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A STIRRING MESSAGE TO
READERS FROM THE CHIEF SCOUT!



Great "Jamboree" Number.

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^d/₂

SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR SCOUTS. SEE PAGE 324.

No. 1,000. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 7th, 1920.]

JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT THE "JAMBOREE."

A Magnificent Long
Complete Story of
-- the Chums of --
Rookwood School.

BY -- --
OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Getting Ready for the Jamboree.

Jimmy Silver was seated at the table in the end study, thoughtfully biting the end of a stump of pencil. A sheet of paper before him was covered with what looked like a mixture of Morse code with shorthand and Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Jimmy was making calculations. He was too deep in his calculations to look up when the fat face of Tubby Muffin of the Fourth loomed up in the doorway. His chums—Lovell and Raby and Newcome—had been shoo'd off, and were not allowed to interrupt the calculations, so Jimmy Silver was not likely to bother about Reginald Muffin. He dabbed down some fresh hieroglyphics with a wrinkle in his brow, while Muffin stood and blinked at him.

"I say, Jimmy—"
Jimmy scribbled.

"Got a minute to spare, Jimmy?"

"No."

"It's rather important."

"Buzz!"

"About the Jamboree—"

"Cut off!"

"At Olympia—"

No answer.

"I want to discuss it with you, Jimmy," said Tubby Muffin. "As I'm going with the scouts—"

Jimmy Silver, without speaking, looked round him as if in search of something.

"Looking for anything, Jimmy?" asked Tubby Muffin.

"Yes."

"What do you want?"

"Something to throw at you!"

"I—I say, Jimmy, don't be a beast, you know! I suppose you want me to come with the scouts, don't you, for the big Jamboree?"

"No."

"I really wish you wouldn't joke about it, Jimmy, when the matter's so important!" said Tubby Muffin peevishly. "We sha'n't be at Rookwood when it comes off, as it's in the holiday, you know, so all arrangements must be made before we break up."

"I shall break you up, Tubby,



All Roads Lead to the Boy Scout "Jamboree"!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. ARRIVE AT OLYMPIA!

A Stirring Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Story in This Issue.

without making any arrangements first, if you don't give me a rest!"

"Lovell and the rest are going home with you, I understand?"

"Yes," snapped Jimmy.

"Do you want me to come?"

"No."

Tubby Muffin sniffed. "Is that what you call civil, Jimmy?" he inquired.

"It's what I call veracious!" said Jimmy Silver. "You needn't bother about the Jamboree, Tubby. You can't enter for anything. You can't scout, you know; you can't run, and you can't box, and you can't camp. If you feel interested in the Rookwood Scouts at Olympia, you can pay your half-crown like the rest of the public, and look on!"

"You silly ass!" howled Tubby Muffin. "Of course, I'm going there to represent Rookwood. This school has got to carry off some of the honours. Besides, I shall enjoy it; there will be plenty of grub going! It's only a question of funds, really."

Jimmy picked up the inkpot.

"Look here—"

Tubby prepared to dodge. But he was not going. It was very important, from Tubby's point of view, to settle all details connected with the great Scout Jamboree in August before Rookwood School broke up for the vacation.

Tubby had a strong suspicion that once Jimmy Silver & Co. were out of his sight he would fade completely from their memories; he would be gone from their gaze like a more or less beautiful dream, and they would not remember his existence.

And the Jamboree would not, of course, be complete without the presence of Reginald Muffin.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell himself might be there, but even the Chief Scout was not so important a personage as Reginald Muffin, of the Classical Fourth Form at Rookwood. At least, Tubby Muffin looked at the matter in that light.

So the affair had to be arranged before Jimmy Silver escaped, so to speak.

"Now, look here, Muffin," said Jimmy Silver impressively. "I've got a lot of arrangements to make. There's going to be a hundred thousand or so scouts at the Jamboree, and I'm responsible for the Rookwood contingent—the junior lot, anyway. That means work. I've no time for jaw. Run away and play before I brain you!"

"But—"

"Are you going?" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Presently. But—"

Whiz!

The inkpot flew. It crashed on the doorpost a foot from Tubby Muffin's head. It was intended as a warning; but from the yell Muffin gave, the inkpot might have crashed on his head.

"Yarooop!"

"Now go—"

"Yah! Oh! Help! Yooop!"

roared Tubby Muffin.

"You silly chump!" howled Jimmy Silver, clutching up a cushion.

"You're not hurt yet! You're going to be, if you don't travel!"

"Look here, Jimmy—"

The captain of the Fourth poised the cushion in the air.

"You'll get it this time!" he said.

"I say—"

"Will you travel?"

"You see—"

Whiz!

Just as the cushion flew Tubby Muffin was jerked out of the doorway by a hand upon the back of his collar, and Arthur Edward Lovell looked in.

"All right, Jimmy, Pl— Yooop!"

Crash!

It was just Lovell's ill-luck.

He had kindly scudded up the passage to relieve his chum of Tubby's importunities, and he had arrived just in time to catch the cushion.

It landed on his nose.

Lovell staggered in the doorway with a loud howl.

"He, he, he!"

Tubby Muffin emitted a fat chuckle as he fled. He seemed to find something humorous in that unexpected denouement.

Not so Lovell! He rubbed his nose, and stared dazedly at the captain of the Fourth.

"Wharrer you bunging cushions at me for?"

"Ha, ha! I mean, sorry!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I meant—"

"Look at my nose!" gurgled Lovell.

"Ha, ha! But—"

"Funny, isn't it?" roared Lovell.

"Jolly funny to bung a cushion on a chap's nose when he's doing you a good turn! Let's see how you like a thump on your own boko!"

"I say, look here, you ass— Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy Silver jumped up as his incensed chum rushed upon him.

The next moment they were waltzing round the study table, and Arthur Edward Lovell was hammering on Jimmy Silver's nose, as if he mistook that organ for a punch-ball.

"Yow-ow-ow! You ass, leggo!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"There, you chump—there, you funny ass—"

"What's the thump's the matter?"

Raby and Newcome came hurriedly into the study. "What the dickens is—"

"Thump, thump! Bump!"

Crash!

The table went flying as the excited juniors bumped into it, and Jimmy Silver's hieroglyphical calculations floated away into the grate. Fortunately, there was no fire there. Raby and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants.

"What's the row?" demanded Raby.

"That idiot—"

"That ass—"

"But what—"

"That chump—"

"That dummy—"

"Lemme gerrat him!"

"Pl—Pl—"

"Here, you come away!" grunted Raby. "Lend a hand, Newcome!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was dragged

But Uncle James had been too deep for him.

At his request, Higgs had engaged the fat Classical in conversation, and taken him for a visit to the tuckshop to change a pound note—a temptation that Reginald Muffin could not possibly resist.

While the hapless Tubby was thus occupied, the Fistical Four had departed, and the train bore them away before Muffin was even aware that they were outside the gates of Rookwood.

After changing at Latham Junction, the chums of the Fourth felt that they were secure from Master Muffin at last.

The train ran on swiftly through the sunny countryside, en route for Jimmy Silver's home, where his chums were to stay with him until after the Boy Scout Jamboree.

A good many more of the Rookwood scouts were to arrive there later, and proceed together to the Big Camp at Richmond. But Tubby Muffin wasn't one of them. Tubby really wasn't a scout at all. He was far too fat and lazy for scouting, and his sudden enthusiasm for it was only due to his anticipation of a good time at the Jamboree.

"Never mind Tubby," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "We're done with Tubby till next term, thank goodness."

your Uncle James has been doing while you've been playing the goat. It's lucky there's one chap in this Form with some brains!"

"You flatter me!" murmured Lovell.

"Ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The chums chatted on the inextinguishable subject of the Jamboree while the train ran on, and they quite forgot the existence of Reginald Muffin, as Reginald had foreseen that they would. But they were not done with that enthusiastic scout yet.

They arrived at the Priory, and they were sitting down to a late tea with Mrs. Silver, when a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door echoed through the house.

A taxicab had been heard outside, and the terrific summons at the door seemed to indicate the arrival of a visitor of importance.

It did!

The dining-room door opened, to admit a well-known form.

Jimmy Silver jumped up.

"Muffin!"

"Dear me! Is this one of your schoolfellows, Jimmy?" asked Mrs. Silver.

"Yes," gasped Jimmy.

Tubby Muffin came in, with a smiling, affectionate face, though with a rather wary look in his eye.

"So sorry I missed your train, Jimmy, old chap!" he said. "How do you do, ma'am? You'll excuse my getting here so late, won't you?"

"You—you—" breathed Lovell.

"You didn't think I had deserted you, Jimmy, did you?" asked Tubby Muffin affectionately. "My dear old fellow, I knew you wouldn't enjoy the Jamboree if I wasn't there."

"You—"

"Higgs was pressing me to come home with him," said Tubby, "but I wouldn't think of leaving you in the lurch, Jimmy. I've had a very pressing letter from D'Arcy, of St. Jim's. He simply insisted upon my going to his place till the Jamboree, but I had to tell him plainly it couldn't be done. I couldn't break my promise to you, Jimmy—could I, ma'am?"

"I—I suppose not," said Mrs. Silver, who was eyeing the fat Rookwooder rather curiously.

"That's it," said Tubby. "I'm a slave to my word. Having promised Jimmy, I felt that I had to come, though otherwise I should have rather enjoyed myself at Lord Eastwood's place. That's D'Arcy's pater, you know. Young D'Arcy and I are great pals. How lucky that I've turned up in time for tea, isn't it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver looked fixedly at the fat Classical.

