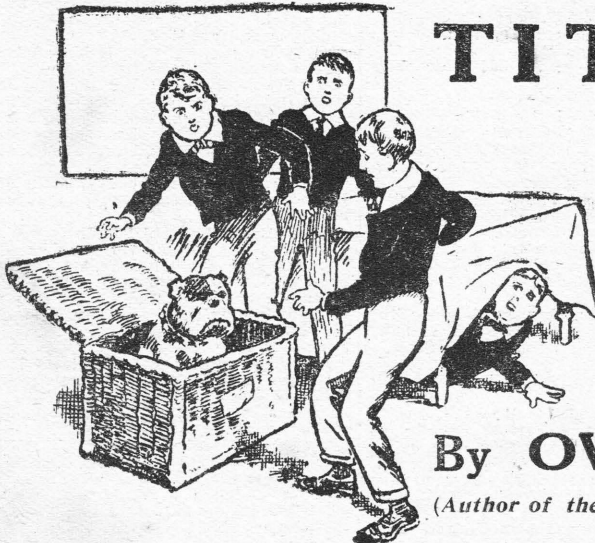


A THOUSAND AND ONE LAUGHS HERE, BOYS!

A fine story dealing with the unique method adopted by Cecil Pankley & Co., of Bagshot School, in getting their own back on their rivals, the Chums of Rookwood. This time Jimmy Silver & Co. have the laugh against them!



# TIT FOR TAT!

A Rollicking, Long, Complete Story,  
dealing with the adventures of Jimmy  
Silver & Co., the Chums of Rook-  
wood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

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

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Cleaning Up!

"G O it, Jimmy!"

"That's the idea!"

The end study, that famous apartment allotted to the Fistical Four at Rookwood, presented an unusually busy spectacle. Its occupants, with coats off and sleeves rolled back, were "wiring in."

This sudden burst of energy was due to the fact that Jimmy Silver was expecting a visitor, a very important visitor. His uncle in the Army had wired his nephew his intention of visiting the old school. Lovell, Raby, and Newcome had fallen in with Jimmy Silver's suggestion that it was up to the end study to accord Major Silver a hearty reception. And the first part of the programme was to clean the end study. Jimmy wanted to impress his worthy relative, whom he knew was a "sticker" for cleanliness.

"Put these footer boots in the locker!"

"Right-ho, old scout!"

Jimmy paused in his labour, and looked round the study approvingly. He had been engaged on black-leading the grate, and a good proportion of the black-lead had somehow or other transferred itself to his face. That was a minor detail, however, under the circumstances. Arthur Edward Lovell was wielding a mop, and Raby and Newcome were dusting.

"Put those blessed books away, Raby!" said Jimmy Silver. "You always leave your rubbish all over the place!"

George Raby snorted.

"Why, you ass, they belong to you!"

"Eh?"

"Your name's Silver, ain't it?" growled Raby.

"Yes."

"Well, these blessed books have your fat-headed name scrawled all over them!"

George Raby pushed the offending books under the nose of his leader for inspection.

"Oh, I—I—"

Jimmy Silver, at a loss for words, turned his attention once more to black-leading the grate.

Silence, save for the busy whirl of mop and dusters, reigned in the study. The juniors were hard at it, and already their efforts were being rewarded. Everything was in its right place—that was, as far as the eye could see, although Newcome and Raby had bundled most of the rubbish behind the old bookcase and the locker. But, as Raby wisely remarked, "What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over." To which Newcome concurred a hearty "Hear, hear!"

"My hat!"

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That interruption came from Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Modern juniors, as he halted outside the end study with blank amazement written all over his face.

"My hat!"

The Fistical Four ceased their labours as Tommy Dodd repeated that exclamation.

"Get out!" growled Lovell, grasping the mop threateningly.

"Buzz off, Tommy!"

"Eh?"

"Buzz off; we're busy!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Is this a new game?" asked Tommy Dodd sweetly. "Or are you Classical chumps suddenly realising the truth of the old saying, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness'?"

"Why, you Modern rotter—"

"Naughty, naughty!" grinned Tommy Dodd, wagging an admonishing finger at the leader of the Fistical Four. "I'm glad to see that you are reforming, Jimmy."

"What?"

"You Classical chumps never do wash your little necks, and your studies always remind me of stables! I'm glad to see this change for the better," said the leader of the Moderns cheerfully.

"Well, I'm blessed!"

"Cheeky rotter!"

"Ha, ha! Ow! Yaroooh!"

Tommy Dodd's merriment changed to a note of anguish as Arthur Edward Lovell lunged at him with the mop.

Crash!

The Modern junior descended to the study carpet with a bump that shook every bone in his body. That lunge had caught him off his balance.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Fistical Four were laughing now. It was a case of he who laughs last laughs longest, as Arthur Edward expressed it.

"Yow-ow! Grough!"

Tommy Dodd scrambled to his feet and glared at the laughing juniors.

