heed Jimmy Silver & Co. The Fistical Four stopped and looked on with interest. Lovell and Raby and Newcome seemed amused, but Jimmy Silver eyed the fat Classical junior with something like uneasiness. Tubby's recent wealth was so very remarkable that the captain of the Fourth was rather exercised in his mind about it.

Muffin, the most impecunious fellow in the Fourth, the indefatigable borrower of "tanners," was not only in funds, but he seemed to have more money of late than any other fellow in the Form.

Certainly Tubby had explained that he had "won it" from Smythe of the Shell at banker, but that explanation was rather too "steep" for Jimmy Silver. Smythe of the Shell had plenty of money to lose, and he was addicted to banker, but the fat and fatuous Tubby was about the last fellow at Rookwood likely to "break the bank" in Adolphus Smythe's study.

"And a ginger-pop!" Tubby Muffin went on, heedless of the Fistical Four. "And—

and make it up to ten bob, sergeant, with oranges!"

"Yes, Master Muffin!"

"I dare say you can lend me a bag to carry it in?" remarked Tubby Muffin, surveying his pile with fat satisfaction.

"Certainly, Master Muffin!"

"Are you going to leave anything in the shop for us, Muffin?" inquired Arthur Edward Lovell in a tone of sarcasm.

Tubby Muffin blinked round at the Fistical Four.

"Hallo, you fellows! I was going to ask you to tea!" said the fat Classical affably. "You can help me take the tuck to my study, if you like!"

"So you're in funds again?" said Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin nodded.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"It does!" said Jimmy dryly.

"Lend me a hand with the stuff!" said Tubby.

"There's some Modern cads hanging about outside—just like them to raid it!"

"We'll do that!" said Jimmy.

The Fistical Four soon made their own purchases, on a much more modest scale than Tubby's. Then they obligingly helped the fat Classical to convey his cargo to the School House.

The cargo was duly landed on the table in Study No. 2 in the Fourth. Tubby rubbed his fat hands.

"Looks nice, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"Very nice!" assented Jimmy Silver.

"Whose is it?"

"Eh?"

"Whose is it?"

"Mine, of course! Didn't you see me buying it, you ass?"

"And I saw you paying for it," said Jimmy Silver. "This is about the tenth time in a week that you've shelled out a ten-shilling note, Muffin."

"Is it?" said Tubby carelessly. "Blessed if I keep count! You see, ten-shilling notes ain't much to a wealthy fellow like me! Bit different with you chaps, of course!"

"We don't play banker with Smythe of the Shell!" remarked Raby.

"I don't, either— I—I mean, I do!" stammered Tubby Muffin. "I—I mean that I do, of course!"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"That won't wash, Muffin!" he said.

"I don't understand you, Silver!" said Reginald Muffin, with dignity. "If you're going to doubt my word I shall refuse to have you to tea!"

"Never mind the tea," said Jimmy Silver.

"We're not staying to tea, Muffin—not unless you explain how you are getting your tin from, anyhow!"

"I've explained, haven't I?"

"You've told whoppers, as you usually do," answered Jimmy Silver. "I never quite swallowed your yarn of winning money from

Smythe at banker. We whacked you for gambling, in case you were telling the truth by accident. But it's too steep, Muffin."

"Look here——"

"You're such a born idiot," continued Jimmy Silver quietly, "that you might be up to anything. All the Lower School has noticed—how you've been rolling in money lately, and talked about it. The prefects will get to hear of it soon, at this rate, and then there'll be inquiries. You'll have to explain then."

"You—you see——" said Tubby feebly.

"Your allowance is five bob a week," said Jimmy. "I know that. Ten-shilling notes don't come out of that."

"I get a lot of remittances, you know——"

"You don't," said Jimmy Silver calmly.

"I—I say, you know——"

"You get the money from Smythe of the Shell," said Jimmy. "Everybody's noticed how you hang about his study. But you don't win it at banker. That's all rot! Why does Smythe give you money, Muffin?"

"I—I—— He—he doesn't, you know."

"He does! Why?"

"Look here, it's not your bizney, Jimmy Silver!" exclaimed Muffin defiantly. "If Smythe likes to make a loan to a pal, it's Smythe's affair, not yours!"

"You're not Smythe's pal. He looks as if he could bite you whenever you speak to him. And Smythe isn't the fellow to make loans to a pal, either, unless he was sure of seeing the money again. He won't see it again if he lends it to you, and he knows it. This is jolly mysterious, Muffin!"

"Tain't your bizney!" said Muffin.

"There's something on," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "It's not in reason for Smythe to shell out like this for nothing. He's got plenty of tin, but you must have squeezed him nearly dry the last week or two. You've got some hold over Smythe, and you're making him pay. Is that it?"

"Certainly not. I—I don't know anything about Smythe's secret——"

"What secret?"

"Oh, nothing! There isn't any secret!" said Tubby hastily.

"You just said there was."

"I—I didn't! I said I didn't know anything about it. I've never even seen his cousin——"

"What cousin?"

"Eh? I—I mean, I don't believe he's got a cousin. I wasn't hidden in his study the day his pater came down here and told him—— I—I mean——"

"Told him what?"

"Nothing!"

The chums of the Fourth stared at Tubby Muffin. As for Tubby, he realised that he was saying a little too much, and he closed his fat lips and kept them closed.

"Look here, Tubby——"

Tubby pointed to the door with a fat forefinger. Not another word was to be extracted from him.