He was debating in his mind whether he should take Reginald Muffin by the scruff of the neck, and run him out of the house and pitch him into the taxi, which was still grunting on the drive.

Possibly Tubby read his thoughts. He drew a chair to the side of Mrs. Silver, and sat down there under the protection of the good lady.

Jimmy glanced at his chums.

Lovell was frowning, and Raby and Newcome grinning.

Jimmy decided that it was not possible to deal with Master Muffin as he deserved just then.

Mrs. Silver was already helping him to tea, and Tubby was helping himself to ham with a liberal hand. His appetite had not been impaired by the journey from Rookwood, as he soon proved. A maid looked in at the door.

She bore a message from the taxi driver. He wanted to know whether he was to wait.

Tubby Muffin looked up, with his mouth full.

"My hat! I forgot the taxi! Do you mind settling with him, Jimmy? I'll square later."

"I—I—"

"I forgot where I've put my purse," said Tubby Muffin. "You don't mind, old chap?"

Jimmy Silver, breathing hard, went out to interview the taxi-driver.

He came back, still breathing hard, and sixteen shillings the poorer. Tubby Muffin was not at all close with money, on such occasions as this.

"Is he gone?" asked Tubby.

"Yes."

"How much did he stick you for?" asked Tubby, casually.

"Sixteen bob."

"He's done you," said Tubby.

"Twelve and six would have been enough. Remind me to settle up to-morrow."

"I shan't see you to-morrow," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes, you will, you know, as I'm staying for the Jamboree."

Jimmy gasped.

"We walked from the station, Muffin," said Arthur Edward Lovell.

Tubby nodded carelessly.

"Yes, I dare say you did, old chap; quite right, too. But I'm accustomed to travelling in comfort, you know."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

"Pass the cake, old fellow."

Lovell passed the cake, in silence. Reginald Muffin had taken his breath away.

The 3rd Chapter.

Tubby Stands Treat!

"Better do it in style," said Tubby. It was a few days later; and Reginald Muffin was still a guest of Jimmy Silver, at the Priory.

The chums were discussing the journey to Richmond, and calculating fares, when Tubby contributed his quota to the discussion, with the above remark.

"My idea," continued Tubby, "is a motor-char-a-banc."

"Too dear!" said Jimmy Silver curtly.

Tubby shook his head.

"That's where you make a mistake," he said. "Railway fares are high now, you know—and there's a lot of us. How many are going, now?"

"Twelve from here."

"That isn't quite right," said Tubby. "There's you four—that's four—and Putty Grace and Erroll—that's six—and Conroy, Pous, and Van Ryn—that's nine—and Dodd and Cook and Doyle—that's twelve—and me, that's thirteen."

"You're not going!" grunted Lovell.

"My dear chap—"

"There's no arrangements made for you at the camp," said Jimmy.

"That doesn't matter. Easy enough to make them on the spot. It was rather careless of you, Jimmy, but I dare say you've had a lot to think of, so I won't rag you for that," said Muffin generously. "If there's any difficulty, I'll speak to Baden-Powell about it, and make it all right."

"To whom?"

"Sir Robert, you know. An old friend of mine," explained Tubby Muffin. "I'll use my influence with him, if there's any difficulty."

"You shrieking ass!" howled Lovell.

"I don't think you ought to speak like that in Jimmy Silver's house, Lovell. It doesn't show a proper respect for your host."

"Why, you—you—"

"You were always a bit of a Hun in your manners, Lovell; but you might really be a bit more well-behaved here. Jimmy doesn't like to mention it, you know."

"I—I—" stuttered Lovell.

"So there'll be thirteen," said Tubby. "Now, it's rather a long run from here to Richmond, but I've no doubt we can get a char-a-banc to do it for about ten or twelve pounds."

"And you're proposing to stand the char-a-banc, I daresay?" remarked Newcome, with deep sarcasm.

Muffin nodded.

"Exactly," he said. "You've read my thoughts. After Jimmy's put me up here, with such hospitality, I feel that I ought to play up, and I'm going to stand the car. No, don't object, Jimmy—I insist. I've asked my pater for a special remittance for the purpose, and I simply insist on standing the motor."

"But—"

Tubby waved a fat hand.

"I won't hear any objections," he said airily. "I'm going to do my bit, you know. I'll trot down into the town this morning, and engage the car—you needn't worry about it at all. Leave the bill to me. If it comes to another pound or so, I can stand it. Don't you worry. My pater's seeing me through."

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

Tubby Muffin had been a safe inflection during his stay at the Priory, and Jimmy Silver's patience had been severely taxed. Hints were wasted on Muffin; and plain English was equally useless, as Tubby was determined to take it as a joke. Nothing short of boot-leather, as Lovell had remarked, would convince Reginald Muffin that his presence was superfluous; and Jimmy had, naturally, paused at that.

But certainly, if Tubby "stood" a motor-char-a-banc for a large party to travel to Richmond, it would be a compensation, and the journey would be very much pleasanter than by train.

"But it's a lot of money," said Jimmy at last.

"Leave it to me, old fellow."

"Still—"

"I'll go and make the arrangements now," said Tubby. "By the way, I shall want some scout rig, Jimmy—I forgot to bring any with

A MAGNIFICENT MODEL OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE YEAR!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If this Model meets with popular approval a replica of Rookwood School will be presented in a few weeks' time.



HARRY WHARTON: "Here you are, Bunter! Just look at this beautiful coloured model of Greyfriars School which is being presented to readers in 'CHUCKLES' this Friday!"

BILLY BUNTER: "Oh, really, Wharton, that's a ripping wheeze! Where have they shoved the Tuck Shop?"

READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND" ARE ADVISED TO ORDER "CHUCKLES" TO-DAY WITHOUT FAIL. THERE WILL BE AN UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR THIS FRIDAY'S ISSUE.

out of the study, and Jimmy Silver kicked the door shut. He dabbed his nose, and rubbed his eye, and brushed his hair, and at last settled himself down to resume his mental labours. He had just got going, when the door opened cautiously, and a fat face looked in.

"I say, Jimmy—"

Jimmy Silver made a jump for the poker, and another jump for Tubby Muffin.

"Oh crumbs!"

The door banged, and Reginald Muffin fled. He just escaped the poker, and after that there was peace in the end study.

The 2nd Chapter.

Tubby, Too!

"Safe at last!"

The Fistical Four chuckled in chorus.

Lovell's remark referred to Tubby Muffin. Until Rookwood broke up for the holidays, that fat youth had haunted Jimmy Silver, and it was only too clear that he intended to go home with Jimmy, as no definite arrangements had been made for Tubby's presence at the Jamboree.

I've told him he can turn up at Olympia in the audience if he likes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got a plan here of the camp at Richmond," continued Jimmy Silver. "We shall meet the Greyfriars' and St. Jim's scouts there. I've heard from Wharton and Tom Merry about it. We've got enough to do looking after all our traps, without Tubby."

"I should think so!" grinned Lovell. "Let's see. Each scout has to take knife, fork, and spoon—"

"Have you sent in the application to camp, though, Jimmy?" inquired Raby.

Jimmy Silver gave him a compassionate look.

"Did you think I should forget it?" he asked.

"Well, you know what an ass you are, old chap!" said Raby.

"Fathead!"

"Well, you know—"

"Order!" said Newcome. "We're Jimmy's guests now, or we're just going to be, and you mustn't call him an ass. These painful truths must only be told at Rookwood."

"It's all arranged, youuffers!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's what

me. You've got some extra clobber you can lend me, haven't you?"

"It wouldn't fit you." "Oh, I'll manage with it." "You'd burst it, you silly ass," growled Lovell.

"Perhaps I'd better buy some new things," said Tubby thoughtfully. "You're rather skinny, Jimmy; and a well-made chap like me couldn't squeeze into your skimpy things, perhaps. Yes, I'll get a new lot." "You can't get things on tick here," said Newcome.

"Rats!" Tubby Muffin rolled away. "I—I suppose he will have to come to Richmond, if he stands the char-a-banc," said Jimmy Silver dubiously. "After all, he needn't do any harm. There will be plenty of spectating scouts camped there. Anyway, thank goodness he's gone for a bit; we'll have a scout run to-day, in the woods."

"Hear, hear!" There were a dozen of the Rookwood scouts gathered at the Priory now, and they had a very enjoyable day out that day; without the pleasure of Reginald Muffin's society. When they returned, they found that Tubby was back from his expedition, and that he seemed to be highly satisfied with the result of it. "Got your new clobber?" Lovell inquired.

"Yes—complete rig-out," said Tubby. "It's all serene." "Oh!" said Lovell, nonplussed. He wondered where Tubby had found the money.

"And the char-a-banc's engaged," said Tubby brightly. "The man wanted fourteen pounds for the trip; but I screwed him down to thirteen. Not so bad, what?"

"Well, you are playing up this time, and no mistake," said Lovell. "It will be ripping in a car instead of a train."

"You rely on me, old chap," said Tubby. "I know how to do things in style, I assure you."

There was a big breakfast, at a crowded table, the morning Jimmy Silver's party were to start for Richmond. Mr. Silver was looking over some letters at the breakfast-table, and he came upon one that seemed to surprise him. He gazed at it for some minutes, and then fixed his eyes upon Reginald Muffin.

"Do you know anything about this, Muffin?" asked the old gentleman. "What is it, sir?"

"It is a bill for a complete scout outfit, supplied to Master Muffin, and the bill is sent to me."

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy. "Oh, that's all right, sir," said Tubby cheerily. "I told the man to send the bill in to you, sir, to save trouble; I've asked my father to send you a cheque for the amount."