"I—I'll pulverise you, you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The leader of the Modern juniors rolled back his cuffs, and advanced threateningly upon the Fistical Four. His left fist shot out, and Arthur Edward Lovell reeled back, clapping his nose.

"Ow-yowp!"

"Collar him!"

"Kick him out!"

Raby, Newcome, and Silver grasped the warlike Modern junior, who struggled desperately. Raby received the benefit of a punch in the ribs, but the odds were three

to one, and Tommy Dodd found himself being hurried to the doorway.

"Swing him out!"

Tommy Dodd was lifted bodily, and commenced to sway backwards and forwards like a pendulum.

"One—two—three!"

Crash!

The Modern junior was swung out of the end study, and he came to earth in the passage with a resounding thump.

"Ow, you rotters! Yow!"

"Come back and have some more!" yelled Jimmy Silver temptingly.

But Tommy Dodd did not come back and have some more. He decided swiftly in his mind that discretion was the better part of valour for the time being, and he crawled away down the staircase to the Modern quarters.

"Now we'll get on!" said Jimmy Silver, closing the door.

And the juniors were very soon hard at it again. Tommy Dodd's visit soon sank into the background under the all-important task of cleaning up the study.

"I think that will do," remarked the leader of the Fistical Four at length.

"Hear, hear!"

The four juniors surveyed their handiwork with satisfied expressions. The study looked as bright as a new pin. The looking-glass over the mantelpiece gleamed as the fire-light played across it.

"Good!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"Top-hole!"

"Nunky will be pleased!"

"Let's put the cloth on," suggested Lovell.

A brand-new tablecloth had been purchased specially for the occasion, and its ample folds, drooped over the table, gave the finishing touch.

"We'd better cut down to Coombe now. Blessed nuisance old Sergeant Kettle being laid up with rheumatism!"

Old Sergeant Kettle's tuckshop was closed for that day, owing to a severe attack of rheumatism he was suffering from. Most of the juniors had laid in their supplies from the bun-shop in Coombe.

"Just do it in time, Jimmy," said Lovell, looking at his watch. "You can come along with us and order the grub; then you can meet your respected uncle while we are hurrying back."

"That's it. Have everything nicely laid out by the time we return," said Jimmy Silver. "I want to please the old buffer!"

The Fistical Four donned their caps and left the end study—a study newly swept and garnished.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

## Laying in Supplies!

JIMMY SILVER & Co. passed out of the gates at Rookwood, and took the road to Coombe. It was a crisp afternoon, and the juniors stepped out briskly, their healthy faces flushed with their exertions.

"Hallo, Babshot Bounders!" remarked Jimmy Silver, extending a finger in the direction of a forked road.

Cecil Pankley, the leader of the Bagshot Bounders—Jimmy Silver & Co.'s good-natured rivals—was walking along the lane which led into the road the Rookwood juniors were taking. The Bagshot junior had not seen Jimmy Silver & Co., as they were partly screened from view by a tall hedge.

"He's alone!"

"Let's bump him in the mud when he turns the bend."

"Hear, hear!"

The Fistical Four continued on their way until they reached the bend which branched into the main road for Coombe.

"S'ht!" cautioned Jimmy Silver, as footsteps were heard approaching.

Cecil Pankley, unaware of the kind intentions of the Rookwooders, came round the bend.

"Collar him!"

Four sturdy juniors pounced upon the hapless Pankley, and dragged him down. His topper was jammed over his eyes, and he was bumped in the mud.

"Yaroooh! Ow! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is where we laugh!" grinned Jimmy Silver.

"Who's top dog?"

"Rookwood!"

"Yow! Ow! Rescue! Bagshot—Bagshot!" yelled Pankley, struggling fiercely.

His collar reposed round the back of his neck, and his jacket was extremely muddy up the back. Cecil Pankley was beginning to wish he had accepted the company of Putter and Poole when those two cheerful youths had offered it.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Rookwooders were enjoying the fun. As Raby remarked, it wasn't often that the Bagshot Bounders were allowed out on their lonesome.

"Say we're top-dog, and we'll let you go, Pankley, old bird!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully.

"Yow! Ow! Gerroff my chest, Lovell!" howled Pankley.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Little boys should not be allowed out by themselves!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "This is where we smile, Pankley, old scout!"

The Bagshot junior scrambled to his feet, and with a wrench freed himself from the grasp of Jimmy Silver & Co. He fairly bolted down the road in the direction of Bagshot. Pankley was possessed of plenty of pluck, but four hefty juniors were a little too much for him.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared after his retreating figure with grins. The Bagshot junior was looking very much the worse for wear. Sitting in a puddle is not exactly conducive to the smartness of a fellow's clothes.

"Shall we follow him?" ventured Raby.

"No. Let the bounder go," said Jimmy Silver. "We've only just time to get the tuck, and I've got to meet nunky."

"Come on, then."

The Fistical Four resumed their walk to the village tuckshop. Of Cecil Pankley nothing more was seen. That worthy junior was hopping it back to Bagshot as fast as his legs would carry him.