"Oh, come on!" said Lovell. "Charley's waiting for us in the end study—and I want my tea!"

And the Fistical Four left Study No. 2, much to Tubby Muffin's relief, and went along to their own quarters, Jimmy Silver's brow deeply corrugated with thought.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Jimmy Silver thinks it out!

ROBINSON, Roberts, Richards, Rickman, Rundell, Rippinghill, Roodle, Rinkle—

Thus Arthur Edward Lovell.

The end study were at tea—the Fistical Four and their new study-mate, who was variously known at Rookwood as "Charley," and "the Kid," and "Young Nobody."

The boy from nowhere looked very bright and cheerful, and anyone looking at him now would not have guessed that only a few weeks before Jimmy Silver had found him wandering on Coombe Heath suffering from the effects of imprisonment and ill-usage.

The shock he had received still left its results. He had lost his memory, and he had not recovered it.

But his new chums were in great hopes of seeing his complete recovery, especially Arthur Edward Lovell.

It was Lovell, as he had never ceased to mention, who had discovered that Young Nobody's Christian name was Charles.

Lovell's method was a rather remarkable one, and it required patience, especially on Charley's side.

The sagacious Arthur Edward had compiled a formidable list of names, and on all occasions, in season and out of season, he recited them one after another to the boy from nowhere, convinced that as soon as Charley heard the right name he would recognise it.

Then, so to speak, all would be calm and bright.

Lovell was much encouraged by the fact that he had hit on the Christian name, after inflicting a list of some hundreds upon the long-enduring new junior.

Surnames were now his game.

His method was alphabetical, and he had now progressed as far as "R."

True, it was possible that Charley's surname began with an earlier letter in the alphabet, and that Arthur Edward had missed it. It was possible, but Lovell thought not probable.

He was very thorough. So thorough was he, in fact, that, when he had reached "Z," he was prepared to begin again at the beginning.

George Raby hinted that Charley's funeral would probably take place before he got through the alphabet a second time, Raby affecting to believe that Charley was in the process of being bored to death.

But Lovell did not heed. Teatime in the end study had its regular accompaniment now of the recitation of surnames by the resolute Arthur Edward.

The new junior listened, with a smile.

At first he had answered "No," or shaken his head at each name, but lately he had given that up. He really was not equal to keeping his end up in this peculiar game.

It was understood that he was to answer in the affirmative if he recognised his own name at last, and Lovell was sure that it would turn up sooner or later.

Jimmy Silver & Co. fervently hoped that it would be sooner, and not later. Charley made no statement on the subject, but Lovell's chums made no secret of the fact that Lovell's wonderful method was growing a dreadful bore.

"Rucker, Racker, Rackham, Rickshaw," chanted Lovell. He helped himself to an egg, sampled it, and began again: "Rundle, Rancher, Rocks, Riddle, Rangle—"

"Thinking it out, Jimmy?" asked Lovell, interrupting himself, as he noted the thoughtful frown on the brow of the captain of the Fourth.

"I was thinking of Muffin," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell shook his head.

"It's no good thinking about Muffin. Charley's name isn't Muffin."

"Fathead! I was thinking about Tubby!" said Jimmy.

"Tubby isn't a name; it's a nickname!"

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"Ass!" roared Jimmy Silver. "I'm speaking of Tubby Muffin of the Fourth—our Muffin!"

"Oh, blow Tubby Muffin!" said Lovell crossly. "What on earth do you want to think about Tubby Muffin for?"

"I can't help thinking there's something wrong," said Jimmy Silver. "Tubby Muffin is getting money out of Smythe of the Shell."

"More fool Smythe!"
"I don't know whether it's because he's a fool or a rogue!" said Jimmy. "That's the point."

Lovell stared.
"I don't see that Smythe can be a rogue for lending Muffin money; he'll never see it again. He's a fool, if you like!"

"He's not lending it to him; he's giving it!"
"Well, that makes him out a bigger fool than ever!"

"He's got his reasons," said Jimmy Silver. "There's only one reason he could have for shelling out money to Tubby—to keep him quiet. Tubby has bowled him out in something."

"Well, Smythe kicks over the traces often enough," remarked Lovell. "We all know that he smokes and plays cards, and goes to the Bird in Hand to play billiards with that cad Hook. But that's no secret. Tubby wouldn't sneak about him, and he couldn't prove anything if he did."

"It's something more serious than that, I think."

"Well, what is it, then?" yawned Lovell. "Get it off your chest! I want to begin on 'S.'"

"Let 'S' wait for a bit, for goodness' sake!"

"Rats! Charley, old chap, is your name Smith, Snooks, Snoodles, Skifkins—"

"I—I think not!"

"Snuggles, Snaggles, Snoggles, Sniggles—"

"Shut up!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Can't you let a chap speak?"

"I'm helping Charley get his memory back."

"Give us a rest! I'll buzz the marmalade at you if you don't dry up!" hooted Jimmy Silver.

"Well, if Charley isn't to recover his memory because you want to chinwag, Jimmy Silver—" said Lovell in a tone of resignation.

"Ass! Now, look here," said Jimmy Silver, "you remember that when we first saw Charley we were struck with his likeness to Smythe of the Shell. We thought he must be a relation of Smythe's, from the likeness."

"That's an old story. Smythe said he wasn't, and that settles it."