"Oh!" said Mr. Silver. He seemed very much perplexed; not knowing Reginald Muffin so well as the Rookwooders knew him. However, he made no further remark on the subject; and Tubby Muffin devoted himself to rashers and eggs, and dismissed it from his mind. The Rookwood juniors were looking at Muffin with expressive looks; but he did not seem to observe it.

"Hallo! There's the car!" said Erroll, as the char-a-banc was heard snorting on the drive outside.

The scouts crowded out. Lovell caught Tubby Muffin by the shoulder in the hall.

"You fat villain!" he breathed. "Eh?"

"You've stuck Jimmy's father for a bill."

"My dear chap, my pater's going to send him a cheque."

"Come on, you fellows!" called out Jimmy Silver.

The scouts crowded into the char-a-banc. There was plenty of room to accommodate them all, and it was a very cheery party that started on the journey to the Old Deer Park at Richmond.

Tubby Muffin was as cheery as any, as the char-a-banc snorted and hooted on its way, by leafy lanes and long, white roads.

"There's Richmond Bridge!" said Lovell at last.

"Close on now," said Jimmy Silver. "It's been a jolly drive, Muffin, and we're no end obliged to you!"

"Don't mench, old fellow!" said Tubby Muffin airily. "It's a pleasure to me to stand it, you know, after your hospitality. I say, are we close to the camp now?"

"Yes; it's in the park!" Tubby's fat face wore a slightly thoughtful expression now.

"I—I say, Jimmy—" "Yes?" "My remittance—" "Eh?" "You remember I asked my father for a remittance—a special remittance

—to stand this char-a-banc to-day—"

"I remember." "Well, it—it hadn't come when we left—" "What!"

"I dare say it's arrived at the Priory by now," said Tubby Muffin, blinking at the astounded Jimmy. "But the trouble is, I haven't the money in hand. I suppose you can settle with the driver—" "The—the driver?"

"Yes. I arranged for the driver to be paid after the journey, you know. I mentioned your father's name, so that they'd know it was all right."

Jimmy Silver stared at him. "You—you fat villain!" he gasped. "Do you mean to say that you were only spoofing, and that you haven't the money to pay for the char-a-banc?"

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I said I'd ask my pater for a special remittance, and so I did. 'Tain't my fault if he hasn't sent it, is it?"

"Why, you—you—" stuttered Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Spoofed again! You ought to have known him better, Jimmy!"

"Oh, I say, Lovell—" Jimmy called to the driver. "Stop!"

The char-a-banc slowed down. "I say, what are you stopping for, Jimmy?" asked Tubby Muffin. "We ain't at the Deer Park yet!"

"You fat rascal!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "You've pulled our leg, and, as Lovell says, we ought to have known you better. We've got to have a whip-round now to pay for the char-a-banc—" "Well, that's all right," said Tubby.

Richmond Park swarmed with scouts.

After pitching their quarters, Jimmy Silver & Co. found great entertainment in wandering about the park, surveying the animated scene.

There were endless tents, and endless crowds of scouts—scouts from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and from many a Dominion far overseas. More than one foreign tongue was heard in the buzzing throngs.

But, crowded as the great camp was

"I don't mind. I'll settle up later, of course!"

"But we mind!" hooted Lovell. "We're going to pay for the car," said Jimmy, "and you're getting out here, Muffin. You've done us enough. Hop it!"

"I—I say," exclaimed Tubby, in dismay, "I—I can't get out here, you know! I can't walk to the camp!"

"If I see you in the camp I'll scalp you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "You can walk home, or walk to the dickens, or anywhere you like! Hop out!"

"I—I—" "Help him out, you fellows!" "You bet!" said Arthur Edward Lovell grimly.

"Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as he was helped out of the char-a-banc—not gently. "Drive on!"

The char-a-banc rolled on; and Tubby Muffin sat in the dust beside the road, breathless, blinking after it. It disappeared from his sight; and Tubby Muffin gave a deep, deep groan. His sins had found him out at last!

The 4th Chapter. Scouts in Camp!

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There were endless tents, and endless crowds of scouts—scouts from England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and from many a Dominion far overseas. More than one foreign tongue was heard in the buzzing throngs.

But, crowded as the great camp was

with its thousands, everything was in perfect order.

Every fellow seemed to know where to go, and what to do; and there was busy and orderly cheerfulness on all sides.

A handsome, dark-skinned scout tapped Jimmy Silver on the shoulder, and greeted him with a grin.

"The pleasuredness to see your esteemed self is terrific!" he remarked.

Jimmy Silver grinned. Even if he had forgotten the dark face, he would have recognised, by that variety of English, Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh of Greyfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were there, and they greeted the Rookwood scouts warmly.

"The St. Jim's fellows are around somewhere," Harry Wharton told them. "I haven't run into them yet. By the way, I've met a chap inquiring after you, Silver—a fat fellow—" "Not Muffin?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes, I think that's his name—a fellow nearly bursting through his scout clobber—" "That's the worm!"

"Nearly as fat as Bunter of Greyfriars," said Wharton, laughing. "He seemed to want you chaps, and to think that you'd be missing him."

"If I get him in front of my boot I won't miss him!" growled Lovell. "So he's wedged into the camp, after all! Thank goodness he hasn't sense enough to find us!"

Jimmy Silver had his doubts about that; Tubby Muffin was not over-blest with sense, but he was a sticker. Somebody would be wanted to pay his expenses in the camp; and for that reason Tubby was likely to leave no stone unturned in hunting for his friends.

OUR NOVEL CINEMA COMPETITION! HIDDEN TITLES OF POPULAR CINEMA PICTURES.

First Prize, £10; Second Prize, Five Shillings a Week for a Period of Six Months; Third Prize, Half-a-Crown a Week for Six Months; and Twenty Consolation Prizes of Splendid Pocket-Knives.

THE FIFTH SET OF PICTURES

The first four sets can be obtained through any newsagent.

All the BOYS' FRIEND readers, I feel sure, visit the local Cinema at least once a week, and, having taken that for granted, I have designed this simple competition with a view to its being popular with all my chums.

In the adjoining columns you will see the fifth set of six pictures which, on careful study, will reveal the titles of popular Cinema Pictures.

All you have to do is to write underneath each picture the title of the film you think it suggests. Below you will find an example picture, which represents the film entitled, "Daddy Long-Legs," and the remaining pictures are just as easy.

There will be three more sets of pictures, and when the last set appears I will announce in this column when your solutions are to be sent in to me.

Readers can send in as many sets as they like, but in each case the solutions must be written underneath each picture appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.

To the readers whose efforts correspond most correctly with the list of titles I have locked in my safe, I will award the above prizes in order of merit.

Remember that Your Editor's decision must be accepted as absolutely final in this competition.

EXAMPLE:



Daddy Long-legs

A grid of six numbered boxes (25-30) containing various images for a cinema competition. Box 25: Two hearts with text 'These Hearts are made from the BEST SUGAR'. Box 26: A wooden crate with text 'The D 4 the'. Box 27: A smiling face. Box 28: A pile of nuts with text 'E'. Box 29: A man carrying a large sack. Box 30: A calendar page for August 1914 with text 'she 1 him'.

NOTE! Keep your completed efforts by you. Do not send in any sets of pictures until the closing date of the competition is announced. The first four sets can be obtained through any newsagent.

To Jimmy's surprise, and to his great relief, Tubby Muffin did not turn up that night.

The Rookwood scouts slept as soundly under canvas as they were accustomed to do in the dormitory at the old school.

They turned out bright and fresh in the morning, to the call of a merry bugle.

After breakfast, Jimmy and his chums were chatting outside the tent, when an extremely elegant scout came along. In addition to the unusual nattiness of his scout clobber, the superb youth wore the rare adornment of an eyeglass—probably the only one in Richmond Camp.

"Good-mornin', deah boys!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, D'Arcy! Why—what—" "A fwiend of yours," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Heah they are, Muffin, deah boy—I've found them for you!"

The swell of St. Jim's was not alone. Tubby Muffin rolled up with him, grinning cheerily.

The Rookwooders glared at him. "Found you, old top!" said Muffin. "So sorry I was left behind yesterday—but it's all right now. Though, really I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't run into my old pal Gussy."

"I found Muffin wandewin' woud the place," explained Arthur Augustus. "As he had lost his twoop, we put him up in our tent for the night!"

"I wish you'd dropped him over Richmond Bridge instead!" grunted Lovell.

"Bai Jove!" "Now we're all together again," said Tubby Muffin cheerily, turning a deaf ear to Lovell. "Nice, ain't it? I say, Jimmy, there are some shops over yonder—you can buy grub here—"

"You can go and buy as much as you like, Muffin."

"You see, as that remittance didn't arrive before we left your place, Jimmy, I'm rather short of tin. Gussy was only able to lend me half a quid—" "What?"

"And that's gone already—" "It's time you were gone, too," said Arthur Edward Lovell grimly.

"Slew him round, Jimmy, and I'll give him my best goal-kick."

"Hear, hear!" "I say—leggo—oh—yarooooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as he was slewed round by the ear—a proceeding that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy watched in great astonishment.

Lovell took a little run, to kick. But Tubby Muffin did not wait for Arthur Edward's best goal-kick. He jumped away, and ran.

The 5th Chapter. The Great Jamboree!

The great day dawned. The sun rose over Richmond Park, and shone upon a busy scene.

Jimmy Silver & Co. all had plenty to do that morning; but Tubby Muffin, being only a "spectating" scout, was not so busy. But Tubby was not at all satisfied with his role of spectator.

"You ought to have put me down for something, Jimmy," he said at breakfast. "In the woodcraft display, for instance—" "Fathead."