"Here we are," said Jimmy Silver, as the four juniors halted outside the bunshop in Coombe.

"Hallo! There's a Rookwood chap here!" exclaimed Arthur Edward Lovell, peering in. "Nothing in that, is there?" growled the leader of the Fistical Four.

"A dozen cream-puffs—large ones, please." It was the voice of Tommy Cook that reached the ears of the juniors outside.

"Very good, Master Cook."

"A dozen jam-tarts."

"Here they are."

"That's the lot, I think," said Tommy Cook. "Will you send them along to the school 'Tommy Cook, Modern Side, Rookwood' will find me."

"Yes, Master Cook. What time will suit you?" asked Mrs. Blowers, the proprietress.

"Lemme see. Say half-past four."

"It shall be done, sir."

Tommy Cook left the counter, and reached the door just as Jimmy Silver & Co. were entering.

"Hallo, you chaps!"

"Hallo, Tommy! Laying in for a siege?" asked Jimmy Silver sweetly.

"Mind your own bizny!"

"Oh, keep your wool on!"

Tommy Cook strode past the juniors, and left the bunshop. And Jimmy Silver & Co. were very soon ordering on a lavish scale everything that the bunshop offered calculated to make a good impression on a worthy relative. Jimmy's uncle had been to tea before in the end study, and had done himself well.

"I think he likes ice-cream," said Jimmy thoughtfully.

"Well, shove some in, then."

The ice-cream was duly shoved in. A hamper was produced from under the counter, and Mrs. Blowers, with a beaming smile, packed the good things carefully.

"Shall I send them, Master Silver?" she asked.

"No, ma'am. These chaps will take it along with them."

"Very good, sir."

And the good lady handed Jimmy Silver the bill, whilst Raby, Newcome, and Arthur Edward Lovell took charge of the hamper.

"You will just be in nice time for the train, Jimmy," said Lovell, consulting his watch.

"Oh, good!"

"What time shall we expect you back with nunky?"

"Let's see, the train arrives four-twenty—walk to school," mused the leader of the Fistical Four. "Say a quarter to five. Have the table laid and the kettle boiling."

"Right-ho!"

Jimmy Silver took leave of his chums and walked in the direction of the station, to await the train bearing his uncle. And Lovell, Raby, and Newcome sauntered off, carrying the hamper between them.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

## A Call for Help!

"THIS blessed hamper's heavy!" grunted Lovell.

"I'll give you a turn now," volunteered Raby, who had been walking behind Lovell and Newcome on the way back to Rookwood.

"Here you are, then!"

Raby and Lovell exchanged places, and the three juniors continued on their way, discussing the chances of victory over Tom Merry & Co. of St. Jim's in the forthcoming footer match.

"I think we shall whack them," said Raby thoughtfully.

"H'm!"

That ejaculation escaped from Newcome, who was not so sanguine as his chum.

"What are you grunting about?" demanded Raby.

"Tommy's crowd are hot stuff, you know," said Newcome. "It won't be a walk-over."

"Hallo! What's that?" broke in Arthur Edward Lovell.

"What's what, ass?"

"Listen! There it is again."

"What are you burbling about?"

"I heard a shout," said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Go hon!"

"Help!"

Through the crisp afternoon air that shout was borne to the three juniors.

"Help! Help!"

"Someone in difficulties," murmured Raby, listening acutely.

"Where does it come from?"

"Shut up, fathead, and then listen!" growled Lovell.

"Help! Help! Help!"

The three juniors turned in the direction whence the call came. The skating pond was very near, and the cry seemed to come from that locality.

"Some idiot's fallen through the ice!" said Newcome.

"Help—oh, help!"

"Come on, you chaps!" yelled Raby, starting off at a run.

"What about the hamper?" asked Lovell.

"Oh, shove it under the hedge! Come on!"

Lovell and Newcome deposited the hamper under the hedge, safe from view of any passing tramp.

But this time Raby was well ahead, and Lovell and Newcome sprinted after him.

Over the ploughed field they went, collecting quite a quantity of mud in the process. For it was thawing fast.

"Help!"

The call rang out clear and loud from the direction of the skating pond.

"I knew some blessed ass would fall through sooner or later!" panted Raby, as his chums caught him up. "The ice is much too thin for skating to-day, with this thaw on."

"There was a notice to that effect when we passed along half an hour ago," said Lovell.

"Put on a spurt!"

The juniors put on a spurt, and the skating-pond loomed up in the distance.

"I can see him!" exclaimed Raby.

The pond was deserted, save for one black patch resembling the figure of a man.

"All right, we're coming!" yelled the three juniors in unison.

But no answering call came from the figure half-submerged in the gap of the ice.

"He's unconscious!" panted Raby. "Hurry up!"

The juniors ran on in silence. All their breath would be needed if they were to reach the drowning man in time. They could see him distinctly now. One arm was thrown out over the surface of the ice, and the other was lost to view.

The juniors could also see that the man's back was to them. Two-thirds of his body appeared to be under the surface.