"It doesn't settle it. Smythe isn't descended from George Washington. Poor old Charley was a bit tattered when we found him on the heath, and Smythe, I suspect, thought he might be some poor relation, and was in a hurry to deny it. Now, whether Charley's poor or rich doesn't matter twopence to Charley's pals—that's us. It may matter to Smythe, but not to us."

"Thank you!" said Charley, with a smile.

"That's so," said Newcome. "But Smythe ought to know, Jimmy."

"Perhaps he does know, and he's keeping it dark."

"Oh!"

The boy from nowhere started, and turned a rather eager look upon Jimmy Silver.

"Tubby has let out a little, anyhow," went on Jimmy, following out his own train of thought. "He mentioned being hidden in Smythe's study when Smythe's father came down here a week or two ago. He said something about Smythe's cousin."

"I dare say Smythe's got lots of cousins."

"We asked Smythe to tell us the names of all his relations, so that we could try them on Charley, and he refused."

"That was only Smythe's swank."

"Well, was it?" said Jimmy. "There might be something else in it. Anyhow, it's plain enough that Muffin knows something about Smythe, and he's getting money out of the cad to keep it dark. There can't be any doubt about that."

"Well, it looks like it!" admitted Lovell. "Snoodles, Snuffson, Snaggles, Sninker—"

"What do you mean, you ass?"

"Eh? I'm doing names. Snapson, Snarker, Sniggles—"

Jimmy Silver rose to his feet.

"I'm going to see Smythe!" he said.

"Good!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Do!"

And as Jimmy Silver, rather crossly, quitted the end study, the last thing he heard was:

"Snark, Sampson, Slumpton, Salisbury, Snorker—"

Lovell was still "going it!"

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Adolphus Loses his Temper!

I DON'T call it pally!" said Tracy.

"Quite the reverse!" said Howard.

Adolphus Smythe, the ornament of the Shell, made no reply.

The elegant Adolphus was seated in his armchair in his study, toying with a cigarette after tea. His expression was not happy. It was, in fact, considerably sullen and sulky.

For more than a week Adolphus Smythe had been rather a puzzle to his chums. He was thoughtful, he was worried, he was morose. He was even a little neglectful of his appearance. His necktie was no longer a model to all Rookwood, his trousers were not always creased as of old; on more than one occasion Adolphus had actually forgotten to put them in the press. Adolphus was no longer the glass of fashion and the mould of form to the Lower School of Rookwood.

That proved, if anything could, that the great Adolphus had something on his mind.

When Adolphus omitted to take care that his trousers were properly creased, it was palpable that there was something wrong with Adolphus.

Even more remarkable to relate, Smythe of the Shell seemed to have lost his taste for the risky, shady adventures he had been used to indulge in for the noble purpose of "killin' time!"

Banker and nap in the study had lost their attractions, sporting papers had no interest for him, the Bird in Hand knew him no more, and he did not seem to care whether Snooker II. or Jolly Boy won the Swindleton race.

Naturally, his chums were dissatisfied.

This was not at all the Smythe they knew of old, and they did not like the change.

"It's not pally!" Tracy repeated. "Here we're planning an excursion that you ought to jump at—a regular plunge! And you sit there like a mummy and don't say a word."

"Like an Egyptian mummy!" said Howard.

"You don't want to come!" pursued Tracy. "You don't seem to want anythin' lately! You chum up with a fat boulder in the Fourth Form, and give your old pals the marble eye."

"If you're goin' to chuck up your old pals," said Howard, more in sorrow than in anger, "you might chuck 'em up for somebody better than Tubby Muffin of the Fourth! If it was Morny or Townsend; but to throw over your old pals for Tubby Muffin, it beats me!"

Smythe bit his lip.

"It isn't that," he said. "Hang Tubby Muffin! I'd give a fiver to anybody who would wring his fat neck!"

"You're pally with him!"

"I'm not! I—well, I can't quite explain," said Smythe desperately. "I hate the sight of his greedy face!"

"You lend him money," said Tracy; "that's why you've never got any tin for a little game in the study. I tell you every chap in the Fourth and the Shell knows that Muffin gets money from you."

"We—we play banker, you know, and—"

"You don't!" said Tracy grimly. "I don't believe you've ever played cards with Muffin. You give him the money. What for?"

Smythe made a restless movement.

"You—you see—" he said feebly.

"The trouble is that we don't see," answered Howard tartly. "You've been like this ever since your pater came down here. I can tell you we're getting jolly well fed-up, Smythe!"

There was silence in the study. Adolphus Smythe threw his unsmoked cigarette into the fire. Howard and Tracy exchanged an angry look, and moved to the door.

"D-d-don't go for a minute!" stammered Adolphus.

"Well?"

"I—I want you to lend me some tin!"

"Hard up?" asked Tracy sarcastically.
 "Ye-es."
 "You had a fiver not so long ago, and you haven't spent any that I've noticed. Has Muffin cleared you out?" sneered Tracy.
 "Look here, I suppose you can lend me a couple of quid?" exclaimed Smythe angrily.
 "Not for Muffin."
 "I—I want it badly—"
 "Ask Muffin!"
 And with that Smythe's pals quitted the study, Tracy slamming the door as he went. As Howard had remarked, Smythe's pals were "fed-up!"

Adolphus was left alone with a frown upon his somewhat vacant face. He drew another cigarette from his case, but did not light it. He sat picking it to pieces with nervous, restless fingers.