"Or boxing—I'd undertake to box any scout here," said Tubby. "I think I could knock spots off Bob Cherry of Greyfriars—" "Ass!"

"Anyway, there's the pageant," said Tubby. "They're going to have Maori warriors in the pageant at Olympia, and I suppose I could do the Maori stunt all right. You fellows are marching in the pageant, I suppose."

"We are—we is," agreed Lovell, "and you can look on and see us do it, though I wonder whether you've got sense enough for that much."

"I could do a Maori war-dance," said Tubby wrathfully. "That would catch on no end—the way I should do it. I was thinking of offering Baden-Powell my services, but a fellow doesn't like to intrude, even on an old friend like Bob."

"Bob!" said Lovell. "I always call him Bob, when we're together," explained Tubby calmly. "We're such friends, you know, if you put that jam near me, Lovell, I'll—I'll—groooogh."

And for some minutes Reginald Muffin was busy extracting jam from the back of his neck; too busy to say anything further about his old friend Bob.

Olympia was the centre of an invasion that eventful morning from north, south, east, and west.

Boy scouts, innumerable, descended in force upon it, among them Jimmy Silver & Co. and the Greyfriars and St. Jim's contingents, all in the highest spirits.

The great British public, too, turned up in great force to see the scouts doing their "stunts."

In the morning there were boxing competitions in the great arena, in which the Rookwood contingent showed up prominently, with results that did them honour.

After that, Tubby Muffin had a chance of distinguishing himself—though not exactly as he desired. He succeeded in falling off Mary, the elephant, in the course of a joy-ride upon that animal, and for some little time after that, Tubby was not keen on distinction. Fortunately, he fell in with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and succeeded in extracting a ten-shilling note from that long-suffering youth; with which he retired to the refreshment department. And until the ten-shilling note had been quite expended, in refreshment, liquid and solid, Tubby found life worth living.

But he turned up cheerily at dinner with the Rookwood scouts, and they were all in such cheery spirits that they tolerated even Reginald Muffin with good humour.

The Rookwooders marched in the Grand Procession in the afternoon. It was an impressive sight, with thousands of scouts, from all corners of the Empire, healthy and fit and cheery. After that came the sea-scout display, and Highland dancing, fire-fighting, woodcraft, and endless other stunts, and the competitions for the scouts' championships. Tubby Muffin watched the last-named with a gloomy eye. He had an impression that, given his head, he could have walked off with the world's championship, which would have meant no end of kudos for Rookwood. But, unfortunately, Tubby hadn't been given his head, so Rookwood did not gain that distinction at the Olympia Jamboree.

It was a busy and a tiring day for the scouts, but they were too fit to be much affected by the fatigue—excepting Reginald Muffin. Muffin had chiefly distinguished himself in the refreshment department, and his efforts in that quarter told upon him considerably.

"I think Rookwood's shown up pretty well, for the first day," Arthur Edward Lovell remarked, on the way back to the camp at Richmond that evening.

Sniff from Muffin. "Well, what's the matter with you, fatty?" demanded Arthur Edward. "Oh, you haven't done so badly," said Tubby, tolerantly. "Quite as well as I expected. In fact, better. But if I'd been put up to box, you'd have seen a rather different result."

"Not much doubt about that," chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"I was willing to bag practically everything for Rookwood," said Tubby morosely. "I haven't had any encouragement. Now I won't."

"Don't, old chap," grinned Lovell. And in that, at least, Tubby undoubtedly kept his word; he didn't.

The next day was Sunday, and the Rookwooders attended the great service held in the arena. On Monday the Jamboree was resumed, to last through the ensuing week.

"I find that you can hire char-a-bancs here, you fellows," Tubby Muffin announced at breakfast on Monday.

"Just found that out?" asked Lovell.

"Yes. Now, my idea is to hire a char-a-banc to go up to Olympia to-day," said the fat classical. "It saves time, and it saves temper. Then, after the show, we can have a motor-run round London. I've got some friends in the West End I'd like to call on—some titled people, you know. I'll take you fellows."

"You may have forgotten the addresses of the titled people, by the time we're ready to call!" suggested Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I'm not asking you fellows to pay for the char-a-banc," said Tubby. "I'm standing it—"

"Same as you did before?" growled Lovell.

Tubby did not seem to hear that question.

"We'll have a good-sized one, and ask the St. Jim's and Greyfriars chaps to share it with us," he said. "I believe it can be done on about seven or eight pounds—and I'm seeing the whole thing through. Shall I order the car, Jimmy?"

"If you can pay for it, certainly," grinned Jimmy Silver.

"That's understood. I'll see about it immediately after breakfast," said Tubby. "You fellows come down to the gate ready."

Jimmy Silver chuckled. "If he does, he's going to meet with a slight disappointment," he remarked.

At the appointed hour, the Rookwood scouts were on the spot, ready for the char-a-banc to take them up—and also ready to proceed to Olympia by their former route. But the char-a-banc turned up, with Tubby Muffin grinning in it.

Tubby waved a fat hand to the Rookwood crowd.

"Here you are, you fellows," he called out. "All aboard!"

"You're standing this char, are you?" asked Jimmy.

"Oh, yes!"

"Have you paid for it?"

"Jump in, you fellows!" said Tubby Muffin, apparently afflicted with deafness all of a sudden.

Jimmy Silver repeated his question, not one of the scouts making any movement to board the special car.

"Oh, I say, Jimmy, how you do waste time!" said Muffin peevishly. "I'm going to pay when we get to Olympia, of course!"

"We'll get in—"

"When you've paid in advance," said Jimmy. "I say, driver!"

"Yessir?" said the chauffeur, touching his cap.

"You'd better make sure of your cash before you do the journey," said Jimmy. "That's a tip; my good turn for the day, in fact!"

The scouts chuckled, and the chauffeur turned an inquiring eye—a very grim, inquiring eye—on Reginald Muffin. Reginald Muffin seemed very unwilling to meet the driver's inquiring eye.

"I understood all the gents was to pay six bob each," said the driver. "But I'll 'ave the money in advance, as there's a misunderstanding. You're responsible, sir."

Tubby Muffin coughed. "You 'ear me, sir?" asked the driver. "I haven't come here to waste time, and there's plenty of passengers to be picked up. Have you got the money now?"

"The—the fact is—"

"Yes or no?" snapped the char-a-banc merchant, beginning to look surly.

"I—I—I haven't exactly got the tin with me," said Tubby Muffin cautiously. "But I'll ask my pater to send you a cheque—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the scouts.

The driver's face was a study for a moment of two.

"You—you—" he stuttered.

"Here, outer that!"

He whipped into the car, and took Tubby Muffin by a fat ear. There was a dismal wail from Tubby as he was jerked out of the car and landed in the road.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now, if I get near you with my boot—" began the incensed char-a-banc merchant.

Tubby dodged behind Jimmy Silver.

"I—I say, Jimmy, lend me six pounds!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"M-m-make it five pound nineteen and six, then!" gasped Tubby. "I've got sixpence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the scouts, and even the chauffeur's grim face relaxed a little.

"Look here," bawled Tubby Muffin, "I'm not going to fag around on rotten buses! If you can't do the decent thing, I sha'n't stay here with you any longer! I'm fed up!"

"Same here, dear boy!" grinned Jimmy. "If you're going, old chap, we'll give you a start. Now then, all together! Boots!"

Tubby Muffin vanished.

Then Jimmy Silver & Co. made their own bargain for the char-a-banc, and rolled away for Olympia in great spirits, what time a wrathful and morose Tubby Muffin was pegging away for the railway-station, and home.

THE END.



Scouts have the satisfaction of knowing that there has never been a better motto invented than the one which serves as the watchword of their organisation. There are thousands of mottos in this world, some of them with no meaning worth talking about, but there isn't one that means so much, that includes so much, as these two very ordinary words:

"Be prepared."

It's nothing less than great. Its adoption was an inspiration.

A motto is something to be lived up to, and, as such, it has a big influence. It means something, and those who live under it are reminded that they must make themselves worthy of it. Any Scout who doesn't do his level best and try his hardest to live up to his motto isn't worthy to wear the Scout uniform.

But, then, I don't believe that such a Scout exists.

What a tremendous number of things the two words "Be prepared" stand for! Prepared to do a good action at any time to anybody. Prepared to disregard oneself if another may benefit. Prepared to take any amount of trouble for another's advantage, at no matter what cost.

Prepared—But the list is too long. We'll say prepared for everything, and have done with it.

For the Scout to fulfil his mission must "be prepared" in all ways, and not the least of these is his own physical condition. If he doesn't try hard and be willing to work hard to make himself physically efficient, to keep himself at the top-notch of health and fitness, then he is neglecting his duty. If he's weak and ailing and wanting in endurance—assuming, of course, that it's his own fault if he's in such condition, for none of us can make sure against ever being unwell—then he can't "be prepared" to do those things which his motto requires of him.

More, perhaps, than those who don't belong to his organisation does the Scout need to give attention—regular attention—to the promotion of his physical efficiency, to the securing of his bodily health by the regular and systematic taking of proper exercise. Health and exercise go hand in hand. To keep the first you take the second. By taking the second you get the first.

To secure and keep health is a part of the Scout's duty.

Walking.

A good many fellows don't "catch on" to walking as an exercise because, as they say, "it's slow." Well, true, it's not as rapid as running, but anyone who saw E. J. Webb walk seven miles in a trifle over 52½ minutes wouldn't be inclined to say there was anything slow about the performance. And when you come to look up records you'll find the runner hasn't so much the best of it.