The juniors dashed up the bank, and Arthur Edward Lovell seized the situation at a glance.

"Form a chain, you chaps. The ice won't bear me alone!"

Silently the three juniors formed a chain, and Lovell, stepping carefully, mounted the ice, supported by the strong arms of Raby and Newcome, who looked on with tense faces.

"A little farther!" breathed Lovell.

His outstretched fingers clutched the collar of the drowning figure, and at a signal, Raby and Newcome commenced to retrace their steps, hauling in their burden as they went.

Slowly but surely the body was drawn out of that ugly gap in the ice, and the three juniors reached the bank again in safety.

"Turn him over!" whispered Lovell. "Then we'll try and restore the circulation."

The figure was turned over, but the face was concealed by a felt hat that had slipped over in the struggle.

Arthur Edward Lovell whipped off the hat, and his eyes nearly bulged from his head.

"My hat!" he gasped.

Then Raby and Newcome looked at the "man" they had rescued from a watery grave.

"Oh, great Scott!"

"Well, I'm blessed!"

Then Lovell, recovering from his amazement somewhat, did a strange thing towards restoring the circulation of the rescued man. With a lusty kick he caught the figure fair in the middle. The man did not groan; instead, a little pile of sawdust began to trickle out of his waistcoat.

"Oh, carry me home to die!" gasped Newcome faintly. "Fancy rescuing a scarecrow!"

And he also bestowed a savage kick on the person of the scarecrow.

"It's a jape!" bellowed Lovell wrathfully. "Some rotters have been pulling our legs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Raby and Newcome were laughing now. They saw the funny side of the affair. As Raby remarked, "It wasn't every day that a scarecrow was rescued from drowning."

"Ha, ha! Oh dear!" chuckled Newcome, wiping away the tears. "Fancy being taken in like that, Lovell?"

"Why, of all the blessed cheek! You believed that it was a man, as much as I did!" roared Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Raby and Newcome.

But Arthur Edward did not join in. He was thinking of the hamper. If this was a jape on somebody's part, then the hamper might be the real object of the japers. That was how he reasoned it out.

"I'm going after the hamper!"

Lovell set off at a run in the direction of the hedge which concealed the hamper.

Raby and Newcome paused to bestow a few more kicks on the bag of sawdust shaped as a man, then followed him.

"It's all right, you chaps!" sang out

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Lovell, as he reached the hedge concealing the hamper. "It's here!"

A few moments later Raby and Newcome joined him. To their great relief, the hamper was apparently just as they had left it.

"I wonder who was responsible for that rotten jape?" said Lovell thoughtfully.

"Goodness knows! Better keep mum about it up at the school, or we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole place!"

"Supposing the japer or japers belong to Rookwood?" ventured Raby.

"Oh crumbs! I never thought of that."

"Never mind about that," said Newcome. "We've got to get this grub back to the study, and then change. I'm covered in mud!"

"Same here!"

Five minutes later the gates of Rookwood loomed up, and the three juniors, liberally splashed with mud, and none too good-tempered, passed old Mack, the porter, and entered the Classical House.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Exchange is no Robbery!

"HERE we are!"

Arthur Edward Lovell kicked open the door of the end study, and the three juniors tramped in. "Shove the hamper on the table!" commanded Lovell. "We can get it all laid out after we have changed."

The hamper was duly placed on the table. "Get out!"

That command was hurled at a fat face adorning a fat body, the owner of which was Tubby Muffin. The command was lost upon Tubby. He advanced farther into the study, his little, round eyes gleaming greedily as he descried the hamper upon the study table.

"Really, Lovell, I've come to tea," said Muffin, still eyeing the hamper and visualising its contents.

"Oh, have you? Then you had better change your mind jolly soon!" growled Lovell. "Get out!"

"But ain't I coming to tea?" howled Tubby Muffin.

"You're not!"

"Ow-yow! Leggo, you beast!"

Lovell had taken the fat junior firmly by the ear, and he was propelled into the passage. A boot hastened his departure, and Tubby Muffin crawled away disconsolately.

"That's a good riddance!" said Raby. "Now we'll wash and change."

"Good egg!"

The three juniors left the study and disappeared in the direction of the Fourth Form dormitory. Clean collars were put on in honour of the occasion, and ten minutes later they emerged, looking spic-and-span.

"If old Jimmy's uncle doesn't turn up trumps after all this trouble we're taking," said Arthur Edward Lovell, as he entered the end study, "I'll— My hat!"

"What's the trouble?" asked Raby. "Hallo! Where's the giddy hamper?"

The end study was exactly as the juniors had left it, bar the presence of the hamper. That was nowhere to be seen.

"Muffin, I'll bet!" roared Lovell. "I'll scalp him!"

He rushed out of the study, closely followed by Raby and Newcome. Things were serious if Muffin had bagged that hamper. Jimmy's uncle was expected any minute.

Conroy met the three juniors' rush as he came along the passage.