The door opened suddenly. A fat and shiny face looked in, and Adolphus' frown grew blacker. Tubby Muffin gave him a cheery nod and a grin and rolled into the study, closing the door after him.

"Hallo, old sport!" said Tubby familiarly.
 "What do you want now?" asked Smythe, between his teeth. "You've had ten bob out of me to-day, you fat rascal!"

"I have sold you something for ten shillings, you mean, Smythe," said Reginald Muffin calmly. "Do you think I've come here to ask you for money?"

Smythe gritted his teeth.
 "If you have, it won't be any good; I'm stony," he answered.

Tubby gave him a fat wink.
 "It's the truth, you rotter!" muttered Smythe.

"Well, the fact is, old chap, I'm in rather a fix," said Muffin, with an air of candour. "The fellows in my study are rather rusty. Jones minor is standing a supper—"

"Hang Jones minor!"

"And they won't let me come!" said Tubby Muffin. "Jones minor says I never stand my whaek, and he won't let me come to supper. Of course, I can't stand an imputation like that. A fellow has his dignity to consider. I'm going to take in something decent for supper, and we'll jolly well see what young Jones says then. I could do with five bob."

"You won't get it out of me."
 "I'm not asking you to lend me money, Smythe. I've got something to sell you."

Tubby Muffin drew a crumpled paper from his pocket and tossed it to Smythe. The Shell fellow glanced at it with a savage look. It was not the first document of the kind the unscrupulous Tubby had brought to Adolphus' study "for sale." It ran:

"Young Nobody is Smythe's cousin Charles Clare who is missing from Lynton School."

That was all! But, little as it was, it had cost Smythe of the Shell a considerable proportion of his ample pocket-money of late.

"Like to give me five bob for that?" asked Tubby Muffin affably.

"No!" said Smythe, breathing hard.
 "Be reasonable, old chap!" urged Tubby. "I'm really speaking in your own interests, you know. Your uncle in South Africa left ten thousand pounds between you and your cousin at Lynton. If your lost cousin doesn't turn up, you bag it all. You needn't shake your head; you know I heard every word your pater said when he was here. Your pater doesn't know anything about Young Nobody—never heard of him. But you do, and you know Young Nobody is your cousin, and you're trying to diddle him!" Tubby shook a fat forefinger accusingly at Smythe of the Shell. "You're taking advantage of the poor chap having lost his memory to diddle him. You hope he'll never get his memory back—you know you do! Mean, I call it!"

Smythe breathed hard.

"I've been thinking," continued Tubby, with an air of conscious virtue, "whether it isn't my duty to tell Young Nobody the facts. I don't want to chip in in your family affairs, but really— Especially since you accused me of getting money out of you to keep it dark. As if I'd do such a thing!"

Smythe did not speak, but his eyes burned at the virtuous Tubby.

"Out of friendship," continued the virtuous youth, "I'm doing the best I can for you. It's not my business if the Smythe family rob one another. You're a bad lot, I must say! A rotten lot, if you don't mind my putting it plainly, Smythe! Not up to my standard. My intention is to act in a perfectly honourable way. I'm not going to



ADOLPHUS SMYTHE LOSES HIS TEMPER!—Smythe's temper failed him, and he made a jump at Tubby Muffin. He grasped him and thumped him as hard as he could. "Oh crumbs! I was only joking," roared the fat junior. "I won't say a word—wow!" The door flew open, and Jimmy Silver strode into the study. (See Chapter 3.)

follow your example, I can tell you. There's that paper! Young Nobody would give pounds for it! I'm offering it to you for five shillings! Generous, I call it!"

"I tell you I'm cleared out!"

"Then I'll take that paper where I can sell it!" said Tubby Muffin. "Here, I say, hold on! Don't be a beast! Yaroooooh!"

Smythe's temper had failed him, and he made a sudden spring, a good deal like a tiger, at Reginald Muffin.

It was rather reckless of Adolphus, considering how completely he was under Tubby's fat thumb. But he forgot that for the moment, and only remembered that the fat Classical had been haunting him, and making his life hardly worth living, for weeks. He grasped the yelling Tubby and thumped him, and, finding solace in it, thumped him again and again, harder and harder.
 Thump, thump, thump, thump!

"Oh crickey! Leggo! I—I was only joking, Smythe! Yaroo!" roared Tubby Muffin.

"I won't say a—yoop!—word! Not a—yowow!—syllable! Oh, my hat! Help!"

Thump, thump, thump!
 "Oh! Ah! Ow! Help! Rescue! Yoop!" wailed Tubby Muffin.

The door flew open, and Jimmy Silver of the Fourth strode into the study. Smythe suddenly relaxed his grasp upon his victim, and Tubby Muffin promptly dodged behind the captain of the Fourth.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Still in Clover!

JIMMY SILVER stared at Tubby Muffin, and stared at Adolphus Smythe. He had arrived at a rather exciting moment.

"Well, what's the name of this game?" inquired Jimmy.

Smythe stood panting.
 His fury had passed. At the sight of Jimmy Silver he was recalled to himself. One sentence from Tubby Muffin was enough to enlighten the captain of the Fourth, and the truth would be known.

Smythe's heart sank within him.
 "It—it's nothing!" he stammered. "Muffin was—was— I say, Muffin, old chap, I'm sorry I hit you!"

"Grooogh!" gasped Tubby Muffin.
 "Gerrooogh!"