Not many years before the war, T. E. Hammond walked over 131 miles straight off the reel in 24 hours. You won't find many men who can better those figures running. And they wouldn't be able to keep on for 24 hours without a break. You see, a man can keep on walking much longer than he can keep on running without a rest.

Walking is anything but a dull exercise—if it's taken properly. To slouch along, hands in pockets, staring at the dust or mud, at a two miles an hour pace isn't walking at all. That sort of thing doesn't do any good at all. The breathing doesn't become longer and deeper; there isn't any more oxygen taken into the lungs than there would be if the person were standing still; the blood isn't quickened and enriched, and the muscles do not obtain any benefit. But hit the pace up to three and a half or four miles an hour; hold up the head, note what's going on around, and take in big, deep draughts of the pure air; let the arms move to and fro and the hips swing, and all those things that don't happen when one slouches do come about, and the whole system is invigorated and strengthened—

muscle and brain are better and stronger for the exercise. Keep up the pace for ten or twelve miles, and you'll have taken a dose of exercise (that has cost you nothing) that'll do you more good than all the doctor's physic ever put into twenty bottles.

Such walking, combined with the practice of breathing deeply, is one of the finest health givers possible. And it gets the skin of the feet into such condition that there is no need of blisters.

Should there be fear of these tiresome ills, provide against them by well soaping the inside and outside of the heel of the stocking and placing a little powdered starch inside the boot. If wearing properly-fitting boots, blisters at the toes aren't likely. If they should come, however, thread a three-inch length of darning cotton right through the blister—with a needle—leave, say, an inch sticking out at either hole where the needle entered, and dust over with boracic powder.

Good company doubles the pleasure and benefit of long walks, and in this matter the Scout holds a big advantage. He can usually be certain of the companionship of his chums when he goes long walking.

An Early-Morning Exercise.

"I've been exercising now for nearly six months, and my muscles don't seem a bit the better developed. Why?"

I've heard the above, or something very like it, scores and scores of times, and, as a rule, it hasn't been difficult for me to find the correct answer. The disappointed young athlete has exercised, but he has done so by fits and starts. Three mornings in succession, then a break of a day or two. A week of hard work, and then two or three days with none at all. That's generally what I have found. No wonder the muscles haven't enlarged.

For exercise to be of any real benefit it must be taken daily, as regularly and methodically as we take our meals. If this be carried out there'll be no reason for such complaints as the above.

Morning and evening are the most suitable times for systematic exercising, though I always advise a few minutes just before tumbling into bed. Sleep comes more readily, and it's more healthful sleep.

Scouts in camp are well situated for the taking of this early morning exercise. I suggest that as soon as partly dressed, before any camp work is done (but after a wash has been had), squads should be formed and ten minutes given to free exercises.

The Scout at home, any lad—every lad—should find no difficulty in doing the same. It's a good beginning to the day.

No. 1.—Begin with two minutes' deep breathing. Stand erect, but not stiff, hands on hips, elbows out. Take in deep breath through the nose, allowing the abdomen to come out—forcing it out, if necessary. Hold breath so for two seconds. Then exhale, squeezing in stomach and abdomen so as to drive all foul air out of the lungs.

No. 2.—Arms extended straight in front, fists clenched, level of mouth. Swing arms upwards and backwards, getting hands behind back as far as possible (breathing in as this is done), rising on toes. Remain so a second, and repeat movement ten times.

No. 3.—Arms by side. Swing arms sideways to above head, then, without pausing, forwards and downwards, bending at hips and trying to touch the toes without bending knees. Ten times.

No. 4.—Sideways bending at hips. Ten times each side.

No. 5.—Body turning right to left. Ten times. The hips should not move.

No. 6.—Bend body backwards and forwards, from hips only, five times each way.

Finish with deep breathing.

Self-Defence.

Without some knowledge of one of the arts of self-defence a lad isn't

fully equipped. Unless he is able to take care of himself, he is not well fitted to go to the assistance of others; he can't do so with the confidence that comes of knowing how to get in an effective cross-counter, to put in a leg chop which will lay an adversary on his back, or to bring off a ju-jitsu trick neatly and promptly.

To do these things practice is necessary, and in the case of boxing it is unfortunate that the expense of providing the necessary gloves is considerable. And even the ingenious Scout finds a difficulty in making a useful substitute for a boxing glove.

Now, wrestling and ju-jitsu need no apparatus whatever; the nearest bit of dry ground is quite satisfactory. Nor are the tricks themselves hard to learn. With an instructor who knows them himself or has a book to rely upon, a dozen lads can learn them at once and all together. In these practice bouts the great thing is to learn how to perform the tricks correctly and neatly. Quickness will come later.

Another great advantage of wrestling and ju-jitsu is that the big and strong and heavy are brought more nearly to an equality with their smaller and weaker fellows. Take, for example, the following. It is an effective counter to the bully who takes advantage of his physical superiority to make himself disagreeable.

As he steps forward, take a left-hand hold somewhere about his middle with the left hand—by belt, trousers, or slack of the coat. Step in briskly with the right foot, and thrust out the right hand so that the butt goes beneath his chin. Pull forward with the left hand, push with the right, and, his head forced back, the bully is powerless and may be shoved over on his back.

One is grabbed by the collar, the attacker's right hand seizing left side of collar. Catch his wrist with the left hand, knuckles up, and, quick as thought, whirl the right side into him. His right arm thus comes over one's right shoulder. Lean forward, hold his upper arm with right hand, and he can be thrown forward over the shoulder. If the right leg can be placed outside and close against his right leg as the throw is made, his downfall is certain.

To hold a person securely after he has been thrown face downwards, grab a foot, bend up towards body, seize other foot and bring leg across the other doubled-back leg. Keep hold of the foot, and he cannot rise.

Pole Work.

In their staves Scouts possess an article which can be used in manifold ways for the training of the body. In addition to the very many resistance exercises for which a pole is necessary that are described in the course of physical training by Japanese methods appearing weekly in these notes, there are many others, each with some special purpose for the promotion of bodily efficiency.

Alternate opening and strongly closing the fingers about the staff is a wonderful grip developer, and very quickly produces a marked improvement in the development and toughness of the muscles of the forearm. Gripping the pole tightly, with arms straight out forward from the shoulder, and then bending the hands alternately upwards and downwards, is a grand exercise for the wrist—very often the weakest part of the whole body.

As a chest broadener, and for the purpose of loosening the shoulder blades, the staff is a most useful instrument. Stand erect, with the feet about 16 inches apart, arms forward and horizontal, and grasping the staff with the hands somewhere about 3 feet 6 inches apart. The thumb should be underneath—and kept there. Now raise the staff over the head, and carry it backwards and downwards as far as possible without allowing the fingers to come loose. Bend body over backwards, allowing the knees to bend also. Hold the position for a couple of seconds, and return to original position, exhaling as the staff is brought forward. Repeat movement ten times.

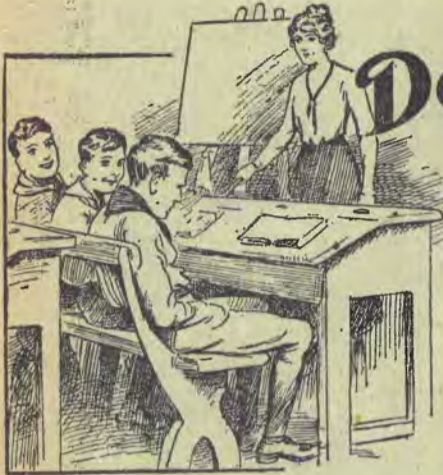
This is an A1 exercise for correcting any tendency towards round shoulders.

If you are in need of any advice concerning health and general fitness, write to "The Health Editor, The Boys' Friend, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4." All queries will be personally answered by Mr. Longhurst. Seize this opportunity of securing first-rate information and advice FREE!

Next Week's Story.

"BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL."

A splendid complete tale of
Jimmy Silver & Co.,
By OWEN CONQUEST.



DOWN ON HIS LUCK!

A Splendid, Long, Complete Story of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. A Pal in Trouble.

"Hopkins!" Miss Meadows spoke somewhat sharply. It was the second time she had addressed Harold Hopkins, the Cockney schoolboy of Cedar Creek, and the Canadian schoolmistress was not accustomed to speaking twice to a member of her class before receiving an answer.

Frank Richards glanced at Hopkins.

The Cockney youth was sitting with his hands driven deep into his pockets, and an expression of deep and gloomy thought was upon his ruddy face. He seemed oblivious of the fact that he was in class at all, and that Miss Meadows was speaking to him.

"Ow!" Bob Lawless reached out with his boot, and gave Hopkins a smart tap on the shin to wake him up, as it were.

It certainly woke him up. Harold Hopkins started out of his reverie with a howl, and blinked round him.

"Yow-ow!" he repeated. There was a chuckle in the school-room of Cedar Creek. Miss Meadows silenced it at once, with a frown.

"Silence! Hopkins, what is the matter with you?"

Hopkins blinked at the schoolmistress. Some of the Cedar Creek fellows noted with astonishment that tears were trembling on his eyelashes. All was evidently not well with Harold Hopkins.

"Skase me, ma'am!" mumbled Hopkins. "Did you speak?"

"I have spoken to you twice!"

"Sorry, ma'am; I didn't 'ear you!"

Miss Meadows glanced at the schoolboy rather curiously. "You should pay attention, Hopkins," she said. "Is anything the matter?"

"No, ma'am." "Are you not well?"

"Yes, ma'am," muttered Hopkins dejectedly.

Then, to Miss Meadows' surprise and concern, the tears escaped from his eyelashes, and rolled down his plump cheeks.