"Steady on!" yelled the Colonial junior, as he was nearly bowled over.

"Sorry, Conroy, old chap! We're looking for Muffin. He's pinched our hamper!" said Lovell.

The three juniors passed on in their quest for the egregious Tubby, vowing threats of vengeance on his devoted head.

"Hold on a minute, Lovell!" called Conroy after the disappearing juniors.

Arthur Edward Lovell turned inquiringly, and Raby and Newcome halted.

"I saw Tommy Dodd coming along the passage ten minutes ago," said Conroy, "and he was carrying a hamper. Muffin was with him, too!"

"Tommy Dodd?"

"Yes. I thought it strange at the time, but as Muffin was with him, I never suspected anything."

"Come on!" howled Lovell. "We'll scalp Tommy Dodd, too!"

The Colonial grinned and walked away. He

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had his own ideas as to how the scalping would go, but it was no business of his.

Raby, Lovell, and Newcome dashed out into the quad, nearly capsizing old Mack, the porter, who was carrying a hamper in the direction of the Modern House.

"My eye!"

Arthur Edward Lovell's eyes gleamed as he beheld the hamper. On the label attached he saw the inscription, "Master T. Cook."

Lovell was quick-witted at all times, and swiftly his brain concocted a plan to turn the tables on Tommy Dodd & Co.

"That hamper for Cook, Mack?" he asked.

"Yes, Master Lovell, which it is!" muttered Mack, breathing hard.

"I'm just going over to see Tommy Dodd & Co.," said Lovell, quite truthfully. "I'll take it over for you, if you like."

Raby and Newcome saw through the plot, and their eyes widened.

Honestly speaking, they hadn't quite relished the idea of raiding Tommy Dodd in his own quarters, but this idea of Lovell's would save all that trouble, and the ultimate result would be a greater achievement.

They remembered now that Tommy Cook had met them in the tuckshop at Coombe, and they had heard him ordering the contents of the hamper.

"Which as 'ow that's wery good of you, Master Lovell!" said Mack. "I'm wery busy at the present moment, thankee kindly, young gents!"

"Don't mench, Mack, old sport! It's a pleasure!" grinned Lovell.

And, receiving the hamper, he pressed into the old porter's palm a half-crown.

Old Mack mumbled his thanks, and shambled off, and the three conspirators, waiting for him to disappear, broke into loud chuckles.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Poor old Tommy!"

"Exchange is no robbery!" grinned Lovell.

"Ha, ha! No!"

The three juniors made their way back to the end study with Tommy Cook's hamper. They passed Conroy, the Colonial junior, on the staircase, and he looked up in surprise.

"Have you done the trick?" he asked incredulously.

"We have!"

"Great snakes!"

And Conroy walked on, puzzled.

The end study was reached, and the three juniors hastened to prepare tea. The kettle was boiling merrily, and the contents of the hamper were spread temptingly on the table, when footsteps sounded outside the study door.

"Here we are, uncle!"

Jimmy Silver pushed open the door, and a middle-aged man of military appearance strode in. He glanced round the study approvingly, and a smile crossed his face.

"How do you do, boys?" he said warmly, turning to Jimmy Silver's chums. "I've met you before!"

"Very pleased to see you, I'm sure!" returned Lovell, acting as spokesman.

"Tea's ready, and I expect you're hungry."

"I am a little bit peckish. By Jove, this is a handsome spread!" said Jimmy Silver's uncle.

The leader of the Fistical Four was looking puzzled. Where was the ice-cream he had purchased? And what did that plate of ham and tongue mean? He did not remember ordering it.

Then his eyes fixed themselves on Arthur Edward Lovell. That worthy grinned amiably at his leader, and winked one eye.

Jimmy's uncle took his seat at the head of the table, and very soon made himself at home. His appetite was like a school-boy's, and he sampled everything. The juniors vied with each other in supplying his need.

"A little more ham, sir?" asked Lovell temptingly.

"Right, my boy!"

"Another cup of tea?"

"Please!"

Conversation ran the round at the table, and Raby, Newcome, and Lovell all agreed that Jimmy's uncle was a thorough sport.

The leader of the Fistical Four drew Arthur Edward on one side as he rose to fill the kettle.

"What does all this mean, Lovell?" he asked. "And where's that ice-cream?"

"S-sh!"

Arthur Edward lowered his head and quietly but quickly told of the events that had happened from the time of setting out for Rookwood with the hamper.

Jimmy Silver's eyes nearly started from his head as he listened.

"My hat! Then Tommy Dodd's got our feed, and we've got his—is that it?"

"That's it!" grinned Lovell. "But I don't know who the japers were in connection with that rescue stunt."

"Bagshot fellows," said Jimmy.

"Never thought of that."

"Look sharp with that hot water, Lovell!" said Raby.

And Arthur Edward put the kettle on, whilst Jimmy Silver resumed his place at the table, chuckling inwardly.

"Another tart, uncle?"

"No, thanks, Jimmy! I'm finished. If your mother were to see me now I should be chipped to death. But it's good to be young!"