At present Tubby Muffin was struggling to get his second wind, and had no breath for words.

But when he should speak—
 "I—I'm sorry, Muffin! I—I say, there's no need for us to rag!" panted Adolphus, in a great hurry to conciliate Tubby before he could gasp but the facts of the case. "I—I say, old chap—"
 "Yurrgghh!"

"So you two have been rowing?" said Jimmy Silver sarcastically. "You've got tired of shelling out cash, is that it, Smythe?"

Smythe licked his dry lips.
 "No business of yours, Silver!" he said. "We may have had a row. I don't see that you're called on to chip in."

"I don't want to," said Jimmy, with a shrug of the shoulders. "You can thump the fat bouncer, if you like. The harder the better, I think. I came here to speak to you, Smythe."

"You needn't trouble. I don't want to speak to you!"

"You're going to, all the same," answered Jimmy Silver coolly. "It's rather important, Smythe. You're under suspicion, you see."

Smythe started.
 "Wha-a-a-at do you mean?" he gasped.
 "You've been squaring Muffin—for some reason. I suspect the reason is that he knows a secret you've been keeping."

Adolphus changed colour.
 "You denied that the new kid was a relation of yours," continued Jimmy Silver. "He's as like you as two peas, except that he doesn't look a lachadassical noodle! I've got a strong suspicion that you can tell us his name if you liked."

"Why shouldn't I, if I could?" muttered Smythe.

"I don't know. Snobbishness, I suppose, because poor old Charley came here in rags and tatters, and you don't want to show a poor relation to Rookwood. And I suspect that Muffin has nosed it all out somehow, and that you've been squaring him to keep it dark!" said Jimmy Silver sternly.

Adolphus seemed scarcely to breathe. Tubby Muffin's peculiar way of keeping a secret had been pretty certain to lead to suspicion.

Adolphus had realised that, but he had not dreamed that Jimmy Silver would get so close to the truth. But, close as he was, he could not know if only Tubby Muffin kept silent! Smythe's glance was almost anguished, as it rested on Tubby's fat face.

The fat Classical had recovered his breath now. He was looking at Smythe with a significant grin. He had the upper hand again; but Adolphus was brought so abjectly to heel that Reginald Muffin decided to hold his hand.

So long as the secret was kept it was valuable to Tubby. Once told, the horn of plenty would dry up on the spot.

Tubby was not a very bright youth, but he understood that.

"I want to know the facts, Smythe," added Jimmy Silver. "Charley may never recover his memory, for all I know, and I more than suspect that you could help him if you chose. It's up to you to do it, if you've got a rag of decency anywhere about you!"

"I don't know his name," muttered Smythe huskily. "I don't know anything about the fellow."

"What do you know about him, Muffin?" snapped Jimmy Silver, fixing his eyes upon the fat Classical.

"Nothing at all, old chap!" said Tubby, in a great hurry. "Of course, I'd tell you if I knew!"

"What were you quarrelling with Smythe about?"

"I—I—I—"

"Because he's got fed-up with squaring you?"

"Nunno! I—I—"

"Muffin was asking me to pay up some—some money I owe him!" panted Smythe. "I—I cut up rusty!"

"That's it!" said Tubby eagerly. "Smythe owes me a pound. He was just going to settle—weren't you, Smythe, old fellow?"

Tubby's price had risen. The thumping had to be paid for. Tubby's tell-tale paper was still on the table. Adolphus, as he stood, was covering it with his hand. If Jimmy Silver could see that paper—

"Yes!" gasped Adolphus. "I—I'm going to settle, Muffin! Certainly! I—I'm rather short of tin now, but I can borrow a quid from Lattrey!"

"I'll give you ten minutes!" said Tubby Muffin significantly, and he rolled out of the study.

Jimmy Silver compressed his lips.

"You're bribing Muffin, Smythe," he said quietly.

"Nothin' of the kind!" said Adolphus, recovering his nerve a little now that Reginald Muffin was gone. "I owe him money, as it happens!"

"You don't owe him money!"

Adolphus shrugged his shoulders.

"You won't tell me anything about the new kid?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"I've got nothin' to tell you!"

"Very well. I've given you a chance to own up," said Jimmy. "The matter doesn't end here. It will be looked into, and we'll get at the facts somehow. You haven't heard the last of it, Smythe!"

And Jimmy Silver left the Shell fellow's study with a grim brow. What had been only suspicion before was certainty now. He could not mistake the meaning of the scene he had witnessed. But how to extract the truth from the two young rascals was rather a puzzle.

A little later Jimmy, as he went up to the Fourth Form passage, was not surprised to see Adolphus emerge from Study No. 2. The dandy of the Shell had evidently succeeded in raising the required pound, and had called on Reginald Muffin with it. Smythe passed Jimmy in the passage with a scowling brow, and went downstairs, and the captain of the Fourth looked into Study No. 2. Tubby Muffin was there, with a grin on his face and a pound note in his fat paw, and his study-mates were regarding him with surprise and curiosity.

"So you've landed your quid, Tubby?" said Jimmy Silver grimly.

"You mind your own bizney!" retorted Tubby Muffin independently.

"What does it mean?" asked Putty Grace.

"What is Smythe giving Tubby quids for?"

"He owes me money!" said Muffin. "In fact, he owes me quite a lot of money!"

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He will be settling up some more tomorrow!"

"Gammon!"