"My dear boy, there is something the matter," said Miss Meadows, kindly enough. "You may go into the playground for a little while if you like."

"Thank you, ma'am!" gasped Hopkins.

And, keeping his face averted from his schoolfellows, the Cockney of Cedar Creek hastily quitted the school-room.

Most of the fellows looked after him in wonder, wondering what was the matter with him.

Hopkins was not of the crying kind. His early years had been spent in the East End of London, where he had grown up hardy and tough. He was a "tenderfoot" among the Canadian schoolboys, and a good many jokes were played on his ignorance of the Wild West, but he was liked, and not regarded at all as "soft." Yet there were undoubtedly tears on his cheeks, and tears were a sign of weakness much despised by the hardy youths of the Thompson Valley.

"Poor old Cockney!" murmured Bob Lawless. "Must be something wrong at home that's upset him."

"I know!" said Chunky Todgers. "You see—"

"Silence!" Chunky's information was cut short by Miss Meadows' voice, and the lesson was resumed without Hopkins.

He did not return to the school-room before morning classes ended. When Cedar Creek came out after lessons Frank Richards & Co. looked for the Cockney schoolboy. They were feeling sympathetic;

but there was another fellow looking for him who was not at all sympathetic. That was Eben Hacke, and it was the burly American boy who found him.

Hopkins was seated on the wood-pile near the lumber school-house when Hacke came on him. His eyes looked a little red, and his face was full of woe. He looked up, flushing, as he caught Eben's mocking glance.

"Waal, you're a soft cuss, you are!" said Eben Hacke derisively. "Turning on the waterworks in class! Are they all as soft as you where you come from?"

"Oh, git out!" snapped Hopkins. "I guess you want to go home to mammy!" said Hacke. "I guess—Yaroooooh!"

Hacke was suddenly interrupted, as Frank Richards & Co. arrived on the scene.

Bob Lawless' knuckles ground into the back of his neck as the rancher's son gripped him by the collar.

Hacke was jerked away, and spun round, yelling. "Leggo!" he howled. "I guess I'll make shavings of you! Let up!"

"You vamoose!" snapped Bob. He spun the bulky Hacke away, sending him spinning at full length on the ground.

Hacke sat up and gasped. "I—I guess—"

"Jump on him!" said Bob. "All together!"

Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc jumped, but Hacke did not wait for them. He squirmed away, leaped to his feet, and fled.

Then the Co. turned to Harold Hopkins. He grimed at them faintly.

"Now, young shaver," said Frank Richards, "what—"

"Don't you go for to make fun of a bloke, young Richards!" muttered Hopkins. "I tell you—"

"You young ass!" said Frank. "I'm not going to make fun of you. I want to know whether we can help you in your trouble, whatever it is."

Hopkins shook his head dolorously. "Nobody can't help us," he said, ungrammatically and feelingly. "We're done for."

"Who's done for, old fellow?" asked Beauclerc. "Us, at 'ome."

"Trouble at home?" asked Bob. "Yes."

"Well, you've got three pals to tell about it," said Frank Richards encouragingly. "Go ahead, and we'll see you through."

Hopkins hesitated. He was loth to tell his trouble, which seemed like asking for compassion; but, at the same time, he felt an urgent need of sympathy.

There was no doubt of the hearty desire of the three chums to help him if they could, and his hesitation was brief.

"It's the 'omestead," he said slowly. "You fellers know 'ow we are fixed. You 'elped us to get square when we came and settled in this 'ere valley, you remember."

"Yes, rather!"

"We've had bad luck," said Hopkins wearily. "Father 'ad not much capital, you know, and, then, we didn't know the country. Neighbours 'elped, of course, or we'd never 'ave got goin' at all. And then father borrowed of Old Man Gunten, at the store in Thompson—"

His voice faltered. The chums listened in silence.

It was not an uncommon story of a poor emigrant starting with insufficient resources, and being thrown on his beam ends by a single bad season. "You see, we 'adn't any money be'ind us," explained Hopkins. "Everybody's worked, but it wasn't enough. My brother Bill's got a job down at Kamloops, and he sends 'ome money, workin' on the railroad, or else we'd never 'ave kep' going so long. Now it's all up. Old Man

Gunten is going to turn us out of 'ouse and 'ome." And, in spite of himself, the tears trickled down the cheeks of the Cockney schoolboy once more.

The 2nd Chapter. A Friend in Need.

Frank Richards & Co. exchanged glances of discomfort. They were not wholly surprised by Hopkins' story. It was pretty well known that Old Man Hopkins was not making much of a success of his holding in the Cedar Creek clearing. But it was news to them that he was in debt to Mr. Gunten, the wealthy store-keeper of Thompson Town. Mr. Gunten, among his many other vocations, ran a business as a money-lender, and he was reputed to be a very hard-fisted gentleman to deal with.

"But I don't quite catch on," said Frank Richards, after a long and uncomfortable pause. "Has Mr. Gunten a mortgage on the homestead?"

"That's it!"

"And he's foreclosed?" asked Beauclerc.

"Yes."

"He can't be very keen to get hold of the land," said Bob Lawless. "It's improved, of course; but even improved land can be bought pretty cheap round here. Old Man Gunten would rather see his money, or part of it—Surely your father could make an arrangement with him?"

Hopkins shook his head. "That's the queer part of it," he said. "Father's offered him the

culty in getting the order put into execution."

"That ain't worth a cent," answered Hopkins. "He's got the law on his side, and he's sendin' his own men."

"Oh!" said Bob.

"It's clear enough," said Hopkins. "He's foreclosed, and the notice was up more'n a week ago; and if the sheriff refuses to help him, he could get some officer up from Kamloops to put us out. He's choosin' to send his own men, instead, that's all. It's 'ard lines, but it can't be 'elped."

"It can be helped—and it's going to be helped," said Frank Richards quietly. "Your father and mother aren't going to be turned out, kid. You say he won't take the money a bit at a time?"

"He won't."

"How much is the lot, do you know?"

"Course I do. It's five hundred dollars."

"Blessed if I know what Old Man Gunten's lent five hundred dollars on that patch for!" said Bob Lawless, in astonishment. "It certainly isn't worth more than that in the market."

"We thought he was kind, and wanted to 'elp a neighbour what was down on his luck."

"Lot of kindness about that 'fat Swiss!" said Bob contemptuously. "What have you got in your noddle now, Franky?"

Frank Richards coloured a little. "We've got some money in the bank at Thompson," he said.

"'Ere, stow that!" exclaimed Hop-

kins of Frank's little scheme being carried into effect.

The 3rd Chapter. Too Late!

Frank Richards spoke to Miss Meadows after dinner; and when Cedar Creek went back to the school-room, Frank did not accompany the rest. He led his horse out of the corral, mounted, and rode away down the trail towards Thompson.

Frank had spoken impulsively to Harold Hopkins, but he did not repent of the generous impulse after reflection. Mr. Hopkins was an honest and hard-working man, and he had done his best on his unpromising clearing. Want of capital and want of experience had been against him, and he had failed from no fault of his own. And there was no doubt that if a friendly hand helped him over the present emergency he had a good chance of turning the corner, and no doubt at all that he would pay back the loan with scrupulous honesty. Frank was only thinking of helping a man who was willing to help himself, and able to do so if given a chance.

Frank would have preferred to consult his uncle, Mr. Lawless, if there had been time; but he was certain that the rancher would approve. But there was no time to be lost in seeing Mr. Gunten.

The schoolboy turned off the trail near the town and rode first to the Hopkins' homestead.

In the middle of the clearing, where some of the burnt-out stumps of old



Mr. Hopkins put the muzzle of his gun out of the window, and shouted to the Red Dog crowd. "Stop!" No answer was returned, and the six ruffians, bearing the trunk among them, came panting on.

dollars in instalments—which is the best he can do—and he reckoned Mr. Gunten would rather 'ave the money. But he wouldn't. He wants the land."

"What the thump does he want the land for?" exclaimed Bob. "It's not specially good land. In fact, your father's got hold of a poor patch—it's too near the diggings to be good. There's no end of rock in the soil."

"I know. But Old Man Gunten wants it."

"There must be some mistake," said Frank. "Do you mean to say that Mr. Gunten won't accept his money, and that he insists on having his pound of flesh, like Shylock in the play?"

"That's it."

"What good's the land to him?"

"Dunno!" said Hopkins drearily. "But he wants it, and we've 'ad notice to quit. But where are we to go? Father and mother can't camp in the timber, I suppose, like Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones when he was about 'ere. But the notice is up, and if we don't go we're to be turned out."

"When?"

"To-morrow!" muttered Hopkins. Bob Lawless' face had a very grim look.

"The sheriff won't be very keen on letting his men take a hand in a job like that," he said. "I fancy Old Man Gunten will have some diffi-

kins, flushing scarlet. "Do you think I was asking you for money?"

"Dry up!" answered Frank. "Listen to me! If your father can pay in instalments, he can pay us, and we'll settle the total sum in advance with Old Man Gunten. You fellows agree—"

"I guess I do," said Bob at once. "Anything to help a neighbour out of the clutches of Old Man Gunten."

"I agree, certainly!" said Beauclerc, with a smile. "The three of us have a good deal more than is needed."

"You ain't goin' to do nothin' of the sort," said Hopkins stubbornly. "I wasn't askin' you for money."

"We know that, ass!" said Frank. "But we're going to chip in, all the same. I'm going to see your father about it, and he can pay back the money, and get clear of Old Man Gunten at once. And if you raise any more objections I'll punch your head!"