And the worthy gentleman pulled his chair up to the fire, and began to relate the experiences of his own schooldays, to which Jimmy Silver & Co. listened attentively.

#### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

A Tuckless Hamper!

"THIS will make Jimmy Silver look small!"

Thus Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Modern juniors, to Tubby Muffin and Tommy Doyle.

"Faith, ah! ye've done it!" grinned Tommy Doyle.

"Yes, thanks to this fat spy!" replied Tommy Dodd, extending a finger in the direction of Tubby Muffin.

"Oh, really, Tommy!" began Muffin feebly.

"Don't you Tommy me!" growled Dodd threateningly.

"But I told you about the hamper, didn't I?" protested Tubby.

"You did. And when I've given you your whack, out you go! Savvy?"

Reginald Muffin did savvy. But as long as he got his portion of grub, he didn't very much mind where he ate it.

"Did you see anyone over there?" asked Tommy Doyle.

"We ran into Conroy, but the chump didn't suspect anything. We heard footsteps outside the end study, and we waited until the coast was clear."

"Tommy, you're a broth of a boy!"

"I fancy Jimmy Silver will sit up and take notice when he finds his giddy hamper missing," grinned Tommy Dodd.

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, ain't you going to open it?" Muffin inquired peevishly.

"All in good time; Tommy Cook's not back yet," remarked the leader of the Modern juniors.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the owner of that name pushed open the study door and walked in. He glanced up in surprise at seeing Tubby Muffin there. Muffin was a Classical, and it was forbidden for any junior to be in a rival House.

"Hallo, Tommy! What's Fatty doing here?"

"Oh, he came and told me that there was a hamper knocking around in Jimmy Silver's study, and so I went over and bagged it," said Tommy Dodd modestly.

"Talking of hampers, I'm expecting one myself. In fact, it ought to be here now," said Tommy Cook.

"You are?"

"Yes; the Head asked me to buy him some grub from Coombe, as the school tuckshop is closed. I believe he's got his young nephews visiting him this afternoon."

"First I've heard of it," said Tommy Dodd. "Did you order it?"

"Yes; and it's due here by now," said Tommy Cook, glancing at his watch.

"We'll open Jimmy's hamper now," said Tommy Dodd; "we were waiting for you."

"Good!" ejaculated Tubby Muffin, smacking his lips in anticipation.

Tommy Dodd extracted a knife from the table drawer, and cut the cord binding the hamper.

"I bet it's full of grub of the very best," he said. "This is—or was, rather—a special feed for Silver's uncle."

He pushed back the lid, and Doyle, Cook, and Tubby Muffin looked in expectantly.

Grrrrr!

"Oh, my hat!"

"Great Scott!"

Instead of a hamper full of tuck, the only thing to be seen when the lid was thrown open was a fair-sized bulldog, who sat up and bared his teeth aggressively.

Tubby Muffin bolted under the table, his fat carcass shaking like a jelly.

Grrrr!

The Modern juniors backed away from those unwelcome growls. Their faces showed incredulous amazement. The bulldog, not liking the looks of the juniors, bared his teeth again.

"A b-b-bull-d-d-dog!" spluttered Tommy Dodd. "W-where's the tuck?"

"Look out!"

The warning came from Tommy Cook. The bulldog, no doubt fed-up with his cramped quarters in the hamper, sprang out on to the table, snarling.

Grrrrrr!

The three juniors backed away to the cupboard. Tommy Dodd grabbed the poker as he went.

stump, which caught the fat junior fairly in the waistcoat.

"Yow-yowp! Stoppit!"



**A GALLANT RESCUE!**—"Form a chain, you chaps," said Lovell. "The ice won't bear me alone." Silently the three juniors formed a chain, and Lovell, supported by the strong arms of Raby and Newcome, mounted the ice. "A little farther," he breathed, as his outstretched fingers fell short of the figure in the gap. (See Chapter 3.)

"Help! Murder! Keep him off!" wailed Tubby Muffin.

The bulldog, after sniffing round the table, leaped to the floor, and began sniffing at Tubby Muffin's boot, which projected from underneath the tablecloth.

"Ow, ow! Help!"

Tubby Muffin's boot seemed to offer some attraction to the bulldog, for he commenced to worry it. Perhaps he thought it was a rat. Muffin, on the other hand, thought that his last hour had come.

"Help! He's killing me!" yelled the fat junior.

"Come on!" said Tommy Dodd, who had recovered from his fright. "Drive him out!"

Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle grasped a cricket-stump apiece, and the three juniors advanced upon the dog.

Grrrr-grrrrr!

There was a resounding thump as Tommy Dodd swiped the floor with the poker within an inch or two of the bulldog's head. That thump had the desired effect of frightening the innocent animal, for, with ears laid back and its stumpy tail in the descendant, it bolted for the door. Once in the passage, it turned to bestow a parting growl, but a threatening motion with the poker sent it scuttling along the passage.