"Won't you tell us the truth, Tubby?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"If you doubt my word, Silver, I—"

"Oh, rats!" grunted the captain of the Fourth.

And he walked away with a frowning brow.

There was a plentiful supper in Study No. 2 that night. Tubby Muffin was still a pig in clover. And the next day Tubby Muffin was in funds again—and again on the following day. But quite the reverse was the case with Adolphus Smythe of the Shell.

Smythe of the Shell was accumulating little debts on all sides, and he was finding the way of the transgressor very hard indeed.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Charley finds his Memory!

HEARDED the news, you chaps?" Tubby Muffin asked that question a few days later, with an excited expression on his fat face. Jimmy Silver & Co. were coming off the football-ground after practice, with Charley in their company, when the fat Classical rolled up with the news.

Tubby Muffin prided himself on being the first fellow to hear anything that was "on." And he generally was; he had his own peculiar methods.

"Buzz!" snapped Jimmy Silver.

Reginald Muffin was not in the good graces of the captain of the Fourth just then. The affair of Smythe and the hush-money was still in Jimmy's mind.

"But, I say, it's jolly exciting!" said Tubby. "That man with the broken boko—"

"What?"

The five juniors stopped at once, in keen interest. Tubby Muffin grinned. He had made an impression.

"You remember when you found Young Nobody on the heath there was a broken-nosed chap after him?" said Tubby. "Well, I think it's the same man—stands to reason, you know. There ain't a lot of chaps with broken noses."

"Who's the same man?" demanded Lovell.

"The man they've got!"

"Who've got, ass?"

"I'm trying to tell you, ain't I?" said Muffin. "You keep on interrupting me. They've collared him at Rookham—man with a broken nose—and another chap with him, passing counterfeit currency-notes!"

"My hat!"

"I just heard Mr. Bootles speaking to the Head about it," said Tubby. "Mr. Bootles thinks it may be the same man, and he's going over to Rookham, and he's going to take you, Silver, to identify the chap, if it's the same man. He thinks it may lead to a discovery, he said. I don't know what he means by that. He saw me just then, and I had to cut off. I—I mean, I wasn't listening to what they said. I wouldn't. So—"

"My hat!" said Jimmy Silver, his eyes gleaming. "That's real luck! If that rotter is arrested we may find out all about Charley! That's what Mr. Bootles was thinking, of course!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Tubby, his jaw dropping. "Real luck!" said Raby. "Why, what's the matter with you, Kid?"

Charley's face was deadly pale.

The Fistical Four gathered round him anxiously. Jimmy caught him by the arm. He feared for a moment that the new junior was about to fall.

"What is it, old chap?" he asked.

Charley panted.

"I—I remember—"

"Hurrah! You remember! You've got your memory back!" exclaimed Lovell, in great delight.

"I remember— Oh!" Charley shuddered. "I—I remember now! It was the counterfeiters!"

"The counterfeiters!" repeated Newcome. "Yes, yes! As soon as Muffin mentioned that, it came to me like a flash!" panted Charley. "It was the counterfeiters that took me away from school! I can see it all now!"

He shivered.

"Tell me about it, Kid," said Jimmy Silver softly.

"It—it's all clear now! I was going

through the wood near the school—going to the town," he said. "I came on them in the wood. There were two of them—that ruffian with the broken nose and another, a man dressed in a flashy way. I came on them suddenly—"

"Yes?" said Lovell eagerly.

Several Rookwood fellows had gathered round the little group on the edge of the footer-ground, and were listening curiously.

"There was an old cottage there—a deserted building, nearly grown over by creepers," went on Charley. "They were there—the two of them; They had some kind of a machine, I don't know what; and when I saw them they were making up bundles—little bundles—of currency-notes.

They had stacks of them. I knew at once what they must be doing. I could see there was a thousand pounds, at least—much more, I think. I knew they must be forgers."

"By gad!" said Mornington, who had joined the growing crowd. "Go on, Kid! What did you do?"

Charley breathed hard.

"I—I would have run for it," he said; "but they'd seen me. They ran out, and one of them—I don't know which—struck me on the head as I turned. Then it's all blank. I suppose I was stunned. I don't know any more of what happened."

"But afterwards?" said Jimmy Silver.

"There's nothing more, till I came to myself, and I was in a deep quarry cave," said Charley. "The broken-nosed man was there. He was keeping guard over me. I—I couldn't remember any thing; I didn't know why I was there. I couldn't remember anything—not even my name. It was the knock on the head that did it, I suppose. I don't know how long I was there—weeks, at least. Now I remember. I know why they must have taken me; they knew I could identify them, and they meant to keep me a prisoner. I was kept in the cave. I had a chain on my arm, fastened to a staple, and the broken-nosed man used to bring me food. He was away sometimes for day at a time, and I was alone—"

He broke off with a shudder.

"I remember now how I got away. I found that the chain would slip off my arm, I'd grown so thin. One day I squeezed it off and got out of the quarry, and ran for it. He was away then, the broken-nosed man, but must have been just coming back, for he got after me. You remember, Jimmy, how he ran me down on the heath, and you fellows were there, and you helped me!"

"Thank goodness we were there!" said Jimmy Silver.

"I think you saved my life!" said Charley. "I couldn't have lived under it much longer! I'd told the man that my memory was gone, but he didn't believe me. And—and now it's come back! I remember it all now!"

"And your name?" asked Lovell breathlessly.