Harold Hopkins grinned faintly. Chunky Todgers came puffing up to the group sitting on the wood-pile.

"Aren't you fellows coming in to dinner?" he asked. "Can't you hear the bell, you iays?"

"Right-ho! We're coming!"

And Frank Richards & Co. started for the lumber school for dinner, Hopkins going with them, and looking much more cheerful, though he still protested that he wouldn't hear

trees still showed through the soil, stood a log-cabin. No smoke was rising from the timber chimney as Frank trotted up—there was an air of desolation about the place. Mr. Hopkins was not to be seen at work as usual, and his eldest son was now away from home, working on the railway. Neither were the little Hopkinses to be seen. The windows and door of the cabin were shut.

Frank jumped from his horse and rapped on the door with his riding-whip.

There was a sound of bars being removed within.

"Is that you, 'Arold?" called out a voice before the door opened.

"No; it's Frank Richards."

"You're welcome!"

The door was thrown open.

Mr. Hopkins stood in the doorway, looking out, with grim despondency marked in his weather-tanned face.

"Come in, Richards!" he said. "Ain't you at school to-day, then?"

"I've got leave from Miss Meadows for the afternoon," said Frank. "I've heard from Harold how matters stand here, Mr. Hopkins, and I want you to come with me to see Mr. Gunten."

The settler stared. "I don't see—" he began. Frank Richards hurriedly explained. Mr. Hopkins shook his head at first, and it was only after considerable argument that Frank succeeded in convincing him; and then he

stipulated that Mr. Lawless' consent should be obtained.

"I'm sure about that," said Frank; "and there's no time to be lost, Mr. Hopkins, if Old Man Gunten is going to take the homestead off you in the morning."

"He won't get it easy!" muttered Mr. Hopkins. "It's my 'ome, and I ain't going to give it up easy."

Frank understood the barred door and windows now. The settler intended to resist Old Man Gunten's myrmidons when they came to take possession. There was a shot-gun standing by the door, and Frank's face clouded as he saw it. It was quite possible that his intervention had come only in time to prevent a tragedy.

"You must come with me now and see Old Man Gunten, Mr. Hopkins," he said earnestly. "It's the best way. Look here, if you don't come, I shall call on Gunten without you, and run the affair on my own bid."

"You're a good kid, Richards!" said the Cockney settler huskily. "I guess I'll let you 'ave your way if you're sure your uncle—"

"I'm quite sure," said Mr. Hopkins. "Every cent will be paid back," said Mr. Hopkins. "You understand that? I can pay it all right, given time. I reckon Old Man Gunten must be out of his senses to refuse my offer; the land's no good to 'im. He could buy a better patch for the money, if he liked. That's why I ain't takin' it quiet—he jest wants to turn me out of 'ouse and 'ome for nothing at all, far as I can see."

"He won't refuse the lump sum," said Frank. "Perhaps he thinks you could raise it, if he drives hard enough. Anyhow, you can raise it now, and the old Shylock is going to be choked off. Come on!"

"I'll come!" The settler secured the door, and fetched his horse from the shed. He mounted, and rode away with the schoolboy for Thompson. They passed the placid claims on the creek, which bounded the Hopkins holding on one side. The "water-rights," owing to its situation on the creek, were about the only valuable thing in the Hopkins holding. But water-rights, and all the holding was not worth five hundred dollars as farming land. The soil was poor and rocky—more suitable, in fact, for a mining fossicker to work on than a farmer.

Frank Richards and his companion rode into Main Street in Thompson; and stopped at Gunten's Store.

The store was the largest business establishment in Thompson; Mr. Gunten was known as the wealthiest citizen of the frontier town, though some of his methods of accumulating wealth were commonly said to be open to question.

Frank Richards knocked at the private door, at the side of the store, and it was opened by a Chinese servant.

He asked to see Mr. Gunten; and the Chinese left the visitors waiting at the door while he went to inquire.

He returned in a few minutes.

"Mr. Gunten no homee," he said.

Frank Richards' eyes glinted.

"I saw him at the window as we rode up," he answered. "Tell him Mr. Hopkins wants to see him on important business."

"Mr. Gunten no see,"

"I tell you—Stop!"

The Chinaman was attempting to close the door. Frank Richards promptly put his boot in the way.

"You go away!" said the Celestial.

"Mr. Gunten sayes no see!"

"We're going to see Mr. Gunten!" answered Frank grimly. "Get out of the way! We're coming in!"

"No comee—"

The Chinaman broke off with a howl, as Mr. Hopkins, losing patience, grasped him, and forced him back from the doorway.

The settler took a grip on the Oriental's pigtail.

"Now take me to Mr. Gunten!" he said savagely.

"No takee!"

"I'll twist your pigtail till you do!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" howled the Chinese, as the angry settler proceeded to suit the action to the words.

There was a heavy step in the passage beyond, and the fat and angry face of Mr. Gompers Gunten appeared in sight. He stared angrily and contemptuously at his visitors.

"What the thunder do you mean by kicking up a rumpus at my door?" he demanded violently. "Get out! Let my servant alone and clear!"

"I guess I want to see you about the mortgage," answered Mr. Hopkins, pushing the howling Chinaman aside.

"That's over and done with!" said Mr. Gunten sourly. "You know as well as I do that it's lapsed!"

"I guess I'm ready to pay you in full!" said the settler disdainfully.

"And where are you getting the money?" sneered Gunten.

"That's my business! I can give you an order on the Thompson bank for five hundred dollars, representing principal and interest, and I guess I want your receipt!"

"I guess you can keep your five hundred dollars," returned the storekeeper coolly. "It's too late!"

"You don't refuse the money?"

"I guess I do!"

"Come, Mr. Gunten," said Frank Richards mildly. "You lent the money, expecting it to be returned, I suppose. Mr. Hopkins has the whole sum—"

"He should have brought it two weeks ago if he wanted to keep his holding!" sneered the Swiss. "It's too late now!"

"But you don't want the land!" exclaimed Frank. "You know quite well that it's not worth five hundred dollars!"

Mr. Gunten shrugged his shoulders. "I know that it's my land," he answered. "If Hopkins wanted to pay he should have paid when the land was his. It's mine now!"

"So you refuse the money?" said Mr. Hopkins.

"I've said so. Now get out!"

"You won't take my 'ome off me so easy," said the Cockney farmer.

"I may as well tell you, Mr. Gunten, that I've sent my wife and the nippers to a neighbour's, and I've got a shot-gun ready for any critter that tries to butt into my 'ouse!"

The Swiss storekeeper laughed derisively.

"You'd better keep your shot-gun out of sight," he answered. "There's the calaboose for ruffians who let off shot-guns at honest men. Now get out of my house, you loafer!"

"That was a little too much for the exasperated settler.

Unless Old Man Gunten had some secret and mysterious motive, he was, apparently, bent on turning the landholder out of his home from the sheer love of tyranny. That was unlikely enough, in a man like Mr. Gunten, who was exceedingly keen on the track of dollars; but there seemed to be no other motive to be assigned. And Mr. Hopkins' patience gave way

"And it beats me to a frazzle," said Bob Lawless. "But Old Man Gunten's had the offer of his money, and if he won't take it that's his funeral. He isn't going to turn Mr. Hopkins out."

"I'm afraid of what may 'appen!" faltered Harold. "Father's got his shot-gun 'andy, and there's goin' to be awful trouble when Gunten's men come along to turn 'im out."

Bob gave a low whistle.

"That won't do," he said.

"I'm afraid there'll be trouble," said Frank. "I think Old Man Gunten will very likely act to-night instead of to-morrow, after our visit to him. Whatever his reason is, he's determined on getting his claws on Mr. Hopkins' holding. I was thinking that we'd go home with Hoppy to-night. You could put us up, kid?"

"Course!" said Harold.

"And we'd help to hold the cabin against the rascals, and see that Mr. Hopkins did nothing rash, too," said Frank. "We can send a message home, if you fellows like the idea. Mr. Hopkins will want some help, or he will be turned out!"

"How's it goin' to end?" muttered Hopkins.

"I don't know. But the place has got to be kept in your father's hands, kid; that's the important matter now."

"We'll do it," said Bob decidedly. "Chunky Todgers hasn't gone home yet, and he'll take a message to the ranch, if we ask him, and tell your popper at the same time, Cherub."

Beauclerc nodded assent.

No more time was spent in words; in a few minutes Chunky Todgers was found and despatched with the message, which was simply that the Co. were going home with Hoppy for the night.

A promise of liberal maple-sugar as a reward made Master Todgers quite obliging, and the chums saw him start off on his fat little pony.

Then they set out at a gallop for the Hopkins' homestead, half-fearing that something might already have happened there.

Exactly how the law stood in the matter the schoolboys were only

and he looked very doubtful when he was informed that they had come to aid him in holding the cabin against the enemy.

But he raised no demur.

The door was closed and barred again; already the hoof-beats of the approaching horsemen could be heard.

Frank Richards looked out of a slit between the window shutters.

Dry Billy and his companions were riding up, headed by a ruffian called Keno Kit. Old Man Gunten was not to be seen. Apparently he was too wise to trust himself near the shot-gun of the farmer he intended to evict from his little home.

The Red Dog crowd dismounted, and tethered their horses to a fence. Then they came on towards the cabin.

Keno Kit struck on the door with a heavy pistol-butt, and shouted.

"Anybody at home?"

"I guess I'm at 'ome!" answered Mr. Hopkins, through the door.

"What may you 'appen to want, Keno Kit?"

"I guess we want possession of this hyer shebang!" answered the ruffian.

"Open this hyer door at once!"