"Yow-ow! Take him off!" howled Tubby Muffin. "He's biting me!"

"You can come out now, Tubby," said Tommy Dodd, grinning. "The blessed animal's gone!"

"Are you sure?"

Tubby Muffin poked his head out under the drooping tablecloth, and saw no sign of the bulldog. His courage returned immediately.

"Did you see me wrestling with the brute?" he asked. "I caught it a fearful whack over the head!"

"Oh, shut up!"

"You'd better follow the bulldog," growled Tommy Cook. "We've had enough of you! Buzz off!"

"But what about the feed?" demanded the fat Classical. "Ain't I going to have my share?"

"There's no blessed feed, you fat duffer! You've been hoaxing us, and you can take that for your trouble!"

"That" was a lunge with the cricket-

"I'll give you two seconds to clear out!" said Tommy Dodd.

Tubby Muffin did not wait for those two seconds grace. With an indignant glare, he bolted to the door. He halted in the passage and shook his fat fist at the Modern trio.

"Yah, you beasts!"

Then he fled.

"Well, of all the blessed capers, this beats the band!" grunted Tommy Dodd. "I can't make it out!"

The three juniors peered into the hamper, and Doyle grabbed a sheet of paper on which was inscribed:

"With Pankley's compliments."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"This is Pankley's work!" grinned Tommy Dodd. "How did he manage to get hold of the hamper?"

"Ask me another!" said Tommy Cook. "I'm going down to Mack's to see about that hamper for the Head."

"We'll come with you," replied the leader of the Modern trio. "We can give Jimmy Silver a look in on the way back."

"We've got lots to tell him."

"Ha, ha! Yes."

And the three Modern juniors sauntered down to the gatekeeper's lodge. Had they been three minutes earlier they would have seen their late visitor, the bulldog, bolt out of the gates in response to a shrill whistle from without, where Poole, of Bagshot, had been lurking, waiting for his pet.

**THE SIXTH CHAPTER.**

**Uncle James Squares Up!**

"**W**HERE'S Silver?" Tommy Cook asked that question of Valentine Mornington as he came along the passage on the Classical side. Tommy Cook's face was boiling with rage, and Tommy Dodd and Doyle looked very serious.

"In his study, dear boy," drawled Mornington. "What's the trouble?"

"B-r-r!"

Tommy Cook did not waste any politeness on the dandy of the Fourth. Instead, he

pushed past him and strode towards the end study. Voices came from within as the three Moderns halted outside.

"What will Tommy say when he finds his hamper has been scooped?"

Crash!

The occupants of the end study looked up in surprise as Tommy Dodd, Doyle, and Cook rushed into the room.

"Where's my hamper?" roared Tommy Cook, rolling back his cuffs. "Mack says you've got it!"

"Your hamper," grinned Jimmy Silver, "is there." And he pointed to the corner. "The contents are distributed amongst us. Nunky had a good whack, but he's just gone."

Tommy Cook danced with rage, and his eyes gleamed.

"You fatheaded chumps! You burbling asses!" he roared. "That hamper wasn't mine!"

"Eh?"

"It was the Head's! I went down specially to Coombe to get that grub for Dr. Chisholm, as his nephews are coming this afternoon."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to laugh at! What do you think the Head will say?" howled Tommy Cook.

The Fistical Four stopped laughing. If that hamper had been purchased for the Head, then things were beginning to look very serious.

"But where's our hamper?" demanded Lovell. "You bagged ours, so I pinched yours! Exchange is no robbery, you know!"

"Your rotten hamper only contained a bulldog!"

"A what?"

"A blessed bulldog!" repeated Tommy Cook.

"Are you potty?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"It's just as Tommy says," broke in Tommy Dodd. "We opened your hamper, and the only thing it contained was a bulldog."

"A b-bulldog?"

"Yes, and a sheet of paper," chimed in Tommy Doyle. "Faith, an' here's the paper!"



And he handed Jimmy Silver Cecil Pankley's message:

"With Pankley's compliments."

"Great snakes!" roared Jimmy Silver, as a light dawned upon him.

The same light also dawned upon Lovell, Raby, and Newcome, but they remained silent.

"Lovell, you burbling chump!" growled Jimmy Silver. "This accounts for the cries for 'Help!' you heard. I said it was the work of Pankley & Co.!"

Arthur Edward Lovell snorted.

"How was I to know?"

"Any thumping ass but you would have seen through it!" said the leader of the Fistical Four.

Tommy Dodd & Co. were entirely in the dark, and their faces plainly expressed ignorance.

"What's all this about?" asked Tommy Dodd.

Arthur Edward Lovell condescended to explain, and the Modern juniors burst into roars of laughter as he unfolded the tale.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of all the blessed cheek, I think Pankley takes the first prize!" exclaimed the leader of the Modern trio.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind about that now," interrupted Jimmy Silver. "It's the Head's hamper that I'm worrying about. Pankley & Co. will keep."

"Hear, hear!"

"I don't see what can be done!" said Tommy Cook miserably. "We're all stony broke, ain't we, Tommy?"