"Clare!" said Charley. "I remember it—I remember it now! It's come back—along with the rest! Charles Clare, of Lynton School. I was in the Fourth Form at Lynton. I lived there in the headmaster's charge; I've no near relations, excepting an uncle in South Africa. Clare—my name is Clare."

"Hurrah!"

"Well, my hat!" exclaimed Lovell, in great disgust. "I did all the C's I could think of, and I never thought of Clare! I say, Charley, old top, are you sure your name is Clare?"

Charley smiled faintly.

"Quite sure—now!" he said.

"And have you got a relation named Smythe?" asked Jimmy Silver, very quietly.

"I've got a cousin—Adolphus Smythe—at Rookwood School!" answered Charley at once.

"Oh dear!" gasped Tubby Muffin.

The fat Classical scuttled off to the School House as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. But Tubby Muffin was not noticed. There was a cheering, congratulating crowd round Charley, no longer the boy without a memory!

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

Adolphus owns Up!

TRAMP! There was a tramping of many feet in the Shell passage. Up the passage came a crowd of Classical juniors, the Fistical Four in the lead, with Charles Clare, of the Lynton School, Fourth, in their midst.

They halted at Smythe's study, and Arthur Edward Lovell kicked the door wide open.

Adolphus was at home, and Tubby Muffin was with him. Tubby Muffin was speaking in excited haste.

"Make it a couple of quids, Smythe, and I'll let you off for good! I will really, honour bright! You shall out a couple of quids and I'll promise never to say a word—really! You know you can rely on me. You know what an honourable chap I am! Two quids, and I'll let you off for good! Yaroooooh!"

Tubby Muffin finished on a top note as the door flew open, and Jimmy Silver's grasp fastened on the back of his neck.

"Now, you fat rascal!" exclaimed Jimmy. "Ow! Leggo! I—I wasn't asking Smythe for anything!" yelled Tubby Muffin. "I—I was only saying that I wouldn't keep his rotten secrets any longer! I'm not going to help him swindle his cousin! I'm an honourable chap, I hope!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You leggo, Jimmy Silver! Ow!"

There was a chortle in Smythe's study, though Smythe did not join in it.

He stared at Charles Clare with haggard eyes. There was a new light in the face of the new boy from nowhere.

"Allow me!" said Lovell, with great politeness. "Smythe, old bean, I'm sure you'll be delighted to meet a relation. Allow me to introduce you to your cousin—"

"He's no relation of mine!" muttered Smythe huskily.

"Well, if you've forgotten your cousin, I'll remind you, Smythe," said Jimmy Silver. "Here he is—Charles Clare of the Fourth Form, at Lyntonhorpe. Know him now?"

Smythe scarcely breathed.

"I know you now, Smythe," said Clare quietly. "Not by sight, but your name and school. You knew me, and you let me remain in the dark and—"

"I—I didn't know you at first," muttered Smythe. "I—I hadn't any idea you were my cousin. How should I? I'd never seen you, not that I remember. How should I know that a ragged nobody from nowhere was my cousin?"

"If you didn't know at first, you knew afterwards!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver sternly. "And Muffin knew, and you've been giving him money to keep it dark."

"I—I—"

"Isn't that so, you fat rotter?" demanded Jimmy Silver, administering a powerful shake

to the fat Classical. "Now, what have you got to say?"

"Yow-ow-wooooo!"

"Take him to the Head!" said Mornington.

"I—I don't want to go to the Head!" howled Tubby Muffin. "I—I was just going to tell you all about it. I—I wouldn't think of keeping secrets from an old pal like you, Jimmy."

"You fat fraud!"

"And—and Charley, too! You know what a lot I think of Charley!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I—I was under the table when Smythe's pater came, and I heard him tell the rotter about his cousin being missing from Lyntonhorpe, wherever that is, and about Uncle Richard having left ten thousand pounds between them, and it was all going to Smythe if Charley was dead—"

"Oh!"

"And old Smythe said that Clare's death would be presumed, because he could not be found, and his cap was picked up near the sea, and—and then I guessed it was the kid you knew, because he was so like Smythe. And Smythe guessed it, too, and he didn't tell his father—"

"So there was money in it?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You've been trying to work a swindle, Smythe?"

Smythe shrank away.

"I—I thought—I wasn't sure—it—it wasn't my business to find a silly fool who got lost! I—"

"He wanted the money," said Tubby Muffin. "He knew, and he didn't breathe a word to his father about it. Old Smythe don't know. I was shocked, of course."

"You fat rascal!" hissed Smythe.

"Now he's calling me names!" said Tubby Muffin, in an injured tone.

"And he actually accused me once of getting money out of him to keep the secret! You'd hardly believe it, but he did! That's the kind of rotter Smythe is!"

"My only hat!" said Jimmy Silver, staring blankly at the injured Tubby. "I think a lunatic asylum is about the proper place for you, Muffin!"

"And Chokey for Smythe!" said Lovell. "We'll jolly well take Smythe to the Head, and he can explain why he wouldn't help Charley find out who he was; and about the legacy, too!"

"Come on, Smythe!"

Adolphus tottered, and clung to the

table. His wretched scheme had fallen in ruins about his ears, and now the hour of reckoning had come. The shadow of expulsion from the school loomed up before him, with, perhaps, more serious consequences to follow. His eyes were fixed beseechingly upon the face of his cousin, the cousin he had wronged.

"Hold on!" said Charley quietly.