"I'm not opening the door to anybody!"

"I reckon we'll soon burst it in, then!"

"Have you got the sheriff's order?" called out Bob Lawless.

"I guess we don't need it! We've got Mr. Gunten's orders, and five dollars each in spondulics!" chuckled Keno Kit.

"That's not law!"

"Oh, I guess we can manage with any old law! Are you opening this hyer door or are you not?"

"Not!" said Frank Richards & Co. together.

"Then look out for trouble!"

And Keno Kit strode back to his comrades.

The 5th Chapter.

The Attack on the Cabin.

There was a brief consultation among the half-dozen ruffians gathered outside the cabin, but it was very brief. The ruffians were anxious to get their task over, and return to the delights of the Red Dog bar.

A STIRRING MESSAGE TO READERS OF THE "BOYS' FRIEND" FROM LIEUT.-GENERAL

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, K.C.V.O., K.C.B., Etc., Etc.

BOYS! You have a great responsibility. Only time will show whether we have won the war in which so many of your fathers and brothers splendidly fought and died. It depends upon the character of the citizens of the future—YOURSELVES!

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, Chief Scout.

as his tyrant pointed to the door. He made a savage stride towards the fat Swiss, and struck out straight from the shoulder.

The blow caught Old Man Gunten full on his fat, purple nose, and sent him spinning along the passage.

"He came down on his back with a crash on the planks.

The yell he gave rang right across Main Street, and drew three or four passers-by to the open doorway.

Mr. Hopkins glared down at him.

"That's the stuff for your sort!" he panted. "Now get up and have some more, you foreign soum!"

"Help!" yelled Mr. Gunten, showing no intention whatever of getting up. He did not want to be knocked down again by his exasperated victim.

"Come on, boy!" said Mr. Hopkins, turning contemptuously from the fat rascal on the floor.

And Frank Richards and the settler left the house together, the Chinaman slamming the door after them.

The 4th Chapter. Holding the Fort.

It was with a glum face that Frank Richards rode back to Cedar Creek School, to meet his chums there.

The result of the visit to Mr. Gunten had surprised and dismayed him. Cedar Creek School had been dismissed when Frank Richards arrived there, and he found Bob and Beauclerc, and Harold Hopkins, waiting for him on the trail outside the gates.

Hopkins' face fell as he saw the expression on Frank's.

"What's 'appened?" he inquired.

"It's all serene, isn't it, Frank?" asked Bob.

Frank Richards explained concisely. His chums eyed him in astonishment.

"But why should the foreign rascal have refused the money?" exclaimed Beauclerc. "He couldn't sell the holding at such a figure, if he wanted to, and it can't be any use to him personally. Old Man Gunten doesn't go in for farming, excepting by holding shares in the fruit-farms down the valley."

"It beats me," answered Frank.

dimly aware; but they knew that in justice, at all events, Old Man Gunten was not entitled to take possession of the place after the offer of the return of his loan in full, with interest.

Whether it was tyranny or some hidden motive that actuated him, it came to the same thing; he was to be prevented from having his own way. The chums of Cedar Creek were quite determined on that.

"Hallo! That looks like Gunten's lot!" muttered Bob Lawless, as the chums were passing Thompson at a little distance.

On the trail outside the town they caught sight of six horsemen—all of them exceedingly "tough" characters, and well known as belonging to the Red Dog crowd. One of them, called Dry Billy Bowers, had only recently returned from prison, and all of them were rascals. Old Man Gunten was speaking to them in the trail, and it was pretty clear that he had been busily engaged in gathering them together, and was about to despatch them on their mission.

The Swiss storekeeper caught sight of the schoolboys in the distance, and scowled at them.

"Hurry up!" said Frank. "If they're bound for the homestead, we want to get ahead of them."

"You bet!"

The chums galloped on at great speed.

A few minutes later they were on the bank of the creek, and dismounted in the Hopkins' enclosure.

The door of the cabin was thrown open at once, as Mr. Hopkins recognised them from within.

The settler was alone in the cabin, his family, with the single exception of Harold, having been sent to a friendly neighbour's, to be kept clear of the "trouble."

The schoolboys let their horses loose to graze by the creek, and entered the cabin; in the distance a bunch of riders could already be seen approaching at a trot.

Mr. Hopkins seemed surprised by the arrival of Frank Richards & Co.,

They had some of Old Man Gunten's money in their pockets already, and the promise of more; their reward for doing the dirty work of the Swiss storekeeper was to be a "jamboree" at the Red Dog.

"I guess it's plane-sailing!" said Keno Kit. "This hyer shebang belongs to Old Man Gunten now, and he's given instructions for it to be pulled to splinters. It won't take us long, I calculate. Lay hold of a log and bu'st in the door, to start!"

"You bet!"

And the ruffians laid hands upon a felled trunk near at hand, and raised it in their united grasp, for use as a battering-ram.

They came on towards the cabin door with a rush.

Mr. Hopkins pulled back the shutter of the window by the door, and grasped his shotgun, his eyes glinting. Frank Richards caught his arm.

"Don't shoot!" he exclaimed.

"I guess what they're doing is agin the law!" answered the settler grimly. "I'm bound to surrender the house to the sheriff's men, but these ain't the sheriff's men. I guess Mr. Henderson won't have any truck with it. This lot is the Red Dog crowd, and if they attack my house I'm at liberty to fire on them!"

"But—"

"I'll warn them first,"

Mr. Hopkins put the muzzle of his gun out of the window, and shouted to the Red Dog crowd.

"Stop!"

No answer was returned, and the six ruffians, bearing the trunk among them, came panting on. There was no doubt that one heavy drive from such a weight would send the cabin door flying into fragments.

"Stop, or I'll pull the trigger!" shouted the farmer.

"I guess you don't dare!" snorted Keno Kit. "Come on, you galoots! We ain't going to be all night about this hyer funeral!"

And they came on with a rush, heedless of the shot-gun that peered from the half-open window.

The farmer hesitated no longer. He aimed low, to catch the ruffians in the legs, and pulled the trigger.

Bang!

There was a chorus of surprised and furious yells, as the small shot scattered among six pairs of legs.

The tree-trunk came to the ground with a crash, as six pairs of hands let go at the same moment.

One end of it jammed on Mr. Billy Bowers' toe, and Dry Billy hopped and danced, letting out a succession of wild howls.

Three of the ruffians turned tail and ran, instantly, and did not stop till they were in cover of the nearest bunch of larches.

Dry Billy, hopping and yelling, did not even think of retreat; much less of further attack.

Keno Kit and another drew their revolvers, and turned towards the window with savage looks. They had been stung about the legs by the scattering shot, and they were furious.

Frank Richards dragged Mr. Hopkins back from the window, and Bob slammed the thick pine shutter and fastened it.

Crack, crack! Spatter, spatter!

Two pistol-shots smashed on the pinewood at the same moment.

Frank drew a quick breath.

"That looks like business!" he muttered.

Mr. Hopkins coolly reloaded his shot-gun.

"I guess Col's bullets won't hurt that pinewood much," he said. "They've got no rifles, and they wouldn't dare to use them if they had."

Mr. Hopkins opened the shutter a few inches.

In the distance, among the larches, Keno Kit and his gang were gathered in a group, engaged in loud and emphatic consultation.

At last, Dry Billy Bowers was seen to tramp away in the direction of the town, and it was easy to guess that he had gone to seek Mr. Gunten for further instructions.

"Jolly good thing Old Man Gunten sent this gang instead of the sheriff's men," murmured Bob Lawless. "Firing on the sheriff's posse would have been pesky serious business!"

"He won't get any help from the sheriff," said Mr. Hopkins. "Not that I'd give up my holdin' anyhow!"

"Ear, 'ear!" said Harold loyally.

The garrison of the log cabin waited anxiously. If the sheriff of Thompson arrived on the scene with Mr. Gunten, the chums realised that the matter would assume a much more serious aspect. But the sheriff in an outlying settlement like Thompson held the scales rather of justice than of law, and it was clear that Old Man Gunten had not ventured to invoke his aid—yet, at all events. Indeed, it was probable that if the exact story of Mr. Gunten's dealing with the farmer became generally known in Thompson trouble might arise for the greedy Swiss, from the rough-and-ready citizens of the valley settlement.

Frank Richards watched from the window, keeping a sharp look-out for a reckless pot-shot from the Red Dog crowd. The sun was sinking low over the pines when the fat figure of Mr. Gunten came in sight, accompanied by Dry Billy Bowers.

The storekeeper came on towards the cabin—but stopped at the muzzle of the shot-gun peered out at him.

"Hands up, if you come nearer!" rapped out Mr. Hopkins.

With his fat face dark with rage, Old Man Gunten put up his hands as he came on. He stopped outside the window, giving the settler a venomous look.

"I guess I'm hyer to demand surrender of my property," he said, between his teeth.

"I've offered you your money."

"Money, be darned!" said Old Man Gunten. "I'm after my property. I give you five minutes to clear out this shebang afore it's set on fire!"

"I give you one minute to get clear before I send a charge of shot at you!" said the farmer grimly.

He put his finger to the trigger. The fat, red face of the storekeeper paled, and he swung round and started to run.

There was a chuckle from the cabin as the terrified Swiss raced and plunged and stumbled away over the rough ground, fear lending him wings. He tripped over a trailing root at last, and came down on his hands and knees, howling. On all fours, the money-lender of Thompson squirmed into the larches for cover, and vanished from sight.

"And now—" muttered Frank Richards tensely.

They waited.

(Another splendid complete story of Frank Richards & Co. in the BOYS' FRIEND next Monday. Order your copy early.)