Tommy Dodd nodded in assent.

"If that's the only difficulty," said Jimmy Silver, brightening up, "I'll stand the exes. Nunky played up trumps before he went."

The leader of the Fistical Four extracted a crisp currency note from his wallet, which he handed to Tommy Cook.

"You had better cut down to Coombe now," he said.

"Thanks, I will!" replied Tommy Cook.

And he grabbed for his cap and pelted down the passage as fast as his legs would carry him.

"I think he will do it in time," said Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Cook's luck seemed to be in, for in less than twenty minutes he was back in the end study.

"Hallo! Soon back!"

"I got a lift in a car each way, as luck would have it," grinned Cook cheerfully.

"Good!"

"I left the tuck with the Head, and apologised for being late, but the old buffer thanked me profusely. He told me that he appreciated my good taste," said the Modern junior. "I met Tupper, the page-boy, on the stairs, and saved him the trouble of bringing you this letter, Silver."

Jimmy Silver took the letter, and, sitting the envelope, commenced to read. His brow contracted in a frown as he perused the contents. It ran:

"Dear Silver,—Kindly give my apologies to Lovell for having to rescue a scarecrow from a watery grave, but it was necessary for the success of my scheme. Tell him, also, to pinch himself and wake up!"

"How did you find the bulldog—nice and tender?"

"Who's top-dog? Why, Bagshot, of course!—Kindest regards, I don't think!"

"CECIL PANKLEY."

"Cheeky boulder!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We shall have to think out a plan to make him sit up!" remarked Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Exactly!" said Jimmy Silver.

Tommy Dodd looked at his watch.

"Time for prep, you chaps!" he said.

"So it is. I'd forgotten prep," said Jimmy Silver. "See you chaps in the morning. We'll think out a wheeze to make Pankley & Co. look small."

"Right-ho, Jimmy!"

And the three Modern juniors hurried over to their own House, arriving just in time for prep. On the morrow seven heads were put together with but one object in mind, namely, to score off the Bagshot Bounders.

THE END.

(There will be a fine long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled "Tubby's Lottery!" in next Tuesday's bumper number.)

## HERE ARE A FEW USEFUL HINTS FOR YOU!

### How to Make and Throw a Lasso.

Throwing a lasso is not only an interesting pastime, but an accomplishment that, sooner or later, will prove very useful, especially to a scout. Any boy can make and learn to throw this instrument of the prairies; but, like everything else, it requires practice and perseverance.

Get about 30 ft. of good hempen rope  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in diameter. This must be made very pliable by repeatedly stretching it. On one end fasten a ring, made by sawing a piece off the horn of a cow.

This should be about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ins. in diameter, and the edges rounded off with a file, so as to leave no sharp edges to catch the rope. Do not use an iron ring, because they are very liable to do injury when catching your playmates.

It is best to attach the ring to the rope by splicing; but as this is somewhat difficult, the rope may be passed through the ring, and doubled back for 2 ins., when it should be strongly fastened by binding with a waxed cord.

Now pass the free end of the rope through the ring, thus forming the slip-noose. The lasso is now complete, except for making a small loop on the other end for the insertion of the hand.

When used by a boy on the ground, the lasso is grasped at the loop in the left hand. It should now be carefully and evenly coiled up, the size of the coils depending upon the height of the boy. The larger the loops, the easier they will run off.

The last twelve feet should not be coiled, but left to form the noose, and a few feet of slack. With the coil in the left hand hanging lightly by the thumb and the fingers, the noose should be grasped, together with the free part of the rope, in such a manner that the ring hangs on the right, but about one foot from the centre of the noose.

To throw the lasso, the noose is circled about the head, but in doing this the wrist must not be held stiff, but turns with each revolution of the noose. This must be done to keep the noose open.

When sufficient speed has been acquired, the cast is made, with a slightly upward movement. If the aim is true, and the noose settles about the object, a quick jerk and a backward step will draw it taut and capture it.

### A Boy With Cramp.

From a Glasgow friend I get a complaint that he suffers very badly from cramp in the legs and in the thigh between the hip and the knee.

This cramp, which he finds comes on in the night, is due to want of condition, or to the fact that he is taking too much exercise.

The remedy lies in his own hands. If he does not take enough exercise, he should go in regularly for some outdoor athletic pastime, or if he does too much exercise he must slow up. As a remedy, I would advise him to get some rubbing oils. He will find the following a very excellent recipe:

One raw egg, well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, a quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, a quarter of an ounce of camphor. These ingredients must be beaten well together, then put into a bottle and shaken for ten minutes, afterwards being corked down tightly to exclude the air.

Every night before he gets into bed let him pour a little of this into the palm of his hand and rub it well down the thigh and down the calf of the leg, at the same time massaging the muscles by squeezing them between his thumb and fingers. He should continue this rubbing and massaging until he feels a glow of warmth in the limb. If he persists in this treatment for a little while he will not have any more cause for complaint.

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