"Bring him along—"

"Hold on! Let Smythe alone!" said Charley. "I—I don't want my cousin to get into trouble. Let him alone. It's all turned out right. Smythe hasn't done me any harm, as it turns out. There's no need to tell the Head that he knew!"

Lovell gave an angry snort. "You're a soft ass, Charley!" he said. "Let me have my way, old chap, ass or not!"

"For goodness' sake—" breathed Smythe.

"Let Charley have his way," said Jimmy Silver. "The fellows will know what to think of Smythe, anyway. Let's get out of this! The rotter makes me sick!"

And Jimmy Silver & Co. marched out with Charley, leaving Smythe of the Shell greatly relieved, and overwhelmed with humiliation and shame. Perhaps his punishment was severe enough.

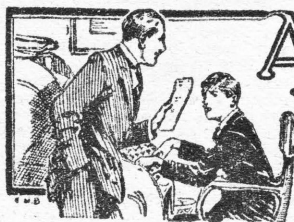
Charley of Rookwood was marched to the Head's study, where the tale was told, without any reference to the parts played by Smythe of the Shell and Tubby Muffin. It was pleasant news to the good old Head and to Mr. Bootles. Indeed, all Rookwood rejoiced over the good fortune of the boy without a memory, now happily quite himself again.

For some days longer Charley remained at Rookwood. Then he was wanted to give evidence against the two counterfeiter, and while those gentlemen were sent to their just deserts, Charley returned to his old school.

And Jimmy Silver & Co. turned out in great force to give a great send-off to their new chum, and they retained very friendly memories of "Charley of Rookwood."

THE END.

(In next Tuesday's bumper issue you will find a grand long story of Rookwood. Keep your eyes open for this gripping tale.)



A WORD WITH YOUR EDITOR

YOUR EDITOR IS ALWAYS PLEASED TO HEAR FROM HIS READERS. Address: EDITOR, THE "POPULAR," THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

THE "POP" AT THE TOP.

As usual, the POPULAR is swinging along on its way to greater popularity than ever. No better "bill" could be imagined than that arranged for our next issue. The POPULAR gives weekly four magnificent complete school stories, each one introducing readers to old favourites who are always welcome. Then, too, the POPULAR has earned an extra fame for itself by its wonderful serials of romance and adventure.

"IN THE COINERS' HANDS!"

There are several proverbs which would nicely fit the pickle in which Bunter finds himself in next Tuesday's yarn of Greyfriars. But, after all, there is no need to be proverbial on the matter. The situation is painful in the extreme—for Bunter, since he is for once not in clover, but in captivity. The plain fact is that the Owl has been grossly deceived, and led away by the blandishments and polite talk of a certain outwardly benevolent gentleman. This deceptive stranger imposes on the trusting, innocent Bunter in shameless fashion, with the result that both the Bunters are placed in a quandary.

"SOLVING A PROBLEM."

The next story of the Backwoods School reveals Frank Richards and his chums

planning a little trip to the sunny slopes of the Pacific Ocean. Everything is quite all ready for them, including the Pacific, and then the difficulty crops up. 'Twas ever thus. You have your bag packed, and Fate steps in. This time it is the impecuniousness of Vere Beauclere. He is stony. What's to be done? It is a quaint little problem. Some say where there's a will there's a way, and sometimes the adage is true, not invariably. But I am not going into that now. How the problem is solved in regard to the absent spondulix you will see, and I'll be bound you will approve both of the ripping yarn and the method for raising the needful dust.

"THE GLYN HOUSE MASQUERADE!"

By Martin Clifford J.

This is the title of the St. Jim's story for our next issue. It is a perfect whirl of worry for some parties. There is a grand fancy-dress ball at Glyn House, the home of the trusty inventor of St. Jim's, and Tom Merry is made involuntarily to assist a fugitive from justice. I can but refer you to a really captivating St. Jim's tale for the details of an exciting mystery, and of how it turned out in the end. Tom Merry has an extremely bad quarter of an hour, and is led such a dance as he never looked for when he accepted Bernard's kind invitation to the terpsichorean revels.

"TIT FOR TAT!"

By Owen Conquest.

There will be a rousing Rookwood story next week, featuring Jimmy Silver and his chums. Rookwood has never been more popular than now. With each week you get to feel more at home with the cheery band of fellows who figure in Mr. Conquest's well-known series. The coming yarn is full of pep and spirit.

"THE NIGHT-RIDER!"

By Morton Pike.

Were I to attempt to do justice to this, the greatest romance of the highway ever written, I should require a whole page of Chat for the purpose, and then should be terribly cramped for elbow-room. Morton Pike has written many fine stories, but nothing which quite equals the serial now running. You can always tell when a certain feature has caught on, for it gets talked about, and starts people wondering what is coming next. I think we are to be congratulated on having such a magnificent yarn in the old POPULAR.

A GHOST NUMBER.

"Bunter's Weekly" in our next issue will concern itself with ghosts. The subject has a wide appeal, and Bunter is well qualified to deal with it in a large-minded spirit of tolerance and inquiry. Once asked whether he believed in ghosts, the Owl is reported to have stated that he did and he did not. Nothing could be more lucid. But even where scepticism exists, everybody is willing to lend the ear of sympathy to the hard case of the lonely visitant to these glimpses of the moon who has to foot it patiently up and down echoing corridors, sometimes at festive seasons.

Your Editor.

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